

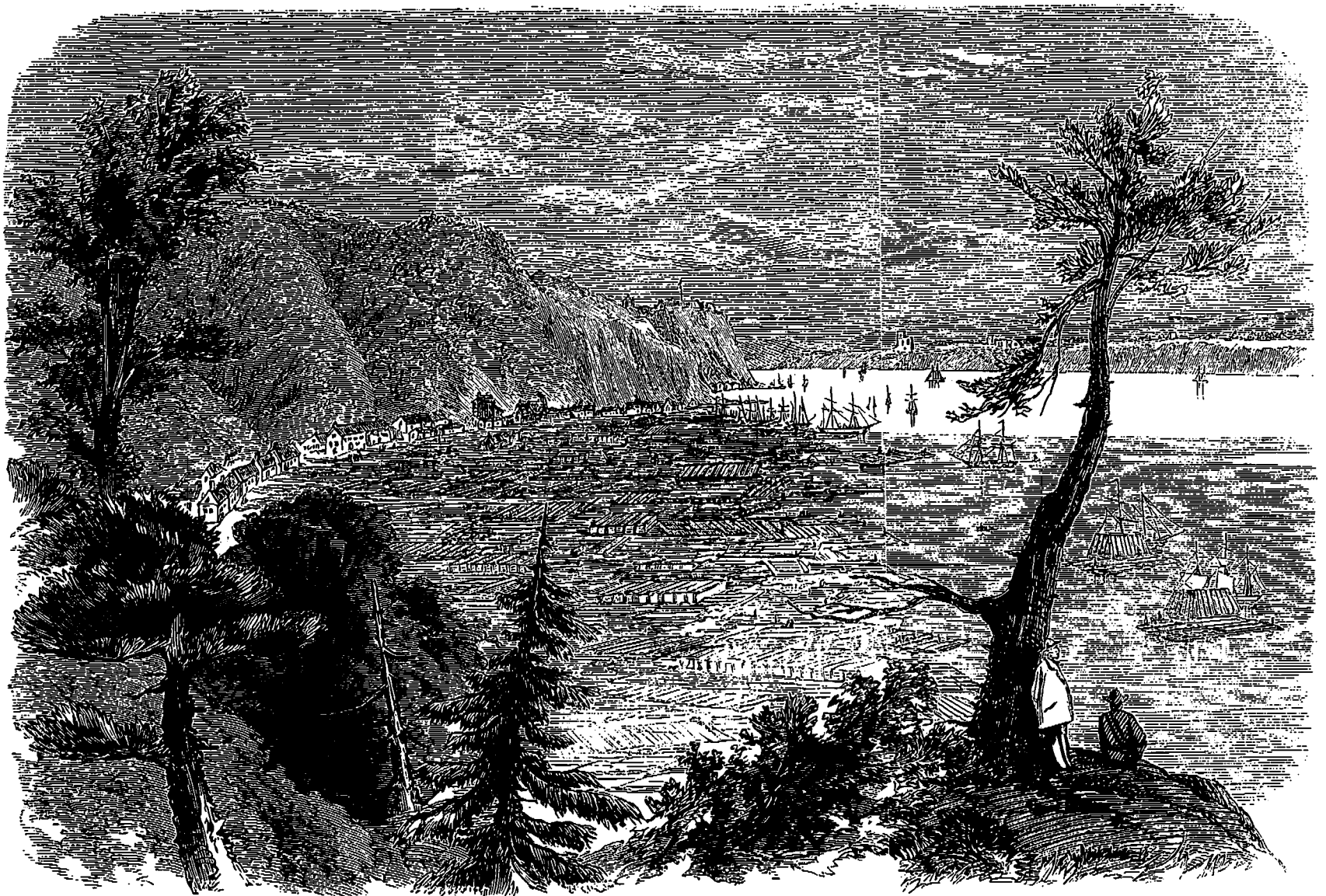
THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

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VIEW OF WOLFE'S COVE AT QUEBEC.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

VIEW OF WOLFE'S COVE AT QUEBEC.

Looking upon Wolfe's Cove from a point of land abutting from the south side of the precipitous ridge upon the brink of the St. Lawrence river, overlooking the timber rafts at our feet, the citadel of Quebec is seen crowning Cape Diamond; the city lying unseen beyond and around the Cape and on lower levels by the water. There the spectator may employ the intellectual forces within him until he revel in that exquisite enjoyment which for want of a better name is called philosophy. Looking into Wolfe's Cove, and upon that rocky, bushy precipice, the top of it called Abram's Plains, you may luxuriate with a free imagination on geology, on rock history, human history, commerce, navigation, and on the mechanical sciences; ship building, Grand Trunk Railway engines and steamboats. These, in combination with the human passions that vivify or darken the scene are poetry. If you lift your soul to Heaven or feel it wafting you away into the infinite universe, enraptured at the transcendancy of the Great First Cause of all things, you may approach to the highest measure of intellectual enjoyment—to that ecstasy which is akin to religious adoration.

If you have a tendency towards geology, the book of Nature has unfolded some of its most instructive pages at Wolfe's Cove, at Cape Diamond, and at Cape Rouge, nine miles westward. In the profound time when the sun first shone on the glittering crystals locally called diamonds, from which the Cape at the citadel is named, an earthquake so mighty in strength, so vast in stretch that it changed the levels of lakes and sea-shores of Labrador, Norway, Sweden, Northern Germany, the British Islands and Western Europe, possibly it went round the globe disturbing the upper crust everywhere, but at least it stretched between Northern Europe and North America. The natural terraces of Strathroy in Scotland are coeval with the terraces in the valley of the St. Lawrence. That ridge upon which we look in the picture is in parts two hundred, in others three hundred feet above the level of the river. It varies from one to two miles wide on the top, and descends on the north side to the same level, as on the south side, but is not so abruptly precipitous. Since it occupied this position in its present form, a large arm of the St. Lawrence has swept around its north base through a break some miles westward from where we stand. Then the height before us was an island. That earthquake which lifted up the lowest terraces of Strathroy, and the shores of the Firth of Forth in Scotland, making the difference between what is called 'Carse land' and 'Dry land' on the shores below Stirling, and down the water edge of Fifeshire, seems to have been the same which lifting the banks of the St. Lawrence about seventy or eighty feet, stemmed out the river from rounding the north side of Abram's Plains at Quebec. It made that acclivity on which the upper half of the city of Montreal stands, overlooking the level of Craig street and Griffin town. It raised that terrace which the Grand Trunk railway ascends as we travel westward a few miles after crossing the upper branch of Ottawa river. That earthquake has written its name in bold characters in the Lake of the Thousand Islands, and all westward on the New York and on the Canada shore of Lake Ontario. It provided an elevated site for Yorkville above Toronto; as for Hamilton city above Burlington Bay.

Incidentally I have named the natural terraces seen in Strathroy and other valleys of Scotland. Pioneer settlers have named clearings on the line of the Great Western and Grand Trunk, which are now rising to villages and towns, after places dear to their forefathers. The Hon. George Brown of Toronto has four thousand acres which he is converting into a sheep farm. He has named it Bothwell, in honor of the 'Battle of Bothwell Brig,' it may be presumed. Mr. A. P. Macdonald has located himself finely in the woods at Glencoe. Other Highlanders have made a home in the oak forests and called it Strathroy. White oak, and rock elm for ship-building are carried from these and perhaps twenty other western railway stations, and is now, since navigation opened at the upper end of Lake Ontario, in process of being rafted, to be towed on the Lake to Kingston, then to float down the St. Lawrence, ultimately to repose for a time in Wolfe's Cove, or other of the coves so singularly adapted by nature for the timber trade, and the shipbuilding of Quebec.

Having thus returned to the scene of the picture, a glimpse may be obtained of its historical associations. Early French navigators wintered in some of these coves.—Major-General James Wolfe having landed late in the summer of 1759 on the north shore, seven miles below Quebec, consumed

much valuable time in fruitless combats and manoeuvres, to circumvent the French garrison under General Montcalm. As a last resource of strategy he passed up the southern shore, and departed out of sight towards Cape Rouge, as if bound for Montreal. After dark the boats of the ships dropped down the stream, filled with soldiers, to the cove represented in the picture. There General Wolfe landed, and before daybreak held a position on the Plain at the edge of the forest bush above the precipice; the troops having dragged themselves and a few pieces of light artillery up the front of the acclivity.

The result of the battle which ensued is, that the Province in which we this day live is British. In 'Notes on the War of 1812,' in the present paper, the new historian of that war in Harper's Monthly for May 1863, is allowed by quotation to tell us of England being in Canada, 'ever insolent, ever aggressive.' The aggression of England in Canada was its conquest from the French, an enterprise undertaken in behalf of what are now the Eastern and Northern States of America. Canada would have remained French, had not Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania pleaded for the interference and protection of England,—demanded as a right the invasion and conquest of Canada, to protect their interests from the disturbing hostility of France.

It was done. The conqueror, Major-General James Wolfe, spent his last night of life on the water within the bend of the St. Lawrence now called Wolfe's Cove, reading Gray's 'Elegy in a country churchyard,' which was then a new poem just out from England. 'I would rather,' said he, 'be the author of that poem than the conqueror of Canada.' The poem is good, and will live with the language; but Wolfe's mission was great and good, and loftier than to write poetry. It was to consolidate on the North American continent the laws, language, literature and popular freedom of the only national race in Europe who had then, or have since known how to be at once free and conservative of the ancient glory of the monarchy,—an institution natural to the mind of man, growing out of his instincts and approved by his reason. But for Wolfe's mission, the colonies of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, and all southward to the Mississippi would have been French, all ruled by despotism or shattered in revolutions,—the dominant race that of old France, which, amiable in many aspects of social life, eminent in many arts, has not yet acquired the art of governing or being governed. Wolfe's mission was to secure the American continent to another race. Massachusetts and twelve other colonies were ungrateful, and now pervert history to conceal the truth; yet the world is witness that the aggression of England on Canada was to save them from France and the red Indians.

A monument stands about half-a-mile distant from the brow of that precipice as seen near the centre of the picture. Its inscription is simple, yet in four words a history, 'Here Wolfe fell victorious.'

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

NOTE.—A paragraph on 'Length of Miles' has inadvertently been printed on page 280 giving the length of miles in several counties in the world. It is inaccurate. An article on 'miles' is prepared for next number.

THE EFFECT OF PARDON.—In the garrison town of Woolwich, a few years ago, a soldier was about to be brought before the commanding officer of the regiment for some misdemeanor. The officer entering the soldier's name said, "here is ——— again. What can we do with him? He has gone through almost every ordeal." The sergeant-major, M. B., apologised for intruding, and said, "there is one thing that has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that, sergeant-major?" "Well, sir, he has never yet been forgiven." "Forgiven," said the Colonel, "here is his case entered." "Yes, but the man is not before you yet, and you can cancel it." After the Colonel had reflected a few minutes he ordered the man to be brought before him, when he was asked what he had to say relative to the charges brought against him.—"Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only that I am sorry for what I have done." After making some suitable remarks, the Colonel said—"Well, we are resolved to forgive you." The soldier was struck with astonishment; the tears started from his eyes—he wept. The Colonel, with the Adjutant and the others present, felt deeply when he saw the man so humbled. The soldier thanked the Colonel for his kindness, and retired. The narrator had the soldier under his notice for two years and a half after this, and never, during that time, was there a charge brought against him, or fault found with him. Mercy triumphed! Kindness conquered! The man was won.

THE CANADIAN
Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, APRIL 25, 1863.

CANAL TOLLS.

It is unquestionably sound policy for Canada to give every encouragement to the commerce of the great West to flow through Canadian channels. But it is at the same time true that the advantages to be gained thereby may involve a sacrifice totally disproportionate to their value. This seems to have been the case with regard to the abolition of the Canal tolls in 1860, a step, no doubt, prompted by liberal-minded and patriotic motives, but which has not answered the expectations formed of it.

The rival routes for western commerce at present are the Erie Canal from Buffalo to the Hudson River, and thence to New York, with a branch from Syracuse to Oswego; and the St. Lawrence route, including the Welland Canal. On the improvement of the latter route Canadians have expended about fourteen millions of dollars. The tolls levied have paid no portion of the interest of this large sum, have been barely sufficient indeed to meet the charges of maintenance, management, and that financial scapegoat "construction account." The traffic of the Erie Canal, on the other hand, has increased with such marvellous rapidity that in 1862 it yielded a revenue of more than five millions of dollars. The cause of this is not difficult to find. Of the products of the west carried by the Erie Canal two-thirds are for home consumption, for this portion of the traffic the Canadian route cannot, of course, compete. Two powerful causes combine in favor of the Erie, with regard to the other portion—that for exportation. The freights from New York to Liverpool, have always ruled much lower than those from Quebec to Liverpool, from the fact that vessels on the New York route are sure of a cargo both ways, while those on the Quebec route arrive for the most part in ballast, and must depend for their profit on the return trip. Whatever advantage therefore our inland navigation may possess over that of our neighbor, is more than neutralized at the sea-board. And again, New York is the great emporium which supplies the West with its imported goods, hence lake vessels taking the American instead of the Canadian route have the same advantage as the ocean vessels, viz: a certainty of return cargoes.

Until we can offer some advantages to compensate for those now possessed by our rivals, we need not hope to divert any considerable portion of their trade to ourselves, and it would be but poor economy to burden the country by the attempt.

To accomplish the object aimed at will require measures far more comprehensive, and unfortunately more costly than the abolition of canal tolls. Still, we have the natural facilities for the work, and some day will have the necessary capital to take advantage of them. By opening up the Ottawa River to lake Huron, or by constructing a canal from Georgian Bay to lake Ontario, we can lessen the distance to be travelled between Chicago and the seaboard by nearly 500 miles. The former of these works will cost, according to Mr. Shanly's estimate, \$24,000,000; the cost of the latter we believe is estimated at \$25,000,000. Or, by enlarging our present canals so as to admit vessels of from 800 to 1000 tons burthen, we can so far reduce the price of freight as to throw the advantage in our favor, though not so decidedly as by adopting either of the above courses. In connection with either of these plans a canal from the St. Lawrence to lake Champlain, distance 30 miles, and estimated cost, \$3,000,000, would give us a communication with New York by the Hudson river, and a connection with the railway system of the New England States. But these are works for the future; until we can carry them out, let us do the best we can with the means now at our disposal.

We have said that the present canal system cost the Province \$14,000,000; the annual interest on this sum is \$840,000. In 1862, the canals cost about \$350,000; taking this sum as the average for the future, it gives considerably more than a million of dollars as the annual cost of our inland navigation, which on every principle of sound economy should be made to support itself, especially at a time when our Minister of Finance cannot bring his annual revenue within reach of his expenditure by nearly three millions of dollars.

While the 'conflict of authorities' on the question of whether our Trade has increased or decreased since the abolition of the canal tolls, remains unsettled, we shall not attempt

to found an argument on that point. It seems very evident, however, that there has been no increase which bears any proportionate value to the sacrifice which it has cost.

On the whole, there is every reason to believe that the Government has taken a judicious step in re-imposing the tolls.

Summary of News.

CANADIAN.

The Government announces that they will accept 100,000 volunteers, if they offered, and supply them with arms, but could not clothe more than 25,000.

The Government have decided not to grant aid from the Treasury to the Credit mobilier scheme.

The Hon. Malcolm Cameron is to be associated with George Desbarats, Esq., the present incumbent, as Queen's Printer.

It is rumored the Government have decided upon removing to Toronto at the close of the present session.

AMERICAN.

There are various reports about Charleston—one that the iron-clads are going to the Mississippi to take part in the attack on Port Hudson and Vicksburg; another that they are to resume operations against Charleston under a more lively chief than Admiral Dupont, who, it is said, being an old salt, does not believe in turret batteries, and considers stone forts impregnable to ships.

The Richmond Enquirer, of the 16th, has an editorial which says it may be doubted whether our people are fully alive to the arduous character of the task they have undertaken in vindicating the sovereignty of their States against so powerful an enemy. It goes on to argue against sumptuousness in dress, opposition to impressment, and the spending of time by Congress in discussing abstract propositions concerning the unconstitutionality of martial law. It says: The war may probably, we think certainly, last two years more at least. Every dollar we pay for even the most necessary articles brought through the lines, is a dollar into the Yankee purse, and a direct bribe for the Yankees to continue the war. All money paid for English and French fabrics, which come to us direct through the blockade, is lost to us, and in this way is a gain to the enemy. In truth, we shall soon be forced to place ourselves on a war footing. Our tables, our clothes, our very liberties, must be put on a war footing in all things.

VICKSBURG.—The London Times correspondent at Vicksburg, Miss., describes the rebel fortifications at that place as being most formidable and elegant. He considers the town and works as almost impregnable against the attacks of the Union troops.—Desertions from the Federal army, he says, are extremely numerous, while the rebels have a fine cavalry force, numbering some twenty thousand sabres, under General Van Dorn, with which they intend, as the writer says, to run into Indiana.

Mr. Robert J. Walker, it is understood, has gone to England on behalf of the United States Government, to secure uniform weights and measures of coin, so far as to be equal in weights and measures, between the United States and Britain, and thus equalize exchanges for the convenience of commerce, as recommended in the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

EUROPEAN.

At latest dates the Polish insurrection was still spreading.

It is reported that the entire Russian army is to be placed on a war footing, and that Cronstadt has been placed in a state of defence.

A vessel named the Japan was reported to be fitting out at Liverpool to burn, sink, and destroy Federal vessels. The American consul at once telegraphed to Mr. Adams at London, who promptly called on Earl Russell, and the latter telegraphed the collector of customs at Liverpool to stop the Japan. The collector at once looked into the bill of entry, but nothing could be seen of the Japan there. The collector then thinking she might soon enter the river, endorsed four revenue gigs to cruise up and down, and stop her as soon as she made her appearance. No Japan, however, turned up, and the collector then telegraphed to Earl Russell that he must have been misinformed. On further investigation it was found that Mr. Dudley had forgotten to state that the Japan was at Greenock. However, when it became known the orders of the government were immediately telegraphed to Greenock. The Japan, re-named the Virginia, had then sailed for an unknown destination.

Original Poetry.

For the Canadian Illustrated News.

LILLIAN LEE.

BY PAMELIA S. VINING.

Lillian Lee is dead!

Lay her down softly to rest;
Smooth the pillow under her head,
Fold the hands over the breast;
Close up the rose-bud mouth,
Press down the meek eyes' lid—
Violets blue by the breath of the South
Under twin lily leaves hid!

Loop up the silken hair—
Wavy, golden-hued, soft;
Place the white rose-bud she cherished there—
Rose-bud she kissed so oft.
Drop not a tear on her breast,
Beautiful Lillian Lee!
So lay her tenderly down to rest
Under the Linden tree.

A FLEET MARRIAGE.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

Lady C. was a beautiful woman, but lady C. was an extravagant woman. She was still single though rather past extreme youth. Like most pretty females, she had looked too high, had estimated her own loveliness too dearly, and now she refused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So no wonder she still remained unmarried.

Lady C. had but five thousand pounds in the world. She owed about forty thousand pounds; so, with all her wit and beauty, she got into the Fleet Prison, and was likely to remain there.

Now in the time I speak of, every lady had her head dressed by a barber; and the barber of the Fleet was the handsomest barber in the city of London. Pat Phelan was a great admirer of the fair sex: and where's the wonder? Sure Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Phelan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took it into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth were the whitest, and her smile the brightest in all the world.

'So you're not married, Pat'; says she. 'Divil an inch! your honour's ladyship, says he.

'And wouldn't ye like to be married?' again asks she.

'Would a duck swim?'

'Is there any one you would prefer?'

'May be, madam,' says he, 'you niver heard of Kathleen O'Reilly, down beyant Doneraile? Her father's cousin to O'Donohue, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-agent to my Lord Kingstown, and—'

'Hush!' says she; 'sure I don't want to know who she is. But, would she have you if you asked her?'

'Ah, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after thyring that same.'

'And why don't you?'

'Sure I'm too poor.' And Phelan heaved a prodigious sigh.

'Would you like to be rich?'

'Does a dog bark?'

'If I make you rich, will you do as I tell you?'

'Millia murthers! your honour, dont' be tautalizing a poor boy.'

'Indeed I'm not,' said Lady C. 'So listen. How would you like to marry me?'

'Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do that same, lave alone a poor devil like Pat Phelan.'

'Well, Phelan, if you'll marry me to-morrow, I'll give you one thousand pounds.'

'Oh! whilabaloo! whilabaloo! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people; roared Pat, dancing round the room.'

'But there are conditions,' says Lady C. 'After the first day of our nuptials you must never see me again, nor claim me for your wife.'

'I don't like that,' says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately.

'But, remember, Kathleen O'Reilly. With the money I'll give you, you may go, and marry her.'

'That's thrue,' says he. 'But, thin, the bigamy.'

'I'll never appear against you,' says her ladyship. 'Only remember you must take an oath never to call me your wife after to-morrow, and never go telling all the story.'

'Divil a word I'll ivir say.'

'Well, then, says she, 'there's ten pounds. Go and buy a license, and leave the rest to me; and then she explained to him where he was to go, and when he was to come, and all that.

The next day Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.

'Have you got the license?' says she.

'Here it is, my lady,' says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively. Then, calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading.

'Perform the ceremony says she.'

And sure enough in ten minutes Pat Phelan was the husband, the legal husband of the lovely lady C.

'That will do,' says she to her new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss; 'that'll do. Now, sir, give me my marriage certificate.' The old gentleman did so, and bowing respectfully to the five-pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for, sur enough, I forgot to tell you he was a pawson.

'Go and bring me the warden,' says my lady to one of her servants.

'Yes, my lady,' says she; and presently the warden appeared.

'Will you be good enough,' says Lady C., in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, 'will you be good enough to send and fetch me a hackney-coach? I wish to leave this prison immediately.'

'Your ladyship forgets,' replied he, 'that you must pay your forty thousand pounds before I can let you go.'

'I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me.' And she smiled at Phelan, who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.

'Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single.'

'I tell you I am married.'

'Where's your husband?'

'There, sir!' and she pointed to the astonished barber; 'there he stands. Here is my marriage certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me, sir, one instant at your peril.'

The warden was dumb-founded, and no wonder. Poor Phelan would have spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Phelan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they held a meeting, and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat for ever. But as they well knew that he had nothing, and would feel much shame in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him out.

Well, you must know about a week after this, Paddy Phelan was sitting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when as sure as death the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took over to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit-seller, because you see, he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus:

'Go to Doneraile, and marry Kathleen O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I fulfil my promise of making you comfortable for life. But, as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember you are in my power if you tell the story. The money will be paid to you directly you inclose me your marriage-certificate. I send you fifty-pounds for present expenses. C.'

'Oh! happy Paddy! Didn't he get drunk that same night, and didn't he start next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen and touch a thousand pounds? By the powers he did. And, what is more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you know, not a hundred miles from Buslin, in the county of Limerick; and, i' faith, he forgot his first wife clean and entirely, and never told any one but myself, under a promise of secrecy, the story of his 'Fleet Marriage.'

So, remember, as it is a secret, don't tell it to any one, sec.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, answered, "The stars heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

ANECDOTES OF ENGLISH LAWYERS.

LORD THURLOW was famous for the roughness and brutality of his manners, qualities in which he was hard to be excelled. On one occasion, however, he met his match. The story goes:

'One day he was sitting in his private room to hear some application at the time the Lords were assembling in their house. Being unable to commence business without their speaker, they desired Mr. Quarne, deputy usher of the Black Rod, to go to the Chancellor and tell him the Lords were assembling. Mr. Quarne went and delivered his message. 'Umph,' was the only reply which the Chancellor vouchsafed. The deputy usher returned to the house; some time passed, and Lord Thurlow did not make his appearance. A peer went down to Mr. Quarne, and begged him to go again, and tell the Chancellor plainly that the Lords were waiting for him, and that the hour appointed for the house meeting had long passed, and that they could wait no longer. The deputy usher returned to the Chancellor, and, with some emphasis, repeated the message with which he was charged. The Chancellor deigned no other reply than his accustomed growl. 'But, my Lord,' said Quarne, with some warmth, 'I must have your lordship's answer. The Lords are waiting?' 'D—n the Lords,' said Thurlow, quickly, fixing a look of rage on the usher. 'You may d—n the Lords as much as you like,' exclaimed the undaunted official, 'but I'm d—n, were you twenty times Chancellor, if you shall d—n me!' The Chancellor gazed with astonishment at Quarne—the audacity of a mere servant of a house thus hearing its chief, excited his amazement. At length his features expanded into a smile, and rising from his chair he exclaimed, 'By Jove, you are a bold fellow; come and dine with me to-morrow.' 'And so I will,' replied Quarne; with whom, ever after, the Chancellor continued on terms of friendship.

The following anecdote of Sir Albert Pell is worth giving, and may perhaps apply to some verbose practitioners at the present day:

'Sir Albert Pell was another instance of a successful advocate who never trod the primrose paths' of flowery speech. He was famous for violating every rule of grammar and pronunciation whenever he opened his mouth. Verbose and prolix, he yet succeeded in getting verdicts, and his secret may be learnt from this anecdote: A gentleman, who happened to be in the room with him the day after he had been engaged in an important cause in the neighborhood, made some slight allusion to the tautologous speech which the learned counsel had delivered. Pell immediately acknowledged the justice of the censure. 'I certainly was confoundedly long,' he said; 'but did you observe the foreman, a heavy-looking fellow in a yellow waistcoat? No more than one idea could ever stay in his thick head at a time, and I resolved that mine should be that one; so I hammered on until I saw by his eyes that he had got it. Do you think I cared a straw what your young critics might say?' Lord Brougham used to say of Pell's style of speaking, 'that if it were not eloquence it was *peloquence*, and deserved to have a chapter in books of rhetoric to itself.'

The origin and early struggles of the late Lord Tenterden are not without interest:

Lord Tenterden was the son of a barber at Canterbury, whose house stood on the left-hand side of the western entrance to the cathedral, and who has been described as 'a tall, erect, primitive-looking man, with a large club-pigtail behind him, and the instruments of his business under one arm, attended frequently by his son, the present (late) Chief Justice, a youth as decent, grave, and primitive-looking as himself.' He received his education at Canterbury School. 'I well remember him at school,' says an old school-fellow, 'grave, silent and demure; always studious and well-behaved, reading his book instead of accompanying us to play, and recommending himself to all who saw and knew him, by his quiet and decent demeanor. I think his first rise in life was owing to a boy of the name of Thurlow, an illegitimate son of the Lord Chancellor, who was at school with us. Abbott and this boy were well acquainted; and when Thurlow went home for the holidays, he took young Abbott with him. Abbott thus became acquainted with Lord Thurlow, and was a kind of helping tutor to his son; and I have always heard, and am persuaded that it was by his lordship's aid that he was afterwards sent to college. The clergy of Canterbury, however, always took great notice of him, as they knew and respected his father.' Lord Tenterden never displayed any false shame on

the subject of his parentage; indeed, not long before his death, being at Canterbury with his eldest son, he visited his former insignificant dwelling of his father, and pointed out to him, with evident satisfaction, the scene of his early years. It has been said also, that when on the Home Circuit, he accompanied Mr. Justice Richards in a visit to Canterbury Cathedral. After attending the morning service, Mr. Justice Richards made some remarks on the voice of one of the singing-men. 'Ah,' said Lord Tenterden, 'that's the only man I ever envied. When we were at school in this town, we were candidates together for a chorister's place, and he obtained it.'

We conclude with some characteristic anecdotes of the first Lord Ellenborough's appearance in Parliament. The masculine vigor of the father has been refined but not weakened in the son.

'Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, was another instance that parliamentary and forensic abilities are by no means incompatible, and he was a remarkable instance, as he never had the advantage of any parliamentary training, having entered parliament as Attorney-General, and being therefore compelled at once to take a prominent part in debate. He was also in his fifty-first year—an age when men are usually considered past learning, and yet, with all these disadvantages, the energy of his character soon earned for him the reputation of an able and useful member. When he attended the levee after his appointment, the king said to him, 'Mr. Law, have you ever been in Parliament?' He replied that he had not. 'I am glad to hear it; my Attorney-General ought not to have been in Parliament, for then, you know, he will not be obliged to eat his own words.' Vigor, which sometimes degenerated into coarseness, was the characteristic of his oratory. In a debate on the Regency question, he observed that, in the reign of Henry V., the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster were under the control of the king, and when some one remarked that the law was afterwards changed—'Ay,' said the Attorney-General, 'in times of trouble, honorable gentlemen opposite seem well versed in the troubles of their country.' There was a loud cry of 'order' from the opposition. In the House of Lords he displayed a spirit fierce and intemperate. In the discussion in the Lords, respecting the compensation given by Pitt to the Duke of Athol, for the sovereignty of the Isle of Man, Lord Ellenborough used language unworthy the noble assembly he was addressing.

Lord Mulgrave reproved him in a dignified tone, reminding him 'that he was addressing Peers, not lawyers—the House of Lords, and not the mob in Palace-yard.' His quaint and caustic humor often, however, excited in the house feelings of another kind. Lord Darnley was once making a dull and drowsy speech on Ireland and her wrongs, which lulled the house to 'soft repose.' At length the noble orator, beginning himself to share in the languor of the house, stopped short in his address to indulge himself in a yawn. 'There's some sense in that,' grimly observed Lord Ellenborough, amidst the laughter of all around.'

ECONOMY AND AVARICE.

In a small city some well-disposed citizens were sent by the magistrates from house to house in order to collect a subsidy for the impoverished inhabitants of the city. Early one morning they came to the farm of a wealthy farmer.

They discovered him in front of his stable, and, upon approaching him, heard how he rebuked his servant for having left the ropes at which the horses were tied over night in the rain, and for not having taken them to dry.

How great was their astonishment as he gave them a considerable sum of money, and promised to give them an equal sum every year.

The citizens, in their grateful emotion, could not forbear to confess to the farmer that his beneficence was wholly unexpected by them; for the rebuke he previously gave to his servant, on account of so unimportant a trifle, led him to suspect that he was a very avaricious man.

'Dear friends,' said he, "through my being so economical with my property at all times, I have arrived at the happy condition to do good."

MORAL.—Do not be ashamed of economy, and think it not to be avarice, for you need only to be ashamed of avarice itself.

Do not refuse to be beneficent, because you falsely take beneficence for lavishness.

RICHES are but ciphers: it is the mind that makes the sum.

**SPRING FLOODS
IN THE RIVER
RICHELIEU, C. E.**

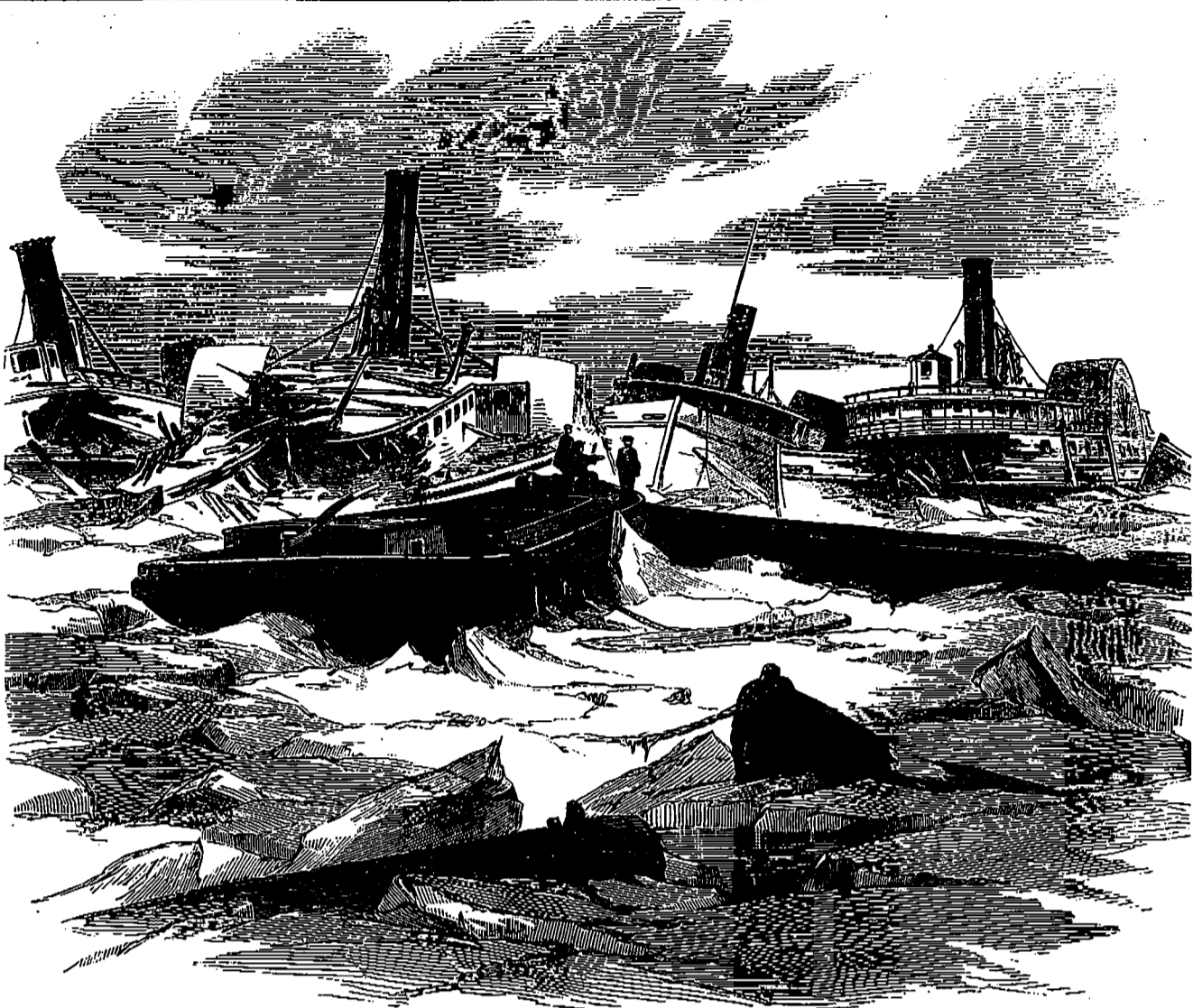
The river Richelieu connects the navigation of the St. Lawrence from the port of Sorel, forty-five miles east of Montreal, with the inland navigation of the United States by way of the Chamblé canal and Lake Champlain. Sorel, was named in the last century, William-Henry, in honor of the third son of George III., afterwards William IV. But Sorel, a name restored about ten years ago by act of Parliament, is the elder designation. It was so called in honor of a Captain of Engineers who planned the fortifications still standing there. It is in military strategy the key of one of the front doors of Lower Canada.

The first fort was constructed at the same place in 1665, by Mr. De Tracy, and the small town which arose was for many years the place of summer residence of the Governors of Canada, French first, English in

succession. It was there that the Duke of Richmond saw a tame fox on the street, which attracting his notice, was fondled by him in his partiality for pets of all descriptions. The Duke was a kind-hearted man who had humanity for everything. On the following day he saw the fox chained up exposed to a fiercely hot sun, and going to remove it to a shady place, said soothingly, stroking it with his hand, 'Why, I think I know you; you are the little pretty fellow I met yesterday on the street.' The fox bit him on the hand. In a few weeks afterwards His Grace died of hydrophobia at a woodman's hut, in the township of Richmond, near the mouth of the Rideau river, whence it plunges into the Ottawa, as seen in one of our illustrations last week.

Sorel, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence and east bank of the Richelieu is a shipping port and market town; population over 4,000. It supplies much farm and garden produce to Montreal. The country behind it is fertile and has been long settled. In winter many steamboats and other vessels engaged in the Montreal and Quebec trade, and between Lake Champlain in Vermont and Montreal, are moored safely until spring. They are safe while the ice holds, and in most seasons escape all danger. At the breaking of the Richelieu ice, however, in April 1862, the flood was so impetuous and overwhelming that it broke most of the steamers, schooners and scows from their moorings, crashed them against the wharves and upon each other, mingling their broken fabrics with the piles of rolling ice. It was a grievous sight to behold; several vessels sank, and others were crushed into wrecks. Some portions of the town were also flooded. We sincerely trust that the Richelieu will deliver its ice to the St. Lawrence without such a catastrophe in 1863, or rather that the St. Lawrence will be open to receive it, for the damage was in part caused by the stemming of the larger river. The picture on this page is from a sketch made at the time of the crash of ice-bergs, steamers, and scows against the wharf.

COMPASSIONATE.—Sir Horace Walpole says that the attachment of some French ladies to their lap-dogs in his time amounted to infatuation. 'I have heard,' says he, in one of his charming letters, 'of a lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg, upon which his mistress thus expressed her compassion: 'Poor dear little creature! I hope it will not make him sick!'



SPRING FLOODS IN THE RIVER RICHELIEU.

Gleanings.

LIVING AND MEANS.—The world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks or tariffs, in bad public policy nor hard times, but in their own extravagance and heedless ostentation. The young mechanic or clerk marries and takes a house, which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of taking hold to help him earn a livelihood by doing her own work, must have a hired servant to help her spend his earnings. Ten years afterward you will find him struggling on under a double load of debts and children, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destitution and financial ability. Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky.

Through every grade of society this vice of inordinate expenditure insinuates itself. The single man "hired out" in the country at ten to fifteen dollars per month, who contrives to dissolve his year's earnings in frolics and fine clothes; the clerk who has from three to five hundred dollars a year and melts down twenty to fifty of it into liquor and cigars, are paralleled by the young merchant who fills a spacious house with costly furniture, gives dinners and drives a fast horse on the strength of the profits he expects to realize when his goods are all sold, and his notes all paid. Let a man have a genius for spending, and whether his income be a dollar a day or a dollar a minute, it is equally certain to prove inadequate. If dining, wining or party-giving won't help him through with it, building, gaming and speculation will be sure to.

The bottomless pocket will never fill, no matter how bounteous the stream pouring into it. The man who (being single,) does not save money on six dollars per week will not be apt to on sixty; and he who does not lay up something in his first year of independent exertion, will be pretty likely to wear a poor man's hair into his grave.—**GREELEY.**

CONTAGIOUSNESS OF NERVOUS EXCITEMENT.—The contagiousness of emotional excitement among human beings is one of the most curious and wonderful things in their nature. The mad daring of armies, when properly stimulated and led by Generals in whom they believe and to whom

they are devoted; their equally mad panics when such confidence is wanting; the religious, moral, and sensorial fanaticisms which sweep over the earth one after another like the waves of the sea, are all examples of this contagiousness of mental states, when by some cause they reach a certain intensity. A curious illustration of this peculiarity, on a small scale, is seen in the following item from a late Manchester, (England,) paper:—"Upward of three hundred girls were employed in sewing in the large school-room under Dr. Munroe's chapel, and one or two of them were subject to fits. One afternoon recently, every thing was proceeding in the usual manner when suddenly one of the girls was prostrated by a fit. There was considerable alarm created in the school by this circumstance, and almost instantly another girl was attacked by what the Superintendent believes was hysteria, and then another and another, until quite a panic prevailed; altogether nineteen girls becoming affected in less than an hour."

MAZEPPA.—Mazepa was a Polish nobleman, born in the Palatinate of Podolia; he was educated as a page to Sean Casimir, at whose court he acquired some knowledge of belles lettres. An intrigue, which he had with the wife of a Polish Palatine, having been discovered, the husband had him tied on a wild horse, which was then set loose. The horse which was from the Ukraine, went back thither, carrying with him Mazepa, half dead with hunger and fatigue. Some peasants took care of him; he remained with them for a long time and distinguished himself in several incursions against the Tartars. His superior information made him highly respected among the Cossacks, and his fame, which was daily increasing, induced the Czar to create him a Prince of Ukraine.

Such is the historical fact which furnished Lord Byron with the subject of his poem with this title.

THE TURKISH CRESCENT.—The Crescent was the ancient symbol of Byzantium, now Constantinople. Philip the father of Alexander the Great in besieging that city, set his workmen to undermine the walls by night, that his troops might take it by surprise; but the moon suddenly appearing, discovered the design to the besieged, who succeeded in frustrating it. Grateful for their deliverance, the Byzantines erected a statue to Diana—the moon—and took the crescent for their symbol.

CARE OF THE EYES.—Crawford, the celebrated sculptor, had an inveterate habit of reading in a reclining position; one eye had to be taken out in consequence of a cancerous tumor forming behind it, and his life has paid the forfeit after years of suffering and the expenditure of a large amount of money. Prescott, the historian, in consequence of the disorder of a nerve, by which the eyes were rendered useless for all writing purposes, could not use a pen, as he was unable to see when he failed to make a mark, for want of ink: nor could he distinguish the lines or edges of his paper; yet with these disadvantages he wrote all his histories using an agate stylus on carbonated paper, being guided as to the lines or edges by brass wires drawn through a wooden frame; but with all these hindrances, he has made himself one of the most readable of modern histori-

ans, and earned a fortune besides.

To avoid these, and similar calamities, we urge upon the young, especially, never to use the eyes by any artificial light where nicety of sight is required, nor to use them in any strained position or while riding in rail cars or carriages. We urge upon parents, in view of the many incurable eye diseases, to caution their children against reading by twilight, that is, not before sunrise, nor after sunset.

It would be greatly better not to allow them to read or sew by any artificial light; but if that is unavoidable, let it be imperative that they cease by nine o'clock at night in summer, and by ten at furthest in the winter. It is a most inexcusable folly, and will, sooner or later, bring its punishment, to read or sew by gas, or lamp, or candle light, and then sleep after daylight next morning, as a habit. To persons of all ages it is a most injurious practice.

A PRETTY CONCEIT.—We saw yesterday, in the parlor of a friend, a very beautiful conceit. It is, of course, the fancy of a lady, and consists of the burr of a pine tree placed in a wine-glass half full of water, and from between the different layers of the burr is shooting forth green blades, bright, beautiful, refreshing. For a little thing we have seen nothing that so pleased us with its beauty and novelty. And the secret is this: the burr was found, dried and opened; the different circles were sprinkled with grass seed, and it was placed in a wine-glass, with water in as above. In a few days the moisture and nourishment gave the burr life and health, the different circles closed and buried within themselves the grass seed, and a few days more gave to the seed also life, sprout and growth, and now a pyramid of living green, beautifully relieved by the sombre hue of the burr, is the result—as pretty and novel a parlor ornament as we have for a long while seen. We do not know whether the idea was original with the lady, but we do know that its success is beautiful.

LENGTH OF A MILE.—The mile varies in length in different countries. For example: the English mile is 1,760 yards long; the Russian 1,100; the Italian 1,467; the Irish and Scotch 2,200; the Polish 4,400; the Spanish 5,028; the German 5,866; the Swedish and Danish 7,233; and the Hungarian 8,830. The French measure by the league, which is 3,666 yards.

A good beginning is a thing half done.

A THEORY WORKED OUT.

My refusal of Asher Alleyne was the legitimate result of much romance reading and considerable nursing of ideals—two exercises whose ultimate issue had been the establishment of my theory of love, as applying to my own destined experience in the matter. Out from the nebula of men I felt that one must come whose face and figure should wear an instant pleasingness in my eyes beyond those of any hitherto seen or to be seen forever thereafter. Behind them would lie surely a soul to the extremest limit of fallible mortal capacity, strong and earnest—a soul so high that through all the years I should feel its hand stretched out above me, perpetually leading me on to altitudes I should never else have reached.—What a scope for fancy lay in delineation of the externals of this coming man! I never saw a handsome feature, an air graceful or noble, but I appropriated it to him minus the drawbacks accompanying its actual possessor.

But I was not an empty-headed nonentity by any means. The very fact of Asher Alleyne's having been satisfied at my side in so many leisure hours of the past two years was proof enough of this. I could keep pace with him, if not in the man's deep stride, yet with the woman's nervous multiplied step, in all themes of which men and women talk. I had gone with him abreast in threading the subtleties of Locke and Bacon's explanation of the how, and why, and wherefore of the soul for the body, and the body for the soul. And there were lighter hours for crowning with flowers of poesy, whose nooks, in their best and most eternal freshness, none knew better where to seek than he. I, sitting at his side free of heart, would listen as he rhymed the passionate cadences of the love and longing the strongest hearts had so felt and told of.

If in his heart there sprung up the assertion, 'And thus I feel for thee,' the response, 'And I for thee,' never echoed in the faintest out of mine. Asher Alleyne was not a man to catch and hold the fancy of fair women by their will as much as his; he was in every outward particular a plain man.—One whom none are surprised to find single at any age, and he was getting past his first youth a little. He was not a fascinating homely man, or a surfacely brilliant one in conversation; though whatever seemed visibly to want saying he said always and well.

He was in nowise demonstrative, not even in that often most effective particular the eyes. He never 'made eyes' on any occasion; indeed I scarcely knew the color of those organs, though I remember once seeing his eyes—not turned on me, however—with an expression I had never beheld or thought of in them before, as I made an end of the story of some man alone who 'saw the light in happy homes,' and felt such radiance not for him. I had always lived in the fullest of that kind of radiance, and thought there must be a great difference in his life and mine to make such a lonesome, empty look in his eyes possible; thinking also that he must find his year after year of boarding-house life even less heartsome than most men. Yet, further than friendship and its degree of sympathy went, it was not my affair. And so I sat in his presence, unthinking of him, my heart mail-clad in far off dreams of a man to come and blessed things to be.

And I too thrilled and glowed as he read words that stir up women's hearts, and wished, with a yearning that was almost a prayer, for the time when the full realization of these dainty dreams should come to me in the voice that read of them—should glow upon me out of the eyes which held the answering soul of my beloved.

And like unto what similitude was this chosen one to be?

So far different from the plain, grave man, who one day, after his voice had rung for me the last exquisite chime of 'The Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' turned to me with the quiet of a cool nature, or the still molten glow of an exceeding great desire (I never thought which,) asked me to make his life crowned and radiant, as the generous woman of the rhyme had done that other man's. So far different was he from the man in my dreams—elect to make me at heart queen and regnant, that I, with no thought for him but nature's selfish cry, 'Thyself first of all!' strong and instant in me, replied, surprised, but unhesitatingly and calmly,

'Oh no, Mr. Alleyne, that never can be.'

He saw with evident unpreparedness and pain how new and unthought-of his proposition was. We had talked so well in so many thoughts and pursuits, that he forgot to take account of how much of the girl's heart might be left given over to dreams of which he could have no knowledge. He rose up

from his chair, and laid the book down quietly, and stood for a minute before me, and said,

'I suppose pride ought to prompt me to go out from before you at once and forever, even though I can not tell you, if I would, how great a gift God has deigned me through your words. Some better man may win you; but be sure of this—there never will be a man who through every circumstance of his life could need you more sorely; to whom your love would have been a more sufficient possession; whose heart would have folded you in more closely, or have been more entirely satisfied in you.'

And so he went on, and so concerned being worthily touched by them, or feeling a true estimate of their value, I heard his words as if I had not heard them; though they woke in me a sympathy which made me regret that he had felt a necessity through me which I could never fill, and brought the best gift of his humanity to one by whom it was unneeded and unasked.

11.

A man's position in society—what people say of him, his appearance and doings—has a nearer connection with most young-lady likings than they are aware or would confess. True, there are women who have grown into loving men whom the world know not, or knowing, fail to favor; but they are somewhat the exception. For a young lady to hear of a man possessing, in full degree allotted to separate mortals, the gifts of intellect and feature desirable in man, does not inspire in her commonly the desire to avoid him strictly. We all have an impression, and doubtless in the main correct, that the verdict general society passes upon a member is usually just.

I had found no occasion to gainsay it, and Ralph Hasseltine came to me bringing in his face and figure, not only those fair outlines which one need but see to read and approve, but general society's verdict of what I prized infinitely more—a true and genial soul. Others had appeared thus furnished forth—but Ralph Hasseltine! I suppose few girls who have nursed ideas have ever met any thing specially like them; but I do not think any man alive could have come nearer mine externally than Ralph Hasseltine.

As I had fore-dreamed, the great Aurora of passion flushed up into the waiting sky of my life simultaneous with his first appearing. So speedily that I think I began to love him before he consciously knew me at all. His voice had attracted me first. A little wearied by a rather slow evening out I had left the played-out faces, and going into the book-room began a search for somewhat with a fresher flavor, albeit it had lain a hundred years or more.

Somebody played at the piano, and he carelessly caught up the tag-end of the tune and added words. It was a voice a young girl likes to hear telling her, however little she may analyze the fact, of great store of life and freshness and readiness for passion. I turned from the books and took position where I could see him in the parlor. The figure, carried with the subtle ease of gentlemanhood, seemed perfect. The soft light from the chandelier fell on his graceful head and gave his locks the true hero's purple black. I knew him, having heard his name and social fame before. I did not find the latter belied when I met him in parlor-talk and presence that night and thereafter.

I began to wonder if it was at all thus Alleyne had felt in our first acquaintance; for long before Ralph Hasseltine gave me vow for vow I loved him. I loved him—the fact declared itself in me with still persistence when away from him. It sprang up to my face in glowing assertion when I met him, even in the street. Around him centred the gathered halo of all the truth and tenderness, the depth and loftiness of soul which I had ever seen or read as man's possession. I loved him as only they love who have read wise books, have plumed high labors and great joys for their lives, and feel some innate breadth of soul which only needs right kinship to gain full expansion. I felt the fulfillment of my utmost dream the night I felt his arm around me, and his lips said the 'I love you' they had just uttered upon mine.

12.

It was a most fair fabric I began straightway to weave. New thoughts and wishes revealed themselves full-grown in the light of this new Aurora. A wife—ah, word most subtly sweet! The light of one more happy home to shine forth in the land. That happy home—there was one special picture of it I had at heart which I was continually stealing in to contemplate. It was a scene of long evenings after daylights and their duties overpast and well fulfilled. One only beside me, who should be to me as I

to him, my sufficient possession; having whom my heart should acknowledge no other want in the world outside, however active my work there might be, and however pleasant a welcome I might there have. For this one should walk with me into all realms of thought and feeling—should join me in all study and research common to man—should penetrate with me the utmost limits of those spiritual glories whereon a man can look and live. Together we would enter upon life—yetgether smile in its serene joys—and together meet and comfort one another under its inevitable and thick-coming woes. Ever minding to help each other, keep in view that it is not to live care-free and at ease, but to show all souls within our utmost reach that life is worthy the noblest and holiest living—since Christ died for it—that shall gain for us at last the ineffable sentence, 'Servants of God, well done!'

Such union were indeed of love. We could not be married at once, and the tender flowers of courtship had a whole year to blossom in. What a blessed, prosperous season I felt this would be! We had taken one another, each instinctively conscious of the other's merits; doubtless yet for all, as it were, upon trust.

Well, Ralph came to me almost daily.—The warmest maid could not have desired a more impassioned and demonstrative lover; but I had an instinct that we could not wisely spend a year in caresses, even if their zest and freshness did not fail us. So for the most part I kept him seated reasonably distant. And for me it was joy enough to watch, and catch in mine now and then, the various expression of a pair of the most matchless eyes which ever opened on the world; getting by heart the while every turn of his face and figure. But we can look our fill upon the fairest picture, and this was Ralph Hasseltine's pictorial phase simply; and the beholding it was not the deepest human enjoyment, pleasant as it was.

Two months of constant intercourse wore off the dazzling novelty of our new relation; and I began to feel the old everyday spiritual and literary wants coming back. Wants not to be filled by the most sparkling talk about the weather, acquaintances, society in general, and one's self in particular; and most curiously it seemed to me, it was difficult to lead Ralph off these topics, though I had not at first noticed his habitual adherence to them.

I put into the hands of my handsome lover—through college long ago—one of the essays Mr. Alleyne and I used to read together, begging him to adorn the learned sentences with the beauty of his voice.—Flattered, he read a page or two, when I, fallen into full enjoyment of the ample thoughts it held, was startled by his throwing the book carelessly down, with the simple explanation of 'Bosh!'

It was from this evening, I think, that I began to feel the shade of the hand-breadth cloud rising over the serene atmosphere in the sky of my love. It was not the occasional, and so pardonably freakish, disinclination to consider weighty topics, and take sober views of life and its objects, the most efficient feel now and then. The little gayeties, courtesies, and success of surface-life, seemed sufficient for him. He reigned a prince in these, and it was for such supremacy society had given him his diploma. Under an exterior which, in its winning grace and perfection, seemed the fitting outward type of noble actualities, behind there lay a mind which, though not bad, was light and shallow.

But I had built my castle, 'en Espagne' though it were, quite too firmly to admit of its toppling about my ears at once. Did I not love as I had so long planned to love? Had not the divine allatus entered in and possessed my soul as thoroughly as that soul was capable of being filled? Then let that be sufficient for me. But it was not. I felt it plainer and plainer every day. For the physical and earthly kind of love Ralph Hasseltine answered abundantly, and was capable of inspiring no higher save to the mind of fancy solely. It had seemed to me that it would be so blessed to draw nearer and nearer to him mentally and spiritually in these quiet hours when common talk was done. But common talk done, with Ralph, all was done.

He little thought how he started my heart by a quiet, careless, coo of his about 'how deucedly handsome some folks made their married lives;' laughingly declaring, 'we would show society that people need not necessarily mope in duet for the rest of their lives in the back-parlor because they had answered affirmatively, in the presence of witnesses, some polite inquiries in the Prayer-Book. His little wife need not think he was going to make her bury her beauty just because she had given him its guardianship. No; it would be his first ambition to display

his treasure—and himself besides, I know you are thinking,' he added, gayly. 'Well, it will be but an old trick of an old dog, who enjoys it too well to wish to be taught anew.'

His first ambition! What sort of realization, then was my heart-picture and life-programme like to meet? I would not believe—I absolutely would not believe—that there was no more in Ralph Hasseltine than he showed out in those hours. Silently, anxiously, as if the one hope of my life depended on the happy issue, I tried him test by test.

He was a pretty good Christian, he thought; neither lied nor stole, and liked church-going first-rate. It was delightfully soothing and comfortable there at first; and when the dominion began to make a fellow quake on the crimson velvet cushion, it carried out the rule of contrasts capitably. It was not difficult to imagine the angelic element of religion in the ladies' faces there, unless the sun threw the shade of a green or yellow window across them. It was a self-evident fact, he thought, that if a fellow minded his own business and did the best he could, he would be saved; and it was only dyspeptic fools who bothered their heads with controversy and theological metaphysics.

And, according to my lover's standard, he was doing the 'best he could.' Perhaps it was scarcely the province of his lady-love to ask him what worthy share he was taking in the world's great, hard, unnecessary work, which lay out for his doing plain before him—in what particular his life differed from that of those of old Greece and Rome, whose bitter condemnation was in being 'lovers of ease more than lovers of God.'

If she did not ask him, she asked herself, with reluctant half question, willing to admit but one answer. The answer did not at all come. Putting aside, as I was enabled to do in this strait of life, mere physical passion, I saw that there was not that in Ralph Hasseltine which would warrant me, as a Christian and true to God, nor even as a woman and true to him, in carrying out the promise I had made him to join my life to his and make it even as his.

My life like his! Why, he was the contented epitome of the trifling, unresulting, to-day-living existence I was trying to prune away in myself to give room for a worthier growth.

And yet how could I give him up, this handsome, winsome, sunshine-loving mortal? I let many weeks glide by, not seeing or willing to see just how.

13.

We had a long winter evening before us, and having begun it by a lengthened tilt of light talk and gossip, I began to feel as they who, desiring wine, have tasted froth.

'We have rattled long enough, have we not? Ralph, suppose you give me and yourself a deep glimpse into a loving woman's heart through these 'Sonnets from the Portuguese?'

He took up the book I offered him. 'Oh, Mrs. Browning!' said he, yawning. 'Bother take her and all the nonsensical crew who affect her and her kin—reservation of present company always understood.'

And, replacing the book on the stand, he selected instead the finest apple in the dish, and, leaning indolently back in his chair, began pairing it. A silence fell between us; he looked into the fire, and I into his eyes. They were the ideal eyes of the man I had so looked and longed for. Did the soul of the man I had awaited lie behind them?

I thought of a passage I had called for remembrance out of 'Adam Bede,' of eyes whose expression have no warrant or explanation in the soul beneath them. Eyes that seem to express the joys and sorrows of foregone generations—great thoughts and tenderness—paired perhaps with pale eyes which can say nothing: eyes full of meanings not their own, just as a national language may be instinct with poetry unfelt by the lips that use it. Were these Ralph Hasseltine's eyes? What else were they? I could not perhaps find the substance, the reality of their expression in the world, and should I take the semblance of it, and teach myself content?

No! not if I walked empty to my last day on earth.

As I thought these things my lover finished the apple and threw the core upon the grate. We both watched it crisp and char away in the blaze. So my dream had burned into blackness—all the soul and freshness gone out of it.

I took off my thimble and rolled up my sewing, putting all in the work-box and shutting down the lid; then rising from my chair and going around the table I stood before my lover. He reached out his arm with a caressing motion wishing to draw me close, and I refusing, the thought struck me

sorely, that it was the arm which clasped the sweetest hopes of my life into my heart, and must fail now forever from its office.

'Ralph,' I began at once, 'I told you I loved you, and as far as flesh and sense is concerned I love you still. But the true Ralph Hasseltine, he who after this visible one has fallen into dust, after the fair earth itself has waxed old like a garment, and been folded away as a vesture, I do not love. And so you will absolve me from my promise as freely as I feel I can ask it of you, since the seeing with which I made it was as if I had not seen.'

He sprang to his feet amazed, remonstrating, protesting, and soon, with hurt pride and disappointment walking high in him, angry.

He could not understand me, even in this; and loth as I was to let him go forth in anger, I felt it impossible to prevent it by anything short of retraction. And so the graceful figure which had brought such great joys in to me, which I had loved with almost 'inordinate affection,' went out over my threshold to return no more forever.

If I had known him less well my heart would have been sore: for him than for myself. But though he loved me as such men may love, I felt he did not need me. His soul was not enough in capacity to feel a lack of which a true woman alone could be the complement. I was to him but one of the many pleasant things of life, and losing me enough remained for his full desert.

v.

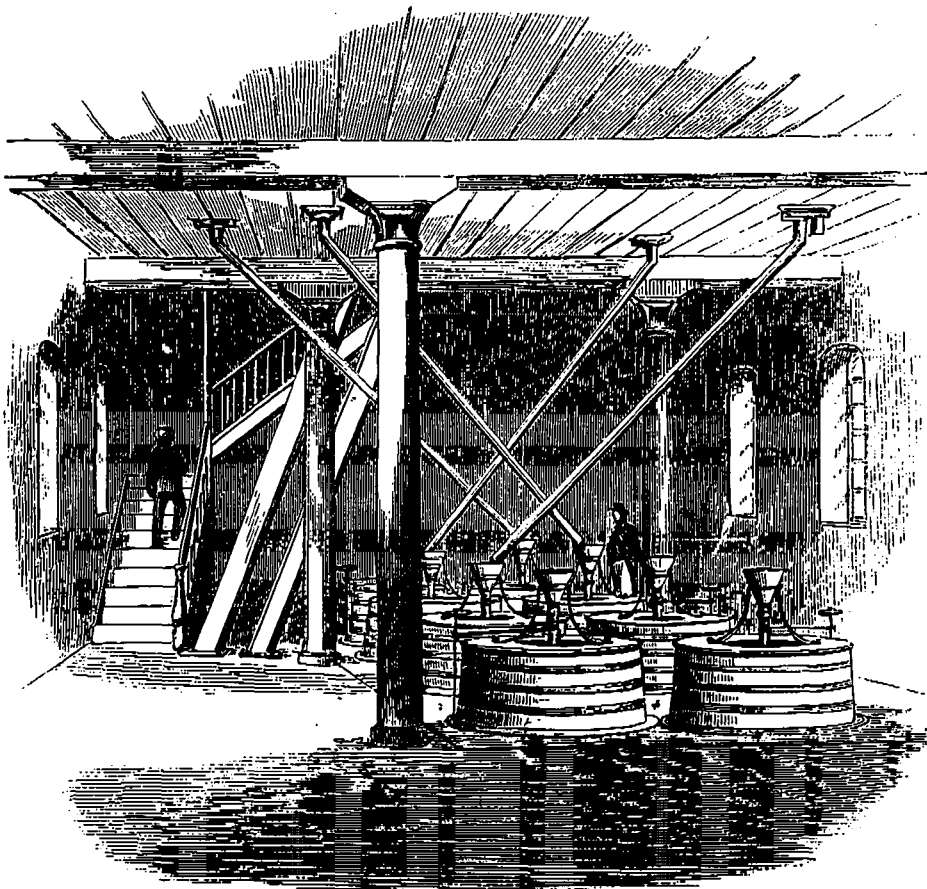
What thousands of women have sat before slowly dying fires far into nights, as I sat on the one where I, by my own will but not wish, had laid the dear dream of my theory upon the altar of holocaust, and watched its

fair proportions drop into annihilation. And it was gone with no whit less bitter a sense of loss and failure than if it had been true, and of substantial and logical base. As it was, I had staked my happiness and satisfaction so thoroughly upon my experience of its success, that when, after beginning to be wrought out so nobly, it had failed and fallen, I felt as if all the rest went with it.

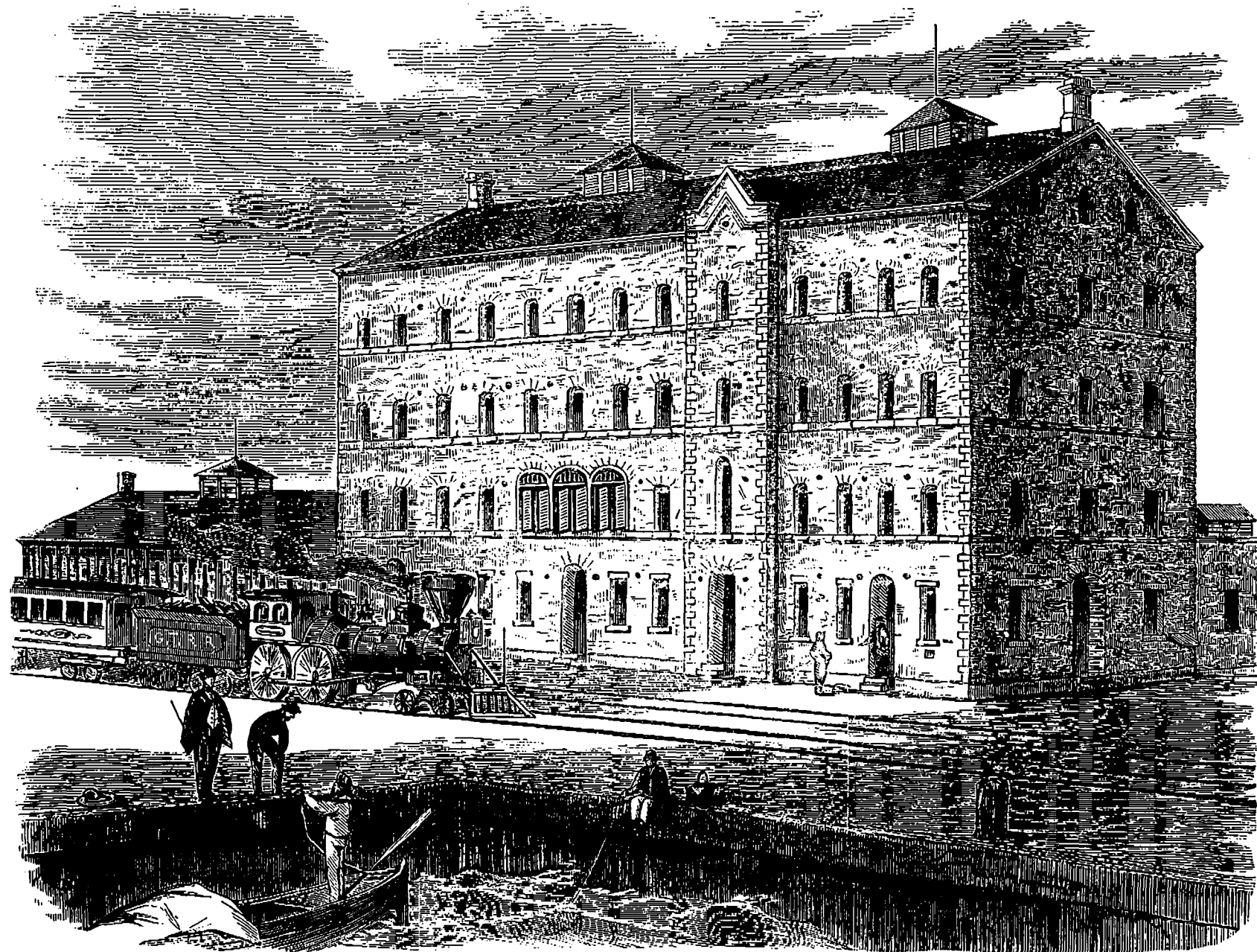
At least I felt so in the lonesome hours before the waning fire. But other days dawned, and the great strong march of time went on—neither had beauty and joy failed out of it for such as were willing to take it without too fastidious selection. It is not in my nature, as in many women's to fail or suffer, and by smothering and ignoring the matter get over it. My relief was to argue it out before I could forget it. So I took my old theory of love in hand, and held it up to my tests of religion and logic.

I found that, though applying the former gauge to to all things else, I had hitherto neglected to do it here. I believe I had unconsciously considered love—being "in love"—the romantic passion I had sought, as the one thing out of Scripture province. Now looking in the Bible for warrant for my theory of love, I found none whatsoever: this choosing one fallible mortal from among the rest, and investing him—nay, the very trifles his hand touched—with a sort of sacredness above all else.

This willingness to bring all the heart's passion, and kindness, and effort, and lavish them on one man to the exclusion of others. What else can be that "inordinate affection" against which we are warned? And yet in this province of marriage we find there a degree of affection allowed, nay, demanded, second only in its degree to that we give to God. And



No. 4.—STONE FLOOR; GRINDING.—[See Supplement.]



DISTILLERY OF MESSRS. GOODERHAM & WORTS, TORONTO: FRONT VIEW.—[See Supplement.]

yet parallel with this is the requisite and problem of the Christian life on earth, how to impart the largest share of happiness and progress to the greatest number without thought for self, assured that when one puts the question of private happiness out of their hands, God takes it into his and gives most blessed answer.

In the matter of love and marriage I had considered my own pleasure solely without thought of furthering the cause to which I had pledged all my life's issues and efforts. And now I came to see that the selection and marrying of a husband, while not to be undertaken without great personal preference and pleasure, involves a greater privilege and duty, and is guided by a higher and surer rule than that of being blindly in love.

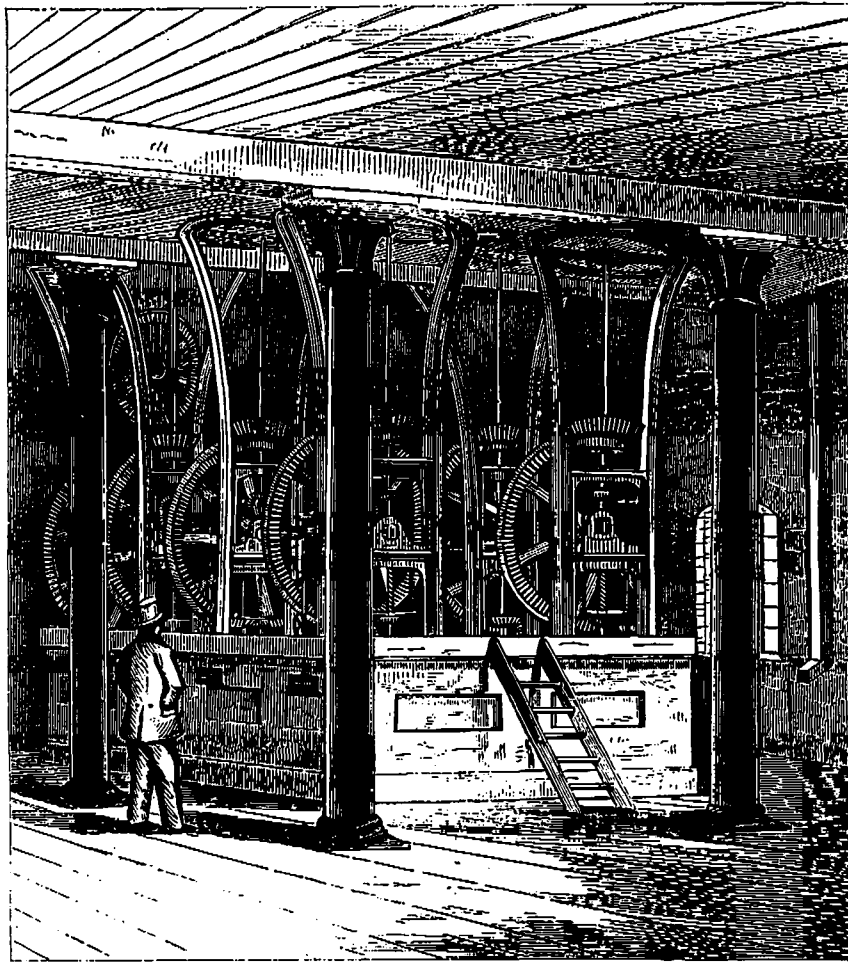
This certainly was a great help to recovery, and together with my thoroughly healthy nature, soon restored me to a very enjoyable atmosphere of being, though the rainbow colors had faded or lay very far back in it now.

Yet I was all woman, and being such had heart and hope. I do not care what women say. I know there never has been one yet, not dwarfed away from the likeness of that wonderful first one, whose nature in her so wrought? in her days of pureness, that she, and they after her, have recognized a life shared with a good man not only their own wish but his right and desert. And so, even putting the question of personal happiness in the matter (which I did not do) aside, I felt it would be perfectly safe upon the basis of thorough liking to join my life to that one which of all others I could most bless.

And now for the first time, in their true interpretation, I understood Asher Alleyne's parting words. He had spoken from a stand-point and with a knowledge I had not gained. Able now, in the light of my new experience, to see men with a truer vision, I began to bring Asher Alleyne to the test, as I had done Ralph Hasseltine.

I analyzed the hours we had spent in the old time. Was not here a man whose purpose in life—more firmly held and truly wrought—was identical with my own? For sharing and furthering every worthy aspiration—for all quiet hours, no less than bitter straits of life—could not a woman put her hand in his and say 'Sufficient?'

Yet could it be possible that in this plain man lay the true world of realization, which, overlooking him whol-



No. 3.—MACHINERY; FIRST HALF.—[See Supplement.]

ly, 'I had looked so far beyond him.' Did the best proof I could give to God of my devotion to him, in giving joy to his creatures, come to me through Asher Alleyne?

I sat alone in my room with these thoughts in mind and the Bible in my hand. As I looked down upon its open page I remembered, curiously enough, the good man who all his life refrained from marriage because declaring the book should guide him in the matter through the text he, closing the book and placing his finger upon, should open at, found it tell of him who fell at the threshold of his

bridal chamber dead. I did not believe in that sort of thing at all; yet the impulse came upon me strongly all at once, to decide this question of Christian service in the selection of a husband if possible in the same way, and to take the text I opened upon, if it had any bearing at all upon the subject as conclusive. And it was in no spirit of trifling or irreverence that I placed my finger between the leaves of the New Testament, and holding it firmly opened upon the words:

'Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me.'

I was not astonished! One of the least of these.' As mortal could judge of mortal, Asher Alleyne stood in God's sight as one of his first and best approved, and as such must not recompense for joy bestowed on him be doubly great? But I could not believe it, this emphatic, uncompulsory, sharply to the point text. Such things, of course, must commonly be mere coincidence; and if such, are not like to happen twice: so I will try again, and if I find another passage which tallies with this text I shall deem it sufficient.

I made the trial farther back in the book this time, and opened up on the words of God's holy apostle, Paul, commending to another the brother of his affliction.

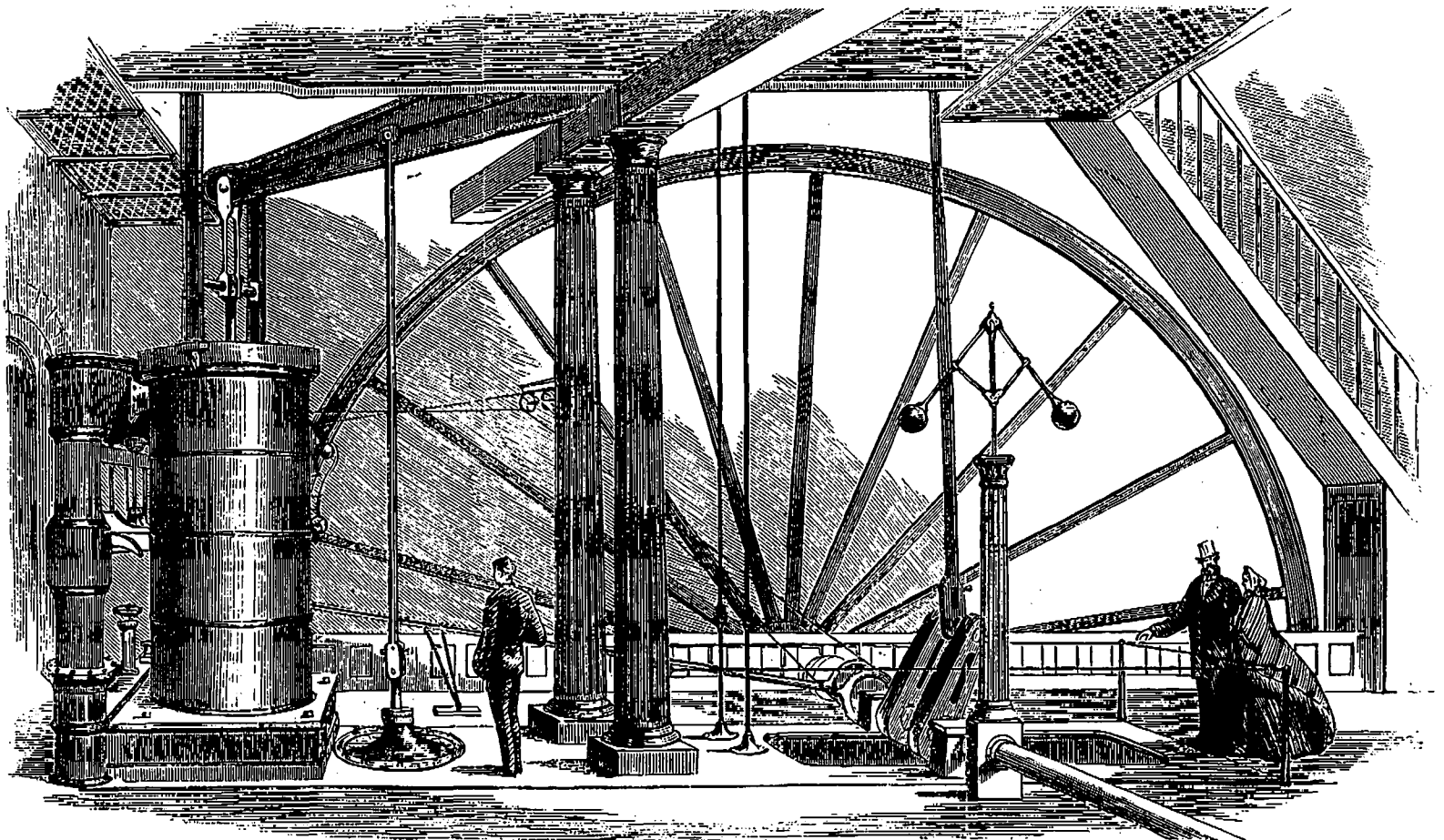
"Which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me: whom I have sent again: thou therefore receive him. But without thy mind would I do nothing; that thy benefit should not be as it were of necessity, but willingly. For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him forever. Not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved, specially to me, but now much more unto thee, both in the flesh, and in the Lord."

I had my answer. I took it as from the Lord. "Not of necessity, but willingly." Oh, most willingly! I felt at my very soul and strong true spirit that, through no desert of mine, and in spite of my blindness, had been given to me of God. Over my life I felt the soft clasping of a great content. For though this man had gone from me finally, I never doubted for a moment now that he had been my appointed and chosen from the first, withheld from me till I had learned to hold him at his worth, as I could not do under those fantastic lights of fancy; but the silver day had come, and in it I wrote to him simply:

"Colors seen by candlelight do not look the same by day."

And he came back to me and took his old place at my side, and a new one in my heart, not given till reason—religion even—dictated, but once given passing beyond the province of reason and will, into that of love.

By my former theory, and that of many people, I am not in love; yet it will be the sweetest, no less than the proudest day of my life, when I come to stand beside this plain man, and call him my husband.



No. 2.—ENGINE ROOM.—[See Supplement.]

NOTES ON THE WAR OF 1812.

At Detroit, 1862; A Michigan Settler from England; What is Patriotism? What is Loyalty? Mr. Ford and his Sons reply; Harper's Monthly for May 1863, and the War of 1812; Harper raising a false issue; What was the War about? Napoleon's Berlin Decrees; British Orders in Council; The truth, as given by American authorities in 1812; Speech of Mr. Randolph; Mr. Sheffey of Virginia; Britain then fighting for the Liberties of the World; New York State Convention at Albany; Its Preamble; Its Resolutions; The Orders in Council Revoked; What was the War about?

SOME TIME in the year 1812 at Alderley, Cheshire, England, the gardener of Lord Stanley of Alderley gave notice that he would quit his situation. During the following winter Mr. Charles Dickens brought out his novel entitled *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and one morning Lady Stanley came to the gardener with the monthly part, saying, 'You foolish Mr. Ford! my lord tells me you are going away; and going, of all places in the world, to the United States, and out to the west of that country amid swamps, and fever and ague! You foolish man! read this book.' Her Ladyship gave Mr. Ford the novel, but its picture of swamp life out west, did not deter him. He had a family of young children and was not satisfied with the prospects before them, should he remain in England; he had laid his plans and was resolved to emigrate.

In no other part of the world called civilized, can more families of wealth be found than in Lancashire and Cheshire, the fathers or grandfathers, or great grandfathers of which were working men. But they rose with the spinning jenny and the power loom. Persons of small means living amongst them now see that accumulated capital has achieved success and occupied the field. If ambitious they turn their aspirations to some other country where yet there is abundant space for enterprise. The Alderley gardener had saved a few hundred pounds, and resolved to transfer his family's fortunes to the State of Michigan.

On my visiting Detroit in 1861, I found Mr. Ford was an alderman of that city, a much respected gentleman possessed of considerable property. His nursery gardens, green houses and strawberry fields, where he cultivated garden plants and flowers of all kinds for sale, occupy ground south of the city, on or about the place where General Hull's army was posted previous to the invasion of Canada in 1812. At that time his eldest son, who had settled in Kansas with a fair prospect of rising to the highest positions in that State, had with many others of a like position and loyal spirit—I mean conservative loyalty to the government and institutions, to the national integrity of their adopted country—given his services to the United States in the 1st Kansas cavalry.

On my next visit to Detroit, in 1862, the second and only other son whom I had seen in the previous year managing the nursery and seed business with his father, had also gone to the war, and with the full consent of his parents—himself a cheerful volunteer in the 24th Michigan Infantry. Such are the young men who make up a large proportion of the United States army. Well conditioned at home, true to the country in which they have become citizens, and loyal to that legitimate government which requires their services. 'I have cast my fortunes in with this country,' said Mr. Ford, 'and given my sons to its service; but next to my grief at the necessity for such sacrifices, is the unexpected, unaccountable sympathy shown by a large part of the English newspaper press for the objects of the rebellion against which we are at war.'

If the purpose of these Notes were to describe remarkable sacrifices made in defence of American nationality by citizens born in the British dominions, but who have adopted the United States as their country, many hundreds might be named in every county, town, and city. But there is a purpose before me more special, imperative, and immediate, a commentary on a perversion of history in Harper's Monthly, for May, 1863. In my 'Letters from Canada and the Frontier States,' and in various other articles in this and other journals, to which my name or initials have been attached, as also in a pamphlet published in May, 1862, entitled, 'Canada a Battle Ground,' I have written with these objects: To soften international antagonisms; to contend that Britain and Canada cannot be separated; to contend for a military organization in defence of Cana-

da; to show that a holiday militia is not a military force in this Province, as it was not in the United States, previous to the present war; to do justice to the American military character; to exemplify by description what Canada might lose with nothing to gain by cultivating the antagonism of the United States, as some of her journalists have done in imitation of newspaper men in Britain, who, owing no responsibility to any power on this continent, make commerce of news and sensation, and imperil the peace, the liberty, and safety of Canada. And further: to demand by the logic of political affinities that all loyal subjects of the British Empire who can appreciate the stability and freedom of Britain, should extend a lively sympathy to the United States now struggling in the majesty of a grand conservatism to consolidate civil and religious liberty with an enduring nationality; a result which only Britain of all other nations of the world has practically achieved.

The opening article in Harper's Monthly for May, 1863, on the war of 1812, has been written in bitterness. Its distempered tone might be overlooked. But its perversion of historical truth and suppression of facts which had their writer fairly stated them would have given his version of history a different colour, these cannot be overlooked. Of course the public mind of America will not be in the slightest degree changed or modified by anything published on the northern side of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes; but the public mind of Canada may be guarded against the pernicious distortion of British and Canadian history as it comes very frequently from the American States, and which is in the present instance deliberately elaborated in a magazine largely circulated on this side of the boundary line; a periodical, which despite occasional blemishes, stands in the front rank of the foremost monthlies published in the English language.

The writer in introducing the causes of the war of 1812, strikes his key-note in these words, intended, evidently, to be his declaration of war against farther friendship with this Canada in which so many thousands of Harpers Monthlies and Weeklys are purchased and paid for.

1. 'For several years the insolence and aggressions of ever insolent and aggressive England in the enforcement of her claim to be the 'mistress of the seas,' and the persistent efforts of her approved agents in Canada, for twenty years, to incite the savages of the North west to an exterminating war against the Americans northward of the Ohio river, in order to secure the monopoly of the Indian traffic to British traders in the country of the Great Lakes, had made it clear to every sagacious mind that war between the two nations was inevitable.

2. 'The democratic party from its birth during Washington's first administration, had been bitterly hostile to England and friendly toward France. The Federal party, its opponent, on the contrary was bitterly hostile to France and desirous of maintaining a good understanding with England. These opposing opinions were exhibited by strongly defined party lines in the autumn of 1811.'

The first paragraph will be answered by American authorities presently to be cited. The second is true, and a key to the ostensible causes of the war; but the real object of that unprovoked and utterly unjustifiable invasion of Canada, was subjugation to the United States.

BERLIN DECREES.

The non-historical reader requires to know the meaning of certain phrases to be met in the quotations from American and other authorities. 'Berlin Decrees' were edicts promulgated by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1806, after the battle of Jena had brought the Kingdom of Prussia under his military domination. They went forth from Berlin, the capital of Prussia, forbidding all nations, on pain of Napoleon's imperial displeasure, to hold commercial intercourse with Great Britain. Britain was then at war, single handed, against Napoleon and his conquered allies, in defending the liberty and independence of nations from subjugation to one man's will. Had Britain fallen, America would have been invaded next; so the Federalists of the North feared and believed. Hence they sympathized with England. They loved liberty for its own sake, and believed Britain to be its champion before the world. The Democrats, inflamed by fugitive traitors from British soil, in union with the slave owners of the south, sided with France, with Napoleon, with despotism. The deeper the shame, and political mortal sin, that any true man or woman in the British dominions should this day side with or assent with the slave States—stronghold of the olden en-

mies of England—the democratic nursery of the war of 1812.

BRITISH ORDERS IN COUNCIL.

These were issued by Great Britain, January 7, 1807, and began thus:

'Whereas the French Government has issued certain orders which, in violation of the usages of war, purport to prohibit the commerce of all nations with his Majesty's dominions; and also to prevent such nations from trading with any other country in any articles the growth or manufacture of his Majesty's dominions; and whereas the said Government has also taken upon itself to declare all his Majesty's dominions to be in a state of blockade at a time when the fleets of France and her allies are themselves confined within their own ports by the superior valour and discipline of the British navy.'

Then followed provisions to counteract the Berlin Decrees, which may be quoted at length in another number of this journal. These Orders in Council affected trade between America and France, and were in turn the cause of a 'Non-Importation Act,' directed against England by America. None suffered more from the 'Orders in Council' than England did herself. They would have been revoked in conformity to British public opinion had America made no motion against them. Committees of Parliament had pronounced against them, and it was known in America, before the declaration of war, that they were about to be revoked. And now let the American statesmen of 1812, and citizens assembled in convention speak.

MR. RANDOLPH.

Mr. Randolph, in the debates which arose in Congress on the War Report, spoke of the unjust and illiberal imputation of 'British attachments;' that phrase meant a respect on the part of American citizens for the British institutions, out of which their own system of laws had sprung—the British race—a part of which they themselves were. He asked:

'Against whom are those charges brought? Against men who in the war of the revolution were in the councils of the nation or fighting the battles of the country. And by whom are they made? By runaways chiefly from the British dominions since the breaking out of the French troubles. He indignantly said—it is insufferable. It cannot be borne. It must be repressed by the frowns of this house; and out of the house must meet the lie direct.

'We have no fellow feeling for the suffering and oppressed Spaniards; yet even them we do not reprobate. Strange! that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage, in the whole world. The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are a very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity—Turks, Jews and Infidels; Melimeli or the Little Turtle, barbarians and savages of every clime and color are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of handitti, negro or mulatto, we can treat or can trade. Name, however, but England and all our antipathies are up against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our own veins; in common with whom we can claim Shakspeare and Newton, and Chatham for our countrymen; whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed; representation; jury trial; voting the supplies; writs of habeas corpus; our civil and criminal jurisprudence—against our fellow protestants identified in blood, in language, in religion with ourselves.'

MR. SHEFFEY OF VIRGINIA.

'You have been told that you can raise volunteers to achieve possession of Canada. Where are these volunteers? I have seen none of these patriotic men who are willing to go to Canada in the private rank; all of them want to be officers. Will your farmers, sons enlist in your army? They will not, Sir. Look at the army of ninety-eight. It had twelve or fifteen regiments nominally. It was disbanded in eighteen months when half the men had not been raised. Why, Sir, you had more patriotism on paper then, even than you have now; and yet you could not raise half the forces for your army. If you pass the bill you will not raise twenty-five thousand men in three years. The object of the war may by that time vanish. No nation can safely engage in a foreign war without being prepared for it when they have taken the resolution. Are you prepared? Your secretary at war has told gentlemen that even blankets could not be procured; and you saw a letter from him

yesterday which informed you that the small supplies for the Indians could not be had without a relaxation of your commercial restrictions.'

Supplies for the Indians; 'In Harpers Monthly for May, 1863, history is mis-written to make the assertion appear a fact that only the British authorities employed Indians in warfare. The facts were simply these: Indians and British Colonists in Canada were alike exposed to invasion from America.—The Indians on the American side were, with their white associates, invading Canada for conquest; the Indians associated with Canadians were armed to defend their homes from invasion; Canada was their country, they then lived on their inheritance; they or their offspring live on it still.

Mr. Sheffey, in reference to the commercial restrictions by which American legislation had prohibited importation of British manufactures, continued:

'Will you send your soldiers to Canada without blankets? or do you calculate to take it by the end of the summer, and return to a more genial clime by the next winter? This would be well enough; but I think it will require several campaigns to conquer Canada. You will act absurdly if you expect the people of that country to join you. Upper Canada is inhabited by emigrants from the United States. (A large proportion of the population then in Upper Canada were the United Empire Loyalists of the revolution and their family connections.) They will not come back to you; they will not without reason desert the government to which they have gone for protection. No, sir, you must conquer it by force, not by sowing the seeds of sedition and treason among the people.

'But suppose you raise the men, what will Great Britain be doing in the meantime? Will she be asleep? You march to Canada, where will be your security at home? Will you desert your own country? Will you leave your cities to be sacrificed, plundered, and sacked, for the sterile deserts of Canada, of Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and all the frozen regions of the north? Sir, go to Canada, and you will soon have to recall your army to defend your Southern soil; to rescue your people from rapine and destruction. You will have to employ your energies in protecting the South from British invasion.

GREAT BRITAIN WAS THEN FIGHTING FOR THE LIBERTIES OF THE WORLD.

Mr. Sheffey continued: 'I know gentlemen will stare at me, when I contend that they are going to war against Great Britain while she is struggling for the liberties of the world. But that has great weight on my mind. She is the only power that has stemmed the torrent of universal despotism. The man has little experience in the human heart who believes that there will remain any security for us after the maritime dominion, as well as the dominion of the land should be concentrated in the hands of the great Napoleon. These conquerors have always been the same. When they have subdued the world they sit down and shed tears because they can find no other world to conquer. One victory over Great Britain would be our defeat!

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION AT ALBANY.

Resolutions passed at a Convention of counties of the State of New York, held in the Capitol in the City of Albany on the 17th and 18th days of September, 1812. (Some counties not represented.)

'That without insisting on the injustice of the present war, taking solely into account the time and circumstances of its declaration, the condition of the country and state of the public mind, we are constrained to consider and feel it our duty to pronounce it a most rash, unwise, and inexpedient measure; the adoption of which ought forever to deprive its authors of the esteem and confidence of an enlightened people. Because as the injuries we have sustained from France are at least equal in amount to those we have sustained from England, and have been attended with circumstances of still greater insult and aggravation—if war were necessary to vindicate the honour of the country, consistency and impartiality required that both nations should have been included in the declaration.

'Because if it were deemed expedient to exercise our right of selecting our adversary, prudence and common sense dictated the choice of an enemy from whose hostility we had nothing to dread. A war with France would equally have satisfied our insulted honour, and at the same time, instead of annihilating would have revived and extended our commerce.'

And mark this, readers of Harper's Monthly:

'Even the evils of such a contest would have been mitigated by the sublime consolation that by our contributing to arrest the progress of despotism in Europe, and essentially serving the great interests of freedom and humanity throughout the world.

'Because a republican government depending solely for its support on the wishes and affections of the people ought never to declare a war into which the great body of the nation are not prepared to enter with zeal and alacrity; as where the justice and necessity of the measure are not so apparent as to unite all parties in its support, its inevitable tendency is to augment the dissensions that have before existed, and by exasperating party violence to its utmost height, prepare the way for civil war.

'Because before a war was declared it was perfectly well ascertained that a vast majority in the middle and northern States by whom the burden and expenses of the contest must be borne, almost exclusively were strongly opposed to the measure. And because we see no rational prospect of obtaining by force of arms the objects for which our rulers say we are contending.'

THE ORDERS IN COUNCIL REVOKED.

'And whereas the revocation of the British Orders in Council has removed the great and ostensible cause of the present war, and prepared the way for an immediate accommodation of all existing differences, inasmuch as by the admission of the present Secretary of State satisfactory and honourable arrangements might easily be made by which the abuses resulting from the impressment of our seamen, might in future be effectually prevented. Therefore,

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA HAVING BEEN THE REAL OBJECT.

'RESOLVED, That we shall be constrained to consider the determination on the part of our rulers to continue the present war after official notice of the revocation of the British Orders in Council as affording conclusive evidence that the war had been undertaken from motives entirely distinct from those which have been hitherto avowed, and for the promotion of objects wholly unconnected with the honour and interests of the American nation.

'RESOLVED, That we contemplate with abhorrence even the possibility of an alliance with the present Emperor of France, every action of whose life has demonstrated that the attainment by any means of universal empire, and the consequent extinction of every vestige of freedom, are the sole objects of his incessant, unbounded, and remorseless ambition. His arms, with the spirit of freedom, we might openly and fearlessly encounter; but of his secret arts, his corrupting influences, we entertain a dread we can neither conquer nor control. It is therefore with the utmost distrust and alarm that we regard his late professions of attachment and love to the American people, fully recollecting that his invariable course has been, by perfidious offers of protection, by deceitful offers of friendship, to lull his intended victims into the fatal sleep of confidence and security, during which the chains of despotism are silently wound round and rivetted on them.'

These are but a few evidences out of many which might be cited, proving that the war was not approved by the sound common sense of the Northern and Eastern States. That France, rather than Britain had infringed on American neutral rights; that Britain made reparation by revoking the orders in Council. But that the object of the war was the conquest of Canada. Other issues involved in the war article of Harper will be treated of hereafter.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

SUIT SERMONS TO HEARERS.—'Ralph,' said the late Dr. Wardlaw's uncle, after hearing him preach one of his first sermons public, 'did you not notice the poor man in the dull cloak, that sat under the pulpit when you were preaching to-day?'—'Yes, sir.' 'Well, my man, remember that people like her have souls as well as their betters, and that a minister's business is to feed the poor and illiterate, as well as the rich and educated. Your sermon to-day was a very ingenious and well-composed discourse, and in that respect did you great credit; but there wasn't a word in it for the poor old woman in the dull cloak.' This was 'a word in season.' The young preacher, fresh from his literary and scientific studies, and with the examples of learned professors and profound divines before his mind as models of excellence, had fallen naturally into the error of supposing that the sort of thing which would have commanded plaudits in the class-room, was equally suited to meet the demands of the pulpit. It was kind to undeceive him on this point; his uncle's strictures did so, and from that time forward he erred in this way no more.

CURIOUS VERDICT IN A HORSE CAUSE.

—A verdict in a 'horse cause' at Chelmsford, exemplifies the glorious uncertainty in bringing or defending any action bearing upon the sale of a horse. It appears from the evidence that a bargain was made for a horse for £20 in the month of November last, soon after which the parties to the transaction as usual retired for refreshment, when, in answer to an inquiry from the purchaser, the vender said, 'Oh, he's sound,' no warranty at the time of sale being proved. According to the report, the horse was taken home by the purchaser, and died of 'the gripes' in twelve hours, and the action was brought for the price to be paid for him.—The judge left it to the jury to say on the evidence whether the horse was warranted, and, if so, whether he was unsound at the time of the sale. After some hesitation they 'said that the horse was warranted sound, and that he was sound when delivered to the purchaser,' although it appeared from their conference with the learned judge that they believed he had the gripes at the time. The report, as published in the Times, goes on to state that the jury were puzzled as to the law on the subject of the decease, and asked the question of the judge, who refused to take the responsibility upon himself, but 'suggested that the question might be whether the horse then had the gripes, and whether that was the disease of which he died; and, if so, was that in their opinion unsoundness, which might depend on whether, if the buyer had used proper means, the horse might have recovered.

The jury at last said that the horse did die of the disease, and had it when sent home and accepted, but that it might have recovered if properly treated; and that it was not unsound at the time, as they thought that the gripes was a disease, but not necessarily unsound.

The learned judge said this came to a verdict for the plaintiff for the price bargained for. But then the question would arise as to the sixpence claimed for interest. There could be no doubt it was only claimed with a view to costs, under the County Court act. Did the jury think that the sixpence was really due for costs?

The jury said 'No.' The verdict, therefore, was entered only for the £20, and the effect will be that each party will pay his own costs.

Here, then, we have an answer to a question subsequent to the sale converted into a warranty; a disease, admitted to exist at the time of sale, and fatal in twelve hours, not considered as unsoundness by either judge or jury; and, lastly, the defendant loses both money and horse, and pays his costs in addition.

The facts may not be as they are represented; but, if the report is correct, we say again, 'Caveat Emptor.'

THE NEWSPAPER.—In no other way can so much, so varied, so useful information be imparted, and under circumstances so favorable for educating the child's mind, as through a judicious, well conducted newspaper.

To live in a village, was once to be shut up and contracted. But now a man may be a hermit, and yet a cosmopolite! He may live in a forest, walking miles to a post-office, having a mail but once a week; and yet he shall be found as familiar with the living world as the busiest actor in it. For the newspaper is a spy-glass by which he brings near the most distant things—a microscope by which he leisurely examines the most minute—an ear-trumpet by which he collects and brings within his hearing all that is said and done all over the earth—a museum full of living pictures of real life, drawn, not on canvass, but with printer's ink on paper.

The effect in liberalising and enlarging the mind of the young, of this weekly commerce with the world, will be apparent to any one who will ponder on it. Once, a liberal education could only be completed by foreign travel. The sons only of the wealthy could indulge in this costly benefit. But now the poor man's son can learn as much at home as, a hundred years ago, a gentleman could learn by journeying the world over. For while there are some advantages in going into the world, it is the poor man's privilege to have the world come to see him. The newspaper is a great collector, a great traveler, a great lecturer. It is the common people's Encyclopædia—the lyceum, the college.—H. W. Beecher.

THOUGHT, THEORY, AND ACTION.—Thought and theory must precede all action that moves to salutary purposes. Yet action is nobler in itself than either thought or theory.

Scientific and Useful.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO THE MACHINIST.—Since days that have witnessed the dismissal of the old-fashioned hand-lathe from general use up to the present hour, a series of improvements have taken place which have rendered the turning lathe one of the most efficient tools in the machine shop. Every mechanical operation should be considered, by the workman in charge of it, as an experiment by which he may acquire some positive information on subjects of interest to him and an important addition to the stock of professional knowledge. The laws which govern the motion of matter are positive and well defined, but no fixed rule can be laid down for the speed of a shaft in the lathe. Statements have been made respecting the number of superficial feet which should pass by the tool in a given time, but as these assertions depend for correctness upon the tenacity of the iron, its nature, whether hard or soft, and the lateral speed at which the tool moves, it is manifest that they cannot be generally applied.

Such is also the case with the planing machine. Encyclopædias and pocket companions, with all due deference to their general utility, are not reliable in this respect, and statements only approximating to correctness can be obtained. If such is the fact, then, some will exclaim, what is the use of any treatise upon the subject? We reply that experience is in all cases more desirable than mere theories, and so far as the particular case cited extends, practical observation will supply the place of more pretentious systems. The workman will not drive his lathe as fast as some theorist says he should, for the reason that he cannot do so with economy; and it is just as unnecessary to make a positive assertion that a tool should move a certain number of feet per minute, as it is to say that a tool will cut iron and brass with equal facility.

These are truisms the force of which every workman understands. We desire to impress upon the minds of our mechanics the need which exists that they should observe all peculiarities which arise in the working of metals on which they may be engaged—the form of tool which executes the work, the nature of the metal on which it operates, the speed, the feed and many other minor matters which will occur to every intelligent mechanic. Journals in general are silly things and diaries of daily life have cost the unlucky writers of them many a pang in after-life, as all their youthful follies come to light publicly, fall-blown! but if a good turner would adopt the practice of recording in a little pocket-book the various matters relating to his special branch of the business, he would doubtless be much benefited.

Complicated work sometimes occurs in chucking an irregular form upon an ordinary lathe, and it saves time to know the changes of gears necessary to cut an irregular thread or rise a gun; these and kindred subjects would be well elucidated and made plain to the eye at a glance by a single memorandum. The value of such a little book to the owner, if properly kept, would be very great, and it would be correspondingly useful to the trade if his experience could be made public.

INK OF THE ANCIENTS.—In a letter from Mr. Joseph Ellis, of Brighton, addressed to the Society of Arts' Journal, he states that, by making a solution of shellac with borax, in water, and adding a suitable proportion of pure lamp-black, an ink is producible which is indestructible by time or chemical agents, and which, on drying, will present a polished surface, as with the ink found on the Egyptian papyri. He made ink in the way described, and proved, if not its identity with that of ancient Egypt, yet the correctness of the formula which has been given him by the late Mr. Charles Hatchett, F. R. S.

TOOTH POWDER.—Calcined bread or sugar reduced to fine dust is an excellent tooth powder. It cleanses the mouth mechanically and chemically. It is more easily miscible with water when mixed with prepared chalk, hence it is preferable thus to mix it. It may be scented with a few drops of the oil of cinnamon. At the expense of a few cents as much good tooth powder can be thus prepared by any person as those preparations of tooth powder which sell at the rate of twenty-five cents for a small box full.

REMEDY AGAINST MOTHS.—One ounce of gum camphor and an ounce of powdered red pepper are macerated in eight ounces of strong alcohol for several days, then strained. With this tincture the furs or cloths are sprinkled over and then rolled up in sheets. Instead of the pepper, bitter apples may be used. This remedy is used in Russia under the name of the Chinese tincture for months.

MUSHROOM KETCHUP.—First clean the mushrooms from all extraneous matter and use none that have the least appearance of decomposition. Being cut in slices and salted place them upon a colander and squeeze out the juice gently. This juice is then left for a few hours, and after being decanted carefully from any sediment, placed in small bottles, room having been left for a little alcohol in which the proper spices have been previously steeped. This is said to keep admirably and to retain its full aroma, which is apt to pass off in the process of long-continued fermentation or boiling by which common ketchup is made. The true mushroom of our pastures, and those varieties which afford a red juice when bruised, are far the best. The ketchup merchants frequently keep the mushrooms salted down in casks for months before they are converted into ketchup. In general, however, the more rapidly the juice is extracted, the better is the produce and the more likely to keep.

TO COAT IRON WITH BRASS.—There are two processes by which this operation may be accomplished. One is to cleanse the surface of the iron perfectly from grease and oxide, and then to plunge it into melted brass. The cleansing is best done first with a lye of soda or potash and water; then plunge the iron for a short time in weak sulphuric acid and water, the metal being bright, it may then be dipped into the fluid brass, and the thin coating of brass thus adhering to the iron is afterwards polished and burnished. The electrotyping process is, however, now mostly adopted by manufacturers.

A solution of brass is first made thus:—Three-quarters of a pound of cyanide of potassium, one and a half ounces of cyanide of copper, and three quarters of an ounce of cyanide of zinc, dissolved in one gallon of clear rain water, to which finally add one and a half ounce of muriate ammonia (sal-ammoniac). This liquid is then to be used hot (not scalding, say 180° Fahr.) in this manner; the iron to be coated is attached or connected with the zinc end of a battery of moderate power, and a piece of good brass is fastened in like manner to the opposite pole; both the metals are then to be immersed in the hot brassy solution, and there left undisturbed for such time as is deemed necessary, and the iron will become coated with brass of a thickness according to the time it is left in the solution. Burnishing and polishing are afterwards required, according to the particular nature of the work. The texture and tone of color of the brass vary with the temperature of the solution and quantity of the materials employed, &c. By a small jet of gas or other contrivance the liquid must be kept hot during the whole process.

INDELIBLE INK FOR LABELS ON BOTTLES CONTAINING ACIDS.—Take oil of lavender, 200 grains; gum copal in powder, 25 grs.; and lamp-black, 3 grains. Dissolve the copal in the oil of lavender contained in a phial, by the aid of gentle heat, then mix the lamp-black with the solution by trituration in a porcelain mortar. If too thick add vermilion to the copal solution. Amber varnish ground with lamp-black makes a good black ink also; if colored with vermilion it makes a red ink. Such inks dry very slowly.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.—A beautiful illustration of the sleep of plants was discovered by Linnaeus. The leaves of the common chickweed (*stellaria media*)—every night approach each other in pairs, so as to include within their upper surfaces the tender rudiments of the young shoot; and the uppermost pair but one at the end of the stalk are furnished with longer leaf stalks than the others, so that they can close upon the terminating pair, and protect the end of the shoot. Thus are exemplified the conjugal love and parental care of the plants.

ENJOYMENT.—Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole life a feeling of calm pleasure, and in extreme old age is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to this present moment. A man is the happier for life for having once made an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure; which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past and to scenes never to be renewed again.

E O L A.

By CRIPNEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]

In the meantime we, with the reader's permission, will descend to witness a little by-play in the lower regions of the house, where a flirt-looking house-maid and another very youthful female domestic are engaged in converse with a travelling 'jeweller' at the kitchen window. He was a big, powerful-looking man, rather stooping in his gait, with bushy red hair and whiskers, and eyebrows to match, a very sallow complexion, and keen, dark eyes. In his hands he carried an open box, displaying a small tray full of cheap and showy gewgaws of different sorts, with some little trilling articles of feminine adornment, besides a small packet of song-books.

'Now, buy this pretty topaz brooch, to wear next Sunday,' said the hawker, persuasively.

'The idea!' laughed the young girl, slyly. 'No, I don't want to buy any of your brooches; I'll have a song book.'

'Look them over, then, my dear,' returned the man, handing them to her through the window; and then he proceeded to exhibit some of his jewelry to the housemaid. But the other girl soon interrupted him to ask the price of a book entitled 'The Fortune Teller,' which she had found in his packet of literature.

'Only a penny, my dear, to you,' was the reply; 'but—' and here the hawker assumed a mysterious tone—'I can tell fortunes better than that book.'

'Na, na, girls, dinna ye believe naething o' the sort,' now cried a voice in a broad Scotch accent; and a tall female of about thirty, with an unmistakably Scotch physiognomy, approached from an inner room.

The hawker, who appeared completely taken aback by the unexpected appearance of this incorrigible unbeliever, now began to try to make friends with her; but all to no purpose, until he luckily hit upon a subject dear to all true lovers of Scotland—the praise of her native country.

'Ah, noo ye're a sensible mon, after a', and I'm getten' mar faith' ye're sayings—'

Being an old and favored servant of the Jameson family, the cook was, to a great measure, in their confidence; and it required very little art on the part of the traveller—who was no other than Ralph Leighton, in one of his many disguises—to elicit from her a great deal of the information he required; the chief points of which were that Eola was only there on a visit, with the other two ladies he had seen; that she resided with them in Scotland, and that she was placed under Mrs. Jameson's charge by a gentleman who was going to marry her some day, when she was a little older.

Thus far the gipsy was successful in his desire; but when he imprudently sought to know the name of the gentleman who was going to 'marry the lovely young lady with golden curls,' whom he professed to have seen at one of the windows—this being his manner of introducing the subject—the woman's fancy took fright, and, as if suddenly remembering the error she had been guilty of in telling an utter stranger, and a common hawker, so much about the family with whom she lived, she became deeply embarrassed, and appeared nervously anxious for the stranger to be gone.

At this juncture the postman made his appearance, coming up the gravelled walk leading to the principal entrance; but on perceiving the cook at the kitchen window, he turned off, and came towards her.

'A letter from your beau, cooky,' he exclaimed, giving her one from a packet he held in his hand; 'and here's a few more for the up-stairs people; and laying the latter on the table under the window, he walked whistling away.

The servant eagerly began opening her letter, almost forgetting the presence of the hawker, whose dark eyes were fixed searchingly on one of those lying on the table. He seemed fascinated by that letter. It was a good-sized one, and bore a foreign post-mark; but it was the superscription that attracted his attention. It was addressed to Miss Leighton, and in a man's handwriting.

'It is from her lover,' thought the gipsy. 'Here is a chance of discovering who he is. I'll steal it—take it to Sir George!'

It was a crime—a heavy one, a punishable one; but that mattered little to such a man as Ralph. He was already under the arm of the law, and one sin more or less did not seem much to him.

'Then you don't want to buy anything to-

day, ma'am?' he inquired, slightly resting his box for a moment on the window-sill.

'Na, na—not the day,' was the impatient response, as the woman glanced up for a second from her epistle.

'Very well; then I will wish you good morning.'

And in a very few moments the gipsy was out of sight, and Eola's letter also.

'Why didn't you send up the letters? Is there one for me?' cried a sweet young voice at this moment, and Eola bounded into the kitchen in joyous expectancy.

'No, none!' she muttered sadly. 'Well, I am disappointed.'

'Dinna mind it, my pretty bairn; yell' nae doot be gotten ane!' the afternoon, or some ither time the day,' remarked the good hearted but imprudent Scotchwoman. But, in spite of her consoling assurance, it was with a heavy heart the young girl returned to the morning-room with the other letters.

CHAPTER XLV.

The last glimmer of twilight had scarcely faded in the darkness of night, ere Ralph Leighton, with joy and triumph written on his face, once more entered the chambers of Sir George Shipton.

It would be impossible to describe the delight and excitement with which the latter listened to the gipsy's recital of his strange discovery of Eola, and the subsequent intelligence he had gleaned respecting her.

Ralph concluded his narrative by placing in Sir George's hands the stolen letter. As he had doubted whether the baronet's sense of honour would allow him to open the letter of another, Ralph had taken the precaution to break the seal himself.

Several times during the perusal of the epistle the baronet gave utterance to exclamations of amazement, and finally sprang from his seat in the greatest agitation, exclaiming—

'Elwyn Eswald? Surely it cannot be! and he proceeded to read some portions of the document to Ralph Leighton. It contained a long, loving paragraph, devoted entirely to the topic of Elwyn and Eola's mutual affection, an out-pouring of the lover's earnest, changeless devotion; then followed a calmer portion, a page of mild and affectionate solicitation, instruction, and inquiries; and it concluded with a statement respecting Lord Eswald's health, and an allusion to his own inability to ascertain anything respecting Zerneen.

The two men stared at each other for several seconds in mute surprise.

'And he, then, is her lover?' hissed the gipsy at last between his set teeth. 'She was to have mated with one of the same race as her mother's murderer.'

'Was to have—yes, was,' repeated the baronet, sternly; 'but the decree is altered now. We must prevent this catastrophe at all hazards.'

Sir George Shipton and Ralph Leighton were both actuated in their determination by the same impulse. By that general social prejudice which too often, undeservedly, regards one black sheep in a family as a type of the rest, each had come to the conclusion, that because Lord Eswald was a villain, his cousin or any other member of his family must necessarily be a villain too.

'Well, Sir George,' said the gipsy, after a short pause, 'and how do you intend to act?'

'I must think,' rejoined the baronet, pressing his hand upon his cheek, and contracting his forehead in a frown of reflection.

The ideas that first presented themselves were unconnected—mere chaos floating undefinedly through his imagination; gradually the disjointed particles mingled, and forming a clearer shape, grew out bright and clear against the background of fancy. True, the scheme was wild, and success improbable; but the emergency was great and it was a question of total triumph or utter defeat; there was no middle course.

'I have thought of a pain which, presuming that my grandchild is as docile, trustful, and unsuspecting as you represent her to be, will no doubt succeed,' remarked the baronet, at length. 'If, on the contrary, she is the reverse of these, then stratagem must be superceded by open war. Do you understand?'

The gipsy signified assent, and Sir George continued—'Before the discovery of a lover in the case, my wish of course was merely to regain my child, but now my object is also to separate her from that man. Then, to accomplish this, it will be absolutely necessary to employ force in order to get her away from those people at Stockwell,

so that no clue can be left to guide them to her real abductors; and thus Eswald will loose sight of her entirely. But then it is not my purpose to make myself obnoxious to Eola, or lay my motives open to suspicion in her heart. I wish to secure her love, her regard, her duty as grandchild, and shall not descend to the level of a tyrant.

His scheme—described more fully to Ralph Leighton, but of which we will merely draw the outline—was not to openly dash Eola's hopes to the ground after making himself known to her, but to secretly undermine them, so that they might eventually fall of themselves. He did not purpose allowing her to know for some time that he was averse to her union with Elwyn; on the contrary, he would pretend a search for him, to lull her feelings, and in the meanwhile carry her about from place to place, from one whirl of pleasure to another, until her grief had softened under the united influence of time and quiet, and prepared her mind for the intelligence he should then impart.

The admiral had no suspicion, in his shortsighted plot, that the young girl might, after all, refuse to renounce her lover. He set down her girlish love as a mere fickle fancy, natural to children of sixteen, and had no faith in its substantiality—not the least. He imagined that wealth, pleasure and excitement—the toys of the rich—would be quite enough to compensate her for the loss of a suitor like Elwyn, who was neither young nor wealthy. Had he been these, or only the former, the rashly-judging admiral would not have been so sure of success; but he thought it impossible that a mere child could have a really lasting affection for a man of thirty-five, as the gipsy represented Elwyn Eswald to be.

'When she was friendless, houseless, unprotected and miserable, doubtless the poor child eagerly caught at the chance of becoming the betrothed wife of her benefactor; but the feeling she now experiences for him cannot be warmer than gratitude, which, of necessity, to one of her innocent nature, assumes a form of affection. When she is rich, loved, and revelling in luxury, she will have no further occasion for entertaining this sentiment to such a great degree; and the novelty of the new life will, of course, wean her from her delusion.'

Thus resumed the baronet.

Though far from being a bad-hearted man, he was undeniably selfish in his affections, and narrow in his views. Had Elwyn Eswald borne another name, and come of a different family, Sir George would, under present circumstances, have felt almost ready to thank him on his knees for the kindness he had shown his helpless grand child in the days of her friendlessness, and given her to the arms of of her benefactor with eagerness and delight. But, because prejudices incited him to dislike the man, selfishness forbade him to own his goodness, and suspicion stepped in to show that goodness in false colors, and attribute it to base, improper motives.

'How could he even be sure that this man had ever intended to marry his grandchild?' was the suspicious thought that, at this stage, uncoiled its hideous folds in his breast.

'She was beautiful, young, bewitching; so had her mother been when his vile cousin destroyed her; and what guarantee had he that Elwyn Eswald's motives were purer than the heartless nobleman's? He was of the same blood, and doubtless inherited the same principles.'

And then Sir George's cruel scheme assumed the form of a virtuous act—a duty which he owed to himself, Eola, and mankind at large.

What a mysterious facility the human mind in its natural state possesses, in adapting the conscience to its wishes!

Hapless Eola! you are fated to a trying ordeal: your sorrows are not yet at an end!

And you, Elwyn—kind, generous, worthy Elwyn—your little gipsy-love is not yet yours: a hard blow is about to be levelled at your rosy visions of hope.

CHAPTER XLVI.

There was to be a birthday party at Mr. Jameson's.

His little Jessie—his younger darling—was six years old; and all her young friends, cousins, and playmates were, at her kind papa's desire, invited to a juvenile party to celebrate the event.

Gainly dressed, happy, noisy, and excited, the little girls, their cousin Maggie, and Eola, were all standing at the drawing-room fire, listening for the approach of the carriage that should bring the first merry party of little ones to the scene of enjoyment.

The drawing-room looked wonderful.

Eola's fairy fingers had made and adjusted

some of the most artistically shaped wreaths and garlands of flowers, holly, and mistletoe. All the house had been busy that day—from little Jessie to Madge, the stalwart Scotch cook.

Papa had come home by a very early omnibus in the afternoon, so as to have dinner out of the way in good time, and was now up in his bedroom making himself nice and smart for little Jessie's party; and the pretty, loving child was in raptures at this instance of her fond father's regard, for papa in general disliked dressing, and thought parties a bore.

Mamma, aunt, and some other ladies were in the dining-room, putting the finishing touches to the supper-table.

Eola looked very sweet and simple in a white dress, and a wreath of green frosted leaves; while Maggie Jameson's bolder beauty shone to advantage in a rich pink silk, and a bandeau of pearls. The little girls, Euphemia and Jessie, were attired alike in white frocks, blue sashes, and wreaths of white daisies.

A good-tempered argument was in progress as to who might arrive first.

Euphemia thought some cousins from Clapham Rise.

'No; I say the little boys from next door,' persisted Jessie, emphatically.

'Ah, Jes!' said the sister, laughing; 'I know who you are wanting to see most.'

'Do you, Miss Phemie?'

'Yes; Freddy Peacock, to be sure.'

And just at this moment a loud ring at the street-door bell was heard, and Master Freddy Peacock, and several other little Peacocks, were safely gathered upon the Jameson's steps, under the wing of a grave, matronly nurse. A loud click as the door was opened, a sudden rush, a stamping of small feet in the hall, a hustling off of wraps and changing of shoes in the cloak-room, a scampering up-stairs, and the first of the visitors burst into the apartment; Master Freddy appearing in the form of a stout, ruddy-faced, fair-haired boy of seven years, looking remarkably imposing in a black velvet tunic, turned out with scarlet silk.

And now the little guests began to arrive in rapid succession. Carriage after carriage drove up the avenue, and discharged its joyous freight at the hall-door, as rapidly as even Jessie's impatient young heart could desire.

A more really joyous party could scarcely be conceived. Mr. Jameson, his wife and sister, and some adult guests, who had merely come to help and look on, did all in their power to render it so.

Eola and Maggie were mistresses of the ceremonies, to the great satisfaction of everybody.

Everything passed off agreeably. The supper was excellent, the dancing spirited, the romps hearty; and, when the time for departure came, each little heart went home palpitating with pleasure, and each little face flushed with the same emotion. What a scuffling there was in the cloak-room—what a tittering, kissing, and romping, when the youthful guests were being cloaked, and hooded, and shod, for their cold drive home.

At length all were gone but the little Peacocks: their nurse, who was expected to fetch them, had not yet arrived, and so they were enjoying an extra romp with the young ladies in the dining-room while they waited for her. But after a short time the governess came, and captured Euphemia and Jessie to take them to bed. An uncomfortable silence followed their exit; the little boys were getting sleepy and irritable, and began to fret about the non-arrival of their nurse.

'Uncle will go home with them,' said Maggie, at last. 'Will you go and ask him, Eola?'

Eola assented, and ran quickly up to the drawing-room; but Mr. Jameson, wearied out with his day's business, and the evening's unwonted excitement, was half asleep on a lounge; his wife had just gone to her bedroom, accompanied by her sister-in-law. The other visitors had all departed.

'Send one of the servants; I'm so tired,' said the merchant, in a drowsy tone, in reply to Eola's request.

The young girl stole softly from the apartment, and hastened back to the dining-room, where she repeated the command to his niece.

'Let's go ourselves,' it'll be a nice run; it's a splendid night.'

The little boys clapped their hands at the proposition.

'Do you think your uncle would like it?' asked Eola, doubtfully.

'Oh, he won't mind—of course not.'

This was decisive; and so Eola began to

hurry on a bonnet and cloak. Maggie did the same, and they were soon tripping down the moon-lit avenue with Master Freddy and his brothers.

They arrived safely at Mr. Peacock's house, where they met the nurse just coming out of the door, and Maggie and Eola turned to go home.

But scarcely three minutes after, the former rushed shrieking into her uncle's drawing-room alone, and in a perfect agony of fright.

'Oh, uncle, uncle! she is gone! she is stolen! the gipsy has got her!' were the disjointed exclamations that broke wildly from the girl's quivering lips, as she stood pale and trembling under the brilliant chandelier.

Mr. Jameson leaped from his couch in dismay.

'Maggie—Maggie, you are joking—this cannot be true!' he cried, in a voice of deep alarm.

'Indeed it is, uncle—too true. Oh, dear! oh dear! what shall we do?'

And Maggie sank upon a chair, sobbing and crying as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Jameson, her mother, now entered, and her terror and dismay on hearing the alarming intelligence, may be readily imagined.

It appeared from the young girl's broken sentences, with difficulty extracted from her between bitter sobs, that she and Eola had reached the gate leading into the avenue in perfect safety, and unconscious of any danger; when, just as they opened it, a tall, big man, whose features Maggie had been too terrified to notice, pounced out of the small shrubbery at the side, seized upon Eola, and, flinging a great thick rug over her head and face, vanished before the horror-struck witness of the act could utter a single cry for help.

Poor Maggie's sorrow at having been in a measure the cause of the catastrophe now burst forth afresh, and it was with great difficulty her mother managed to keep her from falling into hysterics.

Mr. Jameson hurried out with a forlorn hope of discovering some trace of the lost one, but not a sound was to be heard, not a creature was visible, either in the road or on the premises. As he was slowly walking back to the now mournful house, deliberating as to the manner in which he should communicate with the police authorities, he saw lying on the ground, close to the little shrubbery where the gipsy had been concealed, a soiled and crumpled letter, looking as if recently dropped from somebody's pocket.

With a faint notion that it might furnish a clue to the recovery of the young girl, he eagerly picked it up, and hastened back to the drawing room to read the contents. As he did so, a joyous smile spread over his frank countenance.

'We shall find her, sister; we shall defeat the rascal after all. Hurrah! Read that,' he cried, triumphantly, holding out the paper to his sister.

She read the contents aloud. They ran thus:—

'Northallerton, December 30, 18—

'DEAR RALPH,—Be as quick as you can in bringing that girl along this way. The fellow at the York Theatre is all right for a good tight-rope performer; and if the young un's as good at it now as she used to be, we shall make something out of her. I'm precious glad you've hooked her at last; she was a sad loss to us; and my girl, too; but I suppose there's no hopes of her turning up. Hoping as how you'll be coming along soon, believe me,

'Your affectionate brother-in-law,
WILLIAM SHORE.'

The next morning, after considering the circumstances of the case, and reflecting that Elwyn might not wish them to become known to the world, Mr. Jameson decided on giving no information of the matter to the police; but he at once forwarded the letter, and the news of his darling's abduction, to Elwyn Eswald.

CHAPTER XLVII.

For several seconds after her capture in the manner related in the foregoing chapter, Eola was, as it were, petrified, and dumb with amazement and fear.

It had been such an unexpected occurrence—the farthest from her thoughts at the time of its perpetration; but when she did regain the use of her faculties, she quite surprised the gipsy by the vehemence of her angry screams and exclamations.

'I won't go with you! Let me go! let me go!' she shrieked, wildly struggling to wrench from her head the covering which successfully smothered the force of her cries.

But Ralph only held it tighter over her mouth, and strode fiercely onward down the deserted road.

'Who are you? Why do you do this? Help! help!' And once more the young girl, rendered strong by passionate anger, almost tore the wrapper from her face, in spite of her captor's powerful grasp. At this moment, however, he had reached a carriage in waiting for him at the end of the road, and losing no time in entering it, Eola soon felt herself being whirled away, with terrible rapidity, beyond all chance of obtaining assistance.

It will be remembered that Sir George Shipton, in giving Ralph Leighton his instructions relative to the abduction of Eola, had suggested stratagem as the best means of effecting their purpose.

This idea, however, the gipsy had been subsequently induced to abandon, as he found no opportunity of carrying it into effect.

On entering the carriage, Ralph immediately secured both windows; then placing Eola carefully on a seat, uncovered her head.

As her eyes turned upon his well-remembered countenance, clearly discernible by the moonlight, all the anger of which her naturally gentle spirit was capable, spoke in the indignant glance with which she regarded him.

'I knew it was you,' she said, wildly. 'Cruel, bad, wicked man! you want to drag me down again into the horrid life I used to live. You want to make me as wretched as you can—to destroy me, body and soul. Oh, it is dreadful! Help! help!'

And the young girl strove to force open the window of the carriage. This, however, was easily prevented by the gipsy, one of whose herculean hands was quite sufficient to hold down both of hers in her lap, as he firmly, but gently, pressed her slight form back on the wide seat, where she writhed, and sobbed, and struggled in the most frantic grief.

'Eola, this is ridiculous,' said Ralph, somewhat angrily, as a more than usually loud scream from his victim's lips forced him to break the dogged silence he had hitherto maintained.

'Come,' he continued, coaxingly, 'leave off crying, and be reasonable.'

'I won't—I won't! Help! help! I will scream, if you kill me for it,' cried the young girl.

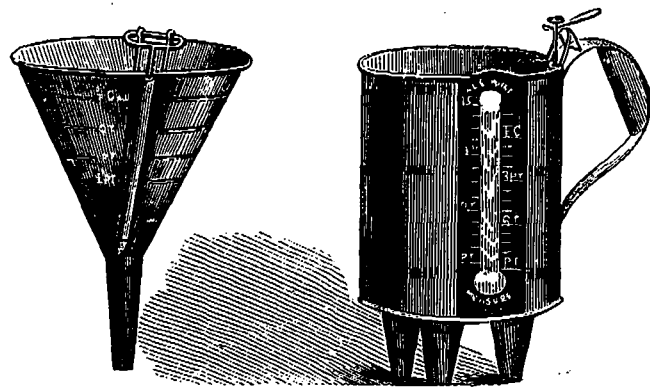
'Then, if that's your game, I must prevent it in the best way I can,' returned the gipsy; and before Eola could guess his intention, he slipped a silk handkerchief over her mouth, tying it so firmly that she could not articulate a word, and could only give utterance to a low, feeble moaning, which was effectually drowned in the noise of the wheels.

For some time Eola still struggled and moaned, and strove to free herself from the strong hands that held her; during which period Ralph remained perfectly silent.—When, however, wearied out with her futile efforts, and exhausted with fatigue, the poor girl lay motionless and quiet on the seat, he spoke:—

'If you will go quietly with me, Eola, to our journey's end,' he said, 'I will treat you as kindly as I possibly can; but if you persist in your nonsense, you will find you are playing it off on the wrong person. I have a motive in carrying you away from here, which at our journey's end I will explain and not before. Mind, you may cry, and rave, and ask me as many questions as you like, but I shan't answer one until I think proper; so you need not waste your breath in asking any. Remember, all this screaming and shouting will do you no good; people will easily believe you are mad; and the next performance of the sort you may have to repeat.'

The tone in which the gipsy delivered himself of this long address would have impressed any one who was not in his secret with the idea that he meant all he said; and it was not wonderful that Eola accepted every word of it literally, and did not doubt for a moment his capability of acting with the ferocity it conveyed.

She imagined that he intended to beat her if she screamed again. The idea was an extravagant one, certainly, but not to her. He had more than once beaten her when she was a little delicate child; and Eola was not yet sufficiently versed in the world's notions to know that the weakness of womanhood is more inviolate than that of infancy. So thoroughly terrified was she at the thought, that she consigned herself to the resolution not to utter another cry, but patiently to bear with her position, until some lucky chance should present itself of escape.



BROOKS FUNNEL MEASURE.

Upon her promising not to recommence her shrieks and struggles, the gipsy uncovered her mouth and released her hands; still, however, keeping a vigilant watch over her movements. But she did not attempt to rise from the seat, or to renew her screams for help.

As the baronet had prophesied, she soon began to think her chance of rescue great, and made up her mind to do just what he had said she would, namely, endeavour to write to Elwyn. When this idea flashed across her brain, a momentary smile of derision and triumph flitted over her features, as she thought, in her unconscious innocence, how soon he would fly to her aid, and how easily the gipsies would be baffled.

'Ah! thy little imagine I have such a friend as Elwyn!' she mentally exclaimed. 'Oh! how gloriously he will frustrate their plans! No doubt they think I am only some poor, uncared-for, unthought-of governess, or some other kind of dependant, brought up by charity for the office, and that the people where I lived will not care much about my disappearance; but won't they be mistaken? Dear, dear, Elwyn! Ah! how much shall I yet have to thank you for!'

And hope—all buoyant, rosy hope—soon shone out once more on that fond young heart, in all its former brilliancy. She need not fear; a great, loving soul was the protector of her future life, and every evil influence must be overruled by him. The present looked dark—she was in an unhappy position—her dear friends were lamenting over her loss—she might have much to bear for a little while, but the delivery would come at last—she would once more nestle on the bosom of her affianced husband, and all would again be well. Her gipsy friends would have but a short-lived triumph for all their pains.

Under the soothing influence of these comforting reflections, she soon succeeded in overcoming to a great extent the first feelings of grief and terror occasioned by her unhappy situation; and commending herself, in a brief but fervent prayer, to the care of One who she knew was capable of protecting her through the greatest dangers, the young girl resigned herself to await patiently the end.

Presently, Ralph, attracted by her gentle, regular breathing, stooped down to look more closely at her; he was amazed to find her fast asleep.

She was evidently totally wearied out, and had fallen into her slumber quite involuntarily. Her velvet cheek was pillowed against the cushion at the back of the carriage, the pretty, golden curls were drooping over the pale young brow in careless grace, and her lips were just parted in a faint but sweet smile, that irradiated the whole of her innocent countenance. The gipsy's tenderest feelings were touched by the sight. His heart smote him for his late harshness; and, with a sigh of regret that he dared not evince his tenderness in a stronger form, he gently placed over the little figure the warm wrapper, and turned his gaze outward on the moonlit road along which the carriage was rapidly driving.

They had proceeded some considerable distance, when the vehicle stopped before a small inn situated in a very countryfied spot, some miles from the metropolis, on the road to Uxbridge.

Here the driver, who was no other than a servant of Sir George Shipton's in a most ingenious disguise, alighted, and opened the carriage door.

[To be continued.]

CONTENTMENT.—'I never complained of my condition,' says the Persian poet, Sadi, 'but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot.'

BROOKE'S FUNNEL MEASURE.

Our illustrations show an ingenious apparatus for measuring liquids, lately patented by Mr. Thomas Brookes.

Fig. 1 is a gallon measure with three legs, two of them 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 is but another kind of the same 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.

JOSEPH LYGHT, King Street, Hamilton, has this week's Scientific American. Mr. Lyght takes subscriptions for this excellent journal, and can supply back numbers from the beginning of the present volume.

LESSON IN COMPOSITION.—Dr. Murray pursued his collegiate course at Williams-town, during the Presidency of that acute and accomplished critic, the Rev. Dr. Griffin. In his fourth year he was brought into more immediate contact with the venerable President, whose duty it was to examine and criticize the written exercises of the graduating class. Dr. Murray, when a young man, and even down to the day of his last illness, wrote a free round and beautiful hand; and his exercise at this time, which was to undergo the scrutiny of his venerated preceptor, had been prepared with uncommon neatness and accuracy. Dr. Griffin was accustomed to use a quill pen with a very broad nib.

Introduced into his august presence, young Murray, with becoming diffidence, presented his elegantly-written piece for the ordeal.—The discerning eye of the President passed quickly over the first sentence, and with a benignant look he turned to his pupil, and said, in his peculiar way:

'Murray, what do you mean by this first sentence?'

Murray answered blushing:

'I mean so and so, sir.'

'Then say so, Murray,' and at the same time drew his pen through line after line, striking out about one-third of it.

Having carefully read the next sentence the venerable critic again inquired:

'Murray, what do you mean by this?'

He tremblingly replied:

'Doctor, I mean so and so.'

'Please just to say so,' striking out again about one-half of the beautifully written page.

In this way, with his broad nib, (which made no clean mark) he proceeded to deface the nice clean paper of the young collegian, so that at the close of the exercises the erasure nearly equalled all that remained of the carefully written manuscript.

This trying scene was not lost upon young Murray. He considered it one of the most important events of his collegiate course.—It taught him to think and write concisely; and when he had anything to say, to say it in a simple, direct and intelligible manner.

Indeed, much that distinguished him as one of our most vigorous and pointed writers, may be attributed to that early lesson, 'Say so, Murray.'

MOLIERE was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and cannot marry before eighteen? 'It is,' answered Moliere, 'because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom.'

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 17th April, 1863, \$53,945 54 1/2 Corresponding week last year. 49,564 29

Increase, \$4,381 25 1/2

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending April 11, 1863. \$72,454 59 Corresponding week, 1862. \$6,520 41

Decrease, \$ 14,065 82

Traffic partially interrupted for two days by snow storms, during week ending April 11th, 1863.

Notices to Correspondents.

Cabotian, Port Hope.—Sketch received, will appear next week; glad to hear from you again.

W. A. McK., Blanford.—Send the Lecture and we will examine it.

J. T., Port Stanley.—Remittance received.

J. E. B., Thorold.—Remittance received.

O. P., Delhi.—List received and has been attended to.

W. M. O., Peterboro'.—Numbers sent last week immediately on receipt of your order.

W. L. S., Homer.—Remittance received.

W. L. C., St. Catharines.—Remittance received and copies sent.

A. J. D., Simcoe.—remittance received.

NOTICE.

The public will please beware of a smooth-faced young man calling himself T. Dodd, as we understand from letters in our possession, that he has been canvassing for the 'Canadian Illustrated News.' Dodd canvassed a few days for us in Toronto, and not liking the gentleman's manner of doing business we discharged him. Without our knowledge or consent he has taken money from people in the country, representing himself sometimes as an agent, and at other times proprietor of the 'Canadian Illustrated News.'

NOTICE TO CANVASSERS.

All parties heretofore canvassing for the Canadian Illustrated News, will please call at the office and settle up. The public are cautioned against subscribing, or paying money to any one for said paper, unless the name of the party soliciting such subscription appear in the paper as Agent, or have the written authority of the undersigned that he is a properly authorised Agent.

W. A. FERGUSON.

Hamilton, April 7th, 1863.

OUR AGENT.

W. M. Orr is an authorized agent for the 'Canadian Illustrated News.' When we appoint others their names will be announced

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

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

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

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

Dundas Advertisements.

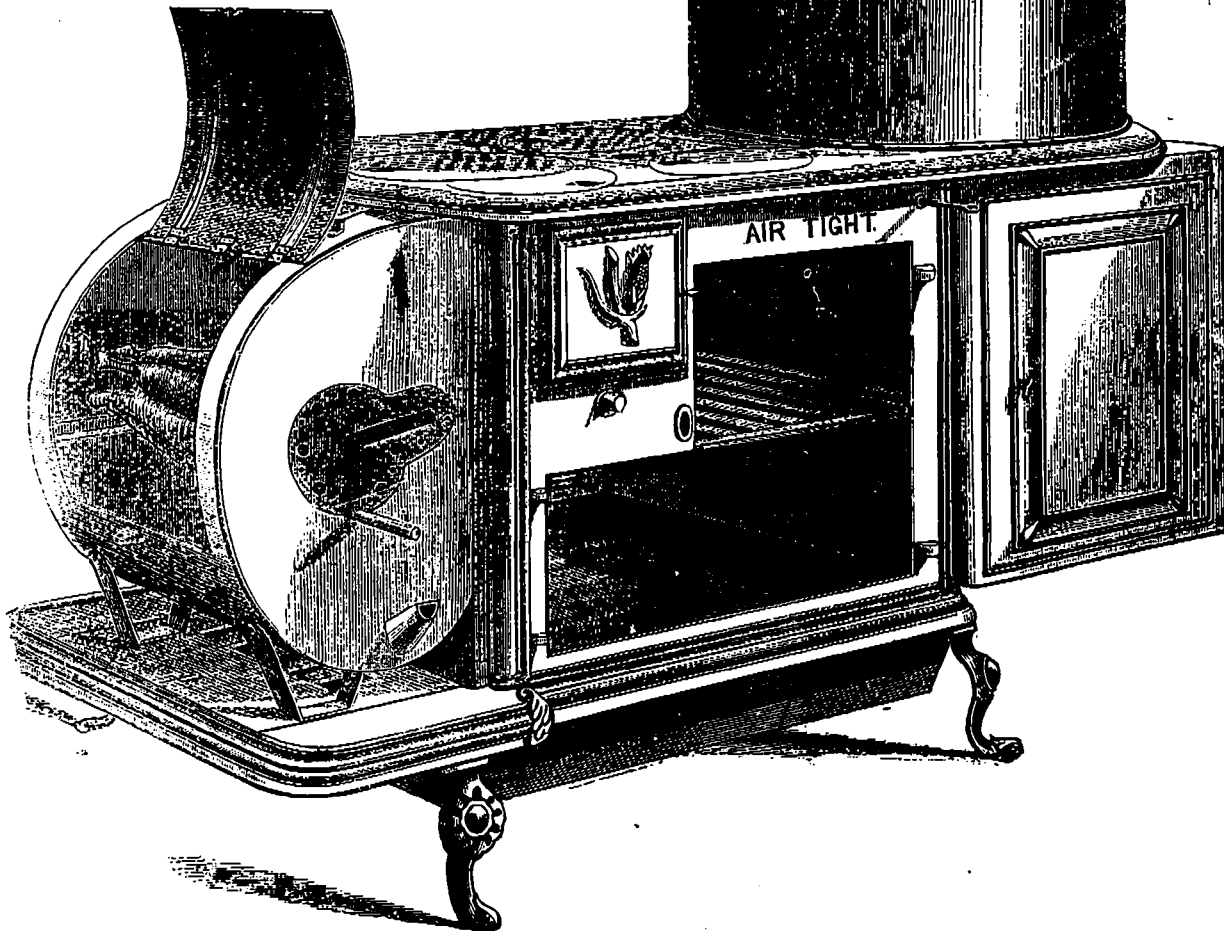
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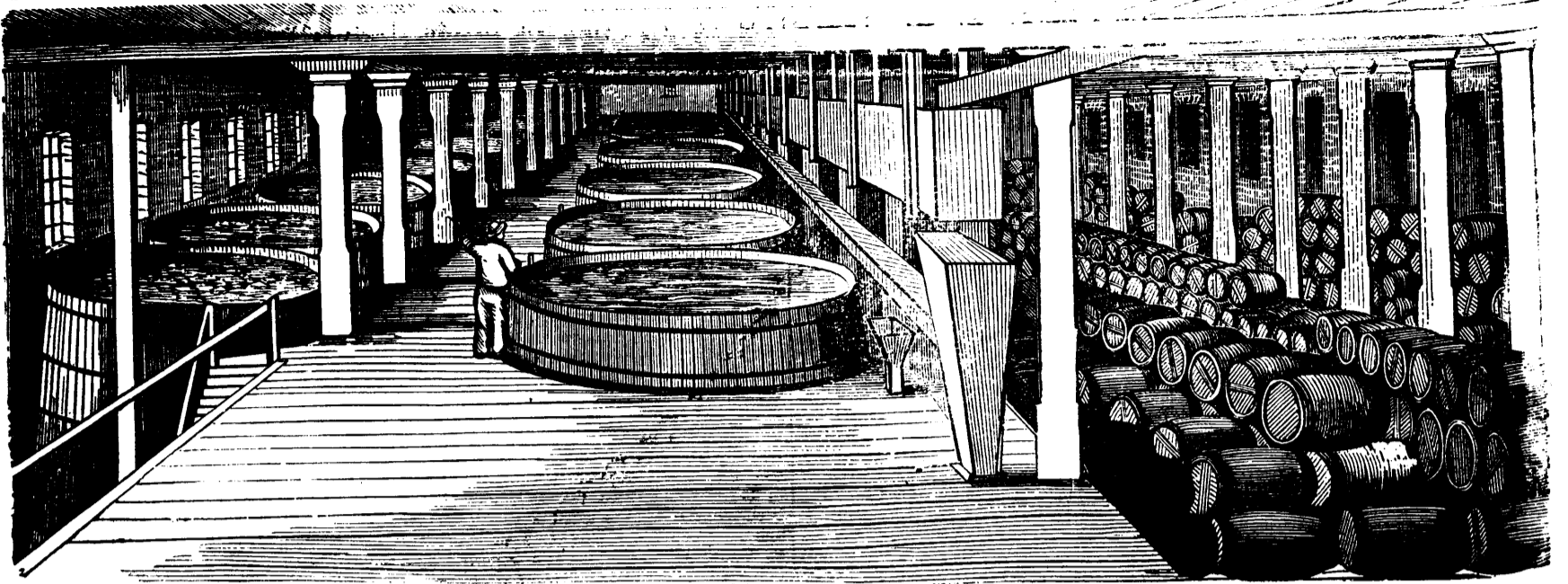
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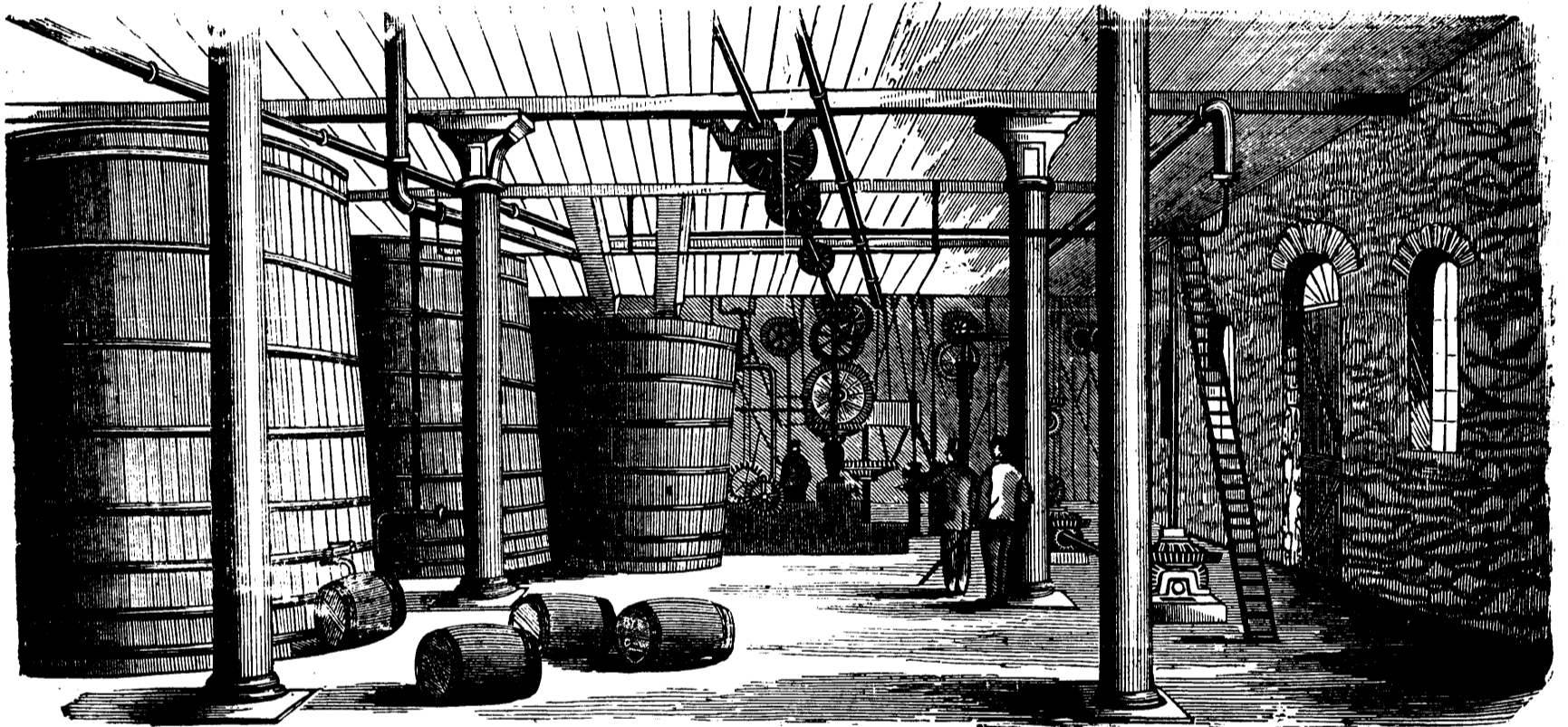
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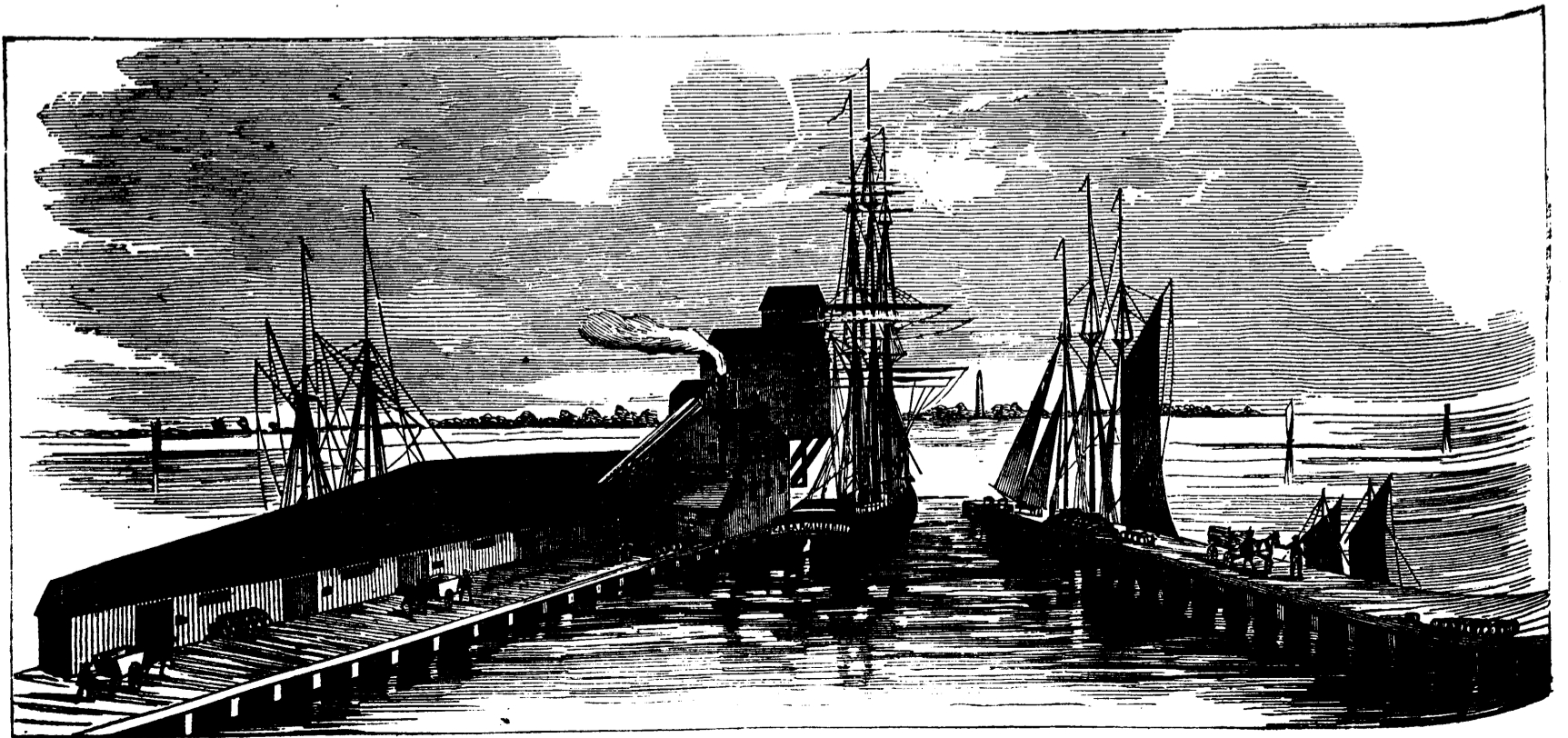
SUPPLEMENT.



No. 7.—FERMENTING HOUSE.



No. 5.—MACHINERY; SECOND SECTION.



STORE HOUSE WHARF AND GRAIN ELEVATOR.

SECTION THIRD.

Grain used in the distilling at Toronto; of distillers in general; Fermentation; of sugar and alcohol generally; Stills and Refrigerators described: Improvements of the Still by Edouard Adam; The Still in operation: Rectifying rooms, uses of chacoal; Structure of the distillery; the men who built it.

The grains used by the firm of Gooderham & Worts are barley malted, barley raw, rye, oats and Indian corn. The latter and most of the rye are brought from Chicago either by ship through Michigan lake, Huron lake, river St. Clair, river Detroit, Erie lake and Welland canal, to Lake Ontario, or by the more direct route through Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, thence to Toronto by Northern Railroad. The barley and oats are obtained in Toronto market, and annually about 15,000 bushels of the rye.

In converting barley to malt it germinates by steeping in water, and is then dried by artificial heat. In its germination, a peculiar substance is generated in the grain called diastase, which acts chemically on the starch of the grain, converting it first into a kind of gum called dextrine, and then into a sweet substance identical in composition with grape sugar. It has been found that this diastase can convert 2,000 parts of starch into grape sugar; and it is of this valuable property that the distiller avails himself when he adds malt to his raw grain.

To save the more expensive article malt he uses only so much as experiment has proved will suffice to change the starch of the raw grain into sugar when mixed with it in the mash tub. The distiller therefore, to prepare the saccharine matter for his operations has to go through all the processes of brewing before he gets it ready for the still.

By the Excise Laws in Britain mashing or fermenting, and distillation of the fermented product are not, or recently were not allowed to be carried on in the same building on the same days. In the largest distilleries in Scotland and Ireland the mashes are made and fermenting processes carried through every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, while the fermented wash is distilled on every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. At Toronto the processes go on one with the other without intermission.

Fermentation is carried so far (in distilleries generally) as to reduce the wash or 'beer' to the specific gravity of water, that is 1,000. When the wash is made from molasses or sugar it is often reduced below that gravity, but rarely when made from a mixture of raw grains. Even by this great attenuation it is not thereby converted into alcohol, as it increases in the wash, gradually arrests the decomposition of the sugar and at length stops it altogether. It is the presence of this large quantity of undecomposed sugar in the spent wash, from which the spirit has been distilled, which gives it the sweet taste so relishable to cows, so valuable to the dairyman, so generous to the consumers of milk. The whole quantity, however, which escapes decomposition or conversion into alcohol is a loss to the distiller. In the manufacture of Hollands and of Rum, a considerable saving is effected by fermenting the spent wash, or by using it for mashing a fresh quantity of grain.

The still is a chemical apparatus employed for the purpose of separating the more volatile from the less volatile fluids. In that before us it rises forty feet high through an upright frame work is seen on the right hand corner of the illustration, No. 8.

It is connected with a tub termed a Refrigerator, in which the volatile vapor raised from the fluid in the Still is condensed, and drops or distils into a vessel called the Receiver. The Refrigerator is the large Worm tub seen in the same picture; 12 feet high; 14 feet wide at bottom.

The still has a high head to prevent the fluid from boiling over. To this head a tube is connected ten inches diameter at top, which is carried in a spiral form, winding twice round in the interior of that Worm tub 700 feet if extended in length. It contracts to three inches at the end, discharging into the receivers. From its twisted form the tube is called the 'Worm.' The Worm tub being filled with cold water, the alcoholic vapor within the twisted tube cools, is condensed in cooling to a fluid, and runs into the receiver. The spent wash issues from six spouts, of which three are seen in illustration No. 8, runs through conductors out of the building under Trinity street, still warm and steaming, and is forced up to the tank high to admit of barrel carts being filled underneath. The spirit issues out in a bubbling spring,

within a crystal cover; the metal work of the piping all burnished copper, fashioned by hammer, not cast, made as the other copper work was, by Booth and Son, of Toronto, all of workmanship, excellent, beautiful, perfect. That bubbling spring passes from 280 to 300 gallons of spirit per hour, according to the strength. The three elevated circular vessels, seen in perspective beyond the great Refrigerator are receivers filled from the rectifying rooms, on the next two floors overhead. One of the rectifying rooms is shown in illustration No. 9. The man with the barrel at one of the receivers is 'racking off' the spirit for the store or for shipment to market. The barrels are lowered from this to the floor below, where the 'racking off' is principally performed. It is done at different places, because of the varying strength and quality required for different markets. Indicating weights are suspended outside of these receivers to notify when they are full, or how far from full.—They contain each 4,000 gallons.

The stills, one of which is seen in the picture of this room, (illustration No. 8,) rise up to the top of the building forty feet high, through the next two floors. They are capable of running the wash or 'beer' of seventy bushels per hour. I will here endeavor to convey an explanation of what a still is:

By the old stills such a quantity of watery vapor was carried over along with the alcohol that the distilled spirit had to be subjected to a second process, termed 'doubling,' before it could be made of the proper legal strength. One of the greatest modern improvements therefore, in this art, was the invention of a still which accomplished this object at one operation.

This was effected by a workman in France named Edouard Adam, an illiterate person employed in a distillery, but with the genius of applicability lying largely within him.—Hearing a chemical lecture on the contrivance known to chemists as the apparatus of Woulfe, he applied the principle to the condensation of the vapor of alcohol. By causing the hot vapors to chase the alcohol from chamber to chamber, Adam obtained in the successive chambers alcohol of any strength and purity. Since his time that still has received various improvements.

The principle which has guided the improvements is founded on the fact that the boiling point of alcohol varies with its density or strength. The purer it is it requires the less heat to raise it into the state of vapor, and the more it is diluted with water the greater is the heat required to distil it.—Thus, alcohol of the specific gravity of .793 boils at about 168 degrees, that of strength .851 boils at 179 degrees, and that of .912 specific gravity boils at 197 degrees.

In the still the wash is never exposed to the direct heat of the fire, but is exposed (in a series of shallow chambers placed one over the other) to the vapor of steam, which rises through the perforated bottoms of each chamber and carries off the alcoholic vapors into the condenser. This condenser also consists of a series of chambers separated from each other by perforated plates and is so contrived that the cold wash passing in pipes through these chambers, in its way to feed the other series of chambers, acts as the condenser to the vapor of the alcohol. The wash being gradually heated thereby as it passes through the successive chambers. The still, therefore, consists essentially of three separate but connected parts, namely: 1st, of a large square receiver at the base, which receives the spent wash after it has been deprived of its alcohol by passing through the series of evaporating chambers. That we have noticed in figure No. 8. 2d, of a large square upright box termed 'analyzer,' containing the series of evaporating chambers, each communicating with the one below by means of a valved tube, which only allows fluid to escape from the upper to the lower chamber, and having the dividing partition of each chamber perforated with fine apertures, to allow the steam which is admitted from below to pass from chamber to chamber through the shallow layer of wash in each.

A safety or escape valve is also fitted to each chamber. The already heated wash enters the uppermost of these in a continuous regulated stream. We see the beginning of this when aloft in the highest floor. There a circular tank receives it as pumped from below, and feeds the still. It is gradually deprived of its alcohol by the steam as it passes from chamber to chamber, and at last escapes into the lower large receiver from which it flows off after attaining a certain depth.

The third part of the operators consists also of a square upright box, termed 'Condenser,' divided into compartments by means of finely-perforated plates, and in each chamber is a link of the tube which carries the

cold wash outwards to supply the evaporating chambers just described. The alcoholic vapors escaping from the uppermost of the evaporating chambers are carried by pipes to the lowermost, and are partly condensed by each successive chamber being colder than the one below it, in consequence of the wash entering the pipes from above, and only getting gradually heated by contact with the alcoholic vapor as it advances from chamber to chamber.

As in the lowest of these chambers the heat is greatest, the alcoholic vapor or the condensed spirit contains a larger amount of water; but as the chambers are successively cooler, the alcoholic vapor and condensed spirit at last arrive at a temperature only sufficient to convert spirit of the strength wished into vapor, and by an adaptation of valves and substituting an impervious partition for the perforated plate; and admitting the alcoholic vapor into the chambers cooled by the passage of the contained wash in its contained pipes, that spirituous vapor is condensed, and the spirit is drawn off at one operation of the very strength which it ought to have, and of the utmost purity.

Having traced the process of distillation, let us descend to the ground floor of the western half of the main building, to another machinery room (illustration No. 5.) Behind the central division wall forming the east end of this spacious area is the steam engine (illustration No. 2) before noticed, and beyond that, behind another wall in the machinery room (illustration No. 3.) In this No. 5, is a vertical shaft receiving motion from the engine behind the wall, and distributing motion upward to the highest floor of the house, and downward by vertical shaft, cog wheel and two pinions to a horizontal shaft crossing the room, and at each angle of that are cog wheels and pinions continuing the motion to horizontal shafts lying longitudinally, and working a series of pumps; two pumps are raising water from the lake to the tank, as seen on north outside of the building, and to filters to supply the rectifiers and other places where required. Another pump is raising the 'beer,' which has come under the ground floor from the fermenting cellars (No. 7) and giving it to the still through the vat on the fifth floor as already told. Here are four vertical shafts driving the rotatory agitators in the mashing tubs on the floor overhead. Here too is a fire engine with steam always up and hose laid through every apartment on the premises. To make sure that the fire engine would not be out of order were it unfortunately needed, it is required to give assistance in some of the industry of this room to keep itself in working order. As to what particular part the fire engine performs my note book leaves me in doubt. For here, it may be remarked, I had not seen the distillery nor any one connected with it, nor had I heard it described before noon on Tuesday 21st instant. I have had to become acquainted with all the matters related in this supplement and assort it to the wood cuts by Thursday evening, in addition to what the reader may find from the same pen on other pages of this paper. This is not named as a matter to 'blow' about, on the contrary, it is a circumstance to be sorry for, as one can hardly give a finished literary sketch when obliged to learn as he goes along the lesson he is rehearsing. Mr. D. D. Robertson, of Hamilton, made the sketches which are both accurate and picturesque. They were engraved by the artists on the staff of this journal. It is now for the people of Canada to extend their patronage, and the engravers will forthwith give to the world a first class Illustrated Newspaper, as one of the native products of this Province.

On my arrival at the distillery on Tuesday at noon, two hours were lost to me while the Superintendent, Mr. Gooderham, junior, attended on a more potent and imperative personage—the Government Excise Officer.—This room (illustration No. 5.) is the theatre of his fiscal operations; 15 cents on the gallon of distilled spirits; \$150,000 per annum to the Government. Two large tubs, holding each between 7000 and 8000 gallons, each ten feet high, and twelve feet diameter at the bottom, stand up side by side. Between them is a guage indicating the quantity of spirits at any time held in either. They are connected by a pipe from the still, and from themselves to the rectifiers. Their contents is in that intermediate condition of manufacture termed 'high wines.' A stop-cock in the connecting pipe has a lever handle attached which the Officer of Excise fastens with a padlock when he has taken the guage of the one that may in his absence be emptied, and the other may be filled, but nothing more.

We may now quit distillation, and take note of the process of rectifying. On the third floor, as seen in the front view of the

main building, is the first rectifying room (illustration No. 9). There are 42 rectifiers in this and a room on the fourth floor overhead; each eighty feet high, six feet diameter at top, five feet at bottom; and each holding 200 bushels of charcoal. The spirit is filtered through that substance. The charcoal is renewed entirely four times a year, but is partially changed at intermediate intervals. It is made from maple, and is purchased in Buffalo, none being manufactured in Canada anywhere convenient to Toronto. The 42 vats rectify all that is run from the still, about 6000 gallons daily.

When drawn off from the rectifiers the spirituous fluid is only 'common whisky.' It is stored, and ripens for the market in from two to twelve months. The higher qualities of spirit, as 'old rye,' or 'toddy whisky,' are not much in request in Upper Canada; there the 'common' prevails. But in Lower Canada the 'common' is rejected, and the higher qualities only purchased. 'Common,' though paying 15 cents a gallon of duty, is sold wholesale for 20 cents.

To produce 'old rye' and 'toddy whisky' the old windmill plays its part. It is fitted up with two copper stills whose capacity is 1,500 gallons each. There steam is set on and the fluid is brought to the highest point of strength, separating as before, but in greater quantity all deleterious matter in the shape of oils, while the spirit going off in steam, is again condensed by the worm and thence emanates in purest quality. It is now 60 over proof by Sykes' hydrometer, or 96 American over proof. Besides to Lower Canada, large quantities of this quality have been shipped to Liverpool and London, where it is much approved. By reducing its strength with a mixture of distilled water, that is, water absolutely pure, derived from steam—the 'toddy' and 'old rye' are produced. 'Those articles, says an authority better qualified to judge than I, 'are unquestionably the best and purest that can be manufactured from grain, and it would be an improvement if they could take the place of all the 'common' whisky which is consumed throughout Upper Canada.'

Throughout the great establishment every possible care is taken to have the article kept in the most healthy state, and every room, pipe and fixture in the entire edifice is as clean and free from impurity as the most scrupulous house-wife could desire. Nothing which could save labor and avoid danger and render effective every advantage which nature and art affords has been spared; from the engine to the tiniest tap, everything is a model of completeness and efficiency.

The structure of the distillery, its strength and the admirable arrangement of its parts bear witness to the practical ability as common fame proclaims the high reputation of Mr. Roberts, the architect and engineer.—From making plans and specifications, and obtaining a solid foundation in 1859, until all was complete, he was ever present, ever vigilant; and the proprietors endorse his praise. The stone was obtained from a quarry five miles below Kingston. It is the stratified limestone so abundantly found in that vicinity. Mr. Gooderham selected it at the quarries himself. The walls are three feet thick. The massive transverse beams are laid in pairs side by side, the iron columns supporting the machinery floors running from basement to top floors in continuous shafts of prodigious strength, twelve inches in diameter. The horizontal beams of timber are doubled, in order that if one decays it may be taken out and replaced by another without the solidity of the fabric being put in jeopardy. To render that practicable the ends of the beams rest on 'coble stones,' projections made from the wall to form their bed. Their ends will, by that precaution, be protected from liability to rot.

The frame work of the roof is in itself a monument to the architect, but cannot be explained within the limited space into which my closing remarks are being crowded. The builders were Godson & Kesteven, but the masonry was in part done by the proprietors. The woodwork was done by Messrs. Smith & Burke, of whom the proprietors continue to speak in terms of approval. The millstones and machinery came from Mr. James Good, of Yonge street, Toronto. The copper work, so beautiful and substantial, came from the hands of Messrs. Booth & Son, of Toronto, as already told.

Forty-five barrels, holding each 53 gallons of whisky; or 21 puncheons of 125 gallons to the puncheon, are one car load. At present 2,000 puncheons and 5,000 barrels are out, which are likely to be returned when empty.

Such is the establishment of Messrs. Gooderham & Worts, which cost \$150,000 in construction, and pays a like sum annually as a tax to Government. A. SOMERVILLE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DISTILLERY OF MESSRS. GOODERHAM AND WORTS, TORONTO, CANADA WEST, APRIL, 1863.

SECTION FIRST.

Introductory; Members of the Firm; their Emigration from England to Canada; First efforts; Toronto then and now; the Windmill; the outward appurtenances; Cattle feeding; the first steam engine.

I AM about to describe an establishment which cost the proprietors one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in its construction, in the years 1859, 1860 and 1861, and upon which they pay to the government of Canada a tax of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for permission to work it. It is the distillery of Messrs. Gooderham and Worts, at Toronto, Canada West.

In the county of Norfolk, England, on the London Mail Coach Road, at the second stage from the city of Norwich, where eight stage coaches down, and eight up, changed horses daily, two families resided who in 1831 decided on emigrating to Canada. Mr. Worts was the head of one family, Mr. Gooderham of the other. Mr. Worts came out first; he was father of the gentleman who is now one of the firm of distillers, and grandfather of the accomplished young girl whose portrait was published in No. 21 of the Canadian Illustrated News, April 4, 1863, as the first prize skater at Toronto. He reached this country in 1831, as pioneer of the party, having left a portion of his family in England. In 1832, Mr. Gooderham, whose name stands first in the firm, came out, bringing his own family and the remaining members of that of Mr. Worts.

They began business as millers and distillers in a small way; fifteen bushels of grain and malt being the extent of consumption in the first essays at distillation. Toronto, so lovely, so diversified, so noble in its public buildings and street architecture now, containing nearly fifty thousand inhabitants, with mechanical appliances executing the heavy labor of the arts of industry, equal in productive strength to at least half a million of men, was then a town of boarded frame houses, only a very few dwellings or other structures being stone or brick.

The present distillery buildings and appurtenances therewith connected, including the handsome dwelling house of Mr. Gooderham and its garden, and the site of a malt-house about to be erected, occupy nine acres. There is also an old windmill tower, on which the hopes and fortunes of the firm once rested, but whose machinery, dependent on the capricious, the wild, the weird gales of wind sweeping from Lake Ontario, could not be made by any human contrivance to work peaceably in the face of the sudden tempests of Canada. The tower now serves the two-fold purpose of a landmark to mariners entering Toronto Bay, and a still house to purify 'common' whisky into 'old rye.' The nine acres likewise include, on the opposite side of Trinity Street, at the east side of the distillery, housing for four hundred fattening cattle, and an elevated tank to which most of the cow-keepers of Toronto come for the farinaceous and saccharine off-pourings from the stills, so well relished by bovine cattle whose additional food is hay, straw, turnips, mangel wurzel, and other esculent roots.

The first effort of Mr. Gooderham to obtain a steam engine of "Canadian manufacture" presents a notable contrast with the condition of mechanical science and resources of the province now. The best blacksmiths then in Toronto made it, but they could not induce it to work when made. A party of the Sappers and Miners was in the neighborhood (the corps now called Royal Engineers). Select men of the Sappers gave their assistance for several weeks; and so careful was every person concerned to conceal the mystery of steam engine making, that they worked with doors locked and windows secured; but their engine was not a success. Had it been pirated, the pirate would have been sorry for what he did. That now in use was made by Baillet & Gilbert, of Montreal. It ranges somewhere between

eighty and a hundred horse power, and approaches perfection as nearly as advancing improvements have yet reached to in their workshops or elsewhere.

The larger illustrations show on page 282 the south front, looking upon the bay of Toronto. And the rear on page—looking from the north. This latter includes a portion of the new malting house now in course of erection, three stories high, and a part of the old wind-mill tower, both seen on the spectator's left hand. On the right hand is part of a cooperage house for repairing and cleaning such of the barrels as are returned by customers. The cooperage at which new barrels and puncheons are made is at a place half-a-mile distant. About forty men are employed in that department. The chimney-stalk, seen here, is one hundred and fifty feet high. The door of the boiler house, No. 1, illustration of the interior, is open to receive coals. A water tank is visible, which receives water pumped from the lake and gives it out for the use of the establishment. The elevation of the main building shows four principal floors in front and rear, but when we ascend the interior the fifth floor, immediately under the roof, will be found to contain portions of machinery important in the mechanical economy of the establishment.

The wharf, shown in the illustration on page—is separated from the south front of the distillery by the Grand Trunk Railway main track, and by a side switch built for discharging grain from railway cars into the distillery building and receiving into other railway cars barrels and puncheons filled with rectified spirits of the different qualities to be carried to the Montreal, Quebec, and other markets, of which detailed particulars will be given presently. The wharf contains storage rooms and an elevator for lifting the grain from ships, which together can hold in stock eighty thousand bushels. The south front, including the prolonged structure of one story is three hundred feet from east to west. That low building consists, however, of two floors, one the fermenting room, as will be seen during our perambulation. A perspective view of its interior is shown in cut No. 7. Over the fermenting room and adjoining it are a store-house, and bonded warehouse, the latter under the exciseman's lock and key, but with a sparred partition so thin that a child might enter from the free to the bonded side. With these general remarks I may proceed to notice the preparations for distillation.

SECTION SECOND.

Historical review of distillation, the art not known to the nations of antiquity; Supposed to have been discovered by the 'barbarians' of the North of Europe; Raymond Tully carried the secret to the South; How Starch becomes Sugar; Curious items of Chemical history relating to Sugar and Starch; Flavor of Rum; Flavor of Whisky; We follow the Grain from Grand Trunk cars through the Distillery; The Millstone Floor No. 4; Machinery Floor No. 3; The Grain converted to Meal; Curious travels of the Meal; The Mashing Tubs; Hops and Yeast.

The name whisky is said to be a variation on the Irish Celtic word Usquebaugh. The term distillation is applied to the manufacture of ardent spirits, through the agency of heat applied to a vessel called a still, which contains the fermented liquor from which the spirit is to be extracted; and the spirit as it is vaporized is condensed in tubes from which it distils, or falls in drops into the vessel placed to receive it. Hence the terms distillation and distillery.

Little is known of the antiquity of this manufacture. To the nations of antiquity it seems to have been unknown, at least there is no distinct account of its preparation. Certainly the old world in its early ages never saw, as the new world in this age has not before seen, any distillery more perfect, and but few if any equal in all respects to that of Gooderham and Worts at Toronto.

Distillation is commonly believed to have been invented by the 'barbarians' of the north of Europe, as a solace to their cold and humid climate, and to have been made known to the more southern nations by Raymond Tully, of the Island of Majorca, in the Mediterranean. At the present day there are few nations above the condition of savages who do not manufacture an ardent spirit by the process of distillation. Whether these are prepared from the expressed juices of fruits, from the natural or expressed juices of trees and plants, or from infusions of grains or of roots, chemistry has made known that they can alone be prepared from sugar, or from principles which during the process of infusion and fermentation, are converted into sugar.

In Britain the larger proportion of the ardent spirit is prepared from barley, which in its natural state contains no sugar; and in Canada from barley, rye, oats, and largely of maize or Indian Corn, which likewise in their natural state contain no sugar; but by the process followed the large quantity of starch which these grains severally contain is converted into sugar. After which, the saccharine infusion being fermented the sugar becomes converted into alcohol, which is obtained from it by distillation.

There are five kinds of sugar known to chemists, two of which by fermentation are suitable for the distiller: cane sugar and grape sugar. It is from the latter that the most of the ardent spirit in Britain, Canada and North America is produced.—The grape sugars embrace many varieties, procured from different sources, yet all having the same chemical composition. These embrace the sugar of the grape, honey, and the sugar of most of our fruits, and the sugar made from starch. All the juices containing naturally grape sugar are more or less acid, and the chemical reason for this is, that acid possesses the property of converting cane sugar into grape sugar, in like manner as it converts starch into grape sugar. These sugars do not crystallize so readily as cane sugar, but they ferment with extreme facility, and furnish on distillation the ardent spirits known by the names of brandy, whisky, gin and others.

When these sugars are dissolved in water, as in the mash tubs (illustration No. 6) and fermented as in the fermenting tubs (illustration No. 7), they become resolved into carbonic acid gas, which escapes, and alcohol which remains in the fluid. It is this alcohol (spirit, or spirit of wine, 'high wines' in Canada) which is the substance producing the stimulant and intoxicating property in all the forms of ardent spirit; and it is the separation of this from the large quantity of water and impurities with which it is mixed in the fermented liquid which constitutes the art of distillation.

The several flavors peculiar to each kind of ardent spirit, and which serve to distinguish them from each other, are supposed to be owing to the presence of an essential oil derived from the ingredients employed in the manufacture. It is a singular fact that these peculiarities of flavor or of odor, are only imparted to the spirit when distilled from the fermented juice itself; for, when fermented infusions of the sugars prepared from these juices are subjected to distillation, no peculiarity of odor is manifested.—Thus the fresh cane juice when fermented and distilled yields the high flavored spirit called rum; but sugar and molasses fermented and distilled after importation, yield only plain spirits—whisky.

From whatever ingredient the spirit is to be derived the processes through which it must pass before being distilled are virtually the same. The saccharine juices or infusions, whether derived from the grape, sugar-cane, date, barley, rye, oats, maize, wheat or other grain or seeds; or from potatoe, beet, or other roots, must first be fermented to change sugar into alcohol. The fermented liquor must then be put into a close covered vessel called a still, to which is attached a convoluted tube or worm, the end of which terminates in a vessel or receiver. The worm runs through or is placed in a large vessel called a worm-tub or refrigerator, which receives a constant and plentiful supply of cold water. Fire or steam is then applied (steam in that under description) to the still, when the spirit being more volatile than water, rises as vapour, passes through the worm where it is condensed and runs in a fluid state through the safe into the receiver.

So far that is a very brief explanation of the principle, but the actual operation of the still in the establishment before us is more complicated, and will be presently described more fully. Let us proceed to trace the grain from the Grand Trunk Railway cars, or the wharf projecting into Toronto bay, through the hoppers, elevators, millstones, weighing and distributing conduits to the mashing tubs, thence to the fermenting vats, and from these by the elevating pumps to the top of the building to be let run into the still. After which it will be followed to the rectifying vats, and to the racking off into barrels or puncheons.

The grain pours from a railway car down into bins, the mouths of which are lower than the stone flags of the lowest floor.—These bins are in the south-east and north-east corners of the room, marked in the illustrations, 'No. 3; Machinery, first section.' An elevator, which is an endless belt with small buckets or lifters attached winds over a cylinder among the grain in the lowest bin, and over a distributing cylinder, on some of the upper floors at a suffi-

cient height to be conducted down the metal spouts which pour it into the hoppers of the whirling, grinding millstones, eight of them in one room, four in a row, as seen in the illustration No. 4. (For a detailed account of grain elevators with pictorial views, see No. 23 of the Canadian Illustrated News, April 13, 1863.)

Four of the runs of stones in that room are intended for the manufacture of flour or a grist trade, but the bolting machinery is not yet introduced. The wheels in No. 3 group below the mill-stones receive their motion from the steam engine which forms illustration No. 2, in the next apartment behind the wall at the spectators' left hand. These wheels, spurs and pinions, horizontal and vertical shafts all work as smoothly as a happy family; their swift, soft motion is like music. The massive iron frames in which they work, stand on plat forms of solid masonry five feet in height; a solid iron plate, four inches thick binding the masonry. An apparatus easy of reach and of action can at the will of the skillful attendant (Mr. Rimmer, I believe) throw the wheels and the whirling stones above into or out of motion in a breath of time.

The meal descends in covered spouts through that wheel-room, No. 3, and is delivered to elevators which convey it right away to the highest floor of the house, each elevator delivering its meal into one of several bins arranged in rows, each kind of meal being kept separate.

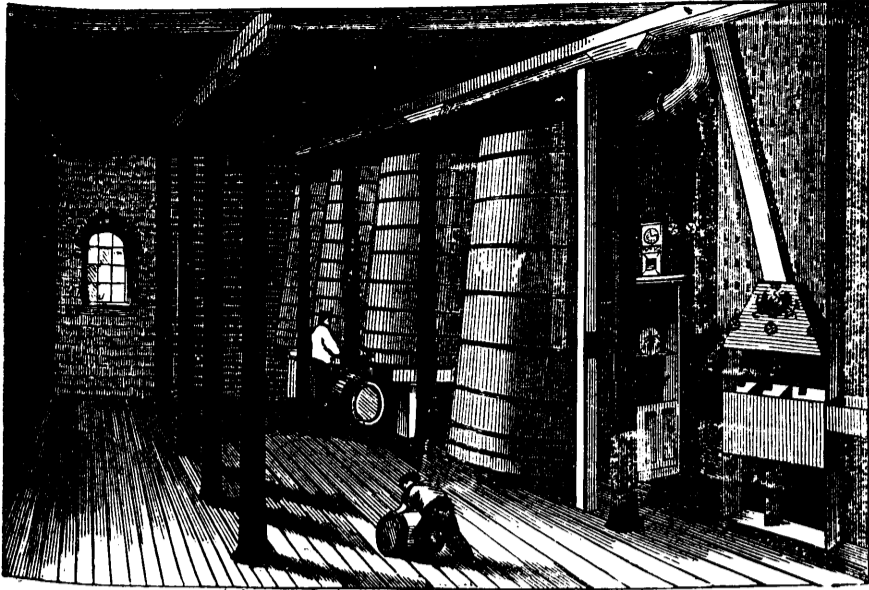
After being elevated to the required height, each kind of meal is laid hold of by a screw lying within long horizontal troughs. Each of these screws, termed a conveyer, carries its own kind of meal to an opening in a spout leading to a hopper appropriate to receive it. In the room immediately beneath those hoppers—a long apartment lighted by the fourth row of front windows, seen in the south front view of the building, is a tramway. A bin travelling on wheels, which is also a weighing machine, is moved to underneath any one of the hoppers from which it is desired to draw the due proportion of the kind of meal it contains for a mash—barley raw, barley malted, rye, oat-meal, or maize meal. When filled it is moved along its tramway until its bottom is over the mouth of another hopper. A valve in its angular bottom being drawn allows the meal to fall into the lower hopper; and a valve in the bottom of that being withdrawn by a lever in the mashing room below (illustration No. 6,) one or other of the four mash tubs there receives the different allotments of meal into a bath of hot water. The degree of heat requisite is carefully observed by gauges in a room above the mashing tubs where one of Mr. Gooderham's sons presides. The mash tubs are lined with bright copper. In each a central shaft working in a box carries round a plunging rake; an instrument with two outstretched arms which agitate the mash. The diameter of each tub is fifteen, depth seven feet.

The mash is drawn from the tubs, two emptying at a time, and two filling, and conducts itself in troughs made for it along the fermenting cellar (illustration No. 7). The troughs are above the level of the tubs there and have valves to be opened into spouts conducting into each as it requires to be filled. There are fourteen, each fifteen feet in diameter, and seven deep. The mash remains in about four days to ferment. When in a proper condition it is drawn out, and raised by pumping to the fifth or loftiest floor, and there conducted into a vat whose mouth is on that floor, and whose bottom allows the fermented 'beer' to descend into the head of the still the height of which is forty feet above the still room to which we shall presently resort. But before leaving the fermenting cellar it should be related that when aloft on the fourth floor observing the weighing and apportioning of the different kinds of meal to the mash, the aroma of hops induced inquiry as to whence it came. In a closed place the hops were in process of boiling, at that lofty eminence hot water and cold being conveyed in pipes to wherever required, their product of liquor to be associated with malt to become yeast. The hops are obtained, some from Buffalo, the state of New York, but mostly from the county of Prince Edward, Central Canada, where cultivation over many years has led to the production of a prime bouquet. The partial culture of the plant near Hamilton has not yet, it is said, succeeded so well.

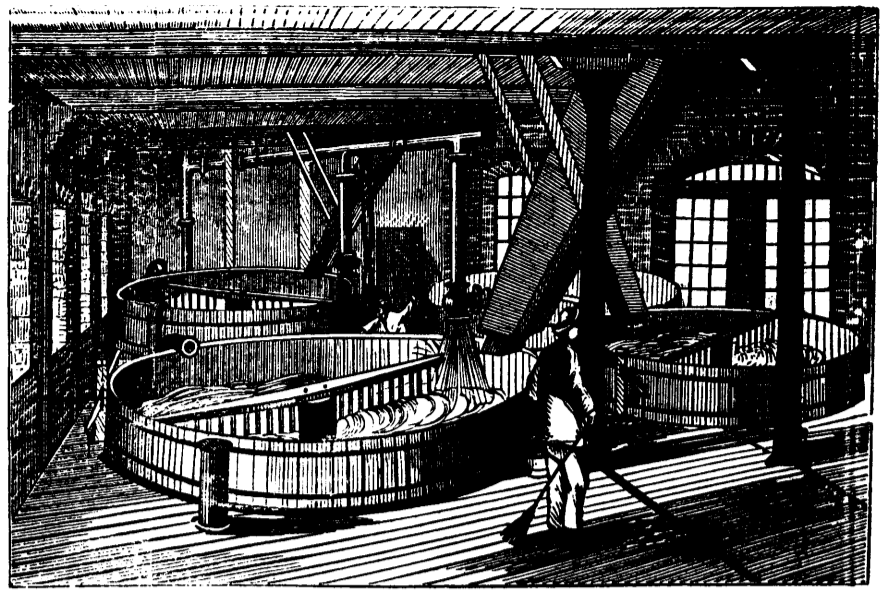
The yeast is added to the mash when agitated in the mashing room. When the fermenting tubs are emptied, which they are in groups of four, they are scalded with streams of boiling water, then rinsed with cold water, and purified with lime. Scrupulous cleanliness prevails everywhere.

Let us now review and describe the process of distillation.

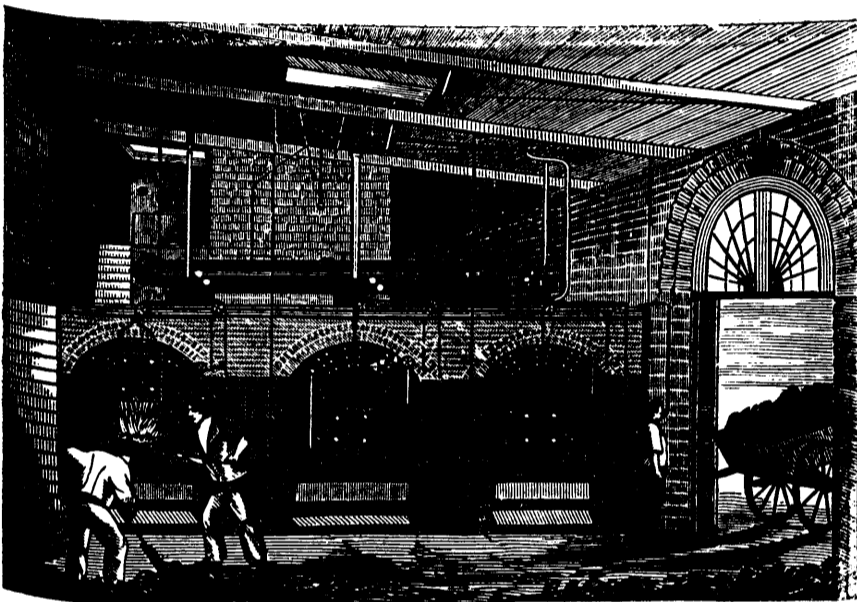
SUPPLEMENT.



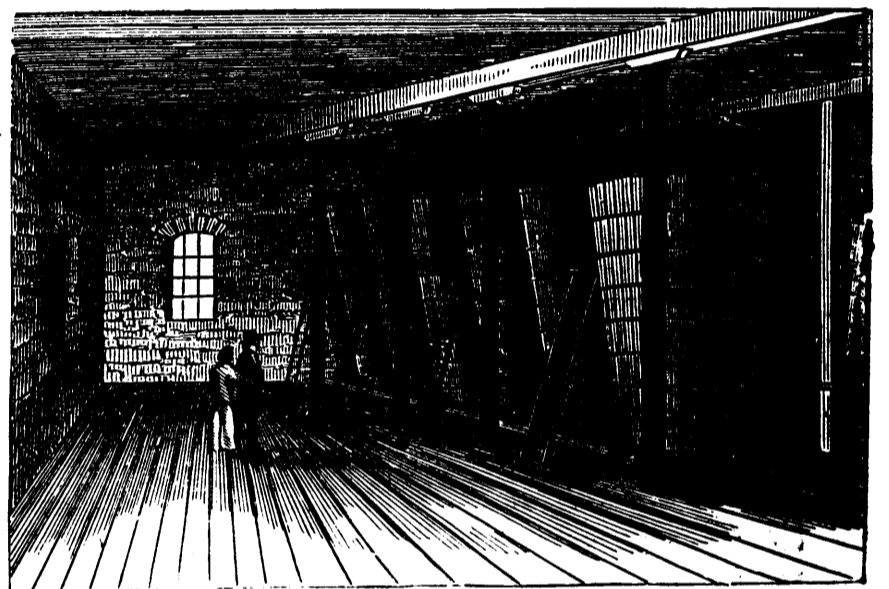
No. 8.—STILL ROOM : ONE SECTION.



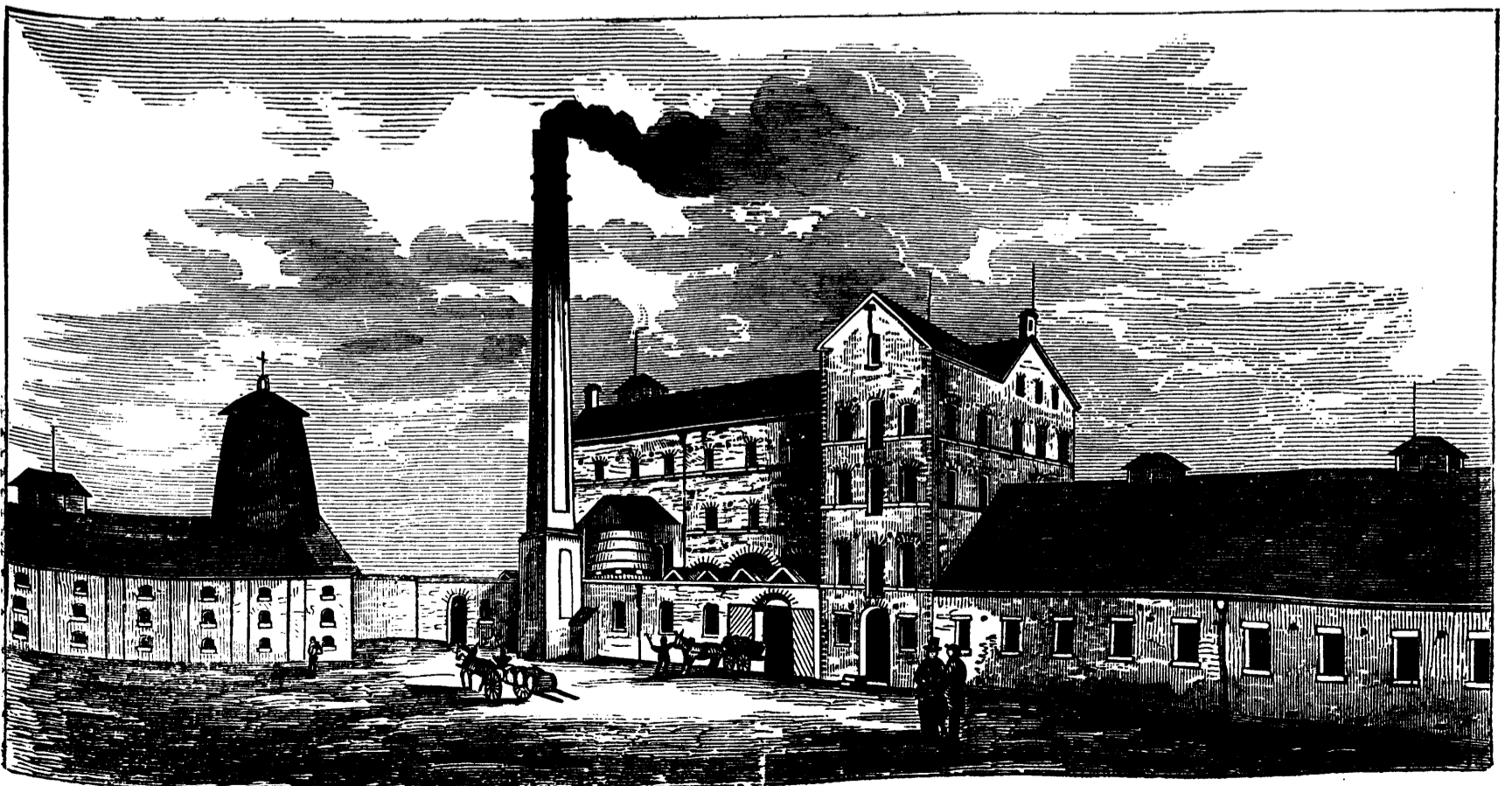
No. 6.—MASHING ROOM.



No. 1.—BOILER HOUSE.



No. 9.—RECTIFYING ROOM ; ONE SECTION.



DISTILLERY ; MALTNG HOUSE ; OLD WIND MILL ; VIEW OF NORTH SIDE.