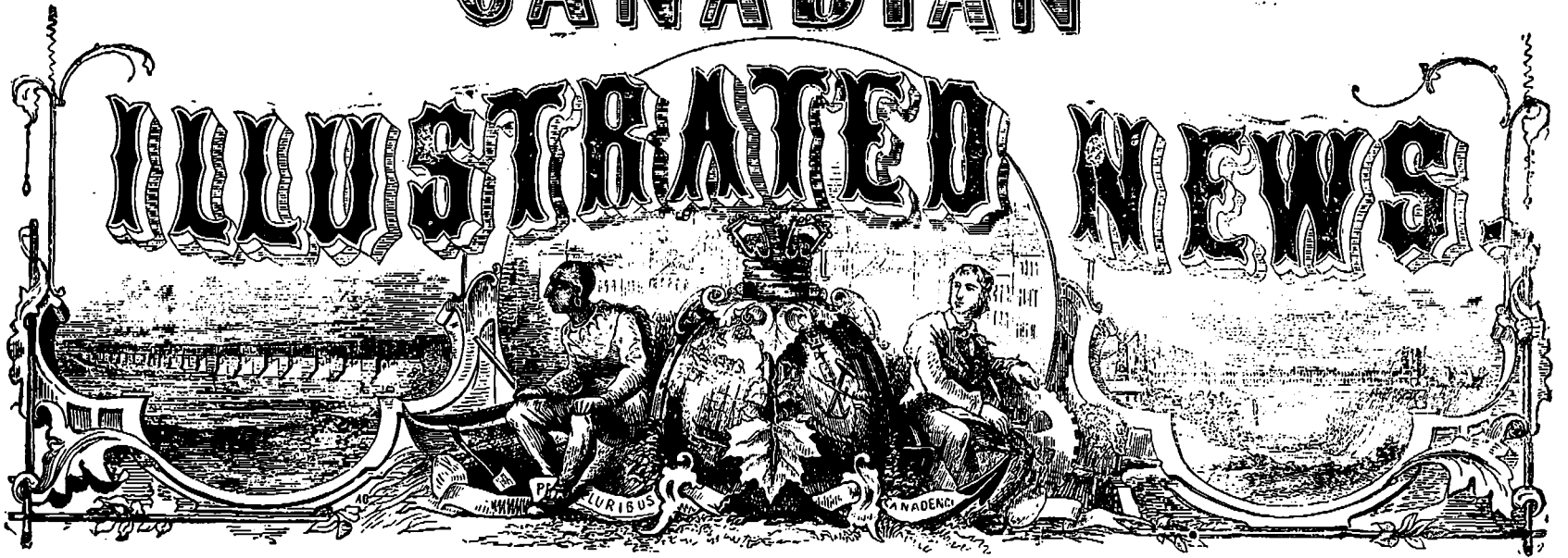


CANADIAN

ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. III—No. 3]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 12, 1863.

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AUTUMN.

We recently published in the *Illustrated News* engravings of "Spring" and "Summer," copied from pictures exhibited by celebrated painters in London. To-day we give the third picture of the series, entitled Autumn. This, however, is from an original drawing by Mr. G. A. Binkert, an artist of high abilities, connected with the *Illustrated News*.

Spring has at all times been the favorite theme with pastoral writers—the bud of promise, the tender leaflet, the balmy joyous breath, full of hope—all seem to attract our warmest eulogies. But then

"There comes a time when laughing Spring
And joyous Summer cease to be."

And it is the Autumn time that ensues which we consider the true season of joy. If the Spring was full of hope and promise, the Autumn is full of fulfillment. If the Spring was odorous with the balmy breath of flowers, the Autumn is rich with golden grain and clattering wealth of vine. Oh! let us be thankful for the coming of the hopes in the Autumn of the year; and even if the silent fall of the leaf touch our hearts with sadness, let us not forget that the same gower which sends the pale and livid foliage shivering to the ground, fills our storehouses to anticipation of the coming sterile reign of Winter: "In a to

"Bless the cloison-giver,
Who doeth all things well."

Mr. Rogers, speaking of a blind wood-sawyer, says: "While none ever saw him saw, thousands have seen him saw."

DRUNKENNESS is a pair of spectacles, to see the devil and all his works



AUTUMN.

How PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF DEFEATED THE FIRST ATTACK ON THE MALAKOFF.—A curious court martial is now sitting at Lyons on a private of the 100th regiment of the line. Cuz, the prisoner, represented himself at the headquarters of his regiment a short time since, and stated that during the siege of Sebastopol he was taken prisoner by the Cossacks while fighting in the Tchernomorsk had been detained in Russia ever since. How, even the details' book recorded an eye-witness story of his capture in face of the enemy, a very rare thing in the hands of the French army, and so Mr. Cuz came on his trial, and to evidence it came out that he deserted on the 15th of June, 1855, was taken before Prince Gortschakoff, and confessed the strength and condition of the French army, and what seems almost incredible, a French private, grave details of the intended attack on the Malakoff, which was obtained for the next day but one, so that the Russian General was enabled to make such preparations that as may be remembered Marshal Paskievich was defeated and the attack failed. The main evidence against the witness is derived from a Russian law on occasion being found by one of the staff of General Gortschakoff, which was the account of the French deserter's statements.

"The clock is stopped with grief, I trust by the French army, and if the fact be proved, we shall probably have an incident of the day" as occurring the 15th of June, 1855.

The story of Mrs. Franklin Pierce has taken place at Andover, Massachusetts. She had long been in delicate health.

When colds speak all tongues are silent.

They are dumb whom nothing will content.

NOTICE.

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

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H. GREGORY & Co.

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1863.

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THE CANADIAN**Illustrated News.**

HAMILTON, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

H. GREGORY & Co. Proprietors.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.**FIRST ARTICLE.**

That the political connection between Canada and the mother country must at no very distant day be broken, is a fact which is very generally accepted on both sides of the Atlantic. The latest Colonial theory is, that as soon as the dependency is able to assume the responsibilities of nationality, it is better for both parties that it should do so. A Colonial position necessarily implies vast inferiority in regard either to population, civilization or some other requisite of successful autonomy; and the maintenance of that condition after the removal of the disqualification is an injury both to the governed and the governors.

The second principle of this platform is that there must to some extent be an identity of interest between the parties to such a state of things. So long as prestige on the one hand and security on the other result from it, there is a mutual advantage to be gained by maintaining the connection. So soon as these advantages cease to be felt, the bond of union is broken.

The first of these supposed conditions of a dependent state, we have already removed. In practical enlightenment and material prosperity we are the equal of any nation on earth. We point with just pride to our noble system of free schools, and to the happy results springing therefrom. We see our artisans competing with those of the old world, at the great competitive exhibitions in London and Paris, and gaining credit. We see a system of internal improvements pervading the country of which many an older and more wealthy nation might be proud. We see our grains bringing the very best prices in the great markets of the world. And, lastly, we see that our progress in all that constitutes real prosperity is not the ephemeral creation of a transitory combination of favorable circumstances, but real, great, and enduring. Let us look at the increase of population for instance:

Year.	Population.	Increase.	Per cent
1663	2,500		
1720	24,434	21,934	873 in 57 years.
1760	70,000	45,566	186 in 40 "
1825	581,657	511,657	730 in 55 "
1827	640,886	59,229	10 in 2 "
1851	1,842,265	1,201,379	187 in 34 "
1861	2,506,755	663,490	37 in 10 "

Thus we see that in two centuries our population has increased over a thousand fold. Although in an agricultural country national prosperity does not at all depend upon its

foreign trade, yet the fact that our commerce has increased from \$58,322,142 in 1859 to \$82,196,578 in 1872, is an indication of business enterprise not without serious weight in judging of the position of the country.

These evidences of national vitality have for many years been working a gradual but steady change in the nature of our relations to the mother country. From time to time new principles of self-government have been conceded to us; until at last we find that we are a dependency only in name—the sole visible bonds of union being that the sovereign still nominates our Governor and possesses the long unexercised right of vetoing objectionable constitutional measures. In fact the union is a moral one only; and we have repeatedly been told that we have only to ask in order to obtain a severance of this last link that binds us to Britain.

The question then naturally arises: To what extent does identity of interest bind us to the British Crown, and how long is it likely to operate? We are in a great measure isolated from the political world. We are not in much danger of being drawn into entangling alliances. No questions of disputed boundary, of doubtful rights, of contested privileges are likely to arise. We are at once too powerful and of too little value for European powers to attempt schemes of doubtful conquest; and, so far as these powers are concerned, we believe our independence, if we possessed it to-day, would never be threatened. The one great danger to us, standing alone, would be the proximity of the powerful and not over scrupulous Republic of the United States of America. The people of that country have on more than one occasion proved that their boasted opposition to foreign conquest does not prevent encroachment upon neighboring territory; in fact, there is little room to doubt that the war of 1812 would never have occurred had they not hoped to add these provinces to the Union.

But times have wonderfully changed since then. The relative disproportion between the two countries has materially lessened; and we doubt that they would ever consider it profitable to make any aggression upon a country from which they already gain all they would be likely to enjoy even if a political union were consummated. They know now that we are unwaveringly hostile to joining our fortunes with theirs; and we believe that even's now transpiring are teaching them a little practical wisdom, which will be seen in an improvement in their conduct towards other nations.

We think, then, that there is no serious political, social or moral obstacle to the severance of our connection with England; and that on the first clash of interest or opinion that severance is likely to take place. It will then be our duty calmly and deliberately to decide upon the character of the institutions and government under which we are to live, reflecting that the first step will be the most important one, and that its influence will be felt by remote generations.

HAMILTON BIBLE SOCIETY.

It is not the mission of this journal to deal with merely local questions. But the difficulty which has arisen among the members of the Bible Society of this city is now matter of Provincial interest, if the attention which the press has bestowed upon it is in any way indicative of this fact.

We have refrained from noticing it, then, only from a conviction that no impartial analysis of the matter in dispute would have been of any service while the minds of those interested were warped by passion. Now, however, that the excitement has somewhat abated, let us see if there is not a lesson or two to be drawn from it. The fact which comes most prominently forward in reviewing the case before us, is that the organization of the Bible Society has been, and is, most lamentably loose. In no other of the many social organizations which exist amongst us would it have been possible to make the private character of a member a subject of discussion at a public meeting, the proceedings of which were published, and read, throughout the country. Any association, indeed, which permitted such a thing could not exist for a month. Even the loose morality which presides over our political and municipal elections, affords a better protection to the sanctity of private character, than did the constitution of the Bible Society in this case. Clearly that constitution ought to provide one of two courses for cases of this kind; either it should ignore the right of the Society to sit in judgment on the private character of a member, or provide that it should

be done by a tribunal, whose investigations should be conducted in private, and whose decision should be final. We cannot perhaps plead that the wisdom of our ancestors is in this arrangement, for we do not forget that there were days when the high stool, the white sheet and the public rebuke, were deemed necessary instruments of church discipline. But these old follies have long since slept with their kindred, and are not, we hope, to be resuscitated now.

If the principle of thus publicly investigating charges preferred against a member be admitted as right, let us see where it would lead to. We do not say that every one who is fit to be a member of the Society is also capable of discharging the duties of an officer in it. But it will be granted that any one whose immorality is such that even his nomination for office does violence to the Christian faith, and calls for the publicly expressed remonstrance of Christian men, ought not to be a member at all. If the Society is to deal with such a character in any way, the logical course would be to expel him. Now, if this reasoning be sound, every individual who has, from benevolence, or other motive, given his dollar annually to the collectors, is liable to have his character made the subject of debate at meetings to which the public are admitted, and whose proceedings are published. Even if the reasoning is unsound in its widest scope, it indisputably applies to all those who may have the misfortune to be nominated for office. This would, no doubt, have the advantage of making the annual meetings of the Society extremely interesting; would, in fact, invest them with that rare piquancy which tea-table gossip and the sensation variety of novels are usually supposed to monopolise. It would also facilitate the expansion of much malice, choler and distempered bile, which the rules of all other associations and the ordinary conventionalities of social intercourse compress within comparatively narrow limits. What else it would do in the way of good is not apparent. Nevertheless, if the members of the Bible Society wish to amuse themselves in this way, it is entirely their own affair. We must insist, however, that the fact be clearly stated, so that those who may be induced to join them shall do so with their eyes open to the consequences.

In the foregoing we have supposed the system of making charges against private character subjects for the investigation of a public meeting to be carried into practice; but, as a matter of fact, the thing is impossible. No association could exist under the operation of such a system for any length of time. Whichever of the contending parties, then, is responsible for the scenes which were witnessed at the late annual meeting of the society, deserves the condemnation of every right-thinking man. We care not to enquire which of them has incurred this responsibility. We are contending, not against individuals, but for a principle. If, as at present organized or administered the "Hamilton Branch" cannot do so, it is evident that a sweeping reform is urgently needed.

Literary Notices.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER. LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York.

This is a very interesting number. The papers entitled "Old Maps and New," "Hawthorne on England," and "Our Rancorous Cousins," will be read with especial interest. The Chronicles of Carlingford and Tony Butler are continued. The other articles are Ducal Darmstadt; Tara, a Review of Colonel Taylor's book; and a poem by "Pisistratus Caxton" (alias Bulwer Lytton, we suppose).

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER. NEW YORK. LEONARD SCOTT & Co.

The October number of this excellent Quarterly will be read with unusual interest. The article on the Progress of Engineering Science, from which we make liberal extracts to-day, is one which will be read with profit. An article on the Antiquity of Man will also attract considerable attention. The other papers are: Life and Writings of Thomas Hood—rather a hackneyed subject; Co-operative Societies; Japan; Anti-Papal Movements in Italy; Froude's Queen Elizabeth; The Church of England and Her Bishops.

THE AMERICAN ODD-FELLOW FOR DECEMBER. NEW YORK. JOHN W. ORR.

The Odd-Fellow is a neatly printed and interesting periodical, worthy of being well sustained. It is published monthly at one dollar a year. The present number concludes the second volume.

When Cromwell, first coined his money, an old cavalier, looking upon one of the pieces, read this inscription on one side, 'God is with us'; on the other, 'The Commonwealth of England.' 'I see,' he said, 'God and the Commonwealth are on different sides.'

EDITORIAL NOTES.

GREENBACKS.

A gentleman fresh from a brief journey in the United States gives it as his opinion that the Americans will soon repudiate their war indebtedness, basing it on the fact that the people place no sort of reliance on the 'greenbacks,' which have been so profusely issued. All seem animated with a desire to get rid of them. Lightly come they lightly go.—*Exchange.*

The best commentary on this is the fact that 'greenbacks' are eagerly taken by all classes of society in the United States in preference to ordinary bank notes. The statement that people place no sort of reliance in them is simply a falsehood.

A GEM.

An English laborer, whose child was suddenly killed by the falling of a beam, wrote the following lines, suggested by the melancholy event. They are touchingly beautiful:

Sweet laughing child!—the cottage door
Stands free and open now,
But oh! its sunshine glids no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away—
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

Thy mother by the fireside sits,
And listens for thy call;
And slowly—slowly, as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall—
Her little hindering thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on?

BIG GUNS.

We published a paragraph from the *New York Tribune* the other day, stating what Mr. Ericsson was going to do with a great gun. The writer assumed that this gun was much more formidable than any other in existence, and took for granted that (what might have been true some years ago) the 63-pounder was the best gun in the English service. This idea is somewhat interfered with by a statement in late English news that successful experiments with a great Armstrong gun, throwing shot and shell weighing five hundred and fifty pounds, had been made at Shoeburyness. We think we are correct in stating that this is the heaviest projectile throw from any practicable gun in modern times. The 15 inch guns in the United States are called 500-pounders, but the shot is really much lighter.

POLAND.

A French officer who has just returned to Paris from Poland describes the Russian army as so entirely demoralized that, should the insurrection only last till spring, the force opposing it will have fallen to pieces.

This is too good to be true. No troops in the world are less liable to demoralization than those of Russia.

BRAY.

Mr. Bray of Bloomfield, Oakland County, Mich., is making a flying-machine 'on the model of the wild goose,' with wings and a practicable tail. This modern Icarus intends to make his first flight in the Spring—time for his second not fixed.

We fear Mr. Bray is much on the 'model of the goose' himself, unless his name should be correct in suggesting assinine proclivities. In that case the only difference between Mr. Bray and a balloon in difficulties would be that while one would be a balloon in an eddy the other would be a niddy in a balloon.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Throughout last week the renowned Ghost—that impalpable, but distinctly visible, entity, which, according to popular belief, can only be found at hours 'when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead,' could be seen at the Theatre at all reasonable hours of the night, attracting large audiences and giving universal satisfaction. Our ethereal friend is decidedly a curiosity. It is neither amenable to the conventional arrangements of ghost-land, nor to the laws which hedge round mundane mortals. It can laugh at cock-crowing—which sends Hamlet's ghost back to his prison—and move about with sublimest disregard of the obstructions which may be in its way. A table, for instance, is in its path, but it neither turns from a straight line, nor goes to the trouble of moving the table. Swords are thrust through it, pistols fired at, or into its ear, and a ghostly laugh is the only result. We have heard a few wise individuals—who were all the wiser on the subject from not having seen it—aver that Mr. Stanfeld had not the genuine ghost of Prof. Pepper. On this point we cannot decide, but we have no hesitation in saying that anything more genuine than Mr. Stanfeld's spectre would be a failure. Here is a human figure in shadowy but perfect outline, which can walk, talk, laugh and sing; which can appear in an instant, and vanish in an instant. Now what other conditions go to the making up of a ghost?

On Monday the manager produced Boucicault's play of the Octoroon in a very good style indeed. The rapid succession of incidents of absorbing interest in this play, and the fact that it is a picture of real life ensure for it attention whenever it is at all well played. This requisite is happily found in the acting at the Theatre Royal. Miss Placide, as Zoe, the Octoroon, sustains her character well; and Messrs. Church (McClosky), Daly (Pete), and Warwick (Webb-to, the Indian) were also deserving of praise.

NOTES OF TRAVEL, AND OF READING.

No. 2.

THE FRONTIERS OF CANADA EXAMINED.

It was a day in August, 1861, the heat eighty-six in the shade. But by the river side there was a light breeze blowing, not quite cool, yet graciously refreshing. It was the summer scented breath of fields of fragrant hay, of ripening grain, of flowers and fruits growing wild by the forests not far away; and of a river, two miles wide, rolling rapidly down the Canadian shore, but loitering among its islands in mid channel, and among its bays and creeks on the southern side. The place was Edwardsburgh, County of Grenville, Central Canada.

I chose for a pathway the bank which shuts out the river and confines the canal, the most westerly section of that matchless series of water-ways for ships, called the St. Lawrence canals. After walking a distance of about four miles down the river bank, I heard a boy shouting in a voice clear and sharp as a bugle, 'Boat-a-hoy! Boat-a-hoy!'

The youth, ten or eleven years old, had been ferried across the canal from the Canadian shore, at this point a hundred yards wide, and desired to reach an island, distant in the river ten or eleven hundred yards. At the western end where it breasted the current, that island had a bold headland eighty or ninety feet in altitude, and perpendicular bulwarks of rock along half of its length; but towards the east it declined to a level with the water, which was there placid and formed an eddy which served for a harbour. The entire length of the island seemed to be nearly a mile. Its breadth was sufficient to make it an ample farm, as the limestone rocks under the soil, and the half cleared forest of oak, elm and maple above, had given it a rare fertility.

Nearer to the Canada shore was another island, separated from the canal bank by an arm of the great St. Lawrence, so slender, though in places deep, that a fugitive would not have hesitated to dash through it if pursued by a mad bull, or by a swift policeman with a criminal warrant in his pocket. On this island horned cattle and young horses, to which it afforded summer pasturage, were assembled under the shadows of the out-spreading trees, to escape the hot sun, or were standing deep in the river-side pools to drown the flies and enjoy a bath.

I knew from Major Clarke, of Edwardsburgh, that this island had been known as Presque Isle, from a period antecedent to the time of any British subjects settling there. That name signifies 'a peninsula, nearly an island.' It was a resting place of the French Fur Traders and Jesuit Missionaries, like other places bearing the same name, over a distance of two thousand miles between Quebec and the upper waters of the Mississippi and Lake Superior.

In the war of 1812, Major Clarke, who was then a lieutenant in temporary command of a company of militia, posted as an outlying picket, discovered that during the night a party of armed Americans had crossed from New York State and occupied Presque Isle. He attacked and routed them. No record of this has been preserved. This gentleman, when superiors fell at the battle of Lundy's Lane, had for a time the command of four companies, and was hotly and effectively engaged. He complains that throughout that war militia officers were systematically snubbed by the superior officers of the regulars. But not so in the campaigns against the Canadian rebels and American sympathisers in 1837-38, in which he also actively served. Then the militia and volunteers were treated as the equals of the regulars. Major Clark (now Lieutenant-Colonel) after the war of 1812-14 was for several years an agent of the North-West Fur Company, in a region lying between the north-western tributaries of Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay. He showed me a topographical map of lakes, streams, and mountains, of which he believes no other person has yet made any more regular survey.

That boy on the canal bank was still shouting 'Boat-a-hoy!' I approached, and soon engaged him in conversation. He was a youth of pleasing intelligence; Dutch by descent; Shaver his name—a descendant of that Peter Shaver, who, near this spot, in 1793, met Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, and father of Queen Victoria; and by the Prince sent as a United Empire Loyalist, his thanks and that of his family to King George the Third, 'for the very good farm—yes, the first-rate capital farm, the good King, bless his Majesty forever, and more than all that, had given him for his loyalty in the American war, and as compensation for what he had lost on the Mohawk River.'

I asked the boy, 'what is the name of this island?'

'That nearest to Canada?' said he.

'Yes, that next to us.'

'That—what be its name; why—its name—that be Sam Shaver's Island.'

'And the other—that next in the river; has it a name?'

'Name—yes; that is Henry Shaver's Island.'

Before the latest adjustment, or as some term it, disturbance, of the boundary line, both islands belonged to Canada. Daniel Webster, on the part of the United States, Lord Ashburton (Alexander Baring), on the part of Great Britain, concurring, by a dip of ink and a dozen scotchies traced and ten-twelfths of all the islands between Cornwall in Central Canada and Lake Huron to the United States.

And so one morning Henry Shaver was visited by an American revenue cutter, and informed that Great Britain had transferred him, his family and their island to the United States, and that he must forthwith become an American citizen or surrender his inheritance. This, however, was a mistake. It was rectified, and the island and respected proprietor remained British. The change of boundary was caused by the 'usual' channel of navigation being adopted as the dividing line. Perhaps no fairer line could have been selected. But as the deepest channel, the 'usual' of navigation, runs nearest the Canada shore, and as most of the islands lie south of that, they fell in the lottery of diplomacy and politics to the United States. Most of them in the St. Lawrence command and may obstruct navigation under the British flag, as is also the position of islands in the Detroit river; and further west at the confluence of Huron and Michigan Lakes, where Makinaw island, already fortified, rises up 'the Gibraltar of the west.' [See report of committee of Congress on lake and river defences].—But at Cornwall, in Central Canada, two miles above the point where the geographical line strikes the St. Lawrence river, which line has defused the boundary with Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont on one side, New Brunswick and Canada on the other, there is Barnhart island, two and a half miles long, separated from Canada only by a fordable armlet of the great river, and which by the accident of Daniel Webster having had the pliable Lord Ashburton to negotiate with, cuts off Canada from the only channel of river navigation which exists. There the St. Lawrence is wholly American, and the land on each side is the territory of the United States. It would have been no more detrimental to the interests of this Province had the diplomatists taken some miles from the mainland of Canada along the river bank than is the deplorable blunder of having ceded Barnhart's island, and all the breadth of the navigable river between it and New York State to the opposite nation. It was surveyed by United States military engineers for fortification, in the Slidel and Mason crisis—winter of 1861-62. There is a Canadian channel of navigation through the Cornwall locks of the St. Lawrence canals. But these again will be wholly under command of whatever force in a time of war may occupy and hold Barnhart's island.

The Republican cannon planted on American batteries need not be of long range to destroy the canal; and a not very long range may lay the residence of the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald and the town of Cornwall in ruins, at one crash of shot and shell.

The course which Mr. Sandfield Macdonald and the newspapers of his party seem to have adopted for the preservation of the Province, has been to accept desultory companies of volunteer militia and leave them to subsist for a season on the patriotism of the rank and file, and the generosity of enthusiastic officers; then, unpaid, unappreciated, they are left to dwindle towards early extinction.

The opponents of Mr. Sandfield Macdonald and of his party of inactivity, know the inefficiency of the defensive forces—know the defencelessness of the prolonged frontier; and yet by every impulse of political aberration they strive to affront the Federal States, and provoke them to irrepressible hostility against this Province.

But say they whose military education may have never reached the alphabet of strategy, though they conduct influential newspapers, 'We, having the St. Lawrence canals to ourselves, can bring up any number of gunboats, and England will furnish any number required.'

Softly, old countryman, or young Canadian. A boat's crew of twenty men—twelve to work, the rest to keep armed watch—may run the St. Lawrence canals dry at any point, by the appliance of well-known forces of destruction; and, with the labour of one or two hours in the darkness of night. The banks might be cut down in an hour by common laborers; the locks and lock gates exploded to smash by the petards of military engineers.

'But,' you exclaim, 'those canals will be guarded by Her Majesty's troops, militia and volunteers.' No, they will not. All the military forces in Upper Canada will be required at points of concentration to defend cities, or take the field to fight battles. But if there were no battles to be fought, a hypothesis impossible in war, all the regular troops and volunteer militia which have yet been under drill could not furnish nightly pickets in sufficient strength to guard the St. Lawrence canals and the parallel line of the Grand Trunk Railway, which would also be exposed. The communication between Montreal and Lake Ontario might be cut off at any point in defiance of all power of hindrance. And the date of that possible terrible future of Canada may be nearer or farther distant, according as the Clyde builders of Pampero pirate ships, Liverpool builders of Alabamas and Alexandras, persist and succeed in their incipient treason against Queen Victoria and the peace of the British Empire, by setting Her Majesty's proclamation of neutrality at defiance. The date of deadly conflict with our opposite neighbors, and of mutual devastation of frontiers, may be hastened, or delayed, or postponed—postponed forever, according as the fugitives from the Southern confederacy and their lunatic coadjutors, British subjects in Canada, persist in, or refrain from, their plots against the American national government with which Britain is at peace.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

AN UNPROFITABLE JOB.—A very clever arrangement was made by one of our merchants on Fore St. yesterday with an Irish laborer, who declined to accept a 'quarter' to assist in hoisting some barrels out of a cellar, and would only consent to work at 30c. per hour, which was accepted by the merchant. The labor was completed in fifteen minutes, and the clerk directed to pay 'Pat' 8c., at which 'Pat' claimed the original offer of 25 cts., but the merchant couldn't seem to see it in that light.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE paper says, those who went to Lebanon one day last week for examination were shocked to see a white man there, followed by his young son, whom he was endeavoring to sell at the highest price as a substitute. The man at last after much bantering, sold his boy for \$450, and pocketed the greenbacks with the coolest satisfaction, while the boy dejectedly passed into the Provost's office to report for service.

**ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH,
FERGUS.**

Fergus is a thriving village in the township of Nichol and county of Wellington, about twelve miles north of the town of Guelph. It is pleasantly situated on a branch of the Grand River, which affords water power to several mills and manufactories. As the reader might suppose from the name, Fergus is inhabited to a great extent by Scotch people, as is also much of the neighboring county. Two comfortable Presbyterian chapels, and one for Methodists, accommodate the good people of Fergus who may choose to attend Divine worship. The building occupied by the Old Kirk of Scotland having been found inadequate to the wants of the congregation, a beautiful new structure has been erected, a view of which we present to the reader. The people of Fergus have reason to be proud of it.

A statement has been issued showing the comparative strength of the Danish and Prussian navies, from which it appears that the navy of Denmark mounts 768 guns, and that of Prussia 390. The corps of officers shows a numerical superiority in favor of Denmark.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, FERGUS.

**SQUALL ON LAKE ST.
PETER.**

A few miles above Three Rivers the St. Lawrence spreads out into a considerable lake, which is known as Lake St. Peter. Here sudden squalls sometimes occur, which are anything but comfortable to the unfortunate raft men who happen to be caught in them. A scene of this description is represented on this page.—The black clouds, the fierce, shifting wind and the dashing, chopping sea, threaten destruction to the insecure raft and all on board; and this threat is but too frequently realized. Fortunately the squall is of short duration. The fury of the storm is soon blown over, the angry waves subside, and the voyager has time and opportunity to repair damages.

TIMELY ASSISTANCE.—During a late representation at the London Lyceum, a singer who was executing a solo sang it flat, when a gallery visitor immediately whistled the tune correctly, and the singer went back to the sharp, much to the amusement of the audience.

Eternity has no gray hairs.



SQUALL ON LAKE ST. PETER.

Original Poetry.

CONTENTMENT ITSELF IS A TREASURE.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON.

Should fair-favored fortune with phanton and four
 Roll up his three coursers in front of your door,
 And court you with silver, and woo you with gold,
 And crown you with riches, uncounted, untold—
 'Twere better a beggar should go from your door,
 And cite you in prayer as a friend of the poor;
 The ringing of silver's less merry and wild,
 Than the silvery laugh of a light-hearted child;
 The glitter of gold is gloomy and dun
 Compared with the glorious light of the sun;
 Thy crown and thy riches, though garnered and stored,
 Can bring thee, at best, but thy clothes and thy board;
 And gold-fume and honor may change in an hour,
 For gold-friends like moths fly the gloom and the shower,
 And bask but in sunshine and pleasure.
 If thou have a heart, that is faithful and true,
 And hearts, that are steady and faithful to you,
 A heart, that's contented with what it may have,
 A station between a monarch and slave,
 A friend that is true though afflictions may come,
 A home and the hope of a future home,
 Thy life shall be sweet beyond measure.
 But if thou art thinking to hoard up thy gold,
 To bring thee contentment when feeble and old,
 Or if by fair falsehoods thou'rt thinking to hev
 Thee a name, and departing give history one, too,
 Thou'lt find, when the sand-grains of life shall have fled,
 The hopes of thy dreamings all blighted and dead,
 Thou'lt find from thy casket a gem shall have flown,
 And left thee all friendless, disheartened, alone.
 Contentment will be thy lost treasure.

BIRKBECK, Oct. 23rd, 1863.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.
A CHAPTER OF MY LIFE:

BY EMMIE MANSFIELD.

The moon had not yet risen, but a few stars dotted the clear, blue sky, and gave light enough to show me the way from the house, down the gravelled path, through the gateway, and along the shore. The waves were almost quiet, rippling against the beach with a gentle splash. All was calm and peaceful except myself—my own unfortunate self—and truly I was unfortunate, for I was jealous; and who so miserable as a jealous person? I had been engaged to Reginald L'Estrange for the last three weeks. He was one of the many visitors who had thronged our pretty country home that summer, and he had chosen me, plain Bessie Rivers, to be the companion of his future life—his wife, his queen I may say—in the stately mansion of the L'Estranges in Montreal. Reginald was the dearest fellow I had ever seen; and who can picture my happiness, as, one lovely June morning, I laid my crimson cheek against his manly breast, and promised to be his—his own sweet wife, as he so fondly murmured. As I looked up trustingly into the dark blue eyes which were bent so lovingly upon me, I thought that I had never seen him look so handsome. His brown clustering curls were brushed away from his high forehead, and as I looked at their rich color I thought of Tennyson's lines—

In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within."

I trusted him implicitly then, notwithstanding the covert sneers of my black-eyed cousin, Isabel Leighton, that he had left a 'fair lady' in Montreal—one his equal in position, in looks, in everything. I believed that he was too noble and true to deceive me, and I gave my own passionate, true love as freely as I believed that he gave me his; but, during the past week, doubts and jealousy had come, making me cold and distant to Reginald, and, I doubt not, haughty, sullen, and disagreeable to all. The cause of my jealousy was this: A week before the evening on which my story opens, a distant relative of my mother, a young girl, by name Eva DeLacy, had arrived from Montreal. I was too proud to court her society, and she had no time to endeavor to cultivate mine; for her company was in such request among her young friends, that she had little time to call her own. She was the pet and darling of all. No picnic, no boating party, no company was complete without her, for she was the life of the party. Before her arrival amongst us, Reginald had been the star, for he was the most amusing of the party; but Miss DeLacy outshone even his brilliancy, and the gentlemen loudly accorded to her the victory. Is it wonderful that these two bright natures should have been drawn together? I thought not, and I said to myself: 'I am no fit mate for his joyous, sunny nature; he may have thought that he loved me, but now that this bright vision has crossed his path he must find his mistake, and long to be released from the chains which bind him.' Thus I reasoned, trying to find a little consolation in the thought that he had loved me once, but a sudden, sharp stroke tore even that poor belief from me. One evening, about dusk, I stood in the parlor, which was totally deserted by all save myself. I had gone to the window, and I concluded from the conversation, which took place between two persons, who entered the room soon after me, that the heavy folds of the curtain hid me from their view. It was my cousin Isabel and a young dandy beau of hers who had entered. The first words I distinguished were in the affected drawing tone of the coxcomb.

'Now, Miss Leighton, aw, most beautiful createaw, deign to allow me, aw, the bewitching presence of your magnificent self, aw.'

'With the greatest of pleasure, aw, Mr. Fitzallen, aw,' said Isabella, mimicking his manner of speaking to perfection.

'Now, Miss Leighton, that is really too bad, aw; 'pon honor, it is, aw.'

'Well, never mind,' said Isabel laughing; 'you know that I admire your style above everything.'

'Do you, indeed?' said the exquisite, with a trifle more of energy in his voice than he had before shown. 'Really, I feel very much flattered at the admiration of such a divine

createaw. I wonder if I may yet hope to win this dainty little hand?'

I did not hear Isabel's answer, in so low a tone was it spoken, and how gladly would I have retreated from hearing any more of their conversation, but a retreat unseemly was impossible. My thoughts were wandering to another subject, when they were suddenly recalled by a sneering laugh from Isabel, and a sarcastic remark—

'You love me, you say. I wonder if I can believe that; perhaps it is like Mr. L'Estrange's love—just trying the novelty of having a *fiance* in two places—making love to me for the want of something better to do.'

'No, pon honor, you wrong me,' cried the young man; 'the cases are not to be compared; you are too beautiful ever to be forsaken for another. It is different, you know, with a plain-looking girl. One can scarcely help falling in love with a beauty. You know Miss DeLacy is far superior to Miss Rivers, and I suppose poor L'Estrange could not help himself, so he is pardonable; but there is no danger of my being so wicked, for where could I find one superior to you?'

'But L'Estrange was engaged to Eva in Montreal, and then he comes here and deceives this poor girl, whom I could pity, were she not so haughtily disdainful.'

I heard no more; for the actual knowledge, not the suspicion, that Reginald was untrue to me, was too stunning to be resisted. I did not fall, but I sank noiselessly into a chair which stood in the bow window, and lost consciousness.

Hours afterwards, it must have been, when I revived and became conscious that I was sitting there still—cold and rigid. No one had discovered me, and I knew that all must have retired to rest; for a death-like stillness reigned through the house, and I heard a timepiece striking the hour of midnight. Slowly the memory of the shock I had received came to mind, and with a feeling, as if an icy hand had clutched my heart, I crept out of the room, and up stairs to my own apartment. I lay in a sort of lethargy the remainder of the night—never once closing my eyes; but with the first grey streaks of dawn came the remembrance that another day was near, and would enforce the necessity of action. I thought over all the circumstances of my acquaintance with Reginald; recalled each tender word and look which had led me to believe that he loved me, even before the avowal fell from his lips. I thought of his earnest, truthful eyes, and the frank, manly air which had rendered him so fascinating. I thought of all the little endearing trifles, which are so dear to the hearts of lovers; and I almost believed that he loved me, but then I thought of Eva DeLacy—how beautiful she was, and what was I compared to her? Arthur Fitzallen's words recurred to my mind—'You know how superior Miss DeLacy is to Miss Rivers, and I suppose poor L'Estrange could not help himself.' And then the substance of Isabel's answer, 'that he was engaged to Miss DeLacy before he had ever seen me.' This was the most bitter fact of all, for it showed that he had wilfully aimed to destroy my peace and happiness. But I was too proud to let him see the triumph he had gained, and I determined to make him believe that it was merely a flirtation on my side as well as his own; and then, this done, and my poor wounded heart hidden from the sneering gaze of all; then—ah, what then? I could not answer that question, for a full, bitter sense of my desolation swept over my spirit, and left no thought for the shaping of my future course. That day I was the same to all as I had been. I could detect no change in my looks, as I assumed the face I intended to wear, and gazed at it, as I braided my hair before the mirror. It was the morning of the day on which my story opens. As I walked along the shore that evening, I thought of the one meeting I had had with Reginald that day. I had been alone, and he approached with a look of such tender sorrow in his fine eyes, and addressed me so affectionately, that I was almost melted; but remembering that it was all finished acting, I turned away with a distant answer and left him. I was nearing a turn of the shore where there was a little spot which frequently served for a resting place for our own family, or any visitors who were returning from a walk. Several logs had been thrown down at this point, and had fallen on each other, forming an irregular pile. Directly back of one which lay flat on the ground and formed a comfortable seat, had been pitched a boat, which served as a sort of screen—concealing those sitting on the log from view, until one came right close to them. As I approached the turn, I heard voices, and presently recognized one to be Reginald's. I did not doubt who his companion was; but still, instead of retreating as honor bade me do, I could not resist the temptation of remaining, and hearing from his own lips, as I doubted not I should, the proof of his falsity. My approach had not been heard, though I stood directly behind the boat. Reginald's voice broke a pause.

'Eva, you know that I love.'

'Yes.'

'With your usual penetration, dear girl, you have discovered this; and now tell me, is my love returned?'

'It is, Reginald.'

'Dear, precious girl,' said he; 'I can never thank you sufficiently for that assurance. I had almost begun to despair.'

I had heard enough, and walked away as quietly as I had come, and went back to the house. I entered a quiet room and flung myself down on a sofa. I had not lain there long when a footfall sounded beside me, and then an arm was passed around my neck. That touch aroused me, and I sprang to my feet. The moon had risen, and threw its beams in at a window, showing distinctly Reginald's face and form. He was gazing on me in astonishment, but I did not speak till it was too late to answer him.

'Bessie,' said he, gently, 'what is the meaning of this? Have you ceased to love me?'

'Ceased to love you? I replied, scornfully. 'Pray do not flatter yourself that I love you; no, my regard for you is less than that which I show for this worthless bauble,' and I took the exquisite betrothal ring which he had given me, and flung it far out of the open window. 'Be kind enough to consider everything between us at an end,' and I bowed with mock respect and left the room.

The next day I received the condolence of my friends for the abrupt departure of Mr. L'Estrange, with a carelessness which rendered them doubtful whether I was as deeply in love as they imagined.

The given reason of his departure was that a letter had arrived, requesting Miss DeLacy's immediate return home,

on account of the sudden and dangerous illness of her mother. Reginald had accompanied her home, as she had no other escort. I cannot say that I regretted his absence. The tension was not drawn quite tight enough yet, but I knew that it soon would be, and I did not wish it to snap before his eyes. I longed for the time when all our visitors would return home; when, in solitude, I would be at liberty to throw off the mask I was wearing, and act and look as my feelings dictated. That time came; and happily it came not a day too early. The very next evening after the departure of our friends, came a paper to my mother from a niece of hers, residing in Montreal. It contained a few marriages, some of them relating to persons known to my parents. Papa was reading them aloud—had read two, and commenced the third.

'In this city, on the 12th instant, at ———, by ———, Reginald L'Estrange, Esq., to ———'

There was a sudden stop. Papa looked up at me with such a jerk that his spectacles fell to the floor; mamma turned pale as a sheet, and I sat motionless for a moment or two, and then said quietly:

'Why do you not finish it, papa? But he, dear, good father, knew that my composure was unnatural, and he could not bear to read the cruel words. He laid down the paper, got up, and came over to my chair; and as he stooped down to kiss me, I saw a tear glisten in his eye.

'My poor, poor child!' he murmured, and then went hastily from the room.

I arose and went to the table, took up the paper, and read the marriage through:

'In this city, on the 12th instant, at ———, by ———, Reginald L'Estrange, Esq., to Eva, only daughter of Everard De Lacy, all of this city.'

I felt blinded, choked, suffocated; the letters swam before my eyes, but I did not faint in that dreadful hour. It seemed ages since that lovely June morning, when he, in all his manly beauty, and I thought honor, called me his own; and now another occupied my place in his heart and home, and I ———. I could control myself no longer. I got up and groped my way towards the door, like one in the dark, but as I laid my hand on the knob, a gentle, sweet voice called 'Bessie.' It was my mother's voice; and as I turned and saw her compassionate gaze fixed upon me, I fell upon her neck, weeping bitterly. It was the safest refuge I could have turned to in my hour of trouble; and as I felt her tears upon my neck, my grief lost part of its anguish in the indefinable comfort which sympathy gives. I forbore to speak of that night of agony which I passed, sleepless and heart-broken.

The subject was never alluded to by any of the family, but in the many little acts of kindness, in the affectionate, sympathizing glances of all, I read the kind and delicate spirit which restrained them from any verbal expression of their condolence, which they instinctively felt would be painful to me.

I inwardly thanked them for this kindness, and felt soothed by it; but still the days and weeks passed wearily enough, robbed as they were of the hopes which had made life such bliss to me.

The winter passed away, and nothing worthy of record occurred. The next summer we received a letter from an old friend of my father, expressing a wish to see him; and stating that he would soon pay us a short visit.

I shrunk from the thought of again receiving strangers into our quiet home; but my father seemed so delighted at the prospect of seeing the dearest friend of his youth, that I endeavored to drive selfishness from me, and anticipate his visit with pleasure. He came; and with him his daughter, a charming girl of eighteen.

She was the sweetest creature I have ever seen—tall, straight and slender, with soft, pink skin; wavy nut-brown hair, and large bright hazel eyes; a tender, delicately curved mouth, and pleasant manner. She soon endeared herself to all our hearts, mine particularly; and when her father, a pleasant, middle-aged gentleman, intimated one morning that he wished to return home, Mary's eyes and mine filled with tears. I raised mine just in time to perceive Mr. Pelham exchange a significant look with papa. They saw that I observed it, and papa said instantly:

'Bessie, how would you like to see Mary's home?'

'Thank you, dear papa, I should like it very much.'

'Then, Miss Bessy,' said Mary's papa, 'will you accompany myself and little daughter home, a week from to-day?'

I accepted the offer, and one week from that day we stood at the door of Mr. Pelham's residence, in Belleville. It was dark, and raining slightly; but a pretty picture was presented to our eyes when the door opened, and we were conducted into a warm, well-lighted room. Mrs. Pelham, a fine, intelligent looking lady, rose to greet her husband with a warmth which twenty-four years of married life had not diminished. She greeted me with affectionate courtesy, and introduced me to her daughters—pretty, blooming girls. There were two young men, also, pleasant and witty. They were such a social, unreserved family, and took such pains to please and divert my attention, that I felt happier than I had for months. I had been there about a week, when one morning at breakfast, the oldest son, Henry, glanced archly at Mary, and said to me:

'I suppose, Miss Rivers, that you have found out by this time what a fastidious little piece of goods Mary is, and that she has actually arrived at the mature age of eighteen, without seeing any gentleman handsome enough for her ladyship to fall in love with.'

I looked at Mary, who was blushing deeply, and replied 'that I was not acquainted with her idiosyncrasies upon that subject.'

'Is that possible?' cried he, in astonishment. 'Why, I thought that young ladies could not be acquainted a day without each knowing all about the other's love affairs.'

'You are quite mistaken, Mr. Pelham,' said I gravely; 'young ladies who have any sense or delicacy rarely make a confidante concerning the deeper feelings of their hearts.'

'Thank you,' said he. 'You have given me a new glimpse of woman's nature, and I hope that I will be lucky enough to find such a lady to fall in love with me, for of all things I detest the everlasting chattering and foolish small talk, about their beaux and their flirtations, which most young ladies delight in.'

'We have all to live and learn,' chimed in Edward, who, though younger than Henry, was engaged to be married.—'And when you, Henry, attain my experience of woman's heart, you will not have such a poor opinion of them.'

This speech, delivered with as much gravity as if the speaker had been a man of sixty, was received with great laughter; and when the merriment had somewhat subsided, Mr. Pelham, addressing himself to Edward, said:

'And when you, Edward, attain my experience of woman's heart, I hope that it will be as delightful as mine is.'

He glanced at his wife as he concluded, who blushed with pleasure, and bent her head in acknowledgement of the compliment.

There was a pause in the conversation, and then Henry exclaimed gaily:

'Well, Mary, I know that you are hard to please, but I am going to bring a gentleman here to-day who is so irresistible, that I fancy you will soon be minus a heart.'

'Nonsense, Henry,' said Mary, laughing; 'I suppose you think it is impossible for us girls to help falling in love with the greatest calf of your odious sex if he is the least bit good looking, but I will show you your mistake.'

'Well, I'll give you permission,' said the gay young man, rising to leave the room.

After he had gone, Mary pouted her pretty lips in pretended contempt, and exclaimed:

'I declare, Bessie, did you ever see such a conceited set as those men are. They think they have nothing to do but look sideways at us and straightway we fall down and worship them.'

The day passed away and no one called; but towards evening, the sisters and I sat alone in the quiet parlor. We loved the twilight, therefore we did not light the gas, and Mary remarked that it was the time she best loved to hear music. She was very fond of music, and was a splendid performer.

She sat down to the piano, and commenced one of Beethoven's grand symphonies. As the rich, thrilling strains swelled through the room, a tender melancholy swept over my soul, and softened the bitter feelings which at this quiet hour had almost overpowered me. Music always had a peculiar power over me—frequently affecting me even to tears. I never could bear to hear it, since the summer before, when I had suffered so cruelly; for it had been one of my greatest pleasures to sing duets with Reginald. My piano had never been opened since that time; and now the well-remembered strains brought back all the sweet blissful happiness of those hours, and the last evening when we had played and sung together came vividly to my memory. I ceased to hear the piano, and forgot where I was. I forgot everything except that evening, but it seemed years and years ago; and as I was recalled by a light touch upon my arm, I felt the tears stealing down my cheeks. I brushed them away; but it had grown too dark for Mary to see the action, and she thought that I had fallen asleep.

'Bessie dear,' said she softly, 'Henry has come home early this evening, and that gentleman is with him. Will you come up stairs with me and we will smooth our hair?'

I felt tired and sick but Mary kissed me, and laughingly declared that she would take no denial, I consented and after arranging our dress, we went into the drawing room. Henry introduced us to Reginald L'Estrange; I bowed distantly, but Reginald with a sad smile said:

'I have met Miss Rivers before?'

He pressed my hand as he spoke, and the touch thrilled my whole frame. I felt the old love swelling my heart, and flushing my face, but in a moment pride came to my aid, and I was my cold haughty self again. I replied so frigidly to his remarks that he soon addressed his conversation to Mary, leaving me to Henry, but I could not unbend, even to him, in the presence of this man. But my self-possession was soon lost.

Henry was devotedly attached to his friend, and it pleased him to repeat his praises. He told me that they had been acquainted since childhood, went to the same school and were college chums, but, their studies over, they had seen little of each other. Henry declared that he was the best fellow he had ever known and would rather see Mary his wife than any other man's. I started and exclaimed:

'Why, he is married!'

'Married! my dear Bessie, what in the world put that into your head?'

'I saw the announcement in the paper.'

'Oh, that was his cousin's, of the same name.'

'Reginald told me that he had been congratulated several times, and he seemed much annoyed by it too.' Here was a revelation! What did it mean?

I felt stifling, and rising hastily, I excused myself and left the room. I went to my own room, and threw myself on the bed, trying to think. I had not been there long, when a gentle tap sounded on the door and Mary's sweet voice asked admittance, I bid her enter, and she came straight up to me, wound her arms around my neck and gazed inquiringly into my face. I saw instantly that with a woman's quick insight, she had seen that something more than a slight acquaintance had existed between Reginald and myself, and her affectionate heart was wounded because I had told her nothing, but she was too gentle to be angry and I only read a mute reproach in her eyes.

'Has he gone?' I asked.

'No, he is waiting to see you before he goes.'

'No, no, I will not see him—I cried passionately, 'He has deceived me once, he shall not again!'

'You must be mistaken,' said Mary, 'he is a good man; Henry has known him all his life.'

'He does not know him as well as I do—did I not see and hear it with my own eyes and ears?'

'Hear and see what, Bessie?'

'His declaration of love to another, when he was bound to me, and as the confession of my humiliation broke from me, I burst into tears.'

'Perhaps, you are mistaken dear Bessie; you know you were mistaken about his marriage, and I do believe that he loves you yet, for I saw the look in his eyes, when they rested on you, and he requested me to ask you, to favor him with your company for a few minutes this evening. You will go—won't you?'

'I will,' I said energetically, 'and know the truth now and once for all.'

Mary kissed me affectionately, and I went down the stairs and along the hall. I opened the door, and stood in the room. Reginald was pacing up and down, but perceiving me, he rushed forward, and clasped me to his heart, but I disengaged myself quietly and said,

'I must first have an explanation—please proceed—'

'Oh, Bessie! Bessie!' he exclaimed, 'you do not know the agony it causes me to hear you address me in such a manner! What have I done to cause you to so cruelly thrust me out from your love?'

'I cannot understand how you can speak so,' I replied—'I suppose you thought that I would never be acquainted with your baseness, and certainly if my own ears had not heard your avowal of love for another, I could not have believed you capable of so despicable an action.'

'My avowal of love for another! I never loved a girl, but you, and it was impossible for me to avow it.'

'I heard that you were engaged to Eva DeLacy before you left Montreal, and—'

'I engaged to Eva DeLacy—she has been engaged to a cousin of mine of the same name, for two years.'

'Then what did that strange language of yours to her on the beach, at the 'turn,' mean?'

'Oh, Bessie! Bessie!' he exclaimed passionately, 'is it possible that it is that which has caused us so much misery?—you must have heard just enough to mislead you, for Eva and I were talking of you, you had acted so strangely to me for some days, and had denied me every opportunity of speaking to you, that I had begun to doubt whether you loved me or not, I know that Eva was a good reader of the human heart, and I wished to know if her woman's nature could read you any better than mine, and tell me whether you loved me or not. Her answer gave me new hope, and I returned home with a happier heart only to be dismissed as I suppose you remember. I was too proud to ask the reason of that dismissal at the time, but after I parted from you, I knew how strong a hold you had taken of my heart; and as day after day passed over, I felt that I should have waited and insisted on knowing your reasons. Oh! how I have yearned to see you, and ask forgiveness if I have offended! Dear Bessie! shall anything ever separate us again?'

My 'no,' was distinctly spoken, as I laid my weeping face on his breast, but he drew it up, and kissed the tears away. Our hearts were too full for words. I do not know how long he held me folded tightly to his breast, and then with a tender

'God bless you—good night,' he left me.

I soon bade my dear friends farewell, and returned to my home, which no longer reminded me of hours of pain spent in it, but was endeared to me as the spot where I first learned to love, I have been far away from that home since; I have travelled over the world, but I have never seen a spot so beautiful in my eyes, or so dear to me as home. I have been married forty years, and now an old woman, I am once more in the old familiar rooms. I never would allow the furniture to be changed, and this morning, on our return home, as Reginald and I stood in the doorway, the images of my dear father and mother, as they looked on the morning, forty years ago, when Reginald and I, radiant and happy, stood before them, rose up clear and distinct, and brought the tears to my eyes; but my husband, tender and loving as ever, kissed them away, and I stole up to my old room, the room which was mine forty years ago, and sat down to tell my young friends all about it.

THE WORKING GIRLS IN NEW YORK.—On Thursday evening the working girls inaugurated a movement for an increase of wages, by holding a meeting at the hall 151 Bowery. There were about 400 neatly-dressed and intelligent girls present. Mr. Daniel Walford was called to the chair. After a few remarks in reference to the object of the meeting from members of the Workingwomen's Union, and a timely address by Mr. Beach of the *New York Sun*, the ladies were called upon for statements of the sums paid to them for their work. The rates of wages reported ranged from \$1 to \$3 per week. In some instances, only 20 cents a day were received. Cases were mentioned in which particular girls were favoured by their employers with extra pay, but they were required not to mention the fact. The price paid for board was stated to be from \$2.25 to \$3 per week, not including washing, in most cases absorbing the entire earnings of the operative. They are compelled to work from 11 to 16 hours each day; the general hours for work, however, are from 7 in the morning until 6 or 7 at night, allowing half or three quarters of an hour for dinner. The impression prevailed that women's wages are lower than they were a year ago. The girls were formerly paid \$1 a hundred for making hoop springs; now the prices range from 15 to 25 cents a hundred, from two to three hundred springs can be made in a day. One of the girls stated that she got three cents a gross for them a year ago, but now she only received half a cent a gross, and that smart little girls would have to work hard to earn a shilling a day at the business. A cent a piece is paid for burnishing silver table spoons, and it is a good day's work to burnish 35; and if the work is not well done, the girls must do it all over the next day without compensation. Sixty cents a dozen is paid for finishing shirts, and it is a hard day's work to finish half a dozen. \$1 a dozen is paid for fine shirts. From four cents to six cents each is paid for flannel shirts, and from nine to a dozen can be made in a day. \$1 a dozen was paid in 1860 for the same that now bring about 80 cents. Overall, 50 cents a dozen; large cloaks, taking a day, 40 cents; small cloaks, taking about eight hours, 25 cents. By working early and late, \$3 a week can be made at this. Capes, 35 cents a dozen, taking a long day. Corsets, \$2.50 to \$3 a week. At book sewing, about \$3 a week is made. For button-holes on coats about \$4 a week can be made, but it is very hard work. At dressmaking \$3 a week is made, working from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Linen coats, 18 cents to 20 cents each, two of them is a good ten hours' work. The girls iron and finish them, and have to buy their own thread, which costs 10 cents a spool, and of which one spool is used on two coats. Press-feeders get \$4 a week sometimes. Shelter tents, with 46 button-holes and 16 eyelets, brought last seasons 25 cents; they are now made for 8 cents, and only four can be made in a day, working as long as one can see. Cavalry tents are 8 cents a piece for basting, and four can be basted in a day. Vestmakers get 25 or 30 cents a day. Sewing-machine operators get 5 cents for stitching 50 yards. Parasols and umbrellas are 50 cents a dozen—eight can be made in a day. Some of the employers, if a girl is five minutes late, charge her 5 cents for it. In some of the establishments, if a button is left off a shirt it is a rule to deduct 25 cents from the pay. Photographers work all day for \$3 a week. Many cases of hardship, suffer-

ing, penury and injustice were presented. Some of these working women and girls had to support aged or infirm parents, and brothers and sisters too young to earn their living.

MY HORSE BARN.

WHEN I get a horse barn as I want it, there will be the following features about it which I deem essential:

1. *It shall be well lighted.* It shall be made as light and cheerful as a farmer's kitchen should be. No horse of mine shall stand in the gloom of a darkened stable, and with his face from the light. He shall stand facing the light—if possible facing the door where I enter to feed him. Light in a horse or cow barn is as important as sunshine to the plant; and our stable will approach completeness only when this fact is recognized in their construction.

2. *It shall be thoroughly ventilated.* My horse shall not stand in a dark, close stall, with his face against a rack or over a manger in which is confined dusty hay. I will reverse the order found in most barns. The head of the horse shall be where his heels usually are. And I will arrange that the confined air which he would breathe repeatedly in most stables, shall escape and be supplied by a current of cool, fresh air from beneath the floor. Horses die for want of good air. They grow poor with an abundance of food, because of the poison they are compelled to inhale in the cramped close stalls of a barn in which no provision whatever has been made for ventilation. My horse shall have an abundant supply of pure air if I can get it for him, and I think I can.

3. *I will feed him before his face.* I will not go into his stall at all to feed him. His head shall look out upon an alley, or larger space, from which I will feed him. I will regard my own comfort, convenience and safety in this arrangement. This alley being light I can easily clean the feed box, and feed him without the least discomfort or danger. If my horse barn and wagon house are combined in one, the horses shall not stand with their heads toward the door. I will make the front of their stalls the line of a compartment. And they shall look out upon the entering carriage; and filth and manure shall be kept from the carriage department.

4. *I will not feed hay in a rack.* If hay is fed in its normal condition, it shall be in a box, supplied through a tubular feeder. If cut feed, there shall be a manger that shall be ample. And the manger neither be too high nor too low. It shall be on a level with the breast of the horse—so that he and I may reach the bottom of it without great effort. If I feed wet food, it shall be so arranged that I may drain it easily. No damp sour manger shall stand under the nose of my horse.

5. *The harness shall not hang up at the heels of my horse.* There shall be a place for it on the floor with the carriages. It shall be kept in a clean place; and the horse shall be taken from the stall to be harnessed. I will not run the risk of his getting his heels entangled in it, nor of its being thrown from its place under his feet. Nor will I harness a horse in a stall; and rarely will I let him stand there with harness on. For there are few horses that will not damage a harness more by rubbing than it will cost of time and labour to remove it.

6. *The stalls shall be dry.* I will provide that water shall not stand in them—that the liquid excrement shall not only run from the stalls, but that it shall be conveyed, in a gutter, from the barn at once. For, while all stables should be kept as pure as possible, the horse stable should receive especial attention. There is no domestic animal whose organism is so sensitive to atmospherical influences, with modern treatment and diet, as the horse—none that require greater care in providing for health and comfort; nor which repay such care with better service.

Such are some of the essential features of my horse barn.

HOW OFFICIALS ARE PENSIONED IN ENGLAND.—When an official personage retires from public duty in England, he is comfortably and quietly put upon the British pension list, and has something to rely upon for the remainder of his days, no matter how stiffly the storms blow, or how much his private resources may get crippled. A recent Parliamentary return presents some curious illustrations of the extent to which this system has been carried. For instance, five ex-chancellors of England are now in the regular receipt of £5,000 a year each—or \$25,000 of our money; the exact equivalent of the salary of the President of the United States, who works hard all the time, being paid to fine jolly old English gentlemen for doing nothing at all. There are four retired judges in England who receive £3,500 a year each, or \$17,500. Discount Avermore was until recently Registrar of the Irish Court of Chancery, but having retired, receives \$20,000 a year in memory of the services rendered in the very lucrative office which he once held. The Earl of Rodcu has \$11,000 a year as ex-Auditor General of the Irish Exchequer. Moreover, England pays £23,000 per annum in perpetual pensions, all of which will continue to be paid so long as there is an Earl Amherst or Nelson, a Lord Rodney, a Viscount Exmouth, or an heir of William Penn or of the Duke of Schomberg. Lord Glenelg and Mr. Disraeli each receive \$10,000 a year—both having once been statesmen in high office. All these things make a heavy pull upon John Bull's purse.

NOVEL ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM PRISON.—A few days since an ingenious attempt was made by a rebel prisoner to escape from the old capitol prison in Washington. He tore out a board from the side of the apartment in which he was confined in the yard, and after breaking out a bar of his window, ran the plank out and securely fastened it inside, thus making a spring board with which he hoped to jump to the roof of a small building near at hand, and thus effect his escape.

The board, however, proved to be a little too springy, and instead of carrying him 12 feet, to the roof he desired to reach, carried him at least 30 feet, and over the building, among the clothes-lines, &c., in the yard, where he was finally secured by the superintendent of the building. We think the Secretary of War ought to order the release of this prisoner, after his lofty tumbling from the spring board.

VIEW ON LAKE ST. FRANCIS.

The grand and beautiful scenery of the noble St. Lawrence has since its discovery been the theme of praise with all who have journeyed on or along the mighty stream. Whether calmly flowing among the Thousand Islands or dashing impetuously down one of the many rapids, or spreading out into a great gulf, its majesty and grandeur impress themselves upon the beholder. A few miles above Montreal the river widens out into a broad sheet called Lake St. Francis. It is dotted with islands crowned with cedars, and its shores lined with picturesque villages, each clustering round a great church, the Lower Canadians not being given to a multiplicity of churches as is the case with those of more diverse origin and belief in the Upper Province.

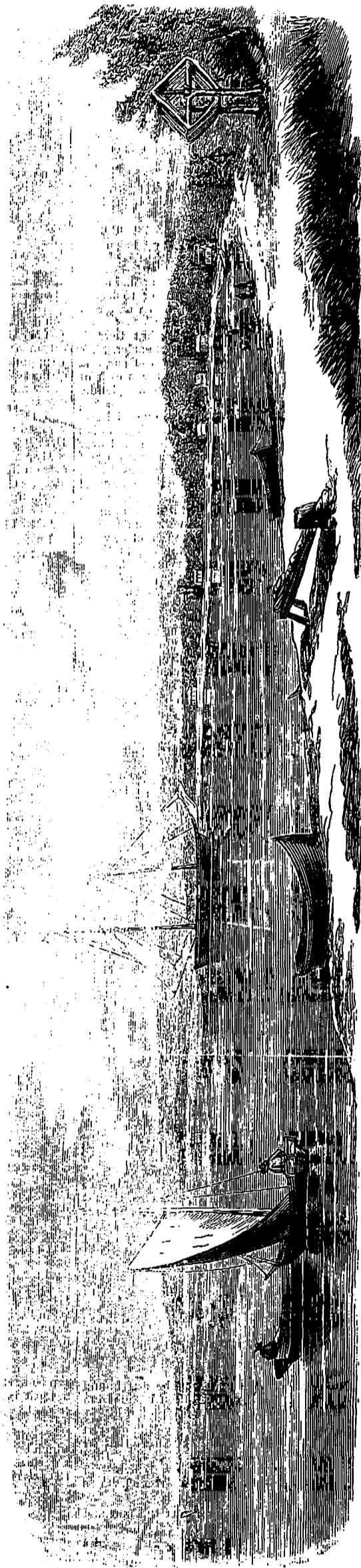
WOLVES may lose their teeth, but they never lose their nature.

FOLLY is never long pleased with itself.



LAKE ST. FRANCIS.

SOMNAMBULISM AND SWINDLING.—The Tribunal of Correctional Police of Poitiers (Vienne) has been engaged in the trial of a man named Moreaux, on a charge of swindling by means of pretended somnambulism. The prisoner has served in the 9th Chasseurs, before which time he was a silk weaver. During his period of service he underwent no less than 458 punishments. No more than 29 witnesses deposed against him, from all of whom he had obtained sums of money varying from 5fr. to 10fr., in addition to breakfasts and dinners without payment. One of his victims was a teacher at Poitiers who had consulted the prisoner as to the price of wheat and succeeded in securing it. The result was that he lost 10,000fr., and was completely ruined. Another had been induced to lend the witness a sum of 25fr., in consequence of a favorable prediction with regard to the health of his wife. Some of the witnesses were females who had applied to the prisoner as to when their husbands would die, and this life, but in no case had the predictions as to date been verified. The prisoner, in his defence, maintained that he was a real somnambulist, and that he did not afterwards know what answers he might have given when asleep.



"THE BEACH."—SEE PAGE 11



WILLIAM GILLESPIE, Editor and Proprietor of Hamilton "Spectator,"—See page 37.



JAMES W. CARMAN, "Daily British American," Kingston.



J. H. WOOD, Sarnia "British Canadian."

RAIN DROPS.

BY DELIA LOUISE COLTON.

The silver rain, the golden rain, the rippling, dancing, laughing rain.

Striking its pearls on the green leaf's edge, Fringing with gems the brown rock's ledge, Spinning a veil for the waterfall, And building an amber-colored wall Across the wost where the sunbeams fall. The gentle rain, in the shaded hue—the pattering, peering, winning rain!

The noisy rain, the marching rain, the rushing tread of the heavy rain! Pouring its rivers out of the blue, Down on the grass where the daisies grow, Darting in clouds of angry drops Across the hills and green tree-tops, And kissing at last in its giant gleo The foaming lips of the great green sea; The fierce, wild rain, the riotous rain, the hoisterous, dashing, shouting rain!

The still night rain, the solemn rain, the soldier step of the midnight rain! With its measured beat on the roof o'erhead, With its tidings sweet of the faithful dead, Whispers from loves who are laid asleep Under the sod where the myrtles creep, Culling bouquets from the sun-lit past, Of flowers too sweet, too fair to last; The faithful rain, the untiring rain, the cooling, sobbing, weeping rain!

The sulky rain, the spiteful rain, the bothering, pilfering, thieving rain! Creeping so lazily over the sky, A leaden mask o'er a bright blue eye, And shutting in with its damp strong hands The rosy faces in curls and bands, Of girls who think with unwonted frown Of the charming laces and things down town, That might as well for this tiresome rain, Be in the rose hand of Almahain; The horrid rain, the tedious rain, the never-ending, dingy rain.

[From the London Quarterly Review.]

PROGRESS OF ENGINEERING SCIENCE.

SPEED OF SHIPS.

During the three thousand years that have elapsed between the launch of the 'Argo' and that of the 'Great Eastern,' men have striven unremittingly to perfect this great problem: and though the progress has been uninterupted, and wonders have been accomplished, still what has been achieved during the last thirty years makes us wonder how so little was done during the previous three thousand; and if we continue to improve at anything like the same rate, the speed of our steam vessels will equal that of our railway trains, and a man may easily go round the world in a month.

Till the invention of the compass, long sea voyages were impossible, and large vessels were consequently not needed for commercial purposes; but the discovery of the uses of a keel, or something to enable a vessel to hold a wind, even if she could not beat to windward, was almost as important, for propulsion by oars must always have been very expensive and inefficient in large vessels. An immense impulse was also given to the improvement of vessels by the discovery of America, and of the passage round the Cape, and since then the progress has been rapid and steady; but it was not till propulsion by steam cleared the problem of all extraneous considerations of weatherliness, steadiness, and handiness in manœuvring, &c., that marine architects fairly grappled with the subject.

In order to explain the problem the shipwright has before him, it may be necessary to state that a vessel, for instance, of 1500 tons, 36 feet beam, 250 feet long and with 20 feet draft, displaces 20 tons of water for every foot she moves forward, and the question is what is she to do with this? If she heaps it up before her as the old bluff-bowed vessels did, she has not only to climb over it, but she has wasted an enormous amount of power in lifting what she might have left lying. As every contractor knows, he is paid the same for wheeling stuff twenty yards forwards as for raising it one yard high; and what the naval engineer seeks to do is to spread his displaced water laterally, evenly, and flatly over as large a surface as possible. The progress already made in this direction will be understood if we take for instance the resistance of a square box as our unit. By simply rounding off the corners, the power requisite to force the box through the water is diminished by one-third; by introducing such lines as were usual in the best ships thirty years ago, the resistance is lessened by two-thirds. Whereas now, in consequence of the improved lines which are mainly due to the long scientific investigations of Mr. Scott Russell and his coadjutors, the resistance is only one twelfth of that of the box first mentioned; and the fraction may before long be reduced to one-twentieth or even one-twenty-fourth. The consequence of this is, that twenty years ago engines of 500-horse power barely sufficed to drive a vessel of 1000 tons burthen ten knots through the water; the same engines would now propel a vessel of 1500 tons at least fourteen knots; and better results than this are being attained. Already twenty miles an hour has been reached, the Holyhead packets working steadily at that rate; and even an armed dispatch vessel had just left this country for China, which, with all her armament on board, can do as much, and that without any extraordinary exertion. Having reached this speed, we cannot long be content with less. Vessels must cross the Atlantic at the rate of 30 miles a day. It would be expensive to build a vessel to do this to-day, and it might be at some waste of power that she would accomplish it, but

day by day it is becoming less difficult, and before long it will be easy. Had the 'Great Eastern' been built for speed alone, she could easily have accomplished this; but carrying power was her great object, and her calculated speed was 15 miles, which she accomplishes with singular evenness in rough weather as well as smooth. She has run 475 miles in twenty-four hours, but her average speed is about 350, or 15 miles per hour, or about the average speed of the best ocean steamers of the present day. This they accomplish easily without the sacrifice of any of their qualities as sea-going vessels, while retaining the capability of accommodating a large number of passengers, and a considerable amount of cargo for a voyage of 3000 miles, the distance (speaking in round numbers) of New York from Liverpool.

SEA WALLS.

The ancients executed works which appeared to themselves very mighty, but none which will stand comparison with those of modern engineers. The Mediterranean is full of natural harbours, which sufficed for the small shallow vessels of the Greeks or Romans. Even the imperial port at Ostia, which was by far the greatest artificial work of the class undertaken in ancient times, would not be thought much of now-a-days. The Port of Trajan was little more than a hexagonal basin covering some seventy acres of ground, and consequently less in extent than the Victoria Dock at Blackwall; and infinitely less in an engineering point of view, as the Ostian Port was probably hardly more than ten feet deep, had no locks or entrance-gates, and was consequently liable to be silted up by the river, which necessarily had free access to it; and the Claudian Port, forming the sea-entrance, was both in design and extent very like the Duke of Buccleugh's Harbour at Granton. But even then it is probable that the Ducal surpassed the Imperial Harbour as an engineering work as much as ours are inferior to those of Rome in an architectural point of view.

Down to the end of the last century we were content with such estuaries or such natural harbours as Nature had provided us with. It was then thought quite sufficient to line a river's bank with quays, to enclose a natural pond by walls. Occasionally a jetty timidly thrust itself a little way into the ocean, and in our royal yards some handsome graving docks were excavated for the repair of ships.

The first person who boldly confronted the difficulties of the case was De Cessart; he, in 1783, proposed to convert the open roadstead of Cherbourg into a land-locked harbour, by constructing the celebrated break-water in water forty feet deep at low spring tides, where the rise was nineteen feet, and where the whole structure was exposed to the sweep of the heaviest ocean swell. The means he took to effect his object were ingenious, and theoretically correct; but he miscalculated the power of framing timber cones sufficiently strong for the purpose, and partly from mistakes in placing them, partly in consequence of the failure of funds before the works were sufficiently advanced for the cones to afford each other mutual protection, the original mode of construction was abandoned, and that of a great extent of 'Pierre Perdue' carried out in its stead. The calculations of De Cessart have, however, been fully justified by the result. The break-water has now been completed at an expense of £230 per lineal foot, including the sea wall and the forts which crown it, and it answers perfectly the purpose for which it was designed.

It was not till nearly thirty years afterwards (in 1812) that we attempted anything that could at all compare with this, by commencing the Plymouth Breakwater. That at Cherbourg, however, is 12,700 feet long, the one at Plymouth only 5,300. Ours is a wash with the high tide—the French work is crowned by a wall rising fifteen feet above the highest tides; and notwithstanding its being in so sheltered a position and near the quarries, ours cost £283 per foot against the £230 of the French.

We are at present constructing three very extensive breakwaters on the newest principles, somewhat like the Cherbourg example, but with such variations as the local circumstances suggest. At Portland, where stone is abundant and easily got, the outer arm, 6000 feet long, is only a rubble mound raised above high water mark. At Holyhead, after the rubble has been deposited long enough, a great trench is excavated in it, and a sea wall built along its whole extent. At Alderney, where stone is less plentiful and has to be fetched further, the rubble is carried up only to twelve feet below low-water mark, where being below the action of the waves it will stand at an angle of nearly 45°, and then on this foundation a sea wall is built, the platform of which rises considerably above the highest tides. The first of these breakwaters has cost on the average £120 per foot, the second £160, what the third may cost nobody knows. Owing to mistakes in the original design, they are now throwing in rubble at a depth of 120 feet, and must go beyond that depth if it is ever to answer the purpose for which it was intended.

The French in the meanwhile have invented a new system of pier building, which promises the most satisfactory results. Having ascertained that no wave that rises in the Mediterranean ever disturbs a block weighing from twenty to twenty-five tons, they have formed gigantic bricks of concrete or beton, of that weight, and throwing them at random into the sea along the line of their breakwater, use them to protect either a hearing of rubble or such sea wall as they may require. The new Mole at Algiers consists of a base of rubble 17 feet high and 156 feet wide, on which the beton blocks are thrown into the water till they rise out of the sea thirty-three feet above the rubble, making a total height of fifty feet, and this has cost only £122 per foot. At Marseilles the enclosure of the new harbour of Joliette is composed of a rubble hearing, surmounted by a sea-wall, and protected only to seaward by these blocks, and it only cost £86 per foot. At first sight this French mode of pier-building appears weak and uncon-

* Loose blocks thrown into the sea at hazard, not formed into masonry.

structional, but there seems no reason to doubt its durability. Though some of the blocks are slightly weathered, they stand well; and even if one broke up and was carried away, it would cause no breach, and could easily be replaced. Indeed the very roughness of the construction seems an advantage, as it breaks up the waves and as it were screens them, and so prevents their breaking over the sea-wall, which with a smoother forehead might be the case.

Such a system might perhaps have been advantageously adopted at Dover. There being no rubble to be attained for a breakwater there nearer than Portland, it was determined to erect a pier of masonry with a hearing of concrete built from the bottom of the sea in fifty feet water by the aid of diving bells. This has now been done to a distance of 1,800 feet from the shore, and it is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of a wall constructed in the sea which has yet been executed; but the process is so slow that it would take fifty or one hundred years to complete the harbour as originally intended, and its cost is £115 per foot forward, which is fatal to the extension of works of this sort.

Another mode of constructing piers has recently been engaging the attention of engineers, and promises satisfactory results. It is in fact a revival of the idea of De Cessart of building a breakwater in circular masses on the shore, and floating them to the spot where they are required; only carried out in stone instead of wood. It was attempted at Sheerness in 1812, by Sir William Benthams, with fair success, and has been done on a smaller scale elsewhere. Though it may at first appear paradoxical, there is no more difficulty in building a stone ship, especially if shaped like a circular tower, which is the form wanted, than there is in building an iron one, nor in making it of sufficient strength to float across a harbour, and when sunk in its place and filled with concrete it ought to form as stable a pier and as cheap as any yet executed.

Where the water is shallower or the spot more protected our engineers have fifty other expedients for making sea walls. But those above quoted are sufficient to prove that where the depth of water does not exceed fifty feet, any amount of space may now be permanently enclosed by breakwaters varying in price from £100 to £200 per lineal foot, and the experience gained during the last twenty or thirty years will certainly tend to bring it nearer the first named than the higher sum.

A TROUBLESOME GREEK PRIEST AND HOW THEY GOT RID OF HIM.

In the annals of the Greek Church the record is yet recent of a singular character, Dr. Cacavellas, who flourished at Constantinople towards the close of last century. Many anecdotes told of this eccentric priest, might seem more in keeping with a Mohammedan dervish or an Indian fakcer; but his learning and honesty were unquestioned, and hence he obtained a licence which would not have been tolerated in others. His popularity also gave him protection in his unwelcome but useful efforts to promote a reformation among the clergy, against whose vice and corruptions he declared himself an enemy.

Dr. Cacavellas was a native of Cesarea, and had been an assiduous student of the wise Eucgenius Bulgaris of Mount Athos, in the Academy which is near the monastery 'Vetopedir.' He studied deeply, both the classical writers and theological fathers, and cared little for worldly affairs, but always seemed to take a delight in following such examples as that of Diogenes, in carrying a lighted lamp through the streets in the daytime, seeking to find an honest man.

It is customary in the Greek Church for the patriarch to appoint one who is able and eloquent as their preacher, for the preaching seasons, which are every Sunday during Lent, and their other fast days. Dr. Cacavellas was appointed as one of these preachers; for there were then very few learned men as priests. The government was so indifferent, that the commonest man became even a bishop if he had influence with a pasha, though he could do little more than spell his own name. No one, then, can feel very much surprised at the indignation evinced by Cacavellas at seeing his nation and church so entirely degraded. At every possible opportunity, therefore, he took good care to expose the priestly avarices of the clergy, not forgetting the patriarch and the whole of the synod. He often remarked that, instead of the higher clergy taking a delight in preaching, making known to the ignorant the true gospel, they only sought to find out how to strip them of everything, make themselves capable of enjoying every pleasure and indulgence. As soon as he was appointed preacher, he preached to the people as he felt was right and just, not caring at all for the anger it might excite in the patriarch, but, as a true pastor, only for the many souls he had under his charge, and how he might rescue them from the deceptions he saw practised. He was an exact follower of St. John the Baptist, clothed himself in coarse clothing, with a simple girdle round the waist and never imitated the costly and extravagant clothing of the clergy in general.

Often seeing many of the clergy engaged in playing cards with ladies (card playing being forbidden in the Greek church), he was determined to expose them; but knowing well what wrath would be poured upon him from all sides he was obliged to take some precaution, so that he might not do himself any serious injury. He proceeded thus: he found a powerful friend, and begged him to procure from the sultan a firman, to say 'that no one can injure in any way Dr. Cacavellas.' Holding this, he felt perfectly safe. The great day (according to the Greek Church, 'Orthodox Sunday,' the first Sunday in Lent, drew near. On this day all heretics are anathematized, according to the custom of the Greek Church, and a sermon had always to be preached also. Being an exceedingly popular man, he knew that thousands, besides the patriarch, the whole synod, archbishops and bishops, would be assembled in the church; to hear the learned Cacavellas preach. He took with him in his pocket a new pack of cards and the firman, and proceeded to the church. After the liturgy had been read, when every one was waiting anxiously for this extraordinary man, Cacavellas ascended the 'ambon' or pulpit. Well settled in the pulpit, Cacavellas unrolled the firman, hung it over the pulpit so that all could see it. What

the meaning of this was of course in every individual's mind, but what was to follow they little imagined.

He took from his pocket the cards, and looking at the patriarch, said, 'Most holy and universal patriarch, clubs,' throwing a card towards him. 'Madam—, spades,' and threw another; and afterwards named several distinguished persons of the synod, and for each person threw out a card.

Every one in the vast congregation at first seemed bewildered, and thought their preacher must be insane. But he turned to the patriarch and the synod, and said to them, 'This, I think, is the fittest sermon that could be preached to you, the heads of the church, on such a day as this.' He then apologized to the people for such a proceeding, and explained to them the reason for what he had done. After this, he rolled up his firman, descended from the pulpit, and entered the altar. The patriarch and synod were of course exceedingly vexed with the disclosure of Dr. Cacavellas; but no one dared injure him, because of the firman, and the wrath of the people.

On another occasion, frequently perceiving that it seemed customary amongst the clergy to indulge in the practice of taking snuff, even while sitting in the holy of holies, and performing their religious duties, he felt that he must correct this unseemly indulgence. One Sunday morning, therefore, he took with him to church a small pipe and some tobacco. When at one part of the service, while in the altar, he saw the archbishops taking their snuff, he took his pipe from his pocket, filled it with tobacco, and went to light it at the holy candle, which is always lighted on the table in the altar. The archbishops and bishops looked on, perfectly horrified at such proceeding; but when they saw him approaching the candle, they cried out, 'Dr. Cacavellas, do you know where you are standing, and what you are doing in this holy place?' He answered them very coolly. 'Yes,' he said, 'I know very well what I am doing: I am doing exactly what you are doing, and what you always make a practice of doing. You take your snuff while in the altar, and cannot refrain, even for a few hours, from such an indulgence. I am made of like passion as you; therefore I shall not refrain from indulging in a pipe.' This at once silenced them, and after this he never saw the act repeated, and no one ever after seemed to dare to take very many liberties before this famous satirist.

After this, the archbishop of the first twelve thrones, in accordance with the advice of the patriarch, begged of Dr. Cacavellas not to expose the ecclesiastics any more, making as his excuse that if he exposed them, he exposed the whole body of Christians. Pretending that he revered Cacavellas very much, he invited him to take dinner with him privately. Dr. Cacavellas accepted the invitation, and listened with patience to the archbishop's appeals, but made no promise of better behaviour.

In consequence of the strange coarse dress of Cacavellas, the patriarch had never once given him an invitation to dine at his table. On the 1st of September, a sermon in connection with harvest and plenty had to be preached by Cacavellas, returning thanks for seasonable crops and a good harvest; so he was determined to rebuke the patriarch for the want of courtesy on account of mere externals. Before going to church, therefore, on this particular Sunday morning, Cacavellas borrowed a very costly suit of clothes from an archdeacon of the Metropolitan. Thus attired, he went to church, and preached an eloquent sermon. After the service was over, and all the clergy had adjourned for refreshments, Cacavellas marched in, in his costly robes, to kiss the hand and pay the compliments of the season to the patriarch. The patriarch looked at him in astonishment, and really thought that the preacher was changing from his odd ways. He therefore immediately asked him to join them at their coffee and refreshments, which Cacavellas did; but on finishing his coffee he rose to depart. The patriarch seemed so particularly pleased with him, however, on this day, that he urged Cacavellas to stay and dine with him. Of course this was too great an honor for the preacher to refuse. On the soup being brought to the table he poured some of it into the sleeves of his robe, saying, 'You eat, for it is for your sake that I am invited to dine at this table; while I was simply attired in my own clothes, the patriarch never asked me to take dinner with him, but because I have appeared before him in costly borrowed robes, I have been thus honored by an invitation.' Having said this, the preacher rose from the table and departed.

A rebuke like this was too much to be borne, and the rude eccentricities of the doctor had to be cut short. After some little patience on the part of the patriarch, this opportunity at last arrived. A division arose amongst the monks of Mount Athos, and they sent to the patriarch for a learned and pious man to settle all disputes amongst them. The patriarch and synod, glad of such an opportunity, soon declared that Cacavellas was the man for such an undertaking; and Cacavellas was willing to go, little thinking, poor man, he was leaving Constantinople never to return.

All necessary documents were at once prepared, the patriarchal epistle written, all expenses given and paid, and Cacavellas proceeded on his journey. But alas! he was outwitted for once; for when he arrived there, and, as he thought, had finished all that was requisite, and was ready to return, he found that the patriarch had taken the precaution of forbidding any one to allow Cacavellas to return from the Holy Mountain. So this learned but eccentric and troublesome man ended his days in a monastery on Mount Athos.

BALLOON RIVALRY.—It is said that M. Eugene Godard has obtained permission to establish a workshop in the Palace of Industry, in Paris, for the construction of a Montgolfier balloon, to be called the 'Colossus,' which will greatly surpass the dimensions of M. Nadar's balloon. The latter has a capacity of six thousand cubic metres. In a balloon of such a size it will be necessary to renounce the use of hydrogen gas. The 'Giant' absorbed so much gas that it could only be inflated in two cities of Europe—London and Paris—and the cost of the conduit pipes for conveying the gas from Passy to the Champ-de-Mars, where it was inflated, was £400. The 'Colossus,' constructed on the Montgolfier principle, will be able to visit all the cities of Europe, even those which are lighted by oil lamps.

THE BATTLE OF LARGS.

It was early in September, 1263—exactly six centuries ago—that the alarm spread over Scotland that a mighty armament of Norwegians—then the most powerful of maritime nations—headed by Haco their warlike King, and accompanied by numerous Danish allies, were rounding the Western shores, and joined by an immense number of Norwegian chiefs of the Hebrides, were making for the Firth of Clyde. With all speed the Scottish Government summoned the military array of the kingdom to its defence. Terms of peace were also proposed to the invaders who rejected them with scorn, saying that they had come to take ample vengeance and indemnity for the many alleged wrongs done by the Kings of Scotland to Scandinavian subjects in the Western and Northern isles, then claimed by Norway. Nothing less would satisfy Haco than—in addition to his acknowledged sovereignty over the Shetland, the Orkney, and the Hebridean Archipelago—the unconditional cession of all the islands in the Firth of Clyde together with a large portion of the mainland in Cunningham, the Lennox and Argyll. A short truce being agreed upon by both nations, Alexander the III. the young King of Scotland, after mature deliberations with his counsellors in Dunfermline Palace, answered the exorbitant demands of the Norwegians with great moderation but firmness, that he was willing that Haco should have possession of the Northern and Western isles which Alexander II., his Royal father, had attempted to wrest from Norway, but that he never would permit his islands of Arran, Bute, and Cumbrae, or any part of the Scottish mainland, to be touched by the foot of an invader. He admonished him, therefore, to rest satisfied with these terms, and quit the Scottish waters.

Pending the conference, Haco had largely increased his force by fresh accessions of islanders, including Magnus, King of Man, Dugal, Lord of the Isles, and other powerful chieftains, whose equipments swelled the magnitude of his immense fleet, which already exceeded 160 ships of the largest size, well provided with men and arms, and was in fact, the most powerful and splendid armament which ever sailed from the shores of Norway. He replied, therefore, to the moderate terms of Alexander by sending a squadron of 50 ships to lay waste Cantyre and Knapdale, another of 60 to plunder Ayr with the surrounding country, and another of 50 to make a descent on Bute, while himself, with the rest of the fleet, remained at Gigha, a small island between Cantyre and Isla. Vast was the amount of spoil obtained by the invading squadrons, which met with almost no opposition, except in Bute where a stout resistance was made by the Scottish garrison of the Castle of Rotheray, who bravely refused to surrender, and overpowered by numbers, were all put to the sword. Haco having recalled his forces, and doubled the Mull of Cantyre, now entered the Firth of Clyde with his entire fleet, covering the whole estuary. He anchored for a time in Kilbrannan Sound, between the mainland and Arran.

And now the shores of Clyde and the whole Western country were in consternation, and the fire-cross and beacons blazed along all the heights. The Scottish Government, seeing the imminent danger of the invasion, despatched the whole force of the kingdom to guard the entrance of the Clyde. But the roving spirit of the Norsemen led them in quest of other booty. A division of 60 ships had sailed up Lochlong, spreading terror and destruction along both sides of the loch. A narrow neck of land separates Lochlong from Lochlomond. Drawing their light boats therefore across the isthmus of Tarbet, the Norwegians entered the Queen of Scottish lakes, laying waste its beautiful islands, then thickly peopled, and pursuing the inhabitants on every side, with fire and sword. The Norse chronicles graphically describe the devastation committed by the invaders in the Lennox and upper part of Stirlingshire.

While the month of September was nearly spent by the enemy in these predatory operations, the Scots had time to increase their forces. They amounted to about 25,000 men, and were commanded by King Alexander in person. Stationed on the heights of Cunningham, which commanded an extensive view of the Firth, they watched night and day the movements of the foe. Boisterous gales had now followed the equinox, throwing the squadrons of Haco into confusion. At daybreak on the 1st of October it blew a tremendous storm from the Southwest, scattering them wide apart. Observing that the force of the tempest was however, driving them up the Firth towards Largs, the Scots descended the heights which overlook that town to intercept the invaders. Awfully grand and terrific was now the spectacle of the tempest driven vessels, as crowded with men-at-arms, they dashed among the rocks and sunk in the mighty waters. Now it appeared that the main body of the fleet, shunning the fatal rocks of Port-an-cross and Cumbrae, and carrying the flower of the Norwegian army, was rapidly making for Largs. Struggling to the shore through tremendous surf, and landing at various points, the Norwegians instantly formed in order of battle, their lines extending for a mile below Largs in the direction of Fairlie. Alexander drew up his forces in three divisions—his right wing commanded by the Lord High Steward of Scotland, his left by the Hereditary Grand Marischal, while himself led the centre. The Scots and Norsemen immediately joined battle with tremendous fury, their shouts and war cries rising above the roar of the raging elements. Terrible was the slaughter on both sides; for both fought with incredible bravery; and when the shore was covered with slain, fresh divisions pressed to the combat. Seeing that their hope of escape by sea was cut off by the violence of the tempest, the Norsemen fought with redoubled fury. Twice the Scots were driven back by the Northern warriors. King Alexander was struck in the face with an arrow, and the Lord High Steward was killed. Seeing both wings of his army sore pressed, the Scottish King brought on his reserve, consisting of veteran troops which decided the conflict. Shouting their war-cry of St. Andrew, they broke down with irresistible fury upon the Norsemen, who reeled, staggered, and gave way. In vain did Haco endeavor to rally his wavering forces, who had now lost their best leaders—including the champion of Northern chivalry, the nephew of their King—and saw their exhausted columns driven headlong before the impetuous Scots. With tears in his eyes he beheld the remnants of his splendid army fleeing at all points to their boats and ships—his noblest vessels wrecked on the coasts, and himself a fugitive before a

victorious foe. Forced to his ship by a few friends, with the remains of his shattered fleet he retired to Orkney, where, stung with remorse over his rash expedition and his not taking heed to those prodigies which forboded its disaster, and overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his great army, he died, listening, it is said, to a recital of the war tales of the sea kings of Norway.

Thus ended the great battle of Largs—one of the most important ever won by the arms of Scotland. Its immediate result was the final relinquishment on the part of Norway of all claims to the Hebrides, which immediately acknowledged Alexander as their rightful sovereign. Their example was at once followed by the King of Man and other powerful island Princes, who swore fealty to the Scottish monarch, and became his liege subjects. The victory of Largs thus not only preserved Scotland from disintegration, but extended the Scottish dominions on every side, and strengthened the influence of the Scottish Crown. Foreign kings courted the alliance of Alexander—commerce and wealth flowed into his kingdom—just and wholesome laws were established, and his reign became one of unexampled prosperity. It was described as such by contemporary historians, and when contrasted with the terrible period of national calamity which followed his death, is still remembered as the golden age of Scotland.

CAREER OF A LONDON BOY.

About twenty-five years ago, many of those who lived at that period in London, will remember there resided here a family by the name of Busted. Mr. Busted was a printer by trade, and was connected with one of the first journals established in the then progressive village of London. He had several children, the name of one being Richard, a promising youth, who, after his father had absconded, managed the publication of the newspaper and general printing business. Affairs, however, were not prosperous with him, and having been a scholar in Mr. Murray Anderson's Sunday School class, he naturally applied to that gentleman for assistance and advice, and received such favors as enabled him to go to Cincinnati with his mother and brothers.

On arriving at Cincinnati, he entered one of the colleges there, and soon became noticeable for diligence and ability.

A few years after, young Busted became a lawyer, and after "roughing it" a short time, was appointed Corporation Attorney for the city of New York, holding the position for six years with credit to himself and satisfaction to all concerned. As year rolled over year the young lawyer progressed, and each month established his reputation for keen judgment and foresight in legal matters. So soon as the war broke out, Busted obtained a commission in a regiment of cavalry, and in the course of two years distinguished himself in the field, and at the end of the period specified, was promoted to the responsible rank of General of a division of Kilpatrick's Cavalry. However, the Government soon found men of talent as necessary in the great work of social reform as in the battlefield, the natural result being that General Busted, after serving his adopted country for a lengthy period, received the honorable and distinguished appointment of Judge of the Alabama District Court—which office he now holds and will doubtless continue to hold unless some higher honors, as marks of distinction and appreciation are conferred upon him. The history of young Richard Busted will now be classed with the records of self-made men—for none other who has toiled patiently and risen to the ladder's height, are more deserving the title of a self-made man, than Richard Busted—the printer.

THE ENGLISH IN CHINA. An English officer, writing from China, in the course of his letter says:—China is in a frightful state, only held together by English assistance. * * * We can't go on fighting for them forever, and the moment we cease to supply men and ships, the whole vast empire will break up, and it is not improbable that you will some day hear of me as Governor of a Province five times the size of England. * * * Cruel fate is driving us to acts we will deplore. Here is a city, with hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, and the Governor comes trembling to me on any alarm, and trusts entirely to my action to defend his wall against rebels and pirates. If the gunboat placed here for the protection of our interests went away, the rebellious Chinese would bombard the city. Fancy a letter like this: 'Shih, of the great pure dynasty, Intendant of the—District, Comptroller of Customs, &c., &c., to the great English officer—Whereas, I have been informed that the rebels infest the islands, to the destruction of harmless traders,—will the honorable officer who loves the people as his own children direct the senate naval officer to go out and punish the guilty, so shall security be restored on the coast?' On which I the honorable officer, go on board the gunboat and steam down to the islands, where, in the midst of scenery like paradise—pirates abound. We go into a quiet nook, and find ten junks, which open fire upon us from all their guns. Our sixty-eight pounder is run out with an eight-inch shell in it. A great crash, and up goes junk No. 1 into the air. Another discharge of grape sends the pirates on shore, when the country people come down and poke at them with long spears. The junks are taken into port, and sold. I the honorable officer, have cleared the seas and had a delightful trip. The week after, the pirates are all back again in other junks. The Chinese do simply nothing. The English must rule China before long, on the old principle that nature 'abhors a vacuum.'

GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—An extraordinary geological discovery has been made, eclipsing the mystery of the Abbeville jaw bone. In certain railway excavations between Caen and Conde there has been turned up a horse shoe, real iron, from a depth of seven meters in the diluvian of pre-Admire deposit. The 'Journal du Calvados' gives ample details, adding that not only horse bones and other antediluvian fauna, but skeletons of the Hudson's Bay beaver are plainly recognizable. "Credat Judæus appella!

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF CANADA.

BY THOMAS SELLAR.

[PART 2.—CONCLUDED.]

England lost no time in adopting measures to govern the newly possessed Colony. The French law was almost superseded by the British, a new Legislative Council was formed, in which there was only one French Canadian. For many years a most bitter contest continued between the two people—the French and English. The meetings of a sham Representative Assembly did not improve matters, as a great uproar was made because Roman Catholics were admitted into it. However, Canada progressed rapidly, and became a large wheat exporter, for in 1771, 471,000 bushels were sent away; chiefly from the Sorel district. The French were placed in a much better position when the Quebec Acts were passed, (1774,) which authorised disputes as to property and civil rights, to be settled by the old French law including the custom of Paris, and the Royal edicts of France. In criminal matters, the law of England still continued to be in force. The members of Council were increased to 23, and Roman Catholics and Protestants were placed on equal footing generally. The Home Government still retained control over taxation. The Canadians were in a contented state, when the American war broke out, and they positively refused to join in the movement against England. They were, therefore, to be chastised by an invasion. Montgomery marched into Canada with 4,000 men, took Montreal just 88 years ago yesterday, then besieged Quebec until the last day of the year, when his army was defeated and himself killed. By June next the invaders under Arnold, were driven out of Canada. The British General, Burgoyne then paid back the compliment by invading the enemy's country. He, however, met with a terrible defeat at Saratoga, and capitulated.

The Independence of the United States was recognized in 1783, and Canada's boundaries were so curtailed, that Lake Champlain and Detroit were lost to her. At this time many came over from the States and became known as the 'United Empire Loyalists,' who settled in Upper Canada and were very liberally treated, as they deserved, by the British and Provincial Government. In later days, those loyal pilgrims became renowned in Canadian history. The population of Upper Canada was also increased by the settlement in the Eastern portion of discharged soldiers, who received valuable grants of land. The population of Canada was now, (1783) about 125,000, of whom nearly 12,000 were loyal refugees.

In 1785, the *Habeas Corpus Act*,—that glorious shield of Freedom—was adopted. In Lower Canada a strong movement arose in favor of an Elective Assembly, which the jealous Council opposed. Meetings for and against were held in Montreal, and petitioners were sent to the Imperial Government. At this time in the Lower Province, Gazneau says that no schools existed outside of the large towns. In 1788, a petition signed by 2,800 was sent home against the representative Government. Nine years after, the celebrated Pitt introduced and got passed, his constitutional Act, by which Upper was separated from Lower Canada; thus giving to Canada a constitution by Acts of Parliament instead of by Royal Charter. The eloquent Burke remarked, when the Bill was being discussed: 'For us to attempt to amalgamate two populations composed of races of men diverse in language, laws and habits, is a complete absurdity. Let the proposed Constitutions be founded on man's nature, the only solid basis for an enduring Government.' Charles James Fox said, 'It is important that this Colony, so worthy of liberty and susceptible of progress, should see nothing to envy in its neighbors. Canada ought to remain attached to Great Britain through the good-will of the Canadians alone: it will be impossible for us to retain it under any other conditions; but in order to do this they must feel that their situation shall be as favorable as that of the people of the neighboring States.'

By Pitt's celebrated Act, Canada was supposed to be forever free of the danger of being again under martial or civil despotism; and now the elective system commenced, which took many years to ripen into the usefulness expected of it.

The Councillors were still to be nominated by the Crown. To Lower Canada 15 Legislative Councillors were given, and 7 to Upper Canada. For the Legislative Assembly, the former was allowed 50 members and the latter 10. The electors were owners of real property of £25 sterling in the country and £5 in towns, tenants paying £10 rent. An Executive Council for each was also granted, consisting of eleven, all appointed by the Crown. At this period, Lower Canada had a population of over 130,000, and Upper, not 50,000. 1,570,000 acres were under cultivation. This shows remarkable progress since 1765—98 years past, when there were only 69,000 whites and 7,000 Indians, with only 955,754 acres tilled.

My object being chiefly to review the material progress of this, my adopted country, I should not enter upon the heart-burning political struggles in both Provinces between the people's Representatives and the Crown nominees, which were happily ended in 1837 by the good old mother country conceding to us entire control of our own affairs.

Our Lower Canadian friends were proud of their House of Assembly. One writes in admiration of it. 'They had,' says he, 'an air of respectful gravity unknown to the British in the House of Commons, where the members sit wrapped in their mantles, with covered heads and cane or witch in hand, just as if they were in a market-place.' This delighted French Canadian must have known as little about the Parliament in England as he did of the King of Dahomey, or as many English writers of the present day, do of Canada.

In 1802 laws were given in Lower Canada for Educational purposes. In 1825, £50,000 were granted to form the Chambly Canal, and £12,000 for the Lachine. In 1831, 52,000 emigrants arrived at Quebec. This year that terrible scourge, the cholera, carried away 3,300 in five months in that city. The population of Lower Canada, in 1844, was 697,000 of whom 524,000 were of French origin. Four years previous to this, the revenue amounted to £184,000 and expenditure only £143,000, a very gratifying condition of affairs.

I shall now rapidly review the progress of Upper Canada from 1792—the time of separation.

It was first proposed to make London instead of Niagara, the seat of Government, then Kingston put in her claim, and by way of compromise, York, now Toronto, was selected in 1796, what as you all know was a very small village at that period, having only 12 families. Even twenty-six years thereafter, the most populous city in Upper Canada was Kingston, which had only about 2,000 inhabitants. In 1793, the further introduction of slaves was prohibited and the periods of existing contracts for service limited. Niagara (New Newark,) had the honor of publishing the first newspaper in the Province. It being the first seat of Government it was necessary to have an official organ there. Seven years thereafter, 'Little York' came out with the 'Upper Canada Gazette.' Twenty years thereafter, Mr. McKenzie's 'Colonial Advocate,' was the Opposition paper. In 1829, Dr. Ryerson started the 'Christian Guardian,' and in 1839, the 'Examiner' was established by Mr. Hincks.

Think of newspaper increase from 1 to over 200 in about 70 years. Through the efforts of Col. Talbot, who received in 1803, a grant of 5000 acres to place settlers on, a large addition was made to the population which amounted to 77,000 in 1811. Four years before this, an Act was passed to establish public schools, and £6000 set aside for that use.

In 1835, the Upper Canada Legislature granted \$35,424 for the support of Common Schools, attended then by about 20,000 pupils.

The War of 1812-15, of course arrested the progress of these Provinces.

From the York Almanack for 1823, published here at the *Royal Gazette* office by Charles Fothergill, I learn that there were 17 members in the Legislative Council, (2 Episcopal Bishops) and 27 in the Assembly. In the Receiver-General and Inspector-General's offices there were only 2 clerks respectively. There were only 40 Post-masters in the whole Upper Province; 19 clergy of the Church of England, 40 Barristers and 10 Attorneys. Comparing those numbers with those of the present, we find nearly 3000 Post-masters, over 200 clergy of that Church, and no less than about 200 Barristers and Attorneys in Toronto alone. Whether the increase of the latter is an indication of prosperity or not, I will leave each to judge for himself; but the writer in this Almanac says 'that Clergymen are most needed and Lawyers the least.' The population about this period was 151,000 which rose to 185,526, in 1828.

Encouragement was given to emigrants; for according to the York Almanac I have referred to, 50 acres were given gratis; 100 for £12 as fees and 1200 for £300 with good time to pay. The Provincial Government could then only grant that number of acres to a single individual. Lands newly surveyed in the Newcastle and Midland Districts were given at less than half those rates. The farmers were getting good returns. One is mentioned who obtained 50 bushels of wheat per acre, off lands with the stumps in it, and without the application of manure. The average yield in the Province says the writer, was 25 bushels per acre. One farmer who came to the country without a penny, in three years, had a good farm, and built a frame dwelling-house with large barn. Altho' settlers have still great opportunities of progressing here, I question if they can beat this lucky farmer of 1823.

The Government, at this time, encouraged manufactures—the Marmora Iron Works Company being liberally treated by it. Paper Mills, Nail and Screw Factories, Potteries and Glass Houses were much wanted. Since the war, the commerce appears to have been good. The exports from the two Provinces are put down at about £1,500,000 (besides what went to the States by 'a way unknown' to the Custom House,) and 5 to 600 ships were employed every year in the Coasting trade. The tonnage in 1822, by the Custom House returns at Quebec amounted to 145,942!

People could live cheap in those days. In the York market, beef and mutton could be had from 1d to 2d a pound; veal 2d; pork 2d; butter 7d and fine flour from \$2 to \$3 per bb. The only complaints I find made by the York historian of 1823 is about the 'spindle-shanked finney horses,' imported from the United States; but the Canadian ponies are 'renowned and matchless' as hunters and race horses. He would like an importation of English hogs to make the Canadian ones 'of a more kindly nature.' We must part with our lively chronicler by giving his opinion of the militia of Upper Canada, which he says 'has become very formidable, not merely for numbers, but for quality and metal; and there are not more loyal nor better disposed men towards the British Government in any part of the Empire, no, not in the heart of England;—and the last war with the United States having given them a crown of unfeigned triumph, their spirit is of so high and confident a character that it will be extremely difficult for any foreign enemy to subdue it. It is no longer a problem whether the Upper Province could be an easy conquest to the United States of America. Fifty thousand Canadian Militia as well disposed as they now are, may bid defiance to any number of men that may be brought against them.' Long may we be able to have such a confident opinion of the invincibility of our militia, but let us not be so boastful of it. Let not our theme be what we will do, but what has been done, (and young as Canada is, we have a glorious past,) and learn from that to achieve still greater success when our courage shall be put to the test.

To return to our historical record.—In 1827, the militia of Lower Canada was estimated at 80,000, and of Upper, at 50,000. There were only in the former Province, says Gazneau, 10,000 muskets.

In 1831, the population of Lower Canada was 511,917 and of Upper Canada, 274,000, and the people in the latter Province were blessed with eighteen newspapers. In 1834, the

revenue of both Provinces amounted to £275,330. The next year the imports to all the British American Provinces amounted to in value £3,319,724; the Exports to £2,706,694, the chief articles being timber and fish, which were valued at about £2,200,000.

The troubles of '37, I pass over, and come to the union of the two Canadas in 1841. Kingston became the seat of Government, and Lord Sydenham was the first Governor-General of the United Provinces. Measures were at once introduced relating to the Customs, the Currency, education, municipalities &c. Sydenham died 7 months after his new appointment. In 1844, the Seat of Government was removed to Montreal. Next year, two conflagrations rendered 24,000 people in Quebec homeless, and the mother country, with her usual munificent liberality, granted £100,000 stg. to relieve the distress of this multitude. In 1846, common schools were extensively established over the Province, under Dr. Ryerson's superintendence. Next year, the terrible famine in Ireland and Scotland, caused 70,000 emigrants to seek in Canada a more comfortable home. The control of the Post Office Department was, in this year, given over to Canada and our Legislature allowed to repeal the differential duties in favor of British manufactures. The following year, the Imperial Navigation Laws were repealed, and Canada could trade with whom she pleased. In 1849, came the Rebellion losses agitation, resulting in the destruction of the Houses of Parliament in Montreal and the removal of the Seat of Government to Toronto, from thence to be changed in two years to Quebec.

This year, (1849,) the municipal system was thoroughly established in Upper Canada. In 1851, the formation of our great railway lines,—the Grand Trunk, the Great Western, and Northern, commenced. The postage on letters was 3d per ounce, and Canada distinguished herself at the Great Industrial Exhibition in London. The following year, Montreal was afflicted by a terrible fire, which made 10,000 people homeless. In 1853, the members of the House of Assembly were increased from 84 to 130. The Reciprocity Treaty was made next year. Canada again showed to the world what she could do by taking a prominent part in the Great Exhibition at Paris. The Clergy Reserves and Feudal Tenure questions were disposed of—the Legislative Council was made elective, and an ocean line of steamers subsidized by Canada.

Our progress was arrested by a commercial crisis, beginning in 1857, the effects of which we are still feeling; but thank Providence, we are again marching firmly onward; and whilst our neighbors are in the throes of a stupendous fratricidal war, we are in profound peace, with all the elements to make us happy and prosperous. Political difficulties, do, it is true, exist, but no free country is ever without such for any length of time. I should not like to see us free of political controversy. Torpidity in politics is dangerous, and often precedes despotism. A momentous responsibility rests upon us who ought to be the safe guides of public opinion. The great question is: What shall be the future of Canada? All admit that some change will have to be made before long. To become great, the British in the North American Provinces must be united, if not in a political union, at least in spirit and action. We have in Canada, especially, the materials to found a great nation. Look at our vast territory,—256,000 square miles. At present, near ten millions of surveyed land in both Provinces, is waiting for purchasers. Our immense forests consist of the most valuable material. This summer, 150,000,000 feet of timber has been sent out of the Ottawa Valley alone. Each year we send out of the country over \$35,000,000 worth of produce of the field, the forest, the mine and the water. Upper Canada raises annually over 50,000,000 bushels of grain,—eight times more than she grew 20 years ago. The land is very rich in minerals, especially copper, lead and I may also safely say, from recent discoveries in Lower Canada, that the gold digger will find his labors as richly rewarded in this country as in Australia or California. For water communications, Canada is unrivalled. Look at her majestic St. Lawrence, on whose bosom the largest vessel can float for about 2000 miles—her grand Ottawa, which waters a luxuriant valley of 350 miles long, almost untroubled by man—her beautiful St. Maurice, Saguenay, Trent, Richelieu, and Thames. Then her lakes are indeed, inland seas. Lake Superior extends 360 miles, and is at one point, 140 miles broad, making 1500 geographical miles in circumference. Then linked together, by short rivers we have the splendid lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario, which make a total circumference of over 2100 miles. The lakes of the old world are but ponds compared to these expansive waters. But in addition to the grand highways nature has bestowed on us, we have added to our communities 2000 miles of railway, and canals and locks that can compare favorably with any in the world. We stop not here. To the great north-west we cast our eyes, and prophecy that ere long that immense territory used now as a buffalo hunting field, must become fruitful to the husbandman, and thousands, aye millions, shall rejoice in its valleys. As a beginning, before two years are over, a telegraphic wire will stretch through it from here to the Pacific. Then will follow that potent civilizer, the steam horse, which will, before this century is past, rush from the Pacific to the Atlantic, carrying the rich stores of India, China and Australia to the old world, and returning with England and France's manufactures. This is no Utopian dream, but the sure work of destiny. In this great new world, nothing daunts us. To progress by slow and steady steps makes us impatient. We are not satisfied unless we rush on with constant elated spirits, and excited with grand expectations. Stumble we will, sometimes, through over-rushness, but up we spring again, take a breath, and off we dash as lively as ever, keeping up with the foremost in the race of civilized progress. Who then would turn his back upon such a glorious country as this, hurrying on to greatness? Who would not be proud of Canada, and the noble and affectionate mother country, which incites her on to become a mighty nation, and shields her in her youth from the powerful of the earth? Well may we with one national shout of gratitude for Britannia's care over us, exclaim,

'Long may she reign over us,
God Save the Queen.'

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

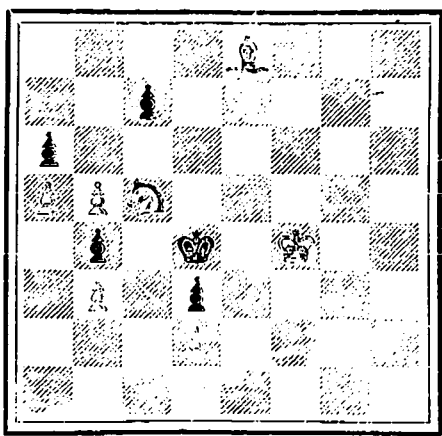
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 8.

- White. 1. R to K 3 (ch) 2. R to Q R 3 3. P to Q B 5 (ch) 4. P to Q B 6 (ch) 5. P to Q R 5 mate.

Correct solutions to Problem No. 7. were received too late for acknowledgment last week. from "C. Q." and "J. T." St. Catharines. Correct solutions to Problem No. 8. received from "G. G." St. Catharines, "A.H." Barrie, and "Book." Colouurg.

PROBLEM No. 9.

A very elegant stratagem by R. B. Wormwald.



BLACK.

White to play and Mate in five moves.

An instructive game between Messrs. Kolisch and Anderssen.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

- White—Mr. K. 1. P to K 4 2. K Kt to B 3 3. P to Q 1 4. K Kt takes P 5. K B to Q 3 6. Q B to K 3 7. K P takes P 8. Castles 9. P to K R 3 10. Q to K B 3 (ch) 11. Q Kt to B 3 12. Q to K 2 13. Q R to Q sq 14. K B to his 5 (ch) 15. K B takes B 16. K Kt to B 3 17. K to R sq (ch) 18. K Kt takes Kt 19. P to K B 4 20. Q to her 5 21. Q B to Q 1 22. Q Kt takes Kt 23. Q to K Kt 3 24. Q to K 3 25. K R to Kt sq (ch) 26. Q R to K B sq (ch) 27. P to K Kt 4 28. K R takes P 29. P to K B 5 30. P to K B 6 31. Q R to B 2 32. P to K R 4 33. Q to Q Kt 3 34. P P takes P 35. Q R to R 2 36. K R takes K P (ch) 37. Q to Q 2 38. Q R to Kt 2 39. K R to Kt 4 40. K to K R sq 41. K to K B 2 42. Q to K 4 (ch) 43. K R takes Q

And White resigned.

(a) Up to this moment the opening is conducted with care and accuracy by both combatants. This move, however, appears weak; it loses time. (b) An excellent move and finely conceived: the effect will become apparent as the game advances. The Kt. here occupies a most commanding position, both for attack and defence. (c) Finely played! the Bishop is here advantageously placed. This move retards the development of Mr. A's forces, and at the same time protects his own from any aggression. (d) The position here is of great interest. It is so complicated that the utmost skill is required both in Attack and Defence. (e) Upon examination, this will be found far superior to Kt to R 4. (f) Best,—with his usual accuracy—having in view the advance of his K B P. (g) Excellent! the beginning of the complimented positions. In fact, from this point to the end the game abounds in situations of remarkable interest. The able manner in which the Hungarian conducts the game, against an adversary of pre-eminent abilities, fully entitles him to our highest praise. (h) A good retort: the Attack's contemplated manœuvre is thereby rendered perfectly harmless. (i) In order to advance the K Kt's P with safety. (j) The position here is very instructive, and all this is well calculated by the German master. Either R takes P, or Q to Q 3 would have involved him in difficulties, extrication from which would have been impossible, because, had he played, in the first place, R takes P, Mr. K, would have replied with great effect Q to Q Kt 3, ch; and if Q, Q to Q 3, then R takes Kt's P. (ch), &c.

(l) Finely played again! it defends the P at K 5, and at the same time opens the diagonal for the B, which is thus brought into active co-operation. (m) Exchanging Queens would have been bad play; it would have abandoned the advantage in position already attained by the Defence. (n) This loses an important P, but there seems no better move. (o) It is obvious that Mr. K dared not capture the proffered R, on account of the formidable reply, Q to Q 8, ch, &c. (p) The play on both sides throughout this critical end game, will well repay the student for his time and labor in examining it. (q) Ingeniously conceived. This move secures a speedy and successful termination. (r) Had he here played Q to K B 5, his game would have been still hard to beat.—Stanley.

News Summary.

CANADIAN.

Dr Daniel Wilson, of University College, Toronto, has been invited to deliver a course of ten lectures before the Lowell Institute, of Boston, and has taken advantage of his Christmas vacation to fill the engagement.

During the past season 1,332 sea-going vessels, of an average tonnage of 620 tons, making a total of 822,647 tons have been cleared at Quebec against 835 vessels, of about the same average, making a total of 465,400 tons, during last year, thus showing an increase in favor of 1863 of 437 vessels and 227,240 tons.

The last advices from British Columbia reported Mr. John A. Cameron on his way down from the mines with \$50,000, the result of his season's work. The treasure was escorted by fourteen men. Mr. Cameron is a Canadian.

Almost every train from the frontier, says the Globe, brings families from the United States, who are anxious to take land and invest their means in making for themselves homes in Canada. We learn that a large number of persons are locating in the western counties, who purpose to become residents in this country.

The London Times of November 21, says:—Yesterday, Great Western of Canada (paid-up shares) improved 1/2, ditto (new) 1/2; and Grand Trunk of Canada (and preference deferred) 1/2, and ditto (4th preference, deferred) 1/2. Grand Trunk stock (100) is quoted at 20, 21 1/2; do 1st pref. bonds (100) at 73 to 76; do 2nd pref. do 66 to 69; do 3rd pref. at 48 to 52; do 4th pref. at 27 to 29. Great Western (20) is quoted at 10 1/2 to 10 3/4; do new (8 paid) at 10 1/2 to 10 3/4. Canada Government sixes, 102 to 104; Canada lives, 92 to 93; business done, 92 1/2, 92.

Ice is making its appearance in the River at Quebec.

E. Clark, Esq., of Sherbrooke has sold one of his copper mines in Ascot, the Elliot mine, to two or three gentlemen in Providence, R. I., and Boston, for a large sum, retaining one quarter of the mine. He received \$10,000 in gold on Wednesday last, as a first instalment of the purchase money. He has two or three other valuable mines in the same locality. The purchasers are now in Sherbrooke, surveying the mine preliminary to commencing operations on an extensive scale.

John Ogilvy Hatt, Esq., of Hamilton died on the 5th instant after a long and painful illness. Mr. Hatt was born at Dundas on the 19th July, 1811, and was consequently in his fifty-third year when he died. He was the son of Richard Hatt, Esq., at one time Judge of the Gore District, and at another a representative in the Upper Canada Parliament, who was wounded at the battle of Lundy's Lane. Mr. John O. Hatt studied for the law profession under the late Sir Allan McNab, and afterwards became his partner. In 1836 he married Sir Allan's youngest sister, who, with a daughter, survives him. At different times he was elected to various municipal positions, and in 1856, he was a candidate for the representation of the Burlington Division in the Legislative Council, but was defeated by Dr. Smith. He was Lieutenant Colonel of the Ninth Battalion of Westworth Militia, and also served in 1837. He was Solicitor for the County up to the time of his death.

UNITED STATES.

The brief campaign of the Army of the Potomac is over. Having successfully crossed the Rapidan, driven Lee back upon the Orange and Alexandria road, fought one brisk battle on their left wing, and nearly used up their limited supply of rations and forage, a council of war was held, at which it was concluded that a return to the old camping-ground was dictated by every aspect of the case. The main reasons for this course are these: Short rations and difficulty of bringing up more; the enemy strongly entrenched in a position which could not be carried in any event without great loss; very cold weather, making it certain that our wounded, in case of assault, would suffer and die by hundreds before they could be cared for. These facts led to the order for retreat.

Western men are urging that notice be given to annul the stipulation between the British and American governments, which provides that only two vessels of war shall be maintained by each government on Lake Erie, one on Lake Ontario, and one on Lake Champlain. It can be annulled by either government on giving six months notice.

A drafted man in New York claimed exemption, when the following dialogue ensued:—'How do you make out that you are exempt?' 'I am over age; I am a negro, a minister, a cripple, a British subject, and an habitual drunkard!'

A farmer on the Illinois prairies, to transfer his products to the seaboard, has to pay eighty per cent. of its value on wheat, thirty per cent. on pork, twenty per cent. on beef, and four per cent. on wool. It takes one bushel of wheat to send another to market, six bushels of corn to carry one to New York; while one pound of wool will send forty to the same market.

The President thinks the recent successes in East Tennessee matter for national thanksgiving.

On the 29th a sharp fight took place at Ringgold between Grant's advance and Bragg's rear, resulting in the success of the Federals, with a loss of 500 killed and wounded.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax, the Republican moraine has been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives by 101 votes against 80 for a II others.

The news from Chattanooga to Saturday reports everything quiet along the line. The dispatch puts the casualties of the Union army at 4,500 men in all the recent battles. They captured 6,460 prisoners and 46 guns.

In a despatch dated Dec. 2nd, Gen. Bragg says:—The enemy has a line back across the Chattahoochee, destroying everything in his

route, including the railroad track and bridges. Their loss was heavy in their attack on our rear-guard under General Clayborn.

Longstreet raised the siege of Knoxville on the night of the 4th retreating towards Bristol, via the Morristown railroad to Richmond, and south from Bristol. Longstreet retreats on the north and south banks of the Holston river. Foster's cavalry is following on the south, and Sherman on the north side.

General Grant has captured, since the war began, 127 cannon and 90,000 prisoners.

Advices from Kingston state that Sherman's expedition has Longstreet humbled in, with a poor chance of escape. Boats now run to Annapolis.

Gen. Meazer, who was with the army of the Potomac as a visitor to us of 1862 etc. was captured in citizen's clothes, near Mine Run, during the recent engagement, and is now in the hands of the enemy.

The unconditional Unionists, representing 20 counties in Western Arkansas, held a convention at Fort Smith, October 30th, at which patriotic speeches were made and resolutions passed, and Colonel Johnson, of the 1st Arkansas Infantry, was nominated to represent that district in the next Federal Congress. The election occurred on the 23rd of November, and Colonel Johnson was elected. The convention also voted that Arkansas be declared a Free State after the war.

The estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury call for the following sums for the present fiscal year:—Army and Navy \$ 00,000,000, of which \$14,000,000 is for the Army, Civil list, Indian expenses &c., \$102,000,000.

EUROPEAN.

Recent reports says that the average duration of life in England exceeds that in France by 11 years.

A chemical substitute for indigo has, it is said, been discovered at Paris, which may largely affect the Indian trade in that article.

The richest individual in England is the Marquis of Westminster, whose daily income is estimated at \$5,000. The Rothschilds, four of them, are the richest here in Europe, and their income is estimated at nine millions a year, or one the island dollars an hour.

M. Howitt, a brother of the celebrated Australian explorer of that name, and son of William and Mary Howitt, has, with three others, been drowned owing to the upsetting of a canoe on Lake Brunner in the western district of Canterbury, New Zealand.

The London Times says it is doubtful whether the decision of the Exchequer in the Alexandra case will be given before the end of the term, and the decision whatever it may be, will not set the question at rest. An appeal will still lie both to the Court of the Exchequer Chamber and to the House of Lords, and supposing a new trial to be at last granted, the battle which lasted four days last June will have to be fought over again. All this time the legal character, not only of the Alexandra, but of the rams in the Morsey, must remain unsettled, and no similar contracts can safely be executed by any ship-builders.

According to advices received at Paris, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and the court of Rome accepted the proposition for a Congress made to them by the Emperor Napoleon. The four Kings of Hanover, Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg also acceded to the proposition, confining themselves to reserving their definite reply until after the decision of the two great German powers. A favourable reply was expected from Prussia and Turkey.

The claim of Prince Frederick of Anzestenberg to the Dukedom of Silesia-Holstein attracts much attention. He has issued a proclamation to the people of those Duchies, declaring his assumption of the government, and pronouncing further: Danish rule a usurpation. He does not call on the people to rebel force by force, but appeals to the German Federation to protect him in his rights. It is asserted that the Grand Duke of Weimar and the Duke of Saxo-Meiningen have recognized the Prince's claim. The official Prussian journal says that the question has not assumed an international character. It is asserted that Prussia is making active warlike preparations, in view of possible hostilities with Denmark.

A man with glass eyes can't read eyes anything.

'I'll take your measure,' as the tailor said when he cabbaged his neighbor's half bushel.

'You have a striking countenance,' as the donkey said to the elephant when it hit him over the back with his trunk.

We understand that Earl Russell now speaks of the venerable Premier, among his colleagues as 'Our own Correspondent.'

We lately met a grammarian, says a California paper, who has just made a tour through the mines, cogitating thus: 'Positive, mine; comparative, mine; superlative, minus?'

It was observed by those who always keep a close eye upon royalty that on each occasion the Prince of Wales has been to the Adelphi Theatre, he has been moved to tears by the charm of Miss Bateman's most excellent acting. On this being mentioned to Paul Bedford, he exclaimed, 'Perfectly true to nature, my boy—what can you expect from Wales but blubber.'

'My son, said a parent to his child, after they had surveyed together the wonders of the Crystal Palace, 'if you can tell me which of all these marvellous works of man pleased you most, I will give you a half-crown.' 'The veal and ham pies,' responded the boy; 'give me the money.'

In a certain village lives a very honest farmer, who having a number of men hoeing in the field, went out to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting upon a stone, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered, 'I thirst for the spirit.' 'You are very apt at quoting Scripture, said the farmer; and I wish you were as ready to obey its injunctions. Recollect the text, 'Hoe every one that thirsteth.' It is needless to add that the man immediately resumed his labor.

Said an Irishman to telegraph operator: 'Do you ever charge anybody for the address in a message?' 'No,' replied the operator. 'And ve charge for signing his name, sir?' said the customer. 'No. 'Well, then, will you please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here,' handing the following: 'To John M'Flinn, —at New York—(signed)—Patrick M'Flinn.' It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)
MY CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

"Colonel," said I, "let's go down to New Haven and enlist."

"What do you want to do that for?" asked the Colonel.
"Well, I want to go 'soldiering'—I want to see some real service; for my three months of militia soldiering at Washington was only a farce. They give a good bounty at New Haven; they take men for only nine months, which I think will be long enough. And, lastly, I think the New England men will be better associates than those of New York. What do you say—will you go?"

"Well, I don't know—yes—I'll go."
"Here comes George; let's ask him: George, will you go down to New Haven and enlist?" Here the same arguments were repeated.

"Is Billy going?"

"Yes."

"Yes, I'll go."

And thus in less than five minutes, the United States obtained three recruits. Let me introduce them to you, gentle reader:

William E. Wilson was a Pennsylvanian by birth; kind and amiable in disposition, he had the art, more than any man I ever saw of winning not only the esteem, but the love of his comrades. He had got the sobriquet of "the Colonel" from having the same name as Colonel Wilson, of the Sixth New York (generally known as Billy Wilson's Zouaves); but we frequently called him by the diminutive of Billy.

George Thompson Swank was also a Pennsylvanian, a young man of singular determination of character—a free-spoken, open-hearted man. Of all his distinguishing characteristics, the one that at this date most forcibly impresses itself upon my memory, is that of fidelity—fidelity to his principles, to his country, and, above all, to his friends.

Your humble servant, Ladies and Gentlemen, was, and is, a subject of her most Gracious Majesty, Victoria—God bless her!—distinguished for nothing in particular; and known to my friends as—well, in the 27th I was called Sergeant.

Swank and myself had but just returned from "defending the capital" in the ranks of the Seventy-first regiment, N. Y. S. M. As we had not even seen a rebel during our three months' stay, our thirst for glory was unassuaged, and we desired to go again, in the hope that this time we might see what we called "real soldiering."

That night at eleven o'clock we took passage by steamer for New Haven, and in the morning we marched up the streets of the Elm City in search of a recruiting office. It was not hard to find; and before noon we were enlisted, sworn into the service of the State of Connecticut by a Justice of the Peace, examined by a United States Surgeon, passed, were paid an installment on the large bounty offered, and had received permission to return to New York.

In a few days we were sent for, as the regiment had gone into barracks. Then for the first time, we learned that we belonged to Co. D, 27th Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers.

We reported to Captain DuBois, and were shown our quarters in the temporary barracks built of boards. The regiment was not quite full; and pending that consummation, we were to acquire what we could of the necessary volunteer drill.

After putting our few personals in the bunks assigned to us, we were told that there would be no drill that day, and we might amuse ourselves as we pleased, but that we could not leave camp.

As I passed out of the barracks my attention was drawn to a man sitting near the door, who appeared to be far beyond the age at which volunteers were taken.

"Is that a recruit?" I asked in some astonishment of our Orderly Sergeant.

"Yes," he replied, "he is one of our best men. That man has crowded more time into fewer years than any man that ever lived. He is a Joshua on a large scale: the sun has been standing still for him all his life. He has been twenty-eight years in the United States army; sixteen years in the British army; fifteen years in a large clothing establishment in New York; ten years an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company. He has travelled in all parts of the world: two years in China; seven years in Europe; four or five in South America; as many in Central America and Mexico; and he has spent at least a decade in wandering through Polynesia, Australasia, Siberia, Central Africa and other charming regions of the earth. Altogether, according to an estimate we have made, putting down the time he has been engaged in these various pursuits, according to his own stories, he has lived one hundred and twenty-two years, without making any allowance for childhood and infancy. And he is adding at least fifty years to his vast experience every day. He must be either the Wandering Jew or the Devil—that is if you believe all he says; and of course you wouldn't like to suspect the veracity of a venerable old ante-diluvian like him.

"But why do they take such an old man?" I asked.

"Why, there's the rub," said the Orderly, with a laugh; "when you bring him right down to it, he says he is only forty-five; and he is certainly in a wonderful state of preservation for a man of his years."

Here we approached the subject of our conversation, and heard him entertain a select but appreciative auditory with an account of a seventeen years captivity among the Indians, and concluded by singing an Indian war song, which elicited the warmest commendations from his auditors, who unanimously voted the old man a "perfect brick." This compliment so pleased him that he straightway invited the party down to the sutler's, and gave each his choice of sweet cider, root beer, and pumpkin pie.

But he was not yet talked out by any means.

"Did I ever tell you," he asked, "how I became a great prophet and medicine man among the Indians?"

No one had heard the story.

"Well, come up here in the shade, and I'll tell you."

When we were all seated on the ground in the shade the old man thus commenced:

*The First Sergeant is generally called the Orderly Sergeant in the United States.

In the year 1832 I graduated at West Point; and upon reporting to the Secretary of War, I was immediately attached to an expedition, then upon the point of starting for the purpose of exploring and surveying the head waters of the Missouri and its tributaries. During the Summer we worked our way slowly up the great stream, and when Winter came upon us we encamped in the wilderness, at least 700 miles from the nearest white settlement. The following year our operations were much the same; and at the close of the Summer of 1833 we concluded that our work was half done. Up to this time the party had kept pretty well together, as our work lay along the banks of the main stream; but in the Spring of 1834 it was thought better to detach small parties to explore the smaller streams. In accordance with this resolution I was put in charge of a party of six men, and despatched up a considerable branch of the Yellowstone River.

Up to this time we had experienced very little trouble from the Indians. They were at peace among themselves, and we were thus drawn into no side quarrels, and by a liberal distribution of presents, we had managed to keep the friendship of all. Some days after my party left the main body, however, I began to notice unusual signs among the red men. Small hunting parties were nowhere to be seen; outlying camps had been removed; and at length we came upon the entire nation of the Shawnee, encamped upon the stream we were surveying, and making every preparation for coming hostilities. I had acquired some knowledge of several Indian tongues, and had no difficulty in discovering the cause of the trouble. A band of Otoes had stolen some beaver-traps and horses belonging to the Shawnee, and the latter were preparing to avenge the indignity. Now a war between these two tribes would have consequences serious enough. It would stop all expeditions into the troubled country, which embraced the whole Yellowstone region. But worse than this might ensue: these Indian wars are frequently contagious, and there was no saying where or how hostilities might end. And as the Indian does not always confine himself to his immediate or legitimate enemies, our sojourn in the neighborhood of the contending parties would be very dangerous. The news of the outbreak therefore caused me a great deal of anxiety; and I returned to our little encampment debating with myself whether it would not be better to return at once to the main party. When I arrived at the camp I found Stephenson, the surveyor, poring over a tattered copy of the United States Almanac for 1834. He had given a five dollar gold piece for it to a messenger who had brought out instructions to us the previous year, and as it was the only book owned by any one in the expedition, it was highly prized and carefully preserved.

"That eclipse takes place to-morrow, Lieutenant," said Stephenson, after I had told him of the troubles ahead.

I knew what eclipse he meant, for we all knew the almanac by heart. I had forgotten about it; but the moment he spoke of it, a thought entered my mind.

"What time does it commence?" I asked.

"Twenty minutes after eleven."

"Joe," said I, "can you travel twenty miles through the woods by daylight?"

"Yes," said Joe, "for he was always ready."

I hurriedly gave Joe the necessary instructions; and, taking a small supply of dried buffalo meat, he at once set off on his journey.

As soon as he was gone I again repaired to the Indian encampment, and found, as I had anticipated, that the principal men of the tribe were holding a council. I at once went to the large wigwam in which the council was assembled, and entered without being announced. One of the medicine men of the tribe was speaking. He set forth in strong terms the indignity which had been offered to the great Shawnee nation, strongly counseled war, and promised in the name of the Great Spirit, that signal success would attend their arms.

When he sat down the Chief looked at me, and for a few moments I felt that my life was hanging in the balance, for my intrusion into the council might not be taken in good part. This was the more to be feared as it was evident that the last speaker was anything but favorably disposed toward me, judging from his looks. At length the chief took his pipe filled with "Killickinick," drew a long inspiration, and then gravely and slowly puffed the smoke, first down to the ground, then upward toward the sky, and lastly, toward myself. This was favorable, so I arose, and in the Shawnee tongue, spoke as follows:

"The Otoes have stolen horses and traps from the Shawnee. It is not well; and the Great Spirit is angry with them. But the Great Spirit of the pale faces has sent his medicine man to say to the Shawnee, ye shall not go to war with the Otoes, for the Great Spirit himself will punish the Otoes, unless they return the horses and beaver-traps they have stolen. And this shall be a sign to you: If to-morrow the sun shall rise and give light as usual, and shall pass through the heavens and set as usual, then the pale face is a liar and no medicine man; but if the sun shall become dark and cease to give light, then shall ye know that the pale-face is a great prophet, and that he has spoken the words of the Great Spirit."

I saw that these words had made an impression; so I turned and left the wigwam.

I had not at that time passed through so many dangerous scenes as I have since, and my nerves were not quite so firm. Can you wonder, then, that I passed an uneasy night? I had no doubt of the correctness of the almanac. But was our calculation of time correct? We had been in the habit of keeping our reckoning by means of notched sticks, such as you read of in Robinson Crusoe. But we might have made a mistake. And if we had, our lives would certainly pay the forfeit, for I had directly opposed the great medicine man of the tribe, and unless I was completely triumphant in my plan he would certainly leave no stone unturned to effect our complete destruction. At length the morning

*This term is now used by tobaccoists to designate a particular kind of smoking tobacco. Among the Indians it means a mixture of tobacco and the inside bark of the sumach tree.

dawned. I felt thankful that it was clear. Bright and beautiful the glorious luminary rose above the horizon, with nothing unusual to indicate the approaching phenomenon. I was glad to learn from one of my men that many of the Indians were eagerly watching it. But I kept close within the tent. The time for action had not yet come.

If any of you were as old soldiers as I am, you would have noticed that among a soldier's scanty baggage is often to be found some article, cumbersome, perhaps, and in the way, as well as quite useless, which he nevertheless always clings to, he hardly knows why. An article of this description was an old, highly-colored dressing gown which I had carried ever since we left St. Louis. Now its day of usefulness had come. About ten o'clock I arrayed myself in this odd-looking garment, and first directing the men to keep in the tent, I proceeded past the Indian camp to the summit of a high bluff on the opposite side of the river. Here I waited till about eleven o'clock, when I began to act. The whole of the Indians—men, women and children—were out looking at me, and I resolved that they should not look for nothing. So I began to jump and rave, and howl. Then I would run wildly along the bank, the old dressing gown streaming in the wind behind me. Anon I would throw myself on the ground; then, rising, I would stretch out my hands to heaven, as if invoking the interposition of the Great Spirit. All this time I anxiously watched the sun. At length I saw the shadow just beginning to impinge upon the bright orb. Suddenly I stopped my theatrical display, and rushing down the bank, fording the stream, I passed through the encampment, crying out in the Shawnee tongue, "Wo to the Shawnee! Woe, woe, to the Shawnee!" Then I entered our own tent and closed it. Slowly the shadow crept over the sun's face, and soon we could plainly see that the Indians were very much agitated. They were running about in great consternation; and appeared to be imploring the medicine man to save them from the impending calamity. But that worthy was evidently as much frightened as any one. His power was unequal to the emergency, and when the sun was about half obscured I saw a deputation of Indians, headed by the Chief, coming down toward our tent. For some time I refused to come out to them; and when I did appear it was only to denounce them in the strongest language I could command. When I had used up the Shawnee and several other Indian languages in terrible threats, I suddenly assumed a tragic attitude and recited "Lochiel's Warning," which evidently produced a great impression. But their terror was not complete till I got down upon my knees, raised my hands to heaven, and sung a love song in 'good' high Dutch. The fearful accents rendered them dumb with terror, and then for the first time they appeared to give themselves over to despair. By this time the eclipse was total, and I thought it was time to begin to relent. So I told them I would consult the Great Spirit. I went into the tent, and soon came out and told them, if they would promise to keep the peace the Great Spirit would pardon them and give them the sun again. They were sufficiently frightened to promise anything; and, the result was soon seen (as they thought) in the reappearance of a little rim of light which gradually widened and brightened till daylight was thoroughly restored.

The following day Joe Stephenson returned, and with him came a deputation of Otoes, bringing not only all the stolen property but a liberal peace offering beside. Acting under my instructions Joe had effectually frightened the Otoes into justice, using the eclipse as the great argument, of course. Thus I was the means of saving many lives and of keeping peace among the Indians long enough to allow of the survey being completed of all the tributaries of the Missouri. I was acknowledged as a great medicine man by all the tribes in that country, and many good results accrued to our party.

Some other time I will tell you how I discovered a silver mine, and about my seven Indian wives.

Here we were ordered to fill in for supper; and after roll-call, we marched up to the cook-house, with our tin plates and cups, where we each got a pint of coffee, a large piece of bread and some boiled rice, which was a sample of the supper we generally got when in camp.

SIR PERCY WYNDHAM, the English baronet, who came to this country about a year and a half ago and has since been serving with distinguished honor as a colonel of cavalry in the Union army, is now stopping for a short time at the Brevoort House in New York. The colonel, although still a young man, has served in no less than six campaigns in as many different countries. He was with Garibaldi in Italy, and shared alike with him the shelter of his tent, and the risks and chances of the battle-field. Colonel Wyndham has proved himself to be one of the many dashing cavalry officers in the service, and his bravery and soldier-like qualities make him most popular with his men. Why he should have been relieved of his command, for even a season, is one of those mysteries which puzzle everybody outside of the war office, for, during the recent battles in Virginia, the brigade led by him did eminent service.—United States Paper.

TOO ANXIOUS BY HALF.—An amusing affair happened lately between a coal dealer and purchaser in Boston. The latter was very anxious to see that the former did not cheat him, so he—the purchaser—inspected the weighing of the coal himself, and felt perfectly satisfied that he got his allowance, without any desire on the coal dealer to shave. However, while the coal was weighing, the driver could not help laughing, aware at the same time that the purchaser was particular about his full weight of coal. The purchaser noticing the laughing of the driver, asked him when he had received his coal, what was it all about? So the driver told him.

"Why," said he, "when your coal was weighed, you were standing on the scales, and were weighed with it."

"Is it possible? Why, I weigh nearly two hundred pounds."

"Well, sir," said the driver, "you are sold."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I have bought myself, too."

FALL VS. SPRING WHEAT.

From all parts of this district, comprising a circle of twenty miles, we receive accounts that represent the growth of the wheat sown this season as exceeding in extent the amount sown for many years. A large number of farmers in every township in this county, who, of late years, have not sown an acre, are now replanting spring wheat for fall, and the same appears to be the case in many other parts of the Province. In London Township, especially, a complete revolution has taken place in the kind of wheat sown, and already many fields are green in the different parts of the township. In some parts of Dorchester farmers are sowing little or none of any other kind, while in Westminster equal quantities of two crops shows that the farmers in that township are also sowing extensively. In the west and south the same general attention seems to be given to fall sowing. The cause of this change from the almost general use of spring sowing, is represented to be the failure of sowing crops, as compared with fall, during the last two seasons, and the attack of the former crop by insects, this year especially. The crop of fall wheat this year to the acre has been double that of spring in a number of instances, and for this reason the former is again being extensively sown. In some cases, where both fall and spring wheat had been growing side by side, a yield of ten bushels to the acre from the one, and twenty, and in some cases thirty, from the other had been received. Parties who have had an opportunity of knowing, estimate the amount of fall wheat sown this season to be five times that of last year, and from the apparent unanimity of farmers in sowing it, their calculations are probably under the figure. As to the cause of this change in the productiveness of the soil, various opinions are expressed, many attributing it to the changes of the weather, which act more favorably to the seed than the other. Notwithstanding, however, that the change of seed may, to a certain extent, ensure a better yield, this will, the farmers know from experience, only be a temporary, and it is well for them to look to the exhausted state of the soil for the primary cause of the deficiency, although, during the last two seasons, fall sowing has been more successful than spring. Our farmers have no guarantee that this will be the case another year, and until the productive matter taken from the soil during the twenty, or perhaps thirty years, which has been almost exclusively cultivated, and a system of rotation in crops adhered to, little confidence can be placed in the yields of any kind of grain. This subject is now being agitated by several leading agriculturists in the eastern portion of the Province, and our farmers would do well to examine into it.—London Prototype

TO PREVENT POSTS HEAVING BY FROST.—The Country Gentleman recommends making a notch on each side of the lower end of the post, putting it in the hole prepared, and then placing the points or edges of two flat stones in these notches. Fill up with dirt and firmly ram it down. Another method used with success is to drive a pin through the bottom of the post, allowing it to project a few inches on each side, and place a stone on the ends of these pins.

FOOD FOR FATTENING POULTRY.—The cheapest and most advantageous food to use for fattening every description of poultry is ground oats. This must not be confounded with oat-meal, or with bruised oats. The whole of the grain must be ground to a fine powder; nothing of any kind is taken from it.—When properly ground one bushel of meal will more effectually fatten poultry than a bushel and a half of any other meal. The greatest point in fattening poultry is to feed at daybreak.

Boswell complains to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before had made his head ache. "No, sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache; it was the sense we put into it," said Johnson. "Has sense that effect upon the head?" inquired Boswell. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "on heads that are not used to it."

—On Thursday last, a sad and somewhat remarkable case of air writing occurred between Kingston and Brockville. A sailing scow started from the former port, having on board a deserter from the American army. As a practical joke, he was told the boat would touch at Ogdensburg. The American accepted the announcement as truth, and a short distance this side of Brockville jumped overboard, with the intent of escaping to the Canadian shore. He struggled long and manfully, but finally, overcome by the waves, he sank to rise no more.

—The weather was bitterly cold in Quebec last week.

Mr. JOHN MACLEAN is agent for the Canadian Illustrated News. He will be in London and its vicinity the ensuing week.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 4TH DEC., 1863

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mail and Sundries) and Amount (\$21,356 64, 40,316 60, 1,243 17 1/2)

Corresponding Week of last year: \$65,146 31 1/2 (Decrease \$43,789 64)

JAMES CHARLTON, Audit Office, Hamilton, Dec. 5, 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 28TH, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mail and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount (\$26,743 61, 5,518 09, 75,330 18)

Total: \$107,591 77. Corresponding week, 1862: \$112,735 19. Decrease: \$5,143 41.

JOSEPH HICKSON, Montreal, Dec. 4, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT. LIVERPOOL, Oct. 17th, 1863.

Table of market prices for various goods including Beet, Prime Lard, Malt, Bacon, Middles, Long Middles, Corn, Flour, and various oils.

PETROLEUM.

Table of petroleum prices: American Crude, Canadian, American Refined, Imperial Gallon, Canadian, Spirits of Petroleum or Benzine, Lubricating, Grease.

JOHN M'INTYRE, MERCHANT TAILOR, AND OUTFITTER.

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

Advertisement for The Oldest Established AND MOST COMMODIOUS FIRST CLASS HOTEL. TEL. West of London. Omnibuses to and from the Railway, free. ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL. CHATHAM, C.W. AND RAILWAY REFRESHMENT ROOM, CHATHAM STATION. DAVID WALKER, PROPRIETOR. Railway Refreshment Rooms CHATHAM STATION, G. W. RAILWAY.—Refreshments served up on the arrival of all trains.

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

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

WOOD CUTS Of Portraits, Buildings, Machinery, Scientific, &c., for Circulars, Bills, Cards, Books, &c., of a BETTER CLASS, and at from Twenty-Five to Fifty per cent less

than the usual Prices charged in the Province. Make arrangements with us to send a Special Artist to sketch; or send an engraving or sketch of whatever is to be engraved stating size required, and we will quote price at once.

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

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

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

THE TWO LEADING HOUSES IN HAMILTON & TORONTO NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

At LAWSON'S! Immense Stocks and at Unequalled Low Prices. LAWSON, BROS. & CO., Corner King and James Streets, Hamilton, C. W. LAWSON & CO., No. 96 King Street East, Toronto, C. W. Wanted, a first-class Miller.

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

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

ESTABLISHED—1813. GORE District Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Head Office, Galt, C. W. PRESIDENT—JOHN DAVIDSON, Esq., Galt. Directors—C. W. Meakins, Esq., Hamilton; James Cronbie, Esq., Galt; R. Mann, Esq., Galt; John Fleming, Esq., Galt; J. Comerford, Esq., Brantford; Milton Davis, Esq., Hamilton; James Colquhoun, Esq., Dundas; R. S. Strong, Esq., Galt; M. C. Lutz, Esq., Galt; Chas. Watts, Esq., Brantford. Bankers—Gore Bank; Solicitors—Messrs. Miller and Tassie; Sec. and Treas.—Thomas Rich, Esq.; Assistant Sec.—W. A. Shearson, Esq.; Auditor—D. Wright, Esq. D. WRIGHT, Agent, Hamilton, Dec. 1863.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES THE GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES

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

The undersigned having the General Agency for the sale of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, take great pleasure in informing the public that they have opened offices in Toronto at No. 34, King Street East, and in the city of Hamilton on the corner of King and Hughson streets, where they will keep on hand, at all times, a full assortment of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, and will sell the same, at the same prices, as at the manufactory in New York, thus bringing the machines, which have proved themselves after a test of fifteen years, to be the best, and most durable machines in every respect, that has ever been made within the reach of all. The Genuine Singer Machines are celebrated for being more simple to operate, less liable to get out of order, do better and a greater range of work, break less needles, and more durable than any other.

The celebrity of the Genuine Singer Machines, and the reputation which they have acquired over all others, for superiority, has led certain unscrupulous manufacturers of Sewing Machines, in Canada, to make a bogus imitation of the Singer No. 2 Machines, and which are peddled off upon the public for Singer Machines, but in value, when compared with the Genuine Singer Imperial No. 2 Machines, stand in about the same position as bogus coin does to genuine gold. Look out for impostors, and dealers in cheap machines, who will not only tell you the best, but quite equal to the Genuine, but superior, and that it is your duty to buy Home Manufacturers. But you want a Machine that will prove truly reliable, and really worth what you pay for it, buy the Genuine Singer, and you will not be disappointed. The Genuine Singer, Letter A Machine is the best Machine made for family use. The Genuine Singer, Imperial No. 2, is the best Machine made for shoemaking, &c. The Genuine Singer, No. 2, is the best Machine made for tailoring. The Genuine Singer, No. 3, is the best Machine made for harness makers and carriage trimmers.

All orders accompanied by the cash, addressed to either of our offices, Toronto or Hamilton, will be promptly attended to, and Machine carefully packed and sent with printed instructions to a part of the Province, according to the directions of the Clergymen supplied at reduced prices. Machine Oil, Needles, Thread, Silk, &c. in stock. Wax thread Machines, always on hand. Descriptive circulars sent to all applicants. Sewing Machines repaired promptly, and at reasonable rates. Address, Offices 34 King Street East, Toronto, Or Corner of King and Hughson Streets, Hamilton, C. W.

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

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

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

S. M. PETTENCILL & CO., No. 37, PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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