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GOVERNOR GENERAL.

LORD MONCK is a name that was little known to the public previous to his appointment as her Majesty's Representative in this country. He was a member of the House of Commons, but had taken no prominent part in its deliberations, and when selected by the Palmerston Ministry to fill his present position, the public was taken by surprise, and all manner of things, good and indifferent, were predicted of his administration. The office which he fills in this country is one beset with no ordinary difficulties. The petty jealousies about race and religion are still too strong, and often take offence when none is intended, and when it is impossible, for one who looks only upon the inhabitants of these Provinces as subjects of Queen Victoria, to act differently. Lord Monck has, therefore to proceed with caution, and guard against giving too great offence to prevailing prejudices, to exhibit in his own conduct that large and liberal spirit which ought to influence men so closely united, and on whom the future prosperity of our country so greatly depends. If he is successful during his stay amongst us in pleasing all parties, he will accomplish more than his predecessors, and prove that admin-



THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

istrative ability is to be found among men who have not made themselves popular in Parliament, and justify the sagacity of those who chose him to fill so important a position. That he may be able to do so, is the earnest wish of every lover of his country.

The following particulars of Viscount Monck's family is taken from Burke's Peerage :

'Monck, Viscount (Charles Stanley Monck) and Baron Monck, of Ballytrammun, Wexford, in the Peerage of Ireland, born 10th October, 1819; succeeded his father 20th April, 1849, as 4th Viscount; married 22d July, 1844, his cousin, Lady Elizabeth Louise Mary Monck, 4th daughter of Henry Stanley, Earl of Rathdowne, and has issue

LINAGE.

The founder of the family was Wm. Le Moyne, Lord of the Manor of Potheridge, county Devon, A.D., 1066, and was ancestor of William Le Moyne, living temp Henry VI., whose son, John of Potheridge, was ancestor of George Monck, the restorer of monarchy, who was created by King Charles II. Duke of Albemarle, and was rewarded also with large grants of land in England and Ireland. The second son of this John of Potheridge was the ancestor of Charles Monck, Esq., appointed in 1627 Surveyor General of the Customs in Ireland, and who represented Coleraine in Parliament in 1639. The grandson of this Charles Monck was Chas. Stanley, who was elevated to the Peerage of Ireland, 7th November, 1797, as Baron Monck of Ballytrammun. The creation of Viscount is dated Dec. 21, 1800.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

LANCASHIRE RELIEF FUND IN NEW YORK.

THE Lancashire relief fund in the city of New York has met with a success which few—under present circumstances—could have expected. We read that at the meeting held in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, on the 5th inst., a letter was read from the eminent shipping firm of Messrs. N. L. & Geo. Griswold, which contained the following sublime sentence: 'As an earnest of our desire to further this cause, in behalf of ourselves and others, owners of a new ship now in Boston, we tender her entire capacity, 1,800 tons, for the conveyance of the supplies, and our services, if needed, to forward them free of charge for freight.' This splendid contribution is stated to be worth not less than \$20,000. Another letter was read from a gentleman who did not wish his name to be known, the closing sentence of which we quote: 'Thank God!' said the writer, 'we have bread and to spare, and they will not say, "I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat." Will you add to your list one thousand barrels of flour, from one whose loaf will taste the sweeter for sharing it with a famished brother, and brand it—Union.'

After the reading of the above letter, the same noble hearted man who had sent it, handed in, as an additional contribution, seven one-thousand United States Treasury notes, but he still desired his name should not be mentioned.

Mr. Dodge, on behalf of the firm of which he is a member, subscribed \$5,000, Mr. Stewart, \$2,500, Capt. Marshall, \$2,000. Before the meeting closed not less than \$26,200 had been collected.

Since the meeting the sum has been increased to over \$55,000; before this is in the readers' hands even this large sum will no doubt be greatly augmented. This would have been princely conduct at any time, but is especially so at the present, when it requires the most vigilant exercise of the calmer judgments of both countries, to preserve amicable relations between them. What a pity that the press of the UNITED STATES, by its incessant bluster and uncivil tongue, gives other nations an unfavorable impression of American character. What a pity, too, that we, in estimating the opinion entertained of us by Americans, do not give as much prominence to the high toned judgment of EMERSON, as seen in ENGLISH TRAITS,—to the kindly genius of Washington Irving, that generous, genial delineator of English life, and to such examples of lofty benevolence as that which the munificence of the NEW YORK merchants affords, as we do to the apparently insane—but really worse—ravings of the HERALD, and the ranting blatherings of PARSON BROWNLOW and GEN. F. TRAIN.

It may be argued that the action of the men of New York in this matter is the result of charitable considerations alone. Perhaps, it is wrong to rob it of this noble distinction, yet we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that it shows a deep rooted sympathy with the British people—a sympathy whose voice though silenced for a time by the din of infatuated babble, will, whenever occasion calls, make its voice heard and its influence felt in opposition to the schemes of bigotry and designing men.

The most likely cause to produce a quarrel between Great Britain and the United States is the mistrust with which they have lately regarded each other. This cause once removed, there would be little difficulty with any other. We do not expect this magnificent response to the 'mute appeals' of the starving thousands of Lancashire, to accomplish this; prejudices are not so easily removed, but its important influ-

ence in this direction cannot be questioned.

Let us not, however, confine the lesson to be drawn from the example of New York, to one of international amity alone; it has another meaning besides this to us in Canada, it admonishes us that we have not done all in our power to relieve the sufferings of those who are bound to us by so many endearing ties. Canada has contributed about \$100,000, or about 20 cents for each male adult in the Province. New York has contributed \$53,000, or about 40 cents for each male adult of its population, besides a large quantity of provisions. Even granting the superior wealth of New York, this comparison is too heavily against us. The distress is increasing; to the piteous cry for bread, will soon be added that for fuel and comfortable clothing—in view of these facts it becomes our imperative duty to increase largely our contributions. 'We have bread and to spare,' let us not then bear the reproach, 'I was an hungred and ye gave me no meat.'

PAZERS, to all agents for the *Illustrated News*, are forwarded, free of express charges, unless a special agreement has been made. If any such charge is made they should deduct it from the amount of their remittance, and the mistake will soon be remedied.

If through any oversight we have omitted to send the '*Illustrated News*' by mail to those subscribers who paid in advance, they would confer a favor by acquainting us with it and we will correct the mistake immediately.

All agents for the '*Illustrated News*,' west of the Bridge, will receive their papers through, and remit to, Mr. Tunis, with the exception of Toronto and Hamilton.

THE 'GRUMBLED.'—Phoenix-like our old friend is again alive, and is still, to quote Artemus, 'as amoozin a little cuss as ever was introduced to a discriminating public.' We hope to be able, from time to time, to chronicle for him a success that will secure us against even his temporary retirement in future.

THE ACORN MINES.—*Le Deffricher*, the paper started by Mr. J. B. E. Dorion, at L'Avenir, in the Eastern Townships, says that 500 workmen are now employed in the Acorn Mines, and that the Boston Company, which purchased the property, is about to erect smelting furnaces.

THE REPORTED SHOOTING OF TWO FRENCH CANADIANS.—The statement which appeared in the Montreal papers to the effect that two French Canadians, Jean Charlebois and Adolphe Blanchet, formerly residents of the St. Joseph Suburbs, had been shot as deserters from the Federal army, is incorrect. The parties referred to have escaped from the Northern army and safely returned to their homes in Montreal.

AVALANCHE.—About three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, an avalanche of snow from Cape Diamond occurred, burying a woman and breaking the back part of two houses occupied by Mrs. Shields and Mr. Harrington. A few of the neighbors collected with shovels, &c., and in a very short time dug the woman out from the snow, and, strange to say, she was not in the least injured, with the exception of a slight scratch received from the point of one of the shovels which was used in getting her out.—*Daily News*.

The Honorable Malcolm Cameron passed through London on Tuesday evening, en route from British Columbia to his home in Sarnia. He is on his way to England along with the late editor of the *Daily Press* of Victoria, for the purpose of representing the political grievances of the British possessions in the North Pacific. Mr. Cameron was appointed by the residents of British Columbia, and Mr. McClure by a meeting held in Victoria. The object of the mission is to obtain the removal of the Governor and other officials, and to get a representative system of government introduced into the Pacific colonies.

WRECKERS ON LAKE HURON.—The Bruce 'Vindicator' says that a large quantity of flour has been washed ashore along the coast of Saugen and Bruce. The brands on the barrels, we learn, are various—some from Illinois, Iowa, Michigan. We have only heard vague reports as to the vessel, of the loss of which we fear they are the evidence. In the mean time, parties not very particular about wheat and turn, are having quite a nice harvest of breadstuffs along the shore.

Foreign News.

The steamship *Hansa*, from Bremen on the 23rd, via Southampton on the 26th Nov. Her news is mostly anticipated.

Cotton is being extensively cultivated in Barbary.

ENGLAND.—The *London Times* thinks that Prince Nicholas, the youngest son of the King of Sweden, will be elected to the Greek throne.

The Prince of Wales is to be married in April next.

A Liverpool paper says that Capt. Maury, who arrived in the *Arabia*, proceeds to St. Petersburg as Commissioner from the Confederate States to Russia.

The *London Army and Navy Gazette* says that Gen. Mansfield's change of base to Aquia Creek gives but little confidence in the plans of the Federal leaders, and it does not believe the Confederates will quietly submit to the movement.

At a meeting of the Great Ship Company it was stated that if £1,750 was not immediately provided, the steamship *Great Eastern* must pass into other hands. It would also require £5,000 to bring her home. The Directors propose to raise £100,000 on a mortgage for three years. The ship earned £15,000 in eleven days. Scott Russell censured the general management of the Company. The proposal of the Directors was adopted.

Contributions for the relief of the distressed Lancashire operatives continued on a most magnificent scale. The American Chamber of Commerce at Liverpool, voted £1,000 to the relief fund.

An extraordinary general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company is called for on the 12th of December, for the purpose of considering a proposition for the issue of £600,000 new capital, in preferential shares of £5 each, bearing 8 per cent. interest, guaranteed by the British government in the event of success, and any further profits to be first applied to pay 4 per cent. on the old capital, and the surplus to an equal division between the old and new, and the formation of a new fund.

FRANCE.—*La Patrie* says that Russia has virtually intimated to England and France that she will not be prepared to recognize Prince Alfred as King of Greece.

Paris journals assert that orders have been sent to Corfu, from London, to prepare for Prince Alfred's reception.

The *Constitutional* denies that France dispatched a second note to England and Russia in respect to mediation in American affairs.

The French journals represent that 17 English war vessels have assembled in Pirrus, but the *London Globe* pronounces the statement utterly devoid of foundation.

ITALY.—The bullet in Garibaldi's foot has been extracted, and he is getting along finely.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies continues to debate the Roman question. Among other propositions adopted is one that the Parliamentary session of 1863 should assemble at Naples.

GREECE.—Advices from Greece say that the election of Prince Alfred of England, as King of Greece, is considered certain.

The Greek question continued to be the most prominent topic.

Great demonstrations continue to be made in various parts of Greece, in favor of placing Prince Alfred of England on the Throne.

It is rumored that the Russian Government intends to address a communication to the English Government, seriously objecting to Prince Alfred being considered a candidate for the Grecian throne.

BELOIUM.—The Belgium Parliament has voted that half a million of the appropriation for the public works be applied to the relief of its distressed cotton operatives.

UNITED STATES.—There is nothing of importance from the army of the Potomac. It is generally believed that there will be little fighting during the winter, but that the energies of both parties will be directed to making preparations for the spring campaign, unless during the interval, some fortunate circumstance should arise which will bring this unfortunate and bloody struggle to a close.

THE NITRE LAKES OF EGYPT.

In the midst of this sandy waste, where uniformity is rarely interrupted by grass or shrubs, there are extensive districts where nitre springs from the earth like crystallized fruits. One thinks he sees a wild overgrown with moss, weeds, and shrubs, thickly covered

with hoar frost. And to imagine this wiftry scene beneath the fervent heat of an Egyptian sun, will give some idea of the strangeness of its aspect. The existence of this nitre upon the sandy surface is caused by the evaporation of the lakes. According to the quantity of nitre left behind by the lake do these fantastic shapes assume either a dazzling white colour, or are more or less tinted with the sober hue of the sand. The nitre lakes themselves, six in number, situated in a spacious valley, between two rows of low sandhills, presented—at least the three which we visited—a pleasing contrast, in their dark blue and red colours, to the dull hues of the sand. The nitre, which forms a thick crystallized crust upon these shallow lakes, is broken off in large square plates, which are either of a dirty white, or of a flesh colour, or of a deep dark red. The fellahs employed upon this labor stand quite naked in the water, furnished with iron rods. The part which is removed being speedily renewed, the riches of his produce are inexhaustible. It is hence that nearly the whole of Europe is exclusively supplied with nitre, and this has probably been the case for ages; for Scard mentions it at the commencement of the century, and then 30,000 cwt. of nitre were broken annually for the Grand Signor, to whom it yielded thirty-six purses. By the side of one of the lakes, piled in large layers, was heaped the produce of last week's labor. My companion had occasion to find fault with the result of the work of one of the villages: the sheikh of the village stood before us—he sharply rebuked him, and to give greater effect to his words he crossed his naked shoulders two or three times with his whips of elephant's skin. The sheikh sprang as nimbly as a gazelle into the lake, and received his further instructions beyond arm's length. Such was the impressive discipline which even the Italian, who was a man of gentle manners, considered it necessary to adopt towards these fellahs. The plates of nitre, after undergoing a preliminary cleansing upon the banks of the lake, are carried to the castle, where, by various processes, they become a dazzling white powder, and in this state it is carried in large quantities to Teranelh.—*Tichendorf's Travels*.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young who waited on his instructions.—While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was employed in a field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work. The young student turned to the professor saying, 'Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them.' 'My dear friend,' answered the professor, 'we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves.' The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the labourer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar.—Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing. The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes; 'Now,' said the Professor, 'are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?' 'Oh, dearest sir,' answered the youth, 'you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'it is better to give than to receive.' We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good.—*Christian Guardian*.

Original Poetry.

MEMORY BELLS.

BY EMELIA S. Vining, Woodstock.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
Softly your melody swells,
Sweet as a seraphim's singing,
Tender-toned, memory bells!
The laughter of childhood,
The song of the wildwood,
The tinkle of streams through the echoing dell;
The voice of a mother,
The shout of a brother,
Up from life's morning melodiously swell.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
Richly your melody swells,
Sweet reminiscences bringing,
Joyous-toned memory bells!
Youth's beautiful bowers,
Her dew-spangled flowers,
The pictures which Hope of futurity drew;
Love's rapturous vision
Of regions elysian,
In glowing perspective unfolding to view.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
Sadly your melody swells,
Tears with its mournful tones bringing,
Sorrowful memory bells!
The first heart-link broken,
The first farewell spoken,
The first flower crushed in life's desolate track;
The agonized yearning
O'er joys unreturning,
All, all, with your low, wailing music come back.

Up from the spirit-depths ringing,
Dirge-like your melody swells;
But Hope wipes the tears that are springing,
Mournful-toned memory bells!
Above your deep kneeling,
Her soft voice is swelling,
Sweeter than Angel-tones silvery clear!
Singing; in Heaven above,
All is unchanging love,
Mourner, look upward, thy home is not here!

Gleanings.

MAORI WARRIORS—In every civilized community the desire to possess a knowledge of the manners, habits, and peculiarities of the aboriginal inhabitants of a country is so generally exhibited, that a few remarks in reference to the troupe of New Zealand natives now performing at the Princess's Theatre will not, we think, be uninteresting to our readers. These Maories were collected about six months since from amongst their various tribes by Dr. McGauran, who had previously held a government appointment at Auckland, in which capacity he had acquired a considerable knowledge of the native race. There was, we believe, no little difficulty experienced by Dr. McGauran at first in inducing these natives to leave their tribes, but the hope of travelling abroad and receiving kind treatment ultimately overcame whatever feelings of affection they might have entertained towards their associates, and they consented to quit their original habits and act according to civilized laws. The troupe consists of twenty, namely, sixteen males, three females, and one child, all of whom belong to the northern part of New Zealand, the province of Auckland. Among the men there are five chiefs. The physical development of many of these Maories is equal to that of Englishmen, their height being on an average six feet, and their limbs full and muscular. Their bodies are longer than those of most other men, and the girth of their chest is about the same as that of Englishmen. They are clever and generally brave, possessing naturally great skill in the use of native weapons, and courage equal to the North American Indians. In strength they are on an average inferior to Englishmen, which from their appearance is somewhat surprising, but may be accounted for by the fact that a large portion of their food is composed of potatoes. In running a short distance they have the advantage, although if the race exceeds a mile the Maori loses his straight. Their fighting is generally occasioned by women, or disputes arising out of the possession of land; but the Maories may be considered slow in proceeding to strong measures. In case of insult offered, the offender may generally ensure his safety against retaliation by making some amends, by payment or otherwise, for his conduct; but if his life has been destroyed, or blood shed, nothing but 'running a muck,' as the natives call it—that is, fighting for blood, will satisfy the injured party. The Maories, however, display no ferocity at ordinary times, and it requires, as we have intimated, a good deal of provocation, much more so than would arouse most Englishmen, to induce them to

take up arms. Most of the aborigines of New Zealand exhibit much intelligence, and the clever manner in which these performing Maori warriors acquit themselves is not only an exciting novelty, but will do much towards improving our ideas of the New Zealander, who is doubtless entitled to be classed far above mere rude barbarism.—*Melbourne Post.*

THE NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS.—The following address has been forwarded by Governor Sir George Grey to the Duke of Newcastle for transmission to her Majesty:—

Oh Victoria, our Mother!—We greet you! You, who are all that now remains to recall to our recollection Albert, the Prince Consort, who can never again be gazed upon by the people. We, your Maori children, are now sighing in sorrow together with you, even with a sorrow like to yours. All we can now do is to weep together with you.—Oh, our good mother, who hast nourished us, your ignorant children of the island, even to this day. We have just heard the crash of the huge-headed forest tree which has untimely fallen, ere it had attained its full growth of greatness. Oh, good lady, pray look with favour on our love. Although we may have been perverse children, we have ever loved you. This is our lament. Great is the pain which preys on me for the loss of my beloved. Ah, you will now be buried among the other departed Kings! They will leave you with the other departed heroes of the land. With the dead of the tribes of the multitude of *Ti Mani*. Go fearless then, O Pango, my beloved, in the path of death, for no evil standers can follow you. Oh my very heart! Thou didst shelter me from the sorrows and ills of life. Oh my pet bird, whose sweet voice welcomed my glad guests! Oh my noble pet bird, caught in the forests of *Rapaura*! Let, then, the body of my beloved be covered with royal purple robes!—Let it be covered with rare robes! The great *Rewa*, my beloved, shall himself bind these round thee. And my ear-ring of precious jasper shall be hung in thy ear. For, Oh! my most precious jewel, thou art now lost to me. Yes, thou, the pillar that didst support my palace, has been borne to the skies. Oh, my beloved! you used to stand in the very prow of the war-canoe, inciting all others to noble deeds. Yes, in thy life time thou was great. And now thou hast departed to the place where even all the mighty must at least go. Where, oh physicians, was the power of your remedies? What, oh priests, availed your prayers? For I have lost my love; no more can he revisit this world.

From the Times, Nov.

WHEN we examine the American newspapers which this mail has brought us, glance over the long columns of electoral names and numbers, scan the great 'sensation' headings, and see before us all the signs of a community highly wrought to passion, and little swayed by reason, our first impulse is to be thankful that we are not a great Democracy. We are looking into a society where party politics mean not only the division of statesmen, but the crotchets and partialities of individuals, but mean also places and salaries, and livelihood lost or won to tens of thousands of families throughout the States, and to more than one family in every village. We see enough to make us congratulate ourselves that we live in a country which, with all its faults, does not propose such all-abounding premiums for continual strife, and does not so minutely compound in all the details of the body politic the elements of patriotism and party and private emolument. We have our election scandals, and they are bad enough, as we all know; but we put it to any 'Man in the Moon' who was ever pursued by Speaker's warrant how far these would be intensified if not only our House of Commons, but our House of Lords, depended upon these continual elections; and not only our Houses of Legislature, but also our local Judges and Magistrates; and not only our Judicial Staff, but all our office-holders of every kind, down to the post-master of the village or the tax-collector of the smallest district. In America it is not as with us, where a change of parties will give place and salary to some score of rich men whose pay will scarcely defray the expenses of their office. It is not there as with us that the patronage of an incoming party is but a something to grease the rusting wheel of the machinery of faction. In America there is something worth voting for, and therefore it is that we see the Irish and German immigrants who have just claimed exemption from conscription as British or Austrian subjects going to the poll with their certificates of nationality in their pockets and trying to vote. In America there is something worth fighting for also, and therefore it is that we see the Republican speakers,

during the recent elections, threatening their opponents with axe and gibbet, and holding forth plain menace that, if they are beaten at the polling-booths, they will rather have a fight in the streets than yield the party supremacy they gained two years ago.

The following taken from the *Tribune* of the 4th inst., should do something towards calming the excitement of Americans, against England, for the building of the Alabama; unless they expect the people of other nations to evince more loyalty to the Union than their own:—

DEFAUDING OUR SOLDIERS.—A friend yesterday brought us one of the United States army overcoats, issued to convalescent soldiers in this city, when they leave the hospital for the army. It purports to be made of black petersham cloth, and it is we believe, charged at \$9 to the person to whom it is issued. After a careful analysis of its structure, we should say that it is composed chiefly of old ground up carpet rags, goat's hair, and sheerman's dust—that is the minute particles of wool cut from the face of cloth in dressing. It is not woven. The material would not admit of it. There is no machinery in the world by which a thread could be spun out of such stuff. But it is rudely felted together—not felted as decent wool may be felted into a stout water-proof fabric,—but the larger fibres and hairs are stealthily interlocked, the dust thrown in to fill up the interstices, and the whole struck together by some sort of sizing, then dyed, and hot pressed to make it look something like cloth. For all the purposes of a garment, however, such stuff is utterly valueless. You can thrust your finger through it with ease. It is as pervious to wind and rain as a sieve. The daylight shows through it almost unobstructed, and when we poured a cup of water through it, the fabric offered hardly any perceptible obstruction to the passage of the fluid. And the tailor work is entirely in keeping with the quality of the material—coarse and slovenly in the extreme. Upon the lining of the sleeve, is found the inscription indicating that the garment has been inspected, approved, and passed: If this is the material with which our soldiers are clothed, we do not wonder at the sickness that prevails in the army. The wonder is, rather, that so many are able to endure the rigors of a campaign with such a miserable protection from the elements. To palm off such goods upon soldiers is simply criminal. It does seem to us that both the contractor who made and the inspector who passed these coats to clothe our soldiers, deserve to be indicted by the United States Grand Jury, as active agents of the enemy.

ENGINEERS OF OLD.—It is somewhat the fashion in the nineteenth century to laud the works of its own time as being without precedent except in the history or the ancient world; as we scan the mottled pages of the book of abstracts we are struck with the magnitude of the engineering enterprise of the days to which it relates. There were mediæval coast works, sea defenses, harbours and avons, locks, trenches and sewers, as well as illuminated missals and jewelled chalices. Henry VI. despatched a company of gentlemen, called a commission of sewers, into various parts of his realm to inquire into the condition of the existing sea defenses, and to superintend their repair. Edward IV., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. also granted commissions of sewers. The latter monarch declared that the sea walls, ditches, banks, gutters, gables, bridges, and sewers by the sea coast and marshes had suffered incalculable damage, as much by the rage of the sea as by the making, erecting, and enlarging streams, mills bridges, ponds, fish guths, mill dams, locks, hebbing weirs, hecks, flood gates; and they were then 'dimpt, lacerate, and broken.' Both Henry VIII. and Elizabeth passed Acts for the drainage of Plumstead Marsh. Their Scottish kinsman and successor, James, appears to have been still more energetic. He passed an Act for winning from inundation the drowned ground and marshes of Lessnants and Fants, in Kent, another for draining the fens and low grounds in the Isle of Ely, containing about 6,000 acres, 'compassed about with banks called the Ring of Waldersley and Coldham; a third, to recover a great quantity of ground lately surrounded in Norfolk and Suffolk by sea, 'and to prevent the like for the future.' He also decreed that, for the means to maintain a college he intended to build at Chelsea, a trench should be made to convey water from the River Lea to London; another trench was to bring water from Cadwel and Anwel in a trunk or vault.

Henry VIII. had previously enacted that no one was to pollute the Thames—an enactment which might have saved many lives if it had been enforced—and Elizabeth further insured the well watering of London by

making the River Lea navigable as far up as Ware. The 6,000 acres of land recovered the Isle of Ely were increased by 95,000 additional acres in the time of Charles II.

THE THIEVES' CIRCUIT.—All Professional thieves are great travellers, especially the pick-pockets, who, in some instances, work very hard indeed, being up for the earliest trains in the morning, and out for the latest at night. The first-class thieves do not confine themselves to Britain. They work the Dover packets, and visit the Lakes of Kilmarnock. They go on the Manchester Exchange, and sleep in the hotels of New York. They know the way to the Liverpool Docks, and 'wire' in the streets of Paris. They generally go on the continent in the spring, and remain there until the races and fairs are coming off in England. The London mobs go down to Manchester in December, there being a large number of commercial men about the town at that time. The Manchester men will go to London when they are outlawed; the Liverpool mobs to Manchester; the Birmingham mobs to Bristol and Wales. Scotch thieves go into the North of England. Irish thieves come into England in the summer for the fairs and races. In the latter end of April and the beginning of May, the London mobs do the May meetings of Exeter Hall and other places; and then start for Wales and the Midland counties, as the fairs are coming on about that time. The pick-pockets are always at work, travelling night and day, or both as it may suit them. The migration of thieves into Wales takes place from March up to May; the time of the fairs. Cardiff is the last place visited for Llandaff fair. The thieves are fond of royal progresses, and follow the Queen everywhere. After the races and fairs are over, the magmen, thieves gamblers, go to different towns, and make up mobs for the winter.—*Comhill.*

THE JEWS IN THE PAPAL STATES.—The flag of France, as Europe is continually informed by the semi-official journals of the Second Empire, is ever, above all other flags, the banner of civilization—the pillar of fire in the van of the march of mankind. This is the text from which our contemporaries over the water, with one or two honest exceptions, are never tired of appealing to the pride and glory of their readers. England, of course, is a gross, mercantile, shop-keeping nation, immersed in selfish interests, and never rising to the height of a generous idea. Let us see what sort of civilization it is that the flag of France harbors and protects in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Only the other day, at Velletri, in the Papal State, a Cardinal vicar, in his capacity of Minister of Police, issued an ordinance for the expulsion of the Israelites from the diocese. In pursuance of this ordinance, men, women, and children, were forthwith driven out from their homes and forced to take shelter wherever they could find it beyond the frontier. This wholesale eviction was carried out in the presence and under the protection of the flag of France. So difficult is it for your *grande nation* to be at the same time the *soldat de Dieu* and the *soldat du Pape*. This incident of the French occupation is related by the *Opinion Nationale*, a journal whose testimony in a case which concerns the honor of the French flag, cannot be suspected.—*Daily News.*

GARIBALDI AT PISA.—Yesterday, says a correspondent of the *Star*, writing on the 12th inst., the working men prepared a slab, with the date of the landing of the wounded hero in Pisa, to be placed upon the spot where his litter first rested. They had decided to place it there in the night to avoid the interference of the police, and sure enough they set to work about two o'clock, when they were surprised by large bodies of the population, working men like themselves, who exclaimed, 'Shame! shame! come like thieves at night to place that stone, as if we were ashamed to own Garibaldi in the face of day.' So it was decided then and there that a slab four times that size, with the inscription in golden letters, should be placed in the daytime on the spot, the band playing and colours flying. Professor Zannetti, who examined and probed the wound on Monday, expressed his entire satisfaction at the patient's general health, and also at the local aspect of the wound. He is of opinion that the extraction of the ball will be easily accomplished, when the right time shall be indicated by nature herself. He returns on Sunday next, and I shall write to you as soon as I know the results of his visit. Garibaldi is in excellent spirits; nothing but his poor caged leg indicates his misfortune.

The Jamaica *Guardian* says: 'We are happy to announce the formation of another company for the cultivation of cotton. The company is a Glasgow one, with a capital of £50,000 already subscribed.'

FREDERICKSBURG SAID TO BE TAKEN.

Notwithstanding the predictions of the inactivity of the Army of the Potomac for the winter, they have commenced operations in earnest, and news has arrived of the capture of Fredericksburg by the Federals. The telegrams thus describe it.

Everything last night was bustle and activity, as to-day was the time fixed for crossing the river. During the night the pontoons were conveyed to the river, and the artillery of 143 pieces placed in position opposite the city. At five o'clock this morning the rebels fired two signal guns, and during the latter part of the night rockets were frequently seen to ascend within their lines.

At five o'clock the construction of three bridges in front of the city was commenced. When the bridges were about half completed the enemy opened a murderous fire of infantry from the houses on the river bank. Up to this time not a shot had been fired from our side. The engineers were driven from

3 o'clock, during which time all the available batteries were placed in position. They then numbered 176 guns. At a given signal all the batteries opened on the city.—The fire was terrible, but the rebel sharpshooters could not be driven from their hiding places. The shot and shell went crashing through the houses, in many cases setting them on fire, causing a dense smoke, which, together with the explosion of so large a quantity of powder, almost hid the city from view.

It soon became evident that the bridges could not be built except by a bold dash. Volunteers were called for to cross in small boats. The order was no sooner given than hundreds stepped forward, but all could not go. About 1,000 were selected. They were soon on their way, while the artillery threw a perfect storm of iron hail on the opposite shore, but not without loss.

At half past four, two bridges were finished opposite the city, when the troops immediately began to cross over. The enemy were soon driven from the city back to

first staired turquoise sphere was laid in the warm lining of moss and horse-hair till, when I chirped, four red hungry throats, eager for worm or slug, opened out of a confused mass of feathers. What a hungry brood it was, to be sure; and how often father and mother were put to it to provide sustenance for their family! I went but the other day to have a peep, and behold brood and parent birds were gone, the nest was empty and cold, Adam's visitors had departed!—Peace go with them! I do not think the world contains a prettier sight than the nests of some of our common birds when the eggs are laid. I can remember perfectly well the first bird's nest I ever saw. It was a hedge-sparrow's, and was built in a bush which overhung a tiny streamlet. The lining of it gave me a sense of warmth, far more than my own crib at home did; the five gleaming eggs dazzled me. Talk of the Pleiades in comparison. Bah! Although far from my home I visited it often, and one day I found it 'harried,' as we say in Scotland, to my intense grief. I do verily believe

they are gone, and in a trice one is poisoning itself in the wind above my tree-tops, while the other dips her wing as she darts after a fly through the arches of the bridge which let the slow stream down to the sea. I know not what of romance attaches in my mind to the swallow. It is a biblical bird, and has its biblical associations. Abraham knew it, and David, and it built its nest in the pinnacles of Solomon's Temple. It has no native country; it is a stranger and visitor everywhere. It follows summer round the world; it makes its home with man. The swallows at my window have occupied the same nest for several years now, and where they go I cannot tell. They may chatter on dewy mornings around the kraal of the Hottentot, skim in golden air above the mosque of the Mohammedan, or hang their procreant cradles from the capital of one of the six pillars of Baalbec.—*Good Words.*

SILVER is never a drug except when used as the coating of pills.



VIEW OF THE MISSISSIPPI, AT DALHOUSIE, C. W.

the bridges, and several killed and wounded.

At six o'clock Gen. Burnside ordered all the guns to be opened on the city. The cannonade, which was continued up to the present time, is terrible. The city is on fire, and its destruction appears to be certain. The enemy about seven o'clock this morning opened with their heavy guns from their works, but so far have done no serious injury.

Gen. Franklin constructed his bridges about three miles below the city, meeting with but slight opposition. His troops are now crossing, and the gunboats are shelling the enemy, about fifteen miles down the river, where they have been concentrating their forces for the past few days.

The concentrated fire of our batteries on the city has had the effect of driving back the enemy's infantry, and the work on the bridges has again commenced.

The troops are all under arms near the river, prepared to rush over as soon as the bridges are completed.

Army of the Potomac, Dec. 11-p. m.

But little firing took place between 1 and

their line of works.

The two bridges in front of General Franklin's corps were successfully laid early in the day, but his troops did not cross until the two upper ones were ready.

A sufficient force is now on the opposite side of the river to resist any attack that is likely to be made.

BIRDS' NESTS.

This spring a chaffinch built a nest in one of my yew-trees. The particular yew, which the bird did me the honor to select, had been clipped long ago into a similitude of Adam. The resemblance to a human figure was, of course, remote; but the intention was good. In the black, sleek head of our first parent did the birds establish their habitation. A prettier, rounder, more comfortable nest I never saw, and many a wild swing it got when Adam bent his back, and bobbed and shook his head, when the bitter east wind was blowing. The nest interested me, and I visited it every day from the time that the

that, for a week after my loss, the world seemed a place hardly worth living in. I have had greater misfortunes since, but I don't think I ever felt one so much. For more than twenty years now, the train, running between two great cities, passes over the spot where the bush stood which contained my treasure. Time changes men and places so. In the corner of my bedroom window I have a couple of swallows' nests, and nothing can be pleasanter in these summer mornings than to lie in a kind of half dream, perfectly conscious all the while of the chattering and endearments of the man-loving creatures. Beautifully restless they are; they dart like lightnings round their nests in the window corners. All at once there is a great twittering and noise; something of moment has been seen, something of importance has occurred in the swallow world, perhaps a fly of unusual size and savor has been bolted. Clinging with their feet, and with heads turned charmingly awry, they chatter away with great sweetness and volubility; then with a gleam of silver

An interesting anecdote is told of a little Swedish girl who had given evidence that a saving change had been wrought upon her. She was walking with her father one night, under the starry sky, intently meditating upon the glories of heaven. At last, looking up to the sky she said, 'Father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?'

When the celebrated Haydn was asked how all his sacred music was so cheerful, the great composer replied:—"I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned in me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

GEN. McCLELLAN'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.—It is announced that Gen. McClellan is preparing a history of military affairs while he was in command.

HALF the failures in life arise from pulling at one's horse as he is leaping.

Original Poetry.

SHORT DAYS.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER, MONTREAL.

Over the pale crest of the emine snow,
The wind is roaring, chilled with winter's breath
And the dim waning days seem touched with weep
For Autumn's lingering death.

They gather dreary hours in their train,
And lay them in the stillness of the past.
And o'er the fulfil visions of the brain,
Their broken shadows cast.

The evenings lengthen as the days subside,
Deepening and broadening to the peaceful night.
Like tender shadows, tempering as they hide
The noonday's garish light.

And dull with scowling clouds and fugal skies,
The little days pass onward to their bourne,
Life's shadowy landmarks, to our saddened eyes,
But vanished haze of morn!

The hours shrivel, as we vainly try
To grasp their fruits within our feeble hold.
Their glow, and bloom and beauty seem to die
In winter's piercing cold.

O, lessening days that silently depart!
Leave us the broader faith and larger hope,
So that the scarred and patient human heart
May love with fuller scope.

Yield us the deeper trust in human truth,
Show us the purer sky above the haze,
So that the nobler visions of our youth
May light our devious ways.

Banish the frost of doubt that numbs the heart,
Broaden the narrowing limits of life's road,
So may your fleeting presence still impart
A lasting love for God.

Gossip.

UHLAND.

Umland is dead! and the story of his death is told in the briefest of brief paragraphs in English papers, thus:

The German journals announce the death of the eminent and venerable poet, Louis Umland.

Germany, that could have better spared one of her foolish kings, loses one of her wisest and sweetest singers.—Readers of Longfellow's earlier books, of Edwin Arnold's poems, and of the current literature of our day will call to mind not a few rare poems from the German of Umland, thoughtful as nearly all German poetry is, laden with the unfathomable mystery of life and death, and storying the burden of fates touched with the hues of old romance, lighted by love, or shaded by sorrow, or shrouded in death. Translations of 'The Castle by the Sea,' 'The Black Knight,' 'The Luck of Edenhall,' 'The Three Students,' and other and better poems of his are to be found scattered through English books, periodicals and newspapers. It was from his 'Black Knight,' in which that mailed personation of death said grimly of the dead youth and maiden

'Roses in the spring I gather!'

that Longfellow took the idea he has so finely developed in 'The Reaper and the Flowers.'

Umland is dead! He sings no more. He rests with the mighty dead who are the glory of their fatherland. He adds another name to the illustrious crowd who have made Germany a watchword in the kingly realms of intellect.

SHORT DAYS.

The summer has gone, its intense heat, its profanity-inspiring dust, and its drenching showers are no more; the 'Fall,' not of man but of the year, has fallen into the lap of the Past; the Indian Summer with its genial days and its cool nights is only a memory, and Winter and short days have overtaken us. The trees are leafless, the ground is hard, the pools are frozen, the wind is cutting, the air is piercing, snow is falling and bills are falling due, the year is dying, and our thoughts are sober and grave. Short days have touches of solemnity about them. Darkness hangs about them and makes daylight seem an accidental interruption and night a huge

monopoly of time. The shades, that ought to have the propriety to retire at break of morn, have the air of making us suspect that they hang around in out-of-the-way corners of the skies, dodging sunbeams, and seeking opportunities of shaking hands or exchanging recognitions, across the daylight hours, with their sable brethren of the afternoon, with whom they conspire against the glory of daylight, and meditate an amalgamation for which, unlike the Grand Trunk, they have no intention of asking the consent of the Provincial Parliament. Short days remind us that labor is long, and life and our dinner hour is short, and that leisure moments are a delusion of which we once dreamed, but to find, when we awoke, that they were not.

These diminutive days remind us of dwarfs physical and dwarfs mental, and of races and grades of men who are mercilessly and pitilessly dwarfed by their fellowmen,—dwarfed by ignorance, by neglect, by lack of love, or affluence of hate, by contempt, by dislike, by overtasks, and by slavery, which is by no means confined to the dominions of Jefferson Davis or Her disreputable Majesty of Spain. The shades of darkness, closing around these helpless little days remind us of the shades of death that will one day close around ourselves, and they seem to be circling round the lessening hours of light, making them daily less, until they can master them easily, and extinguish them completely, and make Night and Time one. Shabby little days! like stingy employers, they leave us only time to work but not to walk abroad, and we have to fall back upon our last pedestrian pleasure of the 'Fall,' when orchards were still fruit-laden, when trees wore garments of the pattern of Joseph's coat, when evergreen trees seemed to hint immortality, and dried and withered and fallen leaves whispered to us of things mortal. Then the woods were a glory, and solitude was a grandeur undisturbed by aught save far-off human voices, which sound sweeter in forest-depths than anywhere else. The woods were slowly disrobing themselves, like beauties loth to part with their gorgeous array. Troops of trees tinged with yellow and touched with sunshine, or in blood-red or many colored garb, in sunshine or in shade, created surpassing effects, and marvellous pictures, which pen is weak to describe, or pencil to portray. But the 'Fall' is not less suggestive than its latest successor Winter. Its very name has a moral in it and hints of the fall of trees and men, and we think of men who have fallen in death, of men who fall in the battle of life, and linger whimpering and unpitied on the stage; of men who fall commercially as banks do, or morally as politicians do, who never hurt themselves by any fall, as they never by any possibility, have very far to fall even in the estimation of their best friends; or of tee-totallers who fall into habits of 'lager,' or weak brothers, who fall into gutters and general disrepute, because they do not observe temperance in all things; or of the great day, when this great fabric itself shall fall and be no more. The 'Fall' is near akin to the shortest, darkest, dreariest and winniest day. Its very leaves have a melancholy rustle as they fall about us, and seem to remind us sadly, that their beauty is gone and their day is past, and that they only serve to mark the lessening glories of the lessening day. And this brings us back by a road not one whit better known to myself than to the reader—to our starting point—short days in which we have, at least, time to read the old lesson: 'Art is long, life short, judgement difficult, opportunity transient!'

Let us take time also to read what the poet has to say on another page, about these very short days, which are the theme of this article, and which we are just now experiencing. Poets who sing of the immediate present are not nu-

merous, and their singing is often out of tune, and not worth heeding; but this one, whose opening lines have the music of James Montgomery, and his closing ones the thought of Tennyson, is surely entitled to a hearing.

And while we are about it, let us also enjoy the 'Memory Bells' of another writer, and a not unwelcome one in these pages, and let us hope that we shall have more poetry of the same kind, from the same source.

SIB ORACLE.

Germany has the richest literature and the rottenest governments in Europe. Its writers are great, its kings are petty tyrants, and its people are the subjects of a monarch's eccentricities or a minister's caprice. The most intelligent people in Europe, have the most intolerable, unbearable government. From Germany has radiated lights of religion, philosophy, poetry, and science, but no striking examples of wise government by or for the people. Despotism marshals its armed legions, and controls senates, and awes public opinion, and makes constitutionalism but the hope of its best patriots, or the dream of its most daring singers. Sometimes its tyrant is a drunken sot, like the late king of Prussia, or a bigoted despot like the present one, who believes with all his heart, in the divine right of doing wrong, and is the most ridiculous caricature of Napoleon the Third extant. In a recent speech of this serenely oblivious personage, there are some execrating comicalities illustrative of the delusions which still haunt the inmates of German palaces. In his reply to an address from several districts of Prussian Saxony he says:

'It is requisite to govern constitutionally, so as to promote the welfare of the country. *The sovereign alone can do this in Prussia.* The representatives of the people should assist him by constitutional co-operation in legislation, and not further obstruct his government.'

To govern constitutionally is requisite, but then in all Prussia, there is only one gifted German gentleman who can do it, and he alone must determine what is and what is not constitutional. Representatives are not quite governmental superfluities. They have their uses, but then they must not obstruct paternal majesty. They may advise when their advice is required, always taking care that their advice is entirely palatable to the sole sage of Prussia, and they must vote supplies to the extent required by the serene wisdom. So runs the oracle.

Surely if this king comprehends his era, it must be a degraded one. What egotism usurps the royal mind! or what poverty of intellect characterizes the people! But one man to save the nation! and that one,—wonder of wonders!—a German prince! But who doubts the over-weening vanity of the antic sovereign, or the capacity of his misruled subjects: and yet there are people who wonder that such rulers rouse such a people to revolt; as if there could be no limit to kingly buffoonery, nor to a great nation's endurance.

EUGENE.

CHEAP TRAVELLING IN PERSIA.

At night, wherever we encamped, the chief inhabitants of the place sent us presents of tea, sugar, fruit, honey, and sweetmeats. These gifts were so numerous as to become a very expensive mark of honour, for each gift was brought to us by a different servant, and every servant expected a present at least equal in value to the gift he brought. It would have been considered highly offensive to slight these demonstrations of good-will. Everything supplied to a traveller is charged, therefore, not in accordance with its value, but in accordance with his supposed rank; and he is expected to give liberal presents to all the ragamuffin crowd who collect wherever his tents are pitched.

The total absence of hotels, the universal custom of giving money to the servants of the hosts of the night whenever the traveller

halts in any considerable city; the almost incredible number of servants kept by official personages, and that class with whom a traveller is brought in contact; the systematic peculation of his own followers, who cannot be checked or controlled in their accounts by reason of the total ignorance a traveller is in as to the prices of every commodity in a place where he remains but a few hours; the constant pilfering of idlers about the tents; the troublesome and expensive practice of giving presents and offerings to a traveller twenty times a day, so that he cannot pass near a cornfield or orchard without being stopped to give money for a few ears of wheat or an apple; the privileged dervish who cannot be refused, and who seizes the traveller's bridle-reins, shouting 'Hoo! Hoo!' with the contortions of a madman, till satisfied; the crowd of other beggars, sacred and profane; the necessity of buying a whole sheep for a single dinner; the need of purchasing even water in many places; the extortions of muleteers, who will stop in the centre of a range of mountains, and insist on money before moving another step; the exactions of leaders of guards, and evases, who press for money with an impetuosity that no coolness nor management can disconcert; all these things may convey some idea of a few of the items which swell the traveller's accounts.

Wherever we pitched a tent, the owner of the land came to demand compensation for the injury which he declared done to his property. These claims were frequently absurd, but not always so, for we travelled in harvest time, and, for safety, were obliged to pitch our tents in the neighborhood of some village. Our furnished mules may have often eaten up some corn. About ten shillings a night may be reckoned as the average cost of our tenting-ground and water. In the neighborhood of large towns the expenses were greater. There is still another reason which makes an accurate calculation of the real expenses of a journey absolutely impossible; that is the impudent fraud practised by bankers and money-changers, with the large variation in the value of the same coins at places but a few hours' distance from each other. Then, when a piece of money is changed, the nominal value given for it by no means represents the real one. The change is made up of Russian coins, Turkish coins, Persian coins, Indian coins, French coins, and Spanish dollars—all clipped, sweated, and debased, almost beyond recognition. These again bear a value differing in every town and village. In some places all payments appear to be made in kind. The people are ignorant of every other use for gold money than as an ornament for the hair; and the few silver coins they possess are hung upon the bridles of their horses. —*All the Year Round.*

AN ASTONISHED TOWN COUNCIL.—Alderman C. Sturge was, this year, elected Mayor of Birmingham. His worship is a member of the Society of Friends, and a teetotalar. He had on previous occasions been requested to become a candidate for the office of chief magistrate; but the persuasive powers of the requisitionists never induced him to comply with their wishes until the present year.—Having taken his seat after his election, Mr. Sturge said he believed he had satisfied the gentlemen who had waited upon him that in his case the Council had not put the right man in the right place. A Mayor, for instance, ought to be able to make a good speech; but he had never made a speech in his life, and was too old to begin, besides which, he had been for forty-five years a teetotalar, and intended to continue so to the end of his days; and this, of course, if he had no other objection, would prevent his giving the entertainments, or even participating in the entertainments, which almost belonged to the office of Mayor. The *Birmingham Post* says:—'It is impossible to describe in one word the peculiar sensation produced by this announcement. There ensued that expressive silence which often marks the disapprobation of those who are unable through astonishment, or out of respect, to manifest their dissent audibly.'

A FRENCH STAG-HUNT.—At a stag-hunt at Compiègne, last week, just when the deer started, the Emperor, who was in plain clothes, entered a light, four-wheeled carriage, while the Empress, the Princess Anna Murat, and Prince Joachim Murat, who were on horseback, followed the hounds. After a rapid chase the stag threw itself into the Aisne, but being alarmed by the cries of the persons on the opposite bank, returned to land and again took to the forest. The dogs were for a time thrown off the scent, but afterwards recovered it, and the stag was at length come up with on the banks of the river. It again plunged, but, unfortunately, was killed by a shot from a rifle, and disappeared in the water.

WINTER SPORTS IN NORTH AMERICA.

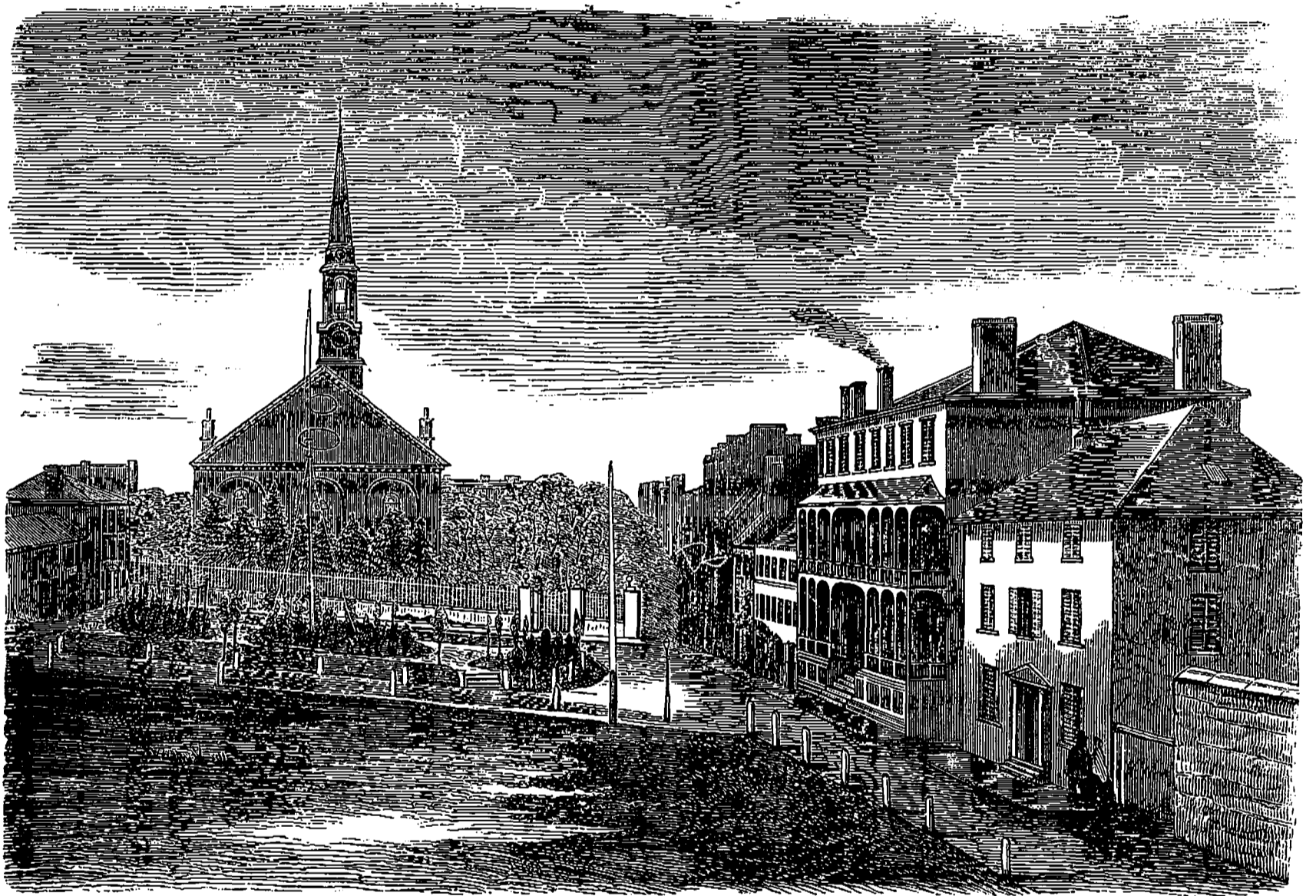
DURING the whole day we wandered about the woods, sometimes killing a few ptarmigan, and occasionally a kind of goose, which are called by the people of the country wood-partridges. While we were sauntering slowly along in the afternoon, a rabbit darted across our path; the skipper fired at it without even putting the gun to his shoulder, and to his utter astonishment killed it. After this we turned to retrace our steps, thinking that as our game-bags were pretty nearly full, we had done enough for one day. Our sport was not done, however; we came suddenly upon a large flock of ptarmigan, which were so tame that they would not fly, but merely ran from us a little way at the noise of each shot. The firing that now commenced was quite terrific. I fired till both barrels of the gun were stopped up; the skipper fired till his powder and shot were done; and I fired until I skinned my tongue! Lest any one should feel surprised at the last statement, I may as well explain how this happened. The cold had

before the first burst of the gale. Nature had laid aside her sparkling jewels, and was now dressed in her simple robe of white.—Dark leaden clouds rose on the northern horizon, and the distant howling of the cold, cold wind struck mournfully on our ears, as it rushed fresh and bitterly piercing from the Arctic seas, tearing madly over the frozen plains, and driving clouds of hail and snow before it. Whew! how it dashed along, scouring wildly over the ground, as if maddened by the slight resistance offered to it by the swaying bushes, and hurrying impetuously forward to seek a more worthy object on which to spend its bitter fury! Whew! how it curled around our limbs, catching up mountains of snow into the air, and dashing them into impalpable dust against our wretched faces. Oh! it was bitterly, bitterly cold. Notwithstanding our thick wrappings, we felt as if clothed in guaze; while our faces seemed to collapse and wrinkle up as we turned our backs to the wind and hid them in our mittens. One or two flocks of ptarmigan, scared by the storm, flew swiftly past us, and sought refuge in the neighboring forest. We quickly

TAKING POT-LUCK WITH AN INDIAN.
Ere long we filled our bags with ducks, geese and plover. Towards the afternoon we arrived at a tent belonging to an old Indian called Morris. With this dingy gentleman we agreed to dine, and accordingly bent our steps towards his habitation. Here we found the old Indian and his wife squatting down on the floor and wreathed in smoke, partly from the wood fire which burned in the middle of the tent, and partly from the tobacco pipes stuck in their respective mouths. Old Morris was engaged in preparing a kettle of pea-soup, in which were boiled several plover, and a large white owl, while his wife was engaged in ornamenting a pair of mocassins with dyed quills. On our entrance, the old man removed his pipe, and cast an inquiring glance into the soup-kettle; this apparently gave him immense satisfaction, as he turned to us with a smiling countenance, and remarked (for he could speak capital English, having spent the most of his life near York Factory) that 'duck plenty, but he too hold to shoot much; obliged to heat howl.' This we agreed was uncommonly hard, and after presenting him with several

ner on board the Osborne, at Naples, on the 9th inst., (the birthday of the Prince of Wales). As the guests raised their glasses to drink the health of the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Prussia, who stood next to his royal highness, turned towards and kissed her brother. I fear to have committed an indelicacy in thus violating the privacy of the royal party, (writes the Naples correspondent of the *Times*;) yet I am much mistaken in the character of the sons and daughters of old England, if they will not love their Princes all the more for those little touches of affection which unite them to us by the bonds of a common humanity.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE.
—The *Edinburgh Daily Review*, of the 10th ult., announces the death of the Most Noble the Marquis of Breadalbane, late Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, which took place at Lausanne in Switzerland, on the 8th. The nature of the malady has not transpired, though telegrams had been received announcing that his sudden illness had assumed a serious aspect. The *Review* says:—The deceased nobleman was



ST. ANNE STREET, QUEBEC, FROM DURHAM TERRACE. (BY YOUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)

become so intense, and my hands so benumbed with loading, that the thumb at last obstinately refused to open the spring of my powder-flask. A partridge was sitting impudently before me, so that in the fear of losing the shot, I thought of trying to open it with my teeth. In the execution of this plan I put the brass handle to my mouth, and my tongue happened to come in contact with it, stuck fast thereto, or, in other words, was frozen to it. Upon discovering this, I instantly pulled the flask away, and with it a piece of skin about the size of a sixpence. Having achieved this little feat, we once more bent our steps homeward.

During our walk the day had darkened and the sky insensibly become overcast.—Solitary flakes of snow fell here and there around us, and a low moaning sound, as of distant wind, came mournful down through the sombre trees, and, eddying round their trunks in little gusts, gently moving their branches, and died away in the distance.—With an uneasy glance at these undoubted signs of an approaching storm, we hastened towards the fort as fast as our loads permitted us, but had little hope of reaching it

followed their example, and, under the partial shelter of the trees, made the best of our way back to the fort, where we arrived just as it was getting dark, and entered the warm precincts of Bachelor's Hall like three animated marble statues, so completely were we covered from head to foot with snow. It was curious to observe the change that took place in the appearance of our gun-barrels, after we entered the warm room. The barrels, and every bit of metal upon them, instantly became white, like ground glass! This phenomenon was caused by the moist atmosphere of the room being condensed and frozen upon the cold iron. Any piece of metal, when brought suddenly out of such intense cold into a warm room, will in this way become covered with a pure white coating of hoar frost. It does not remain long in this state, however, as the warmth of the room soon heats the metal, and the ice begins to melt. Thus, in about ten minutes our guns assumed three different appearances: when we entered the house they were clear, polished and dry; in five minutes they were white as snow; and in five minutes more they were dripping wet.

ducks and a goose, proposed an inspection of the contents of the kettle, which being agreed to, we demolished nearly half of the soup, and left him and his wife to 'heat' the 'howl.' After resting an hour with this hospitable fellow, we departed to prepare our encampment ere it became dark, as we intended to pass the night among the swamps, under our canoe. Near the tent we passed a fox-trap set on the top of a pole, and, on inquiring, found that this was the machine in which old Morris caught his 'howls.' The white owl is a very large and beautiful bird, sometimes nearly as large as a swan. I shot one which measured five feet three inches across the wings when expanded. They are in the habit of alighting upon the tops of blighted trees, and poles of any kind, which happen to stand conspicuously apart from the forest trees, for the purpose, probably, of watching for mice and little birds, on which they prey. Taking advantage of this habit, the Indian plants his trap on the top of a bare tree, so that when the owl alights, it is generally caught by the legs.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—The Prince of Prussia gave a din-

born in the year 1766, and was consequently 96 years of age at his death.

QUEBEC.

Quebec, the ancient capital, and at present the quarters of our peregrinating government, was founded by the French in the year 1608. It is situated on the north-west bank of the river St. Lawrence, about 340 miles from its mouth, and on a ridge, or promontory, formed by the St. Lawrence and St. Charles. The extremity of this headland is called Cape Diamond, and is about 345 feet above the level of the water. It is strongly fortified and is regarded as the Gibraltar of North America.

Many of the streets from their situation are uneven, and they are also very narrow. St. Anne's with the English Cathedral on the left, is given in this number.

CLEARING THE BUSH.

For un-numbered ages Canada was left to the operations of nature. She sowed, she brought forth, she reaped, and marvelous was the quantity and magnitude of her productions. But this state of things was not always to continue. Man appeared upon the scene. From whence he came we leave others to determine; all we need know at present is, that he was pleased with things as he found them. He knew little, or having known, had greatly degenerated. His wants were few, and nature supplied them without his care, and with such he was content. The lakes and magnificent rivers he used only to transport himself in his bark canoe, or snatch from their waters some of the stony tribe. And thus things continued during countless generations. But they were not destined to last always. From across the waters of

arrived safely at the goal for which they set out. As the same labors has still to be performed, the same difficulties to be overcome, so must the same spirit still actuate the pioneers of our country, and there is the same certain rewards to those who persevere. To such men Canada extends a warm welcome, and offers them, as the fruits of their industry, a home with peace and plenty.

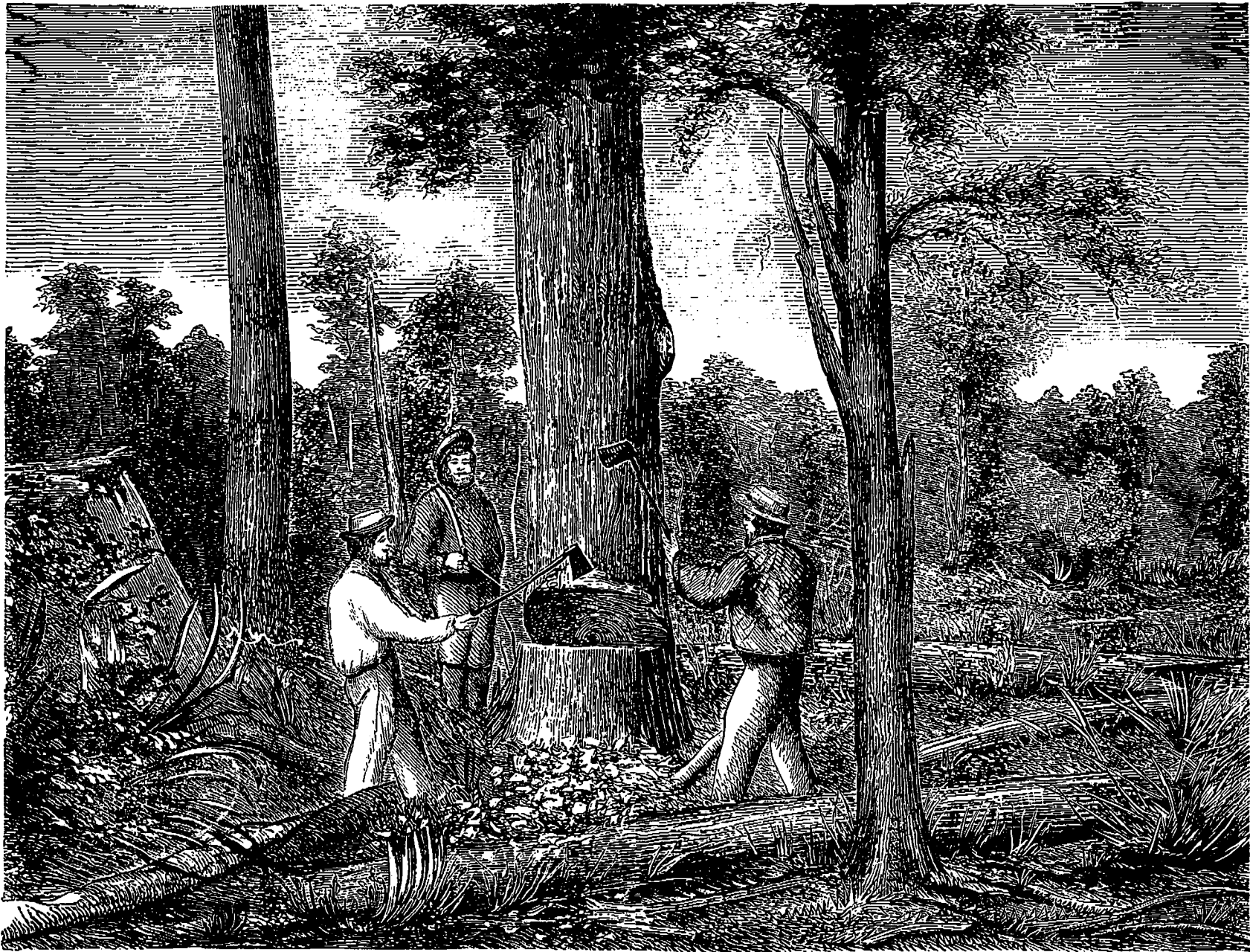
The engraving represents some of these hardy settlers busy at work. Patience, perseverance, and a little practical application, are the only requisites necessary for becoming initiated into the mysteries of bush life.

NOTIONS OF DIGNITY.

Could any superior intelligences take an interest in observing the current of our social life, as naturalists contemplate the habits of inferior races, what a fund of amuse-

ment can find its way to courts—and that duteous functionary, seeing the decree about to be transgressed, shouted, at the top of his voice, 'Don't kiss her, madam; she's not a lady!'

The relics of these ancient obstacles to society are mouldering from among us; but when looking back on the ingenuity that devised them, and the anxiety with which they were enforced, one naturally recurs to a characteristic incident of the Duke of Leinster's vic-royalty in Dublin, which, though by no means creditable, is somewhat in point. By a rather irregular exercise of the power with which he was entrusted, his grace had one night bestowed the order of knighthood on the keeper of a low public house, and was reminded of the circumstance next morning by 'Sir Darby' calling upon him, as he said, 'for something to support his dignity!' With Sir Darby that something signified a quantity of current coin; but it was also for something to support its dignity that human pride sought out so many cumbrous inventions.



CHOPPING IN THE BUSH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

the wide Atlantic other wanderers came, and from thenceforth, conformity to nature's rule had come to an end. Energy and perseverance are characteristics of the race, and by these they think to overcome. The task to which they set themselves, is no easy one. Obstacles, many and unforeseen, beset their every step, but they falter not. Their progress is slow and toilsome, yet onward, and at length, those giants of the forest, which have long defied the power of the elements, falls down before the sturdy arm of the pioneer. The task is done, and man remains the victor. This was and still is the road by which the rural population of our country travel to independence and wealth, and its enjoyment is just in proportion to the many toils endured in its attainment. Men look back with pleasure on the rugged journey of life, if they have gained the object of their ambition—

ment would they find in the working of human notions of dignity! No class of beliefs is entertained with so much of variety and paradox. One nation's legends on the subject are in complete opposition to those of another, and the faith of almost every age is contradicted by that of its successor. In the caliphate of Bagdad, the public executioner ranked next to the prime minister, and his official title was Mesour, or the happy; while in Europe everything connected with the same office, was deemed so disgraceful that the magistrates of a German town were once obliged to proceed in a body, with all the insignia of civic authority, and commence the repairs of the gallows, in hopes that their example might induce some workmen to complete that favorite engine of Gothic law. The Dunes reproached Alfred of England with reading Latin like a priest; and now Virgil and Horace may be said to lead the van, and too often form the main body, of an English gentleman's education. Thus those general principles which chiefly relate to rank are apt not only to vary but improve with the

are certainly common to mankind; and, whether originating in vanity, self-esteem, or a desire for the respect of others, much of the absurd and preposterous has in all times hung about their demonstrations, and future investigators will smile at those of the nineteenth century.

Dignity has been the source of many an old and troublesome institution. Hence came the caste system of India, interwoven with eastern mythology, and established in earlier times, under various modifications in all the nations of the earth. From the same root was derived the science and mystery of heraldry, so important in Europe's untaught and pageant-loving days. Thence, too, originated the whole ceremonial of etiquette known to the world's courts and castles, from the nine prostrations of the Chinese before the statue of the sun's brother, alias the reigning emperor, to the famous ordinance of Queen Charlotte against saluting any but titled ladies, of which the late Princess Amelia was so graphically reminded by her gentleman-in-waiting. The Princess suffered from deafness—for infir-

Beneath what may be called the public traditions of dignity prevalent in any age and country, there always appears to lie a multitude of private beliefs, as numerous as the generation that holds them; for few there are who do not cherish some peculiar doctrine touching the foundation and maintenance of their individual dignity, and, stranger still, expect their neighbours to believe it too. Some dignify themselves in riches, and marvellous it is on how small a store pride can find room to perch.

Among the remnants of Celtic literature still existing in Ireland, there is a satirical poem, called 'The Woman of Three Cows,' which contains a sharp expostulation with an ancient dame for the *hauteur* she exhibited, in virtue of the above-named possession. Others rest on some imaginary or self-devised distinction. The industrious lady mentioned by Addison, who would have her daughters spin huckaback for the household, but only on little wheels, as large ones, however expeditious, were used by common people, and therefore inadmissible, was an example of the kind in her age.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Victor Hugo, encouraged by the unprecedented success of his *Miserables*, is already engaged in another work, in nine parts, entitled 'Quatre-vingt-Treize,' which is announced to appear some time next summer. Though we cannot exactly expect that our modern writers will continue to act on the Horatian maxim, *nonumque penatur in annum*, yet, were the author any other than our great Victor, some just apprehensions might be entertained of the consequences of such hot-house productions.

The dramatized *Miserables*, whose performance at the Parisian theatres had been prohibited by the Imperial authorities, is to be brought out on the stage at Brussels, Amsterdam, London, Turin, Berlin, Copenhagen and Stockholm. Perhaps the French censor will feel highly gratified with this emphatic endorsement of his opinions.

The Parisian journals here lately entertained the public with some biographical sketches of the royal family of Bavaria. The head of it, poor King Louis, appears to have led a chequered life. He stumbled over Lola Montez, was forced to abdicate, and may virtually be considered played out. Otho, his son, is *deposed*. Of Lintpold and Adalbert, his two other sons, Greece takes no notice, and if either of them should venture to intrude there, they would be *deposed*. The Grand Duchess of Tuscany, his daughter, is *deposed*. His other daughter, the Grand Duchess of Modena, is *deposed*. The Queen of Naples, and her sister, the Countess of Trani, are *deposed*. Alas! for the Bavarian dynasty, they seem as unpopular as the Bourbons.

The following revolting relic of mediæval barbarism is reported from Naples:—Ever since the days of the Bourbons, it has been customary to cast the bodies of all infants, who may have died without the rights of baptism, into a vault underneath the church of San Maria de Unova. This vault abounded in large, and particularly ferocious rats, which immediately pounced down upon the little corpses and devoured them in a few seconds. A few months ago, the municipal authorities desired to put a stop to this revolting practice, and for this purpose, purchased a piece of ground where the bodies of unbaptized infants might be interred. The clergy, however, not only refused to consecrate the soil, but protested loudly against this innovation as an act of impiety. Our christian fathers seem evidently to consider it quite proper that the remains of those, who, according to their doctrines, belong to the devil, should also be devoured by the rats.

A story illustrating the singular influence of mind over matter is told by a Stockholm journal of a late date. It shows how easily certain temperaments may be governed by the imagination. We translate:—

Last now year's eve, a select party of friends assembled at the residence of Count Strohmen. Though eighteen guests had been invited, five failed to come, and when supper was announced, it was discovered that there were only *thirteen* to sit down at the table. Some laughed at this ominous coincidence, but one young married lady appeared so distressed at it that the host's little daughter was sent for from the nursery to join the company. Before the child could however be got ready to take her place at the social board, two courses had been already removed, and the distress of the lady had become so manifest and painful that the spirits of all present were affected, and the meal ended, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, amidst general silence and gloom. On rising from the table, the young wife told her husband that she felt convinced somebody must die during the ensuing year, and that the individual doomed was herself. Though himself not entirely free from dark forebodings, the surprised

husband endeavored to disabuse her mind of this idea. But in vain. From that day she commenced to decline; a slow wasting fever seized upon her, against which no medicine seemed of any avail. At last, some one suggested another remedy, and an excellent chance to try it soon presented itself. A female friend, one of those who had been herself at the eventful supper, was suddenly called to a distant country by the illness of a near relative. As her absence was expected to be one of years, they told the patient that this lady had died. The effect of this information was almost magical. Believing now all danger past, the invalid commenced rapidly to improve, the fever left her, and she passed the summer in tolerable health and spirits. But one day last August, whom should she suddenly meet on the street, but the friend she had believed dead, who had returned much sooner than expected. At first, she fainted at the sight of the supposed spectre; but on subsequently discovering the deception which had been practiced upon her, the old depression of spirits and sickness returned, and she grew rapidly worse.—The husband now determined to attack these superstitious feelings in another way. He persuaded her that only the first half of the year could prove fatal, since only half the meal had been eaten by the thirteen, for the child had sat down with them before the supper was over. The danger was therefore clearly at an end, and she might now rest perfectly easy about the omen. So plausibly did he represent this view of the case, so happily did he illustrate his theory, that she began to believe him, and improve gradually in health. Still, not to let her relapse into her old despondency, he persuaded her to travel with him through France and Italy. So this couple are now wandering from city to city, and as the year draws to its end, the cloud which overshadowed their happiness will be removed.

AN IRISH EXECUTION.

The crowd was immense. It outnumbered by tenfold any assembly ever collected in that place upon a similar occasion. It was generally rumored that the unfortunate culprit had become deeply penitent, and intended to make a full confession. In short, that he would preach his first, his last, and his own funeral sermon on the drop. He was known to be extremely eloquent, and from his early learning much seemed to be expected from him. Hence the vast numbers who flocked to the spot, and hence the almost irresistible pressure immediately beneath the gallows. The moment Rannah, who was dressed in his usual black frock-coat and trousers, had entered the press-room, he turned to the sheriff, and with a look of the most unmistakable repentance and grief, requested permission to address a few words to the crowd as he then was. 'It is, sir,' said he, 'the last request of a dying sinner, one who trusts he has made his peace with Him who will never deny or refuse a poor penitent.'

The sheriff hesitated. Rannah became excited, and rapidly followed up his request, exclaiming: 'Oh, sir, I have but one object now to wish for—justice to the world, and forgiveness to myself. I implore you then, dear sir, as you stand in the presence of death, death in the prime of life, you see death gazing on you, hear it speaking to you—death in the health and vigor of manhood, like yourself; all its veins are full, its organs sound, its bones unbroken, and its senses free. I earnestly entreat you, sir, as you stand beside a living corpse about to be hurled by a brother worm, ten times more steeped in guilt than himself, over that precipice whose edge is the entrance to a journey the end of which no man can know—I entreat you deny me not. I was brought up and educated an unfettered man; occasionally in the habit of addressing the people, and whether it was from an over-enthusiasm, or a fervent and nervous temperament, I know not, but I never could do so with even tolerable success, without accompanying my words to a certain extent with a rapid motion of my hands; or cramp them, and you tie my tongue. Oh! submit me not to the difficulty which these cords and that rope must entail upon me. Let the space of time between that man's touch (pointing to the hangman) and the shadow of death be but like the lightning's flash. As I live upon the verge

of death, I will not keep you long; say five or six minutes, and I shall have done. There, I see I may speak to them as I am, and God will bless you.' The sheriff yielded. 'But remember,' he said, 'I can give you but a few minutes; the moment I pronounce your name, you must come down and prepare.' 'I shall be down, sir, perhaps before you call me,' replied Rannah, stepping forward and ascending the few steps which led from the pressroom to the drop.

There was a general murmur through the crowd. Rannah, while he wiped his face and forehead with a handkerchief, drew his other in rapid circles towards his breast, exclaiming, 'Draw near, my friends, draw near.' The mass of human beings closed in, and the space beneath the drop became thronged to excess, and the police, in a moment, got so mixed in, and jammed amongst the crowd, that they could not move. 'Good people,' said Rannah, 'I am sure that I have some friends amongst you'—'You have, you have,' interrupted those below him. 'Draw near, then,' said he, 'and you shall hear the very few words I have to say,' and laying his left hand upon the iron rail in front of him, with one spring he cleared it like a bird, and fell into the crowd below, which was, doubtless prepared to break his fall.

There was a tremendous shout that rent the air far and wide. All was confusion and uproar. The policemen in the crowd were so pinioned up by those around that they could not move hand or foot, and those who were free in vain sought an entry into the thick solid mass, even with the points of their bayonets. The sheriff rushed forward to the front of the drop, calling out to the police, 'For God's sake, to secure him, dead or alive, and that he would give fifty pounds to any one of them who would do so. I was on horseback at one side, with a few police and ten or twelve infantry men, whom I had kept together, and saw a move through the people, something like the motion which a dog would make through a field of standing corn, and it was evident that Rannah was being conveyed away. I spured on through thick and thin with my men; but I might as well have faced a fortified wall. I then kept round the skirts of the crowd, spreading my men to endeavor to prevent his escape.

By this time the sheriff had come down, and was making his way towards me. At this moment I plainly saw Rannah emerge from the far side of the crowd at some distance, clear a stone wall about five feet high, and speed like a greyhound across the fields. 'He's off, boys,' I roared; 'there he goes like a deer—after him, fly like the wind. Where's O'Shaughnessy? Oh! there he is; he has him already in view, and all's right; nothing can escape that man.' 'God help the first man that comes up with him,' said a voice near me. 'Ay, Jim, or the first four,' said another; for I saw him put a brace of double-barrel pistols in his breast before he took the shoes off him.'

This was a pleasant prospective to the end of this chase. Rannah knew that worse than he hanged he could not be, and that that was certain should he be caught. I feared that poor O'Shaughnessy, at least, was doomed, and, perhaps, three others, if they had the pluck to proceed after their comrade, should he be struck down. The mounted men made a burst for a field or two, but were soon pounced. I dismounted, and, throwing off sword-belt, &c., I followed at my best. O'Shaughnessy, however, was far in advance, and several others also before him, but the struggle of speed was evidently between Rannah and O'Shaughnessy, who were at that time unquestionably the two best runners and jumpers in the province—perhaps in Ireland. Rannah, however, appeared to have the best of it, and was gaining perceptibly on his pursuer; he had thrown off his shoes before he started, while O'Shaughnessy had not spared a moment to disencumber himself of a single article. Now, he seemed to feel that he had no easy task to perform, he had found his match at last, and to business he must go in downright earnest, if he meant not to be disgraced for ever. I saw him, as he ran, tear off his pouch and belts, and stock.—With one rip, he opened his jacket from his waist to his neck, and cast it behind him.—He retained his carbine, however, and even at the top of his speed I saw him commence to load, for in his haste he had not neglected to retain some cartridges. Dead or alive, I saw that he was determined to have him.

There was not half a mile to the lake beyond the demesne of Mr.—, which, if Rannah once reached good-bye to him.—There was, no doubt, friends with a boat; and in that case all would be over, save a few random shots at the fugitive, if ever these could be ventured on with others by his side. O'Shaughnessy appeared to be aware of Rannah's object, and added new efforts to gain

upon him, and for the next two or three fields did gain considerably, so that now scarcely more than three hundred yards remained between them. Rannah continued to make straight for the demesne wall.

At this point the cheers and shouts, yells and whistles, resounded from all sides, and in a manner which I never before heard anything so equal; crowds were seen on every hill, hedges and fences were everywhere broken through, and walls tumbled down in every direction. Wherever the eye turned it saw a man or men running. It was evident the great point of skill was now at hand, and as Rannah plainly set himself to face the wall the cheers on all sides redoubled.—O'Shaughnessy was still closing him, for Rannah seemed in some degree to moderate his pace, as if to gather strength and breathing for the spring. 'Tis impossible,' thought I; 'he will be mad enough to attempt that wall; it cannot be less than twelve feet high at the very least, besides the Scotch blocking, and yet he makes straight for it.' I was now almost certain of success, when to my utter consternation, I saw O'Shaughnessy trip and stagger forward nearly on his face, at the same moment that Rannah set himself for a tremendous spring. He made it, and almost with complete success, clinging with all his might to the top; still his weight and the projecting blocks of stone seemed against him; he struggled hard, but fate appeared to have forsaken him, for after clutching for some moments his strength failed him, and he tumbled back into the field. But he was up and off again in a moment. He did not, however, attempt the wall again, but turned to the left, and ran along it. He appeared lame, as if hurt by the fall, and lagged considerably.

O'Shaughnessy, of course, now gained fast upon him, and Rannah, seeing that the game was lost, sat down leaning against the wall, and holding out his hands towards us in token of surrender. O'Shaughnessy was now upon him in a few seconds, as were some others quickly after, who were all wiping their faces in handkerchiefs and the sleeves of their shirts when I came up. The man had covered his face with the skirt of his coat, and appeared to be in pain. 'Is he hurt?' said I. Here he suddenly threw back his coat, and stood up. 'Frank, how are you?' said Dan O'Shaughnessy, holding out his hand to his brother. By H—! cried Frank, 'we're sold. It is my brother Dan.' Thunderstruck, I turned to look upon the man. O'Shaughnessy was right. It was not Rannah; and except in height and dress, which was, of course prepared for the occasion, for he was not even like him.

Need I explain the ruse? The whole plan had been deeply and well concocted; and Dan O'Shaughnessy, as the best runner in Ireland, had been hired at a hundred pounds to give the peeler a long chase, while Rannah was being conveyed safely away in another direction. Rannah was never seen or heard of after.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

The *Times* says: 'In accordance with orders to that effect from the War Office, every exertion is being used at the Royal Arsenal for the equipment of 40-pounder Armstrong batteries of position for the defense of the coast. Last Saturday, a complete battery of new 40-pounder Armstrong guns for land defenses was received at Gravesend. The guns will be placed at New-Tavern Fort, for the defense of the Thames. Other batteries of a similar nature are in a forward state, and as soon as completed will be sent to the artillery stations on the banks of the Thames and Medway in the Chatham District.'

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.—DIVINITY CHAIR.—We (*North British Mail*) have authority for stating that the Court of the University of Glasgow proceeded, on Friday, to the election of a new Professor of Divinity, in room of the Rev. Dr. Hill, resigned, when the Rev. Dr. Caird, Park Church, Glasgow, was unanimously appointed to that office. We understand that there were in all ten candidates. In the election of Lord Rector, on Saturday, Lord Palmerston's supporters placed him in a majority of 82 over the Lord Justice-Clerk, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of the Conservative students.

BAG AND BAGGAGE.—The *Daily Times* recommends concentration upon Richmond by all the Federal forces, saying that by so doing we shall *bag* the Confederate army.

With this view, a large quantity of Gunny Bags should immediately be contracted for by Government, as without the Gun, the Bag is very likely to remain empty.

Bagpipes, of course, should be the music for our troops in their march upon the baggage of the foe; and should General Bragg be conspicuous in the *meloe*, he can at once be brought to *Baggy* by the simple expedient of removing the 'r' from his name.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her children; and even if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and tact, she can secure to her partner and herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginning, or how adverse a fate occasionally be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirits, shaken by the anxieties of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health, if disease has seized upon his over-taxed powers. By her counsel and her love, she can win him from bad company, if temptation, in an evil hour, has led him astray. By her example, and her precepts, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her children, however diverse their dispositions, into good men and women. And by leading, in all things, a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within reach, so that with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated. She can do as much—alas! perhaps even more—to degrade man, if she chooses to do it.

Who can estimate the evil that woman has the power to do? As a wife, she can ruin her husband by extravagance, folly, or want of affection. She can make a devil and an outcast of a man, who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings, strife and perpetual discord into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes whom God has entrusted to her charge, into vile men, and even viler women. She can lower even the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation at the spring head. She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil, instead of an angel of good. Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the whole smiles with loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and blasted desert, covered with the scorn of all evil passions, and swept by the bitter blasts of everlasting death. This is what a woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no 'worthy work,' as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher path to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.—*Woman's Advocate.*

AN UNBELIEVER'S TESTIMONY.—I will confess that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration as the purity of the gospel hath its influence on my heart.—Pursue the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction; how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? It is possible that the sacred personage whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in his replies!—How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die, without weakness, without ostentation? When Plato describes his imaginary good man, loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ; the resemblance was so striking that the fathers perceived it. Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God.—*Rosseau.*

EMULATION.—It is stated that several wealthy members of the Church of England have agreed to subscribe amongst themselves a sum of money equal to that collected by Nonconformists at the Bicentenary fund. The amount so subscribed, we are told, is to be quietly devoted to Church purposes. One of the contributors, supposed to be Mr. Hubbard, is said to have sent £10,000 to the bishop of London.

When the celebrated Haydn was asked how all his sacred music was so cheerful, the great composer replied:—'I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap as if it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned in me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit.'

A trifling sort of fellow not long since won the affections of the daughter of a bluff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being 'a poor young man,' etc. 'Yaw, yaw,' said the old man, 'I know all about it, but you is a little too poor—you has neider money nor character.'

TAPPING THE NAPPERS.—The People's Gazette, of Berlin, has the following curious paragraph:—'Many Protestant clergymen in Germany having complained that persons of both sexes are in the habit of sleeping during the sermon, a new plan has been adopted to keep them awake. The beadles, furnished with long wands, keep moving about the church, and lightly touch those whom they catch napping. This plan has been already tried with success in the duchy of Saxe-Gotha.'

all safe in the case: where else can it be? Fetch the case, Hughes, and I will look for it myself.'

Hughes whisked out of the room, inwardly resenting the doubt cast on her eyesight.

'It is so strange,' mused Alice, 'that you did not see the bracelet when you came up.'

'It was certainly not there,' returned Lady Sarah.

'Perhaps you'll look for yours—if now, my lady,' cried Hughes, returning with the jewel-box in her hands.

The box was well searched. The bracelet was not there.

'This is very strange, Hughes,' uttered Lady Sarah.

'It's very ugly as well, my lady,' answered Hughes, in a lofty tone, 'and I'm thankful to the presiding genuses which rule such things, that I was not in charge when it happened. Though maybe, if I had been it never would have took place, for I can give a guess how it was.'

'Then you had better,' said her ladyship curtly.

'If I do,' returned Hughes, 'I shall offend Miss Seaton.'

'No you will not, Hughes,' cried Alice. 'Say what you please: I have need to wish this cleared up.'

'Then, miss, if I may speak my thoughts,

'Nobody else called?'

'Nobody knocked but Sir George, my lady!'

'A covert answer,' thought Alice; 'but I am glad he is true to Gerard.'

'What an untruth!' thought Lady Frances, as she remembered the visit of Alice's sister. 'Thomas's memory must be short.'

All the talk—and it was much prolonged—did not tend to throw any light upon the matter, and Alice, unhappy and ill, retired to her own room. The agitation had brought on a violent headache, and she sat down in a low chair, and bent her forehead on to her hands. One belief alone possessed her: that the unfortunate Gerard Hope had stolen the bracelet. Do as she would, she could not put it from her; she kept repeating that he was a gentleman, that he was honorable, that he would never place her in so painful a position. Common-sense replied that the temptation was laid before him, and he had confessed his pecuniary difficulties to be great: nay, be! he not wished for this very bracelet, that he might make money—

A knock at the door. Alice lifted her sickly countenance and bade the intruder enter. It was Lady Frances Chenevix.

'I came to—Alice how wretched you look! You will torment yourself into a fever.'

'Can you wonder at my looking wretched?' returned Alice.

'Place yourself in my position, Frances: it must appear to Lady Sarah as if I—I—had made away with the bracelet. I am sure Hughes thinks so.'

'Don't say unorthodox things, Alice. They would rather think I had done it, of the two, for I have more use for diamond bracelets than you.'

'It is kind of you to try to cheer me,' sighed Alice.

'Just the thing I came to do. And to have a chat with you as well. If you will let me.'

'Of course I will let you.'

'I wish to tell you I will not mention that your sister was here last evening. I promise you I will not.'

Alice did not immediately reply. The words and their hushed tone caused a new trouble to arise within her, one which she had not glanced at. Was it possible that Lady Frances could imagine her sister to be—

'Lady Frances Chenevix' burst forth Alice, 'you can not think it! She! my sister—guilty of a despicable theft! Have you forgotten that she moves in your own position in the world? that our family is scarcely inferior to yours?'

'Alice, I forgive your so misjudging me, because you are not yourself just now. Of course your sister cannot be suspected; I know that. But as you did not mention her when they were talking of who had been there, I supposed you did not wish her name dragged into so unpleasant an affair, and I hastened up to say there was no danger from me that it would be.'

'Believe me, she is not the guilty party,' returned Alice, 'and I have more cause to say so than you think for.'

'What do you mean by that,' briskly cried Lady Frances. 'You surely have no clue?'

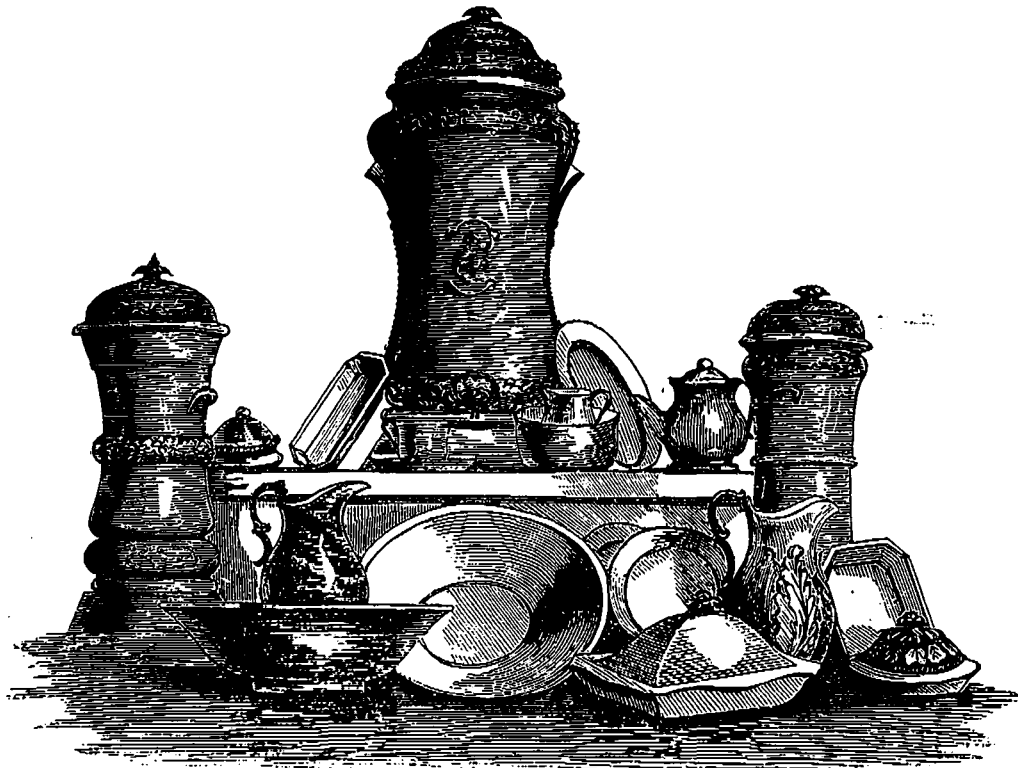
Alice shook her head, and her companion's eagerness was lulled again. 'It is well that Thomas was forgetful,' remarked Lady Frances. 'Was it really forgetfulness, Alice, or did you contrive to telegraph him to be silent?'

'Thomas only spoke truth. At least, as regards my sister,' she hastily added, 'for he did not let her in.'

'Then it is quite easy; and you and I can keep our own counsel.'

Quite easy, possibly; to the mind of Frances Chenevix, but anything but easy to Alice; for the words of Lady Frances had introduced an idea more repulsive, and terrifying even, than the one which cast the guilt to the door of Gerard Hope. Her sister acknowledged that she was in need of money; 'a hundred pounds or so,' and Alice had seen her coming from the back room where the jewels lay. Still—she take a bracelet! it was preposterous.

Preposterous or not, Alice's torment was doubled. Which of the two had been the



FIRST PRIZE POTTERY AT THE TORONTO EXHIBITION.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURES.

The manufacture of pottery is a branch of industry that is beginning to make some progress in Canada. Though the display at the Exhibition in Toronto was limited, yet the articles produced were very creditable to the manufacturer, Mr. Joseph Brown, of Carleton. The engraving represents those to which the first prize was awarded, and we trust that by another year this branch will be more extensively represented. There is room in Canada for making it a large and profitable branch of business.

From Bentley.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

What was Alice going to add? Was she going to adduce as a proof that Gerard Hope had taken it up, and it had been a subject of conversation between them? If so, recollection came to her in time, and she faltered, and abruptly broke off. But a faint, horrible dread, to which she would not give a shape, came over her, and her face turned white, and she sank on a chair, trembling visibly.

'Now, look at Alice!' uttered Frances Chenevix; 'she is going into one of her agitation fits.'

'Do not allow yourself to be agitated, Alice,' cried Lady Sarah; 'that will do no good. Besides, I feel sure the bracelet is

I think you must have left the key about.—And there are strange servants in the house, you know, my lady; there's that kitchen-maid only came in it when we did, and there's the new under-butler.'

'Hughes, you are wrong,' interrupted Alice. 'The servants could not have touched the box, for the key was never out of my possession, and you know the lock is a Bramah. I locked the box last night in Lady Sarah's presence, and the key was not out of my pocket afterwards, until you took it from thence this morning.'

'The key seems to have had nothing to do with it,' interposed Frances Chenevix.—'Alice says she put the diamond bracelet on the table with the rest; Lady Sarah says when she went to the table after dinner, it was not there: so it must have been in the intervening period that the—the—disappearance took place.'

'And only a few minutes to do it in,' ejaculated Lady Sarah. 'What a mystery!'

'It beats conjuring, my lady,' said Hughes. 'Could any visitor have come up stairs?'

'I did hear a visitor's knock while we were at dinner,' said Lady Sarah. 'Don't you remember, Fanny? You looked up as if you noticed it?'

'Did I?' answered Lady Frances, in a careless tone.

At that moment, Thomas entered with a letter, and the question was put to him.—'Who knocked? His answer was ready.'

'Sir George Danvers, my lady. When I said the Colonel was at dinner, Sir George began to apologize for calling, but I explained that you were dining earlier than usual, because of the opera.'

black sheep? One of them it must have been. Instinct, sisterly relationship, reason, and common-sense, all combined to turn the scale against Gerard. But that there should be a doubt at all, was not pleasant, and Alice started up impulsively and put her bonnet on.

"Where now?" cried Lady Frances.

"I will go to my sister's and ask her—and ask her—if she saw any stranger here—any suspicious person in the hall or on the stairs," stammered Alice, making the best excuse she could.

"But you know you were in the drawing-rooms all the time, and no one came in to them, suspicious or unsuspecting; so how will that aid you?"

"True," murmured Alice, "but it will be a relief to go somewhere or do something."

Alice found her sister at home. The latter instantly detected that something was wrong, for the suspense, illness, and agitation had taken every vestige of color from her cheeks and lips.

"Whatever is the matter, Alice?" was her greeting; you look just like a walking-ghost."

"I felt that I did," breathed poor Alice, "and I kept my veil down in the street, lest I might be taken for one, and scare the people. A great misfortune has fallen upon me. You saw those bracelets last night, spread out on the table?"

"Yes."

"They were in my charge, and one of them has been abstracted. It was of great value; gold links, holding diamonds."

"Abstracted!" uttered the elder sister, in both concern and surprise, but certainly without the smallest indications of a guilty knowledge. "How?"

"It is a mystery. I only left the room when I met you on the stairs; and when I went up-stairs to fetch the letter for you. Directly after you left, Lady Sarah came up from dinner, and the bracelet was not there."

"It is incredible, Alice. And no one else entered the room at all, you say? No servant? no—"

"Not any one," interrupted Alice, determined not to speak of Gerard Hope.

"Then, child, it is simply impossible," was the calm rejoinder. "It must have fallen on the ground, or been mislaid in some way."

"It is hopelessly gone. Do you remember seeing it?"

"I do remember seeing, amidst the rest, a bracelet set with diamonds, but only on the clasp, I think. It—"

"That was another; that is all safe. This was of fine gold links interspersed with brilliants. Did you see it?"

"Not that I remember. I was there scarcely a minute, for I had only strolled into the back-room just before you came down. To tell you the truth, Alice, my mind was too fully occupied with other things, to take much notice even of jewels. Do not look so perplexed; it will be all right. Only you and I were in the room, you say, and we could not take it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands, and lifting up her white beseeching face to her sister's, "did you take it? In— in sport; or in—Oh! surely you were not tempted to take it for anything else? You said you had need of money?"

"Alice, are we going to have one of your old scenes of excitement? Strive for calmness. I am sure you do not know what you are implying. My poor child, I would rather help you to jewels than take them from you."

"But look at the mystery."

"It does appear to be a mystery, but it will no doubt be cleared up. Alice, what could you have been dreaming of, to suspect me? Have we not grown up together in our honorable home? You ought to know me, if any one does."

"And you really know nothing of it?" moaned Alice, with a sobbing catching of the breath.

"Indeed I do not. In truth I do not." If I could help you out of your perplexity I would thankfully do it. Shall I return with you and assist you to search for the bracelet?"

"No, thank you. Every search has been made."

Not only was the denial of her sister fervent and calm, but her manner and countenance conveyed the impression of truth. Alice left her, inexpressibly relieved; but the conviction, that it must have been Gerard, returned to her in full force. "I wish I could see him!" was her mental exclamation.

And for once fortune favored her wish. As she was dragging her weary limbs along, he came right upon her at the corner of a street. In her eagerness, she clasped his arm with both her hands.

"I am so thankful," she uttered. "I wanted to see you."

"I think you most want to see a doctor, Alice." How ill you look!

"I have cause," she returned. "That bracelet, the diamond, that you were admiring last evening, it has been stolen; it was taken from the room."

"Taken—when?" echoed Mr. Hope, looking her full in the face—as a guilty man would scarcely dare to look.

"Then, or within a few minutes. When Lady Sarah came up from dinner, it was not there."

"Who took it?" he repeated, not yet recovering his surprise.

"I don't know," she faintly said. "It was under my charge. No one else was there."

"You do not wish me to understand that you are suspected?" he burst forth, with genuine feeling. "Their unjust meanness cannot have gone to that length!"

"I trust not, but I am very unhappy. Who could have done it? How could it have gone? I left the room when you did, but I only lingered outside on the stairs, watching—if I may tell the truth—whether you got out safely, and then I returned to it. Yet when Lady Sarah came up from dinner, it was gone."

"And did no one else go into the room?" he repeated. "I met a lady at the door, who asked for you; I sent her up-stairs."

"She went in for a minute. It was my sister, Gerard."

"Oh! indeed, was that your sister? Then she counts as we do, for nobody, in this. It is strange. The bracelet was in the room when I left it—"

"You are sure of it?" interrupted Alice, drawing a long breath of suspense.

"I am. When I reached the door I turned round to take a last look at you, and the diamonds of that particular bracelet gleamed at me from its place on the table."

"O Gerard! is this the truth?"

"It is the truth, on my sacred word of honor," he replied, looking at her agitated face and wondering at her words. "Why else should I say it? Good-by, Alice, I can't stay another moment, for there's somebody coming I don't want to meet."

He was off like a shot, but his words and manner, like her sister's, had conveyed their conviction of innocence to the mind of Alice. She stood still, looking after him in her dreamy wonderment, and was jostled by the passers-by. Which of the two was the real delinquent? one of them it must have been.

A little man was striding about his library with impatient steps. He wore a wadded dressing-gown, handsome once, but remarkably shabby now, and he wrapped it closely around him, though the heat of the weather was intense. But Colonel Hope, large as were his coffers, never spent upon himself a superfluous farthing, especially in the way of personal adornment; and Colonel Hope would not have felt too warm, eased in sheep-skins, for he had spent the best part of his life in India, and was of a chilly nature.

The Colonel had that afternoon been made acquainted with an unpleasant transaction which had occurred in his house. The household termed it a mystery; he, a scandalous robbery; and he had written forthwith to the nearest chief police station, demanding that an officer might be dispatched back with the messenger, to investigate it. So there he was, waiting for their return in impatient expectation, and occasionally halting before the window, to look out on the busy London world.

The officer at length came, and was introduced. The Colonel's wife, Lady Sarah, had joined him then; and they proceeded to give him the outline of the case. A valuable diamond bracelet, recently presented to Lady Sarah by her husband, had disappeared in a singular manner. Miss Seaton, the companion to Lady Sarah, had temporary charge of the jewel-box, and had brought it down the previous evening, Thursday, this being Friday, to the back drawing-room, and laid several pairs of bracelets out on a table, ready for Lady Sarah, who was going to the opera, to choose which she would wear when she came up from dinner. Lady Sarah chose a pair, and put, herself, the rest back into the box, which Miss Seaton then locked, and carried to its place up-stairs. In the few minutes that the bracelets lay on the table, the most valuable one, a diamond, disappeared from it.

"I did not want this to be officially investigated; at least, not so quickly," observed Lady Sarah to the officer. "The Colonel wrote for you quite against my wish."

"And so you have let the thief get clear off, and put up with the loss?" cried the Colonel. "Very fine, my lady."

"You see," added her ladyship, explaining to the officer, "Miss Seaton is a young lady of good family, not a common companion; a friend of mine, I may say. She is of feeble constitution, and this affair has so completely upset her, that I fear she will be laid on a sick-bed."

"It won't be my fault if she is," retorted the Colonel. "The loss of a diamond bracelet, worth two or three hundred guineas, is not to be hushed up. They are not to be bought every day, Lady Sarah."

The officer was taken to the room whence the bracelet disappeared. It presented nothing peculiar. It was a back drawing-room, the folding-doors between it and the front room standing open, and the back-window, a large one, looking out upon some flat leads—as did all the row of houses. The officer seemed to take in the points of the double-room at a glance; its door of communication, its two doors opening to the corridor outside, and its windows. He looked at the latches of the two entrance-doors, and he leaned from the front-windows, and he leaned from the one at the back. He next requested to see Miss Seaton, and Lady Sarah fetched her—a delicate girl with a transparent skin, looking almost too weak to walk. She was in a visible tremor, and shook as she stood before the stranger.

He was a man of pleasant manners and speech, and he hastened to reassure her.—"There's nothing to be afraid of, young lady," said he, with a broad smile. "I am not an ogre, though I do believe some timid folks look upon us as such. Just please to compose yourself, and tell me as much as you can recollect of this."

"I put the bracelets out here," began Alice Seaton, laying hold of the table underneath the window, not more to indicate it than to steady herself, for she was almost incapable of standing. "The diamond bracelet, the one lost, I placed here," she added, touching the middle of the table at the back, "and the rest I laid out round, and before it."

"It was worth more than any of the others, I believe," interrupted the official.

"Much more," growled the Colonel. The officer nodded to himself, and Alice resumed:

"I left the bracelets, and went and sat down at one of the front-windows—"

"With the intervening doors open, I presume?"

"Wide open, as they are now," said Alice, "and the other two doors shut. Lady Sarah came up from dinner almost directly, and then the bracelet was not there."

"Indeed! You are quite certain of that?"

"I am quite certain," interrupted Lady Sarah. "I looked for that bracelet, and, not seeing it, I supposed Miss Seaton had not laid it out. I put on the pair I wished to wear, and placed the others in the box, and saw Miss Seaton lock it."

"Then you did not miss the bracelet at that time?" questioned the officer.

"I did not miss it in one sense, because I did not know it had been put out," returned her ladyship. "I saw it was not there."

"But did you not miss it?" he asked of Miss Seaton.

"I only reached the table as Lady Sarah was closing the lid of the box," she answered. "Lady Frances Chenevix had detained me in the front-room."

"My sister," explained Lady Sarah, "She is on a visit to me, and had come with me up from dinner."

"You say you went and sat in the front-room?" resumed the officer to Alice, in a quicker tone than he had used previously: "will you show me where?"

Alice did not stir, she only turned her head towards the front-room, and pointed to a chair a little drawn away from the window. "In that chair," she said. "It stood as it stands now."

The officer looked baffled. "You must have had the back-room full in view from thence; both the door and the window?"

"Quite so," replied Alice. "If you will sit down in it, you will perceive that I had uninterrupted view, and faced the doors of both rooms."

"I perceive so from here. And you saw no one enter?"

"No one did enter. It was impossible they could do so, without my observing it. Had either of the doors been only quietly unlatched, I must have seen."

"And yet the bracelet vanished!" interposed Colonel Hope. "They must have been confounded deep, whoever did it, but thieves are said to possess sleight of hand."

"They are clever enough for it, some of them," observed the officer.

"Rascally villains! I should like to know how they accomplish this."

"So should I," significantly returned the officer. "At present it appears to me incomprehensible."

There was a pause. The officer seemed to muse; and Alice, happening to look up, saw his eyes stealthily studying her face. It did not tend to reassure her.

"Your servants are trustworthy; they have lived with you some time?" resumed the officer, not apparently attaching much importance to what the answer might be.

"Were they all escaped convicts, I don't see that it would throw light on this," retorted Colonel Hope. "If they came into the room to steal the bracelet, Miss Seaton must have seen them."

"From the time you put out the bracelets, to that of the ladies coming up from dinner, how long was it?" inquired the officer of Alice.

"I scarcely know," panted she, for, what with his close looks and his close questions, she was growing less able to answer. "I did not take particular notice of the elapse of time: I was not well yesterday evening."

"Was it half an hour?"

"Yes—I dare say—nearly so."

"Miss Seaton," he continued in a brisk tone, "will you have any objection to take an oath before a magistrate—in private, you know—that no person whatever, except yourself, entered either of these rooms during that period?"

Had she been requested to go before a magistrate and testify that she, herself, was the guilty person, it could scarcely have affected her more. Her cheek grew white, her lips parted, and her eyes assumed a beseeching look of terror. Lady Sarah Hope hastily pushed a chair behind her, and drew her down upon it.

"Really, Alice, you are very foolish to allow yourself to be excited about nothing," she remonstrated: "You would have fallen on the floor in another minute. What harm is there in taking an oath—and in a private room? You are not a charlatan or a mormon—or whatever the people call themselves, who profess to object to oaths, on principle."

"The officer's eyes were still keenly fixed on Alice Seaton's, and she cowered visibly beneath his gaze. "Will you assure me, on your sacred word, that no person did enter the room?" he repeated, in a low firm tone; which somehow carried her to the terrible belief that he believed she was trifling with him.

She looked at him; gasped, and looked again; and then she raised her handkerchief in her hand, and wiped her damp and ashy face.

"I think some one did come in," whispered the officer in her ear; try and recollect. And Alice fell back in hysterics.

Lady Sarah led her from the room, herself speedily returning to it.

"You see how weak and nervous Miss Seaton is," was her remark to the officer, but glancing at her husband. "She has been an invalid for years, and is not strong like other people. I felt sure we should have a scene of some kind, and that is why I wished the investigation not to be gone into hurriedly."

"Don't you think there are good grounds for an investigation, sir?" testily asked Colonel Hope of the officer.

"I must confess I do think so, Colonel," was the reply.

"Of course; you hear, my lady. The difficulty is, how can we obtain the first clue to the mystery?"

"I do not suppose there will be an insuperable difficulty," observed the officer. "I believe I have obtained one."

"You are a clever fellow, then, cried the Colonel, "if you have obtained it here. What is it?"

"Will Lady Sarah allow me to mention it—whatever it may be—without taking offense?" continued the officer, looking at her ladyship.

She bowed her head, wondering much.

"What's the good of standing upon ceremony?" peevishly put in Colonel Hope. "Her ladyship will be as glad as we shall be, to get back her bracelet; more glad, one would think. A clue to the thief! Who can it have been?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Notice to Correspondents.

I. D., CUMMINGSVILLE.—Both papers were sent. We shall enquire into the cause of their non-delivery.

C. D., LONDON.—Photographs received. They will be useful to us.

J. A., OWEN SOUND.—Good sketches or photographs of Canadian scenery will at all times be acceptable.

S. M., MITCHELL.—The 'Illustrated News' is issued weekly, not fortnightly as stated to you.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

Cobetown, Dec. 6th, 1862

A public meeting was held in this place on Saturday the 6th, for the purpose of forming a Franklin Institute. A chairman being appointed, it was moved that application be made to the Grand Division for a charter, which was agreed to. Mr. Tutbill, the representative of the Grand Division being present, he was requested to proceed with the inauguration of the applicants. The election of officers was postponed until next meeting.

CLEANINGS IN VANITY FAIR.

RESTRICTIONS UPON TRAVEL.—On reading the 'Conditions on which Passes to the South for Females' are in future to be granted, we were struck with particular items in the document, which appeared to render it almost a dead letter.

1st. Females going South are required to state their respective ages.

2d. Females going South are permitted to take but one trunk, each.

Under these circumstances, it is our private opinion that very few 'Females' will 'go South' so long as the order referred to remains in force.

'OPEN SESAME.'—One of the Washington Correspondents, alluding to the strict reticence of Lord Lyons since that nobleman's return from Europe, says that 'Several efforts made by prominent men to induce him to open his mouth met with marked failure.'

Did none of the 'prominent men' in question think of inviting his lordship to dinner?

RESPECTABILITY ON ICE.—It was with proud satisfaction that we lately saw an advertisement in the daily papers under the heading 'Fifth-Avenue Skating-Pond.' Here, thought we, is something exclusive at last. Here you may cut a figure—all sorts of figures, in fact—upon the very skirts of the aristocracy, which, of course, will be put in requisition for sweeping the ice of winter, as they already do the flags of Broadway all the year round. But our aristocratic ardor was damped as we read on and arrived at the following words:

'Only a limited number of persons of character and respectability will be received as subscribers.'

This decides us upon withholding our patronage from the Fifth-Avenue Skating Pond. If the projectors of that place of amusement imagine that we will throw ourselves away in a crowd containing 'only a limited number of persons of character and respectability,' they are very much mistaken in us.—We have a reputation to maintain. Do you suppose that we would accept an invitation to an evening party in one of the salons of Fifth Avenue, where 'only a limited number of persons of character and respectability' were likely to be met with in the rowdy turmoil? Not much. Not any, in fact. We think we see ourselves doing it!

THE PHILOLOGIST.—Anxious Parent—'I don't want no 'rithmetic forced into his infink mind; but I expect yer to pay particular attention to his grammar.'

THE TABLEAU VIVANT.—Julia, who is rehearsing Tableaux for the Holidays, engages Pat, for this occasion only.

Julia.—'Now, Patrick, Miss Anna is the Goddess of Liberty, you see, and we want you to stand for Garibaldi.'

Patrick.—'Me, is it? Bedad I'll do Garrybaldy first-rate if the Goddess'll dance an Irish jig to the tune of Garryowen!'

A SHIP ON THE HORIZON.—A correspondent writes to us asking whether the City Comptrollership is an iron-plated vessel.

It is not, sir. We have good authority for stating that the ship in question is lavishly overlaid with Tin.

THE TWO GREAT BORES IN THE NAVY.—Secretary Welles and the *Passaic's* fifteen inches.

THE GREAT DRAWBACK OF WAR.—The drawback of the trigger.

To ARTISTS IN WOOD.—If you want to carve a *fac simile* of a schemer out of wood, try Adler for the purpose. In other words, make an Alder-man.

JOKE BY A GENTLEMAN RECENTLY FROM NINEVEH.—The greatest country in the world for ninnies is Africa. There you take your pick of ninnies.

IMPORTANT TO THE DRUG TRADE.—If you want a first rate article of Castor Oil, try your summer Beaver.

THE NEW SPIRITUAL THEORY CONFIRMED.—The Spiritualists announce that they can obtain the photographs of people who have been dead for ages, in confirmation of which it may be stated that if you shake up very old Jamaica Spirits you will be sure to see the Venerable Dead.

A MOVING INCIDENT.—Among the headings of the *Herald's* correspondence from Virginia, in a late number of that paper, we observe the following:

'A Rebel Female Opens Her Lingual Batteries on Your Correspondent—Desire for a Movement of Some Kind.'

We consider ourselves safe in saying that, under the circumstances, the 'movement' referred to must have been a rapid skeddaddie on the part of 'Your Correspondent.'

ON THE SPOT.—We have lately seen in the columns of the *Herald* letters headed 'From our Spotted Tavern Correspondent.'

Would it be unfair to presume that the *Herald's* correspondent repairs to the Spotted Tavern for the purpose of visiting the Striped Pig?

COME DESPATCH! DESPATCH.—There is a great deal of speculation about the expedition of General Banks, the expedition of General McClernand, the expedition of General Thisandthat; but what we should prefer hearing more of, is the 'expedition of the Navy Department in re Semmes et al.'

CEDAR CHIPS.—Among the latest war news is the intelligence that the rebels are in possession of Lebanon.

We should not be surprised to hear that the fellows who captured that place now call themselves Cedars of Lebanon instead of Se-ceders.

THE WEALTH OF NEW YORK.—If anything were wanting to attest the great wealth that circulates among us, and the small impression made upon New York prosperity by the war, we rather think that the following might do it:

\$5 Reward.—Lost two teeth on a gold plate. Please address—, *Herald* office.

Happy, it has been said, is the man born with a silver spoon in his mouth; but oh! how far more felicitous the lot of one who hands about his teeth on a golden plate!

HOPPEFUL.—Now that some of the newspapers are reducing their size, we may look for 'unvarnished tales' in their telegrams, occasionally.

LINES.—Respectfully inscribed to Mr. George Francis Train, Stump-Candidate for the next Presidency.

How brilliant is the march of mind!
To-day leaves yesterday behind;
And star-eyed Science to the Arts
A magic sweep and power imparts.
But Art nowhere such increase gains
As in the mode of drawing trains.
First horses drew: then steam was used:
Caloric has some minds amused.
But now all these we can surpass,
For here's a Train that goes by—gas!

TOO CANDID BY HALF.

As Tom and his wife were disputing one day Of their personal traits in a bantering way,
Quoth she: 'Though my wit you disparage I'm certain, dear husband, our friends will attest
That, compared with your own, my judgment is best!'
Quoth Tom, 'So they said at our marriage!'

'A LA FOURCHETTE.'—The correspondent of the *Daily Times*, who follows Crittenden's fortunes, tells about the capture of twenty of the Michigan cavalry near a place called the Hermitage. Here we quote him:

'They were strongly posted, and could have successfully resisted their assailants and maintained their ground; yet they suffered themselves to be taken completely by surprise while eating their breakfast, and surrendered without any effort at defence.'

Certainly these Michiganders were miserable poltroons. Armed as they must have been with knives and forks, a simultaneous invitation from them to the Rebels to 'come on,' would have brought the latter to Break Fast in 'very short metre.'

RUSSIAN FUNERALS.

We learn, from Khol's work on St. Petersburg, that black coffins are seldom used in Russia; coffins are generally brown, but children have pink, grown up unmarried girls, sky-blue, while older females are indulged with a violet color. Among the poorer classes the coffin is adorned with pine branches, while among the rich, the whole way from the habitation to the church, is strewn with the same. Mr. Kohl says—'The coffin is carried to the church uncovered, that the acquaintance who may happen to meet it in the street may have a last glimpse of their friend's face. The lid is carried before. The coffin is followed even, in the day-time, by a band of torch-bearers, with broad cocked hats, and enveloped in long black mantles. All those who meet the funeral procession take off their hats, and offer up a prayer to heaven for the dead; and so earnest are their devotions, that they do not replace their hats until the cavalcade has disappeared from their sight. This mark of respect is shown to every corpse—to Russians as well as to Protestants and Catholics. In the church the corpse is again set out in state, and the priests, clad in black and white, and holding in their hands wax-lights enveloped in crape, supply the dead with everything they judge necessary for the journey. On his forehead is placed a fillet ornamented with holy 'saws' and images. In his hand is stuck a cross of wax or other substance. He then receives the passport. Even a plate of food is placed near the coffin. This funeral dish is termed *kulja*, and generally consists of rice cooked with honey, formed into a kind of pudding. This is strewn with raisins by way of ornament, and on the top lies a cross of the same fruit. The wealthy, instead of raisins, use small pieces of sugar. The priests are best pleased when these are tolerably large, as the food falls to their share after the ceremony. After this a mass, in Russian ecclesiastical language, *Panichida*, is chanted by the priests. During this the relations take the last farewell of the departed, all kiss his hand, and amongst the lower orders the most doleful and eloquent addresses succeed. If the deceased be a married man the widow gives way to the most moving and poetical expressions of sorrow. Wringing her hands,' continues Mr. Khol, 'and staring all the while at the face of the corpse, as if he were still alive, she cries now louder, now more gently, *Golubtschik moi Drushotschick*. Alas! my little dove, my little friend, why hast thou deserted me? Did I not prepare everything at home for thee with love, that thou might thus spurn thy wife? Wo is me! How fresh and well didst thou sit with me and thy children only six weeks ago, and playedst with thy little son Feodor, who is three years old; and now thou art dead and still, and answerest not a word to thy wife and weeping children!—My little friend, my husband, lord, awake! awake! Amidst this lamentation without end the coffin lid is closed, and the procession moves on to the burial-ground.'

EXTRAORDINARY CLAIM UNDER A ROYAL WILL.

In the Probate and Divorce Court, on Tuesday, Mr. Gibbon made an application on behalf of Mrs. Lavinia Sanette Horton Ryves, the daughter and executrix of Mrs. Olive Serres, who, it may perhaps be remembered, claimed to be the legitimate grand niece of George the Third, and to be Duchess of Lancaster. The motion was for leave to cite the Duke of Wellington as the personal representative of George IV., the heir-at-law of George III.; and also to cite the Attorney General as representative of her present Majesty, the heir-general of his late Majesty. The object of the application was to obtain probate of the following alleged will:

George R. St. James's.
In case of our royal demise, we give and bequeath to O. iv.; our brother the Duke of Cumberland's daughter, the sum of £15,000, commanding our heir and successor to pay the sum privately to our niece as a recompense for the misfortunes she may have known through her father.
June 2, 1774.
Witness—J. DUNNING,
CHATHAM,
WARWICK.

This document had never been revoked. Mrs. Serres had through her lifetime made every effort to obtain probate, but she had always failed, the judge of the Prerogative Court alleging that he had no jurisdiction over the will of a sovereign. Since her mother's death, Mrs. Ryves, her daughter and executrix, had also sought to obtain probate without success, but she now hoped to avail herself of the Act of Parliament constituting this court. The will had been im-

pounded by the Prerogative Court, and was already in the registry.—Sir C. Cresswell: Whom do you say you wish to cite?—Mr. Gibbon: The Duke of Wellington, as executor of George IV.—The Court: But he is not executor, he is only administrator; and the administrator of an executor does not represent the testator.—Mr. Gibbon: Then, in that case, I must fall back upon my motion to cite the Attorney-General.—The Court: Cite her Majesty, in truth and effect.—Mr. Gibbon: Precisely so.—The Court: In the year 1822 this question was discussed by Sir John Nichol, and I am very little inclined to disturb his decision. I have no jurisdiction over the supposed claim of Mrs. Ryves.—Application refused.

Commercial.

MEMPHIS MARKETS.
MEMPHIS, Nov. 12.
There is no material change from last week's quotations.

NEW YORK MARKETS.
New York, Dec. 11.
Flour.—Receipts 23,000 barrels; market quiet but very firm; sales 10,000 bbls at \$5 90 a \$5 95 for superfine State. Canadian flour quite firm; sales 450 bbls at \$5 20 a \$6 45 for common; \$3 55 a \$3 25 for good to choice extra. Rye flour steady at \$4 50 a \$5 50.

Grain.—Receipts of wheat 29,937 bush; market quiet and scarcely so firm; sales 40,000 bush at \$1 23 a \$1 30 for Chicago spring; \$1 28 a \$1 55 for Milwaukee club. Barley heavy, at \$1 25 a \$1 55; sales 1,500 bush. Corn receipts none; market active and firmer; sales 55,000 bush at 77c a 78c for shipping mixed Western. Oats steady at 66c a 68c for common to prime.

Provisions.—Pork steady. Beef unchanged.

MONTREAL MARKETS.
MONTREAL, Dec. 12.
Flour is firm at \$1 40 for No. 1. No quotable change in other articles. The general tendency is towards increased firmness, and business done without change of prices.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 29.
Breadstuffs market is generally steady, but quiet. Richardson, Spence & Co., Bigland & Co., and Waterfield, Nash & Co., report flour quiet but steady; American 23s to 29s. Wheat dull; red Western 9s to 9s 9d; red Southern 9s 9d to 10s; white Western 10s 6d to 11s; white Southern 11s 3d. Corn quiet; mixed 29s 3d to 30s; white 31s 6d to 33s.

The same authorities call the market steady, and quote beef quiet but steady. Pork dull but unchanged. Bacon quiet and steady. Lard active at 39s to 40.

The Broker's circular reports ashes steady; pots 33s; pearls 34s. Sugar very dull. Coffee steady. Rice steady.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
Traffic for Week ending 5th Dec. \$62,650 85 1/2
Corresponding week last year \$51,470 21 1/2
Increase \$11,180 64

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Traffic for the week ending 29th Nov. \$112,735 19
Corresponding week last year. \$ 93,173 21
Increase \$19,561 98
Account of Company's freight, included in above Nil.
do. corresponding week, '61 \$1,062 30

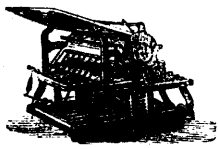
STOVE AND PLOUGH WORKS.

BUTLER & JACKSON,
BRANTFORD, C. W.
MANUFACTURERS OF Stoves, Ploughs, Cultivators, &c. Persons requiring such articles will remember that at Butler & Jackson's, Brantford, is the cheapest place in Canada for all goods in the Foundry line. We have books containing pictures of stoves, Ploughs, &c., and we manufacture, which we will send free of postage, on application. Stoves are so packed as to transport safely by Railway or otherwise.
BUTLER & JACKSON.

T. C. COLLINS & CO.,
BRASS FOUNDERS,
AND
WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS
OF
ENGINEERS AND PLUMBERS BRASS WORK,
Steam Gauges, Whistles, Water Gauges,
Globe Valves, Oil Cups and Brass
Work for Oil Refineries, &c. &c.
Corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets,
TORONTO, C. W.

Hamilton Advertisements.

DONNELLEY & LAWSON,



STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

WHITE'S BLOCK,

King Street, Hamilton, C. W.

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

EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS

To their Establishment, having now in running order one of

TAYLOR'S STEAM PRESSES,

A CORDON BILL-HEAD PRESS,

A FRANKLIN CARD PRESS,

A TAYLOR POSTER PRESS,

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

PROMPTLY AND AT LOW PRICES!

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

DONNELLEY & LAWSON.

WOOD ENGRAVING.

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

BEST ENGRAVERS

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

WOOD CUTS

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

Twenty-Five to Fifty pr. cent less

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

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

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

The Canadian Illustrated News

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

At the Office, in White's block, King-st, North side, Opposite the Fountain.

TERMS, for one year, sent by mail.....\$3.00

Single copies, 6 cents, to be had from News-dealers.

Payment strictly in advance.

Any person sending the names of ten subscribers, with the money, will receive a copy for one year.

Rates of Advertising.

Ten cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion eight cents per line.

All letters, concerning any business whatsoever, in connection with the paper of the office, must be addressed to 'The Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton.'

No unpaid letters taken out of the Post Office.

H. BROWN & Co.,
Publishers.

MAT. HOWIE. **W. BROWN.**

Toronto Advertisements.

TORONTO POSTAGE STAMP DEPOT.

CHARLES. A. BACKAS,
Cheapest Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer,
IN THE CITY.
Three doors South of the Post Office, No. 10 Toronto Street, Toronto.

A. S. IRVING,
GENERAL DEALER IN

Books, Newspapers, Stationery and Pictures,
No. 19, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

[Faulkner's Old Stand.]

New York Dailies received by early Trains every Morning, and Mailed or Delivered to any part of the City or Country for 25 Cents per week or \$10 per year

Agent in Toronto for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Hamilton Advertisements.

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No. 11 James st., Hamilton.

WILLIAM INKSON,
Manufacturer of Saddles, Harness, Trunks, Fire Hats, Engine Hose, &c. has on hand and will sell at greatly reduced rates, for Cash, a large quantity of Harness, of every description, Saddles, Trunks, Horse Clothing, and every other thing in his line made to order. All work warranted. Repairs neatly done, at very low prices.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Cor. King and Charles Streets.

TERMS \$1.00 PER DAY.

Fine Commodious Stables and attentive Hostlers. Stages leaves daily for Port Dover, Guelph and intermediate places.

SUTHERLAND & DEANS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
IRON BEDSTEADES, RAILING, GRATING, DOORS, SHUTTERS, &c.

King Street, opposite Bruce & Muiridge's Broom Factory.

Horse-shoeing and General Blacksmithing.

JAMES BUNTIN & CO.

WHOLESALE STATIONERS

PAPER AND ENVELOPE MANUFACTURERS,

KING STREET,

HAMILTON, C. W.

Mills at Valleyfield, on the River St. Lawrence.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D.,

(Late of the New York Eye Infirmary.)

SPECIALITY—DISEASES OF THE EYE.

OFFICE—No. 10 King Street East, nearly opposite the Fountain.

HAMILTON, C. W.

J. C. WRIGHT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
GILT, ROSEWOOD AND WALNUT MOULDINGS,
LOOKING-GLASSES, &c.

OPPOSITE MECHANICS' HALL, HAMILTON.

N. B.—Looking-Glasses neatly repaired.

Go and get your Photographs and Pictures of every description framed and save 30 per cent. Picture Mouldings of every description, for sale, cheap for Cash. Looking-Glasses cheap for cash.

**JOHN ALTON,
CARVER AND GILDER,**

MANUFACTURER OF

LOOKING-GLASS & PICTURE FRAMES

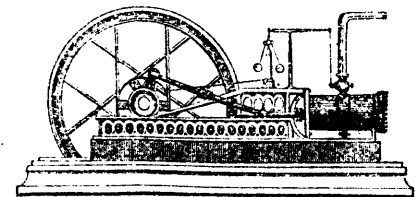
GILT AND STAINED MOULDINGS, &c.

King Street West Hamilton.

**D. A. BOCART
DENTIST,**

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

Dundas Advertisements.



DUNDAS IRON FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP
ESTABLISHED IN 1838.

JOHN GARTSHORE,

MANUFACTURER OF

STEAM ENGINES, BOILERS

AND

MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS;

Gartshore's treble suction Smut Machines,

Portable Mills, Mill Stones, Water

Wheels, Bran Dusters, Separators, &c.

INSTITUTE of YOUNG FRANKLINS

OR

Society of Eclectic Philosophers.

OBJECT.—The advancement of Science and the Propagation of Truth. Charters granted for \$2, twenty copies of the Constitution for \$1, on application to

JOHN THOMAS TUTHILL,
Representative of the Grand Division of Young Franklins, Dundas, C. W.

Hamilton Advertisements.

1862. FALL IMPORTATIONS. 1862.

GEORGE JAMES,

No. 5 James Street,

Respectfully calls the attention of the public to his Large stock of Fancy and Staple

DRY GOODS,

Which he is determined to sell at the

Lowest Remunerating Cash Prices

Comprising a full assortment of

DRESS GOODS, SEWED GOODS,
SHAWLS, RIBBONS,
MANTLES, FLOWERS,
FLANNELS, SHIRTS,
BLANKETS, COLLARS,
GLOVES, NECKTIES,
HOSIERY, PRINTS,
TWEEDS, COTTONS,
DOESKINS, GINGHAMS

TERMS CASH.

No. 5 James Street, Hamilton.

VICTORY WITHOUT BRAGGING!

THE MONTREAL

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

No. 1 James St., Hamilton,

Still increasing the immense stock always on hand have

JUST RECEIVED A NEW STYLE

OF LADIES' AND GENTS'

WATER-PROOF BOOTS,

WHICH WILL BE

SOLD AS CHEAP AS OTHERS SELL

COMMON WORK!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

Would do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

HOPKIN & ACLAND.

Remember the place,

MONTREAL BOOT & SHOE STORE,

No. 1 JAMES ST., HAMILTON.

**AT GORDON'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,**

WILL be found all kinds of Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes, suitable for Fall and Winter wear,

AT THE LOWEST PRICES!
FOR CASH ONLY.

ALL KINDS of BOOTS & SHOES MADE

in the Latest Styles, to order, as usual.

King Street, Two doors West of James.

JAMES P. WALKER & CO.

GENERAL

HARDWARE MERCHANTS,

Sign of the Mammoth Axe and Hammer,

KING STREET, HAMILTON, C. W.

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CABINET MAKER,**

AND
UPHOLSTERER,

KING ST. WEST, HAMILTON, C. W.

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

**JOHN RUTHVEN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,**

Keeps constantly on hand, Crockery, Glassware, Woodware, Perfumery, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

King Street, between John and Hughson,

HAMILTON, C. W.

McELCHERAN & BALLOU,
HOUSE AND SIGN

PAINTERS, GLAZIERS,

PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS,

GILDERS, &c.

Manufacturers of Druggists' and Brewers'

SHOW CARDS ON GLASS,

DOOR PLATES,

BLOCK LETTERS, &c.

22 King William St. near Hughson

HAMILTON, C. W.

Hamilton Advertisements.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,
AND
OUTFITTER.**

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MACABE & CO.

Manufacturers and Dealers in
**CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, GIGS,
SLEIGHS, &c.,**
KING STREET WEST,
HAMILTON, C. W.

JOSEPH LYGT,

DEALER IN

PAPER HANGINGS,

SCHOOL BOOKS,

Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines, &c.

CORNER KING AND HUGHSON STREETS,

HAMILTON, C. W.

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

DAGLISH & WALTON,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS,

CAPS AND FURS,

WENTWORTH HOUSE,

Cor. King & John Streets, Hamilton.

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(Successor to J. Winer & Co.)

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

INVITES the attention of intending

purchasers to his extensive stock of Drugs, Dye-

Stuffs, Perfumes, Soaps, Combs; Hair, Nail and Tooth

Brushes, Oils, Turpentine, Varnishes, Paints, Brushes,

Coal Oil, Burning Fluid, Lamps. PRESCRIPTIONS

carefully prepared

King Street, opp. Gore Bank, Hamilton.

JAMES LORIMER & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

HAMILTON, C. W.

2 ch

M'DONALD & CO.,

APOTHECARIES & DRUGGISTS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,

PURE WINES,

For Medicinal purposes.

TRUSSES AND SHOULDER BRACES,

LEECHES, &c.,

And all articles sold by Druggists.

N. B.—Open on Sunday Mornings, from 10 to 11

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D. B. McDONALD & Co.,

WHITE'S BLOCK, King Street, HAMILTON.

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Turning and all kinds of Wood Work.

At H. G. Cooper & Co's Coach Factory,

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WM. BROWN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS,

MUSIC DEALERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

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OPPOSITE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

HAMILTON, C. W.

JAMES KENT & CO.,

Wholesale Importers of

CUTLERY, STEEL FILES, JOINERS'

TOOLS, GERMAN SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATED WARE AND

CROCKERY.

JOBBERS OF SHEFFIELD GOODS,

Manufacturers' AGENTS for the sale of the

same by Samples, &c.

Agents for the sale of CANADIAN

PROVISIONS in England.

SHEFFIELD HOUSE, KING STREET.

3 doors West of John st., HAMILTON, C. W.

Represented in England by JOHN A. CHADWICK & Co.,

Sheffield.