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CHRISTENING OF ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, JANUARY 25, 1842.

CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On the day of the annual festival of the Lord Mayors of London, 9th November, 1841, was born the eldest son of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and of His Royal Highness Albert, Prince of Saxe Cobourg Gotha. On the 25th of January, 1842, the infant Prince of Wales was baptised in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

The figures immediately at the font are copied from the celebrated Historical Picture by Sir George Hayter, containing fifty portraits of eminent persons. Those represented in this group are: the Queen, and on her left hand Prince Albert. On the Prince's left is the Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, her figure diminished by standing on one of the lower steps of the dais. On the left of the Duchess is the late Dr. Bloomfield, Lord Bishop of London. Behind the Duchess of Buccleuch is the figure of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, uncle of the Queen. And behind Her Majesty and Prince Albert, stands the venerable Duke of Wellington, carrying the sword of State. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury holds the infant Prince in his arms, and is represented in the act of administering the sacred rite of baptism.

The King of Prussia was sponsor for the infant, but his figure, as placed in Sir George Hayter's picture stands too far to the Queen's right to be admitted in our engraving. The baptismal font is the same which has been used in the several Royal families since the reign of Charles the First.

In the original picture we recognize many faces once familiar in the public places of London, now known only on pictures and in history. Of those shown in the engraving all are gone to the tomb, except the Queen, whom God preserve and comfort through many remaining years! the Prince of Wales, and the Duchess of Buccleuch. Of those prominent in the picture, but not seen in that group, and who have departed this life, are, the King of Prussia, Duke of Cambridge, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Aberdeen, and but the other day the Marquis of Lansdown. The venerable Lord Lyndhurst, then Lord High Chancellor, still survives.

OUR continuation of Eola has been unavoidably omitted this week.

TORONTO SKATING RINK.—In addition to its other attractions, our next number will contain illustrations of the ladies' skating contest in Toronto, as follows:—A portrait of the young lady who won the principal prize; the Mayor presenting the prize, and the prizes themselves.

FOR obvious reasons we have not been able to give, in this number, the marriage ceremony of the Prince of Wales. To gratify, however, the interest which the occasion has created, we have devoted much of our space to scenes and incidents with which his name is more or less directly associated. In our next number we confidently expect to be able to give the promised illustration of the marriage ceremony. It will be on a presentation sheet; no pains will be spared to make it every way worthy of the interesting event.

CITIZENS of Toronto who may wish to obtain extra copies of this number will be kind enough to leave their orders with Mr. A. S. IRVING, bookseller, King street, and may rest assured that such orders will be promptly attended to. We are glad to see, by-the-way, that friend Irving, in removing to Toronto, has lost none of that enterprise which won for him such popularity among the reading class in Hamilton. While his splendid stock of the latest books, periodicals and newspapers, and all else pertaining to the business, shows that the people of Toronto have not been slow in discovering his value as a literary caterer.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between WM. BROWN & MAT. HOWIE, under the style of H. BROWN & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, they having transferred the business to Mr. W. A. FERGUSON; therefore all parties indebted to said Brown and Howie, on account of the Canadian Illustrated News, will please make their payments to W. A. FERGUSON, he being authorized to collect and grant receipts for the same.

WM. BROWN,
MAT. HOWIE.

Hamilton, March 19th, 1863.

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

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

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

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

NOTICE.

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

Mr. HAMILTON, agent for the 'Canadian Illustrated News,' will please call at the office before proceeding further with his canvassing.

THE CANADIAN

Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, MARCH 28, 1863.

HISTORICAL VICISSITUDES.

On the 20th of March, 1801, the British plenipotentiary at the Court of Denmark demanded from that nation its separation from the Northern alliance; but the Crown Prince declared that he was determined to remain faithful to his engagements; upon which the ambassador, Mr. Vansittart, left Copenhagen. On the 30th, a British fleet under Sir Hyde Parker—Admiral Horatio Nelson, second in command, passed the sound without any resistance, and anchored before Copenhagen. On the 2d of April, Nelson, who had offered his services to conduct the attack on that city, anchored off Drago, with twelve sail of the line, besides frigates, bombs, and smaller vessels. He opened his attack at ten o'clock, which continued for a time with great fury. The Danish batteries being silenced, Nelson proposed to the Crown Prince a cessation of hostilities on the score of humanity, wishing to spare Denmark when no longer resisting. The action then ceased, having lasted five hours, during which the whole Danish line to the southward of the Crown batteries, amounting to seventeen sail, were sunk, burnt or captured. An armistice was agreed upon for fourteen weeks, during which the treaty of armed neutrality was suspended.

That event was the first of a series to which historical philosophy is compelled to pay deference in this year, 1863, which sees Britain and Denmark united by a Royal wedding; while America is distracted by intestine war, and the tranquility of the British Empire imperilled, the political existence of the Province of Canada a problem, by the violation of blockades and of international friendship through English mercantile adventurers; the breaches of neutrality being now carried on in a manner denied by Great Britain to Denmark. The events of 1801 were repeated in 1807, and concurrently with them, some minor incidents happened which rise like ghosts out of the chron-

icles of time and refuse to go to rest.

On the 31st of August, 1807, died, at Rome, Henry Benedict Maria Clement Stewart, Cardinal York, the last male branch of the British Royal family of Stewart. And on that day, in the chapel of St. George's, Windsor, where the auspicious union of Great Britain and Denmark has just been celebrated, March 10, 1863, was a royal funeral of the House of Brunswick, celebrated with all heraldic pomp—that of the Duchess of Gloucester. And on the same day, a naval fleet of Great Britain and an army of twenty thousand troops approached the capital city of Denmark, on an errand which, briefly told, was this:

The King and government of Denmark, either from weakness or inclination, having promoted the views of Bonaparte in declaring the British Islands to be in a condition of blockade, and by shutting the port of Holstein, a mixed naval and military force was despatched from England demanding the surrender of the Danish navy.

A negotiation was carried on with the Prince Royal of Denmark for that purpose, but he evaded all offers of amicable adjustment. In consequence the harbour of Copenhagen was bombarded by Admiral Gambier's fleet, and the troops landed under the officer second in command, Sir Arthur Wellesley, subsequently Duke of Wellington. After a devastating cannonade of two days the city capitulated. On the 8th of September, the British took possession of the citadel, arsenal, and dock-yards, and the whole of the Danish fleet. The captured vessels were eighteen sail of the line, fifteen frigates, six brigs and twenty gunboats, which with all the naval stores, were conveyed to ports of England, except one ship which grounded and was destroyed.

On the part of Britain the necessity for the invasion of that neutral nation was urgent, because Denmark being unable to resist Bonaparte, the disturber of Europe, the destroyer of established thrones, the assassin of nations, the navy of the Danes would inevitably have gone into the service of the belligerent power with which Britain was at war. In political ethics, if there be ethics, or any abstract moral law, that can be recognized over the superior necessity arising out of a struggle for existence, such as Britain was then engaged in for herself and for other nations, the seizure of the Danish fleet may be accounted a violation of neutral rights. But judged by the result, and the supreme exigency of the occasion, it was an event which strengthened Britain, weakened the common enemy of Europe, and preserved to Denmark its very existence as an independent state. Yet the precedent is one which may be inconvenient, should it be acted upon by the Federal government of North America, against the British dependency of Barbadoes for instance, which has just been aiding, abetting and comforting with coals and warlike stores, and official dinners some of the Southern belligerents now at war with the North. In the case of the Danes in 1801, and 1807, the superior power of France perverted their neutrality to the disadvantage of Britain. In the present American war there is no cause for the perversion of British neutrality in favor of the Confederates, except the sordid instincts of mercantile adventurers, and the unaccountable indiscretion of the Governor of Barbadoes. What if Canada, as a British Province has to meet the consequences of those breaches of neutrality which are begun at Liverpool and consummated in the West Indies?

Major Gen. E. V. Sumner died in Syracuse on Saturday morning, 21st instant, of congestion of the lungs. The deceased General had been more than forty-three years in the service of the United States.

Notice to Correspondents.

J. J., HAMILTON.—Will hear from us in a few days.

T. J. B., COLLINGWOOD.—Answer on second page.

W. M., VICTORIA.—Agent's list just received. Will forward regularly hereafter.

Mrs. N., KINGSTON.—Will hear from us shortly.

R. D., CHELTENHAM.—You should have mentioned the name of the agent. See 'Notice' in another column.

LOVIE'S GIGANTIC POLYORAMA OF THE AMERICAN WAR.—This exhibition should attract liberal patronage in Canada, both from the ability of the artist who sketched the scenes on the widely diversified fields of battle, and the known skill of the painter who has committed the sketches to canvass in the city of Hamilton. This great picture will be exhibited in the chief towns of the Province. Support native enterprise! Let Canada acquire a name in literature and fine art. Patronize the artist; he will give birth to still greater works.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Hon. A. T. GALT arrived in Galt on Friday, 20th inst.

The Grand Trunk elevator at Toronto is now finished and ready for the reception of grain.

Mr. GEORGE TAYLOR has been gazetted sheriff of Hastings, and Mr. Andrew Ross sheriff of Oxford.

The Montreal Board of Trade has appointed a committee to draft a petition to the government, praying for the passage of the Bankruptcy Bill, now before the Lower House.

The Hon. Donald Montgomery has been elected Speaker of the Legislative Council of Prince Edward's Island. The Hon. Thomas Heath Haviland has been elected Speaker of the Lower House. Parliament was opened on the 3d inst.

UNITED STATES.

The military movements of the week have been confined to unimportant raids, skirmishes and reviews. There is every indication, however, that important movements will be made soon.

Another monster meeting was held, on the 20th inst., at the Cooper Institute, New York; the object being to organize the Loyal National League. The meeting is spoken of as a great success.

The Port Royal New South says that Jacksonville, Florida, has been taken by the Negro Brigade. The negroes behaved with propriety and no one was harmed.

The reported success of the Yazoo Pass expedition turns out to be untrue.

Com. Farragut has got his fleet past Fort Hudson with the loss of one vessel. Banks' land forces are said to be in rear of the Fort and a battle is expected soon.

Gold in Richmond has risen 200 per cent. within a week. This brings Confederate paper down to 23 cents on the dollar.

CONTINENTAL.

The King of Prussia has been compelled to desist from his intended interference in the Polish question, by the remonstrances of England, France and Austria.

DON'T BORROW TROUBLE.—There is a class of people who are constantly borrowing trouble by anticipating evil ahead, and it is ills that never happen which chiefly make them wretched. A cheerful expectation of the best is a fountain of joy in itself, for though chill disappointment may meet us now and then, still the warm and genial sunshine of hope renews and vivifies our spirit. There is no greater sign of a coward heart than the constant anticipation of evil. Such a person prepares the ground for the seed, as it were, and in his constant search for trouble, ten to one, he will find it, for it is not unreasonable to suppose that evil may be wooed and won by these distrustful people. Let none of our readers foster such a suspicious spirit, but rather look at the bright side of things; a man's mind is the citadel of his possessions, and no enemy can conquer that, unless some treacherous infirmity within turns traitor. Therefore show a bold front to the visits of misfortune, not meet it half way with unbarred gates.—And when ills have absolutely come, do not go about and tell your troubles to every one you meet. Some people are for ever telling their troubles, but believe us, it is a true and truthful old maxim, that people do not like to have unfortunate men for their acquaintances.

EFFECT OF A FALSEHOOD.

'Are you returning immediately to Worcester?' said Lady Leslie, a widow residing near that city, to a young officer who was paying her a morning visit.

'I am. Can I do anything for you there?'

'Yes. You can do me a great kindness. My confidential servant, Baynes, is gone out for the day and night; and I do not like to trust my new footman, of whom I know nothing, to put this letter in the post-office, as it contains a fifty-pound note.'

'Indeed! that is a large sum to trust to the post.'

'Yes; but I am told that it is the safest conveyance. It is, however, quite necessary that a person whom I can trust should put the letter in the box.'

'Certainly,' replied Captain Freeland. Then, with an air that showed he considered himself as a person to be trusted, he deposited the letter in safety in his pocket-book, and took his leave; promising he would return to dinner next day, which was Saturday.

On the road Freeland met some of his brother officers, who were going to pass the day and night at Great Malvern; and as they earnestly pressed him to accompany them, he wholly forgot the letter entrusted to his care; and, having despatched his servant to Worcester, for his *sac de nuit* and other things, he turned back with his companions, and passed the rest of the day in that sauntering but amusing idleness that *dolce far niente*, which may be reckoned comparatively virtuous, if it leads to the forgetfulness of little duties only, and is not attended by the positive infringement of greater ones. But, in not putting this important letter into the post, as he had engaged to do, Freeland violated a real duty; and he might have put it in at Malvern, had not the encounter with his brother officers banished the commission given him entirely from his thoughts. Nor did he remember it, till, as they rode through the village the next morning, on their way to Worcester, they met Lady Leslie walking in the road.

At sight of her, Freeland recollected, with shame and confusion, that he had not fulfilled the charge committed to him; and vain would he have passed her unobserved; for, as she was a woman of high fashion, great talents, and some severity, he was afraid that his negligence, if avowed, would not only cause him to forfeit her favor, but expose him to her powerful sarcasm.

To avoid being recognized was, however, impossible; and as soon as Lady Leslie saw him, she exclaimed:

'Oh! Captain Freeland, I am so glad to see you! I have been quite uneasy concerning my letter since I gave it to your care; for it was of such consequence. Did you put it in the post yesterday?'

'Certainly,' replied Freeland, hastily, and in the hurry of the moment—'certainly. How could you, dear madam, doubt my obedience to your commands?'

'Thank you! thank you!' cried she.—'How you have relieved my mind!'

He had so; but he had painfully burdened his own. To be sure, it was only a white lie—the lie of fear. Still he was not used to utter falsehood; and he felt the meanness and degradation of this. He had yet to learn that it was mischievous also; and that none can presume to say where the consequences of the most apparently trivial lie would end. As soon as Freeland parted with Lady Leslie, he bade his friends farewell, and putting spur to his horse, scarcely slackened his pace till he had reached a general post-office, and deposited the letter in safety.

'Now, then,' thought he, 'I hope I shall be able to return and dine with Lady Leslie, without shrinking from her penetrating eye.'

He found her, when he arrived, very penitent and absent; so much so that she felt it necessary to apologize to her guests, informing them that Mary Benson, an old servant of hers, who was very dear to her, was seriously ill, and painfully circumstanced; and that she feared she had not done her duty by her.

'To tell you the truth, Captain Freeland,' said she, speaking to him in a low voice, 'I blame myself for not having sent for my confidential servant, who was not very far off, and despatched him with the money, instead of trusting it to the post.'

'It would have been better to have done so, certainly!' replied Freeland, deeply blushing.

'Yes; for the poor woman to whom I sent it, is not only herself in a delicate state of health, but she has a sick husband, unable to be moved; and as, but owing to no fault of his, he is on the point of bank-

ruptcy, his cruel landlord has declared that, if they do not pay their rent by to-morrow, he will turn them out into the street, and seize the very bed they lie on! However, as you put the letter into the post yesterday, they must get the fifty-pound note to-day, else they could not; for there is no delivery of letters in London on a Sunday, you know.'

'True, very true,' replied Freeland, in a tone which he vainly tried to render steady.

'Therefore,' continued Lady Leslie, 'if you had told me, when we met, that the letter was not gone, I should have recalled Baynes, and sent him off by the mail to London; and then he would have reached Somerstown, where the Bensons live, in good time; but now, though I own it would be a comfort to me to send him, for fear of accident, I could not get him back again soon enough; therefore, I must let things take their chance; and, as letters seldom miscarry, the only danger is, that the note may be taken out.'

She might have talked an hour without answer or interruption; for Freeland was too much shocked, too much conscience-stricken to reply; as he found that he had not only told a falsehood, but that, if he had had moral courage enough to tell the truth, the mischievous negligence, of which he had been guilty, could have been repaired; but now as Lady Leslie said, it was too late!

But, while Lady Leslie became talkative, and able to perform her duties to her friends, after she had unburdened her mind to Freeland, he grew every minute more absent, and more taciturn; and, though he could not eat with appetite, he threw down, rather than drank, repeated glasses of hock and champagne, to enable him to rally his spirits; but in vain. A naturally ingenuous and generous nature cannot shake off the first compunctious visitings of conscience for having committed an unworthy action, and having also been the means of injury to another. All on a sudden, however, his countenance brightened; and as soon as the ladies left the table, he started up, left his compliments and excuses with Lady Leslie's nephew, who presided at dinner; said he had a pressing call to Worcester; and, when there, as the London mail was gone, he threw himself into a post-chaise, and set off for Somerstown, which Lady Leslie had named as the residence of Mary Benson. 'At least,' said Freeland to himself with a lightened heart, 'I shall now have the satisfaction of doing all I can to repair my fault.'

But, owing to the delay occasioned by want of horses and by finding the ostlers at the inns in bed, he did not reach London and the place of his destination till the wretched family had been dislodged; while the unhappy wife was weeping, not only over the disgrace of being so removed, and for her own and her husband's increased illness in consequence of it, but from the agonizing suspicion that the mistress and friend, whom she had so long loved, and relied upon, had disregarded the tale of her sorrows, and had refused to relieve her necessities! Freeland soon found a conductor to the mean lodging in which the Bensons had obtained shelter; for they were well known; and their hard fate was generally pitied; but it was some time before he could speak, as he stood by their bedside; he was choked with painful emotions at first—with pleasing emotions afterward; for his conscience smote him for the pain he had occasioned, and applauded him for the pleasure which he came to bestow.

'I come,' said he, at length, while the sufferers waited in almost angry wonder, to hear his reason for thus intruding on them—'I come to tell you, from your kind friend, Lady Leslie—'

'Then she has not forgotten me!' screamed out the poor woman, almost gasping for breath.

'No, to be sure not; she could not forget you; she was incapable—' Here his voice wholly failed him.

'Thank Heaven!' cried she, tears trickling down her pale cheeks. 'I can bear anything now; for that was the bitterest part of all!'

'My good woman,' said Freeland, 'it was owing to a mistake—pshaw; no, it was owing to my fault, that you did not receive a fifty-pound note by the post yesterday.'

'Fifty pounds?' cried the poor man, wringing his hands; 'why that would have more than paid all we owed; and I could have gone on with my business, and our lives would not have been risked nor disgraced!'

Freeland now turned away, unable to say a word more; but, recovering himself, he again drew near them; and, throwing his purse to the agitated speaker, said:

'There! get well! only get well! and whatever you want shall be yours! or I shall

never lose this horrible choking again while I live!'

Freeland took a walk after this scene, and with hasty, rapid strides—the painful choking being his companion very often during the course of it—for he was haunted by the image of those whom he had disgraced; and he could not help remembering that, however blameable his negligence might be, it was nothing, either in sinfulness or mischief, to the lie told to conceal it; and that, but for that lie of fear, the effects of his negligence might have been repaired in time.

But he was resolved that he would not leave Somerstown till he had seen these poor people settled in a good lodging. He therefore hired a conveyance for them, and then superintended their removal that evening to apartments full of every necessary comfort.

'My good friends,' said he, 'I cannot recall the mortification and disgrace which you have endured through my fault; but I trust that you will have gained in the end, by leaving a cruel landlord, who had no pity for your unmerited poverty. Lady Leslie's note will, I trust, reach you to-morrow; but if not, I will make up the loss; therefore be easy! and when I go away, may I have the comfort of knowing that your removal has done you no harm?'

He then, but not till then, had courage to write to Lady Leslie, and tell her the whole truth: concluding his letter thus:

'If your interesting proteges have not suffered in their health, I shall not regret what has happened; because I trust that it will be a lesson to me through life, and teach me never to tell even the most apparently trivial white lie again. How unimportant this violation of truth appeared to me at the moment! and how sufficiently motivated! as it was to avoid falling in your estimation; but it was, you see, overruled for evil; and agony of mind, disgrace, and perhaps risk of life, were the consequences of it to innocent individuals; not to mention my own pangs; the pangs of an upbraiding conscience. But forgive me, my dear lady Leslie. Now, however, I trust that this evil, so deeply repented of, will be blessed to us all; but it will be long before I forgive myself.'

Lady Leslie was delighted with this candid letter, though grieved by its painful details, while she viewed with approbation the amends which her young friend had made, and his modest disregard of his own exertions.

The note arrived in safety; and Freeland left the afflicted couple better in health, and quite happy in mind; as his bounty and Lady Leslie's had left them nothing to desire in a pecuniary point of view.

When Lady Leslie and he met, she praised his virtue, while she blamed his fault; and they fortified each other in the wise and moral resolution, never to violate truth again, even on the slightest occasion; as a lie, when told, however unimportant it may at the time appear, is like an arrow shot over a house, whose course is unseen, and may be unintentionally the cause, to some one, of agony or death.

The London Times office employs three hundred and seventy persons, every branch and department being managed with the most systematic precision and discipline. The paper has now a daily circulation of sixty-five thousand copies, requiring eleven tons of paper per day. The paper used is of linen. The large cylinder on which the paper is printed turns out eight papers every second and a half, or allowing for stoppages, about twelve thousand five hundred per hour, equal to one thousand every four minutes. After the type is set for the day's paper stereotype copies are made of it, in order to supply forms from which to print a sufficient issue for the day. No papers are issued to subscribers directly from the office—they being supplied by the newsmen.

MALE DRESS MAKERS.—The Rev. H. A. Stern, an Abyssinian missionary, writes:—'Fond as the Abyssinian women are of embroidered garments and other fineries, it is strange that they should never try to gain even a slight acquaintance with the use of the needle. High and low alike depend upon their male friends for every stitch in their dress. Tastes, of course, vary in different countries; but I confess that it always provoked me to see a tall, bearded fellow acting the dress-maker, and a slender girl performing the functions of the groom.'

LIFE.—At best life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away.

MEN are never so easily deceived, as when they are plotting to deceive others.

HOW TO PROCURE A HUSBAND.

The following true story might, perhaps, furnish matter for a little comedy, if comedies were still written in England. It is generally the case that the more beautiful and the richer a young female is, the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more offers they refuse. The one is too tall, the other too short, this not wealthy, that not respectable enough. Meanwhile one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity.—Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in her native town; but she had already completed her twenty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or other discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old-maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom nature and fortune have been niggardly of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet, as we have said, was both handsome and very rich.—Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straight-forward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly.

'You see,' said her father to him one day, 'Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome; what she is to have for her fortune you know; even in this scandal-loving town, not a creature can breathe the slightest imputation against her; and yet she is getting to be an old-maid.'

'True,' replied the uncle; 'but look you, brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to seize the right moment; this you have not done—it is a misfortune; but let the girl go along with me, and before the end of three months I will return her to you as the wife of a man as young and wealthy as herself.'

Away went the niece with the uncle. On the way home, he thus addressed her:

'Mind what I am going to say. You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, childless widow. You had the misfortune to lose your husband, Colonel Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year, by a fall from his horse while hunting.'

'But, uncle—'

'Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Your father has invested me with full powers. Here, look you, is the wedding-ring given you by your late husband. Jewels, and whatever else you need, your aunt will supply you with; and accustom yourself to cast down your eyes.'

The keen-witted uncle introduced his niece everywhere, and the young widow excited a great sensation. The gentleman thronged about her, and she soon had her choice out of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to take the one who was deepest in love with her and a rare chance decreed that this should be precisely the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private.

'My dear sir,' he began, 'we have told you an untruth.'

'How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affections—'

'Nothing of the kind. My niece is sincerely attached to you.'

'Then her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you told me?'

'On the contrary; it is larger.'

'Well, what is the matter, then?'

'A joke, an innocent joke, which came into my head one day when I was in a good humor—we could not well recall it afterward. My niece is not a widow.'

'What! is Colonel Lumley living?'

'No, no; she is a spinster.'

The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had conceived himself; and the old-maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

RICH JOKE.—A chap out west named Barnes, who had made a speech at a war meeting, was criticised in the village paper, which said it was a very patriotic address, but the speaker slandered Lindley Murray awfully. The next day Barnes wrote a note to the editor, declaring that he never knew such a man in his whole life as Lindley Murray, and therefore could not have slandered him. Mrs. Barnes, the wife, being at a tea-party, also took up the cudgels for her husband, when the matter was discussed, by declaring that Murray began it by abusing her husband, and got as good as he gave.

FRAGMENTS OF ROYAL HISTORY.

FORMER PRINCES OF WALES.

The pictorial illustrations in this number of the Canadian Illustrated News are appropriate to the event which was appointed to be celebrated on the 10th of March, 1863, the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, (pronounced as if written Alessandra.) That event and the pictorial illustrations lead the reader to expect historical and biographical reminiscences of palaces and branches of royal families. In this, and in one or two other numbers, we propose to give a narrative of such events as relate to the present and former unions of the royal families of Great Britain and of Denmark.

The title, Prince of Wales, is usually borne by the eldest son of the sovereign, or failing a son by the heir-apparent. Before the time of Edward I., the eldest son of the King was called the Lord Prince. The title originally distinguished the native Princes of that portion of the island to which the ancient Britons retired from the conquering Romans and the insidious Saxons, whom they had invited to assist them against the Romans. It was not until long after the Normans had subjugated the Saxons that they reduced to peaceful acquiescence, the ancient Britons in Wales. Henry III., in the 39th year of his reign, gave to his son Edward (afterward King Edward I.,) the principality of Wales and earldom of Chester, as an office of trust and government. When Prince Edward became King he conquered, in 1277, Llewellyn and David the last native Princes, and united the kingdom of Wales with the crown of England. Edward I. was a politician as well as a warrior. Had he lived in the age of representation by population in Canada, he would have been a successful candidate, and the occupant of a seat on the Ministerial side of the popular branch of the Legislature. Edward saw that the simple Welsh were not as keen sighted as himself, and promised that if they would submit quietly to his reign, he would give them for their chief a native born prince, who could not speak a word of English. In order to fulfil his promise literally, he caused Queen Eleanor, his wife, to be lodged in the castle of Caernarvon, in Wales, where she gave birth to a son, a baby prince who could not speak a word of English. That infant was not the eldest son, but he was invested with the title of Prince of Wales, and all the Welsh chiefs and great barons of England were required to do him homage. An elder brother, Alphonso, soon after died, upon which the child of Caernarvon Castle, who had been named Edward, became heir-apparent to the English crown, and ultimately succeeded as Edward II. Since then, all heirs-apparent to the throne have been denominated Prince of Wales, not by right of birth, but by title conferred, generally in their early years. Edward II. created his son Prince of Wales when ten years old. Edward, the Black Prince, was invested with the title when thirteen. Albert Edward, son of Queen Victoria, was created Prince of Wales on the day after his birth.

The eldest son of the Sovereign is, by inheritance, Duke of Cornwall. Edward, the Black Prince, was the first heir to the throne who obtained the duchy and estate. It came to him on the death of his uncle, John of Eltham, who was the last Earl of Cornwall. By the royal patent under which the grant of the duchy was then conferred, eleventh year of Edward III. the dukedom is inherited by the eldest living son and heir-apparent. If the Duke succeeds to the crown the duchy and its revenues vests in his son and heir apparent, if he have any. But if there be no eldest son the dukedom remains with the Sovereign, the heir presumptive being in no case entitled to it. Thus, the Princess Victoria being only heir presumptive, while her uncle William IV. lived, his wife, Queen Adelaide, being also alive, she was not, as some heiresses presumptive had been, created Princess of Wales. Nor did Victoria become Duchess of Cornwall until her accession to the throne 20th June, 1837. On the birth of her eldest son, on the 9th November, 1841, Her Majesty instantly ceased to be Duchess of Cornwall, the title and large revenues vesting in that son and heir apparent.

Queen Victoria, as Sovereign, is also Duchess of Lancaster. While it is a subject of congratulation that the Prince Consort, 'Albert the Good,' managed the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall as trustee for Albert Edward, during his minority, so well that an ample fortune awaited the Prince of Wales on the day of his majority, November 9, 1862, it is by force of contrast, as well as by force of the native truth, a disgrace and scandal to somebody, or something, a kind of corporation with no conscience to be

stung, no soul to be saved, that the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster have been frittered away and are not recovered from persons at present illegally usurping much of the property and its emoluments.

In the reign of the unfortunate Henry VI. all the titles of Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, Earl of Flint and the rest, were held by one not the eldest son and heir apparent of the King. Richard Duke of York, claiming the throne procured an act of parliament, declaring that after the King's death, he and his heirs should inherit the crown; and in order to make this succession the more secure the act declared his eldest son to be forthwith Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester. The antiquity of the title of Prince of Wales, and its regular succession, are held to be, as it were, confirmation of a father's present right (if it were somewhat doubtful) and of the Prince's own nearness in succession to the crown. Thus, on the death of Edward the Black Prince, Edward III. immediately made his grandson Prince of Wales. Richard III. as soon as he came to the throne created his son Prince of Wales in order to strengthen his usurpation. Henry VII. who succeeded Richard III. on the death of his son Arthur gave to his next son Henry the title of Prince of Wales.—That Prince became Henry VIII. who, when he had no son, created his daughter Mary, Princess of Wales; and after the act which divorced his Queen and declared the daughter illegitimate, he created Elizabeth the daughter of the next Queen, Anna Boleyn whom he beheaded, Princes of Wales. Each had been only heiress presumptive, yet they bore the title, being then next in succession to the crown.

James I. of England, VI. of Scotland, who succeeded Queen Elizabeth, had a son Henry, Prince of Wales, who dying was succeeded in that title by the next brother Charles, subsequently the unfortunate Charles I.—After Charles II. there was no lawful Prince of Wales until the son of George I. was elevated to that designation, the true Prince being styled the 'Pretender.' The son of George II. was Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died in his father's life time, and whose second son by Augusta, Princess of Saxe Gotha, succeeded the throne on the death of George II., 25th October, 1760.

George III. was born 4th June, 1738, in Norfolk House, St. James's Square, London. He ascended the throne in his 22nd year, and was married, 8th September, 1761, to the Princess Charlotte of Mecklinburgh. In the season of haymaking in that year he had seen Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, in the habit of a peasant girl tossing hay near Kensington, west of London, where it was known the young King would walk, and possibly talk with the hay-makers. Ill natured reports said the family of Lady Sarah, had placed that fair snare in the royal path. Enough of the truth transpired, however, to make it almost probable that had George been his own sole counsellor, that lady who was afterwards mother of those very distinguished men, General Sir William Napier, historian of the Peninsular War, and of General Sir Charles James Napier, conqueror of Scinde, and subsequently commander-in-chief in India, [whose relative Major-General Napier now, 1863, commands the division of Her Majesty's troops stationed in Canada West] that Lady Lennox, had the King not been restrained by others, might have been Queen consort of George III. It is a curious speculation as to how much in that case, of the physical and mental idiosyncrasies of the great Napiers, would have formed portions of the Prince of Wales, and others of the family to whom George III. was father. It is clear that the map of Canada would not have read quite the same as it does. Let us see:—

FAMILY OF GEORGE III.

Their Names on the Map of Canada.

The township of Charlottenburg in Central Canada, was named after the Lady, who by a sudden turn of the royal mind in July, became the Queen consort of George III. within the next eight weeks; that was the Princess Charlotte of Mecklinburgh Strelitz. The articles of betrothal were signed on 7th August, and their marriage celebrated on the 8th September, 1761. Their children were:

1st. George Prince of Wales, born 12th August, 1762. He married, April 8, 1795, Caroline, second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick (whose mother was Augusta eldest sister of George III.) by whom he had a daughter, the Princess Charlotte.—Charlotte did not become Princess of Wales, as, while she lived her father, afterwards, George IV. had not reached the throne. She was born January 7, 1796,

and was married to Leopold Prince of Saxe Cobourg, on May 2nd, 1816, and died in childhood, November 6th, 1817.—The effigy of that Prince and her babe lie in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, that place of life and beauty and grandeur; abode of death and mortality. She was mourned by the nation, with a depth and earnestness of grief, as none other ever were or have been, until Albert, Consort of Victoria, died November, 1861; and then the nation grieved for their Queen bereaved, in addition to mourning for the good Prince deceased. Prince Leopold, having been offered the throne of Greece, which he declined, accepted that of the new Kingdom of Belgium, when it was separated from Holland by the revolution of 1831. King Leopold still holds the difficult position, but he has filled it wisely and well. His sister, the late Duchess of Kent, was the mother of Queen Victoria.

The principal mark of George IV. on the map of Canada, is Georgian Bay, that inlying section of Lake Huron, destined to be, by commerce with the great North Western Territories, and Western States of America, the head of one or more canals, at the site of a future city, through which the overflowing produce of the West will run to the seaboard, when all existing railways, and railways yet to be made, are crowded and can carry no more. That bay was first called Georgina, as is a township near it, after Lady Georgina Lennox, but was changed in honor of the King. The Provincial Surveyors of that time, from 1819 to 1825, were occasionally at the Governor's table, and had seen Lady Georgina's pet dogs. They were grateful as well as gallant. Having named a township after the lady, a river after her husband, and the bay after the King, they named the adjoining townships in honor of the spaniels; Tiny, Tay, Flos, Vespra, Madonte, &c. Return we to the children of George III.

2nd. Frederick, Duke of York, bishop of Osnaburg, in Hanover, (from whence is named the township of Osnaburg in Central Canada,) born August 16, 1763, married 29th September, 1791, Frederica, Princess Royal of Prussia. After the accession of George IV. to the crown in 1820, the Duke of York became heir presumptive to the throne, but was not created Prince of Wales. There still remained some idea that the King might again marry. The Duke of York, after whom the town of York, now Toronto, was named, died in 1827. New York city and colony, now the 'Empire State' of America, were named in honor of James II. of England, when he held the title of Duke of York. According to usage Prince Alfred, our Queen's second son, will be created Duke of York, after he comes of age.

3rd. William Henry, Duke of Clarence, born August 21, 1765, an admiral of the Royal Navy. He ascended the throne as William IV., on the death of George IV., 1830, and died June 20, 1837. William was succeeded by the Princess Victoria, whose graceful youth and charming amiability, at once held the hearts of a great nation, willingly, loyally captive. The name of Prince William Henry was given to Sorel, the fort and village at the junction of Richelieu river with the St. Lawrence, below Montreal. The fort was first named after the engineer who planned it, Captain Sorel, which name again prevails, and that of the young Prince, William Henry, who visited, and was feted in Canada, when his father was King, has all but faded away in the Lower Province. It attaches to a fort at Kingston; and the township of Williamsburg, county of Dundas, still retains his name.

4th. Charlotte Augusta Matilda, born September 29, 1766, married May 18, 1797, Frederick William, Duke and King of Wirttemberg. In honor of that Princess the township and village of Matilda were named. By Act of Parliament incorporating the thriving village of Matilda, which stands beautifully two miles below the Galouse Rapids, and lies in the shelter of Point Iroquois, on the St. Lawrence, the name has been changed to Iroquois, pronounced in the district Rockwa, a half French, half Indian appellation. But with most of the people it still retains the smooth name of Matilda.

5th. Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. He was born November 2nd, 1767, died January 23, 1820. He visited Canada and the United States in 1793-4. From him is named Prince Edward's Island, lying near the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the county of Prince Edward, between the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario, and the township of Edwardsburgh fronting the Galouse Rapids, where now stands the celebrated Canada starch factory. On the shore of that township Prince Edward camped with his friends in June, 1793. Fragmentary

reminiscences of his journey and stay there have been collected from Lieutenant Colonel Clarke, of Edwardsburgh, and other old residents. The fragments may appear in a future number of this journal.

6th. Augusta Sophia, born Nov. 8, 1768, died unmarried. From that Princess the township of Augusta was named.

7th. Elizabeth, born May 22, 1770; in honor of whom was named Elizabethtown, in the county of Leeds, within which stands the town of Brockville, named after General Brock, but formerly known only as Elizabethtown. In one of the hotels at Perth, forty miles north of Brockville, there was in 1861, when the present writer was there, a man once employed as cook in the capital city of Ireland. A relative in Canada wrote to him in praise of the scenery, beauty and richness of Elizabethtown, meaning its agricultural wealth, adding that Elizabethtown was twelve miles square. The cook concluded that in a town of such magnitude, beating Dublin in size by a long way, there must be good chances for a first class man cook. He came; was disgusted, and could not, he said, accumulate sufficient to carry him back to dear old Dublin, else he would return at once and be thankful; 'sure,' said he, 'they call farm land and swamps, towns in Canada.'

8th. Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, King of Hanover, (the Salique law at the death of William IV., excluding Queen Victoria from the crown of Hanover.) He was born June 5th, 1771. From him Ernestown, near Kingston, and other places are named.

9th. Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, born 1773. He lived to be friend and counsellor of Queen Victoria.

10th. Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, born February 24, 1774. From that prince is named Adolphustown, on Bay of Quinte. His son is, 1863, Duke of Cambridge and Commander-in-Chief of the British army. He served in the Crimean war of 1854-55.

11th. Mary, born April 25, 1776. She married William, her cousin, Duke of Gloucester, and died in 1857, the last surviving child of George III. From her was named Marytown, or Marieton, in the county of Dundas, central Canada; changed a few years ago, by Act of Parliament, to Morrisburg, a name certainly not more euphonious, however deserving the Hon. James Morris, then Postmaster-General, may have been of some memorial.

12th. Sophia, born Nov. 3, 1777. She died unmarried. From that princess is named Sophiasburg, on the Bay of Quinte.

13th. Octavius, born February 23, 1779. Died May 3, 1783.

14th. Alfred, born August 8, 1783. Died August, 1782.

15th. Amelia, born August 8, 1783. Died in the bloom of youth, Nov. 2, 1810. From her is named the township of Ameliasburg.

SITUATION OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

In the profound depths of unknown time an infinity of small creatures living within a deep sea, less in size than the mosquitoes, which trouble us in the air, yet each with a shell for covering, fell to the bottom and died. Their minute bodies were piled until the mounds were several miles in thickness, across all the floor of the ocean. After those distant ages, yet still in times inconceivably remote, the floor of that old ocean was raised in the course of changes ever progressive on this planet, through a vast periodicity. The changes resulting from the tendency of the planet to alter the relative positions of the poles, until the frozen north becomes the torrid zone, and the torrid zone changes to the temperate, ultimately from that to the icy regions of the south. In the course of those changes, progressing out of eternity into eternity, under the sublime laws of the Almighty Supreme, the old ocean floors rose and became dry land. In most parts of the world, as in Canada, in all of Ireland, and the larger part of England and Scotland they are now seen in the form of what is termed limestone. In England, beginning at Flamborough Head in Yorkshire, and running out at Dover, in Kent, and the South coast of Dorsetshire, dipping down by a great fracture under the English Channel, and re-appearing in France, and backward through the continent of Europe, the rock formed from the old ocean deposits is termed chalk.

In England the chalk ridges have abrupt sides, rising from about one hun-

dred to two hundred feet high, with occasional cones, or round hills shooting up to heights, varying from five to eleven hundred feet. The sides of all the chalk ridges, commonly called Downs, are rounded and covered with a short herbage on which sheep are pastured, whose mutton, such as that fed on the South Downs of Sussex and Hampshire, is of delicious flavor. Where the chalk is broken fronting to the sea, white cliffs stand boldly up. From the prominence and whiteness of those cliffs as seen from France and the channel, England was anciently called Albion.—In the hollow plains formed within the Downs, are diversities of soil. Weald clay, running through Kent and Sussex, and wide stretches of sand almost barren, except for the abundant heath plant in Surrey and small portions of Berkshire adjoining. From under the sandy heaths, and out of the chalk bottoms issue many streams of pure water.—Some of these running in winding courses through the counties of Wilts, Gloucester, Oxford, Berks, Buckingham and Surrey form the Thames river.—That noble stream comes wandering and loitering along, and around by the foot of the hills which all the way are swathed in grassy sweetness or clothed in woods; or within margins of meadows of rich pasturage: its banks adorned by the wild flowers in the day, and spiritualized by the song of nightingales from evening to dawning morn.—To tell of all the places of historic interest which the Thames laves with its delicious stream or passes near to, would be to write a book. At about twenty-two miles West of London it wends its devious course through the classic meadows in which stands Eton College, the school of the young aristocracy, where they are prepared for the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. On the South bank rises the ridge of chalk, about two hundred feet high, on which stands that noblest of royal palaces, Windsor Castle; and on level ground, by the river side, a little way to the east, is a meadow, the most famed in English history, Runnymede. It was there that the Barons assembled, in face of Windsor Castle, and extorted the Great Charter from King John, as they had before done from Henry III. From the political assemblies on Runnymede dates the rise and spread of that liberty which has made Great Britain illustrious. The liberty which, cradled on Runnymede, travelled in time to America, and will ever abide on this continent, though at present under a temporary cloud in the United States.

The name Windsor, has puzzled many and quickened the invention of a few. According to the few there was anciently a ferry-boat which was pulled over by a rope; and passengers called from one bank of the Thames to the other, 'wind us over,' or 'wind's o'er!' That story will not do. Nor will that of citizens of London, who, boating up stream, past Runnymede, found contrary winds, and said the 'wind is sore.' Let us try windle. It is an old Saxon word which inhabitants of Canada, who came here out of Lancashire, Yorkshire, or Lowlands of Scotland, may recognize as meaning anything that winds a crooked way, or winds as a machine, or has been affected by the wind, as a withered stalk, which they call a 'windle straw.' The 'windle shore' of the Thames may be the origin of the name of Windsor, but the supposition is not conclusive. Windsor in the county of Essex, Canada West, is named from Windsor town, which stands west of the Castle, but on lower ground, in Berkshire, England, twenty-two miles from London.

WINDSOR CASTLE AND THE PARK.

The view of Windsor as seen in our illustration, places the spectator beyond the north shore of the Thames, somewhere near the college, and village of Eton. From there he looks southeast,

and sees the northwest front, including the dwellings of the Knights of Windsor, and the Canons of St. George's Chapel. The towers not seen—this picture showing only the north and west sides, are, to begin at the southwest angle, as follows: First, Edward the Third's tower; second, Lancaster tower; third, York tower; fourth, South turret; and fifth, on the southeast angle, Victoria tower. The regal apartments in the lower stories of the castle stretching between those towers face southerly upon the garden slopes and Little Park. The windows command a view over the Great Park, through which is a magnificent avenue, fringed by noble trees, planted in most part under the superintendence of Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne. It is called the Long Walk; is three miles long, terminating on Snow Hill, on the apex of which is a colossal equestrian statue of George III. On the right of the Long Walk at its commencement from the Castle, is the town of Windsor. Then, within the forest, the Queen's Dairy Farm. After which is Flemish Farm and Norfolk Farm. Beyond the latter is more of the forest, and Virginia Water, an artificial lake, enclosed within the hills. The two farms last named were the delight of George III. There he wrote as a contributor to Arthur Young's Annals of Agriculture, signing himself Ralph Robinson. But he was more familiarly known as Farmer George, as will be seen in some anecdotes of the good old King which are selected in another section of these Fragments of Royal History. More recently the two farms, as also the Queen's Dairy Farm, were the subjects of intelligent recreation and agricultural experiment to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

On the left hand going from the castle by the Long Walk is Frogmore; there are the royal gardens containing thirteen acres, which supply Windsor Castle. There lived the Duchess of Kent, mother of the Queen. And there, halloved through all future time, while England lasts, are the tombs erected by Her Majesty, the one over the body of the Duchess of Kent; the other containing all that is mortal of the Prince Consort, whose death was, to the Queen, the beginning of a sorrow which promises to have no ending through all her remaining life.

In that portion of the Castle park lying south-easterly towards Frogmore, is the Oak of 'Herc the Hunter,' where Sir John Falstaff, of immortal ideality, wore the head of horns to the amusement of the Merry Wives of Windsor. About a mile east of the Castle is Datchet, the place to which Falstaff was carried in the 'bucking basket' and dropped into the Thames. At Datchet is a station of the South Western Railway. Let us revert to the castle and its towers.

The Victoria tower, on the south-east angle, is not seen in the present illustration. The sixth, or the east front, is called Clarence tower. The seventh also on the east, is Chester tower, and between them is the state drawing-room.—The eighth is on the north-east angle, seemingly double as seen in the picture. It is called the Prince of Wales tower, and surmounts the state dining-room which stretches towards Chester tower. Next is the Octagon tower, fronting north, between which and Cornwall tower is the state ball-room. Next, still coming west towards the right hand, are two, George the Fourth's and King John's towers. The Keep or Round tower, is behind these two. It is not perfectly circular; the greatest diameter is a hundred and two feet; the smallest, ninety-three. Its height, from level of the quadrangle, is a hundred and forty-eight feet. The towers still to the right are that over Queen Elizabeth's gallery; and the Norman towers and gateway.—The structure continues westward and

south on lower ground, called the Middle Ward, and Lower Ward, including St. George's Chapel.

HISTORY OF THE BUILDING OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

William of Wyckham was the first of its architects whose name is recorded. He superintended the works in the time of Edward III. for a shilling a day; but like the constructors of the Houses of Parliament in England, and at Ottawa in Canada, William relied largely on extras and perquisites.—He was ranger of several of the Royal forests, and nominally keeper of all the King's castles.

Among the palatial edifices of Europe, that of Windsor holds a high rank, and is to England what Versailles is to France, and the Escorial to Spain; and while it is greatly superior to both in point of situation, it far exceeds them, and indeed every other pile of buildings of its class, in antiquity. From having been the residence of so many of our Kings, its history is to a certain extent identified with that of the kingdom itself from the time of the Norman conquest. In its present state, however, the antiquity of the castle is little more than nominal, the whole of the habitable part having been remodelled and rebuilt. By that renewal it has recovered the appearances of antiquity, after nearly every trace of it had been obliterated, and the greater part of the whole pile had been rendered a motley assemblage of mongrel architecture; which, of itself, independently of the charms of situation and prospect, and apart from historical associations, would never have obtained for the Castle, at least not for the exterior, any admiration; there having been neither character nor grandeur to recommend it to the eye. That condition of the structure was the excuse for the proposition made when the alterations were first contemplated in the reign of George IV., that the whole of the buildings should be cleared away, and the site be made one uniform terrace, on the centre of which should be erected a compact Grecian edifice of moderate extent! The princely and correct taste of George IV. prevented that degradation of the nation's grandest habitation.

Relative to the early history of the Castle, only a few of the more prominent dates and epochs of the building can here be noticed. Of the structure erected by William the Conqueror on this site, little is known. It is doubtful whether it was a mere hunting lodge or a military post. Nor is there more positive information as to what it became when entirely rebuilt by Henry I. Nor as to the extensive additions, including a chapel, afterwards made by Henry III. It was not until the fourteenth century that the plan of the whole began to assume its present extent and arrangement. Then Edward III. first erected the buildings forming the third or Upper Ward, to the east of the Keep, (the circular tower of our picture,) whose enclosure then became the Middle Ward. The same King founded the 'College, or Free Chapel of St. George,' the sacred theatre of the Royal wedding of March 10, 1363.

These works engaged the time from about 1350 to 1374, and were chiefly conducted by William of Wyckham. The workmen were impressed into the King's service from every county in England. Many died of the plague. Windsor town, so recently as 1850, if indeed it be changed now, was one of the worst drained in the Kingdom, though occupying a healthy situation. Many of the impressed men did what the descendants of the England of that time are now doing in the service of America; they left the national employment to which they had been drafted, and skeddaddled home. Edward III. thereupon passed a law that all persons employing them should forfeit lands, houses, goods and chattels. The levies of quarrymen, masons and carpenters, were at the rate of sixty from Yorkshire, sixty from Shropshire, and as many from Devon.

From that period little was done until a century afterwards, when Edward IV. began to re-erect St. George's Chapel nearly as it now stands. He thereby added to the buildings within the castle precincts, an edifice of extraordinary beauty and interest, as being in some respects the very finest specimen of the perpendicular style of ecclesiastical architecture in the Kingdom. Its first architect was Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, and, after his death, in 1481, it was completed by Sir Reginald Bray, who was also the architect of Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster Abbey. Henry VII. intended to erect a mausoleum for himself at Windsor, and had begun to do so on the site of the original chapel built by Henry III., but he abandoned the idea in favor of that

at Westminster. He, however, added to the castle that building which is still called after him, and which is situated near the public entrance to the State apartments, at the western extremity of the range forming the North side of the great quadrangle.—Fortunately, this has been preserved; for, although a mere 'bit' it is a singularly fine one, and a noble specimen of palatial architecture in that particular style.

During the three following reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, no additions were made. The reign of Elizabeth, on the contrary, forms almost an epoch in the architectural history of the Castle, because, though she did not do much to it in the way of building, except annexing to the portion added by Henry VII., that which is distinguished by the name of Queen Elizabeth's gallery; she first caused the terraces to be formed, thereby giving to the royal abode of Windsor what is not the least striking or least attractive of its characteristics.

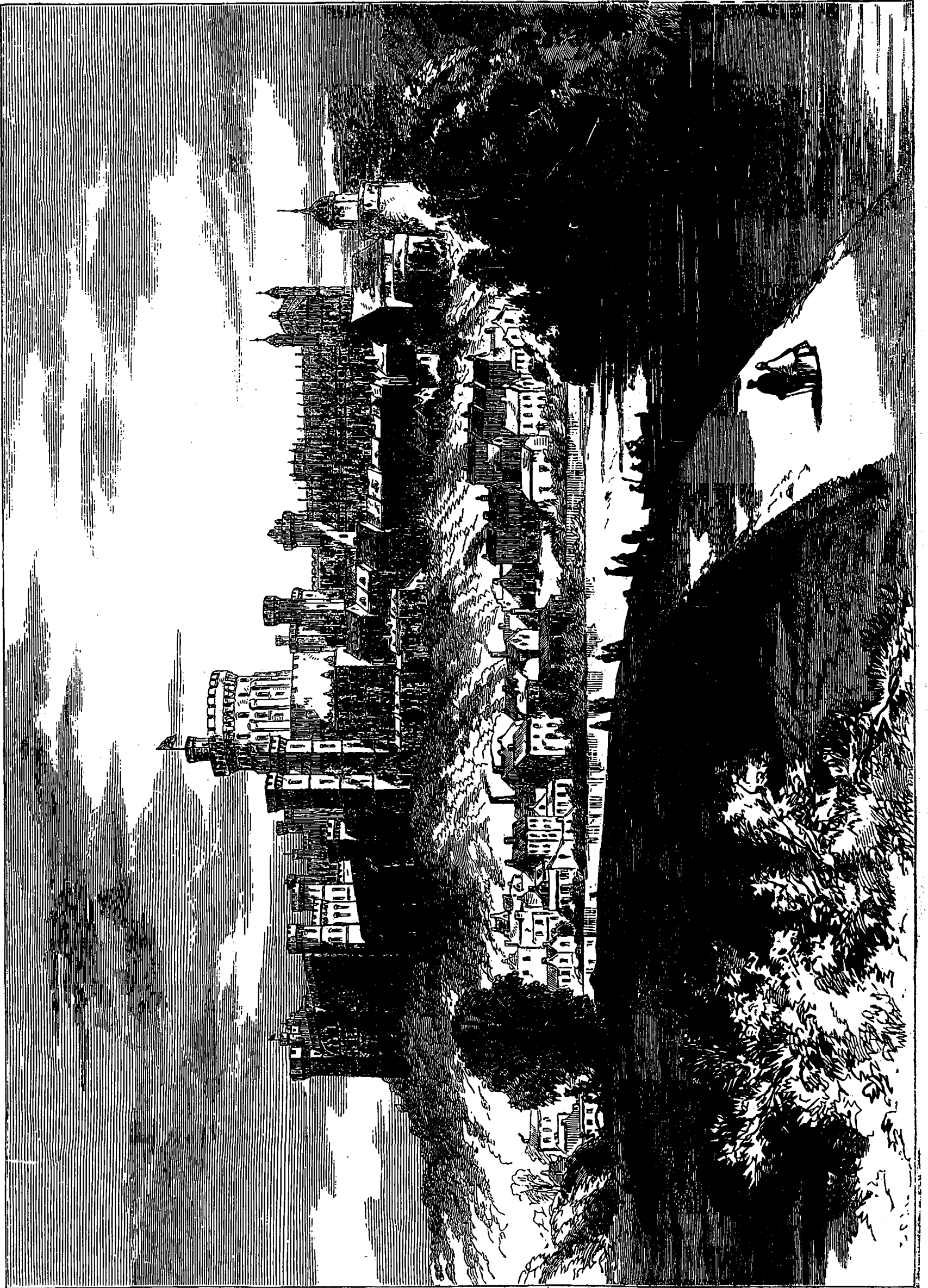
Under the Stuarts, James I. and Charles I., nothing material was done until the restoration of Charles II., when the castle began to be modernized, and in such a tasteless and insipid manner as to have no quality of style of any kind, and nothing of grandeur but what was derived from mere size. The principal addition made by Charles II. was the star-building, (containing the state apartments shown to the public;) and no doubt this was a very great improvement as regarded the accommodation required for courtly parade. The rooms were sufficiently spacious and lofty, with large arched windows, commanding an enchanting prospect, but in themselves they had little of architectural character and embellishment, except what they derived from the pencil of Verrio.

The first two Georges did nothing for Windsor; George III., on the contrary, did much, if only by restoring the interior of St. George's chapel in 1787-90; which, little as the execution of gothic was then understood, was done so well by scrupulously following the original details, that it requires an experienced eye to detect inaccuracies. In 1776 James Wyatt was first employed at Windsor, and gothicized the Star building and the corresponding portion of the north side of the inner quadrangle as far as St. George's Hall. He also fitted up the state stair-case in the same style, and did something to better the domestic arrangements of the interior; but there improvements stopped, making those portions of the building which had not been touched appear meaner than before. Still it was fortunate that the works were interrupted, for had they been carried on until the whole exterior of the residence portion of the castle had been completed on the same scale and in the same style as then begun, Windsor Castle would have been greatly inferior to what it now is.

Excepting beauty of situation the castle had nothing whatever to recommend it as a residence. The portions actually inhabited were singularly inconvenient, rambling and confined in plan, with very small rooms, and those for the most part thoroughfares, so that in point of accommodation the whole was a mere 'make-shift,' inadequate to that required for a private gentleman's establishment. Hence it was found necessary to erect in 1778-82, a separate building for the actual accommodation of the royal family. This, which was called the Queen's Lodge, was merely a large plain house on the south side of the Castle, near the site occupied by the present stables, and was taken down in 1823. About the same time George IV. announced his intention of taking up his abode within the castle, and converting it into a suitable residence for himself and his successors. Accordingly a grant of £300,000 was readily voted by Parliament, in April, 1824, for the projected improvements. So far from having been thought extravagant, the scheme was popular. But as in all similar works, then and now, the actual cost far exceeded the estimates. In the meanwhile four architects had been called upon to furnish designs for the intended works: Soane, Nash, Smirke, and Jeffrey Wyatt. The first declined the affair altogether. With regard to the designs of Nash and Smirke nothing has transpired. But no time was lost in carrying the plans of Mr. Jeffrey Wyatt into execution. The first stone of King George IV's Gateway forming the principal entrance into the quadrangle from the Long Walk, being laid by the King himself, August 12th, 1824.

On the south side are the private rooms appropriated to visitors, which form distinct apartments of three or four rooms each, with their separate private staircases, &c. On the east side are the Royal Private apartments, to which succeed the Private State rooms, namely: library, first drawing room, State

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 236.)



VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE, AND CHAPEL OF ST. GEORGE, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.



H. R. H., ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES. H. R. H., ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES.—Engraved for the Canadian Illustrated News, from original sketches, by our special Artist, March 29, 1863.]

drawing room, (Chester tower;) saloon state drawing room, (Prince of Wales' tower.) Those last enumerated rooms have spacious oriel windows and bays; that of the great drawing room is 24 feet wide and 23 feet high. Important alterations were made in the northern range, which is seen in our illustration. One being the erection of a new state stair case, within what was formerly a confined inner court. It is seventy feet from the floor to the top of the lantern, and forms an imposing contrast to the lengthened perspective of the vestibule. The Waterloo gallery is on the north side, and is entirely new. There also is the throne room and the ballroom. Queen Elizabeth's gallery, with the adjoining room in Henry VII's building, has been fitted up as a library.

Some of the towers have been carried up higher, and others added. Among these last are the Lancaster and York, flanking George the IV's. Gateway, and distinctly marking that as the principal portal of the castle; also the Brunswick tower, the Octagon of our illustration, which, owing to its difference of form and greater mass, adds much to the architectural effect of the north-east angle. But the most striking improvement was that of carrying up the Round tower thirty feet higher, exclusive of the Watchtower on its summit. Previously to this being done the Keep hardly deserved the name of tower.

Much might be said as to the style of architecture. A genuine feudal castle and fortress is fitter, at the present day, for a prison than a palace. It has accordingly been more or less softened down; in some parts so much that its character is almost neutralized. Where it has been most preserved it looks stern and gloomy. The castellated character has quite been lost sight of in the north front, owing to the multiplicity and size of the windows.

Though Windsor Castle cannot be pronounced a complete and perfectly-studied production of architecture, it is still a noble one, and such as to justify the all but unqualified praise bestowed upon it.

After the first grant of £800,000, others were successively made, and the total expenditure down to the end of the reign of William IV., amounted to £771,000. There has since been a grant of £70,000 for new stables, which form an extensive range of buildings, only 400 feet from the Castle, on its south side, and to the west of the Long Walk: they extend upwards of 600 feet, and include a riding-house, nearly 200 feet in length by 60 in breadth.

WINDSOR ANECDOTES OF GEORGE III.

We select a few anecdotes of George III. from various sources, and partly from recollecting how they were told when we resided for a time in the vicinity of Windsor. Let it be the aim and hope of the present generation of young Princes that when all are in their tombs their memory may be as worthily cherished as is that of the venerable George III. He too, was once young.

THE STABLE BOY.—Walking out of the Castle early in the morning, the King addressed a boy at the stable door. "Well, boy, what do you do? what do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," said the lad, "but I have nothing but victuals and clothes." "Victuals and clothes," rejoined the King, repeating the words as was his habit of speech, "victuals and clothes, eh? be content. I am the King and have only victuals and clothes."

THE PIG BOY.—George III. used his pen occasionally in writing for Arthur Young's *Annals of Agriculture*. The royal disguise was 'Ralph Robinson.' Walking to his farm one day he had to pass through a narrow hedge gate, on which was seated a young rustic, "Who are you, boy?" "I be a pig boy." "Where do you come from? Who do you work for here?" "I be from the low country; out of work at present." "Don't they want lads here?" "I don't know" answered the boy, "all belongs hereabout to Georgy." To which the King, who spoke rapidly, rejoined, "Georgy, Georgy, who is Georgy?" "Who be you?" "You may be a stranger about Windsor, not to know Georgy, Farmer Georgy as they call un." "Farmer Georgy, Farmer Georgy, who is Farmer Georgy? where does he live? where does he live? where is his farm?" "Whoy, doan't thee know Farmer Georgy? He be the King and live at yond castle as thee sees atop on Windsor?" To which the Monarch rejoined: "The King, eh? eh? the King? what sort of man is the King?" "Whoy, he be good sort enough to they as get near to speak to un; but he be no good to I, not a bit." The lad was thenceforth employed, and on seeing him afterwards at work, the King said to him "Good boy; good boy; be steady good lad; Farmer Georgy will keep you in mind; do something for you; something for you."

KINGLY SATIRE.—A pack of stag-hounds was kept at Windsor Castle in the time of George III., as still in the reign of Victoria. The Master of the Horse is an officer who usually retires when there is a change of Ministry. In March, 1781, Lord Bateman, who held the office, waited upon the King and begged to know what time his Majesty would choose to have the stag-hounds turned out. "My Lord," replied His Majesty with a grave face and tone, "I cannot exactly answer that, but I can inform you that your lordship was turned out about an hour ago."

THE HAY-MAKER.—In one of his rural excursions in the time of hay-making, George III. passed a field where only one woman was at work. "What, what, only one woman, only one woman." The female thus addressed informed the stranger, that the King was coming from London, and all her companions, instead of being at work, were gone to see the King. "The King, the King; why did not you go? why did not you go to see the King?" "The fools that be gone, replied the woman, will lose a day's work, and that is more than I can afford to do. I have five children to work for!" "Well, then," said his Majesty, putting some money into her hands, "tell your companions who are gone to see the King, that the King came to see you, to see you!"

TOLERATION AND CLEMENCY.—Lord Mansfield, on making a report to the King of the conviction of Mr. Malowney, a Catholic priest, who was found guilty, in the county of Surrey, of celebrating Mass, was induced, by a sense of reason and humanity, to represent to his Majesty the excessive severity of the penalty which the law imposed for the offence. The King, in a tone of the most heartfelt benignity, immediately answered: "God forbid, my Lord, that religious difference in opinion should sanction persecution, or admit of one man within my realms suffering unjustly; issue a pardon immediately for Mr. Malowney, and see that he is set at liberty."

WINDSOR PURL.—It was ever his custom to pay an early visit to his stables, if not to mount, to look at and pat his favorite horses. One morning, on entering, the grooms were disputing one with the other loudly, so that the King for a short time was unnoticed. "I don't care what you say, Robert," said one, "but every one else agrees, that the man at the Three Turns makes the best purl in Windsor." "Purl! purl!" asked the King quickly; "Robert, what's purl?" This was explained to be warm beer with a glass of gin, &c.; His Majesty listened, then turning round said, loud enough to be heard by all, in the way of admonishing, "I dare say very good drink, but, grooms, too strong for the morning, too strong, too strong; never drink in a morning." Eight or nine years after this, His Majesty happened to enter the stables earlier than usual, and found only a young lad, who had recently been engaged, and to whom he was unknown. "Boy, boy, where are the grooms; where are the grooms?" "I don't know, sir; but they will soon be back, because they expect the King." "Ah, ah, run boy to the Three Turns; they are sure to be there, the landlord makes the best purl in Windsor, sure to be there; sure to be there."

RESPECT FOR THE METHODISTS.—The King was one day passing in his carriage through a place near one of the Royal Palaces, when the rabble were gathered together to interrupt the worship of the Dissenters. His Majesty stopped to know the cause of the hubbub, and being answered it was only some affair between the towns-people and the Methodists, he replied loud enough to be heard by many, "The Methodists are a quiet good kind of people, and will disturb nobody: and if I can learn that any persons in my employ disturb them, they shall be dismissed immediately." The King's most gracious speech was speedily recapitulated through the whole town; and persecution has not dared to lift its hand there since that period.

CHARITY IS EVER LOVELY.—The oftener that the young Princes of this generation repeat what their great grandfather did, as related in the following anecdote, the more are poor boys to be pitied who are destitute, but the more delightful will be the memory of the Princes.

In the severe winter of 1784-5, his Majesty, regardless of the weather, was taking a solitary walk on foot, when he was met by two boys, the eldest but eight years of age, who, although ignorant that it was the King, fell upon their knees before him, and wringing their little hands, prayed for relief. They cried, "We are hungry, very hungry, and have nothing to eat." The father of his people raised the weeping children and encouraged them to proceed with their story. They related that their

mother had been dead three days, and still lay unburied; that their father, whom they were also afraid of losing, was stretched by her side on a bed of straw, in a sick and hopeless condition; and that they had neither money, food, nor firing at home.—This artless tale was more than sufficient to excite sympathy. His Majesty ordered the boys to proceed homeward, and followed them until they reached a wretched hovel. There he found the mother dead, apparently through the want of common necessities, the father ready to perish also. The sensibility of the Monarch betrayed itself in the tears which started from his eyes; and leaving all the cash he had with him, he hastened back to Windsor, related to the Queen what he had witnessed; sent an immediate supply of provisions, clothes, coals, and everything necessary for the comfort of the helpless family. The old man soon recovered; and the King, to finish the good work he had so well begun, educated and provided for the children.

THE LAST.—Within the walls of the north front, as seen in our pictorial view of Windsor Castle, let the reader depict the following sad associations of grandeur and human frailty. The King had been for years deprived of sight, and wore a long flowing beard. He wandered constantly through his apartments amidst the phantoms of his imagination, which represented to him all the beings that were dear to him.—He spoke to them, and replied to what he thought he heard said. He also frequently remained for hours together in a state of complete depression, his head resting on both arms. He would then suddenly recover, and believe himself among celestial spirits; he would rush forward, and might have fallen with such force as to cause serious consequences, had not the precaution been taken to surround the walls of his apartments with cushions. Formerly he used to collect his servants, and make them sit down in the room; then fancying himself in his Parliament, he used to speak a long time with vehemence, and at last fall into a kind of delirium. When the King took his meals, which were served to him twice a day, he imagined himself surrounded at table by his family; and as in the deprivation of reason he had preserved the taste of his youth for music, he made himself be led to his piano-forte, or ordered a violin to be brought to him, and executed from memory pieces of music with a precision which, considering the state of his mind, was surprising. When again he conversed in imagination with celestial beings. And so he ended his days and was carried to the tomb in that Chapel of Saint George, which is again the scene of life, loveliness and joy.

ROYAL ARMS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND DENMARK.—ARMS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES BEFORE AND AFTER HIS MARRIAGE.—To ladies who paint, or do needle work in colors; to boys who exercise their camel hair pencil in coloring; to persons of a heraldic and genealogic turn of mind, and possibly to artists at some moment of extremity, the following description of the Royal Arms of Great Britain and of Denmark, and the several quarterings and shields of the Prince of Wales are worthy of preservation.

After marriage the shield of the Prince of Wales will be impaled, that is, divided into two parts by a perpendicular line. On the dexter, or right half of the shield, when it is on the coat of arms, are the royal arms of the United Kingdom, which are as follows: Quarterly, first and fourth England; second, Scotland; third, Ireland. That is to say, the right half of the shield is divided into four parts by a perpendicular line, and another crossing it at right angles. In the first, or upper dexter quarter are the three lions of England, colored gold, upon a red ground. The second quarter, which adjoins the first, contains the arms of Scotland, a red lion rampant upon a field of gold, surrounded by a red treasure. The third quarter, which is beneath the first, contains the arms of Ireland, on a blue ground, a harp of gold, with silver strings. The fourth quarter is like the first. These are the royal arms, such as are borne by the Queen.

The addition which is made for the Prince of Wales, is described by heralds thus: differenced with a label of three points argent; that is, across the first and second quarters a white bar passes, from which are suspended at right angles, and at equal distances three smaller bars of the same colour.

In right of his father the Prince of Wales is also Duke of Saxony, and therefore his shield is charged with the arms of Saxony in pretence which we may explain thus:

A small shield is placed over the centre of the right half of the shield. The small shield which is said to be in pretence, bears

horizontal bars alternately, gold and black, and from the right upper corner to the left side, near the lowest point of the shield passes a green ribbon, decorated with jewels and adorned with trefils on its upper edge. The remaining half of the shield, the sinister or left side is decorated to the Arms of Denmark proper.

The quarterings of the Danish shield are very complicated, so only the quarterings of Denmark proper, which correspond with the three lions of England, will be borne on the impaled shield of the Prince and Princess of Wales. These are thus blazoned: or, semeé of hearts, gules, three lions passant guardant in pale, azure, crowned, or; which if the heralds will pardon us we would thus explain:—Upon a gold ground are scattered a number of red hearts. It is best to place these hearts in three rows of three each, and one near the lowest point of the shield. Between the rows of hearts must be placed three lions resembling in figure the lions of the English arms, but differing from them in being colored blue, and having golden crowns on their heads.

There is also another shield which the Prince of Wales may carry, on which are displayed the arms of the various places which confer titles upon His Royal Highness. These places and titles are: Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, of Carrick, and of Dublin; Duke of Rothesay, Baron of Renfrew, and Lord of the Isles charged on an inescutcheon. These quarterings are thus blazoned: 1. The Dukedom of Cornwall, sable, beganteé; that is a black ground, sprinkled with golden coins. 2. The Earldom of Chester—azure, three garbs, or—that is, a blue ground with three golden wheat sheaves. 3. The Dukedom of Rothesay, Scotland, (that is the Scotch arms) with a silver label. 4. The Earldom of Dublin, Ireland, (arms of Ireland.) The inescutcheon of Lord of the Isles is, targent on waves of the sea proper, a lymphad, sable, the flags and pennant gules; that is, the ground white, a black gallery with red flags and pennant on the sea of its natural labor. This shield is encircled with the garter of the order charged with its motto.

The feather badge of the Prince of Wales consists of three white ostrich feathers with gold quills rising from a Prince's coronet—namely, a circlet of gold having four crosses, like the Maltese cross, alternating with as many fleurs-de-lis on its upper edge.

The Danish flag is swallow tailed, and is red with a white cross.

THE NORTH AND CANADA.

Those Canadians who are enamoured of the superior refinement and chivalrous courtesy of the Southerners will perhaps be interested by the following from the *Charleston Mercury*:

"Better, a thousand times better, to come under the dominion of free negroes, or of gypsies, than of Yankees, or low Germans, or Canadians. Gypsies and free negroes have many amiable, noble, and generous traits; the Yankees, sour-kroot Germans, filthy, whiskey-drinking Irish and Canadians, have none. Senator Wade says, and Seward too, the North will absorb Canada. They are half true; the vile, sensual, animal, brutal, infidel, superstitious Democracy of Canada, the Yankee States will coalesce, and Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, will join them. But when Canada, and Western New York and New England, and the whole bestly, puritanic, sour-kroot, free negro, filthy, whiskey-drinking Irish, infidel, superstitious, licentious, Democratic population of the North, become masters of New York—what then? Out of the city, the State of New York is Yankee and puritanical, composed of as base and unprincipled, superstitious, licentious, and agrarian and anarchical population as any on earth.—Nay, we do not hesitate to say, it is the vilest population on earth. If the city does not secede and erect a separate Republic, this population, aided by the ignorant, base, brutal, sensual German infidels of the Northwest, the stupid Democracy of Canada, (for Canada will in some way coalesce with the North,) and the arrogant and tyrannical people of New England, will become masters of the destinies of New York."

HOW TO DISCOVER A FOOL.—A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, in the course of a class examination was asked by a Professor, "Pray, Mr. E., how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions he would ask?" said Mr. E.

A CONTEMPTIBLE FELLOW.—Dr. Johnson described a man, who had contracted a mercenary marriage, as a contemptible fellow who had at length obtained the certainty of three meals a day.

Gleanings.

GLEANINGS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune has the following:

This is, has been up to Wednesday morning, Carnival week in Paris—more madly carnivalesque than any corresponding week for the last twelve years of my observation. I pass the popular masked ball at the Opera of last Saturday, whose portal receipts were over 25,000 francs, and the yet greater course and profits of the ball there of the following last Tuesday, Mardi-gras, to sing snatches of greater things done and danced in the Carnival days at the Tuileries and in Ministerial and other courtly hotels. The papers abound in descriptions of the costliness and frolic gaiety of these performances. His middle-aged, reticent Majesty and the beautiful Empress have been foremost in their magnificence and jollity. Poland and the Pope and the Rouen distressed cotton workers go hang! The most altitudinous jinks and fantasticest of dancing toes, and highest sort of travestied falutin extravaganzas were the encouraged disorders of the days preceding Wednesday, the *plus jours*—and very fat and rich in fun they have been. Since I cannot catalogue at length, nor report in full, a tithe of the costumes and *concoctions* of the courtly and more or less official *balls masques* of the week, let me note but one eminent case. The Countess Castiglione, about whom self-degrading Paris letter-writers furnished to the intelligent general reader of foreign newspapers an oppressive mass of gossiping and scandalous nonsense a few years ago, appeared at the Tuileries masked ball in the costume of a Queen of Ethiopia say some newspaper archeologists, in that of M. Flaubert's Carthaginian heroine Salambo, say others. Both are agreed with favored spectators that the costume, whatever historical period it belonged to, 'shone by its absence.' It is a delicate matter to enlarge upon; but, as Didsbury says, who was present, 'I saw more than I expected to; in fact nothing like it since I was weaned.' The beautiful Countess's revelations were, however, cheerfully gazed upon by the assembled authorities of fashion and the police—though the latter would not for a moment permit anything approaching such Carthaginian bareleggedness in the vulgar, popular dancing rooms of the period. The last, merriest, rollickingest of the courtly circle of masked balls was given by the Prince of Moskowa, Grand Huntsman of Majesty, whereat, among other amusements, was represented the caricature of a village marriage ceremony, the part of the peasant girl bride being performed in costume by no less a political personage than Baron Heckeren, Senator of the Empire. Two 'August' masked persons, whose travestied incognito was an open secret, for every one present looked on approvingly. All right, certainly. I don't quarrel—no stranger should—with the costumes of the land. Only I say if Papa Lincoln were to veil his facial comeliness with a mask, and then laugh encouragingly upon Senator X. representing a bashful Illinois bride!—In more than one report of these balls I read that one of the Mesdames Rothelids wore about her more than four millions (francs, not dollars) of diamonds, and in more than one I read that the second Madame Emil Girardin (wife of the newspaper Editor, as notorious as celebrated) wore a million worth of present precious stones.

'Music and drawing taught here,' as the man said ven he was pulling a wheelbarrow through the streets without any oil on its axles. 'I'm laying down the law,' as the client said ven he floored his counsellor.

Statutes made for the public good ought to be liberally construed.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN

There are many questions over which the world has fought and wrangled, of far less importance than the one which heads this paragraph; and though ages have passed away, yet still there remains a class whose only ideas of gentility are connected with wealth and station, and who cannot think of virtue, honor, and education as proper attributes of a gentleman, without being accompanied with birth and wealth.

For merely genteel people—that is to say, those who call themselves gentlemen—who never pay their debts, who live beyond their income, and who boast of their acquaintance with the Honorable Mr. So-and-So, we have the greatest possible horror—we would sooner seize the rough, unwashed hand of an honest mechanic than take the tip of the white-kiddered fingers of a fop: the former we would respect, but the latter we despise.

The 'Bard of Avon' has asked: 'What's in a name?' and we reply: A great deal, especially in these days of progress. Call things by their right names, and many a 'gentleman' would be put to the blush, and many a fashionable Miss hide her head in shade. Inform Miss Smith that she was telling a lie, when she ordered the footman to say 'Not at home,' and she would cut your acquaintance; and by venturing to hint to Jack Jones that wearing fashionable clothes without paying the tailor was a dishonest swindle, he would, no doubt, put you down as a fool.

There seems to be an idea pretty prevalent that money makes the gentleman. Take an example: You give a beggar a dime, and he blesses you, and calls you a gentleman; refuse him, and curses, not only deep but loud, shall be your portion. Go to a restaurant, give the waiter an extra quarter, and you are a gentleman; neglect it, and you are put down as no account, and all his fellow-servants will be posted as regards the fact—you are no gentleman.

A true gentleman cannot be bribed, bought or sold; and to be one, requires a high standard of morality, an unflinching love of truth and virtue, honesty and justice combined. There is hope for all of us—we can gain those attributes by education and experience, and thus become really what we desire. What, then, is a gentleman? We answer: One who is neither a liar nor a thief, a scoffer at other men's creeds, a bombastic talker, a showy dresser, a swindler, a hanger-on at lager-beer shops, a pigeon, a bully, or a quack. Whenever you feel inclined to doubt, just see if your acquaintance is any of these, and if not, you can depend that he is a perfect gentleman.

THE CANDID PHYSICIAN.—A gentleman called some time since to consult a physician with regard to a rheumatism which caused him much pain. The doctor immediately sat down and wrote him a prescription. As the patient was going away the doctor called him back. 'By the way, sir, should my prescription happen to afford you any relief, please let me know, as I am myself suffering from an affection similar to yours, and for the last twenty years have tried in vain to cure it.'

THE POINT OF HONOR.

One evening in the autumn of the year 1842, seven persons, including myself, were sitting and chatting in a state of hilarious gaiety in front of Senor Arguellas's country-house, a mile or so out of Santiago de Cuba, in the Eastern Intendencia of the Queen of the Antilles, and once its chief capital, when an accident occurred that as effectually put an extinguisher upon the noisy mirth as if a bomb shell had exploded suddenly at our feet. But first a brief account of those seven persons, and the cause of their being so assembled will be necessary.

Three were American merchants—Southerners and smart traders, extensively connected with the commerce of the Columbian Archipelago, and designing to sail on the morrow, wind and weather permitting, in the bark Neptune—Starkey, master and part owner—for Morant Bay Jamaica; one was a Lieutenant in the Spanish Artillery, and Nephew of our host; another was a M. Dupont, a young and Rich Creole, of mingled French and Spanish parentage, and the reputed suitor for the hand of Donna Antonia, the daughter and sole heiress of Senor Arguellas, and withal a graceful and charming maiden of eighteen—a ripe age in that precocious clime; the sixth guest was Captain Starkey, of the Neptune, a gentlemanly, fine-looking English seaman of about thirty years of age; the seventh and last was myself, at that time a mere youngster, and but just recovered from a severe fit of sick-

ness which a twelve month previously had necessitated my removal from Jamaica to the much more temperate and equitable climate of Cuba, albeit the two island are only distant about five degrees from each other. I was also one of Captain Starkey's passengers, and so was Senor Arguellas, who had business to wind up in Kingston. He was to be accompanied by Senora Arguellas, Antonia and the Lieutenant, and M. Dupont. The Neptune had brought a cargo of sundries, consisting of hardware, cottons, etc., to Cuba, and was returning about half laden with goods.—Amongst these, belonging to the American merchants, were a number of barrels of gun-powder, that had proved unsaleable in Cuba, and which, it was thought, might find a satisfactory market in Jamaica.—There was excellent cabin-accommodation on board Captain Starkey's vessel, and as the weather was fine, and the passage promised to be a brief as well as a pleasant one—the wind having shifted to the northwest, with the intention, it seemed, of remaining there for some time—we were all, as I have stated, in exceedingly good humor, and discussing the intended trip, Cuban, American and European politics, and the comparative merits of French and Spanish wines, and Havana and Alabama cigars, with infinite glee and gusto.

The evening, too, was deliciously bright and clear. The breeze, pronounced by Captain Starkey to be rising to a five or six knot one at sea, only sufficiently stirred the rich and odoriferous vegetation of the valleys, stretching far away beneath us, as gently to fan the heated faces of the party with its grateful perfume, and slightly ripple the winding rivers, rivulets, rather, which everywhere intersect and irrigate the island, and which were now glittering with the myriad splendors of the intensely lustrous stars that diadem a Cuban night. Nearly all the guests had drunk very freely of wine—too much so, indeed; but the talk in French, which all could speak tolerably, did not profane the calm glory of the scene, till some time after Senora Arguellas and her daughter had left us. The Senor, I should state, was still detained in town, by business which it was necessary he should dispose of previous to embarking from Jamaica.

'Do not go away,' said Senora Arguellas, addressing Captain Starkey, as she rose from her seat, 'till I see you again. When you are at leisure, ring the sonnette on the table, and a servant will inform me. I wish to speak further with you relative to the cabin arrangements.'

Captain Starkey bowed. I had never, I thought, seen Antonia smile so sweetly; and the two ladies left us. I do not precisely remember how it came about, or what first led to it; but it was not very long before we were all conscious that the conversation had assumed a disagreeable tone. It struck me that possibly M. Dupont did not like the expression of Antonia's face as she courtesied to Captain Starkey. The after-unpleasantness did not, however, arise, ostensibly, from that cause. The commander of the Neptune had agreed to take several free colored families to Jamaica, where the services of the men, who were reputed to be expert at sugar cultivation, had been engaged at much higher wages than could be obtained in Cuba. The American gentlemen had previously expressed disapprobation of this arrangement, and now began to be very liberal indeed with the taunts and sneers relative to Captain Starkey's 'principles,' as they pleasantly termed that gentleman's very temperate vindication of the right of colored people to their own souls. This, however, would, I think, have passed off harmlessly, had it not been that the captain happened to mention very imprudently, that he had once served as a midshipman on board the English slave squadron. This fanned M. Dupont's smouldering ill-humor into a flame, and I gathered from his confused maledictions that he had suffered in property from the exertions of that force. The storm of angry words raged fiercely. The motives of the English for interfering with the slave traffic were denounced with contemptuous bitterness on the one side, and as warmly and angrily defended on the other. Finally—the fact is, they were both flustered with wine and passion, and scarcely knew what they said or did—M. Dupont applied an epithet to the Queen of England, which instantly brought a glass of wine full in his face from the hand of Captain Starkey. They were all in an instant on their feet, and apparently sobered, or nearly so, by the unfortunate issue of the wordy tumult.

Captain Starkey was the first to speak. His flushed angry features paled suddenly to an almost deathly white, and he stammered out: 'I beg your pardon, M. Dupont. It

was wrong—very wrong in me to do so, though not inexcusable.'

'Pardon! *Mille tonnerres!*' shouted Dupont, who was capering about in an ecstasy of rage, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. 'Yes, a bullet through your head shall pardon you—nothing less!'

Indeed, according to the then notions of Cuban society, no other alternative save the duello appeared possible. Lieutenant Arguellas hurried at once into the house, and speedily returned with a case of pistols. 'Let us proceed,' he said with a quick whisper, 'to the grove yonder; we shall be there free from interruption.' He took Dupont's arm, and both turned to move on. As they did so, Mr. Desmond, the elder of the American gentlemen, stepped towards Captain Starkey, who with recovered calmness, and with his arms folded, was standing by the table, and said: 'I am not entirely, my good sir, a stranger to these affairs, and if I can be of service I shall.'

'Thank you, Mr. Desmond,' replied the English Captain; 'But I shall not require your assistance. Lieutenant Arguellas, you may as well remain. I am no duelist, and shall not fight M. Dupont.'

'What does he say?' exclaimed the Lieutenant, gazing with stupid bewilderment round the circle. 'Not fight!'

The Anglo-Saxon blood I saw, flushed as hotly in the veins of the Americans as it did in mine at this exhibition of the white feather by one of our party. 'Not fight! Captain Starkey' said Mr. Desmond, with grave earnestness, after a painful pause; 'you, whose name is in the list of the British Royal Navy say this! You must be jesting!'

'I am perfectly serious—I am opposed to duelling, upon principle.'

'A coward upon principle!' fairly screamed Dupont, with mocking fury, and at the same time shaking his clenched fist at the Englishman.

The degrading epithet stung like a serpent. A gleam of fierce passion broke out of Captain Starkey's dark eyes, and he made a step towards Dupont, but resolutely checked himself.

'Well, it must be borne! I was wrong to offer you personal violence, although your impertinence certainly deserved rebuke. Still, I repeat I will not fight with you.'

'But you shall give my friend satisfaction!' exclaimed Lieutenant Arguellas, who was as much excited as Dupont; 'or by heaven I will post you as a dastard, not only throughout this island, but Jamaica!'

Captain Starkey, for answer to his menace, coolly rang the *sonnette*, and desired the slave who answered it to inform Senora Arguellas that he was about to leave, and wished to see her.

'The brave Englishman is about to place himself under the protection of your aunt's petticoats, Alphonso!' shouted Dupont, with triumphant mockery.

'I almost doubt whether Mr. Starkey is an Englishman,' exclaimed Mr. Desmond, who, as well as his two friends, was getting pretty much incensed; but at all events, as my father and mother were born and raised in the old country, if you presume to insinuate that—'

Senora Arguellas at this moment approached, and the irritated American with some difficulty restrained himself. The lady appeared surprised at the strange aspect of the company she had so lately left. She, however, at the request of the Captain, instantly led the way into the house, leaving the rest of her visitors as the French say, *plantés la*.

Ten minutes afterwards, we were informed that Captain Starkey had left the house, after impressing upon Senora Arguellas that the Neptune would sail the next morning precisely at 9 o'clock. A renewed torrent of rage, contempt and scorn broke forth at this announcement, and a duel at one time seemed inevitable between Lieut. Arguellas and Mr. Desmond, the last named gentleman manifesting great anxiety to shoot somebody or other in vindication of his Anglo Saxon lineage. This, however, was overruled, and the party broke up in angry disorder.

We were all on board by the appointed time next morning. Capt. Starkey received us with civil indifference, and I noticed that the elaborate sneers which set upon the countenances of Dupont and the Lieutenant did not appear in the slightest degree to ruffle or affect him; but the averted eye and scornful air of Donna Antonia, as she passed with Senora Arguellas towards the cabin, drawing her mantilla tightly around her as she swept by, as if—I perhaps wrongfully interpreted her action—it would be soiled by contact with a poltroon, visibly touched him—only, however, for a few brief moments. The expression of pain quickly vanished, and his countenance was as cold and stern as before. There was, albeit, it was soon found, a limit to this, it seemed,

contemptuous forbearance. Dupont, approaching him, gave his thoughts audible expression, exclaiming, loud enough for several of the crew to hear, and looking steadily in the Captain's face, 'Lache! He would have turned away, but was arrested by a gripe of steel.

'Ecoutez, monsieur,' said Captain Starkey, 'individually, I hold for nothing whatever you may say; but I am Captain and King in this ship, and I will permit no one to beard me before the crew, and thereby lessen my authority over them. Do you presume again to do so, and I will put you in solitary confinement, perhaps in irons, until we arrive at Jamaica.' He then threw off his startled auditor, and walked forward.

The passengers, colored as well as white, were all on board; the anchor, already a-peak, was brought home; the bows of the ship fell slowly off, and we were in a few moments running before the wind, though but a faint one, for Point Morant.

No one could be many hours on board the Neptune without being fully satisfied that however deficient in duelling courage her Captain might be he was a thorough seaman, and that his crew—about a dozen of as fine fellows as I have ever seen were under the most perfect discipline and command. The service of the vessel was carried on as noiselessly and regularly as on board a ship of war; and a sense of confidence, that should a tempest, or other sea peril overtake us, every reliance might be placed in the professional skill and energy of Captain Starkey, was soon openly or tacitly acknowledged by all on board. The weather throughout happily continued fine, but the wind was light and variable, so that for several days after we had sighted the blue mountains of Jamaica, we scarcely appeared to diminish the distance between them and us.

At last the breeze again blew steadily from the northwest, and we gradually neared Point Morant. We passed it, and opened up the bay at about two o'clock in the morning, when the voyage might be said to be over. This was a great relief to the cabin-passengers—far beyond the ordinary pleasure to land-folks of escaping from the tedium of confinement on shipboard. There was a constraint in the behaviour of everybody that was exceedingly unpleasant.—The Captain presided at the table with freezing civility; the conversation, if such it could be called, was usually restricted to monosyllables; and we were all very heartily glad that we had eaten our last dinner in the Neptune. When we doubled Point Morant, all the passengers, except myself, were in bed, and a quarter of an hour afterwards, Captain Starkey went below, and was soon busy, I understood, with papers in his cabin.

For my part, I was too excited to sleep, and I continued to pace the deck fore and aft with H—the first mate, whose watch it was, eagerly observing the lights on the well-known shore that I had left so many months before with but faint hopes of ever seeing it again. As I thus gazed landward, a bright gleam, as of crimson moonlight, shot across the dark sea, and turning quickly round, I saw that it was caused by a tall jet of flame shooting up from the main hatchway, which two seamen, for some purpose or other, had at that moment partially opened. In my still weak state, the terror of the sight—for the recollection of the barrels of powder on board flashed instantly across my mind—for several moments completely stunned me; and but that I caught instinctively at the railings, I should have fallen prostrate on the deck. A wild outcry of 'Fire! fire!' the most fearful cry that can be heard at sea—mingled with and heightened the dizzy ringing in my brain, and I was barely sufficiently conscious to discern, amidst the runnings to and fro, and the incoherent exclamations of the crew, the sinewy, athletic figure of the Captain leap up, as it were, from the champion-ladder to the deck, and with his trumpet voice command immediate silence, instantly followed by the order again to batten down the blazing hatchway. This, with his own assistance, was promptly effected, and then he disappeared down the fore-castle.

The two or three minutes he was gone, it could scarcely have been more than that, seemed interminable; and so completely did it appear to be recognized that our fate must depend upon his judgment and vigor, that not a word was spoken nor a finger, I think, moved till he reappeared, already scorched and blackened with the fire, and dragging up what seemed a dead body in his arms.—He threw his burden on the deck, and passing swiftly to where Hawkins stood, said in a low, hurried whisper, but audible to me,

'Run down and rouse the passengers, and bring my pistols from the cabin locker.—Quick! eternity hangs on the loss of a moment.' Then turning to the startled but attentive seamen, he said in a rapid but firm voice, 'You well know; men, that I would not on any occasion, or for any motive deceive you. Listen, then, attentively. You drunken brute—he is Lieutenant Arguellas's servant—has fired with his candle the spirits he was stealing, and the hold is a mass of fire which it is useless to waste one precious moment in attempting to extinguish.'

A cry of rage and horror burst from the crew, and they sprang impulsively towards the boats, but the captain's authoritative voice at once arrested their steps. 'Hear me out, will you? Hurry and confusion will destroy us all, but with courage and steadiness every soul on board may be saved before the flames can reach the powder. And remember,' he added, as he took the pistols from Hawkins and cocked one of them, 'that I will send a bullet after any man who disobeys me, and I seldom miss my aim.—Now, then, to your work—steadily and with a will!'

It was marvellous to observe the influence his bold, confident, and commanding bearing and words had upon the men. The panic terror that had seized them gave place to energetic resolution, and in an incredibly short space of time the boats were in the water.

'Well done my fine fellows! There is plenty of time, I again repeat. Four of you—and he named them—remain with me.—Three others jump into each of the large boats, two into the small one, and bring them round to the landward side of the ship. A rush would swamp the boats and we shall be able to keep only one gangway clear.'

The passengers were by this time rushing upon deck half clad, and in a state of the wildest terror, for they all knew there was a large quantity of gunpowder on board.—The instant the boats touched the starboard side of the bark, the men, white as well as colored, forced their way, with frenzied eagerness before the women and children, careless, apparently, whom they sacrificed, so that they themselves might leap to the shelter of the boats from the fiery volcano raging beneath their feet. Captain Starkey, aided by the four athletic seamen he had selected for the duty, hurled them fiercely back.

'Back, back!' he shouted. 'We must have funeral order here—first the women and children, next the old men. Hand Senora Arguellas along, next the young lady her daughter; quick!'

As Donna Antonia, more dead than alive, was about to be lifted into the boat, a gush of flame burst up through the main hatchway with a roar of an explosion; a tumultuous cry burst from the frenzied passengers, and they jostled each other with frightful violence in their efforts to reach the gangway. Dupont forced his way through the lane of seamen with the energy of a madman, and pressed so suddenly upon Antonia that, but for the utmost exertion of the captain's herculean strength, she must have been precipitated into the water.

'Back, unmanly dastard! back, dog!' roared Captain Starkey, terribly excited by the lady's danger; and a moment after, seizing Dupont fiercely by the collar, he added: 'or, if you will, look there but for a moment—and he pointed with his pistol hand to the fins of several sharks plainly visible in the glaring light at but a few yards distance from the ship. 'Men,' he added, 'let whoever presses forward out of his turn fall into the water, for shark's bait.'

'Ay, ay sir!' was the prompt mechanical response.

This terrible menace instantly restored order; the colored women and children were next embarked, and the boat appeared full.

'Pull off,' was the order; you are deep enough for safety.'

A cry, faint as the wail of a child arose in the boat. It was heard and understood.

'Stay one moment, pass along Senor Arguellas. Now, then, off with you, and be smart!'

The next boat was quickly loaded; the colored lads and men, all but one, and the three Americans, went in her.

'You are a noble fellow,' said Mr. Desmond, pausing an instant, and catching at the captain's hand; and I was but a fool too!'

'Pass on,' was the reply; 'there is no time bandy compliments.'

The order to shove off had passed the captain's lips when his glance chanced to light upon me, as I leaned, dumb with

terror, just behind him, against the vessel's bulworks.

'Hold on a moment!' he cried. 'Here is a youngster whose weight will not hurt you;' and he fairly lifted me over, and dropped me gently into the boat, whispering as he did so.

'Remember me, Ned, to thy father and mother, should I not see them again.'

There was now only the small boat, capable of safely containing but eight persons and how, it was whispered amongst us—how, in addition to the two seamen already in her, can she take off Lieut. Arguellas, Mr. Dupont, the remaining colored man, the four seamen, and Capt. Starkey? They were, however, all speedily embarked except the captain.

'Can she bear another?' he asked, and although his voice was firm as ever, his countenance, I noticed, was ashy pale, yet full as ever of unswerving resolution.

'We must, and will, sir, since it's you; but we are dangerously overcrowded now, especially with you ugly customers swimming round us.'

Stay one moment; I cannot quit the ship whilst there's a living soul on board.' He stepped hastily forward, and presently reappeared at the gangway with the senseless body of the lieutenant's servant in his arms, and dropped it over the side into the boat. There was a cry of indignation, but it was of no avail. The boat's rope the next instant was cast into the water. 'Now pull for your lives!' The oars, from the instinct of self-preservation, instantly fell into the water, and the boat sprang off. Captain Starkey, now that all except himself were clear of the burning ship, gazed eagerly, with eyes shaded with his hand, in the direction of the shore. Presently he hailed the headmost boat. 'We must have been seen from the shore long ago, and pilot boats ought to be coming out, though I don't see any. If you meet one, bid him be smart; there may be a chance yet.' All this scene, this long agony, which has taken me so many words to depict very imperfectly from my own recollection, and those of others, only lasted, I was afterwards assured by Mr. Desmond, eight minutes from the embarkation of Senora Arguellas till the last boat left the ill fated Neptune.

Never shall I forget the frightful sublimity of the spectacle presented by that flaming ship, the sole object, save ourselves, discernible amidst the vast and heaving darkness, if I may use the term of the night and ocean, occupied as it was with the dreadful thought that the heroic man to whose firmness and presence of mind we all owed our safety, was inevitably doomed to perish. We had not rowed more than a couple of hundred yards, when the flames, leaping up everywhere through the deck, reached the rigging and the few sails set, presenting a complete outline of the bark and her tracery of masts and yards, drawn in line of fire. Captain Starkey, not to throw away the chance he spoke of, had gone out to the end of the bowsprit, having first let the jib and foresail go by the run, and was for a brief space safe from the flames; but what was this but a prolongation of the bitterness of death?

The boats continued to increase the distance between them and the blazing ship, amidst a dead silence, broken only by the measured dip of the oars; and many an eye was turned with intense anxiety shoreward, with the hope of desecrating the expected pilot. At length a distinct hail—and I felt my heart stop at the sound—was heard ahead, lustily responded to by the seamen's throats, and presently afterwards a swiftly propelled pilot boat shot out of the thick darkness ahead, almost immediately followed by another.

'What ship is that?' cried a man standing in the bows of the first boat.

'The Neptune, and that is Captain Starkey on the bowsprit!'

I sprang eagerly to my feet, and with all the force I could exert shouted:

'A hundred pounds for the first boat that reaches the ship!'

'That's young Mr. Mainwarning's face and voice!' exclaimed the foremost pilot. 'Hurrah; then, for the prize!' and away both sped with eager vigor, but unaware, certainly, of the peril of the task. In a minute or so another shore boat came up, but after asking a few questions, and seeing how matters stood, remained, and lightened us of a portion of our living cargoes. We were all three too deep in the water, the small boat perilously so.

Great God! the terrible suspense we all felt whilst this was going forward! I can scarcely bear, even now, to think about it. I shut my eyes, and listened with breathless palpitating excitement, for the explosion that should end all. It came! atlea

I thought it did—and I sprang convulsively to my feet. So sensitive was my brain, partly, no doubt, from recent sickness as well as fright, that I had mistaken the sudden shout of the boats crew for the dreadful catastrophe. The bowsprit, from the end of which a rope was dangling, was empty! and both pilots, made aware, doubtless, of the danger, were pulling with the eagerness of fear from the ship. The cheering among us was renewed again and again, during which I continued to gaze with arrested breath and fascinated stare at the flaming vessel and fleeing pilot boats. Suddenly a pyramid of flame shot up from the hold of the ship, followed by a deafening roar. I fell, or was knocked down, I know not which; the boat rocked as if caught in a fierce eddy; next came the hiss and splash of numerous heavy bodies falling from a great height into the water; and then the blinding glare and stunning uproar were succeeded by a soundless silence and a thick darkness, in which no man could discern his neighbor. The stillness was broken by a loud, cheerful hail from one of the pilot boats; we recognized the voice, and the simultaneous and ringing shout which burst from us assured the gallant seaman of our own safety, and how exultingly we all rejoiced in his. Half an hour afterwards we were safely landed; and, as the ship and cargo had been specially insured, the only ultimate evil result of this fearful passage, the lives of the passengers and crew of the Neptune, was a heavy loss to the underwriters.

A piece of plate, at the suggestion of Mr. Desmond and his friends, was subscribed and presented to Captain Starkey at a public dinner given at Kingston in his honor—a circumstance that many there will remember. In his speech on returning thanks for the compliment paid him, he explained his motive for resolutely declining to fight a duel with M. Dupont, half a dozen versions of which had got into the newspapers. 'I was very early left an orphan,' he said, 'and was very tenderly reared by a maternal aunt, Mrs. ———.' (He mentioned a name with which hundreds of newspaper readers in England must be still familiar.) 'Her husband—as many here may be aware—fell in a duel in the second month of wedlock. My aunt continued to live dejectedly on till I had passed my nineteenth year; and so vivid an impression did the patient sorrow of her life make on me—so thoroughly did I learn to loathe and detest the barbarous practice that consigned her to a premature grave, that it scarcely required the solemn promise she obtained from me, as the last sigh trembled on her lips, to make me resolve never, under any circumstances, to fight a duel.—As to my behavior during the unfortunate conflagration of the Neptune, which my friend Mr. Desmond has spoken of so flatteringly, I can only say that I did no more than my simple duty in the matter. Both he and I belong to a maritime race, one of whose most pre-emptory maxims it is that the captain must be the last man to quit or give up his ship. Besides I must have been the veriest dastard alive to have quailed in the presence of—that is, in the presence of—that is—' Here Captain Starkey blushed and boggled sadly: he was evidently no orator; but whether it was the sly significance of Senor Arguellas's countenance, which just then happened to be turned towards him, or the glance he threw at the gallery, where Senora Arguellas' grave placidity and Donna Antonia's bright eyes and blushing cheek encountered him that so completely put him out, I cannot say; but he continued to stammer painfully, although the company cheered and laughed with great vehemence and uncommon good humor, in order to give him time. He could not recover himself; and after floundering about through a few more unintelligible sentences, sat down, evidently very hot and uncomfortable, though amidst a little hurricane of hearty cheers and hilarious laughter.

I have but a few more words to say. Captain Starkey has been long settled in the Havana; and Donna Antonia has been just as long Mrs. Starkey. Three little Starkeys have to my knowledge already come to town, and the captain is altogether a rich and prosperous man; but though apparently permanently domiciled in a foreign country, he is I am quite satisfied as true an Englishman and as loyal a subject of Queen Victoria, as when he threw the glass in the Cuban creole's face. I don't know what has become of Dupont; and to tell the truth, I don't much care. Lieutenant Arguellas has attained the rank of major; at last, I suppose he must be the Major Arguellas officially reported to be slightly wounded in the Lopez expedition. And I, also, am pretty well, now, thank you!

Poetry.

TO THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

Come, snowdrop of the North! come peeping thro'
The winter of our sorrow: come, thou pearl
Of price and beauty, and thou shalt set
The front of England's second diadem.
Come, daughter of a hundred old Sea-Kings—
And every wind be hushed before the prow,
And every billow smoothed beneath the keel,
That brings sweet Denmark to her island-home!
Come, come; a lover-Prince is waiting thee;
Come, change a Mother's grief to joy, and wipe
With gentlest bridal-hand her tears away.
O, come; and when two hands are clasped in one,
From Cornwall's cliffs to misty Orcaades
One shout of universal welcoming,
One inextinguishable peal of joy,
One jubilant noise shall rise and swell, and set
Our island rocking in the startled seas!
Then come; a loyal people and a true
Will love thee, partly for thine own sweet sake;
Partly for his sake who will call thee 'wife';
Partly for the honored sake of him, who left
Us sorrowing as it were but yesterday;
Partly for the dear sake of her, who wears
A royal diadem on widowed brows.

Reviews.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—New York, Harper & Bros.

Harper's Magazine is always a welcome visitant. Never dull and tedious, but ever varied and interesting; it possesses all the elements which constitute a popular periodical. Its wide circulation is the best evidence of its suitability to public taste. Light and serious reading, gayeties and gravities, are admirably intermingled in its pages. Its illustrative wood-cuts, executed with artistic skill, form an additional attraction. The April number is in no way inferior to its predecessors, either in literary variety or pictorial embellishment. The adventures of a Scottish Nimrod—Baldwin, in Southern Africa are pleasantly reviewed. Harper's artist abroad, J. Ross Brown, sketches vividly with pen and pencil, the curious and amusing things he heard and saw while spending a few days at Moscow. The authoress of 'Romola'—greatest of female novelists—shows, as she tells her story, that she has lost none of that subtle insight into human character, that close fidelity to the realities of life, that exquisite grace of style, so full of strength and sweetness, which fills us with delight in 'Adam Bede,' and 'The Mill on the Floss.' 'The Nephew of mine Uncle,' has found his Tacitus at last. Kinglake, better known as the author of 'Bothen,' depicts with a vigorous and unsparing pen the character of the greatest of modern charlatans—Louis Napoleon. The portrait is extracted from 'The History of the War in the Crimea,' just published. 'Some Secession Leaders' are ably and impartially photographed. The monthly record of current events is, as usual, a valuable summary. The brilliant Howadji, sitting in his easy chair, converses in his pleasant manner on different topics. No one can gossip more entertainingly or with more graceful ease than the author of 'Nile Notes'—when he likes.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN—Joseph Lyght, King street, Hamilton.

We have received the number for the present week of this excellent journal, from Mr. Lyght, who receives subscriptions for it. No practical man should be without it.

BEAUTY OF MIND.—It is something wonderful to think in how many ways beauty of mind manifests itself; what a number of things it prevents us from uttering and doing; what miraculous promptitude belongs to it in considering what we should say and what we should not say; what words we may pronounce plainly, and what turns of expression another thought may require, in order to be presentable with grace. 'He who writes for a woman,' said a French author, 'ought to dip his pen in the rainbow, and use for sand the dust of a butterfly's wing.' In order to enjoy one of these intervals, though it were only with good fellows, you ought to have a capacity for appreciating that light touch, that transparency of tone, that same delicate refinement which characterize the interchange of thoughts where the fair and natural ones are heard conversing. You should be able to feel, in short, that there is a sweet, graceful way of doing everything, as well as a manner that spoils and degrades all; that there are persons who can say and perform before you almost every thing without offence; while there are others on the contrary, whose purity is indelicate, and whose cleanliness is disgusting.

Scientific and Useful.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT ON ANIMAL LIFE.—Light has an undoubted influence on the growth of some of the lower animals. Animalcules grow, in water, much more readily in the light than in the dark. If equal numbers of silkworms be exposed in a light room and a dark one, many more larvae will be hatched from the former than the latter. Dr. Edwards found that the development of tadpoles into frogs may be prevented by the absence of light. They only grow into big tadpoles. Several facts tend to the belief that the human body is greatly amenable to the influence of light. Persons living in caves or cellars, or in dark streets, are apt to produce deformed children; and the workers in mines are liable to disease and deformity beyond what could be accounted for by the condition of the atmosphere. It has been affirmed by Sir A. Wylie that, in a large barrack at St. Petersburg, Russia, the cases of disease in those men who have lived on the dark side for many years are three to one compared with those on the light side.

SCIENTIFIC SURVEYS.—It appears from the Navy Estimates issued this week, though there is a net decrease of more than a million in the whole service, there is a slight increase (from \$68,045 in 1862, to \$71,961 in 1863) in the cost of the scientific branch. This is owing to the expense of additional surveys under the hydrographical department. The surveys now in progress are: In England, on the East Coast, the Bristol Channel, Portsmouth Bar and the Scilly Islands; in Scotland, Argyle and Inverness, the Hebrides, Barra Island, and South Uist Island; in Foreign Stations, on the coast of Syria, the Greek Archipelago, the Cape Colony, Corea and Japan, the China Seas, Vancouver's Island, British Columbia, the Bay of Fundy, Newfoundland, the West India Islands, the Coasts of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland and Tasmania. The estimates for the Royal Observatory and for the Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope are less than they were last year.—Athenaeum.

WHITWORTH SHELLS.—The new shells of J. Whitworth, of Manchester, England, which penetrated the iron target at Shoburness, have been patented and are described as follows: The shells are made solid in front of the cavity, to give them sufficient strength for penetration. No fuse is employed; the heat generated in the front part of the shell by the impact of the metal is sufficient to ignite the charge inside. The material of which the shell is made, is 'homogeneous metal'—a low carbonized steel. It is formed into bars, then cut into lengths, each of which is sufficient to form two shells; these are then carbonized to the depth of half an inch, to render them hard on the surface. They are then divided and bored internally and turned externally to form two shells, and afterwards case-hardened as follows: Each shell is placed in an iron box and surrounded with animal charcoal, cuttings of horns and hoofs, the box covered, placed in a fire and raised to a red heat. The shell is now withdrawn from the box, set up upon its end, and cooled by allowing several jets of acid salt brine to play upon it.

EFFECT OF SHOT ON VESSELS.—A shot does not make a hole of its own size right through the wood, but indents it, the fibers springing back after the shock. Generally the course of a shot can only be traced with a wire, sometimes with a hole as large as a man's finger. The damage most often happens on the inside of a vessel, in splintering and breaking the wood, after the main force of the shot is spent. The guns of Forts Hamilton and Richmond, in the harbor of New York, about a mile apart, with a vessel lying between them, could not send a shot through two feet of that ship's timbers. There is rarely an instance where a ship was sunk by a solid shot. Hot shot and shell do the mischief. The latter will sometimes make apertures of several feet through the sides of vessels.

A NEW SUBSTANCE AS FOOD.—All the gums are highly nutritious. A little, frequently dissolved gradually in the mouth, allays thirst and hunger. Soldiers shut up in a fortress could be kept alive many weeks with no other sustenance than gum-arabic, or cherry-tree gum. It is a powerful remedy in dropsy, from its affinity for water. In epidemic seasons, and as a preventive against ague, it may be used as an antiseptic, as it defends, or sheathes, the coat of the stomach against malarin. It braces up the nerves and lax-fibres of the corpulent, and reduces obesity. Dissolved in beef tea cases of debility are soon conquered.

LIFE OF AN ENGINEER.—The life of a railroad engineer is graphically depicted in the following extract from the Schenectady Star:

'But the engineer, he who guides the train by guiding the iron horse and almost holds the lives of passengers in his hands—his is a life of mingled danger and pleasure. In a little seven-by-nine apartment, with square holes on each side for windows, open behind, and with machinery to look through ahead, you find him. He is the 'Pathfinder'; he leads the way in all times of danger, checks the iron horse, or causes it to speed ahead with the velocity of the wind, at will. Have you ever stood by the track, of a dark night, and watched the coming and passing of a train? Away off in the darkness you discover a light, and you hear a noise, and the earth trembles beneath your feet. The light comes nearer; you can compare it to nothing but the devil himself, with its terrible whistle; the sparks you imagine come from Beelzebub's nostrils, the fire underneath, that shines close to the ground, causing you to believe the devil walks on live coals. It comes close to you; you back away and shudder; you look up, and almost on the devil's back rides the engineer; perhaps the 'machine' shrieks, and you imagine the engineer is applying spurs to the devil's sides.

'A daring fellow, that engineer—you can't help saying so, and you wonder wherein lies the pleasure of being an engineer. But so he goes, day after day, night after night.—Moonlight evenings he sweeps over the country, through cities and villages, through fairy scenes and forest clearings. He looks through the square holes at his side and enjoys the moonlight, but he cannot stop to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. Cold, rainy, muddy, dark nights, it is the same.—Perhaps the tracks are undermined or overflown with water; perhaps some scoundrels have placed obstructions in the way or trees been overturned across the track, and in either case it is almost instant death to him at least; but he stops not. Right on is the word with him, and on he goes, regardless of danger, weather, and everything save the well-doing of his duty. Think of him, ye who shudder through fear in the cushioned seats of the cars, and get warm from the fire that is kindled for your benefit.'

THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.—The locality of the grave of many a genius is now lost to the world. Even the tomb of Virgil, near Naples, which has been for so many centuries visited by travelers, and regarded by them with veneration, as having once retained the ashes of the great poet, cannot be pronounced with confidence genuine. It is a small square building with a rounded roof, and stands on the very brink of a precipice immediately above the entrance to the subterranean tunnel of Posillippo, a beautiful, and we learn, faithful view of which was given in Waugh's Italy. The old entrance to the tomb has been enlarged, and a modern window cut through the wall. The interior is a vaulted cell about twelve feet square, having many small recesses for urns. The urns, if ever any filled these recesses, are now wanting; and with them, of course, the one containing the ashes of the great poet.

A FRENCH WORK recently published maintains that every 10,500 years, the waters of the sea pass from one pole to the other, submerging and overwhelming in their passage the earth and all its inhabitants. According to the author of this theory, M. Paul de Jouvencel, the last of these deluges occurred 4,500 years ago; the next one is due in 6,000 years more. M. Jouvencel recounts this great cosmical drama with the vigor and pictorial effect of an eyewitness. Six thousand years—sixty centuries—then, only, are left to us wherein to do our whole world's work, and to complete and perfect that civilization which has hardly yet dawned on the greater number of mankind! Sixty old men may touch hands across the interval between the present moment and the last hour of the world as it exists; then all will be finished, all consumed, all will disappear! The sea for 10,500 years in its immeasurable depths will crush out our history and leave nothing of it all but a few fossils!—so, at least, says M. Jouvencel.

BENZOIC ACID MADE FROM ANILINE.—At the Royal Institution, London, Dr. Hoffman lately described a series of experiments illustrating the artificial formation of benzoic acid from aniline. It is found that when aniline, C₆H₅N, is passed through a red hot tube, it yields a certain proportion of benzo-nitride, the formula of which is C₆H₅N₂; and further, that when this is boiled with potash, benzoic acid is formed, which unites with the potash, forming benzoate of that alkali.

Notes and Queries.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC & ANTIQUARIAN.

'Ilic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus.'
'The enquiring spirit will not be controlled;
We would make certain all, and all behold.'

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

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

NOTES.

GIVING THE LIE.—The great affront of giving the lie arose from the phrase 'Thou liest,' in the oath taken by the defendant in judicial combats before engaging, when charged with any crime by the plaintiff; and Francis I. of France, to make current his giving the lie to the Emperor Charles V., first stamped it with infamy by saying, in a solemn assembly, that 'he was no honest man that would bear the lie.'

Thorold.

ANSELMA.

WHIPPING A LADY.—The following is from a M.S. diary of the Rev. John Lewis, rector of Chatfield, and curate of Tilbury, England:—

August, 1719. Sir Christopher Hales being jilted by a lady who promised him marriage, and put him off on the day set for their marriage, gave her a good whipping at parting. Remember the story.

Toronto.

LEWIS.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

DEAR N. & Q.—In reply to your correspondent C. M. who, in the 'News' of February 14th, asks the question: 'In what State of the dis-united States, is situated the oldest church in America?' I would state that the oldest church in America is one in the State of Virginia, and built of timber imported from England during the reign of Charles I.

Hamilton.

ATHENWOLD.

QUERIES.

Can any of the readers of the 'News' tell me who is the author of the following beautiful sonnet on the Poets:

Were I to name, out of the times gone by,
The poets dearest to me, I should say,
Pulci for spirits, and a fine, free way,
Chaucer for manners, and a close silent eye;
Spenser for luxury, and sweet sylvan play,
Horace for chattering with from day to day;
Milton for classic taste and harp strung high,
Shakspeare for all—but most society.

But which take with me could I take but one?

Shakspeare, as long as I was unoppress'd
With the world's weight, making sad thoughts
intenser;

But did I wish out of the common sun
To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest,
And dream of things far off and healing—
Spenser.

Woodstock.

ELVIRA.

'THE DUST WE TREAD UPON WAS ONCE ALIVE.'—A few feet below the level of the crowded pavements of London lies a city of richer ornament and finer architectural tastes than the great metropolis which conceals it. Outside the boundary wall, thirty feet high and twelve in thickness, the wooded south shore of the clear and silvery Thames, sloping upwards towards Camberwell and Herne Hill, was studded with the mansions of the military and civil chiefs. A beautiful landscape must have presented itself to the citizens who wandered up to the court of the sacred fane on Ludgate-hill, for, on all sides, the view was unobscured by lofty buildings, and nothing was seen but the porticos and gardens of those rustic retirements and the windings of many little brooks, now degraded into drains and cesspools, which pursued their course through groves and meadows till they were lost in the abounding river.—Within the rampart, wherever we make an opening and dig deep enough, between Newgate and the Tower, magnificent tessellated pavements and fragments of marble statues reward our toil. The juxtaposition of modern names and associations with those re-appearances of a long vanished state of manners, is almost ludicrous—a mosaic picture of Europa on the bull, fresh in colors and perfect in design, beneath the busy multitudes of Bishopsgate-street, and bracelets of noble ladies beneath the gaspipes of Cornhill—though it perhaps has a fitter connection with the site of its discovery when we read of a splendid representation in colored tiles of Bacchus, the conqueror of the East, in front of the India House in Leadenhall-street.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

By telegraph from New York we learn that the Royal Wedding was celebrated at Windsor on the 10th, with great pomp and ceremony.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 20th March, 1863, \$72,776 69 1/2

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending March 14, 1863, \$80,392 23

Increase, \$ 4,414 87

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, March 26. Flour—Receipts 8,214; market dull and unsettled, and 10 to 15c lower; sales 3,000

Canadian flour dull and 10 to 20c lower; \$6 60 to \$6 90 for common; \$6 95 to \$8 50 for good to choice extra.

Wheat—Receipts 308 bush; market lower, heavy and nominal; \$1 33 to \$1 53 for Chicago spring; \$1 58 to \$1 60 for Milwaukee club; \$1 61 to \$2 63 for winter red western; \$1 71 to \$1 73 for amber Michigan.

Rye—dull at \$1 08 to \$1 11.

Barley—dull and nominal at \$1 40 to \$1 60c.

Corn—Receipts 1,045 bush; market heavy and 2c lower; sales 22,000 bush at 85 to 27c for sound mixed Western; 79 to 84c for unsound.

Oats—dull at 82 to 85c.

Pork—dull and lower.

Beef—dull.

Sterling Exchange—with gold at 140 is about 155.

Money—6 per cent. on call and active.

American gold—141 1/2, closing at 140.

Stocks—The transactions are large, but prices are lower and quite heavy.

THE CONSCRIPTION LAW AND ALIENS.—Relying upon the correctness of a verbatim copy of the Conscription Bill, published in the Herald of the 2nd inst., we spoke last week of the explicitness of the clause which brings within the Draft all able-bodied male resident foreigners, from 25 to 45 years of age, who have gone through the preliminary process for becoming citizens of the United States.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS AND EMIGRATION.—The intelligence from the manufacturing districts is still cheering. At the Manchester Relief Committee, on Monday, Mr. Farnall reported a further decrease in the number of persons receiving assistance, caused partly by a resumption of full time working in some of the mills, partly by absorption of the operatives into other employments, and partly by emigration from nearly all parts of the cotton districts to other parts of the country, and even abroad.

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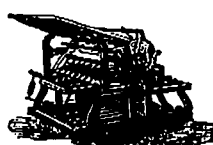
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W. A. FERGUSON, Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, C. W.

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

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Montreal, January 24, 1863.

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

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and is now taking subscriptions for them, viz:

- London Society, \$3 50 per year. Temple Bar, 3 50 " Cornhill, 3 50 " St. James, 3 50 " McMillan, 2 50 " Once-a-Week, 3 50 " World of Fashion, 2 50 " Churchman, 3 00 " Sixpenny, 1 75 " Good Words, 1 75 " Chambers' Journal, 1 75 " London Journal, Mo. parts, 1 75 " Reynolds' Miscellany, " 1 75 " Family Herald, " 1 75 " &c. &c. &c.

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