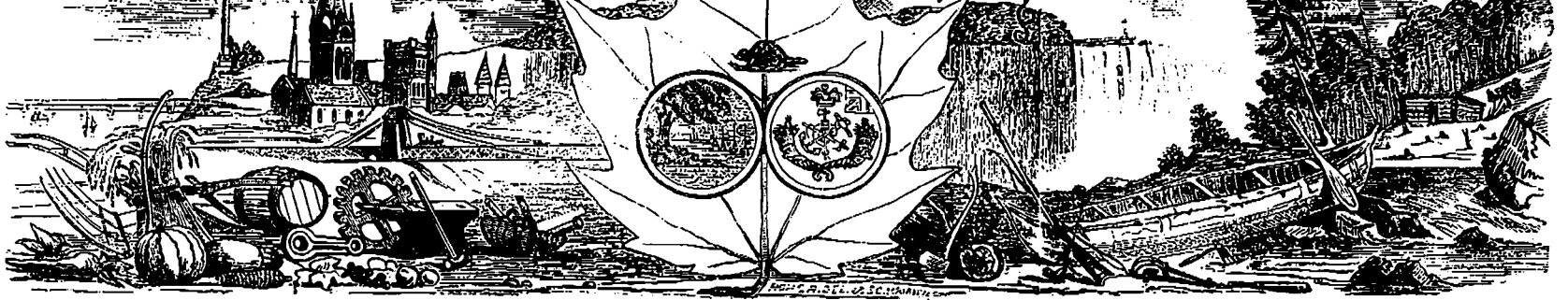


THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1863.

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LORD LYONS.

On Monday, August 24th, 1863, His Excellency, Lord Lyons, Ambassador of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, to the United States, paid a visit to Hamilton. He came quietly and so departed.—People find it difficult where to discover the line that divides the private gentleman from the public functionary, and so could not pay him the respect that otherwise might have dignified his arrival.—We should not choose the onerous office of saying where the one attribute begins and the other ends, yet cannot help writing an expression of disappointment. The people of Canada were desirous of seeing the representative of the Queen. They were disappointed. In the absence of matter, more personal and exact, the report is submitted of what was said between His Lordship and Mr. Seward the American Secretary of State in the early stages of this dreadful war.

Lord Lyons to Sir Edmund Head, Governor General of Canada: [Extract.]

WASHINGTON,

April 19, 1861.

'I informed you in a private letter some days ago, that I had learnt, from what I thought good authority, that this government had determined to send two secret agents to Canada, and that it was supposed the object was to ascertain the state of feeling in the Province with regard to annexing itself to the United States.

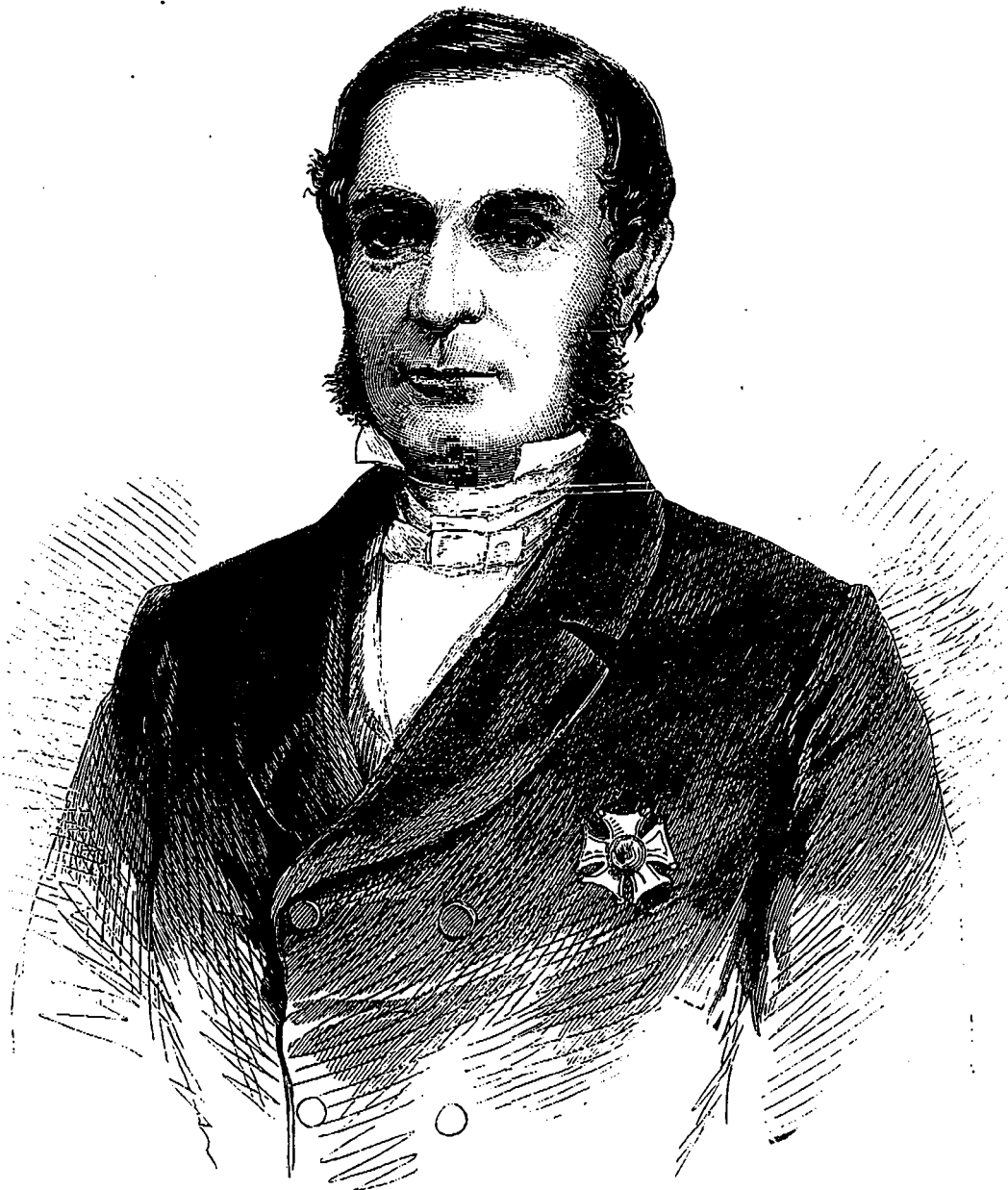
I showed him the paragraph in the paper yesterday afternoon at the State Department, and asked him whether there was any truth in it.

'That,' he replied, 'is a question which I cannot answer.'

'It is,' I said, 'a very irregular proceeding.'

I repeated this remark, and then Mr. Seward asked why it was irregular.

I answered that it was an attempt to hold communication otherwise than in the regular official manner, and through the regular recognized channels.



HIS EXCELLENCY LORD LYONS, AMBASSADOR OF GREAT BRITAIN TO THE UNITED STATES.

After a pause Mr. Seward went on to say: 'If you suppose that any agent of this Government has been dispatched with any object affecting the present Colonial relations of Canada to Great Britain, you are entirely mistaken.'

I said that I was very far from having intended to suggest so grave a charge against the Government of the United States as this.

'After all,' observed Mr. Seward, 'if we did send an agent to Canada, I suppose it would be no treason.'

I replied that 'treason' was usually ap-

plied to breakers of the obligations between subjects and the Power to which they owed allegiance; that breaches of international obligations were a different matter.

Here the conversation ended. The impression left upon my mind was, that undoubtedly an agent or agents had been sent to Canada, and that whatever the object was, it was clearly one which the Secretary of State was unwilling to avow to the British Minister.'

Lord Lyons to Lord John Russell, (since raised to the peerage as Earl Russell,) Sec-

retary of State for Foreign Affairs:

WASHINGTON, April 22, 1861.

MY LORD:—The inclosed copy of a letter, which I addressed on the 19th instant to the Gov. Gen. Sir Edmund Head, will make your Lordship acquainted with the steps taken by me with regard to a report that secret agents have been sent by this Government to Canada.

The Mr. George Ashman, who is stated to be one of these agents, was president of the convention at Chicago, which nominated Mr. Lincoln as the candidate of the Republican Party for the Presidency of the United States.

In one, at least, of his speeches during the Presidential canvass, Mr. Seward alluded to the eventual acquisition of Canada as a compensation to the Northern States for any loss they might sustain, in consequence of the disaffection of the Southern part of the Union.

I suppose, however, that the agents who now appear to have been sent to Canada have been dispatched with some definite and practical object. Your Lordship will perceive from my letter to the Governor General, although Mr. Seward refused to give me any other information on the subject, he did assure me that no agents were employed by this government for any object affecting the Colonial relations between Canada and the British Crown.

I have, &c.,

(Signed,) LYONS.

Lord Lyons to Lord J. Russell.

WASHINGTON, June 17, 1861.

MY LORD,—In the course of conversation which I had with Mr. Seward this morning, he himself introduced the subject of the secret agent whom he had sent to Canada in April last. He said that Mr. Ashman, the person sent, was a most respectable man, and that the object of his mission was to ascertain the feeling in Canada with regard to fitting out privateers on the St. Lawrence. Mr. Seward added, that as soon as I had spoken to him on the subject, he had recalled Mr. Ashman. (See next page.)

TO ENGRAVERS ON WOOD.

WANTED

FIVE first-class Wood Engravers, to whom the highest wages will be paid. Also two Apprentices to learn the art of Engraving.

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

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J. W. Crooker will please call at the Office, before canvassing any more.

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FERGUSON & GREGORY.

Hamilton, July 1st, 1863.

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

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, AUGUST 29, 1863.

AS IT WAS, AND IS.

On the 11th of July last, one of the minor engravings published in this journal, represented the foliage and blossoms of a pea, grown from one which had ripened and been harvested three thousand years before. The place of repose for the dormant seed had been an Egyptian mummy. The authorities to its age were several of the learned readers of ancient inscriptions. What was the world of mankind doing when that old pea was harvested on the banks of the Nile, and what were they at, when it resumed vitality and put forth its leaves and blossoms in the light of the fair heavens of England? The probable date of its seclusion was the 12th century before the Christian Era. It may have been a few years earlier or later, but Sir Gardiner Wilkinson gives that period of time as the true one. Well, what were we doing, for we were alive then?

The Trojan war was in progress. Along the shores of the Euxine, the lieutenants of President Menelaus were devastating the country which is now known as the Crimea. Achilles, one of his captains, carried troops to Sinope and across to the harbour of Balaclava. The territory and hospitality of Menelaus had been violated, and they were avenging or carrying out aggressive war on their own account.

In those years a people, of whom we have a more reliable record, were living in proximity to the nation with whom it would have been desirable to be at peace. But, what between the challenges on one side and the other they were at war. The editor of the leading journal of those times did not sit on an easy chair and write thunder, nor did he set himself up as a popular candidate for a radical constituency; but he made speeches and his oratory was, 'come on if you dare!' The difference between that time and this, is not so much as it looks when one goes groping through the dark ways of intervening history. Take a bound, a hop-step-and-jump, and you are there. Take a back leap and you are here! Where is the difference? Ah! a great one indeed; transcendently great as we shall presently see. But in the Man of that time and of this, there is no change. The Philistines defied the oppo-

sing host, and they of the opposition defied again.

Perhaps the pea is fifty years older than just supposed. If so, it was growing and blooming when Samson made himself formidable to those trans-boundary people who came to recover their stolen cattle. Or, possibly, the pea was two hundred years younger than the Egyptian Hieroglyphics indicate. If so, it bloomed, ripened, and was laid to rest when a civil war was in progress; internecine, savage, disastrous, American; but then going by the name of the Revolt of the Ten Tribes. If that were the true time of the pea, then Hesiod may have had it in his fields, and in his mind when he wrote his Agricultural Treatise entitled 'The Works and days.' The Provincial Shows of his time had not the advantage of a Great Western, a Northern, a Grand Trunk Railway, nor the Royal Mail Line, or Freight Line of River and Lake Steamers as Canadians have to reach the Kingston Provincial Fair. Yet Hesiod had means of collecting flowers, fruits and roots for exhibition through that society of which he was the paid or honorary Secretary. And so the world went on, has gone on, since that little pea was laid beside the embalmed mummy of a Queen of Egypt.

Taken from its prison, planted, watered, and brought to life what was going on in that year of its first blooming—1855? On the shores of the Euxine, where Achilles had been spreading devastation when it was harvested, and laid to rest, the Russian, Frank, Turk and Briton were carrying on the combat of death and destruction. And when the eighth harvest has arrived, after its revivication, the western Israelites are distracted in the wars of revolt.

Is there no difference except in the shape, the power, the reach of the weapons of war? These have changed from a pebble out of the brook, to an Armstrong gun. But there has come, within that long stretch of time, that which lies beyond the reach of human passion. The Gospel of peace has come—And if it has not prevented war, it has this high and glorious character; that, whatever progress has been made in the industrial arts and sciences that progress has been made in times of peace.

MR. SEWARD.

The American Secretary of State has come to the frontier with Lord Lyons the British Ambassador. Under present circumstances it may be interesting to inform the public of what that gentleman has said of Canada in former years. He was in this Province in 1856, and published his opinions of what he saw. He said:

'Hitherto, in common with most of my countrymen, I have thought Canada, or to speak more correctly, British America—a mere strip lying north of the United States, easily detachable from the parent State, but incapable of sustaining itself, and therefore ultimately, nay right soon—to be taken on by the Federal Union, without materially changing or affecting its own condition or development. I have dropped the opinion as a national conceit.

I see in British North America, stretching as it does across the continent from the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland and the Pacific, and occupying a considerable belt of the temperate zone, traversed equally with the United States by the lakes, and enjoying the magnificent shores of the St. Lawrence, with its thousands of islands in the river and gulf, a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire. In its wheat fields in the West, its broad ranges of the chase at the North, its inexhaustible lumber lands—the most extensive now on the globe—its invaluable fisheries and its yet undisturbed mineral deposits, I see the elements of wealth. I find its inhabitants hardy, vigo-

rous, energetic, perfected by the Protestant religion and British constitutional liberty. Jealous of the United States and of Great Britain, as they ought to be; and therefore when I look at their resources and extent, I know they can neither be conquered by the former nor permanently held by the latter. They will be independent, as they are already self-maintaining. Having happily escaped the curse of slavery, they will never submit to the domination of slaveholders, which prevails in and determines the character of the United States. They will be a Russia to the United States, which to them will be France or England; but they will be a Russia civilized and Protestant, and they will be a very different Russia from that which fills all Southern Europe with terror; and by reason of that superiority they will be all the more terrible to the dwellers in the Southern latitudes.

The policy of the United States is to propitiate and secure the alliance of Canada while it is yet young and incurious of its future. But on the other hand, the policy which the United States actually pursues, is the infatuated one of rejecting and spurning vigorous, perennial, and ever-growing Canada, while seeking to establish feeble States, out of decaying Spanish Provinces on the coast and on the islands in the Gulf of Mexico. I shall not live to see it, but the man is already born who will see the United States mourn over this stupendous folly, which is only preparing the way for ultimate danger and downfall. All Southern Stars must set, though many times they rise again with diminished lustre. But those which illuminate the pole remain for ever shining, for ever increasing in splendour.'

It is belief in that bright destiny of Northern free nations which binds Britain, Canada and other Colonies together. They will not separate. For Britain to wilfully pluck her Empire to pieces to set up new nations in conformity to some theory of magnanimity, is an offence to the simplest principles of political philosophy. Were Canada to demand separation, and obtain it; or were she cut adrift, the inevitable fate of absorption, by her more powerful neighbour, and extinction of political existence, would follow. The integrity and perennial vigour of the British empire should be the lofty political faith of Conservative-Reformers, whether at home or in the colonies. And they who desire the permanence of British stability, or deserve the personal safety and freedom guaranteed by imperial laws, and by institutions at once venerable, and youthfully elastic in their adaptability to new circumstances, must by a logical necessity—if they hold any settled conservative principle—cherish a sympathy for other free nations, and hold in abhorrence a rebellious appeal to arms to overturn constitutional government.

OGDENSBURGH PLAN OF INVASION.

Lately there has been a discussion about some alleged plan of invasion, as if a secret had been communicated to one person, who told it to another, who again confidentially informed a third. Here are the exact words of the 'plan' as published in February, 1862, at Ogdensburgh, a city in New York State, situated on the St. Lawrence River, opposite the Canadian town of Prescott, in Central Canada.

'We have two railroads terminating here. One piercing that great avenue the New York Central, from which branch off in all directions, west and south, other railroads that bring this place within a few hours reach of those extremes of our country.—The other leads to that great network of New England Railroads, which traverse almost every town and village within her territory. Besides these we have water communication, by means of the St. Lawrence, directly with Lake Ontario, and with the ex-

ception of a short break between Lake Erie, for which railroads is substituted, with all the States lying west of us on the waters of the Mississippi. So far then as accessibility convenience for collecting the material of war is concerned, it possesses advantages equal in any degree of those of any other town or village upon our Northern frontier.

But these advantages, although great are not to be compared in importance with these we possess from our being within such short striking distance of the very vitals of Canada. At this place, the St. Lawrence is about a mile in width, and under cover of the guns from the fort we propose, the troops who accumulate here could easily be transported to the other shore. Once there in the siege the terminus of the Ottawa and Prescott railroad, leading to the capital of the Canadas, and whose depot is immediately on the shore of the river, and a short quarter of a mile back, we tap the great artery of Canada, through which their very life-blood flows, the Grand Trunk railroad. The communication between the two provinces being cut off by the St. Lawrence river and the Grand Trunk railroad, but one other of very little practical importance exists—that by means of the Rideau Canal, at Ottawa, and from thence to Kingston. If this also be desired to be taken, we are only within fifty-five miles of Ottawa city—the entrance to the canal from the Ottawa river. The chain of locks at that place, once destroyed, would require quite a lengthy campaign in which to effect their replacement.

This brief statement of facts must show, we think, that Ogdensburgh is the key that not only locks out the entrance from the sea but also unlocks to us the defences of a neighbour who may need ere long some correction for growing misconduct. Her chief power, the protection of England, would be most effectually cut off, and the whole of the upper Province would be obliged to bear the brunt of our affairs single handed and alone. The result of such a combat needs no prophet to foretell.

YET ANOTHER.—The following has been proclaimed by the Boston Pilot, it is amusing. When we have the revolt put down we will turn our swords on Britain, the main cause of the extent and duration of the revolt. A successful repression of the rebellion is impossible without this. Decency demands it; justice demands it; national pride demands it; national malice demands it; our own future safety demands it; our immense standing army and our great navy will demand it. When causes like these are united they must have their effect. It is to be lamented that Canada is the frigid, ice-bound, sleet-driven, miserable, beggarly, inhospitable country it is. But such as it is, our soldiers will ravage it, desecrate it, drag through its horrid impenetrable surface of ice and snow the accursed flag of England, hold it in absolute military despotism for a time, and then fling it back to its original hoary possessors, eternal frost and snow.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 21ST AUG., 1863.

Passengers.....	\$21,352 96
Freight and Live Stock.....	16,651 51
Mails and Sundries.....	12,09 04½
	\$39,215 51½
Corresponding week last year.....	\$35,137 86½
Increase.....	\$ 4,077 65

JAMES CHARLTON.
AUDIT OFFICE,
Hamilton, 22nd Aug. 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 15TH, 1863.

Passengers.....	\$31,626 88
Mails and Sundries.....	2,800 00
Freight and Live Stock.....	31,999 78
Total.....	\$69,426 66
Corresponding week, 1862.....	56,811 40
Increase.....	\$12,615 26

JOSEPH ELLIOTT.
MONTREAL, }
Aug. 21st, 1863. }

Selected Poetry.

A SONG FOR CANADA.

The author of this song is Mr. Charles Sangster, of Kingston. He is a native of that city, having been born in the Navy Yard. We do not select this as the most poetical of the pieces he has written, but it is spirited.

Sons of the race whose sires
Aroused the martial flame
That filled with smiles
The triune isles,
Through all these heights of fame!
With hearts as brave as theirs,
With Lopes as strong and high,
We'll ne'er disgrace
The honored race
Whose deeds can never die.

Let but the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand:
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

Our Lakes are deep and wide,
Our fields and forests broad;
With cheerful air
We'll speed the share,
And break the fruitful soil;
Till blest with rural peace,
Proud of our rustic toil,
On hill and plain
True kings we'll reign,
The victors of the soil.

But let the rash intruder dare,
To touch our darling strand:
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

Health smiles with rosy face
Amid all sunny dales,
And torrents strong
Fling hymn and song
Through all the mossy vales;
Our sons are living men,
Our daughters fond and fair;
A thousand isles,
Where Plenty smiles,
Make glad the brow of Care.

But let the rash intruder dare,
To touch our darling strand:
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

And if in future years
One wretch should turn and fly,
Let weeping France
Blot out his name
From Freedom's hallowed sky;
Or should our sons e'er prove
A coward, traitor race,
Just heaven's frown
In thunder down,
To avenge the foul disgrace!

But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand:
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would light him from the land.

THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

[CONTINUED.]

'Now, this has finished it,' he continued to his wife, as the girl withdrew. 'Ellen shall not go there again unless you are with her. Mr. Castonel! how dared he? I would rather Ellen made a companion of the poorest and lowest person in the village. And should there be any engagement growing up between him and Frances, I will not have Ellen there to countenance it with her presence.'

'Poor Mr. Winninton prejudiced you against Mr. Castonel,' observed Mrs. Leicester. 'I do not admire or like him, but I think less ill of him than you do. Perhaps Frances might do worse.'

The clergyman turned his head and looked at her. 'I will ask you a home question Susan. Would you like to see him marry Ellen?'

'Oh, no, no?' and Mrs. Leicester almost shuddered as she spoke. 'Not for worlds.'

'Yet you would see him the husband of Frances Chavasse, your early friend's child.'

Mrs. Leicester hesitated before she spoke. 'It is that I hope to see Ellen the wife of a religious man, a good man, and I fear Mrs. Chavasse does not heed that for Frances. She looks to social-fitness, to position, to Mr. Castonel's being in favor with the world. But Ellen—no, no, I trust never to see her the wife of such a man as Mr. Castonel.'

The minister covered his face with his hands. 'I would rather read the burial service over her.'

When Benjamin returned he was despatched for Miss Leicester and told to make haste. But he came back and said Miss Leicester was not there.

'Not there!' exclaimed the rector. 'Why

where have you been for her? I told you to go to Mrs. Chavasse's.'

'That's where I have been, sir.'

'Then you have made some stupid blunder. She must be there.'

'I don't think I made the blunder, sir,' returned Benjamin, who was a simple-spoken man of forty. 'When I told 'em I had come for Miss Ellen, one of their maids joked, and said, then I had come to the wrong house, but she took in the message, and Mrs. Chavasse came out to me. She said as they had expected Miss Ellen to tea, and waited for her, but she did not come.'

Nothing could exceed the indignation of the rector. Where was Ellen? Where could she be gone? Was it possible that Mr. Castonel had persuaded her to go visiting any where else? In spite of his wife's remonstrances, who assured him he was too ill to go, and would catch his death, he turned out in search of her; and Mrs. Leicester, worried and angry, laid all the blame upon Martha, who immediately began to cry her eyes out.

Before noon the next day, Ebury was ringing with the elopement of Mr. Castonel and Ellen Leicester.

CHAPTER X

'WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY, THE MICE WILL PLAY'—AND A TIGER IS A SPECIES OF CAT.

During the absence of the runaways, John had very little to do, in spite of the threats of Mrs. Muff. But if John had not much to attend to in a legitimate way, he made himself business in a highly improper fashion.—For the youth was highly curious, tormented with a thirst for forbidden knowledge, and a desire to discover anything that might be in the nature of a secret. He opened all the out-of-the-way drawers of the laboratory—in this case, however, with another object. Mr. Rice was very apt to put the liquorice-root, of which John was excessively fond, in strange places, to keep it from his jaws.—His visit to the drawers was more on that account.

There was one place into which John was very anxious to peep, namely, Mr. Castonel's desk: but it was always kept locked, and the surgeon carried the key. The old-fashioned secretary, where the greater portion of Mr. Castonel's papers were kept, was another object of curiosity; but the key of this was with the other key, on a ring; and the ring was in his master's pocket. John's curiosity was ungratified, and his fondness for discovery met no reward.

One day, during his master's absence, John went into the laboratory to get the medicine ordered by Mr. Rice for the day's patients. The assistant was absent. John cast his eyes on the desk. No one was looking, and he tried the desk, but it was immovable.

'I would like to see inside of it,' he said. 'Why, look here,' he continued, 'if master hasn't been and gone and left a piece of one of his private letters a sticking out from a crack. Here's a queer go.'

A doubled slip of paper that protruded from between the lid and the body of the desk, occasioned John's surprise.—He tried to work it out, but it was caught by something. He persevered, and had got it one-third out by the corner, when it parted in his hand. He had only obtained less than one-half of an old envelope. He thrust it hurriedly into his pocket, and, seizing the medicine, left the house.

So soon as he came to a place free from observation, John examined his prize. His countenance fell.

The post-mark was there—Cartington, in Shropshire—and all the rest was as follows:

'To

LADY LAVINIA
No. 13 Watx!

'Very provoking!' exclaimed John. 'If I could have got it all. Hallo, there's a piece of the letter inside. But that's only a corner, and has but a few words, and I can't make head nor tail of 'em. 'Lady Lavinia!' I wonder what kind of a lady.—It ain't a baron-knight's lady, I know; and what is master a doing with it? 'That's the question.'

Much as he undervalued this prize, John put it carefully away in his pocket. If Mr. Castonel were ever to find it out! John shivered at the thought, and came very near dropping his basket, whereby several bottles would have come to speedy grief.

When John got back his first business was to conceal his plunder in a place no one would be apt to look into but himself

CHAPTER XI.

THE WIFE HAS A PREMONITION OF HER FATE.
A FULFILLED PRESENTIMENT.

Mr. and Mrs. Castonel returned to Ebury, and the whole place flocked to pay them the wedding visit. The disobedience of Ellen Leicester was no business of theirs, that they should mark their sense of it. And Ellen—had it not been for the recollection of her offended parents and the unjustifiable part she had acted—how supreme, how intense, would have been her happiness! Her whole existence lay in her husband; she could see no fault in him; and could they then have tasted of the Tree of Life, so that the present might be forever, she might have given up all wish of a hereafter. Amongst the visitors, went Mrs. and Miss Chavasse; and, whatever mortification might have been in their hearts, it was not suffered to appear; that would never have done. So Mrs. Chavasse contented herself with abusing, elsewhere, the somewhat faded furniture, and thanking fate that her daughter had not been taken to a home so carelessly appointed.

Months went by, and how felt Ellen Castonel? Why, the fruits of her conduct were beginning to come home to her. She had received the forgiveness of her parents, for when she went to them in prayer and penitence, and knelt at her father's feet, the minister, though he strove hard to spurn her away according to his resolution, yet he was enfeebled in health, enfeebled by sorrow—and it ended in his falling on her neck, with sobs of agony, and forgiving her. It had been well could he as easily have forgotten. In these few months he had become a bowed, broken man. His hair had changed from brown to gray, and it was rumored that he had never, since, enjoyed a whole night's rest. Could this fail to tell on Ellen? who, excepting that one strange and unaccountable act, had always been a gentle, loving, obedient daughter. She watched it all, and knew that it had been her work. Moreover, there were arising, within her, doubts of Mr. Castonel—whether he was the idol she had taken him to be. She was also in bad health, her situation causing her a never-ceasing sensation of illness. She looked worn, haggard, wretched, curious comments on which went about Ebury; and the people all agreed that Mrs. Castonel did not seem to repose on a bed of roses.

'There's a row up-stairs,' exclaimed the tiger to Hannah, one day in April. 'Missis is sobbing and crying buckets full, and master has been a blowing of her up.'

'How do you know? Where are they?' said Hannah.

'In the drawing-room. I went up to ask what medicine was to go out, but they were too busy to see me. I heard master a roaring as I went up the stairs, like he roared at me one day, and nearly frightened my skin off me. It was something about missis going out so much to the parsonage; she said it was her duty, and he said it wasn't. She was lying on the sofa, a sobbing and moaning awful.'

'I think you must have peeped in,' cried Hannah. 'For shame on you!'

'In course I did. Wouldn't you? Oh dear no, I dare say not! Master was kneeling down then, a kissing of her, and asking her to forget what he'd said in his passion, and to get herself calm, for that it would do her unknown harm. And he vowed if she'd only stop crying, that he'd take her himself to the parsonage this evening, and stop the whole of it with her—'

'What is that you are saying?' sharply demanded Mrs. Muff, putting her head into the kitchen.

'I was a telling Hannah she'd best sew that there button on my best livery trousers, what came off 'em last Sunday, or she'd get her neck pulled,' answered the lad, vaulting away.

Whether the tiger's information was correct, and that excitement was likely to have an injurious effect upon Mrs. Castonel, certain it is, that the following day she was seized with illness. The nature of it was such as to destroy hopes of offspring, and precisely similar to that which had preceded the death of the first Mrs. Castonel.

'What an extraordinary thing!' cried Mrs. Chavasse, when the news reached her; 'it looks like fatality. Caroline had been six months married when she fell ill; and now in just the same period of time, Ellen falls ill! I hope she will not follow her fate out to the last, and die of it.'

'For the matter of that, we never knew what the first Mrs. Castonel did die of,' returned Mrs. Major Acre, who was sitting there. 'She was recovering from her sickness; indeed, it may be said that she had

recovered from it; and she went off suddenly one evening, nobody knew with what.'

'Mr. Castonel said it was perfectly satisfactory to medical men,' said Mrs. Chavasse. 'There are so many dangerous tricks and turns of maladies, you know, only clear to them.'

For several days Ellen Castonel was very ill. Not perhaps in absolute danger, but sufficiently near to excite apprehension.—Then she began to get better. During this time nothing could exceed the affection and kindness of Mr. Castonel: his attention was a marvel of admiration, allowed to be so, even by Mrs. Leicester.

One afternoon, when she was dressed and in her drawing-room, Mrs. and Miss Chavasse called. They were the first visitors who had been admitted. Frances offered to remain the rest of the day, but Mrs. Chavasse overruled it: Ellen was not strong enough, she said, to bear so many hours' incessant gossiping.

Mr. Castonel came in while they sat there. He was in high spirits, laughed and talked, almost flirted with Frances, as in former days, when she had erroneously deemed he had a motive in it. When they left, he attended them to the door, gay and attractive as ever in the eyes of Frances; and she pondered how Ellen could ever appear and with such a husband. Mr. Castonel then went into his laboratory, where he busied himself for half an hour. When he returned up-stairs, Ellen was in tears.

'Don't be angry with me, Gervase. This lowness of spirits will come on, and I cannot help it. I fear it is a bad omen.'

Mr. Castonel turned away his head, and coughed.

'An omen of what, Ellen?'

'That I shall never recover.'

'You have recovered. Come, come, Ellen, cheer up. I thought Mrs. Chavasse's visit had done you good.'

'Last evening, when I sat by myself for many hours, I could not help thinking of poor Caroline. I wondered what it could be she died of, and—'

'Ellen!' burst forth Mr. Castonel, 'it is wrong and wicked to encourage such absurd thoughts. You asked me the other day, when you were lying ill, what it was she died of, and I explained it. It is not going to occur to you.'

'No, no,' she answered, 'I am not really afraid. It is only in the dull evening hours, when I am alone, that I get these foolish fancies. If you could be always with me, they would not come. Try and stay with me to-night, Gervase.'

'My darling, I have not left you one evening since you were ill, till the last, and then it was not by choice. I know of nothing to call me forth to-night. Should anything arise unexpectedly, I must go, as Rice is away. In that case, I should tell Muff to remain with you.'

She still wept silently. It seemed that her spirits had sunk into a low state, and nothing just then could arouse them. Mr. Castonel stood and looked down at her, his elbow leaning on the mantel-piece.

'Would you like Mr. and Mrs. Leicester to come this evening?' he asked.

'Oh!' she cried clasping her hands and half rising from her chair, the pallid hue giving place to crimson on her lovely face, and the light of excitement rising in her sweet blue eyes—'oh, Gervase, if you would but let me ask them! Papa has never been here to stay an evening with me: he would come now. It would do more good than everything else. Indeed I should not have these fears then.'

He went to a table and wrote a brief note, putting it into Ellen's hands to read. It was to the effect that his wife was in low spirits, and much wished them both to come to tea and spend the evening with her.

'Thank you, thank you, dearest Gervase,' she exclaimed, 'you have made me happy. Oh, papa!'

'Ellen,' he said, gazing into her eyes, 'confess: you love your father better than you do me.'

'You know to the contrary, Gervase. I love him with a different love. I left him for you,' she added, in a low, almost reproachful tone, as she leaned forward and hid her face upon her husband's arm, 'and people say that it is killing him.'

The tiger was dispatched with the note to the parsonage, and brought back a verbal answer that Mr. and Mrs. Leicester would soon follow him.

They both came. They sat with Ellen and her husband. Mrs. Leicester made tea; and for once Ellen was happy. There ap-

peared to be more social feeling between her husband and father than she had ever hoped for, and a joyous vision flitted across her of time bringing about a thorough reconciliation, and of their all being happy together. She laughed, she talked, she almost sang; and Mr. and Mrs. Leicester inquired what had become of the lowness of spirit spoken of in Mr. Castonel's note. He answered pleasantly, that their presence had scared it away, and that if they did not mind the trouble of coming out, it might be well to try the experiment again on the following evening; he could see it was the best medicine for his dearest Ellen. They promised to do so, even Mr. Leicester. Especially, he added, as he must now leave almost directly.

The glow on Ellen's face faded. 'Why leave, papa?'

'My dear, there is a vestry meeting to-night, and I must attend it. Your mamma can stay.'

'Will you not return when it is over?' resumed Ellen, anxiously.

'No; it will not be over till late. It is likely to be a stormy one.'

'But you will come to-morrow? And remain longer?' she feverishly added.

'Child, I have said so.'

'Upon one condition—that she does not excite herself over it,' interposed Mr. Castonel, affectionately laying his hand upon his wife's. 'Add that proviso.'

'Oh, if Ellen is to excite herself, of course that would stop it,' returned the doctor, with a smile. The first smile his countenance had worn since her disobedience.

Ellen saw it, and her heart rose up in thankfulness within her. 'Dearest papa,' she whispered, leaning towards him, 'I will be quite calm. It will be right between us all: I see it will. I am so happy.'

At seven o'clock they heard the little bell tinkle out, calling together the members of the select vestry, and Mr. Leicester took his departure. His wife remained with Ellen, Mr. Castonel, also; nothing called him out; and they spent a happy, cordial evening.—

When she rose to leave, Mr. Castonel rang the bell for Mrs. Muff to attend her. He would not leave Ellen.

'What nonsense!' said Mrs. Leicester.—

'As if any one would run away with me. I shall be at home in five minutes. I need not trouble Mrs. Muff.'

'It will do Muff good,' said Ellen. 'She has never stirred out since my illness. And then, mamma, she can bring back the receipt you spoke of.'

'Good-night, my dear,' said Mrs. Leicester, stooping to kiss her. 'Do you feel yourself better for our visit?'

'I feel quite well, mamma,' was Ellen's joyous answer. 'Nothing whatever is the matter with me now. Only,' she added, laughing, 'that I am a little thirsty.'

'That is soon remedied,' said Mr. Castonel. 'I will get you some wine and water, Ellen.'

'How thankful I am to see your mistress so much better,' exclaimed Mrs. Leicester, as she and Mrs. Muff walked along.

'Ma'am, you cannot be more thankful than I am. I have been upon thorns ever since she was taken ill. Poor Mrs. Castonel—I mean Miss Caroline—having been cut off suddenly by the same illness, was enough to make me fearful.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LATE ALEX. KEEFER, ESQ.

The last overland mail took to England the news of the death, in Australia, of a young Canadian, Mr. Alex. Keefer, who was the first member of the Bar of Canada admitted to practise as a barrister in that colony, and the first Canadian elected to its Legislature. This lamented gentleman, besides that professional ability which led to his rapid advancement in a strange country, possessed literary attainments of no common order, as evinced by some letters of his which have been occasionally published in the papers at Montreal and Toronto during the last seven years.

Alexander Keefer, the tenth and youngest son of the late George Keefer, Esq., of Thorold, was born there on the 20th November, 1825. He was educated at Upper Canada College and studied the profession of the law in the office of the late Hon. Robert Baldwin, then in partnership with the Hon. Mr. Justice Adam Wilson. In 1850 he was admitted to the Bar of Upper Canada, and in 1852 sailed from New York for Australia, via Rio Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope. For the first two years of his residence there, he essayed to the gold digging, in common with thousands of all professions and callings from nearly every



THE LATE ALEXANDER KEEFER ESQ., BARRISTER AT LAW.

quarter of the globe. In March, 1855, he decided to return home, having gained the chief object of his travels, the complete restoration of his health, which had been broken down from excessive mental application the year after his admission to the Bar in Canada. While waiting at Melbourne for a ship he entered a law office, and finding the profession a very lucrative one at that time in Australia, he was advised to remain in the colony and resume it. To effect this a serious obstacle had first to be overcome, which required six months of continued exertion and a considerable outlay in money.

The law of the colony of Victoria had been framed in the interest of the profession of both branches, barristers and attorneys, from the United Kingdom only. All members which were admitted to practise as a matter of course, but ignored barristers from other colonies, and compelled even attorneys to reside a year after giving notice of their intention to practise, and further to undergo an examination.

Mr. Keefer felt it his duty to maintain the honor of his native province, and therefore sought, by petition to the Supreme Court, for himself as a Canadian barrister, the privileges accorded to those from the United Kingdom, but was repulsed. Nothing daunted thereat, he invoked the aid of the press and the Legislature, and after a six months' contest with the Bar was admitted by a special act, in March, 1856; and in April went to Beechworth, the capital of the Ovens District, about 200 miles inland from Melbourne. Possessing a practical knowledge of gold mining, he at once obtained a large and lucrative practice in his own profession, and was soon solicited to represent the district in the Provincial Legislature. This he declined, because the capital was 200 miles distant, and, besides the loss sustained by absence, the heavy personal expenses in that colony were then borne by the representatives themselves. In 1859, however, he was solicited from all quarters to save the district from the disgrace of returning a demagogue whom no one else could defeat, and yielded, with the understanding that he should resign as soon as the election of a proper successor could be secured, which he did the following year, and then set about preparing for a visit to his native land, in connection with one to the contemplated Exhibition at London in 1861. This having been postponed till 1862, he left Australia for Ceylon in Nov., 1861, and thence took the P. & O. Co. Steamers to Calcutta. From this point he visited Cawnpore, Delhi, &c., and returned by Kurrachee and Bombay to Suez, and after visiting the Nile, Jerusalem, the Jordan, &c., he reached Liverpool in May. In September, after seeing the United Kingdom and a portion of the continent, he came out to Canada, after ten years absence, in time to see the progress of the Province as evinced at the Provincial Exhibition in Toronto. In

November he returned, via the overland route, and reached Melbourne in May last. In four months thereafter he was struck down after ten days' illness, by a return of the same disease which caused his emigration to Australia. We conclude our short memoir in the words of the Toronto Globe:

'He returned to Australia to die. The news of his decease was telegraphed from Beechworth, where he resided, to Melbourne the day before the steamer sailed. The Argus correspondent telegraphed: 'He was a much respected citizen, whose loss will be greatly felt in the Ovens District, which Mr. Keefer at one time represented.' We may add that every Canadian in that distant country found a friend in Mr. Keefer. His house and purse were always open to them.'

The following graphic sketch is from one of his letters to friends in Canada:

GOLD DIGGING IN VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, IN 1854.

Perhaps it may be interesting to you to hear something of the manners and customs of the diggers, their mode of life, and the manner of searching for, and the method of securing the gold.

It would puzzle the genius of a Dickens to portray the variety of character one meets with in every part of the country; suffice it for me to say, that the population is composed of drafts from all parts of the world as yet approached by commerce, the scale preponderating in favor of Great Britain. Our trans-Pacific friends, (as Americans are called,) however, are getting a fair share of the commerce of the country, and promise to infuse into John Bull (who has hitherto had his own way here) something of that progressive spirit which I am pleased to see now characterises Canada. There is an abominable squatting monopoly which has swallowed up all within a little of the land of the country, which is held by the squatters for grazing purposes only—they being prohibited by law from cultivating what is actually necessary for their own use and that of their dependants. These squatters hold the whole country (with an inconsiderable exception) in sections ranging from ten miles square to twenty miles square to each, under leave from the Colonial Government—of fourteen years, generally. The country is dependent for its breadstuffs, vegetables and horse feed, chiefly upon the adjacent colonies of South Australia and Van Dieman's Land. The direct result of this suicidal land policy, by discouraging agriculture in this colony, is to permanently settle and build up South Australia and Van Dieman's Land, where a more liberal land policy somewhat analogous to that of Canada, obtains. Thus you will observe that in a population of upwards of 200,000—with the exception of the squatters, who number about 200 only, and who get their returns from wool, all who do not find refuge in their trades, professions or callings, or who do

not engage in mercantile pursuits, have no other alternative than gold digging. Here we find among those classed as 'diggers,' men of all professions, (not excepting the clerical,) trades and callings, and not a few of refinement. This is so much the rule that wherever I have been, as yet, in the diggings, I have always found desirable associates. You would be amused to see the ingenious methods of concealment, under which a practical eye can discern the bearing of one ill accustomed to the blue shirt and corduroys of the digger. No legitimate occupation is considered infradig on the gold fields, though the weight of authority looks upon digging as the most aristocratic. Not very long since I retained a member of the English bar to remove our tent and traps to a different part of the diggings with his bullocks and dray, and he took 15s. by the motion.

During the summer months, (for convenience we divide the year into summer and winter) say from October until May, we live in tents which are pitched in the most desirable spots compatible with the theatre of our labors. Our great study is to keep our worldly goods from accumulating and annoying us in moving. We are reconciled to the absence of superfluities, and I often think how I would in by-gone days, comiserate any one deprived of chairs and tables, et hoc genus homo, which, as a general thing, we could not receive as presents saddled with an injunction to take care of them. In winter I have never lived in a tent, yet the great majority of the people do. Last winter—and I built a logshanty, and covered it with bark, in which we were very comfortable. Our winter here is similar to November with you, though milder. Rain is the chief ingredient in it. I have only twice noticed ice of the thickness of a penny.—The frosts have no effect on the forest trees, as far as the foliage is concerned, which is never shed at once as in Canada. A curious thing relative to the trees here is, that they shed their bark periodically instead of the leaves. We have now got into winter quarters at 'The Avoca,' a new gold field about 120 miles from Melbourne in a N. W. direction. We are living in a logshanty, and devote most of our evenings to reading and sewing buttons on our shirts.

Gold is found in different parts of a goldfield at various depths from the surface, (as at Ballarat.) extending 160 feet to the rock. The external indication, at those diggings which I have visited, seems to be white and pink quartz—the surface uneven, caused by parallel gullies running from either side into a main receptacle channel for carrying off the rains. Upon the hills between the gullies the deposit is usually within a foot of the surface, mixed with a quartz gravel lying upon a stratum of stiff red clay. Sometimes by sinking through (after removing the gravel for the purpose of washing) we again find in these hills another auriferous stratum lying upon white pipe clay, and following it on to the gullies on either side. The largest deposits are found in the middle of the gullies, generally occupying a narrow 'lead,' where the pipe clay is farther from the surface.—The depth to this pipe clay in the gullies varies from two feet at the upper end, to nine or ten feet, where they become lost in the flat lying at right angles with them. Upon this flat the sinking is deeper, varying from ten feet at the head to frequently (as at these diggings) upwards of fifty feet at the foot.—The mode of getting at the gold is by sinking a shaft, the size of an ordinary well, down to the auriferous stratum, which is from three to six inches in thickness, and lays upon the pipe clay. No part of the earth taken up before reaching the stratum lying upon the pipe clay is reserved for washing. When the stratum is reached, it is removed, with two or three inches in depth of the pipe clay, to be washed. This auriferous stratum is generally composed of clay mixed with black and white water-worn quartz gravel, having the gold diffused throughout it, but chiefly lying immediately upon the pipe clay. After this, which we call 'washing stuff,' is removed, we sink about three feet into the pipe clay, and 'drive' the latter away from under the auriferous stratum, send it out of the shaft, throw it away, and then knock down 'the washing stuff' overhead, and send it up to be secured. The method of obtaining the gold from the 'washing stuff' is by placing it in a tub and puddling it with water until all the clay is dissolved, and nothing remains but the clean gravel and the gold. It is then run through the 'cradle,' which separates most of the gravel from the gold, concentrating the latter on a slide made for its reception in the cradle. The contents of this slide are emptied into a pan, where the dirt is removed from the gold by the oscillating motion of the pan in the water, leaving the gold itself concentrated by its weight in the bottom.

STUDIES BEAUTIFUL AND GRAND. ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED.

Few questions can be started more curious or more interesting than that which relates to the existence or non-existence of life on the other planets of our solar system. Arguments on both sides are urged with more or less ability; the negative being chiefly based on the assumption that they are unfitted, for physical reasons, to be the home of beings, organized as we are. Though there is in reality no reason why living beings should not inhabit those worlds, we propose to show that an inhabitant of the planet we occupy, might, if transported hence to one of them, be capable of continued existence there, with just that slight modification which would grow out of a change of condition. As their adaptability for habitation must depend to a great extent on the matter of which they are composed, it is worth while stating the hypothesis which we conceive to be the most plausible, as to the mode in which they were formed—an hypothesis, be it here remarked, which agrees, on the whole, with the opinions maintained by Dr. Brewster and other high authorities.

The idea that the sun is an incandescent mass, seems to be confirmed by the recent experiments of Kirchhoff, Bunsen, and others—and very wonderful indeed are the inferences which flow from their discoveries. We know that the sun revolves on its axis in a certain period, and appearances indicate that the same results follow from this in his case, as regards the regular sets of currents of air, as on the earth. The larger and brighter masses of cloud are heaped together more thickly on either side of a band running across the sun's disc than elsewhere, owing, as is supposed, to currents analogous to our trade winds. They are also observed to collect round the huge dark spots frequently visible on the sun's disc. The cause of these spots cannot be explained, but when numerous they do certainly affect the amount of light transmitted to us, as the experiments of Secchi show the light emitted from a spot near the centre of the sun does not exceed in quantity that which flows from the edge of the disc, where the luminosity is least, and from whence it goes on increasing towards the centre. But these masses of cloud are far from being of the innocent nature of those which float in our atmosphere. Instead of being particles of water they are, there is good reason to believe, formed of metallic vapors, which, if they descend at all, pour down on the body of the sun in a fiery shower with a force, compared with which our tropical rains are light as falling dew. The mass of which the sun is composed is so enormous that the mind cannot form the faintest conception of the period which must elapse before its fires are extinguished and it disappears from the firmament, as other luminaries have done before it. Nor would it be possible, even if its combustion were more rapid than it is, to perceive any diminution in its dimensions, though the most careful examinations were continued through successive generations.—But that which generations could not perceive may well have taken place for all that, and it is easy to imagine that there was a time when in a nebulous state it filled the whole space included within the orbit of Neptune. Its revolution on its axis would cause the denser particles of which it is composed to fly outwards, and a ring would be formed which, by the dissipation of heat in space would probably contract and fracture, and the fractured portions may then have coalesced and assumed the form of a globe, retained in its orbit by the attraction of the mass of matter from which it is separated, and rotating on its axis in the same way as its constituent particles have done when it formed part of the parent body, or it may be that this continuous rotation may be due, as has been asserted, to the effects of electricity; a theory which was promulgated some years since in this country, though it has recently been revived in France, and spoken of as something quite novel.

Assuming the above theory to be true, the same process would be repeated as the sun continued to revolve and scatter its heat through space, and the planet Uranus would be formed. A repetition of it would produce Saturn, next Jupiter, then the huge planet, or the bodies that may once have been one, the Asteroids; then Mars, the Earth, Venus, and Mercury in succession, and; possibly, another planet within the orbit of Mercury, which, from its proximity to that luminary, is invisible to us. Assuming that, we have now positive evidence that all the metals with which we are acquainted exist in a state of combustion in the sun's atmosphere, and having regard to the physical appearances discernible on the planets belonging to our system, it may fairly be inferred upon this principle that they are all composed of simi-

lar substances. The question of their adaptability to the residence of organized beings, not differing essentially from ourselves, therefore would rest on their bulk, on the amount of light and heat they receive from the central orb, and on the presence of an atmosphere.

First, as regards their bulk. The weight of an object on the Earth is in proportion to the density of the globe and the distance of the object from its centre. The same holds good with respect to Jupiter, which is thirteen hundred and thirty times larger; and supposing the densities of both to be alike, the consequence would be that any object whatever, whether a man, a tree, or one of the pyramids, transported hence to that planet would crumble to pieces under the force of the attraction. But the densities of the planets are not equal. Taking first the exterior planet, Neptune, it is found that, bulk for bulk, its weight as compared with the Earth is as one to six, or nearly that of water, which is five and a half times lighter than that of solid matter contained in our globe. Thus, though the bulk of Neptune is 107 times that of the Earth, its relative lightness, combined with the fact that an object on its surface is nearly five times more distant from its centre, would cause bodies to weigh nearly the same there as here. We will make this matter a little clearer to those who have not considered the subject.

If the density of Neptune was the same as the earth, bodies placed at the same distance from its centre would weigh 107 times heavier than here. But as the weight of a body, or the force with which it is drawn towards the centre of the globe* on which it rests, is diminished in proportion as it is more distant from the centre of attraction, a deduction would have to be made on this account, so that a man who weighed 150 lbs. on the Earth would actually weigh only 700 lbs. on the surface of Neptune. This is calculated on the supposition that the density of Neptune is the same as that of the planet we inhabit. The fact however, is, as we have already said, that in consequence of the lightness of Neptune as compared with the Earth, a man going hence to that globe would be able to move with the same facility. As regards Uranus, though its dimensions are eighty-two times that of the earth, its weight, as compared with it, bulk for bulk, is not greater than that of Neptune, that is to say, as one to six, or a little less than water. The same powers of locomotion would therefore suffice if a man were transported to Uranus. Saturn is comparatively much lighter than either of the planets previously mentioned; they are nearly of the same weight as a globe of water would be, whereas Saturn is lighter in the proportion of one to one-and-a-half. But as its volume is 857 times that of the Earth, the actual weight of a man, on its surface would be somewhat greater than on this globe, but not in a degree capable of impeding his movements to any serious extent.

The enormous dimensions of Jupiter, notwithstanding its lightness as compared with our globe, would render a residence on it irksome, though not impossible, without an increase of muscular power. On Mars half the strength we possess would be sufficient to enable us to move about and supply our wants with facility. The same may be said of Mercury: and as regards the only other planet of our system not yet mentioned, Venus, we should there be unconscious of having changed our habitation, as far as bodily strength is concerned.

We do not see, in the lightness of the majority of the planets as compared with our own globe, any ground for the inference that they are thereby unfit for human habitation, since lightness is quite compatible with solidity. The other objections that might be urged are, that there would be an insufficient supply of light and heat to support life on planets revolving at such an enormous distance from the central orb whence that light and heat emanates. At the first glance it would seem that if we have not a superabundance of either it must follow that Jupiter, which is five times more distant, must be deficient in both; and that this deficiency must go on increasing in an eminent degree as we recede to Saturn, which is nine times, to Uranus, which is eighteen times, and to Neptune, which is twenty-eight times more distant than the earth. But a little consideration will show that, though regarded with our organs of vision, the sun, seen from Neptune, would appear of about the same diameter as a bright star, an enlargement of the pupils would cause objects on its surface to appear as brilliantly illuminated as on the earth; the same result would be produced if the retina were rendered more sensible, either of which modifications might be produced without any alteration in the structural organization of the eye.

But the most important question of all is: Have the other planets an atmosphere resembling ours? If they have not, it is clear that, however closely they may resemble the earth in other respects, they cannot be inhabited by beings like us. If we were deprived of our atmosphere we know that there could be no clouds, no gradual passage from light to darkness; objects would be strongly lighted or in deep shadow, the sun would be a brilliant object, but the firmament would appear black and dotted with stars; there would be neither life nor sound, and the earth would circle round the Sun, a frozen ball, devoid of everything which would render life on it agreeable, even if it were possible.

Observations that have been made establish conclusively the fact that the other planets are enveloped in atmospheres. The two planets most favorably situated with respect to us for telescopic examinations, are Venus, Jupiter, and Mars. Surrounding Venus, we perceive what many astronomers consider to be a thick atmosphere—so dense indeed that the twilight has been perfectly distinguished there; and this, together with its position, and the masses of cloud which float in it, denoting the presence of water, render the discovery of anything relative to the configuration of its surface highly improbable, beyond the fact that it has its chains of mountains, resembling those on the earth.—In the case of Mars, we are able to go beyond this. With a telescope possessing the requisite power, we can trace the boundaries of oceans and continents, and even the snow which lies at its polar circles, and the extent to which it is dissolved by the summer sun. By means of the lights and shadows on its surface, the fact that it rotates on its axis in as nearly as possible the same time as the Earth, has been proved; the same may also be said of the other planets, the differences in the time occupied in their respective revolutions being so trifling that it is not necessary to specify them.

Thus the existence of atmospheres round the other planets of our system being so highly probable, we have good grounds for believing that they are suited for the habitation of beings like ourselves. Objections on the ground of insufficient warmth are overruled at once; the degree of heat will be regulated by the density of the atmosphere. We know that we have only to ascend a mountain till we attain an altitude of 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, to find snow at the same time that the country at its foot is parched with heat, which is accounted for by the fact that the atmosphere is much more dense at the surface of the earth than at an elevation of three miles above it. If, then, our own experience enables us to prove that so slight a change of position in our atmosphere makes all the difference between life and death, surely no sane person will continue to urge the want of warmth in the more distant planets, as a reason for their being uninhabitable, when by a slight increase of density in their atmospheres their temperature would be raised to an equality with ours; moreover, we do not yet know that the heat we enjoy emanates entirely from the sun, or from the combined action of the sun's rays and terrestrial agencies.

Having urged the preceding facts by way of proof that there is no essential difference between the physical condition of the Earth and that of the other planets of the system, it can be hardly necessary to pursue the argument of the extreme probability of their being inhabited by beings organized as we are.

The proofs that the globe we inhabit was expressly designed as a dwelling for us abound so thickly, that for any person to maintain that it was formed by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, is preposterous; and the evidences of design are not stronger in the case of the Earth than as regards other planets. We all remember how a distinguished German philosopher, who had been reflecting on this subject in his study, on entering his dining-room and perceiving a salad, suddenly exclaimed, 'So, then, if lettuce chervil, beetroot, and the other vegetables I see there, had been flying about in space with eggs, oil, and vinegar, they might at last have formed a salad!' 'Yes,' answered his wife, 'but not a salad like that before you.' The lady was undoubtedly right. Simple as such a result might have appeared, the probabilities against the substances mixed themselves together in the proportions to form a good salad would puzzle a Quetelet to calculate.

If Chance had had anything to do with the formation of the Earth, there would be no reason why it should rotate on its axis in twenty-four hours, and yet a comparatively slight increase in that period might have rendered it uninhabitable. A very slight deviation from the actual inclination of its axis would have a similar effect. Without

an atmosphere we could not, of course, exist at all; but a very slight addition to one of the gases of which it is composed would destroy every living thing on the Earth's surface, and its abstraction would reduce the globe to a mass of ashes. Everything then being so nicely adapted to the maintenance of life, and such an apparently trifling modification being capable of extinguishing it altogether, it is impossible to reflect on the matter without being driven to the conclusion that the Earth was formed expressly as a dwelling for us. And can we then doubt, that the same Creator who formed this globe created the others for a like purpose? That their inhabitants resemble us physically is only a reasonable supposition, considering the close resemblance of the different orbs: how far they may differ from us morally can only be imagined. (GEORGE LEIGH.)

TORONTO BY TORCHLIGHT.

As the din and bustle of laborious day changes to the light and volatile merriment of laughter-loving eve, we enter Yonge street at Yorkville, and looking towards the bay, down, over and through an avenue of light, see the moonbeams playing on its waters. Those waters so placidly at rest, contrasting strangely with the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the nurturing schemes and perchance the blighted prospects of the moving mass between them and ourselves.

Passing the College Avenue, where the measured tread of Volunteers drowns the more lively, and again the more thoughtful steps of those who are destined, in 'unyielding reality' soldiers, but not in the arms of 'Mars,' we see the bright successive lights of the rattling feu-de-joie, as from rank to rank, not the signal but the fire it rank.

Everything is military here. In fact I shouldn't wonder to see a 'female rifle corps' shortly. How beautiful they would look, kneeling to receive cavalry. Oh, ye goddess of beauty! what a power lurks in the rolling of your eyes. I, for myself, am perfectly easy while affirming that they would have had more power than the militia bill, provided it had been passed by a late government, for then every man would become a soldier without it. I myself, old as I am, would shoulder a musket to march side by side 'to death or glory.'

But here we are in the heart of the city, don't imagine, however, it is a Broadway, or a Pall Mall; no, it is only Yonge Street in a jam,—the only term I can use. Keep to the right and scan the crowd as we and they pass by—a living, moving panorama, with the shop reflectors for foot lights.

What an excitement is imparted, walking through a crowded street in a city, a wild vitality which we receive partially from others, which, together with the peculiar contrasts witnessed, banish dull care; and even if in debt, the endearing remembrances of your creditors are 'non est,' a pleasing relief, I assure you. Here beauty looks un pityingly on the opposite; youth passes unknowingly brushes close to vice, and vice walks proudly, defiantly on; each and every one engrossed with their own feelings, pursuing their own prospects, unknowingly we rush with the rushing, and loiter with the loitering.

Passing Queen Street with its 'tuff crowded corners,' we are regaled by snatches of music escaping from the 'Shades of evening minstrelsy,' a poetical name for a rather unpoetical establishment, where every thing is seen, from a drummer boy who didn't play at Bulls Run, to a slack rope performer who didn't walk over the Falls. Onwards to the Theatre, where a poor play receives the poorer plaudits of the poorest of houses; and last and greatest looms the dark and lowering walls of the old 'Rossin,' with its many eye-like windows, through which the twinkling stars glitter, looking like a gaping monument—a monument of Toronto's loss and of Toronto's want of energy.

But now it's growing late and the streets, if not deserted, are kept possession of by those whom you would prefer meeting in the light of day sooner than in a dark alley, at the 'witching hour of night.' At this time the measured tread of the citizens guard is 'sweet music to the ear;' it makes you pass the broad brimmed hats that cover these doubtful characters with perfect ease and compos-

ure. How wonderfully brave we are when there's good backing. The clock striking eleven, and the policeman's cry of 'All's well,' breaks the spell of stillness, which is gradually dispensing its solemn quietness over the city—fold by fold falls the drapery of slumbering night, as 'Morpheus,' the sweet alleviator of care struggles successfully for victory, and carries his willing captives through variegated dream-land.

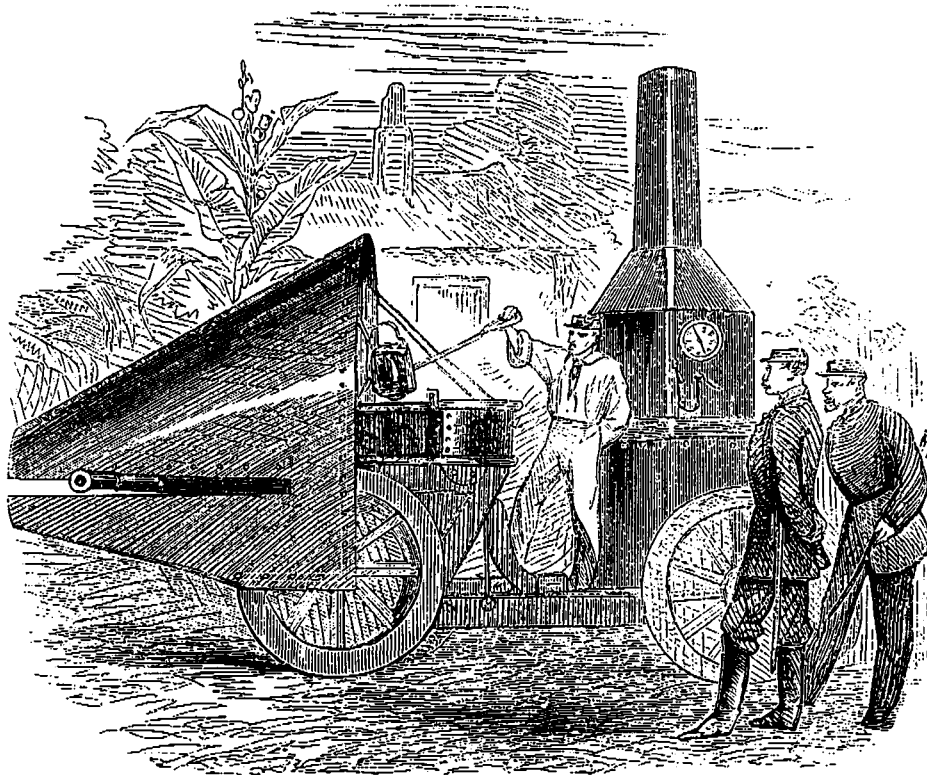
But see that small, glimmering, flickering light issuing from the top-most window, where to all appearances it is fed by the wasted hand of poverty, whose visionary attendants you may fancy lurking in the corners of that perchance poor student's sanctum. From his eye-lids sleep is banished, by it may be, the delusive illusions of fame—'Oh, ambition,' &c. Again, look to the first floor of the same building where the light streams from the open casements, through which gush the merry tones of laughter mingled with the quick, soul-stirring strains of music. Both parties appear to have dismissed sleep, and with what a different purpose. The former toils and struggles for a place in the 'world's register'—wastes his youth, his life, a stranger to happiness, and I might say, to hope—so nearly is it allied to fear of defeat, all to gain the empty bubble fame.—While the latter lives partially devoid of a purpose, further than seizing the pleasures of the present moment, leaving the rest to fate, sipping the nectar of flowers as they bloom, and indulging in anticipated pleasures of others still in the bud.

Which is right? Philosophers have asserted the former, and I would not gainsay what they have said. Such is life, portrayed in many phases, the bright so near, yet how very far distant from the dark. They cannot be divided, they mingle, yet scarcely with one color, or trait, in common.

DELLWA.

LAKE OF THE TWO MOUNTAINS.

When the great river Ottawa has gathered in its tributaries; has rushed and roared at the various rapids; has loitered and made the wilderness a delight to those who may adventure there, it expands at the foot of the everlasting hills just before it merges and marries with the St. Lawrence. It bears on its bosom rafts of timber. It carries vessels laden for the use of the lumberers. It swells in spring, it contracts in summer, it is bridged by ice in winter. We give a view of it as seen from the South shore this summer.



IRON CAR BATTERY,—FIRST SECTION.

RAILWAY BATTERIES.

Among the new appliances of war, are the batteries proposed to be worked on railways. The two engravings on this page represent, 'Winn's Steam Battery,' of which we find this account in American newspapers:

A SINGULAR engine of war has just been completed in the United States. One of the long platform baggage-cars has been fixed with sides and top of thick sheet iron, the side having port holes for musketry. A turntable has been arranged, on which a rifled cannon is to be placed. The carriage for the gun is so constructed that it can be fired at any angle, and from any one of the port-holes in the sides and end of the car. In place of shot or shell from the cannon, pieces of iron punched from locomotive boilers will be used as loads. This car is to be placed in front of a locomotive, with fifty men inside, armed with Minie rifles, and with seamen to work the cannon.

And this other is described as invented by a Mr. Dickenson.

A STEAM-GUN, which, it is said, will cast from 100 to 500 balls per minute, has just been made by Mr. Williams, of Baltimore. This gun was seized by Colonel Jones, of the Massachusetts Volunteers, when on its way from Baltimore branch of the Baltimore, and Ohio Railroad. The merits of the steam-gun are thus summed up by its inventor, Mr. Dickenson:—'As a triumph of inventive genius in the application and practical demonstration of centrifugal force this most efficient engine stands without a parallel commanding wonder and admiration at the simplicity of its construction and the destructiveness of its effects, and is eventually destined to inaugurate a new era in the science of war. Rendered ballproof and protected by an iron cone and mounted on a four-wheeled carriage, it can be readily moved from place to place or kept on march with an army. It can be constructed to discharge missiles of any capacity, from an ounce ball to a 24lb. shot, with a force and a range equal to the most approved gunpowder projectiles, and can discharge from 100 to 500 balls per minute. For city or harbour defence it would prove more effi-

cient than the largest battery. For use on the battle-field the musket calibre engine would mow down opposing troops as the scythe mows standing grain; and in sea-fights, mounted on low-decked steamers, it would be capable of sinking any ordinary war-vessel. In addition to the advantages of power, continuous action, and velocity of discharge, may be added economy in cost of construction, in space, labor and transportation, all of which would be small in comparison to the cost and working of batteries of cannon and the equipment and management of a proportionate force of infantry.'

In the foregoing, Mr. Dickenson speaks as if the Perkins Steam Battery had never been heard of. But many years ago, before Mr. Dickenson was heard of, the Steam battery was a great fact.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS.

BY N. H. BOWEN, ESQ.

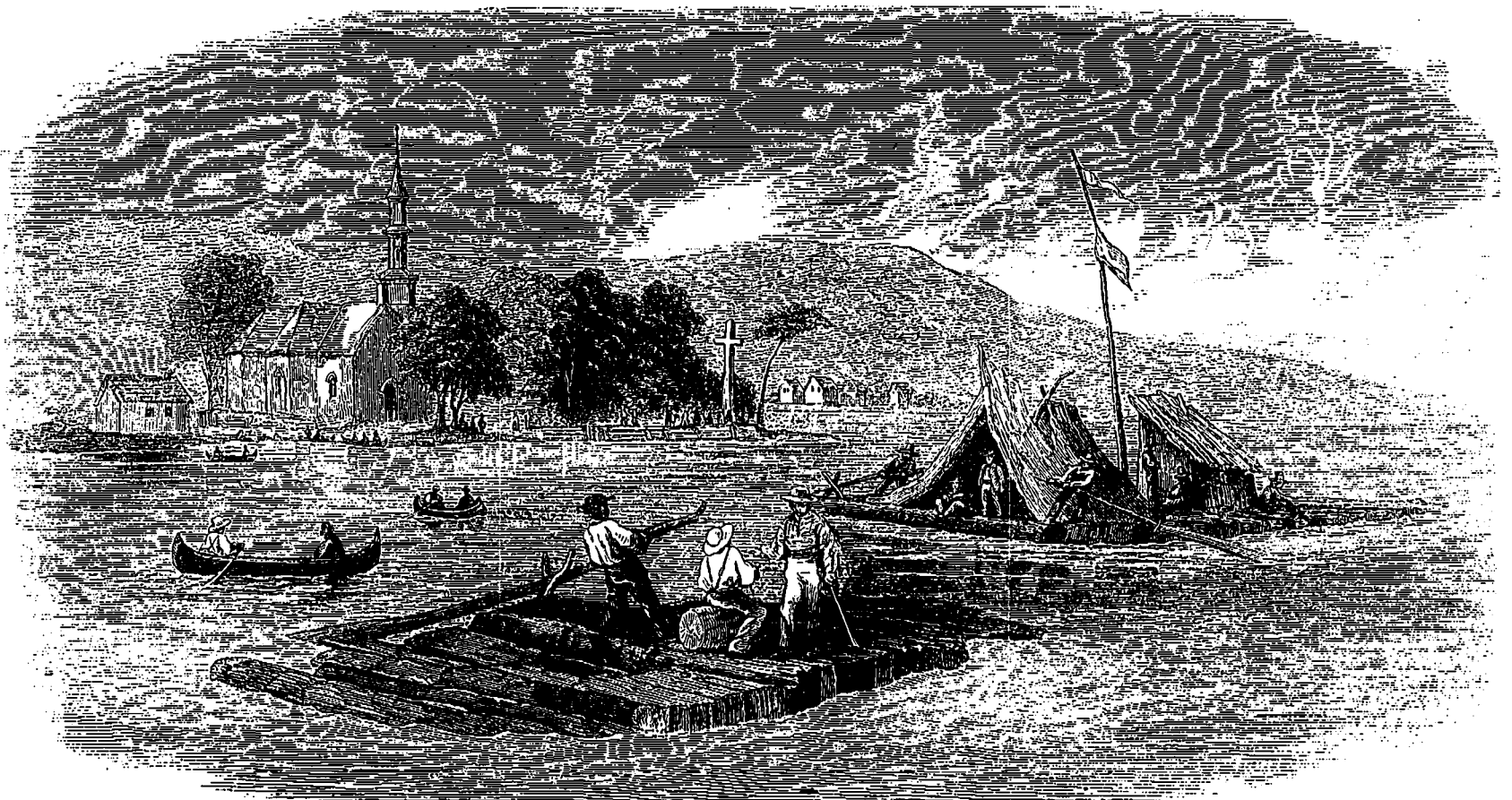
Of the many Islands which divide the waters of the broad St. Lawrence, there is none which more deservedly claims attention than the Isle of Orleans, not only for the beauty of its scenery, but for the salubrity of the climate and the fertility of its soil.

But apart from these natural advantages, the Island is not wanting in historical recollections. Within but four miles from the citadel of Quebec, and forming not the least attrac-

tive spot in the harbor is the south-west end of the Isle of Orleans, with green banks sloping down to the very water's edge, relieved by a cluster of white cottages at the extreme point, and a grove of pine trees on the crest of the hill, called the Crow's Nest.

Owing to its great fertility the Isle of Orleans was one of the first places cleared and settled by the French, on their arrival in Canada, and most of the lands have been conceded for upwards of two centuries. The Island now consists of the five parishes, of Saint Pierre, Saint Famille, Saint Francois, Saint Jean and Saint Laurent, containing an aggregate population of over 6,000 souls.

Isolated from the mainland and until lately possessing but very imperfect communication with the city during the summer months, the inhabitants of the place (all of French extraction) have preserved the manners and customs of their forefathers more closely than their countrymen on the mainland, and are less contaminated by the fashion and follies of the town. Owing to the same cause, the Islanders have intermarried

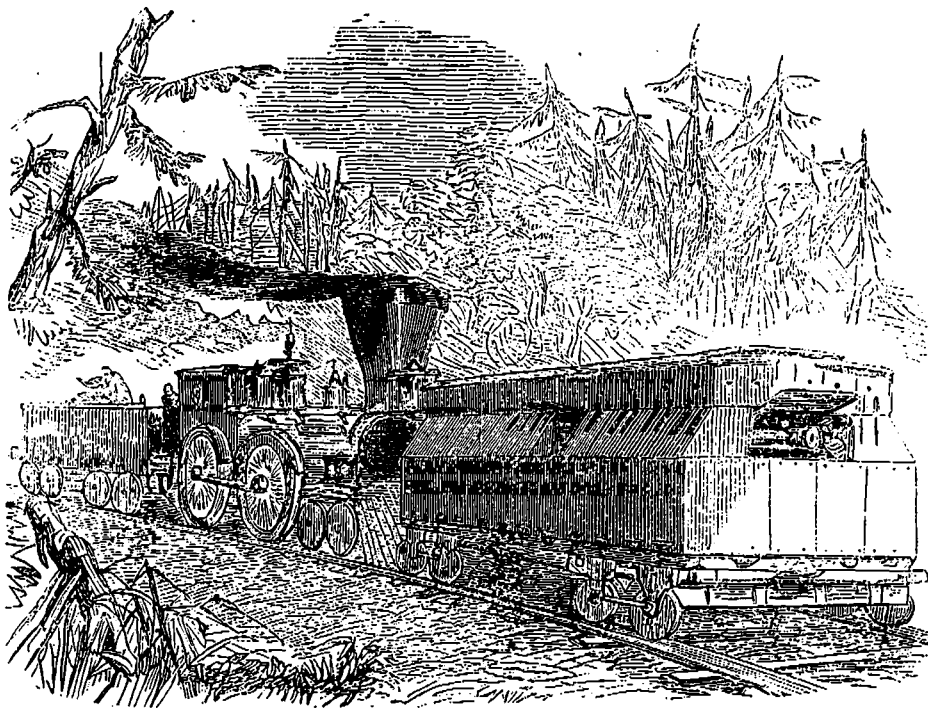


CANADIAN SCENERY; LAKE OF TWO MOUNTAINS ON THE RIVER OTTAWA.

chiefly between themselves, and in a great majority of cases, the lands are still owned by the direct descendants, bearing the names of the original grantees.

The first historical mention of this Island is in Jacques Cartier's second voyage to America, when ascending the St. Lawrence for the first time, he cast anchor with his ships *La Grande Hermine*, *La Petite Hermine* and *L'Emerillon*, off Chateau Richer, between the Great Island (as he called it) and *la terre du Nord*, where he found people living and chiefly occupied in fishing.

Here he went ashore, taking with him as interpreters Taiguaguy and Domagaya, the two Gaspe Indians who had accompanied him to Europe in his former voyage: with their assistance the natives were easily conciliated, received the strangers with every demonstration of joy, and gave them presents of fish, millet (mil) and melons. Next day, Donacoma, the chief of the Canadian Indians, (Seigneur du Canada) as he is styled in the narrative, visited Cartier with twelve boats, full of the natives, and finding from the mouth of the two Indians, how well they had been treated in Europe he also exhibited much joy, and kissed Cartier's arms as a mark of gratitude. Cartier afterwards visited the Island, to see the nature of the soil and to examine the trees, which he says appeared very beautiful. He found them to consist of oak, elm, pine, cedar and other woods known in France; and likewise found an immense number of vines, which he had not yet met with in the country, and for that reason he named it Bacchus Isle, *L'Isle de Bacchus*. In the spring, however, of 1536, as he returned to France, he anchored, he says, at the foot of the Isle of Orleans, having in the meantime changed its name, in honor of one of the royal family of France: this reason is not given in Cartier's account of his travels, but in 'Thevet's Cosmographie Universelle,' published in 1575, book 23, page 1011. Thivet, who was a personal friend of Cartier's, a great traveler, and had visited nearly every part of the then known world, writes: 'As to the great river of Hochelaga, it contains many beautiful islands, such as *L'Aisple* (Anticosti,) which is quite at its mouth, and Orleans, so



IRON CAR BATTERY,—SECOND SECTION.

called in honor and remembrance of the late Duke of Orleans.' These Islands might be easily fortified, peopled and cultivated. Our men lived there exceedingly well, as the natives brought them more fish than they desired, and furnished them also with abundance of game, which they are very skillful in taking, shooting with bows and arrows, and trapping the animals in many ingenious ways.

This Island, which is nearly twenty-one miles long and in some places five and a-half miles broad, was granted originally as a Seignior, forming part of the Seignior of Beaupre, by the company of New France to the Sieur Castillon of Paris, on the 15th January, 1636.

One of the conditions of the grant was, that the said Sieur Castillon was to send out colonists to settle on the Island; and all men so sent out were to be reckoned as so many, on account of those which the said Company

of New France, otherwise called the Company of the One Hundred Associates, had agreed by their charter to send to the colony.

The lands in this Seignior were soon occupied. In the year 1663 one of the Jesuit Fathers writes: 'The Island of Orleans is remarkable for its size, being upwards of fifteen leagues in circumference. It abounds in grain, which grows there of every description, and with such facility that the farmer has only to scrape the land, which yields him all he can desire: and this during fourteen or fifteen consecutive years, without any repose. This beautiful island continues happily to be peopled from one end to the other.'

Between the years 1662 and 1668, the Seignior of Beaupre passed into the hands of Monseigneur de Laval de Montmorency, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, who purchased and made a free gift of it to the Seminary of Quebec.

Monseigneur de Laval, on behalf of the said Seminary, (of which he was the founder) subsequently exchanged the *L'Isle d'Orleans* with Mre Francois de Berthelot, Conseiller au Parlement de Paris, for *L'Isle Jesus*, near Montreal, by deed before Dupare and Carnot, at Paris, on the 24th April 1675.

From this date the Island formed a distinct seignior, having its Arriere Fiefs, and was even erected into a Fief Noble, under the name of the Comte de St. Laurent (vide Histoire de la N France par le P. de Charlevoix, 3 vol. page 67.)

On the 25th February, 1702, Mre, Francois de Berthelot sold the Seignior to Dame Carlotte Françoise Incheureau (of the ancient family of Incheureau du Chesnay.) Epouse non commune de Francois de la Foret, Ecuyer.

On the 7th December 1705, the *Isle* and Comte St. Laurent, was sold in execution at the suit of M. de Berthelot vs Mde de la Foret, styled Comtesse de St. Laurent, and repurchased by M. de Berthelot.

From M. Francois de Berthelot, the Seignior passed to the Gaillard family, who transferred one half of it to the family Durocher allied to the Mouvides, and on the 24th May, 1800, the heirs Durocher and Mouvides, sold the said Seignior (with the exception of a portion at the North east end owned by Mr. Poulin,

to the late Joseph Drapeau, Esqr., in whose family it remains to the present day.

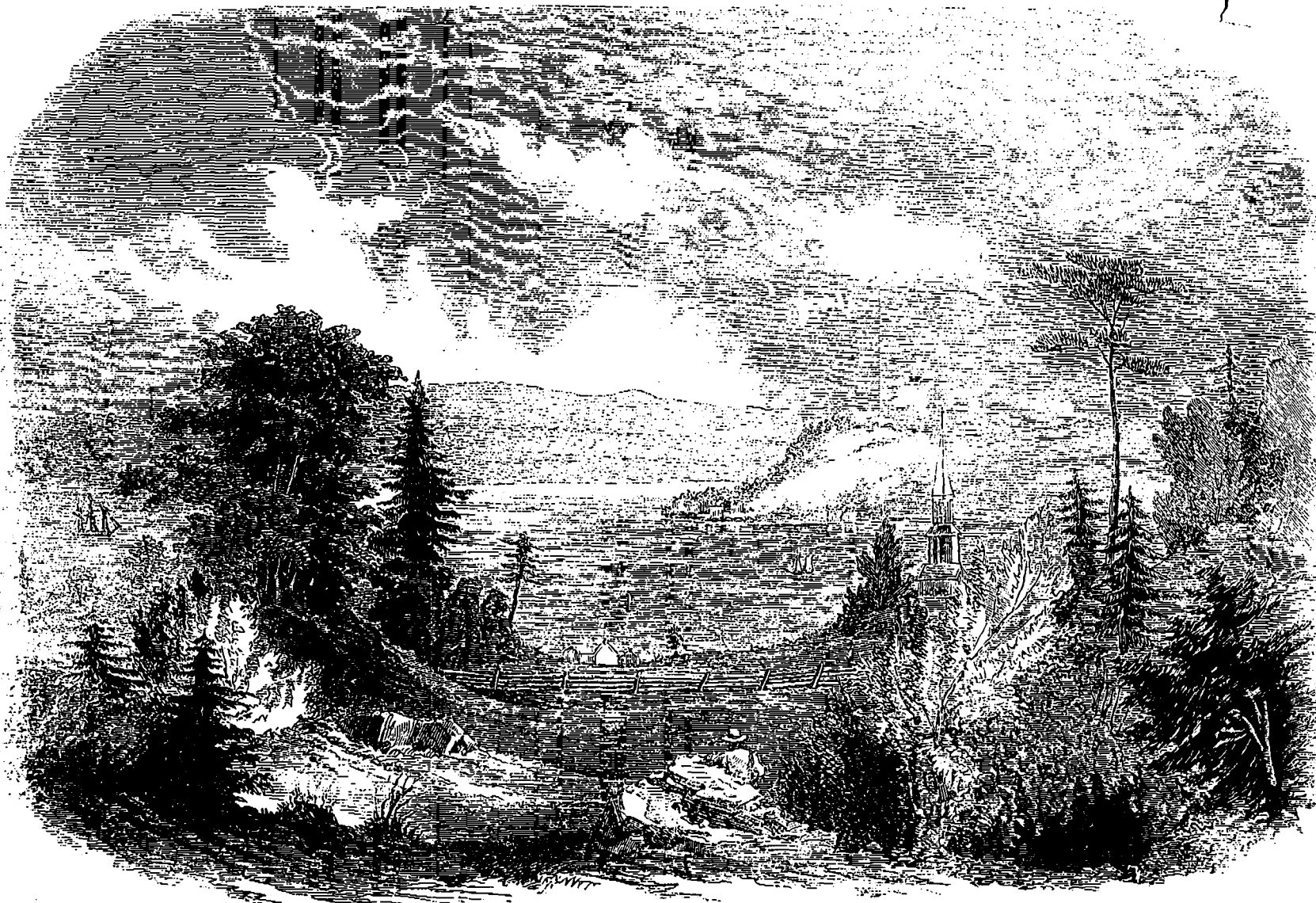
In this Seignior are several Fiefs or sub-Seigniors—arrieres Fiefs—paying tribute to the Seigneur primitif, namely:—the Fiefs Beaulieu, la Grosardiere, de la Chevalerie, de la Tessarie d'Argentanay and Menu.

Having thus traced the title of the Seignior from its original concession to our own days, I purpose to start from the south western extremity of the island, opposite Quebec, and following the road by which it is encompassed to point out some of the objects of interest with which it abounds.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

'What do you stand there for like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office; do you take it for a church?'

'Faix,' answered one of them, 'I was thinkin' so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy.'



CANADIAN SCENERY; ISLAND OF ORLEANS, NEAR QUEBEC.

THE MAIDENS YOUNG AND FAIR.

Rosalind is fresh and fair,
Playful, gay, and debonnaire;
Like some precious melody
'Tis the music of her voice,
And as bright as stars on high
Is the glancing of her eyes;
But she's fond of company,
So she wimna do for me.

Kate is tall and elegant,
But she's fond of spouting cant;
To her thinking mind we're such
Sinful sinners in the world,
That she would not wonder much,
If we all to—Banff were hurled!
One who deals in misery
Wimna, wimna do for me.

Jane is critical, refined,
Stout of frame and strong of mind;
She has lovely auburn hair,
And a fine expressive face,
And a stately, queen-like air
Full of dignity and grace;
But she'd strive for mastery,
So she wimna do for me.

Caroline is full of glee,
Wit and pun, and rei, artee;
And she moves with matchless grace.
Such a vision of delight,
That her benevolent form and face
Pleases ilka gazer's sight:
Of all maidens' neath the sun
She is sure the loveliest one.

'Tis a pleasure to survey
Her on some bright holiday;
With delight the eye beholds
Her in all her loveliness;
While in neat and graceful folds
Round her falls her tasteful dress;
But her name's Inconstancy,
So she wimna do for me.

Margaret has raven hair,
And a mild and gentle air;
She is charming, fresh, and young,
She looks modest, good, and true;
But she has a fearful temper,
And a fiery temper, too!
One who mu ders harmony
Wimna, wimna do for me.

Should there be a modest dear—
Thoughtful, amiable, sincere,
Cheerful, active, neat, and clean,
Lover of her ain breside,
Fond of singin' to a wean,
Who would like to be a bride;
Let her send her picture to
The address she sees below.

D. H. T.

Post Office, Dundas, Canada West.

Gaudin from the Basket.

How many women prefer ostentation to happiness!

Give a man health and he will give himself every thing else.

A literary admirer, at a great fire, said Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

Lunchcon, says Thackeray, is a base ingratitude to breakfast, and a premeditated insult to dinner.

Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man? Because he is above doing wrong.

'Here's to internal improvements,' as Dobbs said when he swallowed a dose of salts.

Girls and boys have too great a fondness for unripe fruit—especially that which grows upon the tree of love.

When a man is indisposed with the gout, it makes him indisposed to go out.

It is said when there's a red sky it is a sign of wind, but when there's a red nose it is a sign of wet.

To prevent a kitchen door from creaking, get a servant girl that has a sweetheart who comes to see her.

Why is a rejected councilman like a bad key? Because he doesn't suit the ward.

A humorous naturalist describes a ram as 'an animal whose butt is on the wrong end of him.'

The boy who was told that the best cure for the palpitation of the heart was to quit kissing the girls, said, 'If that's the only remedy, let it palpitate.'

'Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy.' 'I guess I won't mind it now, mother, as I've got in some tobacco,' replied the young hopeful.

Spare Ribs—Unmarried females.

Social Lyre—A female gossip.

The country for babies—Lapland.

To Adam and Eve, Paradise was home; to the good among their descendants, home is Paradise.

At an Agricultural dinner the following toast was given:—'The Game of Fortune—Shuffle the cards as you will, spades will always win.'

Here is a description of a pretty Puritan:—

'Of what persuasion is Miss G?'
Demanded once a grave polemic.
'She is so handsome that to me
She seems,' said I, 'an EVE-ANGELIC.'

A clergyman observing a poor man in the road breaking stones with a pickaxe and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark, 'Ah, John I wish I could break the stony hearts of my heavens as easily as you are breaking those stones.' The man replied, 'Perhaps, master you do not work on your knees.'

Dr. Richard Mead, of England, was the first doctor to introduce the custom of having himself called out of church; but he practiced this ruse under more favorable advantages than most could. His father was a clergyman with a large congregation, and when the doctor was called out, would say, 'dear brethren, let us offer up a prayer for the poor sufferer to whose relief my son Richard has been called.' In this way the son gained great notoriety.

A man met a boy on horseback, crying with cold. 'Why don't you get down and lead the horse?' said the man, 'that's the way to get warm.' 'It's a b-b-borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze!'

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cold, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bull-dog. It is the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

In Siam the penalty for lying is to have the mouth sewed up. Suppose such a law were in force here, what a number of mutes we should have!

Who broke all the commandments at once? Moses.

Motto for Cordwainers.—The last shall be first.

'Ah, Charley,' said one little fellow to another, 'we are going to have a cupola on our house.' 'Pooh! that's nothing,' rejoined the other; 'papa's going to get a mortgage on ours.'

A man who was pitched into a gutter where garbage is thrown, describes himself as being in an 'offal' condition.

Why is a kiss like scandal? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

To make a young lady six fathoms deep in happiness—give her two canary birds, half a dozen moonbeams, twenty yards of silk, a crinoline skirt, an ice-cream, several rose-buds, a squeeze of the hand, and the promise of a new bonnet. If she don't melt, it will be because she can't.

The editor of the Albany Express says the only reason why his dwelling was not blown away in a late storm was because there was a heavy mortgage on it.

A young lady (of the age of thirty-six) declared the other day in the strictest confidence to her maid servant, that she would sooner dye than let a single gray hair show itself.

An umbrella has been manufactured in Connecticut, called the 'lending umbrella.' It is made of brown paper and willow twigs, intended exclusively to accommodate a friend.

'Fred,' said a wag to a conceited young fop, 'I know a beautiful creature who desires to make your acquaintance.'

'Glad to hear it—fine girl—good taste—she is struck with my fine appearance, I suppose?'

'Yes, very much so. She thinks you would make a capital companion for her poodle dog.'

'Jones, what in the world put matrimony in your head?' 'Well, the fact is, Joe, I was getting very short of shirts.'

Trying to the feelings—tying a pretty girl's bonnet.

Blessed is he who blows his own horn, for whoever bloweth not his own horn the same shall not be blowed.

The member from Squam, who attempted to 'catch the speaker's eye' with a steel trap was made to take the floor by the sergeant ut-arms.

Do not daily regret what is already past. Motto for a Scribitor.—Aut Scissors aut nullus.

Hope.—A sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail, when he's waiting for a bone.

Mind your eye—as the thread said to the needle.

Those who will not forgive an offence are the most accursed of all men.

How very hot you are—as the roast beef said to the horse radish.

Never confide in a young man; new pairs leak.

Never tell your secret to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.

A selfish man is a pump with the handle padlocked up.

Our reputation, virtue, and happiness, greatly depend upon the choice of our companions.

What light could not possibly be seen in a dark room?

An Israelite.

Can it be said that a man has wisely considered what he has done when the end corresponds not with what he proposed?

'Mr. Smith, don't you think Mr. Skeesicks is a young man of parts?' 'Decidedly so, Miss. Brown; he is part numbskull, and part knave, and part fool!'

MEMORANDUM FOR THE MERCENARY.—Before you marry a lady for money, consider what an encumbrance you will find your wife, in the event of having lost or spent all she was worth;

Dr. March says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion there is nothing like 'flying round' to keep the nervous system from being unstrung. Some women think they want a physician when they only want a scrubbing brush.

There is a lawyer in Dearborn County, Indiana, known no less for his eccentricity than his legal lore. Many are the anecdotes told of him. A man once went to him to be qualified for some petty office. Said he, 'Hold up your hand; I'll swear you, but all creation couldn't qualify you.'

A well known political economist says: 'We pay best—first, those who destroy us, generals; second, those who cheat us, politicians and quacks; third, those who abuse us, singers and musicians; and least of all, those who instruct us, ministers, authors, schoolmasters, and editors.'

Dogs are in demand, since a paper was dropped, at Ashland, by some burglars, containing the names of residents who were without these useful and affectionate animals. The dog-slaying Boston city government of '53 thought there was no good in dogs; but many a trusty dog is now serving as private police who escaped the heathenish slaughter of blood in those days.

Why is dancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

Propos of earthquakes—one touch of Nature makes the whole world kick.

Down-East lyceum—question for discussion—'Can a big man ache harder than a little one!'

'My inkstand is stationery,' as the schoolmaster said when he found it nailed to the desk.

What would our day be without the morning and evening's twilight? A fierce and burning eye without a lid.

If an egg could speak, and you were to ask it whence it came, what sweetmeat would it name in reply? Ma-am-laid.

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

A lawyer on his passage from Europe observed a shark, and asked a sailor what it was, who replied, 'Here we call 'em sea lawyers.'

Brown being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, 'An opportunity.'

A business man of our acquaintance is so scrupulously exact in all his doings, that whenever he pays a visit, he always will insist upon taking a receipt.

Of all 'suits that are down for hearing,' we should say that the love suit with a rich widow that was deaf of both ears, was about as difficult as any to win.

A shrewd observer once said that, in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.

Longfellow asks 'what a single rose on a lady's forehead indicates.' To which the Louisville Journal replies that it 'probably means that, if she is kissed, it must be under the rose.'

'Why,' asked a little girl, 'is Fred like a man that has fallen off a tree and is determined to go up again?' 'Because he is going to try another climb!' Not bad for an eight-year old.

STATISTICS.

It appears from a British parliamentary return that the total number of members of the Irish Established Church in 1834 was 853,160; in 1861 it was 691,872.

Another return states that, the Government dockyards at home and abroad employ 368 officers and 17,624 workmen, and that £1,102,151 are annually paid in salaries.

Out of 36,590 common brewers in the United Kingdom, 32,672 pay license on less than 1,000 barrels of beer each. There are only two who pay upon upwards of 400,000 barrels each.

A parliamentary return states that 44,829 rifles, 2,600 smooth-bore arms, 40,000 great coats, 55,940 blankets, besides 45,500 'accoutrements,' and 2,276,500 'ammunition,' have been sent to British North America since December, 1861; as ordered, in consequence of the affair of the Trent.

THE POWER OF PENCE.—From the lately published report of the Central Committee of the Yorkshire Penny Savings Bank for the year 1862 it appears that at the close of 1861 the number of districts open was 29, and the number of branches open 161, while the deposits amounted to £10,571. 16s. 1d. On the 31st of December last there were 31 districts and 171 branches. The balance of deposits over repayments amounted to £52,233. 1s. 10., and the number of depositors was 17,796. Number of deposits made last year, 134,216; number of withdrawals, 12,738.

MINING PRODUCTS.—The articles of mining industry, again show an excess over last year of £928,020, the total from 1863 being £6,886,047, against £5,958,027, in 1862. There is never the less a decrease in five items; coals and culm being £16,466 less; brass, £1,554; tin, unwrought, £14,788; tin plates, £26,719; and zinc, £5,069; together, £64,596. The principal increase is in metals, which are £110,532 over 1862, the difference between £2,377,511 and £1,966,979; hardware and cutlery, £230,382; copper, £152,805; machinery, £119,900; lead, £70,714; and steel, £8,283.

THE COLONIAL EMPIRE OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The colonies of Great Britain comprise altogether 3,350,000 square miles, and cost for management £3,350,000 per annum, or just about a pound a mile. They have an aggregate revenue of £11,000,000 and owe among them £27,000,000, or just two years and a half income. They import goods to the amount of £60,000,000 yearly—half from Britain, and half from all the rest of the world. They export produce to the value of £50,000,000, of which three-fifths come to British ports; and all this is done by a population which is under 10,000,000 in aggregate, and of which only 5,000,000 are whites. Add to these figures, 900,000 square miles for India, and 200,000,000 of people, with a trade of £71,000,000, and we have as a result that the Queen reigns over nearly one-third of the land of the earth and nearly a fourth of its population.

SMALL-POX.—Small-pox is always present in London, and it is rarely absent from any district of the kingdom. The annual average mortality from small-pox throughout England during the seven years (1847-53) prior to the act of 1853, to extend and make compulsory the practice of vaccination, was 5,415; in London, 835. During the eight years (1854-61) subsequent to the Act coming into operation, the annual average in England was 3,237; in London, 608. No doubt can be entertained that the diminished average of the latter period was due to the more general recourse to vaccination caused by the Act of 1853. In the first period of seven years, the deaths from small-pox exceeded the average throughout England in 1848, 1851, and 1852, largely in 1852; in London in 1747, 1848, 1851, and 1852, being almost doubled in 1848, and greatly increased in 1851 and 1852. In the second period of eight years, the mortality throughout England was in excess in 1857, 1858, and 1859, being double the average in the latter year; in London the mortality was in excess in 1854, 1855, 1859, and 1860 largely so in 1855 and 1859. In short, during the fifteen years under consideration, small-pox became epidemic thrice throughout the kingdom, and four times in the metropolis. It was epidemic in England in 1849, 1851-52, and 1857-58; it was epidemic in London in 1847-48, 1851-52, 1854-55, and 1859-60. That these frequently-recurring outbreaks are to be assigned to neglected, or imperfect vaccination is a conclusion deduced not solely from general premises, but also from a careful investigation into the conditions giving rise to the more recent outbreaks in many localities.—Lancet.

SCOTTISH EMIGRATION COMPANY.

On the 20th instant, seventeen families sent out by this company reached the Railway depot at Hamilton, and proceeded west by the day express train to Chatham. Their location is to be in that district on lands acquired by the company. They seemed in good spirits and in high hope of future success. The following are some propositions in the original prospectus under which the project was formed:

The Pictorial Illustration represents one of the settlements in the woods.

To take 50 families or 150 adults to Canada and allocate them there £50 per family would be required, or £2,500 in whole; and the 50 families, or the company for their behoof, would be entitled to free grants of 100 acres each, or 5,000 acres in whole.

To convey the parties from the Clyde to Quebec or Montreal, and thence per steamer or railway to the Ottawa or other eligible district surveyed and open for settlement, would take £51 per head, or in all £750.

All there would remain for provisions, implements, miscellaneous charges, &c., for one year, or until 1st July, 1864, £1,750, making a total of £2,500.

The preliminary step, after laying off the site for a central village, would be the erection of a public store and school house, to be used also at first as a church. The farms would be allotted in 50 acres each or thereby, radiating in different directions from the village. Some would proceed to take possession of their farms, or

work on roads, or in the village, at occupations as they found themselves fitted for or which came most readily to-hand.

Only actual settlers would receive provisions and implements, the amount of which and passages they would be debited with, with interest at five per cent., after 1st July, 1864; and on repayment of the whole amount and interest and fulfilling the usual conditions as to clearing the land, a clear title would be given by the agent or representative of the company in the colony, along with an order for such remaining quantity as might be necessary to make up the settler's original allowance of 100 acres.

By this process of location the land hitherto valueless would acquire a marketable value, which would yearly increase. By sale of village allotments and ungranted or relinquished farms, and repayment of advances a fund would be derived for payment of an annual dividend and for public improvement, such as roads, &c.

Farmers, mechanics—such as millwrights, carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, bricklayers, &c.—also capitalists and labourers of all kinds, would be attracted to such a settlement. It would soon become a prosperous agricultural community, and the comparatively small amount of £2,500. would speedily reproduce itself, not only in shape of marketable land but of every form of living wealth.

There are many farmers in Canada, formerly Paisley weavers, who were assisted to emigrate and received free grants and also money and Provisions from Government to carry them through the first year of their location. By these men or their descendants

the society would be welcome. The members would carry old associations. The hardships of a settler's life would be smoothed and their cares lightened by natural friendship and assistance,—all being deeply interested in each others welfare and in the prosperity of the settlement.

FALLS OF ST. ANN.

A SKETCH BY ALEX. DUNN, IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

Arriving at the hotel you will see a number of pro-tem carters, composed of the surrounding peasantry. The stranger will be particularly struck with the quaint simplicity of their home-made attire, the native, unvarnished courtesy of their manners, their ancient looking vehicles with wooden springs, and the sturdy beauty of their little ponies; but above all will he admire the truly rustic forms of the children, who, in broad-brimmed coarse straw hats, long cotton night-gowns, and bear skin moccasins, offer for sale little cornucopias of bark charged with berries freshly gathered from the mountain side. Some among this tiny group are peculiarly French in physiognomy, while the soft, brown eyes of others tell of a sparkle from the Indian race. Leaving these little rural gems, onward we speed to the great object of our visit. Passing over a rustic bridge, we enter the parish of St. Joachim, (the father of the Virgin) a few minutes drive brings us to the foot of a mountain; here the route is knee deep in sand and almost impassable; by dint of a little perseverance, however, we find ourselves gradually ascending the rugged side. Here let us pause, for the scene before us is one of the

most celebrated in the world: Cap Tourmente and 'les eboulements' of the St. Lawrence, the dread and wonder of the early navigators, and the admiration of the present.

Les eboulements, or the land falls, were so called by Jacques Cartier, from the fact that when he came to this spot on his second voyage he found that the land had fallen to such a degree as to seriously incommode him in his passage through the North Channel. To form an idea of this freak of nature, imagine a series of mountains jutting into the river, and perpendicularly about half way up the sides, facing the water, the cut section being of course removed, the river coming up to their base and forming a number of uniform bays between them, and you will have a faint idea of their appearance. Remember, too, that these mountains are over 1800 feet high and densely covered with the original forest. Cap Tourmente, nearly 1900 feet high, receives its name from the extraordinary violence with which it is encircled by the strong winds that are here so prevalent and so disastrous to shipping.

Moving on we turn the mountain side; dark fir boughs close the glorious river from our view, and giant hills arise in every direction. Jolting over a rough mountain road we halt before a gap in the foliage. Disembarking from our country cart, we pursue a forest path darkening as it recedes beneath the crisp foliage of the pine and the elastic boughs of the sturdy maple; on we go, ankle deep in fallen leaves, passing now a moss-covered boulder, now a lightning-struck 'monarch of the forest.' Here a feather perchance drifts lightly across our path, it is a message from

the ruffled grouse that we are now within his leafy home; the ground is descending, the sullen turmoil of distant waters is deepening in its echoes, already the bright sky is seen through the net work of branches in front, and emerging from the forest and creeping down a mossy bank we come upon the Falls.

An upland view of the St. Ann's river extends on one hand; on the other lies the abyss into which its waters fall.—Between them, stretching from bank to bank, is an almost level flooring of limestone; not a blade of grass, not a tuft of moss is to be seen upon it, for the mountain freshets so often sweep its surface that vegetation cannot live upon the polished rock. Through it uneven fissures lead the current to the precipice beyond. Peeping over this, the sensation is indescribable. The dizzy height, the deafening roar of the torrent rushing with maddening velocity down the precipitous cliff, or hurling itself in cascades through the air, the fierce bubbling in the natural chaldron beneath, the impetuous course of the water through the rocky gorge beyond, the wreaths of foam rising through the broken rocks or drifting wildly down the glen; the grey walls that tower above, festooned with green garlands which twine along the narrow ledges to the forest overhead, or daringly hang in leafy strings over the black depths beneath—strike the beholder with admiration and with awe.

'But here my muse her wing must cover—
Such flights are far above her power.'

Bouchette, in his topographical dictionary of Lower Canada, says that only the pencil of the artist can give an idea of the wondrous beauty of the place.—Alas! the pencil of the

artist and the pen of the poet are but feeble exponents of the voice of nature.

Our paper has somewhat exceeded the limits we proposed; we shall therefore bring it to a close. In conclusion, we would suggest that if the visitor to this romantic place would further indulge in the ample treat nature has spread for his enjoyment, it would be advisable, instead of returning by steam to the city, to take the Beauport road, every acre of which will develop new features of interest in the life and scenery of Lower Canada.

For pictorial sketch of the Falls of St. Ann, see Canadian Illustrated News of August 15.

THE VERY LATEST YEP.—During the summer '18, says the Knickerbocker, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having worn threadbare the hospitality of his generous neighbours by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of justice to bury him. Accordingly he was carried to the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens, the following conversation took place: 'Hallo, what have you got there?' 'Poor old Mr. S.' 'What, is he dead?' 'I have not heard of it before.'

'No, he is not dead, but he might as well be for he has no corn and is too lazy to work for any.'

'That is too cruel for civilized people. I'll give two bushels of corn myself rather than see him buried alive.'

Old S. raised the cover, and asked in a drawing tone, 'Is it shelled?'

'No, but you can shell it.'

Old S.—'Drive on boys.'

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

Daughter of the great English Novelist.

CONTINUED.

'She would not come,' said Tournour; she is at home with my sister, Madame Jacob; or rather by herself, for my sister went away a day or two ago.'

'Tournour, you do not do wisely to leave that girl alone; she is not to be trusted,' said the other suddenly remembering all his former doubts. And so, when Tournour asked what he meant, he told him what he had seen. The mere suspicion so far, forgotten his teaching, his wishes, his firm convictions, sinned so outrageously! Ah, it was too much; it was impossible, it was unpardonable. He fired up, and in an agitated voice said that it could not be; that he knew her to be incapable of such horrible conduct and then seizing his hat, he rushed downstairs and called a carriage which happened to be passing by.

'Where are you going?' asked Boulot, who had followed him somewhat alarmed.

'I am going home, to see that she is there. Safe in her room, and sheltered under her parents' roof, I humbly pray. Far away from the snares, and dangers, and temptations of the world.'

Alas! poor Elly was not at home, peacefully resting or reading by the lamplight. Françoise, to be sure, told them she was in bed, and Tournour went hopefully to her door and knocked—

'Elly,' he cried, 'mon enfant! c'est-à-dire, ma fille! Repandez, Elizabeth!' and he shook the door in his agitation.

Old Françoise was standing by, holding the candle; Boulot was leaning against the wall. But there came no answer. The silence struck a chill. Tournour's face was very pale, his lips were drawn, and his eyes gleamed as he raised his head. He went away for a minute, and came back with a little tool; it did not take long to force back the lock—the door flew open, and there was an empty room all in disorder! In silence truly, but emptiness is not peace always, silence is not tranquillity; a horrible dread and terror came over poor Tournour; Françoise's hand, holding the light, began to tremble guiltily. Boulot dreadfully shocked—

'My poor friend! my poor friend!' he began.

Tournour put his hand to his head—

'How has this come to pass—am I to blame?' said he. 'Oh! unhappy girl, what has she done?—how has she brought this disgrace upon us?' and he fell on his knees by the bedside, and buried his head in the clothes—kneeling there praying for Elly where she had so often knelt and poured out all her sad heart.

Elly at that minute—sitting in the little box, wondering, delighted, thrilling with interest, with pleasure—did not guess what a strange scene was taking place in her room at home; she did not guess think of what trouble, what grief, she was causing to others and to herself, poor child, most of all. Only a few minutes more—all the music would cease abruptly for her; all the lights go out; all the sweetness turn to gall and to bitterness. Nearer and nearer comes the sad hour, the cruel awakening; dream on still for a few happy minutes, poor Elly!—nearer and nearer come these two angry men, in their black, sombre clothes—nearer and nearer the cruel spoken word which will chill, crush, and destroy. Elizabeth's dream lasted a little longer, and then she awoke at last.

It was on the evening of the Monday after, that Miss Dampier arrived in Paris, with her bonnet-box, her knitting, her carpet-bag. She drove to Meurice's, and hired a room, and then she asked the servants there who knew him whether Sir John Dampier was still staying in the house. They said he had left the place some time before, but that he had called twice that day to ask if she had arrived. And then Miss Dampier, who always liked to make herself comfortable and at home, went up to her room, had the window opened, light brought, and ordered some tea. She was sitting at the table in her cap in her comfortable black gown, with her knitting her writing-desk, her books, all set

out about the room. She was pouring out tea for herself, and looking as much at home as if she had lived there for months, when the door opened and her nephew walked in. She was delighted to see him.

'My dear Jack, how good of you to come,' said the old lady, looking up at him, and holding out her hand. 'But you don't look well. You have been sitting up late and racketing. Will you have some tea to refresh you? I will treat you to any thing you like.'

'Ah! don't make jokes,' said Dampier. 'I am very unhappy. Look here, I have got into the most horrible scrape; and not myself only.' And the room shook, and the tea-table rattled, as he went pacing up and down the room with heavy footsteps. 'I want to behave like a gentleman, and I wake up one morning and find myself a scoundrel. Do you see?'

'Tell me about it, my dear,' said Miss Dampier, quietly.

And then John burst out and told all his story, confounding himself, and stamping, flinging himself about into one chair after another. 'I meant no harm,' he said. 'I wanted to give her a little pleasure, and this is the end. I think I have broken her heart, and those pasteurs had murdered her by this time. They won't let me see her; Tournour almost ordered me out of the house. Aunt Jean, do say something; do have an opinion.'

'I wish your cousin was here,' said Miss Dampier; 'he is the parson of the family; and bound to give us all good advice; let me write to him, Jack. I have a certain reliance on Will's good sense.'

'I won't have Will interfering with my affairs,' cried the other testily. 'And you—you will not help me, I see.'

'I will go and see Elizabeth,' said Miss Dampier, 'to-night, if you like. I am very sorry for her, and for you too, John. What more can I say? Come again in an hour, and I will tell you what I think.'

So Miss Dampier was as good as her word and set off on her pilgrimage, and drove along the lighted streets, and then past the cab-stand and the hospital to the house with the shuttered windows. Her own heart was very sad as she got out of the carriage and rang at the bell. But looking up by chance she just saw a gleam of light which came from one of the upper windows and played upon the wall. She took this as a good omen, and said to herself that all would be well.—Do you believe in omens?—The light came from a room where Elly was laying asleep, and dreaming gently,—calm, satisfied, happy, for once heedless of the troubles, and turmoils, and anxieties of the waking people all round about her. She looked very pale, her hands were loosely clasped, the light was in the window, flickering; and meanwhile, beneath the window, in the street, Miss Dampier stood waiting under the stars. She did not know that Elly saw her in her dim dreams, and somehow fancied that she was near.

The door opened at last. How black the courtyard looked behind it! 'What do you want?' said Clementine, in a hiss. 'Who is it?'

'I want to know how Miss Gilmour is?' said Miss Dampier, quite humbly, 'and to see Monsieur or Madame Tournour.'

'Vous êtes Madame Dampierre,' said Clementine. 'Madame est occupée. Elle ne reçoit pas.'

'When will she be disengaged?' said the old lady.

'Ma foi!' said Clementine, shrugging her shoulders, 'that I cannot tell you. She has desired me to say that she does not wish to see any body.' And the door was shut with a bang. Elly woke up startled from her sleep and old Françoise, happened to come into the room, carried the candle away.

Miss Dampier went home very sad and alarmed, she scarcely knew why. She wrote a tender little letter to Elly next day. It was:—

'DEAR CHILD.—You must let me come and see you. We are very unhappy, John and I, to think that his imprudence has caused you so much trouble. He does not know how to beg you to forgive him—you and M. Tournour and your mother. He should have known better; he has been unpardonably thoughtless, but he is nearly broken-hearted about it. He has been engaged to Lætitia for three or four months, and you know how long she has loved him. Dearest Elly you must let me come and see you, and perhaps one day you may be trusted to the care of an old woman, and you will come home with me for a time, and brighten my lonely little house. Your affectionate old friend.

JEAN DAMPIER.'

But to this there came no answer. Miss Dampier went again and could not get in. She wrote to Mme. Tournour, who sent back the letter unopened. John Dampier walked about pale and haggard and remorseful.

One evening he and his aunt were dining in the public room of the hotel, and talking over this affair, when the waiter came and told them that a gentleman wanted to speak to Miss Dampier, and the old lady got up, and went out of the room. She came back in an instant, looking very agitated. 'John!' she said—'oh, John!' and then began to cry. She could not speak for a minute, while he quite frightened for his part, hastily went to the door. A tall young man was standing there, wrapped in a loose coat, who looked into his face and said—

'Are you Sir John Dampier? My sister Elizabeth would like to see you again. I have come for you.'

'Your sister Elizabeth!' said Dampier, looking surprised.

The other man's face changed as he spoke again. 'I am Anthony Tournour; I have come to fetch you, because it is her wish, and she is dying, we fear.'

The two men stood looking at one another for one horrible moment, then Dampier slowly turned his face around to the wall. In that one instant, all that cruel weight which had almost crushed poor Elly to death came and fell upon his broad shoulders, better able, in truth, to bear it than she had ever been.

He looked up at last. 'Have I done this?' said he to Tournour, in a sort of hoarse whisper. 'I meant for the best.'

'I don't know what you have done,' said the other, very sadly, 'Life and death are not in your hands or mine. Let us pray that our mistakes may be forgiven us. Are you ready now?'

Elly's visions had come to an end. The hour seemed to be very near when she should awake from the dream of life. Dim figures of her mother, her step-father, of old Françoise, came and stood by her bedside. But how far-off they appeared; how distant their voices sounded. Old Françoise came into her room the morning after Elly had been brought home, with some message from Tournour, desiring her to come down stairs and speak to him: he had been laying awake all night, thinking what he should say to her, praying for her, imploring grace, so that he should be allowed to touch the rebellious spirit, to point out all its errors, to bring it to light. And, meanwhile, Elly, the rebellious spirit, sat by her bedside in a sort of bewildered misery. She scarcely told herself why she was so unhappy. She wondered a little that there was agony so great to be endured; she had never conceived its existence before. Was he gone forever—was it Lætitia whom he cared for? 'You know that I belong to Lætitia,' he had said. How could it be? All heaven and earth would cry out against it. Lætitia's—Lætitia, who cared so little, who was so pale, and so cold, and so indifferent? How could he speak such cruel words? Oh, shame shame! that she should be so made to suffer. 'A poor little thing like me,' said Elly, 'lonely and friendless and heart-broken.' The pang was so sharp that it seemed to her like physical pain, and she moaned, and winced, and shivered under it—was it she herself or another person that was here in the darkness? She was cold, too, and yet burning with thirst; she groped her way to the jug, and poured out a little water, and drank with eager gulps. Then she began to take off her damp clothes but it tired her, and she forgot to go on; she dropped her cloak upon the floor and flung herself upon the bed with a passionate outcry. Her mouth was dry and parched, her throat was burning, her hands were burning too. In the darkness she seemed to see his face, and Lætitia's glaring at her, and she turned sick and giddy at the sight; presently not theirs only, but a hundred others—Tournour's, Boulot's, Faust's and Mephistophiles—crowding upon her, and glaring furiously. She fell into a short, uneasy sleep once, and woke up with a moan as the hospital clock struck three. The moon was shining into her room, ineffably gray, chill, and silent, and as she woke, a horror, a terror came over her—her heart scarcely beat; she seemed to be sinking and dying away. She thought with a thrill, that her last hour was come; the terror seemed to bear down upon her nearer and closer and irresistible—and then she must have fallen back senseless upon her bed. And so when Françoise came with a message in the morning, which was intended to frighten the rebellious spirit into submission, she found it gone, safe, far away from reproach, from angry chiding, and the poor little body lying lifeless, burnt with fierce fever, and racked with dull pain. All day Elly was scarcely sensible, lying in a

sort of stupor. Françoise, with tender hands, undressed her and laid her within the sheets; Tournour came and stood by the poor child's bedside. He had brought a doctor, who was bending over her.

'It is a sort of nervous fever,' said the doctor, 'and I fear that there is some inward inflammation as well; she is very ill. This must have been impending for some time past.'

Tournour stood, with clasped hands and a heavy heart, watching the changes as they passed over the poor little face. Who was to blame in this? He had not spoken one word to her the night before. Was it grief? Was it repentance? Ah me! Elly was dumb now, and could not answer. All his wrath was turned against Dampier; for Elly he only felt the tenderest concern. But he was too unhappy just now to think of his anger. He went for Madame Tournour, who came back and set to work to nurse her daughter; but she was frightened and agitated, and seemed scarcely to know what she was about. On the morning of the second day, contrary to the doctor's expectations, Elly recovered her consciousness; on the third day she was better. And when Tournour came into the room, she said to him, with one of her old pretty, sad smiles, 'You are very angry with me, are you not? You think I ought not to have gone to the play with John Dampier?'

'Ah, my child,' said Tournour, with a long drawn, shivering sigh, 'I am too anxious to be angry.'

'Did he promise to marry you, Elly?' said Madame Tournour, who was sitting by her bedside. She was looking so eagerly for an answer that she did not see her husband's look of reproach.

'How could he?' said Elly, simply. 'He is going to marry Lætitia.'

'Tell me, my child,' said Tournour, gently taking her hand, 'how often did you go with him?'

'Three times,' Elly answered, faintly. 'Once to the Bois, and once to the Louvre, and then that last time,' and she gasped for breath. Tournour did not answer, but bent down gently, and kissed her forehead.

It was on that very day that Dampier called. Elly seemed somehow to know that he was in the house. She got excited, and began to wander, and to call him by his name. Tournour heard her, and turned pale, and set his teeth as he went down to speak to Sir John. In the evening the girl was better, and Anthony arrived from the south. And I think it was on the fifth day that Elly told Anthony that she wanted to see Dampier once again.

'You can guess how it has been,' she said 'and I love him still, but not as I did. Anthony, is it not strange? Perhaps one is selfish when one is dying. But I want to see him—just once again. Every thing is so changed. I cannot understand why I have been so unhappy all this time. Anthony, I have wasted all my life; I have made nobody happy—not even you.'

'You have made me love you, and that has been my happiness,' said Anthony. 'I have been very unhappy, too; but I thank heaven for having known you, Elly.'

Elly thought she had but a little time left. What was there in the solemn nearness of death that had changed her so greatly? She had no terror: she was ready to lie down and go to sleep like a tired child in its mother's arms. Worldly! we call some folks worldly, and truly they have lived for to-day and cared for to-day; but for them as for us, the great to-morrow comes, and then they cease to be worldly—is it not so? Who shall say that such and such a life is wasted, purposeless? That such and such minds are narrow, are mean, are earthly? The day comes, dawning freshly and stilly, like any other day in all the year, when the secret of their life is ended, and the great sanctification of Death is theirs.

Boulot came to see Tournour, over whom he had great influence, and insisted upon being shown to Elizabeth's bedside. She put out her hand and said, 'How-d'ye-do, Monsieur Boulot?' very sweetly, but when he had talked to her for some little time she stopped him and said, 'You cannot know how near these things seem, and how much more great, and awful, and real they are, when you are lying here like me, and when you are standing by another person's sick-bed. No-body can speak of them to me as they themselves speak to me.' She said it so simply, with so little intention of offence, that Boulot stopped in the midst of his little sermon, and said farewell quite kindly and gently. And then, not long after he was gone, Anthony came back with the Dampiers.

TO BE CONTINUED.

POST OFFICE INQUIRY.

THE HAMILTON POST OFFICE.

A commission of inquiry to investigate and report on the business arrangements of the principal Post Offices of Canada was appointed in 1862. The report has just been issued. We have sincere pleasure in reprinting as much of that which relates to Hamilton as informs the public of the personality of the office. The courtesy and efficiency of the several persons employed are known to us and all who transact business there. But the object we have in view in advertizing to this subject, is more than local. The legislature of the Province, following the principle established in Britain, has provided that length of service shall be considered proof of good conduct and efficiency, and entitle the office-holder to increase of salary. It had been matter of remark that the expenses of the Hamilton office were higher than elsewhere. The Report just published shows that, in the matter of salaries, this arises from the lengthened incumbency of the Postmaster and most of the Clerks. Far distant be the day when the policy, the justice of encouraging long and faithful service by increased emolument shall not prevail. The following are extracts from the Report:

From the information imparted by the Postmaster, and from our own observation, we entertain the opinion that the employees engaged in the office are competent to perform the several duties allotted to them.—We have been pleased to find that there is an absence of everything resembling insubordination on the part of all employed, and that amongst the entire staff harmony appears to prevail; an interest is manifested by each clerk to perform in a satisfactory manner the duties assigned to them, and there is a willingness to assist each other in the general work of the office.

E. Ritchie has been Postmaster at Hamilton since October, 1831. The order and system with which the office is conducted, the good-feeling which prevails towards each other among the members of the staff, and the discipline observed, indicate the fitness of Mr. Ritchie for the position which he occupies. His salary is \$2000 a year, and he has in addition a residence in the Post Office building with fuel, gas and water, gratis.

F. E. Ritchie is the Assistant Postmaster. He was appointed a clerk in the office in July, 1848, and was advanced to his present position in July, 1859. Mr. F. Ritchie is quite competent to perform any work in the office which might be allotted to him. His salary is \$1400 a year.

C. Howard is a clerk of the 2nd class, and was appointed in September, 1842. Mr. Howard has charge of the general delivery wicket; he is rather slow, but careful and correct in the performance of his duties.—His salary is \$1100 a year.

A. Crisp is a clerk of the 2nd class, and entered the office in May, 1849. He is principal mail despatch clerk, and is active and diligent. His salary is \$1,100 a year.

H. Colbeck is a clerk of the 2nd class, and was appointed in September, 1854. He is energetic and prompt in the performance of his duty, and is an excellent clerk. Mr. Colbeck attends to the Money Order business, enters and delivers registered letters addressed to Hamilton, makes up the chief portion of the English mails, and keeps the accounts connected therewith. His salary is \$900 per annum.

J. B. Eager is a clerk of the 3rd class and entered the office in January, 1853. He attends to the box wicket, and assists in making up the morning mails. Mr. Eager has fair abilities, is quick and correct, and is of an obliging disposition. His salary is \$800 per year.

H. A. Eager is a clerk of the 3rd class, and was appointed in January, 1854; he is a brother of the clerk last named. Mr. Eager enters the registered letters despatched from Hamilton, and assists in opening and closing mails. He is a willing, active, and competent clerk. His salary is \$800 per annum.

J. A. Smith is a clerk of the 3rd class, and was appointed in November, 1854. He attends at the box and delivery wickets, sorts letters and papers for Hamilton delivery, and assists in making out the list of advertized letters. Mr. Smith is of agreeable manners, and is active and attentive in the

discharge of his duties. He receives a salary of \$800 per annum.

George Armstrong is a clerk of the 3rd class, and was appointed in September, 1855. He stamps letters, and sorts letters and papers for despatch, and assists in making up mails. Mr. Armstrong is an excellent clerk,—active, correct, and industrious.—He is paid at the rate of \$800 per annum.

C. W. Bregar is a 3rd class clerk, and received his appointment in March, 1857.—He makes up the received side of the monthly sheets, acknowledges the railway mail clerk's and the United States letter bills received, and attends one of the wickets for a period of two hours each day. Mr. Bregar writes a good hand, and is industrious and attentive.

A. Burns, the messenger, was appointed in September, 1857, and receives a salary of \$300 a year. He has not a residence in the Post Office building. Mr. Burns is a willing, steady and industrious man. He attends to the opening and the closing of the office, keeps the office clean, saws all wood consumed in the building, and assists in opening and closing mail bags on the arrival and departure of mails.

B. Dunnett, the letter carrier, receives, in payment for his services, the penny rate which he collects on letters and the one cent rate on newspapers, in lieu of a fixed salary. These fees amount, it is estimated, to about \$300 a year. Mr. Dunnett performs his work to the satisfaction of the Postmaster, and no complaints have been made against him of any lack of attention or carelessness in the performance of his duty.

SALARIES.

The total amount paid in salaries to the Postmaster, Assistant Postmaster, eight clerks, and the messenger, is \$10,600 per annum. The average (taking the sums paid to the Assistant Postmaster and the clerks) being upwards of \$922 to each member of the staff, exclusive of the Postmaster, who receives \$2,000, appear disproportionately large, when compared with the salaries paid in some of the other city post offices.

It should not be thought, however, he inferred that more extravagant salaries are paid in the Hamilton office than in the city offices alluded to. The true deduction is favorable rather than otherwise to the management, since it arises from the fact of the long period of service the clerks have sustained. The shortest term of service is upwards of five years; the others range from seven to twenty years,—an evidence of good understanding existing between the Postmaster and the other persons engaged in the office; a circumstance of no trivial moment in an establishment, the efficient working of which so much depends on the honesty and business qualities of all connected with it. It is needless to mention, that to the provisions of the Civil Service Bill, which assigns salaries commensurate with the term of service, is attributable the excess of expenditure, under this head, of the Hamilton over those other city post offices of which the clerks are of more recent appointment.

TREASURES IN CANADA.

The metallic wealth of Canada is peeping into the light of day, piece by piece. We select a few of the latest items of discovery. Is the silver ore lying under the Flamboorough heights, and cropping out at the town of Dundas, to remain undeveloped much longer?

GOLD EXCITEMENT AT QUEBEC.—The Quebec Mercury of Monday has the following:—

It will scarcely be credited that we have a California almost at our doors; yet it is nevertheless a fact that in the Seigniory of Vandrouil and on the tributaries of the river Chaudières, about fifty miles from Quebec, gold is found in abundance. One nugget of pure gold, worth \$18 per ounce, and weighing a pound and a quarter, was picked up in the bed of one of these streams, which at this season of the year is almost dry. Another nugget weighing nine ounces and also pure from the same region, was disposed of in the town this week. It is said that about \$20,000 worth of gold has been gathered there this season. One man residing near the locality has in his possession a gallon full of the precious metal, in pieces of all sizes. Since the golden news has leaked out people have been flocking to the diggings in crowds, and no doubt many will realize handsome sums.

The Chronicle of the same day says,—
We were yesterday shown some specimens from the gold regions of the Chaudière of a most respectable nugget character, one

piece weighing four ounces and a half. Dr. Reed, in whose possession these specimens of the precious metal were, informs us that over ten thousand dollars' worth of gold has been taken during the present year from the property of George Desharats, Esq, alone. We hear also that much larger nuggets than those we saw have been found. One of these valuable lumps, weighing some ounces over a pound, is said to be in the possession of an individual who, doubting his own right of possession, the gold having been found on private property, does not choose to acknowledge the fact. This region is likely to become celebrated as a gold field.

GOLD DISCOVERIES IN BEAUCE.—Considerable excitement has been caused on the Shore parishes by extensive gold discoveries in St. Francois de la Beauce. It appears that along the banks of the Riviere Gilbert, in the third concession of that parish, the richest deposits have been found. There is doubtless considerable exaggeration in many of the rumours which prevail; but the prospects, nevertheless, are promising in the extreme. A correspondent of Le Canadien, writing on Saturday last, says that within the last six weeks about \$12,000 worth of gold was taken out. A man named Ferrel Pontin, with three companions, in a single day, realized the amount of \$1,100. Some of the nuggets are said to be worth between \$20 and \$250. There has already been a considerable rush of diggers to the spot, anxious to secure a share of the 'filthy lucre'; and at last accounts about 150 persons were at work.—Quebec Gazette.

COPPER MINES BACK OF BELLEVILLE.—We have for some time been aware that investigations were being carried on in the Township of Lake (the Township next behind Marmora,) with the view of developing copper ores believed to exist there in quantity.

Mr. Dean, Mr. Thomson, of the Commercial Bank, and Mr. Loucks, of Lake, were the parties interested in the prospecting, and they became so convinced of the existence of valuable deposits of copper, that a short time ago they procured the services of Captain Williams—an eminent mining Engineer, at present engaged in developing mines in Lower Canada. He visited the spot, and after a careful examination expressed himself certain that vast deposits of copper existed there.

On this recommendation, the parties interested engaged an experienced practical miner, who is now busy with several men in 'opening the eyes of the mine.' As the result of the first week's work, he reports that he has taken off the earth across the ridge that contains the vein for a distance of thirty five feet, and blasted the rock at three different points in that distance—that is, at each side and near the middle. On the west side he developed the vein to the width of four and a half feet, on the east side to the width of five feet, and on the middle two feet and a half; and believes that as soon as he can get the surface rock off, the vein will be found to extend the whole width of the cut. The miner now at work remarks in his report,—'I have never before seen the prospect so good on the surface, or improved so rapidly on going down a short distance, as it is here.'

We are informed that there are several veins in the neighborhood equally promising, and everything indicates that it will be a great mining district.

It may be premature to speculate on the effect of this discovery on this Town and County, but it must be immense. The fact that the copper lies directly north of the Marmora Iron Works, so that the one outlet will serve for both, is very important; and it has been within our knowledge for some time that there was every prospect of the Iron Works resuming operations as soon as the existence of copper in paying quantities in the country back of Marmora was established beyond a doubt,—a fact which we fancy is now no longer a matter of conjecture.

A gentleman sent out from England by parties very largely interested in the manufacture of iron and steel, visited Madoc and Marmora a few weeks ago to look at the ores, chiefly to see if they would answer for the manufacture of steel direct from the ore, by a new process, lately patented in England and he remarked to a gentleman residing in Belleville who met him in Montreal, that the best iron ores he had ever seen were Madoc and Marmora.—(Hastings Chronicle.)

A theoretically benevolent man, on being asked by a friend to lend him a dollar, answered briskly, 'With pleasure;' but suddenly added, 'Dear me, how unfortunate I've only one lending dollar—and that is out.'

THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF THE HARVEST.

Hay harvesting has made very rapid progress during the present week, and with the present genial weather must soon be brought to a close. The crops of hay, however in a few instances, are spoken of as light, but on the other hand, it is admitted that, the comparatively small amount of labor required in getting them in, will more than compensate for any deficiency in quantity. Indeed it is allowed that for some years, at least, hay has been gathered with less anxiety than in the present season. The crop, on a whole, is good. Wheat in general looks admirably strong and healthy in the straw; and doubtless, if the weather continues favorable, not only an abundant, but an early harvest may be anticipated. Oats are unusually promising. Turnips in general are doing well, and appearances are said to be most encouraging. As to the present crops, in general, one agriculturist, who has been in this country for a number of years, writes us, saying, 'Taking my crops as a whole, I never had any cleaner, more even, or more promising.'—Owen Sound Advertiser.

THE WEATHER.—During the past few days the weather has been cold for the season, and the mornings chilly. Farmers are busily engaged in gathering in the crops; and, from all we can learn, the yield will be as heavy as was anticipated some weeks ago.—British Standard, Perth, Central Canada, Aug 19.

MENTAL EXERCISES.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA, NO. 5.

I am composed of 66 letters :
My 61, 31, 53, 35, 52, 42, 45, 15, 60 10 is a county in New York.
My 44, 1, 9, 14, 24, 65, 43, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 13, 53, 21, 3, 18, 63, 26 is a county in Virginia.
My 25, 2, 7, 17, 29, 30, 34, 19, 16, is a county in North Carolina.
My 5, 59, 36, 47, 57, 65, is a county in Georgia.
My 22, 28, 64, 33, 11, 48, 56, is a county in Kentucky.
My 37, 6, 20, 27, 24, 39, 46, 54, is a county in Indiana.
My 41, 33, 4, 51, 23, 50, is a county in Ohio.
My 44, 49, 58, 62, is a county in Illinois.
My 8, 12, 50, 17, 40, is a county in Mississippi.
My whole is a quotation from Byron.
J. J. M.

CHARADE.

My first reveals a father's gift
A boon from sire to son,
That cleaves to him through good and ill.
Unit his race be run;
Attends him to the porch of death,
And lives when man resigns his breath:

Consider next the smallest thing
You can in words express,
And when the smallest thing is found,
You'll find my second less;
'Tis smaller than a lady's hand,
A miser's gift, or grain of sand.

There's nothing tangible in me,
In doubt I veil the right;
And living in obscurity,
I die when brought to light;
With no desire to covet fame,
My whole exists without a name.
D. A.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

One of the greatest European states. A province of Spain. A county of Wales.—A county of Ireland. One of the largest islands in the world. A province of Belgium. A country of Northern Europe. The initials and finals give the names of the first and last countries; also of two countries whose names are together prominently before the world. J. A.

MARY ANN'S ENIGMA.—Mary Ann, writes from Wainfleet and says 'I am composed of 29? (29 what?)'

My 13, 7, 3, 21, 11, 24, 25, is a country in Europe.
My 19, 13, 23, 4, 20, is a river in British North America.
My 1, 23, 5, 29, 14, 12, is a city in Ohio.
My 6, 27, 24, 6, 7, 28, 1, is the capital of one of the United States of America.
My 19, 9, 15, 22, 11, 21, 25, is a river in Canada.
My 18, 2, 10, 6, 27, 17, is a Lake in Canada.
My 12, 2, 8, 9, is a river in Africa.
My 26, 11, 28, 16, 23, is a Duchy in Italy.
My whole is the name and place of residence of a gentleman, reader of the Canadian Illustrated News.
MARY ANN.

Commercial.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT.

LIVERPOOL, August 15, 1863.

Table with columns for commodity names (Pork, Bacon, Middles, etc.) and prices in s. d. s. d. format.

PETROLEUM.

Table listing petroleum products like American Crude, Canadian, and refined oils with their respective prices.

Owing to the late heavy rains our CORN MARKET is firmer, but the large supplies reported this week keep prices much as before.

PETROLEUM.—American Crude; the only need rates asked have changed sales, and only 500 barrels are reported at \$19 10s.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York Aug. 25

Flour—Receipts 18,043 barrels; market dull and heavy, and 5c lower; sales 9,500 barrels at \$3 90 to \$4 50 for superfine State.

GRAIN—Wheat receipts 128,339 bushels; market dull, and common grades 1c to 2c lower; sales 50,000 bushels at 76c to \$1 06 for Chicago spring.

PROVISIONS.—Pork quiet and steady; sales 200 barrels at \$11 62½ to \$11 87½ for old mess; \$13 62 to \$13 75 for new; \$16 50 to \$17 75 for new prime. Beef quiet.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto Aug. 26.

Fall Wheat 90c per bushel. Spring Wheat 85c to 60c per bushel. Barley easy at 50c. Beef unchanged. Sheep nominal. Lambs in good demand at \$2 and upwards each.

Business is slowly but steadily improving in the city. A number of farmers were in with loads of grain, which they disposed of quickly at good prices.

day is likely to add to the bustle, now that farmers have secured the bulk of their crops. The wharves are also beginning to wear a different appearance.

HORSES KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—During the thunder-storm last Saturday morning, Mr. Walter Mathison, farmer, residing on the 10th concession, North Dumfries, had two splendid horses, valued at \$250, killed by lightning.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—The current number of this quarterly contains about the usual number of articles:—The Growth of Christianity is the principal.

A windy M.P., in a tedious oration, stopped to imbibe a glass of water. 'I rise, said Sheridan, 'to a point of order.'

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

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Two doors East of Wood & Leggat's and three doors West of McGivern & Co.'s

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

Boots and Shoes for the Spring Trade

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

SELL AT THE LOWEST REMUNERATING PROFITS.

And flatters himself he CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD

by any House in Hamilton. His stock is all new, and the greatest attention has been paid in selecting the

Newest and most Fashionable styles.

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

W. M. SERVOS.

Hamilton, May, 1863.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

MRS. JOHN E. MURPHY would respectfully inform her friends and the public, that she is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for

Instruction on the Piano Forte, at her residence, Mulberry street, between Park and MacNab.

References given if required.

Hamilton, June 20th, 1863.

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Montreal, January 24, 1863.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,

HAMILTON, C. W.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor.

THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation and conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province. His long experience in the business of hotel keeping will, he trusts, secure to him a share of that patronage which he has enjoyed for so many years.

The locality of the International Hotel—situated in the centre of the business portion of the city—is of itself a flattering recommendation, and in conjunction with other more substantial advantages which the Proprietor has introduced, will earn for this Hotel, the subscriber hopes, the favor and good will of the business community.

The large dining-room of the Hotel—one of the most commodious rooms in the city—will still be open for Dinner Parties, Concerts, and other social entertainments. Its ample rooms, for commercial travellers, are by far the best in the city.

In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive

LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT,

where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration.

The International Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Caledonia, Port Dover, Dundas, Guelph and other places.

An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, connecting with trains east and west.

W. M. RICHARDSON, Proprietor.

Hamilton, July 27, 1863.



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HAMILTON AGENCY

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They are well known and in great demand throughout the whole of Canada being shipped in large quantities to Liverpool, and London, England, where they are much approved.

Grocers, Wine Merchants and Dealers generally, should lose no time in giving them a trial. There are many instances of storekeepers doubting their sale in a very short time by introducing these celebrated whiskies.

The trade can only be supplied through me at the depot, where all orders will be promptly attended to.

JOHN PARK,

Hughson, corner King street.

Hamilton, 19th Aug., 1863.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

DRUMMONDVILLE, NIAGARA FALLS, C. W.

ARTHUR L. ELLIS, - - - PROPRIETOR.

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

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

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