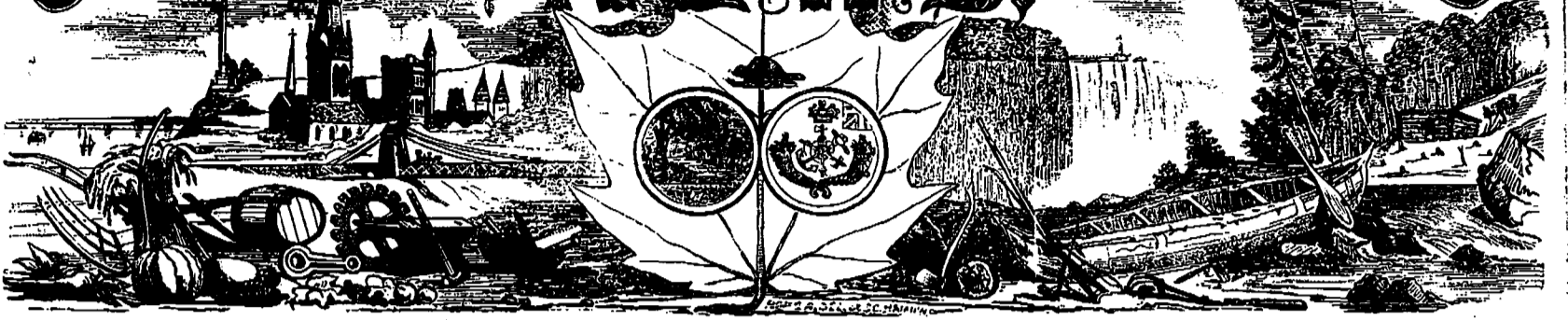


THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,



Vol. I—No. 13.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

[⁶³ PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.



HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE,
PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, CANADA.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, President of the Council and member of the House of Assembly for the Western Division of the City of Montreal, was born in Carlingford, County of Louth, Ireland, on the 13th of April, 1825. He went to the United States in June, 1842; remained there till May, 1845, and returning to Ireland in that year, was married. In 1846, and the two following years he joined the 'Young Ireland' section of political reformers in agitating for the repeal of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, and shared in some of its mistakes and all its misfortunes.

At this point we deem it requisite to be explicit as to what is now written, and why the present writer pens it. A memoir of the honorable gentleman having been promised by some of his friends to accompany the portrait in this issue of the 'Canadian Illustrated News,' but not being in hand when the paper is otherwise ready for press, the following recollections of 1848, and remarks on Mr. McGee as an author and orator, are presented to the reader, who is assumed to be a thinking, reasoning being, and one who can comprehend what is meant by sedition, and insurrection, and by the crime of inciting to insurrection and rebellion. The present writer has in various literary records, asserted that in no case can rebellion be justified under constitutional government, with a free press and free speech. He has insisted, in treating of the logic of revolutions, that in nations where the displaced roots and branches of political power remain, and must of necessity remain after a revolution, as in Britain and France, they retain vitality and may return to their place by the force of laws abundantly dispensed through human nature, and accomplish a result inexorable as destiny. That result is military despotism. Since this dogma was asserted, in a book written in Canada, a rebellion in America, alike unjustifiable and unnatural, a civil war horrible as it is unnatural, once more exemplifies its truth, and inspires sentiments of gratitude that for a long while past no rebellion has successfully distracted the British empire. This much it may be necessary to say in proceeding to notice some incidents in the life of Mr. McGee. No public man in this Province has done so much, as no other by force of true eloquence and logical reasoning probably can, to soften asperities between this side of the boundary line and the other. The present writer was, in 1847, sent to Ireland by the British government to observe and report privately on the width and depth of the misery of the Irish people in the famine, which followed the extinction of the potatoe—main article of their food. In 1848 he was again sent to watch and privately report on the progress of Smith O'Brien's agitations and threatened insurrection.

The year 1848 was the era of European revolutions. France exploded on the 22nd of February. The States of Germany and Hungary followed. The Chartists of England indulged in preparations for insurrection on the 10th of April. In Ireland, the beginning was to be 'when the harvest was ripe.' It began in August, at the homestead of Mrs. McCormack, near Ballingarry, in the county of Kilkenny. For months previously writers in the 'Nation' and 'United Irishman' newspapers had incited the Irish people to insurrection, by fierce denunciations of English rulers; by speeches of burning eloquence; by soul-stirring poetry; and lastly, by recommending the use of corrosive chemicals to be thrown on the military from roofs of city houses. It is known that Mr. McGee, though young and ardent, was not only more exalted than his co-conspirators in his poetry contributed to the newspapers, but more rational in his prose. He was not of the school of corrosive chemicals.

The London 'Times' in May 1832, when Britain, for a space of nine days, trembled on the balance between safety and civil war, the morrow promising any degree of catastrophe onward to revolution, contained incitements to insurrection as atrocious, more insidious, and vastly more dangerous than anything written by 'Meagher of the Sword,' or John Mitchel in the 'United Irishman.' The proprietors of the 'Times' were not prosecuted in 1832. There was then no government possessing political strength sufficient to dare such prosecution. But in 1848, the wind having changed, they spared no invective, no fact, no invention to overwhelm seditious Irishmen with vengeance and ridicule. The absurd story of Smith O'Brien hiding in a cabbage garden from the armed constabulary, was the invention partly of the 'Times' correspondent,

who has since written so largely and so graphically as a master of the picturesque, and partly of Mr. sub-constable Trant, of Callan, who met the correspondent at Kilkenny, and there recounted to him the events of the Ballingarry campaign. Mr. Trant told it in similar terms to the present writer, who, however, had examined the farm premises for himself; had seen that there were no cabbages to hide any one, and knew that cabbages could not cover a fugitive from a fire of musketry, the firelocks pointed through loop-holes in the barricaded house and commanding all parts of the garden.

Whatever was the measure of Mr. O'Brien's folly and crime, personal cowardice did not attach to him. Whatever poetry and enthusiasm Mr. D'Arcy McGee contributed to the fiery literature of young Ireland, he did not join in the coarser and more criminal sedition of writers less logical and reasonable.

Mr. McGee was not arrested with the other members of the young Ireland party on their dispersion in August, 1848. He took ship to the United States and lived there eight years. The 'know nothing' societies which claimed for native Americans all privileges and dignities and prescribed Irishmen as aliens, offended his judgment and insulted his countrymen. He removed to Canada in 1856, and at Montreal conducted a journal named the 'New Era.' In 1857, he was returned to the House of Assembly as one of the members for the city. His correspondence written from Toronto to the 'New Era' during the parliamentary session evinced a generous liberality to opponents. At the general election of 1861, he was re-elected by acclamation. Having studied for the bar, he passed in 1860, as every one knowing him expected, a brilliant examination. The first cause committed to his care was one of deepest gravity, the defence of a person accused of murder. He obtained a verdict of acquittal, an omen his friends hoped, of a successful professional life. But in a few weeks afterwards, May 27, 1862, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald having been entrusted with the formation of a new cabinet submitted the name of Mr. McGee to His Excellency the Governor General, who was pleased to confer on him the office and dignity of President of the Council.

Mr. McGee has given much attention in parliament, and as chairman of a committee, to the subject of emigration. When it is known that he is likely to make a speech, Quebec crowds to the galleries. As a popular lecturer he is unequalled. His reading in history has been extensive; his judgment is acute and generous. In the eloquence which is poetical, yet in matter of fact and argument logical; quiet in tone; deep in thought; charming in expression; we are constrained to affirm after listening to all the best British and Irish speakers of the last thirty years, that in none of the arenas where intellectual giants assemble is there an orator who equals the Honourable Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

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

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

THE POLITICAL ASPECT.

THE political calm which we have enjoyed for the last few months has been lately disturbed by the announcement of the meeting of Parliament, on the 12th inst. Party organs are busily speculating on the probable contingencies of the Session. Ministerialists are confident of a complete triumph for the Ministry, while the Opposition is quite sanguine of a Ministerial defeat within the first month of the Session. It is difficult for an unbiassed mind to make out which of these predictions is nearest the mark. On the Ministry taking office last year, a very general desire was manifested of giving them a fair trial of testing their claims to support by their official conduct. Some disappointment was ex-

pressed by the advocates of Representation by Population, that that measure had been ignored. It was wrong on moral grounds—so it was agreed—for those who had persistently pressed it on the previous Ministry, to take office with men who were not prepared to settle it. But, if there are other reforms required, which Mr. McDonald's administration can give, and if Representation by Population would have been no nearer settlement, by their refusal to take office, the question of abstract morality will no doubt be allowed to take care of itself. Such at least is the view taken of the matter by a large majority of the Reform Party, while the Conservatives cannot make this measure a weapon of attack without belying their own assertion, that it is not yet ripe for settlement. It does not seem probable then, that ministers have any reason to apprehend present trouble from this source. The 'Credit Foncier' scheme and the Inter-Colonial Railway, will not be introduced, we are told. Thus two other troublesome questions will be got rid of. Both would be sternly opposed in Upper Canada, the former especially. A Bankruptcy bill, it is said, will be submitted. This will require careful handling; for while there can be no doubt that such a measure is urgently required, there is much danger of its giving rise to abuses unless its provisions are unusually adapted to meet the wants of the case. The chief ground on which the administration must rely for support, is their economical management of the public finances. This was a prominent feature in the policy which they announced on taking office. It was a reform of more pressing importance than any other required at their hands. By the avowed and tacit admission of all parties there was much room for improvement in this matter. The internal economy of the various departments were in a state in which no establishment, not having the resources of a government to lean upon, could stand. It was proved that prices immeasurably higher than their value were paid for almost everything the government consumed, yet the responsibility could be traced to no one. In saying this, let it not be understood that we join in the wholesale charges of corruption made against preceding Ministers in consequence. We all know the effects of a vicious system which has gained the sanction of time; but the system evidently needed improvement. To this work the present Ministry addressed themselves, and by the testimony of their organs, have labored at it with unwearied assiduity. They have discharged useless servants, and instituted investigation into the condition of the various departments of the service with a view to their reform. The fruits of all this labor will appear when the annual reports come to be published. Should these reports shew the retrenchment which we are told they will, there is no doubt that the Ministry will occupy a position in public estimation which will give the Opposition great trouble to deprive them of.

ARTEMUS WARD.—Charles F. Brown, otherwise 'Artemus Ward,' the showman, according to the Lexington Observer, is about to lead to the altar one of the most beautiful girls in Kentucky. The young lady is very wealthy too, possessing in her own right no less than one hundred 'contrabands.'

SEMMES, the pirate of the 'Alabama,' turns up to be of Philadelphia origin. His mother was a native of that city; the daughter of James Peale, who was the son of Charles William Peale, the founder of the celebrated Museum. Her sister married Dr. Staughton, once famous as a Baptist preacher.

WHEN we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure; and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with keener appetite than the philosopher, whose mind attempts to grasp an universal system.

HOME ITEMS.

Dr. J. A. Sewell has been elected Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University.

Wesley Todd, merchant, Brampton, was tried on Tuesday, at York Assizes, for forging the names of John Mathewson and John Todd, to two promissory notes, and found guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.

Dr. Skeffington Connor, M.P.P. for South Oxford, has been appointed to the judgeship of the Queen's Bench, left vacant by the death of Mr. Justice Burns.

Wm. Smith O'Brien has sent four pounds for the relief of the French sufferers, accompanied by a letter, in which he deeply regrets that the British Government did not join the Emperor in his mediation scheme.

The art of writing consists in the art of pleasing.

Sir John Beverly Robinson, Bart., President of the Court of Appeals and late Chief Justice of Upper Canada, died at his residence, Toronto, on Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, at the age of 72. This event, though by no means unexpected, caused deep and general regret.

J. H. Wright has on his case a portrait of De Haas, the well-known 'marine painter.' It promises to be a lifelike and spirited portrait of this artist. In counting our best portrait-painters (and there are few of them) we always reckon Wright. His talents have earned for and placed him in the first rank.

A 'sensation book' has been written by Michelet, the 'L'Amour' man. It is called 'La Sorrows.' Victor Hugo calls it 'profound and touching,' and George Sand says it made her sick, and kept her awake the whole night with horror and indignation.

The Emperor of Morocco has just ordered from a brewery in Vienna one thousand bottles of Ale.

The Hon. H. M. Foley, Post Master General, was entertained at a lunch by his friends in Berlin on the 27th ult. The Hon. gentleman stated, in the course of his speech, a confident belief that the ministry would be sustained by a majority from both sections of the country. The chair was occupied by H. S. Huber, Esq., Warden of the county.

D. and J. Sadler & Co., have in press a History of Ireland, from the earliest period to the present time, by the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. The work will be ready about March, 1863. The popularity of the talented author will, no doubt, secure for it a large circulation.

Reid Sanders, Son of George N. Sanders, while attempting to escape with rebel despatches was captured and sent to Fort La Fayette.

JENNY JUNE, who gossips so charmingly on ladies, dresses, tells us of something new in bonnets, in these words:—'An elegant novelty in reception hats is exhibited at Madame Tilmann's establishment on Ninth street near Broadway. It is of white royal velvet, ornamented with black lace and single superb plume, or a half wreath of rare flowers, arranged in a novel manner. Very beautiful head-dresses are made of velvet, with a diadem front, and star wrought in the centre with steel, and white plumes arranged so as to curl gracefully over the left temple and extend down below the ear.'

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Society has the following Missions at present in the Canadas, Hudson's Bay and British Columbia: Domestic Missions, 127; Indian Missions, 25; French Missions, 5; German Missions, 2; Missionaries to destitute settlers, 168; Missionaries to Indians, 24; Missionaries to the French, 3; Missionaries to the Germans, 2; Indian day schools, 21; Industrial schools, 1; Printing establishment, 1; Teachers, 17; Interpreters, 14; Members on domestic Missions, 15,790; Members on Indian Missions, 1,861; Members on French Missions, 110; Members on German Missions, 115. Total Missions, 150; total Missionaries, (besides those under Chairman) 197; total members, 17,876.

It appears that the operations of the past two years have been eminently successful, although from the expansive nature of the work, expenditure has been somewhat in advance of income.

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| Total Canadian Receipts | \$48,751 45 |
| Grants from Parent Society | 4,866 60 |
| | \$53,617 05 |
| Total expenditure for 1861-2 | 51,933 08 |
| | \$2,316 03 |

ASTRAY AT RAPPAHANNOCK.

We talked again of Brock Edmunds. His strange disappearance had been the theme of the mess, since his departure for Rappahannock, a week before. Brave, scrupulous and loyal, all who knew him well rejected indignantly the imputation that he had gone over to the enemy. He was a Virginian, it was said, and must forsooth be false; his affianced was the daughter of a Confederate colonel, and to be true in love, he must forswear his country. Meaner men had superseded him in the staff, and he had revenged himself by perjury and desertion. But though these paltry libels had obtained general circulation and acceptance, we—his staff companions—who had known him in camp, in perilous enterprise, and in the painful march, defended his honor as our own.

We were sitting beneath the canopy or 'fly' of the mess-tent, recreating ourselves with whisky and pipes. It was the eighth night since the departure of our comrade, and we missed his ready jest, his loud, infectious laugh, his uniform courtesy and generosity. The war had come at last to Warrenton Springs, and the encampments of an immense army whitened the surrounding hills. Federal sentries paced up and down the massive portico of the hotel; cannon were planted in all the lanes; cavalry horses trampled garden and orchard; and the Spring was become a lavatory for thousands of wanton soldiers.

We had been a fortnight at the Springs, and the monotony of our tenure had been varied by but a single incident—the loss of Brock Edmunds. The circumstances relating to his departure were mysterious and alarming. He had been called to the general's tent late in the afternoon, and intrusted with a verbal order to one of the brigade commanders, whose quarters were at Rappahannock, a railway station on a river of the same name, eighteen miles distant. He had reached his destination at nine o'clock, delivered his instructions punctually, and obtained the countersign of the day. Returning, he had passed a guard five miles from Rappahannock, and had stopped to light a pipe at a picket-fire, still further on, complaining in the latter case, that his horse was a trifle lame. He was, to all appearance, sober, and expressed himself as resolved to get back to head quarters by midnight. But subsequently, no man in the army had encountered him, and traces of neither rider nor horse had been discovered, though diligent inquiries were made far and wide. His capture by the enemy was improbable, for our picket-posts were so close and continuous that the lines were considered to be impervious. No bodies of Southern troops were contiguous; and though the Virginians within the lines were sullen and hostile, it was believed that only a few aged and infirm people remained, as the young and able-bodied had departed to join the Confederate armies. The only plausible alternative was, that Brock Edmunds, knowing the location of our pickets, had avoided them, and escaped in the darkness to his Southern friends. The Richmond newspapers, however, which our out-riders brought in daily, made no mention of Captain Edmunds, and no recent prisoners had heard anything of his desertion.

The conversation beneath the fly had turned upon the absent one. Thirteen young fellows were we, who had thrown up our several professions at the call to arms, and, unacquainted before, had met by assignment upon general B.'s staff. Five of us were Yankees, two were from New York, four were foreign adventurers who loved war for its own sake, and I was a Pennsylvanian, of Quaker descent.

'Heigh-ho!' said Wicklowe, turning off his fourth draught of spirits 'how we miss Brock's jolly laugh.'

'Camp has become so insufferably dull,' said Bigswig, 'that I shall resume the old 'biz,' and throw up my commission.'

Bigswig had been a junior partner in a dry-goods house, but took to the sword as naturally as to scissors.

'If it isn't positive conceit to repeat anything that Brock—poor old boy—has done so well before, I will sing his Chickahominy song,' said Chockmer, ever anxious to exhibit his vocal powers.

'I pray ze,' said Saint Pierre, with a supplicatory grimace, 'do not, Monsieur Chockmare.'

'Go on,' said Wicklowe, drinking again: 'any affliction is preferable to this horrible silence.'

As Chockmer's wheezy notes rang on the night, I saw the glare of camp-fires reddening the woods and sky; I heard the clatter of bayonets at the hour of guard-relief, and some of the negro servants singing sweetly

sonorous choruses. The faint, hollow roll of a distant drum blended mystically with the rustle of leaves overhead, and I saw in the dimness the cloaked and stalwart sentry striding before the general's tent. A horse stood saddled in one of the broad gravelled aisles, and I could hear the 'tick, tick, tick' of the telegraph instrument in a Sibley canopy adjoining.

A month had thus transformed one of the pleasantest of solitudes, and the hospitable grounds had been trampled by innumerable hoofs. There were great gaps in the fences, and coarse pencilings upon the walls of the fine old mansion. The furniture had been broken and used to feed Vandal cook-fires. Desolation, following in the wake of armies, had despoiled alike the fertility of nature and the improvements of man. How soon might retaliation affect our Northern homes as we had ruined these?

'Left'nant Mintlin!'

I turned toward the voice, at the repetition of my name, and recognised a tall, athletic orderly. As I faced him, he respectfully saluted, and said: 'The general nades ye, sir, immediately, at his quarters.'

The mess broke into a loud laugh, anticipating that some onerous duty would devolve upon me.

'There's twenty pages of a report to copy,' said Bigswig.

'I'll lend to you my leetle 'choval, mon ami,' said Saint Pierre; 'you take one dam journey!'

'Hadn't you as well worry down another 'smile' before you go?' said Wicklowe, copiously imbibing himself.

I replied carelessly, refilled my pipe, and following the sergeant across a grass-plot and through a broken wicket, stood in the presence of the general. He was seated at a pine table, covered with maps, diagrams, and manuscripts, and the candle threw an imperfect light upon his handsome bronzed face, and broad, prominent forehead. A trunk, marked with his initials, and a small iron bedstead, with two camp-stools, and a short wooden bench, comprised his furniture; but there was a picture of the Madonna, which never left him, suspended from a nail in the rear tent-pole. This picture had survived all mutations. He had carried it in the Mexican war, when but a lieutenant. It had hung in the halls of the Montezumas, when employed at clerk duties therein. At Fort Yuma, the Siberia of military stations, he had kept it in his quarters for five monotonous years; and when appointed a colonel, early in the civil war, he had brought this picture across four thousand miles of plain and prairie.

'Sit down, Lieutenant Mintlin!' he said curtly; and as I took one of the chairs, he resumed his writing. I looked at the richly quilted saddle that lay at his feet, at the splendidly mounted sword thrown carelessly across his bed, at the hostlers and silver-plated pistols beneath his rubber-pillow. I studied the angles and fullnesses of the fine indurated form, and the severe and wrinkled countenance before me; and from the starred shoulder bars and silvered beard of this hero of a score of battles, my eyes wandered magnetically to the pensive, melancholy picture of the Madonna—his companion in triumph, reverses, trial, and promotion. I trust that every soldier carries some such picture through his journeyings. My own Madonna was in Pennsylvania.

'Lieutenant,' said he, in his quick nervous manner, looking me directly in the eyes, 'your horse is fresh and saddled?'

I looked through the opening of the tent at the sharp beat of hoofs, and beheld my pony, led by my own servant.

'I would not trouble you till it was necessary, but gave you a part of the evening with your friends. There is your horse; here is a sealed envelope. You are to ride with all speed to Rappahannock.'

A little leap of my heart, and a slight tremor of my lips, followed the announcement of this ill-omened name.

'I may say,' continued the general, in his curt sententious way, 'since I commonly take my 'aides' into my confidence, that this paper contains the details of an order for an immediate advance. You are to ride direct to the quarters of General H., to deliver the envelope, and return to-night with his receipt and reply.'

I bowed silently, and turned to go.

'Stop!' said he again. 'It is eight o'clock; you must deliver the message by eleven. I shall not retire to-night. You will be back at three.'

'It is a long and stony way,' I said hesitatingly, 'and forty miles can scarcely be made in seven hours.'

'It must be done,' said he, shaking his

beard; the troops must be under way before midnight. Return upon a fresh horse. Good night.'

I returned his salutation, but had scarcely got a yard from his quarters, when I heard the sharp call to return. As I stood before him again he stared piercingly into my eyes, half impeachingly, half inquiringly.

'Am I to lose another aide?' he said slowly and sarcastically.

'The blood rose to my temples, and I felt my hands closing. 'Not unless you insult him twice,' I returned.

'I ask your pardon,' said he, in his old dry manner; 'you are not a Virginian!'

I bit my lips at the reflection upon my late comrade, but concluded to remain silent.

'Will you have an orderly to accompany you?'

'Not after the doubt you have expressed.'

'Forget it,' he said, with irresistible frankness, 'as the weakness of a suspicious old soldier. Give me your hand. God bless you! Be prompt. Good night.'

I repaired to the mess-tent, hastily examined my pistols, and buckled on my sword-belt and spurs. Joining my comrades in a parting health, leaped into my saddle, and at seven minutes past eight o'clock, started at a sharp canter for Rappahannock.

The ride for five or six miles of the way was enlivened by belated teams, couriers, and occasional squads of officers returning to their regiments. Campfires lit up the whole horizon, till it seemed a great belt of flame; mystic serenades flouted dreamily from invisible fields and corpses; confused voices of shouting and singing were wafted from tented hillsides, and grouped batteries ambulances, and army-cattle came dimly in view at intervals. The moon shone full and brightly; but I saw with some solitude that it was sinking slowly behind the woods; and at nine o'clock, as I heard the tattoo beat from a dozen quarters, I turned obliquely to the left, and was soon involved in complete darkness. For nine miles, I met no human being, and heard no sounds but the ring of my horse's hoofs, the rattle of his curb-chain, and the clink of my sword in its scabbard.

There was nothing of peril involved in my journey; but the times were irregular the country expansive, and thousands of reckless men were abroad with arms in their hands. How had Brock Edmunds disappeared? His route to Rappahannock had not differed from mine. The night was not less fair. As horsemen, we were well matched; and that he had been faithful, I would pledge my life. How, whence, and wherefore had the stillness and mystery of the grave fallen upon him? I could not surmise; I only know that, as I remembered his goodness, pleasantness, and usefulness, I resolved, if chance should give me a clue whereby to follow or revenge him, I would do it at all risks. My way led mainly through scrub-timber; the road was little more than a cow-path, so sinuous that I was compelled to trust entirely to the instinct of my steed, and so dark that I was not without fear of pitfalls and prostrate trees. Fortunately the route had been seldom travelled, and the clay roadway was hard, level, and unencumbered by the slush and debris that usually mark the route of an army. There was much of romance, and pleasant feverish excitement in the ride. The hoofs of my horse struck sparks from stony places, and the whistle of night-birds, the scream of owls, the whine of wild pigs, and the long shrill chirp of crickets and lizards made strange and eerie music. Weird likenesses of beings colossal, hideous eyes that shone from thickets, and glimpses of spectral sky breaking through boughs and leaves; starlight reflected in slimy pools; deserted homesteads staring black and ghostly from hill tops; clumps of negro cabins, that looked half-human through their great window eyes; clearings across which the night-winds blew dimly; and quaint old stacks and hay-barracks—these were some of the spectacles that greeted me on the way. And when, at eleven o'clock, I answered the challenge of a patrol, and found that I had almost reached my journey's end, I drew a sigh of relief, and reigning my horse into a quiet pace, soon dismounted before the quarters of General H.

He had not anticipated my message, and was about retiring to his bed. But after swearing once or twice, he resumed his garments, summoned his aides, and ordered his brigade under arms. In a few minutes, lights were twinkling here and there, great wagons laden with tents and field-utensils went lumbering across the fields, and mounted men loomed away in battalion. The multitudinous camps had folded themselves noiselessly, and were off.

I resolved to return with my own pony, for he seemed yet fresh and unwearied, and obtaining a sealed reply to my communication, accepted the offer of a drop of brandy and a cigar, and remounted my horse. The general called out to me as I moved off: 'Have you heard anything of Captain Edmunds?'

'Nothing.'

'He was a fine fellow,' said the general, turning away. 'I gave him the proper countersign just at this hour of the night, and he took some spirits, as you have done, before departing.'

'Pardon me a moment, general, I replied; 'but as a matter of curiosity, will you tell me the countersign for that evening?'

'Ticonderoga,' he answered shortly.—'Good night.' As a rule, I give no regard to coincidences. I do not believe in signs; I despise dreams and omens; but there are moments when reason, in spite of itself, gives way to superstition, and such moments were mine, as I turned my face toward Warrenton Springs, and ground my horse harshly with the spur. Not only had my journey corresponded with that of Brock Edmunds in all essentials of time, route, and object, but circumstances had tallied, not excepting the otherwise insignificant item of the countersign, for the password on this evening was 'Crown Point,' and that of the previous evening its associate battle of 'Ticonderoga.'

In addition to these resemblances, I could not forget that the disappearance of my friend had pressed upon my mind for days with peculiar and intense interest; I had dreamed fitfully of his return, I had talked incessantly of his virtues, I had loved him with the fervor of a brother; nay, I had felt a conviction, too subtle to be explained, too positive to be mistaken—and on this evening oppressive beyond melancholy—that with his fate my life was in some way bound up. It was in vain that I puffed vigorously at my pipe, and strove to recall lighter topics—my mother, perhaps awake even now, and praying in the dim watches for her errant boy; my betrothed, who might be murmuring my name amid her dreams; my mess-companions roaring at their revels; the grim old general, awaiting my return, with the blue eyes of his Madonna ever upon him; the troops on the march, roused up at my unwelcome summons—but one by one these cheerful themes faded away, and the fate of Brock Edmunds resumed its place in my fancies. His face, like a spectre, glided before me in the darkness; his name, like a ghostly refrain, came up to my lips with every hoof-beat; and as I halted, obedient to challenge, by the last clustering picket, my hollow 'Crown Point' seemed to provoke a thousand dismal echoes of 'Ticonderoga' and 'Brock Edmunds.'

'Have you the time, sentry?' I called to the patrol.

'Twelve o'clock, midnight!' said the deep voice of the horseman, vanishing in the gloom.

For nine miles to come, I should meet no living soul. The blowing of my pony, as I spurred him again, admonished me that hard travel was beginning to tell upon him; so I beat the ashes out of my pipe, buttoned on my coat close to the throat, and chirping encouragingly, pushed forward gallantly, though not at headlong speed. But the flush and exultation of my ride were over; a strange weird nervousness had succeeded.—The noise of wild swine in the brush alarmed me; twice I laid my hand agitatedly upon my sword, and once halted with drawn pistol at the shriek of a frightened night-hawk.—Ashamed of these unmanly weaknesses, I thought to compose myself by singing a cheerful starve, but my voice was so hollow and unreal, that I shuddered and ceased.—At last, with a loud, 'Woo,' and a chill, quick quiver, I stopped in the middle of the road, and felt the perspiration standing like night dew on my forehead.

I too was lost!

For more than an hour, I had failed to recognize passing objects. However my tremor and tenor had lengthened the miles, I had yet preserved some approximate estimate of time, and knew that, in the due course of travel, I should have been at Warrenton Springs. But in the rush of fears and fancies, in the gloom and shadow of the night, in the certainty that having thrice gone over the same road, I should follow it safely again, I had missed my way. In place of a scrub-maple, oak, magnolia, and gum that shut in the by-road by which I had come, I was now encompassed by dwarf pines and cedars, that revealed the open sky, but gave even more than the ordinary loneliness to the scenery. Sterile; uninhabited, interminable as I knew such soil to be, there was the additional fear that I had emerged upon a stretch of Virginia forest wherein the traveller might wander for months, in the dreary circles, finding neither outlet, nor subsistence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WONDERS OF SLEEP

In Turkey, if a man fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blow toward him, he becomes narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to the next well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body. Dr. Appenhenim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Ceaves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman, 30 years of age, who, from long continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but chiefly to abuse of opium; until at last, unable to pursue his business, he sank into abject poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his who, whenever anything occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A student at Edinburgh, upon hearing suddenly of the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed, and almost instantaneously, amid the glare of noonday, sunk into a profound slumber.—Another person, reading to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death-bed, fell asleep, and with the book still in his hand, went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. A woman at Hamadt

slept seventeen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once four days. Doctor Maenish mentions a woman who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep, and Dr. Elliotson quotes a case of a young lady who slept for six weeks, and recovered. The venerable St. Augustine, of Hippo, prudently divided his hours into three parts—eight to be devoted to sleep, eight to meditation, and eight to converse with the world. Maniacs are reported, particularly in the Eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, more especially when the deteriorized rays of its polarized light are permitted to fall into their apartments; hence the name of lunatics. There certainly is greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state, for those who pass the night in the *Champagna di Roma* inevitably become infected with its noxious air, while travellers who go through without stopping escape the miasma. Intense cold produces sleep, and those who perish in the snow sleep on till the sleep of death.

TAPPED.—An old toper, in the last stages of the dropsy, was told by the physician that nothing could save him but being tapped. His little son objected to this proposition, by saying, 'Daddy, daddy, don't let him, for you know there never was anything 'tapped' in this house that lasted more than a week.'



GRANDMA'S DARLING.

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.—The Times' Commissioner sent to the distressed districts has given a very interesting account of the co-operative societies which have sprung up among the Lancashire operatives. The facts are striking and important, and have come upon people much by surprise. It is at Rochdale that these associations have been most successful. It was there that, in 1844, the establishment was first opened which has been the germ of the flourishing societies since formed. A few laboring men having been unsuccessful in a strike, sought the means of making their small wages go as far as possible. Most of them had suffered by the credit system of the small shopkeepers. They subscribed a few pence weekly till they had accumulated about £30. With this sum they fitted up the ground floor of an old dilapidated warehouse as a shop. Only £14 remained after this was done. It was spent in buying flour, meal, butter, tea, and sugar. The shopkeepers of the town were very much amused with the weavers attempting to dispense with their services. The scheme flourished, the stock-in-trade, which, as one of the detractors remarked, might have been carried off in a wheel-barrow, soon filled a warehouse. The general public began to deal with them, and, as their capital increased, they added to their grocery store, butcher's, tailor's, draper's, and

shoemaker's shops. Their stores of various kinds, now occupy a little street. The Equitable Pioneers Co-operation Society, which began in 1844 with a capital of £38, subscribed by twenty-eight members, had, a few months ago, 40,000 members, and a capital of £48,800. Its business last year amounted to close on \$180,000, and the profits to £18,000. Much of the success of the scheme is attributed to the rule that all purchases should be paid in ready money. The object of such societies was not, however, confined to retail trade. The Co-operative Manufactory, Society, which was formed in 1857, owns now one of the finest mills in the town, and another is in course of erection. Its capital is now £68,000, and in 1861, it divided profits to the amount of £5599. There are in the whole county 100 of these co-operative stores, doing business to the amount of £1,000,000. There are from thirty to forty manufacturing societies in this county, with over £1,000,000 of capital, one-third of which is, perhaps borrowed. Last year the profit to members on purchases made at the store amounted to 2s. 5d. in the pound, that is to say, that for every 17s. 7d. spent, the members got a pound's worth of goods. This combination of labor and capital has been attended with results on the condition and habits of the people, which it is most gratifying to hear of,

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A SHIP STEWARD.—On Monday evening, Hugh Cameron, steward of the late ship *Surinam*, of Greenock, was apprehended. The *Surinam*, while proceeding through the Straits of Belleisle on her passage to Montreal, struck a floating mass, supposed to be an iceberg, and the crew being unable to keep the leak under, she was abandoned the next day, with fourteen feet of water in the hold. On Monday, Mr. Kerr, the owner, received a letter from Cameron, stating that the ship was purposely set on fire by the master and mate, and threatening that if Mr. Kerr did not call at the Tontine Hotel, at a certain hour, and give him (Cameron), a handsome reward, he would inform Lloyd's agent of the circumstance. Mr. Kerr immediately handed the letter to Mr. Blair, Procurator-Fiscal, who caused Cameron to be apprehended, and he has been examined before the Sheriff and committed.—Greenock Advertiser.

THE MEANS OF FLYING.—M. de Groof, of Bruges, asserts that, after eleven years' study, he has invented the means of flying in the air in any direction, and only needs money to demonstrate it beyond question. The machine is small, he says, and will enable man to move in the air 'with the swiftness of a swallow and the vigor of the eagle.' He asks for aid from England.

as it shows that a means has been found by which working men have it in their power to protect themselves from the alleged tyranny of capital, and to secure for themselves variety of employment, leisure, and comforts denied them under the existing industrial system. It is earnestly to be hoped that the present distress will not destroy these combinations.

SECRETS.—We must regard every matter as an entrusted secret, which we believe the person concerned would wish to be considered as such. Nay, further still, we must consider all circumstances as secrets entrusted, which would bring scandal upon another if told, and which it is not our certain duty to discuss, and that in our own persons and to his face. The divine rule of doing as we would be done by, is never better put to the test in matters of good and evil-speaking. We may sophisticate with ourselves upon the manner in which we would wish to be treated, under many circumstances; but everybody recoils instinctively from the thought of being spoken ill of in his absence.

If a man talks insolently to you under the plea of candour, you may knock him down under a plea of an infirmity of temper.

Young men and women are often smitten as sportsmen kill partridges—at first sight.

Gossip.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

Under this portentous heading, some poor fellow up west, stands a fair chance of being stung to death, unless printer's ink has lost its potency, and steel pens their points. The crime of which this culprit has been guilty, is neither murder nor arson, nor larceny, nor any other violation of common or statute law, but simply this: that in a certain after-dinner speech, the said culprit, not having the fear of the 'fourth estate' before his eyes, but being moved and instigated by some unaccountable hallucination, did willingly, knowingly, and with malice aforethought, make, and utter some uncomplimentary remarks touching the newspaper press of Canada. Hereupon a gang of editors, without the formality of a conference, have adjudged him guilty of 'high crimes and misdemeanors,' and deserving to be kicked out of respectable society, impaled, gibbeted, and generally done for. In the name of conscience is this fair, my masters? Day by day we of the press are engaged in criticising and fault-finding. Against every interest and every class, we enjoy the privilege of grumbling. Then why this over-sensitiveness, when a few adverse words are spoken of ourselves?

For my part, I could often have thanked the man who had courage enough to break through the quack-admiration for the press, which usually pervades those *post prandial* speeches. One's nerves are apt to get up on end, at hearing the same old strain repeated at every public dinner. First, we have the chairman swelling into vaporous eloquence over the 'palladium of freedom,' 'the great conservator of human rights,' &c., &c. Then, with his blandest bow, calling on his friend the editor of the *Horn of Liberty*, (no pun intended, dear reader,) who thanks his friend the chairman, for proposing, and the gentlemen present, for so enthusiastically responding to the toast, grandiloquently demonstrates that an independent press, (like the *Horn*, for instance,) is the very life blood of a nation.

Now this is all very pleasant when the champagne bottles are nearly empty, and our minds, therefore, poetically elevated. But in sober seriousness, to hear the same stereotyped speeches gone over for the hundredth time, makes a little variety quite charming.

To bear criticism with equanimity, is a sign of strength and confidence;—to fly into a furious passion at the yelp of every poodle who chooses to be impertinent, or who has formed a bad opinion of us, is only indicative of shattered nerves and general infirmity.

HISTORY OF THE RACCOON.

This animal is well known by the American backwoodsman as well as the sportsman on the shores of the oceans and rivers. In the far West he is sometimes called a 'coon,' and among the early Dutch settlers a 'haracoon.' But in all places and in all situations he is the same hardy, sagacious, prowling, nocturnal visitant to those haunts where his sustenance is easiest to be secured.

His limbs are muscular and short; his body is stout, and his back arching. He has most of the cunning of the fox, but not commonly the same propensity for visiting human habitations and hen-roosts, or their vicinity, though he has no aversion to the like kinds of food and prey to which Reynard has such strong predilection. The raccoon is also fond of fish, oysters, and most kinds of shell-fish when he is located near them; for this purpose he visits the beaches and banks of rivers during the night in search of this kind of easy and unresisting prey. He finds the shell of the oyster open, and adroitly seizes it before the poor fish can close its shell. It sometimes happens, however, that the oyster by sud-

denly closing up its shell, performs much the same office as a rat-trap, and catches the raccoon's jaw between the closed shells; the biter in this case gets bit; the catcher raccoon is caught. A large oyster will not let the thief go, and the raccoon is either held on the spot, or limps off with this troublesome appendage hanging to his jaws. His toes, though long, sharp and powerful, are calculated for digging, and are almost useless for grasping or holding on. He, therefore, holds his prey at arm's length, whilst feeding, between his two paws like a squirrel, sitting upon his haunches like the same animal, or like the bear. His tail, like that of the fox, is long, full and bushy; and owing to the length of his paws, his Spanish name implies, in South America, 'the fox with the stretched hand.'

The sense of smell in the raccoon is very acute, and his sight, like that of the owl or bat, is rather obtuse and better adapted for twilight or night than sunshine or day, during the lapse of which he sleeps most of the time in his secret retreats, rolled up in the form of a ball, with his head between his thighs.

Our readers, perhaps, never saw one of these creatures coiled up like a hoop or a hedge-hog, and suppose they only inhabit the far West. This is a mistake. We have seen and killed young raccoons, two-thirds grown, within a mile or two of Boston. They are about the size of a common cat. Where there are young raccoons there must be old ones; but the young animals had not yet learned to hide themselves during the day, like the old ones, and incautiously went to sleep exposed to view, in the cleft of a rock, with their heads between their haunches.

The raccoon is found from Canada to Louisiana, and from Louisiana to the extremity of South America and the West Indies. His food varies with his place of abode. In the West Indies he likes fruits, sugar-cane and maize, and it would be supposed he subsisted on nothing else; but throughout America, in all his abodes, he is particularly fond of poultry, eating, however, only the head and sucking the blood of his victim. He has only one very curious habit, which is, that of plunging his food before eating it into the water, and has therefore in some places been called the 'washer.'

When tamed, he is very fond of sweet things. He accommodates himself to all manner of living, and is very ingenious in getting his food, even showing great dexterity in taking crab-fish. In devouring his newly acquired meal he shows equal dexterity. A crab walks sideways, right or left, never backwards or forwards. The raccoon is careful, therefore, to get the crab into his mouth crosswise, and thus avoids the nippers of this shell-fish, the grip of which, like those of the lobster, is far from agreeable.

LUNATICS IN FORMER TIMES.

It appears that up to 1700 lunatics in France were confined in cells six feet square, to which air and light were admitted by the door alone, the food being introduced by a sort of wicket. The only furniture consisted of narrow planks fastened in the damp walls, and covered with straw. At one asylum—the Salpêtrière, in the department of La Seine—rats found their way into the cells, which were on a level with the drains, and often attacked and severely wounded the lunatics, and sometimes occasioned their death.

'All we read of,' said Dr. Connolly, 'concerning the original hospital, called New Bethlehem, in Moorsfield, near London, is of chains, manacles, and the stocks. A Committee appointed in 1593 declared the house to be so loathsome and dirty that it was not fit for any man to enter. The new building, defective as it was, became the subject of much commendation; but its praises were

chiefly sung by its own officers, and we possess little authentic information as to the state of the institution, except that down to 1770 the inmates were exhibited to the public for money, and that the price of admission was two pence, and afterwards one penny.

'We are told that more than thirty years after the passage of the enactment, lunatics supposed to be under the influence of the moon were bound, chained, and even flogged, at particular periods of the moon's age, in order to prevent a renewal of their violence. But some German physicians suggested still more atrocious modes of punishing them. They wished for machinery by which a patient just arrived at any asylum, and after being drawn with frightful clangor over a metal bridge across a moat, could be suddenly raised to the top of a tower, and as suddenly lowered into a dark and subterranean cavern; and they avowed that if the patient could be made to alight among snakes and serpents, it would be still better.'

Another invention was a circulating swing, which was recommended to the profession as a "safe and effectual remedy," and by means of which the maniacal or melancholic patient, fast bound on a couch or chair, was rotated at various rates up to 100 gyrations a minute. This punishment was so successful that the patient was subjected to it was ever afterwards terrified at the mention of the swing, but it lowered the pulse and temperature to such a degree as to alarm the physician.

A DRUNKEN SERPENT.—We extract from Theodore Winthrop's last book the following account of the manner in which his Indian guide charmed a rattlesnake. Antipodes, loping in the lead, suddenly shied wildly away from a small rattlesnake coiled in the track. The little stranger did not wait for our assault. He glided away into a thick bush, where he stood on the defensive, brandishing his tongue, and eyeing us with two flames. His tail, meanwhile, recited cruel anathemas, with a harsh, rapid burr. He was safe from assault of stick or stone, and I was about to call in my old defender, the revolver, when Uplintz prayed me to pause. I gave him the field, while Kpawintz stood by, chuckling with delight at the ingenuity of his friend and hero. Uplintz took from a duckskin pouch at his belt, his pipe, and loosening from the bowl its slender red stem, he passed through it a stiff spire of bunch-grass. A little oil of tobacco adhered to the point. He approached the bush carefully, and held the nicotine-straw a foot from the rattlesnake's nose. At once, from a noisy, threatening snake, tremulous with terror and rage, from quivering fang to quivering rattle—a snake writhing venomously all along its black and yellow ugliness—it became a pacified snake, watchful, but not wrathful. Uplintz, charmer of reptiles, proceeded with judicious coolness. Imperceptibly he advanced his wand of enchantment nearer and nearer. Rattler perceived the potent influence, and rattled no more. The vixenish twang ceased at one end of him; at the other his tongue was gently lambent. The narcotic javelin approached, and finally touched his head. He was a lulled and vanquished rattlesnake. He followed the magic sceptre, as Uplintz withdrew it—a very drunken serpent 'rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard,' staggering with the air of a languidly contented inebriate. He swayed feebly out upon the path, and squirmed there, while the charmer tickled his nose with the pleasant opiate, his rattles uttering mild plaudits. At last Kpawintz, the stolid, whipping out a knife, suddenly decapitated our disarmed plaything, and baked the carcass for supper, with triumphant guffaws. Kpawintz enjoyed his solution of the matter hugely, and acted over the motions of the snake, laughing loudly as he did so, and exhibiting his tidbit trophy.

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.—The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes, and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with 'wait-a-bit' thorns, and full of pitfalls, which can only be avoided by the most watchful circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he acquires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for the poetry. Happiness is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, the thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these, and like tokens of affection and sympathy, constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the anxieties, the mortifications, and worse, that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own fireside.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares:—'There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby-days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasures or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him.'

WORSE THAN CRINOLINE.—I remember the time when no young woman who went 'into the world' ever appeared till she had tied on *before* a semi-circular cushion of a quarter of a yard long and wide, and two inches thick. How we could have been such fools is to me amazing; or how we supported that horrid composition of calico and horsehair in crowded assemblies in the dog-days, or how we reconciled it to our feelings of cleanliness to wear one of those machines till we were tired of its form, without washing, appears now beyond my belief. This fashion was introduced by Lady Caroline Campbell (afterwards Lamb), and I think has been without parallel in false taste and absurdity since that period. I have gone into shops to choose those precious ornaments, and have seen five hundred of them at one time. I think this was about sixteen years ago. We then removed them to the opposite quarter, and all looked like the Hottentot Venus.—Mrs. Trenck.

BEWARE OF BORROWING NEWSPAPERS.—A lady was, not long since, travelling in a railway carriage in company with a well-dressed man and woman, the former of whom offered her a copy of an illustrated newspaper for her entertainment. She accepted the civility, opened the paper, perceived a powerful and peculiar odor, became immediately insensible, and awoke to find herself robbed of her money and railway ticket, together with sundry articles of jewelry. The paper was supposed to have been saturated with chloroform, the scent of which was disguised with lavender.

LETTER FROM SAVANNAH, GA.

We have had the pleasure of reading a private letter from Savannah, Georgia, sent by a young Hamiltonian to his father, now residing here. A few of the facts contained in it will, no doubt, be interesting to our readers.

He says:—You may imagine how the people suffer here, and without murmuring too, when I tell you that common shoes are selling at \$25 per pair; boots \$40; common pants, per pair, \$25 to \$30; flour \$50 to \$60 per barrel, and likely to run up to \$100; salt 25 to 30 cents per lb; sugar 60 cents per lb; whiskey 25 cents a glass. I have only had three or four loaves of wheat bread for the last six or seven months, but have learned to do very well without it. Indian corn, beef, potatoes and rice constitute our principal food.

by obstructed perspiration. Climate and season of the year certainly demand clothing suited to them; but in our unsteady climate it is very difficult to accommodate them to the sudden changes. Upon the whole, however, after the age of thirty-five, it may be better to exceed than be deficient in clothing. Habit and custom also merit great attention. If persons have been accustomed to warm clothing, there will always be hazard in sudden changes of every kind. Those who clothe and sleep warmly ought not to indulge in hot, close rooms during the day, nor have fires in their bed-chambers. Those who have resided long in hot climates should, when they come into this country, rather exceed their clothing.

With respect to the state of health: to persons of hale constitutions, and in high health very warm clothing in the day, or covering at night, would be highly improper, because their vital powers being active, and the circulation vigorous, the warmth and steady perspiration on the surface and extremities resist the impressions of cold or moisture.

complaints are thereby much aggravated.—Until the constitution therefore has been strengthened, and as it were hardened by being gradually habituated to air and exercise, the quantity of clothing should be rather added to than diminished. In cold and damp weather, such additions should be made to clothing as to protect the body against the sudden and severe impressions of either. Invalids should have clothing accommodated to different seasons and changes of weather, and ought rather to exceed than be deficient in their warmth.—Those persons particularly who are subject to coughs, those whose nerves are weak and irritable, and those who are gouty and rheumatic, ought at the beginning of October to wear flannel, or increase the substance of that worn already, at the same time defending the lower limbs by wearing flannel drawers and woollen stockings.

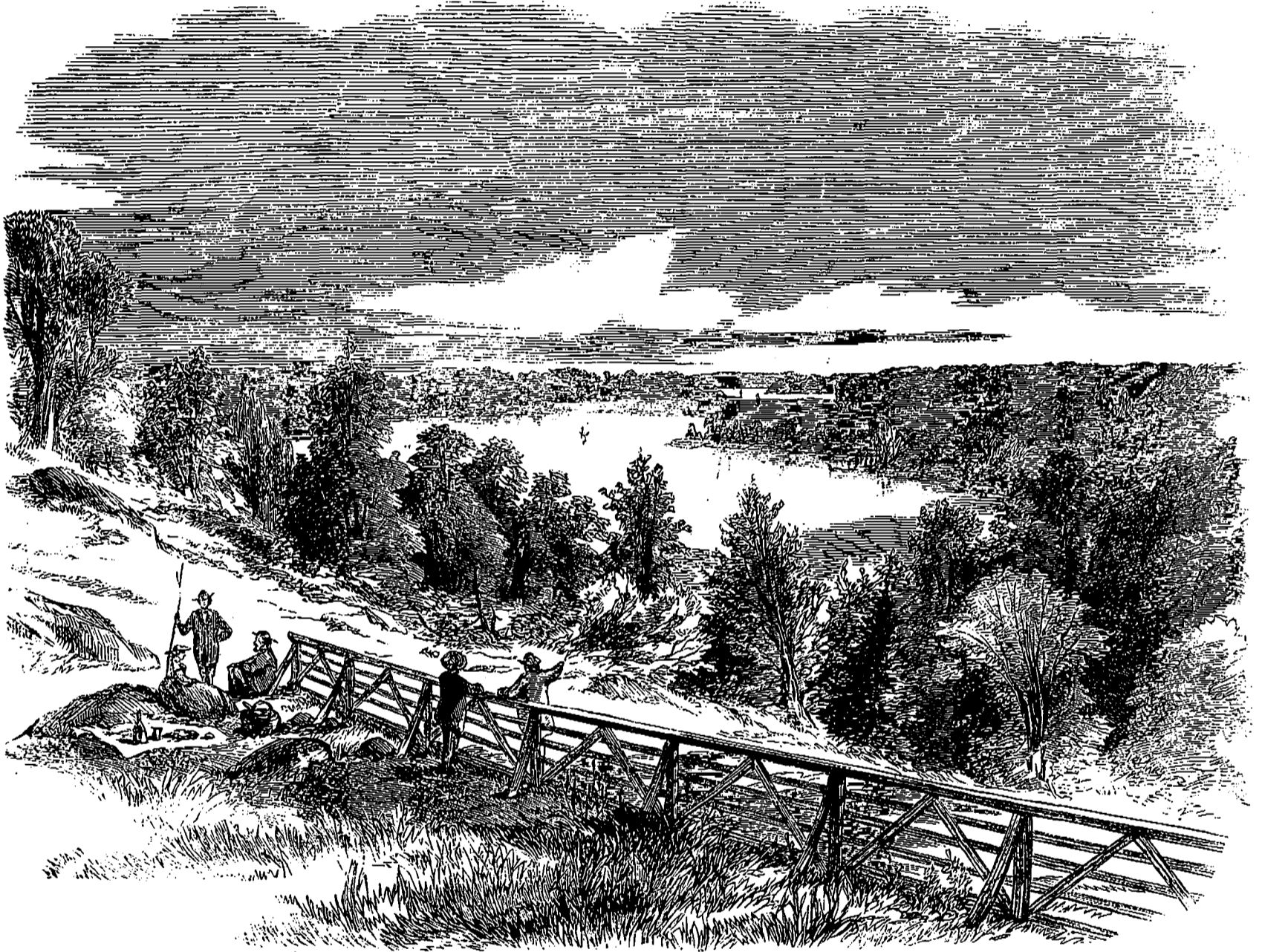
The Privateer Florida has captured and burnt several Federal reserves off the coast of Havana.

UNITED STATES.

A large Union Meeting was recently held in New Orleans, at which Mayor Hamilton of Texas made a rather remarkable speech for that region. He reviewed the progress of the pro-slavery sentiments of the South. He could remember the time he said when a man might express his opinion either for or against slavery without molestation. Of latter years however the most cautious dissent from the doctrine that Slavery was a divine institution would cost him his life. He was in favor of the restoration of the Union, whatever might be the fate of that peculiar institution.

The Senate of Missouri has passed the House resolution in favor of emancipation.

The Woodstock 'Times' intimates that the 'Credit Foncier' scheme will not be introduced in the House during the forthcoming Session.



SCENE ON THE RIDEAU LAKE, (SEE PAGE 155.)

The writer expresses his belief that the South cannot be conquered. He says that the Confederates are busy constructing vessels of war at Savannah, which they intend for the same business as the Alabama and Florida.

A FEW HINTS ON DRESS.

It is evident that the covering of the body ought to be accommodated to different ages, habits of life, season, climate, and state of health. With respect to the different periods of life: children should be warmly clad in cold weather, and there cannot be a greater mistake than to allow the legs and arms of infants to remain bare in winter. From the stage of childhood to the thirty-fifth year the strength of the vital powers and a brisk circulation tend very much to keep up an equal perspiration; but after that period the force of the circulation being lessened, the clothing by day and the covering by night should be gradually increased, for many of the diseases of advanced life are produced or exasperated

unless they are very violent. Such persons, however, relying so much on the strength of their constitutions, often expose themselves imprudently; and as the violence of the disease is in general proportioned to the vigour of their vital powers, so they are frequently rapid in their progress and rapid in their termination. The grand rule is, so to regulate our clothing and covering that when we expose ourselves to the external air, the difference of the temperature of the air in both situations may be such that we shall not be susceptible of dangerous impressions under any inclemency of season when we go abroad. Persons in firm health ought, therefore, so to regulate the temperature within doors that it shall not exceed fifty-six degrees of the thermometer in the winter, spring, and autumn; and in summer, bring it as near to that as possible by the admission of fresh air.

Persons of delicate and irritable constitutions, whose powers are weak, and circulation languid and unsteady, are apt to have the perspiration checked by very slight causes; this also happens to invalids, whose

The immigration to Canada for the year 1862 shows a satisfactory increase over the last five years. The following is a statement of the respective numbers for that period:

| | |
|-----------|--------|
| 1858..... | 12,810 |
| 1859..... | 8,778 |
| 1860..... | 10,150 |
| 1861..... | 19,923 |
| 1862..... | 22,176 |

The nationalities of the emigrants arriving in 1862 are as follows:—English, 5,180; Irish, 5,463; Scotch, 3,026; Prussians, 2,516; Norwegians, Sweden and Danes, 5,289; other countries, 697.

As the Princess Louise, of Hesse, (Princess Alice,) was riding in a wagonette near Osborne, the postilion attempted to pass between two other vehicles, and the wagonette was overturned. The princess and her companion were thrown out with considerable violence, and both were considerably shaken, but no serious injury was done.

It is said that the government is about to establish an emigration agency in Liverpool, England.

GREAT BRITAIN.

By the Australasian we learn that a movement was on foot to test public opinion by a meeting to consider American affairs, and the emancipation question.

Movements of a similar kind had taken place in Manchester.

Late advices inform us that a famine may be said to exist in Ireland. The means of the small farmers were almost completely exhausted, the laborers were unemployed and in want of food, the manufacturing industry of the kingdoms was greatly depressed, and landlord evictions were multiplied.

M. Ingres, a French artist, is engaged to draw, for the life of 'Julius Caesar,' by Louis Napoleon, a head of Caesar based upon all existing authorities. This plan of compiling a portrait from various sources is now quite novel, and is certainly very absurd. Some years ago the same sort of trick was practised against the head of Shakespeare.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

This building has a frontage on King Street of about 140 feet. It has a market arcade in the centre, shops on either side in front, and a Music Hall runs the whole depth of the building. The lecture room is 100 feet deep by 38½ in width. The arcade is 75 feet deep, with a continuation in the rear running to the next street, which adds 200 feet more to its depth. It is neatly fitted with shops and stalls. It is built of white brick, but the whole of the front is of cut stone.

The style of architecture is the Roman Corinthian. The cupola which surmounts the entire building forms a circular temple of the Corinthian order and contains a clock and alarm bell. It cost about \$30,000.

men and warlike daring; and anon crouching on the ground, and suppressing his accents to a whisper, which, though of the lowest, was distinctly audible above the tumultuous shouts of the market-place, he related, in tones of no less fervency, some passage of cunning or deadly revenge.

Never did I see such speaking eloquence as that displayed in this man's gestures of burning accents, or more intelligent expression than that traceable in the countenances of his hearers. The men forgot their stoicism, and shed a tear; the women, unmindful of the strangers' presence, let folds of their cloaks fall from their pale but lovely faces; and all, by their shouts and tears, showed their sympathy with the tale. Each with parted lips and 'dark eyes flashing fire,' gazed intently on the speaker, their wild spirits chained and softened, while the old man held them captive with his glittering eye and living eloquence. There they sat unmindful of the surrounding tumult which swept around them, wholly wrapped up in

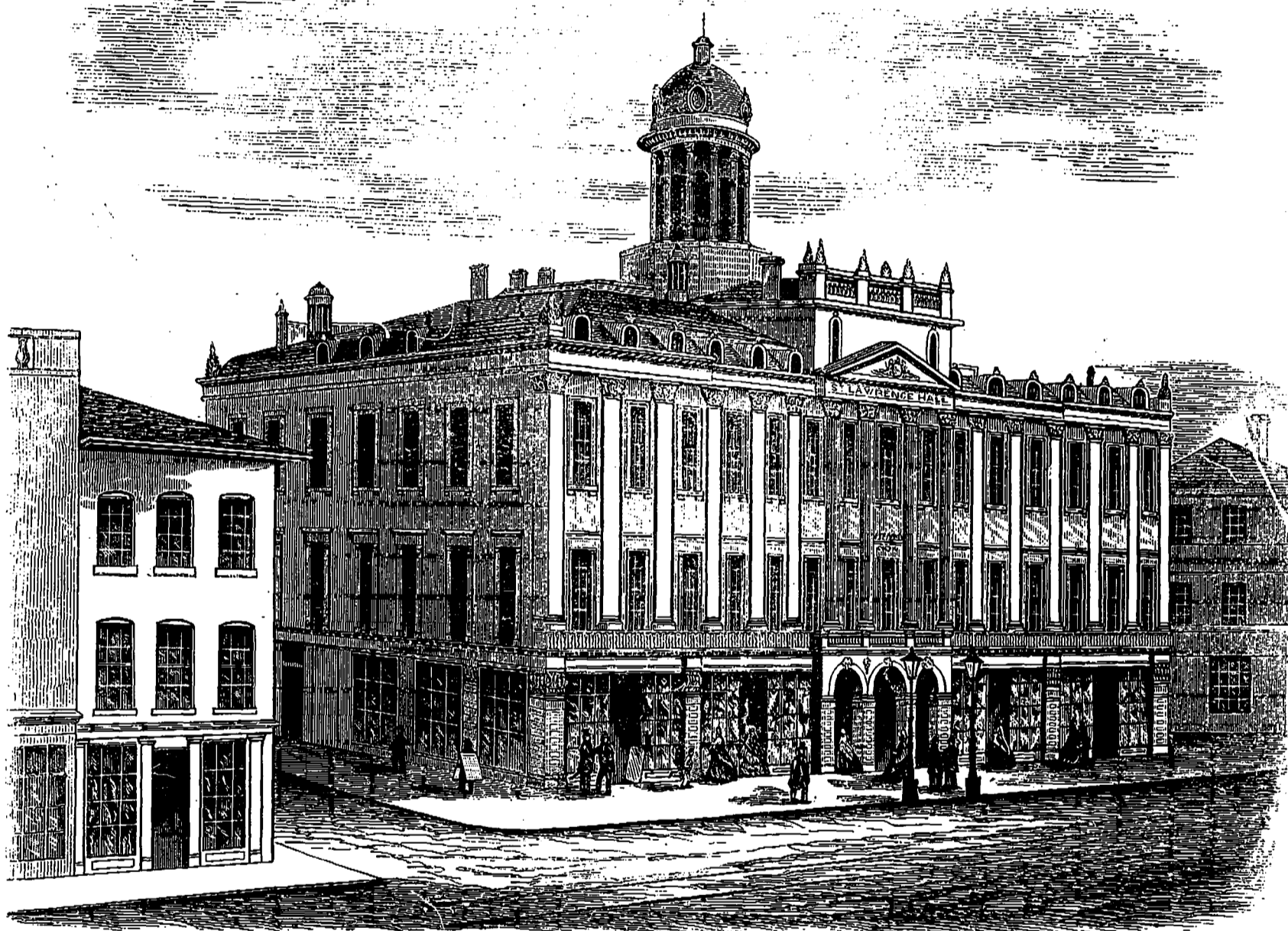
DANGEROUS PLEASURES.—I have sat upon the sea-shore and waited for its gradual approaches, and have seen its dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with his hand had given to it such life and motion; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and had well nigh swept me from my firmest footing. So have I seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of inviting pleasure, till it has detained his eye and imprisoned his feet, and swelled upon his soul, and swept him to a swift destruction.

HUNTING IN AFRICA.

A passion for hunting seems to be an innate propensity in the human breast, and is developed at a very early age, when cats, dogs and mice are made the ignoble game of

soon exhausted the excitement of the country as he had done the Highlands of Scotland. Having heard much of the sport in South Africa, he exchanged into the Cape Rifles, thinking that he could easily reconcile his military duties at the Cape of Good Hope with his sporting propensities. The latter, however, soon absorbed his whole soul, and so, having sold his commission, he devoted the proceeds to fitting out an expedition into the interior of South Africa. He bought an immense wagon drawn by a great number of oxen, a stud of at least twenty horses, dogs innumerable, shooting equipments of all kinds, and cords of powder and shot, and with men for drivers, after-riders, bush-beaters, etc., departed for five years' campaign against the wild beasts.

During this period he obtained specimens of every animal to be found in that region, elephants, rhinoceroses, antelopes, gnus, giraffes, bles-backs, spring hoks, hartebeets, bluebusts, crocodiles, lions, tigers, and serpents. A daring rider, an infallible shot,



ST. LAWRENCE HALL, KING STREET, TORONTO.

AN ARAB STORY-TELLER.

In a corner of the market-place, a little apart from the fierce rabble, was seated on the ground a large group of men, women and children, listening to a story-teller from the desert. On a small space of ground allotted to him stood the reciter; and a more striking picture than he and his audience presented cannot be conceived. He was a gray bearded ancient, with an eye of fire, clothed in a full white turban, and having his striped robe disposed in graceful folds around him. He held in his hand a small timbrel, on which he struck, at intervals, short and abrupt notes, when he wished to give additional emphasis to his story. Walking hurriedly up and down, he enunciated his tale with peculiar clearness of diction, in the guttural accent of his Arab race. Sometimes standing on tip-toe, with upturned face and burning eye, pointing, with uplifted finger, to the blue sky overhead, like some old seer appealing to his Great Inspirer, and elevating his voice to its utmost stretch, he vehemently poured forth some part which told of brave

the account of other scenes which, for a time, rendered them oblivious of their present misery, in the dream-like recollections of their people's paradise.

When he finished, his hearers drew a long breath, as if relieved from some trance under which they had been held, and fearfully glancing round, gathered up the folds of their long robes and passed amidst the crowd with a sigh.

We were glad, with the others, to contribute our mite to the leathern purse of the story-teller, as we left the spot with feelings which sympathized with the scene. Some of the residents informed us that these tales were identical with those romantic stories which must have delighted all readers of the Arabian Nights; and that listening to their recital forms one of the most favorite sources of amusement to the Arabs.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARYSHIP.—M. Bureau has been appointed Provincial Secretary. He enters the government as the representative of the Lower Canadians which usually follow the lead of M. Dorion.

infant sportsmen, before the natural propensities are subject to moral restraint and discipline. The greatest ambition of the boy is to possess a gun, and very amiable old gentlemen may be seen toiling miles under a September sun in the hope of getting a shot at a pack of quails or a covey of partridges. But game now-a-days is fast disappearing: the moose and diminishing in numbers, the herds of deer are being yearly decimated, and even in the far west, buffalo are not so plenty as they used to be.

But if the sportsman wishes to enjoy real sport, when the game is vast in size and imposing in numbers, when the chase possesses the grand element of danger which alone gives it dignity and sublimity, he must imitate the example of Captain R. Gordon Cummings, a few years since. This gentleman, after having exhausted the excitement of hunting in his native highlands, after having stalked and shot the red deer till he was very weary of the sport, procured a commission in a regiment ordered to Canada. Here he distinguished himself as a Nimrod, and

and brave as steel, his success was commensurate with his energy. He very coolly speaks of 'bagging' three or four elephants of a morning. The hunting of these monsters requires tact, nerve and skill; if they get your wind, they are off at a pace which defies pursuit; if they are cornered, they charge furiously, and it is needless to say that a toss from the tusks of an elephant would be equivalent to the loss of number in one's mess. The lion, on the contrary, the king of beasts, is, on the whole, a great thief and coward; but the lionesses are far braver than their lords, and not at all amiable if they perceive their cubs in danger.

If any of our sporting friends are ambitious of better sport than dropping woodcock or wild duck, we advise them to embark for the Cape of Good Hope and try their fortunes in South Africa. We can assure them that if they devote time and money to it, and go far enough into the country, they may easily bag a brace or two of elephants in the course of a day's tramp.

Make your words agree with your thoughts.

Reviews.

BARRINGTON, a novel by Charles Lever: New York, Harper and Brothers; Hamilton, Joseph Lyght.

The numerous admirers of this gifted author, will gladly hear of this his latest production. We have not yet had time to read it, so must defer criticism, until a more convenient season. It is in paper covers and of excellent typography. We hope Mr. Lyght will have numerous calls for it.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR FEB., 1863: NEW YORK, Harper & Brothers; HAMILTON: Joseph Lyght, King St., and Wm. Brown, James Street.

The present number of this excellent periodical is by no means inferior to its predecessors. A Californian in Iceland, contributes his second paper on that interesting country, accompanied by engravings illustrative of the manners, customs, and habits of the people. 'Dr. Hawley,' is the first part of a new tale to be finished in two parts. The 'Gentlemen of the Press,' describes the practical workings of our great newspaper establishments, giving an idea of the labor and cost involved in the production of a daily paper. We hope our readers will give this article their special attention.

The cruise of the 'Essex,' is a picture of the war in the south-west.

George Elliott, gives us the continuation of 'Romola,' from chapter 27 to 32 inclusive.

The 'Small House at Allington,' is also continued, illustrated by Hobbes.

The other articles are 'Philip Raynor's Sacrifice,' 'a Tilt at the Woman Question,' 'Thomas Elliott's Speculations,' 'Jumping Jack's Daughter,' 'The Rarey Method,' 'Up to the Hills,' 'The Policeman's Tramp,' and the usual editorial matter, together with the fashions for February.

From the 'Gentlemen of the Press,' we extract the following amusing incident, connected with the Prince of Wales' visit to this country:—

'At Niagara Falls an incident occurred during the Prince's stay, which illustrates some of the peculiarities of reporters, and which has been frequently, but never correctly, related by the English papers as a proof of American enterprise. The special reporter of a New York journal had ordered the telegraph line to be kept open, one Sunday evening, when the offices were usually closed, and had engaged to pay the operators liberally for their extra work. Before he had finished telegraphing his usual reports along came the reporter of another New York journal, who, having obtained some exclusive news, and finding the line in fine working order, asserted his right to have his dispatches transmitted to New York also. Reporter the first resisted. Reporter the second insisted. Reporter the first appealed to the telegraph operators, and after a great deal of conversation between the Niagara and Rochester offices, the operators decided that both reports must be telegraphed. Reporter the second was calmly triumphant and coolly prepared his notes. Reporter the first attempted to bribe the operators, and finding them incorruptible, began a long and desultory argument over the wires in order to kill time and crowd out his opponent. Reporter the second thereupon obtained an interview with the Hon. John Rose, the Premier of Canada, who sent down a message to the operators that he was or had been President, Vice-President, or a Director—he really could not tell which—of the Telegraph Company, and that by virtue of this authority he ordered both dispatches to be telegraphed immediately. This order added fuel to the fire of indignation which glowed in the bosom of Reporter the first. A Canadian official dictate to an American reporter? Never! Meanwhile the moments slipped hurried-

ly away, and the hour was approaching when it would be useless to attempt to send a dispatch to New York in time for publication in the morning papers.—Observing this, Reporter the first suddenly recovered his self-control and referred all the parties concerned to the standard rule of the Telegraph Company that 'dispatches must be sent in the order in which they were received, and that one dispatch must be finished before another could be transmitted.' This rule was acknowledged to be telegraphic law.—Reporter the first then claimed priority for his report. This point was also conceded. The reporter then briefly but eloquently informed the by-standers that they might as well go to bed, as his report could never be concluded while a chance of a dispatch reaching New York that night remained to his competitor.—Immediately he set to work to telegraph against time. His original report having been dispatched he jotted down every item worth sending, and ransacked his brain for any little incident of the Prince's doings which might possibly have been forgotten. His pencil flew over the paper like lightning. Click—click—click—the operator hurried off page after page, almost as rapidly as the reporter could indite them. Reporter the second stalked gloomily up and down the office, despairing but unconquered. To him the minute-hand of the clock moved with terrible swiftness. To Reporter the first the moments seemed shod with lead. Every item being exhausted, a description of Niagara Falls, carefully reserved to be sent by mail, was handed to the operator and flashed over the line at a cost of six or eight cents a word. This done, there was a moment's pause.—Reporter the first reflected. Reporter the second breathed more freely, and even ventured to smile hopefully and nervously finger his detained dispatches. Alas! Reporter the first again writes—this time a note to the Rochester operator: 'which would you prefer to telegraph, a chapter of the Bible or a chapter of Claude Duval the highwayman? These are the only two books I can find in the hotel.' The lightning dashes off with the query and returns with the answer: 'It is quite immaterial which you send.' The Reporter seizes the Bible; transcribes the first chapter of Matthew, with all its hard, genealogical names; adds this to his previous dispatches; tacks portions of the twenty-first chapter of Revelations—describing the various precious stones—to the incongruous report; hands it all to the operator; sends his blessing and an injunction to be careful of the spelling to the Rochester Office, and gleefully awaits the result with his eyes on the clock.—Before this Scriptural news is fully transmitted the hour arrived when no more telegrams could be sent. Reporter the first retired in glory; but although his telegrams reached New York safely, the Biblical portions were unfortunately never published. Reporter the second telegraphed his news and his indignation the next morning, and then good-naturedly acknowledged his defeat.'

MURDER.—When the sunlight of God's mercy rises upon our necessities, it casts the shadow of prayer far down upon the plain; or, to use another illustration, when God piles up a hill of mercies, he himself shines behind them, and he casts on our spirit the shadow of prayer, so that we may rest certain, if we are in prayer, our prayers are the shadows of mercy.

CHILDREN.—I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, 'These are they that make a rich man poor.' But he straightway received this answer, 'Nay, my Lord; these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of those whom we would part with for all your wealth.—Taylor.

PHOTOGRAPHY'S APPROACH TO ART. We find the following very suggestive analysis in the 'London Review:—' We confess that the pleasure we derive from an exhibition of photographs, however excellent, is never wholly unalloyed by a lurking, undefined feeling of dissatisfaction. They are so near perfection, and yet so far from it. There is a delicacy, a tender beauty about a photograph, (of foliage, for instance, or of light airy clouds, or of the long rippling line of breakers on the shore,) which is inimitable; but the fault of a photograph is that, in nine cases out of ten, it is too like nature, a too literal copy.—After the first blush of admiration at the marvellous accuracy of the imitation has passed away, we look for something more—something deeper and more lasting than mere reflection—for something of the poetry and sentiment with which nature clothes herself—and of course we fail to discover it and, having failed, we are inclined to feel disappointed, and possibly to estimate too lowly what a few moments before we were in loud praise of. One of the reasons why pre-Raphaelitism loses way with the public—and will lose way still more—is that the creed of its disciples is 'imitation.' To your true pre-Raphaelite nothing can be too elaborate—nothing too servile in its imitation of nature; and the result is, and must be, that in the struggle and fight for exact imitation—in the anxiety lest any detail, however insignificant, should not receive sufficient prominence—the real feeling and poetry of the artist, if he have any are lost, and he produces at best but a labored, overwrought libel on nature, wanting in expression, wanting in breadth of treatment, and too often wanting in true and harmonious coloring. What we really crave for in a work of art, be it painting or be it sculpture is the poetry—the sentiment the design and treatment; what we really value in a picture, is the glimpse it gives us of the painter's mind—of the tone of thought with which he dealt with some, perhaps, familiar scene. A score of men who sucked in art with their mother's milk—real, true-born artists, mind—would treat the self-same subject under the same effects, and you would have a score of pictures, each as widely differing from the others as black from white, and yet each a grand and perfect work. With photography, it is, of course, precisely the reverse. Two photographs are as like to one another as possible; they are, in fact, mere impressions of natural objects, just as they might be seen in a looking-glass; and however perfect and wonderful, they are only capable of inspiring a very limited kind of admiration.'

A PROPOSAL.—The residents of Ab-ergeldie, the summer seat of the Duchess of Kent were once surprised with a visit from a Breemar farmer, who exhibited all the symptoms of having imbibed an intoxicating quantity of the far famed Lochnagar, or 'mountain dew.' 'Is the Duchess in?' asked the farmer. 'Yes,' replied Plush; 'leave your card or say what's your business.'—'What's the use of leaving my (hie) card, when I'm (hie) hero myself?' demanded the farmer. 'Well, your business, sir?' asked Plush, impatiently. 'Why, d'ye see now, the duchess is a widow, isn't she?'—'Yes, that is well,' replied Plush, beginning to be amused, 'but what of that?' rejoined the farmer, 'there is this of that; I am a widower, the duchess is a widow, and (hie) I want to get into the royal family.'

YOUTHFUL LOVE.—It is only in early youth, in the first freshness of the spring of life, that love can be tasted in its intensest rapture. Youth looks upon everything with fond and credulous eyes, and the air seems one universal rainbow. The emotion will not bear analysis, and what is more, will not bear the test of time; it is but too frequently its own suicide.

For Leisure Moments.

The child who cried for an hour, didn't get it!

The lightest of all garments—A shift of the wind.

A great game in a small compass—Cricket on the hearth.

Spell the fate of all earthly things with two letters.—D. K.

If a woman does keep a secret, it is pretty sure to be with telling effect.

If a clock were to speak to a parrot, what would it say?—POLL I TICKS.

The man who moved an amendment, injured his spine by the operation.

There's no use in your taking a lazy man to task. He won't perform it if you do.

Leaves that are best becoming to a warrior's brows—leaves of absence.

If a man presents you with a full suit of clothes from head to foot, except a cravat, he cuts your throat.

There is often but a slight separation between a woman's love and her hate: her keen teeth are very near to her sweet lips.

The experience of many a life: 'What a fool I've been!' The experience of many a wife: 'What a fool I've got!'

It is a popular delusion that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assists her to go off.

A dandy, smoking a cigar, having entered a menagerie, the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, 'lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits.'

'Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad,' and the example is a good one for our imitation. If you would demolish an opponent in argument, first make him as mad as you can.

Just so.—A mathematician, being asked by a stout fellow, 'If two pigs weigh twenty pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?' replied, 'Jump into the scales, and I will tell you immediately.'

Fontenelle lived to nearly a hundred years old. A lady of nearly the same age, said to him one day in a large company, 'Monsieur, you and I stay here so long, that I've a notion Death has forgotten us.' 'Speak as low as you can,' said Fontenelle, 'lest you should remind him of us!'

A Scotch pedestrian, attacked by three highwaymen, defended himself with great courage and obstinacy, but was at length overpowered and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected, from the extraordinary resistance they had experienced, to lay their hands on some rich booty, but were not a little surprised to discover that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending at the hazard of his life, consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence. 'The deuce is in him,' said one of the rogues, 'if he had had eighteen pence, I suppose he would have killed the whole of us.'

Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night.

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

Though bachelors may gripe, married men can laugh till their hearts ache.

He who anticipates his inheritance will be the inheritor of beggary.

He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions.

Solicitude destroys the mind and profits nothing.

An ass in a lion's skin may be discerned without spectacles.

Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are.

Unbridled desires are the fuel which the flame of impurity feeds on.

Unsophisticated manners are the genuine ornaments of a virtuous mind.

Unity of interests will reconcile many of the most opposite sentiments.

Eschew fine words as you would rouge. Love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks.

If patrons were a good deal more disinterested, ingratitude would probably be a good deal more rare.

Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

Self-respect is the ballast of our life-ship. Without it, let the craft be what she will, she is but a fine sea-coffin at best.

When doctrines mischievous in themselves are recommended by the good life of their author, it is like the arming of a depraved woman with beauty.

EOLA.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

(CONTINUED.)

'Haymarket, she said, in a musing tone. 'It's a queer haymarket, isn't it, Zeeny? I don't see the hay.'

'Why, you silly! they don't sell hay at night, returned Zerneen, sharply. 'They've done business long ago.'

'I thought it looked as if they'd only just begun, was Eola's innocent response; and she gazed up and down on the opposite row of illuminated cafes and gin-palaces in deep wonder.

'Let us cross the road now,' suggested Zerneen; 'that side is more lively than this.'

Accordingly they crossed over, and walked slowly up the street.

Numerous flower-girls, rushing about to and fro the pavement, eagerly proffering for sale their faded bouquets, attracted the curiosity and attention of the little wanderers.

'I wish we had some flowers to sell,' said Eola, and then we too could go into one of those fine shops—meaning the brilliantly lighted cafes—for see, those girls go into them to sell their nose-gays.'

'I should like to go into that one, just to get a nearer look at that beautiful lady. Look! isn't she lovely, Eola?'

I don't know which one you mean; there's a lot of 'em. But do let's try and go in.'

'Well, let's buy some flowers from one of the girls, and then go in and try and sell them again.'

'Those girls look strange,' faltered Eola, timidly; 'I'm afraid of them. They look so—so—so wicked.'

'Oh, I'm not afraid. They don't look any worse than some of the fair girls, I'm sure. There's one. I'll go up to her. You wait here.'

Zerneen approached one of the brazen wenches, and stretching forth her little hand, asked the price of her bouquets. The flower-girl, thinking she was going to steal some of them (never dreaming that in that tattered little form she had a customer,) raised her strong brawny arm, and brought it down on the shoulders of the child with a brutal force that felled her to the pavement.

But with all the fierce spirit of her race gleaming in her dark eyes, the gipsy girl sprang up, and needless of the pain caused by the savage blow, thinking only of revenge, she bounded like a tiger at the assailant, with a wild yell of passion snatched the flower basket from her arms, and scattered its contents on the pavement, trampling on them as they fell, in blind fury.

Eola ran to the spot in deep alarm; but already the young gipsy was struggling in the grasp of a policeman, who, alert to discover and prevent disturbance on his dissolute, noisy beat, had hastened to the spot immediately on perceiving the assault.

'I give her in charge! I give her in charge!' shrieked the flower-girl, who could scarcely be prevented from flying with tooth and nail at the poor child whose anger she had so justly deserved.

The policeman stood irresolute, but held the daring little savage firmly, in spite of her kicks and screams, and the prayers and tears profusely tendered in her behalf by the frightened Eola.

Zerneen, finding she could not escape from the dreadful man in blue, now began a loud and excited recapitulation of the outrage that had provoked her fury—equally loudly accompanied by the opposing story of the flower-girl, who vehemently vociferated for justice; and what with the entreaties of the agonised Eola, the fierce expostulation of the enraged Zerneen, and the barbarous outcries of the flower-girl, the poor officer of justice appeared somewhat perplexed.

A large crowd had now gathered about them, all eagerly endeavouring to effect the release of the little prisoner; for they felt instinctively that she was not the aggressor, while some of them were trying to make a compromise with the accuser.

'Let the poor little devil go,' said one of the bystanders, good-naturedly.

'He daren't!' screamed the flower-girl. 'I give her in charge, and he is bound to take her.'

'Shut up, you brazen wretch!' roared a man. 'I saw you knock the poor child down.'

At this juncture two gentlemen turned the corner of Charles Street, which was close to the scene of the dispute, and, noticing the mob, bent their steps towards it.

'I wonder what the row is,' said one of them, as he stood on tiptoe to see over the people's heads. 'A policeman has got hold of something; but it's so precious small, I can't make out what it is.'

'Why, actually it's a poor little girl!' said the other, feelingly. 'I wonder what she's done?'

'Look at that other little thing pulling away at the policeman's arm,' said he who had first spoken.

'Hilloa,' exclaimed his companion, abruptly; catching his arm, and pointing to the children.

'What's the matter?'

'Why, don't you see? Look at those children's faces. They're the little gipsies we met in—shire! Whatever can have brought them here? and in such a pickle, too!'

Our readers will now recognize Percy and Elwyn Eswald. Singularly enough, the former had come to town that very day: the latter now chiefly resided in London when he was in England; but he was a great traveller, and often left his native land for several months at a time.

On this particular evening Lord Eswald had called at his cousin's chambers (having nothing better to do), to get him to accompany him to some place of amusement, whither they were proceeding when they came across the disturbance in the Haymarket.

of the whole circumstance.

But the altercation seemed to have come to an end now, for the policeman was now moving off with his struggling prisoner, and Eola was running after them, crying as if her heart would break, while the flower-girl jeered and laughed at her alternately, and seemed determined to see her little assailant safely conducted to the police-court.

'I must rescue them, Percy,' said Elwyn, as they kept pace with the procession, Lord Eswald only following to endeavor to persuade his cousin against this kind resolution.

'Well, the only way you'll do it is by a pounce, and then you stand a chance of being arrested yourself,' argued the nobleman, impatiently.

'Surely two of us can manage it to get off clear,' responded Elwyn. 'You seize one I'll take the other, and then pop into a cab.'

'Very well, Don Quixote; as you please. It will only be a bit of a spree after all. Let us engage this four-wheeler.' And Eswald signed to a man on the box of a close cab to come to them.

The policeman and his terrified charge, closely followed by Eola and the flower-girl, were just turning the top of the street into Piccadilly, when the two gentlemen dashed through the crowd to the rescue. Elwyn tore Zerneen from the grasp of the policeman, who, to tell the truth, made but small resistance; Lord Eswald caught Eola, and quickly re-passing the mob, who made way for their retreat, they tossed the children into the cab, and had no sooner entered themselves, when the vehicle (the driver of which had received his instructions) started off at a rapid pace down Coventry Street, and was soon lost to the eyes of the astonished spectators in the gloom of Leicester Square.

CHAPTER XII.

After the first emotion of wonder had subsided, the children looked to see who were their deliverers. Eola uttered a faint scream when by the lamp-light she recognized the two well-remembered faces. Zerneen gave vent to an explanation of astonishment, but not having Eola's cause for emotion, her agitation was not so great.

'How did it happen?' inquired Elwyn. Zerneen informed him.

'You're a nice young lady! exclaimed Lord Eswald. 'I wonder what you'll be up to next? And your little blue-eyed friend here—hasn't she also an adventure to relate?'

'No, sir,' said Eola, softly; 'and I'm glad I haven't—at least, one of that sort.'

'Ah, I forgot,' rejoined the nobleman, sarcastically; 'you prefer love-making to adventures.'

Eola burst into tears.

It was not the taunt that brought them to her eyes; it was the bitter knowledge of the relation in which she stood to the person by whom it was uttered—of the immeasurable gulf which yawned between herself and the being she fain would have called her father.

Elwyn, misconstruing her emotion, said—'Nay, Percy, don't taunt my little friend,' and the kind man wiped away the child's tears with his own handkerchief.

'Oh, I don't wish to hurt her feelings,' returned Eswald, carelessly. 'But now,' he added, pulling the check-string, 'I think we may stop, and send the small creatures to their home. We are a good bit away from the celestial region where they earned for themselves such a pleasant notoriety.'

The vehicle stopped. They were close to Convent Garden. Lord Eswald jumped out, and held the door open for his cousin.

'Come, Elwyn, we shall be awfully late.'

'All right.' Then turning to Eola—'Good-bye, little one; I wish you a brighter fate than that which now appears to be your portion.'

'Good-bye, sir; I shall often think of you,' responded the child, in a broken voice.

Elwyn had alighted from the cab, but he leaned over and kissed the little creature's cheek.

'Where shall the man drive you to?' he asked, as he closed the door.

Again Zerneen pinched Eola's tender arm, then said—'To St. Martin's Church, if you please, sir;' for she was artful enough to give but a vague direction, lest he

should find out their real position in London, and seek to restore them to their friends—an idea she by no means relished.

'Oh!' cried Lord Eswald, 'you are very religious gipsies! So, you live at St. Martin's Church?'

'No,' returned Zerneen, laughing, 'but we are staying near there.'

'Ah, I see; you wish to remain incog.'

'Incog! What's that, sir?'

'Oh, only a word of mine: good-bye. Don't run your noses against the Haymarket again, at least—and the speaker lowered his tone—not till you're a few years older. Here, cabby, here's your fare—a thumping good one, too. Take the children to St. Martin's Church, and don't break their necks.'

Elwyn nodded a final farewell to the wistful little Eola, as the cab drove away, and then followed his cousin, who was already striding off.

Zerneen was full of chatter and wonderment during the short drive to St. Martin's Church; but Eola, whose little brain was monopolised by her own weighty secret, and whose heart was fluttering with all sorts of new emotions, merely replied to her talkative companion in unsatisfactory monosyllables. The latter, taking these as a sign that 'Olly was dumpy'—meaning ill-tempered—at length left her to enjoy her meditations in peace, while she amused herself by gazing from the cab window.

They reached their humble lodging in safety, and, wearied with the strange adven-



AN IMPORTANT CONSULTATION.

'Come on, Elwyn,' said Lord Eswald, at length; 'I dare say the young monkey's been picking somebody's pocket, and got nabbed for her pains.'

But Elwyn was too generous to believe the child guilty of such an offence as that ascribed to her by his cold-hearted cousin, and at any rate too charitable to pass on and leave the little girls in such a deplorable scrape as they seemed to have got into, without seeing if he could do something to aid them.

So he asked a bystander the reason of the girl's arrest, and was immediately informed

'Ah!' she said, 'how funny you should have met us here. I am very much obliged to you for getting us out of the clutches of that horrid policeman.'

'What were you doing in the Haymarket?' inquired both gentlemen in a breath.

Zerneen pinched Eola, as a signal for her to be quiet, while, as usual, taking upon herself the task of story-making, she replied

'Oh, our people are in London, staying here on their way to Croydon, and we just slipped out for a lark. I'd no idea of getting into such a pickle, though.'

tures of the light, went to bed immediately—Zerneen to dream of her dangerous affair with the flower-girl, and Eola to think, long and sadly, over the dark mystery of her young life, and the singular fate which separated her from one whom nature would have taught her to love and honour, but whom man forbade her even to acknowledge.

Poor child! the flowers were already withering on her new path. She had come to London in the fond hope of meeting with her parent; that hope had been realised; she had met him in the very outset; and what good had she derived therefrom? None! only a more chilling sense of the social abyss which separated them; only a more settled conviction of the impossibility of crossing that abyss. And yet there came a ray of happiness amid the clouds of these dismal reflections. She had seen him—had heard him speak—had felt his heart beating against her own. Oh! there was joy—deep joy in these fond remembrances!

And where is there a human breast so steeped in sorrow as to be impervious to a single hope, be it ever so fragile?

Eola was not thirteen. At that age the heart floats buoyantly over the sea of life, rising triumphantly in its youthful vigor over ways of anguish which to an older voyager would perhaps be overwhelming and fatal.

And in the child's imagination rose up yet another picture, which conveyed to her pure soul an antidote for grief. It was but a shadowy creation of her sensitive mind, but it brought with it a genial radiance which illuminated that mind, casting into the shade of forgetfulness its darker phantoms of unrest.

That picture was Elwyn's.

His manly tenderness had too surely won to him her guileless heart. She knew not the meaning of the word love, as understood among the world's children; but she knew that the strange passion which now pervaded her breast was one hitherto unknown to it. And the artless girl brooded over and nursed her charming phantasy with all the freedom of an innocent mind, that saw not a darker side to the picture over which it lingered.

CHAPTER XIII.

A week passed quickly away. That week was dedicated to pleasure—or, at least, to what the little children of the tent termed pleasure—which to them consisted in walking up and down the crowded streets, gazing in the shop-windows, playing round the fountains, and perambulating the Lowther Arcade.

The latter place furnished them on rainy days with an infinite amount of delight.

The week had passed pleasantly and happily. They had not quarrelled more than once a day throughout it, and had even begun to think they might eventually agree entirely.

Their little stock of money still seemed inexhaustible. They had made several small purchases—toys, books, clothes, &c.; and though these made great inroads on their fortune, yet Zerneen said 'it would last until they got something to do,' which 'something,' however, by a singular oversight, they forgot to look for.

Well, as we before stated, a week passed pleasantly away; but now 'a change came o'er the spirit of their dream.' They were separated.

One morning Eola complained of a severe headache, and in the afternoon laid down on the bed and went to sleep, Zerneen obligingly consenting to remain at home with her. But, after vainly striving to amuse herself in different ways about the dull room, and finding Eola had fallen into a peaceful nap, the girl thought there would be no harm in just leaving her for a few minutes alone, while she ran out to purchase a picture-book, or something of the sort, with which to occupy the tedious hours, and so she attired herself, and sallied forth on her errand.

She was just about to enter a shop in a quiet street, not far from that in which they were lodging, when a large mob at one end of the thoroughfare attracted her attention, and drew her from her purposed mission to ascertain what was going on to call together such a number of people. On pushing her way through a portion of the crowd, she found that it was occasioned by a street conjurer, who, in the centre of the admiring circle of spectators, was performing his numerous juggles.

Of course this species of entertainment was nothing new to Zerneen, who had witnessed feats of the kind at almost every fair she had frequented; but still she lingered to look at the present performer, though rather

as a critic to detect imperfections, than to admire his devices.

But the man had gone through the best part of his tricks before she had arrived upon the scene, and soon began to gather up his implements preparatory to removing to some other spot. Zerneen thought she should like to witness the first part of the performance, 'just to see if the London man swallowed knives, and ate hot cinders, as well as others she had seen;' and so, joining in with the motley throng that usually forms the procession of such an exhibition, she followed the bent of her inclination.

But the pursuit of this new diversion impelled her to wander a great deal further from home than she had at first intended.

The man did not stop to perform again till he reached the bottom of St. James Street, where he re-commenced his labors.

Zerneen seeing an iron railing on one side of the street, near the spot where the conjurer had taken up his position, and thinking it would prove an excellent stand, and enable her to see better what was going on, deliberately perched herself upon it, standing on the small bar as comfortably and as much at ease as she would have stood anywhere else; never noticing that her elevated and singular position rendered her the object of general remark and attention.

A little man, of foreign appearance, was passing the crowd, without staying to devote more than a cursory glance at the conjurer as he threaded his way, when suddenly he caught sight of Zerneen; and the curiosity that had failed to be aroused by the wonders of slight-of-hand, seemed excited to the utmost by the young and pretty gipsy-girl.

There was another person standing by, who seemed to take a more than common interest in the girl. This was a handsomely-dressed, good-looking woman, of about forty, who stood staring at the child with the most profound admiration; scrutinising every feature in her face, and every point in her figure, with minute attention.

Unconscious of the marked surveillance of these two persons, Zerneen continued her occupation of watching the juggler until he had concluded his performance; and then jumped from the railing, and turned to go home. She now found she had strayed to an unknown region, and did not know which direction to take in order to reach her home; so she inquired the way of a person in the crowd, who directed her along Pall Mall as the best route, and then advised her to ask again when she reached a certain point of the street.

The child hurried off in a straight line until she came to the end of Waterloo Place, when, turning her head, she caught sight of the opening to the park.

Zerneen was very tired by this time, and thought she would have a rest.

She had not been there long when a lady came and sat down beside her. It was the same person who had admired her so much in Pall Mall, and who had, unperceived, or at least unnoticed, followed her here.

Zerneen just gave a glance at the new comer, and then went on eating her cake.

'Are you not cold in that thin jacket, my dear?' presently inquired the lady, who was herself wrapped up with all due regard to warmth and comfort.

'I'm used to the cold, ma'am, and don't mind it much,' replied the girl, shaking back her raven hair, and fixing her brilliant eyes on the face of her interrogator. Then, addressing the child again—

'Would you not like to live in a beautiful house, my dear, and have servants to wait on you, and nice hot dinners, and pretty clothes, and ride sometimes in a carriage?'

The little girl looked bewildered.

'Yes!' she cried, in a tone of rapture; 'but who would give a girl like me all these fine things?'

'I would, if you would be my little girl, and love me as your mamma, and never go away from me.'

'But what would become of Eola, my cousin?'

The lady looked perplexed.

'Well, she said, in a hesitating tone.—'You see if I took you for my little daughter and gave you all these luxuries, I could not afford to do the same by your cousin; but I could do something for her—get her some employment.'

'But you will do something for my cousin, she added. 'And I may see her sometimes if I come to live with you, may't I?'

'Yes,' returned the lady, 'I dare say I

shall be able to arrange all that.

'Very well; I will send to her.'

'What! Ain't I to go back to her before I come along with you?—not even to say good-bye!'

'Well, no, you can't very well, my dear. I'm going out of town early to-morrow, and if you do not come with me, I shall not have time to fetch or send for you before I go; and before I return to London a thousand unforeseen events may occur to you that may place you forever beyond my reach, and then my little intended daughter would be lost to me;'

'Then, if I go, you will send to Eola? she asked.

'Yes, I will,' responded the lady.

'But you don't know her name yet,' said the girl, half suspiciously; for, in spite of her ignorance of the world, instinct seemed to convey to her heart some vague sense of evil.

'What is your cousin's name? I will note it down with the address in my pocket.'

'It is Leighton—Eola Leighton; and mine is Zerneen Shore.'

CHAPTER XIV.

The little man, before mentioned as having appeared greatly interested in the beautiful gipsy child, had likewise followed her footsteps to the park. He had seen the lady sit down beside her, and, unperceived by the latter, had contrived to place himself near enough to the spot where they sat to overhear the entire conversation that passed between them.

When they departed he followed them.

He was a dark, sallow-complexioned man, of rather mean appearance, and apparently about thirty years of age. He was particularly sharp and acute in his movements, and walked with a light, springy step, and somehow associated itself in the beholder's mind with the stage, and gave the impression that Monsieur Vantini must be in some way connected with the 'corps de ballet.' This idea was not an erroneous one.

Monsieur Vantini was 'maitre de danse' at a theatre.

The benevolent lady, whose philanthropic affection had opened to the little gipsy's view so fair a future, turned her steps towards Buckingham Gate, cautiously followed by her pretty protegee, who, however, took considerable pains to appear as if she knew nothing, and cared about as much, for the elegant being in whose wake she trod.

At a little distance behind the child, and also sedulously avoiding the appearance of following any one, strolled Vantini.

In this way they proceeded down Victoria Road, and part of Belgrave Road, off which they turned into a street on the right.

But now the thoroughfares were become quieter and less frequented, and Vantini had to exercise a good deal of caution to avoid notice, the blue bonnet being turned several times in a backward direction to ascertain the safety of the scarlet frock. So Vantini slackened his pace and walked at a greater distance, till, after travelling two or three streets and squares, the lady paused before a pretentious-looking house in—Street, and rang the door-bell.

As Vantini passed on the opposite side, he saw the summons answered by a tall flunkey, in a smart livery; and when the lady and her charge had disappeared behind the portal, the maitre de danse turned back, carefully noticed the number of the house they had entered, and then walked hastily away. He retraced his steps to the park, traversed the Mall, passed through Spring Gardens, and crossing over to the Strand, made his way to his own habitation, the second-floor of a house in—Street, Adelphi.

In the small, but not badly-furnished apartment, used as a sitting-room, was a dark, good-looking woman, seated before a cozy tea-table, apparently awaiting the arrival of her husband to commence operations on the afternoon's repast.

'Well, Mira, I've kept you waiting, I see,' said the little man, as he took his vacant seat by the fire-side, while his spouse proceeded to perform the duties of the tea-table.

'Yes; I've been expecting you ever so long. What has kept you?'

'I've been to Pimlico.'

'Pimlico! And pray what business took you there?'

'Well, I suppose you will say, when I tell you, no business of my own. The fact is, I've witnessed such a shameful proceeding on the part of an old woman, that you'd scarcely believe it.'

'What was it?'

'Oh, an affair something like that German girl's, that made such a stir a short time back.'

CHAPTER XV.

We will now return to Zerneen.

On entering the elegant residence of her new mamma, she was much struck and considerably dazzled by its appearance, as displayed through the half-open doors of several apartments which they passed on their way to the drawing room, whither the dear 'mamma' had invited the adopted one to follow her.

On reaching this apartment, the kind lady bade the child sit down on an ottoman near the fire, and warm herself, while she (mamma) went to give some orders respecting her to the servants. Zerneen obeyed, well pleased with the opportunity thus afforded her to inspect the many wonders of the beautifully-furnished room, without the restraint of her protectress's presence, and was about to commence her voyage of discovery, when the sound of voices, apparently in altercation, proceeding from behind some folding doors at the extremity of the apartment arrested her movements, and caused her to listen in silence.

'I tell you it is absurd,' said a strange voice, in an angry tone. 'We have enough on our hands now, without the addition of a puling baby to look after, and coax and humour.'

'But just stay till you have seen her; you'll think differently, then,' returned another voice, which Zerneen recognised as that of her new acquaintance.

'Well, just come and see the girl, and give your opinion after.'

'Where is she?'

'In the next room.'

But, as we have seen, Zerneen had heard the conversation, and discovered by it, greatly to her discomfort, that her new parent's affection was not of the disinterested kind which she had first supposed it to be.

'It is very plain,' thought the child, 'that I am expected to pay them for all they do; and though they talk about two years passing first, still it seems that, at the end of that time, I shall have to work hard enough for a month to make up for a whole year's idleness. Ah! that isn't at all a nice thought.'

At this moment the girl's reflections were interrupted by the entrance of the two women. The one whom she saw for the first time was a stout, middle-aged woman, possessing the remains of great beauty, but rendered coarse and ungraceful by a life of too much idleness and ease. This personage approached the child, looked searchingly at her from head to foot, then, turning to her companion, said—

'You are right, Hilda; she is all that you say.'

'Take this child,' she said to the servant, 'and tell Emma to make her decent for dinner. Tell her to hunt up some of Miss Evelyn's things; they will fit her, I dare say.'

And Zerneen silently withdrew with the man, who conducted her to an apartment above, where a young woman was engaged in needlework.

The servant delivered his message, and the woman rose, and proceeded to execute it without a remark.

'Who is Miss Evelyn?' inquired Zerneen, on being attired in a pretty silk dress, apparently belonging to a girl of her own size.

'Mrs. Melnott's daughter,' returned the servant.

'And where is she?' cried Zerneen, her spirits rising at the idea of having a new companion of her own age.

'At school,' was the short response.

'Oh,' sighed the gipsy girl, with a melancholy smile.

But perceiving that her attendant did not manifest any desire to continue the conversation, she refrained from asking any more questions, and underwent the remainder of the dressing operations in mute wonder.

At length, after having her slender figure pinched and pushed into a tight silk frock, her feet and legs encased in delicate shoes and stockings, and her long black curls unmercifully combed and pulled, the tartarian Emma remarked that 'she would do,' and taking her by the hand, led her back to the drawing-room, opened the door, just pushed her inside, and then retired, leaving the hesitating child blushing and trembling on the threshold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTERS FROM CANADA—No. II

Land measure by gunshot; Gourlay's account of the Perth Settlement; Military Colonists; Emigrants of 1820-21; Queen Victoria's Father in 1793; Travelling from Montreal then, and by Grand Trunk Railway now; Mr. McLellan's reminiscences; Benefit of Railroads and Ready-money; Toronto Board of Trade; Great Western Railway of Canada.

The first measurement of land acquired from the Indians in Central Canada, was the sound of a common gunshot from the shores of Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence River. A line from tree to tree along the shore, was to be drawn, giving the long points of land, and islands, the mouths of rivers and most of the harbors, to the Indians as fishing privileges. From that boundary line the gun was to be fired, the listeners in the backwoods to retire or advance to points where it ceased to be heard. The state of the weather or varying echoes would affect that measurement, but where small intention of keeping faith with the Red Man existed, the white negotiator might not care which way the wind blew. A subsequent treaty extended the concession to twenty miles inland of the former limits of gunshot sound; but reserved all islands within the woodland lakes. The Indians of Rice Lake claimed, a few years since, to abide by those treaties, as they had not been superseded by any other arrangement, but they claimed in vain.

Except in the townships fronting on the St. Lawrence, and portions of surveyed land on the Rideau River, which on part of its course to the Ottawa, runs nearly parallel to the St. Lawrence at a distance of about thirty miles, no other measurement of land had been made inward, but that of the gunshot and the hunter's paces, when the emigrants arrived from Britain in 1816. The conditions offered by the Home Government, as quoted in last letter, were generous. Mr. Gourlay, a few years after, related their early history thus:

'On their arrival in Canada it appeared as if not the slightest understanding with regard to them had previously subsisted between the Home and Colonial Government. No land had been laid out for their occupation, and surveyors from all quarters had to be hastily put in requisition to effect this; but so late was it in completion that at the beginning of the following year, there was not room provided to hold the party together, and many straggled off to other quarters of the country, much to the detriment of the principal settlement. The principal place of settlement lay twenty miles within the wilderness, (that is, twenty miles inward from the rude habitations and the last track of roadway on Rideau Lake and River); and through this the emigrants, unaccustomed to the woods and unskilled in the use of an axe, had to cut themselves a road. While the settlers at Perth most readily and warmly expressed to me their satisfaction with the country, their farms, and the good intention of the government towards them, their complaint of bad agency were almost unanimous, and from some bitter in the extreme.

'Some lots of land within the range of settlement could not possibly be cultivated by a single hand, from being flooded, rocky, or being matted with cedar trees. When a settler reported his lot to be of this description, he had another location, or still another, and another, if they successively proved unfit for occupation. By and by many of these lots became notoriously well known, yet the agent would, with the most wanton disregard of the time and trouble of applicants for land, send them, perhaps a dozen, one after another, to look at the same wretched lot, only to wander for days in the wilderness after disappointment. Often too, the settler would come from a distance for the tools and other articles provided by government, when the agent, merely to indulge his own caprice and ease, would send them empty away. Again, a mason, a tailor, or other tradesman, might find advantage in quitting his farm for a time to work for others at his trade; that moment his rations were withheld, even though his farm improvements were proceeding under the hands of a hired axeman, better qualified for this task than himself; but a settler might quit his own farm, work and perform jobs of any

sort for the agent, without being deprived of rations. Such were the practices which went on for years at the Perth settlement, and which, however grievous and well known to all, might have continued to go on had not his majesty's servant found higher gratification in the act which rendered it necessary to decamp.

'By the proclamation the settlers could only claim rations for six or eight months after their arrival, but these were continued till August 1817, and the crop of that year being found deficient, from the effect of frost, half rations were again issued, and continued to the greater part till the harvest of 1818. Thus, in point of expenditure, government went far indeed to establish this settlement.

'Soldiers discharged in Canada at first formed the great mass of settlers in the newly surveyed townships of Drummond, Beckwith, Bathurst and Goulburn. When I paid my first visit to Perth in 1817, I was told that nearly one thousand were then located. Some of them were doing well, but many were very unpromising as settlers, and did indeed remain only till the term of receiving rations expired, or till they acquired a right to sell the land given them. This has been the uniform issue of military settlements from first to last in Canada, and in some degree also in the United States of America. At the first settlement of Upper Canada it was not uncommon for soldiers to sell their two hundred acre lots of land for a bottle of rum. Now-a-days only one hundred is granted, and settlers are prohibited from selling until after three years' residence, and the performance of certain easy duties. Still I have been told, since coming home, by a half-pay officer of the Perth settlement, that scarcely one soldier out of fifty now remains there for good. The deserted lots have been, for the most part, filled up with emigrants from Britain and Ireland.'

Thus far Mr. Gourlay. I resume my own narrative. The proclamation of 1815, with bad harvests in Britain in 1816-17, and a deranged trade in manufacturing consequent on bad harvests, induced many working men and their families in the West of Scotland to form emigration Societies. When they had obtained sufficient money by savings, gifts, or loans from friends to fulfil the conditions of government, they departed to Canada, chiefly in 1820 and 1821, about four thousand in all. Mr. McLellan, whom I saw at Perth seated at his stocking loom, his cheerful wife, after many years of toil in the woods, assisting with a lively recollection to tell the story of their life in Canada, had been Secretary to one of those Societies at Glasgow. They came out in the ship 'George Canning,' from Greenock, in 1821. Like other travellers, then, they ascended from Montreal to Prescott in boats, dragged up the St. Lawrence by oxen or by men on the shore; the passengers, men women and children all pulling in ascending the Rapids. They were eleven days, but some were three weeks in making that passage. Now, it is effected by steamboats through those magnificent works, the St. Lawrence Canals, in about fifteen hours. Or by the Grand Trunk Railway in three hours and a half. Prince Edward, Queen Victoria's father was, with attendants in June, 1793, three weeks on his passage from Montreal to Colonel Frazer's house two miles above Edwardsburgh, seven below Prescott. There the Prince remained encamped at the head of the Galouse Rapids, a week, waiting for boats to come down from Kingston to take the royal party thither. At the time when I visited that spot, July, 1861, the trains on the Grand Trunk wafted passengers along who had gone from their homes situated two or three or four hundred miles still further west to enjoy sea bathing on the Gulf Coast, or to visit the Great Eastern steamship at Quebec. It was within my personal knowledge that members of the legislature, magistrates, and merchants who came to Canada as working men, blacksmiths, ploughmen, joiners, weavers and shoemakers, travelled with their wives or lady daughters, these in the sleeping cars' reposing in luxury, sitting over a country in ten or twelve hours, through which some of them went westward, in other years, footsore and heartsore to cut

out a home in the wilderness. Emigration to Canada is not all pleasure and brightness; but it is a hopeful enterprise. Though no such easy fortunes may be made here as in India, or in the Golden lands of the far East and the far West, the acquisition of property and comfort, have been the prevailing rewards of working families in this Province.

On arrival at Perth, Mr. McLellan was offered a hundred acre lot, which others had accepted and deserted, lying somewhere beyond the present village of Lanark; and that lies twelve miles north by east from Perth. He traversed swampy and tangled woods, crossed two rivers on rafts, one of them that which is by mistake of the first surveyor called on maps, Mississippi, instead of as the Indian guide, named it to the surveyor Massassapwa, and a branch which has since been named the Clyde. He took the rejected lot; and then his wife, like other women in the woods, made her weary way through the swamps, some of which remained uncleared when I travelled to Lanark in 1860; a baby in her arms, and a heavy weight of provisions on her back. The husband carried an elder child and provisions, and two children walked or waded in their footsteps. On other journeys, they and their neighbors took out the government allowance of tools and cooking utensils. The tools were two axes, a saw, spade, iron wedges and a set of harrow teeth to each; a cross-cut saw between two; a grinding stone between four. The tools had been generously given from Government military stores; but, unfortunately for national reputation, and the poor settlers, they were remnants of the fraudulent products of Sheffield or Staffordshire, served to Wellington during the Peninsular War, with which to besiege, by sap and mine, the fortress towns held by the French in Portugal and Spain. As in those sieges, several of them abortive through bad tools, the axes and pickaxes were cast iron, the spades hardly so good, and all of them as bad as the entrenching tools, equally fraudulent, furnished to our army in the Crimean war of 1854-55.

The fortunes of the four thousand emigrants from the West of Scotland were similar to the hardships of McLellan and his wife. A log-house was built; trees were levelled, cut in pieces and rolled together to be burned in heaps; their clothes torn from their back and the smoke blinding their eyes. At the root of one of the father-trees of the forest a child was laid in its early grave, the weeping mother watching the grave many a night and day, yet working all the while, except when dreaming of the old home. The men went to Brockville through forty and fifty miles of tangled woods, crossing several creeks and rivers, and a section of the Rideau Lake (see engraving in this number) on rafts made from trees felled by the axes they carried for the purpose. Their object was to buy seed potatoes, the limited supplies at the undeveloped township of Perth having been exhausted. On their return journey, some being overloaded and hungry, cut the eyes out to plant, cooked the pieces to eat in the woods, or left them behind, that they might lighten their loads and reach home alive.

In 1823, the second year, McLellan with others, hearing reports of ready money being obtainable in the State of New York, went thither to labor in the construction of the Oswego canal. When they had worked three months there was no money; six months, no money; contractors who hired them disappeared, and there was no law to compel payment of wages. Some men travelled farther into the States. Others returned to Scotland, and never more set foot in the Canadian wilderness, about which, and the 'aristocratic government' that had deceived them with bad tools, and bad land, they told their dismal story. Never again saw the woodland homesteads which, though in parts rude and rocky,

are lovely as a paradise in summer, and bountiful in harvest; while in winter they are awakened to life by social intercourse, by the visits of distant friends, by the gladness of Scotland's olden songs, and by the music of the tinkling travelling bells; the bells and merry voices floating on the healthful breezes, as in rapid going sleighs, carioles, cutters, with fleet-footed horses, all their own, they dart along the ice on the Rideau Lake and the frozen rivers, careering over fields and fences on high level plains of sparkling snow. McLellan returned, and found his wife and three children with only one day's food left from the scanty sheaves of the first year's wheat, which the mother had rubbed from the straw and converted into meal. But she and the eldest child, who was nine years old, had planted potatoes in every available spot. 'And how many do you think we took out of the ground, the fruit of that boy's work and mine?' That was her question to me at the distance of thirty-seven years. 'I cannot make even a guess.' 'Well, we had three hundred and seventy bushels of good potatoes; and, then, we kept pigs and fowls, and had a cow to begin with. It was kindly land, where there were no rocks; yes, it was blessed land to us. We, at last, had a fine house on it, and orchard. I had my parlor looking out on the beautiful land and the forest. Many settlers do wrong in cutting down too much wood for sake of selling the ashes. We did not do that. I have had a family of eleven children, and one of my daughters, who is now living at Sarnia, is the mother of fourteen. I was *was, was*, to leave the land that had been so good to us, and my bonny house; but the gudeman thought he would sell it as he was less able to work than he once was, and come into Perth and weave hosiery, as you see him doing. Yes, there is good demand for those articles; (men's drawers and under clothing) that loom was sent to us from Greenock by my brother, who was a ship captain. It was sore against his will that ever I came to Canada. I would fain have gone back when our clothes were torn from our backs by the bushes, and we had none to replace them; the men going to kirk, or to prayer meetings in the thorny woods barefoot. But I long since learned to like Canada.

Mr. McLellan halting his loom, spoke to this effect:—'We thought it hard that the Government withheld the titles to our land for so many years; but, in the end it was for our good. If we could have sold out and left the land, all would have left this country, I do believe. When the Reciprocity Act with America came into operation, and that railroad from Brockville was made to Perth, and the Grand Trunk that brings the ready money buyers to this line, and on this line to us; all these things put together were the making of this back part of Canada.' 'The railroads,' I said, 'have the same good result everywhere in the Province, even more remarkably in the West.' 'I do not doubt it,' he continued. 'I used to have cattle on my farm that I did not know what to do with. We had routh of everything but money. I have killed a heifer to sell the skin for taxes. I have said to it, 'poor beast, I am laith to kill ye, we dinna need ye to eat, we have plenty of other meat; but I must kill ye to sell your skin for taxes.' That is what I have said time and time again. All is changed now. We used to take wheat all the way to Brockville, on sleighs, forty miles, to be sold or bartered at half its present price for goods we did not always want. Now, the grain, butter, pork, fowls, cattle alive, young horses, and all things saleable are taken for ready money at nearly double the prices, by purchasers who come to the doors.—Others spoke in like manner. And so, the progress of Canada declares itself. The Toronto Board of Trade at their annual meeting, February 2nd, 1863, reported thus:—'They saw with satisfaction facilities for the storage of grain,

