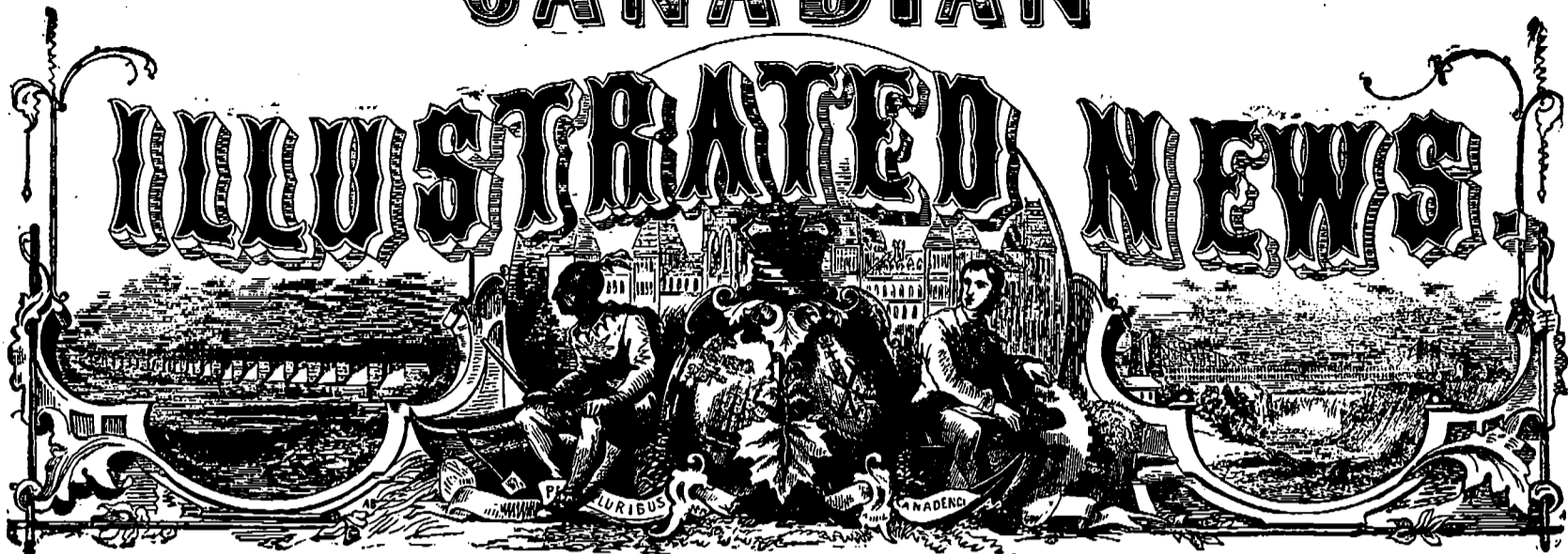


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# CANADIAN

# ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. III—No. 10.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

[83 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES 7 CENTS.]

## BRIGADE MAJOR KING.

Brigade Major Charles King was born in Liverpool in 1819. His father was Captain of an East India merchant ship; his mother, the sister of the late Thomas Morecroft, Esq., of Rock Ferry, near Liverpool.— Though having no relatives by whom he might be supposed to have inherited a partiality for military life, or through whom he might have been induced to adopt it, yet he manifested at a very early period a desire to enter the service. He had, in 1832, been apprenticed to an engineer, in which profession his relatives designed he should be educated; but in 1837 he abandoned engineering and enlisted in the Royal Artillery. He served in various parts of the globe over twenty-six years. His first promotion was in 1840, and gradually, step by step, as the well earned and merited reward of soldierly qualities and conduct, he has reached his present position. It was his good fortune to attract and maintain the friendship of the superior officers under whom he served, some of whom are, to the present, more his personal friends than his patrons. Major King has attained his present position by steadiness, a correct appreciation of his duties, by promptly and faithfully discharging them—a course of conduct which secures success in almost every profession; but which in the army, if somewhat slowly, is sure ultimately to have its reward. These qualities were not only appreciated by his superiors, but by his companions in rank, and his juniors: for, on leaving Gibraltar in 1858, after twelve years stay in that garrison, he was presented with a superb tea service by the non-commissioned officers of the Royal Artillery. The commanding officers also gave him most flattering testimonials, accompanied with marks of personal esteem.

Previously, in 1857, while serving in the same garrison as Quarter-master Sergeant, he was presented with a silver medal and a gratuity by the Commander-in-Chief, and, still later, while in Quebec, he was rewarded by Her Majesty with another silver medal and an annuity for long and meritorious services. In 1862 he was selected to discharge the duties of Town Major for Montreal during a period of much excitement, caused by the Trent affair. Subsequently he was appointed to the Bri-



BRIGADE MAJOR KING; MILITARY DISTRICT No. 10, CANADA EAST.

gade-Majorship of Military District Number Ten, Lower Canada, an appointment on which he immediately entered. When he assumed the duties of his present position, the number of volunteers in his district, including all ranks, was 415. There are at the present time 734, besides 11 companies, numbering 638, waiting to be gazetted. In addition to these, there were eight companies in course of

formation comprising 464 men, when he received orders to discontinue raising volunteers. Summing up in all 1856 officers and men, with five drill associations.— Through his means a rifle association had been established in the District, which gives promise of the best results. At its first meeting for competition, in October last, the value of the prizes awarded was \$415, the amount subscribed being \$648. The match was open to all, and competitors were invited from all parts of the Province; and, though very many attended, outside of the district, yet only two prizes, and these second class, were taken by gentlemen from Montreal, the rest by volunteers in the district, who had the benefit of the Major's instructions. Such results are highly creditable to Major King, considering the brief period he has been in charge of his District, and show he has entered heartily into the discharge of his duties, and has brought to their performance zeal, judgment, industry and great military experience.

With such qualities judiciously applied, he must prove an efficient officer. He seems to have been singularly fortunate in securing the confidence, even the friendship, of his former commanding officers. We have perused testimonials vouching for high character and military attainments, from Gen. Sir W. F. Williams, Gens. Gordon, Dacres, Willis, Major Wilmot, Commissary Young, Woolwich, and several others. Many of these, especially from the higher officers, are not mere formal vouchers of character and efficiency, but written in that kind tone and language inspired by a sentiment of friendship, rather than of mere justice. Of course the Major must set a high value on such honorable attestations of character, and it must be with considerable pride that he can refer to them. It is scarcely possible but that with such long effective training as he has undergone and in such a school as he received it, he must be peculiarly qualified for the office he now fills. This success, since he was placed in charge of his District, must be gratifying to himself, and to those who recommended his appointment.

Two thousand head of cattle and mules are estimated to have perished on the plains during the late severe cold.

**THE PUBLIC ACCOUNTS.** It is reported that the Finance Ministers will be able to lay the Public Accounts on the table of House the first week of the coming session—this, we believe, is considerably earlier than they have been presented to Parliament on any previous occasion.

## NOTICE.

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H. GREGORY &amp; Co.

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1863.

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## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

H. GREGORY &amp; Co. Proprietors.

## A HOMILY.

Why have the Peace Societies of Europe and America so little influence in preventing war? Why is commerce with her peaceful wings spread over every city and harbor and sea of Europe and America, so powerless against the destroyer—war?

Why are the precepts of the Gospel, widely, earnestly preached, so ineffectual?

The 'man of peace' in England replies that standing armies, and ever increasing navies are the elements of dissension in Europe; that the maintenance of the balance of power is its own disturbance. The preacher of the Gospel of Peace takes credit for his own fidelity in sowing the seed, but grieves to confess that it falls on stony ground. The preacher and the commercial man agree in laying the blame of the war spirit to the combative passions inherent in the human race.

There is some truth in the combative passions. But the seeds of great wars still are what they were of old, covetousness and aggression on the rights of others, allied to that duplicity and falsehood requisite to give effect to covetousness and aggression, which have been termed diplomacy.

Commerce, as almost universally conducted, is antagonistic to that christianity which is honesty, brotherly love and peace. The 'man of peace,' if a manufacturer in Lancashire, is daily sending out carpets, woollens, calicoes, linens, under false names. If a master cutler, he sends out cutlery with deceptive trade marks. If a wholesale flour dealer, grocer, or druggist, he adulterates the goods he sells, and lies before Heaven and the retail dealer, the latter buying to adulterate still more, and to sell and lie in his turn. If he be President of the Peace Society and Temperance Society, a puritan Samuel Gurney, and a banker by trade, he falsifies his moral pretences by working a gin distillery under a fictitious name because it is debtor to the bank. If he be a Canadian wholesale grocer, elevated by chance to the position of Finance Minister, say in May, 1862, and finds that an increase in the customs tariff is about to take effect, he may postpone

the increase to the 9th of June. He brings from New York and Boston stores of teas and sugars at low duties, sufficient to supply the Province for nine or twelve months, the consumers paying the high duties to him and other merchants, and they the low duties to the Receiver General. He may do this unrebuked by economist, reformer, by *Globe* newspaper, or any partizan journal, for all the colors of the Canadian political rainbow are alike spotted by that mercantile conspiracy which, in 1862, defrauded the public of the revenue intended for the Militia.

As in Britain and the colonies the growth of trade has witnessed the degradation of morals, so has it been in the United States. The higher the moral pretensions the less reliable the trader's word. The more lofty the political idea the more debased the politician. Civilization, the so called offspring of freedom, has emasculated justice.

Nor is this perversion of the mind peculiar to any clime, to the professors of any one form of Christian faith.

Once upon a time, the present *We* of these columns, being something less than a centurion, but not the lowest in command, was summoned at midnight and ordered to go forth with an armed guard and surround a scaffold on which two army contractors were to be put to death at day-break. The country was Spain, the instrument of execution, the garotte. The crime for which the men were doomed to die was one that such persons are regularly liable to commit—public and private fraud.

In Spain, as elsewhere, the army contractor is a partizan politician. While his party remains in power, he may commit frauds almost with impunity, obtain fresh contracts and again be dishonest. But if the opposition succeed to power, or if he has blundered in his crimes, and exposed his accomplices, it were better that he had not been a politician and contractor: better that he had never been born.

The subordinate, a baker, had blundered in his crimes, and exposed his principal, Don Jose. But the Don had also a principal, a general officer in high command, too exalted to be reached by the garotte: which circumstance was unfortunate for the middleman. 'To death with him!' was the popular cry, and the sentence of a court-martial. Twenty thousand soldiers were under arms awaiting the execution, but the guard already spoken of had exclusive charge of the scaffold.

The executioner came in good time, mounted the platform, lighted a cigarette, and displaying his smart round jacket with many buttons, braided vest, and hat adorned with lace, walked briskly back and forth upon the planks. He occasionally examined the two chairs, and the upright post at the back of each, and the iron collar which was to encircle the criminal's neck, and the screw with a cross handle, one half turn of which was to tighten the collar, and choke the life out of the doomed men.

The baker being without political friends, and not oppressed with the care of much money was soon ready. He had nothing to hope for but mercy in the life beyond the garotte. The Don was wealthy, and had rich and powerful accomplices. The cold February morning wore on, hour after hour, Jose and his friends making offers of money, and still more money, to purchase his life. Even an offer to victual the army for three months and defray arrears of pay was refused; a refusal that was hardly a virtue.

Then, the struggle to remain alive proving hopeless, another hour or two were granted the great contractor to prepare for a final separation from the world and his hoarded money. Yet even then money was power. Don Jose bestowed liberally and was promised the holy offices of the church after death.

The procession, headed by the clergy, came. The men were politely handed, each to his seat. The younger and poorer criminal gave no trouble. When seated he leaned back, and Don Juan De Calcraft, still smoking his cigarette, brought the iron collar round the man's neck, stepped nimbly behind him, and gave the screw a gentle turn.—The face changed to a pallid blue; De Calcraft felt the pulse, and gave a nod of satisfaction, thereby indicating that the garotting of the baker was completed. The wealthy contractor was not so willing to die as was the baker, even with hopes of salvation. Had he been in England in the time of the Crimean war, he might, as manufacturers and merchants did, have put false marks on his bales of military goods, sent false patterns to the Ordnance Office with impunity. He might have read the Crimean cor-

respondence in the daily newspapers and lamented at the comfortable breakfast-table as he read of these 'poor soldiers perishing by hundreds, disabled by thousands,' through the iniquitous frauds to which he was a party. He might have done all that and been quite easy about the garotte, except in so far as some ticket-of-leave vagabond might have garotted him while going home with a pocketful of plunder derived from complicity in the pestilential, frost-biting, hungering, shipwrecking murder of thousands and thousands of British soldiers. In England, perchance, Don Jose would have been a shipowner and member of Parliament, hiring out worthless pest-houses of old ships to Government under false registries, and in the audacity of a demagogue's patriotism, berating the Government for 'neglect of the poor soldiers,' until confronted by the First Lord of the Admiralty with the accusation 'Thou art the man!' with the fact that he himself was the owner of the floating charnel houses in which the troops and horses were perishing.

Don Jose might have committed those crimes and many more in England during the Crimean War in 1854-55, as in the years from 1809 to 1814, when the great Wellington was driven to destruction by fraudulent army contractors [see the Peninsular war despatches, and Napier's History]

And so might Don Jose have flourished unscathed of justice in the American Republic, in both halves of it, at this day. But in Spain he was garotted.

As already said, he did not like the prospect of death even with the promise of masses after death, and ultimate salvation. The money power preserved him alive until mid-day, De Calcraft evincing impatience and smoking many cigarettes as he paced rapidly from end to end of the scaffold, while the military guard stood cold, hungry, and benumbed. At last Jose submitted to sit still; the iron collar was put around his neck and the screw turned, the multitude on house tops shouting approval; and the troops marched home.

To garotte a man, or hang him, is not the best use to which he might be put, yet true it is, that the bread of the army of Spain was of better quality, and the health of the troops was much improved from the date of that turning of the garotting screw. The suspected military chief retired into private life in another country.

## OLD COUNTRY SKETCHES.

No. 11.

*Glimpse of Poulett Thomson. Mr. Pitt's commercial measures in 1784-85-87. Mr. Huskisson in 1824-25. Mr. Cobden's invective against Poulett Thomson in 1837. The argument which demanded abolition of the Corn Laws in Britain, identical in principle with that in Canada demanding protection to manufactures.*

In Austin Friars, a narrow street in that crowded part of the city of London lying east of the Bank of England, stood at the end of the last century, the offices of a merchant named Thomson, who traded with countries on the Baltic Sea and with Russia. Westerly of London six miles, near Wimbledon Common, he had a family mansion. There, in 1793, was born a son, Charles Poulett Thomson. This boy was educated with a view to a seat in the office at Austin Friars. But the unrestrained freedom he had enjoyed on Wimbledon and Putney heath, with the knowledge that his father was very rich, and the more potent fact, perhaps, that he was the darling of the female branches of the family who desired to see him in a position above the duties of a counting-house. These influences were not favorable to his sitting quietly down to write up arrivals of Russian tallow. He travelled over Europe, residing with his mother and sisters in Italy for a time, and afterwards in St. Petersburg.

At a general election in 1826 several young men, who had taken lessons in Political Economy with Mr. McCulloch, and who aspired to follow Mr. William Huskisson in Parliament, sought seats in the House of Commons. Of these, Mr. Charles Pelham Villiers contested Hull, and Mr. Poulett Thomson was returned for Dover. In the two previous years Mr. Huskisson, President of the Board of Trade in the

Tory Ministry of the Earl of Liverpool, which had held office since 1812, inaugurated a new commercial legislation. It was the beginning in this century of that relaxation of the tariff which was then and since called Free Trade, a name not applicable to that or any subsequent commercial legislation in Great Britain.

I have said in this century, for on the defeat of the Whigs in 1783, they having been the especial advocates of protection to British manufacturers by prohibitive duties, the youthful William Pitt, who succeeded them at the head of a Tory Government, attempted in two different sessions to legislate in favour of establishing free trade between Britain and Ireland, but failed. The Whig chief, Mr. Charles James Fox led the Protectionist Opposition. The manufacturers of Lancashire retained Mr. Erskine, the eminent Whig barrister, to oppose Pitt's resolutions at the bar of the House of Commons; and that great measure of justice to Ireland was withdrawn. Lancashire held jubilee in 1785, and made a holiday festival for Fox, Erskine, and other Whig chiefs. The Whigs had, in their party warfare, effectually, for a time, prostrated the hopes of Ireland, and the efforts of Mr. Pitt to place Irish manufacturing industry on an equality with that of England. In 1787, Mr. Pitt, through a special commissioner, Mr. Eden, made a commercial treaty with France by which prohibitions and high restrictive duties against international trade were to be removed or considerably relaxed. That measure, known as the Eden Treaty, was vehemently opposed by the manufacturers of England, and by the Whig party in parliament, who assumed to have vested in them the case of protection to native industry. It was in the debates on that occasion that Sir Philip Francis (the reputed author of Junius' Letters,) called France the natural enemy of England; which being rebuked by Pitt was repeated by Fox, whereupon Pitt declared such a sentiment as that of one nation being the natural enemy of another, an outrage, abhorrent alike to the reason of men and the law of Heaven. But the French Revolution of 1789-90 arising, the Eden Treaty disappeared in the convulsion of France and the war which ensued. It was spoken of but not again formally revived until 1860-61; and now, as in 1787, it takes in Britain the name of the English negotiator, and is called the Cobden Treaty.

As it was the Tory Ministry of Mr. Pitt in the last century, which infringed on protective customs duties as effecting domestic manufactures, so was it the Tory Cabinet of the Earl of Liverpool, in this century. Mr. Huskisson carried measures reducing protective duties in 1824, being the first step in that direction taken by the British parliament subsequent to the Irish Union in 1800, at which latter period a free trade between Ireland and Britain had been consummated.

It was the ambition of Mr. Villiers and Mr. Poulett Thomson to support the new commercial policy of Huskisson that obtained for them entrance to parliament in 1826, through the constituencies of Hull and Dover, towns directly connected with continental intercourse.

Mr. Thomson represented Dover until 1832. In 1830, on motion of Sir Henry Parnell for an inquiry into the Civil List, a branch of expenditure which was alleged to have become excessive during the long tenure of Tory power, the Ministry of the Duke of Wellington, led in the House of Commons by Mr. Peel, (afterwards Sir Robert) was defeated. The Tories resigned. The Whigs took office, Earl Grey, father of the present Lord, becoming Prime Minister. Mr. Poulett Thomson accepted the appointment of Vice-President of the Board of Trade. When the Reform Act of 1832 conferred the parliamentary franchise on many large towns for the first time, Manchester obtained two members. Mr. Poulett Thomson was returned as one; Mr. Mark Philips, a manufacturer, as the other. Salford, which is in fact a portion of Manchester, obtained one member, and returned Mr. Joseph Brotherton, who had been active in obtaining its enfranchisement, as at first it was not included in the Reform Bill.

Mr. Poulett Thomson, as Vice-President, and afterwards President of the Board of Trade, had with the concurrence of his colleagues and almost quiet acquiescence of the House of Commons, abolished duties, or materially reduced them on nearly four hundred imported commodities, many of them the raw materials of manufactures, between 1831 and 1839. In the latter year he was appointed Governor General of Canada.

Mr. Thomson was still busied in his gradual reduction of customs duties in 1837, when the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester engaged itself in debate on the Corn Laws, as stated in No. 1. of these "Old Country Sketches." The discussion was adjourned from day to day during three weeks. The report of Mr. Cobden's speech in the Chamber, on the first occasion of being named Alderman Cobden, is still in my possession. His oration was levelled chiefly against

Mr. Poulett Thomson as a "trimmer, a member who came in by false pretences, to serve the aristocracy," in presence of whom he dared not open his "mealy mouth." Mr. Cobden was rebuked by the chairman of the Chamber, Mr. George W. Wood, M.P. for South Lancashire, and other friends of Mr. Thomson; upon whom he retorted that they were subverted by Mr. Thomson's dinners in London, and by his presents of tickets to admit their wives and daughters to royal and aristocratic drawing rooms.

I had it from Mr. Cobden's own lips in subsequent years that nothing gave him more painful recollections than the memory of that attack on Mr. Thomson in 1837, when in reality he was not aware how much that President of the Board of Trade had attempted to do in face of unwilling colleagues, to assimilate customs duties to the new demands of expanding manufactures. Mr. Cobden's predilection to attack private character and impute unworthy motives to other persons, is a besetting infirmity. In such a man as he, so largely gifted with the reasoning power, who is among the public men of Britain almost matchless in concentration; the faculty of saying much in a few words; of saying it lucidly in the most appropriate phrases; this tendency to calumniate is indeed a real infirmity. When he suppresses this, he is a philosopher; when he gives it license he sinks to the demagogue. Yet it is in the latter character he wins the largest measure of popular applause.

During three years of agitation by the members of the Manchester Anti-Corn Law Association, dating from 1837, and the first year of the Anti-Corn Law League, which began in 1841, the arguments against the Corn Laws were founded on the claims of manufacturing industry and commerce, as against the agricultural interests to which the Corn Laws gave an uncertain protection. In 1841 and 1842 a writer attracted considerable attention in the *London Morning Chronicle*, by taking up a new line of argument. Mr. Cobden sought his assistance. He became, intellectually, more intimate with that gentleman over the whole of the next four years, during which the Anti-Corn Law League lasted, than any other persons what soever. That writer collected information throughout the kingdom, and in private conference with Mr. Cobden elaborated those arguments which ultimately repealed the duties on imported grain. It was that line of arguments which ultimately repealed the duties on imported grain. It was that which led to Lord John Russell's dictum in 1845, that "the Corn Laws have not been the protection but the bane of agriculture. The argument which demanded and gained a free importation of grain into Britain by the Act of 1846, was identical in principle with that which the same writer would apply to Canada in demanding protective duties in favour of Canadian manufactures. The argument was to expand and intensify commerce and manufacturing industry in Britain, thereby to increase the consumption of domestic farm products. In Canada he would also seek to enhance the value of land, and enlarge the consumption of agricultural products by an expanded and multiplied manufacturing industry. The circumstances of the manufacturer in Britain, and of the manufacturer in Canada, are in all the elements which govern prosperity, except one direct and absolutely reversed. The person with whom Mr. Cobden made the confidential alliance from 1842 to 1846 inclusive, was the writer of the present article.

#### ELECTION IN SOUTH LEEDS.

This contest, between Mr. Richards, Solicitor-General for Canada West, and Mr. Ford Jones, the well-known manufacturer of hardware and implements at Gannoque, was accepted by the ministerialists and opposition as a test of popular favour. These candidates contested the same constituency at the general election in June, 1863, when the votes were, for Mr. Jones 1,211; for Mr. Richards, 1346 majority for Mr. Richards, 135.

Recently, the latter gentleman, who is a lawyer resident at Brockville, was appointed to the high office of Solicitor General. This, by the constitution, necessitated a new election. It resulted thus: for Mr. Richards, 1,250; for Mr. Jones, 1,325; majority for Mr. Jones, 75.

The *London Prototype*, opposition paper, commenting on this election, says:—

"The defeat of Mr. Richards, the Solicitor General West, may be said to be the defeat of the ministry. The ministry seemed to have had a premonition of their fate. They delayed filling up the fatal office as long as they could; and it was not until they were shamed into it, that the appointment was made. With singular infatuation the Premier picked up a man without party experience or weight to fill the office. Grumbling was heard even in the ministerial ranks. The deed was done, however. The Premier staked his existence on the venture. His friends, despite their discontent, subscribed largely—\$10,000 is said to be the sum. With these office-holders and office-seekers, the question ceased to be whether Mr. Richards was fit or unfit to be Solicitor General, and became a question of the fate of the ministry, and their own fate. It is an undoubted fact that

no party ever made a more savage fight to secure an election by fair means and foul, than did the ministerial party to carry their Solicitor through South Leeds. The result was a disastrous defeat, and the ministry now have not a leg to stand upon.

"The defeat at South Leeds, following so close upon the defeat at St. Hyacinthe, is conclusive proof that the ministry is not in favor, either in Upper or Lower Canada. There is no question of it now, but that the shuffle by which two-thirds of the McDonald-Sicotte government were deprived of their legitimate right of an appeal to the people, and the scandalous bargain and sale by which Mr. Sicotte was raised to the bench, coupled with the want of administrative ability exhibited every day by the ministry, have alarmed and disgusted the country. The extent to which the ministry fail to possess the confidence of the country, is best shown in the overwhelming defeats at St. Hyacinthe and South Leeds—the only two opportunities which the people have had to speak out since the exposure of the Premier's conduct made in the House last session."

To the foregoing, we, of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, may add that legislation by party seems a wise concurrence in the laws of nature. The physical laws of the universe govern the planetary system by one stellar body restraining and impelling another. By the moral law of man's nature, one political party restrains or impels the other. As the consequence in the first case is harmony and stability of the universe, let us trust that in the latter, the result will be in Canada, energy of action, honesty of purpose, the public good.

#### LORD LYONS,

The following is from the pen of Ferley, the Washington correspondent of the *Boston Journal*:

The American people are beginning to find out what those acquainted with diplomatic matters here have long known—that while the French minister and other foreign representatives have been impressed with the belief that the South would establish its independence, Lord Lyons has looked upon the struggle with a greater confidence in the power of the North, and with a hostility to the creation of a new power, with slavery as its corner-stone.

#### LORD LYONS.

Any fine afternoon one can see, walking briskly up or down Pennsylvania Avenue a rather compactly built John-Bull like gentleman, with heavy dark eyes, small side whiskers, and rather a stolid expression of countenance. It is the Honorable Richard Bickerton Pemell, Lord Lyons, who took his degree as Master of Arts at Christ College, Oxford, and in 1839 was appointed attache to his father, a bluff old admiral, who was then Minister at Greece. Gradually promoted, he represented the Queen at different Italian courts, and in 1858 came here. He had just succeeded to the peerage by the death of his father, and after he escorted the Prince of Wales through the country he was appointed a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and subsequently Knight Grand Cross of the same order.

#### THE BRITISH LEGATION.

Lord Lyons is a bachelor, but the Legation is a hospitable resort for those who are his lordship's personal friends, and occasionally he gives a public entertainment—his private theatricals of the winter before last were a decided success. Mr. George Sheffield, an attache, came here from the Munich Legation, and is the almost constant companion of Lord Lyons in his rides and walks.

Hon. William Cornwallis Elliott, the Secretary of Legation, entered the British diplomatic corps in 1849, as an attache at Madrid, and as he was promoted, step by step, he was successively at Lisbon, Berlin, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, and Rio de Janeiro.

Edward Baldwin Malet, Esq., 2nd Secretary of Legation, was attache at Frankfurt in 1854, and has subsequently served at Brussels, Parana and Rio de Janeiro.

Arthur Henry Seymour, Esq., served as attache at Copenhagen and Berlin before he was sent here. Charles Henlage, Esq., is one of the Foreign Office clerks, who was sent here as attache in 1862.

All of the above-mentioned young gentlemen are single, and they are observant workers, aiding Lord Lyons much in the collection and transmission of political intelligence to Earl Russell, as well as in his voluminous correspondence with Governor Seward. The salaries paid to the members of the Legation (in addition to allowances) are liberal, as will be seen by turning the pounds sterling into legal tender. Lord Lyons receives £5,100; the Secretary of Legation, £700; the 1st Attache £300; and the 2nd Attache £250.

#### ONE OF LORD LYONS' PREDICTIONS.

An idea of the clear and unprejudiced manner in which Lord Lyons has regarded our struggle may be formed from the following extract from a dispatch from him to Earl Russell, written on the 18th of December, 1860, before secession had begun to develop itself openly:—

"I am afraid very little moderation is to be expected from the people of the cotton-growing States. Great as is the real importance of their staple, their own notions of the influence it will secure to them have become so exaggerated as to be preposterous. They seem to think that the necessity of obtaining a sufficient supply of this commodity will oblige all Europe, and especially Great Britain, to treat with them on any terms which they may dictate. They talk of withholding their cotton as a means of coercion, forgetting that their own prosperity depends much more upon selling it than that of the Northern States and Europe can ever depend on buying it. They do not choose to remember the lesson so often taught by experience, that stopping the supply of a commodity from the ordinary sources results in stimulating and giving success to endeavors to produce it elsewhere, and to provide a substitute for it. In answer to all arguments they are apt to repeat their senseless cry that "Cotton is King."

## THE LATE MR. THACKERAY.

We publish a portrait of Mr. Thackeray to-day, and doubtless it will gratify all who have read his works.

In No. 8, Vol. III, extracts from English and American newspapers were inserted, notifying his death.

The following additional paragraphs are from an affectionate biographical sketch, signed S. B., which in full is probably Shirley Brooks.

## HIS CONNECTION WITH PUNCH.

In a good day for himself, the journal, and the world, Thackeray joined *Punch*. Here he had more ample play for all his faculties than had been ever afforded him. An epigram in two lines, a sketch in two pages, a headpiece, a tailpiece, a caricature, a pregnant initial, a jovial song (are you thinking of the "Mahogany Tree?"), an Irish Chant of ridiculous treason (say the "Limerick Tragedy") a versified fable for the instruction of Lords and Princes ("Silly Little Finches"), a tale in many chapters ("Jeames' History"), or a series of essays ("The Snob Papers"), all were welcome and welcomed.

And as companion at the hospitable board of council, where such things were conceived, suggested, reviewed and admired, he sat with two who have preceded him to the land of shadows, and with some who live to mourn him. Douglas Jerrold and Gilbert A'Beckett were his neighbours at those feasts, and none appreciated more keenly than Thackeray the magical quickness and sparkle of the wit's repartees, or the ever-ready, shrewd and kindly talk of the humorist. Others who were of the happy party, and who read these lines, will silently testify to their truth, and add that for each and for all who sat with Thackeray at that board there was always the quaint greeting that dignified the friend with some American military title, the instant and intensely compact gratulation upon any public success or private good fortune, the eagerness to give information; the electric readiness to catch the knavish speech that sleeps in the foolish ear, but never had a wink in Thackeray's; the kindly retort that seemed meant but to show you that you had spoken well; and, then, better than all word-pleasantry, there were the ever-beaming kindness, the lofty moral, the lowly charity, and the noble heart that was so true to the noble brain. This is a sketch and a very inadequate one—from private life, and yet we do not think that any one who reads it will blame the writer. As Thackeray is here described, he was, as a hundred friends will testify, wherever he felt himself "at home," and it is because some wretched talk of his supposed "cynicism" has got abroad, and because such talk has come from those who have known him scarcely at all; that it is well, for once and for all, to say that William Thackeray was one of the cheerfulest and cheeriest of men who ever gladdened the heart of a friend.

## THACKERAY AS MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH IN THE EAST.

He went back to the East, but not very far, and recorded his travels in the "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo." They are full of humour and wisdom, and the kind heart is always speaking out. The pretty verses on the dawn at sea suggest thoughts which it would now be sacrilege to print; but we may remember the indignant protest against the acceptance by Christian England of an ally who had actually ordered the murder of a baby, and the semi-serious strain in which Oriental brutality is exposed in the story of the Pacha who, while talking with the Oxford tutor, exported to teach the little infidels, was bothered by a fellah, and then and there, taking out a pistol, "shot that fellah dead, so that he never bothered any more." The varnish which sentimentalists lay over foulness never had a chance with Thackeray. Then there are the tremendous adventures of that Irish Indian Major, which make the tale the most ludicrous book since Munchausen, with the addition of being intensely interesting, in spite of the elephantine exaggeration. "Our Street" is a gallery of social portraits, drawn with a master's facility; and the "Rosa and the Ring" has made the author the children's friend, as, indeed, he deserved to be held, for the love of children

runs like a silver thread through every story he ever wrote. We believe that he never thoroughly hated Beck Sharp except when she kept her boy in the kitchen, kissed him before company, and slapped his face outside the door. Thackeray never sends the children to the nursery, never seems to find them in the way, and is always completing people's happiness by giving them a baby, or a "toddlor," to bring sunshine into the house. The little girl, in Gray's chambers, when the wonderful dinner is given by the poor young barrister and his pretty wife to the great, rich Goldmote, is the most prominent feature in the picture. What does the author of the "Curate's Walk" say about children, and do for them in that most delightful sketch, than which Steele never wrote anything better? He was always rejoicing with the young, this cynic—both in the pen and in the flesh. Many sentimentalists do neither the one thing nor the other, and yet they talk of cynicism as a thing apart from their beautiful natures.

## AS EDITOR OF THE "CORNHILL MAGAZINE."

Mr. Thackeray, as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, must have been dreadfully bored, and did not tell us in

his troubles in this way, but they were too dearly purchased; and we ourselves were very glad to hear that he was relieved from editorialship, though, in effect, that made little difference to the volunteer contributors, who wrote that, if he used his great influence, they were sure their papers would be printed, and so on.

**CATS AT SEA.**—Considering how much the cat abhors cold water, our readers must often have wondered why seafarers are so fond of taking the animal with them on a voyage. This is explained by two circumstances. Marine insurance does not cover damage done to cargo by the depredations of rats; but if the owner of the damaged goods can prove that the ship was sent to sea unfurnished with a cat, he can recover damages from the shipmaster. Again, a ship found at sea with no living creature on board is considered a derelict and is forfeited to the Admiralty, the finders, or the Queen. It has often happened that after a ship has been abandoned some domestic animal—a dog, a canary-bird, or most frequently a cat, from its hatred of facing the waves—has saved the vessel from being condemned as a derelict.—Once a Week.

## DISASTER TO THE STEAMSHIP "LOUISIANA."

—By advices from Halifax, February 1st, we learn the following melancholy particulars of the disaster which befel the steamship "Louisiana." Ocean travelling at this season of the year is evidently to be shunned: The steamship "Louisiana" (says the latest dispatch) from Liverpool bound to New York, put back to Queenston on the 18th inst., disabled. Her decks were swept and seven of her passengers and ten of the crew were washed overboard.

The Boston "Traveler" says the news by the last steamer confirms the statement that there are not emigrant ships enough to bring the hundreds over who are waiting to come to this country. It is said that the boarding houses in Liverpool are full of people, waiting for passage to the U. States.

The "Advertiser," London, C. W., of February 3rd says:—The "Illustrated Canadian News" of Jan. 30th is at hand. The "Canadian Voyageurs" is the best cut in the number. The selections are good, including several original contributions. All the enterprise requires is a liberal support to enable it to become a first-class illustrated paper. [Accept thanks: London "Prototype" also.]

The Halifax vessels are returning from the West India ports in ballast, not being able to procure cargoes of sugar or molasses.

Wood is \$10 a cord at Leavenworth.

## THE LATE WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.



those "Roundabout Papers" one-tenth of his troubles. He ought never to have given time, trouble, or anything but his name to a periodical work; and we verily believe that the proprietors did all in their power to prevent his being worried and disturbed in his lawful labours. But it is not permitted in England to deal with volunteer contributors to anything as the Pacha dealt with the fellah, and unless they are shot they will write to you, send parcels to you, send angry friends to you, call on you when you are at dinner, abuse you through the press, waylay you in the street, and leave word in their wills that their executors are to avenge them upon you. Thackeray had to undergo a great deal of this, and he had not the sternness which might have saved him from some, at least, of the worry. He would read applicants' notes, instead of returning them unread with unopened MS.; he would even correspond with hopeless and helpless creatures who had no right to touch pen and ink; he would even—it was utterly subversive of all editorial authority—send a charity blank-note to a very poor scribbler who pleaded starvation, and who, two months afterwards, wrote him an abusive letter for not inserting the contribution "on which he had paid half the price on account." We got some agreeable papers out of

**DOMESTIC COMFORT.**—The most prominent among temporal things, to make life pleasant, is to be within the walls of a well-ordered house. Not conspicuous for its finery or costliness, but by its fitness, its air of neatness, and content to all who enter to enjoy its comfort. The woman who does not make this a grand item in her routine of duties, has not yet learned the true dignity of her station; does not enjoy the blessings of life; and indirectly despises her family and the Word of God. "She looketh well to the ways of her household," was spoken by the wisest man that ever lived, and will be told as a memorial of all those noble women who have been eminent in 'looking well' to the ways of their households.

**WINDSOR,** says a Detroit paper, is overrun with the miserable sneaks and siteddlors from the American side, men who have made a business of enlisting, obtaining their bounty and escaping across the river. They find little sympathy, even among Southern sympathizers, for the general impression is abroad that the man who is mean enough to pursue such a course of conduct, is mean enough to do anything, and needs vigilant watching by the police.

purpose for this party?" said the brewer; and it seemed by the tone of his voice that the hot gin and water had lost its kindly effects.

"My dear they must be dressed, you know. I'm sure no girls in Baslehurst cost less in the way of finery. In the ordinary way, they'd have had new frocks almost immediately."

"Bother!" Mr Tappitt was shaving just at this moment, and dashed aside his razor for a moment to utter this one word. He intended to signify how perfectly well he was aware that a muslin frock prepared for an evening party would not fill the place of a substantial morning dress.

"Well, my dear, I'm sure the girls ain't unreasonable nor am I. Five-and-thirty shillings apiece for them would do it all. And I shan't want any thing myself this year in September." Now Mr. Tappitt, who was a man of sentiment, always gave his wife some costly article of raiment on the 1st of September, calling her his partridge and his bird, for on that day they had been married. Mrs. Tappitt had frequently offered to intronit the ceremony when calling upon his generosity for other purposes, but the September gift had always been forthcoming.

"Will thirty-five shillings apiece do it?" said he, turning round with his face all covered with lather. Then again he went to work with his razor just under his right ear.

"Well, yes, I think it will. Two pounds each for three shall do it, any way."

Mr. Tappitt gave a little jump at this increased demand for fifteen shillings, and, not being in a good position for jumping, encountered an unpleasant accident, and uttered a somewhat vehement exclamation. "There," said he, "now I've cut myself, and it's your fault. Oh! dear! oh dear! When I cut myself there it never stops. It's no good doing that, Margaret; it only makes it worse. There! now you've got the soap and blood all down inside my shirt."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE INVITATIONS.

Mrs. Tappitt, on this occasion, was subjected to some trouble, for the wound on Mr. Tappitt's cheek-bone declined to be stanch'd at once; but she gained her object, and got the dresses for her daughters. It was not taken by them as a drawback on their happiness that they had to make the dresses themselves, for they were accustomed to such work; but this necessity, joined to all other preparations for the party, made them very busy. Till twelve at night on three evenings they sat with their smart new things in their laps and their needles in their hands; but they did not begrudge this, as Mrs. Butler Cornbury was coming to the brewery. They were anxious to get the heavy part of the work done before the Rowans should arrive, doubting whether they would become sufficiently intimate with Mary to tell her all their little domestic secrets, and do their work in the presence of their new friend during the first day of her sojourn in the house. So they toiled like slaves on the Wednesday and Thursday in order that they might walk about like ladies on the Friday and Saturday.

But the list of their guests gave them more trouble than aught else. Whom should they get to meet Mrs. Butler Cornbury? At one time Mrs. Tappitt had proposed a word certain of her invitation with a special view to this end. Had her idea been carried out, people who might not otherwise have come were to be tempted by a notification that they were especially asked to meet Mrs. Butler Cornbury. But Martha had said that this she thought would not do for a dance. "People do do it my dear," Mrs. Tappitt had pleaded.

"Not for dancing, mamma," said Martha. "Besides, she would be sure to hear of it, and perhaps she might not like it."

"Well I don't know," said Mrs. Tappitt. "It would show that we appreciated her kindness." The plan however, was abandoned.

Of the Baslehurst folk, there were so few that were fitted to meet Mrs. Butler Cornbury! There was old Miss Harford, the rector's daughter. She was fit to meet any body in the country, and as she was good-natured, might probably come. But she was an old maid and was never very bright in her attire. "Perhaps Captain Gordon's lady would come Mrs. Tappitt suggested. But at this proposition all the girls shook their heads. Captain Gordon had lately taken a villa close to Baslehurst but had shown himself averse to any intercourse with the towns-people. Mrs. Tappitt had called on his 'lady,' and the call had not even been returned, a card having been sent by post in an envelope.

"It would be no good, mamma," said Martha, "and she would only make us uncomfortable if she did not come."

"She is always awfully stuck up in church," said Augusta.

"And her nose is red at the end," said Cherry. "Therefore no invitation was sent to Captain Gordon's house."

"If we could only get the Fawcetts," said Augusta. The Fawcetts were a large family living in the centre of Baslehurst, in which there were four daughters, all noted for dancing, and noted also for being the merriest, nicest, and most popular girls in Devonshire. There was a fat good-natured mother, and a thin, good-natured father, who had once been a banker at Exeter. Every body desired to know the Fawcetts, and they were the especial favourites of Mrs. Butler Cornbury. But then Mrs. Fawcett did not visit Mrs. Tappitt. The girls and the mothers had a bowing acquaintance, and were always very gracious to each other. Old Fawcett and old Tappitt saw each other in town daily, and knew each other as well as they knew the cross in the batter-market, but none of the two families ever went into each other's houses. It had been tacitly admitted among them that the Fawcetts were above the Tappitts, and so the matter had rested. But now, if any thing could be done? "Mrs. Butler Cornbury is all very well, of course," said Augusta, "but it would be so nice for Mary Rowan to see the Miss Fawcetts dancing here."

Martha shook her head, but at last she did write a note in her mother's name. "My girls are having a little dance, to welcome a friend from London, and they would feel so much obliged if your young ladies would come. Mrs. Butler Cornbury has been kind enough, to say that she would join us, etc., etc." Mrs. Tappitt and Augusta were in a seventh heaven of happiness when Mrs. Fawcett wrote to say that three of her girls would be delighted to accept the

invitation; and even the discreet Martha and the less ambitious Cherry were well pleased.

"I declare I think we've been very fortunate," said Mrs. Tappitt.

"Only the Miss Fawcetts will get all the best partners," said Cherry.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Augusta holding up her head.

But there had been yet another trouble. It was difficult for them to get people proper to meet Mrs. Butler Cornbury; but what must they do as to those people who must come, and who were by no means proper to meet her? There were the Griggses, for instance who lived out of town in a wonderfully red brick house, the family of a retired Baslehurst grocer. They had been asked before Mrs. Cornbury's call had been made, or, I fear their chance of coming to the party would have been small. There was one young Griggs, a man very terrible in his vulgarity, loud, rampant conspicuous with villainous jewelry and odious with the worst abominations of perfumery. He was loathsome even to the Tappitt girls; but then the Griggses and the Tappitts had known each other for half a century, and among their ordinary acquaintances Adolphus Griggs might have been endured. But what should they do when he asked to be introduced to Josceline Fawcett? Of all men he was the most unconscious of his own defects. He had once shown some symptoms of admiration for Cherry, by whom he was hated with an intensity of dislike that had amounted to a passion. She had begged that he might be omitted from the list; but Mrs. Tappitt had been afraid of angering their father.

The Rules also would be much in the way. Old Joshua Rule was a maltster, living in Cawston and his wife and daughter had been asked before the accession of the Butler Cornbury dignity. Old Rule had supplied the brewery with malt almost ever since it had been a brewery; and no more harmless people than Mrs. Rule and her daughter existed in the neighborhood; but they were close neighbors of the Comforts of Mrs. Cornbury's father and mother, and Mr. Comfort would have as soon asked his sexton to dine with him as the Rules. The Rules never expected such a thing and therefore lived on very good terms with the clergyman. "I'm afraid she won't like to meet Mrs. Rule," Augusta had said to her mother; and then the mother had shaken her head.

Early in the week, before Rachel had accepted the invitation, Cherry had written to her friend. "Of course you will come," Cherry had said; "and as you have some difficulty in getting here and home again, I'll ask Mrs. Rule to call for you. I know she will have a place in the fly, and she is very good-natured." In answer to this, Rachel had written a separate note to Cherry, telling her friend in the least boastful words which she could use that provision had already been made for her coming and going. "Mamma was up at Mr. Comfort's yesterday," Rachel wrote, "and he was so kind as to say that Mrs. Butler Cornbury would take me and bring me back. I am very much obliged to you all the same, and to Mrs. Rule."

"What do you think?" said Cherry, who had received her note in the midst of one of the family conferences; "Augusta said that Mrs. Butler Cornbury would not like to meet Rachel Ray; but she is going to bring her in her own carriage."

"I never said any thing of the kind," said Augusta. "Oh, but you did, Augusta; or mamma did, or somebody. How nice for Rachel to be chaperoned by Mrs. Butler Cornbury!"

"I wonder what she will wear," said Mrs. Tappitt, who had on that morning achieved her victory over the wounded brewer in the matter of the three dresses.

## CHAPTER XV.

## MRS. ROWAN AND MARY ROWAN.

On the Friday morning Mrs. Rowan came with her daughter, Luke having met them at Exeter on the Thursday. Mrs. Rowan was a somewhat stately lady, slow in her movements and careful in her speech, so that the girls were at first very glad that they had valiantly worked up their finery before her coming. But Mary was by no means stately; she was younger than them, very willing to be pleased, with pleasant, round, eager eyes, and a kindly voice. Before she had been three hours in the house Cherry had claimed Mary for her own, had told her all about the party, all about the dresses, all about Mrs. Butler Cornbury and the Miss Fawcetts, and a word or two also about Rachel Ray. "I can tell you somebody that's almost in love with her!" "You don't mean Luke?" said Mary. "Yes, but I do," said Cherry; "but of course I'm only in fun." On Saturday Mary was hard at work herself assisting in the decoration of the drawing-room, and before the all-important Tuesday came even Mrs. Rowan and Mrs. Tappitt were confidential. Mrs. Rowan perceived at once that Mrs. Tappitt was provincial, as she told her son; but she was a good motherly woman, and on the whole, Mrs. Rowan condescended to be gracious to her.

At Bragg's End the preparations for the party required almost as much thought as it did those at the brewery, and involved perhaps deeper care. It may be remembered that Mrs. Prime, when her ears were first astounded by that unexpected revelation, wiped the crumbs from out of her lap and walked off, wounded in spirit, to her own room. On that evening Rachel saw no more of her sister. Mrs. Ray went up to her daughter's bedroom, but staid there only a minute or two. "What does she say?" asked Rachel, almost in a whisper. "She is very unhappy. She says that unless I can be made to think better of this she must leave the cottage. I told her what Mr. Comfort says, but she only sneers at Mr. Comfort. I'm sure I'm endeavouring to do the best I can."

"It won't do, mamma, to say that she should manage every thing, otherwise I'm sure I'd give up the party."

"No, my dear, I don't want you to do that—not after what Mr. Comfort says." Mrs. Ray had in truth gone to the clergyman feeling sure that he would have given his word against the party, and that so strengthened, she could have taken a course that would be offensive to neither of her daughters. She had expected, too, that she would have returned home armed with such clerical thunders against the young man as would have quieted Rachel and have satisfied Dorothea. But in all this she had been, I may hardly say

disappointed, but dismayed and bewildered by advice the very opposite to that which she had expected. It was perplexing, but she seemed to be aware that she had no alternative now but to fight the battle on Rachel's side. She had cut herself off from all anchorage except that given by Mr. Comfort, and therefore it behooved her to cling to that with absolute tenacity. Rachel must go to the party, even though Dorothea should carry out her threat. On that night nothing more was said about Dorothea, and Mrs. Ray allowed herself to be gradually drawn into the mild discussion about Rachel's dress.

But there was nearly a week left to them of this sort of life. Early on the following morning Mrs. Prime left the cottage, saying that she should dine with Miss Pucker, and betook herself at once to a small house in a back street of the town, behind the new church, in which lived Mr. Prong. Have I as yet said that Mr. Prong was a bachelor? Such was the fact; and there were not wanting those in Baslehurst who declared that he would amend the fault by marrying Mrs. Prime. But this rumor, if it ever reached her, had no effect upon her. The world would be nothing to her if she were to be debarred by the wickedness of loose tongues from visiting the clergyman of her choice. She went therefore, in her present difficulty to Mr. Prong.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Pretty and Pretty Good.

## HOW COULD I?

BY ANNIE BIGLOW.

He carried my satchel to school,  
And me through the drifts carried, too;  
Could I think why he hugged me so close?  
If I couldn't, how could I? Could you?

At eve he tied under my chin  
My hood with its bright ribbons blue;  
Why he gazed on my face could I tell?  
If I couldn't, how could I? Could you?

He told me my eyes were so black,  
The brightest of any he knew;  
I blushed and looked down; could I help it?  
If I couldn't, how could I? Could you?

He left on my warm cheek a kiss,  
Then off with the lightning speed I flew;  
If I could, I'd have scolded and stamped;  
If I couldn't, how could I? Could you?

'Twas long ago, and since then  
He had spoken words loving and true;  
I only leaned close to his breast,  
For how could I help it? Could you?

When is a king not a king?—When he's a-bed.

Where was Adam going when he was in his thirty-ninth year?—Into his fortieth.

What is passed by a man every day?—His opinion.

Who is the most industrious of all ploughmen?—Time, for he turns the most furrows.

What is that which is never paid in coin?—Respect.

Why should linen-draper be fond of the letter S?—Because it can make every ell sell.

What is taken from you before you get it?—Your portrait.

When should a dairy-maid run away from her cream?—When it turns to butt her (butter).

Why is a gun like gossip?—Because it sends forth a report.

What vegetable does a tailor who is a family man put you in mind of?—A parsnip (pa snip).

When is the letter W like a quarrel?—When it makes ill will.

What sport does Cupid indulge in?—Shooting all the little dears.

Why does a cook make more noise than a bell?—Because one makes a din the other a dinner.

What is the best way to keep food on a weak stomach?—To bolt it down.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When experience has made him sage.

Chess is nothing unless it is played on the square.

MOTTO FOR A HAIRDRESSER.—Cut and comb again!

Small talk is like small beer—a little of it goes a great way.

'Après nous le deluge,' as the hard frost observed to the water-pipe.

THE CUP THAT NEITHER CHEERS NOR INEBRIATES.—The hiccup.

Grace before meat—as the young lady said when she laced herself too tight to swallow.

PURE ETHICS.—Why is a selfish man a good christian? Because he loves his worst enemy; that is, himself.

Why is a person of even temper like Greek fire? Because you can't put him out.

A cross wife, like the bird of Minerva, does most of her hooting at night.

'My Lord' said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in their verdict, 'we find the man that stole the mare not guilty.'

A doctor in Paris has discovered that brandy or rum is the best antidote for chloroform, and that it will at once counteract the effect of an overdose.

It appears from an official statement that, since 1852, the sum granted by the State towards the embellishment of Paris has been 225,042,000 francs.

## OUT IN THE COLD.

The papers are full of accounts of death by freezing, and hair-breadth escapes from perishing during the late cold snaps; the following is the writer's experience in this relation:—

Having gone to the circuit I last travelled, for my cutter, I found the sleighing bad, but for two or three days a dark heavy cloud overhung the southern horizon which our weather-prophets called a "snow bank," and promised abundance of snow. On Saturday morning, January 9th, I left Brighton on our last day's journey, returning home with my cutter attached to the one I drove up in. It began snowing in the morning and continued to increase, until about one o'clock, when the wind suddenly rose, blowing the snow round in such a manner as to completely blind my sight of the road, until buildings, fences, telegraph poles, all faded from my vision, the storm increasing in violence every moment. Though uncomfortable, nothing appeared alarming in this so long as the animal kept the road, but on reaching a point where the road is exposed to the full fury of the gales from Lake Ontario, the track was completely filled with snow and enormous drifts rose to dispute our passage, the animal plunging almost out of sight in them. Here I got out and used my best endeavors to assist the creature by trying to raise the cutter. Finding it useless to think of her drawing both cutters, I cut the ropes and left the hindermost one in the huge drift by the way side. As soon as out of one drift we were into

another, only higher than the last, and one more mountainous a-head seemed to say "hitherto shalt thou come but no farther"—the storm now blew a perfect hurricane—an elemental war raged around us with remorseless fury; the particles of snow beat into the eyes and nostrils, and the wind at times stopped my breath, withal it was intensely cold; losing one of my gloves for a moment my hand bleached as white as the drifting element!

It was now that I fully realized the peril of our situation. "We shall never get out of this alive," said my poor fragile wife, who sat shivering in the cutter, vainly fighting with the winds for full possession of the buffalo robes.

A moment's reflection—what shall we do? The faithful, but exhausted steed lay half-buried in a drift, unable to rise. To remain here would be certain death. It might not be far to a house, if I could only see; but to venture out of sight of my companion, I might not be able to find my way back, until help would be useless. The other, and only apparent alternative—to remain, and both die side by side. But now, the question of questions, "How about after death?" How long, thought I, shall we suffer together until relieved by death! My companion deathly pale, and the blood in my veins seemed to be turning into ice—

"We'll stem the storm, it won't be long,  
We'll anchor bye and bye."

But we may be near a friendly shelter, and oh! to

perish within reach of help. Hark! what do I hear? What vision passes before my eyes? The storm sheet breaks for a moment. I dimly discover an object moving in the field. Shouts at the top of my voice bring to our aid a man from a passing team who informed us that we were off the road.

With his kindly assistance we were rescued, and after driving a mile or so we drew up at a house, where we received every mark of attention that christian kindness could suggest. Cheerful fire, smiling faces, kind hearts, active hands, and a smoking hot dinner made us feel very comfortable. The outer man refreshed, we called upon this family to join with us in thanksgiving, and reading that sublime composition, the XXXIV Psalm, as peculiarly expressive of our feelings, offering prayer and praise, we went on our way rejoicing, and in due time safely arrived home.

A little boy of three summers had gone to bed with his parents, tired, cross, and crying, from romps of the day, and on into the night kept up his peevishness, until the father was satisfied that the difficulty had degenerated into sheer ill nature. Having exhausted moral suasion, he gave the youngster a thorough 'slapping.' The little fellow lay sobbing a few moments, and then turning and throwing his arm about his father's neck, he said, in a new found tone of cheerfulness, 'Pa, you do know what's good for me, don't you?'



FIRST LESSON IN SKATING,—A SKETCH BY A. BINKERT.

## EDITOR'S NOTICES.

W. McG.—You are in love, and there is poetry in you. Love itself is poetry, if pure. But "Imagination" is not a word of six syllables as you make it; nor does its spelling begin with the letter E. Some of your lines are smooth and others jolt. The opening invocation, "Had I the bard of Avon's pen" is good; but the next line, and the word "line," indicate feebleness. One of the bard of Avon's expressive axioms is applicable, and should inspire hope in the matter of Miss E. T. "The course of true love never did run smooth." Why do you wish to be

"Far, far away,  
By all to be forget,"

when the verses are, "for Miss E. T.'s album." It is because the sparks of ideality are in you that these remarks are made. Bridle and saddle the muse again.

E. M. Rice.—Your contribution will be inserted.

W. B. C. G. "Penelope at the Loom," is a something beyond understanding, yet it may be poetry and sense in

disguise. Should the right end of the thread be found, the web may be printed.

E. M. JACKSON. The Editor has a well written "Tale of Married Life," bearing your name, but has discovered no private letter referring to it; or to conditions on which it is offered to this paper.

W. G. The three translations from German poets are smoothly versified, and will be printed when there is an opening. Further contributions from you will be acceptable. But in reference to poetry in general, or the writings so termed, it is as common in Canada West as the potato, and not so useful.

TO CORRESPONDENTS IN GENERAL. Descriptive sketches of your towns, villages, or townships; origin of their names; anecdotes of early settlers, or of notable persons, and narratives of local events, are acceptable. If accompanied by well executed pencil sketches, or portraits, so much the better.

MR. W. G. B., MONTREAL. Your paper, "Winter Sports in Canada, No. 2," has come to hand. In the mat-

ter of the artistic sketches, a letter by post will explain what is wanted.

A. S. W. "Death Song of King Reyner Lodbrog" received.

M. LANGLEY, Dundas. Your second article on "Speed of Ships," will appear in next issue. It is indispensable that you and all others using technical terms should write them plainly. One or two oversights of this kind occurred in your essay of last week and led to misprints.

SCOTT'S YARD, Greenock. A letter thus signed, from Brantford, criticises Mr. Langley's theorem of last week. It came too late for insertion in this issue.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—Articles on this and other railways will appear next week. It is gratifying to see the Great Western holding good its position against the excessive competition to which it has been exposed.

ALEX. DURIE, QUEBEC. Mr. Somerville, on resuming the literary management of this journal, is gratified to renew friendly relations. For himself and the proprietors, he thanks you for the favors last received.

MR. L., of Shebrooke, C. E. Your kindness is appreciated. Accept thanks. Lay us under farther obligations as often as inclination, or a subject, or convenience suits you

VERSES FOR VALENTINES DAY.

A recent search through such of the poets as lay within a day's reach has not been rewarded with much that is worth quoting about Valentines. The index to the poetry of Thomas Hood, rare Thomas, raised expectation; but when found the Valentine verses were only a sonnet with little of Hood's lively geniality. With Leigh Hunt in hand the search for a Valentine was more satisfactory. Hunt after describing the ideal personality of the 'saint of Sweet-hearts' in his 'hymn to Bishop Valentine, bursts away at the gallop thus;—

'Hail! oh hail! and thrice again  
Hail! thou clerk of sweetest pen!  
Conubialist of clergymen!  
Exquisite bishop!—not at all  
Like Bishop Donner, no nor Hall,  
That gibing priest: nor Atterbury,  
Although he was ingenious very,  
And wrote the verses on the 'Fan,'  
But then he swore, unrepentant man!  
But very like good Bishop Berkeley,  
Equally benign and clerical;  
Very like Rundle, Shipley, Woodley,  
And all the genial of the godly;  
Like De Sates, and like De Paul;  
But most I really think of all  
Like Bishop Mant whose sweet theology  
Includeth Verse and Ornithology,

And like a proper rubric star  
Hath given us a new 'Calendar,'  
So full of flowers and birdly talking,  
'Tis like an Eden bow to walk in,  
Such another see is thine  
O thou Bishop Valentine;  
Such another but as big  
To that as Eden to a fig:  
For all the world's thy diocese.  
All the towns and all the trees  
And all the barns and Vilages;  
The whole rising generation  
Is thy loving congregation  
Enviably indeed thy station:  
Tithes cause thee no reprobation.  
Dean and chapter's no vexation  
Heresy no spoliation  
Beg'd thy participation;  
No one wishes thee translation,  
Except for some sweet explanation.  
All decree the consecration

Beatification!  
Canonization!  
All cry out with heart prostrations,  
Sweet's thy text elucidation  
Sweet, oh sweet's thy visitation,  
And Paradise thy confirmation.

Bishop Valentine is said to have suffered martyrdom sometime in the third century. He is said to have been conspicuous for the loveliness of his character, and the

mildness of his disposition gentle, affectionate, and earnest. He was early canonised, and by some it is thought that the day of his martyrdom was commemorated by the choosing of lovers for a year. By others, however, it is supposed that the idea of observing this day is derived from the Lupercal, a feast instituted in honor of Pan, and observed with all that mingled levity, and serious mummery, which so distinguished Roman festivals. At the Lupercal, which was observed in the month of February, the names of young women were put into a box and drawn out by the members of the opposite sex. There was feasting and play-acting, and music, and dances, and the heart was given up to the worship of love. It was more than probable that the Lupercalia only changed its name to Valentine's day, after Christianity was adopted by the restorer of ancient Byzantium.

John Donne sings of the 14th of February, and mating of the birds thus:

'Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day is this  
All the air is thy diocese,  
And all the chirping choristers  
And other birds are thy parishoners,  
Thou marry'st every year.  
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove,  
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,  
The household bird, with his rod stomacher.  
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon  
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;  
This day, more cheerfully than ever shine,  
This day, which might inhaue th' self, old Valentine,



SEASON OF VALENTINES; FEBRUARY, 1864.

ODE TO CUPID ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY MR. PARBAT, 1763.

Come thou rosy dimpled boy,  
Source of every heartfelt joy  
Leave the blissful bowers awhile,  
Paphos and the Cyprian isle;  
Visit Britain's rocky shore,  
Britons to thy power adore  
Own thy laws and yield to thee  
Source of every heartfelt joy  
Come thou rosy dimpled boy.

Only while we love we live,  
Love alone can pleasure give;  
Pomp and power and tinsel state  
Those false pageants of the great,  
Crowns and sceptres, envied things,  
And the pride of eastern kings  
Are but childish empty toys  
When compared to love's sweet joy's  
Love alone can pleasure give,  
Only while we love we live.

Items of the Day.

**THE NEW PRINCE.**—The title of the young son of the Prince of Wales will be Duke of Cornwall. Its birth will withdraw, in the child's favor, the immense revenues from that duchy.

**BANK OF UPPER CANADA.**—The branch of the Bank of upper Canada, in the town of Belleville, has been closed, the business to be transferred to Kingston.

A Canadian, on his way to California, was done out of \$200 in gold, by a sharper in Albany, and had to return to his home in Brighton for want of means to prosecute his journey. He failed also to prosecute the thief, because he could not catch him.

The Federal senate has passed a resolution requiring a new and strict test oath of all its members. On Tuesday, Mr. Bayard, Senator from Delaware, took the oath, and then announced his intention of retiring to private life.

**ST CATHERINES, Jan. 29.**—Hon. Thomas Park, Collector of Customs at this port, died this morning.

**SMASH-UP ON THE GRAND TRUNK.**—The Galt Reporter states that a terrible smash-up occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway on Tuesday last, between Breslau and Shantz's station. A special freight train of 12 cars, loaded with dressed hogs, ran off the rails at the place mentioned, and was very badly smashed—the pork being scattered promiscuously along the line. We are informed that the engine and every one of the cars were thrown off. The loss to the company will be heavy. The regular trains were delayed the entire day by the accident. None of the employees on the train were injured.

Washoe must be a very pleasant residence for a timid man, according to the Virginia city Bulletin, which says:—'On Saturday night last we saw around the stove at the theatre, warming themselves, no less than five men who had each killed a man within the past five months.'

They have a new winter sport in St. Louis. An enterprising genius places a live duck in a box, leaving about six inches of its head and neck out, and charges the skaters six cents a throw at the head; whoever hits it takes the duck.



## Selected Poetry.

## GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in the summer time  
Is beautiful to me  
And glorious are the many stars  
That glimmer o'er the sea;  
But gentle words and loving hearts,  
And hands to clasp their own,  
Are better than the fairest flower,  
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass of life,  
The dew the drooping flower,  
The eyes grow bright and watch the light  
Of autumn's opening hour;  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer time,  
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much this world can give,  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold and gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But, oh, if those who cluster round,  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!

## THE MYSTERY OF REDFIELD HALL.

BY MRS M. L. BAYNE.

## CHAPTER III.

I came as near fainting myself as ever I did in my life, and it was only on Mrs. Grant's assurance that it was nothing—only Master Clarence in one of his spells—that I became conscious that I had deserted my post so easily. I hastened back to the room, leaving my trembling sister with the house-keeper, and found it entirely deserted. A strong current of air swept through it from a window which had been left open for ventilation, and stirred the white drapery of the couch; but Mrs. Sunderland lay perfectly still with closed eyes. Could she have slept after hearing that unearthly cry, or was she accustomed to the sound? I lifted her hand gently; it was nerveless and cold, and her white lips were closed, never to open! My cries of remorse and anguish brought the whole household, just as Mr. Sunderland returned with the medical man. Over his grief I cannot linger; it was too dreadful.

It did not seem as if the household could ever become as it had been; yet, after a few weeks, everything returned to its original course, except that all gaiety was banished from among us. Clarence had again recovered from the sickness, that must soon, if repeated, waste intellect and strength, and devoted his time to his father, who seemed thoroughly broken down, while Maud and Norman were constantly together. While I was left to myself or the chance company of Clarence. And now I had a secret—a secret, even from Maud, who now, alas! no longer held the first place in my heart. Yes! I had learned what, sooner or later every woman must—to love, and my idol, my hero, was Clarence Sunderland!

And I knew well that he did not, could not, love me; he talked to me, but he looked at Maud; he was gentle, kind, almost loving, in his regard for me, but he held Maud's hand, and looked deep into her lovely eyes, and praised her music or singing, as he never did mine; he could well let her spend her time with Norman, for he was her brother almost.

The two brothers had little love for each other. Clarence, calm and courteous to all, could hardly tolerate the supercilious arrogance of the elder brother, or the want of respect to their father, and bitter quarrels sprang up between them, when Norman's arrogance aroused even Clarence's ire, and stormy scenes would ensue, to which the elder would return, dark innuendoes, which not even Clarence seemed to understand. Only his generosity and forbearance prevented an open break between them.

There was but little change or excitement in the house since Mrs. Sunderland's unexpected death. Lola had disappeared on that night, and no trace of her could be found. It was supposed she had fled in terror, and not dared to return. At all events her presence was not seen again at the hall.

Mrs. Grant took the head of the table, and at all times made one of the family. She was a thoroughly respectable woman, who had lived many years with Mrs. Sunderland, to whom she came on the death of Mr. Sunderland's father, having been brought up in the family. Our guardian had great respect for her, and now we consulted her as we had done the dear lady gone.

Occasionally a stray visitor came to the Hall—not often. It sometimes seemed to me that its gloomy precincts were banned, so deep a mystery hung over the family. Once I spoke to Mrs. Grant about it; but she peremptorily forbade me ever again alluding to it. Whatever she knew she was worthy of the trust.

The winter passed away, without any particular incident, and the foliage and grounds around the old Hall rejoiced in beauty and bloom of spring. I was greatly changed since my residence at Redfield, and sometimes I longed to take Maud, and go far away from its torturing gloom and mystery and above all from Clarence Sunderland, whom I saw daily wasting beneath my eyes, from a singular and unknown malady. Maud too was changed; her light heartedness was gone, and the ringing laugh, or the merry song was never heard from her lips. The atmosphere of that place had done what all our former trouble had failed to do, completely subdued her spirits.

One evening, I put on my garden hat, intending to take a long walk by myself; I had no idea however, of prolonging it as I did, till the spires of Redfield village were in sight. Then I bethought me that I expected a letter from our dear old home, and I went on to the Post-office. I had been there frequently of late, and got up quite an acquaintance with pretty Jessie, the young girl who was clerk for her father. She told me she was an only child, and I knew she was an idolized one, for her father was a widower, and quite an old man; but I could not account for the grief that was wearing her away, and showed itself more plainly every time I saw

her. The only time she seemed to brighten was when I went accompanied by Norman, and it had occurred to me, that she had loved not wisely but too well—had in fact, lifted her regards to the heir of Redfield. I felt sorry for doomed happiness, and always treated her with sisterly regard, never heeding the difference in our relative positions.

That evening I left the office and found it getting dark, I blamed myself very much for being so far from home, at that late hour, and made all the speed I could getting back. I had nearly accomplished the distance, and was far up the steep hill, which led to the hall, when I heard voices in conversation, in the deep underwood which grew close to the road; my heart stood still with fear, but I regained my composure somewhat, when the next moment, I recognized Norman's deep bass tones. Who was he talking to? Some workmen probably. I parted the bushes, and had almost come close upon them, when I perceived his companion was a woman.

A woman, but stranger still it was the mysterious Sybil who had appeared so like a scarlet apparition the day of our first drive with Norman, when he had denounced her tribe with such vehemence. And now she was in deep and earnest conversation with him, her dark face close to his, and her up-lifted finger pointed in solemn gesture towards the Hall.

She had once been a handsome woman; some trace of beauty yet remained on her dark face, but evil passion and a life of lawlessness and unrestraint, had nearly effaced it. Still there was a wild, weird sort of beauty in the picturesque attitude and dress, the scarlet short cloak, and handkerchief bound over her hair, dark as midnight, the majestic grace of her stately form, and the fire-flashing eye. She was quite imposing in her appearance, the dark queen of the Gipseys!

Norman stood confronting her, with lowering brow and stormy features; I saw there was war between them, and supposed he had been ordering her in his arrogant manner off the grounds. I was about to speak, to attract his attention, when her voice silenced me, and the words that followed chilled me with horror. With her hand extended in malediction, she cried.

'No! no! no! you don't know me Norman Sunderland, if you think I will fear now. I hate his baby face and smooth tongue! I hate her because she loves him, and I have vowed to exterminate them, root and branch, and this little one—this White Lily, as you call her—she shall suffer too as I have done, all these long years. I will not spare her to soften your heart and make you turn coward!'

'But I love her,' Norman said, while faint and dizzy I stood in the gathering night, fearing to move. 'You must not harm Maud, for she must be my wife, neither heaven nor earth shall prevent that, and you shall not harm her, dare not, remember!'

Maud did he say, Oh, my poor sister! 'Bah,' retorted the dark woman, with a fiendish smile, 'how many have you loved before?—Where is your other?'

'Hush!' cried Norman, fiercely, 'don't dare to name that! and now about what we were speaking of, you are slow at your work, it seems to me.'

'No! no!' said the Sybil, shaking her head, 'I want my vengeance to work slowly; let him suffer year by year as I have done, and count the weeks by such reckoning of pain, till he can bear no more and live—let him sit in his fine mansion and among his riches, while I am poor and outcast, and let him too, see his idols wasting away one by one before his eyes. Did I not tell you, that ring came to me from the spirits; it is a pretty trinket for the youth.'

Her tone died into a snarl, and she bent a sapling beside her till the top was in her hand. The voice of the rustling bush, gave me a chance to escape. Quick as the wind, I rushed from the spot and like a wild thing darted through the shrubbery of the lawn, into the Hall. Fortunately I met no one and hastened to my room where I locked myself in. Then I commenced to think. What unhallowed influence was at work, that made that legal Hall a cursed place, and turned the very sunlight into darkness, ere it reached its walls? I looked back and saw how Maud and I had both changed since we came to live in that saddened atmosphere. How mystery and doubt almost as mysterious, had entered its walls; how thick and dissimilarity, and hatred, darkened the intercourse of those, nearest and dearest, by ties of blood. What terrible spell was at work?

Was I about to unravel the mystery? The ring—the ring! I remembered that peculiar gem, I had often noticed its strange brilliance on that wasting hand, now, had I a clue?

Then I felt reconciled to Maud's love for Clarence shyly expressed, as it had been, so that no word or look on her part had ever revealed it to me, her sister. But what young girl of loving heart and sensitive feeling, could be in daily intercourse with Clarence Sunderland, and not love him? And surely all his kind attention, his earnest looks, and devoted proofs of affection were not without an answering welcome. Oh, happy Maud, if blessed with his love. I would have died thrice to win it, in my sinful idolatry.

Sitting there in such an exciting whirl of thought I felt a faint clue to the mystery. It flashed upon me suddenly, and I determined to act upon it at once. If Clarence was in the power of any evil, I would save him.

I determined to say nothing to Maud, I would spare her from suffering, as long as I could, but I could save Clarence from a dreadful doom.

That night, we two chanced to meet in the library alone. I did not dare to trust myself in his presence often. I dreaded the weakness that led me to treasure every syllable, his dear lips uttered, and I kept aloof; but now I went up to where he sat by the low French window, and said carelessly:

'You promised once, Clarence, to give me the history of that ring. Tell it to-night, I am just in the mood to hear a story with a tinge of romance.'

He made room for me, on the broad seat, but did not immediately answer my address. I repeated what I had said.

'The ring,' he said, absently, looking dreamily into my face, till I blushed in spite of myself. 'Oh yes, it has a story but a brief one. I will tell it if you wish.'

'It was about a year and a half ago,' he began, 'that I was riding home from a hunt over the mountains, and was jogging slowly along, by a forest road, when all at once, as if risen from the ground, the strangest most weird looking creature, stood up directly before my horse's head, and frightened both the animal and myself severely. The horse reared and plunged, trampling the woman—for it was a woman—under foot, till by a desperate effort I controlled him, but she was in a fearful passion, and as I could see by the glitter of her

wild eyes, the maledictions she heaped upon me were long and loud. Very suddenly, however, she changed her tone, and fumbling in a side pocket of her crimson outer garment, produced this Turquoise which she begged me to accept, and always wear on the third finger of my left hand, for 'luck.' Thinking her demented, I gave her its value in silver, and humored her whim by wearing the ring, which she wished on. I am not superstitious, but I am half tempted to throw it in the fire sometimes, for my 'luck' seems to have been evil ever since that, though of course the ring is not to blame. There, Alice, that is the story.'

'Quite a romance,' I said, trying to speak at my ease. 'But I wish Clarence, you would give me the ring.'

I did not think of any impropriety in my speech I was trying only to accomplish a great end. But a sudden flash in Clarence's eye, made me wish I had not said that.

He spoke quickly.

'If I dared! Oh, if I dared to ask you to wear my ring, not now, but always Alice! dear Alice! Give me one little hope!

I looked at him as if in a dream; I had misunderstood him! Are those blessed words for me! No! I tried to look stern—indignant as I murmured, 'Maud.'

'Dear Maud,' he said, 'she has encouraged me to hope. She said you were not wholly indifferent, that loving me as a brother, you might learn to love me dearer. She has kept my secret Alice, I love you—be my wife—at least promise to love me, dearest.'

And this was for me—for me who had wept over a dreary, loveless life in the future, and cherished one image, as a miser does his gold!

I was betrothed with the Turquoise ring.

## CHAPTER IV.

For a few weeks I rejoiced in my new happiness, and received the congratulations and caresses of Maud, who was delighted at my betrothal with Clarence, and laughed merrily when I told her how I had believed her to be his beloved, instead of me. But when I playfully hinted that she certainly was inclined to be an old maid, she astonished and dismayed me, by a passionate burst of tears, and then to my utter astonishment, and terror, confessed to an idolizing love—for shall I say it Norman. I thought of bitter self-reproach ran through me at the announcement. A thought of his stern, tyrannical temper—his evil and mysterious complication with that strange woman, the pale and suffering Jessie, who perchance had been misled by his affection, and of my mother's death-bed charge to me. How had I fulfilled it? I wished bitterly we had never seen Redfield, never come within the unhallowed influence that made it desolate, and I begged by every means in my power, that Maud would give up, her as yet, unknown love for Norman, ere he solicited it in return for his own; for I saw now with recently opened eyes, that his was no brotherly preference but a passion deeper than life itself. In vain, I promised to tear myself from Clarence forever, and go far away to some quiet home, where we could be as we once had been, but Maud smiled at what she termed my delusion.

'We can be happy here,' she said, 'there is no crime in loving, and all this mystery will wear off in time, Clarence is much better now, but you are making yourself ill, conjuring up fancies. Dear Alice, do let us be happy while we can, I know Norman loves me better than life itself, why cannot I return his love? Is he not good and noble if not so tender in his ways as Clarence?'

'Good! noble! I thought of his meeting with the Gipsy Sybil, of the dark suggestions that had struck terror to my heart, and instinctively I looked at my betrothal ring.

Was it a fancy, or did the moonlight shimmering over it, cause it to dart forth tongues of fire, and to gleam at me with a hundred burning eyes, while pains of intense fierceness darted through my burning veins, and strange hallucinations filled me with terror. I grasped Maud to prevent myself from falling, and then everything was a blank.

When I awoke again, to reason and consciousness, it was with the ringing of that fatal cry in my ears, and its accents on my tongue while my frame quivered as if in the agony of dissolution, and my parched and swollen tongue, clove to the roof of my mouth. I was alone, when I unclosed my eyes, but instantly Mrs. Grant and Maud were beside me. I could see they were shivering with terror, but they were very thankful to see that I knew them.

'And now lie still, and ask no questions,' said Mrs. Grant, in a commanding tone, in one day or two you will be better, and we will tell you all.'

And they did, at least all they knew. I held the secret, and I determined at once, it should perish forever. The fatal illness which was to destroy Clarence had been transferred to me with its cause.

They were all so kind, so eager to restore me to perfect health, that I found it difficult to escape from them for a moment; when I did I hastened to the river, and standing on its pebbly brink, drew from from my finger the Turquoise ring, and dropped it deep into the rippling tide. The water seethed and boiled as it sank with a gurgling sound, and as I turned to go, a fiendish laugh echoed through the spot. As I passed through the shrubbery, I saw Norman and Maud walking together, with arms interlaced, and heads bent in earnest converse. I needed only one glance to assure me that now at least, they were betrothed lovers.

Weeks passed away, and at least part of the curse was lifted from Redfield Hall. Clarence improved rapidly in health and spirits, and even Mr. Sunderland was happier to see his favorite son restored; but Norman was darker, fiercer, and more despotic than ever. Even Maud herself could see it; but she was fascinated by a fatal amour, and sacrificed all things to love's despotism.

Norman had never spoke to me of his love for my sister, nor to his father and brother, while they both knew and approved of the engagement existing between Clarence and myself. I thought it singular, and urged upon Maud the propriety of making it known to our guardian; but she was too willing to leave it all in Norman's hands, in whom she placed perfect confidence.

I have said, that an attachment had sprung up between the Postmaster's daughter, pretty Jessie and myself. I saw her often, and each time was startled by the change in her appearance, and the utter dejection and misery of her whole aspect. I had attributed it to Norman in some way or other; but the whole dark scheme of his villainy I had not even surmised.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR ARTISTS.

In our last issue we neglected to give Albert Pere Esq., of Toronto, the credit he deserves for the spirited illustration of a SNOW STORM AT FRENCHMAN'S BAY, taken at the time. In this number we draw the attention of our patrons to, 'THE SEASON OF VALENTINES, FEBRUARY 1864, and to THE FIRST LESSON IN SKATING, the design of Mr. G. A. Binkert, our special Artist, and to the PIRATE OF ANTICOSTA, by Alex. Durie Esq., of Quebec.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

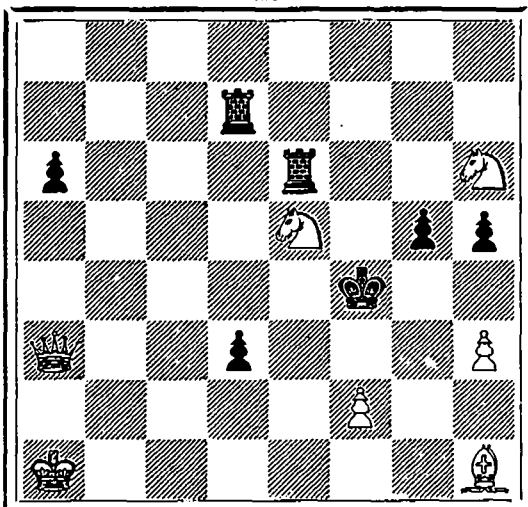
EDITED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE ONTARIO CHESS CLUB, OF HAMILTON.

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

In Problem No 14, which appeared in last issue, the words 'White and 'Black,'—denoting the respective sides of the diagram, got transposed. In setting up the position therefore, our readers will bear in mind that 'White' should be at the bottom of the diagram and 'Black' at the top.

PROBLEM No. 15.

BY MR. F. HEALEY. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Match between Messrs. ANDERSEN and KOLISCH.

The following was the concluding game in this interesting struggle.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

White Mr. K.

Black Mr. A.

- 1. P to K B 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. P to K 3
4. B to K 2
5. Castles
6. P to Q Kt 3
7. B to Q Kt 2
8. P to K R 3 (b)
9. P to Q B 4
10. K to R 2
11. P to Q 4
12. P takes P
13. Kt to Q R 3
14. Kt to Q Kt 5
15. Q to K sq
16. B to Q 3 (d)
17. Kt to Q R 3
18. Kt to Q B 2
19. P to K R 3
20. Kt to K 3
21. Kt to K 3 (e)
22. Q to Q B sq (h)
23. Q to Q B 2
24. B takes K Kt
25. Q takes B
26. R takes Kt
27. P takes Q P
28. Kt takes Q P
29. Kt to K 3
30. P to K R 4
31. Q to K sq
32. B to Q B sq (i)
33. P takes R
34. R to R 3
35. Kt takes B

- 1. P to K B 4 (a)
2. P to K 3
3. Kt to K B 3
4. B to K 2
5. Castles
6. P to Q 3
7. P to Q B 4
8. Kt to Q B 3
9. Kt to K 5
10. B to K B 3 (c)
11. P takes P
12. B to Q 2
13. Q to K sq
14. Q to K R 3
15. Q to K R 3
16. P to Q R 3
17. B to K sq (e)
18. P to Q 4
19. P to R 4
20. B to K 2 (f)
21. B to Q Kt 5
22. B to Q 7
23. Q Kt takes Kt (g)
24. K B P takes B
25. Kt to K B 6 (ch)
26. B takes R
27. P takes P
28. Q R to Q sq
29. Q R to Q 3 (j)
30. K R takes K B P (k)
31. Q R to K Kt 3
32. K R takes K R P (ch)
33. Q to K B 5 (ch)
34. B to Kt 7 (ch)
35. Q to K B 6 (ch)

And mates next move.

(a) In this opening, the second player, perhaps, does better in replying 1. P to Q 4.

(b) The primary cause, apparently, Mr. Kolisch's subsequent difficulties.

(c) Very well conceived. Play as he may, White must now get a constrained position.

(d) Well played; if Black now capture the K B P, his Queen will be driven back by the K Kt P, and White can then take the Kt with Bishop, and win a Pawn in return for the one sacrificed.

(e) This Bishop now becomes a formidable auxiliary in Black's attack.

(f) The object of this move was to take Kt with Kt, and then throw forward the K Kt P; but White's next step—a manifest slip—enables Black to turn the move to much more account than he had reckoned on.

(g) The fatal consequences of this move are so obvious, that it is amazing they were not foreseen.

(h) He had nothing better left.

(i) Had he taken the Kt with his Bishop, White would first have captured the Q Kt with Kt, and then have played Q R to K sq, winning the Bishop.

(j) A terrible advance, by which Black threatens to take the K R P with his Queen, and mate next move.

(k) Quite sound; if White take it he will be mated in a very short time.

(l) After this step Mr. Andersen announced that he should give checkmate in five moves.

Ziral Department.



EGGS OF INSECTS IN WINTER.

The "Geometer", or measuring worm, as it has been termed, has of late years become a great nuisance by its destruction of fruit trees, and of the leafy shade in other trees standing around human habitations. If you carefully examine, says a writer in Harper's Monthly the bare twigs and branches which stand out so blackly against the bright February sky, you will discover the nests of eggs from which, three months hence, will emerge myriads of worms to batten on the lush foliage of spring and summer, and will, after their own fashion, ornament the garments of those who pass under the trees which they have chosen for their homes.

The life of the worm begins about the middle of May, when he commences his work of devastation which lasts about a month. It is a melancholy sight to see a tree upon which they have done their work. One would think that a fire had passed over it, and robbed it of its life and glory. Let us look a little at the creature who has performed this work of destruction. We will begin our view in the late spring or early summer, when he is in his glory.

At this period of his life our friend the geometer is a good spinner, always prepared with a silken cord, from which to suspend itself at a moment's notice, and will adhere to anything which it happens to touch. Thus ladies and gentlemen become attached to and are carelessly measured by this little geometer.

The caterpillar is produced from an egg deposited mainly in July on the twigs and branches of the trees that will furnish the young insect with food, which it seeks about the third day after it leaves the little cell in which it was



generated; this tiny cell, or egg, is about one-twentieth of an inch in length, is an oval flattened on two sides, the width being about half its length. Under a good magnifier it appears to be a little depressed at the outer end, and when first deposited is a pale green, which in a few days becomes of a brownish color. The earliest emission from the cells that I have observed was on the twenty-ninth of April, they continuing to come forth until June. The young insect leaves its cell in the morning, and when it first draws itself out of its winter home, appears to be stationary for some time.

After it has made its nippers and prolegs fast to the top of its cell, it appears to take into consideration which way it will go or measure first. It turns its head to the right, and then to the left, and again to the front, and then seems to determine which way it will move; and thus, after mature deliberation, it makes its first measure of a trifling

space, perhaps the tenth of an inch, and before it makes another step or measure it repeats the same movements, and surveys that it did at first, and frequently the third or fourth time, when it appears to have gained sufficient confidence to go on without intermission. For the rest of the day it appears to be on a tour of pleasure and recreation. It seems to take great delight in measuring leaf after leaf, and spinning a tiny silken web from one leaf to another just below, and then climbing it again, going up and down like a sailor.

Thus the first day is spent, no time having been taken to obtain food. The second day is spent in much the same manner, perhaps with more hilarity, as there is generally a large brood of the same sporting characters to join them bent on the same kind of gymnastic exercises. And so during the third, and perhaps the fourth day, these tiny geometrea go through their gambols and measuring; but generally on the third day they suspend their sports to make a lunch from a tender leaf; this done, they join again in their former amusements. On the fourth day they begin to be somewhat staid and sober, giving up their playing and eating, and attaching themselves to a young leaf; there remain until it is all devoured, unless disturbed by an enemy or something that is suspicious to them. On the fourth day they are about two-thirds of an inch long, appear to have sown all their wild oats, and gone into the sober realities of life.

The inner part of the nippers and prolegs are covered with a rough skin that makes them adhere to anything they can get hold of with great tenacity; and they are often observed to remain for hours with their heads elevated at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with their bodies straight and stiff from their prolegs to the head, and a silken thread attached to the leaf or twig; and if disturbed or surprised they suspend themselves apparently in self-defence. In a moment after they are suspended, if not further disturbed, they begin to ascend their cord in a very peculiar manner by bending the head over and catching hold of the line with the hooks on the third pair of legs, and then throwing the head forward toward the silken fibre, they catch it by the hooks on the first pair of legs, and by this means they appear to wind up the silky thread and ascend to the place where this thread is attached.

Their color varies very much, also their ornaments. Some appear at a glance to be black, but on a close examination they are not. Those, that at first sight we would call black, are really bronze-colored, looking like polished rose-wood or mahogany; some are of a light yellowish green, others are of all shades between yellow and dark bronze. The body of the worm looks as though it had been put in a lathe and turned. Between the third pair of forelegs and the prolegs there are four rings or bands handsomely moulded, and in such a way that it gives them the appearance of a band over a band around the body, with small conical erections on the top of each ring. On the back, between the part that has the three pairs of jointed legs attached and the first ring, there are two rows of silver-colored spots; there are also ornaments on the back, between the first ring and prolegs, of various devices on different individuals. I do not discover any hair on the worm whatever, and the outer coat looks as if it were polished when well fed and healthy; but when their food fails them or is not suitable their skin becomes wrinkled and loses its beauty and lustre.

On or about the twenty-fifth day after they leave the egg they decline all food and inclose themselves in a netting made with their web of silk under a leaf, or by drawing two leaves together sufficient to hold them in when they can no longer use their nippers and prolegs. In a day or two they begin to look sickly and pale about the head, and shortly lose the use of their prolegs and nippers. For two or three days more they lie in this morbid state rejecting all nourishment. They are now prepared to throw off their old habiliments and to assume a new form—the chrysalis or aurelia—in which they remain ten or fifteen days.

The chrysalids are beautiful; and when examined under a microscope are found to be elegantly ornamented. When about to shuffle off its wormy skin, the largest or head part of the chrysalis protrudes itself near the head of the insect, and is of a deep and beautiful green. This color grows lighter and lighter as it protrudes itself from its mother worm until near the small end, which is a dark drab. In about twenty-four hours the whole of the chrysalis becomes a variegated dark and light drab, is beautifully ornamented with bands or rings below the valve that opens to let the insect escape; and particularly around the border of the valve are these chrysalids elaborately ornamented. When it opens its beautiful portals to let this white insect come forth to enjoy the happiness and vicissitudes of a few days it sows broadcast the seed that brings forth the thousands of its kind another year.

The moth or butterfly of the geometer belongs to the order of insects scientifically called Lepidoptera, which means "Scaly Wings;" for the white dust or powder with which the body and wings are covered, when seen under a microscope, appear like scales of fishes with short stems implanted in the skin and fibre of the wings. It is generally known as a white "miller." Its length is about six-tenths of an inch, and the spread of wings is from one inch and a half to one inch and nine-tenths. While it exists it appears to be on a tour of pleasure, and the propagation of its successors seems to occupy its attention during its brief existence. Early in July these "millers" can be seen by the thousand flitting and flying around the trees that are genial to their production. Around these they appear to hold a grand banquet or carnival for several evenings, from about the setting of the sun until after twilight.

A vinegar-looking virgin, of fifty-five, was lately throwing out some affected sneers at matrimony, when a friend in company observed, that marriages were made in heaven.—'Can you tell me, sir,' rejoined the nymph, 'why they are so slow in coming down?'

## Selected Poetry.

## WHERE IS THE SUMMER?

JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON

[We make no apology for presenting the following to our readers. It was written in the heyday of his youth, some twenty-five years ago, by Hon. John Hillyard Cameron; and as far as we are aware has never been in print.—*Ed. O. S. Times.*]

It has wafted away its fairest things  
Beyond the far blue sea,  
It has skimmed the wave with its sunny wings,  
For the clime where its home should be;  
And its voice has breathed forth its saddest tone  
For the land it has left with its dead alone!

It has wooed the breeze with whisper low,  
From the wild wood's trembling shade;  
It has robbed the grove where the streamlets flow,  
Of the song that their murmurs made;—  
And has stolen away from field and flower,  
The fragrance it shed in its brightest hour.

It has lured the songsters of joyous note  
From their rest on leaf and spray,  
It has swept the mead where the bee-birds float  
And the summer insects play;  
And has borne with its joyous train along,  
The forest's last breath of feathered song.

It has colour'd the clouds that softly hung  
Like flakes, in the air on high,  
It has treasured the light that the sunbeams flung  
On those flakes, as they shot them by;  
And has fled away with their golden hue  
Where the sun's more bright, and the sky more blue!

## CHILDHOOD.

Lightly bounding, pure and fair,  
Casting love-looks here and there;  
Scattering daisies with his heels  
From the flowery-tinted fields;  
Careless as his unshorn locks,  
Wild as moss-wood grown on rocks;  
Headless of the toils of strife,  
Or the battle-field of life;

Plucking flowers by the way;  
Hunting birds from spray to spray;  
Dancing in the laughing light  
Like the spirit of delight;  
All his hopes the dear caresses  
Which his mother's lips possess  
Thus the joys of childhood fly;  
Pity they should ever die.

## Scientific Department.

## RECENT DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS.

**PORTABLE GAS FURNACE.**—W. Gore, of Birmingham, England, has invented and introduced a portable gas furnace, which consists essentially of two open cylinders of fire-clay, one within the other, the outer one being much thicker and a little taller than the other, and a gas burner of very peculiar construction placed at the bottom of the interior cylinder. The crucible is supported inside the interior cylinder, near the top, by three projecting pegs of fire-clay, forming part of that cylinder. The outer cylinder is covered by a moveable plate of fire-clay, which has a hole in its centre for the introduction of material and crucible, that hole being closed by a clay plug, with a small hole in it for stirring or examining the melted substances. The burner consists of an upright metallic tube, open at both ends, deeply corrugated at its upper end, so as to present the appearance of a star of numerous radiations, and the corrugations diminish gradually to about half the length of the burner downward. Gas is admitted into the lower end of the burner by a common gas tap; it there mixes with a large quantity of air and the mixture rises upward. The flame commences at the top of the burner, and burns with great intensity within the inside cylinder to the height of the crucible; the heated products of combustion pass over the top of the edge of that cylinder, then downwards between the two cylinders, and into the chimney through a hole in the side of the outer cylinder near the bottom. The outer cylinder is enclosed within a sheet-iron casing, which has a chimney six feet high attached to it, and is supported upon three iron legs, making the whole apparatus portable, and capable of being used either in a workshop or in the open air, as may be desirable. Several sizes of this furnace are manufactured. The first and smallest size consumes 33 cubic feet per hour, and is suitable for assayers, jewelers, analytical chemists, experimentalists, dentists and others. The second-sized one consumes about twice that quantity of gas, and is suitable for persons who require to melt gold, silver, copper, German silver, brass, cast-iron, glass, and other substances.

**RIVETING IRON SHIPS.**—At a late meeting of the Liverpool Polytechnic Society, Macfarlane Gray explained a steam riveting machine for employment upon ship's sides, bridges, &c., which he has patented. The machine is suspended by a lanyard over a ship's side, and can be moved from point to point as may be required. The apparatus by which the rivets are driven is worked by steam, and so rapidly is the operation performed that at a trial three rivets were fixed in 25 seconds. There are two or three variations of the same machine for different purposes, and a chisel can be attached by which the heads of the rivets are pared off with as much ease as though they were of wood.

**PREVENTING INCrustATIONS IN BOILERS.**—A patent has been taken out by C. Terret, of Bristol, England, for a compound to prevent incrustation in boilers, which consists of Gambier terra japonica; mimosa japonica; catechu and myrobolams. These substances, in equal proportions, are dissolved in hot water and boiled until the solution becomes

about the thickness of molasses, when it is strained through a sieve. About two pounds weight of this per horse-power added to the feed water of a boiler, once a month, will, it is stated, prevent incrustations from being formed from hard water.

**GUNPOWDER.**—A patent for a new gunpowder intended for artillery, has been taken out by W. Spence, London. The patentee puts into a vessel thirty-eight parts in weight of water, and two parts in weight of finely pulverized charcoal, which are to be thoroughly boiled together; he then adds twenty parts in weight of chlorate of potash, and six parts in weight of a mixture of two parts finely pulverized charcoal and three parts of the nitrate of lead, or saltpetre, the whole thoroughly mixed. After this there is added seven parts by weight of fine sawdust, and the whole is then boiled until all the ingredients are incorporated. The mixture is then dried in open pans heated with steam, and it is granulated in the same manner as common gunpowder.

**ARTIFICIAL FUEL.**—When fuel is so high in price, any method of manufacturing it to obtain a cheap substitute for coal is valuable, but we must say that most of the propositions made for producing cheap fuel have been based upon a misconception of the nature of combustibles. This appears to be the case with the following artificial fuel, for which a patent has been solicited by J. Lark, London. He takes limestones, chalk, cement, stones, gypsum, slate, or other stones which become porous when calcined, or clay may be employed; and having calcined the same he boils or mixes the material, which should then be in lumps of suitable size for fuel, with gas tar, pitch, bitumen, or bituminous matter. In this manner the lumps are thoroughly saturated with the material, which is kept liquid by sufficient heat. He also sometimes employs a small quantity of paraffin, naphtha, resinous and fatty and oily matters, to increase the inflammability of the fuel.

**MEDICATED OIL FOR PRESERVING METAL AND WOOD.**—R. Smith of London, has taken out a patent for a compound, to be used either alone or in combination with any description of paint, for the preservation of iron or wooden ships, buildings, or articles made of metal, wood, or stone, composed of the following ingredients.—One gallon of any description of oil, and a like quantity of water, two pounds of saltpetre, either mixed or separate. If the compound is intended for the preservation of stone add about two pounds of sulphur.

**HARDENING GYPSOUS LIMESTONE.**—Soft gypseous limestone may be easily formed into artistic shapes, but it is readily injured and does not withstand exposure to the weather. A patent has been taken out to harden it, by R. A. Brooman, London, and the process consists in submitting the articles to a mineral solution in a bath for several days. The sulphate of iron in solution, or the cyanide of potassium, alumina, and lime-water will answer for the hardening bath. The articles are immersed for several days in the solution, then taken out and dried, when they become quite hard. Casts made of plaster of Paris may be hardened by the same treatment.

**NEW ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MACHINE.**—If we coil an insulated copper wire many times round a rod of soft iron and pass a current of electricity through the wire, the iron will remain magnetic like a common magnet, as long as the current is passing on the copper wire, and it will attract to itself any other piece of soft iron, of suitable weight, that may be brought sufficiently near it; but the moment the current ceases to pass, the piece of iron which it had been passing round will cease to be magnetic, and will instantly drop any other piece of iron which, while it was magnetic, it may have lifted to and sustained in contact with itself. Many inventors have constructed engines for the supply of motive power, by arranging that magnetic currents should pass intermittently around pieces of soft iron, and so the pieces of soft iron be alternately magnetized and demagnetized, and thereby enabled to alternately lift and drop other pieces of iron; but all such engines have hitherto labored under a disadvantage, which has prevented them of being of any practical use. Power enough has been attainable from them, but only at a cost immensely greater than that of animal power. J. B. Thompson, of Glasgow, has invented a new electro-magnetic machine, which has been described as being more economical of power than any that had been previously brought before the public. His artificial magnets are square plates of thin sheet-iron, the magnetization of which by the current is managed in a novel and very ingenious way. There is a hole in the corner of each plate, so arranged that the plates can be strung by means of them upon an arrangement of four horizontal rods, upon which the plates can slide backward and forward. When the engine is at rest, there is an interval of from an eighth to a sixteenth of an inch between each plate, the moment connection with the battery is made and the current allowed to pass, the plates all rush together, being converted for the time being into magnets, one after the other, and each successfully attracting to itself the one next to it. There are two sets of plates, strung on two separate arrangements of rods, so that one set may undergo magnetization, and so make a stroke, while the plates in the other set have been demagnetized by the transference of the current from them to the other set.

**INVENTION TO PREVENT RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.**—One of the Philadelphia city railway companies has placed an apparatus on their cars which, it is expected, will prevent many accidents. It consists of a feeder placed in front of the wheels, and placed in front of the wheels, and brought down close to the rails. A strong spring allows the machine to pass over a permanent obstruction, but any movable thing is at once pushed off or along the rail in front of the car. Experiments have demonstrated that a foot or hand placed on the rail is at once pushed aside, without stopping the car and without injury to person; this machine will also remove snow and other obstructions which may impede travel or throw cars from the track.

## DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH INVENTOR.

Mr. Samuel Hall, formerly of Basford-hall, near Nottingham, whose death at the advanced age of eighty two was recorded recently, has rarely been excelled in his genius for inventions, at once the result of science and the source of improvements in British manufactures. The greatest of these were the gassing of lace and the bleaching of starch—processes essential to the perfection of cotton fabrics. In the gassing process the gas flame was drawn through the interstices of the lace by means of a vacuum produced by an air-pump acting above it. Thus the sheet of lace which entered the flame opaque and obscured with loose fibre issued from it bright and clear, and undistinguishable from the fine linen thread lace of the continent. This beautiful invention excited much interest and drew many visitors, among whom was His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Sussex, who dined at Basford hall in 1824. Mr. S. Hall belonged to a remarkable family. His father was the first to apply chlorine to the art of bleaching, and his brother was Marshall Hall, the distinguished physiologist and physician. Mr. S. Hall obtained numerous engineering patents, by one of which the steam was condensed and returned to the boiler, by passing it through pipes surrounded with cold water.

Thus, the incrustation from the use of sea water was avoided. And a saving of more than twenty per cent in fuel and repairs was reported to the Admiralty as being effected by the process. The combustion of smoke and the reefing of paddlewheels without stopping the engine or vessel, were among Mr. Samuel Hall's various inventions. On these and kindred subjects he labored and thought with extraordinary enthusiasm and devoted constancy, to the extreme close of his protracted life. He had in large measure the true genius of the mechanic, and belonged by nature to that illustrious line which has in all ages bequeathed the heritage of power, and to which the world looks for her most splendid triumphs.

## BABY-TALK.

I AM well aware that this momentous subject, however ably discussed, may fail to awaken, in the public mind, the deep interest that the 'Polish Question,' 'Mexican Affairs,' or even the 'Great Rebellion' has. Nevertheless, as the subject seems to have assumed such serious dimensions in the mind of MINNIE MINTWOOD, I feel impressed to say a few words upon it.

'Why need people use 'baby-talk' to children?' Because it is perfectly natural as to hug and kiss her babe; and I should like some evidence that is not just as intelligible as 'plain English' to babies. I mean babies, not great, cross, mischievous children, old enough to remember it, if they should happen to get their bump of 'sublimity' silenced in the process of silencing their 'yelling.' I candidly think there is a shorter way of silencing them than rocking them half a day in the cradle; unattended to, by the danger of arresting any proper development of the head.

Just across the street lives my excellent neighbour, Mrs. JOHNSON. A multitude of family cares compels her sometimes to let little SOLOMON—named after his good old grandfather—lie in his cradle a little longer than he chooses; but her cheerful voice, raised to a musical pitch, exclaiming 'Hi de diddle de dee! what a mady mama's little SOLLIE? Danty ki, mama will take de darling birdie disminute,' soon changes SOLLIE'S cry to a happy crowing laugh.

Now, I suppose a 'sensible' woman would have said 'SOLOMON my son why do you weep? It is very unmanly; cease that infantile wailing. I will attend to your necessities as soon as convenient.' Probably he would have comprehended every word without danger of stretching his intellect to 'idiocy.' Bless me!—I can imagine such a woman, with a face as seldom lit up by a smile as the remotest corner of the Mammoth Cave is by sun light, and hearing her arguing the propriety of dressing, boy babies in doekin pants, frock coat, and standing collar, because it takes so long 'to rid themselves of early impressions.'

What sense is there in the 'Ha, Ha, Ha,' of a good hearty laugh? Much in the pleasant feelings it expresses; but if we were good, 'common-sensed' people, I suppose instead of 'Ha, Ha, Ha,' we should keep our faces perfectly straight and say, 'I feel a very exquisite sense of pleasure within.' The same with 'baby-talk.' The babe appreciates little beyond the radiant smile and happy voice of its mother, no matter whether expressed in meaning or unmeaning words.

Blessings upon mothers who can use 'baby-talk,' for I never knew a fretful, impatient one who did, nor never knew a child injured by it, nor one that ever called his toes 'dossies,' or 'wossies' when he became old enough to speak. One great and good man said, 'When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things,' and I guess the most of children do the same.

As to its sounding 'flat,' many people think everything 'flat' pertaining to babies; and as to the 'logic' I fail to see the need of any; but I never failed to discover beauty, and music, in the imperfect language of childhood, nor in the voice of the happy mother as she responded in the same tongue. Nettie in Rural New York.

## AN INSECT SAMSON

Every one that has taken the common beetle in his hand, knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful; but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as that I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss to know where to put it until I could kill it; a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I placed the beetle for the present, under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imbricated insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it readily moved a weight of 112 times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great ball of St. Paul, which weighs 15,000 pounds, and to move to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing with in.—*Professor Goss*



I am about to describe an establishment which cost the proprietors one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in its construction, and upon which they pay the Government of Canada a tax of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for permission to work it.

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NOTICE is hereby given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between William A. Ferguson and myself, as Publishers of the "Canadian Illustrated News," is this day dissolved by mutual consent, by the retirement of the said William A. Ferguson from the firm; and I hereby give notice, further, that all debts due to the late firm are to be paid to me, and that I will settle all claims against it.

HARDY GREGORY.

HAMILTON, October 22, 1863.

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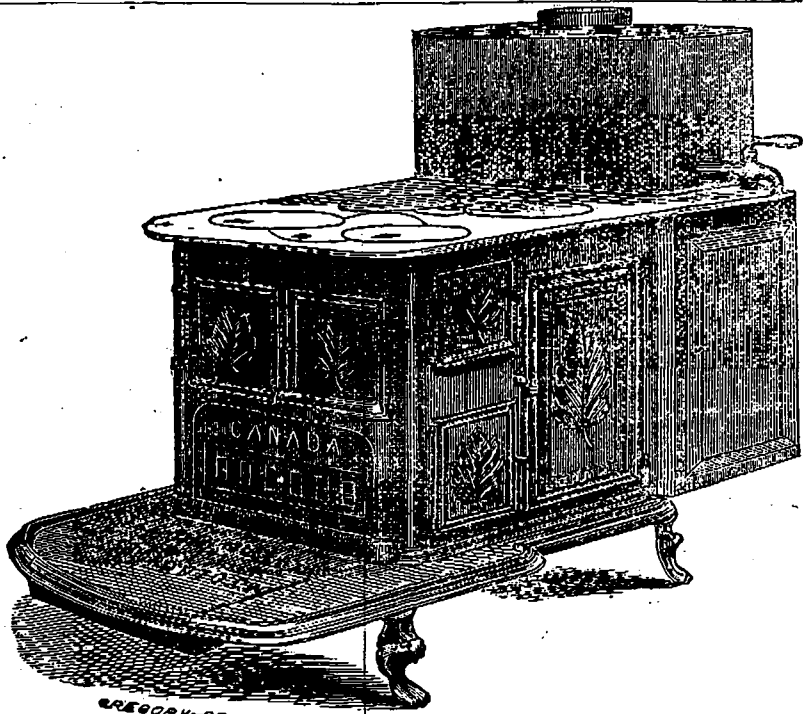
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TORONTO, November, 1863.

ELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL.

J. B. SMITH, Bay Street, corner of Market Street. Terms for the lower branches, \$3.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month, 25 cents weekly. For the higher branches and extra attention, \$4.00 per quarter, \$1.50 per month, 37 1/2 cents weekly.

N. B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1st, 1864. All pupils entering before that time will be charged the lower rates. Private lessons given if required, at 50 cents per lesson. October 24, 1863. e22

R. W. ANDERSON, (FROM NOTMAN'S MONTREAL) PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,

45 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W. FIRST-CLASS Cartes-de-visite, equal to any in Upper Canada, \$3.00 per dozen.

Private Residences, Churches and Public Buildings Photographed in any part of the country.

Rooms, FIRST FLOOR. Old likenesses sent from the country, copied or the Album, and promptly returned at a very moderate charge. TORONTO, May 30, 1863.

THE EVENING "TIMES"

Is published every evening at the Office, corner of Hughson and King Streets, by the Proprietors, C. E. STEWART & Co.,

Price, \$5.00 per annum, in advance. Ten cents payable weekly to the carriers.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Six lines and under, 1st insertion.....\$00 50 Each subsequent insertion..... 00 12 Over six lines, 1st insertion, per line..... 00 08 Each subsequent insertion "..... 00 02

Advertisements without written instructions to the contrary, will be inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Favorable arrangements made with parties advertising by the year.

THE WEEKLY "TIMES" AND SUPPLEMENT

Published every Friday morning, and mailed to subscribers by the earliest mails, contains a large quantity of reading matter, embracing the news of the day, interesting tales, poetry, editorials on popular subjects, facts in agriculture, &c.

TERMS.—One dollar per annum in advance, or \$1.50 if not so paid.

Any person sending five subscribers, with the cash, will receive one copy free.

All communications must be pre-paid, and addressed,

C. E. STEWART & Co. Proprietors Evening Times, Hamilton, C. W.

October 22, 1863.

McELCHERAN & BALLOU, HOUSE AND SIGN

PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS, GILDERS, &c.

Manufacturers of Druggists' and Brewers' SHOW CARDS ON GLASS,

DOOR PLATES, BLOCK LETTERS, &c.

ORTH SIDE JOHN ST., 3RD DOOR FROM KING HAMILTON, C. W.

ESTABLISHED 1818. SAVAGE & LYMAN. Manufacturers and Importers of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE, Cathedral Block, Nctre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Canes, Fans, Dressing Cases, Papier-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c.

Montreal, January 24, 1863.

H. & R. YOUNG, PLUMBERS Gas Fitters and Bell Hangers

MANUFACTURERS OF Gas Fixtures, Brass Work, GAS & STEAM FITTINGS, Importers of Coal Oil Lamps, and sole agents for the English Patent FUMIVORE COAL OIL LAMP.

Rock Oil delivered at any place in the City.

KING STREET WEST, Opposite American Hotel.

JOSEPH LYGT, DEALER IN PAPER HANGINGS,

SCHOOL BOOKS, Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines, &c. CORNER KING AND HUGHSON STREETS, HAMILTON, C. W.

Agent for TORONTO STEAM DYE WORKS, Tam for Braiding and Embroidering.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, HAMILTON, C. W.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor

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

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

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

In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration.

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

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

WM. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. Hamilton, July 27, 1863.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

THE GENUINE

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

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

The undersigned having the General Agency for the sale of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, take great pleasure in informing the public of Canada that they have opened offices in Toronto, at No. 34, King Street East, and in the city of Hamilton, on the corner of King and Hughson streets, where they will keep on hand, at all times, a full assortment of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, and will sell the same, at the same prices, as at the manufactory in New York, thus bringing the machines, which have proved themselves, after a test of fifteen years, to be the best, and most reliable machines in every respect, that has ever been made within the reach of all.

The celebrity of the Genuine Singer Machines, and the reputation which they have acquired over all others for superiority, has led certain manufacturers of Sewing Machines, in Canada, to make a bogus imitation of the Singer No. 2 Machines, and which are palmed off upon the public for Singer Machines, but in value, when compared with the Genuine Singer Imperial No. 2 Machines, stand in about the same position as bogus coin does to genuine gold.

Look out for impostors, and dealers in bogus machines, who will not only tell you the bogus are quite equal to the Genuine, but superior, and that it is your duty to buy Home Manufacturers. But if you want a Machine that will prove truly reliable, and really worth what you pay for it, buy the Genuine Singer, and you will not be disappointed.

The Genuine Singer, Letter A Machine is the best Machine made for family use.

The Genuine Singer, Imperial No. 2, is the best Machine made for shoemaking, &c.

The Genuine Singer, No. 2, is the best Machine made for tailoring.

The Genuine Singer, No. 3, is the best Machine made for harness makers and carriage trimmers.

All orders accompanied by the cash, addressed to either of our offices, Toronto or Hamilton, will be promptly attended to, and Machine carefully packed and sent with printed instructions to any part of the Province, according to the directions.

Clergymen supplied at reduced prices.

Machine Oil, Needles, Thread, Silk, &c in stock.

Wax thread Machines, always on hand.

Descriptive circulars sent to all applicants.

Sewing Machines repaired promptly, and at reasonable rates.

Address, Offices 34 King Street East, Toronto, Or Corner of King and Hughson Streets, Hamilton, C. W.

FOLTS & RICHARDSON.

N.B.—Beware of all Chain Stitch or Crooked needle Machines, if you wish to avoid trouble and annoyance. Buy the Genuine Singer, straight needle Machine, which make the interlocked stitch, and with the date of six different patents stamped on plate, and you will have a Machine which will give satisfaction.

F. & R.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

DRUMMONDVILLE, NIAGARA FALLS, C. W.

ARTHUR L. ELLIS, - - - PROPRIETOR.

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

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

Board \$1.00 per day, Drummondville June 30th, 1863.

G. M. PETTENCILL & CO.,

No. 37, PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

No. 6 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

Special Agents for the 'CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS' and all principal Newspapers in the United States, Canada and Pacific Coast.

WOOD ENGRAVING,

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

BEST ENGRAVERS

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

WOOD CUTS

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

Twenty-Five to Fifty per cent less

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

GREGORY & CO.

Canadian Illustrated News Hamilton, C. W.

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

A SAD CASE.—There was a young man before the police court of Boston one day last week, for drunkenness, whose father is reported to be worth a half million dollars. He was sent to the Washingtonian Home for reformation, but got away, found drink, and renewed his disgrace. We know a father who is not worth fifty cents in the world, and he has a son, an intelligent, moral, upright, noble young man, and we esteem him richer far than the first named. What father lives who has a son who would not rather see that son come to honor and usefulness in life, than to have a drunkard with a fortune of half million? Can any man put money against character?—a half million against sobriety?—a fortune against beastly drunkenness?—Welcome poverty deep and dark poverty, where a morsel of bread and bitter herbs is all, rather than such a lot.—American Paper.

THE CONVICT GREENWOOD.—There was a report on the streets on Tuesday (says the Leader,) to the effect that the convict Wm. Greenwood, now confined in the jail under sentence of death, had attempted to hang himself on Sunday night. Upon applying to the authorities at the jail it was ascertained that the reported was incorrect. The unfortunate man is visited daily by his spiritual adviser, the Rev. Mr. Sanson, and appears keenly to realize his awful position. He eats very sparingly, and seems to be greatly dejected. He is, however, in a measure, buoying himself with the hope that his counsel will be able to obtain a new trial for him.—The application is to be made in the Queen's Bench soon, by Mr. Cameron.

A FEARFUL DISEASE.—During the last two weeks a disease has been spreading in the South East corner of Usborne Township, Huron County, C. W., which has lately carried off nearly a score of victims, proving fatal in every instance up to the present time. It commences with severe pains in the legs and violent vomiting; the legs soon become spotted and the pain removes to the back, gradually ascending till it reaches the head, when insanity ensues and death quickly puts an end to their sufferings. The medical men of Exeter candidly admit that they don't understand it, and that they can do nothing to stay its progress.

Not Bad.—Uneducated persons and even the rudest, often succeed in illustration, where the thoughtful and cultivated fail. A striking instance is given us in the case of a negro, whose head was examined by a phrenologist. A volume of argument could scarcely have conveyed more to our mind than the fellow's homely speech:—'It's hard, massa, to tell what meat is in de smoke house, by putting de hand on de roof.'

Wooden weddings are taking the place of tin weddings. One of these new fangled concerns came off not a great distance from here recently, and the gifts were water-pails, cradles, clothes-pins, boot-jacks, wash-tubs and rolling-pins, potato mashers and rat-traps, beefsteak maulers and match safes, sugar boxes and wash-boards, wooden trumpets and jumping jacks, wooden shoes and cord wood.—American Paper.

A BAD FIX.

At a station on the Grand Trunk Railway, not 100 miles from Georgetown, a lady got into rather a bad fix, a few days since. It appears from the statement of the case, she had gone out of her house for the purpose of driving away some unruly fowls. In her absence 3 porkers took possession of her cottage, and on the lady's proceeding to regain her rights, she was met in the doorway by the intruders, to her utter dismay and to the almost total destruction of her crinoline. One of the porkers, more frightened than the others, in his eagerness to depart carried off the rightful tenant of the house on his back having got hopelessly entangled in the meshes of her hoops. The position was rather a critical one for a lady, but notwithstanding, was fully enjoyed by many witnesses for a few minutes, until two gallant gents rescued the equestrian from her dangerous position, to the no small comfort of herself, grunter, and the crying children. Moral—keep grunners out of the house, or wear small hoops!

A FEEBLE-LOOKING waterman was, a few days ago, summoned for doing damage to the river Thames. It was proved that he had twice attempted to pull up the stream.

It is stated that linens of a coarse kind are now manufactured in Ireland, that are not only relatively but absolutely cheaper than cotton.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 27th JAN., 1864.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries) and Amount.

Corresponding Week of last year..... \$68,624 22 1/2

Increase..... \$ 5,181 58

JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, HAMILTON, } Jan. 30, 1864.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 23rd, 1864.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount.

Corresponding week, 1863..... \$91,777 77

Decrease..... \$2,376 96

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

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

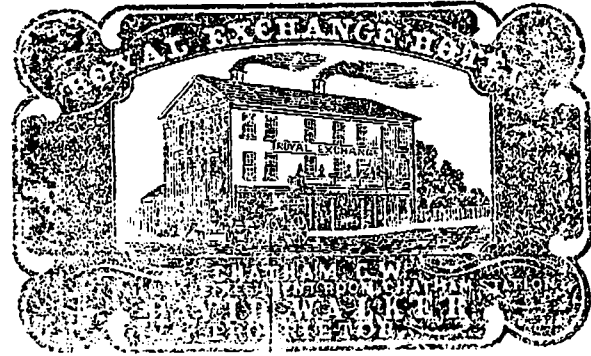
LIVERPOOL, Jan. 20th, 1864.

Large table listing market prices for various goods like Beef, Prime mutton, Pork, Bacon, Butter, etc.

PETROLEUM.

Table listing prices for American Crude, Canadian, and refined petroleum products.

The Oldest Established AND MOST COMMODIOUS FIRST CLASS HOTEL, West of London. Omnibusses to and from the Railway, free.



Railway Refreshment Rooms CHATHAM STATION, G. W. RAILWAY.—Refreshments served up on the arrival of all trains.

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

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

Clothing, Dry Goods and Millinery, At LAWSON'S! Immense Stocks and at Unequaled Low Prices. LAWSON, BROS. & CO., Corner King and James Streets, Hamilton, C. W. LAWSON & CO., No. 96 King Street East, Toronto, C. W. Wanted, a first-class Milliner. 22-3m

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

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

A. S. IRVING, GENERAL DEALER IN Books, Newspapers, Stationery and Pictures No. 19, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. [Faulkner's Old Stand. New York Dishes received by early Trains every morning, and mailed or delivered to any part of the City or Country, for 25 Cents per week or \$10 per year Sole Agent in Toronto for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC. MRS. JOHN E. MURPHY would respectfully inform her friends and the public, that she is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for instruction on the Piano Forte, at her residence, Mulberry street, between Park and MacNab. References given if required. Hamilton, June 20th, 1863. 6

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