

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



Vol. II—No. 9.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

[\$3 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE SINGLE COPIES 7 CENTS.]



GERMAN EMIGRANTS DEPARTING FOR CANADA.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BINKERT.

GERMANS IN CANADA.

The 'Departing Emigrants' are represented as taking the last look of the village graveyard; the elder persons sad, the young ones mirthful. They are about to bid a last adieu to Germany, the Fatherland, to sail for America, and find a home among their numerous countrymen, most probably at Berlin, or Preston, or Hespeler or other German settlements in the county of Waterloo, in Upper Canada.

The group was painted by Carl Hubner, an artist of Berlin in Prussia, and exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1862.—That picture is here re-produced as an engraving from a sketch made by A. Binkert,

a special Artist engaged by the Proprietors of the Canadian Illustrated News.

About the end of August, 1863, a general assemblage of all the Germans in the Province is to be held at Berlin in Canada West, when no doubt their young countryman, Binkert will give us sketches worthy of the grand festival, and of his eminent ability as an artist.

The county of Waterloo is not the only locality of German settlers in the Province; but it contains many of the great Teutonic Family who at one time took their departure from beyond the Rhine. If we say they are thrifty, enterprising, and in all cases socially comfortable, in some cases affluent, the terms are only repeated which are fami-

liar to every person acquainted with the district in which the Germans live. There around Berlin, New Hamburg, Heidleburg, Preston and Hespeler, they cultivate the land, sing the music of old Germany and flourish.

The county of Waterloo is a portion of what was previously the Wellington District, which in 1838 was formed out of the counties of Halton and Simcoe.

The Canada Land Company was formed in England, by Mr. John Galt, in 1825 and then or soon after obtained all the territory from a line near Lake Ontario to Lake Huron. But before that a German settlement existed in the township of Waterloo. The population of the county was in Jan-

uary, 1861, 38,750. Of these the religious distinctions indicate the nationality not clearly, but suggestively. They are: Church of England, 2,721; Church of Rome, 6,348; Presbyterians (many of these Scotch) 7,133; Methodists, 3,979; Baptists, 787; Lutherans, 10,290; Congregationalists, 20; Quakers, Menonists and Tunkers, 4,305. These last are exempted by Act of Parliament from bearing arms in military service. Bible christians, 119. Protestants, 350. Jews, 4. Universalists, 26. Unitarians, 2. No Religion, 776. No creed given, 237. Other creeds not classed, 1,563. Berlin is the seat of the county courts. The Berlin Telegraph edited by Mr. D. McDougall; and the Deutscher Canadier by Dr. Logler, published by their proprietor Elias Eby, are both journals of excellent reputation.

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REPRODUCTIVE FUNCTIONS OF EXPENDITURE.

To populate the Province and preserve it for the people who achieve its industrial conquest, these are the questions which should now occupy the chief place in the public mind of Canada.

These questions in one form of proposition may be stated thus: Induce a large and useful immigration by providing land, food, implements, and seed on terms of credit to be paid for by instalments, and finally in five years. Save the country from the hazards of war by treating our national neighbors with the respect which we demand from them. Defend the country against invasion, by providing a naval and military organization, which shall be a fact and not by its weakness and imperfection, a delusion.

Money expended on Provincial defences may not be reproductive in the sense that wheat is when the farmer sows it on the field which he has purchased, ploughed, manured and harrowed with his labour. But it is remunerative in the sense that expenditure is, if it saves the farmer's life; or saves his property from the robber who would, if not deterred leave him houseless and landless.

Money expended on filling the country with a population, to be bound to the land they occupy, first, by their necessities and indebtedness; and subsequently by their instincts as owners of property, and by their sense of independence as freeholders of the soil; that is money, or would be were it largely invested, not alone reproductive in the lowest or unproductive sense but in the highest requirements of a wise public policy.

To construct works of local and general improvement a large number of municipalities in Upper Canada have borrowed money from the Provincial government, and the Province owes it to creditors mostly resident in Britain. The Province pays interest to the British fund-holders. But the municipalities have not paid interest to the Province; except in a very few instances, where the amount was small. One municipality only, that of Hamilton city, borrowed the

funds devoted by it to local and general improvements, from British money lenders on its own responsibility. For that money it is not indebted to the Province. But of Hamilton hereafter.

The local improvements of municipalities have been in principle—and with trifling exceptions of fraud inseparable seemingly from everything human, have been in practice reproductive. They have increased the market value of produce, thereby the value of property, and have advanced the interests of civilization which are the comforts of social life, and have secured the safety of property and of individual life.

The general improvements for which municipalities have incurred debt are chiefly railroads. And beyond question railroads in Canada are eminently reproductive to the Province, whatever the misfortunes of individuals or of municipalities may be.

In the case of shareholders resident in Britain who have invested money in their construction, and who do not obtain any return for their capital, the railroad which pays them nothing is not reproductive to them. But it, if we call it the Grand Trunk, or Port Hope and Peterboro' or Brockville and Ottawa, is reproductive to the Province of Canada.

Or let the example be the Illinois Central. That was in large part made with the money of British capitalists, and has not, as yet, yielded them any return. To them it is not reproductive. But what is it and the lines forming the system of western railways in which it is a main artery? Let the crowding traffic which sustains and expands so rapidly, marvellously, the cities of Chicago, or Detroit, be the answer. That traffic is gathered from the prolific fields of the reclaimed forests and prairies of the west, and fills with abundance and with profit not alone those cities, but contributes largely to the trade of Buffalo, and New York.

What the Illinois Central is in the Western States of the union, the Grand Trunk is in a more remarkable degree to Canada. It maintains an open connection with the ocean in winter when inland navigation is closed; and though the quantities of grain and flour shipped at Portland by way of the Grand Trunk in winter, may not be a very high proportion of the whole produce of the Province, yet it provides an outflow which keeps the grain and flour trade from stagnation. Which brings weekly returns of ready money from Liverpool to Canadian merchants, who in turn by their rivalry with each other to accumulate stocks of produce for shipment in the spring, keep the main lines of railways as well as their branches running, and disburse among the farmers, over all the Province, the upper half of it especially, that indispensable agent of reproduction, which we call money.

At the canal convention lately held at Chicago, to take counsel on the best means of facilitating transport of western produce to the Atlantic sea-board, it was urged as a cardinal fact, which we knew well enough before reading their reports, that the price of grain and flour in the markets of Europe govern the rates paid to the farmers on the western prairies, even in seasons of the year when the produce is not being conveyed to the Atlantic, but is stored in the cities of the lakes against the opening of navigation.

The municipalities of Canada which loaned money for the construction of railways, and do not receive interest on capital, viewed in the abstract as creditors, may complain that a railway which is their debtor, is not reproductive. But those municipalities form integral portions of Canada, and partake of the benefits arising out of the general prosperity of the Province.

These remarks touch on general principles. The particulars of local indebtedness will be explicitly treated on another occasion.

FILL UP THE COUNTRY.

A copy of a circular issued in England, at Manchester, has come to the office of the Canadian Illustrated News, which we willingly insert in this prominent place:

MANCHESTER CIRCULAR.

'The Canadian people, who have already so generously contributed towards the temporary relief of the Lancashire distress, are respectfully urged to assist in its permanent alleviation, by importing into British North America such labor as is likely to be profitably absorbed into the Colonies.

The above Committee has been formed mainly (but not exclusively) to aid the 'Manchester Unemployed Operatives' Canadian Emigration Society,' the members of which have been paying 2d a week, out of their relief money, as their only means of helping themselves to remove to a country where they hope to find employment.

Friends in Canada are earnestly requested to aid in the following, or other ways:

1. By corresponding with the Secretaries and giving full information as to the state of the labor market in their own localities.

2. By inducing employers to send out passage money for such laborers as they require, the men entering into bonds to repay the money by their labor.

3. By procuring subscriptions towards the funds of the Canada Emigrants' Aid Committee, to be sent (by Post-office or Bank order) to the credit of the Treasurer, at the Union Bank, Manchester.

4. By procuring funds towards the forwarding of immigrants on their arrival at Quebec; to be sent to the Treasurer of the St. George's Society.

5. By using their influence with the Canadian Government to grant a certain number of assisted passages, if only at £1 each. This will most materially aid the efforts of the Committee in raising funds in England.

The Committee are desirous of first finding employment for the men; as their families can easily and quickly join them, when they have provided a home by their industry.

The object of the Committee is not to transfer a burthen from the Lancashire rate-payers to a benevolent community elsewhere, but to remove honest, industrious, sober men from a district where their labor is not likely to be in request at present, to one where they believe they can be usefully and profitably employed.

In answer to some Canadian newspapers which objected that the Factory Operatives are wholly unsuited to make settlers in this Province, the Secretary of the Committee of Manchester Unemployed Operatives writes in these terms:

'This Committee represents 1,000 persons, unemployed, of this city, who, wearied with their forced state of supineity, disgusted with their anomalous and false position as a burthen to their fellow-countrymen, have banded together in an enterprise which has for its object the deporting of themselves and families to your beautiful country, to make it their home, and there find opportunity of developing the skill and energies with which God has endowed them.

Do not for a moment imagine that this movement is to be merely an exodus of poor and impoverished men, women and children, taken at random, merely on account of their destitution. No such thing: they are a chosen body, selected because of their fitness for the change expected as consequent upon taking up new habits, living in a strange land whose climate, soil, manners and customs are somewhat different to their own.

Amongst their ranks are representatives of all handicraft trades; mechanics, smiths, joiners, millwrights, agricultural laborers and factory operatives, men whose hands have built up the fortune of many a merchant prince in this country, and who are able and willing to make the fortune of many another if they had the opportunity. Men who are neither morally nor physically deformed, whose characters as skilled craftsmen stand first in the world. The country that gains these men will profit tenfold, while the loss to this country will not be replaced in a quarter of a century.

There are many societies organized in this country for the purpose of deporting the unemployed of Lancashire to British colonies, such as Victoria, which latter has sent material aid to these societies in assisting the emigrants to reach their destination, and thereby secure the skilled labor they stand so much in need of.

When we apply to these societies for aid in the furtherance of our object, the question is put to us, 'what amount of assistance is the Government or people of Canada prepared to render you? if they assist you, we will give you a helping hand.'

Men of Canada, the question that is put

to us, we now put to you—will you reach us a helping hand? We are doing all we can, from the scanty pittance allowed by the poor-law boards; we are subscribing weekly all we can spare to the accomplishment of our object, through good and evil report; with much sacrifice and self-denial, in season and out of season we are working out steadily that which we have set our hearts upon, namely, to make ourselves a home in Canada. This is our aim, our object, and one which with God's blessing, your assistance and our own endeavors, we hope to consummate.'

LIBERTY AND LAW.

There are substances in the material kingdom of such a nature that whenever they are brought into contact an explosion is the natural and necessary result. These elements are good, they are useful, and the more we know about their nature, their properties, and what results will be produced when given proportions are brought into union, the better will we be fitted to control the forces of nature and use them as important instruments in accomplishing our plans. The forces of nature are however sometimes put to an improper use, the blessings are abused and made the instruments of evil and destruction. Men frequently abuse even the rights and privileges with which they as men, as members of the community, and as subjects of the government are intrusted. There are some who go so far as to fancy that there is no true liberty where the restrictions of sound wholesome law and justice are administered. Liberty to them is just another name for unrestricted right to gratify their own desires, and plans, and purposes, and unbridled passions. The liberty which they wish is not true liberty, for it is opposed to law and order; it subverts and tramples on the rights of others. It is a liberty at once subversive of order, of law, of justice. Supreme selfishness, and not liberty, is its proper name; and its bitter fruits wherever it exists to any considerable extent must be anarchy, injustice, confusion and revolution. The iron heel of might, to which liberty run mad has given being, will crush the rights of all who love law and order, intelligence and true independence.

Liberty, worthy of the name, is a sacred word; there is something charming in its very sound. It is sweet and fragrant as the rose. Often have the noblest, the best, and the bravest of a nation's sons fought and fallen on the field of conflict when doing battle with the foe of liberty. True liberty, including as it does all that it is right we should enjoy as subjects of Queen Victoria, and of the Monarch of all Worlds is worth living for, worth fighting for, and worth dying for.

True liberty and just law cannot be divorced. In the very nature of things therefore lawless liberty is a monster, a tyrant, a despot. Lawless liberty is the enemy of humanity, of empires, of nations, of commonwealths, of families, and of every individual man. Liberty and law are Divine in their origin; they are from on high; they are both ordained of God. And wherever laws which are founded in righteousness are framed, and their majesty maintained, they will in the very nature of things be respected and obeyed by every lover of liberty; for true liberty and law cannot be torn asunder.

In these times of agitation, convulsion, discussion and revolution, we should feel grateful that we as a people enjoy peace, union, liberty and law.

We should rejoice and be glad, that the Union Jack, that good old flag which has boated in the breeze for the last thousand years, is unfurled over our heads. The laws of the British Empire are recognised, respected, and obeyed by the masses of her Majesty's happy subjects in every part and province of her dominions. And we believe we are only stating a fact when we say, that taking every thing into account, we not only enjoy as much real liberty, but actually more of this great blessing than any other nation in the world. One reason, among sundry others, which we could give for our belief that the English Empire is the freest, the strongest, and the best on the face of the globe at the present day is, because both the rulers and the ruled, respect, recognize, and willingly sustain and uphold the majesty of law. Liberty and law; these two are one. There is no life, no vitality, no prosperity, no potency in the body politic without them, for they are its heart and soul. You.

THE CROSS OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL,

Of Kingston, Canada West, author of the "Abbey of Rathmore," etc.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

The departure of Captain Travers for India spread a gloom over his sister's heart and home. Mrs. Carleton severely felt the want of his cheerful companionship, and often expressed her grief in tears and lamentations. Ellinor's sorrow was quieter—deeper pent up in the recesses of her own heart, only to be indulged in secret. Outwardly she was calm, faithfully performing every duty; seeking in constant employment to banish wild regret. But when alone, its bitter waters were allowed to roll in upon her spirit, and for a time she yielded to the anguish she could only conceal—not subdue. Two years before, had she been content to share the humble fortunes of Travers, how different would have been her fate; how much suffering would have been spared her! Now, through the rest of her blighted life, she must be content to endure the evil consequences of her sinful ambition. Yet one thought there was, which could dart a gleam of consolation across these crushing reminiscences. She had sacrificed happiness on the altar of virtue. She had given up earthly love, life's greatest blessing, in obedience to the dictates of conscience.

One year passed away sadly, as years do pass, when the stricken heart is weary of suffering—aye, weary of life itself. Another followed; and now, an event took place strange as unexpected, which produced a sudden change in the monotonous life of Ellinor.

One day a noble-looking stranger, whose handsome bronzed features told of a long residence in an Eastern clime, called at Mrs. Carleton's and asked to see Miss Harcourt. He brought letters from Captain Travers which explained the cause of his visit, and filled the mind of Ellinor with mingled feelings of surprise and pleasure.

Sometime, after Gerald's arrival in India, he became acquainted with a retired officer, at whose splendid residence on the Hoogly he spent much of his time. There was something in the countenance of General Davenport which insensibly attracted Gerald—an indescribable likeness to Ellinor, for which he could not account. He saw it in the sudden flash of the old officer's eye, when angry or impatient; in the scornful curl of his moustached lip; even in the tones of his voice. He mentioned the resemblance one day to General Davenport and showed him Ellinor's likeness, the one he had pilfered on the night of the election ball at B—, some few years previously.—The General admired it very much; and carelessly inquired the beautiful girl's name.

'Ellinor Harcourt.'

The General started and a sudden flush colored his bronzed features.

'Where does she live?'

'In Ireland, at present near Dublin; but formerly at B—, in a remote part of the Emerald Isle.'

'Who? or what was her father?'

The voice was now trembling, and the tones very eager.

'Colonel Harcourt, of the —th regiment.'

'Myself! Good Heavens! and her mother was Charlotte Morgan.'

An explanation ensued. General Davenport was Ellinor's father. Shortly after he left B— he came into the possession of considerable property, left him by a maiden aunt, on consideration that he would take her name. He then exchanged into another regiment, and went to India; so that all trace of him was lost to his deserted wife. In the course of some years he married the daughter of an Indigo planter, and retired from the army. His second wife had died lately, leaving him immense wealth, and as he had no family and earnestly desired an heir, his happiness at hearing that he was not childless, was very great.

Immediate preparations were made for his return to Ireland. Every day seemed an age to the impatient old man, until he should claim his beautiful daughter.

After some deliberation Captain Travers thought it best to confide to him the sad tale of Ellinor's married life. His indignation at hearing she was divorced, was expressed in his usual stormy manner; for his long residence in the East, among obsequious slaves, had not contributed to improve his temper, which was naturally overhearing and irascible.

'Divorced! he exclaimed, with angry vehemence; 'dishonored! she, in whose veins

flows the blood of the Harcourts and Davenports! But the case shall not be suffered to rest on such a decision. By George! that proud infernal Countess shall be made to speak the truth; her villainy shall be published to the world, and her perjured accomplice punished, with the utmost rigor of the law. Easy enough to get a divorce, when no one appeared for the defence! Poor, and friendless, what could my unfortunate daughter do, but submit to the infamy her heartless husband chose to pour upon her innocent head? But now the case will be different. A high position and untold wealth will not be without effect in a court of justice.'

'My dear General, you forget that there is no proof of your daughter's innocence; no witness to swear that she is guiltless; and without that, neither rank nor wealth can avail in an English court of justice?'

Captain Travers spoke with sad earnestness, for he had considered the matter well; even consulted an eminent lawyer in Dublin, and he saw that the case could not be amended; that Ellinor's cause was hopeless.

'I tell you, you are mistaken sir; some witness can be, aye, must be found, to testify to Lady Esdaile's wickedness and remove the stain of dishonor that sullies the name of a Davenport.' And the General paced the room with angry strides, muttering curses, deep not loud, on the noble Countess of Esdaile.

The happiness of General Davenport on meeting his daughter, was embittered by the thought that the stigma of a divorced wife rested on her fame. To remove this the proud man would have willingly given half his wealth. However, there was consolation in the assurance of Mrs. Carleton, that as Ellinor was a stranger to the fashionable world, she would not be recognized in her present altered position. Even the few who had formerly known her as Lady Vivyan would hardly suppose that Miss Davenport, the daughter and heiress of a nabob, could be the same person. Besides, a great change had passed over Ellinor physically, as well as mentally. Sorrow had done its work, and dimmed her brilliant beauty.—Her hair, from having been cut off during her paroxysms of insanity, had changed to a darker hue. The expression of her countenance, too, was altogether different. The spiritual nature recently developed within her, had given a new character to her beauty; and the haughty and resentful flashes of her dark eyes had given place to a light not of earth—gentle, humble, heavenly.

In a noble mansion, in London, at the head of a princely establishment, surrounded by all the luxury that wealth could supply, Ellinor soon found herself domiciled, with her fond father. The London winter was partly over, when this new star suddenly rose upon the world of fashion. It was at the Opera she made her debut, dressed in a style of Oriental splendor to gratify a whim of the General. All the 'lorgnettes' in the house, were soon directed towards the distinguished-looking strangers. Who are they? does any one know them? were whispered in every box. Apparently unmindful of the great sensation she produced, Ellinor sat quietly listening to the music. And yet she was not unmoved. Beneath that calm demeanor, was hidden a heart trembling with emotion. It was some time before she could summon resolution to look round the house, lest she should encounter Sir Reginald Vivyan's look of recognition; or meet Lady Esdaile's cold scrutinizing gaze. That the Baronet was in town she knew, for she had seen his name mentioned in the Court Journal, and she supposed he would, as a matter of course, attend the Opera.

She was not mistaken. Sir Reginald was seated in a box directly opposite. He was one of the first whose attention had been attracted by the appearance of the strangers. As his eye rested on the queenly form of the lady, a sudden start betrayed his surprise. What a singular likeness! Could she be Ellinor? But no; the idea was absurd!

As if fascinated, the Baronet continued to gaze at the lady who bore so striking a resemblance to his divorced wife. Every moment he became more and more bewildered, for a closer scrutiny caused doubts to arise in his mind. Though singularly like Ellinor, in some respects she looked altogether different. She had not her dazzling beauty; her hair was darker and the expression of her face so sweet, nay, angelic, was so very different.

The mesmeric influence of Sir Reginald's eye, was felt by Ellinor. She knew he was gazing at her. Involuntarily she looked up, and met his earnest eyes expressive of mingled emotions. Her heart throbbed painfully; but Sir Reginald saw no recognition in her glance. She turned carelessly away,

and, with a self-possessed manner surveyed the boxes. The Baronet was puzzled; he felt convinced she could not be the 'c-de-vant' Lady Vivyan; yet the likeness was indeed wonderful; but such resemblances between persons, strangers to each other, are sometimes seen.

On leaving the Opera, the crush was very great. Ellinor clung to her father's arm, fearful of being separated from him. Near her, stood Sir Reginald Vivyan; secretly desirous of learning the strangers' name, when their carriage was announced; but ostensibly endeavoring to keep off the pressure of the crowd from Ellinor. The General smiled, and bowed his acknowledgments. Ellinor studiously avoided meeting the Baronet's eye, which she felt was riveted on her.

'General Davenport's carriage stops the way?' was at length shouted from the entrance door; and the General and his daughter moved forward through the crowd, Sir Reginald officiously pioneering the way for them.

'That is a very polite gentleman, and very handsome too,' remarked the General, as they drove off, followed immediately by Sir Reginald, in his brougham. Who is he Ellinor? But I suppose you do not know; you are as great a stranger in the fashionable world as I am.'

'But I do know him,' said Ellinor, in faltering accents; 'he is Sir Reginald Vivyan.'

The name jarred on the General's ear; and a muttered curse broke from him. By George! if I had known that I would have been more sparing of my smiles. The villain knew you I suppose?'

'I think he did; indeed it could hardly be otherwise. And yet there are doubts in his mind—the likeness strikes him forcibly; but the change of circumstances, my altered position are unaccountable. His brougham followed our carriage; he will use every means in his power to elucidate an affair that seems so singular.'

Ellinor spoke as if she was giving utterance to her own thoughts rather than replying to her father's question.

She was not mistaken. The very next day Sir Reginald sent a confidential servant to Dublin, to inquire if Lady Vivyan was still in the Lunatic Asylum, in which she had been immured. The information gained, was, that she had been removed by a friend, three years before, and nothing had since been heard of her.

This intelligence threw little light on the mystery which so occupied the Baronet. As none of his acquaintances in London knew anything of General Davenport, he could get no information concerning him, except what he learned at the bank in which the General had placed a very large amount of money; that he was a nabob, lately returned from India, with his daughter, and possessed of great wealth. The Baronet's next step was to write to a cadet, a young friend of his, in Calcutta, begging him to make inquiries about General Davenport. But as some time must elapse before an answer could be received, he must for the present endure his suspense, and bear his curiosity ungratified.

In the meantime, thoughts of Miss Davenport haunted him continually; he could not banish her image from his mind, nor resist the fascinating influence she possessed over him. His feelings towards her were very much akin to those with which Ellinor Harcourt had inspired him, the first moment he beheld her in the old Abbey at B—. The idea that she might be his divorced wife pained him exceedingly; he could not bear to associate the image of the haughty, resentful, dishonored Ellinor, with a being so pure, so lovely, so angelic as Miss Davenport. He cheated himself into the belief that, notwithstanding the singular resemblance, it was absurd to imagine they could be the same person.

In fact, Sir Reginald Vivyan was fast falling in love with the beautiful heiress, who was creating such a sensation in the fashionable world. He haunted her steps whenever she appeared in public. When her elegant barouche and splendid grey horses drove from the door of her noble mansion in — Square for a morning drive in the Park, the Baronet mounted on a spirited animal might be seen dashing after her in eager pursuit. At the theatre, the concert, the opera, he was her shadow. And yet, to his great chagrin, he had not been able to obtain an introduction to her; for, although the nabob's reputed wealth had procured for him a large circle of acquaintances in London, he and his beautiful daughter had not, yet, got within the exclusive circle in which the Baronet moved.

At length the earnestly desired opportu-

nity of being presented to Miss Davenport was afforded Sir Reginald. A ball was to be given at General Davenport's, and a young lancer, a friend of the Baronet, offered to give him an invitation.

'As I am a favorite with the nabob, he said carelessly, he has given me several invites to distribute among my friends; for he wishes to have his rooms well filled. You had better go Sir Reginald; it is worth while being introduced to the beautiful heiress.—She has immense wealth they say, and will enrich whoever is lucky enough to obtain her hand.'

'You will, yourself, be the fortunate fellow, Audley.'

'Me! by Jove no! no such luck in store for me. Indeed the lady seems in no hurry to get rid of her fortune and liberty. She understands nothing about coquetry; seems to despise an innocent flirtation, and is as frigid in the company of gentlemen as an ice-bog. You had better try your powers of fascination, Sir Reginald. The feigning of her manner may thaw beneath the sunshine of your smile. You know you are considered irresistible.'

'I hope it may prove true in this case, thought the Baronet, as he turned to pursue his ride, which the meeting with the young lancer had interrupted, his mind occupied with pleasing anticipations of his meeting with Miss Davenport.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A BOY AMONG ROBBERS.—How simply and beautifully has Abdel Kader, of Ghilon, impressed us with a love of truth in a story of his childhood! After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds: I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then, taking out eighty dinars, she told me, as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; and she made me swear, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and afterward bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet till the day of judgment.'

I went on till I came near Hamadai, when our kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got.

'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewed under my garments.'

The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him.

'What have you got?', said another.

I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

'What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he.

'I have told two of your people already,' said I. 'I have forty dinars sewed in my garments.'

He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

'And how came you,' said he in surprise, 'to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?'

'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I promised I never will tell a lie.'

'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God! Give me thy hand innocent boy, he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.' He did so. His followers were alike struck with the scene.

'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief: 'be the same in the path to virtue.'

And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of the spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.

CHILDHOOD AND MANHOOD.—However, if we love joy, and cannot have it pure in ourselves, it is something that we can sympathize with it as it exists in the sweet smiles and musical laughter of children. So the sight and thought becomes beautiful and instructive to us; it is delight and it is philosophy; it is a looking-glass to the mind—a moral looking-glass—a medicative looking-glass, helping to correct the deformities it reveals. It is a merciful and considerate wisdom that thus arranges our lot in life, mingling the mass of society, so that youth and manhood, childhood and old age, form one community, and thus are all sweetly dependent on each other; for the protection which maturity bestows on childhood, a return is made by childhood in the lessons which it teaches, and in the picturesque beauty of its moral character, which renders it so delightful an object to contemplate. So mutual dependence and obligation form the bond of society and the principle of morals, and dependence of all on the Supreme forms the basis of devout gratitude and the principle of religion. W. P. Scargill.

Good and Pretty Good.

Was the idea of useless labor ever better expressed than in Cowper's line—

—'Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.'

The violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

Women can easily preserve their youth; for she who captivates the heart and understanding never grows old.

LIFE.—A solemn monitory lesson is happily and forcibly conveyed in these four simple lines:

'Our life is but a tale, a dance, a dream,
A little wave that frets and ripples by;
Our hopes the bubbles that it bears along,
Borne with a breath and broken with a sigh.'

Socrates maintained that there is but one good, which is knowledge; and one evil, which is ignorance.

He who conceals a useful truth, is equally guilty with the propagator of an injurious falsehood.

DISTRUST.—Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent to all.

He that hath but a very little care how he liveth, can have no very fast hold of what he believeth.

The deepest policy, used to compass or to conceal bad designs, will in the end appear to be the most downright folly.

Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog on the sun. The hand that warned Belshazzar derived its horrifying influence from its want of a body.

Put thy words on thy fingers, and before thou speakest, turn thee seven ways, and there will never come any harm from what thou shalt say.—Welsh Proverb.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.—Beecher.

LOVE OF RIDICULE.—Too much love of the ridiculous is the dry-rot of all that is high and noble in youth. Like a canker, it eats away the finest qualities of their nature; and there is no limit to the sacrifices made to it.—Miss Landon.

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect. If we strive to become them, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—Rev. Sidney Smith.

MENTAL INFIRMITY.—We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than those of the body when they are such as he cannot help.—Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brain cracked than for having his head broken.—Swift.

Suppose I was rich, I should be ashamed to make too great a parade of my wealth, and should think I always heard the envious man, whom I mortified by my splendor, whispering in the ear of his neighbor, 'how fearful is that knave lest he should not be taken for what he is.'—Rousseau.

I read of a Hindoo, who when a missionary showed him in a glass of water, that in drinking it he devoured animal life just as much as if he had eaten a sacred cow, took the microscope, put it on the ground, and stamped it to pieces, thinking he destroyed the fact by destroying the evidence of it.—

VARIETY OF KNOWLEDGE.—All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable, that I would not rather know it than not. In the same manner, all power, of whatever sort, is of itself desirable. A man would not submit to learn to hem a ruffle of his wife, or his wife's maid; but if a mere wish could attain it, he would rather wish to be able to hem a ruffle.—Dr. Johnson.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.—It is a glorious sight to see two old people, who have weathered the storms and basked in the sunshine of life together, go hand in hand, lovingly and truthfully, down the declivity of time, with no anger, nor jealousies, nor hatreds garnered up against each other, and looking with hope and joy to the everlasting youth of heaven, where they two shall be one forever. That is true marriage—for it is the marriage of spirit with spirit. Their love is woven into a woof of gold that neither time nor eternity can sever.

No poet nor orator ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful heart.

Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.

They are not reformers who simply abhor evil. Such men become in the end abhorrent themselves.—Beecher.

He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a greater value.

ACQUAINTANCE.—If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Dr. Johnson.

Cato, being scurrilously treated by a low and vicious fellow, said to him, 'A contest between us is very unequal, for thou canst bear ill language with ease and return it with pleasure; and to me it is unusual to hear, and disagreeable to speak it.'

It is much easier to think right without doing right, than to do right without thinking right. Just thoughts may, and often do fail of producing just deeds, but just deeds are sure to beget just thoughts.

These six—the peevish, the niggard, the dissatisfied, the passionate, the suspicious, and they who live upon other's means—are forever unhappy.

Till we are about to leave the world we do not perceive how much it contains to excite our interest and admiration; the sunsets appear to us far lovelier than they were in other years; and the bees, the birds, the flowers, and the clouds, are objects of curiosity to us which they were not in our early days.

YOUTHFUL INSTRUCTION.—Instruct your son well, or others will instruct him ill. No child goes altogether untaught. Send him to the school of wisdom, or he will go himself to the rival academy kept by the lady with the cap and bells. There is always teaching going on of some sort, just as in the fields vegetation is never idle.

SECRETS OF COMFORT.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

The human heart is like an artist's studio. You can tell what the artist is doing, not so much by his completed pictures, but by the half-finished sketches and designs which are hanging on his wall. So you can tell the course of a man's life, not so much by his well defined purposes, as by the half-formed plans, the faint day-dreams, which are hung in all the chambers of his heart.—Beecher.

Joke when you please, but always be careful to please when you joke.

Women are seldom sailors, but they sometimes command smacks.

In what ship have the greatest of men been wrecked? Courtship.

'What are the chief ends of man?' asked a school teacher of his pupils. 'Head and foot,' was the reply.

'I pay your bill at sight,' as the blind man said to the doctor, who had in vain attempted to cure him of blindness.

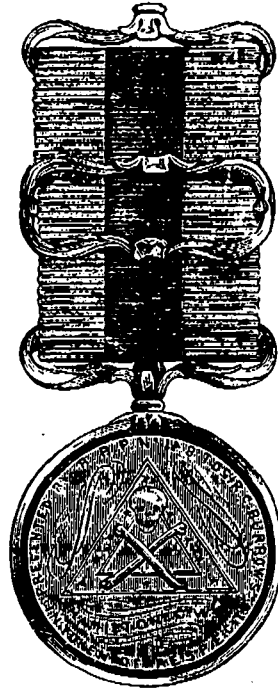
Foutenelle, being praised for the clearness of his style on the deepest subjects, said,—'If I have any merit it is that I have always endeavored to understand myself.'

'We have equal rights,' said a dwarf to a giant. 'Very true my good fellow,' said the giant, 'yet you cannot walk in my shoes.' 'Ditto,' said the dwarf.

At a window in our city, there appears the following notice—'Wanted two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family.'—May their appetites be small!

'Go way,' said Muggins, 'you can't stuff such nonsense into me. Six feet in his boots. Bah! no man as ever lived stands more nor two feet in his boots, and no use talking about it. You might as well tell me that a man had six heads in his hat.'

'Will you please to permit a lady to occupy this seat?' said a gentleman to another, the other day in a railroad car. 'Is she an advocate of woman's rights?' asked the gentleman who was invited to 'vacate.' 'She is,' replied he who was standing.—'Well, then, let her take the benefit of her doctrine and stand up.'



MEDAL OF THE LOYAL ORANGE ASSOCIATION. THE EGYPTIAN PEA.

The figure of the blossom and seeds of the ancient Egyptian pea, which has been engraved and is here printed, appeared a few years ago in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, published at New York, but the letter-press history was English, as the names of persons and places indicate. It was in the following words:—

A great deal of interest was excited at one time by the fact that some wheat taken from a mummy of Thebes, more than two thousand years old, has been successfully cultivated and made to produce wheat. Quite recently an equally interesting event has occurred, where a fragment of the old life of Egypt—a true type of the fertility of the classic country of the Nile, and unquestionably the most truly historical of any esculent we possess—has been produced not only to gratify our curiosity but also our appetites. The circumstances that led to the discovery of this companion of mummies and inhabitants of pyramids, are in themselves as interesting as the plant is distinct from every known member of its useful family. During the explorations of Egypt by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, a vase was found in a mummy pit, the age of which was computed at about three thousand years. This vase, hermetically sealed, was presented to the British Museum; Mr. Pettigrew, the librarian to the late Duke of Sussex, proceeded to open the vase to ascertain its contents, and in so doing unfortunately broke it in pieces. The interior contained a mass of dust, and a few grains of wheat and vetches, and on examining further, a few peas were found, entirely shrivelled, of a resin yellow color, and as hard as stone.

It was known that mummy wheat had been resuscitated after an interment of two thousand years; and it was determined that the first peas ever found in a mummy vase should be subjected to the experiment of revival. Mr. Pettigrew accordingly distributed amongst his learned friends these desiccated peas, reserving three for himself as mere curiosities. Those who tried to grow the peas failed and no more was thought about them till the remaining three were given to Mr. Grimstone, of Highgate. Mr. Grimstone tried his hand at them, subjected them to heat and moisture, and, after thirty days, one miserable plant appeared above ground. By patient care and ingenious culture this plant was brought to produce nineteen pods, which were ripened, and planted the next year; and this was the foundation of the stock which is just beginning to be known as the Egyptian pea. Botanists were as much delighted as antiquarians at the success of the experiment; for it gave them a new variety of the greatest value and most distinct character. Its blossom is unlike every other pea; it more nearly resembles a bell than the butterfly, and is veined with green lines on a white ground. The blossoms break at every joint in clusters of two, four, and eight, and are succeeded by pods that protrude crookedly through them, each pod containing from five to ten peas, which when cooked are deliciously flavored, and melt in the mouth like marrow; in fact, there is no pea to equal it; so that dusty Egypt has conferred upon us, through those few shrivelled seeds, a palatial benediction.

LOYAL ORANGE ASSOCIATION.

The medal represented in the two engravings, bears on one side the following inscription: 'Presented by R. B. P., No. 148, to Sir C. Burrows. In token of respect. Hamilton, Canada West.' And on the other side, with the well-known effigy of King William III, on horseback, the words: 'The glorious and immortal memory, 1690, L. O. A.'

The medal is silver, and is the production of Mr. James Belling, Manufacturing Jeweller of No. 3, James Street, Hamilton, C.W. The interior of Mr. Belling's workshop upstairs, reminds the visitor who has explored through Birmingham in England, of the curious places discovered there; of workshops which are the abiding places of practical science; of philosophy, of thought and experiment; of artistic designs; of ingenious and elaborate execution.

Such is the chamber where industrial genius presides in the form of Mr. James Belling. Chemistry is silently at work in some dark corner doing in reality, what magicians and alchemists of old only dreamed of. Implements lying ready to be handled are seen in singular variety, from the simple to the complex; and the heavy die-striker, hanging in its frame awaits the moment to descend.

When lo! as the artist may have designed, the Orange medal is produced; or the emblems of the Freemasons; or the Military insignia of Her Majesty's Forces, or of the Provincial Volunteers, or anything else of a like kind. It is not the least of the promises held forth by Canada that the industrial arts of Birmingham are already rooted and growing in her cities.



EGYPTIAN PEA, GROWN FROM ONE FOUND IN A MUMMY THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

GENERAL ELECTION OF 1863.

The Legislature of Canada comprises two Houses: the Legislative Council, of seventy-two members; and the Legislative Assembly, of one hundred and thirty members.

The members of the Legislative Council, or Upper House, are all styled Honorable. They come in equal number from Lower and from Upper Canada. One-third hold their seats for life; the others are elected for eight years, in batches of twelve every two years, unless one or more vacate their seats sooner, by accepting office or by resignation. The rotation of twelves commenced in 1856. Candidates for the Upper House must be over thirty years of age, and possessed of property worth \$3,000 free of all incumbrances. They are elected for divisions formed of parts of several counties, in order that a constituency sending a member to the Legislative Assembly, may not elect a member of the Legislative Council. The qualification of voters is the same for members of both Houses.

If no other object were to be gained but an expression of the popular will through the frequent return of representatives, the election of members of the Upper House may be politic. But if it be desirable to avoid, as far as possible, the rancour of heated contests, the evil speaking, false pretences, lying and corruption, or the newspaper slander which subverts public virtue by attributing all these immoralities to rival candidates and electoral agencies indiscriminately, then the election of members for the Upper House can hardly be other than a public misfortune.

The misfortune to morality is all the greater, that the newspapers which are the most reckless in the accusations of corruption and falsehood against opponents, are in most part journals professedly the organs of liberty, or of some, not all happily, of the religious bodies. Evil ensues in many forms.

Religion is itself defiled by this propensity of its journalists to indulge in slander; and public morality is subverted, because persons of common understanding cease to believe in public men, or in any political virtue.

Elected members of the Upper House take their seats in that chamber, which was intended to represent stability of opinion, and social respectability, tainted with all the impurities of the contested election, as these are in greater or lesser degree practised or falsely imputed in this 'free country.'

It is perhaps unavoidable under a political constitution, so broadly democratic as that of Canada, yet not the less a misfortune, that there is not at least one branch of the Legislature exempted from the imputation of electoral corruption.

The Legislative Assembly, or Lower House, comprises one hundred and thirty members equally divided between Lower and Upper Canada. The electors for both Houses are owners of property worth \$200 in counties and \$300 in cities, or they are occupying tenants, resident or non-resident, joint or sole, assessed for local rates on a rental, or share of rental, of not less than \$20 per annum in counties, and \$30 in cities. Parliaments last four years, but may be dissolved by the Governor General at any time, on advice of his Cabinet Ministers: and Cabinet Ministers are by constitutional usage required to possess the confidence of a majority in both Houses of Parliament, but especially a majority in the House of Assembly.

The property qualification for members of the House of Assembly is \$2,500. The law is anomalous, and causes great hardship to some individuals. If the candidate is not questioned and required to declare his property qualification at the time of election, he may take and retain his seat though destitute of property. If the declaration be required the conscientious candidate is pushed aside at the mere whim of an opponent.

In the election which has just ended, first week of July 1863, the question which involves the very existence of Canada, namely, a defensive organization, has scarcely been mooted. There is some drilling of volunteers in the larger towns; but drilling is not military organization. A Militia Bill was introduced to the House of Assembly by the Cartier-Macdonald ministry in May, 1862, founded on the report of Col. Lysons, who was deputed by the British Government to take evidence and report, and to assist a military commission appointed by the Governor General of Canada.

A direct negative was voted by the House of Assembly on the 22nd of May, 1862, and the Bill thrown out. On the 1st of May, 1863, Mr. John A. Macdonald, member for

Kingston, the minister who with Mr. Cartier resigned in the previous year, moved a vote of want of confidence in the Sandfield Macdonald-Sicotte ministry, which was carried at an early hour on the morning of May 8th, by 65 to 59. Thereupon, after a short delay, in which Mr. Sandfield Macdonald and his colleagues attempted to pass some money votes upon which to carry on the business of the country, but upon which they were factiously opposed contrary to all constitutional usage, they advised a dissolution.—Parliament was then prorogued and the Assembly dissolved. A general election ensued, and now we have the result in the following returns:—

CONSTITUENCIES.

Argenteuil, J. J. C. Abbott.
 Bagot, M. Laframboise.
 Beauce, H. E. Taschereau.
 Beauharnois, Paul Denis.
 Bellechasse, E. Remillard.
 Berthier, M. Paquet.
 Bonaventure, Theo. Robitaille.
 Brant, E. R., J. T. Bown.
 Brant, W. R., E. B. Wood.
 Brockville, Town, Mr. Chambers.
 Brome, C. Dunkin.
 Carleton, F. W. Powell.
 Chambly, M. De Boucherville.
 Champlain, J. J. Ross.
 Charlevoix, M. Adolphe Gagnon.
 Chateauguay, Hon. L. H. Holton.
 Chicoutimi & Saguenay, D. E. Price.
 Compton, J. H. Pope.
 Cornwall, Town, J. S. Macdonald.
 Dorchester, H. Langevin.
 Drummond & Arthabaska, J. B. E. Dorion.
 Dundas, J. S. Ross.
 Durham, E. R., Shuter Smith.
 Durham, W. R., Mr. Munro.
 Elgin, E. R., L. Burwell.
 Elgin, W. R., John Scoble.
 Essex, (No return.)
 Frontenac, Mr. Ferguson.
 Gaspe, M. Le Boutillier.
 Glengarry, D. A. Macdonald.
 Grenville, South, Walter Shanly.
 Grey, Mr. Jackson.
 Haldimand, D. Thompson.
 Halton, John White.
 Hamilton, Isaac Buchanan.
 Hastings, N. R., T. C. Wallbridge.
 Hastings, S. R., Lewis Wallbridge.
 Hochelaga, Hon. A. A. Dorion.
 Huntingdon, R. B. Somerville.
 Huron and Bruce, Es. Dickson.
 Iperville, Alex. Dufresne.
 Jacques Cartier, M. Tasse.
 Joliette, M. Cornellier.
 Kamouraska, I. C. Chapais.
 Kent, A. McKellar.
 Kingston City, Hon. J. A. Macdonald.
 Lambton, Alex. McKenzie.
 Lanark, N. R., Robt Bell.
 Lanark, S. R., Mr. Morris.
 Laprairie, M. Pinsonneault.
 L'Assomption, Louis Archambault.
 Laval, Major Bellerose.
 Leeds & Grenville, N.R., F. Jones.
 Leeds, S. R., Mr. Richards.
 Lennox & Addington, J. R. Cartwright.
 Lewis, Jos. G. Blanchet.
 Lincoln, W. McGivern.
 L'Islet, M. Caron.
 London City, John Carling.
 Lotbiniere, H. G. Joly.
 Maskinonge, M. Houde.
 Megantic, Mr. Irvine.
 Middlesex, E. R., Crowell Wilson.
 Middlesex, W. R., Thos. Scatchard.
 Missisquoi, D. O. Halloran.
 Montcalm, Jos. Dufresne.
 Montmagny, Dr. Beaubien.
 Montmorency, Joseph Couchon.
 Montreal, East, G. E. Cartier.
 Montreal, Centre, John Ross.
 Montreal, West, T. D. McGee.
 Napierville, M. Coupel.
 Niagara, Town, M. Simpson.
 Nicolet, M. Gaudet.
 Norfolk, Aquila Walsh.
 Northumberland, E. R., Mr. Biggar.
 Northumberland, W. R., Jas. Cockburn.
 Ontario, N. R., Hon. W. McDougall.
 Ontario, S. R., Oliver Morwait.
 Ottawa, City, Mr. Currie.
 Ottawa, County, Alonzo Wright.
 Oxford, N. R., H. F. McKenzie.
 Oxford, S. R., Hon. Geo. Brown.
 Peel, Hon. J. H. Cameron.
 Perth, Robt. McFarlane.
 Peterborough, Mr. Conger.
 Pontiac, J. Poupere.
 Portneuf, Jean Brouseau.
 Prescott, Mr. Higginson.
 Prince Edward, Walter Ross.
 Quebec, East, P. G. Huot.
 Quebec, Centre, J. Thibaudeau.
 Quebec, West, J. E. Alleyn.
 Quebec, County, F. Evanturel.
 Renfrew, Mr. McIntyre.
 Richmond & Wolfe, Mr. Webb.
 Richelieu, Mr. Perrault.
 Rimouski, G. Sylvan.

Rouville, D. Poulin.
 Russell, Robert Bell.
 St. Hyacinthe, L. V. Sicotte.
 St. John's, F. M. Bourassa.
 St. Maurice, M. Lajoie.
 Shefford, L. L. Huntington.
 Sherbrooke, Town, A. T. Galt.
 Simcoe, N. R., Mr. McConkey.
 Simcoe, S. R., T. Ferguson.
 Soulanges, M. Duquette.
 Stanstead, A. Knight.
 Stormont, S. Ault.
 Temiscouata, J. B. Pouliot.
 Terrebonne, M. Labreche Viger.
 Three Rivers, City, Chas. Tarcotte.
 Toronto, East, A. M. Smith.
 Toronto, West, John McDonald.
 Two Mountains, M. D'Aoust.
 Vaudreuil, Mr. Harwood.
 Vercheres, M. Geoffrion.
 Victoria, J. W. Dunsford.
 Waterloo, N. R., Hon. M. H. Foley.
 Waterloo, S. R., Mr. Cowan.
 Welland, J. C. Street.
 Wellington, N. R., Dr. Parker.
 Wellington, S. R., D. Stirton.
 Wentworth, S. R., Joseph Rymal.
 Wentworth, N. R., William Notman.
 Yamaska, M. Fortier.
 York, N. R., J. P. Wells.
 York, E. R., Amos Wright.
 York, W. R., Hon. W. P. Howland.

THE LUMBER TRADE.

See engraving on next page.

By the Northern Railroad of Canada, which connects with lake Ontario at Toronto, and Georgian Bay, (a section of Lake Huron) at Collingwood, large quantities of fine timber are conveyed to the Lake and there rafted for Quebec. The following is a description of one of the earliest rafts of 1863;

Among the timber rafts which have arrived in the port from above this season is one lying at Messrs. Flanagan & Roche's cove, made last winter, by Messrs. Allan & Alex. Gunn, near Barrie, on the Collingwood road, north of Toronto. It is not merely in size or quantity of timber that it is deserving of notice; but the quality of the logs, their size and girth, their freedom from defect, and the care with which they have been made, renders it without exception one of the best; if not the very best, raft which has ever found its way to this market. There are in all about 1500 pieces white pine, 600 pieces red pine, 300 pieces board timber, 115 masts and 79 spars. In walking over this raft one is struck with an idea of the vastness of the timber resources of the Province. Some of these logs are 80 feet in length, and do not exhibit a single speck, are mellow and soft in the grain, and will suffer little loss in the sawing up. The board timber is from twenty seven to thirty feet average in length, and from 23 to 25 inches in girth, every piece is so carefully made, and so well selected in the tree, that there is scarcely a single one that would not do Canada credit at the International Exhibition. The masts and spars are of course the monarchs of the forest, and are all made to class as Government yard. It is, perhaps, only one tree in a distance of twenty or twenty-five acres, and that in a good grove, that will make a first class mast or spar, and it requires the exercise of the greatest judgment to select them in the woods. The Messrs. Gunn have been noted for years past for the excellent mast logs they have manufactured. A raft, such as that now lying at New London cove, could not remain long without purchasers. Most of our leading merchants have visited it, and many were anxious to become buyers. Messrs. Gilmour & Co. secured the red pine, and the square white pine and board timber, was sold to the firm of J. Burstall & Co., at prices which we did not learn. The mast pieces, after being measured off and culled, will be taken to Messrs. Flanagan and Roche's lower cove, at Diamond Harbor, to be dressed.

The Messrs. Gunn deserve credit for bringing such a raft to market. This timber will go far to establish our superiority in the English market. But while giving the Messrs. Gunn their due meed of praise, credit must be given where it properly belongs. It was the lamented late Mr. John Flanagan, merchant, of this city, who first explored the section of our country where this timber was manufactured. His quick penetration, prompt business capacity, and unconquerable energy, first infused a spirit of enterprise around Lake Simcoe. He it was, who organized the whole machinery, by which timber was brought to Toronto bay, from a distance of seventy miles inland without water communication. His capital, his enterprise, and his whole soul, were thrown into its development, and if he has not lived to realize its fulfilment, the inhabitants of that lumbering district cherish his memory for the good already done.

The vicissitudes of the lumber trade are

seen in such mishaps as this at Montreal:—
 WRECK OF A RAFT.—About two o'clock on Thursday, May 28th, a raft of timber belonging to Mr. Cook of Garden Island, and manned by a crew of sixteen Indians and three French Canadian, became unmanageable in the high wind and rapid current above the Victoria Bridge. In attempting to pass between the piers, the raft came in contact with the third pier south of the central span, piling the timber high upon the upper slant of the pier. The men were precipitated into the water, and the greater portion of the raft wrecked. Some few succeeded in holding on to the fragments fast on the pier, while others got hold of oars and spars detached from the wreck by the shock. Some persons who were in canoes at the time, witnessed the accident, and at once hastened to the assistance of the struggling crew. A man named Amable Leduc picked up four of the crew. Others were rescued by other persons out in canoes at the time. One heroic Indian, with his little boy on his back, succeeded in reaching St. Helen's Island, from which he was brought to the city in the military boat. It was conjectured that others of the crew succeeded in landing at St. Lambert, or were rescued by boats from that side of the river. There is no certainty as to the whole number drowned. Two of the crew were seen to support themselves by clinging to the stone work of the pier, but were soon swept off by the fierce current, and before aid could be extended to them, sank, having been exhausted by their efforts to hold fast to the pier. Portions of the wreck were still visible on the upper side of the pier yesterday afternoon, the timber having been piled promiscuously and wedged on the sloping edge of the pier.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

HEAT, MUSIC, BEAUTY, FLOWERS, AND LOVE, IN TORONTO.

Mr. Editor,—How is the atmosphere in the 'Canadian Crescent City?' Anticipating the answer, 'intolerably warm,' does not excite my sympathy in the slightest, as we have lately become accustomed to the mercury 18 degrees higher than even 'excessive heat.' 'Oppressively close,' I assure you; even when drinking iced water, and clothed as we are in the 'loose and careless style' that is very properly the rage in this city at present. I had intended to have given you a partial idea of how warm it really was, but the thought of even in imagination, experiencing what I have endured in glowing reality, deters me. I dare not; it would be like arousing the ghost of a former enemy to haunt me. Strange that the words GHOST and STRAY are in one sense, one and the same thing; but in this instance, what a pleasing difference exists between them.

A ghostly conscience with a few uneasy twangs must be a very irritating companion these peculiarly sultry days: for as man is naturally prone to extremes, knowing the agonies of a hot country, he will as a matter of course constantly think of a hotter. In opposition to these melancholy and feverish feelings, when every pulsation of the heart comes with a heavy languidness, think of the word shade, and in fancy recline not in a 'Perian' but 'Canadian grotto,' where the cool breeze of Ontario wafts you unconscious back, to yourself once more. You see again the dark green, if not of the forest, still the remnant of that which was to the eye of the Canadian pioneer—the field of ever moving green, whose thick and almost impenetrable woods preserved a dull monotony of sounds—grand and majestic in their freedom of aught of art for centuries. But at five o'clock the heat of a 'Canadian noon' has partially died into the mellow softness of an 'Italian sunset.' Pardon me, reader, for a digression; but the peculiarity of seeing such grand and high sounding terms in this rather prosaic correspondence, claims an explanation; an explanation which I willingly give, and which if you doubt my veracity may be proven by referring to the Toronto 'Leader' of the 30th and 31st of June, and 1st and 2nd of July—it really took four days. On the former date a few lines were inserted in which E. T. speaks rather sweetly, but too shortly, of Canadian nature, blushing at eve, under the title of an 'Italian sunset.'—On the succeeding day, another aspirant to see his name in print, as the former subsequently says, regaled us with the praises of an 'Italian sunset,' under the heading of a 'Canadian noon'; but to the latter theme he leaves about sufficient words to make a small postscript with the favor of tautology, and a little bad grammar interspersed by way of a change. Then follows mutual recrimina-

tions from both parties. The author of the glowing picture of an 'Italian sunset' can't see it—that is his praise, in the same light that his admiring friend does; and that presumed friend who signs his name in full, with a large R. at the end, by way of making it pretty, fails in his last attempt to enlighten him or any one else, as to what he intends to say. I wonder what that R. means as being part and parcel of his cognomen? It must signify that he belongs to the Royal Family—or, that not being quite certain, perhaps to the Royal Tenth.

But here for the present we must leave them—let their laurels grace their brows in peace, and never dying, thus in all their bloom, be handed down to posterity.

And now since this great event of the day is disposed of, allow me to introduce you to the 'Horticultural grounds,' where on this Saturday afternoon, the stirring yet softly beautiful notes of the 30th, yield heart-felt delight to the lovers of good music, and give to those who know very little of any thing

where anyyielding death gave but to glory, the name; a name woven in the blood-stained web of a soldier's changing fate, and whose bones now, perchance, lie mouldering on a foreign shore.

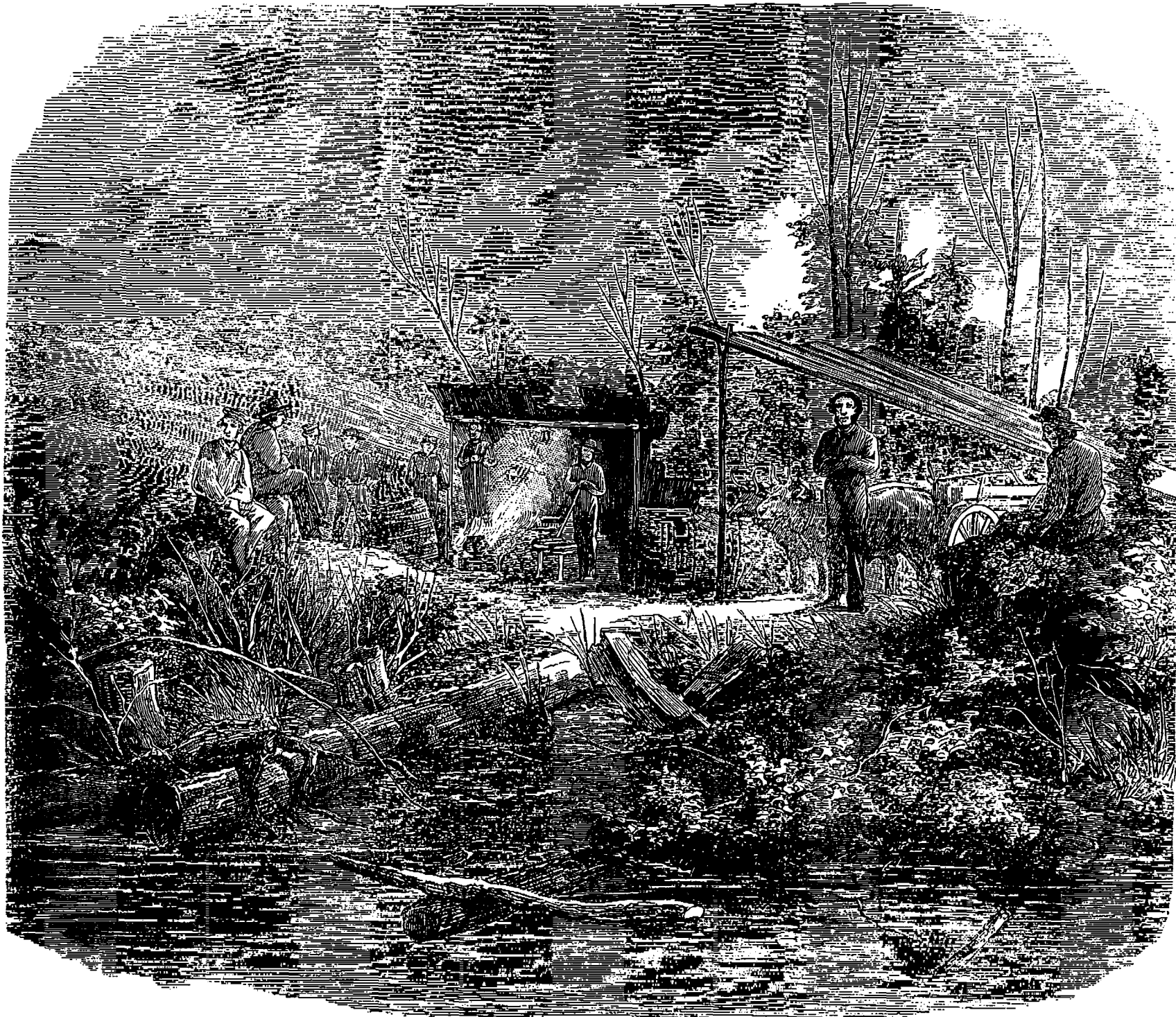
And again; as the warlike gave place to the mournful, so now the mournful yields to the light and volatile, when the dazzling eye of youth and beauty sparkles with delight, and the little foot beats lightly the yielding grass, as she all unconscious, is wafted back to the whirling maze where her perfect loveliness and yielding face floated like an aerial creature through that soul entrancing, care forgetting dance. Under the spell of music strange power is given to thought, and each in their own happiness or despair engrossed, mused in their different strains. Here the absent air and drooping eye, tell that an absent friend lover or brother, knew and admired that particular stanza, perchance accompanied her in happy days gone by; while her companion the gayest of the gay smiles on amidst her schemes, and builds

among winding paths borders with the rarest and richest tinted flowers, we see here and there a gay company of six or seven lounging; neath the shady branches of a green arched summer-house or otherwise, from which issues the unrestrained and girlish laughter, that music of the heart, of nature, mingling and rivalling the music of art.

Scattered thus in little groups, as to fancy, recline the favored ones of fortune, sipping the nectar of this worlds joys, singularly careless with what commingling amount of agonizing dregs that felicitous draught is attained. I have lingered perhaps too long, yet cannot part without leaving my adieu with an interesting motherly group, completely surrounding what would be a pond if it was filled with water, and which should be a fountain, but which is at present the centre of attraction for young juveniles who clamber in gleeful joy over the trestled banking; the admiration of fond and doting parents, the recipients of many a smile and of requests for many a curl. But see, with the first note of

such a scene as many assert never existed but on canvass. They blend in happy accordance. The gayest and most delicate colors of the summer season, vie with the roseate tint of health and beauty, on a soft and dimpled cheek; which yields but little to the perfect flowers of nature, whose heavy perfume the light breeze of evening scarce can rise to waft over the dark green foliage which gently sloping allows the city to form a picturesque background, as day mingles with approaching night.

Massey! the word is sufficient. Late English papers mete out the full measure of despair to Miss Cameron's friends who, together with the world, while condemning the act, still must accord a peculiar kind of chivalrous admiration for her blind (I dare not say noble) devotion to the ruiner of all her hopes. He, who although in the eyes of all far beneath the lowest criminal, still was to her young guileless, passionately loving heart, its only idol; to her, he was the personification of all that was brave and noble in



CANADIAN INDUSTRY. LUMBERMEN IN THE WOODS, READY TO DEPART WITH THEIR RAFT. SEE PAGE 101; ALSO PAGE 80, No. 7, Vol. II.

SKETCHED AND ENGRAVED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

about it, the opportunity of pompously saying 'how grand the conception! how exquisite the execution!' it reminds me of when travelling through —, I heard —, the first blank filled by a name never written by any geographer—the latter by unpronounceable German. But this, I am happy to say, is the unworthy exception. The animating strains that have fired to deeds of valor, and have by an undefinable power, led men dying to trace their name on the never dying page of lasting fame, thrill the hearts of all with a strange emotion. Wild and weird is the charm that steals with each low and plaintive bar—war's mourning for those whose names, though now unheard, are not forgotten; but link with some daring act,

again fresh 'castles in the air.' Leaving those who loiter neath the grateful shade of that grand structure of rustic beauty, enjoying the points and sometimes a cue in the game of flirtation, we will stroll through the very beautiful and tastefully laid out grounds, in which exquisite grandeur is rivalled by simple neatness, making them well worthy the pride and admiration of any city. But I, under this heading cannot attempt to describe them, therefore to have you as your own judges ask you in the name of Torontonians, to come and criticise, we submitting to your verdict. And more, I in any way, could not give it justice. I simply say what is there, I do not pretend to describe. Enough, wandering

the National Anthem, all, for a few minutes, centre on the south side and principal front of the building. A silence guards the sanctity of the moment; a feeling stillness yields the heart felt devotion; the lustrous rolling eye of beauty that bewitched all but a moment before, now saddens; the silken eyelashes drop in a lady's loyalty to Victoria our widowed Queen. During the music we take a farewell glance, and as all partings (ask lovers) awaken the most exquisite of sensations, before experience, so does the last prospect excel that which had gone before. It is a combination, in one view, of all that was before separately, beautiful. Nature and art united, make a picture magnificently, superbly grand—

man. Oh! cruel truth! thou rude dispeller of fond illusions! thou grim unraveller of crime, so soon didst thou change her bright paradise into a desert—her variegated day-dream into so dark a reality.

Pity! pity! the slow but sure hand of time has partially closed the curtains over those scenes wherein the extremes of nature are portrayed to their uttermost, and now let the hand of pity finish what time had begun, and let the tear of sorrow moisten the small oasis in the desert of that heart, which eventually must break, perchance, wither and die.

DELLWA.

Toronto, July 5, 1863.

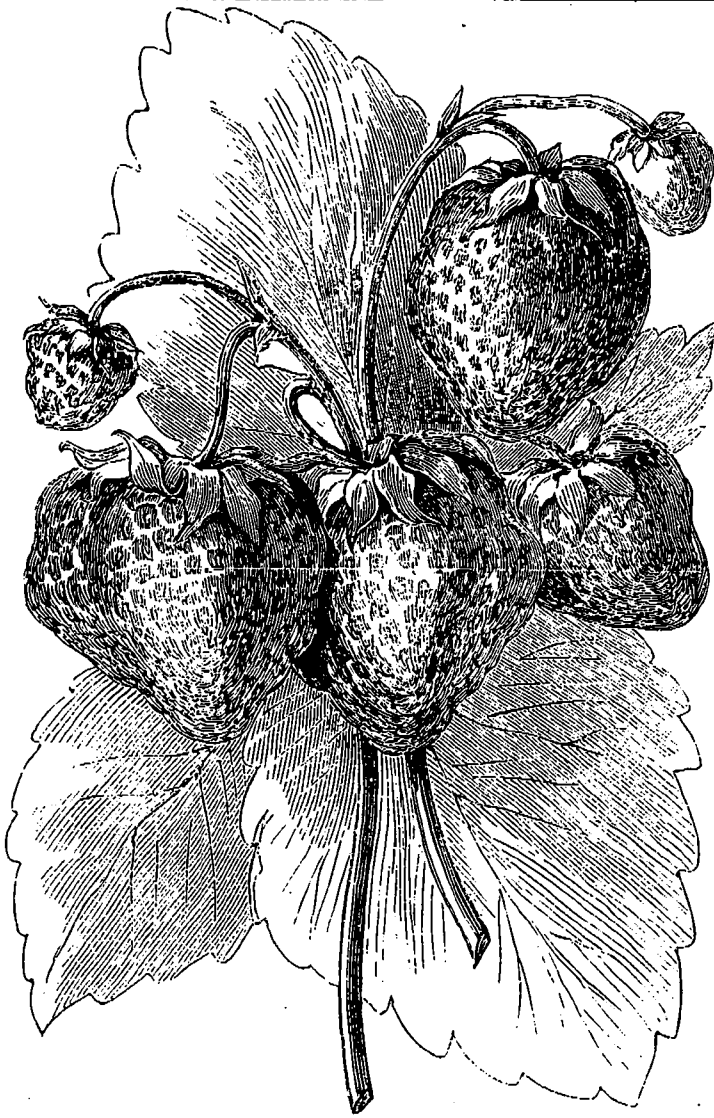
TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

On this page a view of Trinity College is presented. A volume of correspondence relating to its foundation reached us through the kindness of Mr. Henry Rowell, of Toronto; but unfortunately too late for careful perusal, or for time to write a connected narrative before this page required to be in type. Some extracts are made, however, which indicate the history of the college. On the following page is a memorandum of interviews which the Bishop of Toronto, the Right Reverend Dr. Strachan, had with the late Sir Robert Peel, in the summer of 1850. It possesses a melancholy interest apart from the history of the college. The correspondence was snapped asunder forever, by the accident, the fall of the horse on which he was riding, which closed the career of the great statesman.

It is necessary to observe that Sir Robert was not then in power. He had resigned office in 1846, Lord John Russell succeeding him as Premier. Earl Grey was Colonial Secretary. The Earl of Elgin was Governor General of Canada.

Lord Elgin in a despatch to Earl Grey, gave an outline of the history of King's College, the predecessor of Toronto University. Unhappily for quotation, the whole correspondence is controversial rather than historical, but we quote the following from Lord Elgin's despatch:

'The first movement made towards the establishment of a University in Upper Canada, was in 1797, when the Legislative Council and Assembly concurred in an Address to the King, imploring that His Majesty would be graciously pleased to direct his Government in this Province to appropriate a certain portion of the Waste Lands of the Crown, as a Fund for the establishment and support of a respectable Grammar School in each District thereof; and also, a College or University for the instruction of the youth in the different branches of liberal knowledge. A favorable answer was returned to this address, intimating that it was His Majesty's most gracious intention to comply with the



TRIOMPHE DE GAND, PRIZE STRAWBERRIES. SKETCHED AS THEY GREW BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ized eight varieties of this species according to the different form of the fruit. Many of these by cultivation produce other varieties well known in gardens. The wood alpine (*Fragaria vesca*) in its variety of *sempervirens* produces the white, the red, the American and Danish alpine strawberries; and others which in number are so many that they cannot be recounted here.

The species, Hill strawberry, (*Fragaria collina*) is a native of Switzerland and Germany, and is characterized by its producing green fruit. The varieties called green, are the produce of that species. In flavour and size they are only second rate.

The species, Majauffe, (*Fragaria Majauffeana*) is a native of France.

The species Hautbois, or High wood, (*Fragaria elatior*) is a native of North America, and is occasionally found wild in groves in the south of England. It is the parent of a great number of sorts grown in gardens, most of which when properly managed, produce fruit of a first rate kind.

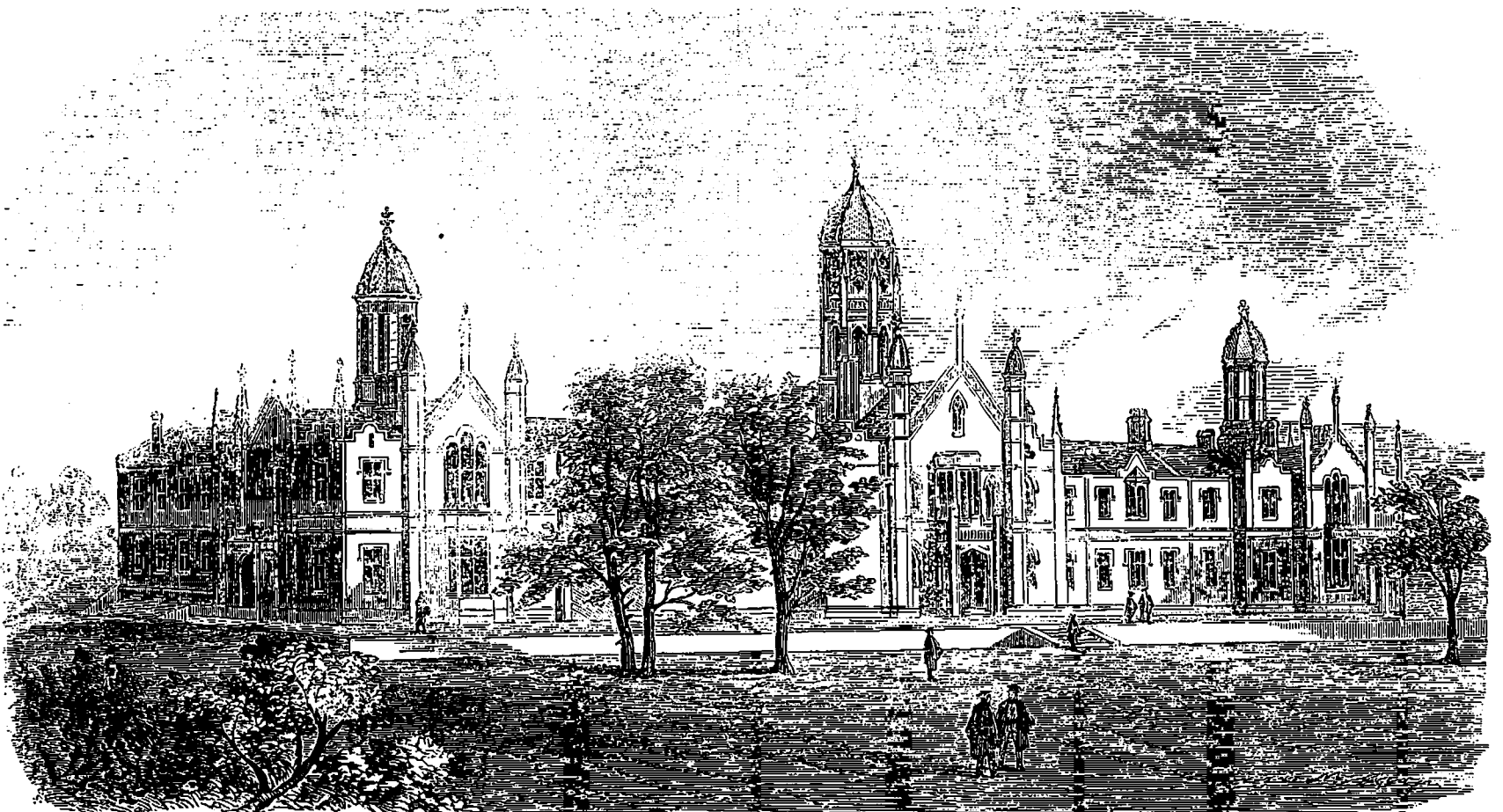
The species, Virginian strawberry, (*Fragaria virginiana*) is a native of Virginia; to this belongs the great list of varieties cultivated in gardens, and known by the name of scarlet and black strawberries.

The species, Large-flowered strawberry (*Fragaria grandiflora*) is a native of Surinam, and has furnished the gardens with the sorts called pine strawberries. Its varieties are many.

The species, Chili strawberry, (*Fragaria chilensis*) is a native of South America, both in Chili and Peru, and is the parent of many varieties, mostly inferior.

There are other species of *Fragaria*, but they do not bear fruit worthy of cultivation.

Strawberries may be propagated either by their suckers or runners, or by sowing seed. The young plants generally bear the year after they have been planted or sown. In order to obtain the fruit in perfection, they should be planted where they have abundance of light and air. Plants grown from runners are best for new beds. They are planted out in England in March, but in Canada in the fall of the year. They are covered with litter; after which the snow



VIEW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, CANADA WEST. SKETCHED AND ENGRAVED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

wishes of the Legislature of His Province of Upper Canada; and accordingly a large appropriation of vacant Land was shortly afterwards made for the purpose of the endowment. In the year 1807, District Schools were established by the Legislature, for the support of which a special grant was made, as the lands so set apart had not yet become productive. It is to be observed, however, that, true to the intention of the Address and Endowment, these schools were altogether unsectarian in their constitution. No practical step appears to have been taken for car-

rying out that part of the address which had reference to an University, until the year 1827, when Dr. Strachan, Archdeacon of York, being in England, obtained from Lord Bathurst a Royal Charter, establishing the University of King's College.

On next page we give the views of Bishop Strachan, as to the Act of 1850, removing the religious test which from 1827 connected King's College especially with the English Episcopal Church. We return to this important subject in next number of the Canadian Illustrated News.

THE STRAWBERRY PLANT.

The strawberry obtains its English name, because it is usually grown in rows between which straw is spread to preserve the fruit from contact with the ground. Its botanical name is *Fragaria*, from the Latin word *Fragum*. It represents a genus of plants belonging to the natural order—Rosaceae.

The species called, Wood, or alpine strawberry, is found in wild woods, and on hill sides throughout Europe, and is common in Great Britain. Botanists have character-

protects them all winter.

The strawberries figured in this engraving were grown by Mr. T. Buchanan in the garden of W. P. Maclaren, Esq., at Hamilton, C. W. They obtained prizes at the Horticultural Exhibition in that city on July 8th. Our artist has not exaggerated, nor indeed selected the very largest exhibited. He sketched the fruit exactly as it was laid before him.

The names of the sorts which obtained first prizes were *Triomphe de Gand*, *La Constant*, and *Wilson's Albany*.

MEMORANDUM.

A memorandum of the Bishop of Toronto's two interviews with the late Sir Robert Peel:—

On Friday, the 7th of June, I called on the late Sir Robert Peel, with a letter of introduction from Chief Justice Robinson of Upper Canada, for I was anxious to interest so great and good a man in the object which had brought me to England. Soon after I sent in my card and letter, the servant came and told me that Sir Robert was very sorry that he happened at that moment to be particularly engaged, but would make an early appointment to see me:

'Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to the Bishop of Toronto, and will have the honor of seeing him on Monday morning at one quarter before eleven.'

On Monday, the tenth of June, I called at the time appointed. Sir Robert was at first distant and reserved, but nevertheless courteous and encouraging. He heard my statement of the many struggles and final destruction of King's College, and the establishment of a College in its stead from which religion is virtually excluded, with the most patient attention. 'It seems a strange and outrageous proceeding so far as I can understand it; but I shall require to study the matter, and make myself acquainted with all the details, that I may be fully satisfied in my own mind before I can ever think of interfering. Indeed, I have so little influence that my interference can, I fear, be of little use. I suppose (he said) that the new Institution of Toronto University is something like the London College or the Irish Colleges.' Pardon me, I replied; the London College preys upon no other interest, and is supported from private sources; it unhappily drops religion, but it goes not so far as to exclude it, by legal enactment, as the Toronto University does. 'That certainly makes a difference.' It differs also from the Irish Colleges in this—that the Irish Colleges are supported by the government, and their establishment did not interfere with or injure any other institution. But the College or University of Toronto is founded on the ruins of King's College, whose Royal Charter it has repealed under the pretence of amending it, and whose endowment of eleven thousand per annum, though secured by a patent from the crown, and guaranteed by the pledge of three kings, it has seized and appropriated to itself. 'Then, if I understand it,' said Sir Robert, 'the Government would have made a parallel case had they seized upon Trinity College, Dublin, and not only destroyed its religious character but endowed with its property all the new Colleges.' Such, I answered, would have been a case exactly parallel. 'If so,' continued Sir Robert, 'it would seem a case of singular injustice and oppression, and what could never have taken place in England; but I must be more fully satisfied on this point.' He then required me to send a copy of the Statute, and such other papers as I thought might elucidate the subject, and he promised to give them a careful perusal.

On my return to my lodgings I sent the following letter, and the documents required, and with the more alacrity, because Sir Robert got evidently interested in the subject as our conversation proceeded, and became more frank and cordial, in so much, that I felt that the reserve with which he met me at first had altogether disappeared:

LONDON, 19 Bury Street, St. James's,
10th June, 1850.

SIR,—I have the honour to enclose a copy of the Statute passed by the Provincial Legislature in Canada, by which the Royal Charter is repealed, and its endowment devoted to the support of a secular Institution, from which religion is virtually excluded.

I likewise add printed copies of Petitions to the Queen and the two branches of the Imperial Parliament, to which upwards of eleven thousand signatures are appended; and a copy of my Petition to the Legislature of Canada, presented while the measure was in progress.

I pray that God may bless your kind interference in our behalf, so that we may obtain a Royal Charter, to enable Churchmen to educate their children from their own means and in their own way. It is a small boon considering the hardship of our case, and a simple matter of justice to which we are fully entitled.

If unhappily refused, it will add the element of religious discord to the many causes which already distract the Canadas.

I have, &c.,

(Signed,) JOHN TORONTO.

The Right Honorable Sir Robert Peel,
Bart., M. P.

As I had no desire to take any steps offensive to the Government, I had abstained from getting my Petitions presented to the

two Houses of Parliament, and felt disposed to withhold them altogether, if a Royal Charter were granted us to secure more easily the property which we and our friends had subscribed, and enable us to grant Degrees; but finding from a letter from Earl Grey, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, that there might be difficulty in obtaining it, although a Royal Charter had been granted to the members of the Kirk of Scotland in Canada, I thought it right to solicit Sir Robert Peel's assistance and advice, and accordingly addressed to him the following note, with such additional documents as this new obstacle seemed to require:—

1, BURY STREET, St. James's,
15th June, 1850.

SIR,—In compliance with your wish, I have the honor to enclose a copy of our petition to the Queen, soliciting a Royal Charter for the establishment of a church University in Upper Canada, and a draft of the Charter we desire.

It is little more than a transcript of the Charter of the late King's College, with such alterations as may separate the Institution it seeks to establish, from any political influence whatsoever, and enable it to proceed in its work of religious and scientific instruction in security and peace.

Since I had the honor of calling on you, I have received a letter from Earl Grey, announcing a condition to the granting of the Charter, which, if not removed, appears to me tantamount to a refusal.

Perhaps you will permit me to show you this letter, and add to the many obligations I am under, the benefit of your advice.

I have, &c.,

(Signed,) JOHN TORONTO.

The Right Honorable Sir Robert Peel.

In a very few hours I received the following note:—

WHITEHALL, June 15.

'Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to the Bishop of Toronto, and will see the Bishop at one o'clock on Tuesday morning. Sir Robert Peel would have named an earlier appointment, but he is obliged to leave town for a day or two.'

On Tuesday, the 18th June, I was in attendance. Sir Robert met me as an old acquaintance, and came forward and shook me cordially by the hand. 'I have read your papers, which fully substantiate your statement. It is a case of great hardship and injustice. But I think you have exercised a wise discretion in not presenting your petitions to the two Houses of Parliament; and it no doubt will be duly appreciated at the Colonial Office—for acts of forbearance are seldom lost. And indeed, as the Colonial Act destroying King's College, and establishing the Toronto University in its stead, has unfortunately been confirmed here, I do not well see what the Parliament could have done in the matter.' I said the presentation, and consequent publication of the petitions would have made our case generally known, and thus, at least, have multiplied our friends, and increased their disposition to help us. 'Not perhaps so much as you imagine; for their is no discussion on petitions when presented, and if they are especially called upon, the prayer could not have been granted, and the Government might have been put to some inconvenience, and would have naturally become less disposed to favor your petition for a Royal Charter. At all events, as you seem inclined to ask for a Royal Charter (without any other public assistance) to educate your children from your own resources, the request seems so just and reasonable, and your proceedings have been so quiet and moderate, that I do not anticipate any serious objection.'

I then showed him Earl Grey's letter to me of the 13th of June, 1850, on the subject of a new Royal Charter, which he read over very carefully. I next placed the answer which I had prepared to send to the Colonial Office, in his hand, which, although rather long, he likewise read slowly over; and after suggesting the alteration of one or two passages, he pronounced it a document of becoming dignity, force and moderation. He then expressed a hope that Lord Grey would not refer the question of granting or not granting the Charter to the authorities in Canada, who had done us so great injury, and made the application necessary; and added, that to refer it, would be little better than a mockery. He felt that such reference would not be persisted in; that he would speak to Mr. Hawes on the subject, and if necessary, to Earl Grey, who were both honorable men, and not disposed to adopt any thing unreasonable or unjust. He thought that the probable effect of such reference had not been sufficiently considered, or it would not have been entertained. I said that granting a Charter was clearly within the Royal Prerogative, and would

lose much of its value if it could only be obtained at the request of our enemies; that no such impediment has ever been allowed to intervene between the grace of the Sovereign and other denominations in Upper Canada, and why it should be permitted between the Queen and her own Church, of which she is the Head and Protector, I was unable to conceive. Sir Robert Peel added, 'there may be difficulties of which we are not aware; and if we continue to proceed with moderation, they will be more easily removed. But what is your intention should there be a prolonged delay?' I said, the College would commence as soon as I returned to Canada, whether we received a Royal Charter or not, for the education of our children could not be delayed. 'In this you are right the Church must do her duty.' Yet, I continued, delay was to be regretted; for so long as the College remained without a Charter, it would be a source of complaint and irritation among my people who would feel themselves proscribed and in a state of persecution; my wish has been to smooth down matters, and to rest satisfied with a Charter, without asking any further, or dwelling upon our injuries. But peace and tranquillity cannot be looked for, if so small a gift is refused. Indeed to refuse it is the worst policy imaginable; for it will compel us to look with envy on our neighbours in the United States, where there is no instance of a Charter such as we pray for, having been refused. Instead of circumscribing their Colleges and schools of learning, that acute people take delight in their multiplication; and so little jealous are they in this respect, that they have cherished all such institutions as had been founded by the Crown previous to the revolution, and such have received from the ruling powers ample protection after those powers had become foreign to the British Empire. Thus the colleges in the Colonies are respected and preserved, and their endowments not only held sacred but largely increased. Sir Robert smiled, and said, 'I am not surprised at your warmth, for the case is very aggravated; and perhaps it would be better to go at once and state your case to Lord John Russell, who would, I believe do what is right; but this we will consider: should the Colonial office fail you, you must, however, be patient and hope the best. I shall do what I can, because your object is just; but I must again remind you, that there is little in my power.'

I then told Sir Robert that the Duke of Wellington was favorable to our proposed Church University, and was about to transfer to it some valuable property which His Grace possessed in Canada, to found Scholarships. Sir Robert expressed great pleasure at this communication, and when I took leave, he accompanied me to the door and shook hands, and parted with great kindness. Not having heard from Sir Robert Peel, I determined to leave my name at his residence on Saint Peter's day; but after proceeding some way through the Park towards Whitehall, I thought it might appear somewhat intrusive or premature, and that it would be better to wait a few days longer. But alas! on that very day the accident happened, which terminated so fatally to himself and family, the nation, and the world.

LITERARY NOTICE.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.—We learn that there is now in preparation and to be published in a few weeks by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, and D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y., a new and complete work on Sheep Husbandry, entitled *The Practical Shepherd*, by the Hon. Henry S. Randall, LL.D., author of 'Sheep Husbandry in the South,' 'Life of Jefferson,' 'Fine Wool Sheep Husbandry,' etc.; also Editor of the American Edition of 'Youatt on the Horse,' of which over thirty thousand copies have been sold. The author of 'The Practical Shepherd' is well known as the ablest and most valuable writer on Sheep Husbandry in this country, and the work cannot fail of becoming the standard authority on the subjects discussed. It must prove indispensable to every American flock-master who wishes to be thoroughly posted in regard to the History and Descriptions of the popular breeds of Sheep, their Breeding, Management, Diseases and remedies. The work is intended to give that full and minute practical information on all subjects connected with Sheep Husbandry which its author has derived from the direct personal experience of thirty-five years with large flocks, together with that knowledge of different modes and systems which has flowed from a very extensive correspondence during a long period with leading flock-masters in every part of the world. The first six chapters of 'The Practical Shepherd' will be devoted to a full description of the best breeds of Sheep in the United States, including the different varieties of the

Merino and the various English mutton breeds, and these will be illustrated generally with engravings from original drawings from life. These will be followed by chapters on cross-breeding; on breeding in-air; on the qualities and points to be sought in Sheep; on York and its Uses; on the theory and practice of breeding; on the adaptation of different breeds to different soils and circumstances; on the profits of wool and mutton production and their prospects in the United States; on the spring management of Sheep; on summer management, (two chapters); on full management; on winter management, food, &c., (two chapters) on diseases and their management, (several chapters).

The foregoing remarks are more especially directed to the Farmers of the United States. Speaking for the flockmasters of Canada we pronounce confidently that such a work as this will be of far more service in the breeding, feeding, and improving of the breeds of sheep than any nominal money value can express. The Practical Shepherd, if it fulfils the promise of the prospectus, and knowing the respectability of the author and publishers, we do not doubt but it will, is a work much wanted in Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTICES.

PAMELIA VINING will observe the Poem printed on another page. Its meaning is too well understood in the life-long experience of the writer of this note.

EMMIE MANSFIELD.—You will observe how gracefully Ethel Knight occupies a place beside the floral arbor of your charming sister of the muses. We trust to be again honored by your graceful pen at a very early day. 'Puzzle' literature will be given in next issue. Also, two original tales, one of which is of rare beauty.

DELLWA.—You; 'Toronto by gaslight' would have been published had the M. S. been decipherable. The article inserted in this issue has given much trouble, and the meaning now is only guessed at.

DEATH OF MR. PETER BROWN.

[From the Globe, July 1.]

It is our painful duty to record to-day the death of Mr. Peter Brown, well known throughout Canada for nearly a quarter of a century in connection with this and other public journals. For a year past Mr. Brown had been in very feeble health, resulting a few weeks ago in an attack of congestion of the lungs, from which he never fully recovered; and yesterday, in consequence of a return of his malady, he sank peacefully and happily to his rest. The day previous to his death was the 79th anniversary of his birth, and the 50th of his marriage.

Mr. Brown, in his earlier years was a merchant in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, and an active politician on the liberal side in the days of borough-reform agitation. He emigrated with his family to New York in 1838, where he resided for five years. While there he contributed to the editorial columns of the *New York Albion*, and afterwards became editor of the *British Chronicle*. While in New York he published a volume that attracted much attention at the time, under the title of the 'Fame and Glory of England vindicated.' It was intended as a reply, and it proved a most successful reply, to the well-known production of Mr. C. Edwards Lester, 'The Shame and the Glory of England.' In 1843, at the solicitation of the prominent ministers and members of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, Mr. Brown consented to remove to Toronto and established the *Toronto Banner* as an independent organ of liberal Presbyterian views in Church and State. The first number appeared on the 18th August, 1843, and the journal was successfully maintained for many years under Mr. Brown's editorship with great vigor and ability. From 1844 up to 1859, he has also contributed largely to the editorial columns of the *Globe*.

Remittances.

R. T., Cummingsville; J. E. B. Thorold; J. McG., Toronto; Capt. G., Dundas; A. S. I., Toronto; P. J. O'D., Port Hope; A. H. Newmarket; J. R. B., Dunville; J. W. Ayr; J. K., Selkirk; M. S. D. and J. D. Mount Healy; R. E. T.; W. C.; H. D.; J. E.; P. L. H.; G. A. M., Cayuga; C. L. H.; D. B.; J. T.; York.

Publisher's Notices.

J. R. B., Dunville—Mr. Crooker will call; you can arrange matters with him.

G. A. M., Cayuga, copies have been sent to the new subscribers.

P. J. O'D., Port Hope—Answer sent by mail.

G. and R. M., Lachute—Answer sent by mail.

Original Poetry.

THE EARTH-VOICE AND ITS ANSWER.

BY EMMELIA S. VINIRO.

I plucked a fair flower that grew
In the shadow of summer's green trees—
A rose-petalled flower,
Of all in the bower,
Best beloved of the bee and the breeze.
I plucked it, and kissed it, and called it my own—
This beautiful, beautiful flower,
That alone in the cool tender shadow had grown
Fairest and first in the bower.

Then a murmur I heard in my feet—
A pensive and sorrowful sound;
And I stooped me to hear,
Whose tear after tear
Rained down from my eyes to the ground,
As I, listening heard
This sorrowful word
So breathing of anguish profound.

I have gathered the fairest and best,
I have gathered the rarest and sweetest;—
My life-blood I've given
As an offering to heaven
In this flower, of all flowers, the completest.
Through the long quiet night,
With the pale stars in sight—
Through the sun-lighted day
Of the calm-breathing May,
I have toiled on in silence, to bring
To perfection this beautiful flower—
The pride of the blossoming bower—
The queenliest blossom of spring.

But I am forgotten—none heed
Me—the brown soil where it grew;
'That drank in by day
'The sun's blessed ray
And gathered at twilight the dew;—
'That fed it by day and by night
With nectar-drops, slowly distilled
In the secret alembic of earth,
And diffused through each delicate vein,
Till the sunbeams were charmed to remain
Entranced in a dream of delight—
Sealing in with their arrows of light
Through the calyx of delicate green—
The close-folded petals between—
Down into its warm hidden heart;—
Until, with an ecstatic start
At the rapture so wondrous and new
That throbbled at its innermost heart,
Wide opened the beautiful eyes;
And lo! with a sudden surprise,
Caught the glance of the glorious sun—
The ardent and worshipful one—
Looking down from his heavenly place:
And the blush of delighted surprise
Remained in its warm glowing dyes
Evermore on that radiant face.

'Then mortals in worshipful mood
Bent over my wonderful flower,
And called it "the fairest,
'The richest, the rarest,
'The pride of the blossoming bower."
But I am forgotten. Ah me!
I, the brown soil where it grew;
That cherished and nourished
The stem where it flourished,
And fed it with sunshine and dew!

'O Man! will it always be thus,
That you'll take the rich gifts which are given
By the tireless workers of earth,
By the bountiful Father in heaven;
And intent on the worth of the gift,
Never think of the Maker, the Giver?—
Of the long patient effort—the thought
'That secretly grew in the brain
Of the poet to measure and strain
Till it burst on your ear richly fraught
With the wonderful sweetness of song?—

What availeth it then, that ye toil—
You, thought's patient producers—to be
Unloved and unprized,
'Trod down and despised,
By those whom you toil for like me—
Forgotten and trampled like me?'

Then my heart made indignant reply
In spite of my fast falling tears—
In spite of the wearisome years
Of toil unrequited that lay
In the track of the past, and the way
Thorn-girded I'd trod in those years.

So be it, if so it must be!—
May I know that the thing
I so patiently bring
From the depths of the heart and the brain
A creature of beauty goes forth,
Midst the hideous phantoms that press
And crowd the lone paths of this work weary life,
Mid the labor and care, the temptation and strife,
'To gladden, and comfort, and bless.

So be it, if so it must be!—
May I know that the thing
I so patiently bring
From the depths of the heart and the brain
Goes forth with a conqueror's might,
Through the gloom of this turbulent world;
Potent for truth and for right,
Where truth has so often been hurled

'Neath the feet of the throng—
The hurrying, passionate throng!

What matter though I be forgot,
Since toil is itself a delight?—
Since the power to do,
To the soul that is true,
Is the uttered command of the Lord
To labor and faint not, but still
Pursue and achieve,
And ever believe,
That achievement *alone* is reward!
Woodstock, C. W.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

ETHEL KNIGHT.

BY EMMIE MANSFIELD.

'A gentleman wishes to see you, Miss Ethel.'

It was this announcement of the servants that aroused Ethel Knight from the reverie in which she had been buried for the last half hour, and rising from her seat, she paused in front of the mirror to arrange her disordered tresses. It was indeed a lovely picture which was reflected from it. Hair of the most beautiful golden brown hung in natural ringlets over her snowy shoulders.—The most bewitching blue eyes in the world, as her numerous admirers unanimously declared, which could look at times, arch, saucy and laughing, but which now, dreamy and sad, with the long, dark lashes drooping pensively over them, gave a peculiarly interesting look to the beautiful face. When we add to charms like these, a clear, fresh complexion, a rose-bud mouth and a sylph-like form, need we wonder that she had so soon captivated the heart of George Maynard, which had never before throbbled, as it had so lately learned to do beneath a maiden's smile or frown. Well might Ethel's little heart beat with rapture, as she passed down the broad stair-case, and caught a glimpse of the noble form sitting by the window, and thought of the great love that was hers, and which she returned truly and devotedly. As she entered the room he arose, and advancing towards her, pressed her to his bosom, and imprinted a kiss of passionate love upon her sweet lips.

'My darling, my beautiful one,' he exclaimed, 'how can I part from you?'

'Part from me, dear George? What can you mean?'

'Come wrth me, dearest, and I will tell you' and encircling her slender waist with his arm, he drew her to the large bay window, and there with the beautiful little head resting on his manly bosom, he told her of his country's need of brave strong men, and that he felt it to be his duty to go forth, and shed if need be his heart's blood in her defence. But he hoped better than this—hope was strong within him, and he felt that he would return with the proud consciousness of having done his duty and claim her love as his reward.

So he whispered sweet words of love and hope in her ear, but she did not answer, and wondering at last at her silence, he bent down and gazed anxiously in her face; but the long lashes lay upon the oval cheek, and every tint of color had fled.

'Ethel, beloved one,' he exclaimed, 'What have I done?'

The drooping lids slowly unclosed, and raising her tearful eyes to his she murmured—

'Must you go?'

'I must,' was the answer, in low distinct tones.

'Go then, George, my own love, and may the great God above cover your head on the field of battle.'

'Amen' was the only reply in earnest, fervent tones, and he bent lower and lower till the silken moustache touched the pale cheek, and with a long, long kiss of love, and an earnest mournful gaze of those glorious brown eyes into those witching blue ones, they parted—the one to hasten away to the path where duty pointed him—the other, to pray for his safety.

As Ethel sat alone in her own luxuriously furnished chamber that night, she took from the bosom of her dress a miniature, and a black, wavy tress of hair, and pressed kiss after kiss upon them, for it seemed as if the original himself was gazing upon her from the luminous soul-lit depths of those beautiful eyes; but it was only a picture and the loved one was far away, and her tears fell thick and fast upon it, as she thought how soon those wondrous eyes might be closed in death, and she would never more gaze into their sparkling depths. But she was an heroic little maiden withal, and she felt that she had done her duty in bidding him God-speed, so she wiped away her tears and resolved to be hopeful and trust in her God to bring him back in safety. So day after day and week after week passed away,

and Ethel received letters from him—one—two—three—and then they ceased, and month after month passed away, and still she received no tidings from him, though news often came about him, and his wonderful deeds of bravery and heroism were spread through all the country.

Her form soon lost its roundness, and her cheek its bloom with this torturing suspense, but there is an end to every thing and so there was to this, for once again as she sat weeping, it was announced that a gentleman wished to see her, and her heart thrilled wildly, while she almost fainted from excess of emotion, as she thought it might be George Maynard come back to explain all, and set her weary heart at rest. But ah! no, she was doomed to bitter disappointment.

It was not George, but only Clarence Wilde, a rejected suitor of Ethel's; but he had enlisted in the company of which George was Captain, and a ray of hope shot into Ethel's heart that he might bring news of him, which he did, but alas, it was heart-breaking news, and if it did end suspense it also destroyed hope forever.

A sealed package was put into her hand with the statement from Clarence Wilde that he had received it from Captain Maynard in his dying moments on the battle-field.—Ethel took the packet with stony eyes, and a feeling as if death had smitten her heart-strings, but she calmly thanked the bearer for his kindness, and turning from him, gained with slow and feeble footsteps the privacy of her own room. Once there, she opened the packet, to find her letters and miniature returned, and a note from Maynard, written before the last battle, stating that 'his feelings towards her had materially changed—that he released her from the engagement, and that in the event of the present battle ending favorably to himself, he would leave the country forever, but fearing that it might not, he would leave the packet in charge of one who would forward it to her.'

As Clarence Wilde stated it—Maynard had been dangerously wounded, and was just breathing his last on the field when he came to him, and as there was a company of the rebels advancing towards him, he could not carry his body to the camp, but he had secured the packet, and hastened as soon as possible, although nearly a month had elapsed since, to his native place.

Such was the account that Ethel received from Clarence Wilde, and such was the heartless note in Maynard's own hand-writing that Ethel perused immediately afterwards. With a fearful shriek of agony she fell upon the floor, and the alarmed inmates of the house reached her room to find her stretched in a death-like swoon. It needed but the evidence of the tokens strewed around to tell the loving mother's heart the whole story, and with a heart aching with sorrow for her beloved daughter, who had so cruelly been taught the first grief of her life, she lifted the almost inanimate form from the floor, and sent for the family physician. He pronounced her life to be in imminent danger, and said it was caused by some great anguish of the mind, and unless that cause was immediately removed she would hardly survive, for she was in a raging delirium and her strength would soon be spent, for she was wasted away to a shadow of her former self. But he would do his best to allay the fever, and if something could be done for the relief of her mind, all might yet be well. The physician being an old friend of the family, and Ethel's mother knowing that he was one to be trusted, took him aside, and told him the facts of the case. This very much surprised him, as he had always believed George Maynard to be a noble-souled man and incapable of such a base action; but had not the tidings come from his own hand, and the worthy old doctor turned away with a groan at the baseness of some men. As he was leaving the house he encountered at the door a gentleman who was inquiring for Miss Ethel.

'Miss Ethel, sir!' exclaimed the doctor—

'She is dying.'

The gentleman staggered, clutched at the door-post for support, and gasped 'Dying?'

'Yes, dying, and her death lies at your door!'

'What do you mean, sir? This language is inexplicable.'

The physician cast upon him a look of the utmost scorn as he answered—

'Follow me, and look upon your work.'

He led the way to Ethel's chamber as he spoke, and the two men paused beside her bed-side, as she tossed in her delirium and murmured—

'Oh, George—George—false to me—false to me,' with a mournful pathos that went to the hearts of the listeners.

As for Maynard, he cast a look of bewilderment upon the doctor, and taking up Ethel's little hand which lay upon the coverlet, he pressed it to his lips. The touch seemed to quiet her at once, for she opened her large blue eyes, and fixed them upon him for a moment, but closed them again, while an expression of anguish swept over her features as she murmured drearily—

'No—no—it cannot be my George—for he is false.'

Just then Ethel's mother entered, and casting a look of surprise and contempt upon Maynard, she said—

'By what right do you presume to enter this dwelling, after having so cruelly blighted its fairest flower?'

Maynard drew up his stately form with dignity as he answered—

'Madam, your words are an enigma to me, as are likewise the scenes I have witnessed since I entered this house.'

Her only answer was to place in his hand the note which had accompanied the packet. He read it through, and when he had finished he exclaimed—

'It is false—it is false—I never saw this paper before. How came it in your possession?'

Ethel's mother gazed upon him with dilated eyes, as he spoke, and then she gasped forth—

'Can it be possible that we have been deceived?'

For Maynard bore upon his countenance the impress of truth.

And then she related to him the whole story. How his letters had so suddenly and mysteriously ceased, and then of the arrival of Clarence Wilde and the packet which he had brought, and what it contained. As she continued, a light seemed to flash upon his mind, and he exclaimed fiercely—

'Ah! I see it all now. Wretch that he is! Dear, dear Ethel, how you have been deceived!'

He then proceeded to unfold to his wondering listeners the real facts of the case: How he had been wounded, and left, as he thought, in a dying condition on the field; that he had lost all consciousness, and when he revived he found himself in a strange place, and learned that he was a prisoner in the rebel dominions; that he had been carefully treated, and nothing to regret but the loss of Ethel's miniature and letters, which he supposed had been either lost or misplaced in some way, but which he now knew must have been taken by the unprincipled Clarence Wilde. On his recovery he had been exchanged, and had hastened home to see Ethel, and claim her as his reward, but that he was perfectly bewildered at the state of affairs when he arrived.

'But it is all right now,' said the good doctor, shaking his hand heartily, 'and we will soon nurse our little Ethel back to health and beauty.'

And so they did, for George's presence and touch upon Ethel's burning forehead acted like a charm, and one day she opened her beautiful blue eyes in perfect consciousness and found George kneeling by her bedside with her hand pressed to his lips.

An explanation instantly followed, which brought back the old love-light to her soft eyes.

Ethel speedily recovered now, and soon regained her former strength and beauty, and not long after their magnificent wedding was consummated, in which Ethel, looking if possible more lovely than ever, in an exquisite robe of misty white and delicate lace, with a beautiful wreath of white roses in her lovely hair, became the loving wife of the handsome and talented Capt. George Maynard.

Some time after they were called to the bedside of a dying man, who wished particularly to see them both. It was Clarence Wilde, but how changed! The hand of death was upon him; and now, in his dying hour, he wished to make confession of his great sin, and ask forgiveness of those whose happiness he had so nearly ruined. He told how he had intercepted the letter of George to Ethel, and that after the last battle as he was crossing the field, he came across the prostrate body of Captain Maynard, and thinking that he was dying, he being insensible, he had conceived the infamous plan of robbing him of Ethel's miniature and letters, and writing a note in Maynard's hand-writing, he had delivered them to Ethel, representing them as sent by Maynard, thinking, that by thus proving her present lover false to her, he might in time win her for himself. But we have seen how his schemes were frustrated and his hopes destroyed, and George and Ethel are now as happy as mortals can be.

THE END.

EOLA.

BY CHIPNEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER LXVIII.

DEAR reader, we have added our last link to the chain which formed the darker portions of our story; and gladly we let it fall from our hand to take up the brighter tie that environs its fairer characters—Elwyn and Eola.

For them the sun of life is rising in cloudless splendour; may its setting be in peace and love!

It was a fair May evening. The morrow was to be the bridal day.

The morrow! Would that all could hail its dawning with the same sweet, hopeful pleasure that prevailed the loving hearts of the gipsy maiden and her noble Elwyn on this eve of blissful augury—this prelude of wedded happiness.

They were wandering together through the fair grounds of Dunorlan Park, talking over in calm review the chief events of their past lives, dwelling somewhat mournfully on the latter sad phases in that of Lord Eswald, and ever and anon reverting to the topic of their own affection, revelling in the day-dream of their existence, now no longer a phantasm, but a vision on the eve of realisation.

Elwyn—now Lord Eswald, successor to the title and broad estates of the wretched Lord Percy—was standing with his betrothed by a brook in their favourite dell, his arm encircling her beauteous figure in proud delight; while she, with half-averted face, on which the sweet blushes of youthful modesty were struggling with the yearning love of her gipsy bosom, listened in rapture to his low-breathed tale of manly tenderness and devotion; her whole being vibrating with the emotion called forth by the look and voice of that fondly revered being who was now so soon to become her husband.

Suddenly she perceived on the opposite side of the stream, partially concealed by a group of young trees, the figure of a man, who was apparently watching their movements.

With a subdued cry of fear, she drew to her lover's side, directing his gaze at the same time to the object of her agitation.

Elwyn was about to shout forth an enquiry to the intruder, when he came boldly forward, and springing over the narrow rivulet, stood face to face with the betrothed pair.

The sunburnt visage, the self-possessed carriage, the brilliant black eyes of the new comer were easily recognised by them both.

It was Ralph Leighton.

Half shudderingly, the girl drew closer to her lover, and slipped her little trembling arm through his, as if for protection against the intruder.

'You need not fear me, miss,' he said, in a slightly satirical tone, as Lord Eswald shelteringly clasped Eola's waist.

'But what want you here?' asked Elwyn, suspiciously, for he had not a very high opinion of the gipsy.

'I have been to see the baronet,' was the reply. 'When I left him he told me his granddaughter was some where about the grounds, and—'

Ralph's voice faltered a little; he was evidently speaking under some deep emotion; he paused a moment to steady it.

'And what?' inquired the nobleman.

'Why, I'm going away, my lord—going, never to return; and I thought I should like to see her once more—only once. I came here to get my wish—I had no other motive. I have sometimes been unkind to her, yet I loved her; I have cradled her on my bosom, I have carried her long, weary miles in my arms when she was a little helpless child, to save her tender feet. It was for her mother, and I kept my word as well as our rough life would let me—'

Again the gipsy paused abruptly, and a tear glistened on his dark eye-lash.

Eola pityingly turned towards him. This spontaneous avowal of his rough affection worked powerfully on her gentle heart. He had loved her, then, after all!

'And you wished to see me?' she said, softly.

'Yes, little one, to bid you farewell—to leave you my poor blessing—to ask your forgiveness!'

'And where are you going, then?' she enquired.

'To America.'

'America! What, for good?'

'For life.'

'And your mother, and Linda? Are they going this long journey too?'

'They have gone a longer one. They are dead Eola.'

'Poor Ralph! And you are all alone, now?'

'All alone.'

'With no one to love you?'

'Not one.'

'Poor Ralph!'

It was all the young creature could say, in the depth of her generous compassion.

Lord Eswald bent over her little troubled face.

'Would you like to offer him a home, my darling?' he whispered.

She answered him with a grateful glance.

'Stay in England, my friend,' said the kind-hearted nobleman, addressing the gipsy. 'Stay with Eola and me; we will give you a good situation on the Abbey estate. What say you?'

'I say that you are very kind, my lord, far kinder than I deserve, for I have done you both much wrong. But for my answer to your generous offer—I can't accept it; not that I decline it from any disrespect, but circumstances forbid my taking advantage of it. I have gone wrong all my lifetime, and I must suffer the penalty. I intend to try and lead a better life; but I can't live in a country that has witnessed my crimes, and in a spot that has been the chief scene of them. No, my lord; my doom of exile is my own, but it can't be changed. I feel it is my duty to fly from the scenes of my temptations and wickedness, and to begin my new life in a new land.'

Elwyn and Eola felt in their hearts that he was right; but still it seemed hard that he should be suffered to wander forth on the earth so solitary and so sad.

'Nay, do accept Lord Eswald's offer,' pleaded the young girl. 'We will always like and protect you, and never think of your past faults.'

'God bless you, little one; to know that you forgive me is a comfort to me; but I must not stay near you. I might get disheartened, and fall back into the old bad ways.'

'Sir George has been very generous to me; he thinks I'm right, and has helped me kindly on my path. I've only now to say good-bye to you, and nothing then is left to keep me here. Don't ask me further, my lord. I am going where I may repent in secret, and amend in earnest. Farewell, my lord, and you my much-loved Eola's child—'

The strong voice quivered strangely now, and a powerful emotion shook the stalwart frame of the wanderer. He slowly approached closer to the betrothed pair, and hesitatingly held out his rough hand to the girl whose infancy he had nurtured.

She took it in both her own, and ardently pressing round it her little white fingers, with eager eloquence besought him to stay and share her pitying kindness.

For a moment, and only a moment, the gipsy's determination wavered; but, with stern self-command, he resisted, and vanquished the impulsive weakness. Disengaging his hand from the lovely plender's grasp, he turned to take farewell of her lover.

'Farewell! God be with you, and may you prosper,' said the nobleman, earnestly. 'Thank you, my lord—thank you; and I do pray Heaven to grant you much joy, and a long life with your angel-bride. Oh, my lord, care for her, shelter her, love her always; and let the name of Eswald be no longer a curse among the poor. Farewell to you both—farewell for ever!'

Without a backward glance at the fair child of his adoption, the stern man walked hurriedly away, and was soon lost to view among the shrubs and trees.

Eola watched his retreating form as long as she could discern it; when it had disappeared—when she had looked her last on her gipsy friend—she flung herself on her affianced husband's bosom, and burst into tears.

But it was a safe refuge.

There was honor, truth, and pure affection there; and the sympathy of Elwyn Eswald would have proved adequate to the solace of a far heavier sorrow than the passing April shower of Eola's present trouble.

Morning dawned—a fair May morning—Eola's bridal day.

Dunorlan Park was early the scene of bustle and excitement. Everybody in or about the mansion was in flutter of gaiety and delight; while the pretty, trembling bride sat in the solitude of her elegant chamber, like a frightened child.

Now she had a good cry; then laughed at herself for crying; then began thinking over all Elwyn's good qualities to console herself; and finally, cried again.

Her dotting grandfather was going

through a similar performance in his private study, only, of the two, his agitation was perhaps the more extravagant.

It was a dreadful thought to him that his pet was so soon to belong chiefly to another, and that she must quit his side to go a long journey with a mere husband. But he had made a bargain with Elwyn to be allowed to meet them in a fortnight's time at Paris, whither they were going to spend their honeymoon.

Maggie Jameson and her mother had come all the way from Edinburgh, at Eola's desire, to attend her nuptials. Maggie was to be one of the bridesmaids.

At length the momentous hour approached, and the young bride, attended by her train of happy, girlish bridesmaids, quitted her retirement, with a beating heart, to proceed to the scene of the solemn ceremony.

Never had she looked more lovely, more innocent, more touchingly youthful, than on that happy morn. Her fond grandfather had expended an enormous sum on her wedding-dress, and she appeared in it to great advantage—enveloped in snowy Brussels lace, orange blossoms, and white silk; her golden hair, like a halo of sunshine, streaming over her shoulders, and glistening through her costly veil.

The marriage was to take place at an old, picturesque village church, not far from Dunorlan Park. Each side of the pathway leading to the ancient porch was lined with little rosy children from the village school, dressed in pink and white, and holding in their tiny hands baskets of pink and white roses, with which to strew the path of the beauteous young bride.

At length the handsome carriage which bore her, approached. She alighted, and leaning on her proud grandfather's arm, walked falteringly along the rose-strewn path.

A murmur of admiration and love broke from the lips of the simple bystanders, as their delighted eyes followed her graceful figure along the avenue; but far louder applause greeted her gentle ear when, after the beautiful ceremony that bound her wholly and solely to the man she loved and revered, she issued from the rustic edifice by his side—his cherished, trusting, loving wife.

How sweetly confiding, how guilelessly loving she looked! How fondly her bright blue eyes turned to her husband's beaming countenance! And he so noble, so proudly strong, and yet so tenderly kind in his demeanor to that timid, delicate girl!

Oh, it was indeed a true joining of hearts that the minister of God that morning completed, and no hollow, meaningless mockery of a sacred ordinance!

Eola's bridal day was one of great rejoicing in the neighborhood of the baronet's estate. Sir George was at all times a generous man; and on this occasion of his darling's nuptials, his hospitality was extended far and wide.

Eola had, during her residence at Dunorlan, devoted a great portion of her time to the tuition of the village school children, who, one and all, regarded her with sentiments of great affection. On her marriage day, these juvenile rustics were treated to a sumptuous dinner, which was partaken of by the happy little guests in the park.—Their parents were also invited to a liberal tea, after which the grounds were to be thrown open to all who desired to witness or join in the various amusements provided by the baronet for the evening, and the substantial supper, which was to crown the entertainment.

The wedding breakfast was over, and the bride attired for her journey. The avenue by which she was to pass from the park was thronged by humble, but honest and sincere friends, to witness her departure; and there was not a single heart in the crowd that did not swell with grateful wishes for the welfare of the amiable girl, who had endeared herself to them by the exercise of every virtue which renders a woman both lovely and lovable to all around her.

As she stood for a minute on the steps of the mansion to receive and acknowledge their hearty blessings, there was many a moist eye among the warm-hearted rustics; and many a wife and mother, while she thought of the goodness of the young orphan girl, breathed a tender prayer to heaven for her happiness.

Elwyn deservedly shared these good feelings. He looked radiantly happy. Although he regarded his fair young bride with a wistful glance, he did not grudge her fond grandfather the lingering embrace with which he took farewell of his little golden-haired pet.

As she was passing to her carriage, Eola suddenly perceived among the bystanders a

countenance so strangely familiar to her, that she could not avoid wondering where, and under what circumstances, she had met with it. It was a pale, somewhat sorrowful, but intellectual face, belonging to a well-dressed, gentlemanly youth, scarcely older than herself. He was standing near the stone balustrade; and when her eye fell upon him, as if actuated by a sudden and irresistible impulse to do homage to the bright vision in his path, he raised the cup from his forehead, and while a blush of diffidence at his own temerity flushed his cheeks, he whispered audibly—

'Heaven bless her!'

The look, the voice, the action seemed to arouse in Eola's mind a faint recollection of other days, she could not resist the curiosity that prompted her to turn and inquire his name of her grandfather.

'William Lang, my darling,' returned the baronet; 'the clever young organist recently engaged for our church. I did not know that he was in the village, or—'

The sentence was interrupted by an exclamation of delight from the bride, who, to the surprise of all present, held out her hand to the stranger youth, and clasping his warm, soul, while she looked searchingly in his face—

'Willie, Willie! don't you remember me?'

Then, turning to Sir George—

'Grandfather,' she continued, 'this is Willie! The first true friend I ever knew.'

For a moment the young man looked bewildered; then a flash of recognition gleamed from his eyes; and sinking at the girl's feet, he kissed her hand, saying, in a low voice,—

'I know you now. You were my guardian angel. I remember your golden hair. The sacrifice you made for me can never be effaced from my mind.'

Her golden hair! Yes, she had sold it for him. She recollected the past distinctly now.

The bread she had cast upon the waters had returned to her after many days. The boy whom her childish hand had succoured, whom her simple, unselfish generosity had enabled to attain an honourable position—lived to thank and bless her in her prosperity for the good she had wrought in the dark, cold days of her early adversity.

We have now seen how, through danger, temptation and hardship, Eola had struggled unharmed, uncontaminated. Free from those baneful impulses that had insidiously worked the destruction of Zerneen, the stumbling blocks upon which the latter had shattered her happiness had been passed by the gentle, pure-hearted Eola in safety, while her whole course had proved that there is no position in life however friendless and unprotected, in which purity of mind and purpose, aided by an earnest desire to act uprightly, may not be a safeguard against temptation.

The fate of the unfortunate gipsy girl illustrates the oft-repeated truth, that great natural advantages may be converted into a curse, where there is no controlling moral principle to prevent the development of vanity and ambition. Vanity is the parent seed of half the sins on which a woman's happiness is wrecked. It cannot be cherished with impunity. Surely, though perhaps imperceptibly, it lures its victim into entanglements that too often end in ruin.

THE END OF 'EOLA.'

EXPAND THE CHEST.—Those in easy circumstances, or those who pursue sedentary, indoor employment, use their lungs but very little, breathe but little air into the chest, and thus independent of position, contract a wretchedly small chest, and lay the foundation of the loss of health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect that the lungs are like a bladder in their construction and can be stretched open to double their size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest and perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and the only agent we require, is the common air we breathe; supposing, however, that no obstacle exists, such as tying it round with stays, or having the shoulders lying upon it. On arising from your bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect position, the shoulders thrown off the chest; now inhale all you can, so that no more can be got in; now hold your breath and throw your arms off behind, holding your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as much as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, because the air is much denser, and will act much more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner will enlarge the capability and size of the lungs.

Agricultural.

AND DOMESTIC.

RICH LEAN JUICY MEAT—ITS PRODUCTION AND ADVANTAGES.

(By an English Farmer.)

As practical farmers we have yet to learn how to carry out advantageously, in the daily pursuit of our profession, under the artificial systems of husbandry now practised, the natural system of fattening cattle, so as to be able at pleasure to increase the proportional quantity and quality of the lean part of our beef, mutton, and pork—the proportion that fetches the most money in the market. We can increase the proportion of fat to almost a fabulous amount; but that which procured for the 'Roast beef of Old England,' with its rich 'brown gravy,' a world-wide fame, in the days of our forefathers, we cannot produce. For such we must go to the wilds of Lochaber, Connemara, or Wales! There Nature can grow juicy lean meat, with its fine brown gravy. True enough, we read many very nice plausible theories in the columns of agricultural journals relative to flesh forming substances; but when we enter the feeding stall at the homestead, and begin to examine tangibly our cattle preparing for the shambles, the beautiful theories thus taught us with so much analytical erudition are, unfortunately, no where to be found. For want of certain articulating membranes, or some contrivance to bind them together, the bubbles on the surface of the fair-flowing stream immediately burst, their elementary contents vanishing instanter into thin air. Disappointment is the common lot of fallen humanity; and, if we mistake not, the oracles of more than one obese experimental school are about to join those of the Delphic of old, the public palate having lost its relish for oily fat. But be this as it may, practical farmers have one consolation in plenty of customers for rich, juicy, lean meat, with the corresponding encouragement to grow it. Such being the position of the practical man, let us briefly examine from an economical point of view his professional duties in the manufacture of rich juicy chops and steaks for the miller.

In the first place we have to turn our reader's attention to the fact that it requires a much less consumption of food (provided such food is of a proper quality) to make flesh on the lean portion of the meat, than it does to make the rough fat of the obese system that goes to the tallow chandler. This arises from the large per-centage of water which the former contains, especially when compared with the peculiar composition of the latter. Thus according to the analyses of Brande and others, the lean of rich mutton may contain about 70 to 73 per cent. of water, and the lean of rich beef 74 to 75, so that 100 lbs. of the lean of rich mutton is composed of 70 lbs. to 73 lbs. of water, and from 27 to 30 lbs. of the solid materials of flesh; while the lean of rich beef contains 74 lbs. to 78 lbs. of water, and from 22 lbs. to 26 lbs. of solid matter. Now from these data it consequently follows, that if we can add 100 lbs. of rich lean mutton to the carcass weight of our fattening sheep, we only require from 27 lbs. to 30 lbs. of the solid flesh-forming matter to do so, or rather perhaps we should say, only 30 lbs. of the dry solid food is used up in the manufacture of 100 lbs. of rich, juicy lean mutton; and 26 lbs. in the production of a like increase of a rich, juicy, lean beef. On the other hand, fat contains but a small per-centage of water, so that nearly the whole weight of the superfluous amount of fat now produced under the obese system of fattening is from the solid part of the food. Such is the contrast; and when we come to strike a pecuniary balance between the two systems, the difference in favour of the production of rich lean meat on the natural system will be found to exceed what some may at first sight imagine.

The above data, we have in the next place to observe, has chiefly reference to the flesh of young growing animals; the proportion of elementary substances, or of the proximate principles of the flesh, remaining nearly the same when the animal is slaughtered, as when it was put up to fatten for the shambles. In practice, however, such data are often exceptional; for after the ox or the sheep has attained maturity of growth, the weight of bone, muscular tissue, and other parts remain nearly stationary; so that when a full grown, but lean animal, is put up to fatten, the increase that takes place in the weight of the lean meat added during the process of fattening contains a larger proportion of water. In the case of fattening sheep previously quoted, some thirty per cent. of solid matter of the food was used up in the formation of the albumen, fibrine, gelatine, ozmazome, and the other solid substances composing the flesh. But in the case of the

full grown sheep, the solid materials of the food used up, in forming the increase in the weight of the flesh, do not amount to so much—say, for the sake of illustration, from ten per cent. of this increase is water, including the blood, lymph, and juice of the flesh. In the case of the full grown lean ox, a corresponding difference is experienced in favour of the consumption and conversion of water, along with condiment, into rich juice, for the shambles. In other words, increase of weight is comprised of the rich juice of the flesh—beef or mutton, as the case may be—with the corresponding increase that takes place in the blood and lymph, to preserve the normal equilibrium of the fluids.

The practical question, when comparatively viewed, lies between the manufacture of the rich juice of lean meat, and the manufacture of the tubfuls of superfluous rough fat, unfit for human food, that go from the butchers to the tallow-chandler, with the advantages and disadvantages experienced under the two practices or systems now in operation of fattening cattle. In other words, we have in the above an illustration of the old question of 'black gravy versus white gravy,' which engrossed so much of the attention of the agricultural mind towards the close of the last century, and during the early part of the present. Our fathers and grandfathers, for example, knew the difference between the two systems of fattening in question, viz., the natural system, handed down to them by previous generations, and the obese system of fattening on oilcake, and other feeding materials of an abnormal character, that began to be practised and generally adopted in their own times. At that period, a very erroneous notion prevailed relative to the dietetic value of the fat of beef and mutton, for it was considered the most nutritive and valuable portion of the meat; indeed, this fallacious opinion was common fifty years ago. Thus says a writer of the period (Lawrence): 'In regard to the flesh of animals, and its proper state for human food, I apprehend we have long been in error, and the current of fashion still runs strong for its continuance. It is the presumption that fat is the most valuable part of the carcass, and that a propensity to the laying on of fat, is the most, or rather the only valuable property in cattle.' Thus supported, the obese system ('white gravy') 'carried the bell' against its older rival (black gravy); but now that public opinion is changed as to the dietetic value of fat, and that rich lean meat fetches twice the price of rough fat in the market, and requires less feeding material to produce it, the old natural system of fattening is again coming into favor, because under it we can produce not only an increase in the flesh or lean portion of our beef and mutton for the shambles, but also at the same time a sufficiency of finely flavored fat, mixed or engrained with the lean: whereas the obese system is diametrically opposed to the growth of flesh, or of an increase in the weight of lean meat, its tendency being calculated to produce atrophy of muscle, with a predominance of coarse, patchy fat, the consumption of feeding materials required to produce a given amount of carcass weight being often more than twice that under the other or natural system, a difference of result which is easily explained on chemical grounds.

The difference between the natural system of fattening cattle and the obese system is thus so great, as hardly to leave any chance to the modern farmer but to adopt the former, the practice of his ancestors, under such improvements as the more scientific rationale of the current age may suggest. No doubt the latter is not without its advantages also, in the form of the rich manure it makes for the land. This is certainly no little consolation to its advocates, and we should regret to under-estimate its value one iota. But rich as the droppings of oilcake obese-fed animals may be, yet, when placed in the scales with the rich, juicy meat of the natural system, they are found greatly wanting in yielding ready-money profits to the farmer. On the contrary, nothing could illustrate more forcibly the penny-wise and pound-foolish economy of the whole obese system, than the inestimable value its supporters put upon its rich manure—its valuable flesh-forming elements being converted not into flesh (?), but into dung, to fertilise the land, in order to grow feeding material to produce enough fat for the use of the tallow chandler!

We have next to examine the feeding materials that supply the aliment which has been assimilated or used up in the process of increasing the carcass weight of the animal when fattened on the natural system, in order to ascertain what they are, and how to supply them in the food. In other words we have to solve the problem as to what the

substances are that form the rich lean and fat of our fine beef or mutton, the rich juice forming and fat-forming substances under the natural system of feeding cattle.

The protein elements of flesh, as they have been called, including fibrine, albumen, and gelatine, that are used up in the above process of increasing the carcass weight of the rich, juicy, lean meat in question, form but a very small per centage of the whole proximate principles thus utilized from the food. It is therefore highly unscientific and illogical to designate the former (the protein elements) the flesh-forming materials of our cattle. As it is only the natural practice of fattening, and its general principles, that we are discussing, it will be unnecessary to quote the detailed analysis of rich, juicy flesh, in order to show the actual per-centage of protein matter in juxtaposition with the others. Indeed we have no trust-worthy analyses to quote. It has already been shown that in meat of an ordinary description about three-fourths of the whole is water, and when we add to this that only about the half to two-thirds of the solid materials of the flesh is protein, the reader will perceive that they (fibrine, albumen, and gelatine) only form about one-eighth to one-fifth of the whole weight; and we may observe, the greater the quantity the worse the argument. Indeed it would be much more correct to designate the osmazomic, kreatine and kreatinine, the lactic acid, phosphoric acid, inosinic acid, the lactate and phosphate of potash, the chloride of potassium, and other salts, the flesh-forming materials, as the formation of flesh is entirely dependent upon, or mainly due to, their presence. Thus (quoting the authority of Pereira and Majendie,) 'muscular flesh, in which gelatine, albumen, and fibrine are combined, according to the laws of organic Nature, and where they are associated with other matters, such as fats, salts, &c., suffices, even in a very small quantity, for complete and prolonged nutrition.' 'Dogs fed solely for 120 days on raw meat from sheep's heads, preserved their health and weight during this period, the daily consumption never exceeding 300 grammes (= 4,630½ grains troy), and often being less than this quantity. But 1,000 grammes (= 15,434 grains troy) of isolated fibrine, with the addition of some hundreds of grammes of gelatine and albumen, were insufficient to support life.' 'What then,' exclaims Majendie, 'is the peculiar principle which renders meat so perfect an aliment? Is it the odorous and sapid matter that has this function, as seems probable? Do the salts, the trace of iron, the fatty matters, and the lactic acid contribute to the nutritive effect, notwithstanding they constitute so minute a portion of meat?' (Pereira's Treatise on Food and Diet.) The opinion of this able chemist is thus plainly stated, that the peculiar function of the odorous and sapid properties of the meat is that which renders the whole alimentary. They (the odorous and sapid properties) are the flesh-forming materials, and this conclusion he deduces from the experiments made at the instance of the French Government, under the 'Gelatine Commission.' When dogs were fed exclusively on mutton, lard, and fatty matters, large quantities of fat were secreted, so that the animals increased the quantity of fat in their bodies, but rapidly experienced atrophy of muscle, &c., so that they soon died. The dogs, in the above experiment, that were fed on isolated fibrine, albumen, and gelatine, lost both their lean and fat before they ceased to exist, thus leaving the practical conclusion manifest to the high alimentary and flesh-forming value of the condimental properties of food; while it is equally conclusive that the protein elements alone are not flesh-forming.

As it is with carnivorous animals so it is with herbivorous animals. If the flesh-forming elements of the food of the former are the odorous and sapid properties of the animal food they consume, so the flesh-forming elements of the food of the latter are the odorous and sapid properties of the vegetable food they consume. If we wish to produce heavy weights of coarse fat meat, comparatively unfit for human food, we have only to turn our sheep and neat cattle into the coarse, washy, insipid herbage of a water-meadow in summer, or to put them upon cake, hay, and turnips in winter, to obtain the solution of our problem; but if we, on the other hand, wish heavy weights of rich, juicy meat, with a sufficiency of finely flavored fat, so as to render the whole carcass in the highest degree nourishing and economical, we must then give our fattening cattle food rich in those odorous and sapid properties of which such meat is formed. And more than this; for we must not only give feeding materials supplying those odorous and sapid properties natural to the chemical senses (smell and taste) of our cattle, according to their respective requirements, but

such feeding materials must be free from noxious matter, or even an excess of albuminous or oleaginous principles. In short, the food for our cattle should be not only normal in quality, but also in quantity; for it is now an authenticated fact that the normal flow of the gastric and other secretions of the alimentary canal will only digest the normal quantity of food required; consequently, that when animals are induced to eat larger quantities than natural, as under the obese system of feeding, gastro digestion is imperfect, and so are all other processes, digestive, alimentary, and excretory, in the animal economy. All the organs require a regular supply of their natural stimuli, including heat, light, &c., in order to enable them to perform their respective functions, and this is what they should have with the greatest impartiality to every function.

In the olden time, when in-door winter fattening was the exception, and out-door summer fattening the rule, certain grounds were set apart for preparing cattle for the shambles, because experience had taught our ancestors that the herbage of such grounds was better adapted for fattening than the herbage of other grounds; and to this day such grounds are well known to practical men. They are not confined to our low-lying rich grazing meadows, but are to be found rather on elevated pastures, amongst the highland glens, south downs, and on some very rich corn-bearing lands, when subject to the plough. Now it is a well-known fact that those grounds that produce the greatest quantity of the finest quality of beef and mutton are not those that produce the largest quantity of grass per acre. The natural and practical rule, on the contrary, is that the finer the quality of the herbage, and the richer it is of the odorous and sapid qualities required by the fattening animals, the less the quantity they consume to produce a given amount of carcass weight.

All who have paid attention to the practical data at issue, must therefore be satisfied with the soundness of the general principles advocated. No doubt the olden time was not without its examples of the twofold kind of obese fattening, of which sheep-rotting meadows, irrigated pastures, and all rapidly-grown etiolated herbage may be quoted as illustrations; but in all such cases the quantity of herbage consumed was, as it now is, immensely large, while the quality of the beef and mutton produced was and is coarse in the extreme, being devoid of the requisite supply of those odorous and sapid properties upon which their natural value depends. Thus, when the meat was deprived of its natural condiment, Majendie's dogs consumed four times the quantity which those did that were otherwise fed; so that the objection thus raised against the principles advocated turn out to be important practical data in their favour the moment they are examined and seen in their true practical light.

Individually considered, the odorous and sapid properties or condimental principles, required by cattle in their daily food must, from the peculiar function they appear to serve in the animal economy, be estimated at a very high figure—a fact which of itself ought to encourage the investigation of the subject, as to what those condimental substances chemically and medically are, which different kinds of animals and qualities of feeding material required. That they are of a very diversified character, and that animals require changes when fed under artificial systems as they do when fed under the natural system, or when they are allowed to select for themselves, appears reasonable to conclude. When nature furnishes so many practical lessons in every province of the kingdom, is it not the bounden duty of farmers to profit by her successful example?—W. B. Farmer's Magazine.

THE LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE.—When I say, in conducting the understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love with a love coeval with life, what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which, if you are rich and powerful, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice? Love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes. Love that which will comfort and adorn you, and never quit you, which will open to you the kingdom of thought and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain, that may be your lot in this outward world, that which will make your motives habitually great and honourable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud.—Sydney Smith

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 3RD JULY, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries) and Amount (\$20,838 19, 22,320 41, 1,26 58 1/2).

Increase \$3,717 87 1/2. JAMES CHARTERON. AUDIT, OFFICE, Hamilton, 4th July, 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 27TH, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount (\$27,157 46, 3,300 00, 50,129 63).

Total \$80,587 08. Corresponding week, 1862. 66,213 30. Increase \$14,373 78. JOSEPH ELLIOTT.

MONTREAL, July 2nd, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

[Compiled for the Canadian Illustrated News]

The proprietor of the Canadian Illustrated News has arranged to insert weekly reports of the Liverpool Price Current Circular of A. R. Macpherson & Co. It had been announced in March last, but a change in the proprietorship of this journal led, by accident, to this useful item of intelligence being overlooked. We owe an apology to Messrs. James Skinner & Co. for that omission, and now thank them for the renewal of their kindness.

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

LIVERPOOL, June 30, 1863.

Large table with multiple columns listing various goods (Pork, Bacon, Lard, etc.) and their prices in different currencies.

PETROLEUM.

Table listing petroleum products (American Crude, Canadian, Refined Burning, etc.) and their prices.

We have to report a moderate consumptive demand in our provision market this week at about previous rates.

BEEF.—The transactions are not large, but as there is little pressure to sell, prices are rather firmer.

PORK is dull, and inferior parcels most difficult to sell.

There has been more doing in Bacon, both for export and home consumption; prices vary according to quality. Hams quiet. Shoulders in more request.

In Lard there has been considerable activity, and the sales reached nearly 1000 tons.

CHEESE.—Fine qualities are in demand, and realize fully late quotations; but inferior sorts are quite neglected.

BUTTER is a slow sale, chiefly for export. TALLOW lower. LINSEED CAKE dull.

THE CORN MARKET was more buoyant in the early part of the week, but there has since been a lull in the demand, and prices are now scarcely so firm.

PETROLEUM.—Sales of Crude have been

small, say 50 Tuns Pennsylvania, at £16 15s., and 100 Tuns Canadian, at £8 10s. to £9 10s. Holders are firm, and higher prices are looked for soon. Refined is quiet but firm. Sales of American, at 1s. 10d. to 2s., and none now offering under 2s. No sales of Canadian reported.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto July 9. The supplies were moderately good and prices without material change. Fall wheat was more brisk, with a slight improvement in the price of inferior grades, which drew \$5c to 90c per bushel, and good to prime qualities 90c to 95c Spring wheat sold freely at 80c to 83c per bushel for prime qualities, and 75c for inferior grades. Rye nominal at 1c per lb or 56c to 60c. Barley scarce and unchanged, at 45c to 50c. Pease 50c to 54c per bushel for good average samples. Oats scarce and lower at 45c to 47c per bush Potatoes very plentiful and selling at 25c to 35c per bushel wholesale, and 35c to 50c retail. Apples \$2 to \$3 per barrel. Chickens 40c to 50c per pair. Ducks scarce at 40c to 50c per pair. Butter 10c to 12 1/2c per lb at wholesale, and 12c 14c retail. Eggs 9c to 13c per dozen. Hay scarce at \$15. Wool selling at 39c to 40c per lb with a brisk demand.

NATIONAL HOTEL, DRUMMONDVILLE, NIAGARA FALLS, C. W.

The above establishment has been lately renovated throughout, and is a very desirable Hotel for tourists, wishing to stay a few days in the Falls, being within five minutes walk thereof. Board \$1.00 per day. Drummondville, June 30th, 1863.

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

BEST ENGRAVERS

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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.

FERGUSON & GREGORY, Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, C. W.

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SELL AT THE LOWEST REMUNERATING PROFITS. And flatters himself he CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD by any House in Hamilton. His stock is all new, and the greatest attention has been paid in selecting the Newest and most Fashionable styles.

Work of every description made to order, on the shortest notice, and entire satisfaction guaranteed, or the money returned. One trial is earnestly solicited. W. M. SERVOS. Hamilton, May, 1863.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

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

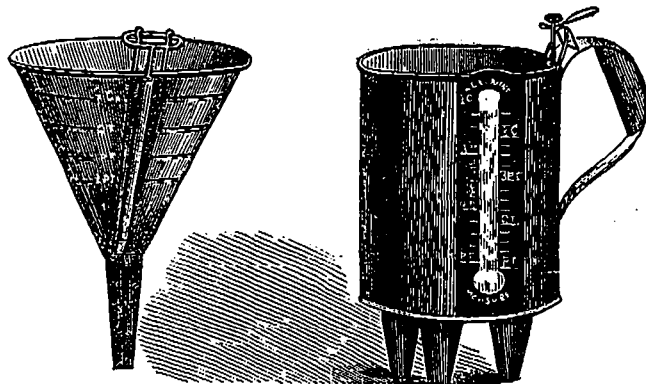
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BROOKES' FUNNEL MEASURE.

The engravings show an ingenious apparatus for Measuring Liquids, lately patented by Mr. THOMAS BROOKES.

Fig. 1, on right, is a gallon measure with three legs, two being portable, the third forming the spout; a piece of glass with figures on either side shows the quantity of liquid contained, while the small handle at the top, by being pressed, opens a valve at the bottom which allows it to pass through.

Fig. 2, on left, is the same kind of apparatus, the valve being opened by pulling the handle. By this contrivance the merchant may possess a Measure and Funnel combined which will save him considerable expense and no end of trouble and annoyance.

The articles may be obtained from Mr. THOMAS BROOKES, 27 King street, Toronto, and from his authorized Agents. Toronto, May 30, 1863.

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AMERICAN HOTEL.

The subscriber, in returning thanks to his numerous guests for past patronage, would take this opportunity of informing the travelling community that the above House has been refitted this Spring with entire new furniture, in addition to former attractions.

He would further state that the LIVERY BUSINESS recently carried on under the style and firm of RICHARDSON & BRATT, will in future be carried on by the subscriber. Parties wishing Horses and Carriages to hire will please call at the American Hotel, King street west. WM. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. Hamilton, April, 1863.

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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 for the Album, and promptly returned at a very moderate charge. Toronto, May 30, 1863.

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