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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, JANUARY, 2, 1864.

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BRIGADE MAJOR V

Lieut. Colonel William Hayes Jackson, Brigade Major of the 2d Military District, U. C., is a Canadian by birth, being a native of the town of Brockville, where he is now station. ed. His father was an Englishman and of an ancient family. His mother was of Scotch descent. The family coat of arms denotes that the Jacksons at some former time sucdefended a cessfully fortified city against an enemy, and that one of them had been an officer of one of the sovereign dukes of the French confederation, (such as the Dukes of Burgundy, &c.,) and that they bad been in the fifth Crusado or Holy War, with the Knights Templars.

His uncle, Captain Jackson of the Royal Artillery, served with his corps in Canada, during the War of 1812-13-14. His grandfather on his mother's side served in the Militia during the same period, and was present at the taking of Ogdensburgh, and at the battle of Crysler's farm.

Major Jackson is now about 35 years of age, having been born in 1828. He stands six feet and I inch in height, and has a decidedly good military appearance. In 1854 he received an Ensign's commission in the lat Leeds Militia. In 1855 he joined the Volunteer Rifle and Artillery Company of Brockville. In 1856 he was transferred from the 1st Leeds to the Brockville Battalion of Militia. Shortly after



BRIGADE MAJOR W. H. JACKSON, OF BROCKVILLE, C. W .- From a Photograph by Mr. A. C. McInter.

joining the Volunteers he was appointed Ser-jeant Major, and in 1858 he was Commissioned a Lieutenant of Artillery, that being the highest rank allowed in the gun detach. in connection with the Rifle Company. After Captain Smyth, (who commanded this corps,) lest with the 100th Regiment, Lt. Jackson became Drill .Instructor to the Rifle and Artillery Company to which he belonged, and exerted himself to maintain it in a state of efficiency. In 1860, His Excellency the Commanderin-Chief selected him with nine others to go through a course of Musketry ... Instruction with Her Majestys troops at Montreal uuder Captain Lacy, Inspector of Musketry for British North America. The instruction was gone through with in the City and at Logan's farm, the practice being concluded on St. Helens Island. At the close of the course he passed his examination at the head of the class, and was presented by Capt. Lacy with a first class certificate.

In 1861 all the Musketry Instructors that had been approved of as first and second class were employed for four months to instruct the Volunteers; but on account of business engagements Lt. Jackson was unable to devote that length of time to the task. Hehowever volunteered to instruct the forces at Prescottand Brockville respectively without pay. His Excontinued on page 92.

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Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1868.

H. GREGORY & Co.

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### THE CANADIAN

# Allustrated News.

HAMILTON, JANUARY 2, 1864.

H. Gregory & Co...... Proprietor.

#### THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Since we last addressed our readers the few days then remaining of the year have passed; and 1863 is now among the things that were. Some brief reflections upon the events of the last twelve months may be looked upon as by no means unfitting on the occasion of the close of the old year and the beginning of the new. Those events chiefly, we mean, which may be considered as having attached to them a national or world-wide importance. Let it be premised, however, that we are not to be at all understood as attempting a resume or recapitulation, even of the most incomplete or informal kind, of the actual history of the year. A glance backwards at some of its more remarkable developements, those particularly, which to human perception appear as if in an especial manner linked to and drawing after them great events yet to come, is all that we purpose at present.

The terrible and calamitous war which has now for more than two years and a half raged between the North and the South of our nearest neighbouring country may justly claim our first attention. The war rages still, with bitterness apparently unabated; and the most unyielding defiance and the most stubborn determination of continuance is yet heard from both sides. But it would be folly to argue, even in the hyperbolical sense in which alone the thing could be intended or understood, that the war is no nearer its end now than it was a twolvementh ago. Looking as well as we may at the war as a whole, (of which a part is yet unrevealed and to come,) the impression gains upon us that a very large segment of its whole circle has been swept over during the year just past. True, we cannot see all the way to the end; for to do this is not given to mortal man. But may it not be said that we are at length enabled to measure with some degree of accuracy the curve of the are upon which it visibly progresses; and to realize more or less clearly what must be its inevitable result. Nobody now pretends to believe that the South can conquer the North. Let it be recollected that there were in time past certain memorable occasions, on which that contingency seemed by no means unlikely After the first and never-to-be-forgotten battle of Bull's Run. in the summer of 1861; then again in about a year afterwards, in 1862, when McOlellan's army so narrowly escaped total destruction in the swamps of the Chickahominy; on both these occasions did it appear as if the triumphant entry of Jefferson Davis into Washington was a far more probable event than that of Abraham Lincoln into Richmond. And

even more recently, when Lee was on his march northward, for a brief period sweeping all before him, and when the news of the New York riots and of threatened resistance to the Government of the North by the people en masse was sounded abroad, did it seem as if the fate of both Washington and New York, and with them that of the whole country was trembling in the balance. Need we say how much the aspect of things has changed since even the last mentioned critical period of the war. As we have already remarked, not even the most enthusiastic of those who sympathize with the South pretend now to think that it can conquer the North. The most they venture upon is to express the hope, rather than the conviction, that the North will get tired of trying to conquer the South.But of this last there appears but little sign. Is it not glaringly visible to every eye that the people of the North are at the present moment far heartier and more determined for the prosecution of the war, and very much more confident in their auticipations of its results, than they were twelve or eighteen months ugo? He would be a bold man indeed, who would say the same thing of the people of the South. Without shutting our eyes to every sign which is before us, we cannot evade the conviction that exhaustion of men, of money, and of the materiel of war, is proceeding at an accelerating ratio in the Confederacy. There is exhaustion more or less felt at the North too, but make a comparison for but a moment, and then decide. On data supplied by the Southern press itself, and by the official communications of President Davis and the members of his Cabinet, we are abundantly entitled to pronounce the cause of the Confederacy to be utterly hopeless, and its speedy dissolution inevitable. This, then, the result of events during 1863 which render humanly certain the triumph of the North and the defeat of the South, is one remarkable developement in the history of the year.

Great as has been the change which, during 1863, has been witnessed in the course and prospects of the American war, the European history of the year appears as if it were but the introductory chapter to that of events no less momentous than any that have occurred on this side of the Atlantic. The breaking out of the Polish insurrection: the heroic struggles of the Poles, continued under circumstances which seemed to make resistance to the gigantic power of Russia nothing less than madness itself; and the progress and ultimate failure of diplomatic mediation, will be forever memorable on the historic page. It is no exaggeration to say that but few chapters of the world's history have anything so atrocious to shew as that which will record the savage cruelty of the Russian Government to the insurgent Poles. What gives an additional shade of villainous darkness to the conduct of Russia in the affair is the fact, now tolerably well authenticated, that the insurrection was designedly fomented and brought to a head by the Government of St. Petersburgh itself in the first place. The "Notes" of the Great Powers in 1863 on the Polish Question will be of marked and enduring interest in the annals of diplomacy. . As a present result, the leading diplomatist of Europe, Louis Mapoleon himself, spears as if foiled and beaten at his own game. We say designedly, "as a present result;" for we hold to the opinion that the failure of the negotiations on the subject of Poland, and the additional failure, so far as present appearances go, of the attempt to assemble a European Congress at Paris, were all along anticipated by the Autocra of the Tuilleries. If it cannot be said of the year just past, that it was great in European events, in any very extraordinary sense, it is most undoubtedly the case, that its developements are by common consent accepted as the prelude to events of a magnitude equal, perhaps, to anything yet recorded in the history of nations. We need scarcely fortify this statement by an appeal to those enthusiastic interpreters of our day, who tell us that the great buttle of Armageddon is at hand; or to their many followers, quite respectable both in numbers and in influence, we believe, who as Isaac Taylor has somewhere remarked, are in the habit of industriously collating together the prophecies of Scripture and the daily newspapers. We but give uttersince to a strong and widely diffused conviction, when we affirm that just now the civilized world stands hushed and breathless with the expectation of great events. As we ave already remarked, the great feature in the history of 1863, and the one of most surpassing interest as far as Europe is concerned, is the Polish insurrection, and the very complicated diplomatic situation now arising in great part therefrom.

But although the Polish question is, of all European ques

tions, that which has occupied by far the greater degree of public attention during the year, there are others as well, urgently demanding solution, and threatening the peace of the Continent. For all we at present know, war may have actually broken out between Germany and Denmark. And here let us remark, that the refusal of Great Britain to take part in the proposed European Congress, does not by any means imply that she definitely leaves the Continent to take care of itself, or that she renounces her rights as a leading Power, to a share in what we may call general European business. If England take at once a determined attitude with reference to this much talked of Schleswig-Holstein affair, the chances are, perhaps, that the danger of war from that source may pass away. Then there is the "Roman Question," and the "Venetian Question," day by day becoming more intolerant of delay, and more and more embarrassing to those who are interested in perpetuating the present position. On the whole, the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-three closes with great and deeply-felt perturbation among the nations; some hoping and some fearing, and all more or less looking upon the events of the past year, as but the forerunners of others more important yet to come to pass. A feeling somewhat vague and undefined, but, at the same time, springing from no vain or shadowy causes, but having its source in influences of real and actual potency in the world's affairs, appears to be spreading in the public mind. We know-we feel almost, that something is coming, and that, too, of no ordinary character. We can but await with reverence, not altogether unmingled with fear of calamity and of judgment to be executed among the nations of the earth, the dispositions as yet unrevealed, of Him who is the Supreme Ruler and Judge of all.

#### GIBRALTAR.

Russia declines taking a hand in the proposed Congress, because she fears she will be asked to give up Poland; and Austria, because she fears for Venetia. It is just now reiterated and dinned into our ears that Great Britain wants no Continental or even, fresh Colonial acquisitions, that she is at the same time in no danger of being called upon to give up anything she at present possesses; and that therefore she declines the Congress merely because its supposed objects, having regard to other States mainly, ane not practicable. Now in this assumption it so happens that there is, either from thoughtlessness or design, something very important left out of the calculation. That very significant word, "Gibraltar," appears to have been forgotten. We have little loubt but that a European Congress, such as Napoleon proposes, would demand the giving up of the great fortress to Spain, if it really demanded any new thing at all. And the probability is that this consideration had much to do with the determination of the course of the Queen's Government in the matter. Without detracting from the cogency of the public reasons adduced by Earl Russell in his dispatch to the Emperor on the subject; the sufficiency of which reasons is admitted by both parties in England, it may be conjectured that the apprehension of having Gibraltar added to the list which now includes Poland, Rome, and Venetia, was not without its influence on the minds of the "old salts" who now steer the British ship of State. To give up Gibraltar would be justly considered as a very decided step in the direction of making the Mediterranean into a French lake; a contingency the occurrence of which British statesmen are bound to prevent if possible. But no reflecting man can have thought much upon the "Latin race" idea of Napoleon, and his recent earnest cultivation of Spanish friendship, without having the suspicion awakened that he designs making Spain a tool, for objects of his own which are not difficult to divine.

### LABOR.

The more we accomplish, the more we have to accomplish. All things are full of labor, and therefore the more we acquire the more we care and the more we toll to secure our acquisitions. Good men can never retire from their work of benevolence. Their fortune is never made. I never heard of an apostle, prophet or public benefactor, retiring from their respective fields of labor. Moses and Paul and Peter, died with their harness on. So did Luther and Calvin and Wesley, and a thousand others as deserving though not so well known to fame. We are unused to labor. It was first a duty; it is now a pleasure. Still there is such a thing as overworking man and beast, mind and body. The mainspring of a watch needs repose, and is the better for it. The muscles of an elephant and the wings of aswift bird are at length fatigued. Heaven gives not to the earth because it needs it; and winter is more pregnant with blessings to the soil than summer with its flowers and fruit. —Chambers' Journal.

### Original Loctry.

EIGHT BELLS, OR THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

BY CHARLOTTE S. GREEN.

O'er a vessel's side I leant and wept, As I watch'd her course through the trencherous 'T was leaving the land where a child I'd played, And my fancy now through its dear haunts stray'd.
"I was the "midnight watch;" the moon on high
Moved through her court in the cloudless sky,
As the stars gave forth their pale soft light,
Like fairy lamps, this calm still night. As the stars gave forth their pale soft light, Like fairy lamps, this calm still night. All looked servor—not a soand was there Save the sails' heavy stap in the fresh night-air, With the rough honest tones of the sailors' voice, As they "spun their yarns" and soom'd to rejoice O'er the sweet memory of childhood's tales, The land of their birth: and its slowery dales, Where in days long sted they sported free, Ere their young hearts sigh'd for the swelling sea, I started round—for at my side
A young sailor stood in manhood's pride; I tried to sty, but a mystic spell
Ind bound me there where the moenbeam fell—The body charm that stay'd my slight
Was the voice that fell on the breath of night,
With woman's fault, which bid no stay:
I crept in the shade, as I heard him say,
"Oh why! oh why did I ever roam
From the dear ones I've loft in my western home;
Shall I never more, but in faney's dreams,
Behold again those blissful scenes?
Ah! loved ones far off, how my heart seems to bound
O'er the broad ocean's surface to list to the sound
O'er the broad ocean's surface to list to the sound
O'er the truant's return to the vacant chair."
He bow'd his head, oh! who could tell
Where his thoughts took slight when those sad tears fo O'er the broad ocean's surface to list to the sound Of your dear voices breathing a fervent prayor For the trunnt's return to the vacant chair."
He bow'd his head, oh! who could tell Where his thoughts took flight when those sad toars fell? Footings of awe round my soul seem'd to croop; "I was the first time I saw strong manhood weep. An hour after, the ocean lash'd Like a monster maddened by the lightning's flush Huming the heavens in a cluret dye, While the thunder sprang in the blazing sky. Oh! who could've thought so peaceful a night, In an hour would change to this soul-touching sight? "I was up from the east that dark cloud came, Engulphing the ship in wind and rain— A half hour more this ship was gone. The wind swept it away like a dismal song; It done its work will a levelling hand, Yet morning smiled bright o'er sea and land. Now where was I when the hurricane's breath Lent all its power to this seeme of death? I was borno away to a distant shore, To the land of Greece, the pride of yore; And o'er me leant and quell'd my fears The same dour form I'd seen in tears. But oh! what a sweetchange bound me now—"I was a long lost brother that bathed my brow. As we spoke again of our parents lone, Invoking the blassing of Him above To guard them still by his mighty arm And keep them safe from life's dark storm. We thought of the souls of those that sleep, Who had sunk that night in the pritiess deep, And pray'd that with him they migt ever dwell "Who knoweth and doth all things well." Let time had sped, a year was gone—Through classic isles we wandered on, Yes! round the spot where Didd wept O'er Carthage's fall our vigils kept. But oh! for all home hold my heart; For all the joys of mighty Rome, I would not give the ties of home.

O'er Carthage's fall our vigils kept. But oh! for all home hold my heart; For all the joys of mighty Rome, I would not give the ties of home.

O'er Carthage's fall our vigils kept. But only for all the search's done of the sphere of hope. of ponce, and love, Alas! I woke, 'twas all a

Weather Prophecies for Next Year. Mr. Plant, the well known English meteorologist, writes :—' Severe winters invariably follow the class of weather which has characterized the present autumn. High winds have prevailed with excess of rain, and the temperature is above the average Parallel seasons to the present occurred in 1857-8, 1844-5, 1854-5, and 1860-1.' He proceeds to show that the winters he names were remarkably severe, more especially those of 1838 and 1855, when the Thames and Severn were partially frozen over. He continues:—' The prevailing weather throughout the autumn periods of the above years partook of similar description to the present autumn—warm, rainy, and boisterous. I am of opinion, therefore, that we shall have a winter of most intense frost. Whether its advent will be in December or deferred till after Christmas cannot now be stated, but the longer the inclement season which I anticipate is delayed the greater will be, I apprehend, its anremitting severity.

Passion is a fever, that leaves us weaker than it finds us.

### Selected Loctry.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LOST.

ON THE FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN PLAYING OF THE P. C. O. RIFLE BRIGADE

Gather around our comrade, Gather around our conrade,
Brother officers all,
The head of a gallant Company
Slumbers under the pall;
First of our fearless band
Hore summoned away,
Comrades in arms! a brother
Gooth home to-day.
Lift our brother, our brother,
Solomnly take him
Where none other, none other,
Passing, shall wake him!

Not in the blood-stained combat, The shock of the battle, Fell ho, 'mid sabre stroke, Fell ho, 'mid sabrestroke,
Artillory's rattle.

Ind Russin—India—no graves
In their bosoms deep,
That Canada opens her arms
To "rock him to sleep?"
Lift our brother, our brother,
Mournfully take him
Where none other, none other,
Passing, shall wake him!

When from the shores of England, Over the occan wild,
The mether in serrow asks,
"How buried they my child?"
We will send an answer back,
That her son was led,
As the warriors of Britain go, To the quiet dead. Lift our brother, our brother, Lovingly take him Where none other, none other, Passing, shall wake him!

A soldier—the heavy tramp A soldier—the heavy tramp
Of armed men that come,
The thrill of the requien march,
The horn, the mufiled drum,
And the sword that bore no mark Of dishonor's stains-Lies still o'er the fearless heart And the bloodless voins-Lift our brother, our brother, Martially take him Where none other, none other, Passing, shall wake him !

A Briton-though far from ho Abrion—Gouga har from non
The rush of Severn's tide
Laves not the foreign shore
Where our loved hath died:
The flag of his country droops
As our soldier's pall—
Of the good, the beautiful, on the good, the beautiful,

Oh say, is this all?

Lift our brother, our brother,

Loyally take him

Where none other, none other,

Passing, shall wake him!

A Christian—the words of faith
Have over him been said;
The hopes of a joyful morn
Gleams round our dead;
A light that no darkness dims,
'Mid the sad gloom shines;
A branch of the Tree of Life
With the cypress twines.
Lift our brother, our brother,
Flopefully take him
Where the voice of his Saviour,
Passing, shall wake him !

Dec. 23, 1863.

HARRIET ANNIE.

The above lines, (which appeared first in the Spectator of December 25th,) are from the pen of the well known poetess, Harriet Annie. Captain Playne leaves behind him a widow and one child. He was married in September 1862 to the eldest daughter of W. P. Maclaren, Esq., of this city He died on Friday the 18th of December, and was buried on Tuesday the 22nd.

The following paragraph, from the sermon preached by the Chaplain of Hamilton on the occasion of the funeral gives a few facts in connection with the gallant officer's brief, yet highly honourable career:-

brief, yet highly honourable career:—

"Devoted to his profession, of which, no doubt, he would have been an ornament had it been the will of God to spare him, our deceased brother, though young in years (for his age was only 26) had done good service to his Queen and country in "war's hoarse rage." Entering the Rifle Brigade in 1855, Captain Playne served at the siege of Sebastopol and was wounded at the attack on the Redan on the 8th of September of that year, and for these valuable and distinguished services, he was decorated with a medal and clasp, and he also had a Turkish medal. Proceeding with the Battalion to which he belonged to India, on the outbreak of the Sepoy mutiny there, he served throughout all that trying campaign, including the actions of Cawnpore, the capture of Lucknow, and in numerous minor affairs, for which good the gallant deeds he received another medal and clasp. Returning to the United Kingdom from India, he exchanged into the 1st Battalion just previous to its embarkation for Canada, and he accompanied it to Hamilton where, during the Autumn of 1862, he was married to a lady of this city, when he new leaves a widow with a young daughter to moun his early death. Yet God's dealing with him was benign and nursed by the wife of his youth, blessed with every

comfort, and attended by the Regimental and other eminent physicians, but whose skill was, alas! exerted in vain to arrest the rapid progress of the disease, for death was not on this occasion to be balked of his prey, our departed friend fell asleep in Jesus, and his soul returned to God who gave it."

Captain Playne was buried according to the rites of the Established Church of England and Ireland, and, we need scarcely add, with full military honours. The funeral was certainly one of the most imposing spectacles ever seen in this city; and appeared to have a very impressive effect indeed upon all who witnessed it.

Economy is as much a fift of birth as the poetic gift, or any other element of genius. Some men are naturally menagers. It is scarcely a matter of thought, but rather of instanct. From their childhood we see traces of the disposition with many happy persons. It only takes larger field of action as they grow up. But the quality itself begins with their life and ends only with their death. Where one is blessed with good sense and fair opportunities, the spirit of economy is one of the most beneficial of all secular gifts, and takes high rank among the minor virtues. It is by this mysterious by that the load is multiplied, that using does not waste, that little becomes much, that scattered fragments grow to unity, and that out of nothing, comes the miracle of something.

Economy is not merely saving, still less, parsimony. It is insight, and combination. It is a subtle philosophy of things by which new uses, new compositions are discovered it causes inert things to labor, useless things to serve necessities, perishing things to renew their vigor, and all things to exert themselves for human comfort. Economy is generalship in little things.

Here is my worthy friend Plutus, who has amassed much money, who lives in no inconsiderable state, is estentatious in his furnishings, hospitable as good-natured vanity prompts, and profuse upon eccasion. And yet, no man enters his dwelling without a sense of furnituro-suffocation. There is everywhere an impression of superfluity. The whole opperance of his house is not of that of affluence but of needlessness and wastefulness. His table is overloaded. One feels in his dining-room as if in a parlor-market, and in his saloons as if in a muscum.

Close by him lives a neighbour, who rents his house, the whole of which might be swallowed up in one story of this ambitious one alluded to, who is not-rich, but lives upon a moderate salary. But all the wealth in the city would not furnish his house so admirably as he did by one single active where his propers of the swallow of the sala

n let no man despise economy.

Then let no man despise economy.

The best Paymaster.—An eminent minister in Wales hearing of a neighbor who followed his calling on the Lord's day, went and asked him why he broke the Sabbath. The man replied that he was driven to it, by finding it hard work to maintain his family. 'Will you attend public worship,' said the minister,' if I pay you a week-day's wages?'—'Yes, most gladly,' replied the poor man. He attended constantly, and received his pay. After some time, the minister forgot to send the money and recollecting it, called upon the man and said, 'I am in your debt.'—'No, sir,' he replied, 'you are not.'—'How so?' asked the minister;'t have not paid you of late.'—'True,' said the man; 'but I can now trust God, for I have found that he can bless the work of six days for the support of my family just the same as seven.' Ever afterward he kept the Sabbath, and found that in doing so, there was not only no loss, but great reward.

Fatality of Pipperson.

#### THE POLES IN AMERICA.

From the Scottish American Journal.

The poor Polish people are not only a great trouble to the Czar—a great trouble to Europe—but, at this moment of time, they are bringing political disquietude into the breasts of Mr. Seward and a great many other amiable politicians on this side of the Atlautic. Here is one of the latest instances. The anniversary of Polish Independence was celebrated at Cooper Institute on Monday appropriate and not only was the greating crowded in day evening; and not only was the meeting crowded in every part with Americans, Irishmen, Poles, and Germans all eager to join in a denunciation of the barbarities of Russia, but leading representative men occupied the platand others sent apologies for their absenceand all not only giving general expression to their sympathy with the 'Russo-American Alliance' in the roundest terms, and the least tender form of diatribe. The chair was occupied by Judge Edmunds, and among the prominent speakers and public men present were Richard O'Gorman, John O'Mahony, Captain Lyons, besides the Presidents of different Irish Societies, and their most influential members. Two of the distinguished absentees sent their co-operative feeling in no measureb words. Thus, says General Sigel, writing to the President of the Polish organization, 'During the last political campaign in Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, I took opportunity and did my best to defend the cause of Poland against Russian perfidy and tyranny, and to show the great disadvantages of a Russo-American Alliance. The extravagant and exorbitant courtesies lately bestowed upon simple yisitors from a despotic and half barbarous Power, by men who call themselves Republicans, are sickening to my heart, and make me almost despair of the common-sense of the American people.' Gerrit Smith writes less bitterly, but he speaks of Russia as 'a pirate.' Richard O'Gorman says Russia is an 'Oriental despotism,' having no affinity with Europe, that she ought to turn her steps towards Asia, where she would find peoples to conquer, even more basharous than herself. Mr. J. M. Harrington, who followed Mr. O'Gorman, said: 'When I saw the people of New York uniting in receiving the representatives of Russia, I thought of the cenotaph erected by the crivalric students of West Point to the memory of Poland's great American soldier, and which now looks down upon our noble Hudson in its quiet grandeur, reflecting credit on American gratitude, not like the illegitimate children of today.

We have not space to follow the other speakers, who all gave utterance to similar language, in terms more or less indignant. But we have quoted enough to show the tone and temper of the meeting. Well might the different speakers put Kosciusko and his services in former revolutionary times in contrast with those of Alexander of Russia in these latter days. Bitter was the irony of Mr. O'Gorma, when he said that the Russians were not fit to associate with Europe, but should find their companions on the steppes of Asia. Unfit to associate with Europe! And yet even second-hand representatives of these semibatharians are thought fit not only to associate with American freemen, but they become the heroes of the time in the most fashionable circles of the great American capital. Poets celebrate them in song; statesmen offer tribute to the enlightened character of their Government; and fair women and grave men shower on them the richest favors of select society. All for what? Because to the Russians it is glory to see English commerce and French manufactures crippled, if it is only for a year, and because thus hating her great rivals, Russia condescends to flatter for the hour the prevailing passion throughout the country.

### MR. W. THACKERAY ON MR. MACAULAY.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honor. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears, among boys, among college students, among men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him; as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the Senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly-remuncrative post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common-room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outery raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it? I dare say, after Austerlitz, the old K. K. court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schoenbrunn. But that miserable Windsor Castle? outery is an echo out of fast-retreating Old-World remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was among the first in the land; and that country is best, according to our British notion, at least, where the man of eminence has the bast change of invertible his grains and invalidation. investing his genius and intellect.

A Scotchman has invented a way to make carpets of cork.

A Frenchman proposes to light Paris with electric lights hung from stationary balloons.

What the better is the house for the sluggard rising

#### THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

without thee, what Needed for a world of innocencewould be a world of sin? There would be no pause for consideration, no check to passion, no remission of toil, no balm of cure. He who had withheld thee, would have for-saken the earth. Without thee he had never given to us the Bible, the Gospel, the Spirit. We salute thee as thou comest to us in the name of the Lord—radiant in the sun shine of that dawn which broke over nature's achieved work—marching downward in the track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and guiding flame, interweaving with all thy light, new beams of discovery and promise, until thou standest forth more than when reflected in the dews thou standest forth more than when reflected in the dews and imbibed by the flowers of Eden—more awful than when the trumpet rung in Sinai. The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it but rises in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day. And never, since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by him who revived and rose, has this day awakened but as the light of seven days, and with healing in its wings. Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation. It has been the corrogation day of markers the feast day of saints. It has coronation day of martyrs, the feast day of saints. It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the Church of God. Still the outgoings of its morning and evening rejoice. It is the day of heaven upon jearth. Lite's sweetest calm, poverty, s birthright, labour's only rest. The ludder set upon the earth, and the top of it reacheth to heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending upon it.-

AUTHORIZED COMMENTARY ON THE BIBLE,-We are happy to AUTHORIZED COMMENTARY ON THE BIBLE,—We are happy to see that the objections brought against certain portions of the Bible are about to be met by leading theologians of the Church of England, in a very practical way. If a false and unfair system of interpretation has been applied to the text of Scripture, the best way of confuting it is to apply a true and legitimate one. The honor of originating the plan is due to the Speaker of the House of Commons, who consulted several of the bishops on the subject, and the Archbishop of York, at his instance, undertook to organize a plan for pro-York, at his instance, undertook to organize a plan for pro-ducing a commentary which should 'put the reader in full possession of whatever information may be requisite to enable him to understand the Word of God, and supply him with satisfactory answers to objections resting on misrepresent-ation of its contents. The plan has received the sanction ation of its contents. The plan has received the sanction of the primate. A committee, consisting of the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of London, Litchfield, Llandaff, Gloucester and Bristol, Lord Lyttleton the Speaker, Mr Walpole, Drs. Jacobson and Jeremie, take the general supervision of the work. The Rev. F. C. Cook, preacher at Lincolon's-Inn, will be the general editor, and will advise with the Archbishop of York and the Regius Professors of Divinity at Oxford and Cambridge upon any questions which may arise. The work will be divided into eight sections, the first of which will consist of the Pentateuch, a difficult subject, and will be edited by Prof. Harold Brown; the Revs. R. C. Pascoe, T. F. Thrupp, T. E. Espin, and W. Dewhurst contributing. The historical books will be consigned to the Rev. G. Rawlinson, editor, and the Rev. T. E. Espin and Lord Arthur Hervey, contributors. The Rev. F. C. Cook will edit, and the Revs. E. H. Plumptre, W. T. Bullock and T. Kingsbury will annotate the poetical books. The four great Prophets will be undertaken by Dr. McCaul, as editor, great Prophets will be undertaken by Dr. McCaul, as editor, and by the Revs. R. Payne Smith and H. Rose, as contributors.

The Bishop of St. David's and the Rev. R. Gandell will edit the twelve minor Prophets, and the Revs. E. Hux-table, W. Drake, and F. Meyrick will contribute. The Gospols and Acts will form the sixth section; the first Gospols and Acts will form the sixth section; the first three Gospols will be edited by Professor Mansel, the Gospol of St. John by the Dean of Canterbury, and the Acts by Dr. Jacobson. The editorship of St. Paul's Epistles is appropriately assigned to Bishop Ellicott and Dr. Jeremie, with Dr. Gifford, Professor T. Evans, the Rev. J Wait, and Professor J. Lightfoot as contributors. To the Archbishop received as the XXX. The names of the citors and con-tributors, while they insure orthodors while they in the contributors. tributors, while they insure orthodoxy, give promise that the comment thus put forth, almost with the sunction of the Church of England as a body, will not be the utterance of any narrow school or section of it.—Guardian.

of any narrow school or section of it.—Guardian.

[We announce with regret the death of the Rev. Alexander McCaul, D. D., rector. of St. Magnus the Martyr, which took place on Friday, Nov. 20, at half-past 12 o'clock. Dr. McCaul was an eminent Hobrew scholar, Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, and author of numerous theological publications directed especially against recent forms of doubt. It will be seen from the above paragraph that the duties of editor of the four great Prophets were to be undertaken by Dr. McCaul, but exclusive Prophets were to be undertaken by Dr. McCaul; but, owing to his removal, the projectors of this enterprise have lost the valuable services of one who would have brought a clear head and large experience to bear upon his task.]

'Historicus,' of the London Times, who has made his appearance as counsel in the Crawley court martial, in thus spoken of in the London Star:—

'Mr. William Vernon Harcourt has a good legal face with a keen eye and lipless mouth, expressive of no mean determination if he should ever require to exercise it. Apparently, as if to balance this expression, he parts his hair somewhat effeminately in the middle. Some eight years ago he made a vigorous attempt to get into Parliament for the Kirkealdy burghs in oposition to Colonel Fergusson and he so won the hearts of the electors who supported him, although he failed to succeed, that they presented him with a handsome testimonial. He was again invited to stand at the late vacancy for those burghs on the re-Colonel Fergusson, but his reply was that he

thement of Coloner Fergusson, but his reply was that he had married a wife and he could not come.'

Mr Harcourt is connected by marriage with the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the Secretary of War, having married a daughter of his wife, Lady Teresa Lister, a celebrated wit and blue stocking, by a former husband. The resemblance between his writings and Cornewall Lewis' style of thinking and appropriate the great that a public control of the control of thinking and expression was so great that a public con-tradiction had to be given to the report that the letters of Historicus, when they first began to appear, were Lewis's

### Agricultural.

The following paragraph, which we clip from the Martham Economist, is well worthy the serious consideration of our farmers in 'this Canada':

our farmers in 'this Canada':

Our advice to farmers is, sow as much barley as you have properly prepared ground for that grain. Every intelligent farmer within twenty miles of Lake Ontario, from Kingston to Hamilton, can testify that the average yield of wheat during the past season, throughout this whole stretch of country, will not yield ten bushels per acre, and we all know that the price of barley per bushel has quite equalled wheat while the yield has averaged twenty bushels per acre. And the average result during the past four years has been about the same.—The demand is not, therefore, contingent on the continuance of the war. In the Western Smtes, this year the corn has been more than half destroyed by the frost. The official estimation of the corn crop is reported at Washington to be two hundred million of bushels by the frost. The obtained to be two hundred million of bushels below the average, and Congress has been called upon to consider the question of ordering the closing of the immense distilleries in Ohio, where a large portion of that produce has been heretofore annually converted into whiskey. Now it is pretty clear that whether the corn distilleris are closed or not the price of corn will be raised, on account of the light crop, a circumstance that will increase the demandifor malt whiskey and beer, and which in its turn will raise the price of our barley. We say, then, let every farmer whose land is suitable for it, sow all the barley he can next spring.' orted at Washington to be two hundred million of bushels

#### RAW HIDES.

How few persons know the value of raw hides! It seems almost strange to see them sell all their 'deacon' skins for the small sum of thirty or forty cents. 'Take a strip of the small sum of thirty or forty cents. Take a strip of well tanned raw hide an inch wide, and a horse can hardly break, it by pulling hack—two of them he cannot break any way. Cut into narrow strips, and shave the hair off with a sharpe knife, to use for bag strings, the strings will outlast two sets of bags. Farmers know how perplexing it is to lend bags and have them. returned minus strings. It will outlast hoop iron (common) in any shape, and is stronger. It is good to wrap arounp a broken thill—better them. Two sets of raw hide halters will lust a man's than ron. Two sets of raw hide halters will last a man's lifetime—it he dont live to long. In some places the Spaniards use raw hide log chains to work their cattle with, cut in narrow strips and twisted together, howser fashion. It can be tanned so that it will be soft and pliable like harness leather-

SHELTER FOR SHEEF.—We have heard farmers contend, says the Wisconsin Farmer, that the only shelter needed by sheep, was a stone fence, a hill, or piece of woods, to keep the winds off; and one of this class (we take it) learned better from the following incident, which he relates in Field Notes:

Last winter I fed about eighty ewes in my meadow; as above stated. [Helping themselves to hay from stacks, or to old fog on the meadow, with a little grain daily] I had in an adjoining field an old house. I made the way open to the meadow. I did not force the sheep into the open to the meanow. I that not love the shout going in the would have done you good to see them marching out in the morning to their feed, in single file, and back in the evening to shelter from the chilling blasts of a cold winter night; and if the day was extremely cold, they took up their line of march twice a day back and forth I think they did line of march twice a day back and forth I think they did not lay out in the open air to exceed half a dozen nights during the whole winter, and those nights were moderately warm. I was so well pleased with this arrangement in the spring, that I immediately put two shelters out in the meadow—frame thirty-two feet by fourteen; posts four feet high, weather boarded and roofed—to be used at pleasure by the sheep. The other I built in one corner of a field, by cotting a three corner of posts in the ground the highest in setting up three rows of posts in the ground, the highest in the middle, and roofed both ways, and open on the east side, to be used by my ewes and young lambs of nights and stormy days.

THE DIVORCE COURT.—During the progressof a recent case, Sir J. Wilde, in addressing the petitioner, said that the hus-band might be a coarse rough man, and given to sudden outbursts of passion, but he was neither implacable nor vindic-tive; neither had he shown any deficiency in that manly feeling which was the best safety of the sex. No doubt he had east ridiculous accusations upon his wife, but for these she had partly to thank herself, for she knew his feelings; and with regard to the quarrel with Mr Underhill, which was the most serious of them all, her husband had forbidden him the house. The court could not offer the petitioner any relief from the duties of her married life. The law was not in any way responsible for her choice; and it could not be too widely known that the court had neither power nor inclination to deal with mere unhappiness arising from illassorted marriages, or with the destruction of the happiness of conjugal life which might arise from that most detestable vice—drunkenness. The petitioner must return to her duties as a wife, and seek to remedy by the influence of natural affection the grievances she now complained of.—Petition dismissed.

The Frances of Fiction.—In the sensation novels the women, as is to be expected, are no more like reality than the columbine ina pantomime is like the staid person who makes your ten and mends your children's things. Armed in scales all over, they have not even the mermaid's soft white bosom and fair dishevelled hair. In each of them is wanting one essential characteristic of woman more than any other distinguishing her moral force from more than any other distinguishing her moral force from that of man, viz: the sudden and complete break down with which every protracted effort of her energies and long continued tension of her nerves invariably concludes. For days and weeks she is capable of the severest exertion both of body and mind; for months and years, no. can only strive for an allotted period, which may almost be calculated by hours. Her delicate organization fails under a steady, unvarying pressure; though the will may be as presistent as ever, the resisting power gives way, and an unconditional surrender is the result.



MESSRS. KIRK AND CLARK'S STORE, ELORA, C. W Above we give the view of Messrs. Kirk & Clark's Store, Elora, C. W.—which was mentioned as having been by an accident delayed in its appearance a week or two back.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES AND ITEMS.

A recent telegram says that "there are rumours of a probable material reduction in the British naval estimates." Rumours .there may be, but not very reliable, we should judge, if that be their purport. An increase in the British naval estimates is, in the present juncture of affairs, rather more likely than a reduction. That considerable saving in the several branches of naval expenditure, (without any diminution of efficicney,) both may and will be effected, is very probable indeed. But taking the estimates as a whole, the chances are in favour of an increase rather than of a reduction.

What are called "Polish boots" are now the fashion among the ladies both of London and Paris. This circumstance, however trifling it may appear to some, is not without considerable significance.

The rumour of the hour, to the effect that the Archduke Maximilian had intimated that his recognition as Emperor of Mexico by the government of the United States was indispensable to his acceptance of the position, will open the eyes of those who have for some time regarded the French conquest of Mexico as a finished work,-un fait accompli, as the French t leinselves call it.

We took occasion to remark, some weeks ago, that it was nothing less than highly improbable that the Americans, the former conquerors of Texas and California, would quietly accept the conquest of Mexico by the French, and the establishment there of a European Emperor and an Emperor's court, as things destined to be and to continue. It is well known that Juarez has had for some time a representative at Washington, and that his reception there amounted at a home fide official recognition. The Juarez question, as we may call it, has of course been studiously kept in the back ground by that prince among shufflers, Mr. Secretary Seward, who is mainly responsible for the foreign policy of the Government. But when the question comes up in a direct way, so that it must be question comes up in a direct way, so that it must be met and answered with a Yes or No, it will most certainly be found that no President or Minister of State in Washington dare invite a diplomatic representative of the Mexican Empire to come, and at the same time, toll him who represents the Mexican Republic to go. Telegraphic reports are, of course, not always to be depended upon; but the report to which we refer has such a large basis of corroborative and well-known fact to rest upon, that but little doubt need be entertained of its substantial truth.

AN APOLOGY.-In our last number we spoke of Mr. Anglim of Guelph, as having acted the part of an bstructionist between ourselves and our readers in Since then we have had it brought to our that town. knowledge that we were entirely mistaken as to the facts of the case. We regret very much having spoken facts of the case. upon erroneous information, and having been, as we must now admit, a little too quick about it. For any annoyance that what we said may have caused Mr. Anglim or his friends we are sincerely sorry; and trust that this apology will be deemed sufficient. We have but to add that we purpose very decidedly to take better care next time. The News will be found on Mr. Anglims counter regularly as heretofore.

#### CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES IN ENGLAND.

#### [From the London Quarterly Review.]

Many of our readers will, we doubt not, peruse with interest the following extract, which is the concluding portion of the article in the "London Quarterly" quoted from and referred to in our last number:-

About the year 1850 endeavors were made in London to establish a workmen's association in imitation of those of France. The movement was taken up by a body of philanthropists known as the 'Christian Socialists,' and several anthropists known as the 'Christian Socialists,' and several large societies of tailors, shoemakers, and other workmen were set on foot. The enterprise, however, was not successful, the associations having mostly disappeared or become more private undertakings; and we fear that some of the annable gentlemen who supplied the funds have sustained severe losses. One of these concerns—that of the Associated Shoemakers, in Tottenham Court Ro.-d—has for some years been going on well, the gentlemen who advanced the capital having received fair interest, while the profits have been divided among the workmen rateably in proportion to the wages earned by each. Such an undertaking may benefit the individuals employed, but it is not likely to be imitated, as persons of means will not invest where they have the risk of loss, and no hope of any return beyond the ordinary interest of money.

The Christian Socialist movement has, however, pro duced the negative good of showing certain proposed schemes for helping the poor to be impracticable, and in their working useful experience has been acquired.

The chief mistakes made in 1850 were those which have

The chief mistakes made in 1850 were those which have ted to the ruin of many associations in France, viz., beginning with large numbers of members and starting with borrowed capital. No society of workmen can succeed without great determination, perseverance, frugality, and mutual confidence. Now these qualifications are never met with among a large body of men brought together by a vague expectation of bettering their condition. The only mode of founding a healthy association is for a few carnest men who thoroughly trust in each other to combine their small means and begin on a commensurate scale, from time vague expectation of bettering their condition. The only mode of founding a healthy association is for a few earnest men who thoroughly trust in each other to combine their small means and begin on a commensorate scale, from time to time increasing their numbers and their business as opportunity offers; following, indeed, the example of the Rochdate flannel weavers, and the founders of the now flourishing Parisian associations. A little society in Lendon—the Gilders' Association of Red-Lion Square—adopted this excellent plan. The idea originated with the member to whom the management is now entrusted; he selected four associates—journeymen gilders like himself. Each contributed 2s. per week, until a capital of £8 was realized, when a workshop was taken; after providing this with the requisite benches and fittings, the magnificent sum of 4s. 6d. remained as floating capital. Work being obtained from uph disterers and frame-makers, operations began. The members received wages at the usual rates, and the profits were left to increase the capital. Although they took no credit, the society could not avoid sometimes giving it; and they sustained some losses, and at one time wore a little in debt. This, however, has been long paid off, and they have now accumulated a surplus capital of about £200. They have always managed to keep in steady work, which is not usual among gilders, and have, consequently, on the whole, received more in the sha e of wages than they would have done as ordinary journing the network shop is roomy and commodious, and the men have a pleasant, tespectable aspect. As—Londoner-like—they live at considerable distances from their work, they mess together in the workshop, one of the body officiating as cook. A friendly spirit prevails among them, and quarrels are unknown. There is no economical reason why societies like this should not be multiplied to any extent.

There are several working associations in the metropolis, but as they are registered (if at all) as joint stock computing the metable to

There are several working associations in the metropolis, but as they are registered (if at all) as joint stock compunies, it would be difficult or impossible to obtain satisfactors attained.

The same remark applies to the co-operative manufacturing concerns, into which channel the workmen's association movement in England has chiefly flowed. Their number, however, is very considerable. In Bury alone, three years rgo, it was believed that as much as £600,000 had been invested in this manner. The Inspectors of Factories at that time mention the numerous mills building and built by societies of working men, speaking highly of their management and obedience to the factory laws. In some of these establishments shopping, provided with machinery driven by the steam engine, is let to individuals, who work there with their families, thus reproducing the old system of domestic manufactures, but combining with it all the advantages of the most improved fittings and commodious work-rooms. All more or less resemble the manufacturing association of Rochdale; some give the workmen, as such, a share in the profits, but many appropriate the whole to the capital.

printe the whole to the capital.

The cotton famine has subjected the soundness of these enterprizes to a severe test, but they have generally stood it well. Few, we believe, have succentred, while many have been able to continue working the most othe mills had stopped; and the members are wise enough to eachew speculation, and conduct their affairs as nearly as may be on ready-money principles, there is every reason to expect that they will be permanently successful. Thus a class comes into being who, while remaining workpeople, must necessarily acquire much of the spirit and feelings of employers—and will consequently fill up the great gap between the two bodies.

The movement is eminently conservative in its ten-

The movement is eminently conservative in its ten-

dency. Henri Quatre wished that every peasant in France could have a fowl in his pot. If every working man in England had a little property, a provision against misfortune and old age, a something to leave to his children, a stake in the country, in fact, becoming thus necessarily a supporter of order,—our institutions would be placed on so sound a basis that, humanly speaking, nothing could shake them.

### THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

The Right Hon. Sir John Laird Mair Lawrence, Bart, K. S. I., G. C. B., who has been appointed Governor-General of India, was born in India in 1811, so that he is of marly the same age as his distinguished predecessor. He is a younger son of the late Colonel A. W. Lawrence, by Letitia Catharine, daughter of the Rev. George Knox of Liflord, in Ireland. He was educated at Londonderry school, and afterwards entered Haileybury. In 1829 he became assistant to the chief commissioner and resident of Delhi. Towards the close of 1833 he was appointed officiating magistrate and collector of Delhi. He held the same office at Paniput. In July, 1836, he received the office of joint magistrate and deputy collector of Goorgaon and Southern Delhi; and the following November the office of officiating magistrate of the southern division only. In 1838 he was in the sole charge of the Goorgaon district, and conducted the settlement of the duties at Zellah Etewah. From February, 1840, till December, 1842, he took a well-carned leave of absence, and came to England:

Hitherto Mr. Lawrence was chiefly known as an administrator of customs. In 1836 he obtainhd his first appointment of a high class as a judge, magistrate, and collector, over an important district of Southern Bengal. Sir Henry Hardinge heard of him, and took a fancy to him, and henceforth his career was a grand success. In 1847 he was appointed commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej provinces, which hade been recently added to our Indian Empire after the Sikh campaign. He recuperated the political, agricultural, and fiscal systems of these The Right Hon. Sir John Laird Mair Lawrence, Bart, K.

ne was apported commissioner of the Irans-Sutley provinces, which hade been recently added to our Indian Empire after the Sikh campaign. He recuperated the political, agricultural, and fiscal systems of these provinces with such masterly power as at ouce to stamp him as a man of mark for administrative ability.

After the assassination of the British envoy at Mooltan, and the subsequent hostilities which eventuated in the capture of Mooltan, the union of Shere-Singh by Lord Gough at Ferozepore and Goojerat and annexation of the Punjaub to the Indian Empire of Great Britain by Lord Dalhousie. Mr Lawrence was chosen in company with his distinguished brother, Colonel Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, the resident at Lahore, and Mr. Marsh, to form the board for administering the affairs of the Punjaub—a territory of no less than 344 miles in length and 293 in breadth. How Mr. Lawrence, by his wise rule, by his justice, by his mercy, introduced an admirable system of Government into the Punjaub—how he disbanded the Sikhs, and persuaded many of them to enlist in the British service—how he raised an irregular force of ten regiments for the protection of the western frontier—is well known. The Punjaub was an example of the success of the British The Punjaub was an example of the success of the British system of government and civil institutions. In 1856 he was made a civil K. C. B. 'for his services in Punjaub, and as agent to the Governor-General for the north-western provinces of Hindostan.' During the Indian mutiny we saw the result of his great administrative genius—his firmness tempered by elemency. The Punjaub remained signally faithful to us. In 1856 Sir John was created a G. C. B; the following year he was created a baronet, and was sworn of he Privy Council. On his return to England, so great was his popularity, that he received the freedom of the cities of London and Glasgow, and was honored by a vote of thanks from Parliament. He was created a knight of the Star of India in 1861, with Lord Clyde and Lord Harris.

Sir John Lawrence married, in 1841, Harriette Katherine, daughter of the Rev. Richard Hamilton, and by her has issue three sons—John Hamilton, [born in 1846] Henry 'Arnold [born in 1848] and Charles Napier [born in 1854] and five daughters. The Punjaub was an example of the success of the British

five daughters.

THE EUROPBAN CONGRESS.—The feeling with regard to the straightforwardness of Lord Russell in the matter of the Congress has by no means subsided, nor the indignation of the French press in consequence.—That indignation deepens as it is more and more realized how completely the refusal of England upsets the whole scheme. There was a good of England upsets the whole scheme. There was a good deal of bluster at first, as if the adhesion of England was of no consequence. There would be plenty to assemble and settle the affairs of Europe even though she stood aloof. But it is now understood that England has but spoken out what the other powers feel; and that, though it may be with more circumlocution and hesitation, the answers of the Great Powers will substantially be to the same effect as that of Lord Russell. And their absence is not of a nature to be compensated by the presence of the Pope or King of Italy, or even the young King of Greece. The Parisians must make up their minds to be disappointed of a brilliant spectacle, which would have stimulated their galeties, and added immensely to their importance and that of their Emperor in the eyes of Europe. And their irritation is ac cordingly.—Edinburgh Witness.

THE BAPTISM OF PRINCE NAPOLEON'S SON A DIFFICULTY AT ROME.—The Union says that the baptism of Prince Napoleon's son ' is at this moment a great stumbling-block to the Church. The little Prince was half-baptized (ondoye,) imme fiately after his birth; but it is almost without precedent that the full ceremony of baptism should be postponed longer than six months. The infant is now more than a year old; and the reason given for the extraordinary delay is that Prince Napoleon will have no other godfather for his son than the King of Italy, who is excommunicated. The Pope, making a great point of holding to the excommunication in this case, no bishop in France can be found to fly openly in the face of the Church; and Prince Napoleon, with equal firmness, declares that unless Victor Emmanuel hold his infant at the font he shall not be baptized at all.

#### TOO GOOD A RUSBAND

Walter stood at the foot of the stairs, gravely watching his wife as she descended. Lucy did not see him; her cyes were east down; one hand was sliding along the baluster, the other was poked into the pocket of a smart little apron. She was smiling as brightly as a child smiles over its play; she was singing unconsciously, as a bird sings in the silly wantonnees of joy. Years seemed to add to Lucy's charins instead of diminishing from them. She had far more right to be called a beauty now than on the day she was married She had learned herself what a very captivating little woman she was, and it was very pleasant to know that she had a face which made nearly every one she came near feel kindly towards her. But she did not think enough of her beauty to make it less attractive; she had more delightful subjects for reflection than even a pretty face—she was very, very happy. The tenfold joy of love and maternal affection had burst on her at once. Her husband was far dearer to her than he had once been, and she made him a less submissive wife. If he told her she looked pale, she would glance through the mirror, and boldy deny the charge. If he ordered her to lie on the sofa, she would laugh at him as an old coddle, and he was lucky if he escaped without a pinch on his ear; which punishment, from her favourite seat, the elbow of his chair, she was very conveniently placed to administer. She would assure him that, in fancying he did not like children, he was labouring under a most singular delusion. She would place the baby on his knees, make him warm its toes, and then tax her ingenuity to the utmost to make him laugh. It wa not always easy to do so, for Walter was somewhat deficient in a sense of humour, but no sooner had she brought the faintest smile into his face, than she would triumphatly point to it as a proof that he was the best husband and the best father in the whole for Walter was somewhat deficient in a sense of humour, but no sooner had she brought the faintest smile into his face, than she would triumphatly point to it as a proof that he was the best husband and the best father in the whole world. He had more appreciation of flattery than fun, and when at the conclusion of the compliment Lucy would relieve him of the baby, declaring that he should never have it again until he confessed how dearly he loved it, he would join very pleasantly in his wife's merriment. Lucy's naughtiness was so novel, and withal so becoming to her—her admiration of him was so perceptible through all her sauciness—one cross word would so instantly change her smile into a tear, that for a time he was amused by and pleased with the change. Was she not his property? Did not her beauty and her quick answers belong to him? And to the vain man, they appeared not only a part of himself, but the work of his own hands. She was different when he married her; he had made her what she was. But, after a time he began to look back with regret to the first year of his marriage. It pleased him to be the gentlest of despots to his wife, and to receive from her grateful love tinged with fear. It did not satisfy his vanity to be necessary to her. If he went out alone, she would watch at the window for his return; but whilst doing so, she would amuse baby with the tassel of the blind. If he shut himself in his study for a day's work, she was not dull. Listening at the nurserydoor, he could hear her singing, chatting, laughing to the baby, and taking as much pains to please it, as ever she did to please him. His child became to him what Mordecal was to Haman; and he willingly put faith in a German doctor, who told him that the irritation under which he suffered was owing to the shattered state of his nerves, and that he ought to drink the Ems waters.

'Where are you going, Lucy?'
'Where are you going, Lucy?'

'Where are you going, Lucy?'
'Why, Walter, have you put your accounts by again?
You had much better set to work, and have done with

'Where are you going, Lucy?' he repeated, evidently not pleased with her advice.

'Only to fetch some pieces of bright-coloured ribbon, which I have put by for baby; but if you are not going to return to your accounts, I must leave them for another day, for you will be wanting me I suppose.'

'O dear, no. I do not feel myself able to take your advice about the accounts; but I have to write a letter to a physician, to tell him that I cannot follow his prescription.'

Lucy stood for an instant confounded. Why should he write to a physician? He was not ill. Was he ill? He had been rather cross sometimes lately; he never used to be so. Was it the same with men as children? Was had temper always a sign of bad health? Do you not feel well, dearnst?'

'It is of no consequence. Don't concern yourself about

'It is of no consequence. Don't concern yourself about

me. pray.'
'How can I help concerning myself about you, Walter?
If you are ill, I am ill too.'
'Take your pretty ribbons to the baby,' he answered

bitterly.
Lucy was frightened—so frightened, that she put on a little armour of tears. Formerly, Walter would have bitterly.
Lucy was frightened—so frightened, that she put on a little armour of tears. Formerly, Walter would have resented her crying as an insult to his goodness; now, he accepted her tears as an acknowledgement of his power, and was pleased with them. Hs put his arm round her waist, kissed, and led her into the library. Then he took her on his knee, and told her how ill he was, how strongly he had been urged to go to Germany, and how unwilling he was either to leave her, or to part her from her child.

'Could not baby go too? she asked.

No; the air of Ems was considered very bad for young children. Lucy was silent. Walter did not speak either, but indignantly watched his wife's evident hesitation.

'Let us go to London,' she said at length, 'and consult personally with the doctor, and if it is necessary we must leave, baby.'

'Are you going with, me Lucy? Do you love me better than the child?' and his lip trembled as he spoke.

'Oh, my love! all the world is not so precious to me as you.' The words came from her heart. The healthy son was nothing in comparison with the sick father.

He clasped her to him. Never in the whole course of his life, had he loved so generously as that moment. He almost resolved to refuse the sacrifice, to laugh at the German doctor, and to get well in his own country; but then, he thought, If we were away from the child, how she would love mo,' and he determined to go.

Lucy was in a greater hurry to start than her husband. She was more anxious to hear the doctor's opinion. Two

Lucy was in a greater hurry to start than her husband. She was more anxious to hear the doctor's opinion. Two days, she said, would be ample time for her to prepare, and to make arrangements about baby. She did not anticipate

a long absence; she soon began to hope that the doctor had made a mistake, and that when he saw his patient, he would give him a prescription, and send him home, instead of to Ems. Nevertheless, she made her sister and brotherwould give him a prescription, and send him home, instead of to Ems. Nevertheless, she made her sister and brother-in-law promise to call every day; and she appealed to the nurse's own motherly feelings, and to her love of money, to induce her to take care of the child. On the morning of departure, Walter went with his wife to kiss his sleeping son; then he whispered that he had to arrange about the journey, but that Lucy might stay a little longer with her baby. So she stood to the last minute, gazing fondly at her boy. Even to a stranger's eyes, he was a fine little fellow just six months old, begining to know his friends, and to grow a little silty crop of hair. 'He will not miss me,' thought Lucy, and she tried to derive comfort from the thought; 'the cares far more for his foster-mother than for his real one.' She gently unfastened one of his little red hands without waking him, and placed a rag doll in it. She had made it herself, of the bright colours of which he was so fond, 'Master's ready now, ma'am, and be easy, for I'll take as much care of him as if he was my own.' Lucy sobbed as she threw her arms round the woman's neck, and kissed her passionately. 'God bless you! God bless you!' were her only thanks.

Life at Ems suited Walter very well. He duly drank the

Tife at Ems suited Walter very well. He duly drank the waters, took exercise on the promenade between each glass, and was pointed out as the handsome Englishman, with the pretty little wife. Lucy always accompassed thim, and saw Walter took care to receive/none which were not to his taste. The transport of the transport of the handsome of the transport of the transport of the handsome of the pretty hills own than ever she had been before; her husband's desires were hardly expressed before they were accomplished. She forced horself always to speak and smile cheerfully in his presence, and her doing in both, she would lie on a softs by the window, looking in his bath, she would lie on a softs by the window, looking and walls. Sometimes, made ber drowsy by the close which, shough only sufficient for the invalid, was too much start, fancying that the heard her baby crying on the other of the nurse, she would fall asleer, and then wake with a start, fancying that the heard her baby crying on the other start, fancying that the heard her baby crying on the other of the heard her baby crying on the other start, fancying that the heard her baby crying on the other start, fancying that the heard her baby crying on the other start, fancying that the heard her baby crying on the other start, fancying that the heard her baby crying on the other start, fancying that the heard her baby crying on the other start her eyes, longling as ardenly for a flat country, and the start has been started to long for his native mountains. Her husband's control of his matter that the ward of the start has been started to long for his native mountains. Her husband of him. Simple indifference was precisely what Walter had go do the heard him to care for babies: when the heard her baby crying in bear that the proving her than the proving of her has been started to a soft the heard had been capable to that the post and had none but business lettors, one of which had realised to realise the had one of her had canced the heard had none but busines

objected to her returning home. He said that very likely objected to her returning home. He said that very likely a letter to tell her that all was right would arrive just after she had started, and if the landlord, which was more than probable, should forget to post the letter, she might during her whole journey home be running away from go

But you could open the letter, and telegraph to Walter.

from good news.

'But you could open the letter, and telegraph to me, Walter.'

'I? Did you mean to go alone?' His countenance brightened up wonderfully.

'The doctor said you ought to drink the waters for another fortnight, you know.'

But Walter had had time to think, and he answered:
'if you go, Lucy, I shall go too. If I knew that you were travelling in a foreign country, with only servants to take care of you, I should be too anxious about you, my love, for the waters to do me any good.'

'Anxiety is, indeed, dreadful to bear,' whispered Lucy, as though the words escaped unintentionally from her. Her husband left the room, and she remained deep in thought for a few moments, and then she resolved to remain patiently at Ems until she received an answer to the telegram she had secretly sent the day before. She supposed that her husband was in his bedroom, and went immediately to tell him what she had decided to do, but in passing along the landing she chanced to look over the baluster, and gave a scream of delight when she saw Walter leaving the office with a letter in his hand. He heard his wife, hastily put the letter into his pocket, and received her with a more angry from than she had ever seen on his face before. But Lucy did not care for frowns just then: 'Give it to me, give it to me, !' she exclaimed, whilst still some variet from him.

received her with a more angry frown than she had ever seen on his face before. But Lucy did not care for frowns just then: 'Give it to me, give it to me, !' she exclaimed, whilst still some yards from him.
'Give you what, child? Go back to your room. Don't you see how every one is staring at you? How can you expose yourself so before strangers?'
'But the letter,' persisted Lucy, still holding out her hand. 'I saw it, Walter, I saw it.'
Lucy stood an instant where he had pushed her, then a sudden gleam of hope lighted up her countenance, and she ran into the office. If Walter's letter had been overlooked, her's might have been overlooked also. But the waiter insisted that it had not, and when rebuked by his master for having forgotten to deliver Mr Morant's letter, made no answer. Lucy turned away, sighing heavily, but close to the office-door she caught her dress in a nail, and whilst unfastening it, heard the man tell the landlord that he had kept back Mr Morant's letter by the gentleman's own orders. After a moment's hesitation, she returned to her own room. I can't go cross questioning servants about my husband,' she said to herself. Puzzled and perplexed, she continued to ask horself the same questions: 'Oh, what is it—what is that Walter is keeping from me?'

The only one who could give her an answer entered the room unperceived, and took his seat by her side. 'My dearest, I spoke crossly to you just now, because I thought it was my duty to do so. I thought you would make yourself ill if you gave way so.'

'Tis the suspense I can't bear, Walter. The very worst—no, no?' she cried with a wild shrick, suddenly standing up, and putting her hands to her head; 'I didn't mean to say

"I'is the suspense I can't bear, Walter. The very worstno, no I' she cried with a wild shrick, suddenly standing up,
and putting her hands to her head; 'I didn't mean to say
that—that baby 'oh, Walter, not baby I' and she knelt and
clasped her hands, looking piteously at him as though the
child's life were in his power.

He tarned white, opened his mouth several times, but spoke
no words.

Liver noticed his charmed

Lucy noticed his changed countenance, rose from her knees, put her arms fondly round his neek, and kissed him. I am very selfish, I daresay poor Walter; you are as miserable as I am, and an invalid, too. But if you know anything?

'I don't, love. What makes you think that I know anything, darling?'

'I heard the waiter tell his master that he had kept back that letter by your orders'

'I heard the waiter tell his master that he had kept once that letter by your orders.'
'And so he did Lucy. I knew that I should have a letter from Baines to-day, so I shewed his handwriting to the waiter, and said- If only one letter comes to-morrow, and that letter is in this handwriting, keep it in the office till I come for it. I thought that if you did not chance to hear from home, you would when, Baines letter was brought in, make sure that it was from Henry, and be so dreadfully disappointed.' pointed?

'How considerate you have been, Walter.' She paused an instant, and then added: 'I sent a message by telegraph to

Mary yesterday.'

He turned sharply round. 'The deuce you did. When?
'Whilst you were at your bath. Do you think I did

Only in placing so little confidence in me. My sweet Lucy, I had sent one three hours before. Directly I found there was no letter, I foresaw that you would be anxious, and, indeed was so myself, although I said nothing about my own anxiety for fear of adding to yours.'

O Walter, you are too good a husband. I don't deserve you.'

you.'
Whether you deserve me or not, you have got me, Lucy; and what is more, I have got you, my little pet, and I don't intend to purt with you;' so saying, he flipped her cheek. But Lucy did not smile, she was in no vein for playful loveıking.

"But, he resumed in a graver tone, 'what do you ithink it will be best to do? Suppose we walk down together to the telegraph-office, and inquire when we may expect an answer.'

Lucy willingly agreed to do so, and was soon dressed. They found that owing to the wires having been out of order, no messages had been sent on the previous day until after five o'clock; and that, therefore, it was not likely that any answer could arrive before the morrow. Walter, evidently much annoyed, asked in an agitated voice—which made Lucy forget, for a moment, her own disappointment, to draw fondly and pityingly towards him—whether after the wires were repaired, the messages had been sent in the order in which they were received. To this inquiry no satisfactory answer could be obtained; and as they returned to the hotel, Walter said that he could not bear the suspense any longer, and should start for Coblentz that afternuon. Whilst Lucy was assisting the maid to pack the boxes, her husband gave the necessary orders for any letters or messages to be sent after them; but although they did not

travel fast—Walter being afraid of Lucy over-fatiguing herself—none reached them. At Calais, they received news
from home—a telegraphic message to say that the baby had
died of the croup. Lûcy stood for a few minutes motionle is, with starting eyes and open mouth, Walte: spoke to
her, but she did not hear; he shook her, but she did not feel.
He sent for assistance, but before the do ctor arrived, she had
with one deep sigh, recovered consciousness.

' How soon can we get there I' she asked. 'I must see

'How soon can we get there?'she askad. 'I must see him once more before—before'— Natural tears stopped "I must see further words.

'My love, you are not fit to travel to-day. And it is too

'My love, you are not fit to travel to-day. And it is too late to hurry now, darling.'
But the dector, who had now arrived, advised Walter to take her home. 'The more she cries the better,' he said, and her tears are nearly sure to flow freely at the sight of the cocpse.' So Walter left her in charge of the doctor, whilst he went himself to send a telegram to order the carriage to be at the station by a certain train; and then they took their places on a boat that chanced to be on the point of starting. Lucy's every feeling secuned to be merged in one burning desire to press forward. She watched the English cliffs as athough her straining eyes could bring them nearer cliffs as athough her straining eyes could bring them nearer the rail seemed to her to go at a snail's pace; oh, that the horses could fly as fast as her wishes. When, at length, she reached home, it was already buried, and the nurse had found another situation in London.

'Come into its nursery,' said Mary gently.

Lucy's dry eyes wandered over the room—she was not childless till that moment. There was the cot where he lay sleeping when she had kissed him for the last time. Oh baby, baby I she cried, piteously sobbing. There was the doll she had so fondly made for him. The torn toy had become more to her the most receious lovel. She become more to her than the most precious jowel. She threw herself on the chair in which she had been wont to nurse him, her sobs broke forth afresh. Oh, surely among all the bitter cries that daily rise from earth to heaven, there is none more bitter than Rachel mourning for her children. Mary's tears flowed freely at the sight of her sister's; but Walter stood, not knowing what to say, or how to look; he was not awed by his wife's grief, nor did he share in it; it only made him feel awkward and uncomfortable.

Lucy's cheeks grew thin after her little one's death, and her eyes gained a more searching, less confiding expression than formerly. She wondered about her loss nearly as much as she grieved for it. She whom nature had made so truthful, she grieved for it. She whom nature had made so truthful, that, in the whole course of her life, she had never intentionally told a lie, and had believed hundreds, now found it difficult to believe her own husband. It was no doubt a temptation of the Evil One, and she struggled against it; but sometimes, when Walter told a story, instead of taking it for granted that it was true because he told it, she found herself weighing its probability. She felt too that a child's death should be as a second marriage to its parents, binding them yet nearer to each other; and that from its little grave should spring a love more true and tender than the merely hanny can ever know; but in her case it had not done so. should spring a love more true and tender than the merely happy can ever know; but in her case it had not done so. Walter did not sympathise with her in her grief; nay he rather resented it. Her mother wrote her long letters, bidding her remember how much she owed to her husband, and urging her to do her duty like a good wife, and make him a cheerful home. Mary entreated her almost with tears to follow her mother's advice, and warned her not to weary out the layer of the living by fruitless mourning for the dead the love of the living by fruitless mourning for the dead. Lucy did her utmost to follow such kindly counsel; she indulged in no useless demonstration of her woe; she wor her riding hat ere her child had been a month dead, and very soon she ordered her maid to take the crape off her dress, and to make her a coloured bow for her heir. Shr forced and to make her a coloured bow for her huir. Shr forced herself to be silent about her loss, and tried hard to forget it in her husband's presence. She buried her grief in her own heart, and it took firmer root there. She was one of those who, if allowed to give her serrow vent, would have sobbed it away; but as it was, she shut it up, and brooded over it in secret, until it became a part of herself, and seemed to influence her whole character.

Her husband's fondness was as demonstrative as ever, and Her husband's fondness was as demonstrative as ever, and in responding to it, she hardly knew herself whether or not she were acting a part; she was not quite sure that, when she agreed to spare him for a day's hunting, she was thinking not only of his enjoyment, but also of her own freedom. But if she sometimes doubted—and only those who are as truthful as Luzy can understand how painful such doubts were—whether she felt all the love and respects wife ought to feel, she was only the more zealous in doing all that a wife could do. In the meantime Walter received so many com-

whether she felt all the love and respects wife ought to feel, she was only the more zealous in doing all that a wife could do. In the meantime, Walter received so many compliments about himself and his wife, that he was in a good temper with all the world, and even when Lucy informed him that she expected soon to be a mother, he only answered, kissing her fondly as he spoke, that there was no room in his heart for children—it was too completely filled with his pretty little wife. Lucy looked forward to the birth of a second child with very different feelings from those with which she had looked forward to that of her first-born. Her grief for the latter was still too green—too morbid, perhaps—to allow her to wish that he should have a successor. At the very time that, to please her husband, she was putting aside her mourning so unusually soon as to scandalize her neighbours, she was appropriating a room to the child's memory, in which she placed the toys, clothes, and cradle, that had once belonged to him. Here she passed many an hour in melancholy reflections, which became more and more alluring as her mind became more and more alluring as her mind became more and more walkened by them. She ascribed the oppression of her spirits to a presentiment of coming evil, and not to sorrow unnaturally restrained, unhealthily indulged. Her favourite walk was to the churchyard, but she never ventured to take it unless her husband were absent for the day. One sorrow unnaturally restrained, unhealthily induiged. Her favourite walk was to the churchyard, but she never ventured to take it unless her husband were absent for the day. One morning, when she was sitting on her camp-stool, her elbow resting on her knee, and her chin on the palm of her hand, her eyes fixed upon her baby's little grave, she was startled out of her varietie by the variety of a gurrulous old serving.

out of her reverie by the voice of a garrulous old servant.
Lucy courteously acknowledged the woman's salutation, and then tried to recall to mind why she had been discharged; and then tried to recall to mind why she had been discharged; and she remembered that the cause had been dishonesty. both in public and private life, but that mean, c'uel, cowardly enactment which, coming a skeleton from the hands one civil of the notorious Mason (of the Trent), was by Webster inquiry after another, with all the confidence of an old and favoured servant. 'She funcies, I suppose,' thought Lucy, 'that when I came home from Ems, I was too broken hearted to inquire why she had been sent away at a moment's notice; and, indeed, if I had been left to myself, I should never even and, indeed, if I had been left to myself, I should never even

have noticed her absence; but, fortunately, Walter told me other infamous conduct, or I might have been civil to a heartless wretch who tried to steal my dead baby's clothes. Lucy's anger, like every other emotion the gentle little creature ever felt, was inclined to pour itself forth in tears; and as it increased, the woman's impudence seemed to increase also. 'Ah, but he was a sweet boy! Many a time l come and stand by his little grave- Poor babe, poor babe! 'I wonder you are not ashamed to allude to him, Jane.'

But Jane was too busy administering what she considered comforting lecture, to heed her mistress's words or look.

It is a trial, a sore trial, my poor lady, and every morning and every evening I pray that the Lord may send you com-

'I don't want your prayers!' broke in Lucy.

'Yes, my poor lady, you do; you want my prayers—you want every Christian's prayers until you can say: "Tho Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away."

Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away."
'You wretched woman! Do you dare to quote Scripture to me?' and Lucy rose as she spoke'Yos I dares,' answered the woman, getting angry in her turn, and forgetting her Christianity and her grammar.
'We's all equalatore God. And it may be as your child was took 'cause of the hardness of your heart.' The words were no sooner spoken than she regretted them, and following her late mistress, who had now turned away, sobbing piteously, she tried to make atonement for them. 'You'er just right missus; it sin't for the likes of me to teach yo. And you and master what'ave been so kind! Sure, when I ran up with the flour-tub, which was the teach yet. All you all master what we been seek ind! Sure, when I ran up with the flour-tub, which was but natural to me, who was in the cook-line, I never thought to get ten shillings a week for it. But uow, don't ye go for to take my words to heart, for as you know, my poor, dear lady, and as my good master said when he told me not to speak to you about the baby; Jane,' says he, 'your tongue was always the worst of you.' But indeed missus there's many a time I've took yours and master's part. The doctor's the one to blame I always says, which indeed I said only last night for when Tom told me of his new giv; 'Tom says 1, I wouldn't have that man's heart for all the money he's ever made out of other folk's misfortins. said them words, I was thinking of your poor little haby Lucy did not speak; and after a moment's silence the woman said with a sigh: But I datesty master was right and you'r one of those as is better not talked to; and then she turned to go home.

#### A SCOTTISH DIVINE ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

At an induction soirce held lately in Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh, the Rev. GRORGE GILFILLAN, of Dundee, an eminent Scotch divine, discoursed on the American war, The eloquent force of the Rev. gentleman's remarks will be admitted even by those who may not view the subject aitogether as he does.

"The American people are doubtless actuated in this contest by mixed and various motives. They did not, as a whole, begin the contest from any violent attachment to the liberty of the slave, although all the lovers of Abolition, from the first, hailed it as likely to lead, sooner or later, to the triumph of their principles. Many looked at t simply as a war for the preservation of the balance of American power-the preservation of the Union, and the chastisement of the insolence and repellious spirit of the But through the thick of that entangled and terrible struggle, two principles of facts have gradually been becoming more and more clearly developed; and these are —lst, that the re-cementing of the Union is a hopeless un-dertaking; and secondly, that the abolition of slavery is a mere question of time. The Union, first of all, cannot be restored. Had it been a mere sudden quarrel—a casual rupture—between the two which had taken place, the breach might have healed as quickly and causelessly as it had been made. But the ciements of strife, composed of diversity of climate, of race, of country, of history, of manners, and of (including slavery) political constitution, had been gradually accumulating, and the enormity of territory occupied by both, and of distance between them, forbade all prospect of amalgamation. It was Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage, France and Britain (as these two countries were, at any rate, in the last contary), over again. And for years the Northern and Southern States had been gloomily fronting each other, resembling the des-

cription by Milton:—

"'As when two black clouds
With Heavon's artillory fraught. come rattling on
Over the Caspian. then stand front to front,
Hovering in space till winds the signal blow,
To join their dark encounter in mid air.'

And may I not read the other lines too?

"So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell Grow darker at their frown. So match'd they stood, For nover but once more was either like To meet so great a fee."

Milton is speaking here of Death and the Devil; and you remember who it was that prevented the duel between these two redoubtable combutants. It was Sin, who threw her self in between her father and her son, crying—

Of father, what intends thy hand, she cried, Against thine only son? What fury, O son! Possesses thee to bond that mortal dart Against thy father's head.

and for a season stayed the strife. And so, to compare great things with small, when the Northern and Southern States were about to close in collision. Daniel Webster came in between them with the Fugitive Slave Bill in his nands. His memory I will not curse, for he was a great man, with many noble impulses, although terribly misled both in public and private life, but that mean, cruel, cowardly enactment which, coming a skeleton from the hands of the notorious Mason (of the Trent), was by Webster clothed with flesh, and fostered into a full-blown iniquity, I

to the eye of the poor slave, is virtually perishing from the way. And now, in spite of Webster and Sin, the two clouds have met, and closed in the most deadly onset, and their thunders are carried in redoubling peals across the deep by every wind and by every wire to our trembling ears. These clouds combine again? Never! As soon shall Britain and the United States become as they were a century ago.—one body; as soon shall Greece and Turkey again he one nation, as the two Powers at prevent contending in the West be harmonized and unified. It were not possible even were it desirable, and it were not desirable even were it desirable, and it were not desirable even were it possible. Whom God hath joined let not men put asunder, but whom God hath severed, let not men seek again to join. They have inflicted wounds on each other which it will take milleniums to heal; they have struck out on different courses; they have different destinies before them; and were mother union or marriage attempted. fore them; and were another union or marriage attempted between the two, I should be ready, in common with mil-lions, to say, We forbid the banns. But the second fact is to me equally undeniable—slavery cannot long survive. I do not know what may be the effect of Lincoln's Proclumation. I am not quite so sanguine as Dr. McMichael as to its result, although, like him, I glory in the fact that on all the winds of the West that proclamation has gone forth, all the winds of the West that proclamation has gone forth, like the great blast of a jubilee trumpet, starting the iron earth and a brazen heaven of dollar-deilying America—lighting up joy in many a faded eye, and creating hope in many a forlorn African heart—causing the tyrants of Richmond to tremble, and the psalms of "Stonewall" Jackson to quaver and sink in the midst of their blasphemous music. to quaver and sink in the midst of their blasphemous music. But the measure has been something of the latest—and men are apt to say none of the very sincerest, and to expect that this second thought—this tour de force, this dernier resort—is to do the whole work, or in any material way to alter the position of the combatants, is probably to expect too much. Many are afraid that if the Southerners continue to triumph, there shall be formed an immense procedures confederation, stretching over Mexico and Calpro-slavery confederation, stretching over Mexico and California, and I know not what lands besides, with the Lone Stars and the Stripes combined for its everlasting banner, Stars and the Stripes combined for its everlasting danner, and with slavery as its perpetual support and shadow—an empire proclaiming wherever it goes, not liberty, but bondage to the captives, not the opening of the prison, but the doubling of the chains, and the deepening of the darkness to them that are bound. But, sir, I cannot believe in this new Devil's dream upon Mount Acksbeck—because, first, I betieve in God, and I am sure be will not for ever endure such an empire of puriphteousness: and because, secondsuch an empire of unrightcousness; and because, secondly, such an empire would by and bye have the whole civiized world as its enemy, would be put under its ban, would be ringed in like the dying scorpion by its fire, and that all lands would vie with each other, and particularly that the Northern States would assist in opening an asylum to the fugitive slaves from this monster kingdom of sin and death. The 'Lone Star' must part with the stripes, or go out in darkness. There would be a border-line around many parts of this same infernal empire, and that would be its destruction. And I do not believe, sir, that the dominion of the 'Times' and of Louis Napoleon, anything more than that of Jefferson Davis, is to last for ever. Concerning this, I hear a prophet-poet from the shades exclaiming-

"' Foar not the tyrants shall rule for ever,
Or the priests of the slave-blood faith;
They stand on the brink of that raging river
Whose waves they have tainted with death.
It is fed from the depth of a thousand della,
Around them it feams and rages and swells,
And their swords and the ir sceptres I floating see
Like wreeks on the surge of eternity.'

The healthy feeling which reigned in England and many parts of France, too, on the subject of slavery, if it has diminished to some extent owing to recent events, is certain to revive again should ever the South announce everlasting bondage as the condition of its future prosperity and progress, and then the whole force of the opinion of and progress, and then the whole force of the opinion of the intelligent world would be concentrated into a focus of indignation, in which the serpent of slavery would writhe, fremble, and die amidst jubilees of acclamation which may, for aught I know, precede or succeed or mingle with the shouts amidst which the Prince of the kings of the earth. is to descend and occupy his universal throat.

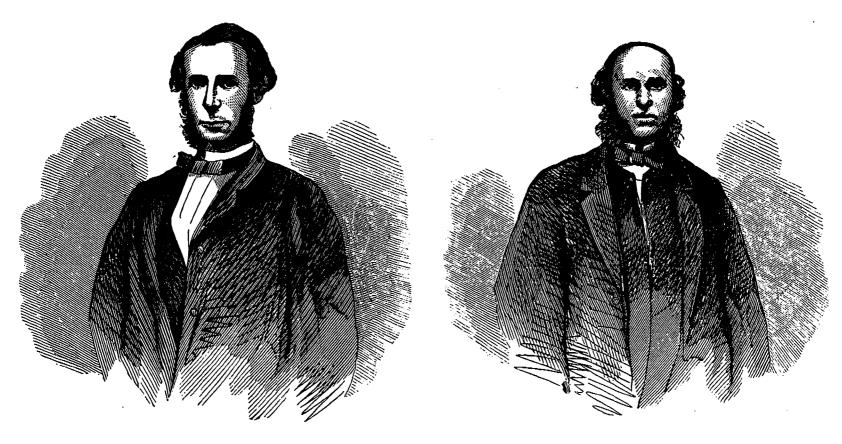
The address of Mr. Gilfillan was listened to with the closest attention, and was frequently applauded.

A SERVANT-GIRL'S PREROGATIVES. Housekcepers will app-A Servant-Gemt's Prerogatives. Housekeepers will appreciate the truth of the paragraph copied below. The claims of the 'help' are given with graphic plainness and in refreshing detail. The exactions of the despotic kitchen are set forth in terms true to the experience of daily domestic life. One thing, however, is to be said in Bridget's justification. If she really proposes to devote herself to her work throughout the week, diligently and faithfully, Miss Bradford can afford to 'lot her alone,' admit the 'follow er, on Saturday afternoon, and give in the Sunday. The compromise, as things go, would be a fair one:—

'Now Miss Bradford. I always likes to have a good old-

Now Miss Bradford, I always likes to have a good old-fashioned talk with the lady I lives with before I begins. fashioned talk with the lady I lives with before I begins. I'm awful tempered, but I'm dreadful forgivin.' Have you Hecker's flour, Beebe's range, hot and cold water, stationary tubs, oilcloth on the floor, dumb waiter? Then follows her self-planned programme for the week:—'Monday I washes. I'se to be let alone that day. Tuesday I irons. Nobody's to come near me that day. Wednesday I bakos. I'se to be let alone that day. Thursday I picks up the house. Nobody's to come near me that day. Friday I goes to the city. Nodody's to come near me that day. Saturday I bakes and Saturday afternoon my beau comes to me. I bakes and Saturday afternoon my beau comes to mo. Nobody comes near me that day. Sunday I has to myself.

An Author's vanity.—Mr. John W. Gilbert, formerly Chairman of the London and Westminister Bank, and author of many excellent works on Banking, the Currency, and Logic, lately died, and bequeathed fifteen thousand dollars to be applied to the purpose of erecting a full-length statue of himself over his grave in Kensal Green Cometery;

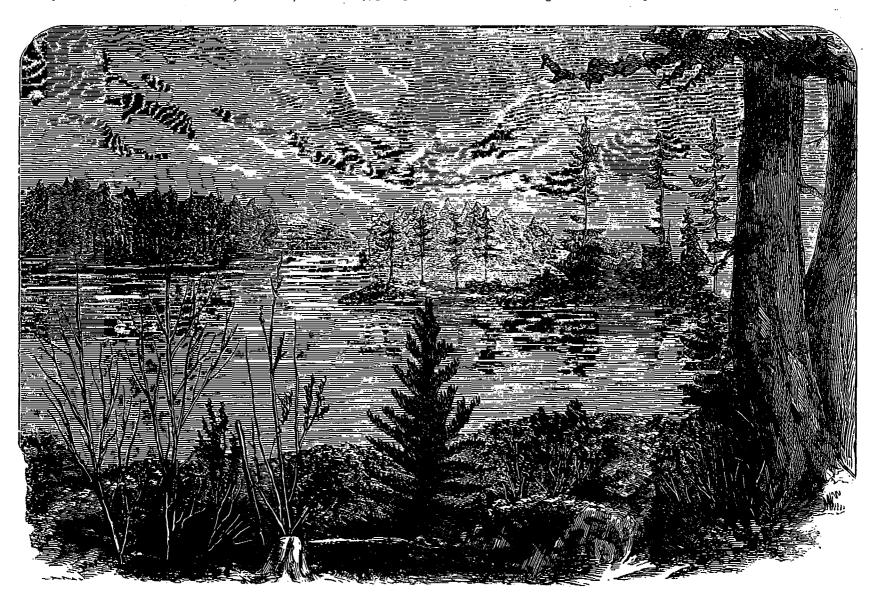


MR. W. M. TOPPING, OF THE "DUMFRIES REFORMER," GALT, C. W.

MR. J. A. CAMPBELL, OF THE "CANADIAN CHAMPION," MILTON, C. W.

WE give on this page a view of a Canadian Lake Ottawa River and the Georgian Bay is really very transferring its beauties to paper with the pencil of scene, viz: the Middle and South Bays, Koshkibog- great indeed; and much fine scenery is to be met with Art. The rapid extension, however, in these days, ofsmall lakes, (small for Canada, we mean,) in the country North of Lake Ontario, and between the or seen merely, perhaps, without facilities existing for forest and to pioneer settlers.

amog Lake, in the township of Barrie, about a hun- on their banks. And many a splendid view there is in what we may call photographic practice in the Prodred miles W. N. W. of Kingston. The number of Canada, in one secluded spot and another here and vince, will ere long make thousands familiar with



VIEW OF MIDDLE AND SOUTH BAYS, KOSHKIROGAMCG LAKE, C. W.



#### RAOHEL RAY.

DY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

#### CHAPTER 1 .-- THE RAY FAMILY.

There are women who can not grow alone as standard trees; for whom the support and warmth of some wall, some paling, some post, is absolutely necessary; who in their growth, will bend and incline themselves toward some trees; for whom the support and warnth of some wall, some paling, some post, is absolutely necessary; who in their growth, will bend and incline themselves toward some such prop for their life, creeping with their tendrils along the ground till they reach it when the circumstances of life have brought no such prop within their natural and immediate reach. Of most women it may be said that it would be well for them that they should marry, as indeed of most men also, seeing that man and wife will each lend the other strength, and yet in lending lose none; but to the women of whom I now speak some kind of marriage is quite indispensable, and by them some kind of marriage is always made, though the union is often unnatural. A woman in want of a wall against which to nail herself will swear conjugal obedience sometimes to her cook, sometimes to her grandchild, sometimes to her lawyer. Any standing corner, post, or stump, strong enough to bear her weight, will suffice; but to some standing corner, post, or stump she will find her way and attach herself, and there will she be married.

Such a woman was our Mrs. Ray. As her name imports she had been married in the way most popular among ladies, with bell, book, and parson. She had been like a young peach-tree that, in its early days, is carefully taught to grow against a propitious southern wall. Her natural prop had been found for her, and all had been well. But her heaven had been made black with storms; the heavy winds had come, and the warm sheltering covert against which she had folt herself so safe had been torn away from her branches as they were spreading themselves forth to the fullness of life. She had been married at eighteen, and then, after ten years of wedded security, she had become a widow.

Her husband had been some years older than herself, a steady, sober, hard-working, earnest man, well fitted to act as a protecting screen to such a woman as he had chosen. They kad lived in Exeter, both of them having belonged to Devonshire from their birth; and Mr.

ciergyman himself, had been employed in matters ecclesiastical. He was a lawyer, but a lavyer of that sort that is so nearly akin to the saccadotal profession as to make him quite clorical and almost a clergyman. He managed the property of the dean and chapter, and knew what wore the rights, and also what were the wrongs, of prebendaries and minor canons, of vicars choral, and even of choristers. But he had been dead many years before our story commences, and so much as this is now said of him simply to explain under what circumstances Mrs. Ray had received the first tinge of that coloring which was given to her life by church matters.

They had been married somewhat over ten years when he died, and she was left with two surviving daughters, the eldest and the youngest of the children she had borne. The eldest, Dorothea, was then more than nine years old, and as she took much after her father, being stern, sober, and steady. Mrs. Ray immediately married herself to her oldest child. Dorothea became the prop against which she would kenceforth grow. And against Dorothea she had grown ever since, with the exception of one short year. In that year Dorothea had taken a husband to herself, and had lost him, so that there were two widows in the same house. She, like her mother, had married early, having joined her lot to that of a young clergyman near Basichurst; but he had lived but five months, and Mrs. Ray's clost child lad come back to her mother's cottage black, and stiff, and stern, in widow's weeds, Mrs. Prime by name. Black, and stiff, and stern, in widow's weeds, Mrs. Prime by name. Black, and stiff, and stern, in widow's weeds, She had remained since, for nine years following, and those nine years will bring us to the beginning of our story.

As regards Mrs. Ray herself, I think it was well that your head of the mother might have undergone a gonter ruling, had the daughter never become a wife. I think there was much in the hardness of the weeds she wore. It seemed as though Mrs Prime, in selecting her crape,

though the support was strong, it must be admitted that it could hardly have been at all times pleasmate theirly, and Br. Roy had been all times pleasmate theirly, and Br. Roy had the continuation of the breaders. In a long hours of vain regrets. But she had never been rough in land in the rit in eart, and afterward expending horself in long hours of vain regrets. But she had not allogated in long hours of vain regrets. But she had not allogated instead the rest of the breaders. To obtain favor in men's eyorhand anverse been in the rainful state when has weepers had been of the breaders. To obtain favor in men's eyorhand anverse been in the rainful state when had reverse had been of the breaders. To obtain favor in men's eyorhand anverse been in the rainful state of the breaders. To obtain favor in men's eyorhand anverse been in the rainful state of the continuation of a woman's practiment of the breaders. To obtain favor in men's eyorhand anverse been in the rainful state of the continuation of the continuation of the breaders. To obtain favor in men's eyorhand anverse been discussed to the continuation of t

laughter was a sin.

And then that every elergyman himself would torment her—he that told her from the pulpit on Sundays how frightfully vain were all attempts at worldly happiness. He would come to her on the Monday with a good-natured, rather rubicund face, and would ask after all her hitle worldly belongings, for he knew of her history and her means; and he would joke with her, and tell her comfortably of his grown sons and daughters, who were prospering in worldly matters, and express the fondestsolicitude as to their world ly advancement. Two or thrice a year Mrs. Ray would go to the Parsonings, and such evenings would be by no means hours of wailing. Tea and bettered toast on such oc action would be very manifestly in the ascendant. Mrs. Ray never questioned the propriety of her clergyman's life, nor taught he solf to see a discrepancy between his doctrine and his conduct. But she believed in both, and was unconsciously troubled at having her belief so varied. She never thought about it, or discovered that her triend allowed him-

Ray never questioned the propriety of her clergyman's life, nor taught he self to see a discrepancy between his doctrine and his conduct. But she believed in both, and was unconsciously troubled at having her belief so varied. She never thought about it, or discovered that her criend allowed himself to be carried away in his sermons by his zeal, and that he condemned this world in all things, hoping that he might thereby teach his hearers to condemn it in some things. Mrs. Ray would allow herself the privilege of no such argument as that. It was all gospel to her. The parson in the church and the parson out of the church were alike gospels to ber sweet, white, credulous mind; but these differing gospels troubled her and termented her.

Of that particular clergyman, I may as well here say that he was the Rev. Charles Comfort, and that he was rector of Cawston, a pari-h in Devonshire about two miles out of Baslehurst. Mr. Prime had for a year or two been his curate, and during that term of curacy he had married Dorothea Ray. Then he had died, and his widow had returned from the house her husband had occupied near the church to her mother's cottage. Mr Prime had been possessed of some property, and when he died he left the widow in the uncontrolled possession of two hundred a year. As it was well known that Mrs. Ray's income was considerably less than this, the people of Baslehurst and Cawston had declared how comfortable for Mrs. Ray would be this accession of wealth to the family. But Mrs. Ray had not become much the richer. Mrs. Prime did no doubt, pay her fair quota toward the maintenance of the humble cottage at Bragg's End, for such was the name of the spot at which Mrs. Ray lived. But she did not do more than this. She established a Doreas society at Baslehurs', of which she became permanent president, and spent her money in carrying on this institution in the mann r most pleasing to herself. I fear that Mrs. Prime liked to be more powerful at these charitable meetings than her sister laborers in the same l

But I have not as yet described the whole of Mrs. Ray's family. Had I done so, her life would indeed have been sour and sorrowful, for she was a woman who especially needed companionship. Though I have hitherto spoken but of one daughter, I have said that two had been left with her when her husband died. She had one whom she feared and obeyed seeing that a master was necessar to her but

sour and sorrowful, for she was a woman who especially ueeded companionship. Though I have hitherto spoken but of one daughter, I have said that two had been left with her when her husband died. She had one whom she feared and obeyed, seeing that a master was necessary to her; but she had another whom she loved and caressed, and I may declare that some such object for her tenderness was as necessary to her as a master. She could not have lived without something to kiss, something to tend, something to which she might speak in short, loving, pet terms of affection. This youngest girl, Rachei, had been only two years old when her father died, and now, at the time of this story, was not yet quite twenty. Her sister was, in truth, only seven years her senior, but in all the facts and ways of life she seemed to be the eldest by at least half a century. Rachel, indeed, at the time, felt berself to be much nearer of an age with her mother. With her mother she could laugh and talk, ay, and form little wicked whispered schemes behind the tyrant's back, during some of those Dorcas hours in which Mrs. Prime would be employed at Basichurst; schemes, however, for the final perpetuation of which the courage of the elder widow would too frequently be found insufficient.

Rachel Ray was a fair-haired, woll-grown, comely girl, very like her mother in all but this, that whereas about the mother's cyes there was always a look of weakness, there was a shadowing of coming strength of character round those of the daughter. On her brow where was written a capacity for sustained purpose which was wanting to Mrs. Ray. Not that the reader is to suppose that she was masterful like her sister. She had been brought up under Mrs. Prime's directions, and had not as yet learned to rebel. Nor was sho in any way prone to domineer. A litle wickedness now and then, to the extent, perhaps, of a vain walk into Baslehurst on a summer evening, a little obstinacy in refusing to explain whither she had been and whom she had seen, a yawn in church, or a nomy, had such observer been there, might have seen that the days of such rebellion were coming. She was a fair-haired girl, with hair, not flaxen, but of

light-brown tint, thick, and full, and glossy, so that its charms could not all be hidden away, let Mrs. Prime do what she would to effect such hiding. She was well made, being tall and straight, with great appearance of health and strength. She walked as though the motion were pleasant to her, and easy, as though the very act of walking were a pleasure. She was bright too, and clever in their little cuttage, striving hard with her needle to make things look well, and not sparing her strength in giving household assistance. One little maiden Mrs. Ray employed, and a gardener came to her for half a day once a week; but I doubt whether the maiden in the house, or the gardener out of the house, did as much hard work as Rachel. How she had toiled over that carpet, patching it and piecing it! Even Dorothea could not accuse her of idleness. Therefore Dorothea accused her of profitless industry, because she would not attend more frequently at those Dorcas meetings.

But, Dolly, how on earth am I to make my own things, and look after mamma's? Charity begins at home.' Then had Dorothea put down her huge Dorcas busket, and explained to her sister at considerable length, her reading of that text of Scripture. 'One's own clothes must be made all the same,' Rachel said, when the female preacher had finished. 'And I don't suppose even you would like mamma to go to church without a decent gown.' Then Dorothea had seized up her huge basket angrily, and had trudged off into Baslehurst at a quick pace—at a pace much too quick when the summer's heat is considered; and as she went, unhappy thoughts filled her mind. A colored dress belonging to Rachel herself had met her eye, and she

Such tidings of the series of it be that such disgrace had fallen upon her sister! She had not as yet mentioned the subject to Rachel, but she had given a dark hint to their afflicted mother.

'No, I didn't see it myself, but I heard it from Mirs Pucker.

'She that was to have been married to William Whitecoat, the baker's son, only he went away to Torquay and picked up with somebody else. People said he did it because she does squint so dreadfully.

'Mother!'—and Dorothea spoke very sternly as she answered—'what does it matter to us about William Whitecoat, or Miss Pucker's squint? She is a woman eager in

doing good.' It's only since he left Basichurst, my dear.

'Mother! does that matter to Rachel? Will that save her if she be in danger? I tell you that Miss Pucker saw

her walking with that young man from the brewery!

Though Mrs. Ray was strongly inclined to throw what odium she could upon Miss Pucker, and though she hated Miss Pucker in her heart, at this special moment, for having carried tales against her darling, she could not deay, even to herself, that a terrible state of things had arrived if it were really true that Rochel had been yearn ween. if it were really true that Rachel had been seen walking with a young man. She was not bitter on the subject as was Mrs. Prime and poor Miss Pucker, but she was filled full of indefinite horror with regard to young men in general. They were all regarded by her as wolves—as solves either with or with ut sheep's clothing. I doubt whether she ever brought it home to herself that those whom she now recognized as the established and well-credited lords of the creation had ever been young men themselves. When she heard of a wedding, when she learned that some strug-gling son of Adam had taken to hinself a wife, and had settled himself down to the soher work of the world, she rejoiced greatly, thinking that the son of Adam had done well to get himself married. But whenever it was whispered into her ear that any young man was looking after a young woman, that he was taking the only step by which he could hope to find a wife for himself, she was instantly shocked at the wickedness of the world, and prayed inwardly that the girl at least might be saved as a brand from the burning. A young man, in her estimation, was a wicked wild beast, seeking after young women to devour them, as a cut seeks after mice. This, at least, was her established idea—the idea on which she worked, unless some other idea on any special occasion were put into her head. When young Butler Cornbury, the eldest son of the neighboring squire, came to Cawston after pretty Patty Comfort—for squire, came to Cawston after pretty Patty Comfort—for Patty Comfort was said to have been the prettiest girl in Devonshire—and when Patty Comfort had been allowed to go to the assemblies at Torquay almost on purpose to meet him, Mrs. Ray had thought it all right, because it had been presented to her mind as all right by the rector. Butler Combury had married Patty Comfort, and it was all right. But had she heard of Patty's dancings without the assist. ance of a few hints from Mr. Comfort himself, her mind would have worked in a different way.

She certainly desired that her own child Rachel should some day find a husband, and Rachel was already older than

some day find a husband, and Rachel was already older than he had been when-she married, or than Mrs. Prime had been at her wedding; but, nevertheless, there was something terrible in the very thought of—a young man; and she, thought she would fain have defended her child, but

thardly knew how to do so otherwise than by discrediting the words of Miss Pucker. 'She always was very ill-natured, you know,' Mrs. Ray ventured to hint.

'Mother!' said Mrs. Prime, in the peculiarly stern voice of hers, 'there can be no reason for supposing that Miss Pucker wishes to malian the child. It is my belief that Rachel will be in Baslehurst this evening. If so, she probably intends to meet him again.' babli rintends to meet him again.

'I know she is going into Baslohurst after tea,' said Mrs. Ray, because she has promised to walk with the Miss Tappitts. She told me so.'

reparation of the in Act freed the Scote it is certainly true that the three Miss Tappitts were the daughters of Bungall and Tappitt, the old-established brewers of Baslehurst. They were, at least, the actual children of Mr. Tappitt, who was the sole surviving partner in the brewery. The name of Bungall had for many years was left unnoticed?

been used merely to give solidity and standing to the Tap-pitt family. The Miss Tappitts certainly came from the brewery, and Miss Pucker had said that the young and came from the same quarter. There was ground in this for much suspicion, and Mrs. Ray became uneasy. This conversation between the two widows had occurred before dinner at the cottage on a Saturday; and it was after din-ner that the elder sister had endeavored to persuade the younger one to accompany her to the Dorcas workshop, but had endcavored in vain.

#### THE CROOKED PICKLES.

The sound of brisk steps, directions in subdued tones the carefully laid tea-table, with its china and silver, all confirmed Minnie Warren's whispered, 'We've got company. Aren't you glad, Dede? Uncle Aaron's come.' And fond Aunt Lucy had granted the inmost wish of her little heart by allowing her to think herself useful on this great domestic occasion.

' May I get the pickles?'

'Mind and pick out all the straight ones, dear?'
'Yes'm;' and back she skipped with a plateful, so green, so hard, so sure to be brittle, that even fastidious Aunt Lucy was setisfied

Minnie dropped into her little chair watching for another opportunity 'to take a step for Auntie,' and as she sat, grave lines were drawn upon the serious little face that

drew Aunt Lucy's eyes towards her busy as she was.
'Why did you tell me to get the straight pickles, Aunt O, because they look a little nicer for company; the

crooked ones taste just as well.'

Minnie fell back pondering the idea she could not quite

Aunt Lucy !

What, dear?
Do you love Uncle Aaron better than you do Uncle John? Didn't you tell me Uncle John was a dear good hn? Didn't you tell me Uncle John was a dear good an. Aren't they both your brothers just the same?'
'Indeed they are, and I love them both,' answered Miss

True, quick tears dimming her glasses.

'But—but—' the earnest eyes, the quivering lip asked permission to go on. Miss True's smile granted it.

'You have made toast, and cooked chicken, and put on the prettiest dishes for Uncle Aaron, but when Uncle John was here you said, 'Never mind; the blue dishes are just are well and you didn't tall me to yet, the straight wickles as well, and you didn't tell me to get the straight pickles either. But, auntic, I am very sure you told me to treat my

either. But, auntic, 1 am vo., little playmates just alike.'

(Well, Minnie, I knew that Uncle Aaron was more parties. I knew that Uncle John. He is used to while Uncle John in ticular about his eating than Uncle John. He is used to having things very nice at home, while Uncle John is

'I know,' chimed in the flexible, expressive child's voice, 'I know why—because Uncle John is poor. But, Auntie, if he don't get nice things often, won't he like them better when he

This naive home question, put with moist eyes and deprecating tone, was too much for Aunt True. She would have boxed a pert child's ears, but she answered Minnie (would that all of us could be as wise!) humbly:

'Dear child, Aunt Lucy was wrong; she loves her brothers just alike, and means to treat them so, and when uncle

ors just aintee, and means to treat them as, and when interJohn comes again he shall have a nice suppor?

'Yes, and I'll get the straight pickles too.'

'I declare,' exclaimed Aunt Lucy; shutting herself into
the buttery, while the four years of experience outside
walked away with a happy face, 'I declare, Lucinda, that
child of yours does ask such questions. Did you hear her? I never shall see a crooked pickle again without being ashamed of myself. We must be careful; that pickle jar than the whole second chapter of James would have done. -Watchman and Reflector.

DARGEROUS AND DESTRUCTIVE.—Remarking upon the large quantities of powder and saltpetre which the United States quantities of powder and satepeter which the United States authorities have accumulated, it is recommended by Mr. Gideon Wellos that inland depots should be procured for the storage of it, in order to prevent accident. He says:— The importance of this subject will be sufficiently folt by reflecting on the terrific consequences of the explosion of five hundred tons of gunpowder in the vicinity of a city like Boston, New York, or Philadelphia. Words can hardly do justice to the disastrous effects of such an event. It would level spire and dome with the earth, and shake either of those cities to their very foundation. By an explosion of a far less quantity of powder than that named, an entire quar-ter of the city of Leyden was destroyed in 1807, and 150 persons perished in the ruins.

persons perished in the ruins.

The Sooten Perrage.—The following letter, signed 'K,' and dated from Paris, appeared lately in the Times:—'Sir, —In your summary of the career of Lord Elgin it is stated 'he succeeded to the earldom, which, being a Scotch peerage, did not interfere with his seat in the Lower House.' Permit me to point out that this is an inaccuracy. A Scotch tood cannot sit in the House of Commons—unlike the Irish peers, who can, except for Ireland. Not only personal hardship, but public loss, has thus arisen. Some Scotch peers of known abilities, but who could neither obtain British peerages from the Government, nor get elected as representative peers, have been totally sequestered from public life. The most conspicuous example in point is public life. The most conspicuous example in point is undoubtedly the Earl of Marchmont, in the last century, who, on succeeding to a Scotch peerage, was thenceforth, as a public man, extinguished. I might also refer to the late Lord Kinnaird, who was undoubtedly fit to adorn either House; while each, from the accident of his position, was alike barred to him. I further well remember a deputation of Westminster electors, ignorant of the law of the case, desiring their former representative, become Lord Dundon-ald, again to stand for their suffrages. But, as he replied, he was precluded from this particular and very desirable reparation of the injustice he had suffered. The Reform Act freed the Scotch peers from the previous very absurd disqualification of their eldest sons to represent Scotland. When in the last Reform Bill of Lord Russell it was proposed to permit Irish peers to represent Irish places, I wondered that the much greater disability of the Scotch peerage

### Selected Loctry.

IN DECEMBER, 1863.

BY J. H. ELLIOT.

The dying year grows old, and wan, and sad; December holds on high her flickering torch, And all bright things of beauty, one by one, Glide out the perch.

All day I hear the people talk of war-Of movements planned-of buttles won and lost, And see the faces blanched with tears of those Who know the cost.

All night I drown of blood, and wounds, and death-Of ghastly corpsos bleaching on the plain-Of mouns and agony in stifled words-Of starving mon.

And as the days and nights go sadly by, And only scarry grains of comfort lend, My inmost soul to the great God will cry, "Where is the end?"

"Have we not drained the chalice to its dregs? Thou Just. and Merciful, tell us Thy will; When shall the God who hears the raven's cry-Bid 'Ponco, be still?' "

[Home Journal.

#### BEGINNING TO WALK.

He's not got his legs, the darling; He's been in our ship but a year; He isn't yet versed in our linge-Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But he soon will hear! more of the billow, And learn the salt taste of the wave; One voyage, though it's short is sufficient, When our ports are the Cradle and the Grave.

#### THE MOON.

Far through the waste of clouds, in the fathomless, limitless blue, Outon of a midnight range of scores and visions new Throned o'er a world of beauty, serone and calm on high, Rides the pale moon lonely, empress of the sky.

### THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

At a recent meeting of the members of the Canadian Institute a lecture was delivered by Dr. McCaul on the Ancient Glandes or Acorns. The learned Doctor explained that the subject of lecture chosen by him was of considerable interest, proving as it did, that lead missiles were used at a period long before the Christian era. They were used in ancient warfare, made like acorns, and shot from slings. The inscriptions on these missiles were very unique. Many were found in the ruins of Pompeii, and in Rome and Italy. They reminded him very much of the shape of the Minnie bullets, used in modern warfare. The lecture was extremely interesting, and was listened to with pleasuro by all.
Dr. Morris exhibited some beautiful specimens of butter-

flies and beetles, which had been captured by him at Orillia and other places during the past summer. Among the most interesting of the captures were specimens of Colias Medusa and Terias lisa, both of extremely rare occurrence in Canada, and which he had taken at Orillia about the middle Canada, and which he had taken at Orillia about the middle of August. He also called attention to some singular specimens of a curious wood-eating beetle called Arrhenodes septentrionis, which had been given to him by Mr. F. Grant of Orillia, and which showed either a great menstrosity, or that two species were confounded in one. An interesting conversation followed upon a question asked by Dr. Campbell, as to the course of the recent remarkable passage of butterflies. He said he desired information on the substant also had about not believed whether their necessaria. teet, as he had not yet observed whether their passage through the Western part of the Province and Western States was noticed in the newspapers. He was aware of the fact that ants and bees were capable of communicating with each other, but he had no knowledge of butterflies having that power. Prof. Hincks remarked that some seasons were exceedingly favorable to the preservation of sensons were exceedingly lavorable to the preservation of the eggs of the butterfly, and consequently that insect appeared in swarms during such times; but with regard to their means of communicating their designs to each other he could not give any positive information. It was observed during the recent flight of that insect that they directed their course even against the wind, but he had not seen anything in any of the papers published further west in reference to their passage. Rev. Dr. McCaul said that he had recently read an article in a French paper from a gen-tleman who had given a good deal of attention to the study of the habits of ants, bearing on the subject, and he be-lieved that the butterflies communicated in the same way lieved that the butterflies communicated in the same way as the ants did, viz., by the antelæe This French writer gave an instance of this power in the ant by stating that he once observed a number of them endeavoring to remove a beetle, but were unable to do so in consequence of their numerical weakness. A consultation followed and one of the ants left its companions and after proceeding a short distance it met a little acquaintance with whom it was observed to have a chat by means of the antelæ; the result of which was that the latter went, any and soor returned which was that the latter went away and soon returned with a great swarm of ants who dragged the beetle off with the greatest ease and put it out of the way. (Laughtor.) The meeting, which was a highly interesting one, was brought to a close after the nomination of officers for the ensuing year. The election will take place at the next

Lord Astley, before he charged at the battle of Edgehill, made this short prayer: "O, Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee, do not thou forget me."

"There were certainly," says Hume, "much longer prayers said in the Parliamentary army; but I doubt if there was as great a one."

teers accordingly. It is, doubtless, in a large measure due to his exertions as an instructor, that so many valuable prizes have been taken at Rifle Matches, by Volunteers from his District. They can now boust of having won three District Medals, together with the National Association Medal.

During the Trent excitement Lieut. Jackson was solicited to take the Captaincy of a new Volunteer Company that was then being organized in Brockville, but he de clined, preferring to remain with his old corps, which he expected would be called out on active service. At this time the mens' clothing, through long service, had become much worn, (No. 1 Rifles, Brockville, is the oldest corps in Upper Canada,) and being desirous of having the men in a comfortable and respectable condition, one other officer and himself provided at their own expense a new outfit for the whole company; and were prepared, should their services have been required, to have taken the field at any time. In 1862, His Excellency acknowledged his services by giving him a Captain's Commission. In November, 1862, he received the apdointment of Brigade-Major of the 2nd Military District, U. C., comprising the Counties of Leeds, Greenville, Dandas, Stormont and Glengarry. At this time the old Corps, with which he had served over seven years, marked their appreciation of his services by presenting him with a sword and accourrements, accompanied with a complimentary address. The sword bore the following inscription :- "Presented to Captain Jackson, No. 1 Company, V. M. Rifles, in his promotion as Brigade-Major, District No. 2, U. C., by the Non-Commissioned officers and men of the Company, as a mark of their esteem. Brockville, Dec., 1892."

Since his appointment, he has devoted his whole time to the duties of his office, and by referring to his report, made in August last to the Adjutant-General's Department, it will be seen that at the time of his appointment there were in the District 16 Volunteer Companies, which had increased up to that time to 26 companies and 8 Drill Associations, and that there were then, 12 Volunteer companies waiting recognition,

In September last, he was oppointed Lt. Colonel com manding the 23rd Battalion of Volunteer Infantry, headquarters at Brockville.

On the eighth page of this number will be found a very pleasing pictorial idealization of the departure of the old year and the coming in of the new, from an original design by our own artist, Mr. G. A. Binkert. The old year is represented by the figure of an old man, who appears as if retiring, with tottering steps, from the scene. The new year is represented by a youth, advancing with light and cheerful step, as if bringing with him good wishes, at least, for the happiness of all. Behind him are seen advancing the four seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter—each with appropriate insignia. The figure of Fortune, with eyes blindfolded, and prepared to shower her favours, without conscious selection of favourites, is seen on the appropriate side. And Old Time with is seen on the opposite side. And Old Time, with his seythe and hour-glass, is on hand to complete the

MR. A. S. IRVING, King St., Toronto, a little west of Yonge St., (not East, as we were inadvertently made to say last week,) has on hand a large and varied assortment of Books, Magazines, Tales and works of fiction, and is supplied at the earliest possible time after publication with all the current literature of the day-English, American and Canadian. He has almost an endless variety of Books, Albums &c., suitable for holiday presents. He shews a splendid selection of Photograph Albums at from 25 cents to \$20.-Those visiting Toronto should give him a call.

Every Englishman remembers Campbell's noble poem of "Ho!senlinden;" but few perhaps had considered, until Sir Edward Curt led the way, how entirely that poom misrepresents all the circumstances of the battle which it has made so famous. It is about as near the fact as David's celebrated picture of Bonaparte crossing the Alps on a prancing charger is to to the reality of the passage of the St. Bernard. The essence of the poetical Hohenlinden is a night attack; but the true battle of Hohenlinden began at eight or nine o'clock in the morning. It is very likely that the river lser flows swift and dark in winter; but it flows many miles from Hohenlinden. It does indeed wash the walls of Munich, and banners may have been waved upon those walls—nor would their waving have had less influence upon the battle, because invisible, through distance, from the scene. The only feature common to this real and imaginary spectacle was the snow, which fell heavily during, although it did not cover the ground before, the battle. Perhaps the poet never heard that slush and mud were the allies of France at Hohenlinden, and that Moreau won the battle by judging accurately how long his assailant would stick and struggle in the forest paths, where it was no more possible to rush to glory than it is to gallop over an Alpine ridge.

# celleacy approved of the offer, and he instructed the volun- POLYGAMY IN TURKEY,—MARRIAGE ARRANGEMENTS OF cause. teem accordingly. It is, doubtless, in a large measure due.

#### From Bentley's Miscellany.

'The Oriental nations have one great obstacle to contend with in their attempts to appropriate European civilization, in the position which polygamy imposes on their wives. We purposely allude to the consequences of the institution, and not to the institution itself, for we are perfectly well aware that polygamy only exists in rare instances. Any married reader can suppose that having several wives must be an extremely expensive affair, especially when the ladics, as is the case in Turkey, expect to be waited on from morn till night, and reckon pearls and diamonds as the first of their wants. But it is not the question whether no more than one thousand or fifteen hundred Turks in the whole Osmanli empire have a well-filled harem. The decisive thing is the contemptuous idea of wives which the Mohanthan one thousand or fifteen hundred Turks in the whole Osmanli empire have a well-filled harem. The decisive thing is the contemptuous idea of wives which the Mohammedan institution of polygamy has produced. Not regarded as a companion of equal rank and helper, but placed on about the same low footing as the husband's favorite horse and favorite weapon, the wife is no moral tactor of Mohammedan life. Various other things, to which we need not more particularly refer, produce the total result that the Turkish woman onle too often has a most prejudicial effect on the family and the education of the children. If the Turks were to lead a happy family life, that reform which is still hanging on thorns and obstacles would be rapidly effected, because in that case they would have attained a higher moral standard. But such a family life is impossible so long as that contempt for women endures from which polygamy originated.

'Since Lady Mon tagu for the first time entered the serai

polygamy originated.

Since Lady Mon tagu for the first time entered the scrai of the Padishah at the extremity of the Golden Horn, the thick veil that lay over the Turkish harem system has been considerably raised. Several European ladies have been able to study the marriage life of their Turkish sisters at their leisure, and have not been at all sparing in their communications. A remarkably pretty narrative of this description, valuable also from the fact that it describe; the state of affairs in the last days of Abd-ul-Medjid, and the first days of his reigning Highness Abd-ul-Aziz, is offered us by a talented and somewhat realistic French lady, Madame Olympia Audouard. The lady had the good fortune to be introduced into the harems of an ex-Turkish envoy at Naples and of a pasha, and to form some female acquaintances, through whom she obtained access to the imperial seraglio.

"This kinduess of Abd-Medjidj (who as before mentioned, was kindness itself to the ladies of his harem,) was sadly misused. The ladies permitted themselves expenses which went beyond all bounds even for Sultanas ond Odalisques. Each of their apartments was crowded with those elegant and expensive articles which rejoice the fominine heart, in the shape of pearls and diamonds, bottles and baskets. The good Sultan forbade this enormous outlay at times, but the shape of pearls and diamonds, bottles and baskets. The good Sultan forbade this enormous outlay at times, but then a universal conspiracy was formed against him; the ladies pouted, cried, and scolded, and, in order to regain his peace, Abd-ul-Medjid had no course but to give way. In 1858, the mischief had grown so serious that the European diplomatists waited on the Sultan in a body, and earnestly implored him to show himself master of his own house. Abd-ul-Medjid heaved a deep sigh, and issued a Hatti-Humayoun, in which he expressed his dissatisfaction that, apart from the necessary expenses entailed by the marriages of princesses, more debts had been incurred than he was in a position to pay. A commission of officials investigated the debts of the serai, and brought together in a very short period a total of five hundred thousand purses, or two hundred and fifty million plasters. Moreover, it was not the Sultan's fault that these debts were not larger, for he had himself demanded sixty million piasters for the expenses of the last Bairam, and had most reluctantly put up with eleven million piasters, which were advanced by Baltazzi, the banker. During the investigation, greatembezzlements, and still greater extravagances, were brought to light. Many officials were discharged, a sister and four married daughters of the Sultan were placed under guardianship; but in the serai itse If matters remained in the old state.

'The marriage of princesses, on whose expenses, as the

'The marriage of princesses, on whose expenses, as the Hatti-Humayoun of 1838 stated, no saving could be effected, deserves special notice.' If one of the Sultan's daughters has attained the age at which Turkish girls are generally married, the father seeks a husband for her among the nobles at his court. If a young man specially please her, he is given the rank of lieutenant-general, nothing lower being ever selected. The chosen man receives, in addition, a magnificent, fully-furnished palace and sixty thousand piasters a month pocket-money; and, in addition, his father-in-law defrays all the housekeeping expenses.

The bridegroom is not always over and above pleased at "The bridegroom is not always over and above pleased at being selected. If he be married, he is obliged to get a divorce; he must never have a wife or mistress in addition to the princess; and, moreover, he is regarded as the servant rather than the husband of his wife. The Sultan himself announces to him his impending good fortune, and it is his bounden duty to bow reverentially, kiss the Sultan's feet, and stammer a few words about the high honor, the unexpected happiness, etc. He then proceeds with a chamberlain, who bears the imperial Hatti, to the Sublime Porte. A military band precedes him, and soldiers are drawn up along the road, who present arms. At the head of the stairs the bridegroom is received by the grand vizier, conducted by him into a room where all the ministers are assembled, and the Hatti, is read aloud. This ceremony corresponds to the betrothal.

Whether she be pretty or the contrary, a princess will always let her husband feel how high she is above him. He occupies a room next to hers, and must await her commands there at all hours. Whether he have friends with him or be alone, so soon as one of her cunuchs summons him to her presence he must rise at once, make a temena—that is to say, touch the ground and then his forchead with his right hand—and proceed at once to her apartment. There he is expected to stand until she requests him to be seated. If he wish to pay a visit to her family, or go out on business, he must first ask her leave; and if he remain away unusually late he must inform her of it and of the

cause. His wife never lets him go out alone, some of her cunuchs accompanying him and would inform her if he were to do any thing naughty.

"The husband has no way of escaping his serfdom. His princess can be separated from him at any moment, but he must stick to her. He has no other consolation but the one that his existence costs him nothing, and that he has such a share of the fabulous luxury which his wife indulges in as she allowes him. These husbands of princesses must be regarded as the scape-goat which the male sex offers up as a punishment for its contempt of women. At any rate, the prohibition for such husbands having a second and third wife is a Turkish confession how dishonoring polygamy is. The Turks ought to derive from it the moral: What you do not wish to happen to a princess, ought not to happen to another woman.

### Literary Aotices.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE for January, 1864; Rollo and Adam, Toronto: The opening num her for 1864 of this Magazine has just been laid on our table by the publishers. The contents are:

Personal Sketches, or Reminiscences of public men Personal Sketches, or Reminiscences of public men in Canada.—Mr. Andrew Stuart, Sir James Stuart, Mr. Justice Hagarman: Claire Meadowsweet, or Self-Reliance, (concluded.) The Dark Days of Canada, by the Editor: A Legend of Sherwood Forest, by Mrs. Caroline Connon: Thornhaugh, a Diary: Holiday Musings of a Worker, by Mrs. Holliwell,—No. 2,—The Love of Reading: Our Anglo-Saxon Tongue, by Lavid Tucker, M. D., B. A.: The Cited Curate, ry Miss Murray,—(concluded.) The Accuser and the Accused, by Mrs. Moodie: Transatlantic Chimes, by James McCarroll: Leaves from the Life Romance it Merone Dillamer, by H. T. Devon: Reviews of Books and Periodicals. Books and Periodicals.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for November, 1863: Leonard Scott and Co., New York .- The above number of the 'North British' has been received, and is now before us. Its contents are :

On the ancient Glaciers and Icebergs of Scotland; The Seaforth Papers; Recent Geographical Discovery and Research; Pet Marjorie; Clerical Subscription in the Church of England; A Voyage to Alexandria and a Glimpse of Egypt; The Scotch Universities' Commission; Harold Hardrada and Magnus the Good; England and Europe.

The last article, that on 'England and Europe,' will be the most interesting to the Canadian reader. The article on 'Clerical Subscrip ion in the Church of England,' will doubtless attract attention here, as it has already done in England, from the circumstance that it is understood to be from the pen of Lord Amberley, the eldest son of Earl Russell, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

WASHIFCTON IRVING IN ENGLAND Mr Thackeray, in his Roundabout Papers, 'thus speaks of Irving.
Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good

Roundabout Papers, 'thus speaks of Irving.

Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's genereus and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in; England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship; (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him,) he was a messenger of good will and peace between his country and ours. 'See' friends!' he seems to say, 'these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went among them an humble man; wong my way by my pen, and when known, found every hand held out to me with kindliness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?'

Beautiful Sunsets—The New Year Evening Post thus speaks of a recent series of beautiful sunsets observed there:
The present season, in this part of the country at least has been remarkable for the beauty of its sunsets. These have been generally almost cloudless, like the sunset, in Italy and in the Levant, with an amber-color or orange light flushing the whole sky and streaming into every nook and recess open to the air, searcely casting any, shadow, or casting but a faint and undefined one, from the objects on which it falls. The most beautiful sunsets in our climate—and exceedingly beautiful they are—have generally been those in which the clouds have been the most conspicuous accessories, curtaining the declining sun with their point of colors, purple, crimson, orange and gold, and their almost metallic brilliancy and glitter. Just now however—up to the time of the late storm—we have had a succession of sunsets often without a single defined cloud in the sky, as if these meteors had been bidden to withdraw for a season, in order to exhibit to our eyes some of the phenomena presented by the most beautiful climates of the old world.' BEAUTIFUL SUNSETS-The New Year Evening Post thus

### SOUR FLOUR AND ITS REMEDY.

From the Toronto Globe

From the Toronto Globe.

The greatest difficulty experienced by millers in this country, is in so preparing their flour that it was bear shipment during the summer season. A very large portion of Canada flour, shipped after the let of M. y, errives in England in an unsound state, and it may be said generally, that two-thirds of our flour sours on the voyage, or on the wharves at Montreal during June and July. The effect of this is to depreciate the value of all winter ground flour to a serious extent, and the danger of souring causes a loss of confidence, which very often creates a general stagnation in the trade during the summer months. Our matters have sat isfied themselves by maledictions of the Montreal markets, when their true course should be to discover some means whereby Canada flour w ald stand shipment not only to England, but also to the West Indies and South America. It was remarked, not long since, by a leading Montreal merchant, that if an article of flour could be produced. On Canada wheat which would stand the change of climate in the voyage to South America and the West Indies, a new and valuable trade could be opened, realising to our shipping and commercial interests untold advantages.

We know that prior to the adoption of the bonding system in the United States, and the Reciprocity Treaty, large shipments of Canada flour were constantly made to the British and India islands from Montreal and Quebec, and we think it only requires enterprise and intelligence on the part of our millers and export merchants, to recover this lost trade. The first difficulty to overcome is the liability of Canada flour to sour. How can this be done? Of course we are not unmindful of the neces ity of superior manufacture of the article. Low ground flour is always dangerous. Bad packages made from green staves, and badly hooped, will destroy the best flour. Still, after all that careful and skilful millers can do, there remains the first great difficulty of the excessive moisture of the wheat. The moisture has bee

Messrs. Sutton & Gibson have patented a machine for drying wheat and other grain, which bids fair to revolutionise the process of milling in this country. One of their machines is in operation in Montreal, where it has given the greatest satisfaction in removing this excessive moisture from grain, and rendering soft and damp wheat capable of safe shipment to Fngland. Their improved apparatus consists of a series of spiral screws, or conveyors, moving from grain, and rendering soft and damp wheat capable of safe shipment to Fngland. Their improved apparatus consists of a series of spiral screws, or conveyors, moving in corresponding grooves, thus turning the wheat backwards and forwards over a plane of perforated galvanised iron, underneath which the heat is supplied from furnaces, blown by means of a fan under the whole lower surface of the machine. The requisite heat being supplied by these furnaces, the grain is kept in a constantly moving state over the surface, which prevents burning or scorching, and can be so regulated as to remove any desired amount of moisture, even from one to twenty per cent. This machine can be made of smaller or larger size, so as to dry from a hundred bushels to five thousand bushels per hour. The importance of this discovery can be scarcely over estimated, for while the larger machines will be made useful at the principal elevators and shipping points of the country, the smaller ones can be made available for mills of the smallest as well as the largest class. It would thus appear that all that is necessary on the part of our millers is, first, to thoroughly dry their wheat before grinding, and thus by care in the manufacture, and the use of well seasoned and tight barrels, they may guarantee their flour to keep for any length of time. While mentioning this, however, we may also say the air tight barrels are of the last importance in preserving flour. We all know that to preserve fruit we use hermetically sealed jars, and it would appear reasonable that when the bran, which is the natural protection of the flour of the wheat from decay, is removed, the flour should be protected from the air by as nearly hermetically sealed packages as can be economically made.

We recommend our millers and others engaged in the

nearly hermetically sealed packages as an early made.

We recommend our millers and others engaged in the grain trade to examine the merits of this invention, feeling assured that any means of preserving flour made from Canada wheat, during the sea voyage, will be of national importance.

THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD SQUADRON has returned from its experimental trip, and has anchored in the port of Cherbourg. During the sailing from Madeira, the Napoleon and the Tourville, screw liners, always had the advantage over the other vessels. Next, in order of merit, were the Solferino, Magenta, and Couronne, each performing on an average six knots, and close after these were the Normandic and Invincible. As these vessels will only have to fight when under steam power, their somewhat slow rate of sailing is not deemed of great importance. Under steam, the five iron-clads have on several occasions made twelve knots an hour.

An Irishman, who was at the celebrated battle of Bull Run, was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left was taken off by a cannon ball. companion on the icit was taken off by a cannon ball. In a few minutes, however, a spent ball broke off the finger of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and howled with pain, when the Irishman rushed upon him, exclaiming, "You owld woman, stop cryin'! You are making more noise about it than the man who just lost his head."

#### NIGHT.

NIGHT.

Tis night; the last rays of the setting sun have died away; the hurry and bustle of the busy world has subsided and all is quiet. No longer are your curs greeted by the hum and din of business; for the counting-house is closed and the mechanic has long since retired from his workshop.

Fevered and excited from the toil and cares of active life, man retires to his quiet chamber to meditate and ponder on things of more than temporal existence. He reasons with himself and strives to ascertain what will be the ultimate doom of that within him which is immortal. The thick veil of darkness is wrapped about the earth; dissimulation is useless, for there is no one to listen or to criticise.

But, obscure within the noiseless precints of his little sanctum, each one honestly communes with God. And we ask, when is it that the most holy thoughts are called forth? When is it that the heart of man is mest alive to the greatness and infinite goodness of his Creater? When is it that he gazes with most amazement and admiration upon the sublimity and grandeur of the works of God?

We answer, at night. At night, when freed from the broils and the strifes which continually beset the way-faring-man upon the uneven and dangerous journey of life. Tis then he considers his own sinful and depraved nature, and 'soars aloft from nature up to nature's God,' and ascribes to Him all the greatness and power and goodness that abounds in his works. For if the mind is not destroyed, if the soul is not dead, if the heart is not stone, the pensiveness of night will open the portals of the affections; awake the feelings and kindle anew the fires of love and adoration.

Pitable, indeed, is that being whose spirit is not stirred

the feelings and kindle anew the fires of love and adoration.

Pitable, indeed, is that being whose spirit is not stirred and awed by the grandeur and sublimity of night; whose nature is not bettered and whose heart is not subdued and purified by a lone walk at the stilly hour of midnight!

Contemplate the scene whenever you will, from the time the first shades of evening begin to appear, until the slanting beams, like silver arrows, tell of the approaching moon, the same unpencilled grandeur is to be seen. The glorious luminary of day has scarce sunk beneath our western slopes until myriads of stars and constellations, twinkling and glittering on their burning thrones, bespangle the firmament, and the pale-faced moon rises up the eternal vault and reigns peerless, the fair queen of midnight.

Night in all past ages, has been a favorite theme for the muse. She loves then to flow along in one unbroken strain of matchless beauty and sublimity; and sing the impressive thoughts elicited. O night, thou hast been the theatre of many a solemn scene; the holy scriptures abound with striking instances.

'Twas night when the lone star shone so brilliantly to

striking instances.

'Twas night when the lone star shone so brilliantly to guide the wise men of Persia to the manger where the Saviour lay and announced to the world the birth of a Redeemer. 'Twas night when he experienced his agony and suffering in Gethsemane; when he prayed the solemn prayer, 'Eather, if it be possible let this cup pass from me.' 'Twas night, too, when our blessed Saviour repaired to the lone mount to engage in earnest supplication. 'Twas night when he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies and brought before Filate to be seourged and condemned. It was night when the mighty law-giver led the children of Israel out of Egyptian bondage. And it was night when they reached the Rad Sea and passed over before their enemies and beheld the consternation and destruction of Pharaoh and his mighty hosts. It was night when Jacob saw the delightful vision of the ladder which extended from earth unto heaven, with the angels descending and ascending thereon.

ing thereon.

Truly, great and impressive thoughts should crowd upon the mind at the close of the day, for thus the poet sung:—

'O night! most beautiful, most rare; Thou givest the heavens their heliest hue; And through the azure fields of air And through the azure folds of air
Bringest down the golden dow!
For thou, with breathless lips apart,
Didst stand in that dim age afar
And held upon thy trembling heart
Messiah's herald-star!
For this I love thy hallowed roign;
For more than this thrice blessed thou art; Thou gainest the unbeliever's brain
By entering at his heart.

"Divorces.—How few, indeed, there are who, when they read the above short but significant title, realize its full import. Divorced: yes there is a history, a sad one, too, in that one word. The dream of life blasted, the rosy leaves of hope turned to bitter ashes. Broken hearts and crushed hopes are always there; and what was once the pride of the past becomes a mocking jibe and bitter mockery.

"The happy days of youth and ardent, pure love, the sweet hours of courtship, the crowning of all these in the solemn hour of marriage—all, all find their grave in that one word, divorced! Speak it not lightly; it bears upon its blackened waste an unutterable load of wretchedness and woe. It is the parent of that grim despair, worse than the vilest death.

"Will parents ever learn to teach their children the one

"Will parents ever learn to teach their children the one useful lesson in life? Teach them what humanity is? what they are: what a husband and wife should be. If young people were properly instructed, the records would bear but few such stains. Married life, if it is not happy is a wrong. We were not sent into this world to legalize and perpetuate wrongs. Parents, when they teach their children properly their own duties, and that marriage is not a mart where the best pecuniary bargain is to be made, will have done much to remedy this growing and terrible evil.

There are very few divorces among the Irish; for it is much opposed by the Roman Catholic Church. And there are good physiological reasons why the "twain," becoming "one," should remain so during life.

Far better not marry than to marry and be divorced. See to it, that "ye be not unequally yoked together."

Five balls advertised, and flour one hundred and twenty-five dollars a bar.el! exclaims the Richmond Examiner.

The salary of Governor-General of India is the highest in the gift of the Crown, being £30,000 a year, exclusive of allowances, which may be estimated at £10,000 more.

### Yews Summary.

### CANADIAN.

A terrific boiler explosion took place on Thursday, December 17th. at the distillery of Messrs. Gooderham & Worts, Toronto. A fireman named John Kingston was instantly killed, and the damage done will take many thousands of dollars for its repair.

The Quebec Daily News thus speaks of the Cheseapeake affair : The cruel and cold-blooded murder of the second engineer, and the shouting down of an unarmed crew, is one of the darkest crimes we have read of since the days of Lastto and the pirates of the Spanish main. It was not only cruel but cowardly butchery, which no excuse can pulliate. The people of Halifax, in their sympathy for the Southern Confederacy, have committed a grievous error, and unless every means is taken to recapture these murderers, the city will remain under an eternal stigma of disgrace.

It is said that the official business of the several public departnents will without doubt be removed to Ottawa by about October next.

The Hon, Adam Ferrio died in Hamilton, on the evening of Tueslay, the 23rd Dec. He had been ailing for some time, but died rather suddenly notwithstanding. He was a Crown Member of the Legislative Council of the Province; and died at a ripe old age, full of years and honors, respected and esteemed by all. He was thoroughly Reform, (Radical, even, as some have said,) in his political views. At the same time, his political independence and selfreliance were the thome of remark even by opponents.

A most distressing affair lately occurred in the township of Matilda, County of Dundas, C. W. Two boys, sons of a man named Rutherford, aged five years and nine years respectively, were out chopping together, when the youngest struck his brother on the back with an axe. The poor boy died about four hours afterwards. An inquest was held and a verdict of manslaughter returned. The body of the boy who was killed had already been interred, as if there had been nothing extraordinary about the case. But the suspicions of the neighbors having become aroused, the coroner was notified, and an inquest held with the result above mentioned.

#### UNITED STATES.

Up to the time of writing for this column, the war news has been meagre and unimportant. Charleston was treated to another 'feast of shells' the end of last week. There has been some little fighting in the south-west. A leading point of discussion in the papers on both sides is exchange of prisoners. A recent dispatch says that the management of the 'exchanges' in this particular department, which has heretofore been left exclusively to the War Office, is now to be made the subject of a Cabinet consultation.

#### EUROPEAN.

The Great Eastern Steamship Company is definitely bankrupt. On the 28th Nov., the money subscribed by the shareholders towards realising the £60,000 required to repair and set the great ship affoat again was returned to the shareholders, and henceforth all the affairs nnected with the great vessel will have to pass through the Court of Chancery.

The London Court Journal says that "several of the ladies and gentlemen of the household, as well as several of the Cabinet Ministers, have occasionally of late had the honour of dining with Her Majesty and some members of the Royal family in Hor Majesty's private apartments. This shows that the Queen is gradually emerging from the very strict retirement in which she lived after the death of the Prince Consort.

The London Economist, a high authority in matters of trade and finance, expresses the opinion that money must be dear for a long time to come. "Considering," it says, "that we are suffering from a cotton-drain of bullion now, that we are likely to suffer from a greater one for some time to come, that the operation of a cottondrain may have a greater effect on the rate of interest than a corndrain, because it may be, and now will be, contemporaneous with an active and stimulated industry, we do not doubt that there must be a vory high value of money for a considerable period to come."

It is stated that after the receipt of the reply of Earl Russell touchng the Congress, the Emperor Napolcon addressed a letter to Quoon Victoria, which letter will be published.

A correspondent of the London Times at Paris says, men of judgnent admit that Earl Russell's despatch is so far masterly that all further talk about the matter is superfluous.

The members of the Gorman Scientific Congress, which recently assembled at Munich, have drawn up a solomn declaration against M. Ronan's "Vic do Jesus," not in a doctrinal point of view, but in n scientific one.

The replies of the Germanic Confederation, Denmark and Greece, in regard to the Congress, are published. All accept.

It is reported that Austria sent a note definitely declining the invi-

The Holstein question is unchanged. The German troops are about to enter to carry out the Federal execution.

The revolutionary party in Venetia are moving.

It is reported that 22,000 Swedish troops, headed by the King, were

The London Daily News talks of a probable general election within

The Morning Post says that Lord Wodehouse is instructed to tell the King of Denmark he may rely on the assistance of England in the event of the integrity of Denmark being threatened.

The Richmond correspondent of the London Times admits that the blockade has now for the first time made access to rebel ports really dangerous and difficult.

#### LORD TRANMERE OF CANADA.

A NOVEL

Writton for the Canadian Illustrated Nows.

CHAPTER I.-Advertisements.

In the south of England, in the winter of 1830, placards were posted in public places bearing words as follows:

were posted in public places bearing words as follows:—

"£500 reward! Captain Swing! Barn-burning! Machine-broaking! Arson! Murder! By order of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Home Department, a Reward of five hundred pounds sterling is hereby offered for such information as will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the person styling himself Captain Swing, alias Count Julien, alias George Francis St. Eustace Tranmere. The Secretary of State will advise His Majesty to grant a free pardon to any accomplice or accomplices, who may give such information as shall lead to the conviction of the said person styling himself Captain Swing.

Home Office, White Hall,
November 1st. 1830.

November 1st, 1830.

Alooo Reward.—In addition to £500 sterling, offered by His Majesty's Government, a Reward of £1000, (one thousand pounds sterling.) is hereby offered for the apprehension of the said Captain Swing, or person falsely assuming the fiame of George F. ancis St. Eustace Tranmere, the said reward of £1000 to be paid on the apprehension of the Incendiary and Murderer—with such other expenses after his conviction as may have been lawfully incurred. Apply, privately or otherwise, te Robley, Crossley & Cox, Solicitors, Temple Chambers, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London."

Extract from a Canadian Newspaper, 1837.

"We learn that their Excellencies the Governor and Lieutenaut-Governor of Lower and Upper Canada, have offered rewards for the apprehension of upwards of fifty leaders of rebellion, among whom are Louis Joseph Papineau, Dr. Wolfred Nelson, William Lyon McKenzie, Dr. Duncombe, General Sutherland, and the mysterious stranger Van Vogel, alias George Francis St. Eustace, Earl of Tranmere. We trust they may be all speedily captured, and hanged or otherwise disposed of according to their crimes."

Advertisements in Newspapers of 1857.

"Information Wanted — Proof of the death of George Francis St. Eustace Tranmere, otherwise George Johnson, otherwise Peter Van Vogel. He was variously reported to have gone over Niagara Falls in the Steamer Caroline, or to have been executed under another name, or to have met his death under other peculiar circumstances in Canada, or in the State of New York, in the year 1837 or 1838."

1838."

"Also Wanted.—Proof of the lawful marriage of the said George Francis Eustace Tranmere, otherwise Peter Van Vogel, with Catharine Darnley. Also, proof of the death of the said Catharine Darnley, if dead, or place of residence if alive. Also, proof of the existence of children by such marriage, if there were any, and of their place of residence. Parties affording this information, or any material part thereof, will be liberally rewarded. Apply to Messrs. Crossley, Cox & Crossley, Solicitors, Temple Chambers, Lincolu's Inn Fields, London.

Another Advertisement:

Another Advertisement:

"Whereas, John Robert Cox, Esquire, Solicitor, of Temple Chambers, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, accompanied by his clerk, Mr. Crossley Cox. and Mr. Jonathan Twigtree, an Inspector in the London Metropolitan Police, arrived in the City of New York on the 20th of November, 1860, and shortly after proceeded on a journey to the Western States of the Republic, and through portions of the Province of Canada. in search of certain persons supposed to be next of kin and one of them heir-at-law to the title and estates of the late Earl of Tranmere. And whereas, it is believed they had discovered one such person, the next of kin and lawful heir to said title and estates, a child of tender years, and were, with the mother and nurse of said child, journeying near the Niagara frontier of the State of New York, intending to go by way of Her Majesty's Province of Canada to England. And whereas, as hath been reported, they, the said John Robert Cox, Esquire, Mr. Crossley Cox, Mr. Jonathan Twigtree, Inspector of Police; Julien Francis St. Eustace, the youthful heir to the title and estates of the late John Earl of Tranmere, his mother and nurse were, treacherously waylaid in the neighbarback of the Niagara frontier of the United States. the title and estates of the late John Earl of Tranmere, his mother and nurse were, treacherously waylaid in the neighborhood of the Niagara frontier of the United States: there forcibly placed in a boat, or scow, or other vessel, without oars; their hands bound; the boat or other vessel sent adrift in the Niagara river, at night: swept into the Rapids; carried over the great Falls, and the said unhappy persons drowned. And whereas, certain legal documents are supposed to have been inclosed with their travelling luggage, the following rewards are offered: Two hundred and fifty pounds sterling on recovery of the said legal documents, and one thousand pounds sterling to any person or persons who shall give such evidence as will convict the perpetrators of the above-named atrocious crime, before any Court of Justice in the United States, or in Her Majesty's Province of Canada."

Extract from an American newspaper, 1862.

Extract from an American newspaper, 1832.

Extract from an American newspaper, 1862.

"Our readers may remember the report of a party of English travellers going over Niagara Falls about six months ago; the party consisting of a London solicitor, his relative, a nephew, we believe; a detective policeman, a child, its mother and nurse; the child alleged to have been heir at-law to an English title and large estates. The report caused much sensation as the frightful crime, at which human nature shudders, was supposed to have arisen out of the aristocratic institutions of England, by, or at the instance of rival claimants to the Earddom of Tranmere.

The truth of the report was, in some quarters doubted at The truth of the report was, in some quarters, doubted at

the time, and it may now be further doubted. A party of Confederate prisoners, recently arrived at Fortress Monroe, state that three men claiming to be British subjects, and answering the description of the two English lawyers and the policeman, and professing to be in search of a lost heir to an English title and estate, were, four mouths ago, arrested in Texas as spics; and, though alleging to have true Confederate passports, were hanged by the secesh mob within half an hour of the time of their capture."

Another advertisement.

The following was published in American and Canadian ewspapers in the spring of 1863, and placarded in conspicuous places throughout the city of Bloomearly:

spicuous places throughout the city of Bloomearly:

"Sale by Auction. Unclaimed Luggage; Unclaimed Railway Freight 1 Great Bargains.—Mr. Evergreen Gay is instructed by the Directors and General Manager of the Lake-Lovely Railway, to sell on the premises of the Company, at the Railway Station in the city of Bloomearly, Canada West, on the 30th instant, at eleven o'clock, a. m., the following effects:—All the unclaimed baggage or travelling luggage which accumulated at the several stations of the Lake-Lovely Railway prior to the 31st of March, 1862, consisting of trunks, valiese, carpet-sacks, satchels, hat-boxes, band-boxes, reticules, purses, writing-desks, ladies' work-boxes, and numerous packages—ali supposed to contain property less or more valuable, such as wearing apparel, money, jewellery, watches, books, and valuable documents.

"The unclaimed or unreduemed freight consists of threshing machines, ploughs, and other implements of the

threshing machines, ploughs, and other implements of the farm, chiefly of the best American manufacture. Also, carriages, sleighs, waggons, and harness, books, china, crystal, bales of cloth, and one large case supposed to contain valuable musical instruments."

#### CHAPTER II.

#### STRANGERS AT BLOOMEARLY STATION.

It was the day before the sale. Railway men and others, who on the platform awaited the arrival of trains, conversed about the chances of obtaining good bargains, or fortunes. in the lottery of trunks and travelling-bags on the morrow.

'Stephen, will you bid for another prize at this sale ?-You obtained a prize last year, did you not?'

'Prize, indeed; an empty carpet bag, except a pair of old boots each with a brick in it to weigh heavy; an iron key, and some writing I could make neither head nor tail Would you risk ten dollars for such a prize, Mac?'

'Atweel no; I'se no buy a nig in a pock; besides I go out with the Number Twenty Freight, and may not be here the morn.'

'Neither will I risk another ten dollars,' said Stephen Johnson, 'unless I were likely to get a better lot than the old boots, the bricks, and the key.

The Day Express West came in. Among the passengers tho alighted were two young ladies. They drove to the Bloomearly Arms Hotel. After engaging apartments, one of them inquired for a book-seller's store, and being informed, went out and purchased a Dream Book.

Another passenger by the Day Express West, who alighted, was an aged man, with venerable grey hair descending on his shoulders and on his breast. He accested Stephen Johnson, saying, in a low voice:

'Your name is -- [he whispered] is it not?'

'No, sir; my name is Stephen Johnson.'
'Ah! Johnson is it? You purchased a carpet bag at the sale of unclaimed luggage last year, and have not examined it carefully as you were instructed to do in the letter which described its appearance and marks, and contained money with which to buy it. You will be at the sale to-morrow?

'I think not; I go out with my engine this evening.'

'No you dont. You will be ut the sale. Take this purse of money. Purchase the packing-case lying among the unclaimed freight. It is six feet eight inches long; the unclaimed freight. It is six feet eight inches long; twenty-four inches wide, and twenty-four deep; painted dark blue, rather battered; has the letters H. H. H. in white on one end, and is addressed 'to be cal'ed tor.' Buy that box and learn the mystery of your life and destiny.— It contains my travelling luggage, too heavy to carry. I go to the Confederate States. Should I not return sooner than one hour and one minute past midnight on New Year's Morning, first of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, open the lock and read. On the peril of your happiness open it not till then, neither you nor your wife. Let your neighbors be within call when that chest is unlocked, that they may hold your wife in her frenzy.' With thes words the venerable man re-entered the railway car, from which he had alighted, and departed with the train west.

Stephen Johnson stood amazed, bewildered. He felt something moving within him as if he were an engine.—
He felt himself impelled forward, and obeyed the impulse until arriving at the Locomotive Office he obtained leave of absence from his engine, on the excuse of temporary inability. Mr. Auniable, of that office, looked upon the pale face, and said:

pale face, and said:

'Stephen, you do look bad;' and others meeting him said, 'How ill you look, Steve; what is the matter? Come and see the Canty wee Laird of the Station Hotel.' But Stephen Johnson said 'no, he would go home.'

Arrived at home he said to his wife, 'Marion. I am be witched. I have seen that strange old man again. He had applied. He gave me a pure of mount. Then it is

has spoken. He gave me a purse of money. Take it; I feel as if I would never drive an engine more."

TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### THE GAME OF CHESS.

#### CHESS COLUMN.

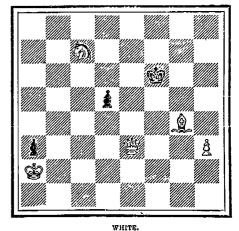
EDITED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE ONTARIO CHESS CLUB, OF HAMILTON.

AT Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Illusrated Canadian News.

PROBLEM No. 12.

BY J. B. One of the competing Problems in the Cambridge Tourney, 1860.

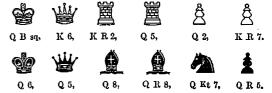
BLACK



White to pluy and Mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 2.

BY E. B. COOKE.



White to play and mate in two moves

A brilliant skirmish between Mr. Kolisch and Mr. Fraser, of Dun dee, the former giving the odds of his Q Kt MUZIO GAMBIT.

[Remove White's Q Kt.]

White-Mr. K.	Black-Mr. F.
1. P to K 4.	1. P to K 4.
2. P to K B 4.	2. P takes P.
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to K Kt 4
4. B to Q B 4	4. P to K Kt 5
5. Castlos.	5. P takes Kt
6. P to Q 4	6. Kt to Q B 3
7. Q B takes P	7. Kt to Q R 4
8. Q takes P (a)	8. Kt takes B
9. Q B to K Kt 5 .	9. P to K B 3
10. Q to K R 5 (ch)	10. K to K 2
11. R takes K B P	11. Kt takes R
12. Btakes Kt (ch)	12. K takes B
13. R to K B gq (ch)	13. K to K 2
14. Q to K B 7 (ch) (b)	14. K to Q 3
15. R to K B 6 (ch)	12. Q takes R
16. Q takes Q mate	1 7
201 16 6121100 46 221122	•

(a) This and the following moves to the end are cleverly played by

(b) The most expeditious course here is to check with the Rook, by which mate may be given on the next move.

A sparkling partic between Mr. Anderssen and Mr. Bird.

RUY-LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

Black—Mr.

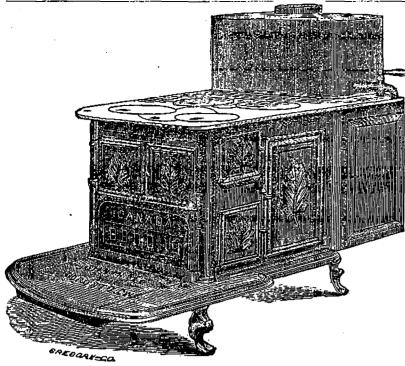
1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to Q K t 5
4. C to K 5
7. R to K 5
7. R to K 5
9. Q Kt takes P
10. Q B takes P
10. Q B takes P
11. Q B to K B 4
12. Q B takes K
14. B to Q B 4
15. Kt to Q 3
16. Q to K K 2
20. K takes K
14. B to Q B 2
17. R to K 6
20. Q to K 8
20. Q to K 8
21. R to K 9
22. K to K 3
23. R to K 9
24. Kt to Q 5
25. Q takes B
27. B to Q B 2
28. Q to K 4
29. K to R 6
(a) It is not ofton 1 White—Mr. A.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to Q B 3
3. Kt to K B 3
4. P takes P
5. B to K 5
7. Kt to Q B 4
8. P takes P
9. Castlos.
10. P to K B 3
11. P takes P
12. Q Kt takes B
13. Kt to K 3
14. B to Q B 4
15. Q to K takes B
16. B to Q 3
17. Q to K R 3
18. F to Q K R 3
18. F to Q K R 3
18. F to Q K R 3
19. Kt to K sq
22. R to Q K t sq
23. B to Q K t sq
24. P to Q B 5
27. Q to Q 7
28. Q to Q 7
29. G takes K B P (cb)
29. B takes K t, and wins
playor who defies a discove Black-Mr. B. White-Mr. A.

(a) It is not often we meet with a player who defies a discovered check such as Black new threatens. Mr. Anderssen, however, had evidently well calculated the peril he ran, and the resources at his command to meet it.

(b) Black never recovered the effect of this move.

Memory of numbers by Genius. The inability to remember names or numbers is common to poets and poetsses; and Elizabeth Barrett Browniug says of herself, in a letter to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie:—I was born in the county of Durham, but spent the greater part of my life, and from my infancy, at Hope End, Herefordshire, close to Malvern. As to dates I never could remember one in my life; I am constantly forgetting the Annus Domini, or doubting myself into the middle ages. I am afraid I must be past thirty by three or four years, but your readers will not care too curiously to enquire which; and your living authors of the feminine gender, in general, will not, I fancy, on such a point, combine to afford you information of such unlimited frankness. MEMORY OF NUMBERS BY GENIUS. The inability to remember



JOHN McGEE,

THE "CANADA" COOK STOVE, FOR COAL OR WOOD, an original an Patented Stove, got pespecially for the City Trade; the most economical and efficient Coo Stove in the Market; it completely takes the place of, and supersedes the other flat-top stoves now t general use. The "Canada" is the best finished and most durable Stove of the day. The "Canada combines every advantage for cooking over oldered to a stove. The "Canada" will Bake, Broil. Roas Fry. Toast and prepare every other operation of Cooking at the same time, in the most perfect manne and with the greatest economy in fuel. The "Canada" is neat and substantial in appearance, an operates with success every time.

The Canada is Warranted. TORONTO, November, 1863.

ESTABLISHED 1818. SAVAGE & LYMAN,
Manufacturers and Importers of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

AND SILVER WARE,

ethedral Blok, Notro Dame Street, MONTREAL. Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes. Canes Fans. Dressing Cases, Papier-Muche and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c.

Montreal, January 24, 1863.

#### H. & R. YOUNG, PLUMBERS

Gas Fitters and Bell Hangers'

MANUFACTURERS OF

Gas Fixtures, Brass Work GAS & STEAM FITTINGS,

Importers of Coal Oil Lumps, an sole agents for the English Patent FUMIVORE COAL OIL LAMP. Rock Oil delivered at any place in the City.

KING STREET WEST,
Opposite American Hotel.

### JOSEPH LYGHT, PAPER HANGINGS, SCHOOL BOOKS,

Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines, &c. Conner King and Hughson Streets, HAMILTON, C.W.

Agent for Toronto Steam DYE WORKS, Siam for Braiding and Embroidering.

#### INTERNATIONAL MOTEL, HAMILTON, C. W.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor

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

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

The laten disjunctions of the Hotel—one of the great.

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

In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive

### LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT,

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

The taken None! Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Caledonia, Port Dover, Dundas, Guelph and other places.

An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, con-useting with trains east and west.

WM. RICHARDSON.

Hamilton, July 27,51863.

ELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL.

B. SMITH, Bay Street, corner of Market Street. Terms for the lower branches, \$5.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month, 25 cents weekly. For the higher branches and extra attention, \$4.00 per quarter, \$1.50 per month, 37; cents weekly.

tion, Show per quarter, wookly.

N. B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1st. 1864. All pupils entering before that time will be charged the lower rates.

Private tessons given if required, at 50cts per

October 24, 1863.

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

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST.

45 King STARRT EAST, TORONTO, C. W. FIRST-CLASS Causs-de-visite equal to any in Upper Canada, \$3.00 per cozen.

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

Rooms, First Floor.

T- Old likenesses sent from the country, copied of the Album, and promptly returned at a very moder. Toronto, May 30, 1863.

### THE EVENING "TIMES"

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

Price, \$5,00 per annum, in advance. Ten cents payable weekly to the carriers.

ADVERTISING RATES:	
Six lines and under, 1st insertion	00 50
Each subsequent insertion	00 12
Over six lines, 1st insertion, per line	JO 08
Advertisements without written instruction	ns to
the contrary, will be insorted till ordered out.	und
charged accordingly.	

Favorable arrangements made with parties ad-ertising by the year.

## THE WEEKLY "TIMES"

AND SUPPLEMENT

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

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

TENT Any person sending five subscribers, with the eash, will receive one copy Free.

All communications must be pro-paid, and adressed,

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

October 22, 1863.

#### McELCHERAN & BALLOU, HOUSE AND SIGN

INTERS, GLAZIERS PAP .....-HANGERS, GRAINERS, GILDERS, &c.

Manufacturers of Druggists' and Browers' SHOW CARDS ON GLASS, DOOR PLATES, BLOCK LETTERS, &c.

NORTH SIDE JOHN ST., 3RD DOOR FROM KING A large quantity of Purmture on hand and manufactured to order.

BISHOP, Proprietor. Omnibu Woodstock, Nov. 19, 1863.

LITHOGRAPHING,

WOOD ENGRAVING.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING.

BOOK BINDING,

THE PUBLISHERS of the CANA DIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS announce to the public that they are now in a position to execute

#### WOOD ENGRAVINGS

Of every description, such as Portraits, Illustrations for Books, cuts of Manufactories, Buildings, Machinery, &c., in a style not to be surpassed in the world. They have in their employ the first designers and engravers of the day; and the facilities at their command enable them to turn out work of a very superior description. Engraved Bill-Honds, Choques, Society Souls, &c., also en graved in a workmanlike manner.

#### IN LITHOGRAPHING

They are also prepared to fill orders at short notice for Portraits, Maps, Plans, Views of Buildings, Drawings of Machinery, Illuminated Designs, Show Cards, Title Pages, Diplomas, Certificates, Cheques, Notes, Drafts, Bill-Heads, Bills of Luding, Business and Visiting Cards, Lables of every description, for Browers, Druggists, Tobacco Man ufacturers, &c., &c., &c.

### JOB PRINTING.

Having made extensive additions to the estabment, they have now in running order one of Taylor's Presses, a Gordon Bill Hond Press, a Franklin Card Press, a Taylor Poster Press; also, one of the largest and most complete Cylinder Book Presses to be found in Canada, manufactured by Campbell, by which they are enabled to execute every description of Book and Job Printing promptly and at low prices.

## BOOK BINDING

In all its Branches neatly and promptly executed, and at prices that defy competition. Each of the departments of the Establishment is under the superintendence of thereugh and reliable workmen. Office in White's Block, King street. Hamilton, Nov. 1863.

JAMES REID. CABINET MAKER

UPHOLSTERER.

HAMILTON, C. W. King St. Wost,



'I am about to describe an establishment which cost the proprietors one hundred and fifty thousand dolars in its construction, and open which they pay the Government of Canada a tax of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars severa for permission to work it. It is the distillery of Messrs, Gooderban & Worts, at Toronto, Canada Wost,—ED. CANADIAN LLUSTRATED NEWS.

ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

\* Certsinly the world in its ourly stages nover saw, as the New World in this age land not before seen, any distillery more perfect, and but few, if any, equal in all respects to that of Gooderham & Worts, Toronto.?—Ind.

TORONTO

#### CITY STEAM MILLS DISTILLER GOODERHAM & WORTS, PROPRIETORS.

HAMILTON ACENCY

JOHN PARK begs to call the attention of the the Whiskies manufactured at the above establism which for strength, perity, and flavor are unequiparything made in this country. They are well known in great demand throughout the whole of Caulfeine Superior in egge quantities to bive pool, and Ledon, England, where they are much approved.

Grocers, Wine Merchants and Dealer generally, should lose no time in giving them a trial. There are many instances of storckeepers doubling their sole in a very short time by introducing thes celebrated whiskies.

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

JOHN PARK,

Hughson, corner King struct.

Hamilton, 19th Aug., 1863. BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL,

GEORGE GORDON, PROPRIETOR Bridgewater Street, CHIPPAWA, C. W.

Good stabling attached to the premises.

#### NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.

EDITED BY GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA nided by a mancrous select corps of writers in al branches of Science, Art and Literature, published by D. Appleton and Co. in 16 vol. royal octavo, couble columns. This work is just completed.

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### DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

OTICE is hereby given that the Co-purtnership heretofore existing between Wilson A. Ferguson and myself, as Publishers of the Canadi on Illustrate of News," is this day theselved by mutual consent, by the retirement of the said William A. Fergusson from the firm; and I hereby give notice, narther, that all debts due to the late firm are to be paid to me, and that I will at the old claims against it.

HARDY GREGORY.

Hamilton, October 22, 1863.

N reference to the above, the Subscribers bag to intinute that the publication of the Canadian Hustrated News, in and the business connected therewith, will be continued by them, under the name and style of Hamitton, Oct. 22, 1803.

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ARSDEN & PHILIPS beg to inform the public that they are manufacturing the above in designs quite new, in Hamilton; and workmanship equal to any in Canada, and at prices never before offered in Upper Canada.

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October, 1863.

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Description of the Post Offi,

H. GREGORY & Co.

### Commercial

#### GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

see man week property 95mm Day 1969

Increase. .....\$638 99

THATFIC FOR WEEK EADING 231H D	жо., то	სე.	
Passengers	35,230	4.4	
Corresponding Week of last year	\$57,712 61,661	15) 36 <u>}</u>	

JAMES CHARLTON. Audit Office, Hamilton, }
Dec. 26, 1863.

#### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING Dec. 19ти, 1863.

Passengers	23,776 5,400 67.145	56 00 35
Total\$ Corresponding week, 1862	96,321	91
Increase	\$2,035	,73

#### LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

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

> LIVERPOOL, Dec. 9th. 1863. s. d. s. d.

Beef, duty free, U. S. extra prime mess,				
per tierce of 304 lbs	76	0 a	80	0
Prime mess "	60	0 a		ŏ
Pork, duty free, U. S. Eastern Prime			••	•
Mess, per barrel of 200 lbs	65	0 а	60	0
Western do	32	6 a		ŏ
Bacon, per cwt (duty free) U. S. Short	***	v u	40	•
Middles, boneless	25	0 a	90	0
ii at rit in	25	0 a		ĕ
Long Middles, boneless	27	0 u		0
710 111	26	0 sr		0
Cumberland cut	24	9 u	25	0
Hams, in salt, long cut		me		_
Lard, per cwi, duty free, U. S. Fine	40	6 a		0
Middling to good	39	6 n		0
Inferior and Grease		0 a		0
Cheese per cwi, daily free, U. S. Extra.	50	0 п		0
Fine	-14	0 њ	43	0
Butter per cwt, duty free, U. S. and				
Canada, extra	90	0 а	96	0
good middling to fine	75	0 a	ÞΟ	Ü
Grease sorts per cwt	42	0 A	15	ō
Tallow, per cwt (duty free)	42	0 n		Ğ
Wheat, (duty 1s. per quarter)	• •	* •	•••	•
	9	0 a	9	6
" red	š	3 a	š	8
American, white.	š	ŏā		3
red.	7	6 a		2
French white	•	" "	3	~
Change, white, per cental of 100 hs fed fred, fred, french, white french, white french, who fed from Advances a	••	,,	••	• •
Flour, (duty 43d per cwt.)	••	• • • •	• •	••
- I want (and 43. het care)	19	6 a		
				6
Baltimore	2J	Óα		6
	20	0 a		6
	21	0 a		6
Canadian	20	6 u		6
Extra Canadian	23	Оa	26	0
Indian Corn. (duty 1s. per quarter.)				
Yellow per 480 lbs	28	3 n		9
Mixed	28	ŰΒ	28	0
PETROLEUM.				

PETROLEUM.	
American Crude, per tun of 252 Imperial g	£14 a 15
American Refinea, best quality, per Imperial Gallon	
Canadian do Spirits of Petroleum or Benzino 4 Lubricating, per tan, black, green and brov	13a13 10a13 10a13
Grease " green	£11 a 12

### THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAMILTON,

Last week and this week the Ghost illusion has again been produced, under the superintendence of Mr. Schonberg of New York, assisted by Mr. William Tooke. A new actor has also appeared on the boards, Mr. J. H. Fletcher, whom we must characterize as quite an acquisition to the company. An original drama, written by Miss Alice Placide, entitled, 'Rosalie, or the Spectral Warning, has been produced, and was very favorably received. The 'Mistletoe Bough,' and 'Lucretis Borgia,' have also been brought out, and all in very good style; the acting being highly creditable to the com: pany as a whole. With two more good actresses to assist Miss Placide, or even one more only, the company would be really complete and good.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURE ON STEEL .- We have seen a beautiful specimem of photoglyphic engraving on steel-in other words a photographic picture on steel--effected soley by the agency of light acting on certain chemicals. The specimen, it is stated by Mr. Talbot, is quite untouched. It represents an exquisite scene in Java—a raving and rivulet fringed with banana trees, : Notthe least wonderful circumstance connecred with it is, that at least 5,000 copies can be taken before the plate deteriorates. Such a result, after so many years of labor, must be, for Mr. Fox Talbot, a genuine triumph.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION .- Accounts ceived from several governments in the kingdom of Poland speak of the increase of the insurrection. Numerous bodies of the pensants have joined the insurrection, and in two engagements the insurgents have been victorious. The Russians avow their determination to depopulate Poland by the transportation of its inhabitants, of whom 1000 were sent away last week.

Some one calls the high crown hat, which has been so long in fashion, the cylinder of civilization.

Consolation.—An Irishman said one day to a friend 'Why don't you occasionally go to some place of amusement? 'Don't you know,' replied the other, 'that my wife has not been dead a month?' 'Well, what of that—she won't be any deader.'

WILD CATS IN GERMANY .- The native specles of wild cat infests the forest of Germany this year in such numbers that sportsmen in many districts complain that there is hardly a hare to be shot. This ferocious lttle member of the feline race has even committed considerable havoc among the young deer in one parts of the country. The consequence is that regular cat hunts have been found necessary to thin their numbers.

A New York paper says :-- 'It is said that Admiral Renaud has written from New-York that his position here, on account of the festivities offered to the Russians, is highly embarrasing, that although the most studied politeness is shown him, that he can see there is no heart in it, and that all eyes and hearts are for the Russians.

Jenny Lind, it is said, has lost her voice, This is related to have made itself painfully apparent on the occasion of her singing in the 'Elijah,' of Mendelsohn, lately in England.

TAINTED BARRELS.—A. Neeper, of Ohio, says: 'Fill the barrel with hay, then fill up with boiling water, let stand for 24 hours, and the thing is done.' We have seen hams, which during a long overland journey in a warm country, had acquired an unpleasant odor, rendered perfectly sweet by putting them for a day in a tub with some hay and cold water. 'Wm. L.,' Orange Co., N. Y., directs to fill the cask with sour milk or whey, let it stand several days, then refill with water, and change occasionally. with water, and change occasionally.

To rise early requires quickness of decision; it is one of those subjects that admit of no turning over.

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chain. It creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptibly, that a man is bound tight before he knows it.

An ungenerous commentator on men and things remarks that cats, women and politicians have one sentiment in common. They are more attached to places than per-

The machinists in New York who struck for higher wages, number between seven and eight thousand men.

He that seeks trouble, it were a pity he should miss it.

Lord Elgin was twice married, first to a daughter of Major Cumming Bruce of Elgin-shire, and then to the present Countess, the daughter of the late Earl Grey. His lord-ship leaves a daughter by his first marriage, and three sons and one daughter by his second. He is succeeded by his cldest son, Lord Bruce, who was born in 1849. In June last his third son, Martin Charles Bruce, died at Methuen Castle, Perthshire, from inflammation of the brain, aged nine years.

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HATHAM STATION, G. W. RAILWAY .-Refreshments served up on the arrival of all trains.

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No. 96 King Street East, Toronto, C. W.
Wanted, a first-class Milliner.

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D. WRIGHT, Agont, Hamilton.

Dec. 1863.

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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 Flano Forte, at her residence, Mulberry street, between Park and MacNab. References given if required.

Haunilton, June 20th, 1863.

DAVID WALKER, Royal Exchange Hotel and Railway Refreshment Rooms, October, 1863.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

THE GENUINE

### SINGER SEWING MACHINES

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

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

The Genuine Singer, Imperial to the same had to

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Board \$1.00 per day,
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