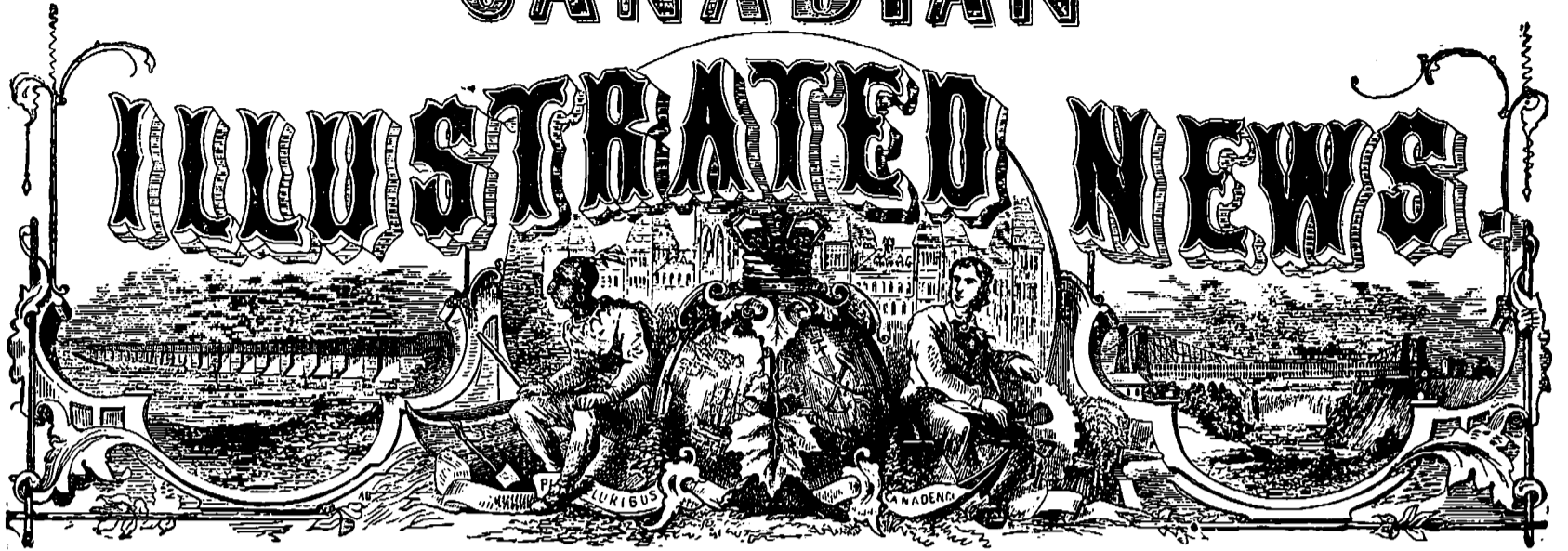


CANADIAN

ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. III—No. 6.]

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

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

BRIGADE MAJOR W.
H. JACKSON.

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 stationed. 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 successfully defended a 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 had been in the fifth Crusade 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 Chrysler's farm.

Major Jackson is now about 35 years of age, having been born in 1828. He stands six feet and 1 inch in height, and has a decidedly good military appearance. In 1854 he received an Ensign's commission in the 1st 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



joining the Volunteers he was appointed Sergeant Major, and in 1858 he was Commissioned a Lieutenant of Artillery, that being the highest rank allowed in the gun detachment, in connection with the Rifle Company. After Captain Smyth, (who commanded this corps,) left with the 100th Regiment, Lt. Jackson became the 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 Commander-in-Chief selected him with nine others to go through a course of Musketry, - Instruction with Her Majesty's troops at Montreal under 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. He however volunteered to instruct the forces at Prescott and Brockville respectively without pay. His Ex-

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

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92.

NOTICE.

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

OUR AGENTS.

J. W. OUB, THOMAS CROSBY, M. E. RICK, JOSEPH FAULKNER, EMERSON G. HART and SAMUEL HORN, are our authorized Agents for the Canadian Illustrated News. When we appoint others their names will be announced.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The public are cautioned against subscribing, or paying money to any one for this paper, unless the person soliciting subscriptions be named as an Agent, or have the written authority of the undersigned that he is properly authorized. And a further notice to Local Agents: the subscribers forbid any one of the Local Agents to pay any money due from them to the travelling agents unless such travelling agents have special authority to collect such moneys, as the proprietors will not be responsible to local agents for such payments, or recognise a travelling agent's receipt in such case.

H. GREGORY & Co.

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1864.

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

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

The Canadian Illustrated News is forwarded to Subscribers by mail, free of postage.

A. S. IRVING, Bookseller and News Dealer, No. 19 King Street West, Toronto, is the exclusive Wholesale Agent in the Provinces for the "Canadian Illustrated News," and all orders are in future to be addressed to him only.

AGENTS WILL PLEASE ORDER THE EXACT NUMBER OF COPIES OF THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS WHICH THEY REQUIRE, AS THEY WILL HEREAFTER BE CHARGED WITH ALL PAPERS SENT.

THE CANADIAN

Illustrated 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 *resumé* 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 developments, 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 hyperbolic sense in which alone the thing could be intended or understood, that the war is no nearer its end now than it was a twelvemonth 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 arc* 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 McClellan'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 anticipations of its results, than they were twelve or eighteen months ago? 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 *material* 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 development 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 us 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. Petersburg 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 Napoleon himself, appears 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 Autocrat 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 developments 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 battle 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 utterance 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 have 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, are 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 doubt 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 toil 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 a swift 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 Poetry.

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 tremendous depth;
'T was leaving the land where a child I'd played,
And my fancy now through its dear haunts stray'd.
'T 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.
All looked serene—not a sound was there
Save the sails' heavy flap in the fresh night-air,
With the rough honest tones of the sailors' voice,
As they "spun their yarns" and soon'd to rejoice
O'er the sweet memory of childhood's tales,
The land of their birth: and its flowery dales,
Where in days long fled 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 fly, but a mystic spell
Had bound me there where the moonbeam fell—
The holy charm that stay'd my flight
Was the voice that fell on the breath of night,
With woman's fault, which bid me 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 left in my western home;
Shall I never more, but in fancy'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
Of your dear voices breathing a fervent prayer
For the truant's return to the vacant chair."
He bow'd his head, oh! who could tell
Where his thoughts took flight when those sad tears fell?
Feelings of awe round my soul soon'd to creep;
'T 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
Illuming the heavens in a lurid 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?
'T 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 with 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 scene of death?
I was borne 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 dear form I'd seen in tears.
But oh! what a sweet change bound me now—
'T was a long lost brother that bathed my brow.
As we spoke again of our parents' love,
Invoking the blessing 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 pitiless deep,
And pray'd that with him they might ever dwell
"Who knoweth and doeth all things well."
Lo time had sped, a year was gone—
Through classic isles we wandered on,
Yes! round the spot where Dido wept
O'er Carthage's fall our vigils kept.
But oh! for all home hold my heart,
A mother's care I could not part;
For all the joys of mighty Rome,
I would not give the ties of home.
O'er a vessel's side I leant again,
But now no storm of wind or rain
Disturbed her course as she onward flew
O'er the moonlit waves like a young seamew,
We thus reach'd home. My mother smiled
As she fondly gaz'd on her youngest child,
Who sought and found her long lost boy.
'T was in truth all bliss without alloy.
From this earthly scene we were borne above
To that sphere of hope, of peace, and love,
Alas! I woke, 'twas all a dream,
A sight of heaven, a holy gleam.
Oh! come thou god once more to me
And set my dreamy spirit free!
I'll never ask to wake again
In this cold world of grief and pain.
'T is always thus from dreamland's bowers
We issue forth 'neath earthly showers;
'T is then we call for death to come,
And hear us on to our Father's home!

Selected Poetry.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LOST.

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

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

Not in the blood-stained combat,
The shock of the battle,
Fell he, 'mid sabre stroke,
Artillery's rattle.
Had Russia—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,
O'er the ocean wild,
The mother in sorrow 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
Of armed men that come,
The thrill of the requiem march,
The horn, the muffled drum,
And the sword that bore no mark
Of dishonor's stains.
Lies still o'er the fearless heart
And the bloodless veins.
Lift our brother, our brother,
Martially take him
Where none other, none other,
Passing, shall wake him!

A Briton—though far from home,
The rush of Sovereign's tide
Leaves 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,
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,
Hopefully 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:—

"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, whom he now leaves a widow with a young daughter to mourn his early death. Yet God's dealing with him was benign and merciful—surrounded by ministering friends, 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.

Economy is as much a gift of birth as the poetic gift, or any other element of genius. Some men are naturally managers. It is scarcely a matter of thought, but rather of instinct. From their childhood we see traces of the disposition with many happy persons. It only takes a 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 power (to us always and every where profoundly mysterious) that the loaf is multiplied, that using does not waste, that little becomes much, that scattered fragments grow to unity, and that out of nothing, or next to 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 ostentatious in his furnishings, hospitable as good-natured vanity prompts, and profuse upon occasion. And yet, no man enters his dwelling without a sense of furniture-suffocation. There is everywhere an impression of superfluity. The whole appearance of his house is not of that 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 museum.

Close by him lives a neighbor, who rents his house, the whole of which might be swallowed up in one story of the 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 act when he married the woman, now his wife, whose taste, exquisite economy and sweet decorum, spread out before him every day that fairest domestic panorama—household economy! Her single loaf is almost luminous. She buys where others buy. And yet on her table, butter is no longer vulgar butter, but must have come from fairy herds, pastured on fragrant grasses of celestial pastures. The simple teatray outshines all the gold and silver tea-service of her neighbor. And there is no credit due to her. It costs her neither pains nor thought. It happens so. Everything she touches happens right. Even the babe in the cradle is exquisitely economical; there is just enough of it, not a whit superfluous. It is her gift to evoke beauty, fitness symmetry, and order from all things? A single flower lights up her room more than a wall full of pictures in some other houses. Is it strange that her husband thinks that old bachelors must be fools? why should he not? What is his but joy? Only in joyfulness is there no economy in this household. Of all that there is legal abundance and lavish profusion. His mornings come glorious. His evenings only soften the morning's joy to a little sober tranquility. The whole day is but as a cylinder in a music box, every hour a strain of music, and every minute, one point on the barrel, lifting and striking a musical bar.

But this is a fancy picture! We don't know anybody of this kind, except in day-dreams. We have a little kingdom up in the air, not a great way up either, in which live the most notable people, the noblest dames, the most perfect artists, the rarest managers, the truest friends and friendships; and sometimes we forget and describe these people of Air-dream as if they lived down here!

But we certainly do know men who live better upon a thousand dollars a year than others upon five thousand. We do know of very poor persons, who bear about with them in everything a sense of fitness and nice arrangement which makes their life artistic. There are day-laborers who go home to more real comfort of neatness, arrangement and propriety in their snug little room than is to be found in the lordly dwellings of many millionaires. And blessings be on their good angel of economy, which wastes nothing, and yet is sordid in saving; that lavishes nothing, and yet is not parsimonious in giving; that spreads out a little with the blessings of taste upon it, which, if it does not multiply the provision, more than makes it up in the pleasure given. 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; "I 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 DIPHTHERIA. Within the past six weeks, in a circuit of one and a half miles, in and around Bass River, Burlington county, eighteen deaths have occurred from diphtheria, generally among robust children, ranging from one to eight years of age.

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 unremitting severity."

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

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 Atlantic. Here is one of the latest instances. The anniversary of Polish Independence was celebrated at Cooper Institute on Monday 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 platform, and others sent apologies for their absence—one and 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 measure 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 visitors 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 barbarous 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 chivalric 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 childre of to-day.

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'Gorman, 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 semi-barbarians 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 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 himself for a while, and accepts a richly-remunerative post 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 outcry 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' outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating Old-World reminiscences. 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 best chance of 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 sluzgard rising early.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

Needed for a world of innocence—without thee, what would 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 forsaken 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 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 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 earth. Life's sweetest calm, poverty's birthright, labour's only rest. The ladder 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 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 producing 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 misrepresentation 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 Lincoln'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 assigned 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, 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. Huxtable, W. Drake, and F. Meyrick will contribute. The Gospels and Acts will form the sixth section; the first three Gospels will be edited by Professor Mansel, the Gospel 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 elect of Dublin and the Master of Balliol is assigned the rest of the sacred canon. This really promises to be a work second only in importance to the 'LXX,' or the English version made by the order of King James. Perhaps it will be quoted as the 'XXX.' The names of the editors and contributors, while they insure orthodoxy, give promise that the comment thus put forth, almost with the sanction of the Church of England as a body, will not be the utterance 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 Hebrew 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, 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 opposition 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 retirement of Colonel 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 Cornwall 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 Cornwall Lewis' style of thinking and expression was so great that a public contradiction had to be given to the report that the letters of 'Historicus,' when they first began to appear, were Lewis' own.

Agricultural.

The following paragraph, which we clip from the Mart- ham Economist, is well worthy the serious consideration of 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 States, 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 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 distilleries are closed or not the price of corn will be raised, on account of the light crop, a circumstance that will increase the demand for 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.

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 well tanned raw hide an inch wide, and a horse can hardly break it by pulling back—two of them he cannot break any way. Cut into narrow strips, and shave the hair off with a sharp 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 around a broken thill—better than iron. Two sets of raw hide halters will last a man's lifetime—if he don't live too long. In some places the Spaniards use raw hide log chains to work their cattle with, cut in narrow strips and twisted together, hawser fashion. It can be tanned so that it will be soft and pliable like harness leather.

SHELTER FOR SHEEP.—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 house, but left them to be their own judges about going in. It 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 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 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 progress of a recent case, Sir J. Wilde, in addressing the petitioner, said that the husband might be a coarse rough man, and given to sudden outbursts of passion, but he was neither implacable nor vindictive; neither had he shown any deficiency in that manly feeling which was the best safety of the sex. No doubt he had cast 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 ill-assorted 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 FEMALES OF FICTION.—In the sensation novels the women, as is to be expected, are no more like reality than the columbine in a pantomime is like the staid person who makes your tea 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 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. Though she 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 persistent 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 efficiency,) 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 themselves 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 to a *bona 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 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, tell 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 obstructionist between ourselves and our readers in that town. Since then we have had it brought to our knowledge that we were entirely mistaken as to the facts of the case. We regret very much having spoken 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. Anglim's 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 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 mere private undertakings; and we fear that some of the amiable gentlemen who supplied the funds have sustained severe losses. One of these concerns—that of the Associated Shoemakers, in Tottenham Court Road—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, produced 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 led 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 earnest men who thoroughly trust in each other to combine their small means and begin on a commensurate scale, from time to time increasing their numbers and their business as opportunity offers; following, indeed, the example of the Rochdale flannel weavers, and the founders of the now flourishing Parisian associations. A little society in London—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 upholsterers 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 were 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 shape of wages than they would have done as ordinary journeymen. No profits have as yet been paid out (except to a man who left the society); but five per cent. is credited to the accumulated capital belonging to each member. It is intended that when there is a surplus profit after paying the interest, it shall be divided equally among the members. The workshop is roomy and commodious, and the men have a pleasant, respectable 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 companies, it would be difficult or impossible to obtain satisfactory statistics.

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 ago, 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.

The cotton famine has subjected the soundness of these enterprises to a severe test, but they have generally stood it well. Few, we believe, have succumbed, while many have been able to continue working when most other mills had stopped; and the members are wise enough to eschew 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 work-people, 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-

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 nearly 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 Lifford, 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 Goozraon 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 Goozraon district, and conducted the settlement of the duties at Zillah Etawah. From February, 1840, till December, 1842, he took a well-earned leave of absence, and came to England.

Hitherto Mr. Lawrence was chiefly known as an administrator of customs. In 1836 he obtained 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 had been recently added to our Indian Empire after the Sikh campaign. He recuperated the political, agricultural, and fiscal systems of these provinces with such mastery power as at once 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 Perozepore and Goojerat and annexation of the Punjab 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 Punjab—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 Punjab—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 Punjab 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 Punjab, 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 clemency. The Punjab 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 the 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 issued three sons—John Hamilton, (born in 1846) Henry Arnold (born in 1848) and Charles Napier (born in 1854) and five daughters.

THE EUROPEAN 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 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 circumspection 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 gaities, and added immensely to their importance and that of their Emperor in the eyes of Europe. And their irritation is accordingly.—*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,) immediately 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 HUSBAND.

Walter stood at the foot of the stairs, gravely watching his wife as she descended. Lucy did not see him; her eyes were cast 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 wantonness of joy. Years seemed to add to Lucy's charms 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 boldly 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 was 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 triumphantly 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 Lucy; he would fain be the only creature 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 nursery-door, 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 Mordocai 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?'
'Why, Walter, have you put your accounts by again? You had much better set to work, and have done with them.'

'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 bad temper always a sign of bad health? Do you not feel well, dearest?

'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 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. He 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 me, 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 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 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, beginning to know his friends, and to grow a little silky crop of hair. 'He will not miss me,' thought Lucy, and she tried to derive comfort from the thought; 'he 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 waters, took exercise on the promenade between each glass, and was pointed out as the handsome Englishman, with the pretty little wife. Lucy always accompanied him, and saw that he implicitly followed the doctor's directions, and Walter took care to receive none which were not to his taste. Lucy was a more obedient wife now than ever she had been before; her husband's desires were hardly expressed before they were accomplished. She forced herself always to speak and smile cheerfully in his presence, and her doing so quite satisfied him. But whilst he was absent, taking his bath, she would lie on a sofa by the window, looking sadly at the pretty hills opposite, which seemed to her like prison walls. Sometimes, made her drowsy by the close air of the little shut-in valley, and exhausted by the exercise which, though only sufficient for the invalid, was too much for the nurse, she would fall asleep, and then wake with a start, fancying that she heard her baby crying on the other side of those impassable hills. After such dreams, she would strain her eyes, longing as ardently for a flat country, like that in which she had passed her girlhood, as the Swiss is said to long for his native mountains. Her husband's indifference to her child gave her little anxiety. She supposed that it was not usual for men to care for babies: when the boy grew older, his father would no doubt become fond of him. Stupid indifference was precisely what Walter felt for his son at a distance; it was not easy for him to hate or love any one who was absent. Every morning, after Lucy with trembling hands and throbbing heart had torn open and devoured her letter, Walter would inquire after the little man, and would listen every amiably to any nursery anecdote his wife might wish to tell him. One day, when Lucy came down, she found neither husband nor letter. She questioned the waiter, and was told that Mr Morant had gone out, and that the postman had brought nothing for her. As she could not find out which way Walter had gone, she put on her hat and shawl, and watched eagerly from the window, intending to run and meet him as soon as he came in sight. Very often her letters arrived enclosed in his, and she hoped he had one for her this morning. But he had not, and he was evidently annoyed at her running towards him as she had done. She observed him attentively, and feared that he had received some bad news, which he was keeping from her; but when she questioned him, he declared most solemnly that he had had none but business letters, one of which had rather vexed him, and had required an immediate answer, but it would be quite impossible for Lucy to understand about it. Even if she had doubted his word at the moment, she would soon have believed them, for ere the morning was past, he was in his customary good spirits. Lucy felt bound not to trouble the invalid with her fears; so, having made every possible inquiry, she waited as patiently as she could for the next morning. She was down before the postman arrived, but when she heard him a strange dread of bad news came over her, and she sat trembling on her chair, with neither the power nor the courage to go and meet it. Then she suddenly started up, feeling that she had waited an age, and that anything would be better than suspense. She ran down the stairs, slackened her pace at the bottom, then resolutely opened the office-door, and asked, with a composure which, if she had been capable of thinking, would have surprised her, whether there were any letters for Mr or Mrs Morant. The landlord did not know; the man who had charge of the letters was delivering them, he must have been going up the backstairs, as madam came down the front. Lucy turned away with sinking heart. With apparent calmness, but with a heart beating so fast that it almost impeded her breathing, she hastened to the landing, and waited there. From where she stood, she could hear the man, who seemed to her to hold her life or death in his hands, trying in broken English to explain to a gentleman about the posts, who, in his turn, was trying, in broken German, to make the man understand that he wanted to know about the boat to Coblenz—not about the posts. The discussion bade fair to be endless, yet Lucy made no effort to interrupt it; she had reached that stage of anxiety in which delay appears a reprieve. When at length she had ascertained that there was no letter either for her or her husband, she turned quietly away from the waiter, who evidently felt her doing so a relief, tottered back to her room, closed the door, stumbled on to her knees, and, throwing her arms across the chair, moaned: 'Not the child! O God, not the child!' Whilst she was still kneeling, half-stupified, before the chair, Walter opened the door, saw his wife, hesitated for an instant, then softly shut the door and went away. At the time, she was not conscious that he had ever been in the room, but afterwards she remembered, with a pang, how the father of her child had left her alone in her sorrow. Gradually, reason and hope returned to her. 'If baby had been ill, surely the mother would have been sent for. Some misfortune had no doubt happened, or Mary, who had written so regularly every day, would not have suddenly ceased to do so; but every misfortune was endurable, save one. However, she must go home: she could not rest again until she had seen her boy. She looked back on the last night, and shuddered. Walter at first

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 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 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 herself 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 shriek, suddenly standing up, and putting her hands to her head; 'I didn't mean to say that—that baby! Oh, Walter, not baby!' and she knelt and clasped her hands, looking piteously at him as though the child's life were in his power.

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

Lucy noticed his changed countenance, rose from her knees, put her arms fondly round his neck, and kissed him. I am very selfish, I dare say 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.'

'And so he did, Lucy. I knew that I should have a letter from Baines to-day, so I showed 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.'

'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 wrong?'

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.'

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 part with you; so saying, he flipped her cheek. But Lucy did not smile, she was in no vein for playful love-making.

'But, he resumed in a graver tone, 'what do you think 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 Coblenz that afternoon. 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. Lucy stood for a few minutes motionless, with starting eyes and open mouth. Walter spoke to her, but she did not hear; he shook her, but she did not feel. He sent for assistance, but before the doctor arrived, she had with one deep sigh, recovered consciousness.

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

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

But the doctor, 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 corpse.' 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 seemed to be merged in one burning desire to press forward. She watched the English cliffs as though 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! she cried, piteously sobbing. There was the doll she had so fondly made for him. The torn toy had become more to her than the most precious jewel. 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, 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 happy can ever know; but in her case it had not done so. Walter did not sympathize 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 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 wore 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 hair. She 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 sorrow 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 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 Lucy can understand how painful such doubts were—whether she felt all the love and respect a 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 weakened 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 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 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 she remembered that the cause had been dishonesty. She was surprised and indignant at her assurance, for Jane looked her mistress full in the face, and made one civil inquiry after another, with all the confidence of an old and favoured servant. 'She fancies, 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

have noticed her absence; but, fortunately, Walter told me of her 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 I 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 a 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 comfort.'

'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: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away."'

'You wretched woman! Do you dare to quote Scripture to me?' and Lucy rose as she spoke.

'Yes I dares,' answered the woman, getting angry in her turn, and forgetting her Christianity and her grammar.

'We're all equal afore 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 ain't for the likes of me to teach ye. And you and master what've been so kind! 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 now, 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 gig; Tom says I, I wouldn't have that man's heart for all the money he's ever made out of other folk's misfortuns. And when I said them words, I was thinking of your poor little baby. Lucy did not speak; and after a moment's silence the woman said with a sigh: 'But I dares-y 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 soiree held lately in Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh, the Rev. GEORGE 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 altogether 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 it 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 rebellious spirit of the South. 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—1st, that the re-cementing of the Union is a hopeless undertaking; 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 elements 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 century), over again. And for years the Northern and Southern States had been gloomily fronting each other, resembling the description by Milton:—

"As when two black clouds
Over Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
With 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
Grew darker at their frown. So watch'd they stood,
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe."

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

"O father, what intends thy hand, she cried,
Against mine 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 hands. 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 will and must reprobate as a base and bloody compromise, and yet must despise too, as one that did not gain its beggarly purpose, for the North Star continues to shine, while the Fugitive Slave Law, which sought to bedim its lustre

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 redoubting 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 be one nation, as the two Powers at present contending in the West be harmonized and unified. It were not possible 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 another union or marriage attempted between the two, I should be ready, in common with millions, to say, We forbid the bans. 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 Proclamation. 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, like the great blast of a jubilee trumpet, startling the iron earth and a brazen heaven of dollar-deifying 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. 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 *der nier 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 pro-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, 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 believe in God, and I am sure he will not for ever endure such an empire of unrighteousness; and because, secondly, such an empire would by-and-bye have the whole civilized world as its enemy, would be put under its ban, would be ringed in like the dying scorpion by its fire, and that all hands 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—

"Fear 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 wells,
Around them it foams and rages and swells,
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see
Like wrecks 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 the intelligent world would be concentrated into a focus of indignation, in which the serpent of slavery would writhe, tremble, 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 throne.

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

A SERVANT-GIRL'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 'let 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-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 bakes. 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. Nobody's to come near me that day. Saturday I bakes and Saturday afternoon my beau comes to me. 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 Westminster 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 Cemetery, near London.

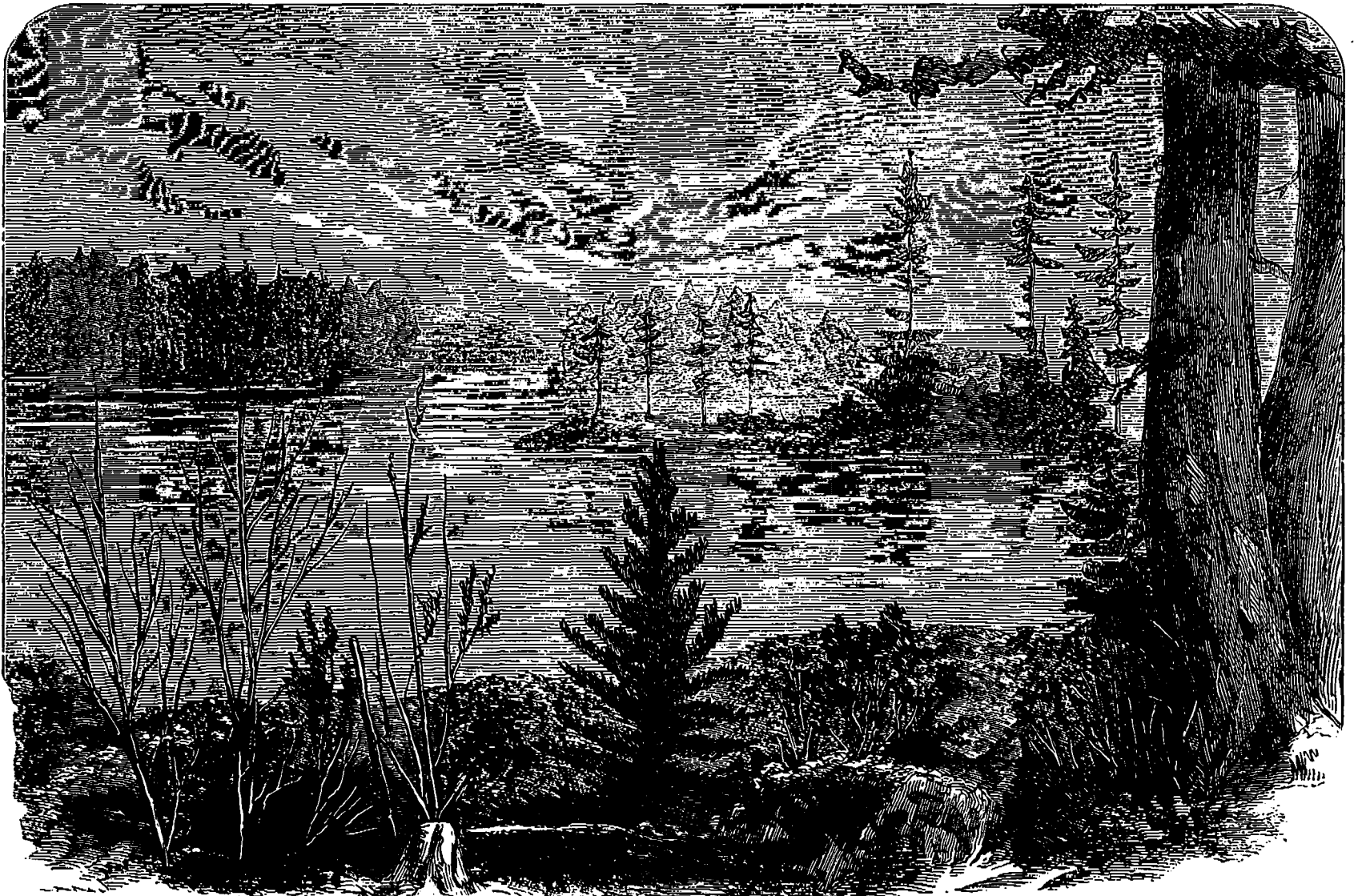


MR. W. M. TOPPING, OF THE "DUMFRIES REFORMER," GALT, C. W.



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

WE give on this page a view of a Canadian Lake scene, viz: the Middle and South Bays, Koshkibogamog Lake, in the township of Barrie, about a hundred miles W. N. W. of Kingston. The number of small lakes, (small for Canada, we mean,) in the country North of Lake Ontario, and between the Ottawa River and the Georgian Bay is really very great indeed; and much fine scenery is to be met with on their banks. And many a splendid view there is in Canada, in one secluded spot and another here and there, which has never yet been seen by artistic eyes; or seen merely, perhaps, without facilities existing for transferring its beauties to paper with the pencil of Art. The rapid extension, however, in these days, of what we may call photographic practice in the Province, will ere long make thousands familiar with scenes known heretofore only to the red man of the forest and to pioneer settlers.



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



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 cottage, 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 basket, 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 had heard tidings of—a young man!

Such tidings, to her ears, were tidings of iniquity, of vanity, of terrible sin; they were tidings which hardly admitted of being discussed with decency, and which had to be spoken of below the breath. A young man! Could 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 Miss 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 Baslehurst, 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 deny, even to herself, that a terrible state of things had arrived 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 wolves either with or without 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 struggling son of Adam had taken to himself a wife, and had settled himself down to the sober 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 cat 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 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 Cornbury had married Patty Comfort, and it was all right. But had she heard of Patty's dancings without the assistance 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 she 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 hardly 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 malign the child. It is my belief that Rachel will be in Baslehurst this evening. If so, she probably intends to meet him again.'

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

'Exactly, with the brewery girls! Oh, mother?' Now 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

been used merely to give solidity and standing to the Tappitt family. The Miss Tappitts certainly came from the brewery, and Miss Pucker had said that the young man 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 dinner that the elder sister had endeavored to persuade the younger one to accompany her to the Dorcas workshop, but had endeavored 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 satisfied.

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 Lucy?'

'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 express.

'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 man. 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 as well, and you didn't tell me to get the straight pickles either. But, auntie, I am very sure you told me to treat my little playmates just alike."

'Well, Minnie, I knew that Uncle Aaron was more particular about his eating than Uncle John. He is used to having things very nice at home, while Uncle John is not.'

'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 does?'

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 John comes again he shall have a nice supper.'

'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 has taught Minnie more about the sin of respect for persons than the whole second chapter of James would have done.'

—*Watchman and Reflector.*

DANGEROUS AND DESTRUCTIVE.—Remarking upon the large quantities of powder and saltpetre which the United States authorities have accumulated, it is recommended by Mr. Gideon Welles 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 felt 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 quarter of the city of Leyden was destroyed in 1807, and 150 persons perished in the ruins.

THE SCOTCH PEERAGE.—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 peer 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 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 Dundonald, 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 was left unnoticed.'

Selected Poetry.

IN DECEMBER, 1863.

BY J. B. 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 porch.

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

All night I dream of blood, and wounds, and death—
Of ghastly corpses bleaching on the plain—
Of moans and agony in stifled words—
Of starving men.

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

"Have we not drained the chalice to its dregs?
Thou Just, and Merciful, tell us Thy will;
Whon shall the God who hears the raven's cry,
Bid "Pence, 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 lingo—
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,
Whon our ports are the Cradle and the Grave.

THE MOON.

Far through the waste of clouds, in the fathomless, limitless blue,
Queen of a midnight range of scenes and visions new;
Throned o'er a world of beauty, serene 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 pleasure by all.

Dr. Morris exhibited some beautiful specimens of butterflies 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 Melana* and *Terias Lisa*, both of extremely rare occurrence in 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 *Archonodes septentrionis*, which had been given to him by Mr. F. Grant of Orillia, and which showed either a great monstrosity, 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 subject, 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. Hicks remarked that some seasons were exceedingly favorable 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 gentleman who had given a good deal of attention to the study of the habits of ants, bearing on the subject, and he believed that the butterflies communicated in the same way as the ants did, viz., by the *antelae*. 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 *antelae*; the result of 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. (Laughter.) 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 meeting.

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 good a one."

colleagues approved of the offer, and he instructed the volunteers 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 boast 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 declined, 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 appointment of Brigade-Major of the 2nd Military District, U. C., comprising the Counties of Leeds, Greenville, Dundas, 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 accoutrements, accompanied with a complimentary address. The sword bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Captain Jackson, No. 1 Company, V. M. Rifles, on 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., 1862."

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 appointed Lt. Colonel commanding 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 opposite side. And Old Time, with his scythe and hour-glass, is on hand to complete the picture.

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 "Hohenlinden;" but few perhaps had considered, until Sir Edward Curt led the way, how entirely that poem 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 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 Isar 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.

POLYGAMY IN TURKEY.—MARRIAGE ARRANGEMENTS OF THE TURKISH PRINCESSES.

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 ladies, 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 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 factor of Mohammedan life. Various other things, to which we need not more particularly refer, produce the total result that the Turkish woman only 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 Montagu for the first time entered the serai 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 describes 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 kindness of Abd-ul-Medjid, (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 and Odalisques. Each of their apartments was crowded with those elegant and expensive articles which rejoice the feminine heart, in 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 diplomats 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 piasters. 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, great embezzlements, 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 itself matters remained in the old state.

'The marriage of princesses, on whose expenses, as the Hatti-Humayoun of 1858 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 pleases 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 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 eunuchs summons him to her presence he must rise at once, make a tomena—that is to say, touch the ground and then his forehead 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 eunuchs 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 allows 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 Notices.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE for January, 1864; Rollo and Adam, Toronto: The opening number 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 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. Holliswell,—No. 2,—The Love of Reading: Our Anglo-Saxon Tongue, by David Tucker, M. D., B. A.: The Cited Curate, by Miss Murray,—(concluded.) The Accuser and the Accused, by Mrs. Moodie: Transatlantic Chimes, by James McCarroll: Leaves from the Life Romance of Meroue Dillamer, by H. T. Devon: Reviews of 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 Subscription 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.

WASHINGTON IRVING IN ENGLAND Mr. Thackeray, in his 'Roundabout Papers,' thus speaks of Irving.

Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous 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; won my way by my pen, and when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness 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, scarcely 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 poise 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.'

