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CANADIAN PARLIAMENT; MOTION OF WANT OF CONFIDENCE CARRIED, TWO O'CLOCK, A.M., MAY 8TH, 1863. [SEE PAGE 19.]

NOTICE.

The public will please beware of a smooth-faced young man calling himself T. Dodd, as we understand from letters in our possession, that he has been canvassing for the 'Canadian Illustrated News.' Dodd canvassed a few days for us in Toronto, and not liking the gentleman's manner of doing business we discharged him. Without our knowledge or consent he has taken money from people in the country, representing himself sometimes as an agent, and at other times proprietor of the 'Canadian Illustrated News.'

NOTICE TO CANVASSERS.

ALL parties heretofore canvassing for the *Canadian Illustrated News*, will please call at the office and settle up. The public are cautioned against subscribing, or paying money to any one for said paper, unless the name of the party soliciting such subscription appear in the paper as Agent, or have the written authority of the undersigned that he is a properly authorized Agent.

W. A. FERGUSON.

Hamilton, April 7th, 1863.

OUR AGENTS.

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, MAY 23, 1863.

CANADA TO THE RED RIVER.

Mr. Sandford Fleming, a Civil Engineer well known in this Province, has been appointed representative of the Red River colonists to the Governor General of Canada, and to the Imperial authorities in England. He has either sailed or is about to embark on his mission. We had an interview with him at Toronto on the first of this month, and obtained much interesting information, some of which will from time to time appear in this journal, particularly his professional reports entitled 'A Highway from Canada to the Pacific on British Territory,' 'The Road System of Canada,' and 'A Road System for New Territories.'

On the 21st of January, 1863, a meeting of the Red River colonists was held, Mr. James Ross, chairman, Mr. William Coldwell, secretary, which adopted a memorial to the Imperial and the Canadian Governments, setting forth that they have long and earnestly desired to see the Lake Superior route opened up for commerce and emigration. They rejoice to have heard of the proposal to open a road and establish a line of telegraph through the interior to British Columbia, entirely within British territory, believing that such works would greatly benefit their country, while at the same time subserving both Canadian and Imperial interests.

They submit that in the country lying between Lake Superior and Red River, the difficulties to be encountered are entirely over-rated. It is true that this route has lately been neglected, yet it was the regular route by which the North-West Fur Company imported and exported heavy cargoes for more than a quarter of a century, and which the Hudson's Bay Company have used more or less for nearly three quarters of a century. It may be therefore granted that the natural difficulties are not so great as by persons interested in the American route they are assumed to be.

The Red River settlers inform us that so desirous are they to obtain an outlet from their territory towards Canada, that they are quite prepared to undertake, at their own expense, the opening of a road from their settlement to Lake of the Woods, a distance of ninety or a hundred miles, if England or Canada will guarantee the opening of the section from Lake of the Woods to Lake Superior.

They state that from their intimate knowledge of the country lying between them and

Rocky Mountains, they believe a road in that direction perfectly practicable at a comparatively small outlay. At all times during the summer season loaded carts go from Red River to Carlton, Fort Pitt and Edmonton, on the Upper Saskatchewan. Last summer a party of Canadians, about two hundred in number, on route to British Columbia, passed over the same road, and went in their vehicles to the very base of the Rocky Mountains. We have information in Canada which was not known at Red River when the Memorial was written, the substance of which is here presented, that some persons in that Canadian expedition perished; but their fatal misfortune befel them on the west of the Rocky Mountains when descending into British Columbia, so that their wreck in canoeing down the rivers does not prove anything against a cart road from Red River to the mountains. If in its present natural and unimproved state the road is usable, it is evident that a comparatively small outlay would make it all, that for a considerable time, will be required.

The whole country through which the proposed road would run, almost from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, is remarkably level, the surface of that vast region is generally speaking, like the ocean surface in a calm, and besides being so remarkably level, it is for the most part free from those heavy forests which in Canada and elsewhere cause much delay and expense in road-making. A railway, there being timber enough for its requirements, would be laid more cheaply through that than in most other countries.

Canada would derive great benefit from the overland carrying trade, which would spring up almost immediately on that route, and the constantly growing intercourse between Canada, Red River and British Columbia, would thereafter be an ever increasing source of traffic.

Besides this, it may be reasonably presumed that the people of Central British America, present and prospective, would prove permanent and liberal customers in the markets of England and Canada. A vast fur business is carried on in that country. Towards the Rocky Mountains gold has been discovered in several quarters. Besides gold there are iron, lead, coal, petroleum and other minerals, which together with the rich fur trade, would prove a source of great wealth not alone to the Red River settlement but to Canada. Although the colonization and settlement of the vast area of cultivable land would somewhat curtail the territorial limits of the fur business, still the millions of acres north of the fertile tract will, in all probability remain a rich fur country for centuries to come.

As a result of the traffic that would flow along that route Central British America would rapidly fill up with an industrious, loyal people. From Nova Scotia to Vancouver's Island, Great Britain would have an unbroken series of colonies, a grand confederation of loyal and flourishing Provinces, skirting the whole United States frontier and commanding at once the Atlantic and Pacific. In this connection the Red River memorialists say they feel bound to observe that American influence is rapidly gaining ground among them, and that if action is long delayed very unpleasant complications may arise. Thus, say they, the opening up of the Central British American country and making through it a national highway would both politically and commercially subserve Imperial interests, and contribute to the stability and glorious prestige of the British Empire.

The resolutions passed at the Red River meeting conveyed thanks to those who in Canada are interesting themselves in matters affecting the welfare of that country, and to the newspapers which have espoused their cause.

We desire that the Canadian Illustrated

News may be henceforth known as equal to any in influence, as it will be second to none in its earnest advocacy of every measure that embraces the safety and well-being of Canada and the honor of the great nation of which British America forms, and by our strong right arms, if wisdom of head be joined with strength of arm, will continue to form a portion so fair, so vast, so grandly full of promise.

Red River friends, send to the Canadian Illustrated News the portraits and biographies of your public men, and artistic views of your settlements. We are greatly disappointed, and somewhat ashamed of Canadian legislators, to read on the back of their Blue Book relating to the Red River Road and the Telegraph, this notice:

'The Appendix giving a sketch of the Foundation and subsequent History of the Red River Settlement, with an outline of its present condition, was prepared to accompany this document, but it was not considered necessary to print it for the use of the members of the Canadian Legislature.'

Send a copy of that History to us, with pictorial illustrations and portraits, sketched by pencil or photographed. The Canadian shall be to you the Red River Illustrated News, until your country can support a pictorial journal of its own. This has a Provincial, and in official quarters, a British circulation. It enters the family circles of all classes, all public offices in Lower and Upper Canada, and because it is not the organ of any political faction it commands immediate attention. Wherever seen, the Canadian Illustrated News is read, and the circulation is largely increasing week by week.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN EVENTS, INVOLVING THE FATE OF CANADA.

On the page corresponding to this in our paper last week, an article was published, entitled, 'Where is Canada Drifting?' The writer will renew that subject, but we prefer to place on record in these columns a series of extracts from British Parliamentary Reports bearing on those questions, which present to Canada the fearful prospect of War.

On going into committee of supply, Mr. ROEBUCK drew attention to the subject of the proceedings of Admiral Wilkes with regard to English merchant ships going from one neutral port to another, and in doing so expressed himself in strong language with reference to the failure of the Americans to govern themselves, while the North had shown itself unworthy to belong to the civilized community of man. He urged that there had been perpetrated a series of affronts to this country by the North, and now British vessels were being seized with impunity, while the American Minister in this country had taken on himself to grant permits to vessels carrying arms to aid the Mexicans against France, and Mr. Adams was, in fact, the Minister for Commerce in England. He asked whether the Government had come to any determination on the subject, and if so, whether the Government would communicate it to the House. He knew that such a reply as he wished would mean war, and he, on the part of the people of England, was prepared for war.

Lord PALMERSTON said that the matter to which the question referred was one of the greatest importance, and all he could say was, that it was receiving the attention of the Government, but he was not prepared to make any communication on the subject.

Mr. BENTINCK called attention to a statement in the City Article of the *Times* referring to the seizure of British vessels by the cruisers of the Northern States of America, and to the proceedings of Mr. Adams, the American Minister, and inquired whether it was the intention of the Government to take any and what steps in the matter.

Sir H. Cairns, (formerly the Tory Solicitor-General in the Earl of Derby's Government) asked if it was meant by the Government to give the idea that if there should be found in the mails of a neutral vessel going from this country a letter which an American prize court might think treasonable, it would render the vessel liable to forfeiture, for such an assertion was contained in the letters read by Mr. Layard. Was it meant that American cruisers could seize and open letters in mails, and make their evidence in

prize courts for the purpose of condemning a vessel? How, then, was the mercantile correspondence of this country with foreign ports to be carried on?

The Solicitor-General said that Sir H. Cairns had drawn a most erroneous inference from that correspondence. He did not hesitate to say that the Government would not submit to such a doctrine as it was suggested they had accepted. The Government had long ago laid it down that they would not permit interference with vessels on British waters, and while conceding the belligerent right of search on reasonable grounds, they had refused to allow English commerce to be harassed by the interference of Federal cruisers on the pretext that vessels were carrying contraband of war to the Confederates, and these principles had been assented to by the American Government.

Lord A. Churchill (Tory, and brother of the Duke of Marlborough), asked the Solicitor-General whether merchant ships between neutral ports would be legally justified in defending themselves by arms from capture by the cruisers of the Federal States of America? The Solicitor-General replied that such vessels would certainly not be justified in defending themselves from capture by force of arms, and cited the case of the Swedish convoy in support of this opinion. Vessels so defending themselves would be exposed to capture and condemnation.

Mr. Horsfall (a Liverpool merchant and ship-owner,) called attention to the subject of the seizure of the *Alexandra*. He protested against the manner in which that seizure had been effected; information being withheld from the owners not only as to the evidence against them, but even for a considerable time, as to the charge brought against them. At the same time the Government permitted the export of arms and even of men, for the service of North America, without any attempt to interfere.

The Attorney-General said the publication of papers would subvert the ends of justice by providing the defendants with the materials on which the case against them was founded. He deprecated any discussion on the case of the *Alexandra*. There was no provision in the Foreign Enlistment Act against the export of arms. With respect to emigrants, the Government would be ready to take measures to prevent the sailing of, and to punish, the persons thus engaged to serve in North America, directly they receive reliable information. Mr. Whiteside wanted to know why information as to the charge against them had been refused to the builders of the *Alexandra*, when it was the absolute right of the humblest criminal.

Mr. Collier trusted that this question would not be stretched into a cause of quarrel with America.

Sir Hugh Cairns said there were three simple points involved: first, for more than a fortnight the builders of the *Alexandra* could not learn what was the charge against them; secondly, they could not yet get information as to the evidence against them; thirdly, when at last a document was prepared declaring the cause of seizure, that did not allege any offence against the law.

Mr. Cobden wished to discuss the Foreign Enlistment Act with reference only to British interests. He complained that while America had on several occasions modified her laws in accordance with our interests, and had always acted in the most friendly manner towards us, we, on the contrary, construed our laws as narrowly as we could, and enforced them most grudgingly when that enforcement was important to America.

Mr. Horsman elaborately reviewed the position of American affairs. The independence of the South was an accomplished fact, but he trusted that our government would not, by any hasty proceedings, plunge England into war.

The Solicitor-General, recalling the debate to the subject of the *Alexandra*, denied that any injustice had been committed in refusing to the builders of that vessel copies of the depositions, whence they might have learnt how to frame their defence. He insisted on the distinction between the obligations of international and those of municipal law. The cases which had occurred were violations of the latter; and although the existence of a law bound us to try and carry it into effect, we were not responsible to other nations for any defects they might suppose to exist in our ways of doing it.

Sir F. Kelly, formerly Attorney-General, declared the explanations of the government to be unsatisfactory; and called attention to the late transactions with regard to the carriage of the mails to Mexico.

THE CROSS OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL,

Of Kingston, Canada West, author of the 'Abbey of Rathmore, &c.'

[Some of the incidents in this tale really occurred, and a few of the characters are drawn from life.]

CHAPTER I.

It was a time of unusual excitement in the quiet streets of B——, a remote inland town in Ireland. The election for the county of—— was being warmly contested. One of the candidates was Colonel de Burg, the possessor of a large estate in the neighborhood. His opponent was a *parvenu*, the son of a former agent of the de Burg estate, who had acquired considerable wealth by ways and means not always such as would bear inspection. It was Saturday evening; the election could not be decided until the following week; the polls were reluctantly closed by the contending parties, and Colonel de Burg, with one of his friends, leaving the hustings, sauntered about the streets enjoying the refreshing coolness of the hour and admiring the picturesque environs of the ancient town of B——. It was divided into two parts by a broad, deep river, spanned by a massive bridge of several arches. Standing now upon this noble structure, Colonel de Burg and his companion loitered many minutes to survey the striking beauty of the scene stretched before them. On the right bank of the river, covering a considerable space, appeared the stately ruins of a Franciscan monastery, its noble arches and high gothic windows moulded with black marble, its grey walls half covered with the dark green leaves of the luxuriant ivy, all distinctly seen in the crimson light which a gorgeous sunset was flinging over every object. While on the opposite bank of the river were seen small but richly-cultivated gardens with shady arbors trellised with creeping plants and fragrant flowers—a verdant lawn fronting the aristocratic residence of the de Burg's, with broad, low parapet overlooking the calm water laving its base; and farther down, a high grassy hill rising abruptly from the river's brink, its level height crowned with the elegant, modern mansion of Richard Dalton, Esq. Colonel de Burg's political opponent.

'What a beautiful scene! I did not expect to see any thing so picturesque in this remote place,' was the observation of Sir Reginald Vivyan, the Colonel's young friend, after his eye had taken in the various objects before him.

'The situation of B—— is certainly romantic. What a fine back-ground to the picture does that lofty mountain present, standing out so clearly defined against the western sky, its bold peak veiled by an orange and crimson drapery of clouds. I did not expect to find B—— so large a town, but as I have not been here for many years my recollections of it are very indistinct.'

The father of Colonel de Burg was one of those absentee landlords, the bane of Ireland in former years, who spent in foreign countries the wealth drained from a miserable peasantry, on their neglected and badly-managed estates.

'That is a fine monastic ruin: I should like to have a nearer view of it,' observed Sir Reginald, 'I have seldom seen an architectural pile so little dilapidated,' he continued, as both gentlemen directed their steps towards the Abbey; 'the walls are but little touched by the mouldering hand of time.'

'It was partly rebuilt in the fifteenth century, remarked Colonel de Burg. I have heard my grandfather mention that in his youth it was in good preservation; part of it was then roofed, and the cloisters were almost entire. I myself remember a spiral staircase in one turret leading to a small chamber above, which in boyhood was my peculiar sanctum.'

The gentlemen had now reached the Abbey. It was built like many such edifices, in the form of a cross, and its architectural beauty was more conspicu-

ous upon a nearer inspection. But soon the attention of the strangers was attracted towards another object of engrossing interest. From the narrow window of an ivy-mantled turret looking down upon them as they stood in the cloisters below—where they had been for some minutes admiring the exquisite sculpture of its arches—appeared a girlish face of rare beauty.

'That must be the turret you spoke of de Burg; but who is the fair creature peeping out from it?' gaily observed Sir Reginald. 'I must see whether she is in reality a being earthly like ourselves; she looks too beautiful to be made of perishable elements. The entrance to that turret must be somewhere in that ivy-covered wall. Oh! here it is!' he continued, as his eye caught a low-arched door partly hidden by the clustering foliage of trailing plants. The next moment, stooping beneath the low portal he was ascending the stone-steps of the winding stairs, followed by his companion. At the top, another gothic entrance led into a small circular chamber the oaken floor of which though deeply stained from age was yet entire. The apartment was roofless but sheltered by the thick foliage of a majestic tree evidently co-eval with the building. Beside the narrow casement was placed a rude seat from which the young lady rose hastily as the gentlemen entered. They drew back suddenly, as their eyes met the calm proud look of that young and very beautiful girl. It seemed to demand the reason of their intrusion.—Colonel de Burg recovering his self-possession made a hurried apology in which the words, 'strangers wishing to see the Abbey' were heard. The young lady bowed haughtily, then taking up a small work-basket which lay on the seat beside her she passed from the turret with a stately gracefulness. A minute afterwards she was seen making her way through the many tombstones and wooden crosses in the ruined nave of the Abbey; then entering the cloisters she disappeared through their sculptured arcade.

'What a splendid specimen of Irish beauty!' exclaimed Sir Reginald. 'Who is this queenly creature, de Burg?'

'I really do not know:—remember I am quite a stranger here.' 'We must inquire, and there is a person who will, I suppose, be able to satisfy our curiosity.'

The gentlemen now descended the spiral stairs and accosted an old woman whom they saw kneeling beside a newly-made grave—the ruins being used as a cemetery by the people in the neighborhood.

'Is it the purty young lady who was sitting up at the turret windy ye're askin about,' asked the crone, stopping in the midst of telling her beads and eyeing the strangers askant, with mingled curiosity and dislike.

'Yes, she just now passed you as she left the ruins.'

'Shure I know she did, and small blame to her to lav the place when the likes of ye is maraudhering about; What business had ye to molest her primises at all? Isn't that the lonesome little place where she often sits reading or sewing from mornin, till night.—Shure it's the height of impidence ye have or ye wouldn't have done it.'

'We really did not mean to offend the young lady; we wished to examine the turret inside.'

'And ye didn't want to have a nearer look at the *colleen dhas* herself; go *devin*, ye must take me for a born nathral to think of inveiglin me in that way!' and the crone began to tell her beads with angry energy.

The gentlemen were amused and provoked at the same time; but anxious to find out the name of the beautiful stranger Colonel de Burg hazarded another inquiry.

'And who are ye, yourself that's so mighty curious, if a body may ax,' she

said answering one query by asking another, a custom almost habitual to the Irish peasant, in whose cranium the bump of inquisitiveness is as fully developed as in the Yankees.

'My name is de Burg, Colonel de Burg.'

The old woman rose to her feet with sudden alacrity.

'Blessed Mary! is it yourself that's in it? or does my ould ears deceave me,' she exclaimed, seizing the Colonel's hand and pressing it between her own shrivelled palms with respect and affection. 'Shure my two eyes never hoped to look upon one of the family agin for *morrone* it's long since they crossed the threshel of the ould place, spindin' their days in furrin parts like most of the quality.'

'You are one of my father's former servants I suppose,' observed Colonel de Burg a little affected by the old creature's demonstrations of affection.

'I was that same yere honor, and when ye were a woeny cratur many a time I carried ye in these ould arms; but ye don't remember Nance *dhu* as as they used to call me, bekase these white locks was then as black as a sloe. But shure its a greater wonder that the ould heart within me didn't know yourself *avic dheelish machree*.'

'It would be impossible for you to recognize me, Nance, years have made too great a change.'

'Thruc for ye, *avic*, its the fine looking gentleman ye are now, misther Con. And are ye come home to remain with yere own people the rest of yere life! and that it may be long and happy I pray the saints this blessed day!'

'I shall never be so long absent from the old home again, Nance; and I shall take care to see you provided for the remainder of your days. But now do tell this gentleman and me the name of the young lady who seems such a favorite with you.'

'Shure she deserves to be that same, for hasn't she often kept me, ould Nance Connor, from want; may the light of glory shine about her dying bed!'

'If she has the beauty of an angel, it seems she has the goodness of one too; but you have not yet told us her name, good Nance,' said Sir Reginald, a little impatiently.

The English accent fell unpleasantly upon the ear of the crone. Like most of the peasantry, she felt a natural dislike to the conquerors of her race. She turned her grey eyes with no pleasant expression upon the interrogator, and it was some moments before she deigned a reply.

'Her name is Harcourt; it's English like your own, and none the bother for that, aither,' she muttered.

'Harcourt! an aristocratic name! She is of good family, I presume.'

'She belongs to the rale ginthry on one side only,' continued Nance, addressing Colonel de Burg. 'Her father was a Kurnel in the army. On the mother's side, though come of dacent people, she has nothin' to boast. Her grandfather, ould Joe Morgan, made his money by smugglin' tobaccy and making snuff.'

'Strange! that a Colonel in the British army should form such a *mesalliance*! Is it not Vivyan?'

'Not if the mother resembled the beautiful daughter,' was Sir Reginald's reply.

'It was quare, and it was not quare, when one understands the ins and outs of it. The Kurnel was bamboozled into the match.'

'Was old Joe's daughter as handsome as Miss Harcourt, Nance?' asked Colonel de Burg.

'She wasn't, then—an uglier girl than Charlotte Morgan you wouldn't meet in a day's walk, if you travelled from Banthry to Skibbereen.'

'Rather singular that such a Gorgan should have a Venus for a daughter; is it not, Vivyan?'

'Very; such freaks of nature are unaccountable.'

'The Kurnel himself was a mighty handsome man; Miss Ellinor takes after him, intirely. She has his very look and his step so proud. She's a rale lady: sorra a one would think the blood of the Morgans ran in her veins.'

'Where does Mrs. Harcourt live, Nance?'

'Just behind the Abbey, yere honor, and that's the rason why Miss Ellinor, being quite convanient to the ould ruins, spinds so much time in the weeny room up yander.'

'Is Colonel Harcourt absent on foreign service; or, does he live with his fance?'

'Musha, that's what he never done. Not long ather the weddin' he went off with himself and never showed his face in B—— ever since.'

'Went off and left his bride!' exclaimed both gentlemen, in surprise.

A grim smile flitted over the old woman's face. 'She was no bride of his choosin.' It's a quare story, Misther Con; I'll tell you how it happened. You must know, first and foremost, that ould Joe Morgan used to live in great style, and keep a good table; for the ships that brought him the tobaccy from furrin parts used also to smuggle the best of wine and brandy, and silks into the bargain. Well Kurnel Harcourt was, like most gentlemen in that day, mighty fond of his bottle; and he used often sit down to dinner with ould Joe and dhrink his wine and pay compliments to Miss Charlotte, as in duty bound. And it happened one night that her father took it into his head to make the Kurnel his son-in-law. The parson and his clerk was sent for and Miss Charlotte, dhressed like a queen, and the Kurnel being stupid with dhrink, let them do as they plased, and shure enough he was married to Miss Charlotte as fast as the church could make him. The next day when he found out the thrick that was played him he nearly lost his senses, and swore he wasn't married at all at all. But ould Joe showed him the entry of the marriage in the vestry book, and the parson said it was all right, and so there was no help for it. Soon ather the Kurnel was ordered off to Injy to fight agin Bony and the Queen of Moroc; and that's the last was heard of him. He's dead long since, they say.

'What a singular story,' I am surprised that any Christian minister could be found capable of such an act as performing the marriage ceremony for a man who was intoxicated!

'Och it was ould Parson Atkinson that done it; he was the greatest nager in the country, and for goold he would sell his sow to the divil; Ould Joe paid him well.'

Does the world recognize Mrs. Harcourt as the Colonel's wife? Are she and Miss Ellinor admitted into society?'

'Of course, and why not; aren't they as good as any one else,' shure there's none of the rale quality in B——, but you Misther Con.'

'You forget Dick Dalton, Esquire, Nance,' said Colonel de Burg, archly.

'Dick Dalton indeed!' and there was a contemptuous curl on the thin lip, and a look of scorn in the grey eye.

'Well the world is come to a purty pass when the likes of him sets up for a member of Parliament. You remember his grandfather, Misther Con; he was cowerd on the de Burg estate one't upon a time. I wondher what the ould man would say to young Dick's doings! But the world is turning upside down; and as the wheel of fortune goes round, them that's on the lowest spoke gets a lift. But it will be too bad intirely if Dick Dalton gets the better of your honor at the election.'

'I hope not Nance.'

'Faix I'm not so shure of that, Misther Con. He's a Roman, like all his people, and all the boys will vote for him, and no blame to them, seeing as how they're thrated by the Orangemen. Dick



ELLINOR HARCOURT IN THE OLD ABBEY, SURPRISED BY COLONEL DE BURG AND SIR REGINALD VIVYAN.

says if he gets into Parliament he'll see them righted.'

'Explain what you mean, Nance, I have not heard of any party troubles.'

'Wait till to-morrow, your honor, and ye'll see what'll make ye stare—all them Orangemen going to Church, playin' party tunes, to rouse the bitter feelings in the hearts of the Romans.'

'And is this allowed by the magistrates!'

'Faix it is; and the parson himself walks at the head of the band, egging them on, and when they pass the house of the good ould bishop, you would be deafened with the noise of them brass instruments, whilst that ugly cratur of a black dhrummer, with the big fur cap, bates the dhrum for the bare life; I only wish I could get a blow at it with this stick, and be dad I'd soon put the sound out of it, added Nance, an expression of malignity darkening her withered face.

'And is it possible the Roman Catholics bear this insult quietly? I wonder they do not attack the Church, and wreak their vengeance on the congregation.'

'And they'd do that same, only the Priest and the Bishop keep them quiet discoursing them from the altar. To be shure the sogers is all armed and the Orangemen thinks the boys is afeard; but it's nather the red coats nor their bullets that keeps them down. They know the Priest won't give the rites of the church to any man that dares to go agin his rivrence. But its mighty provokin' intirely, Misther Con, to hear the band playin' Croppies lie down, and the like, when the people is gathered in the chapel to Mass.'

'Such conduct is disgraceful,' exclaimed Colonel de Burg indignantly. 'To have the sacred stillness of the Sabbath disturbed by irreverant music is an evil in itself, but it is made still worse when such tunes are played as are calculated to arouse bitter animosity in the hearts of fellow-countrymen. This must not be allowed. I will write to Dublin and beg the Government to interfere.'

'Arrah, will ye do it, Misther Con? The blessing of Holy St. Bridget herself light upon you for them words! Bedad that'll gain the election for your honor. I'll go among the boys and tell

them,' continued Nance, striking her stick on the ground with joyful energy. 'Dick Dalton may look out for his sate in Parliament. He'll not be putting nimber for a tail to his name yet, bad luck to his impidence!'

'I hope the people will understand that I do not move in this matter to gain their votes. I trust they will attribute purer motives to my interference.'

'Oh, lave it to me, Misther Con; I'll insense the boys into it; troth it isn't yourself would stoop to a mane action.'

The deepening shades of twilight were now draping the ruins. Therefore, leaving the Abbey, Colonel de Burg and Sir Reginald returned to de Burg House, the minds of both differently occupied, the Colonel thinking of the pending election, while the image of Elinor Harcourt filled the thoughts of the English Baronet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GLIMPSE OF LIGHT AS TO ANCIENT AMERICA.—Some glass beads of unquestioned Phœnician manufacture are reported to have been found at Beverley, Canada, in an ancient "ossuary of the copper age." May it not turn out after all, that what Plato tells us of was true, that the Atlantic was once "navigable," or had been navigated, ages before his time, when warlike tribes from beyond the ocean invaded and overran all Libya and other countries in what we call the old world. This would go far to explain the similarity of the ancient American temples and teocolis to ancient Egyptian, Babylonian, and other structures. And by the way, the chronologies of the Egyptian priests in Plato's time, in which tens of thousands of years were treated as a mere bagatelle, and the Greeks were regarded as conceited nprstarts of recout times, are likely now to be received a little more respectfully than heretofore, considering our enlarged ideas of the antiquity of man; perhaps too, Chinese and Indian chronologies will be reconsidered, and a little less contemptuously treated than they have been by our own conceited but improving generation.

We were discussing the name to be given to the new baby. I was in favor of calling it Grace. Her brother, a boy of ten years, was strongly opposed to the name, and said, "Why not call it Charity, and be done with it?" Emma the little sister, some five years old, cried out, "O yes, call her Charity; and then I'll be a sister of Charity, won't I?"

CARDS.—They were too trifling for me when I was grave, and too dull for me when I was cheerful.

STORY OF THE TWO CLERKS.

TO RISE IN CANADA, LEARN TO SPEAK FRENCH.

THIS fragment 'Story of the Two Clerks,' is taken from an American paper now old, but the lesson it teaches is never out of date, and is peculiarly applicable to Canada. Young men arriving out from Britain at Quebec, or Montreal, or Ottawa city have three or four chances of employment if they can speak French, to the barely one chance if they can only speak English. Because all storekeepers in Lower Canada, wholesale and retail, medical men and lawyers included, have customers who only speak French. All proceedings of the Lower Canada law courts, are conducted in French and English; so also the parliamentary business of Lower and Upper Canada united. Among four hundred passengers in the ship that brought me to Quebec in 1858, there were about a hundred men, a few of whom only could speak French. The first to get employment was a young Irishman who could converse fluently in that language. For the last four years he has conducted an extensive business in Montreal in the absence of the proprietor who now chiefly resides in New York. In several other Canadian towns French is much spoken in transacting business.

While writing these remarks it has come to my knowledge that a manufacturing firm in Toronto, have lately contemplated the establishment of an agency or branch at Montreal, and would have done so by this time had they found a person who, being trustworthy and of business ability, could also speak the French language. Several persons applied for the situation whose fathers spent money freely on their education in England, French having been a part of the school course; but on trial here their knowledge of that language was limited to translating 'exercises' out of a book. That is not the qualification required. Ability to speak, and an aptitude to acquire the local idiom are requisite. If newspaper Editors in Britain insert this, they may do a service to young clerks and shopmen who are only learning French imperfectly, or who do not learn it at all.—Ed. C. I. N.

Two young clerks in a large American and French house were particularly intimate, so much so, that although they boarded in different houses yet they were constantly together during the hours of recreation from business.

One of them had been presented with a little French poodle, and he at once set about instructing it to perform all those little tricks for which the breed is famed.

For some days his companion witnessed his persevering efforts to make 'Grotto' bring his handkerchief, catch pennies, stand upon his hind legs, and do many other trifling but amusing tricks. At length he got tired of being a looker on at so much waste

of time, and whilst his friend was being the tutor of Grotto, he himself would be a pupil to a French teacher, and endeavor to master the French language by the time Grotto's education was completed.

Without saying a word to his friend, he commenced his studies, and being diligent fast acquired a knowledge of the language; he also improved from hearing a good deal of French spoken in the store, though he carefully avoided uttering a word. At length Grotto was finished, and had very truly acquired a knowledge of an indefinite number of amusing games, and his owner prided himself no little on his acquirements.

The owner of Grotto was a little the senior of the other in the store, and of course, ranked first in promotion. One morning he came out of the private room of the principal member of the firm, and, looking very much downcast, approached his friend.

'Tom,' said he, 'the firm wants to send one of the clerks this summer to France to buy goods, and they have offered the chance to me, providing I could speak French; but as 'Oui' is about the extent of my French, it's no go for this child. What a fool I was for not studying it when I was a boy!'

'Well,' said Tom, 'whose chance is next?'

'Why, yours, of course. Ha, ha, ha! They will put the question all around out of politeness; and as none of us can 'parley vous'—ha, ha, ha! why somebody will be engaged and all of us headed off!'

In the course of the morning, Tom was called before the firm, and in glowing terms were the advantages set forth, if he could speak the language of the country to which they wished him to go. Tom listened with delight, and inwardly chuckled at the surprise he would give them.

'Of course,' said one of the firm, 'you should have the situation if you could only speak French; but as you cannot, we shall have to employ some one else. Very sorry—great pity, &c.'

'Well,' said Tom, 'it can't be helped, and there is no time, I suppose, to study now, so I must just do the best that I can. Mr. Toutette, shall you and I have a little chat, and perhaps I may pass muster.'

Mr. Toutette and Tom entered into an animated conversation, very much to the surprise of all present, which having been kept up in double quick time for some fifteen minutes, Mr. Toutette very candidly told his partners that Tom was fully competent for the place.

Tom was a great favorite, and the firm was heartily glad that he was capable of holding the situation; and he was instructed to prepare himself for departure by the next steamer, with the privilege of peeping into the World's Fair.

Tom now returned to his friend, who met him with a right good 'Ha, ha, ha!' 'Well, Tom, no use—I told you so!' 'Ah!' replied Tom, 'you are out this time. My French has been approved of, and I am done here—I sail in the next steamer!'

'You don't say so? But, Tom, when did you learn French?'

'When you were teaching Grotto.' A new light flashed across the vision of Grotto's master. "What," said he, whilst I was fooling over the dog, you were studying?"

'Just so; and you know with what success our time has been rewarded.'

By this judicious disposal of time, one young man is on the high road to mercantile fame and fortune; whilst by throwing away time, another equal in abilities, is doomed to drudgery and clerkship perhaps all his days.

THE TWO LONDONS.—The early British London occupied the slope of a gently rising ground on the northern shore of a vast expanse of water. The low grounds to the south were inundated at every tide as far as the base of what are now known as the Greenwich and Camberwell hills, the former standing out as bold headlands in the l.u.e. The town appears to have extended as far back as the line of Fenchurch and Lombard-st. On the north side were dense forests abounding with deer, and wild boar and other fierce animals. The town was separated from this forest by a little brook, the Langbourne, (rising on the streams.) On the north-east were extensive fens, from which Finsbury derives its name; and extending along the shores of the river to the east, a succession of dismal swamps, where now are Ratcliffe, Wapping, Limehouse, and other noted localities. That is a glimpse of what the Great Metropolis once was. London in Canada West would be ashamed if such a description were still applicable to it.

An important question for a juvenile debating society is 'Whether a rooster's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct?'

Reviews.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA; Its origin, and an account of its progress, down to the death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake.

This work has been reprinted from the English edition by Messrs. Harper & Brothers of New York. It caused a sensation in England when the first volume appeared, early in the present year, and has been extensively read. Its chief characteristics are vivid description, and strong hostility to Louis Napoleon. There is hardly a chapter of this work which is not a series of pictures, but many things are introduced which are foreign, or but remotely related to the main subject. Mr. Kinglake often suspends the march of events, that he may paint the portraits of the actors; and moreover the events are sometimes moulded by the actors in a manner suspiciously coincident with Mr. Kinglake's likes and dislikes. Neither consummate literary skill, nor bursts of fine writing, nor an assumption at times of perfect impartiality, can conceal the patent fact, that the historian is a prejudiced man. Apart from this, there is much, very much, to admire—the patient research, the sagacious unravelment, the marshalling of all parts in due order, the thoughtful probing of cause and effect. Then the style is clear and intelligible, rising with the occasion into the ornate, and even the imaginative. Furthermore, for Englishmen, there are touches of the most delicate incense ever offered to national vanity.

Two thirds of this volume are devoted to the preliminaries; to the causes that led to the war; to establishing that, if Louis Napoleon dominated in the British Cabinet and moulded its policy, Lord Raglan dominated Marshal St. Arnaud in the field and in the council; to the preparations; and to the landing on Russian soil. Two hundred pages are devoted to the Battle of the Alma; and these have a fascination about them that genius alone can infuse. Yet what does one mainly learn?—that war is the most uncertain of all games of chance, for there are here made palpable many reasons why the allies might well have been defeated. To go into these would cost more space than we can afford, especially as we must make room for a few extracts. Kinglake says that he has been in written and oral communication with scores of officers and public men, seeking to enlighten himself on this or that particular. Yet he declares that not a single one has ever alleged that it was desirable, for the honour of our arms or for the credit of the nation, that a solitary fact should be concealed. The universal desire has been that the truth, and the truth only, should be told. That desire perhaps is not quite so potent in the class of men to whom allusion is made in the paragraphs immediately subjoined. Speaking of the unwholesome influence of the press on public affairs in England, he says on the

FUNCTIONS OF THE JOURNALIST.

"In former times almost every body who could was accustomed to contribute in an active way to the formation of opinion. Men evolved their own political ideas and drew forth the ideas of their friends by keen oral discussion, and, in later times, by long, elaborate letters. But gradually, and following somewhat slowly upon the invention of printing, there came to be introduced a new division of labour. It was found that if a small number of competent men would make it their calling to transact the business of thinking upon political questions, the work might be more handily performed by them than by the casual efforts of people who were commonly busied in other sorts of toil; and as soon as this change took effect the weighing of state questions and the judging of public men lapsed away from the direct cognizance of the nation at large, and passed into the hands of those who know how to utter in print. What had been an intellectual exercise practised in a random way by thousands, was turned into a branch of industry, and pursued with great skill by a few. People soon found out that an essay in print—-an essay strong and terse, but above all opportune, seemed to clear their minds more effectually than the sayings which they heard in conversation, or the letters they received from their friends; and at length the principle of divided labor became so complete in its application to the forming of political opinions, that by glancing at a newspaper, and giving swift assent to its assertions and arguments, many an Englishman was saved the labor of farther examining his political conscience, and dispensed from the necessity of having to work his own way to a conclusion.

"But to spare a man from a healthy toil is not always an unmixed good. To save a

free-born citizen from the trouble of thinking upon questions of State is to take from him his share of dominion; and, although it be true that he who follows printed advice is under a guidance more skilful and dexterous than any he could have got from his own untutored mind, he is less of a man, and, upon the whole, is less fair, less righteous than one who in a ruder fashion contrives to think for himself. Just as a man's quality may in some respects be lowered by his habitual reliance on the policeman and the soldier, who relieve him from the trouble and the anxiety of self-defence, so his intellectual strength and his means of knowing how to be just may easily become impaired if he suffers himself to walk too obediently under the leading of a political writer."

BATTLE OF ALMA.

But the scenes on the hill side of the Alma will rivet attention. Here is the onset of that division under Codrington, which first carried the Great Redoubt, whence however it was subsequently driven, ere the Brigade of Guards and Highlanders finally took possession of it. From the battery, a slope of three hundred yards, like an artificial glacis, descended to the river, and ended in a steep bank ten or twelve feet high.—Huddled below this, and harassed by the Russian sharpshooters, were the bulk of the men. Codrington had charged the bank obliquely and ridden up; and a few small bevies had climbed it. He says:

"Hitherto the knowledge that there was to be an advance beyond the bank had been confined to the people who chanced to be near Sir George Brown or General Codrington; but those who heard the words or caught the meaning of the divisional general and the brigadier, hastened to give effect to the will of their chiefs by sending their words along the line.

The 7th Fusiliers, being on the extreme right of Codrington's brigade, was beyond the reach of his personal guidance; but Lacy Yea, who commanded the regiment, was a man of an onward, fiery, violent nature, not likely to suffer his cherished regiment to stand helpless under muzzles pointed down on him and his people by the skirmishers close overhead. The will of a horseman to move forward, no less than his power to elude or overcome all obstacles, is singularly strengthened by the education of the hunting-field, and Lacy Yea had been used in early days to ride to hounds in one of the stiffest of all hunting counties. To him this left bank of the Alma crowned with Russian troops was very like the wayside acclivity which often enough in his boyhood had threatened to wall him back and keep him down in the depths of a Somersetshire lane whilst the hounds were running high up in the field some ten or fifteen feet above. His practised eye soon showed him a fit "shord" or break in the scarped face of the bank, and then shouting out to his people, "Never mind forming! Come on, men! Come on, anyhow!" he put his cob to the task, and quickly gained the top.

On either side of him, men of his regiment rapidly climbed up, and in such numbers that the Russian skirmishers who had been lining it fell back upon their battalions.

And now in, the masses still crowded along the foot of the bank there rose up that murmur of prayer for closer fighting which, coming of a sudden from men of Teuton blood, is the advent of a new and seemingly extrinsic power—the power ascribed in old times to the hand of an Immortal. From the first company of the 7th Fusiliers to the left of the 19th Regiment, the deep, angry, gathering sound was "Forward!" "Forward!" "Forward!" The throng was heaved; and presently the whole 1st brigade of the Light Division, carrying with it the 19th and the 95th Regiments, surged up, and in numberless waves broke over the bank.

Then came the belching forth of destruction from the battery; and then the assault of the Kazan column, which was repulsed. This is how the Redoubt was won.

And now, whilst the assailing force was rent from front to rear with grape and canister poured down from the heavy guns above, another and a not less deadly arm was brought to bear against it; for the enemy marched a body of infantry into the rear of the breastwork, and his helmeted soldiers, kneeling behind the parapet at the intervals between the embrasures, watched ready with their muskets on the earthwork till they thought our people were near enough, and then fired into the crowd. Moreover, the troops on either flank of the redoubt began to fire obliquely into the assailing mass.

Then, for such of our men as were new to war, it became time to learn that the ear is a false guide in the computation of pass-

ing shot, and that amid notes sounding like a very torrent of balls, the greater part of even a crowded force may remain unhurt. The storm of rifle and musket balls, of grape and canister, came in blasts; and though there were pauses, yet, whilst a blast was sweeping through, it seemed to any young soldier, guided by the sound of the rushing missiles, that nowhere betwixt them, however closely he might draw in his limbs, could there be room for him to stand unscathed. But no man shrunk. Our soldiers, still panting with the violence of their labour in crossing the river and scaling the bank, scarcely fired a shot, and they did not speak; but they every one went forward. The truth is, that the weak-hearted men had been left behind in the gardens and buildings of the village; the dross was below, and the force on the hillside was pure metal. It was so intent on its purpose, that no one, they say, at this time was seen to cast back a look toward the 1st Division.

The assailants were nearing the breastwork, when, after a lull of a few moments, its ordnance all thundered at once, or, at least, so nearly at the same moment, that the pathway of their blast was a broad one; and there were many who fell; but the onset of our soldiery was becoming a rush. Codrington, riding in front of his men, gayly cheered them on; and all who were not struck down by shot pressed on toward the long bank of smoke which lay dimly infolding the redoubt.

But already—though none of the soldiery engaged then knew who wrought the spell—a hard stress had been put upon the enemy. For a while, indeed, the white bank of smoke lit through here and there with the slender flashes of musketry, stood fast in the front of the parapet, and still all but shrouded the helmets and the glittering bayonets within; but it grew more thin; it began to rise; and rising, it disclosed a grave change in the counsels of the Russian Generals. Some Englishmen—or many perhaps at the same moment—looking keen through the smoke, saw teams of artillery horses moving, and there was a sound of ordnance wheels. Our panting soldiery broke from their silence. "By all that is holy! he is limbering up!" "He is carrying off his guns!" "Stole away! Stole away! Stole away." The glacis of the Great Redoubt had come to sound more joyous than the covert's side in England.

The embrasures were empty, and in rear of the work long artillery teams—eight horse and ten-horse teams—were rapidly dragging off the guns.

Then a small, childlike youth ran forward before the throng, carrying a colour. This was the young Anstruther. He carried the Queen's colour of the Royal Welsh. Fresh from the games of English school life, he ran fast; for, heading all who strove to keep up with him, he gained the redoubt, and dug the butt end of the flag-staff into the parapet, and there for a moment he stood holding it tight and taking breath. Then he was shot dead; but his small hands, still clasping the flag-staff, drew it down along with him, and the crimson silk lay covering the boy with its folds; but only for a moment, because William Evans, a swift-footed soldier, ran forward, gathered up the flag, and raising it proudly, made claim to the Great Redoubt on behalf of the "Royal Welsh." The colours, floating high in the air, and seen by our people far and near, kindled in them a raging love for the ground where it stood. Breathless men found speech. Codrington, still in the front, uncovered his head, waved his cap for a sign to his people, and then riding straight at one of the embrasures, leaped his grey Arab into the breastwork. There were some eager and swift-footed soldiers who sprang the parapet nearly at the same moment; more followed. At the same instant Norcott's riflemen came running in from the east, and the swiftest of them bounded into the work at its right flank. The enemy's still lingering skirmishers began to fall back, and descended—some of them slowly—into the dip where their battalions were massed. Our soldiery were up; and in a minute they flooded in over the parapet, hurrahing, jumping over, hurrahing, a joyful English crowd.

The cheer had not yet died away on the hill-side when from the enemy's battalions standing massed in the hollow there rose up—as though it had been wrung from the very hearts of brave men defeated—a long, sorrowful, wailing sound. This was the bitter and wholesome grief of a valiant soldiery not content to yield. For men who so grieve there is hope. The redoubt had been seized by our people; it was not yet lost to the Czar.

—There is much more equally vivid—the various attacks of the heavy Russian columns upon the thin British two-deep line—

Lord Raglan's accidental groping his way to a commanding position, where the chances ought to have been in favor of his being made a prisoner—the Guards in action; but we must refrain, and conclude with the remark that Kinglake's literary fame will be vastly enhanced by this book, however his solid worth as an historian may be questioned.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN—A weekly journal of practical information.

WE have received from Mr. Joseph Lyght of King Street, the number of this New York periodical dated May 23. Its matter is instructive; its engravings well executed and interesting. They are 'Christensen's Patent Rotary Engine'; 'Burnham's Patent Turbine Water Wheel'; 'Petroleum Gas making Apparatus'; 'Strowger's Patent Ditching Machine,' and 'Gillespie's Governor.'

There are three lines in a corner which suggest to the Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News, a flow of ideas different from what they seem to have given to the mind of the Scientific American.

'Princess Alexandra was married in a lace dress which cost £8,000! The same night hundreds of poor girls were starving in London.'

Suppose that the Princess had been married in plain flannel made from the fleece, price eight shillings, how much of the eight shillings would have gone in wages to factory girls, lace-making machinists, milliner girls, and the many other sons and daughters of industrial genius actually employed in producing the Royal Wedding garment? The raw material of the lace dress probably did not cost over eight shillings. The difference between that and £8,000 represents the wages of skilled labor, the profits of capital, and the reward of the mechanical ingenuity which produced the lace-making machinery.

We extract a passage on Iron-rams-of-war; one more terrible warning to Canadians whose duty it is to defend the lake and river frontier:

'CHANGES IN THE IRON-CLADS.—It will be a gratification to those members of the press who are in the habit of thundering their indignation at the lack of enterprise on the part of the Government, to learn that the recent experience before Fort Sumter has been valuable to us, inasmuch as steps are being taken to rebuild certain portions of the iron-clads now on the stocks and afloat. The 11-inch turrets of the Roanoke are to be clothed with three additional inches of iron, in (as we are informed) solid plates. A space is left between the original turret and the addition thereto, which is to be filled with some fibrous substance; the particular value of this last feature is not apparent. The Roanoke's sides are clad with 4½ inch iron on the old hull, whether this thickness of iron is sufficient to be comparatively invulnerable is extremely questionable. The query suggests itself that if 11 inches of iron, disposed in the strongest manner to resist assault, are insufficient, what will become of 4½ inches of iron on plane surfaces? The Mound City, so says the telegraph, received a shot through her 2½ inch solid plating, which passed through both sides of the vessel, in all five inches of iron. We do not learn that any change is to be made in her construction.

The Onondaga at Greenpoint, N.Y., the battery built by Mr. Rowland for the contractor, Mr. George Quintard of the Morgan Iron Works, is undergoing very important changes in her plan and construction. This vessel had an armament of 4½-inch iron plates fastened directly to an iron hull, without wooden backing of any kind. It is now intended to place 12 inches of wood over the 4½ inch plating, and to line this wood on the outboard side with a plate 1-inch thick. The wood will be of oak: 9 inches of it will be laid, with the grain at right angles with the ships length, and the additional 3 inches will consist of planking. The turrets (Monitor plan) are also undergoing a change, so we are informed; and it is thought that these improvements will add materially to the effectiveness of the ship. No through bolts will be used in fastening on the wooden facing of the Onondaga, but the armor will be suspended, as it were, from the deck. This plan has also been recommended for the turrets of the Monitor batteries.

'It is also said that a partial revolution has been effected in the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy Department, in consequence of the failure of the attack on Charleston, and new instructions have been issued respecting the armament of the iron-clads, not only of those at Port Royal but of those now building, and also respecting naval ordnance generally. "The Dahlgren guns are to be removed and

an entirely new style of 13-inch gun, using seventy-five pounds of powder at a load, is to be substituted; this is to be done before the attack on Charleston is renewed. Fort Sumter may be effectively bombarded at a much greater distance by the new guns than by those of the Dahlgren pattern. The new guns are now in process of construction, but it is believed several weeks will elapse before they can be put into a sufficient number of Monitors to permit a renewal of the attack on Charleston."

'We do not give these latter items credit; the former—concerning the changes in the construction of the iron-clads—we know to be correct. It is at all events an encouraging sign to see the Government at last waking up and taking a step in the right direction.'

ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.—This note is written, because we feel an explanation due to a Lady who honored us with a poetical contribution about which we made a few re-

composition and the subject, must be a person eminently intellectual—the very choice of subject apart from its poetical treatment showing the author to be a poet, that we reproved the supposed copiest for careless writing.

The name signed was 'Harriet Annie.' We had not seen that name in print; had never heard of it in connection with poetry or literature in any form, nor in connection with any living person in Hamilton or elsewhere. There was no surname nor address given by which it might be ascertained if 'Harriet Annie' were a real person or a myth. The discrepancy between the poetical excellence and calligraphic inaccuracy of style favored the inference that the author had not sent the verses. In the same series of 'Notices' we had remarked on 'Cabotian' of Port Hope; 'Mr. McK.' of Blandford; 'An Old Salt' of somewhere, 'Willie' of Brampton; and had reserved various other manuscripts, one of them by a 'Red Indian' pasted together, several yards long. The

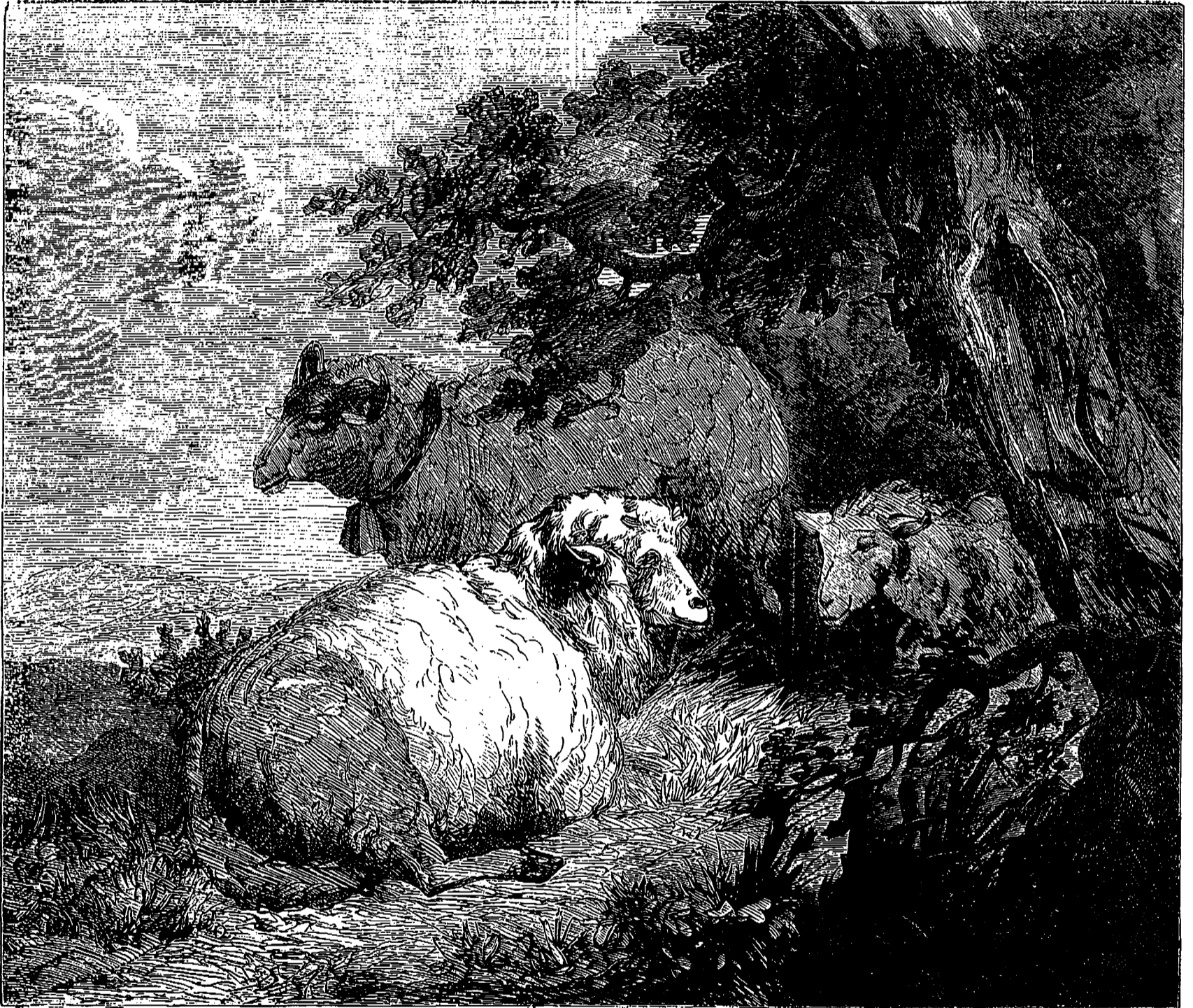
know the Red Indian, as to ask, do you know Harriet Annie?

It sincerely grieves us that this Lady should have had a minute's uneasiness from what we said in innocent ignorance of who she was. But she has had the solace of seeing her poem in the Spectator, and the enjoyment, if indeed a Lady can feel any gratification in seeing a tirade of impertinence directed upon one who was defending her title as a poetess against some supposed misappropriation of her poem.

The grievance of the Spectator has its root in our discussion of the greatest public question of the time, in which he and some confederates have been iniquitously involved to the peril of this Province, namely, the provocation to war, and want of defences against invasion. We will not be deterred from treating that question of life and death to Canada on its merits, by the Spectator conjuring up the 'Unprotected Female' as his breast-work from behind which to shoot malicious personalities. In such, this jour-

many good things, the offspring of Canadian genius, which the proprietor of this journal will bring out as contributions to the permanent literature of Canada. In future we shall give a preference to tales—literary merit being up to the requisite standard, which embody places, persons, events and scenery in this Province.

On page 21 is an illustration, one of many to follow, of the innumerable pictures of beauty abounding on the St. Lawrence river. This is one of the charming scenes in the Lake of the Thousand Islands, which bewilder by their variety and enchant by their loveliness, the passengers who take pleasure or business trips on board the steamers plying between Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal and Quebec and intermediate ports. The vessels which specially form the Passenger Line are fitted with all requisite conveniences, each affording the luxury of a drawing-room combined with freshness of air and pleasurable excitement which give travelers new life, they sitting as in a vision



CANADA; THE TRANQUIL SCENE; THREE SHEEP AT REST. (SEE BREEDS OF SHEEP AND WOOL TRADE IN FUTURE NUMBERS.)

marks last week. It is inserted here that it may be seen by the conductors of the 'Spectator' and their readers, who are elsewhere directed to look here for it. And once for all, the people of the Spectator are informed that no impertinence of theirs will elicit any other notice than what they see before them. On a day last week, when hurriedly disposing of various anonymous contributions, the writers of several of them having declined to give their real names, a sheet was handed in covered on both sides with verses, in some portions carelessly written. The composition seemed so much above the manner of the writing, that doubt arose whether the author had sent them. It seemed more probable that some girl or boy at school had transcribed them, and done the copying badly. It was from a sense of justice to the author, who, as we inferred from the smoothness of the

first of these just named, had declined to give a real name; and we declined to insert his or her contribution without having crossed Lake Ontario to inquire at Port Hope, 'Who is Cabotian? What house does she live in? Has she been to Venice and Naples or is she only copying from Spalding's Italy, or Murray's Guide book? It did not occur to us to rush through the streets of Hamilton crying 'Old Salt' who are you Old Salt? Do you contribute to the Spectator? Are you the Spectator? Tell us truly, Old Salt, lest we mistake you? Had the verses been signed Jemima Matilda, or Peggy, or Mary, or Mary Anne the signature being to us essentially anonymous, we should have as soon thought of rushing to the Spectator from the Red Indian's five yards of unfinished Legend, to inquire do you know Peggy, do you know Mary? do you know Mary Anne? do you

know the Red Indian, as to ask, do you know Harriet Annie? We have thus replied to those of Monday, for the first and last time. For the rest let that which is before the eye on this page be pondered well.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS NUMBER.

On the front page is printed a lively picture, sketched by one of our artists—the interior of the House of Assembly at Quebec, as seen two hours after mid-night, on the morning of 8th May, 1863. An article on the psychology of that scene is in type but is postponed till next number.

On page 16, is a pretty illustration of an incident in the new story, THE CROSS OF PRIDE, which being from the pen of a lady resident in Canada, Mrs. J. V. Noel, of Kingston, we introduce to the reader's notice with a pleasing trust that it is the first of

amid scenery matchless in variety, sweetness, beauty, grandeur, in all the world elsewhere.

On page 23 is a portrait of Professor Simms, which is introduced by the letter-press beside it.

On page 19, opposite to this, are portraits of two remarkable persons, not unlike in their indomitable energy, and other characteristics, but who have followed courses of life as opposite as are the courses of blessed peace and accursed war. The Right Reverend Dr. Cronyn, Bishop of Huron, the one; General Thomas Jefferson 'Stonewall' Jackson, the other. Their respective memoirs tell what they have been.

On this page is presented a group of 'Three sheep at rest, after feeding;' a ram and two ewes from a celebrated flock. On breeds of sheep and the wool trade descriptive articles and illustrations will appear in early numbers.

**THE RIGHT REV. DR. CRONYN,
LORD BISHOP OF HURON.**

The Right Reverend Benjamin Cronyn, first Bishop of Huron, was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, in the year 1802. His father, Thomas Cronyn, Esq., at the time of his death, was Mayor of that city. At an early period he evinced a strong desire for the Church, and after a course of education at Kilkenny, entered at Trinity College, Dublin, when he was only fifteen. He soon distinguished himself above the majority of his fellows and graduated in 1821, as A. B.; subsequently he obtained the degree of A. M., which he took in the year 1824, and the same year won the Regius Professor's second prize at the divinity examination. In the year 1832 he was ordained deacon by the Right Reverend Dr. Bissett, Bishop of Raphoe, and proceeded to England where he officiated as curate for some time under the Reverend Carus Wilson at Kirby Lonsdale, Lancashire, then in the diocese of Chester, leading the same hard and harassed though contented life of most of the English curates. His was a hard and difficult road through life; yet he accomplished it, and triumphed over all obstacles lying in his way.

Mr. Cronyn returned to Ireland after a residence of a few months in England, and in the year 1826 was ordained priest by the Most Reverend Dr. French, Archbishop of Tuam. He served as curate under his lordship in the county of Longford six years; at the expiration of which time, 1832, he came to Canada, and was immediately appointed to the London district by the excellent and truly pious Dr. Stuart, then Bishop of Quebec, in which he served for twenty-five years. The amount of good done by Dr. Cronyn during that time can hardly be estimated; so energetic, earnest, and philanthropic was he in his endeavors to do good to his fellow creatures.

Happily his services met with a high reward, for in 1857 on a portion of Canada West being constituted into the bishopric of Huron, Dr. Cronyn was elected to that high and important dignity. In the October following he was consecrated Bishop at Lambeth palace by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the right reverends the bishops of Winchester, Nova Scotia, and Sierra Leone. The University of Cambridge conferred on him the degree of M. A. in 1855, and Trinity College, Dublin, that of D.D. in 1857.

In the performance of his high and sacred duties he has always given the greatest satisfaction to all parties connected with the Church in the district under his control. He has taken an active part in all the leading questions appertaining to it, and is justly regarded as one of the ablest divines serving God within the boundaries of this Province, and doing honor alike to Heaven and to his adopted country.

EXTRACTS FROM THE BISHOP'S CHARGE TO HIS CLERGY IN 1862.

I now proceed to lay before you such statistical statements of the position of the Church in our own Diocese as may enable you to form a correct estimate of the progress which, by the Divine blessing, we have made since the last visitation, and also of the work which yet remains to be effected before the Diocese can be said to be at all adequately supplied with the ministrations of the Church. Some changes have taken place amongst the clergy since the last visitation. The Rev. Francis Campbell, who was the first missionary appointed to Goderich and the neighborhood, at a very early stage of its settlement, and who resided there for many years, has been removed by death; and a few clergymen have left the Diocese. At the last visitation the number of the clergy, including the Bishop, the Parochial Clergy, Traveling Missionaries, Missionaries to the Indians and the fugitive slaves, was fifty-seven; the number at the present time is seventy-seven; being an increase of twenty in the last three years. In the course of the next three months I expect if spared, to add four to this number, which will give eighty-one clergymen to minister to the spiritual wants of our brethren scattered over 137 townships, to preach the gospel to the red men of the forest, many of whom are yet in Pagan darkness; and to proclaim true liberty to those despised sons of Africa, who have escaped from slavery, and have found a home and a refuge amongst us. The population of the diocese has largely increased during the past three years. In 1859 it was estimated at 402,581. This estimate was formed on the best data we could then obtain, and was considered correct; now we can state accurately that it amounts, according to the government census taken in 1861, to 472,781, showing an increase in two years of 70,210 souls. To meet this increase in the population we



RIGHT REV. DR. CRONYN, BISHOP OF HURON.

have added twenty to the number of our clergy. From this it is apparent that, if we look only to the number of clergymen in the diocese, we may be disposed to felicitate ourselves on the progress we have made; but when we take into account the number of emigrants arriving yearly amongst us, from various quarters, say 30,000, the painful conviction is forced upon us that we are falling behind the population year by year, and that efforts almost superhuman will be required from us, aided by all the assistance we can obtain from our brethren and the great Church Societies of our fatherland, in any degree to meet the demands for the ministrations of our church which are thus every day increasing upon us. The census of 1861 shows the number of churchmen in the diocese to be 91,874, while the astounding fact is recorded that there are in the diocese

11,524 who return themselves as having no religion or no creed. Surely this is a state of heathendom amongst ourselves which loudly calls for Christian effort. Since the meeting of the Synod in June last, I have visited fifty-eight congregations in the diocese, and preached 124 sermons. I have confirmed 1,171 candidates, consecrated 9 churches and 5 burial-grounds, ordained 7 deacons and 6 priests, and travelled 3,534 miles within the diocese, besides journeys to Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and Toronto, on the business of the church. I purpose, with the Divine blessing, to visit the northern part of the diocese, comprising the counties of Bruce, Huron, Grey and Perth, during the present summer.

At our meeting in 1859, I reported that the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts had granted £400 sterling per



THE LATE GENERAL 'STONEWALL' JACKSON. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

annum, to aid in the support of missionaries in the diocese; this grant was to terminate at the end of three years. I then expressed the hope that, when the real state of the country was known to that benevolent society, which has for so long a time liberally contributed to the support of the church in Canada, the grant would not only be extended but enlarged. The event has proved that I did not calculate rashly on the good feeling of our brethren, for since that time the grant has been continued and twice increased. I lately received a letter from the Secretary of that Society, in reply to an application which I had made for an additional grant, stating that the society had decided to increase the grant to £1,200 sterling per annum, and to continue it for two years and a half from 1st July next. I would here call attention to the conditions which accompany this grant of the society; that before the termination of the grant, 'one or more of the following steps shall have been taken by the inhabitants (from local resources,) towards the independence of the mission: 1st. The erection in each of a parsonage, with a glebe attached. 2nd. The erection in each of a church. 3rd. The collection and investment of an endowment fund in each mission, equal to half the society's grant, or sufficient to produce an income of £40 per annum.' I would also remind the missionaries who are supported in part by this society, that it is required by the society, that every missionary shall send in a quarterly report of his mission, to be forwarded by me to the society.— This condition has, in some cases, been overlooked, but I trust that all the missionaries of the society will, for the future, show their appreciation of the liberality which we have experienced, by forwarding to me regular reports each quarter of their proceedings, and of the state of the church in their respective missions.

The venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge still continues to make grants for the building of churches, and, with their assistance, already forty-three churches have been erected in the diocese. This society has also contributed £500 to the fund for the support of a theological college in the diocese.

The Colonial and Continental Church Society has also continued their valuable assistance to us. The agents of this excellent society still carry on their labors amongst the fugitive slaves, and one missionary to the Indians on the river Thames, is mainly supported from their funds.

I have been desirous for some time to add to the number of our missionaries to Indians scattered throughout the diocese, but for want of funds have been unable to do so; I have made several applications for this purpose to societies at home, but the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts alone, has responded to my appeal, by granting £100 per annum towards the salary of the missionary on Walpole Island.

You will see, my reverend brethren, from these statements, that much remains for us to accomplish—that we must not consider ourselves relieved from the responsibility of exerting ourselves, because our brethren at home thus assist us. Our congregations in the various missions, even in the most recently settled parts of the country, must be required to do what they can towards the support of the missionaries laboring amongst them; and our brethren in the more wealthy settlements must be exhorted to contribute liberally of their substance, that the Lord's work may be carried on in every part of the diocese.

And here I think it well to bring before you the claims of the Church Society. By the machinery of this society, the clergy have frequent opportunities of bringing the wants of the church before their congregations, and of urging upon them their duty to contribute liberally to its funds. In their quarterly appeals to the people, the clergy should not rest satisfied with a cold, formal statement concerning the object for which the appeal is made, but should show the people that the interests of the church in the diocese are now in their hands, and that, unless the several congregations are alive to their duty, and liberally contribute for the extension of the operations of the church, we must retrograde instead of advance. The annual meeting of the parochial associations should be conducted with spirit, both by the clergy and laity of each mission, and the deputations which are appointed to attend these meetings should be regarded only as auxiliaries. I fear it has become too much the custom to leave the entire business to the deputations; thus the interest of the laity in the meetings has been allowed to cool. Every effort should be made to induce the members of the church not only to attend the meetings, but to take a lively interest in them.

GENERAL 'STONEWALL' JACKSON.

We publish a portrait of the famous Confederate officer, General Thomas Jefferson Jackson, better known as 'Stonewall' Jackson. He won this cognomen at the Bull Run by promising Beauregard that his brigade should stand like a stone wall before the enemy.

Thomas Jefferson Jackson was born in Virginia, about the year 1825. He graduated at West Point in 1846, and in the following year accompanied Magruder's battery to Mexico. At Contreras and Churubusco he distinguished himself so highly on the field that he was breveted Captain for gallantry. At Chapultepec he again won laurels, and was breveted Major for gallant and meritorious conduct. On his return from Mexico he was for some time in command at Fort Hamilton. At the outbreak of the rebellion Major Jackson was one of those Southerners who were greatly embarrassed to discover the true line of their duty. He had married a Northern wife, was an honorable and conscientious man, and long hesitated what course to pursue. It is stated that his father-in-law, a Northern clergyman, visited him and urged him to remain faithful to his country and his flag. They spent several hours in prayer together, and Jackson confessed that the struggle was sore. But, finally, the doctrine of State Rights, which Jackson, like so many other gallant Southerners, had imbibed early in life, won the day. 'I must go with Virginia!' he cried, and plunged headlong into the vortex. The doings of this officer are too vividly impressed upon the public mind to need a recapitulation, even if we had space, which we have not, to particularise his thousand and one deeds of daring, all of which, whatever the result, were strongly marked by dash, energy, and skill.

A correspondent of the 'Savannah News' gave the following sketch of General Jackson:—

There you see self-command, perseverance, indomitable will, that seem neither to know nor think of any earthly obstacle, and all this without the least admixture of vanity, assumption, pride, foolhardiness, or anything of the kind. There seems a disposition to assert its pretensions, but from the quiet sense of conviction of his relative position, which sets the vexed question of self-importance at rest—a peculiarity, I would remark, of great minds. It is only the little and the frivolous who are forever obtruding their petty vanities before the world. His face also expresses courage in the highest degree, and his phrenological developments indicate a vast amount of energy and activity. His forehead is broad and prominent, the occipital and sincipital regions are both large and well balanced; eyes expressing a singular union of mildness, energy, and concentration; cheek and bones both long and well formed. His dress is a common grey suit of faded cassimere—coat, pants and hat—the coat slightly braided on the sleeve, just enough to be perceptible, the collar displaying the mark of a Major General. Of his gait, it is sufficient to say that he just goes along—not a particle of the strut, the military swagger, turkey-gobbler parade, so common among officers of small rank and smaller minds. It would be a profitable study for some of our military swells to devote one hour each day to the contemplation of the magnificent plainness of 'Stonewall.' To military fame which they can never hope to attain he unites the simplicity of a child and the straightforwardness of a Western farmer. There may be those who would be less struck with his appearance as thus accoutred than if bedizened with lace and holding the reins of a magnificent barb caparisoned and harnessed for glorious war; but to one who had seen him, as I had, at Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill, in the rain of shell and the blaze of the death-lights of the battle-field, when nothing less than a mountain would serve as a breast-work against the 36-inch shells which howled and shrieked through the sickly air, General Jackson in tatters would be the same hero as General Jackson in gilded uniform. In my simple view he is a nonpareil—he is without a peer. He has enough energy to supply a whole manufacturing district, enough military genius to stock two or three military schools of the size of West Point.

The following was furnished by the New York correspondent of the London Times:

The interest excited by this strange man is as curious as it is unprecedented. A classmate of McClellan at West Point, and there considered slow and heavy, unfavorably known in Washington as a hypochondriac and malade imaginaire, he has exhibited for the last ten months qualities which were little supposed to reside in his rugged and unsoldierlike frame, but which will hand his

name down for many a generation in the company of those great captains whom men will not willingly let die. More apt for the execution than conception of great movements, leaning upon General Lee as the directing brain, and furnishing the promptest hand, the most dauntless heart, the most ascetic habits and rigorous self-denial, the greatest rapidity and versatility of movement, as his contributions towards the execution of General Lee's strategy, his recent operations in turning General Pope's right, and passing with a force believed not to exceed 30,000 men to the rear of such an army, massed close to its base of operations and in the act of receiving daily large reinforcements, command universal wonder and admiration. It is said that, like Hannibal, he is accustomed to live among his men without distinction of dress, without greater delicacy of fare, and that it is almost impossible, on this account, for a stranger to recognise or distinguish him among them. Every despatch from his hand has, as its exordium, "By the blessing of God." Continual are the prayer-meetings which he holds among his men, invoking a blessing upon his arms before the battle and returning thanks for preservation, and (as it has rarely failed to happen) for victory after it is over. In fact, they who have seen and heard him uplift his voice in prayer, and then have witnessed his vigor and prompt energy in the strife, say that once again Cromwell is walking the earth and leading his trusting and enraptured hosts to assured victory. It is not necessary to add that Jackson's men idolise and trust their leader enthusiastically, and have the most implicit faith in his conduct, otherwise the bold and daring steps which he has frequently taken, and from which he has never failed to come off triumphantly, would have been utter impossibilities.

JACKSON MORTALLY WOUNDED.

On the 29th of April, 1863, General Hooker commanding the National Army of the Potomac, crossed the Rappahannock river at four different places, and attacked the army of the South on its lines behind Fredericksburgh. His cavalry turned the flank of the Southerners and destroyed five miles of railway between them and their fortified city of Richmond. Battle ensued, and the events which led to the death of the great soldier of the South, whom this memoir commemorates, occurred on Saturday, May 2nd.

General Jackson, having gone some distance in front of the line of skirmishers on Saturday evening, was returning about eight o'clock, attended by his staff and part of his couriers. The cavalcade was, in the darkness of the night, mistaken for a body of the enemy's cavalry, and fired upon by a regiment of his own corps. He was struck by three balls, one through the left arm, two inches below the shoulder joint, shattering the bone and severing the chief artery; another ball passed through the same arm, between the elbow and wrist, making its exit through the palm of the hand; a third ball entered the palm of the right hand about its middle, passing through, and broke two bones. He was wounded on the plank road, about fifty yards in advance of the enemy. He fell from his horse and was caught by Captain Wormley, to whom he remarked, 'All my wounds are by my own men.' He had given orders to fire at anything coming up the road, before he left the lines.

The enemy's skirmishers appeared ahead of him, and he turned to ride back. Just then some one cried out, 'cavalry charge!' and immediately the regiment fired. The whole party broke forward to ride through our line to escape the fire. Captain Boswell was killed, and carried through the line by his horse, and fell among our own men. Colonel Couchfield, chief of staff, was wounded by his side. Two couriers were killed. Major Pendleton, Lieutenants Morrison and Smith escaped uninjured. General Jackson was immediately placed on a litter and started for the rear. The firing attracted the attention of the enemy, and was resumed by both lines. One litter bearer was shot down, and the General fell from the shoulders of the men, receiving a severe contusion, adding to the injury of the arm, and injuring his side severely.

The enemy's fire of artillery on this point was terrible. General Jackson was left for five minutes, until the fire slackened; then placed in an ambulance, and carried to the field hospital at Wilderness run. He lost a large amount of blood, and at one time told Dr. McGuire he thought he was dying, and would have bled to death, but a tourniquet was applied. For two long hours he was nearly pulseless from the shock. As he was being carried from the field, frequent inquiries were made by the soldiers, 'Who have

you there?' He told the doctor, 'Do not tell the troops I am wounded.'

After the reaction, a consultation was held between Drs. Black, Coleman, Walls and McGuire, and amputation was decided upon. He was asked, 'If we find amputation necessary, shall it be done at once?' He replied, 'Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire—do for me whatever you think is right.' The operation was performed while he was under the influence of chloroform, and was borne well. He slept on Sunday morning, was cheerful, and in every way was doing well. He sent for Mrs. Jackson, asked minutely about the battle, spoke cheerfully of the result, and said; 'If I had not been wounded, or had an hour more of daylight, I would have cut off the enemy from the road to the United States Ford, and we would have had them entirely surrounded, and they would have been obliged to surrender, or cut their way out. They had no other alternative. My troops sometimes may fail in driving the enemy from a position, but the enemy always fail to drive my men from a position.'

On Tuesday he inquired how long his wounds would keep him from the field, and appeared satisfied that they were progressing favorably. On Thursday incipient pneumonia set in, and on Friday prostration increased. On Thursday his wife arrived and nursed him until the last. On Sunday morning it was apparent that he was sinking rapidly, and his wife told him that he was going to die. He said: 'Very good: very good. It is all right.' He had previously said:—'I consider these wounds a blessing. They were given me for some good and wise purpose. I would not part with them if I could.' He asked of Major Pendleton: 'Who is preaching at head-quarters to-day?' He sent messages to all the Generals. He expressed a wish to be buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. During delirium his mind reverted to the battle field, and he sent orders to General A. P. Hill to prepare for action, and to Major Hawkes, his commissary, and to the surgeon. He frequently expressed to his aids his wish that Major General Ewell should be ordered to command his corps. His confidence in General Ewell was very great, and the manner in which he spoke of him showed that he had duly considered the matter.

On the 12th the body was removed to Richmond and laid in the 'Hall of the House of Representatives.' The remains were sent to Lexington on the 13th. The Richmond Whig of the 12th says:

Since the death of Washington, no similar event has so profoundly and sorrowfully impressed the people of Virginia as the death of Jackson. The surprise and admiration with which his earlier feats in the war were regarded had long since ripened into cordial gratitude for his services, boundless confidence in his capacity, enthusiastic affection for his person, and sincere veneration for his character. They had come, too, to regard him as one of those men who have a mission to fulfil, and bear a charmed life. The Providence on which he so firmly relied had seemed to shield him from harm, and there was a sort of superstitious faith that he would pass unscathed through all dangers to the end.

The following lines are said to have been written by 'Stonewall' Jackson, when serving in the Mexican war:—

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O dearest one!
Whose love my early life hath blessed—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast—
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh! guard the gentle sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear—
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before thy throne,
Oh! teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while, by thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when, upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,

May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast—
No frowning look nor angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day—by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God! protect my wife and child!

THE ECHOES OF WAR; CANADA, LISTEN.

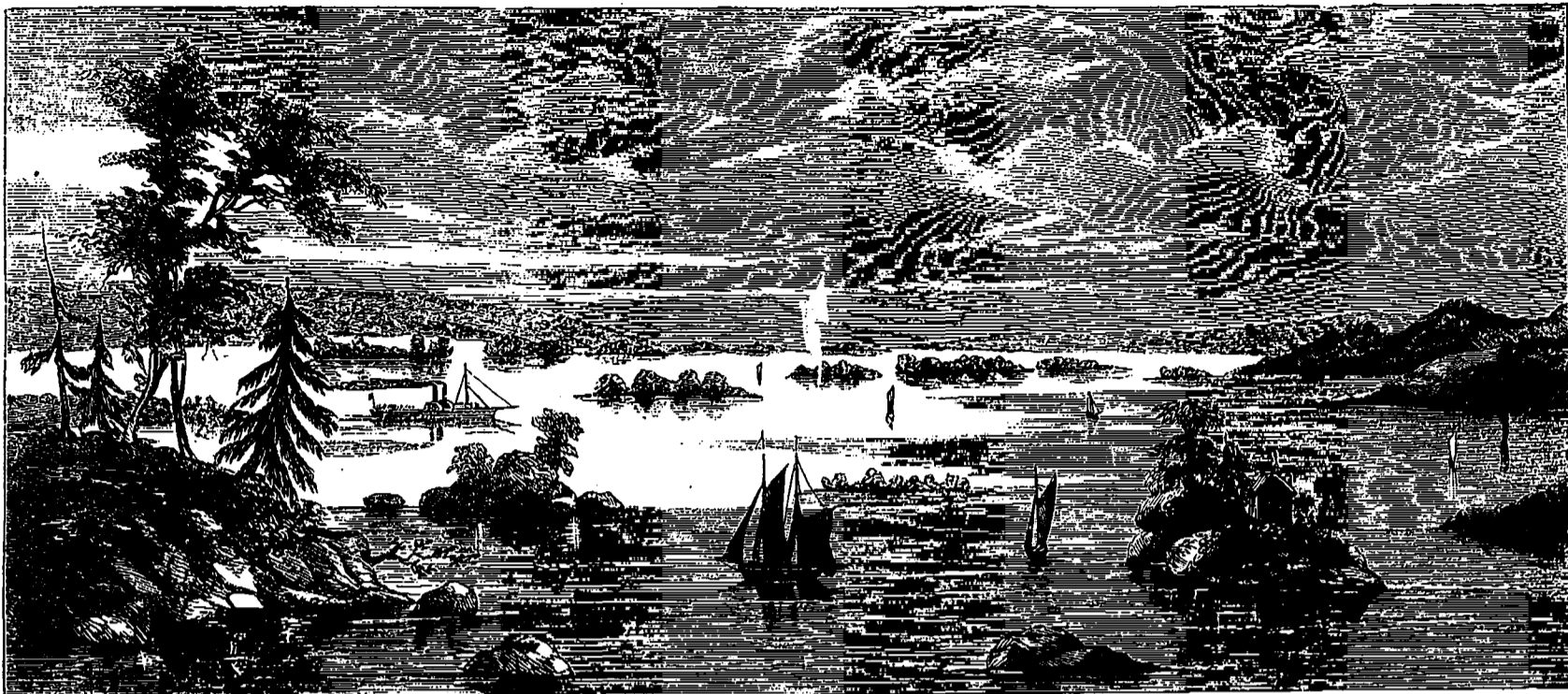
We have given a large space to the foregoing memoir of the great soldier of the South and good man, General 'Stonewall' Jackson—a man good in all respects save that he took up arms against the lawful government of his nation, a crime which if approved by British subjects in the case of America, would impose, by force of political logic, the abhorrent consequence of approving rebellion in Ireland, rebellion in Canada, rebellion in India, rebellion in Caffirland, rebellion in New Zealand, rebellion in any part of the British dominions, or in any other country, where rebel enthusiasts might be found willing to take up arms against lawful government. We pronounce for the unity of the British Empire, and sympathy for every other nation struggling to conserve its unity and lawful authority.

On page 14, of this issue, we have given some extracts from British parliamentary opinion on the questions which seem likely to hurry Canada, unprepared as it is, into all the extremities and havoc of war. We present the following from a Boston newspaper to be perused in the same series of readings:

MOTIVES FOR WAR.—It will positively be for our interest to declare war against England, if she shall not maintain her declaration of neutrality. Her commerce is extensive and rich; and as we could send hundreds of privateers to sea, her vessels might be made to afford compensation for our losses. Maritime warfare is our strong point, though one would not think so from the present condition of our navy; but the American people and the American government are not to be regarded as one and the same thing; and our privateers could cut up the British mercantile marine to-day as thoroughly as they cut it up in by-gone days. There is another point to be considered: England derives much of her prosperity from the trade that she carries on with us, and her operatives get their food to a considerable extent from this country. Let war between the two countries break out, and British trade would suffer, and British artisans would find their stomachs pinched more severely than they have been pinched by the occurrence of the secession war. Should there be bad European harvests at the same time that England should be at war with us, the condition of the masses of Englishmen would be rendered frightful beyond all parallel. Not only would they have ceased to receive food from the United States, but ships conveying food to England from other countries would be liable to capture. Our conduct should be such as to endanger her commerce, and to imperil her existence as a Great Power. We are really stronger than she is, if we would but do our duty to ourselves and to mankind.—Boston Traveller.

We have burned under the insults of the American newspaper press as acutely as any; but the Americans have had provocation. Their country has been over two years distracted by internecine war; ours is at peace. It was our part to remain in dignified sorrow at their terrible calamity. It is to the violation of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality by Alabama builders in Britain; it is to the professional 'thinkers,' from whose authority Kinglake, in his 'Invasion of the Crimea,' so justifiably dissents; [see Review on page 17] it is to these newsmaking 'thinkers' in Canada, who on this question cannot think, or do not think, one of whom discredits the honored name of 'Conservative,' and shames 'Moderation' in the city of Hamilton—the Cassandras of impending havoc, who to save Canada from devastation have not the patriotism to rise above the sordid service of faction—it is to them that Canada owes her present imminent danger, the dissipation of her revenue, her inadequacy of defence, and the non-payment of her fragments of Militia and Volunteers—good men, true men, and a good force so far as organized, but wholly ineffectual in numerical strength.

NOTE.—To the Editor of the Hamilton Spectator. In relation to the foregoing remarks, and to yourself, see page 18 of this paper.



SCENERY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. A VIEW ON THE LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

E O L A.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]

It was a cold bleak night in March, and the wind howled in dismal violence around the casement of the chamber in which, by a blazing fire, with her infant nestled on her bosom, sat the gipsy girl; while on a couch at hand reclined the fat, heavy body of her nurse, who appeared to consider her whole duty consisted in dividing her attention equally between two things, viz., her sofa and the gin-bottle.

She had on this particular evening (perhaps it was colder than usual) reverted so frequently to the latter, as to be almost incapable of shaking off a kind of chronic weariness or drowsiness that at certain times oppressed her, and which to-night was more than usually irresistible.

At length, with a lazy glance at her maniac charge, just to satisfy her conscience, as it were, she turned round on her pillow, and gave herself up entirely to the pleasure of a 'good snooze.'

But no sooner was she fast asleep, than a considerable change overspread the gipsy's seemingly apathetic features. A look of deep cunning settled on her face, and lit up her black eyes with a wild lustre to which they had long been strangers.

Bending down over her unconscious babe, she whispered in a tone of triumph—

'She is asleep at last. Now we will go.'

Softly she placed the little one in its cradle, and stealthily opening a wardrobe, took from a shelf a large black cloak, and a straw bonnet with a thick veil. In these articles she attired herself; then selecting from a pile of warm shawls the thickest and softest she could find, proceeded to wrap it round the sleeping infant, who, like the nurse, being under the influence of a soporific, did not once open its eyes during the process.

Resting the child upon her knees, the maniac took from her bosom a small morocco purse, opened it, and counted over several coins, both of gold and silver, which it contained. This done she replaced it in her dress, gathered up her precious burthen, and noiselessly unbolted the chamber-door, issued forth.

Threading a long dark corridor, she came to a small vestibule, through which she passed, and then, descending a flight of stone stairs, stood in the hall of the building.

Sounds of talking and laughter from the kitchen of the establishment indistinctly rose to her ears, and through the crevices of a door close by issued the hum of voices belonging to the inmates of the place. But no one came forth to intercept the gipsy's path. None seemed to entertain the slightest notion or suspicion of her purpose, and, unobstructed, she passed the back threshold of the doctor's dwelling, and fled in freedom with her fragile child out into the solitary darkness of that bitter night. No one, to have watched her actions, would have deemed her mad; everything was done with such perfect calmness, such careful determination.

Surely her wild flight was not unpremeditated!

No; it was the result of days of forethought and secret scheming.

The idea of it dated from the very first hour of her babe's sickness. It was then that the unfortunate young mother first conceived her wish for freedom.

It had come over her quite suddenly. She had said to her child, 'We will fly from this place: we will go to him. He will surely take compassion on us; he will surely love my baby—his baby—and will not suffer it to die without aid or pity.'

And so the frantic girl had actually started on the sad errand of placing a dying infant in her destroyer's arms.

She had but this one idea; she did not think of herself, of her rival, or of revenge.

Revenge at that moment was the furthest from her thoughts. It was no spirit of jealousy or retaliation that spurred her on to seek once more the heartless being who had so shamefully betrayed her. Had he appeared to her then, and bestowed one pitying glance, one remorseful tear, on the stricken child in her arms, the gipsy girl would have sunk down in fondest gratitude at his feet, and blessed him in spite of all his past cruelties.

Mad she might have been, but she dearly loved that little fading babe. And the poor, fond, foolish creature actually deemed it possible that he would love it also.

Truly she must have been very mad!

CHAPTER LVIII.

Morning found the wretched wanderer entering a small town about forty miles from London—the point to which she was directing her steps. Many dreary miles had her aching, fluttering feet traversed in the chill, dense darkness of that desolate night; and now, half fainting with fatigue, but still firm in her frenzied purpose, she paused to obtain a crust to allay the cravings of hunger, and to insure food for her little one.

The woman at the baker's shop, who served her with a roll, looked rather hard at the cloaked and veiled customer, so early abroad with a little infant, and was slightly awed by the dark, wild glances that shot through the lace fall, whenever its wearer turned towards her; but no suspicion of the stranger's sanity mingled with the honest matron's thoughts.

'How far is it from here to London?' inquired the gipsy, as the woman handed her the change out of a shilling.

'Forty miles by rail, ma'am,' was the response.

'Ah! there are trains, then?' exclaimed Zerneen, joyfully.

'Yes, ma'am; one'll start in about half an hour from our station.'

'Thank you.'

And she walked out of the little shop with all the composure of a perfectly rational being.

Her next visit was to a milk shop, where she purchased a draught of new milk, and having drunk it, proceeded to ask direction to the railway station. Having obtained this from the rustic dairy-man, she once more

continued her dreary route.

It was about ten o'clock when the poor outcast found herself in the metropolis.

For a few minutes, on reaching the platform of the extensive terminus, her ideas appeared to waver. The whole view around was one of such bewildering bustle and excitement that it seemed to disturb and scatter her few remaining coherent thoughts. But the weakness did not last long; the purpose for which she had sought this uncongenial region was recalled to her mind by the cries of her little one, whose low, continued wailing had for nearly an hour issued feebly from its thick covering, to the great annoyance and alarm of several happy mothers, occupiers of the third-class carriage in which Zerneen and her suffering babe had made part of their weary journey to London.

'My child! my child!' cried the poor mother, pressing its tiny body closer to her forlorn heart, and gazed in vacant terror on the crowded scene, with its groups of smiling faces and eager eyes.

'Oh, my little one, do not moan so dimly: we have not far to go now.'

And with redoubled ardor the gipsy hastily threaded the busy platform, and made her way into the dull, heavy atmosphere of the metropolitan streets. She had a motive for not going to the expense of a cab which was worthy of the shrewdest mind. It was this: Lord Eswald might not be in the town at all; he might be at the abbey, and in that case she would require all her little stock of money to convey her thither.

And so, regardless of fatigue, she toiled along the crowded pavements; her pale, though still beautiful features nipped with the cold, and her delicate limbs almost bending beneath her weight, while her half-frozen feet scarce felt the contact with the ground upon which she trod.

With hardly any definite idea of how she might contrive to see Lord Eswald when he arrived at his place of residence, she proceeded onward until she came to St. James's Church. But here a large concourse of people blocked up the path, evidently drawn thither to witness some interesting sight. With great difficulty the young wanderer was making her way through the throng, which she was passing without the least interest or curiosity, when a few words from a bystander caused her to arrest her steps in the very centre of the crowd; as if suddenly, by some freak of magic, riveted to the stones, and compelled to listen to his voice.

It was apparently raised in answer to some question from another spectator.

'Not know Lord Eswald? Well, you are a big-noramous! You'll see 'im presently, if you wait long enough.'

'To whom is he being married?' inquired the 'big-noramous,' who, though not so *au fait* as his polite informant in the knowledge of fashionable men about town, was apparently better acquainted with his own language.

'Lady Hisabella Sackville, which my son, Jacky, lived page at till 'e got too big.'

'Oh.'

'Who did you say was married, sir?' suddenly inquired a low, agitated voice, close to

the speaker's elbow.

And looking round, he perceived a slight, thickly-veiled female, holding to her breast a little babe, so small, so still, and so wrapped up, that, but for the mother's fond care in handling it, it might have been mistaken for a bundle of clothes.

'Lord Eswald, mum, and Lady Sackville,' rejoined the man, looking somewhat curiously at his interrogator.

A suppressed cry broke from her lips, and in her agitation loosening her clasp on the poor infant, it slipped down from her arms, and would have fallen on the hard stones, had not a kind-hearted woman in the crowd interposed her strong hand, and caught the little creature to her own rough but feeling breast.

'Give me my baby!' cried the maniac mother, fiercely clutching at its shawl. 'I will have my child! I will! It is mine—all I have! Ah, do do not take my baby!' And her tone sunk into one of humble supplication.

'But you seem ill—too weak to hold it, my dear,' said the honest stranger who had taken the infant. 'Let me keep it for you a bit till you are rested, like.'

'No—give it to me—I am going in there. Ha! ha! why shouldn't I see Lord Eswald married?'

'I believe she's half-cracked,' said a bystander, who was watching the scene.

'She won't get in there if she is,' returned another.

'She seems to know him,' remarked a third.

'Ah,' muttered a young girl close by, 'and so do I. God help her if she fancies he'll do any good for her.'

Meantime, Zerneen had once more possessed herself of her child, and was making her way frantically through the crowd towards the gates of the church. But ere she could reach them, the doors were opened, and there was a general rush of the mob to see the bridal party issue forth.

Half crushed among the vulgar throng—wary, drooping, footsore—the miserable babe in her sinking arms, the fire of madness in her eyes, and fierce, gnawing passion raging in her heart, Eswald's once pampered plaything saw her destroyer issue from the sacred edifice with the fair, young, virtuous bride whom, before the altar of his Maker, he had promised to love, honor, and cherish, while a few yards off was one whom he had taken, not less virtuous, not less fair, to his treacherous arms, only to dishonor and destroy; and to obtain whom he had violated one of God's holy ordinances.

Surely, surely a curse, and not a blessing, would follow his proud marriage!

And yet it could be wished it were not so, for the sake of that pure young creature who, in all the sweet blushing happiness of newly-wedded love, rests so trustfully on his arm.

The haughty, handsome bridegroom and his girlish bride have nearly gained the gates, while behind linger the smiling, elegant bridesmaids, and the friends of the newly-wedded pair, among whom are the Earl of

Alvingham and Lord Augustus Sackville, the father and brother of the bride.

Suddenly a piercing cry breaks from amid the crowd—a female form rushes wildly forward, and before the keepers of the peace can interfere, she is prostrate at the very feet of the newly-wedded pair.

The young, delicate bride shrieks, and falls into the arms of her husband, whose countenance is become almost ashy pale, while he strives in vain to free himself from the frantic grasp of the maniac. But now the police interfere. The slight figure of the gipsy girl is torn from the bridegroom's path; but even as they drag her away a little child rolls at his feet, and a loud, vengeful shout bursts from the angry mob, as the heartless wretch actually steps over it, and proceeds with his bride to the carriage in waiting to receive them.

They enter it amid the hisses and curses of a whole multitude, and it is driven furiously away from the scene of excitement and confusion.

The wretched gipsy girl is still struggling in the grasp of a policeman, and the poor woman who before aided her child has picked up the little frozen body from the path of the elegant procession, the persons composing which, with subdued expressions of fear, wonder, and suspicion, follow to their superb vehicles.

But now the unfortunate Zerneen has fainted, and, surrounded by a pitying, though rough mob, is laid on the steps of the gate, while a discussion is held as to how she shall be disposed of, interspersed with various surmises and comments on the singular scene in which she has just figured. Her wild, dark beauty is the subject of surmise and admiration, and many are the exclamations of pity and anger that fall from the lips of the throng, as they canvass the different points of the strange affair in the presence of the unconscious sufferer.

At last, by the assistance of several cordials, administered to her by two or three of the feminine portion of the bystanders, into whose care the police had readily consigned her, the poor girl was restored to consciousness.

Her first thought was for her child, and feebly rising from the chilly step, she approached the woman who was nursing it, and, stretching out her arms, implored that it might be restored to her possession.

The good-natured female unwillingly complied with the wish, and placed the little wasted form on her heaving bosom.

'Come home with me, I live close handy, and maybe your home is further off,' said the stranger, kindly. 'You look tired and cold; now do come, and have a warm by my fire, and then you can go where you want to.'

The miserable wanderer fixed her black eyes on the speaker's face with a vacant stare, and slowly repeated the last few words of her speech, instead of giving a reply.

It was plain that her shattered intellect was wandering, for, without another word, and pressing her infant almost violently to her breast, she turned mechanically away, and began to proceed in an opposite direction.

The woman was about to follow, and recall her, but a man, evidently her husband, prevented her, saying—

'Let her be, Nancy, and come home yourself. She's mad, or near upon it, I should think, and it's no good us bothering ourselves with a crack-brained woman and her brat.'

But another individual who had witnessed the scene was on the maniac's track, with the kindly motive of offering her a temporary refuge.

This was a young, showily-dressed, closely-veiled girl, occupying a four-wheeled cab, which all the time of the ceremony in the church had been drawn up as close to the kerb as possible, while the occupant had attentively watched from her hiding-place both the entrance and exit of the marriage party.

There was a secrecy in this espionage, and a shrinking eagerness to keep out of view on the part of a female, that bespoke a deep desire to preserve an incognito: while an equally deep desire to watch the proceedings of the bride and bridegroom seemed to preclude her every action. At the critical moment when their path had been crossed by the gipsy girl, her whole frame had trembled with emotion, while from behind her thick veil had shot quick glances of fire; but when the hapless babe met her view, a half-scream of mingled joy and horror, strange beyond conception in its expression, had broken from her lips, and joined the cries of the indignant people.

Such was the person who now hastened after the outcast.

Stopping the vehicle on overtaking her object, the young girl gave a quick, cautious glance around; and then, as if satisfied that she was not observed, alighted, and, going straight up to Zerneen, caught her by the arm.

'Come with me, poor girl,' she said, hurriedly, and half-drawing the maniac to the cab door. 'I know what you want—I will assist you to get it—I want it, but not now—not at present. You want revenge! Aye—is it not so? Come with me, and I will tell you where to find him.'

This was said in an eager, excited, half-fearful manner, that betrayed the workings in the speaker's heart of dreadful passions little suited to one so fair and young.

Zerneen stood and gazed upon her in bewildered silence and apprehension for almost a minute before she replied to her appeal, which, in all but two or three words, was unintelligible to the victim of insanity.

'Revenge!' she murmured vacantly, and with a sad smile. 'And where to find him! Ah, I should like to know that. My poor baby! He stepped over it—did you see him?'

'Yes, yes; but get into my cab—look, the people are observing us,' interrupted the other, impatiently.

'But he did not know it—I am sure he did not,' persisted the unconscious gipsy, fondly, and without paying the least attention to her would-be friend's anxiety.

'Yes, he did—poor, foolish girl!' cried the latter, savagely. 'He knew it—he knew you—he knew me!'

CHAPTER LIX.

They had not driven far before the cab stopped in front of a respectable-looking house, which the young unknown informed Zerneen was her residence, and where they alighted.

Discharging the cab, the singular stranger took from her a latch-key, and opened the door; then, taking the gipsy's arm, led her through to an apartment on the ground-floor, where she left her a few minutes alone, while she gave some orders to her domestic.

Zerneen meanwhile busied herself in endeavouring to soothe her little one, who, moaning and tossing its tiny limbs in the agonies of pain and hunger, lay on her bosom refusing the nourishment she offered, and pouring forth the frail remnant of its wretched life in piteous wailings.

The miserable mother strove in vain to give it ease, or stay its heart-rending cries. She was still lamenting in impotent anxiety over her suffering little one, when her young hostess re-entered the apartment.

She had thrown off her bonnet and cloak, and now appeared in a shape of a brown-haired, hazel-eyed girl of about twenty, well formed and wearing an air of haughtiness and determination more befitting a duchess.

'Poor little creature!' she said, looking anxiously at the restless child, while a look of mingled rage and compassion swept over her countenance.

'O Percy! Percy! many many will be your accusers by-and-by!'

The demented Zerneen looked up with an expression of amazement.

'You know him, then?' she said, interrogatively.

'Know him! Ah too well,' was the response. 'I knew him before he met you; it was for you he left me. I was with him when he first saw you, and from that hour I knew my doom. I hated you then—I vowed all sorts of vengeance on you. But now I pity you. When I saw you fall before him at the church entrance, I pitied and felt for you; and when he looked so callously on your poor baby, oh! my heart bled for you!'

'But you said you would tell me where to find him,' said Zerneen, in a pish tone.—'Tell me—I am in haste—my little one may die; and oh! I do so wish for him to see her.'

'Why?'

'I do not know.'

'For revenge?'

'Ah! you said you had a baby.'

'She must be crazy,' mentally exclaimed the other, beginning to perceive the vague, wandering manner of her guest.

'I said I had one once,' she replied aloud. 'But it died when only six months old, so it didn't trouble either of us long, poor little soul!'

'What would you have done to him, if he had walked over your baby?' went on the maniac girl, still dwelling on the cruel act which seemed to have cut her already bleeding heart to the quick.

'Done!' exclaimed her fiery companion. 'I'd have killed him, I believe, if I could,

although I had been hanged the next day for it. And yet I don't know,' she added hastily. 'Killing is too good for him; he wouldn't suffer long enough that way to please me. I should like him to die by inches, and to feel, all the time, every variety of suffering that he has himself inflicted on others. Ah! What a time he'd have of it.' And the wild young creature laughed a clear, bitter laugh, that rang through the room like a clash of discordant bells.

'You could never understand the depth of his baseness to me,' she went on to say. 'I was well off, happy, loved, and respected; he rendered me poor, miserable, lonely, and degraded. I left home, friends, wealth—all for him. I worshipped the ground he trod. I nursed him in sickness—I loved him in health. I remained by him when no one else—not even a paid nurse—would stay in his presence. I watched him, waited on him and wept over him by night and by day; and then, after all, though he treated me in a manner that would have driven any other woman from him in abhorrence and disgust, I still clung to him, still remained true to him. I forgave him all his cruelty; I was so blind—so mad—so weak!'

'You can, perhaps, understand the torture I endured; but no one but myself could ever understand the agony that bowed my proud heart low enough to make me kneel and beg for the love that no longer was mine. I lowered myself to the dust. I implored him to have mercy on me, to pity my dreadful sufferings. He laughed at me.'

'But I will have a day of reckoning yet. I will wring his bad heart harder even than he has wrung mine.'

The unhappy girl then proceeded to unfold a long plan of revenge. It was too revolting to be detailed, and such as only a mind so benighted and degraded could have suggested. She had evidently quite ceased to love her wicked betrayer; all the tenderer feelings had become swallowed up in an absorbing, craving thirst for vengeance; and the manner in which she appeared to gloat over and cherish the dreadful sentiment was terrible to witness in one so fair and young. And yet, with all her faults and all her horrible ideas, she was greatly to be pitied—pitied in that she had never been taught to look higher for the redress of her wrongs than to her own weak resources—that she had no kind friend to whisper to her seething heart the promise of our Maker, 'I will repay!'

Could she have foreseen but one short month, how she would have shuddered at her wicked designs! How earnestly she would have sought pardon for her own sins, instead of laying such deadly schemes for the punishment of another's.

But one fleeting month, and that once lovely girl, even now so young, so full of life and energy, was a senseless, powerless corpse!

But to return.

The refreshment now made its appearance, and the young stranger earnestly pressed her wretched guest to partake of it. Zerneen complied as far as she was able, and succeeded in swallowing a few mouthfuls.

Her babe had fallen into a troubled and uncertain slumber; but, broken as this was, it was a source of some consolation to the hapless parent, whose weary task of weeping and wondering at its sickness was for a time remitted.

But now the gipsy girl began to cast anxious glances at the door, and longed to escape from the stranger's presence. She felt an indefinite uneasiness in the strange girl's company that worried and irritated her, for she could not compass all her savage ideas and subtle designs for revenge.

'I must go now,' she said, in a troubled tone. 'I want to find him. Do let me go.'

'Yes. Well, where will you go to?'

'I don't know. You said you would tell me.'

'True; so I will. Anything to set annoyance on his track! I wish I were in your place for a few hours: his bride should pass a splendid honeymoon!'

'But where shall I go? You are mocking me.'

'Tut, child! how impatient you are to leave me! I feel interested in you, and you don't seem to care a straw about it. Eswald and his bride are busy at their breakfast yet: there's lots of time. Besides, you want a little longer rest before beginning a journey to Eswald Abbey, where you'll have to go if you want to see him.'

'Eswald Abbey? Are they going there?'

'Yes—to spend their honeymoon. Now, do you know what I should do if I were in your place?'

'No; what?'

'I should go down, either before or after them, gain admission to the mansion, and just as they were at dinner—'

Here a loud knock at the street door interrupted the unfolding of the plan.

She started up in affright, and ran to the room door to intercept the servant who was hastening to answer the summons.

'Stay, Margaret!' she whispered, catching the girl's dress. Then, turning to Zerneen, she added—

'Would you kindly follow my servant for a moment? An unexpected visitor has arrived, and I must beg you to excuse me.'

The gipsy gladly obeyed her request, and, gathering her infant to her bosom, followed the domestic to the back part of the house, from which she shortly after made her exit unobserved.

CHAPTER LX.

About four hours after the occurrence of the events related in the preceding chapter, Zerneen and her dying baby alighted from a third-class carriage of a train at the little station on the road to Eswald's estate.

It was a cold, dark afternoon, and a heavy mist was descending on the surrounding valleys, and encircling the bleak, desolate hills that skirted them; while a low, moaning wind, gradually rising into a perfect blast, then dying off into a dreary, wailing key, like the cries of hundreds of suffering human beings echoing through the air, lent its aid to render yet more wretched the barren and dismal country scenery forming the road to the large estate of Eswald Abbey.

Slowly and miserably did the poor outcast wend her way along the solitary roads, and past the dark, awe-inspiring woods that formed their frequent boundaries.

There was, however, no fear in her heart, no tear in her eye. A wild, deadly fire shone in her mournful glances; and her pale, wan countenance ever and anon sought the fast-darkening heavens with an eager, appealing expression, as if invoking strength and support for the fulfilment of her errand.

Her hapless child's fluttering existence was fast ebbing away, under the shelter of that soft covering so fondly held around its emaciated frame by the poor, half-conscious mother, who, little suspecting the dreadful truth, still pursued her weary way.

A stifled moan at intervals alone bespoke the lingering of life in the unfortunate infant's body; and at each of these sad reminders the forlorn mother for a second withdrew the shawl that enveloped its tiny head, and imprinted a hot, passionate kiss upon the clammy little forehead.

What was it to her that her child was ghastly and pitiful to look upon? What matter to her poor, fond, yearning soul, that her baby was despised, ridiculed, and contemned by the heartless world? It was dearer to her darkened bosom than any other object, however fair and youthful.

Louder rolled the blast; thicker swept the black clouds over the angry sky; and darker grew the bleak hills, the frowning woods, the obscure valleys. Yet on toiled the youthful maniac, her white face, spectre-like and wild, gleaming amid the darkness, her sad, dark eyes fixed wistfully forward, and still in her arms the death-struck child.

Its moaning was hushed now; its quivering limbs were motionless; its pain and misery existed no more. The gipsy's babe was dead!

The sudden quietude of her little one did not rouse at first the least alarm or uneasiness in the maniac's mind. She thought it had relapsed into sleep, and, bending down, kissed its cold cheeks and brow, and again covered it up more closely in the thick wrapper.

She must have walked miles after it died ere a thought struck her of the truth.

But suddenly a light seemed to break in upon her brain. She paused abruptly, stood for a second as if paralysed, then frantically tore the covering from the dead infant's face, and peered down upon it through the dim light in wildest terror.

She could just distinguish its tiny, wasted features, the motionless quiet that pervaded them, and the dark, unearthly eyes that, wide open, were upturned, in the fixed, glassy expression only death can impart. And yet she would not believe the dreadful thought her wretched heart suggested.

'Baby! baby!' whispered the mother, slightly moving one of its powerless arms.

But no feeble cry, no piteous infant wail, replied to the bitter appeal.

'My child! my child! my little one! Oh, do not look like that! Move! cry! laugh! O baby! baby! My child! my child! I cannot, cannot think that you are gone. Oh, no! you are cold, you are senseless, but you are not dead!'

[To be continued.]

THE DUCAT AND THE FARTHING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

A ducat and a farthing had just been counted in the great mint where all the gold, silver and copper pieces are made. The two lay close, side by side, clean and beautiful, and the clear sunlight glittered upon them.

'Thou raganuffin!' cried the ducat, 'off with thee! Thou art only made of vulgar copper, and art not worthy to be shone upon by the sun. Thou wilt soon be black and dirty, and no one will think it worth while to pick thee up from the ground. I, on the contrary, am of a costly gold. I shall travel through the world to the end—to princes and kings—I shall do great things, and even at length, perhaps, become a part of the king's crown.'

At the same moment, a great white cat, lying near the fire, arose up, and turning round on her side, remarked:

'The under must be uppermost to make all even.'

And the fate of these coins was somewhat the same.

The gold piece came into the possession of a rich miser, who locked it up in a chest among a great number of other gold pieces. The miser, fearing that he should soon die, buried all his gold in the earth, so that no one should possess it after him; and there lies the proud ducat till this present time, and it has grown so black and dirty, that no one would pick it up if they saw it.

The farthing, however, traveled far through the earth, and came to high honor; and this is how it occurred:

A lad from the mint received the farthing for his wages, and the lad's little sister admiring the bright coin, he gave it to her.—The child ran into the garden to show her mother the farthing, and an old lame beggar came limping up, and begged a piece of bread. 'I have none,' said the little girl. 'Give me then a farthing, that I may buy myself a bit of bread,' said the beggar.—And the child gave him the farthing.

The beggar limped away to the baker's. Whilst he stood in the shop, an old acquaintance, dressed as a pilgrim, with his cloak, staff and bag, came up the street, and gave the children pretty pictures of saints and holy men, and the children dropped pence into the box which the pilgrim held in his hand. The beggar asked 'where are you going?' The pilgrim replied, 'many hundred miles, to the city of Jerusalem, where the Lord Jesus was born, lived and died; I am going to prey at his holy grave, and to buy the release of my brother, who has been taken prisoner by the Turks. But first, I am collecting money in my box.' 'So take my mite,' said the beggar, and gave him the farthing.

The beggar was walking away, hungry as he came; but the baker, who had looked on, gave the poor old man the bread he was about to have bought.

Now, the pilgrim traveled through many lands, sailed over the sea in a little ship, and at length reached the city of Jerusalem. When the pilgrim arrived, he first prayed at the sepulchre, then presented himself to the Sultan, who held his brother captive. He offered the Turk a great sum of money, if he would only set his brother free. But the Turk required more. 'I have nothing more to give thee,' spake the pilgrim, 'than this common farthing, which a hungry beggar gave me out of compassion. Be thou also compassionate and the farthing will also reward thee.'

The Sultan put the farthing in his pocket, and immediately released the prisoner, and soon forgot all about it. The Emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem, and waged war against the Sultan. The Sultan fought bravely, and was never wounded. Once an arrow was shot straight at his breast—it hit him, but fell back without having wounded him. The Sultan was much surprised at this, and after the battle his clothes were examined, and in the breast pocket the farthing was found, against which the arrow had struck. The Turk held the farthing in great honor, and had it hung with a golden chain, to the handle of his scimeter. Later on in the war, the Sultan was taken prisoner by the Emperor, and was forced to yield up his sword to him, and thus the farthing came with the sword into the Emperor's possession.

Whilst the Emperor sat at the table with a beaker of wine in his hand, the Empress said she would like to see the Sultan's sword; and it was brought. As the Emperor exhibited it to the Empress, the farthing fell from the golden chain into the beaker of wine. The Emperor perceived this, and before he placed the beaker to his lips, he took out the farthing. But the farthing was grown quite green. Then every one saw that the wine was poisoned. A wicked attendant had

poisoned the wine in order to destroy the Emperor. The attendant was condemned to death; but the farthing was placed in the Imperial crown.

Thus the farthing had delighted a child, had procured a beggar bread, had released a prisoner, had saved the life of a Sultan and of an Emperor. Therefore it was set in the Imperial crown, and is there to this day—if one could only see the crown!

In 1853, and 1854, Mr. Simms studied the Science of Man, which is now his speciality, with Professor L. N. Fowler, of New York, who on his leaving gave him this note: 'Mr. J. Simms has taken a thorough course of instruction on Phrenology from me, and is qualified to give examinations, charts, and to advise as to business qualifications. He is an honest, moral, worthy man.' Since then Mr. Simms has lectured with



PROFESSOR SIMMS.

PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

PROFESSOR SIMMS.

No amount of sneering skepticism, can alter truth; and phrenology and physiology are the names of the sciences, which treat of the natural truths of human existence. That some persons who profess to expound the physical and mental mysteries of the nature of man, may be only ignorant pretenders, while others are at once learned and profound, is not an argument against the physiological philosophy of man's nature becoming a popular study, but is only a suggestion that the pretender or charlatan should be avoided, or guardedly listened to. How is he to be known? Is it best to test all professors of those sciences as true philosophers, or all as pretenders? We think the least learned of them, if he has studied his subjects at all, can tell something worth listening to; while they who know the most, who are at once keenly perceptive, profoundly analytical, and widely experienced in the practical developments of man's physical and moral nature, and social life, are teachers whose vocation is of the highest service to individuals and to society.

We have heard so much that is favorable to the personal reputation of Professor Simms, that after due consideration it is decided to give his portrait, and a brief memoir a place in these columns. And the reason for such decision is, that if we did not do so, he would still lecture on physiology, examine heads, and give charts of phrenological developments. It is better that the public should know all that is necessary to be known of their popular teachers, we have therefore collected the following particulars about this gentleman.

Professor Simms was born in Otsego County, State of New York, September 3rd, 1833, of parents whose ancestors came to America, from the South of England. His father was a hat manufacturer, a respectable worthy man, and on the mother's side the family were of strong constitutions, temperate, industrious. At twelve years of age the Professor states that he had learned little but mischief; although a kind mother's care and a father's advice had been marking his footpath. From twelve to eighteen he underwent a course of physical and mental education. He was then employed as school teacher in New Jersey and several of the Western States; and during School terms lectured on Physiology and Phrenology, and subsequently studied medicine with a medical gentleman, whom he accompanied when giving professional lectures in the States of Vermont, New York, and Massachusetts.

approval and success in the Eastern and Western States, and since January 1863, in Canada. His prelections are well spoken of by the Press, as moral and instructive.—In supporting Christianity and the bible, Mr. Simms is a favorable exception to some others who have treated of the Science of Man. His apparatus enables him to make his illustrations additionally interesting. We have no reason to doubt that his career in Canada will continue to be as it has been, a success.

Agricultural, AND GARDEN MEMORANDA.

THE delightful and busy season having arrived, the following hints relative to the culture of the principal garden crops will be found useful.

TO PROVE SEEDS, place a few in a pot of earth and keep it warm and moist. Onion seed tied in a cloth and put first into cold water then parboiled half an hour, will sprout in that time if it is any good. So says a Toronto Gardener's Catalogue; but the parboiling test seems rather a burster.

TRANSPLANTING should be done just at evening, or immediately before or after a rain. Make the holes with the dibble, hold the plant in one hand, and with the other bear the point of the dibble into the ground by the side of it, and press the earth closely to the bottom of the root, taking care not to bury the heart of the plant. Give each plant a gill of water about the root, and shade with a shingle in sunny weather.

WATERING.—The best time to water plants is at sunrise or just at evening, and always use rain water when to be had. If well water must be used it should be exposed to the sun a day or two, until it rises to the temperature of the air, before applied. Water may be given to the roots at any time, but never should be sprinkled over the leaves in a hot sun.

THINNING is a very important operation. Everything ought to be thinned very early, even in the seed leaf if the plants stand too close. Another thinning may be necessary when they are more advanced, to give them room to grow stocky. All plants when crowded together, run up tall and slender; such never succeed so well.

THE ROTATION OF CROPS ought to be regarded in planting a garden. Fusiform or carrot-shaped roots should follow fibrous-rooted ones, and every succeeding crop should be as dissimilar to the preceding one as possible. Onions are an exception.

INSECTS are troublesome and sometimes destructive. Plaster of Paris, snuff, ashes, or soot sifted on Cucumbers and Squashes when wet with dew, is very useful against the striped bug. Lime, road dust, ashes, or snuff, scattered over young Cabbages and Turnips, will sometimes prevent the ravages of the black fly. Rolling the ground after sowing, answers a good purpose, but the best preventive is a thorough sprinkling of the plants just at night with whale oil soap suds, in proportion of one pint of soap to seven and a half gallons of water. This will kill cabbage lice and all other aphides. It is sure death to all tender insects when forcibly applied with a garden syringe or rubbed on with a brush. For the want of the whale oil soap, strong soft soap suds may be used.—Salt is sometimes sown in the drills with onion seed to drive away the grub. Fine salt strewn broadcast over Cabbages is the best application we know of for destroying the little green cabbage worm. Ducks, chickens, and toads destroy a host of insects, when suffered to inhabit the garden.

HOEING AND WEEDING.—It ought to be remembered that it is easiest to kill weeds when they are small, and that it is better to hoe for this purpose soon after, rather than immediately before, a rain. It ought also to be remembered that Cabbage, Cauliflower, and Brocoli, require deep, and that Onions and Turnips require shallow hoeing; that Beets, Carrots, and Parsnips will put out side roots and grow scraggy if hoed deep after they are nearly grown; and that earthing up is more proper for fibrous than for carrot-rooted plants.

BLOOD BEET, LONG AND TURNIP should be sown in a good, rich, deep soil, in May. Draw drills about a foot apart, and one inch deep; sow moderately thick; when the plants are up strong, thin them out the distance of six inches from each other in the rows

BROCOLI AND CAULIFLOWER require a deep rich soil, of a clayey nature, and highly manured. To produce early Cauliflower or Brocoli, the seed ought to be sown in a hot-bed early in March. When the plants are quite strong and hardy they may be planted out any time in May. Plant in rows two feet square. The kinds that will do well in this climate are the Early London and French Cauliflower, Purple Cape and Walcheren Brocoli.

The most suitable ground for growing CARROTS is a deep, rich soil that has been well manured the previous year. Sow any time in May, in drills one foot apart and one inch deep. When the Carrots are up, thin them out four inches apart, and keep the ground free from weeds. The kinds that are generally sown in gardens are the Early Horn, Long Orange, and Red Surrey; for field culture the White Belgian and Altringham. The produce of one acre of Field Carrot, when properly cultivated, may be rated at from 800 to 1000 bushels. In cultivating them on the field system, the drills ought to be two feet apart, and the Carrots thinned out at least 12 inches apart.

MUSK AND WATER MELONS may also be sown at the same time, taking care to sow the different kinds a good distance apart from each other, as they are apt to mix. Plant in hills, six feet square, leaving only three plants on each hill. When the plants have grown about six inches, stop or pinch out the top of the leading shoots, which will make the plants throw out lateral shoots, on which you may expect to have fruit.

SOW NASTURTIUM OR INDIAN CRESS in May or early in June, in drills about an inch deep. The tall kind near fences or poles on which they climb and have support; if left to trail on the ground, the fruit is apt to be injured.

ONIONS.—The yellow and large red Onions are the best for a general crop. The ground for Onions should be well prepared, by digging in plenty of well rotted manure. The seed may be sown from the middle of April to the middle of June. Sow in drills one inch deep and twelve inches apart. When the young Onions are up, thin them out to the distance of three inches apart.

PEAS.—A light dry soil, not over rich, suits the Pea. If they grow too vigorously, and show no sign of bloom, run a spade along about eight inches from the row straight down, and thereby root prune them. Do this each side of the row, and they will bloom in a few days. Plant as early as the ground can be worked, and again every two weeks for succession through the season. Plant in single or double rows from four to six feet apart, according to the different heights, about an inch apart in the row, and three inches deep; hoe often. In dry weather Peas should be soaked in soft water five or six hours before planting, and if the ground is very dry, it should be watered in the hills.

Remittances.

P. C. A., Chatham; G. D. and B. H., London; R. W., Ingersoll; I. W., Ratho; G. and S. N., do.; G. and R. M., Lachute; I. B., Goderich; C. L. E., York; A. S. J., Toronto; W. O. H., Oshawa.

Notice to Correspondents.

J. S., Port Hope.—Orders attended to. A. M. L., St. Thomas, " " Jas. W. T., Ottawa City.—Papers sent. D. T., Indiana.—Supplement sent. T. M., Peterboro'.—Past vol. sent last week.

W. M., Collingwood.—See notice in paper sent to your address.

INQUIRE.—A portrait of the late Judge Connor was promised in this paper, because no difficulty in obtaining a photograph was apprehended; but we have been disappointed. As we desire this to be in its most comprehensive sense a pictorial journal of the history, biography, industry, science, zoology, botany and passing events of the Province, correspondents may do honor to their friends and service to us by contributing such photographs or pencil sketches, with full and reliable portraits in writing as may seem likely to be of public interest.

POURTRAIT OF MR. DORION.—Will the gentleman who wrote two weeks ago from Montreal, kindly offering that portrait with a memoir, oblige by sending them as soon as convenient.

HON. LUTHER HOLTON.—We have obtained a photograph of this gentleman. Will one or other of his Montreal friends oblige with a full, readable, reliable memoir?

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 15th May, 1863.	\$46,863 26
Corresponding week last year.	43,582 30 1/2
Increase.	\$3,280 95 1/2

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending May 9, 1863.	\$78,458 46
Corresponding week, 1862.	73,178 76

Increase, \$ 5,279 70

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto, May 16.

The receipts on the market this morning were but light, and prices unchanged as follows, though the feeling is considerably better:

Fall wheat was sparingly supplied and sold freely at 85 to 95c per bush. for inferior to good. Spring wheat 80 to 88c per bush. for moderate to good samples.

Rye nominal at 56 to 60c per bush. or about 1c per lb.

Barley remains very dull without demand, selling at 60 to 70c per bush.

Oats in active request; prices firm at 55 to 60c per bush.

Peas are worth 56 to 58c per bush., and 58 to 61c per bush. by the car load.

Potatoes plenty at 50c to 65c per bush. Apples sell readily at \$1 50 to \$2 per bbl.

Hay sold at \$20 to \$22 per ton for good varieties. Straw higher; \$15 per ton for the best.

Flour in demand but sparingly supplied, at \$3 90 to \$4 for superfine and \$4 30c for extra.

SAVED FROM THE "ANGLO SAXON."

No. 25 of the Canadian Illustrated News contained the intelligence of the wreck of the Anglo Saxon as first transmitted by telegraph from Mr. Jenkins, the Purser. In No. 26, we gave pictorial illustrations of the wreck; of the boats leaving the ship; and of the boats at sea with the steamer 'Bloodhound' approaching to their rescue. Also a portrait of Mr. Jenkins. We now quote the following by which it will be seen that Messrs. Edmonstone & Allan, the agents and part owners of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Line, have been not alone just and humane to the poorer passengers, but eminently generous, as might have been expected from gentlemen standing so deservedly high as they do, in personal and business reputation. We extract from the 'Montreal Transcript':

Mr. Daley, the Government Emigration Agent at this port, received on Saturday evening, May 9, a telegram from the Office at Quebec, to the effect that 'the passengers

saved from the Anglo Saxon, had left Quebec by special train at 6 p. m. Montreal Ocean Steamship Company undertakes all their expenses, and supplies them with railroad tickets to the place of their destination.' The passengers arrived as a matter of course, and their accommodation and comfort was immediately seen to by Mr. Daley. Those who arrived in Quebec numbered, in all, 181 souls. They consisted chiefly of Scotch, Irish and English emigrants. They were distributed as follows: 100 for Montreal and Toronto; 12 beyond Toronto; 15 beyond Sarnia, and 5 for Portland to parts in the United States were despatched. The Messrs. Allan, we are told by Mr. Daley, were indefatigable in their attentions to the emigrants sent up to his care. They called at the office, inquired into their condition and circumstances, what they had lost, and what money they needed. They ministered to their wants with a liberality which does them credit, and, if it should be necessary, offered to do more.—The girls will be sent to the different National Societies' Homes, until places are found for them; and they are not likely to be burdens long, for applications for them as servants keep pouring in; and whenever the Emigration Agent is satisfied that they are engaging with decent people, who will be kind to them and protect them; off they go.

IF YOU WANT A FIRST-RATE AS WELL AS A CHEAP ARTICLE IN BOOTS AND SHOES, FOR SPRING,

WM. SERVOS' NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
48 King Street, Hamilton.

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WM. SERVOS begs to inform his numerous friends and the public generally that he has just received a choice selection of

Boots and Shoes for the Spring Trade Selected from the most eminent manufacturers in the Province, as they have all been purchased for Cash, he is determined to

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

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

WM. SERVOS.
Hamilton, May, 1863. 26

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King Street, Hamilton, C. W.

The subscribers would respectfully announce to the public that they have made

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W. A. FERGUSON,
Canadian Illustrated News,
Hamilton, C. W.

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

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W. M. ORR, Agent,
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P.S.—Works of any kind will be promptly forwarded on addressing me at Carlisle post office, C. W.

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Has just returned from New York with the latest FRENCH AND AMERICAN FASHIONS in

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Opposite American Hotel.

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

LIVERY BUSINESS recently carried on under the style and firm of RICHARDSON & BRATT, will in future be carried on by the subscriber. Parties wishing Horses and Carriages to hire will please call at the American Hotel, King street west.

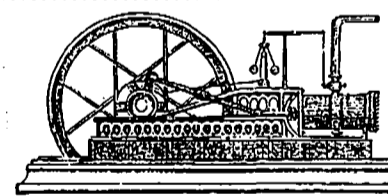
WM. RICHARDSON, Proprietor.
Hamilton, April, 1863. 25

JAMES BUNTIN & CO.
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Mills at Valleyfield, on the River St. Lawrence.

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