

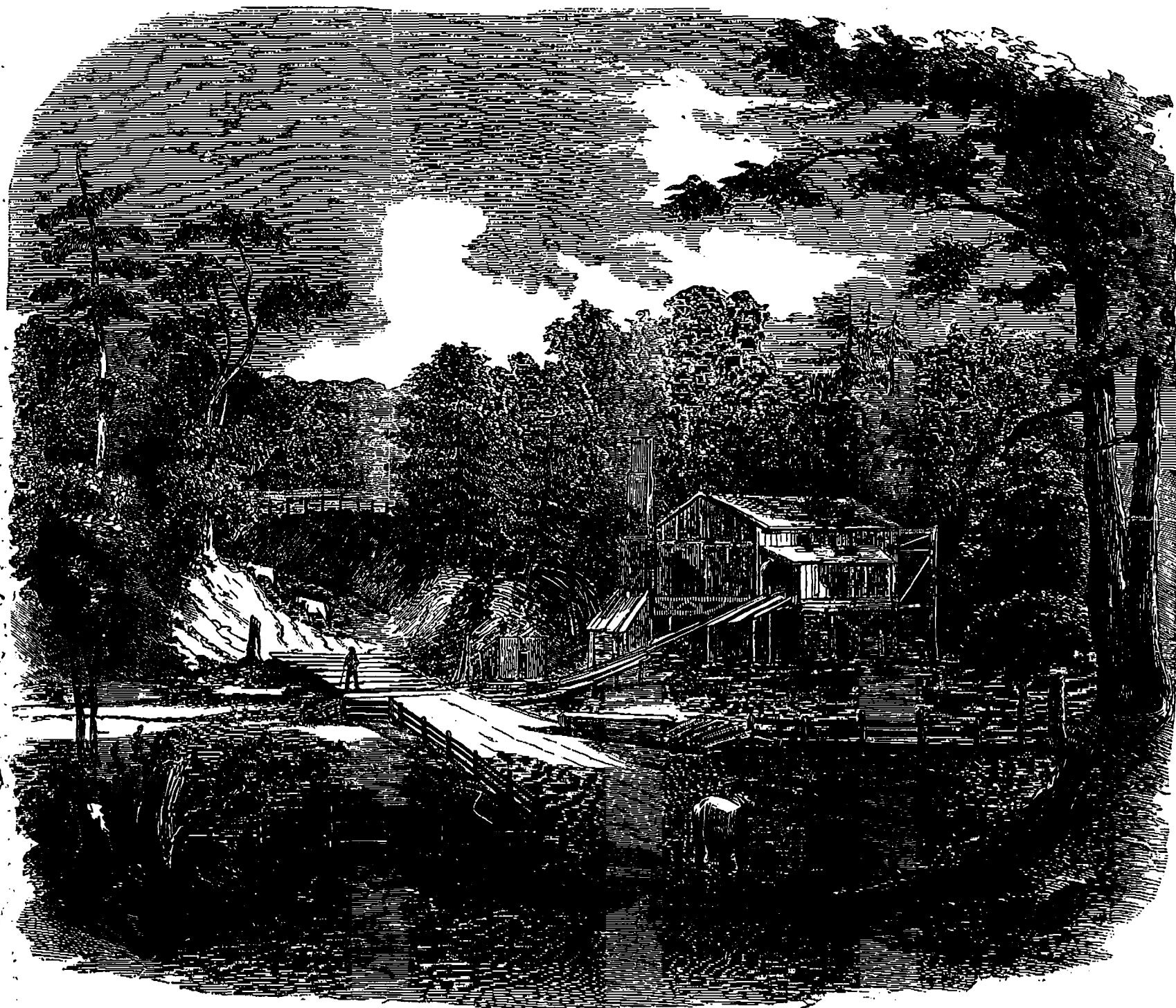
# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. II—No. 23.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

[83 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
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VIEW FROM BESIDE CLINE'S SAW-MILL, NEAR HAMILTON. FROM A PAINTING BY CAPT. CADDY.—(SEE PAGE 285.)

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## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

FERGUSON & GREGORY, ..... Proprietors

### PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

On the afternoon of Thursday the 15th inst., His Excellency the Governor General formally signified to the Honourable Gentlemen and Gentlemen of both Houses of the Legislature, that having done all that was required of them for the present, they were now at liberty to go home, and to stay there, until that certain something officially described as 'the exigencies of the public service,' should again call them together. A satirist of even a very genial humour might hint that the mystical period or limit of thirty days once passed, the majority of our M.L.C.'s and our M.P.'s are very willing indeed, to start for home at the word 'go.' But to leave before the thirty days are out, ah—hem—that is not to be thought of.

The session just closed has been remarkable, so we are told, and we believe it, as having witnessed the most sustained and keenly-contested struggle between the 'ins' and the 'outs' that Canada has seen for many a day. Well—the match, second innings, 1863, has been played out, and the 'ins' have it by 3. Not much to brag of, to be sure; but recollect that 'a miss is as good as a mile,' in some cases, of which that in question is probably one.

The most important measures passed, *the* measures, in fact, of the session, have been the Militia Act, and the Volunteer Act. That they may work well, or if requiring amendment, that they may be without difficulty altered so as to work better, must be the hope of every true Canadian.

To make use of a rather hackneyed though still significant expression, we consider it to be the 'mission' of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to encourage, as far as we may be justified by real merit in so doing, the development of Canadian literary talent. We commence in this number 'The Governess,' a tale of 'love's young dream,' by Ellen Vavasour, a promising young Canadian authoress; which we hope will prove interesting to all who have had, or who expect to have happen to them, the celebrated dream just above mentioned.

### A GROWING EVIL IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

We find the following amongst recent European items of news:

**MATRONS PREFERRED TO MAIDENS.**—At the Guards' ball, recently given in London, it was the remark that the young matrons monopolized all the young men in the dance, and that a great number of the girls were doomed to sit like wall-flowers, and "waste their sweetness on the desert air!" So seriously has the innovation been felt among the upper ten thousand, that a strike has been mooted for next season, and the matrons are likely to have the field to themselves. Then we shall see what the Guards will do.

This is not a circumstance to be noted for its rarity, or an evil specially characteristic of the ball above-mentioned, but one which has for some time been gradually developing itself in increasing proportions, and on all available occasions. It has already been made the subject of sharp and

scathing criticism by the periodical press. The Saturday Review, in particular, has of late commented pretty frequently on this new feature in English "society," with much ironical pathos and polished sarcasm. The Review strongly censures the prevailing tendency to naturalize in England the French fashion of making married ladies the stars in company, to the neglect and detriment of the unmarried. The rank injustice of the thing should excite the righteous indignation of every lover of fair play. For remember, that in England, at all events, the young lady who by her own good looks and winning ways, or by her mother's superior management, has secured an eligible husband and an "establishment," is looked upon as having achieved what in the language of the world is called "success." That accomplished, why should she not step out from the arena, cultivate the society of her husband in preference to that of all other men, and let her less fortunate sisters have their chance? But no, according to the new fashion, *a la mode de Paris*, she is now to flare out in public, with all her newly-acquired advantages of *prestige* of success and social authority, as a more dangerous rival than ever before. To use the language of a late celebrated reviewer, we should say that 'this will never do,' and that it ought to be put down.

Our English cotemporary, well informed no doubt, and capable of judging in the matter, attributes the preference shown by the gentlemen for the society of married ladies, to the circumstance that they avoid thereby the persecution, so it is styled, of sly worldly-wise misses and their managing mammas. Possible law-suits for breach of promise, and actions for damages in which the defendant is placed at an enormous disadvantage, loom up before them with portentous aspect. And then the expense of married life is in England so extravagantly in excess of what a single man can keep himself up on in about an equal style, that the man who as a bachelor might be rich, or 'comfortable,' would as a married man be in comparative poverty. If the ladies will insist upon living, when married, in a style beyond the means of men who are their social equals to afford, they need not be so much astonished, after all, that the gentlemen should prefer to flirt where they can do so without danger of troublesome queries as to their 'intentions.' The prevailing senseless passion for extravagance in dress and jewellery, servants, equipage, houses and furniture, is what dooms to single blessedness vast numbers of both sexes; who might marry and live both in comfort and in happiness, could they but overcome the terrors of conventional requirements.

But if this sort of flirtation has its advantages, it has also its dangers. The British Cato of our time, speaking in the Saturday Review, not long ago warned those whom it might concern, that the too exclusive cultivation of each other's society by charming young married ladies and impulsive young gentlemen, was very much like skating upon thin ice. He even spoke, if we recollect aright, not only of ice that might break, but of ice that had already given way; a most startling and terribly suggestive idea. The sentence in which this similitude was carried out, did not strike us at the time as possessing that clear verbal sequence so generally characteristic of the Saturday Review writers: but it was calculated, nevertheless, to convey to the mind a most distinct and vivid impression of actual danger.

It is not too much to assume that the subject of the comparative claims of married ladies and single ones to prominence and attention in society may be of interest in Canada as well as in England. Here, it may be remarked, the different circumstances of our Province completely reverse the case from what we have been speaking of above; and give to our young unmarried ladies very decidedly the advantage. We may perhaps profitably apply here the oft-quoted maxim, that 'all extremes are errors,' and that 'the truth lies between.' In France the young unmarried lady, kept rigidly at home or in a convent school like a confined grub in its chrysalis state, until her fate is decided for her, by others, is all at once let fly out in public after marriage, like a winged and painted butterfly, to sport her hour of fashionable folly. But here, in this country, it too often happens that marriage and the care of a house and of a family shut the wife in almost at once, to a life in which the predominance of the useful over the agreeable is sufficiently marked. Gail Hamilton, with a woman's eye for such things, and a woman's tact in tracing them out, has lately told us some home truths about this. Nay further, it is a fact which an observant mind can

scarcely fail to note, that what the American authoress says on this point applies with much greater force to Canada than to the States. This is a truth which will become more apparent the more the distinctive social habits and customs of the people on both sides of the lines are considered.—(Those who are inclined to question the correctness of this view, may have their skepticism somewhat relieved by a consideration of the large numbers of American married couples with only one or two children, or none at all, and what is in a lesser degree to be taken into account, the numbers of families that do not 'keep house,' but live in boarding-houses and hotels.) Partly from sheer physical exhaustion, and partly from want of the healthy stimulus afforded by exhilarating diversion of the faculties from their unvarying every day strain, the young mother and house-keeper hastens to become a prematurely old woman. Meanwhile pleasures, gaieties, diversions, and such like, are all for 'the girls,' of course. What business has 'the old woman,' as she is called, with anything of the kind? A quiet visit to a neighbour's house, with plenty of young hyson tea, hot cakes, and gossip, is recreation enough for her. This is the talk, and it means a good deal too, as we all very well know. If fashionable society in France and in England be certainly in one extreme of error, let us consider if we in Canada, taking the country as a whole, be not ourselves as decidedly in the other.

### ARTISTIC TASTE IN ENGLAND.

(From the Times.)

LORD STANLEY stands up for the artistic character of England. 'There are persons who tell you there is a point of refinement which is reached in some other countries, to which you will never bring the English taste. I have heard that often, but I don't believe it. There is no want of taste for beauty in the English mind. The English mind. The English eye is more sensitive to dirt, to disorder, to whatever indicates negligence and slovenliness, than that of any people of Europe, excepting the Dutch. Our gardens excel those of any other nation.' He will not allow that the English lower orders even, have no taste for art, or that their case is desperate. 'I have not heard that English gentlemen are inferior to foreigners either in love for art or in capacity for appreciating it; and what one class can do, that with equal opportunities can be done by any other class.'

Lord Stanley after doing justice to the artistic element in the English mass, turns to the Schools of Art and their working. This is very satisfactory, and the effect is already seen in our manufactures. He quotes M. Chevalier's report:—'The upward movement is visible above all among the English. The whole world has been struck with the progress they have made since the last Exhibition in designs for stuffs and the distribution of colors, as also in carving and sculpture and articles of furniture.' M. Chevalier even trembles for the pre-eminence of France in the domain of taste. Another French juror says:—'It is impossible to ignore the fact that a serious struggle awaits France from this quarter.' A third, M. Merimee, says just the same thing:—'It is our duty to remind our workmen that defeat is possible, and that it may be even foreseen at no distant date.' All these tributes to English progress in art turn into tributes to the Schools of Design, for it is to their lessons that this improvement is attributed. At the time of the first Great Exhibition there were only 19 of these schools, now there are 90; 70,000 pupils receive instruction in them. In 1862 there were 3,700 first-class prizes given, 1,068 local medals, and 89 national medals or medallion prizes. If this movement goes on, we may look for the rise of a better architecture in our towns, which is much wanted. 'There is not much,' says Lord Stanley, 'to be said for our architecture; but as art becomes domesticated among us, its spirit and its lessons will pervade the local architects in whose hand our town edifices and our streets houses are placed. A hundred years hence for what we know, the reproach will be wiped away from England that her street houses are brick walls with holes; and if it is too much to expect a Burgos, or a Liege to erect itself upon English soil, there will still be towns with street architecture not utterly flat and wearisome. There is nothing so cheap as good taste; and when architects discover that good effects may be produced by a good style, without costly ornament, the taste for them will spread. Art, says Lord Stanley, will become 'not the mere plaything of luxury or the mere slave of wealth; it will become a natural inhabitant of the soil, and everybody who wants to build will have the guide near at hand. Its influence will be felt in an improved national eye, in a perception which will not be the gift of this or that great professional architect, but which will reside in the whole educated class. There is no reason why even mills should not be fine buildings.' 'Near Wigan,' says Lord Stanley, 'I saw a new mill of vast extent rising, which was not as usual an eye-sore, but a real pleasure to the eye to rest upon it, so well had architectural effect been attended to in its construction.' That our mills are the utterly ugly structures they are is owing simply to the entire indifference of the owners and the public, until quite lately to architectural effects. There has been a sort of technical idea of the proper sphere for architectural effects. There has been an idea that a cathedral ought of course to be a grand building, and that a nobleman's mansion ought to be a fine building; and that a town-hall or an infirmary ought to exhibit some pretensions; but that as for houses in general, mills, street rows, architecture was not meant for them. But architecture ought to be a pervading spirit co-extensive with the air we breathe. The mills in France and Belgium are fine edifices—plain, but appealing to the eye. There is no reason why ours should not be the same. We commit the cause to the Schools of Art and their patrons.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY LOUIS A. JEUNE.

Through all the vales of Canada  
The early frost has spread  
Its transient snows, that shun the day,  
And hang on many a verdant spray  
Its oriflammes of red.

Far to the northward, miles on miles,  
And to the west away,  
Opulent nature has unrolled  
Her pomp of scarlet and of gold,  
Magnificently gay.

The pomp of death, yet through the wood  
No prescient spirit grieves,  
Or heeds that soon across the waste—  
By howling winds of winter chased—  
Shall fly the tinted leaves.

Down from the wooded shores they float  
To Burlington's bright bay;  
And lightly o'er the waters cold,  
In many a gullant bark and bold,  
Sail to the seas away.

Far out on broad Ontario's breast,  
Their bright armadas ride,  
And down the streams of Ottawa,  
From many an inland forest gay,  
The painted shallops glide.

How beautiful to-day must seem  
Lone Simcoe's silent strand;  
And Manitoulin's savage shore,  
Their summer verdure tinted o'er  
With hues of fairy land.

O calm, confiding Nature, thus  
Thou meetest death and change,  
So full of mystery to us;  
So doubtful, dark and dangerous:  
To thee—a wider range.

## VALUATION OF OLD FOLKS.

A LADY who has just returned from a year's visit to Europe—the first she has made, after seeing a great deal of society in her own country—tells us that nothing so took her with surprise in England as the seeing how much more old age is valued, in their gay as well as in their domestic life. On getting sight of the 'beauties' of whom she had heard the most—the woman whom she had been most prepared to admire—they were so invariably older than she had anticipated. The 'belles' of English society, at the present moment, hold their position, by grace, wit, style or powers of conversation—independent, that is to say, of the youth and complexion so indispensable to a belle-ship in New-York. In our own big metropolis we actually know of but one lady of the age of sixty, who remains as fascinating as ever, (Mrs. H———) but she is looked upon as a curiosity, and her society's being so much in request is attributed a great deal to her musical talent. Whether she converses or sits at the piano, however, it is equally certain to be the perfection of the music!

There are two or three accompaniments to this different valuation of old age in England. One is, the continued pains-taking in the dress of those who expect still to be admired. Old people dress better—men and women—than in America. This is a great improvement to the general look of society; and it is a great convenience to have everybody expect to be agreeable. Then the accommodations, at hotels and in all manner of gay scenes, are made to suit the wants of old people, so that they will be 'at home,' or so that they will pass for the same value and receive everywhere the same welcome as younger people. Our friend was astonished at the equalization of cheerfulness which this gave to persons of all ages. Old persons are so much happier where there is no putting needlessly on the shelf—where they are not treated like 'incumbrances' before they cease to have sympathies and powers of conversation.—*Home Journal.*

## PUZZLING BLOODHOUNDS.

BEYOND the Lines; or, A Yankee Prisoner Loose in Dixie. By Captain J. J. Geery, late of Gen. Buckland's Staff; with an Introduction by Rev. Alexander Clark. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday, Publisher 1808 Chesnut street, is the title to one of the contributions to the war literature of the times. Mr. Geery is the man who came near being killed by a copperhead in Middle Ohio a week or two since. Speaking of an escaped slave, and his way of doing things, especially of avoiding and puzzling the bloodhounds, he says: 'He told us when the dogs followed us in the cane break, in order to prevent them from keeping the trail, we should travel as much as possible in the water; but if we should be closely pursued, to leave the cane break and take to the Ocmulgee River: He assured us that the dogs were fearful of the alligators with which that river abounded, and that the slaves were taught that alligators would destroy only negroes and dogs. He didn't believe it himself, although his master thought he did. He added: 'If dem bound get close on to you, why, jis git a long pole, and hop about twenty feet, if you kin. You do this four or five times, and whenever you light, jis put some pepper in de holes what your heels make, and when de bound come dey lose de scent, and den dey goes a-snuffin and a-snuffin round,' and demby dey sneezes up dat 'ur pepper into dar nostrils, and den dey'll go chee! chee! and dat'll be de last dem dogs can do dat day.' This piece of information and the manner in which it was conveyed, accompanied, as if it was, by violent gyrations of the body, and an exact imitation of dog sneezing, was very amusing.'

## CHINESE WITNESSES.

In the towns and at the gold fields of Victoria no cause list would now look complete without a few Chinese names in it. Their powers of giving evidence are as amazing as is their fastidiousness as to the fashion in which they are sworn. Some of them in a witness box blow out a lucifer match; some burn a strip of yellow paper with Chinese characters inscribed thereon; and one once, in my hearing at Bailarat, refused to be sworn at all, but upon the ceremony of chopping off the head of a cock at one blow. In vain was the witness tempted with lucifer match, wax candle, china saucer, and every other article at once handy and deemed likely to bear on the Chinese conscience. He was inexorable, and as his evidence was important, and poultry was at that time scarce in the township, the Court, jury, and practitioners were kept waiting while messengers scoured right and left in search of the necessary victim. On the cock being brought into Court, emitting a cluck of terror whenever he could disengage his beak from the hand of a roguish or nervous Irish policeman, even judicial gravity was sorely tried, and that was not all. A second commission became necessary to go in search of a chopper, common pocket-knives being of no use, as 'the one blow' was carefully explained by the interpreter as being so indispensable that cock after cock must be offered up if there were any failure in this particular. The chopper was at last procured, the cock satisfactorily beheaded, and the Chinaman's conscience satisfied, whereupon, so exhausted was the witness' virtue by the preliminary effort that he at once burst into a paroxysm of perjury, which satisfied all that he was not nearly so particular in the substance of the evidence as he had been in the form of his oath.—*Letter from Melbourne.*

## A FEW OF THE 'FALSE STEPS.'

AFTER writing very eloquently about 'wrong love,' an English magazine-writer goes on to say:—

'And many a false step has been made in marriage as well as in love. It was a false step when Sophia, proud, ambitious and worldly, let herself be stayed at the artist's cottage door, persuaded that she could play kith among the corn, with a penniless painter for her Boaz. It was a false step when Eugenia, brought up in France—whose notions of country simplicity were taken from the Bois de Boulogne, and whose deepest religious exercise was to listen to a florid sermon at the Madeleine—it was a false step in her when she bound herself for life to a handsome, enthusiastic, north-country missionary, who would have accounted it a sacrifice of principle if he had labored in any field more cultivated or accessible than the wilds of Central Africa, or the Polynesian Islands. And it was a false step in the missionary himself when he allowed his zeal to blind his judgment, and chose Eugenia and her private fortune—which would come in so well as working capital for his dusky converts—to that poor, little, patient, energetic school governess of his, who had no more substantial dowry than her faith and love, and who would have gone to the ends of the earth with him, if she might have aided in his work, and have ministered to his life. For the love of him and the spread of Calvinism, she would have braved even a scalping-knife above her head, or have contemplated her future end as a meal for hungry men with fortitude and courage. He saw it all when it was too late; when he was standing alone on the deck of the emigrant ship, poorer than when he married, while his wife drove down the Boulevards to her old home in the Champs Elysees, and the poor little governess was wringing her hands on the shore, praying wildly for his safety, and for her own forgiveness for loving him too well. Once he had stood on a pinnacle, whence he might have stepped down to either side. He made a false step, came down on the wrong side, and set his foot on the happiness of three lives forever.

'It was a false step when my young friend, the author of a work on human nature in six volumes—to be had at half-price uncut—married a woman he did not love, and a fortnight older than his mother, because she liked the same books that he did, and held the same doctrinal views concerning original sin; and he thought a marriage of brains a higher kind of thing than one of only heart and feeling, and what a soul striving to grow greater than the body should prefer. He found out his mistake, like the missionary and so many more, when too late, and when it was of no use for truth and feeling to lift up their heads and cry aloud in the wilderness of his life. He had accepted as his portion a field of straw, neither rich with corn nor beautiful with flowers; and of what good to make now his moan that the tender grass-lands were green and luscious, and the leafy woods full of song and scent, while his withered haulm had no flowers and no shade, and was fit for neither food nor beauty? He should not have held false principles, and then he would not have believed that bog-moss was solid ground, or that youth and age could ever go well in hand together.

## THINKING AND ACTING.

A CORRECT mode of thinking generally leads to a correct mode of living; a correct mode of living must lead to happiness. How are we to attain a correct mode of thinking? Clearly by not allowing others to think for us, and make us exponents of their views and not of our own; imitators of their lives, machines moving at their command, rather than human beings acting in obedience to the dictates of a rightly cultivated mind.

It is true we must use chairs, sticks, and other aids, in order that we may learn to walk; but the aim once reached, we throw away those unnecessary instruments and walk by means of the exercise of our own unaided powers. So it ought to be with respect to thinking and acting. We may use necessary aids until we feel that we have acquired perfect facility of thought and action, and this, once attained, we must learn to think and act for ourselves.

STUDENT.

## PICKINGS FROM PUNCH.

## SENSATIONAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

We shudderingly beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following works, and implore the publishers not to send us any more:—

*The Ghost and How to Lay Him.* Published in White Sheets and a Spirit Wrapper in one of Boxes' Startling Raw-headitions. Also, *The Skeleton Scullery Maid and the Sepulchral Sink.* Motte's, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Music Hall Handbills have been sent to us containing notices of attractions calculated to improve the public mind:—

*Canterbury Hall.*—At 9 o'clock the Awful Apparition, with Comic Song. This is accompanied by a picture, to which the illustration of the Castle Spectre was of a comparative jovial character.

*Islington Hall, near the Angel.*—The Goblin! Steaks and Chops always ready for goblin' visitors. The bar has lately been decorated with Goblin Tap-estry.

*East an' Western's Treat,* near the Cemetery, where the delighted audience will be semi-terrified by the Big Bogie of the Black-a-moor-soleum! From Grave to Gay. Comic Singing and Clog Dancing at 10.30.

*The Shades.*—The proprietor pledges himself to keep up the celebrated Ghastly Appearances. Clunking Chains, Mysterious noises, Spirits of Water, Tumblers, &c., every evening. A crowded and trembling audience witness the Spectral Spectacles nightly with Shrieks of Horror!!! A medical staff in attendance, and an Inn-Spectre always on duty. Tea and Collins. The justly celebrated Jumping Gibberers at 11 o'clock in their Wonderful Vault!!! The room, by the aid of small Vampire Traps, is kept Ghoul-ish and comfortable.

Is there any truth in the report that the foundation stones of two Lunatic Asylums are shortly to be laid?

## A DANGEROUS PUBLICATION.

It is long since we have received anything pleasant in the shape of American news. 'Out on ye, owls, nothing but songs of death!' is the exclamation with which we have greeted the senders of each successive batch of telegrams that we have, for the last two years and upwards, received from New York, and the editors of all the newspapers in America. At last, however, one of the latter has sent us a joke, and here it is:—

'Punch, a London publication of considerable promise, and no bad imitation of Frank Leslie's *Budget of Fun*, has a very clever squib upon the practice of noblemen putting their names down as directors of new hotels. It represents a number of noblemen, with their coronets on, waiting upon customers.'

Now this is really a good joke. It must not be passed over as if it were a broad play upon words, or an outrageous Yankeeism of ordinary impudence. To call *Punch* no bad imitation of Frank Leslie's *Budget of Fun* is a bit of fun, which, if a fair sample of the fun of the last-named periodical, should deter anybody from attempting to read it who is unwilling to burst his sides with laughter.

## WISDOM.

KNOWLEDGE furnishes us with the means of action. Wisdom is the right application of the means of action, or the power of knowledge. The former is the fulness of the memory; the latter is the power of the memory directed by the reasoning faculty. A man may be learned, and yet not wise; but he must be to a certain extent learned in order that he may be a wise man. One may be acquainted with all the terms in geological science, yet from an inability to use his knowledge, may not be a wise man.

As far as information is concerned, a man may be a walking encyclopaedia, yet with respect to the application of his knowledge may be a perfect fool. We understand then by the term wisdom, the power of choosing the best means for the attainment of the best ends; and we call that man a wise man who invariably acts in conformity with the dictates of a highly cultivated reason.

STUDENT.

## THE BEEF STEAK CLUB

BUT other clubs besides Brookes's and White's were famous during last century, especially the Beef-Steak Club, which also is, or was lately, in existence. It was established in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and owed its origin to the fact that some member of the peerage had called upon a noted actor, named Dickey Snett, at one of the larger London theatres, while the latter was engaged in cooking his dinner. A beef-steak constituted the sole repast; but it was cooked so tenderly, and his lordship enjoyed it so much, that he asked permission to return with a friend on the following day. The friend came, and so much did the trio enjoy the *marceau* cooked in their presence, that a club was formed, to meet once every succeeding week; and it has been kept up ever since. Beef-steaks and port constitute the sole entertainment at this repast, and the custom is still rigidly adhered to of cooking the viand on a silver grid-iron in the presence of the members. The most celebrated men of the age have ranked among the number of these, including Fox, Burke, the noted Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Brougham. The two last were originally 'six-bottle men,' though the last has so reformed that he has become almost a teetotaler—warned, probably, by the premature fate of the other, who died in little beyond the prime of life, after having been accustomed to be carried nightly on the shoulders of six men triumphant to bed.—*National Review.*



### CALEDONIA, GRAND RIVER, O. W.

CALEDONIA is situated on the Grand River, in the County of Haldimand, C. W., about thirteen miles nearly due south of Hamilton. It is connected with Hamilton to the north, and with Dover to the south, (about 23 miles,) by the Hamilton and Dover Road, now in course of repair from end to end by the government, a sum of \$20,000 or so having been appropriated for that purpose. Caledonia is also connected by the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway with all the places on that line, from Buffalo to Goderich; and, by means of the Paris junction, with the whole line of the Great Western Railway.

Caledonia, although all now included in the limits of one municipality, may be said to consist of two villages, or even of three, viz.: First—Caledonia proper, on the north side of the river, and on the line of the Hamilton road, which is the leading and the business portion of the whole. Second, South Caledonia, as it is sometimes called, on the south side of the river, straight opposite. Third—Seneca, which is little short of a mile from the Caledonia Bridge, eastwards down the river, on the north side. The post-office was formerly kept at Seneca; and by that name, if we are not mistaken, it is still known in the official list. The best business portion of Caledonia suffered severely last winter, by a fire which swept both sides of the main street for a certain distance, destroying a large hotel, the post-office, and a number of stores. It is a stirring, lively place, and has the custom and business of a large and fast improving section of country to sustain it. It was formerly the centre of an extensive square timber and sawed lumber trade, which made it a place of great business activity, at a time, some years ago, when the surrounding country was but little cleared up. The lumber trade of the place is fast hastening to extinction; but that which depends on agriculture is meanwhile increasing, as land is cleared up. A considerable quantity of pine lumber is still shipped every year at Caledonia for Buffalo, going mostly, perhaps, by railway, though formerly it all went down the river in scows, and some goes that way still.

There are within the limits of Caledonia three flouring

mills, one pretty extensive foundry, one woollen factory, and quite a 'lively sprinkling,' as a Yankee might say, of artisans' and tradesmen's shops. A woollen factory on a large scale, and with all the 'modern improvements,' is now in course of erection by Ronald McKinnon, Esq., and is expected to be in operation early next spring. This is the second woollen factory put up by Mr. McKinnon on the same site, the first one having been unfortunately destroyed by fire some years ago.

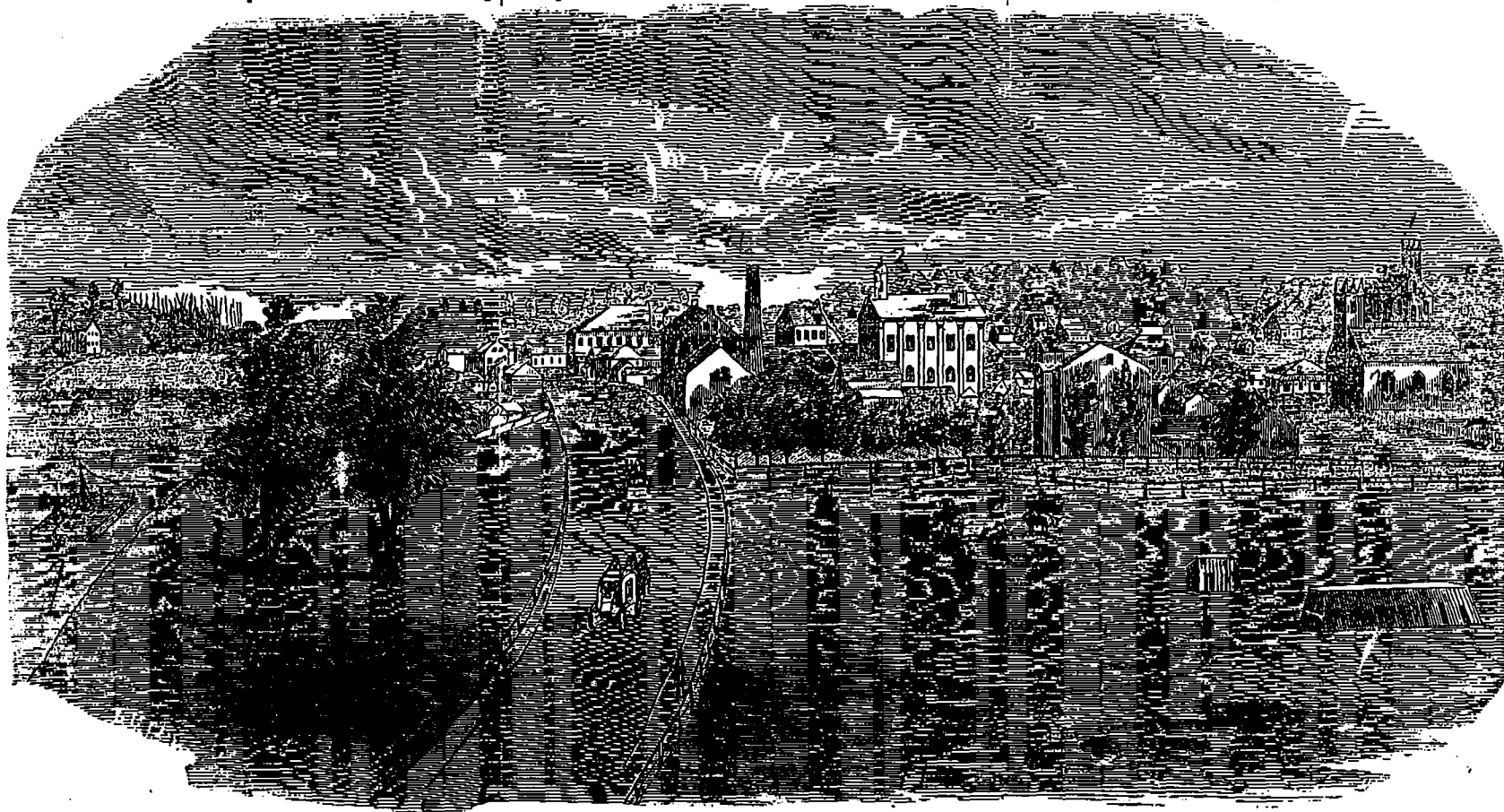
Caledonia has its local paper, the *Grand River Sachem*, a daily mail to and from the four cardinal points of the compass, a well drilled company of rifle volunteers, with an excellent band, and other evidences of a real 'live town,' though as yet it goes under the modest appellation of a 'village.' Its population is about 1,000.

So much for what Caledonia is and has been: what it is to be time will tell. One undertaking, of great future importance both to Caledonia and to Hamilton, deserves prominent mention in this connection. A line of railway from Hamilton to Caledonia, (part of the projected line which was to connect Lake Ontario, at Hamilton, with Lake Erie, at Port Dover,) has been now for four or five years lying in an unfinished state, graded and ready, or at all events very nearly ready, for the ties and the rails. In this enterprize the city of Hamilton sunk \$500,000, and the municipality of Caledonia \$40,000. Owing to the want of money to go on with, the construction of the road came to a stop; and the amount expended has lain for four years unproductive. No direct return for the aid given to the road is anticipated by either Hamilton or Caledonia; but steps have been already taken which will, it is expected, bring about the completion of the road at an early day. The consent of the bondholders of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway Company is, we believe, yet required, to enable that Company, as has been proposed, to finish and work this short connecting link between their own line and the water-level of Hamilton and Oswego. The municipalities both of Hamilton and Caledonia have agreed to relinquish their whole claims for aid already furnished, subject to the condition of the now unfinished road being completed and operated.

The advantages that would accrue from the completion of this line are really immense; greater in fact, than those who have perhaps but glanced at the subject would imagine. Grain and produce coming from the West by the Buffalo and Lake Huron line, is at Caledonia forty or fifty miles, (we cannot just now state the precise distance,) from the head of the Erie Canal at Buffalo. When arrived there, (at Buffalo,) it is still on the Lake Erie level, and has to descend the whole pitch of Niagara Falls by a series of locks, to the level of Lake Ontario. Now mark the difference. Supposing this line completed, produce at Caledonia would be within fourteen miles by railway of Lake Ontario, of the level of Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, and Rochester; and what is most of all to the purpose, of Oswego. The same descent is made, of course, in both ways; but, reckoning from Caledonia, by the Hamilton route, fourteen miles of railway would be substituted for over forty, and lake navigation for canal navigation, for a distance of almost two hundred miles.

We do not attempt at present to give figures and calculations; but it needs but little of either to demonstrate the fact, that the transportation of produce from Caledonia by railway 14 miles to Hamilton, thence by lake to Oswego, must be very much cheaper indeed than to take it by railway 40 or 50 miles to Buffalo, thence by the Erie Canal to whatever point thereon may be ascertained to be the same distance from New York that Oswego is.

But the diverting to Hamilton of the heavy traffic which now goes through Caledonia to Buffalo, has another advantage to Canada that should not be lost sight of. Produce destined for the seaboard, once afloat on the Erie Canal, must go to New York without doubt. But produce shipped on Lake Ontario at Hamilton, may go to Oswego, thence to New York, of course; but it may also, and frequently no doubt would, go down the St. Lawrence to Montreal or Quebec, to the great benefit of our own shipping trade.—Who does not from these considerations realize the fact, that the completion of this short unfinished link of 14 miles of railway is a very necessary piece of work; and that it is not merely of local, but actually of Provincial importance.



VIEW OF CALEDONIA, GRAND RIVER, C. W.—From the East.

### AN ANTIDOTE FOR STREET MUSIC.

QUIESCENS, writing to the Times, details a most admirable scheme, which he assures his fellow citizens has proved most effective in freeing him from the evil practices of organ grinders, German bands, and all similar nuisances—none of these performers having been heard in the street in which he lives for the last two years. They curse and spit on the ground as they pass by the end of it, and when they enter it is but to sneak rapidly by in silence. The moment the noisy nuisances appeared in former times, his seven children left their meals or their lessons, his servants abandoned their work, and in every window of the house smiling faces used to be seen, nodding applause, and feigning intense enjoyment. The most atrocious parts of the performances were invariably enthusiastically encored, and when the musicians were pretty well blown, the butler used to be sent to the steps to ask for 'God save the Queen,' and when that loyal melody was concluded, the custom was to be very profuse in thanks, but never to give any money. In the last five words is the whole pith of the plan.

### THOUGHTS OF THINKERS.

READING maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know what he doth not know.—*Bacon*.

RICHES A BURDEN.—'And Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold.' The Hebrew reading is, Abram was very heavy, etc. Riches are a burden. There is a burden of care in getting them, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given concerning them.—*Mathew Henry*.

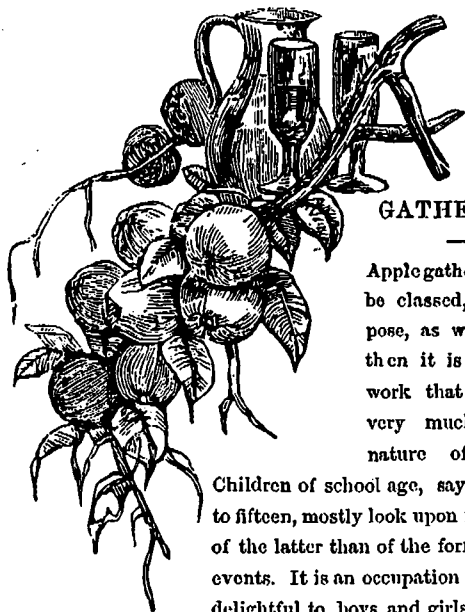
A WRITER, whom I cannot but think speaks wisely, says: 'The seasonable time for the exercise of prudence is not so much in choosing a wife or a husband, as in choosing with whom you will so associate as to risk the engendering of passion.'

SELF-DEPENDENCE.—We acquire mental strength by being left to our own resources; but when we depend on others, like a cripple who accustoms himself to a crutch, we lose our own strength, and are rendered dependant on an artificial prop.

GENEROSITY AND SELFISHNESS.—A generous mind identifies itself with all around it, but a selfish one identifies all things with self. The generous man, forgetting self, seeks happiness in promoting that of others. The selfish man reduces all things to one—his own interest. The good and generous, who look most closely into their own hearts and scrutinize their own defects, will feel most pity for the frailties of others.

ADVICE, like physic, is administered with more pleasure than it is taken.

BIGOTRY AND FANATICISM.—Men who would persecute others for religious opinions, prove the errors of their own. In fighting for the Church, religion seems generally to be quite lost sight of.



APPLE GATHERING.

Apple gathering may be classed, we suppose, as work," but then it is a kind of work that partakes very much of the nature of play.—

Children of school age, say from five to fifteen, mostly look upon it as more of the latter than of the former, at all events. It is an occupation especially delightful to boys and girls who live

in the town, or in the new backwoods settlements, where apples have not as yet learned to grow. And even children of a larger growth, who have quit going to school, can take a hand in the business with a good deal of satisfaction. It is generally rather an agreeable affair throughout. A day when apple gathering is going on is apt to be a time of agreeable unbending and demonstrative hilarity with all engaged in it. Did you ever see anybody cross at an apple gathering, except, perhaps, the owner of the orchard, when he fancied that some purchaser was 'picking and choosing' more judiciously, more discriminatingly, indeed, than he, the owner aforesaid, had really expected he was likely to do? If you ever did, we fear he must have been of a terribly cross-grained constitution; utterly incorrigible, and dead set against all mollifying influences.

Whether it was really an apple with which mother Eve was tempted, to her own and Adam's fall, is still an open question; as the Book itself does not satisfy our curiosity on this point. It may not be out of the way to remark, that the sons and daughters of Eve have in all ages resembled their mother very much in this matter of curiosity; especially the daughters. A deep and abstruse reasoner might cite the universal liking for apples as a strong proof that Eve's act of disobedience was really the eating of an apple after all.

And now, gentle reader, take a look at the little apple gathering scene which we present you on this page; and if we have told you anything about the matter that you didn't know yourself just as well as we did, and better too, please drop us a line, postage paid, to inform us of the fact.

The mention of apples suggests cider, especially at this season of the year; and so we have headed this column with a device appropriate thereto.

On our first page is a cut of a very fine piece of Canadian landscape; a view from a point near to Cline's Saw-mill, a little distance from the south-westerly limits of this city, and just at the base of the mountain. Our cut is a copy from a picture by Capt. Caddy, which took the prize at the Provincial Exhibition held here in 1860, as the best water color painting of Canadian scenery. The picture was purchased by Capt. Crossland of Dundas, to whom we are indebted for the use of it to copy from.

THE INTELLECTUAL MASTERY OF THOUGHT.

We commend the following, taken from Cardinal Wiseman's recent address on "Self Culture," at the South-ampston Polytechnic Institution, to the attentive consideration of the young, and of all who are labouring at their own intellectual improvement. The caution here given against *letting our thoughts run*, like water through a sieve, without actual reflective result, or a conscious and definite aim, ought to be treasured up by students of every age.—The subject embraced in our extract is, be it remembered, the purely intellectual direction and control of our thoughts; a certain something with which their moral guidance, another and a different matter, is not to be confounded.

He did not intend to go into any metaphysical definitions or explanation of this power of thought, believing that he could make his meaning more clear by comparison and by illustration. He would take the sense of sight as the one paral- lelled to thought in the mind, and trace its operation. The eye was never satiated, never satisfied with seeing. Whatever the multiplicity of objects, they held no place but were continually changing. If we walked into the country alone by a pleasant path, there was not an instant in which we did not see something—the trees, the cottages, the distant mountains—as we moved the head and inclined it in a different angle, as we moved the pupil of the eye, every possible change took place in our bodily relation to the outward objects presented to the vision, and yet all these objects were connected, and there was not a moment without some picture being presented to the eye. Exactly so with thought. We were never a moment without thinking. Even while reading a book there was a train of thought passing through the mind over which it exercised no control. One thought succeeded another, more linked, more united by the power of association than the objects that met the eye. That corresponded exactly to the action of the eye. It would be exceedingly difficult to render any account of the thoughts passing through the mind during the day. But there was another power—the power of arresting thought; and there commences the self-culture, and necessary for self-culture. A man might pass a whole day never distinctly distinguishing any object with his eye; but by exercising a certain degree of mental power he might stop and examine some object, and fix it upon his memory. With respect to the eye, that would be observation; to the mind it would be reflection. When thoughts were passing through a man's mind he might consider some one of them rather singular and reflect upon it, and thus arrest the current of thought, and fix upon something distant which would occupy his mind in future years, and lead to something useful and practical. That was the second step. But there was a third, and a higher and more important one. A man might not be satisfied with a passing view of an object, but desire to know something more about it. For instance, in looking for the first time at the ruins of Netley Abbey, he saw all

tion of the mind corresponding exactly with the third operation of the sense of sight, and this analogy brought forward all the processes of which thought was capable. The first and simplest power of thought meant little or no self-culture, except by the application of those degrees of it which followed. There was nothing more dangerous than the habit which the indulgence in the first process of thought, unchecked and unguided, might produce. A person left to the mere succession of day-dreams, thought succeeding thought, with curious connection, but without mental analysis, would lose hours and hours of his time in mere vain, vague, roving ideas, which, instead of fructifying in his heart, would rot there and corrupt it. An illustration of this unchecked progress of thought might be found in the story of the merchant of Bagdad, whose dreams ended in the destruction of his precious porcelain. There were men who, not gained the power of constraining their thoughts and arresting them at the proper time, had been led into the day-dream of everything excepting their duty, neglecting what they ought to have done, and consequently coming to misery and ruin. The first lesson, therefore, to be learned in mental culture, was to gain the power over the ordinary course of thought by applying what he had termed reflection—the arresting and checking, out of the profusion of thoughts, those that were not worthy to be dwelt upon, and checking them immediately. He wished especially to impress on those who cared for the cultivation of their own minds the necessity of making use of this process, which might be described as the second process of thought. It was necessary at once to check anything that was luxuriant, that did not tend to produce fruit, that tended, as it almost always did, to some amount of eccentricity. The moment a favorite thought began to haunt the mind, when it returned again and again with new vigor, and the mind took a pleasure in dwelling upon it, it should be checked without a moment's hesitation and cut away; and a man having acquired a control over his thoughts, over his mind, would at once determine that the idea should not dwell in his mind. Otherwise it might be the beginning of a thousand monomanias. Indulgence in such ideas was the way in which they became fixed in the mind. They returned again and again. He was not speaking of moral consequences, but of intellectual consequences. There was not a more serious impediment to self-culture than that of allowing a dominant thought to assume a proportion to the rest of the faculties which was not in proportion with its own value. Of this there was no question, and he might lay it down as a certain intellectual result, and say—Never allow what might be considered a favorite idea or fancy, or imagining, to dwell for any length of time in the mind. It has been said, and he believed with truth, that there was hardly a mind so strong as not to have within it the possible seeds of insanity, and that seed might be found in this form—a single idea, without any reason to account for its taking possession of the mind, might go on developing until it became a sort of morbid feeling, resulting in the manner in which he had indicated.

MRS. PARTINGTON wants to know, if it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bridal ceremony?

AMERICAN WIT.—One of the American papers observes of Mr. Wentworth, a member of Congress for a district of Illinois, that 'he is so tall that when he addresses the people, instead of mounting a stump, as is usual in the West, they have to dig a hole for him to stand in'—Another paper, which goes the whole ticket against Mr. Wentworth, politely observes that they 'dig a hole for him not because he is tall, but because he never feels at home except he is up to his chin in dirt.'

An old Dutchman who had joined the temperance society was taken sick, and sent for the doctor to prescribe for him, who ordered him to take an ounce of brandy per day. The old chap overhauled his arithmetic, and found in the table of apothecaries' weight, 'eight drams make one ounce.' 'Mein Gott!' says the Dutchman, 'dat ish de demperance for me. I didn't get but six drams before, now I gets eight.'



'AN APPLE GATHERING SCENE.

that could be seen in passing by. That was observation. It occurred to his mind that if ever he passed that way again he would make an examination into its architecture, and try to make out its history, having previously gathered such information as he might be able to do from books treating on the subject. That would be a very different degree of observation from either of the first, and might be called contemplation. That would be seeing in the highest sense. Exactly the same thing took place with regard to the mind. A man might say, 'I wish to cultivate my powers of thought. I am not satisfied with dwelling for a few minutes on a thought which invites my attention; here is a great question on which a thoughtful and earnest man cannot remain satisfied in ignorance, and I will study it.' For this purpose he will collect the necessary materials, and exercise the varied powers of his mind, and memory, and reasoning, until he came to a solemn and well matured decision how he ought to think and act. That was the course of thought, the opera-

ART ASSISTING NATURE.

FISH CULTURE.

AN artificial Salmon-leap, such as is represented on page 285, is for the purpose of enabling the fish to ascend, in the breeding season, to the upper portion of streams which are naturally inaccessible to them by reason of water falls. The arrangement consists literally of steps and stairs; the steps being boxes which keep full of water. The fish leap from one to another till they reach the water above the fall. There are quite a number of salmon-trout leaps now constructed and in operation in Lower Canada.

(Written for the Illustrated Canadian News.)

## THE GOVERNESS,

BY ELLEN VAVASSEUR.

## CHAPTER I.

The light of another morning had dawned on the little village of C— in England. The sun in all its splendor was bursting forth, peeping through many an ivy-clad lattice, shining as brightly on the sad and weary, who would fain have shut out its glorious beams and slept on—for there was nothing pleasant in the world for them to wake for—as on those who with happy hearts awoke to enjoy the pleasures of another day. At the gate of the pretty parsonage—which was close by the village church, of which her father was the minister,—stood Edith Mowbray, with her lover George Egerton. They had that beautiful spring morning met to say farewell—perhaps forever. That word farewell! even in the sound there is sadness! Oh how oft it is pronounced, while with despairing hearts we gaze for the last time on some beloved face which no more through long, weary years, will meet our longing eyes. The shrill blast of a horn announcing that the coach would soon start for B— fell like a death-knell on their ears. The last word was spoken, the last look given, and Edith was alone. He had gone, and with him all that made her life bright. To be separated from those we love is one of the greatest trials we have to bear. Parting from loved ones whom we never expect to see again, is as sad as death itself. How often when a family circle meet are they saddened by the sight of a vacant chair, and in vain must they sigh for the gentle smile of one whose presence cannot gladden the hour. And are not our hearts often filled with an intense yearning to behold once more the loved form and hear the well-remembered voice of some dear one who is far away. Even when we part hoping soon again to meet, we are sorrowful. Fears that something may happen—for we know every thing is uncertain—fill our breasts. Yet many are separated from their homes, and those who are dearest on earth are parted for years, if not forever. Many who in their youth were cherished and surrounded by fond relatives and friends, have died in a distant land, unloved, unknown. While we live in this world, separations must take place; but there is beyond the sky a home where there will be no more sorrow nor parting. Pale and motionless, Edith stood gazing down the road where George had disappeared. Would they ever again meet? She could not look into the future: it was veiled from her, but she knew if they did meet, that weeks, months, and even years must pass before then. Wearily and slowly, like one stupified by some great grief, she at length, sought her chamber there to weep and pray for the absent dear one.

Edith Mowbray and George Egerton had known each other from childhood. They had played together upon the village green and attended the same school, and in after years when Edith had grown up a lovely girl, George's tall, manly form was still seen beside her, and his dark, earnest eyes ever sought her among the fair maidens of C—, who prophesied there would one day be a wedding at the parsonage. About six weeks before my story commences, George's uncle, with whom he lived—his parents having died when he was quite young—decided upon going to America. Although the thought of being separated from Edith, whom George loved with all the affection of a true, noble heart was very painful, he determined to accompany his uncle as it would be greatly to his advantage, and enable him the sooner to have a home of his own, which, though in a distant land, Edith had promised to share with him.

Another year with its joys and sorrows, has gone by, and beautiful spring with its warm, bright sun, hath again called forth the little daisy and sweet primrose in the garden at the parsonage. The honeysuckle planted by hands now far away, has again turned itself about Edith's lattice at which she sits; but since we last looked upon her, a great sorrow hath darkened her young days. Never more will she meet a mother's loving smile, or be cheered by her gentle voice, for she rests in yon churchyard. Oh what a sense of loneliness steals over her. Her father is engaged in his study. No fond sister is near, for she is an only child. Silence and sadness reigns through the house now for that beloved mother whose presence ever cast love and joy around has left her home never to return. Grief has dimmed the light in Edith's eyes and paled her cheek. An expression of quiet sorrow rests on her fair brow as she sits thinking of the past and of her lover in his distant home. One of the long years of their separation has passed. Death has sundered the dearest tie which bound her to her home. Egerton's last letter breathing the tenderest love and fondest yearnings for her presence, lies before her. She lives but in the hope of meeting him again. Will it indeed be realized?

## CHAPTER II.

A southern moon shines bright and clear on the deck of one of the steamers running between Charleston and Savannah; merry jests and light laughter from the various groups assembled there to enjoy the beauty of the night ring out on the evening air. Apart from the others, leaning against the bulwark of the vessel, stands Edith Mowbray, silently gazing into the calm waters upon whose surface the moonbeams quiver. Memory is busy with the past. She sees again before her mental eye her once happy home in the parsonage at C—, and the loved parents who are now sleeping beneath the yew tree's shade in the churchyard near. Three years have passed since that morning when Edith sat in her chamber reading her lover's letter. It was his last. She never again heard from him. The silent grief and suffering of those years tells its tale as we look on her wan sorrowful countenance.

Shortly after her father's death, she accepted the situation of governess to a lady who lived in New York, but was then in C— visiting some of her relatives. Returning with Mrs. Talbot to America she remained with her some months, then, wishing to go South, she obtained a situation in a wealthy planter's family who resided at Savannah; and she was now on her way to her new home in that beautiful old city. A gay laugh near her aroused Edith from her reverie. Miss Lawrie, a beautiful heiress whom she had been told was soon to be married to the gentleman on whose arm she leaned, passed by. How happy she must be! thought Edith,

but how true is that saying, 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and if she could have looked into that young girl's heart, she would have seen it shadowed by the remembrance of an early disappointment. Every one has some heart-sorrow, some grief that saddens his brightest hours and prevents his being perfectly happy. Perhaps there are some you know who seem so free from every care that you envy their happiness, but be assured life is not all bright to them: they have their heart's bitterness, though no one knoweth it, for 'tis only in their lonely hours, or in the silent watches of the night, when no human eye can see their anguish, that it bursts forth.

Have you never, when amidst the gay, surrounded by the young and beautiful, noticed a sudden paleness of the cheek, or the smile vanish from the lip of one who but a moment before was all gaiety and animation—though it may be but momentary—but some sorrow of the heart, recalled perchance by a careless word, or a strain of sweet music.—How many sad, care worn faces do we pass daily on our streets! One glance is enough to tell us they have 'bitterness of heart.' No one can have perfect bliss in this world. It would not be well for us if it were so. We would be too happy and contented with this life ever to think of another. Our Father in heaven knows this, therefore He sends us trials—bitter ones often, enough more than we can bear, as we sometimes think—but they are necessary to draw our thoughts and hopes from this beautiful earth where everything seems so alluring to a brighter, happier home above, where there is no death, no parting. There all is peace, and the heart knoweth no more its bitterness.

Miss Lawrie joined a merry group opposite Edith, where, yielding to the earnest entreaties of her friends, her sweet voice was heard singing that beautiful little song—'When life hath sorrow found.' Edith had heard it before. Oh! how sad each note thrilled her heart when she thought of that evening when, as now beneath the soft moonlight, she had listened to it; but then it was George who had sung it, and for her alone. She remembered also the low impassioned tone in which he repeated the lines—

'Hearts that love hath bound,  
Time cannot alter.'

He must be dead, she thought. He was good, noble, and true. I cannot believe he lives and has forgotten me. Ah, Edith, the tears are silently flowing for that loved one, though years have passed since then, and from thy heart the prayer—'May I, too, soon be at rest!'—arises to that calm heaven above thee!

Early the next morning the steamer arrived at Savannah. Mr. DeVere's carriage was at the wharf waiting for Edith, who as she drove through the city and noticed its tasteful dwellings embowered in trees, with their porches latticed by the tendrils of the yellow jessamine, rose and honey suckle, and the pleasant green squares with neat gravelled walks and stately old trees, was much pleased with the aspect of her southern home. The carriage stopped before a handsome mansion in South Broad Street, where, as in several of the other streets, the trees ranged in double rows through the centre, form a verdant arch over a promenade extending nearly a mile in length. Edith was very kindly received by Mrs. DeVere, her pupils also, two lovely little girls, smilingly came forward to welcome their new governess. As Edith gazed on Mrs. DeVere's sweet face and listened to her gentle voice, so unlike the cold, proud tones of Mrs. Talbot, the hope sprung up in her heart that the change would be a pleasant one.

On the piazza of a pretty country residence near Savannah some months later, sits Edith Mowbray. She is engaged writing a letter to a friend in England. In it she says—'We are spending the summer at Montgomery, a pretty place on an arm of the sea, about twelve miles from Savannah. While writing this, I am sitting on the pleasant, broad piazza which surrounds Mr. DeVere's house. It is shaded by luxuriant vines and beautiful flowers, whose delightful perfume fills the pure morning air. The sunny skies of the South are smiling above. The deep blue water, glittering in the clear, bright sunlight, lies before me. In the quiet of this early hour—when not a sound, save the warbling of birds and a strain of sweet music borne softly over the waters from a frigate lying at anchor a short distance from the shore, falls upon the ear—my thoughts turn to the home of my childhood and the friends of my youth, now so far from me. Caroline, do you remember the day we visited Roselawn? How joyous life seemed to us then! Our hearts knew no sorrow to dim the brightness of the future. Ah, little did we think what changes a few years would bring. That not one of our bright dreams and hopes would be realized. The grave has closed over my beloved ones, and I am alone in a distant land. Your lot, dear Caroline, although you too have suffered, has been a happier one. Does it not seem strange that my home should now be yours, and my father's place filled by your husband? Although sorrow has blighted my young days, and I still sadly mourn the loved and lost, my life is not as dark and cheerless as it was a year ago. My pupils, Stella and Eva, are most engaging, affectionate children, and their mother, sweet, gentle Mrs. DeVere, from the first time her soft voice fell like music on my lonely heart, I loved her. Nothing can exceed her kindness. She treats me like a sister. With her and her dear children, I am as happy as I ever can be now on earth.'

## CHAPTER III.

In Edith's letter she mentioned that there was a frigate stationed at Montgomery. One day several of the families residing there were invited to dine with the Captain. Edith was included among the number; and as Mrs. DeVere desired it she accompanied her.

Having good music on board, during the evening a dance was proposed, which met with the approbation of the younger part of the company, who were soon treading on the light fantastic toe, to a lively air which the colored musicians struck up.

The gay uniforms of the officers and the rich dresses of the ladies—as they mingled in the merry dance by the light of the lamps which had been hung up on deck—contrasted with the heavy cannon, the dark forms and sunburnt faces of the sailors seen in the shadow.

The clear starlit heavens above and the picturesque shore in the distance, with its bright lights gleaming here and there through the trees, was to Edith a pleasing and novel scene.

She did not join the dancers, but sat apart conversing with

a young officer named Hazleton. During their conversation Edith happened to make some remark about C—, when Mr. Hazleton observed that he knew a gentleman from that place.

'Perhaps, Miss Mowbray,' he continued, 'you were acquainted with him; his name was Egerton, George Egerton.' Almost breathless with intense surprise and emotion, Edith listened to his words. Could it be possible that he whom she had loved so fondly and mourned as dead—for she would not believe him false—was alive, but had in deed forgotten her. The thought sent a pang of bitter anguish to her heart; but with a strong effort she controlled her agitation, which fortunately the darkness concealed, and with apparent calmness, replied to Mr. Hazleton's question.

From him she learned that George Egerton was living in Charleston, where they had met about two years before, and as a warm friendship had sprung up between them they had frequently since corresponded, and he had only a few days before received a letter from him.

This discovery sent no thrill of happiness to Edith's heart. Better, she thought, to have heard he had died, loving her as he had loved; but now he was lost to her forever. Ah! the intense bitterness of the thought that his affection for her was changed; that she was no longer dear to him!

How little do we know each other's hearts! the thoughts and feelings, the joys and sorrows which fill the breasts of those around us!

Utterly unconscious of the anguish his words occasioned, Hazleton continued to converse with Edith, who, feeling that then was not the time to indulge her grief, endeavored to arouse herself—for she felt bewildered by such unexpected tidings—and carry on her conversation with the young officer.

But when alone that night in the darkness of her chamber all her sorrow burst forth as the memory of the past—of the love that she had lost rose up before her. For he had loved her, long and tenderly loved her; and in the first year of their separation his letters were as fond as her heart could desire. Then they had suddenly ceased. Oh, the despair and suffering of those days, when week after week, and month after month rolled on and she heard not from him!

The hope of seeing him again grew fainter and fainter, till it at last died out of her heart, and she believed him dead, for she had judged his love by her own. It she knew could never change; too long had it been cherished to be subdued. And now to find that he was alive, but that absence had cast out of his heart the affection he had felt for her, which she thought time could never alter! Very sad were these reflections, and bitter were the tears she shed through the weary sorrowful hours of the night.

The gray dawn of morning was stealing silently through her casement when Edith threw herself upon her couch, and wearied both in mind and body, soon fell asleep. Sleep! is it not one of the greatest blessings God has given to us; rest for the sick and weary! To be able for a time to forget all our cares and troubles in peaceful slumber! Those who are in sorrow often feel a drowsiness, an inclination to sleep which they cannot or wish not to overcome, for is not unconsciousness to them a blessed relief? Then, there are the dreams that come to us while sleeping. He even sends visions that are given to while away the hours of darkness, and gladden for the time many a sorrowful heart. It is then that our beloved ones who had passed forever from earth stand beside us. We hear their voices and gaze on their faces, which never more, except in sleep, we shall see again. The absent are then with us—those for whose presence we have, in our waking hours, sighed in vain. How oft is the heart of the lonely emigrant cheered by sweet dreams of home! He is again in his native land, in the old homestead surrounded by loving friends, or perhaps he is with one whom, through the weary hours of the day he has vainly longed to see, and whom, though she is dearer to him than life, he may never more behold, but in dreams!

The wearied merchant lays down his head, hoping in sleep to forget his anxieties. A dream of his childhood steals over him. He hears his mother's gentle voice, which has long since been hushed in the silent tomb. Again she blesses and smiles on her child. With his loved and only sister, whose home is now far from his, he wanders amidst the well remembered scenes of his boyhood. The long years that he has spent since, battling with life, are forgotten in that happy dream of his youth. How real! how life-like are our dreams! We love and are beloved, we feel, we laugh, we weep. What mystery and romance mingle with them! We behold strange faces and gaze on beautiful scenery.

A refreshing slumber, with pleasant dreams, is indeed one of the greatest blessings of life, and yet is not our life like a dream? it is so fleeting, so full of change! will we not look back upon it as such when we wake from our last sleep in eternity?

[To be continued.]



## DOWN A CREVASSE.

I ARRIVED in Chamouni on the 6th of August, 1859, with a friend and companion, an Englishman like myself. We had been about five weeks in Switzerland, and in that time had 'done' everything considered necessary by our countrymen. We had acquired some experience in glacier work, having ascended the Altsch Horn, whose summit had been reached for the first time by an Englishman, a member of the Alpine Club, only two months before. We made the ascent successfully, and were proud of having been the second exploring party to stand on its lofty peak, nearly fourteen thousand feet high. On that occasion we passed two whole days on the snow and glacier.

I remember well the first glimpse I had had into one of those terrible crevasses which intersect glaciers. Getting a guide to hold my hand, I leaned over its yawning brink and gazed carefully into the fathomless abyss. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to join together about three hundred feet down; an appearance resulting from the convexity of the crevasse. Usually, I believe, the great splits end only where the glacier touches the ground beneath.

'No one who falls into one of these ever comes out alive,' said one of our guides. 'Yes,' said another, 'a man once escaped, and lives still at the Grindelwald; he was a chamois hunter, and when coming home alone over the glacier, he slipped and he was precipitated into the crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting ledges and blocks of ice; which never gave way as he clung to them. After falling three hundred feet, he reached the bottom of the glacier, with a broken arm. He found a hollow space between ground and ice, through which a stream of water ran. He instinctively followed its course, despite the great pain he endured, and after crawling along for three hours, found himself freed from the glacier.'

Ordinary crevasses are from three to eight feet wide at top, but the sides approach each other rapidly, so that a man would be wedged in between the two walls of ice long before he could reach the bottom. And then, unless there should be ropes at hand long enough and strong enough, what an awful death! An unfortunate Russian gentleman perished thus in a crevasse only last year, half frozen, half squeezed to death, the heat of his body ever melting the ice, he ever sinking deeper and deeper into his dreadful grave.

My companion and I ascended the Breuvant, and, as few climbing travellers leave Chamouni without visiting the Mer de Glace and the Jardin, we arranged to make that excursion. To shorten our day's work, we left Chamouni in the evening and slept at Montanvert, a solitary little mountain inn on the edge of the Mer de Glace.

We were up betimes in the morning. We provided ourselves with some catables and wine, and started with our guide, whom we had brought from Courmayeur. It was a glorious morning, and promised well for our expedition. Our road, for about half an hour, was along an uneven path skirting the glacier, which lay below us on our left hand, very much crevassed and covered with debris. The path then came to an end, and the guide said we must now take to the glacier: We descended on to it, and threaded our way among the numerous crevasses.

The excursion to the Mer de Glace not being looked upon as a regular glacier expedition, is not made with the attendant precautions of axes or ropes. We had neither. We were in high spirits, and went along at a great rate; so quickly, indeed, that our guide, who had fallen behind, mentioned us once or twice, and requested us to allow him to take the lead. Just then our progress was arrested by a wide crevasse. Looking to the left, I perceived that it terminated, some twenty feet from us, in a steep slope of ice, which I thought I could easily climb. As the crevasse was about sixty yards long, I determined to try this slope rather than go round by the other end.

Using my Alpenstock instead of an axe, therefore, I began making foot holes in the ice with it. The guide had now come up with us. He looked at the ice slope and the wide crevasse, and said, very seriously, 'It is dangerous, let us go round.' By this time I had, with the aid of my Alpenstock, climbed about half way up the slope. I had already come to the conclusion that it was much too steep to scale without an axe, and had determined to retrace my steps. So, when the guide had spoken, I carefully stretched back my right foot, feeling for the last hole I had made in the ice. My foot went past the place, and I felt that I was slipping. There was not the least projection that I could grasp. The slope became perpendicular, and I fell head foremost into the yawning crevasse below.

I heard a loud cry of despair from my fellow-traveller and the guide. My own sensations cannot be described, or even distinctly separated from the whirl and shock. I felt I was being bumped from side to side between the two walls of ice; that I was falling a great depth; that I was being hurled to utter destruction—a horrible death. Suddenly I felt that I was caught by something; that I hung suspended. I was able to take breath, and to call out for 'A rope? a rope?'

By the most extraordinary chance my fall had been arrested by a little ledge of ice which spanned the crevasse like a bridge. On this frail structure, not more than two inches wide at the top, and (as well as I could judge) about two feet deep, I had fallen, so that my head hung down on one side, my legs on the other. Instinctively and immediately, by means which I cannot at all recall, I raised myself from this dreadful position to a standing one on the ledge, in which there was a little niche sufficiently wide to admit one foot. I was now so far collected that I could hear my fellow-traveller saying from above, 'We never hoped to hear your voice again. For God's sake, take heart. The guide is running to Montanvert for men and ropes, and will soon be back.'

'If he is not,' I answered, 'I shall never come up alive.' My position was an awful one. The little ledge was so narrow that I could not get both my feet upon it. I was, in fact, supporting myself on one leg, half leaning against one side of the crevasse and pressing my hand against the opposite side. It was perfectly smooth, and there was nothing to grasp. A stream of water poured over my shoulders, drenching me to the skin, and freezing me with its icy coldness. Overhead I could see the long narrow strip of blue sky, bounded by the mouth of the crevasse. There was a terribly stolid, unrelenting look in the intensely blue ice that surrounded me on all sides. The grim walls of the cre-

vasse looked as if they would unite to crush me rather than relinquish their victim. Numerous rills of water poured into the crevasse, but in the whole sixty yards of its length I could see no projection except the little ledge on which I had so miraculously chanced to fall.

I ventured to look down, only for an instant, into the fearful chasm in which I was suspended. At the depth to which I had fallen the crevasse was barely two feet wide, but downward it narrowed rapidly, and about two hundred feet below me the sides appeared to join. I believe that if I had fallen six inches on either side of the ledge, I must inevitably have been jammed in head downward, at a depth where no ropes that could have been brought there could possibly have reached me.

I had now been about twenty minutes standing in this perilous position, straining every nerve to prevent myself from giving way looking up at the blue sky above me and the clear ice on all sides, but seldom daring to cast a glance into the abyss below. Blood was trickling over me from a cut in my cheek, and I felt that my right leg, (fortunately the idle one,) was badly bruised. In the meanwhile, my left leg was becoming exceedingly painful from the strain upon it, and I was afraid of losing my balance if I tried to relieve myself by changing to the other. I felt that I was growing benumbed by the intense cold of the ice against which I was leaning, and of the stream of water from under which I durst not move.

I called to my fellow-traveller to know if any one were in sight. There was no answer. I called again. No human being seemed to be within hearing. A dizziness came over me, as the thought struck me, 'He has gone to look if any help is coming, and he cannot find his way back to the crevasse. There are hundreds of them. I am lost.'

Again I had to strain every nerve to keep myself from sinking; I almost gave up hope; I felt inclined to throw myself down and have the agony over. At that miserable time, I suddenly heard my friend shouting from above. He had gone to look if he could discern the guide; and, when he turned around to retrace his steps, had been thunder-struck to see the surface of the glacier intersected by innumerable crevasses, all so similar in appearance as to leave him no landmark by which to know my living grave. Thank Heaven! he had caught sight of a little knapsack left at the mouth of the crevasse by the guide. This had directed him back. I called to him to look at his watch—five minutes more were past. The cold was growing more intense. It is no figure of speech to say that I felt the blood freezing in my veins. I called to him again, to know if any one were in sight. It was thirty-five minutes since the guide had started, but not a soul was visible. It was most unlikely that he could be back so soon, for we ourselves had been three-quarters of an hour in coming thus far.

I felt that I could hold out but a very short time longer; and besides that, I did not know at what moment the little ledge, which was my only safety, might give way under my weight. I remembered that I had a large clasp-knife in my pocket, and I determined to try to rescue myself with its aid. I called to my fellow-traveller above that I was going to attempt it. He implored me not to try; but my situation was becoming so desperate, that I did try. I began by making a little hole in the ice as high up as I could reach, large enough to admit one hand. My next endeavor was to cut a foothold about two feet above the ledge. I succeeded in this, and found that by placing my foot in it holding fast by the place I had made for my hand, and, at the same time, pressing with my back against the opposite side of the crevasse with all my strength, I was able to raise myself and stand firmly in my new position. I again let myself down on the ledge, and commenced cutting another foothold, about two feet above the last. It seemed to me possible that in this manner I might escape from my icy prison; but, a single slip or a false step, and I knew that I must be precipitated down the crevasse.

I was working diligently at the second foothold, when I heard a joyful shout from above. 'They are in sight—three men with ropes—running as hard as they can!'

I steadied myself on my terribly narrow and slippery footing, in order to be able to seize and attach the rope when thrown to me. I saw the end of it dangling over my head. 'Merciful God! It will not reach me! It is too short!' 'We have got another rope,' was answered from above; and it was knotted on and lowered. I caught the end, and tied it firmly round my waist. Grasping the rope above, with both hands, I gave the word. The strain began, and I felt that I was safe. In another minute I was standing on the glacier. I had been fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had not lost consciousness for a single instant.

When I felt myself once more upon a firm footing, an all-prevailing sense of gratitude for the wonderful escape I had had came over me and made me faint, and I should have fallen if they had not held me up. This was soon over, and we prepared to start for Montanvert. Before leaving I took a last look at the mouth of the crevasse, which had so nearly been my sepulchre. I saw that it would have been utterly impossible to climb out, as I had been trying to do.

The mouth was so wide that, as I approached it I could have had no support from behind; and without such a support, not even a cat could have scaled the perpendicular wall.

Our guide was in a terrible state, and had run the whole way to Montanvert; but could find no rope fit for the purpose in the house. He was in despair, and was starting off to Chamouni, when two muleteers met him. Their mules were laden with wood fastened on with ropes; he begged hard for those ropes, telling them that a young Englishman was being frozen to death in a crevasse. They threw the wood from the backs of the mules, and came to my assistance with the guide, bringing the ropes with them. Knotted together (it seemed there were three in all,) they made up a length—about sixty feet—enough to reach me.

With the assistance of my deliverers, I was able to walk slowly back to Montanvert, where I was immediately put in a comfortable bed, where the injuries I had received (which were insignificant considering the depth I had fallen) were carefully dressed. I dreamed, with unspeakable dread, of what had happened, when lying in that bed, and I have dreamed of it in many beds since. I believe that nothing would induce me to go among ice and snow, without a long and a strong rope. I offer the caution to all other travellers in Switzerland, out of a great experience and a great escape.—*All the Year Round.*

## THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME, MONTREAL.

We give on the next page a view of the Catholic Cathedral of Notre-Dame, in the city of Montreal, without doubt the most splendid ecclesiastical edifice in all British America. Its style is species of Gothic. It is 255 feet 6 inches in depth from the front, and 134 feet 6 inches in width.

The flanks rise 60 feet above the terrace and there are six towers of which the three belonging to the main front are 221 feet high. It is faced with an excellent stone, and roofed with tin. On the roof has been formed a promenade, 76 feet by 20, elevated 120 feet, and commanding a most delightful view. The interior contains 1244 pews, equal to the accommodation of at least 10,000 persons. There are five public and three private entrances to the first floor, and four to the galleries; so disposed that this vast congregation can easily assemble and disperse in a very short time. The building comprises seven chapels, all visible from the front entrance, and nine spacious aisles. The high altar bears a resemblance to that of St. Peter's at Rome; the pulpit, to that of the celebrated Cathedral at Strasbourg.

The principal window is 64 feet in height, and 32 feet wide, and is filled with stained glass. The large bell of the Cathedral weighs 14 or 15 tons. There is also a chime of bells besides. The Cathedral was completed in 1829.

## MILAN CATHEDRAL.

We copy from Mr. Beecher's last letter in the *Independent* the following passages from his description of this wonderful structure:—

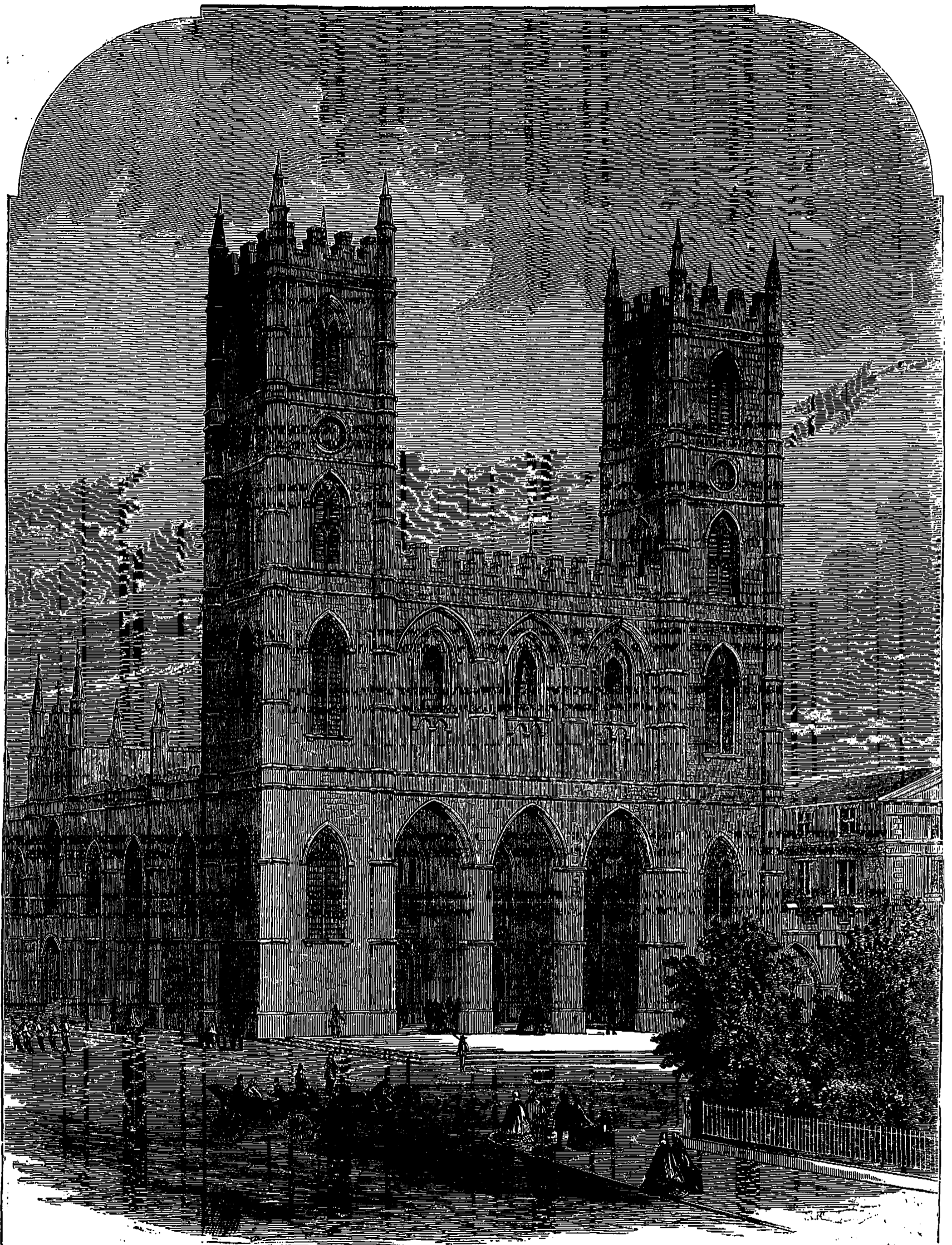
To Milan, then, we went, upon a day so hot that we were glad that it was Milan and not Rome. It was nearly ten at night when we entered it. The first thought the next morning was the Cathedral. It was but a few steps from the Hotel de Ville. Familiar with every external feature of it, from pictures, prints, and photographs, we drew near to it with some fear of disappointment. It stood examination, however, extremely well. Its exterior excites admiration, but not awe. The infinity of detail spoils it when you are near; but at a little distance, when the general flow of vertical lines can be felt, and the effect of the whole taken undisturbed by the particulars, it becomes more and more satisfying. The first tendency of your mind to charge it with ostentation and vanity of display is much corrected after you have climbed to its very top, walked over all its roof, and found how conscientiously every hidden part of this infinity of details is executed. There are some fifteen thousand flowers and scrolls upon the flying buttresses and other parts, and scarcely any two alike. There are some fifteen hundred bassi-relievi, and places for more than seven thousand statues, all but three thousand of which are filled. And yet, in places never to be seen at all from below, and only with extreme difficulty from the roof or tower, you shall find leaf, flower, feature, as minutely studied and as thoroughly executed as if it were a part of the great altar. It brought to mind the legend of the Greek. When an artist was laboriously finishing the back part of the hair of a statue that was to be placed far up on the point of the temple, some one said, 'Since no one will ever see the back side of this head, why do you finish it so carefully?' 'Because the gods will see it.' I never feel in the presence of Roman Catholic worship that they are doing it 'as unto the Lord'; but I do in the old architecture and painting. But after all, the Duomo of Milan is not the type of architecture that I should choose. It is regal, magnificent, gorgeous, but it is not sublime, and only by a process of reasoning does it become impressive.

The interior of the Milan Cathedral is most impressive. The lines of vast columns that rise up into the dim heights, the sense of immense space, fill the mind with all manner of fancies. It is something as if in a clear night one lies down and looks long up into the heavens. That comes nearer to an experience of being out of the body than anything else that I know of: and to say that a cathedral even reminds you of it, is to give it praise. I went every day, in the morning, to see the sunlight gush through the eastern painted windows, and every afternoon I returned to see the richer golden evening light stream through the western windows. As a life-long daily experience, I would not exchange this for the free outdoor sunlight, spread upward, in the morning, over the fields, with myriad echoes from every drop of dew. But, as an unusual experience, it deeply impressed me. I felt as if it were but the flood of light preceding some angelic band. I waited for sound and sight. I almost believed that I should hear some voice with messages out of the Great Infinite, announcing truths which, alas! shall never come to us till we go forth to them!

## BEST TIME TO CUT TIMBER.

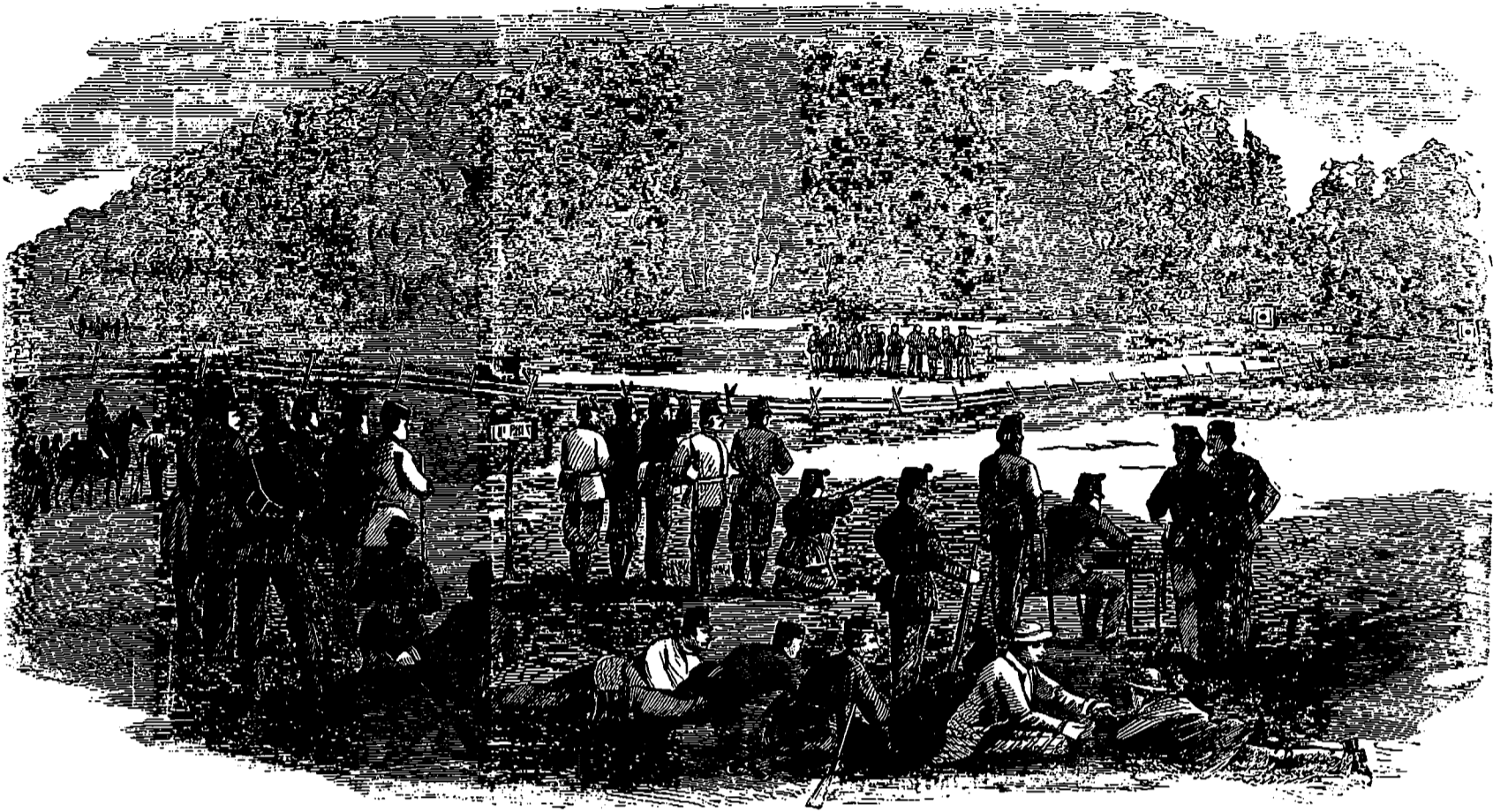
A writer in the *Scientific American* says:—I have found the months of August, September, and October, to be the three best in the year to cut hard wood timber. If cut in these months the timber is harder, more elastic and durable than if cut in winter months. I have, by weighing timber, found that of equal quality got out for joiners' tools, is much heavier when cut and got out in the above-named months than in the winter and spring months, and it is not so liable to crack. I have walnut timber on hand which has been cut from one to ten years—with the bark on—which was designed for axe-helves and ox-bows, and not a worm is to be found therein. It was cut between the first of August and the first of November. I have other pieces of the same timber cut in the winter months, not two years old, and they are entirely destroyed, being full of powder-post and grub-worms. Within the last ten or twelve years I have stated the result of my observation and experience of cutting timber in different seasons of the year, to many of my neighbors and others; and all who have made the trial are satisfied that the above statement is correct.

EMERSON says, that when a public man claims more consideration than his faculties entitle him to, he is a politician.

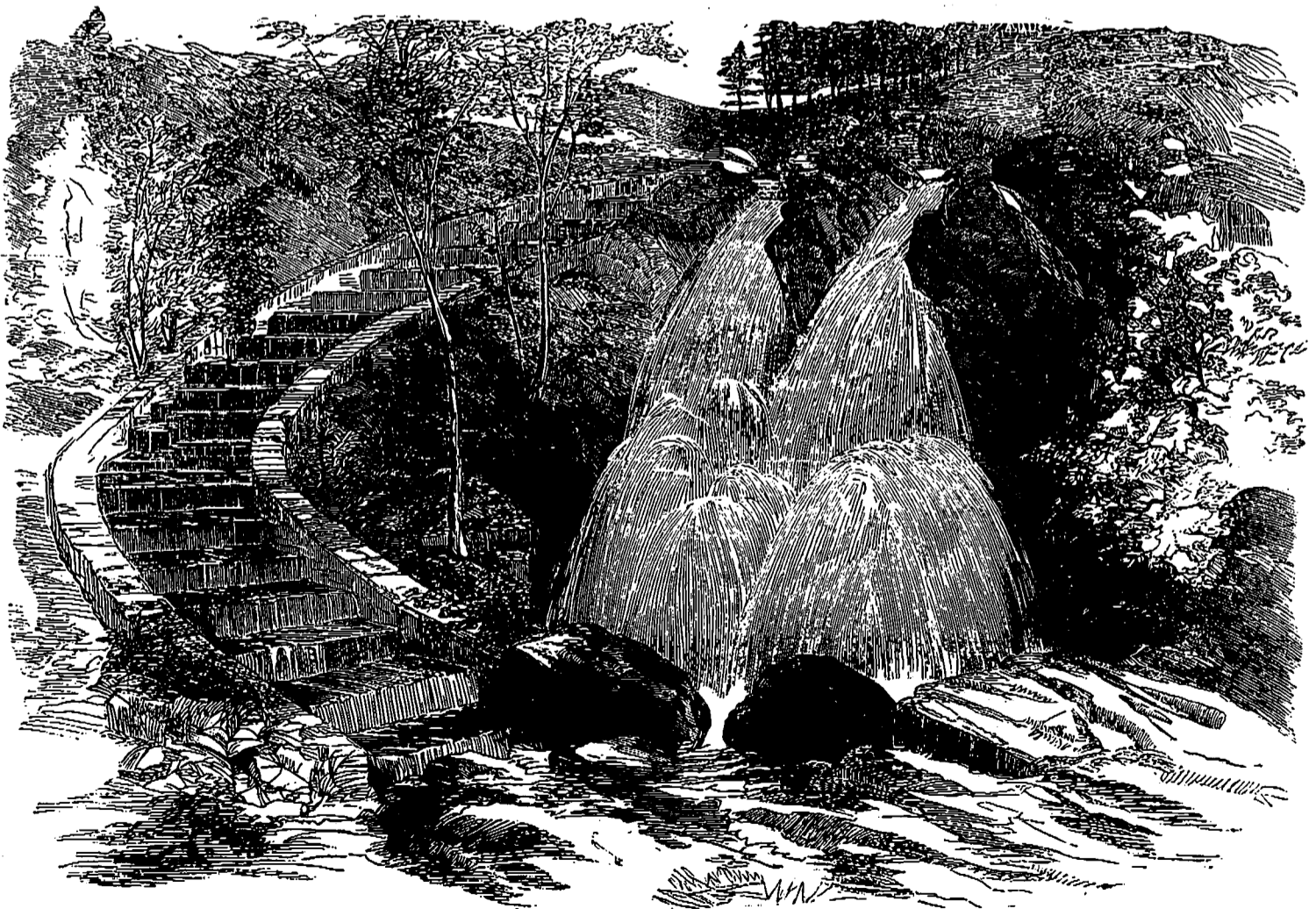


THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME, MONTREAL.—(SEE PAGE 287.)





SCENE AT THE HAMILTON RIFLE MATCH.--(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



VIEW OF A SALMON-LEAP, AQUATIC STEPS AND STAIRS FOR FISH.--(SEE PAGE 285.)

## THE RIFLE MATCH AT HAMILTON.

The match of the Rifle Association of the 7th Military District, U. C., came off last week, and occupied four days—from Tuesday the 13th to Friday the 11th, inclusive. The firing was conducted according to what is called the Wimbledon system. There were five targets, and one pool target, and six ranges, viz., of 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, and 800 yards. The match was attended by quite a number of the volunteer force, and also of the Rifle Brigade.

We give the result of the various contests as follows:—

## ASSOCIATION PRIZE

A Silver Cup, value \$40, or \$40 in money, at option of the winner. Second Prize, \$15. Third Prize, \$5. Class B. (range 300 yards,) open only to members of Volunteer Militia Corps, enrolled members of Drill Associations, and Soldiers of the Queen's service. Rifles of Government issue, actually in service; minimum pull of trigger, six pounds; five rounds, Government ammunition. Entrance 25 cents. One hundred and twenty-nine entries.

Corporal Francis and Private Weston, of the Rifle Brigade, and Private Harvey, of Co. No. 4, having made twelve points each, they were consequently compelled to shoot off for the prizes. The result was that Private Weston won the first prize, Corporal Francis the second, and Private Harvey the third.

The second day's proceedings commenced with the All Comers' Prize, which was left unfinished on Tuesday evening. The firing was very good, Mr. McLean of Toronto winning the prize. On the Rifle Derby Match there was a tie which excited much interest; the firing off was very exciting, bull's eyes being made by both at the start. The weather was delightful, and everything passed off in the most admirable order.

The All Comers' Match was for a Silver Vase, value \$100, or \$100 in money, at the option of the winner. Second Prize, a Cup, value \$40, or \$40 in money. Third Prize, \$10. Class B, (400 yards,) E, (600 yards,) and F, (800 yards,) open to all comers and rifles not contrary to regulations Nos. 11 and 14; three rounds at each range.—Entrance, \$1.

There were two ties, and the fortunate competitors fired off with the following result: Mr. McLean, Toronto, 1st prize; Sergeant Tubb, Rifle Brigade, 2nd prize; Mr. C. Murray, London, 3rd prize.

## HAMILTON MERCHANTS' PRIZE.

Silver vase, value \$200, or \$200 in money, at the option of the winner. Classes B, (300 yards,) and E, (600 yards,) open only to Volunteer Militia and enrolled members of Drill Associations; Enfield rifles of *bona fide* government issue, '577 bore; 3 rounds at each range. Entrance 50 cents. Sixty-two entries.

Sergeant George Wilson, Co. No. 1, 20th Battalion, took this prize, having made a score of 13.

## DRILL INSTRUCTORS' MATCH.

First prize, \$30; second prize, \$10. Open only to Non-Commissioned Officers, Drill Instructors of the Militia of the 7th Military District. Class C, (range, 400 yards,) rifles of government issue; 5 rounds. Entrance 25 cents.

Corporal Tuck won the first prize, and Color-Sergeant Givens the second.

## THE RIFLE DERBY.

Class D, (500 yards,) open to all comers and rifles not contrary to regulations 11 and 14—entrance, \$2 half forfeit. Subscribers not shooting to be allowed a nomination, if made before the commencement of the match. The second best shot to save his stake, 5 rounds. Ten per cent to be paid by the winner to the Association towards expenses. Fifteen entries. Private Thom, of Toronto, won the Rifle Derby. Lieutenant Shephard shot off a tie with Mr. McLean, and saved his stake.

## THE 'LADIES OF HAMILTON' PRIZE.

Silver Vase, value \$100, or \$100 in money, at the option of the winner. Class E, (range 400 yards,) open to Volunteer Militia and enrolled members of Drill Associations, and the officers and men of the regular troops of this garrison. Enfield rifles of *bona fide* government issue, '577 bore; minimum pull of trigger, 6 lbs; 5 rounds. Entrance, 50 cents.

For this prize no less than 163 competitors entered. Private Seymour, of the Rifle Brigade, and Private Rowe, 19th Battalion, each scored 18, and fired off, when the prize was won by the latter.

## THE VOLUNTEER CHALLENGE CUP.

Estimated value, \$100—Classes A, (200 yards,) C, (400 yards,) and E, (600 yards,) open only to Volunteer Militia, each Volunteer Company sending three marksmen; Enfield rifles of *bona fide* government issue, '577 bore; 3 rounds at each range—entrance \$10 from each Volunteer Company entering.

The following Companies competed for this prize: The Stewarttown Infantry; the St. Catharines No. 3; the Oakville Rifles; the Hamilton No. 6; the Hamilton No. 1; the Hamilton Field Battery; the Grimsby No. 10; the Hamilton No. 4; the 6th Company of the 20th Battalion, and the 1st Company of the 19th Battalion; ten Companies in all. The Oakville Rifles carried off the cup, beating No. 1 Company, of this city, by one point.

## THE PRESIDENT'S GOLD MEDAL.

Classes A, (200 yards,) and C, (400 yards,) open only to winners and second best shots of matches Nos. 2, 4, 6, and 7; Enfield rifles of *bona fide* Government issue, '577 bore; 5 rounds at each range—entrance, 25c. Six entries. This medal was one by Private Rowe, of the 19th Battalion.

There were two extra prizes, silver medals, given by Capt. Brown and Major Magill respectively.

## CAPT. A. BROWN'S SILVER MEDAL.

Open to all volunteers, second and third best shots.—

Range 400 yards. Seven entries. Won by sergeant Wilson, of St. Catharines.

## MAJOR MAGILL'S SILVER MEDAL.

Open only to volunteers, second and third best shots.—Six entries. This medal was won by Sergeant Davis, of this city.

There was also a competition each day for the following:

## POOL TARGET AND 'AUNT SALLY.'

Class A, (200 yards,) open to all comers during the match. All rifles not contrary to Regulations Nos. 11 and 14, 12½ per cent.—Bull's Eye, four in. square only counting; 10 per cent. to be deducted by the Association. Marksman hitting 'Aunt Sally' to pay extra 12½c forfeit.

The Pool to be divided, amongst competitors making Bull's Eyes, every evening.

There was ample accommodation in the way of refreshments on the ground, this part of the performance being attended to by Mr. Martin Murray, of the 'Young Canadian Restaurant.'

A grand gala day, with all the *eclat* and demonstration possible, is, we understand, expected on the occasion of the distribution of the prizes, which will be very shortly.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S REVENGE

A LATE Parisian newspaper tells the story of a wealthy Englishman, who may constantly be seen at the grand opera and the Italian opera, and who enjoys a great reputation, not only as being a connoisseur of music, but further, as being a great amateur of painting.—How the latter reputation was acquired you will presently see. He was, he is, one of those Bedouin Englishmen, who live alternately in all the European capitals, except when they are on an occasional jaunt to Egypt, or to China, or to India, or to the Holy Land. He never travelled alone; his wife was with him, his *bona fide* wife, for notwithstanding his errant life—so apt to weaken one's morals—he had all the English respect for the sex, and a true Englishman's love for his wife. She was a beautiful woman, one of those 'keepsake' beauties, that once seen, make a man dream forever. Her social success was very great in all the cities they visited.

In Rome, after some years' marriage, they became acquainted with a German artist, of a good deal of reputation, who, to his art joined the learning of a Benedictine, and knew the city of Rome as well as Winckelmann or Visconti. The German volunteered to be their cicerone in the Eternal City; they gladly accepted his offer. Many were the hours they passed with him in the museum of the capitol, in the Vatican, in St. Peter's and in the delightful excursions they made in the environs of Rome. The artist became in love with the English lady; she reciprocated his affection. The husband was a long while in seeing the stain upon his honor; several years had passed away before he perceived it, for he was very much pleased with the artist, and they had long been upon the most intimate footing. Although stung to the quick by such base falsehood and such gross violation of the laws of hospitality and friendship, he said nothing; he disliked scenes; he was nevertheless, determined upon a complete revenge, and he appealed to cooler reflections to furnish forth a suitable punishment.

The passions are bad counsellors. He left Italy and retired with his wife to England, saying nothing but *an revoir* to the artist.—When he reached England he told his wife of the painful discovery he had made, and he gave her back into her father's hands. He then returned to the continent alone, and visited Germany, Russia and France, where he purchased a great many paintings; he then went to Italy, meanwhile continuing to purchase painting, and at last—two years had now passed away since their last meeting—he called on the German painter, who still lived in Rome, and demanded satisfaction from him. His challenge was accepted, and the Englishman, according to the European custom—much better than ours—being the offended party, selected the weapons. He chose pistols. During the past two years he had practised daily for several hours, and his known address with the pistol had become an unerring certainty of shot. He sent the shot wherever he wished it to go. The parties went on the ground—they were placed at thirty paces apart, with the privilege of advancing ten steps before firing. The signal was then given. One! Two! Three! *Fire!* The word fire was scarcely out of the second's mouth when the Englishman fired without moving; his antagonist's pistol fell from his hand, and was discharged by the fall, the ball burying itself in the ground.—The Englishman's ball had shattered the artist's hand, and amputation was necessary; his career was ended—and forever.

A few days after the amputations the Englishman called upon him, and without noticing the angry reception he met, said to the suffering artist.

'If you think my vengeance is satisfied with your shattered hand and the wreck of your artist's career, you strangely underrate the agony of a deceived, dishonored husband. Though I have condemned you to a life of vain regrets, to a never ending series of impotent sighs, to a total oblivion by all amateurs and historians of art—'

'Oh, no, sir,' interrupted the artist, his face beaming with a ray of hope, 'the last you cannot do. My Madonna at St. Petersburg; my Luther, at Berlin; my Flight into Egypt, at Paris; my—'

The Englishman interrupted him in turn—

'Spare me,' said he, 'the names of your works, but look over this catalogue, and see if I have not the exact list of them all.'

'Yes, they are all there—even the painting I finished the day before the duel.'

So I was persuaded. All the paintings on this catalogue are my property; being my property, I do with them what I please; I please to burn them, ay, to burn every one of them, that your name may be effaced from the glorious roll of artists. In two hours from this time, your toil, your conceptions, your skill, will be as completely effaced from this world as the lines which the urelin traces in the sand are effaced by the rising tide; fire is as destructive as water.

In vain the poor artist begged for mercy; the wronged husband was insensible to his supplications; and in two hours the servant brought to the artist's room a large earthen vessel, commonly used to contain oil, filled with ashes—it was all that remained of his paintings.

JAPAN AND ITS PEOPLE.  
JAPANESE HOUSES, CUSTOMS, DIET, &c.

The following extracts from a private letter, dated Yokohama, June 14, from a medical naval officer now on service in the Japanese waters, to his friend's in Manchester, England, will be read with interest:

'The people at Yokohama do not appear so hostile as at Nagasaki, probably because there are here no Daimios. The trading classes are, indeed, everywhere for us, and some of the Daimios, but the majority of the Daimios are decidedly against us, and they hold all power in their hands. One thing is quite certain, if we wish to extend, or even preserve our trade with Japan, the power of the Daimios must be broken, and a war of a very bloody and expensive kind ensue sooner or later. No one of the fleet wishes war; the coolies and common classes are so civil and good that we should be sorry to fire a single shot at them, for they, and not the Daimios, would suffer. All we can possibly do is to bombard their towns, of which indeed, they are now so afraid that Jeddo is nearly deserted. We cannot march into the interior, or force Miakdo, without a large army. The Japanese fight desperately, and are in such respects totally unlike the Chinese, for whom they entertain a profound contempt.

'The Daimios, or Princes, some of whom, as Satsuma, are enormously rich and powerful, with their proud swaggering retainers, resemble much the old feudal barons of the middle ages. They resemble them further in having continual feuds amongst themselves, which are handed down from generation to generation. They are very cruel and exacting in their conduct to the lower classes. A day or two ago, before we entered Nagasaki, a Daimio was passing with his suite along the great road, when two little girls ran across in front of the procession. Now, this to a Japanese, is the greatest insult you could offer; but these children were too young to know it. They were immediately seized and decapitated, and their bodies left on the road with the Daimio's mark.

'A Japanese lady appears to spend all her talent on her hair. Her hair is black, glossy, thick and long, and is done up in a most imposing superstructure with the aid of cushions, false hair, combs and daggers, or cross bars of tortoise shell. I cannot describe it exactly, but there appears to be this plan: brushed back in two lateral and one central mass from the forehead, it meets with the back hair brushed straight up, and the consequence is a series of rolls intertwined with gold threads and silk stuff, and curiously fastened up with coral-headed pins, gilt-combs and tortoise shell bars. It really has a very pretty effect. The married ladies further adorn themselves by pulling out their eyebrows and blackening their teeth, though I believe the origin of this was with the husbands, who always free themselves, wished to make their wives unattractive to others. Any infidelity is punished by death; but before marriage women are perfectly free. Their faces, when they don't powder themselves, which they are very fond of doing, and painting their lips with red—are very pretty when you become a little accustomed to the genuine Mongolian type. Their figures are absolute perfection, and their hands and feet smaller and better shaped than any I ever saw in Europe. This is owing to their dress which is never tight; and to their never wearing boots, but only straw sandals, or a kind of patten in wet weather.

'The dress of men and women is almost the same. A long 'keemono,' descending the ankles in men, and to the ground with women, though tucked up any height in walking out, is like a night gown, open in the front right down, folded over the breast and secured at the waist by a girdle, the sleeves are very large, and hang down nearly to the knee. In addition, the women have a long piece of figured silk which they wind twice or thrice round the waist, and then hang up behind so as to drop a kind of rectangular festoon down to the back of the knees. Colors are generally sombre, and as well as the patterns, which are commonly checks, are regulated by the laws for the different classes. No cap is worn, but the coolie class generally bind round their head a piece of course stuff. The Yakuons wear a closer kind of keemono, and over this a kind of mantle, generally of gauze or crape, marked with the devices of the Daimio to whom they belong. They wear various shaped hats, and always carry two swords at the left side, one longer than the other, and both generally in admirable working order. You must always keep an eye on these two sworded men. If they draw, you must shoot them *sur le champ*, for there is a law, (originally doubtless with humane object,) that if they draw their sword they must use it, otherwise they are either decapitated, or commit harikari, that is slit up their bowels.

'The Japanese eat like the Chinese with chopsticks, and appear to live chiefly on rice and fish. With this simple diet, however, they have very robust frames, and though not tall or fine men, appear able to endure much fatigue. If you enter a house, they rise up and make a deep salaam, saying 'O-hoe-io,' and do the same when you leave, saying, 'Siy-Moripo,' (may you be happy.) They generally bring you something to sit on, in difference to your European customs, and present you with a cup of tea. The lady will then take a sweetmeat between her fingers, and you will be expected to open your mouth, swallow it, and look as if you liked it, and say 'a ring-a-too,' (thank you,) to which she will bow and say 'Do-it-ashi-masti,' (equivalent to 'there's no occasion.')

It was hinted pretty plainly, the other day, says the London *Court Journal*, that if the ladies persisted in rifle-shooting, a danger might arise to them which is the worst that can befall their charms, and that their breasts must be steeled against shocks and maladies much more severe than mortal man can bestow. We, nevertheless, hear that the ladies are persisting in rifle-shooting, and the fourth annual prize meeting of the Bristol volunteers, which terminated lately, was diversified by a ladies' match. A large number of ladies assembled in a field adjoining the rifle ground, and at a range of one hundred yards competed with Prussian needle rifles. The winners were Mrs. Giles and Miss Blanche Baker.

## SELECTED POETRY.

## THE POET'S EVENING WALK.

(From the German of Uhland.)

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

WHEN thou walkest forth at eventide,  
The time for poet rapture tender,  
Gaze there where in its crimson pride,  
Gleams bright the sunken sun's far splendor.  
Aloft, at ease, thy soul will rise;  
The temple hells will greet thy vision,  
Where hollowness disclosed lies,  
And float and hover forms Elysian.

But when that sanctuary now  
The dusky clouds roll round and under,  
The spell is o'er and then wilt thou  
Return made happy by the wonder.  
Thou wilt depart in softened mood,  
For thou Song's benediction hearest;  
Round thee will shine the light thou hast viewed,  
On whatso gloomy ways thou farest.

[New York Home Journal.]

## THE WEIGHT OF A TEAR.

A pair of scales before him, a rich man sat and weighed  
A piece of gold—a widow's all, and unto her he said:  
"Your coin is not the proper weight, so take it back again,  
Or sell it me for half its worth; it lacks a single grain."  
With tearful eyes, the widow said, "Oh! weigh it, sir, once more;  
I pray you be not so exact, nor drive me from your door."  
"Why! soo yourself, it's under weight; your tears are no avail."  
The second time he tries it, it just bears down the scale;  
But little guessed that rich man, who held his gold so dear,  
That the extra weight which bore it down had been the widow's tear.

## WEEKLY NEWS SUMMARY.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Much inconvenience is felt, so the Victoria *Colonist* says, by reason of the Beef embargo now enforced by the United States authorities, on the Pacific coast. Jonathan has beef there to sell, and the Britishers offer the pure yellow metal in exchange, but Uncle Sam forbids the transaction, to the great annoyance of both parties. The *Colonist* speaks of the Sandwich Islands, and of the Mexican and Central American Pacific coast as eligible sources of supply of provisions, grain, meat, &c.

The House of Assembly was opened at Victoria, on Sept. 3rd, by Governor Douglass, with a speech in regular parliamentary fashion.

The strife is fierce now between the towns of Victoria, (on Vancouver Island,) and New Westminster, (on the Mainland,) for which is to take the lead and be the biggest city. Victoria has the start, and is the capital at present, but the people of New Westminster intend to do terrible things, and expect to come out ahead yet.

Two steamers arrived on September 5th at Victoria from New Westminster with a number of passengers and \$80,000 in treasure.

A gentleman made the trip from the Carriboo Country to Victoria in eight days, and a few hours. This is said to be the quickest trip yet made.

A saloon has been built at Camerontown, away up in the gold country, of a cost of \$40,000.

The Rev. Dr. Evans has finished his church in Camerontown. The Rev. Luchlan Taylor preached the opening sermon to a large and attentive congregation.

Mr. Cameron will leave Williams Creek this fall for Canada with more money than any three men that ever left Carriboo. It is said that he will take away from \$250,000 to \$300,000!

The last news from the mines is good. Mining operations are being prosecuted with improved facilities of capital, machinery, &c.

## UNITED STATES.

The destruction among Mississippi steamers by bands of guerrillas has been extraordinary of late, and great alarm is felt in consequence. The work of firing and destruction is easily and quickly done, and the guerrillas are all but impossible to catch. Much property and many lives of unarmed passengers, men, women, and children, have been already sacrificed. It is getting to be quite a serious affair.

The customs dues in New York for September were over seven millions.

The New York loan market is full of capital, but not of borrowers.

The indobtedness of the United States now amounts to twenty-one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars.

In the report of the State Board of Agriculture for Ohio, it is stated that the number of sheep killed by dogs in 1862 was 36,778, and during the same period 24,972 were injured, the total value of the canine destruction being \$136,347.

Miss Bishop, a charming young lady, daughter of the celebrated Madame Anna Bishop, has arrived from Europe. She has made the piano-forte her speciality, and has already achieved considerable success in London.

It is reported that the absence of Gen. Rosecrans from the battlefield of Chickamauga was attributable to the fact that he was, either previous to, or during the fight, seized with a fit of epilepsy. This will partially account for the defeat of the centre and one wing of the Federal army.

The Memphis *Journal* states that the injury to the cotton crop by the late frost was so severe that the yield in West Tennessee will not exceed one-fourth of what is usual. Add to this the fact that a very small breadth of land has been planted, and we deduce a very limited supply of cotton. It is probable that the blight that destroyed the young bolls in West Tennessee, has ruined the crops in North Carolina, Northern Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas.

The income paid the Government from the Pennsylvania oil wells reaches \$5,000,000 per year.

The Russian Admiral has accepted the invitation to visit Boston with his fleet.

Wisconsin has this year raised thirty millions of bushels of wheat. Ten millions of this is wanted for home consumption in the State; the remaining twenty millions is for exportation.

It is said that hardly one note per week is now protested in all the city banks of New York, collectively speaking.

Lately, the Provost Marshal of Cairo had a squad of gamblers on his hands as prisoners. He set them to work at cleaning the streets. This we should say, is not exactly the particular variety of the 'cleaning out' process, to which these gentry have been most accustomed.

The rebel papers admit that their loss in killed and wounded during the recent battle in Georgia amounts to 12,000.

The coal diggers in the vicinity of Wheeling, Va., are on a strike for seven dollars per day. They have been receiving four.

The Poughkeepsie Press says that a society of Mormons actually exists in that city, and it increases strongly almost every day.

Rosecrans' army at the battle of Chattanooga numbered 43,000, while that of the enemy must have been nearly 70,000 men.

The war candidates, Brugh for Governor of Ohio, and Curtin for Governor of Pennsylvania, have been returned by immense majorities. It is considered that the triumph of the Government, (as far as the Northern elections are concerned,) is complete, and that Lincoln will without difficulty get the "three hundred thousand more" he has asked for. Though not perhaps to be spoken of as defunct the Peace Party in the North is practically in a state of suspended animation.

"All quiet on the Potomac," is now the news from that quarter. The Virginia fall campaign is considered at an end; perhaps.

A private and informal banquet has already been given to the Russian Admiral and the officers of his fleet now in New York. In addition to this they were entertained at a formal municipal banquet at the Astor House on the 19th. And again, a grand civic ball, for which two thousand tickets are to be issued, will be given them on the 29th. Meantime, before the ball comes off, the Russian officers are to visit the Falls;

Loyal papers are now published in Vicksburg, Mississippi, Knoxville, Tennessee, Natchez, Mississippi, and Little Rock, Arkansas.

The first National Bank, and the largest yet organized under the law of Congress, was opened at Cincinnati on the 14th inst.

The United States Commissary of Subsistence issues seven hundred and thirty-four rations daily to destitute citizens of Little Rock, Arkansas.

Northern Journals in opposition, or semi-opposition, to Lincoln's Government, make ironical complaints on the fact that Washington is at present 'safe'; at least as safe as it was a year ago.

The *Herald* is highly tickled with the idea that the *entente cordiale* between France and England is being broken up by the latter declining to follow the former in active measures of Polish and Pro-Southern interference. It says that Palmerston has out-witted Napoleon by allowing him to push forward with delusive hopes of being backed by England, and then suddenly refusing to advance, leaving France practically alone.

## EUROPEAN.

The past summer has been an extra hot one in Europe. At Vienna the thermometer was for three days together at 92 in the shade. Near London it marked as high as 93, and at Paris one day 92.

A Catholic Congress has been held in Belgium at which some 1,500 Roman ecclesiastics from various parts of Europe were present. Montalambert was the principal orator, and declared boldly in favor of liberty of conscience and toleration.

Mr. Chalmers, formerly of Montreal, has been employed by the British Government to superintend the construction of a target shield to test the value of his plan for land fortification. The shield will represent a thickness of 14 inches of iron. Mr. Chalmers is chiefly indebted for his success so far, to Sir Samuel Morton Peto, who furnished the Chalmers target at his own expense and risk.

(The following is by the steamers 'Hibernian,' and 'City of New York,' the latter of which arrived at New York at 2.30 P. M., on the 19th.)

The Rev. Mr. Beecher had been addressing a public meeting at Glasgow on the American war, which has called out the criticism of the London *Times*. He is to deliver addresses in Manchester and Liverpool, and at Exeter Hall in London, on which last occasion Mr. John Bright, M. P., is to take the chair. He is expected also to speak in Birmingham.

The Paris *Journal des Debats* seeks in vain for confirmation of the report that Stephens is going to Paris with offers of emancipation to secure recognition. It ridicules the idea of emancipation by the South and says the day on which it sees the Southern Confederation proclaim emancipation, it will consider it in a hopeless state. The Southern statesmen will never raise such a bitter cup to their lips till they feel they are utterly lost.

The Paris *Nicée* says that the Southern partisans are, as usual under the late Northern repulse, calling out for mediation and intervention, but it is quite useless their doing so.

The English Cabinet Councils were commencing earlier than usual. The first was called for the 13th.

Lord Lyndhurst was no better; the low fever showed no abatement.

The Paris *Patrie* repeats that Prince Czartoryski has, in the name of the Polish Government, demanded of France and England the recognition of the Poles as belligerents.

The *Pays* asserts that no such official demand has yet been made.

The London *Times* regards affairs between Germany and Denmark as extremely critical.

The heavy tendency on the London Exchange was increased by the apprehension of a complication from the resolution of the German Diet to invade Holstein.

It is reported that the French Government had advised Denmark not to consider the Federal execution in Holstein a *casus belli*.

The war in New Zealand is spreading.

England was startled by an earthquake early on the morning of the 6th. It was felt in all directions, but no damage was done.

The course adopted by Archduke Maximilian relative to Mexico disappoints London speculators on Mexican securities. A considerable decline has taken place.

It is reported that Spain is amongst the Powers resolved to recognize the new Mexican empire.

It is reported that Prince Czartoryski was taking formal steps on the part of the Polish National Government to secure recognition to the Poles as belligerents.

Great anxiety is shown for the sequel to the Chattanooga battles.

The Paris *Pays* says it knows nothing of the reported mission of Mr. Stephens to Paris; but at all events, the abolition of slavery must be indispensable to the condition of any recognition of the South by European Governments.

The Ionian Parliament had accepted annexation with Greece.

The King of the Greeks has arrived at London.

Princess Helena will be married to the Prince of Orange in the Spring.

The news by the *Africa* announces that Archduke Maximilian, in reply to the Mexican deputation, made his acceptance conditional on a national plebiscite and a material guarantee by the Great Powers.

The London *Globe* says, in view of the language of the American Government, Archduke Maximilian is quite justified in demanding a guarantee for the independence and integrity of Mexico.

*La France* says most of the powers have declared their intention of recognizing the new empire.

The *Times* thinks the European Powers will not give guarantees in the sense required as with Greece.

The directors of the Great Ship Company have taken formal proceedings in Bankruptcy to wind up the Company in order to stay various actions and ensure an equal distribution of assets.

At Warsaw great exasperation was being manifested by the inhabitants and disturbance was apprehended. Five fresh executions had taken place there. The commissariat department of Warsaw had been informed that 50,000 troops would shortly arrive in the kingdom of Poland and remain there during the winter months. Every little town would be garrisoned.

## LATEST COMMERCIAL ADVICES.

Cotton irregular, with a decline of 1/2 to 3/4.  
Breadstuffs steady.  
Wheat firmer. Provisions steady. Lard advancing.  
LONDON, Friday.—Consols closed at 92 1/2 to 93 for money. Ill. Central 17 to 19 discount; Erie 67 to 69.  
The Bank of France has advanced its rate of discount to 5 per cent.  
LIVERPOOL, Oct. 8.—Breadstuffs—The usual authorities report flour dull and unchanged, Corn quiet and easier, mixed 27s 3d to 27s 9d.  
Provisions—Beef firm, Pork quiet. Bacon firm. Lard buoyant. Petroleum quiet at 2s 3d to 2s 4d for refined.  
LONDON, Oct. 7.—Breadstuffs quiet but steady.

## CANADIAN.

Our provincial exchanges speak of a much greater quantity of fall wheat sown this season than for many years. That the fall wheat was on the average a much better crop this year than spring wheat, appears to be an ascertained fact.

The Chatham *Planet* says that on Saturday last, (Oct. 10,) two young ladies, Miss Theresa Miller and Miss Jane Miller, daughters of the late Dr. Miller, were drowned by the upsetting of a small boat in which they were attempting to cross the river Sydenham.

'It is a wise child that knows his own father, and a wiser father that knows his own child.' A dispute which occurred on Wednesday the 14th inst., at Dundas, shows that there are least two men who assume to possess this invaluable wisdom. A white man and white woman, named Johnson, arrived at Dundas from Brockport, in the State of New York, claiming as their child a mulatto boy then living with a colored man named Wilson. Upon the parties appearing before the Mayor and Mr. T. H. McKenzie, it was not denied that Mrs. Johnson was the mother of the boy, but both Johnson and Wilson each positively swore to being the father. The fact of the boy's being colored, seemed to supply presumptive evidence that the colored man's claim had a somewhat stronger foundation than that of the white man; but as it was admitted that Mrs. Johnson was the mother, the boy was handed over to her as his natural guardian, all admiring meanwhile the simple credulity of the unsuspecting husband.

There was an elopement from Ingersoll last week. The parties were a young gentleman, brother to a Jeweller in that town, and a young lady, said to be the reigning belle of the place. The parents of the young lady having signified their stern disapprobation of the proposed match between the young folks, the latter stole off quietly to London, not travelling together, however, and had the knot tied in a twinkling.

Two new oil wells, one a 'surface well,' belonging to Mr. Van Sickle of London, and the other a 'rock well,' belonging to Messrs. Jarvis and Farran, refiners at Oil Springs, are the latest discoveries in that locality.

The importation of sugar and tea into Montreal for the purpose of sale to New York dealers, is now an established and quite an extensive business.

## EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY LEAD PENCIL, ESQ.

There is one thing that amazes me. It has for a long time. And the longer I live, and the more I see of the practice to which I refer, the more irritable I get on that subject. And I think I am entirely justified in this irritation. For the sight of a man with a colored beard, or a head of hair that was grey, made black or semi-scarlet, produces a friction upon my senses which cannot fail to irritate me. As if any other color were better than the natural one! Do you suppose I would color my beard if it were the dirtiest yellow? No sir! But some people do. And the yellowness looks nasty—that is the word precisely! There is then no harmony between the complexion and the setting in which it is framed. I met a man just now on the street. A week ago he had a fine head of iron-grey hair—rich and beautiful to look upon. His beard, too, harmonized with his features, and gave a natural and dignified expression to his face. Now he has them a dirty, dingy, lustreless black. He looks ghastly! He looks diseased! Nature surrounded his face with an appropriate setting. He has distorted it by a most wicked act. If such men could just see how they look, as I see them, they would believe that all needed punishment for misdeeds, come to them in this life. They would hasten to hide their faces from their friends, and spare them the pain which they surely inflict on all people of good taste.

I have never yet seen a man nor woman, old or young, who was in any degree benefited in appearance by the foolish practice of coloring the hair, or wearing false colors for any purpose. I have seen more passably good-looking people made hideous by it, a great deal. It is an abominable practice and evidence of an abominable taste, this Pencil thinks.—*Rural New Yorker*.

The present income of the London charities is about £2,500,000, £1,600,000 of which is subscribed from year to year in voluntary contributions.



## A NEAR-SIGHTED OLD MAID.

I am near-sighted, and an old maid.

Almost any one would be willing to admit that one of these misfortunes, alone, was sufficient for any individual; but both vials of wrath were unstopped above my defenceless head.

I am near-sighted, and husbandless; and am—well, no matter how old. No woman gets so old as to lose all hope, they say, and I am inclined to believe it is true.

I have not been near-sighted always. In childhood, I am sure, I could see as far as any one who could see no farther. At the age of twelve years, I was prostrated with the measles, and they left me short-sighted.

You fortunate people who have good eyes, and can see to read signs across the street, and can recognize your friend without the necessity of crossing over to be sure it is the right one, know nothing of the perils and trials of a near-sighted person. Nothing at all! and no pen could picture them to you—were it ever so graphic.

All through my girlhood I was engaged in picking up pins and needles, which proved to be straws; bowing to people I had never seen before, upsetting invisible cans and baskets and hurrying by my best friends, never dreaming of their propinquity.

I shook hands with the Governor of the State once, under the impression that it was my uncle Jefferson; and astonished him beyond measure by inquiring how Aunt Polly's rheumatism was, and if she had good luck with her last boiling of soft soap.

I have searched half the day for some particular store, or shop, which I had passed twenty times without being able to read the sign.

Nature had endowed me with a good voice, and I was needed to sing in our choir—but goodness! I was so near-sighted that I could not see to read the music unless I held the book close to my eyes, and then the whole congregation would ignore the singing, and whisper loud enough for every one to hear—one to another—'How near-sighted Agnes Graymond is!'

I could not bear the notoriety, so I left the choir.

If I made an appointment anywhere, I was invariably an hour too late, as much too early, because, if it had been to have saved the city, I could not have told the time by the town clock.

I never dared to go out nights—not on account of ghosts, for I might have gone directly through a ghost without ever seeing it—because I was liable to dash my brains out against any lamp-post that happened to stand in the way.

My friends deserted me. I used to pass them blindly by, and once I ran away from my own father, thinking him a pickpocket.

I stumbled over poor old Mr. Blake, my mother's most revered minister, as I was coming down the stairs—never seeing him until I heard the noise of his fall.

Once I went into a strange church, and there being no sexton, I very gravely took my seat with the deacons, greatly to the scandal of the congregation. I was not to blame. The church was dark, and I certainly took the white head of the tallest deacon for a woman's white bonnet and veil.

At last I fell in love. Perhaps you wonder how I ever came near enough to any man to fall in love with him; this Thornwell Creighton was my music-teacher and I had to sit near him in order to see the notes you know.

Mr. Creighton was a lawyer in good practice; a man of wealth and influence. At the urgent solicitation of my father, he consented to give me instruction—and the result was just what might have been anticipated.

At the end of three weeks we were betrothed.

Mr. Creighton was handsome, and intelligent, and kind hearted, but he had one terrible fault. He was jealous!

I used to drive him nearly frantic by my attention to other men, as he called it, my lolling my head this way, and that, to find who I should speak to, and who I should ignore.

When we had been two months betrothed Mr. Creighton was called to New York on business. We had a very affecting parting; and after he was gone, time never dragged so slowly. He went away on Thursday, and would return the ensuing Wednesday.

Wednesday arrived at last. The train from New York was due at ten, A. M., and by the time the clock struck the hour, I was in the front room waiting for him. I had dressed myself with great care in his favorite colors—and was confident of making a good impression.

He came even before I expected him. I saw him coming up the street at a rapid pace—I opened the door and on the threshold ready to greet him. He ran up the steps—I rushed forward and threw myself into his arms, crying out:

'Oh! I am so rejoiced to see you!' and then I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him; Kissed him more than once, I am afraid.

He did not speak, but hugged me with considerable embarrassment. Just then there was a shriek from some one at the gate, and a woman rushed up the steps and commenced beating me over the head with a market basket containing a turkey, some potatoes, lettuces, and packages of tea and sugar. And about my devoted head they all fell in lavish profusion.

'I'll learn you to kiss other women's husbands in broad day light?' yelled the woman, slapping me in the face with the unfortunate turkey—'havin't you satisfied with one sweetheart, that you must be a seducing of my husband?'

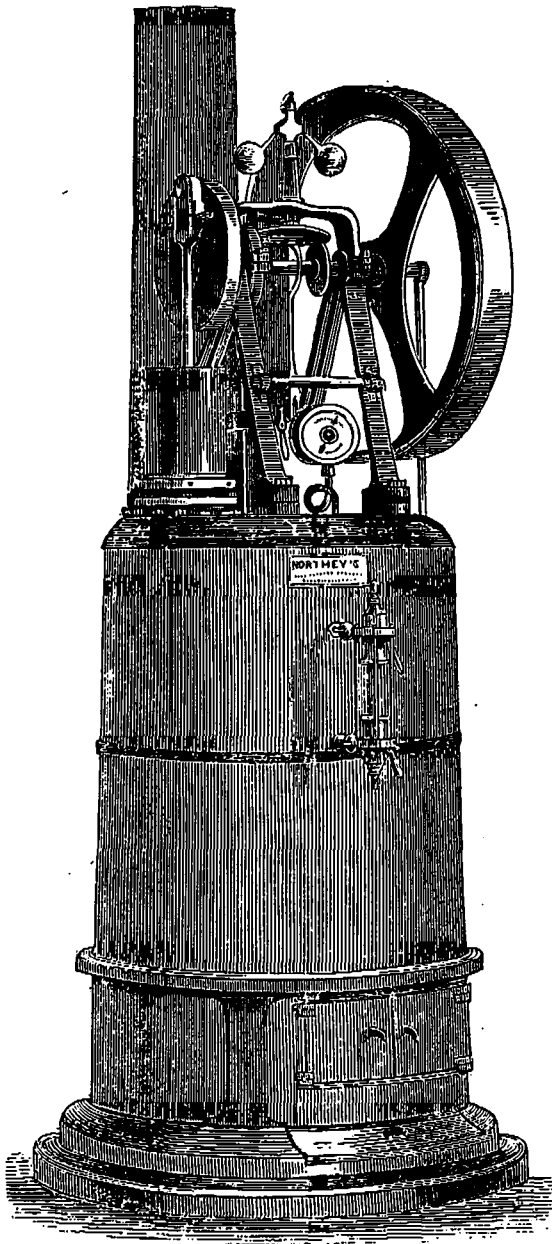
I looked up into the face of the gentleman I had been greeting, and goodness me! it was the face of an entire stranger! And at the same moment, I met the eyes of Mr. Creighton looking over the stranger's shoulder. He was black as a thunder-cloud!

'Agnes,' he said, 'I have seen all. wretched girl! Allow me to bid you farewell.'

'Thornwell!' I cried, 'oh, Thornwell! it was all a mistake! I did not know this man! I am innocent—I—' 'Agnes, I saw for myself,' he said, coldly. 'Good-bye.' He turned and left me. I apologized as well as I was

able to the strange gentleman, who proved to be the 'oil-man; apologized to his wife; went up to my chamber and had a good cry. I have never met Mr. Creighton since—save in company. He is married to an amiable woman, who is not near-sighted. Since then I have had offers but have thought best to decline, I was afraid of another mistake with some other woman's husband.

So I can end as I began—I am a near-sighted old maid.



NORTHEY'S PATENT HIGH-PRESSURE EXPANSION STEAM ENGINE.

SMALLEST SIZE—2½ HORSE POWER.

The annexed engraving represents a 2½ horse power engine, (smallest size made,) constructed and patented by Mr. Thomas Northey of this city. For compactness in space, economy in consumption of fuel, and general efficiency and convenience, it is allowed by those competent to judge, to be superior to anything of the kind before the public. The first thing to strike the eye in a survey of it is the unusually small space which the whole concern occupies, and next, its simplicity of construction. As an example of one part doing the work of two, we might mention the fly-wheel, which is made for a hand to run on, and is at the same time the driving wheel also, connecting the engine with the machinery it is to keep in motion. But the special merit, we believe, which the inventor claims for this engine is the arrangement by which the same body of steam which drives the piston down, is made to do duty again by driving it up. The steam is admitted but once, and makes but one exhaust in a revolution; instead of two, as in ordinary engines. The saving of steam, and consequently of fuel, thus effected, is sufficiently apparent.

A cast-iron water pan underneath the whole, protects the floor on which it may be set from the danger of fire.—The convenience with which the whole apparatus of engine and boiler can be shifted and set up almost anywhere, is one of its chief recommendations.

The principle and construction of this engine has been patented by the proprietor, both in Canada and in the United States. It had an extra prize and a diploma awarded it at the Provincial Exhibition at Toronto in 1862.

Mr. Northey manufactures also on the same principle larger engines, of 5, 8, and 10 horse power. For neatness of finish, and completeness of workmanship throughout, we are safe to say that his engines cannot be surpassed.

Although his shop may not vie with larger establishments in the quantity of work turned out, he may challenge the best of them as to quality. Mr. Northey's careful and complete fitting and finishing are known to all his customers. And the unaimously favorable opinion of those whom he has supplied with steam engines and other things in his line, is the best proof of his successful efforts to do them justice.

## GREEK FIRE.

The term 'Greek Fire,' as applied to the substance which the Federals are pouring into Charleston, is strictly a misnomer. The secret of the manufacture of the original Greek fire has been lost for nearly 950 years, and it is probable that it will not again be found, seeing that modern chemistry suggests agents quite as dangerous, and perhaps simpler than the original. As a matter of historic interest we may, nevertheless, spend a moment in considering the nature and qualities of the combustible which bore the name of Greek fire. The tradition has come down to us that this substance was composed of sulphur, naphtha, pitch, gum, and bitumen, or, according to the recipe of Anne Commena, of sulphur, resin, and oil. It does not appear that the compound was inclosed in anything like a shell; and as it is as clear that it was hurled from the catapult, we must infer that it left the hand of the engineer in the solid form. In its course through the air it took fire with a great noise, and presented a large nucleus with a train; falling on combustible matter, it set fire to it furiously, and some of the historians add that water did not extinguish the burning. It is said to have been used by the Turks with great effect against the French under St. Louis, at the siege of Damietta; but that by-and-by they learned a method of extinguishing it as it fell. Marcus Gracchus is the commonly acknowledged inventor of Greek fire, but its use was revived later by an engineer of Heliopolis, of the name of Callinicus. Callinicus, acting under the command of Constantine Pogonates, used this fire in a sea-fight against the Saracens, near Cyzicus, in the Hellespont, and destroyed all the ships of his enemy.

So much for ancient Greek fire; its modern representative, although intended for the same purposes, is different in character, more portable, more certain, more terrible. It is a fluid substance, is cheaply made, keeps for years, and is produced so quickly, that the ingredients of which it is composed may be put together at the moment when the compound is required. In using the liquid, it has to be inclosed in a shell, which shall burst at a given point of destination, and allow the fluid to be distributed.

The construction of modern liquid fire is based on simple scientific principles, and more methods than one may be discovered for producing it. I think—and I know its inventor, to whom I shall refer in a moment, thinks so too—that it might be so formed that it would actually burn under water. But, however much it might be modified in detail, the principle would be the same, and the principle is this: a rapidly oxidizable substance—which means a substance that, in combining greedily with oxygen whenever it can be got, gives rise to the evolution of heat and flame—if suspended for a time through a liquid, in which it is held innocuous, so long as the two are confined together, but from which it is separated spontaneously when both are free in the open air.

The modern chemist who first brought liquid fire into notice was Mr. Wentworth Scott. I have been told that the method suggested by the late Lord Dundonald was of the same nature; but, for special specific scientific reasons, this view is not probable. Mr. Scott suggested the principle about eleven years ago, and during the Russian war he was untiring in his efforts to get it practically into use in our army and navy. There is an official board which received Mr. Scott, heard his plans, promised him means for experiment, nibbled at his idea, and then repudiated it, and did many very foolish things which it is not worth while to rake up; suffice it, that after tantalizing Mr. Scott for a long season, and after supplying him with 'lots of forms,' our circumlocutionists became acquainted with another gentleman who proposed a liquid fire, but who, I believe, in the end, was gently dropped also—I mean Captain Disney.

At last; that which the British nation, or rather government, refused to study as a means of warfare, has been turned to practical account in America. Liquid fire has found its way into Charleston, and the question to be asked is, Will its application stop there? It is folly to rest content with the saying that the practice is barbarous. Barbarity pertains to the use of bayonets, and swords, and grenades, and all else; the points to be recognized are the facts—that the Americans are using this liquid fire; that they will soon find means of improving their first attempts; that the successful employment of one liquid will suggest others, and that suddenly we may be roused to the unpleasant consciousness that all our armaments, all our forces, all our ships, all our men, are at the mercy of a foe who has learned a new art in war, in which science has sapped courage, and in which brute force stands but second in the contest.

Let us have no mincing of a matter so essential to British interests as the application of liquid fire in warfare.—The worst cannot be spoken too early: if shells charged with liquid fire are to be used by America in a war with England, there is not a wooden ship in the whole of our marine service, royal or mercantile, that would ever be absolutely safe after a single shell, even from a rifle, had thrown this treacherous and terrible combustible on the sails, decks or quarters, while there is not a town or fortress within range of American cannon that might not be destroyed by fire from a few well-directed shots. It behoves us, therefore to be up and doing; we must learn either to 'meet fire with fire' and to 'threaten the threatener,' or we must acquire the gentler art of effectually neutralizing an agent of destruction which we may soon to employ as beneath our civilization.—*Dr. Richardson in the Social Science Review.*

## SELECTED POETRY.

## THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

Listen to the kitchen clock!  
To itself it ever talks,  
From its place it never walks;  
"Tick-tock—tick-tock."  
Tell me what it says.

"I'm a very patient clock,  
Never moved by hope or fear,  
Though I've stood for many a year;  
Tick-tock—tick-tock."  
That is what it says.

I'm a very truthful clock;  
People say, about the place,  
Truth is written on my face:  
Tick-tock—tick-tock."  
That is what it says.

"I'm a very active clock,  
For I go while you're asleep,  
Though you never take a peep;  
Tick-tock—tick-tock."  
That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock!  
Let us see what it will do  
When the pointer reaches two.  
"Ding-ding"—tick-tock."  
That is what it says.

## THE BRUSSELS CARPET.

## A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

It was the prettiest scene imaginable. A little parlor, gaily and prettily furnished,—snowy curtains, bright carpet, nice prints; young husband at one side of the fire reading newspaper; young wife at the other sewing on shirt-buttons; tea-things on the table, and the brightest of bright brass-kettles singing on the hob.

(Young wife speaks.)—"And so, Harry, you don't think my new carpet pretty, after all?"

"On the contrary, my love, I think it only too pretty."

"Too pretty! too pretty for what, Harry?"

"For us, my dear. Remember I am neither a lord nor a banker, but a man with an income to make."

"But if it only costs as much an ugly one, Harry?"

"Still, Lucy, it may do harm by leading to other things. For some time nothing was heard in the little parlor but the click of Lucy's needle as it flew through the linen, and the singing of the kettle on the hob."

Presently Harry looked up.

"My dear," he said, "I forgot to tell you I met Robinson coming from the city. He promised to look in this evening; if you have any little preparations to make, now is your time."

"At what hour do you expect him?" asked Lucy.

"About eight."

"In that case I shall just have time to make you a nice hot cake; and laying down her work good-humouredly, she tripped away to the kitchen."

When she was gone, Harry put away his paper and looked somewhat penitently at the new carpet.

"It certainly is very pretty," said he to himself; and I'm half-afraid I hurt Lucy by what I said. She's a dear good, thoughtful girl and worthy any man's confidence and love; but women are so easily led away to buy whatever strikes their fancy. They require our stronger judgment to guide them. Yes, I was right on the whole to give her that little lesson. And Harry returned with renewed self-satisfaction to his drowsy debate.

Eight o'clock strikes, and Lucy appears, preceded by a delicious odor of hot cake.

"There it is, Harry. Does it look nice?"

"Beautiful (like yourself) and if it only tastes half as well as it smells, we shall have Robinson dropping into tea every other evening for the rest of his life."

"Flatterer. But your friend has not come yet. What sort of a person is he? I hope he's not very fashionable."

Harry burst out laughing. "O, don't be afraid," said he; "he won't overpower you with his personal graces. He is long and lank; and his nose has a twist to one side, as if some one had tried, at some time or other, to wrench it off, and failed; but then he is the drollest fellow you ever saw in your life. Jones says he would make his fortune if he went on the stage."

"Was he not one of your party to Richmond the other day?" asked Lucy, as she arranged her bright tea-things and trimmed the lamp.

"Yes; and kept us in roars of laughter the whole day. He is a capital ventriloquist; and sent the waiters skipping about the house answering imaginary calls, until they thought the place was bewitched. Then at dinner, the fish asked what news from the river, and said it hadn't been there these five days; and the turkey grumbled about the stuffing. The melted-butter told us it was nothing but flour and water; and the ale revealed family secrets that would have made the landlady's hair stand on end if she had been there to hear. After dinner he went to stroll through the field; and he bet Jones a sovereign he would sail across the river in my silk umbrella."

"In your umbrella!" exclaimed Lucy! and did he win?"

"Of course he didn't my dear. He lost both his balance and his bet; for the moment he put his foot in the umbrella down it went and he went with it; and the bank was so slippery, he was half-drowned before we could drag him up again."

"Was he frightened?" said Lucy.

"Not he," returned Harry. "The first thing he did was to make a face at us, with the water dripping from his crooked nose, that set us all off laughing again like madmen."

"What a strange man!" said Lucy, with a slight shade of apprehension in her tone.

"But that wasn't all, said Harry in the full tide of his reminiscence. "We had to give him some hot brandy-and-water to keep him from catching cold; and on the way home he insisted on driving; and charmed, I suppose, by his suc-

cess in that attempt, wanted to get on the horse's back to imitate Fraconi in *The Wild Courser of the Desert*. Jones got frightened, and tried to pull him back. He manfully resisted; and both looked so ridiculous, I could do nothing but laugh. That was rather an unlucky prank though," continued Harry; "for the horse, not being accustomed, I suppose, to equestrian feats, ran away, burst from the harness, and smashed one of the shafts; and I had to pay two pounds fourteen shillings and tenpence for my share of the damage."

"And your silk umbrella," said Lucy,—did you lose that too?"

"Yes indeed—seventeen and sixpence more, by Jove!" said Harry, with a sudden cessation of his smiles. "I did not think the day's pleasure had cost me so much."

"Besides the dinner," said Lucy.

"Besides the dinner; twelve shillings more."

"Well, I declare," said Lucy laughing and clapping her hands, "that is the drollest thing I ever knew. Two pounds fourteen and tenpence, and twelve shillings, make three pounds six and tenpence, and seventeen and sixpence, exactly four pounds four shillings and fourpence."

"Well?"

"Just the price of my Brussels carpet, and fourpence over."

"He—em!" said Harry.

## MOTION AND MEANING IN A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

A MAN nearly deaf once stood in the outer limits of a large crowd, listening to a political speaker. Seeming to enter into the subject with enthusiasm, and cheer with his whole soul, a neighbor asked him if he could hear. "Not a word," said he, "but don't he do the motions splendid? I shall vote for him." He had no small ground for his conclusion, for honest frankness and every virtue has a language in gesture as well as voice. And 'guiltiness will speak, though tongues were out of use.'

These signs are natural, and utter themselves naturally whether we will or not. They often speak in direct opposition to the tongue, and frequently with more power. No one could misunderstand the significance of a tiger's gestures, getting ready for a spring. We notice in a moment whether a horse, dog, or bull is peaceably or ill disposed. So we often see through a villain when his words are fairest.

But it is not the general pose to which we design to allude. That will take care of itself. But there are certain movements of the hands that habit has laid on speakers which are either destitute of meaning, or are used regardless of meaning, often with a regular recurrence as a wind-mill's which only need mention to be avoided.

Nearly every motion has a significance of its own. But, used when an idea of different signification is verbally expressed, it distracts and weakens the force of words. As if Hail Columbia were put as an instrumental accompaniment to the pleading notes of an earnest petition, or one should tear his hair and garment and shed tears while telling a pleasant story. These are extreme illustrations, but they convey an idea of what many speakers practice in every other period of their discourse. The real difficulty may not be observed and understood by many, but the effect is no less produced. An indistinctness of impression, usually from opposing influences, robs the speaker of his designed effect. He says something of the freely-offered mercy of God, but his cramped, hollowed tone detracts from his idea, by giving an impression of a grudging bestowal. He gets earnest upon the blessings of charity and love, but his clenched tone is full of associations of smiting with the fist of wickedness.

It may be well to consider the significance of a few different gestures, not that this should be thought of in the order of delivery, more than the rules of grammar, but that they may be clearly defined for that preliminary practice that every one who magnifies his office is glad to perform.

The horizontal sweep of the arm, palm upward, belongs to descriptive narration, as,

Or'er all these wide-extended plains

Whereas, if the palm is turned down and outward, it signifies negation or repulsion, as, 'I repel the insinuation.' The arm brought vigorously down, its whole length, from the tip of the ear, with the palm open, toward the one or ones addressed, thumb extended, asserts, as if we delivered an opinion like a ball from our open palm directly at the audience. Brought half way down in the manner specified makes a direct appeal: 'I appeal to the learned counsel, to the honorable judge.' Thrown upward in the same manner, it has the force of sacred appeal. If the arm rises in its outward sweep, the thought is elevated and sublime. Directed obliquely backward, it has the associations of remoteness of time or place. The left arm is used with corresponding motions to reinforce the right, or alternately, to distinguish things opposite.

The open palm brought down delivers opinions; outstretched, still, it appeals, beseeches; held up, still palms opposite, they express awe, grief; they wave like banners in joy and triumph, they beckon a welcome; turned out, they reply; clasped together, they supplicate; clenched, separate, they defy, they wring out agony. Quintilian mentions more than twenty shades of emotion that are portrayed by the hands. Indeed, the whole art of eloquence is called 'chironomia,' or hand regulation. It is over the palm that the sympathetic nerve expands. Hence it portrays mental action most vividly.

But suppose one has got a habit of holding the fingers wide apart, the joints of opposite ones touching, or of using the hand edgewise, like a chopping-knife, or of churning his fist up and down before him, actions taken up because of a general idea of the necessity of some kind of hand action; then habit rather than sentiment will control his motions, and the result is that every motion is so much discount on his verbal expressions. One may utterly obscure the clearest expressions of thought by gestures oppositely suggestive. Declaim some impressive piece of oratory and let some one stand just behind making all sorts of incon-

gruous gestures. It is utterly impossible to fix in any mind the sentiment of the piece. If, instead of some one behind, the incongruous gestures are made by him who enunciates the words, the confusion is more inextricable.

Or, suppose the gesticulation to be correct in principle, but faulty in time, the effect is two different sets of emphasis—the organist one, and the singer another. This element of time was so perfected in Grecian oratory that one of excellent voice delivered the words and another of excellent action gave the appropriate gestures. The effect was as harmonious as that of organist and vocalist.

No general remarks concerning the amount of gesture need be made, for an ardent man may treble those of the phlegmatic and do no violence to good taste. And every word of some portions of a discourse may be flung off the fingers ends while other parts keep the hands quiet. It will be sufficient to say that the best speakers are apt to use but little action, and that appropriate. Garrick, who carried the language of action to the highest pitch, had less of action than almost any other man. Some men find it difficult to keep their arms still during their reading of the Scriptures and hymns. The first, second, and third essential of oratory is action, not in quantity but in quality. A continual flourish of gesticulation is as forceless as a perpetual storm of threats that never harden into blows.

Perhaps the defects of gesture are as attributable to architects as orators. The construction of pulpits has proceeded sometimes on the idea of the criminal's box at courts; seldom on the idea that effective speaking was to be delivered therefrom. Satan never struck upon a brighter idea than when he reduced pulpit effectiveness at least one half by pulpit architecture. There should be a platform large enough to put a man at ease, level enough to prevent downfalls, so clear of obstructions that one need not rap his knuckles nor overturn lamps. The seats should be chairs. It is not to be presumed that he needs a sofa to recline on. The desk should only answer its appropriate purpose, support the word of God, and not the additional purpose of hiding three-fourths of the man and an equal measure of his power.—*New York Christian Advocate*.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

PARISIAN NEEDLEWOMEN.—Mr. Sala remarks that in Paris, the metropolis of fashion, one never hears of milliners or dress-makers' girls being kept at work all night, or worked to death. The plying of the needle and thread in the work-room of a French modiste after eight o'clock at night would be considered monstrous.

MR. DICEY, a writer in the 'Victoria Magazine,' in an article on the American war, makes the following short work of the whole business:—"A nation overburdened with prosperity, intoxicated with success, demoralized by wealth, has learned how to die as well as how to live, and that lesson is surely worth the learning."

ECONOMY.—From 1849 to March 1863, both inclusive, Government has realized £9,397,837 from the sale of what are called 'old stores,' which must have cost the nation at least thrice as much—which are often good as new—not unfrequently unpacked, and not seldom sold again by the purchasers to Government at full prices.—*Financial Reformer, English paper*.

ACCOUNTS from India express apprehensions that the cholera is about to sweep over the stations of the upper provinces, as that fatal malady has shown itself simultaneously at several of the military posts. Although the cases are not numerous, it appears to be of such a virulent type that every one attacked by it has perished. The usual precaution has been taken of moving the troops from barracks and placing them under canvas at a distance from the great thoroughfares.

A New York journal compares the publisher of a newspaper to a farmer who should sell his wheat on credit, and no more than a single bushel to any one person; the payment of a year's subscription is of the same importance to a publisher as the payment for the bushel of wheat would be to the farmer. The harder the times, the more entire is our dependence on the payment of these small yearly subscriptions.

DISTANCES IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.—In our present juncture of affairs near Charleston, the following is of interest to the reader.—Fort Sumter is three miles and three-eighths from Charleston, one mile and one-eighth from Fort Moultrie, three-quarters of a mile to the nearest land, one mile and three-eighths to Fort Johnston, and two miles and five-eighths to Castle Pinckney. The last named fort is one mile from the town, and Fort Johnston is two miles and a quarter from the town. These distances are from surveys from the United States Coast Survey Department.—*American Paper*.

THE *Spectator* (London), alluding to the recent award of £3,000 damages to a young lady of eighteen for a breach of promise, says:—"A few more actions of this kind, and men will be compelled to propose, 'reserving all rights,' to word their letters as cautiously as despatches, to stipulate that all kisses shall be 'without prejudice,' and only venture to flirt under counsel's advice. Statists already complain of the superabundance of spinsters, but every victory of this kind ruins ten girls' chances of settlement."

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, from which Bragg endeavors to bombard Rosecrans, is 1800 feet higher than Chattanooga—three miles distant by waggon road, and less than two miles in a direct line. Missionary Ridge, where rebel despatches are dated is about 1000 feet high three miles from Chattanooga by road, and two miles by a straight line. Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge nearly encircle Chattanooga, which lies in a basin formed by the mountainous range about it. Bragg has an open railroad communication with Rome, forty miles, and Atlanta, 136 miles distant, whence he can bring up the heaviest siege guns cast at both these points. The Etowah shell works are six miles from Chattanooga, also connected therewith by railroad.

## THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

The following day, however, Mrs Castonel was worse; and, the day after that, her life was despaired of. Her own state of excitement contributed to the danger. She woke up that morning from a dose, and whether she had dreamt anything to terrify her was uncertain, but she started up in bed, her eyes glaring wildly. Mr. Castonel was then alone with her.

'Oh! Gervase, I am in danger.'

'My dear, no.' For of course it was his duty to soothe her. 'Calm yourself, Frances.'

'Oh,' she cried, clasping him in distress, 'can I be going to die? Must I indeed follow Ellen Leicester? I who have thought nothing of death! who deemed it so far off.'

'Be quiet, Frances, I insist upon it,' he angrily exclaimed.

'You will do yourself incalculable mischief.'

'What will my doom be? Gervase, do you remember my dream? What have I done that I should be cut off in the midst of my happiness? But not without warning. That dream was my warning, and I neglected it.'

'Frances—'

'Yet what had they done, Caroline and Ellen? Oh, Gervase, save me! what will you do without me? Save me, save me! Let not this terrible fate be mine.'

'Mr. Castonel strove to hold her still, but she shook awfully; and as to stopping her words, he might as well have tried to stem a torrent in its course.'

'The grave! the grave! the grave for me! I who have lived but in pleasure!'

'My dear Frances, what are you raving of? If you have lived in pleasure, it has been innocent pleasure.'

'Oh yes, innocent in itself. If I had but thought of God with it, and striven to please him; and I never did. There lay the sin: not in the pleasure. Oh, save me! Fetch Dr. Wilson. I must not die.'

They calmed her after awhile, and for a day or two her life hung upon a thread. Then she began to get slowly better. But there were anxious faces still, those around her bedside, her husband's, her mother's, good old Mrs. Muff's; for they remembered it was when they were apparently recovering, that the first and the second Mrs Castonels had died. A few more days, and Frances sat up in her dressing-room as gay as ever. All danger was really over, and Mrs Chavasse returned home.

'Gervase,' she said, taking her husband's hand, 'what a goose I was to frighten myself.'

'Ay, you were, Frances. But you would not listen to me then, when I told you so.'

'I may go into the drawing-room to-morrow, and see visitors, may I not?'

'To be sure you may.'

'Then ring the bell, please. I must send Hannah to order me a very pretty cap.'

It was Mrs Muff who answered it, not Hannah. Mr. Castonel left the room as she came in.

'I am to go into the drawing-room to-morrow,' said Mrs. Castonel. 'Do you know it?'

'Yes, ma'am. I heard Mr. Rice say you might.'

'And admit visitors?'

'I did not hear him say that, but I should think there's no reason against it,' replied the housekeeper.

'So I'll tell you what I want done,' added Mrs. Castonel.

'Hannah must go to the milliners and desire them to send me some sitting-up caps, to choose one from. If they have none ready they must make me one. Something simple and elegant. Shall I have it trimmed with white ribbons or pink?'

Mrs. Muff thought pink, as her mistress was just now so pale.

'Yes, pink; nothing suits my complexion like pink,' cried Frances, all her old vanity in full force. 'Send Hannah immediately. I am impatient to try it on.'

The cap came, but not till night, and Frances had a glass brought to her, and sat figuring before it, declaring she had never looked so well; if she were but a little older, she would take to caps for good. Mr. Castonel looked on and laughed at her.

'It is getting time for you to be in bed, Frances,' he said.

'You must not presume too much on your recovery.'

'I am not tired in the least,' she replied. 'I will not go till I have had my supper. I never felt better.'

'Do you know who they say is dying?' he resumed.

'No.'

'Mr. Leicester.'

'Mr. Leicester!'

'It is thought to be his last night. So, I hear, is the opinion of his friend and chum, Ailsa.'

Mrs. Castonel did not like the tone.

'Poor man, poor Mr. Leicester,' she sighed. 'Well, they have had their share of sorrow. How papa and mamma would have grieved for me: I have thought of it since my illness; and we are many of us, while Ellen was their only child. I wonder who will get the living. I hope it will be some nice social young parson.' Oh! Frances, worldly wise.

'I hope it will be anybody rather than Mr. Hurst,' said the surgeon, spitefully.

'What happy days we shall have together again, Gervase,' she went on. 'What should you have done, if I had died?'

'The best I could,' answered Mr. Castonel.

At that moment Mrs. Muff came in with the light supper of her mistress, and remained with her while she ate it, Mr. Castonel descending to his laboratory. As she was carrying down the waiter again, a ring came to the door-bell, and John rushed past to answer it.

'Mr. Castonel at home?'

'Safe and sound,' was the tiger's reply, for the applicant was a page in buttons, of his acquaintance.

'Then he must come as fast as he can pelt to missis. She is in a fit.'

'You are wanted at Mrs. Major Acre's directly, sir,' said John, hastily entering the laboratory. 'She is taken in a fit.'

Mr. Castonel had taken out one of the little drawers—to John's amazement. For the lad had always believed that drawer to be a sham drawer. There appeared to be a paper or two in it, and a phial. The latter the surgeon held in his hand, and in reply to the message he muttered something, which, to John's ears, sounded very like 'Curse it.'

'I never knew, sir, as that drawer opened. I—'

'Begone,' thundered Mr. Castonel, turning on his servant a look so full of evil, that the young man bounded back some yards.

'Am I to go any where?' he stammered, not understanding.

'Go out and find Mr. Rice,' raved his master. 'Send him to Mrs. Major Acre's.'

Scarcely had John departed, when there came a second messenger for Mr. Castonel. 'If he did not go at once Mrs. Major Acre would be dead.' Thus pressed, he took his hat and hurried out, after waiting a minute to put things straight in the laboratory. Mr. Rice, however, had arrived at Mrs. Major Acre's, so Mr. Castonel returned home.

On the next morning, Mrs. Leicester and Mrs. Ailsa stood around the rector's dying bed. He lay partially insensible: he had so lain ever since daylight. 'Do you not think Dr. Wilson late?' whispered Mrs. Leicester. 'It is half-past seven.'

'I expected him before this,' replied Mr. Ailsa. 'But, dear Mrs. Leicester, he can do no good.'

'I know it,' she answered through her tears.

At that moment there rang out the deep tones of the passing bell, denoting that an immortal soul had been called away. One of the chamber windows was open, to admit air, and the sound came booming in from the opposite church. It aroused the rector.

'Have my people mistaken the moment of my departure?' he murmured, or is it that one of my fellow-brethren is called with me?'

Mrs. Leicester leaned over him and gently spoke, her ear having noted the strokes more accurately than that of the dying man. 'It must be, I fear, for Mrs. Acre. It is for a woman.'

'I fancy not for Mrs. Acre,' observed Mr. Ailsa. 'Mr. Rice left her, last night, out of danger.'

It was striking out now, fast and loud. Mrs. Leicester noticed her husband's anxious eye. 'Who goes with me?' he panted—'who goes with me?' and, just then little Tuck stole into the room, with a whitened face.

'Who is the bell tolling for?' asked Mrs. Leicester.

'For Mrs. Castonel. She died in the night.'

With a sharp cry the rector struggled up in bed. What fear, what horror was it that distorted his countenance, as he grasped Mrs. Ailsa's arm and strove to speak. They never knew, for he fell back speechless.

'Oh, where can Dr. Wilson be?' sobbed Mrs. Leicester.

'Why is he not here?'

'He will not be long,' whispered Mr. Tuck. 'He was met outside the village, and taken to Mrs. Chavasse. The shock has brought on an attack of paralysis. Poor Castonel, Rice says, is in a lamentable state.'

'What did she die of?' marvelled Mr. Ailsa.

'What did the others die of?' retorted Mr. Tuck. 'Convulsions of some sort. Nobody knows. I never heard of such an unlucky man.'

He was interrupted by a movement from Mrs. Leicester. The minister's spirit had passed away.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

OF THE BERAL, AND THE CROWD, AND THE PUBLIC INDIGNATION.

It was the brightest day possible, and the sun shone on Ebury gaily and hotly. The two funerals had been fixed for the same day; but not intentionally. The bell had tolled from an early hour in the morning, out of respect to its regretted minister. Mr. Leicester's interment was fixed for ten o'clock, Mrs. Castonel's for eleven; consequently, no sooner had the clock struck nine, than stragglers began to move towards the churchyard, and soon they increased to parties, and soon to shoals. All Ebury went there, and more than Ebury. They talked to one another (as if seeking an excuse) of paying the last tribute of respect to their many-year's rector, but there was a more powerful inducement in their hearts—that of witnessing the funeral of Mr. Castonel's wife, and of staring at him.

All the well-dressed people, and all who possessed pews, entered the church, till it was crammed in every nook, scarcely leaving room for the coffin to pass up the aisle.—The mob held possession of the churchyard, and there was not an inch of land, no, nor of a grave, but what was alive with feet.

They saw it file out of the rectory and cross the road, a simple funeral, Mr. Hurst officiating. The coffin was borne by eight laborers, old parishioners, and the mourners followed with many friends, Squire Hardwick of the Hall and Mr. Ailsa walking next the relatives. And so the body was consigned to the ground, and the traces of the first funeral passed away.

But what was that compared with the show which followed? With its mutes and its feathers, and its black chariots and its hearse, and its mourning coaches, and its velvet trappings, and its pall-bearers, and its training scarfs and handbands, and its white handkerchiefs. The mutes alone, with their solemn faces and sticks of office, struck dumb the fry of infantry who had congregated amongst their elders.

'Look at him, look at him,' whispered the mob, as Mr. Castonel moved up the path by slow degrees after the body, the bandle and sexton clearing the way with difficulty.—'Don't he look white? His handkerchief, as he's a covering his face with, ain't whiter?'

'Enough to make him. He—'

'Hush-sh-sh! See who's a following of him! It's Mr. Chavasse. 'A sobbing like a child, for all he be such a great stout gentleman!'

'But Mr. Chavasse were still in foreign parts, and knowed nothing o' the death!'

'They sent him word, I heered. And he come over the sea in a carriage and six, to be in time for it, and got here at half-after nine this morning. How he's a crying!'

'And his eldest son a walking with him, and Master Arthur and the other behind, all a crying too. Poor things!'

'It seems but yesterday that Miss Chavasse come here in Lord Eastberry's carriage, like a queen. Who so proud as she, in her veils and her feathers?'

'Queens die as well as other folks. It's said Mrs. Chavasse won't be long after her. She have had a shocking seizure.'

'Well, it's a fearsome thing for the other two. And worse. For Miss Chavasse might have took warning by them, and not have had him.'

'I know what I know,' interrupted Dame Vaughan, who made one of the spectators. 'That I should like to clear up what it was as did cut 'em off.'

Murmurs were arising among the crowd. 'Ay, what was it? what took 'em?'

'What took that baby of Mary Shipley's, as was a lying safe and well on my knee two minutes afore it went into the agony?' persisted Dame Vaughan. 'I have not forgot that, if others has. The physic I give to it was supplied from Mr. Castonel's stock.'

'I heerd,' broke in a young girl, 'as this Mrs. Castonel died of convulsions.'

'So they all did, so they all did. The wretch! the mur—'

'Come, come, you women,' interrupted a man, 'this ain't law nor gospel. Keep civil tongues in your heads.'

But the cue had been given, the popular feeling arose, and hisses, groans, and ill words were poured upon Mr. Castonel. He could not look whiter or more impenetrable than he had done before, but he doubtless wished the bandle put to the torture for not forcing a passage quicker, that he might get inside the church. As soon as that object was attained, the bandle rushed back amongst the crowd, and used his tongue and his stick vigorously; and what with that, and his formidable cocked hat, he succeeded in enforcing silence.

So Frances, Mrs. Castonel, was laid in her grave, like unto the two fair flowers who had gone before her, and the procession returned in its course, and disappeared. And the mob disappeared in its wake, after winding up with three groans for Mr. Castonel.

Mr. Castonel had looked around at the crowd, before he got into his carriage to return home, and his glance had taken in, quick as it was, the many whose eyes glared at him so savagely. But there was one which he had not seen. Its owner had been pretty busy too. He had gone from one to another in the crowd before Mr. Castonel came, and with a hint here, and a fierce whisper every where, had excited the popular mind almost to madness. It was the mysterious stranger whom no one knew, and who always, when he came to town, staid at the 'Three Pigeons.'

## CHAPTER XXVII.

SUSPICION AND DISTRUST ENTER THE MIND OF A BEREAVED FATHER.

A gentleman who had attended the funeral of the rector made his way, as the mob dispersed, towards the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Chavasse, the parents of the ill-fated young lady just interred. It was Mr. Ailsa. He had been called in to Mrs. Chavasse; for the fearful shock of her daughter's death had brought on an attack of paralysis. The medical men had no fears for her life, but they knew she would remain a paralyzed cripple; that she had suddenly passed from a gay, middle-aged woman, to a miserable, decrepid old one.

As Mr. Ailsa was passing down the stairs from her chamber, a door was pushed open, his hand was grasped, and he was pulled into the darkened parlor. It was by Mr. Chavasse, who tried to speak, but failed, and, sitting down, sobbed like a child. It was the first time they had met for years; for, since Ailsa's return, Mr. Chavasse had been away in Scotland, examining into some agricultural improvements, with the Earl of Eastberry, to whom he was land-steward. The news of his daughter's death had brought him home.

'Oh, Ailsa, my dear friend, could you not have saved her?'

'I was not her attendant,' was Mr. Ailsa's reply. 'Mr. Rice and Dr. Wilson no doubt did all they could; not to speak of her husband.'

'Is it true that she was getting well?'

'I know nothing. I only reached here in time for the funeral, and my wife is not in a state to give me particulars, even if she knows them.'

'I hear that she was getting well. She had been ill, as you are probably aware, but had recovered so far as to be out of danger.'

'Entirely so?'

'As Mr. Rice tells me.'

'And then she was taken suddenly with convulsions.'

Mr. Ailsa nodded.

'And died. As the other wives died.'

Mr. Ailsa sat silent.

'Did you ever hear of three wives, the wives of one man, having been thus attacked? Did you ever hear of so strange a coincidence?'

'Not to my recollection.'

'And that when they were recovering, as they all were, that they should suddenly die of convulsions?'

Mr. Ailsa looked distressed.

'Do you know,' added Mr. Chavasse, lowering his voice, 'the thought crossed my mind this morning to stop the funeral. But somehow I shrank from the hubbub it would have caused; and my grief held such full hold upon me. I said to myself, if I do cause an enquiry, it will not bring my child back to life.'

'Very true,' murmured Mr. Ailsa.

'Had I arrived yesterday, perhaps I should have entered upon it. I am sure I should, had I been here when she died. Speak your thoughts, Ailsa, between ourselves; see you no cause for suspicion?'

'I do not like to answer your question,' replied Mr. Ailsa. 'Castonel is no personal friend of mine; I never spoke to him; but we professional men are not fond of encouraging reflections upon each other.'

'Have you heard of that business at Thomas Shipley's, about the child dying in the strange manner it did?'

'Mrs. Ailsa has heard the particulars from Mary; and Dame Vaughan seized hold of me the other day, and spoke of them.'

'Well, was not that a suspicious thing?'

'I think it was a very extraordinary one. But the medicine was made up, and sent, by Mr. Rice, not by Mr. Castonel.'

'The fact is this, Ailsa. Each event, each death, taken by itself, would give rise to no suspicion; but when you come to add them together, and look upon them collectively, it is then the mind is staggered. I wish,' added Mr. Chavasse, musingly, 'I knew the full particulars of my child's death; the details, as they took place.'

'You surely can learn them from Mr. Castonel.'

'Would he tell?'

'Yes. If he be an innocent man.'

'If! Do you know,' whispered Mr. Chavasse, 'that they groaned at and hissed him in the churchyard to-day, calling him poisoner?'

'No!'



AGRICULTURAL.

SUGGESTIONS AND NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

(From the American Agriculturist for October.)

The glory of the year is at its height.—There is a gorgeous display of color in the woods, which beautifully contrasts with the sombre hue of the cleared fields, though it is the hectic flush that betokens the completion of the decay which is already marring the landscape.

There is no operation upon the farm more fully justified than draining, in view of its immediate and permanent benefits. A thoroughly drained field, though not independent of the weather, is provided with a regulating apparatus that will enable it to successfully withstand extremes which would destroy crops on undrained land.

CHINESE SHEEP IN EUROPE.—Mr. Legable has presented to the Society of Acclimatization of Paris, three Chinese sheep, part of a flock he has had for several years, numbering at the present time more than three hundred.

THURLOW WEED AT BOSTON.—The Boston correspondent of the Springfield Republican, in his letter dated Oct. 6th, says: 'Thurlow Weed has been in town, and it was said was talking favorably of Banks as a candidate for the Presidency.'

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—A friend sends the following:—'Several years ago I was practising law in one of the many beautiful towns in Wisconsin. One very warm day, while seated in my office at work, I was interrupted by the entrance of a boy, the son of one of my clients, who had walked into town, six miles in a blazing sun, for the purpose of procuring a Bible.'

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solutions to Problem No. 1 received from G. G. St. Catharines, W. S. Toronto, and "Teacher," Queeston.

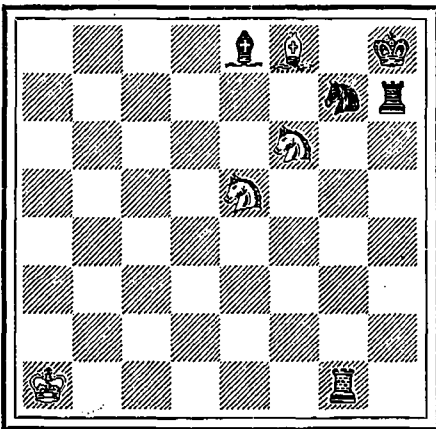
SOLUTION OF PRIZE PROBLEM.

- WHITE. 1. R to Q B sq. 2. Q to Q Kt 3. P Q or Kt mates. BLACK. 1. Kt to K 5, or A. 2. Anything. 1. B to K 4. 2. B interposes or a. 2. Kt takes R.

PROBLEM No. 2.

BY HERR ANDERSEN.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

The following game was played in the Grand Tournament of the American Chess Congress between Messrs Morphy and Paulsen:

IRREGULAR OPENING.

- White, (Mr. P.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. Kt to Q B 3, (a) 4. K B to Q Kt 5. 5. Castles. 6. K Kt takes P. 7. K Kt takes Kt. 8. K B to Q B 4. 9. K B to K 2. 10. Kt takes Kt. 11. B to K B 3. 12. P to Q B 3. 13. P to Q Kt 4. 14. P to Q R 4. 15. Q takes R P. 16. R to Q R 2. 17. Q to Q R 6 (c) 18. P takes Q. 19. R to R sq. 20. R to Q sq. 21. K to Kt sq. 22. K to K B sq. 23. K to Kt sq. 24. K to R sq. 25. Q to K B sq (d) 26. R takes B. 27. R to Q R sq. 28. P to Q 4. Black, (Mr. M.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to Q B 3. 3. Kt to K B 3. 4. K B to K B 4. 5. Castles. 6. R to K sq (b) 7. P takes Kt. 8. P to Q Kt 4. 9. Kt takes K P. 10. R takes Kt. 11. R to K 3. 12. Q to Q 6. 13. B to Q Kt 3. 14. P takes R P. 15. B to Q 2 (c) 16. Q R to K sq (d) 17. Q takes B (f) 18. K to K Kt 3 (ch) 19. Q B to K R 6. 20. B to K Kt 7 (ch) 21. Q B takes P (ch) 22. B to R 6 (ch) 23. K B takes K B P. 24. B takes Q. 25. R to K 7. 26. R to K R 3. 27. B to K 6.

And White resigns.

- (a) This seems to be a favorite opening with Mr. Paulsen. The move, though a safe one, is not likely to lead to interesting positions. (b) Better than Kt takes Kt, in which case White would advance P to Q 4th, regaining the piece with a better position. (c) R to K Kt's 3rd promises more than it would yield. (d) Threatening mate in two moves by Q takes R (ch) followed by R to K's 8. (e) Q to Q's sq. was the proper reply to Black's last move, preventing the threatened mate and capture of the Bishop. (f) The winning move, for play as White may, Black must now score the game. (g) The only move. Game between Messrs. Hamo and Falkbeer.

QUEEN'S KNIGHT'S OPENING.

- White (Mr. H.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to Q B 3. 3. B to Q B 4. 4. B takes Kt P. 5. B to Q B 4. 6. P to Q 3. 7. P takes P. 8. K B to Q Kt 5, (ch) 9. B takes B (ch) 10. P to K R 3, (a) 11. O to K 2. 12. Q Kt to Q sq. 13. P to Q B 3. 14. Q takes P. 15. Q to Q B 2. 16. K Kt to K 2. 17. K to B sq. 18. Q B to K 3. 19. P takes B. 20. R to K Kt 3. 21. Kt takes Kt. 22. P takes P. 23. K to Kt 2. 24. Q to Q 2. 25. K R to K Kt sq. 26. K to R 2. 27. K B to Kt 2. 28. Kt to K B 2. 29. Kt to K R 4. 30. Q B to K sq. 31. P takes Kt. Black (Mr. F.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. P to Q Kt 4. 4. B to Q B 3. 5. B to Q B 4. 6. P to Q 3. 7. P takes P. 8. B to Q 2. 9. Q Kt takes B. 10. Q to Q Kt 3. 11. Castles K R. 12. P to K 5, (b) 13. P takes Q P. 14. Q Kt to K 4. 15. Q to Q R 3 (c) 16. Q Kt to Q 6 (ch) 17. K Kt to K 5. 18. B takes B. 19. P to K B 4. 20. K Kt takes P (ch) (d) 21. P to K B 5. 22. R takes P (ch) 23. Q to K Kt 3. 24. Q Kt to Q 6 sq. 25. R K to K B 6. 26. Q to K 2. 27. K to K B 5. 28. Kt takes K. 29. Kt to K 6. 30. Kt takes Kt (ch) 31. P to Q 3.

And White surrenders.

(a) This was an error, seemingly irreparable, for White never afterwards appears to have had time to liberate his men. We believe he should have played K Kt to K R 3.

(b) Mr. Falkbeer has now a powerful attack, and he maintains it capitally.

(c) A fine move, admirably followed up.

(d) A very ingenious combination.

JOKER'S BUDGET.

AFFECTING INSTANCE OF REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—At a London police court, lately, a man was charged with stealing lead from an empty house. He admitted to the constable who apprehended him that he had taken the lead, and added, mournfully, 'It certainly is a very paltry act, for in my time I have broken into and robbed jewellers' shops. See what it is to be reduced.'

CURIOUS EVENT.—A diffident Hartford bachelor went to the sea shore, in August, to seek refuge from the loneliness of his celibacy, and one dark evening, enjoying the breeze on the piazza of his hotel, happened to take a seat that had just been vacated by the husband of a loving wife, with whom the happy man had been chatting. In a few moments the lady returned, and mistaking the stranger for her husband, lovingly encircled his neck and gave him an affectionate kiss, with the remark, 'Come, darling, is it not about time to retire?' He did not faint, but the shock was very severe.

ALWAYS WENT DOUBLE-CHARGED.—A good story is told of one George Snaffer who many years ago lived in Portsmouth. Once he had been to Newcastle, gunning, and was coming home with his game-bag empty, and weary, when he stopped at the toll-house for a moment's rest. Says he to the toll-keeper:

'There's a fine flock of ducks back here in the pond; what will you take and let me fire into them?'

'Can't do it,' replied the toll-man. 'I don't want to have my ducks killed.'

George put his gun in the toll-house and walked back to take another look at the ducks. When he was gone, the toll-man, who was a wag, drew the shot from the barrel, and then replaced the gun. George returned, and then renewed the question.

'Well,' said the toll-man, 'though you are a good shot, I don't believe you could hurt them much. Give me a dollar, and you may fire.'

The dollar was paid, and quite a party, who had gathered around, went back to witness George's discomfiture. He raised his gun, fired, and killed nine of them.

'The deuce!' cried the toll-man. 'I took the charge out of the gun.'

'Yes,' said George, 'I supposed you would. I always go double charged.'

'Oh, Jacob!' said a master to his apprentice boy, 'it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat.' 'Yes, master,' replied the boy. 'I have been practising ever since I was a child.'

Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out, 'Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?' 'Sir,' replied the knight of the napkin, 'we dine here at six.'

'Any news from America, John?' 'Na, there's nae news from America, nor no likely to be, Davit.' 'What do you mean by that?' 'Weel, John, the only great news from America would be the truth, and that wad be news, but we're no the least likely to get it.'

CURIOUS INCIDENT.—A curious incident occurred at Potsdam, at the time of the visit of the members of the Statistical Congress. Among the persons who were walking in the gardens of the Palace of Sans-Souci, was a Prussian officer, who entered into conversation with an English savant. The latter, after a time, could not avoid expressing his surprise at finding a Prussian officer speak English so well. The officer replied that there was nothing astonishing in that fact, as his wife and his mother-in-law were both English. 'Might I venture to enquire the name of your mother-in-law?' said the English savant. 'Queen Victoria!' replied the officer, who was the Crown Prince of Prussia.

It is said that shoemakers are exempt from military service in the Confederate army, even under the present wholesale conscription in Secession. This agrees with the anecdote we have heard of the Duke of Wellington, who on being asked what was the first requisite of a soldier, in actual service, said, 'A good pair of boots or shoes.' 'What is the second,' he was next asked. 'Another good pair of boots,' was the answer. 'And the third,' said the interrogator. 'A pair of soles in his knapsack,' said the Duke. It is doubtless an appreciation of the same fact which the Duke so strongly insisted upon, that causes the exemption of shoemakers from military service in the Confederacy.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 16TH OCT., 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries) and Amount (\$24,975 78, 40,330 72, 1,720 64).

Corresponding Week of last year..... \$67,027 14 1/2 59,768 67

Increase..... \$7,269 57 1/2

JAMES CHARLTON.

AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton, 17th Oct. 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 10TH, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount (\$21,144 34, 2,800 00, 51,061 05).

Total..... \$88,005 29

Corresponding week, 1862..... 84,439 02

Increase..... \$3,668 26

JOSEPH ELLIOTT.

MONTREAL, Oct. 10th, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

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

Large table listing various goods (Boof, Prime mess, Pork, Bacon, etc.) and their prices in Liverpool, Sept 26th, 1863.

PETROLEUM.

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

MIRRORS, CORNICES, PORTRAIT AND TURE FRAMES.

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

Old frames re-gilded and made equal to new. Mantle Mirrors 30 in. by 40 in. size of glass. French or British plate, richly gilt with best gold leaf, and carved wood ornaments, much superior to composition for \$30. Manufacturer, Lessor's Block, James Street. Show Rooms, James Street, between King and Main street, near Officers' Quarters. Manufacturers of the washable gilt moulding. Country orders punctually attended to. October, 1863. c22

SELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL.

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

N. B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1st, 1864. All pupils entering before that time will be charged the lower rates. Private lessons given if required, at 50cts per lesson. October 24, 1863. c22

NATIONAL HOTEL,

DRUMMONDVILLE, NIAGARA FALLS, C. W. ARTHUR L. ELLIS, - - - PROPRIETOR.

The above establishment has been lately renovated throughout, and is a very desirable Hotel for tourists, wishing to stay a few days at the Falls, being within five minutes walk thereof. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brands, always kept in the bar, and the larder furnished with the best the market affords.

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FERGUSON & GREGORY, 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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The celebrity of the Genuine Singer Machines, and the reputation which they have acquired over all others, for superiority, has led certain manufacturers of Sewing Machines, in Canada, to make a bogus imitation of the Singer No. 2 Machines, and which are palmed off upon the public for Singer Machines, but in value, when compared with the Genuine Singer Imperial, No. 2 Machines, stand in about the same position as bogus coin does to genuine gold. Look out for impostors, and dealers in bogus machines, who will not only tell you the bogus are quite equal to the Genuine, but superior, and that it is your duty to buy Home Manufacturers. But if you want a Machine that will prove truly reliable, and really worth what you pay for it, buy the Genuine Singer, and you will not be disappointed. The Genuine Singer, Letter A Machine is the best Machine made for family use. The Genuine Singer, Imperial No. 2, is the best Machine made for shoemaking, &c. The Genuine Singer, No. 2, is the best Machine made for tailoring. The Genuine Singer, No. 3, is the best Machine made for harness makers and carriage trimmors.

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

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October 22, 1863.

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