

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



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THE ALABAMA.

THE Alabama, under the command of the late captain of the Sumpter, has raised considerable excitement among the American people; a part of which has taken the form of a remonstrance to those whom it may concern, by the New York Chamber of Commerce. This document is chiefly notable from being couched in calm and uninsulting language, a rare merit with our hot blooded cousins, when the doings of John Bull are under review.

That the building of the Alabama, in a British port, was a violation of the Queen's proclamation, no man who understands the English language will deny,

but that it proves 'the insincerity of British neutrality' is quite another question.

The mercantile instinct is not in the habit of weighing remote consequences when its own profit stands in the way; it will pay but small heed to the fact that the constitution of the United States is the foundation of all the hopes of human progress, and that after its plan this universe has been constructed, if that much adored piece of sheepskin interferes with the profits of a good bargain. The patriotism which vegetates under 'the best government the world ever saw' may feel a thrill of indignation at this painful evidence of moral blindness, but the fact

is not therefore the less certain, nor need Americans go far from home to discover it. If their own newspapers are to be believed Federal officers and soldiers have been doing a 'thriving business' in supplying the Confederates, if not with war ships, at least with articles which they stood quite as much in need of. We have not heard that Mr. Morgan has refunded the seventy odd-thousand dollars which he obtained from Uncle Sam's war treasury, in no very patriotic or creditable way, nor that the government contractors have exhibited any unusual regard for the financial difficulties of the country; on the contrary, we know that the rebels have received assistance of far

greater importance than the Alabama can render them, even from the city of Washington. It may be true that every vessel running the blockade has carried the British flag; but it is equally true that New York and Boston merchants have largely participated in the profits of these hazardous enterprises, else these gentlemen are outrageously libelled in Canada. Are the United States, as a nation, responsible for these things? if not, how comes Great Britain to be responsible for the building of the Alabama? Surely no sane man will expect the British government to institute an inquisitorial surveillance over the private affairs of its manufacturers, in order to make



BURNING OF THE ROSSIN HOUSE, TORONTO, VIEW FROM YORK STREET. DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. (SEE PAGE 19.)

sure that there is nothing in their conduct that will give offence to what De Jocqueville calls the 'irritable patriotism' of the United States; surely there is too much suffering already in the country on account of this unhappy contest to expect its government voluntarily to inflict more; but even if these measures were resorted to, there are thousands of ways of rendering them powerless, as past experience proves, in cases where British vessels were concerned. For, it may interest American critics to know that, during one of the Caffre rebellions a vessel cleared the very same port which sent out the Alabama, laden with munitions of war for the Caffres, and was only prevented from carrying out her design, by being lost at sea.

To speak frankly, we have no admiration for the men who would fit out a piratical vessel to prey upon the commerce of a friendly nation, it has by no means the look of English fair play; but it is an utter disregard of all common sense to hold a nation responsible for an act attributable alone to individual cupidity.

TO OUR READERS.

THE day of promises is past. The day of performance begins. Our second number appears a week behind the time we announced for its appearance, which has been caused by the obstacles we have encountered in securing the services of first-class engravers. We have now placed this department on a satisfactory footing, and have made arrangements which will obviate any such delays in future, and will enable us to make a creditable appearance once a week before our readers. Many difficulties, incident only to an illustrated paper, yet beset us, but we trust to overcome them and redeem every promise made. We have met with a success which we believe to be unprecedented in the history of newspaperdom in Canada, and we shall do our best to deserve the flattering confidence reposed in us, and to merit that yet more extensive patronage to which we aspire, which we never doubt we shall attain, and which is absolutely necessary to place a paper like this in the position which it ought to occupy in a country like ours. To this end we ask the aid of persons everywhere who are friendly to the firm establishment in our midst of a paper which shall devote itself sedulously and exclusively to the illustration of Canadian scenery and Canadian history, past and present. We ask friendly editors to give us a notice; friendly readers to say a good word for us in season, and competent men to help us in our task by forwarding to us histories, descriptions, and photographs, not sketches, of localities. We shall be glad to receive photographs and short biographies of our public men, from those capable of assisting us in this way.

Our second number, now in the reader's hands, we think, will be readily admitted to be a most decided improvement upon number one. We give double the quantity of engraving, and of a higher order. We shall not relax our efforts, and we ask our friends everywhere not to relax theirs in our favor. We shall strive to keep our promises, and trust to meet with that public support which will enable us to more than redeem every pledge we have given. No number shall contain less than five engravings, and, when our circulation will warrant it, we shall increase the quantity and improve the quality of them. There is nothing of the finality faith about us, as our readers will find, and, when our circulation reaches a given point, we shall not only increase the number and quality of the engravings, but we shall also add another sheet to our paper.

To our numerous patrons we tender our warmest thanks for their hearty support. Let every one, who desires to see such a paper as this succeed, sub-

scribe for it, and we shall become a permanent and prominent institution in the land.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE *Canadian Illustrated News* circulates in all the large cities and towns of Canada, at all points on the line of the Grand Trunk, Great Western, and Buffalo & Lake Huron Railways. It has penetrated to Quebec in the East, and to Goderich and Windsor in the West. It lies alike on the newspaper table of the Legislative Council and the Mechanics' Institute, it is to be found in the palatial mansions of our city merchants, the modest dwellings of our artisans and laborers, the comfortable residences of our farmers, and in 'the settlers first home.' It is to be found all over the Province, and in the hands of all classes. Other papers may have a larger list of subscribers, but few can have so many readers, and none can be more widely diffused in the Province. It is not like other provincial papers, thrown aside when read, but is carefully preserved to be recurred to again and again, an advantage which advertisers, to whom we beg respectfully to recommend it, would do well to bear in mind.

A. S. IRVING, NEWS AGENT.

MANY of our readers in Hamilton will regret to learn that Mr. Irving, for four years past News Agent at the Great Western Railway Depot in this City, is about to leave us for a new sphere of labor. Mr. Irving is one of the most obliging of caterers for the reading public, and it was a pleasure to do business with him, but while we are sorry to lose him, we are glad to be able to congratulate him on the improved position he will occupy in the sister city of Toronto, where he has purchased the publishing business of Mr. George Faulkner, a few doors west of the *Globe* office, on King street. His stock of newspaper periodicals, new books, and old books that are also good books, will be found to be ample, and our Toronto readers and lovers of good literature will find him to be 'the right man in the right place.'—We bespeak for him a friendly welcome and a fair trial by Torontonians, and we are sure that his strict business habits, his untiring endeavors to oblige his customers, and that agreeable atmosphere of good will which he creates wherever he goes, will soon gain for him as many friends in his new home as he leaves behind him here, and will secure for him that success which no vendor of news and knowledge more merits, and which every one who knows him wishes for him.

Four years ago, when he took charge of the *Globe* delivery here, its circulation in the Great Western workshops was only nine copies. Now it is forty. Four years ago its total circulation in Hamilton, which, under Mr. Irving's energetic management, has now reached to five hundred and sixty copies, was only two hundred and twenty copies.

Mr. Irving is sole agent in Toronto for the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and will make arrangements with subscribers, advertisers, and others, to whom we beg most heartily to recommend him.

RETRENCHMENT.

THE McDonald-Sicotte administration are applying the pruning knife to the civil service expenses in quite a vigorous fashion, all the departments of government have come in for a share of its surgical operations.

This is a branch of the public burdens which is particularly apt to outgrow all reasonable limits. The impotency of politicians on behalf of needy relatives and those who have been useful to them at election times, together with the potent influence of patronage in conciliating opposition, are too often an overmatch for the purest intentions on the part of

ministers. Besides this, there has been in Canada, for many years, an almost incredible eagerness to obtain government appointments, every post to be filled, however insignificant, has had its hundreds of candidates, each of whose claims have been urged with untiring pertinacity, by friends whom it was not desirable to disappoint.

There is no wonder then that under these combined influences, the civil service expenses have gone on rapidly increasing, now that facts have been brought to light which prove that departmental reform is urgently required.

The present Ministry are placed in a very favourable position for effecting that reform. They are untrammelled by any previous action of their own, and will have the active support of public sentiment, which is at present in a humour, without distinction of party to applaud every judicious step in this direction. If, therefore, they have the requisite ability, courage and honesty, they have here an excellent opportunity of doing the country a service which the people will not readily forget.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

ENGLAND.—Large quantities of Cotton have arrived from India, which will greatly alleviate the distress which now prevails. It is thought that the unemployed operatives have seen the worst, and their future prospects are more cheering.

The political news are unimportant.

FRANCE.—It is reported that the discussions in the French Cabinet, regarding the Roman question were worse than ever, and it is stated that a majority of ministers felt disposed to resign, unless the Emperor should give Rome to the Italians.

GREECE.—It was stated that the Bavarian government intended to invoke the fulfilment of the treaty stipulations reserving the succession to the Bavarian dynasty. A powerful republican party wishes the establishment of a federal government, with the adjacent Turkish provinces of Esperas, Thessaly, and Macedonia. The Russian journals favor the latter scheme.

It is asserted that England and France have warned the Provisional Government not to raise a European question, and to respect the Ottoman territory.

SPAIN.—The Spanish Government has demanded the punishment of the American who violated the Spanish flag on the coast of Cuba.

The American Minister had an audience with the Queen of Spain, and assured her Majesty that the American Government did not authorize the acts of the Captain of the gunboat, "Montgomery."

ITALY.—A slight collision occurred between the Austrian and Italian troops on the frontiers of Austria and Italy, but quiet was soon restored.

The London *Times* has commenced the publication of special correspondence from Richmond.

A letter dated October 5th, in which the writer appears strongly imbued with the spirit of the secessionists, says they suffer terrible desolation, but their spirit of resistance is as high as ever.

At a crowded meeting of the Metropolitan Institution of London, resolutions expressing sympathy with the North were adopted.

LORD BROUGHAM, in a letter, expresses a strong hope that the government will refrain from interference, except in case of servile insurrection in the Southern States.

The Exhibition closed without any formal ceremonies. The attendance and total receipts both exceed the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Parliament had been further prorogued until the 13th January.

UNITED STATES.—From the other side there is the usual magnifying of small things—the always-about-to-do, but never done. It is, however, now positively asserted that the Army of the Potomac has commenced its onward march, and that there is to be no more retrograde movements. We will see. Warrenton has been evacuated, and the head quarters of General Burnside, for the present, is Catlett's Station. It is not at all probable that the march will be a rapid one. The season is too far advanced; rain and muddy roads will retard the progress of the army, though no other obstacles should present themselves.

MR. GLADSTONE has recently paid a visit to the North of England, and has been received by all classes with an enthusiasm rarely extended to royalty. The Newcastle papers had to increase the number of their pages in order to give a full account of his reception in that place and its vicinity. The Newcastle *Chronicle* contains an eloquent and elaborate description of the River procession on the Tyne, which must have been a scene of unrivalled grandeur, with its miles of gaily decorated barges and steamers, and its river banks lined with with eager and enthusiastic multitude. The prominent points touched on in the speeches of the Hon. gentleman were: The success of the French Commercial Treaty—The Italian and American questions. He expressed his firm belief in the ultimate success of the South, but did it in a spirit of kindness, which the orators of this continent would do well to imitate.

MR. COBDEN has been delivering an address to his constituency, at Rochdale. Referring to the American difficulties he declined making any prediction as to the probable duration of the war, but thought that any interference by England and France would only have the effect of prolonging it. He takes strong grounds against commercial blockades, and thinks no time should be lost in endeavoring to effect a change of international law on the subject.

The revolution in Greece is a complete success. The King and Queen have taken leave of their turbulent subjects, and a provisional government reigns in their stead. There appears to be no disposition among the Greeks to establish a Republic, but to elect a successor to their deposed King. Speculation is rife as to whom it shall be. The candidates spoken of are, Prince Alfred of England, the Duke of Leuchtenberg and the Count of Flanders.

HOME ITEMS.

MR. SHARP, Mechanical Superintendent of the Great Western Railway, has succeeded in applying Petroleum Oil to the signal lamps of his locomotives; considerable difficulty was experienced, owing to the light and highly volatile quality of the oil, but these have been successfully overcome, and a light produced much superior to the old one, at about one-fifth the cost.

THE indefatigable SIR WILLIAM LOGAN is endeavoring to secure the assistance of the British and Colonial Governments, in publishing a series of works, on the Flora of the British Colonies. Let us hope that the enterprising gentleman may not be compelled to abandon so desirable a scheme, for want of the means to carry it out.

ELORA has contributed one hundred barrels of flour to the Relief Fund; Salem one hundred, and the township of Pilkington sixty-five.

THE *Leader* says that the Imperial Government is willing to give \$250,000 towards opening up the route between Canada and the North-West.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION meets at Hamilton next week.

Gossip.

OUR POLITICS ABROAD.

IN an educational serial a year or two ago, some kindly genius published for the amusement of Canadian school children, our Geography abroad. Nothing so irresistibly comic had ever appeared in the country. No Canadian *Punch*, neither *Grumbler* nor *Poker*, nor smaller colonial hunchbacks had ever invented such refreshing comicalities as able English editors had seriously vended in lofty sentences, as solemn gospel, to intelligent English readers.

Lives there a kindred soul who will do for our politics what has been done for our geography. If heaven should send me such a man I have a fact or two at his service. When the Brown-Dorion ministry enjoyed the pleasures and profits of office for two whole days, an English paper announced that 'Mr. Macdonald the Attorney General—whose office in several colonies is equivalent to that of Prime Minister, had resigned and his colleagues with him. Mr. Brown has formed an administration in which we notice several French names; and rather than give up office, it is said, he intends to dissolve.' Here, in one sentence the writer informs his readers that to be Attorney General—without being precise enough to say whether it is the Attorney General West or East that is in question—is also to be premier, and in the very next sentence he announces the advent as premier of Mr. Brown, who selected for himself, as did Mr. Hincks in the Hincks—Morin Ministry of 1851—the portfolio of Inspector General. Then the observant scribe notices several French names in the list of Mr. Brown's colleagues, as if that were at all a noticeable matter in the composition of ministries in which two distinct nationalities have to be represented, and in which, if I may venture so to express such an anomaly, though there is nominally one premier, there are practically two—the Lower Canada Leader representing the French element, and the Upper Canada Leader representing the English speaking population. Finally these blunders wind up with a climax that implies that Mr. Brown held in his hands the vice-regal prerogative of dissolution.

A more recent instance of this political ignorance I find in the London, England, *Railway Times*, a journal, the motto of which is a wise sentence of Bacon's with a tautological addition by Bishop Hall. In its issue for October, 1861, in an article on the Grand Trunk of Canada, there is this sentence: 'It is also anticipated that the lately elected Parliament and the recently appointed Ministry would deal differently with any new bill that might be submitted to them.' This is delicious. *Punch* had nothing funnier that week, the editor of *Vanity Fair* may read it and despair, and Artemus Ward, has yet to make a 'goak' equal to it. Alas for the hopes that cluster round this lately elected Parliament which does not exist, the not lately elected Parliament never having been dissolved. The London *Times* not the least verdant on the subjects of our geography and politics, is the first to read us a moral lesson. These are the able editors, ignorant of our geography, oblivious of our past history and very ill-informed about our present history, who set up as our instructors in political economy, and bestow whole 'leaders' of advice upon us, on the expensive question of our defences. It is all very well, gentlemen of the English press, we are very much obliged to you for your advice, rather saucily tendered, but we prefer to follow after our own conceits, we think we know something about ourselves, we are sure we know a great deal more about ourselves than you know about us, and we feel quite competent to arrange

a tariff and decide the fate of a militia bill without your officious assistance.

INTENSELY LOCAL.

WHEN *Vanity Fair* first entered on its comic career an English critic, who condescended to notice the Yankee bantling, said some good things in its favor, but intimated that its hits were all local. The *Canadian Illustrated News* has just been dealt with after the same fashion, by another English critic who has done it the honor to notice its promising advent. Its engravings are pronounced 'intensely local.' I had thought differently, and that scarcely the slightest tinge of local attached to it. Sir Allan MacNab indeed, was a resident of Hamilton, but then he was M. L. C. for the Western Division, in the limits of which, it may be necessary to inform our friendly critic, Hamilton is not included. The 'settlers' first home' represents life in the backwoods, and nothing like it is to be seen in or around Hamilton. The 'Toronto University' is forty miles from our printing office, and the 'Rapids on the St. Lawrence' depicts scenery which we should have to travel four hundred miles to see. English critics evidently use the word 'local' in a sense in which we do not understand it here. Clearly they mean by it something intensely American or purely Canadian, as the case may be—something which is neither English nor European. In this sense, but in no other, can the *Canadian Illustrated News* be described as local. There is something refreshing in the magnificent egotisms of the dear old motherland, whose sturdy sons cannot conceive of anything more interesting to other people than the things which most interest themselves. The critics, with their cry of local, remind me, as my respected friend Abe Lincoln would say, of an anecdote related by Emerson: 'An English lady on the Rhine, hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed, 'No, we are not foreigners; we are English; it is you that are foreigners.'

In all this there is abundant proof of the truth of Emerson's famous sentence in 'English Traits.' 'I find,' says the sage American, 'I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stand firmest in his shoes.'

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that the engravings in this paper are not 'intensely local,' but that the critic is intensely English.

VOLUNTEERS.

The Dis-united States has too few of them, Canada might be none the worse off if she had a few more of them, but we are absolutely besieged by them. They have invaded us with their philosophy, overwhelmed us with their politics, and flooded us with their poetry. In the simplicity of our souls we believe the philosophy may be very profound, only we don't understand it, and heartily hope the writers don't. The prose we think prosaic, and the poetry we have no doubt may be admired and read when Shakespeare and a few inferior writers are forgotten, but not till then. This hit is not original we know, but our volunteers have monopolised all the originality, and have reduced us to the dire necessity of copying. Artists have fired off bundles of sketches at us, politicians have threatened us with their advice, and an article on their particular hobby, and aspirants after literary fame have inundated us with applications for 'corners' in which to set up little statues of their genius for the admiration of select little circles of friends. Unfortunately for these unfledged Miltons, Bacons and Juniuses, our space is limited and our purpose is simple and does not include in its requirements their invaluable services. The public would turn its back upon us, and rightly too, if we made our paper a receptacle into which any one could shovel his or her leisure scribbles and 'original' and highly 'newspaper-cor-

nerish poetry.' We have no place for 'original' poetry, except in our advertising columns. The genuine article we cannot afford to pay for, it is so high priced, and the inferior kind we can only insert if duly paid for. To many correspondents we make answer that we do not need an editor, nor a poet, of whose tribe we live in mortal terror, nor an artist. It may save trouble if we announce that all communications must be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and in ink that has not been watered.

'G. M.,' oppressed with wisdom and afflicted with the muses, sends 'The Pariahs of a people,' and 'a reflection.' He writes on both sides of the rather indifferent paper, in invisible ink, and in characters circumscribed like Milton's devils in high council met, and rivalling the minute beauties of the celebrated Bronte manuscript which Mrs. Gaskell has preserved for us in her history of these noble Yorkshire lasses. G. M. does not write absolute nonsense nor absolute jingle, but he makes a rather common mistake, and forgets, or perhaps does not know, that reflections which occupy his thoughtful mind and are all important to him, possess not the slightest attraction for the great public outside for whom we have undertaken to cater. A great man can command our attention, whatever theme he may select on which to descant, but a little man has no such royal influence. It is not enough for the latter to write well on a subject which possesses no interest for anybody. His theme must be one of the day, of immediate public interest, and his style must not be unsuited to those who have no time for philosophic studies, no aptitude for mysticism, and no capacity for reflections that have no practical tendency about them, that are aimless when they begin and pointless when they end.

A FOSSIL.

THE King of Prussia is a curiosity, a delightful old foggy, sufficiently antiquated to have lived before the flood and unfit to exist at any period less remote than the middle ages when despotic kings, and lordly chiefs, and lowly serfs made up the mass of human kind. When performing the farce of being crowned he delivered an ancient low comedy speech, about divine right, and the other day it entered his comic and antediluvian noddle to tax his people, not only without the consent of his parliament, but against its wishes. Thereupon various deputations addressed him and 'the ancient' made this reply, 'in ancient-wise':

'We are in a serious crisis, more serious than I could have expected. I wish to preserve the constitution intact to my people, but it is my indispensable mission and my firm will also to maintain intact the crown and its constitutional rights; but to do this a well organized army is requisite, and not a self-styled national army, which ought, as Prussia has not blushed to say, to stand behind the Parliament. I am firmly resolved not to sacrifice any more of my hereditary rights. You now know. You have heard my views of things.'

Poor soul! He is evidently a misfit and was undoubtedly made to order for antiquity and has been sent by mistake to the wrong address. They know! They have heard his view of things! The oracle has spoken! Let its behests be laid to heart and obeyed. But is there no help for this miserable creature? Is there no kindly revolution that will tenderly hand over this poor maniac to bedlam? 'Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O do de, do de, do de—bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity whom the foul fiend vexes.'

Is there nobody to take care of him?

WHAT 'THEY SAY.'

Charles Swain has sung of scandal:

'Nothing's too high, too low, too near, too far for scandal;
She speeds upon a moonbeam, and tells tales
Of fair Diana and Eudymion;
Cautious the stars 'gainst Jupiter's amours;

Something of Leda's swan and showers of gold;
Swears Saturn ate his children; nay, what's more,
That Venus is no credit to the skies,
And marvels how the heavens can harbour her.
To maidens lacking partners for the dance
She speaks of rival beauties of false teeth,
Dyed locks, and padded shapes, and cheeks of rose,
Blushes just born of vegetable rouge,
Flirtings, coquettings, jiltings, and intrigues;
And thus she laughs through life; for each she whips,
She's twenty laughers to enjoy the lash.
Leave but their own backs scoreless, half the world
Will laugh to see the other half exposed.
So scandal keeps her audience?'

What the poet sings of scandal is true sometimes of some kinds of gossip, and it may, therefore, be necessary to say, before I say anything more, that I am not responsible for all I say, and, as the Editor, very wisely, I think, disclaims all responsibility in connection with me, it is needless to say that there is about these articles a great deal of irresponsibility, which from its very novelty, ought to make said articles somewhat attractive to modern Athenians. I am not political; I am not theological; I am only a gossip, hearing many things in the streets, the highways, and byways, which I retail, confidentially, over my cups—tea-cups of course—to the select few who honor my table with their presence once a week. I am not responsible for what people tell me, and I only repeat over again what 'they say,' if there be in it nothing spiteful, or wicked, or wanton.

I am told that there are some utterly astounding political combinations in the womb of time, which, when they have birth, will surpass everything yet done by our clever politicians in the coalition line of business. Hon. J. A. MacDonald, when shaking hands with a Western sympathiser, some time ago, is reported to have said, 'Good by old boy, come and see me in Quebec next spring, and you will find me back in my old position.' And then 'they say,' John A. indulged in further talk about being joined by his 'friend George Brown,' and the 'influence of the *Globe*,' and the 'Inter-Colonial railroad swindle.' Thereupon a coalition of Mr. Brown and the *Globe*, with the Conservatives is predicted, and 'they say,' that the new and powerful party thus formed are to go in strong for Representation by Population, and to gnash their teeth at Grand Trunk fusion bills, and postal subsidies, and to set their faces against 'Inter-Colonial railroad swindles.' If what 'they say' has any truth in it, just imagine what a happy political family we shall have. Think of the erst 'wily premier' and the Hon. George Brown sitting on the same bench 'check-by-jowl,' and of the thunders of the *Globe* and the barks of M. Cartier being directed to the same object. Then think of the consternation of the Ministerial Clear Grits when they see their former chieftain leading on to certain victory the invincible battalions of the Opposition. Finally, picture in your mind's eye the Hon. George Etienne Cartier recanting his famous political faith in Gaspé codfish, and admitting that these sage creatures are no longer to be looked upon as redressing the political balance of power and being as worthy of representation as the unequally represented thousands of the West. When that day comes may I be there to see WHAT 'THEY SAY' OF THE ARCADIAN PREMIER.

I have come into possession of two anecdotes about the present premier of Arcadia, which, however little they may be interesting to Canadian politicians, deserve I think to be preserved for the benefit of posterity and the advancement of true religion and that political morality which is not taught in Shakespeare's plays. An hospitable and wealthy merchant prince and M. P. P. of that fairy land dined the premier and an Irish lord one day. On the right of the minister sat a builder whom the great man did not think it beneath him to endeavour to convert to the ministerial faith on the 'Big Bubble Railroad scheme.' Now the Arcadian offers, it is notoriously well known, at least in Arcadia, have been pretty well

cleaned out by the old ministry, and it would really seem as if there were nothing out of which the present ministry can make an honest penny, except it be out of this 'Big Bubble Railroad scheme,' upon the merits of which Arcadians are by no means agreed. The railroad itself, considered merely as a public work, which is a rather narrow and contracted view to take of it, and not as a ministerial mine, which is the largest and most comprehensive view to take of it, is not of much importance. It is to be built as a winter outlet to the sea to Arcadians, who have several other and handier outlets through friendly territory. It will not be needed in summer, when navigation is open; and, when it is wanted in winter it will be hopelessly blocked with snow, which has an inconvenient habit of falling to a great depth over the whole projected route. Says the premier to the builder: 'I saw some fine buildings of your erection in St. Kitts, as we came along to-day.' The man of mortar looked confusedly in several directions for Sunday, and modestly asserted that he was innocent of having done anything which he thought could be deemed worthy of such august attention and urbane remark; but the gracious and observant minister intimated that he kept his eyes skinned for native genius, and that the builder's architectural light could not be hid under a bushel. 'By the way,' he added, 'if the Big Bubble Railroad goes on there will be some fat contracts there.' Yet no reforming or non-reforming editor in Arcadia, where even the press is gentlemanly and never imputes motives, ever thinks of charging the good premier with corruption, or hinting that he has an eye to speculation, and his character is as spotless as that of a man who has never defiled his hands with politics.

I shall not say whether it was at this dinner, or at some other dinner, or at no dinner whatever, that he ventilated opinions in favor of the confessional, which are distinct additions to the arguments on that question, and are quite as remarkable in their way as anything Nathaniel Hawthorne has said on the same subject in his 'Marble Faun.' 'It is not a bad thing,' said the argumentative premier, 'for a man to make a clean breast of it once a year, and turn over a new leaf, and have a fresh start. Besides, at the great day there will be a good deal of business to be got through, and there will not be time to go into everybody's accounts, if they are very long ones.' And then, 'they say,' that he said something about the doom that would be denounced against the luckless wights who had long lives of unsquared accounts to be settled, which the propertics forbid me to say.

But these are tales of Arcadia, and that is what 'they say' of the Arcadian premier, with whom we have nothing to do in Canada, where we have no such premiers, and no Big Bubble Railroad schemes, where the premier is incorruptible, the ministry impeccable, the press vigilant, the public men pure, and the constituencies patriotic and unpurchaseable.

YOU'RE ANOTHER.

WE sometimes howl about our statesmen as if they were the worst under the sun, instead of being neither better nor worse than their neighbors, who, 'Artemus Ward' tells us, are 'all gifted and talented liars.' If Canadian politicians 'can turn, and turn, and yet go on, and turn again,' there is nothing singular in their genius for turning. It is the common gift of gifted politicians all over the world. It is shared alike by Palmerston and Russell, Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton, Louis Napoleon and Persigny, Lincoln and Seward, Cartier and Macdougall.

Earl Russell, once known to fame and Punch and the house of Commons, as Lord John Russell, furnishes an instance illustrative of this capacity for turning.

On August, 31, 1860, he addressed a dispatch to Sir James Hudson; the

English Minister at Turin, in which he denounces any attack upon 'the domains of the Emperor of Austria or the King of Naples,' describes Austria warring for her Italian provinces as 'fighting in a just cause to maintain her violated territory, and restore her military honour,' and threatens Count Cavour if he relies on help from France: 'But let not Count Cavour indulge in so pernicious a delusion. The great powers of Europe are bent on maintaining peace, and Great Britain has interests in the Adriatic which her Majesty's Government must watch with careful attention.'

On October 1, this year, to some Italians who had presented him with a statue and an address, in testimony of their gratefulness for what he had done for Italy, he made this reply:—

Gentlemen,—It is with feelings of deep gratitude that I accept your gift of a statue, the work of the excellent sculptor, Carlo

Romano, and representing 'La Convincione dell'Unita d'Italia.' It has always been my persuasion that *Italy herself was the fittest judge of the mode best adapted to secure her freedom, her happiness, and her independence.* The only merit I can claim in conjunction with my colleagues in the Government, is that of having *expressed openly, constantly, and successfully, the opinion that Italy should not be interfered with in the great task which, to the immortal glory of her sons, she undertook.*

Has any Canadian Minister carried the difficult, and delicate, and graceful, and interesting art of turning to such perfection as this? Yet we are always writing and speaking of the wondrous achievements of our portfolio holders in this ministerial art, as if they had no equals under the sun, and had no pegs amongst England's peers, not even Earl Russell of historic name of widespread fame and one of the foremost of the living statesmen of the little isle.



F. W. STONE, Esq.

MR. STONE.

F. W. STONE, Esq., President of the Provincial Agricultural Association for 1862, ranks foremost among the breeders and importers of stock in America, and has done much for Canada by introducing some of the best blood in England, and improving the breed of stock at very considerable pecuniary loss to himself, for it does not pay to import stock, as those acquainted with the business well know. Indeed, we are assured that some of Mr. Stone's imported stock would bring more money in England at the present time than he could ever hope to get for them here. 'Stock,' with him, however, is a passion, and it is gratifying to know that he can afford to indulge it. His beautiful farm of Moreton Lodge, situated one mile from Guelph, and comprising five hundred acres, is one of the finest in the country. The principal portion of his fine stock is kept here, and the buildings are very extensive and exceedingly well arranged. When finished they will be the best in the Province. His agricultural implements are of the highest order and are well worth inspection. 'In a year or two,' writes a valued correspondent, 'when the buildings are completed at Moreton Lodge, I think the *Canadian Illustrated News*, should give a view of the place, and send some one to inspect every thing about it. A detailed account would be interesting to agriculturists.' Mr. Stone has another farm of two hundred acres in the township of Puslineh, four miles from Guelph, where he keeps his celebrated 'Southdowns.' He has also a store in Guelph, and does a good business in the mercantile line, chiefly however, with the old settlers, by whom he is held in the highest esteem.

We are simply in the performance of our purpose, and the fulfilment of our pledges to our agricultural readers, in presenting them with a portrait of so distinguished a member of their order, and subjoining thereto a brief record of his life.

Frederick William Stone was born at Barton, Warwickshire, England, 17th September, 1814. He removed to Gloucestershire, when very young, and remained there until the period of his quitting England, 1st November, 1830. He came out to America with a gentleman named John Arkell, also from Gloucestershire, and arrived in New York, December 29th, 1830. In the May following he came to Canada with Mr. Arkell, who took up two thousand acres of land in the township of Puslineh, county of Wellington, C.W. Mr. Stone remained with him during that summer and fall, and then took a farm at the same settlement. In clearing his purchase, 107 acres in extent, he had his full share of all the dangers and difficulties that usually fall to the lot of the pioneers of the forest. For the first seven years the crops in this section were much injured by the frosts, and this had a very disheartening influence on the settlers. In December, 1835, Mr. Stone paid a visit to England, and his friends at home were very anxious for him to remain there, or try some other country where the road to fortune was not so rugged as the one he had just left; but their efforts proved unavailing, and he returned again in June, 1836, to his home and hard work in the wilds of Canada.

In 1841, having greatly improved his farm, he removed to Guelph, and commenced store-keeping, which he carried

on very successfully, devoting however, a considerable portion of his time to agriculture, and losing none of his old taste for it; and, thinking it would be a benefit to the neighbors, he determined to import some thorough-bred stock. He went to England in 1851, and again in 1853, and, while there, purchased five short-horn heifers, in calf, and a young bull, as also some Cotswold sheep, which were shipped by the 'Norman' of Boston, but after being at sea forty five days they were lost in a gale.

In the following year, 1854, he imported one cow, one heifer, a young bull and thirty-two Cotswold sheep, all of which arrived safe. In the spring of 1855 he imported four heifers. In September of the same year, two cows, seven heifers and eleven Cotswold sheep; and in July, 1856, a shorthorn cow, two very superior heifers, four Cotswold ewes, two sows and a boar of the small white breed. He visited England again in July, and purchased two cows, one heifer, one bull, thirty-two Southdown sheep, seven Cotswold rams, two Berkshire sows, and two young Berkshire boars, all of which came out in the October following. In November, 1854, he imported twenty-one Cotswold sheep. In 1850 he again went to England, and while there purchased sixty Cotswold ewes and seven rams. In addition to which he imported the same year eight Hereford cows and heifers and one bull. The Herefords, it is believed, are well adapted to this country. In 1861 he imported twenty Cotswold rams and two Southdown rams, purchased at Jonas Webb's sale, and twenty-five Leicester ewes and six rams, bred by Mr. Pawlett; also, one Hereford bull and three heifers, bred by the late Lord Berwick. His importation during the present year has been one Berkshire boar.

Mr. Stone has always taken an active part in promoting the interests of the Provincial Agricultural Association. In 1860 he was second Vice-President, first Vice-President for 1861, and President for 1862. Of late years he has taken the greatest amount of prizes at the annual Exhibitions of the Association, the last two years averaging about \$550 per year.

The stock from the herds and flocks of Moreton Lodge has been widely distributed throughout Canada; and in the following States of the neighbouring Republic, viz: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, and California; and at many of the State shows it has taken the sweep-stake prizes.

We may mention as an instance of the value of some of his fine stock, that a calf by Captain Guiter's sixth Duke of Oxford, and whose dam was imported in 1855, sold for \$650, when only a year old. This calf took the prize at Kingston.

Mr. Stone was married in 1842, and has a large and promising family. His two eldest boys are being educated at Rossall School, near Fleetwood, Lancashire, one of the best institutions in England.

It is less important to a young lady that her lover's diamonds should be of pure water than that his drink should be.

The difference between a fish and the husband of a vixen is, that one lives always in cold water and the other in hot.

If a lady has a thousand acres of valuable land, the young men are apt to conclude that they are sufficient grounds for attachment.

'I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush!' The fact is, husband, 'I was born to blush unseem.'

A woman's tears are generally more effective than her words. In such cases, wind is a less powerful element than water.

Joseph Miller mentions an Irishman who enlisted in the Seventy-fifth regiment so as to be near his brother who was in the Seventy-fourth.

Original Poetry.

THE BEECH NUT GATHERER.

BY POMELIA S. VINING.

All over the earth like a mantle,
Golden, and green, and gray,
Crimson, and scarlet, and yellow,
The Autumn foliage lay;—
The sun of the Indian Summer
Laughed at the bare old trees,
As they shook their leafless branches
In the soft autumnal breeze.

Gorgeous was every hill side,
And gorgeous every nook;
And the dry, old log was gorgeous,
Spanning the little brook,
Its holiday robes the forest
Had sudden cast to earth.
And, as yet, seemed scarce to miss them
In its plenitude of mirth.

I walked where the leaves the softest,
The brightest, and goldenest, lay;
And I thought of a forest hill-side,
And an Indian Summer day,
An eager, little child-face.
O'er the fallen leaves that bent,
As she gathered her cup of beech-nuts
With innocent content.

I thought of the small brown fingers,
Gleaning them one by one;
With the partridge drumming near her
In the forest bare and dun,
And the jet black squirrel, winking
His saucy jealous eye
At those tiny, pilfering fingers,
From his sly nook up on high.

Ah! barefooted little maiden!
With thy bonnetless, sun-burnt brow,
Thou gleam'st no more on the hill-side—
Where art thou gleaming now?
I knew by the lifted glances
Of thy dark, imperious eye,
That the tall trees bending o'er thee
Would not shelter thee by and by.

The cottage by the brook side,
With its mossy roof is gone,
The cattle have left the uplands,
The young lambs left the lawn,
Gone are thy blue-eyed sister,
And thy brother's laughing brow,
And the beech-nuts lie ungathered
On the lonely hill side now.

What have the returning seasons
Brought to thy heart since then,
In thy long and weary wanderings
In the paths of busy men?—
Has the Angel of grief or of gladness
Set his seal upon thy brow?
Maiden! joyous or tearful,
Where art thou gleaming now?

WOODSTOCK, C. W.

Gleanings.

FROM GAIL HAMILTON'S ESSAYS.

I love birds; I do not mind if it is nothing but a hawk or a crow, or a sooty little chimney-swallow. I even like chickens till they become hens and human. I cannot look with indifference upon turkeys standing out forlorn in the rain, too senseless to think of going in for shelter, and so taking it helplessly, with rounded backs, drooping heads, dripping feathers, and long, bare, red, miserable legs, quite too wretched to be ridiculous. I dote on goslings,—little, soft, yellow, downy, awkward things, waddling around with the utmost complacency, landing on their backs every third step, and kicking spasmodically till they are set right side up with care, when they resume their waddle and their self-complacency as if nothing in the world had happened. The only fault one can find with them is, that they will grow up; and goslings grown up are nothing but geese, with their *naïveté* degenerated into stupidity, their awkwardness crystallized into vulgarity, and their tempers unspeakably bad. But the little birds that sing to me from the apple-trees, and hop about on the sunny southern slope, are not of these. Purer blood runs through finer veins. Golden robins, a fiery flash of splendor, gleam in the long grass, and put the dandelions to shame. There are magnificent bluebirds, with their pale, unwinking, intensity of color; and homely little *rebreastrs*, which we all called robins when we were young, and invested with the sanctity of that sweet, ancestral pity which has given them a name in our memory and a place in our hearts, till somebody must needs flare up, and proclaim that they are nothing but thrushes! As if this world were in a general way such an Elysium that people can afford to make themselves unnecessarily disagreeable. If there is any one thing more than another that is an

unmitigated abomination and bore, it is those persons who are always setting you right; who find their delight in pricking your little silk balloons of illusion with their detestable pins of facts; who are always bringing their statistics to bear upon your enthusiasms; who go around with a yardstick and a quart-measure to give you the cubic contents of your rapture, demonstrating to a logical certainty that you need not have been rapt at all; proving by the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid that spirits disembodied cannot have any influence upon spirits embodied; setting up that there isn't any Maelstrom and never was—that the Aurora Borealis is a common cloud reflecting the sunlight, and turning the terrible ocean-waves that ran mountain-high when you were a child into pitiful horsepond shivers, never mounding above the tenns.—For my part, I don't believe a word of it. I believe the equatorial line cuts through Africa like a darning needle, that the Atlantic waves would drown the Himalayas if they could get at them, that eclipses are caused by the beast which Orion is hunting trying to gulp down the moon, and I should not wonder if the earth was supported on the back of a great turtle, which hypothesis has at least the advantage of explaining satisfactorily why it is that we all travel heavenward at such a snail's pace, and founts in a sympathetic and involuntary attraction the aldermanic weakness for turtle soup.

When one has been born and brought up in an innocent belief, one does not like to have it disturbed on slight grounds; and people who have an insane proclivity to propagandism would do well to go to heathendom, where they will find ample room and verge enough in overthrowing mischievous opinions. But no punishment is too severe for him who roots up a thrill, and plants in its place only a fact. Suppose it is a fact, what then? Facts are not necessarily truths. Facts are often local, incidental, deceptive. But a thrill is the quiver of the boundless, fathomless life that underlies humanity—a sign and a symbol of that infinite from which we sprang, and toward which, perforce, we tend. Come, then, my robin redbreast! Never shall my hand rise sacrilegious to wrest from you heraldic honors. Always shall you wear an aureole of that golden light that glimmers down the ages, the one bright spot in a dark and deathful wood. Always shall you sing to me angels' songs, of peace on earth, good-will to men.

So they hop through the May mornings' shade and sun, robins, and bluebirds, and dingy little sparrows as thick as blackberries, at once wild and tame, familiar yet shy, tripping, fluttering, snatching their tiny breakfasts, cocking their saucy heads as if listening to some far-off strain, then, moved by a sudden impulse, hopping along again in a fork lightning kind of way, and again coming to a capricious full stop and silence, with momentary interludes of short, quick, silvery jerks of head and tail. And, as they sit and sing—as I watch their ceaseless busyness, their social twittering, their energetic heart-whole melody, their sudden flights, their graceful sweeps, and agile darts—I recognize the Pauline title-deeds, and, having nothing, yet possessing all things, I say in deed and in truth, 'My birds.'

CAPT. MAYNE REID'S NEW NOVEL.

A word or two as to the new novelistic success of an old favourite of the juvenile and adult reading public—Captain Mayne Reid—will not be uninteresting to my readers. The title of Capt. Mayne Reid's new novel just issued by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, is 'The Maroon.' The title would lead one to expect another novel similar to the *Quadroon*, which was an object of contention a short time ago, the plot being claimed by the mysterious author of 'Whitefriars.' The whole story was parodied—*for I can call it by no other name*—by Mr. Boucicalt, in his 'Octoroon,' a play which brought him no credit, and lost him a good deal. But the *Maroon* is no *Quadroon*, it is a tale superior to some Capt. Reid has written, and inferior to none. The scene is laid in Jamaica, a country hitherto little trodden by novelists. The wildness of its landscape, the beauty and singularity of its scenery, the strangeness of its inhabitants, the bigotedness of its laws, the freshness of its customs, are all alike enchanting in themselves; but when delineated with the pen of an experienced novelist, of culture, and of ardent disposition, who has lived in the countries he describes, and knows what he is describing; who draws not on his imagination for facts, but only for the happy smiles, graceful description, and exciting plot which adorn the narrative, the effects are irresistible. 'Tis the merit of Captain Reid that he guides his adventurous pen to other lands, and creates a literature of his own, of which there is not a successful imitator. The hero of this last novel is Herbert

Vaughan, the penniless son of an artist, one of the many who have tried and failed, not through lack of talent, but from want of encouragement. He is a youth of pluck and independence, qualities which, even though accompanied by poverty, rarely fail to obtain their reward. Captain Reid never outrages probability like his rival, Gustave Aimard. This is very likely owing to Captain Reid having himself encountered the perils he depicts, or round the camp fire of devil-may-care trappers having heard them related. Captain Mayne Reid is a gentleman of slight build, ordinary height, with a military bearing, and Mexican face, giving an idea of a life of exposure, of feats performed and hardships undergone. He speaks as he writes—fervidly. Captain Reid is what you would imagine one of 'his own heroes of romance' to be.—*Elfin in Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

A BIT OF GERMAN ROMANCING.—In a book published at Berlin, under the title of 'Schultze and Muller in London,' is the following passage:—'At a quarter to six we went to the great Post Office. As tomorrow is Sunday, it was to-day an extraordinary crowd, and especially the squeeze was tremendous round the newspaper box, when, as the Englishman says, the newspapers are thrust in in bales; and it is, indeed, on a grand scale, as the *Times* alone has 16,000,000 subscribers. I warned Schultze not to go so near the crush, but he did not hear me. As he was standing there, there came a great shock of newspaper boys, running with bales of newspapers, and throwing them in at the window. A bale of newspapers hits Schultze on the head; he loses his balance, and tips head-forwards into the bureau; half-a-dozen officials immediately seize him, stamp him in the stomach, and the unhappy Schultze is despatched as an unpaid news-packet to the provinces. At this moment the box is closed with a snap. I rush 'against it and cry 'Schultze! Schultze!' But it was too late. Your unhappy son-in-law was already packed in the post-cart, and went off with the bale of newspapers to the South Eastern Railway. I run into the bureau of the postmaster and demanded back your son-in-law. 'Is your friend addressed?' he asks. 'No,' I answered. 'Very well,' says the Englishman, 'Mr. Schultze will remain for six months in the bureau, and, if no one applies for him, he will be burnt as a dead letter.'

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THOMAS CAMPBELL.—The following story narrates the most graceful compliment and delicate return ever made by Royalty:—I was at her Majesty's coronation, in Westminster Abbey, said Campbell, 'and she conducted herself so well, during the long and fatiguing ceremony, that I shed tears many times. On returning home, I resolved, out of pure esteem and veneration, to send her a copy of all my works. Accordingly, I had them bound up, and went personally with them to Sir Henry Wheatly, who when he understood my errand, told me that her Majesty made it a rule to decline presents of this kind, as it placed her under obligations which were unpleasant to her.' 'Say to her Majesty, Sir Henry,' I replied, 'that there is not a single thing the Queen can touch with her sceptre in any of her dominions which I covet; and I therefore entreat you, in your office, to present them with my devotion as a subject.' But the next day they were returned. 'I hesitated,' continued Campbell, 'to open the parcel; but on doing so, I found to my inexpressible joy, a note enclosed desiring my autograph on them. Having complied with the wish, I again transmitted the books to her Majesty; and in the course of a day or two, received in return this elegant engraving, with her Majesty's autograph, as you see below.' He then directed particular attention to the Royal signature, which was in her Majesty's usual bold and beautiful hand-writing.

LORD DUNDREARY IN A NEW CHARACTER.—The *Cork Herald* describes an amusing episode which took place at the last meeting of the Cork Board of Guardians:—'A celebrated brewer from Burton-Trent was present at the board, where he had been introduced by one of the guardians. A Mr. Sheehan, having been informed by a waggish reporter that he was a certain celebrated nobleman, said, 'Well, now, Mister Chairman, sure we ought to be proud, indeed we ought, to find that we have Lord Dundrury sitting among us. (Laughter.) He's come all the way over from England, and I'm happy to see him, sir. Well, sir, about twelve months ago, we had an English gentleman come into the workhouse here, and he said that in their workhouses in England they wor only paying 5d. a yard for dresses that we've got to pay 10d. a yard for. Now, I want to know, sir, what

Lord Dundrury pays for women's dresses at his workhouse. (A titter.) Ask Lord Dundrury, sittin' near ye, what he pays. (Uproarious laughter.) O, lor me! isn't it Lord Dundrury? That pretty boy (pointing to the reporter), he said to me that it was Lord Dndndrury; and sure I'm astonished, for I thought it was my Lord that was sittin' here among us.' It was some moments before the gravity of the guardians could be restored.'

THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF A TOWN COUNCILOR.—At the last meeting of the Cork Town Council, a somewhat celebrated member, Mr. Bernard Sheehan, handed the following notice of motion, the reading and inspection of which afforded considerable amusement:—'I Give Notice that in futur we will have no application for Meleatious Injurie in Fier, as everyone, Publick and Privite, should inshure their own Houses and Colliges alwayes, to save the Citizans General Taxis.—BERNARD SHEEHAN.'

PHOTOGRAPHY APPRECIATED.—The municipality of Ghent so highly appreciate the value of Photography that they have established gratuitous lectures on the subject, of an instructive character.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

These are thriving times on this popular highroad of travel. The traffic for the week ended the 14th November, is \$69,443, being an increase of over \$18,000 on the corresponding week of last year. Since April, 1867, and with the solitary exception of the week in September, 1860, in which the Prince of Wales opened the Provincial Exhibition in Hamilton, the weekly receipts have never reached so high a figure. The total increase during the present half year over the corresponding period of last year is no less a sum than \$109,193, which is a most gratifying fact, and reflects great credit on the Managers and Officers to whose untiring exertions so favorable a state of affairs is entirely attributable. Well managed, well officered, well favored by Americans and Canadians, who select it as the cheapest and quickest route for both passengers and freight, and with a steadily increasing traffic, there seems a brilliant future in store for the G. W. R. Its increases indicate with sufficient exactitude the commercial prosperity of that portion of the province through which it runs, and its traffic figures may be looked upon as the high water mark of Western progress. May it long continue to indicate that progress as pleasantly and flatteringly as it is now doing, as profitably to its shareholders, and as satisfactorily to its efficient officers.

THE BALL.

The Ball given in the St. Lawrence Hall in honor of the Governor General's visit to Toronto, was really a splendid affair. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity with the wealth and beauty of the city, and rendered dancing little else than a series of collisions. His Excellency entered the room about half-past ten o'clock, accompanied by Lady Monck and her two daughters, Lord Mulgrave and his daughter, Lady Laura Phipps, together with a number of gentlemen who were in attendance on His Excellency. From the walls and gallery were suspended a number of flags, and prominent among them was that of Old Ireland. The dais was carpeted and furnished with couches and chairs, for the accommodation of the guests. A dressing room was fitted up for Lady Monck, and another was converted into a drawing room and elegantly furnished. The Governor opened the ball immediately after his arrival, with Mrs. Lewis Moffatt. The supper room was open the whole evening, all being at liberty to help themselves. Owing to the crowded state of the hall the progress made in dancing was slow, it was late, therefore, or rather early, before the ball was brought to a close. All seemed, however, to enjoy themselves to the utmost, and it will no doubt be long remembered by those who participated in it.



CITIZEN'S BALL, GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S VISIT TO UPPER CANADA, IN ST. LAWRENCE HALL, TORONTO. (SEE PAGE 17.)
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ROSSIN HOUSE.

This fine and extensive hotel, the largest in Canada, situated on King and York streets, Toronto, has been completely destroyed by fire. On Friday morning about half-past two o'clock, Mr. Way, a conductor on the Grand Trunk Railway, while writing a letter in the office of the hotel, perceived smoke issuing from the south side of the building. He drew the attention of the night porter to it, who soon discovered that the house was on fire. The alarm was given, the inmates aroused from their slumbers, and the firemen, with their engines, hastened to the scene. Their efforts, however, proved unavailing, and nothing now remains of this once fine hotel but bare and blackened walls. We call the particulars from the *Leader*:

The Rossin House was erected by public subscription, raised chiefly through the instrumentality of the enterprising brothers, Messrs. Marcus and Samuel Rossin, and designed to supply a want that had long been

felt in Toronto. It was a plain, massive looking structure in the Italian style, fronting on King and York streets—on the former street extending a distance of 203 feet, and on the latter 152 feet, and presented a facade of 335 feet long and five stories in height. In depth it was about 60 feet on King street and 50 on York street. The building throughout was constructed of brick, the fronts being of white pressed brick with stone dressings. The main entrance was on York street, and presented a recessed portico twenty feet in width, leading to a spacious hall paved with tiles. There were 252 rooms in the building, the principal ones being heated with steam, and all of them lighted with gas. In most of the rooms the furniture was of a rich and costly description, and throughout it was of a comfortable character. The building was commenced in September, 1855, and finished in May, 1857.

THE SCENE INSIDE.

As soon as the alarm was given, the inside of the hotel became the scene of considera-

ble confusion, but nevertheless the consternation was by no means so great as might be supposed under the circumstances. There was no smoke in the wide corridors, which extended on every floor in a line parallel with King and York streets, and the flames could not be seen from most of the rooms. There was, however, a great noise of voices crying 'fire, fire,' and this served to arouse even the most somnolent from their slumbers. The inmates were soon rushing through the halls in all sorts of costumes ranging from a bare covering to a complete travelling toilet. All the passages were amply illuminated by the gas which still burned, and it was an easy matter for the inmates to reach the ground floor, no matter in what part of the building their sleeping apartments might be situated.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.

It is impossible to say with accuracy where the fire originated. It is generally supposed to have broken out in a small room in the basement near the kitchen, used for the storage of kindling wood. In this

room, however, no fire was ever used, nor except during the day and early part of the evening, was there ever a fire in it. It is supposed by some that the fire originated in a quantity of cordwood and kindling that was stored in sheds near the building.

The fire soon assumed fearful proportions and enveloped the entire wing in which it first appeared. When Mr. Rossin was aroused, he hurried down stairs and found that the flames were endangering the main part of the building, and raging with considerable fury in the wing.

When it became evident that the main building could not be saved by any means at the command of the fire department, a quantity of furniture which had been brought to the head of the different stair cases, and there left in the hope of the flames being subdued, was removed, and measures were taken to secure the goods contained in the different stores on the ground floor. This work was pretty effectually done, and the greater part of the property was carried



BURNING OF THE ROSSIN HOUSE, TORONTO. VIEW FROM THE COR. OF KING AND YORK STS. (DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)

away in safety. As we have already said, shortly after 4 o'clock the flames seized the main building and once reaching it they spread furiously, the draft in the wide corridors and stairways adding to their fury.—The water that was poured upon them continually had not the slightest effect. The red forked flames shot in and out everywhere, leaped from window to window with incredible rapidity, lapped up all that came in their way, rolling off in dense volumes of smoke and defying the efforts made to stay their fearful progress.

While the firemen were combatting the flames, in vain endeavoring to retard their progress hundreds of active volunteers were working manfully to remove the furniture of the hotel. Large quantities were thrown, carried and hauled out, and soon the vacant ground on King street, opposite the building, and on York street, was covered with this description of property. As at all fires, however, much of it was injured by removal. Among those who were removing the furniture were six persons in one room immediately over the store of Mr. Charles Potter, on King street. They were two soldiers, Mr. Wm. Graham, a colored boy employed in the house, another soldier named Patrick

Kelly, and a man named Charles Cornish. They had removed most of the furniture from the room, and it is presumed would soon have left it to work elsewhere. A crowd outside eagerly watched their proceedings, and those of others engaged in similar work in other parts of the building. The fire was spreading and was already consuming the floors and roof over these men. The people outside saw their danger and cried to them to go away. They heard not these timely warnings, or hearing, disregarded them. They appeared anxious to save everything the room contained. While thus employed the floor beneath and that above them gave way with a fearful crash, and to the horror of all who saw the catastrophe, four of these persons were carried down with the falling and burning timbers. Cornish and another who were standing near the door when the floor gave way escaped, after being struck by part of the falling masses. They were slightly injured, but fortunately were near enough the door to be able to make their escape without difficulty. The others—the three soldiers, the colored boy, and Graham—fell with the floor and were buried in the debris. Kelly dropped close to the window by the store and was seen by Corporal Pinck-

ney, of the Military Police, who, regardless of danger, rushed forward, smashed through the window, and with the assistance of one or two civilians, succeeded in rescuing Kelly from his perilous position. The body of Mr. W. H. Graham has been found. The face was much disfigured and burned, but the body was easily recognised. Deceased was about 21 years of age. No other bodies have yet been found, and it is hoped that the others escaped.

Messrs. Rossin are insured on the building as follows: Liverpool and London, \$12,000; Scottish Provincial, \$10,000; Hartford, \$10,000; Aetna, \$10,000; Home, \$10,000; Montreal, \$8,000. Total, \$60,000.

The following were the insurances on the furniture: Queen, \$11,000; Western, \$5,500; Provincial, \$3,000.

The building, when erected, cost \$100,000. The most of the inmates of the hotel had ample time to move their effects, and but few of them suffered serious loss.

The population of Nova Scotia, according to the recent census, is 330,699, showing an increase of 54,582, or 16½ per cent., since 1851.

A PROPHECIC PAMPHLET.—A year or two before the outbreak of the American war, an 'Imaginary History of the Next Thirty Years,' was published in London, by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Co., one of the chapters of which recorded 'the massacre on one day, by the slaves, of all the large slaveholders in the United States of America,' which 'filled the world with consternation.' The slaves became 'virtually masters of the Southern States;' and the President recommended the abolition of slavery in every State of the Union. The proposal was adopted; compensation was voted to owners of slaves; and the sum of \$50 was given to each adult negro, and \$20 for each child, on emigrating from the Union (two-thirds of the total number quitting the country.) 'It was,' says the prophetic historian, 'a grand spectacle to see the United States, which had no debt, taking upon themselves a debt of many millions, to purchase consistency between their political principles and their social state.'

General Pallavicino, the captor of Garibaldi, has, it is said, been named a Knight of the French Legion of Honor.

A. WARD IN CANADA.

[From Vanity Fair.]

I'm at present existin' under a monikal form of Gov'ment. In other words, I'm travelin' among the crowned beds of Canada. They ar'n't pretty bad people. On the contrary, they air exceedin' good people.

Troo, they air deprived of many blessins. They don't enjoy, for instans, the priceless boon of a war. They haven't any American Egil to ouchain, and they hain't got a Fourth of July to their backs.

Altho' this is a monikal form of Gov'ment, I am onable to perceev much moniky. I tried to git a piece in Toronto, but failed to succeed.

Mrs. Victoria, who is Queen of England, and has all the luxuries of the markets, in-cloodin' game in its season, don't bother herself much about Canada, but lets her do 'bout as she's mindter. She, however, gin'rally keeps her supplied with a lord, who's called a Gov'ner Gin'ral. Sometimes the politicians of Canada make it lively for this lord—for Canada has politicians, and I expect they don't differ much from our politicians, some of em hein' gifted and talented liars no doubt.

The present Gov'ner Gin'ral of Canada is Lord Monk. I saw him review some volunteers at Montreal. He was accompanied by some other lords and dukes and generals and those sort of things. He rode a little bay horse, and his close wasn't any better than mine. You'll always notiss, by the way, that the higher up in the world a man is, the less good harness he puts on. Hence, Gin'ral Halleck walks the streets in plain citizen's dress, while the second lieutenant of a volunteer regiment piles all the brass things he can find onto his back, and drags a forty-pound sword after him.

Monk has been in the lord bisnis some time, and I understand it pays, tho' I don't know what a lord's wages is. The wages of sin is death and postage-stamps. But this has nothing to do with Monk.

One of Lord Monk's daughters rode with him on the field. She has golden hair, a kind good face, and wore a red hat. I should be very happy to have her pay me and my family a visit at Baldinsville. Come and bring your knittin', Miss Monk. Mrs. Ward wiu do the fair thing by you. She makes the best slap-jacks in America. As a slap-jackist, she has no ekah. She wears the Belt.

What the review was all about, I don't know, I haven't a gigantic intellect, which can grasp great questions at onet; I am not a Webster or a Seymour. I am not a Washington or a Wadsworth. Fur from it. I am not as gifted a man as Henry Ward Beecher. Even the congregation of Plymouth Meetin' House in Brooklyn will admit that. Yes, I should think so. But while I don't have the slightest idee as to what the review was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pooty scrumptious in their red and green cloac.

Come with me, gentle reader, to Quebec. Quebec was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the delirium tremens from childhood, and hence his ideas of things was a little irreg'lar.—The streets don't lead anywhere in partic'lar, but everywhere's in gin'ral. The city is built on a variety of perpendicular hills, each hill hein' a trifle wass nor t'other one, Quebec is full of stone walls, and arches, and citidels and things. It is said no foe could ever git into Quebec, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what they'd want to git in there fur.

Quebec has seen lively times in a warlike way. The French and Britishers had a set to there in 1759. Jim Wolfe commanded the latters, and Joe Montcalm the formers. Both were lunky boys, and fit nobly. But Wolfe was too many menases for Montcalm, and the French was slpw'd. Wolfe and Montcalm was both killed. In arter years a common monyment was erected by the gen'rous people of Quebec, aided by a bully eawl named George Dalhousie, to these noble fellows. That was well done.

Durin' the revolutionary war B. Arnold made his way, through dense woods and thick snows, from Mame to Quebec, which it was one of the hunkiest things ever done in the military line. It would have been better if B. Arnold's funeral had come off immediately on his arrival there.

On the Plains of Abraham there was onet some tall fitin' and ever since then there has been a great demand for the bones of the slew'd on that there occasion. But the real ginooine bones was long ago carried off, and now the boys make a hansum thing by cartin the bones of hosses and sheep out there, and sellin 'em to intelligent American towerists. Takin a professional view of this

dodge, I must say that it betrays genius of a lofty character.

It reminded me of a inspired feet of my own. I used to exhibit a wax figger of Henry Wilkins, the boy murderer. Henry had, in a moment of inadvertence, killed his uncle Ephram and walked off with the old man's money. Well, this statue was lost somehow, and not sposin' it would make any particler difference, I substituted the full grown statue of one of my distinguished piruts for the boy murderer. One night I exhibited to a poor but honest audience in the town of Stoneham, Maine. 'This, ladies and gentlemen,' said I, pointing my umbrella (that weapon which is indispensable to every troo American) to the statue, 'this is a life like wax figger of the notorious Henry Wilkins, who, in the dead of night, murdered his uncle Ephram in cold blood. A sad warning to all uncles havin' murderers for nephews. When a mere child this Henry Wilkins was compelled to go to Sunday school. He carried no Sunday school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went, and returned with a comic song book. A depraved proceedin'.'

'But,' says a man in the audience, 'when you were here before your wax figger represented Henry Wilkins as a boy. Now, Henry was hung, and yet you show him to us now as a full grown man! How's that?'

'The figger has grow'd air—it has grow'd,' I said.

I was angry. If it had been in these times I think I should have informed agin him as a traitor to his flag, and had him put in Fort Lafayette.

I say adoo to Quebec with regret. It is old foggyish, but chock full of interest. Young gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, who air botherin' their heads as to how they can spend their fathers' money, had better see Quebec.

Altogether, I like Canada. Good people and lots of pretty girls. I wouldn't mind comin' over here to live in the capacity of a duke, provided a vacancy occurs, and provided further I could be allowed a few star bangled banners, a egil, a boon of liberty, etc.

Don't think I've skedaddled. Not at all. I'm coming home in a week.

Let's have the Union restored as it was, if we can; but if we can't, I'm in favor of the Union as it wasn't. But the Union, anyhow.

Gentlemen of the editorial corpse, if you would be happy be virtuous! I, who am the emblem of virtue, tell you so.

(Signed,) A. WARD.

Wit and Wisdom.

When is a plaid dress like an apple? When it is a tart-un.

'I like your impudence,' as a pretty girl said when her lover kissed her.

'Shall I have your hand?' said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence. 'With all my heart,' was the soft response.

'You are writing my bill on very rough paper,' said a client to his solicitor. 'Never mind,' replied the lawyer, 'it has to be filed before it comes into Court.'

I do not say, remarked Mr. Jones, that Mr. Smith is a thief, but I do say that if his farm joined mine, I would not try to keep sheep.

Advertising for a wife is as absurd as getting measured for an umbrella. 'Talk up' to the dear creatures, if you would marry them. One half of the world was born to marry the other half.

Not long ago, a youth, older in wit than in years, after being catechised concerning the power of nature, replied: 'Now, I think there's one thing that nature can't do.' 'What is it my child?' 'She can't make Bill Jones mouth any bigger without lettin' his ears back.'

An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what was his religious belief. 'Is it me belafe ye'd be asking about?' said he. It is the same as widdy Brady's. I owe her twelve shillings for whiskey, and she belaves I'll never pay her; and faith that is my belafe too.'

An old lady, meeting a Cambridge man, asked him how her nephew behaved himself. 'Truly, madam,' says he, 'he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall,' (the name of a college.) 'I vow,' said she, 'I feared as much; he was always hankering after the girls from a boy.'

Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.

SPEAKING OF CHEAP THINGS.—It costs but a trifle to get a wife, but doesn't she sometimes turn out a little dear.

The nightcap would be the cap of liberty, if it were not for certain lectures.

'Caught in her own net,' as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex bitched in her crimoline.

When your wife is silent, hold the baby for her. Perhaps it is as much as she can do to hold her tongue.

He must be a person of very insignificant standing who is always standing upon his dignity.

A bargain is a ludicrous transaction in which each party thinks he cheated the other largely.

Nearly every evil has its compensation. If a man has but one foot, he never trends on his own toes.

'When may a man be said to be dressed in borrowed plumes?' When he's tarred and feathered.

Refrain from bitter words, there is only the difference of a letter between words and swords.

He that has much and wants more is poor; he who has little and wants no more is rich. As nothing can be more conducive to security, so nothing can better insure a quiet and pleasant life than to live innocently, and upon no occasion to violate the common covenants of peace and propriety.

The greatest minds occasion the largest displacement both of ideas and institutions.

He who has seen the world through an empty pycket, cannot fail to have made some rather grave discoveries.

The weak are governed by precedent, the strong by principle.

They who do not feel the tentiments of humanity will seldom listen to the pleas of reason.

A newspaper is a speech made from the window to the chance passer-by in the street, among whom are to be found men of every degree of cultivation.

CENSUS OF ENGLAND.

The first volume of the census for England, which has just been issued, shows the numbers and distribution of the people in the several parishes and places. An abstract of the returns was published last year; a careful revision of them shows that on the 8th of April, 1861, the population of England and Wales, with the Isle of Man and Channel Islands, including the army at home and the navy and seamen in the ports, rivers, and creeks—that is to say, all the persons in the kingdom—amounted in number to 20,209,671. The returns for Scotland, having been also revised, the population of Great Britain on that day is found to have been 23,271,965; and the returns for Ireland, when the revisions of these also is completed, will bring the population of the United Kingdom to above 29,000,000. The increase in England and Wales alone since the census of 1851 has been 2,138,615, notwithstanding that in the interval 2,250,000 persons emigrated from the United Kingdom, of whom it is calculated that 640,316 were English. Since the census of 1851 the male population of England and Wales has increased 11.33 per cent., the female population 12.50 per cent. The excess of females over males, 365,159 in 1851, had grown to 513,706 in 1861; and these figures do not include the army, navy, and seamen out of the kingdom. In Scotland the disproportion is still greater; in Great Britain, with the islands in the British seas, the excess of females over males in 1861 was 687,471; to which the Irish returns, according to the unrevised abstract, have above 150,000 to add. On the census night 62,430 persons were on board vessels in the harbours, rivers, and creeks of England and Wales, without reckoning persons in barges on canals; in the metropolitan district 8,034 persons were on board vessels in the docks and the Thames. In England and Wales 124,962 persons were in work-houses and work-house schools, 13,456 in hospitals, 24,207 in lunatic asylums, 26,395 in prisons and reformatories, 23,598 in orphan asylums and other principal charitable institutions, without reckoning in any instance the official staff in charge of these institutions; 80,839 persons, military and families of military, were in barracks. The population of the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, which had previously been increasing, has, in the ten years under review, hardly maintained its number, except by an increase of the military force. In a few months the publication

of the census of England will be completed by the issue of tables of the ages, occupations, birth-places, &c., of the people, with a report on the general results.

BEAUTY OF MIND.—It is something wonderful to think in how many ways beauty of mind manifests itself; what a number of things it prevents us from uttering and doing; what miraculous promptitude belongs to it in considering what we should say and what we should not say; what words we may pronounce plainly, and what turns of expression another thought may require, in order to be presentable with grace. 'He who writes for a woman,' said a French author, 'ought to dip his pen in the rainbow, and use for sand the dust of a butterfly's wing.' In order to enjoy one of these intervals, though it were only with good fellows, you ought to have a capacity for appreciating that light touch, that transparency of tone, that same delicate refinement which characterize the interchange of thoughts where the fair and natural ones are heard conversing. You should be able to feel, in short, that there is a sweet, graceful way of doing everything, as well as a manner that spoils and degrades all; that there are persons who can say and perform before you almost everything without offence; while there are others on the contrary, whose purity is indelicate, and whose cleanliness is disgusting.

ANOTHER SURVIVING CONTEMPORARY OF BURNS.—To the list of surviving contemporaries of Burns, the *Kilmarnock Post* adds another, a distant relation by marriage of the bard, who, although now bordering on ninety, remembers him well, and still relates with great glee many incidents in which he figured, and which came under her own observation. Mrs. Paterson is a native of Kilmarnock, and it was her sister who was married to the poet's brother, Gilbert. She was present at the marriage—Burns himself having taken a prominent part in the ceremony. Subsequently she saw him very often at Gilbert's house and elsewhere. Mrs. Paterson at present resides near Campbelltown, but will shortly remove to the farm of Langmuir, parish of Kilmaurs, which was lately purchased by her son, Mr. Paterson, merchant, Manchester.

NATIVE WOODS AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—Among the articles sent to the Exhibition from the island of Dominica, in the West Indies, are no less than 170 varieties of native woods, principally hard and susceptible of a fine polish. Indeed the specimens of wood from our various colonies, manufactured and in the rough, will form, to a large and influential body of the British community, one of the most interesting sections of the palace of arts and industry.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Atlantic Telegraph Company are to be once more assisted by Government. The Admiralty have undertaken to make a new survey of the bed of the ocean between Ireland and America, and will lend vessels for laying the cable. Should the line be laid successfully, Government will further pay the company £16,000 a-year as long as the cable is in working order.

FATTENING SWINE.—The Boston *Cultivator* has a sensible and timely article on this subject, from which we make a few extracts: 'On every hand there are articles which may be made useful in fattening swine, if taken in season, but which, if not so taken, will be totally lost. Of these, we may mention summer squashes, summer and autumn apples, and 'wind-falls' of late kinds. Later in the season, pumpkins may be used to advantage.

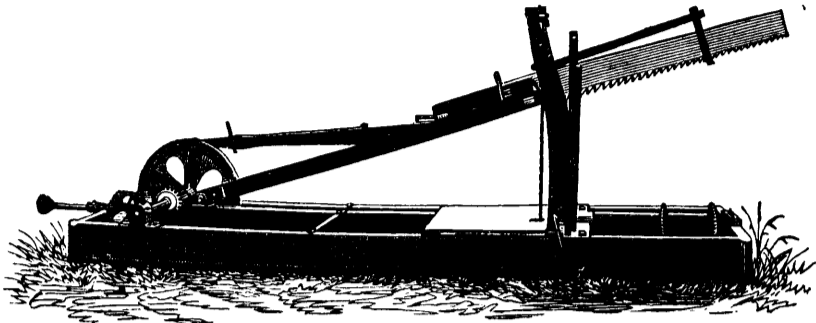
'Summer squashes, if cooked, will fatten hogs very fast. Many people who have used them for this purpose consider them, when cooked, as profitable a crop for summer and early autumn feeding as can be grown.

'In regard to apples, much has been said of their value as food for animals, especially for fattening swine. Various experiments indicate that when cooked they are worth nearly or quite as much as potatoes for this purpose. Hogs will eat ripe, palatable apples raw, in considerable quantities; but they will not eat those which are hard—especially acid ones—to much extent. It is somewhat so with the human family. If we eat apples or pears raw, we want them fully ripe and mellow; but for baking or cooking in other ways we frequently use those which are not fully ripe. Hence, apples which are too hard to be 'ed to swine raw, may be given to them in a cooked state with advantage. It would probably be an object to save in this way many of the winter apples which are now falling from the trees. Most New England farmers are in the practice of cooking potatoes for hogs, and the same apparatus which is used for this purpose will answer for apples and other articles.'

SAWING MACHINE.

THIS Machine is known as Noxon's Patent Improved Sawing Machine, and took the 'Extra Prize' at the Provincial Exhibition, held in Toronto. It is simple in construction and will not be easy put out of order. It can be attached to any ordinary horse-power thrashing machine, and is almost self-acting. By an ingenious contrivance in the Machinery the saw raises itself to admit

the movement of the log for the next cut. The cuts can be made at any length, and the Patentee warrants it capable of cutting 60 cords of wood per day. It is certainly superior to anything of the kind that has yet been invented both in the simplicity of its arrangement and the ease with which it can be wrought. Any further information can be obtained from J. & S. Noxon, at Ingersoll.



NOXON'S IMPROVED SAWING MACHINE.

The Field and Garden

The weather for gardening has been very favourable, little or no excuse can be made by any Gardener or Amateur who has anything like the means to accomplish fall work. Enough of warning has been given in the appearance of snow and frost, for a few hours at times, to spur on the horticulturist to that diligence which is required in a Canadian climate. A good deal of rain has fallen which in some instances has kept back the gathering in and storing up of roots and vegetables, but between the showers a great deal of work could, and no doubt has been done, so that there is now few things exposed to the mercy of the elements. When the crops are removed the ground should be dug roughly, that is deep and left as rough on the surface as possible; if the ground is inclined to be stiff, an excellent plan is to turn it up in ridges, which may be of any size, but what we have found most convenient is two feet six inches in width, and the whole length of the piece of ground operated upon. With a garden line mark off the ground the distance named above, and with a good spade dig deep and lay the spits up as high as possible, to form the ridge, the object being to expose the greatest amount of surface to the action of the frost. In Spring it will not only be found to dry as early as ground turned over in the usual way, but it will be in the best possible condition for the reception of whatever seeds may have to be sown upon it. Trenching should be prosecuted with energy, and in doing so do not turn up the sub-soil, loosen it as deep as you please (from 20 to 30 inches) but leave the subsoil still, in the operation work in plenty of manure, old vegetable refuse or whatever will enrich the soil, always excepting half decayed wood or woody fibre, a substance which is supposed to exercise the most baneful influence on vegetation, especially on fruit and timber trees. They cause fungi, which effects the decay of branches and limbs, and ultimately the death of the tree.

VALUE OF HOT HOUSE PLANTS.—Among other lots that were sold a few weeks ago in London, England, was a single specimen plant of *Cypripedium Villorum*, knocked down at Auction for the sum of \$375.

On the 8th of October last, about thirteen hundred entries were made for the great Autumn Fruit, Root and Cereal Exhibition, open to all comers and all nations. When we say, that in addition to Great Britain and our own North American and Australian Colonies, great collections of produce came from France, Italy, Spain and Portugal; Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and even Lapland; Belgium, Hanover, Holland, Hamburg, Wurtemberg and Russia; Greece, Syria, Turkey and Tunis; and even from Mexico, British Guiana and Venezuela, we shall have indicated in even this dry enu-

meration of countries how varied and interesting a gathering was thus brought together. As a first attempt at collecting the vegetable riches of such different countries, each having its own peculiarities of climate, the Royal Horticultural Society was eminently successful; conferring a real benefit upon the intelligent portion of the visitors who resorted to the garden, not for the sake of a great spectacle, but in search of practical knowledge. Intending emigrants here saw in one Picture the agricultural capabilities of our various colonies, thus learning what productions could be obtained in each by settlers. They saw the quality of the corn of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and could conveniently contrast it with the far-famed grain of Australia—Vancouver, by the exhibition of excellent wheat, barley and oats, to say nothing of good garden produce, gave the lie to the reckless assertions of lazy, disappointed libellers. And the Scandinavian countries proved by their orchard fruit and excellent roots, that they are as rich as ourselves in such natural resources,—as for garden productions, strong as were Belgium, France and Italy, in their display of apples, pears and grapes, and most interesting as were their great collections, they also taught the English gardener that he at least has nothing to fear from continental rivalry.

Fruits and roots were the main subjects of the show. With the former, the great conservatory was filled, and a more admirable exhibition of English horticultural skill was never witnessed. Among Foreign contributions of fruit, the most striking was a collection of Italian grapes, apples and pears, from Burdin & Co., of Turin—322 sorts of the first, 95 of the second, and 200 of the third. They formed a capital illustration of vineyard and orchard produce in the North of Italy.—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

TO REMOVE STUMPS.—A correspondent of the *Rural Register* states that Mr. John Barnes, of Baltimore, removed a troublesome stump from near his house in the following manner: 'Last fall, with an inch auger, he bored a hole in the centre of the stump, ten inches deep, and into it put about half a pound of oil of vitrol, and corked the hole up tight. This spring, the whole stump and roots, extending through all their ramifications, were so rotten that they were easily eradicated.'

FATTENING POULTRY.—The *Irish Farmers' Gazette* says to fatten turkeys, feed with barley meal mixed with water, adding a turnip with the leaves on, or fresh cabbage for them to pick at. Geese and ducks are well fattened by giving them ground buckwheat or oats mixed with well boiled potatoes, given warm, but not hot. Indian corn, well-boiled and bruised, is also an excellent food for the purpose.

SALT FOR WHEAT.—A correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph* finds great benefit from the application of a sack of salt (\$1.25) per acre, sown broadcast before drilling in the wheat. He thinks he gets 500 per cent. on the investment. The quality, as well as the quantity of wheat is improved.

THE three new roses which seem to have borne off the palm, at the various rose shows in England, are 'Madame Fortado,' 'Reynolds' Hole,' both brilliant pink, and 'Louis XIV.'

HELEN MAXWELL.

[CONCLUDED.]

Mrs. Russell had issued invitations and made all due arrangements for a splendid dinner party. Always manoeuvring, she designed at this high festival to promote, to the utmost of her ability, the matrimonial interests both of her son and daughter. As an eligible catch for the former her eye was fixed on a Miss Burstall, the only daughter of an old stockbroker, whose fortune, at the lowest figure, was estimated at a hundred thousand pounds. To this young lady she had repeatedly endeavoured to direct the attention of her son; and at one time, by whatever motive actuated, she seemed to regard her with considerable partiality. But the star of the evening was expected to shine forth in the person of a young baronet, of excellent character, distinguished talent, and great wealth, who had been for two or three seasons an object of much attraction and vast scheming to many dutiful mamas in the world of fashion. The hopes of Mrs. Russell were peculiarly sanguine. Sir Charles Arlingford had danced with Miss Russell at several assemblies, had frequently conversed with her at public places, and paid her what, in the eyes of an anxious and speculative mother, appeared to be marked and singular attention. It was true that, on certain occasions, he happened to drop into the drawing-room when Miss Russell and Miss Maxwell were practising duets together, and that the latter young lady drew forth some glances of rather warm admiration; but as Mrs. Russell invariably recollected some duty which demanded Miss Maxwell's presence in another quarter, and as the baronet's eyes could not follow farther than the door, the circumstance caused no apprehension. In fairness, we must remark that Miss Russell herself never perceived in the behaviour of Sir Charles anything more than the ordinary civilities of a well bred man of fashion, and regarded him with no other sentiment than she did the crowds of young, glittering, and polite personages with whom, in the course of her gay existence, she came into casual intercourse. All these matters, however, together with the innumerable anxieties and perplexities connected with the set-out of a magnificent entertainment, kept Mrs. Russell's mind for several days in a state of feverish turmoil and excitement.

The eventful day arrived. Carriage after carriage—and amongst others, those containing the city heiress and the stylish baronet—drove up to the door. A crowd of unexceptionably dressed ladies and gentlemen assembled in the drawing-room, and speedily filed off to the dining-room, to enjoy *real* turtle-soup, and the various efforts of genius on the part of an illustrious French cook, hired for the occasion. The dessert, with its flood of the richest foreign wines and loads of beautiful fruit, succeeded; the ladies withdrew, the gentlemen followed; the music-room attracted all ears. Miss Russell played on the piano, Sir Charles turned the leaves; and Miss Burstall, the city heiress, chatted briskly away with a dashing officer of the guards—for *Mr. Alexander was nowhere to be seen*. Mrs. Russell was amazed; anger succeeded to astonishment; but, in order to explain the matter, it is necessary that we should change the scene.

Forgotten and neglected, like Cinderella in the fairy tale, Miss Maxwell sat quietly in the nursery alone, with those of the children who were not yet in bed, the maids being called to aid in the operations going on above stairs, now playfully chatting with her little friends, and now inditing a fragment of a simple epistle, with which she designed to favour her little brother. The proceedings of the upper regions scarcely cost her a thought; and in her comparative quietude she felt herself almost happy. While thus innocently engaged, the door opened, and Alexander Russell entered the apartment.

'Miss Maxwell, and alone!' exclaimed the youth, rapidly advancing, and, before she was aware, seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips. 'This is indeed a pleasure infinitely greater than that of playing my part amongst the heartless triflers congregated above. Oh, Miss Maxwell, if you only knew how it tortures me to exchange fine words and hackneyed compliments with these thoughtless revellers, while you, fitted to shine in an incomparably brighter sphere, are thus lost to society! But I feel I am acting a weak and unmanly part. Only say that you consent to be mine, and before another day passes, it will be my happiness and triumph to claim you openly in the face of the world.'

'Mr. Russell,' said Miss Maxwell, disengaging her hand, 'you have already received my answer. I came a stranger and an orphan into your father's house, and I would feel myself to be indeed acting un-

worthily, were I to afford the slightest encouragement to your desire for a union which, by your parents, could only be regarded with the utmost disapprobation. If you value my peace, my good name, I beseech you to leave me instantly.'

'Never,' he exclaimed, vehemently, 'till you give me the pledge I have so often sought. Promise to be mine, and you cannot form a wish I will not hasten to obey.'

'That,' replied Miss Maxwell, 'I will not—I cannot do.'

'But you will permit me to hope?' exclaimed Russell.

'I will not add to what I have so frequently said,' answered Miss Maxwell. 'Once more I entreat you to leave me. Your absence will be observed.'

'Observed, no!' said Russell; 'but, hear me, Miss Maxwell. Do not suppose that I am altogether dependent on the favor of my parents. I have adequate means left by an uncle, over which, in a few months, I shall have the sole control. Forgive me for mentioning this; it is to show you that my imprudence, as you have termed it, is not so great as you may imagine. Why not, then, this very night fly together, and present ourselves to-morrow united by a bond which no human laws can sever?'

'Situating as I am, unable to shun your importunities, I can only regard such a proposal as deliberate and unfeeling insult,' said Miss Maxwell; 'my determination is fixed and unalterable.'

'I beseech you to recall these words, dearest Miss Maxwell,' exclaimed the impetuous youth, as he spoke casting himself at her feet, and again seizing her hand; and while he was in this position the door once more opened, and Mrs. Russell, elegantly attired and glittering with jewels, entered the apartment.

With a countenance absolutely livid with rage, she gazed on the scene before her. Miss Maxwell sunk back nearly fainting on her chair; while young Russell, on whom strong emotion had wrought the work of years, appeared to gather fresh energy from the interruption.

'Mother,' he exclaimed, 'I am rejoiced you have come so opportunely. You have come to hear me swear that Miss Maxwell, whom, in your foolish jealousy, you have treated so ungenerously, is the object of my heart's warmest affections. Had she but consented, this very night she should have been my wedded wife.'

The indignant lady gave no reply to the speech of her son, but turning on Miss Maxwell a look of fury, exclaimed—'Base, designing, unprincipled wretch!'

'I implore you to permit me to explain, madam,' cried Miss Maxwell, 'and you will perceive I am unworthy of such reproaches.'

But Mrs. Russell would hear nothing. Assuming that the scene she had witnessed was the result of a special assignation, she poured forth on the unoffending girl a torrent of the most bitter sarcasm and invective. Miss Maxwell, with neither nerves nor spirits to support her part in such a encounter, fainted away; and it is needless to dwell on the rage of the son, or the calm contemptuous scorn of the mother. Suffice it to say that Miss Maxwell was committed to the charge of a waiting-maid, and conveyed to her room. Young Russell sought his apartment; and Mrs. Russell, with a face dark as a thunder cloud till she reached the drawing-room door, entered with a brow as unruined, and a smile as radiant, as if no shadow had ever swept across her countenance. Mr. Russell, senior, busily discussing the comparative merits of two rival insurance companies with a knot of sagacious cronies, never perceived that his son was absent. No one made it the subject of remark; and in due time the entertainment closed, much in the manner that such things generally do.

Early next morning, Miss Maxwell, still faint and exhausted, was presented with the following note:—'Mrs. Russell's compliments to Miss Maxwell. Friendless and a beggar, Mrs. R. received Miss M. into her house. Miss M.'s requital has been, in the most mean and dishonourable manner, to endeavor to entrap her son, an inexperienced youth, into a low and disgraceful marriage. Having lost all confidence in Miss Maxwell's character, Mrs. R. requests that she will immediately provide herself with another home.'

An intimation of this nature Miss Maxwell expected, and it affected her less than the scene of the preceding night. She dressed herself for walking, and after writing a few lines, in which she merely referred Mrs. Russell to either her son or daughter for an explanation of the whole circumstance, she told a servant that her parcels would be sent for presently, and having gently kissed the blooming cheeks of the sleeping children, she speedily found herself in the open streets, in the cold grey of a winter morning. Without hesitation she directed her steps to the

quiet dwelling of Mr. Anderson, to whom, in the presence of his wife, she fully explained the whole circumstances we have just related. From these kind people she received a cheering welcome, and Mrs. Anderson promised to procure her employment from a neighbouring milliner, the produce of which would more than discharge the expense of her board. Distressed as she was, she found abundant reason to join in the morning thanksgiving of this pious family.

A few hours after Miss Maxwell had left Grosvenor Square, a splendid equipage with four richly harnessed horses drove up to Mr. Russell's door. The black livery servant, as well as the more than English style of grandeur, indicated that it was the carriage of some wealthy foreigner. Mrs. Russell, after another fiery altercation with her son, in which, however, she secretly came to the conclusion that she had judged very erroneously of Miss Maxwell's conduct, stood at the window, and gazed with admiration on the elegant vehicle and the beautiful horses. 'Probably some nabob on business with Mr. Russell,' she said to her daughter, who, grieved and dejected, stood at her side. A gentleman of dark complexion, wrapped in a fur cloak, not far advanced in life, but apparently in a very weak state of health, descended from the carriage and inquired for Mr. or Mrs. Russell. In the absence of the former, he was ushered into the drawing-room.

'Mrs. Russell, I presume?' said the stranger.

The lady bowed. 'I am a stranger to you,' said the gentleman, 'but when I tell you that I am brother to the late Mr. Maxwell who formed a marriage connexion with the family of your husband, you will understand who I am. I have been for many years in the East Indies, and have newly returned to England. Since coming to London, I have been informed of my poor brother's death, and also that you have had the kindness to take charge of his orphan children. I presume, madam, I am rightly informed?'

With a countenance, the varying expressions of which it would be difficult to describe, Mrs. Russell replied—

'Miss Maxwell, sir, has been an inmate of this family since her father's death.'

'And in her father's stead, allow me to express my gratitude for the kindness which you have manifested. Had I only known of my brother's circumstances, I might have been the happy means of preventing much distress; but as I am deprived of the happiness of conducting to his comfort, I rejoice that Providence has allowed me the opportunity of providing for his children. I trust, madam, your benevolence will not prevent you from admitting my claim to assume the care of my young relatives?'

Mrs. Russell, vain and arrogant as she was, could not appear composed in the circumstances. Scarcely able to articulate, she said, 'Miss Maxwell no longer resides here.'

'Indeed!' said Mr. Maxwell. 'I have then been misinformed. But you can, of course, direct me to her present residence?'

'Really, sir,' rejoined the lady, 'I am sorry I cannot give you information on that point. Miss Maxwell left the house this morning without informing any one of her place of destination.'

'This is a singular matter,' said Mr. Maxwell, excitedly. 'I hope no disagreeable circumstance has occasioned Miss Maxwell's abrupt departure?'

'The circumstance is one which Miss Maxwell can herself best explain,' said Mrs. Russell; 'and I have no doubt, that when you meet with her she will do so satisfactorily.'

After a few more fruitless inquiries, which added to the stranger's perplexity, he rose to depart, fortunately at the moment that a messenger arrived at the house for Miss Maxwell's parcels. Mr. Maxwell directed his servant to obtain the proper address, and in a few minutes more the carriage stopped at the retired tenement occupied by Mr. Anderson. The sequel is soon told. The wealthy stranger announced himself as the long absent brother of whom Miss Maxwell had so frequently heard her father speak, and with great delight he clasped to his breast the children to whom alone of all the world he was bound by consanguineous ties. Having heard the whole history which we have recounted, he expressed in the warmest manner his admiration of the noble and disinterested conduct of Mr. Anderson and his worthy partner; and with equal warmth denounced the unfeeling and ungenerous behaviour of Mr. and Mrs. Russell. His own history was that of many who have spent years in the same regions. He had accumulated wealth to excess, but his constitution was broken and shattered. His niece and

nephews removed with him to a residence of princely magnificence, and soon became a constituent portion of the highest circle of London society. But to Miss Maxwell, no delight was equal to that of being able practically to express her deep sense of the kindness of the excellent missionary, and of aiding in schemes of a useful and charitable nature.

Mr. Alexander Russell, by letter, resumed his addresses; but Miss Maxwell, who could never bring herself to feel towards her cousin any other sentiment than that of friendship, in respectful and kind terms, but, at the same time, firm and decided, sent a negative reply.

Could she not love him? 'Curious fool he still: Is human love the growth of human will?'

The disappointed lover soon went abroad.

In a morning paper, which Mrs. Russell accidentally took up, about a twelvemonth after these events, it was announced that Sir Charles Arlingford had led to the hymeneal altar, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Maxwell, niece to John Maxwell, Esq., one of the wealthiest commoners in England. And in another column of the same paper, it was also stated that the young baronet just named had presented Mr. Matthew Anderson to a valuable living on his estate in—shire.

TOM SCOTT AND MARY JOHNSTON.

'A' body's like to be married but me.'

'A' body's like to be married but me!'—that line of an arch old Scottish song, stands at the head of a long entry in my mental sketch-book. I sincerely trust that none of my fair readers' hearts can sigh for an echo to its doleful cadences—'A' body's like to be married but me.' How vividly the words recall an old story of old friends—Tom Scott and Mary Johnston—it breathes of you both as I took such an interest in you half-a-dozen years ago; not that I do not take an interest in you still, friendly, sober and constant, though, peradventure, its tone is somewhat altered since then.

Mrs. Johnston, Mary's mother, was at that period a very worthy lady of fifty or thereabouts, exceedingly simple and goodhearted, rather too much so, indeed, in this selfish world of ours, with which she had kept up a considerable struggle. She was the widow of a respectable Liverpool merchant, who dying nine or ten years before, and leaving her without any provision for herself or young daughters, she came with them to Edinburgh, her native city, and by the kindness of friends was established there; keeping a boarding-house for young men attending college, the law classes, &c.

At first, while her daughters were all young, everything went wrong with Mrs. Johnston—she was no manager, no economist. Having been herself the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and brought up in habits of luxury and expense, which her husband—an ostentatious and extravagant man—had always encouraged, poor Mrs. Johnston could not bear to have any thing about her which she considered mean and shabby; she did not understand the value of money; she had no idea of making bargains; she could not find in her heart to scold her two dirty, slovenly maid-servants, and could not prevent them taking manifest advantage of her. She allowed herself to be cheated by every one who liked to do so, and exemplified the proverb—'The simple man is the beggar's brother,' by becoming about the time her daughters were growing up, entirely careworn and nearly broken-hearted, from the increasing pressure (in spite of repeated assistance from her relatives) of debts long accumulated. Young head and young hands—especially when taught prudence by the threatenings of poverty—if willing, can do much in an establishment; and within little more than a year after Mrs. Johnston had voluntarily devolved the important government of her household on her daughters, a great deal was done to remedy the long standing errors, which had been the principal cause of her difficulties. Fortunately, too, just then a wealthy cousin of Mrs. Johnston's died and left her a legacy of a few hundred pounds, sufficient to pay all that she owed; so that by the time Mary, the second youngest daughter, was eighteen, the family were really in flourishing circumstances; and Mrs. Johnston, in a handsome easy chair, in the scrupulously neat widow's weeds she had continued to wear since her husband's death, with her gold spectacles, her knitting, and her old novel (the good lady had a strong youthful taste for fiction, and mostly for that exploded description of intense suffering followed by equally ecstatic happiness, which our grandmothers loved to study,) looked as comfortable an old lady as one could wish to see.

Mary Johnston, my heroine, was a warm tempered, warm hearted girl, with respecta-

ble talents, a considerable quantity of desultory information, and a share of accomplishments; that is to say, she could play on the piano with some taste, but minus execution; she could draw steadily, but rather inaccurately; manage to translate a volume of Racine's plays, but without pretensions to speaking the French language; and had dipped into Tasso without any very erudite knowledge of Italian. Also on the score of a stylish little figure, a clear fresh complexion, laughing small mouth, white teeth, dimples, hazel eyes, and sunny brown braids, Mary was a little vain, and rather affected. She was a lady-looking girl certainly, and decidedly pretty, had it not been for that same dash of affectation which is the bane of so many pretty women. Anne and Agnes Johnston, the one older and the other younger than Mary, were, according to the usual order of young ladies, thoughtless and lively, good dancers, good walkers, good talkers; yet by no means equalling Mary in powers of cultivation.

At the time I speak of, when Mary was in her eighteenth year, I was called in, as a particular friend of the family, at a consultation they held on the very important subject of Mary's first offer, that I might use my influence with her (I believe its extent was rather overrated) to induce her to become a little less refractory and self-willed, which, as the principal person in the affair, she considered herself entitled to be. Besides, Mary's suitor happened to be a cousin of mine. He was, though only twenty-six years of age, the confidential clerk in the same house in which his brother and uncle were partners; and although his present fortune was not very great, his prospects were excellent; indeed, he had the probability of soon obtaining a share in the business. Some people wondered at the success of these same cousins of mine, whose father, although he had given them an excellent education, had no funds to push them on. Not so myself, or those who knew them intimately; for I never saw men devote themselves with more self-application to master the details of their business, or more resolutely deny themselves all the dissipation to which young men too often yield, than the Scotts did, and their prosperity was the natural consequence of such a line of conduct. Mary's suitor had boarded for several years with Mrs. Johnston, and had been captivated with Mary. Prudently, however, resolving not to marry until he received a promised increase of salary, he did not attempt to win Mary's affections, but contented himself with paying her attentions, which I believe Mary, who received such from all the young men in the house, was vain enough to relish and encourage; whether she anticipated their result in this case or not I cannot tell. Having at last received the addition to his income he had for some time expected, he at once proposed for Mary. This proposal Mrs. Johnston was very anxious Mary should accept, and Anne and Agnes, eager for the éclat of a marriage, though they would only perform second parts at it, united in giving their votes on the acceptance side. The whole of Mary's more distant relations, who had been applied to on the occasion, were also unanimous in the same decision. But Mary was obstinate—she would refuse Tom Scott, though the whole world should unite to compel her to do otherwise. Perhaps all the little world of Mary's family and connexions having joined to afford Tom support, was one of Mary's perverse reasons for declining his hand. Her principal one I knew very well—Mary was a belle in her circle, and from her mother's having two brothers in Edinburgh, wealthy solicitors, Mary and her sisters were invited into very good society, and her vain little heart could not admit the idea of marrying a clerk, even although a confidential one, and in prospect of soon becoming partner in the house he served. Mary was vain enough to suppose she should yet receive many more offers. Then she was just at the age to under-estimate the many estimable qualities Tom Scott possessed, and to be fascinated by the young officers she occasionally met at her uncle's table; their flattering attentions had spoiled Mary completely, and rendered her foolish enough to disdain plainer but certainly as worthy men.

My cousin, Tom Scott, was a very excellent fellow, with good talents—for all the Scotts were clever—shy and reserved, perhaps, and not handsome; in company he did not look to advantage, but sterlingly honest, honourable, upright and manly; and had I wanted a friend on whose advice and assistance to rely, among a thousand I would have chosen Tom. Living years in the same house with him, and therefore well acquainted with his character and disposition, no wonder Mrs. Johnston was very desirous that Mary should become his wife.

When I entered the Johnstons' sitting-room, I found Mary seated on one end of one

of the chintz-covered couches, knitting a green silk purse very fast, looking cross and rather sulky, surrounded by her mother and sisters, all actively canvassing the proposal on which I was to give my opinion. While Mrs. Johnston and the others welcomed me, I said to my cousin Tom Scott's flame—'Well, Mary, how are you to-day?'

Mary answered coldly; she guessed I was enlisted on the opposite faction.

'Oh, Mrs. Orr, I wish you could speak to Mary,' began Mrs. Johnston, as soon as I was seated, 'about this very flattering proposal she has had from your cousin, Mr. Tom Scott. I wish you could only tell her what is for her good, for the rest of us cannot persuade her to see it. About two hundred a-year he has now; and I'm sure all the time he has lived in my house, he has not been out in an evening after ten o'clock, more than once in three months—always in from his office at eight, and after taking his cup of tea, down to his book, and he never moves from it till supper time.'

I assented to Mrs. Johnston's testimony of Tom Scott's extremely sober and domestic habits; but Mary only knitted the purse faster and faster, and did not condescend to take any notice of her mother's statement. She was just the sort of girl, at the age too, not to appreciate the force of it.

'Don't you think, Mrs. Orr,' inquired Anne, 'if Mary accepted Tom Scott, he would take that first flat in Anne Street, the Reeves were so anxious to get. Have you forgotten, Mary, how cheerful and airy you thought it—so near us all too?'

'Yes,' added Agnes; 'and Uncle John has said he would give her her whole wedding dress, if she would take Tom Scott.'

'And Uncle Archy is so anxious for it, too,' sighed Mrs. Johnston. He has promised Mary a sixty guinea piano-forte.

Still no reply from Mary; but how rapidly her hands did go at the purse, as much as to say, none of all these bribes and temptations moved her in the very least. I suggested that Mary should at least pause a little before she gave her final decision; but she hotly refused to do so.

'Indeed, Mary, I should like to hear your reasons against marrying my cousin,' I ventured to say.

Mary abruptly stopped her work and looked up with crimson cheeks—'I am not quite certain whether any one has a right to inquire into my private motives, Mrs. Orr,' (a great stress on the last words—Mary had acquired no small increase of dignity and consequence from Tom Scott's unlucky suit;) 'but I know at least that it is very unkind of mamma and all of you, to try to force me to marry a man I dislike.'

'Dislike Tom Scott! oh Mary!' ejaculated all her sisters. But Mary had worked herself up to that pitch, that I do believe for the moment she fancied herself an exceedingly ill-used victim, about to be sacrificed by all her near relatives to an individual as unworthy as any of the male monsters in her mother's favorite novels. I was so provoked at Mary's pride and folly, that I half hinted my real opinion, that my cousin, Tom Scott, was a great deal too good for her; a piece of rudeness which Mary received with an indignant toss of the head.

'But, Mary,' whispered Anne, meaning none but Mary to hear her, 'I fear you mistake when you believe you dislike Tom Scott. Do you remember last summer, how often in the evenings you took such long walks together?'

This address had a very opposite effect from what Anne intended it to have; in the first place it was impugning the truth of the declaration Mary had just made, and actually insinuating that she (Mary) unconsciously cherished a sort of liking for poor Tom Scott; in the second, it awakened certain disagreeable twinges of conscience which tended to increase Mary's ill-humour. When one is in a passion nothing is so likely to add to its strength as the knowledge of having done wrong being forced upon us by some injudicious friend.

'But walking with him is very different from marrying him, Anne,' exclaimed Mary, angrily. 'I never thought he had any intention of asking me; and as to marrying Tom Scott, that is a thing I will never do; I always did despise him and thought him very plain and tiresome.'

Mrs. Johnston, Anne and Agnes, were shocked at the expressions Mary had been hurried into using against Tom Scott, before his cousin's face, and Mary herself, when she had finished, seemed a little ashamed of her strong language; while I, slightly indignant (although I had no great faith in Mary's angry declaration,) insisted that I was not at all displeased, and that there was no need for apologies.

THE POET'S CALLING.—The true poet, to seize on the full advantages and to reap the full reward of his glorious vocation, must work in the better spirit of his time.

HALF OF THE PROFIT.—A nobleman, resident at a chateau near Pisa, was about to celebrate his marriage-feast.

THE STAFF OF ELDERWOOD.—A hunter wandered with his son over a field, and a deep stream flowed between them.

Commercial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.

Ashes continued scarce and quiet at 8 3/4 c a 8 1/2 c for pots and 9 c for pearls.

Bees-wax was inactive at former prices. BREADSTUFFS.—Flour was more inquired for by shippers as well as the regular home trade.

Table with 4 columns: Item, Price, Unit, and Quantity. Includes Superior State, Extra State, Superfine Western, etc.

MONTREAL, Nov. 20.

Flour continues firm; No. 1 may be quoted at \$4 50 as a basis of calculation; occasional sales at prices both above and below.

Liverpool breadstuffs market has generally been dull. Flour has a downward tendency.

Provisions market is very dull. Beef quiet and steady. Pork dull. Bacon scarce.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

Table with 2 columns: Line and Amount. Includes Great Western for week ended November 14th, Buffalo and Lake Huron do., Grand Trunk, week ended Nov. 8, 1862.

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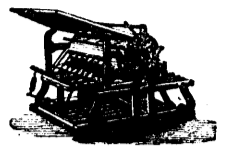
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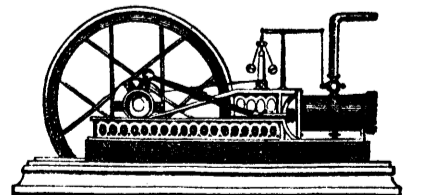
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TORONTO, September 20th, 1862.

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