

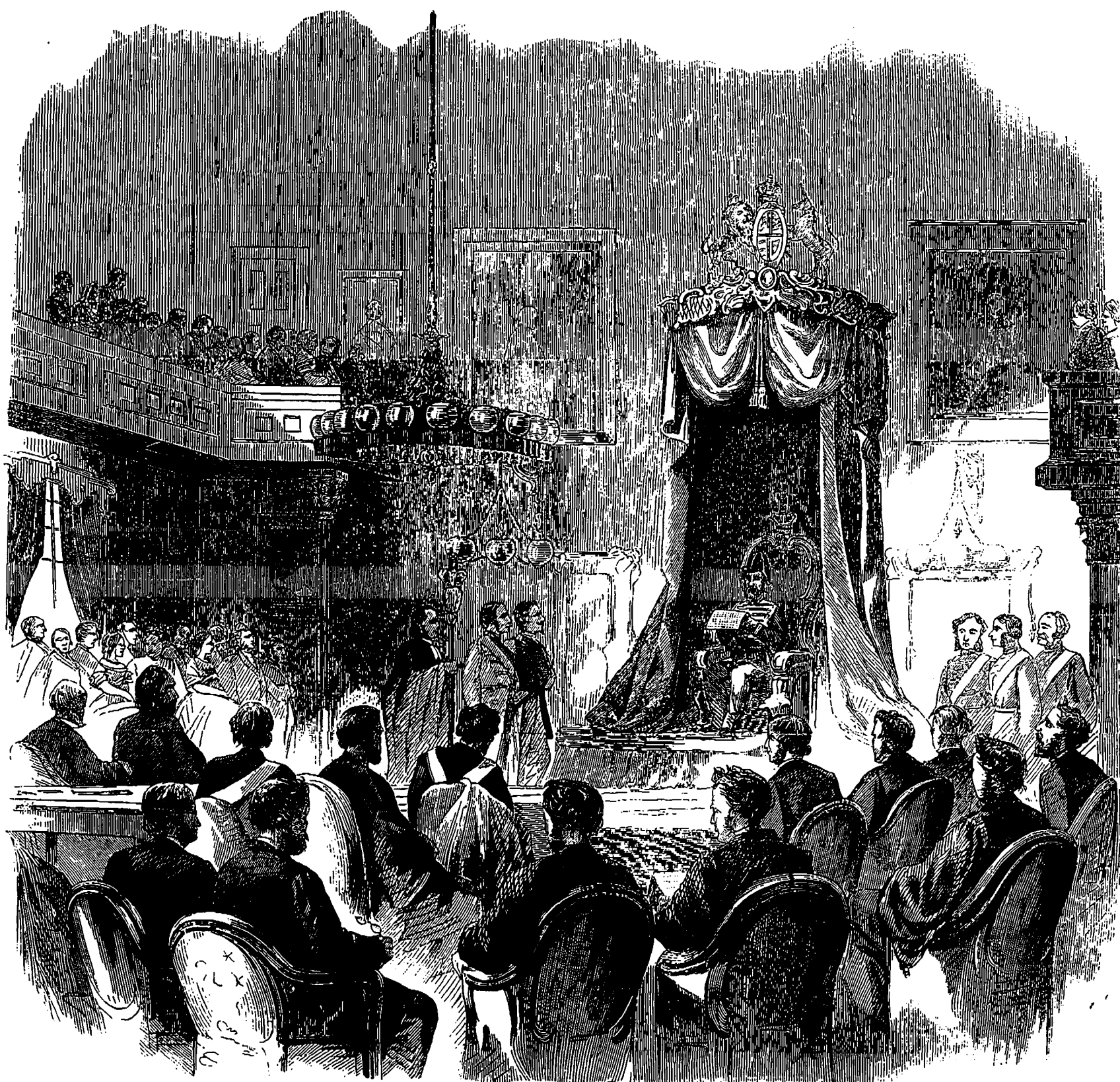
# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1863.

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OPENING OF THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.—GOVERNOR GENERAL DELIVERING THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

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## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, AUGUST 22, 1863.

**MINISTERIAL EXPLANATIONS.**

It is wonderful what an appetite poor human nature has for gossip and scandal. With what intense curiosity we pry into the secret affairs of our neighbors? How dull and insipid would be the gathering of elderly maids and matrons in Mrs. Smith's parlor, if they could not investigate the domestic economy of neighbor Jones—theorize wisely over the extravagance of his daughters—tell in whispered accents of the peccadillos of his sons, and turn poor Jones' domestic establishment generally inside out. It is but a higher form of this appetite which invests the work of poor half-crazy Boswell, with its irresistible charm, and has given a widespread popularity to 'My Diary North and South,' notwithstanding its more than questionable violations of conventional propriety. It is the same too which prompts us to thank the Hon. Mr. Cartier for that little speech of his, delivered in the House on the 13th inst., and thus reported by the Leader:

'Mr. Cartier pointed out that material changes had taken place in the government, and it was now different from the one on which a want of confidence motion had been passed and which advised the Governor to dissolve the House. He, therefore, on behalf of the House, demanded the explanations which were due.'

Now, to the popular imagination a Cabinet Council is an institution of unbending formality, of awful dignity, of immeasurable buckram and illimitable starch. A kind of human abstraction moved by inscrutable motives, which if not high above, are at least wide apart from those which control the conduct of ordinary men. The explanations which followed Mr. Cartier's speech gives us a glimpse of the inner life of a Cabinet Council. Not a sufficient one perhaps to reveal to us all its intricacies, but enough to show how eminently like any other human concern it is. Moved by the same impulses and afflicted with the same misunderstandings which belong to all the other relations of life.

With what credit—or the reverse—Ministers and ex-Ministers appear in our view behind the scenes, we offer no opinion. That question will be settled satisfactorily to every man according to his party predilections. The advocates of the Ministry will see nothing in the conduct of the Premier save a laudable desire to strengthen the

government, and so enable him to carry out the principles of his party. Its opponents, on the other hand, will see base ingratitude to colleagues, a corrupt clinging to the sweets of office, and much else of a similar kind. Goggles make sad work of a man's optics, when he attempts to decide on color. To the advocates of each party we leave the discussion of the question, contenting ourselves with a digest of the explanations given. On the day following the defeat of the Ministry, the Premier and Mr. Sicotte had an interview, at which it was agreed that the Lower Canadian section of the Cabinet should be strengthened by the appointment of Messrs. Dorion and Holton, and consequently the retirement of two of their present colleagues, one of whom it was agreed should be Mr. McGee. According to the Premier it was agreed on the same day, that the Double Majority should be abandoned, and Representation by Population left an open question. Mr. Sicotte, however, did not understand that this was agreed to, but had only been a subject of discussion. Negotiations with Messrs. Dorion and Holton followed; but these gentlemen could not be induced to enter the Cabinet under the leadership of Mr. Sicotte. This being the case, Mr. Sicotte was willing to appeal to the country with the Cabinet as it stood. The Premier, however, insisted that the co-operation of Messrs. Dorion and Holton must be had, at the same time intimating that it could be obtained only by giving the leadership of the Lower Canadian section to Mr. Dorion. Whereupon Mr. Sicotte had a meeting with his Lower Canadian colleagues, the result of which was that they placed their resignations in the hands of the Premier, who immediately charged Mr. Dorion with the duty of reconstructing that portion of the Cabinet.

The only change made in the Upper Canadian section was the substitution of Mr. Mowat for Mr. Foley. In the carrying out of this arrangement Mr. Foley complains that he was unfairly dealt with. He first heard of his dismissal from friends outside of the Cabinet. His demand for an explanation was not answered by the Premier for several days. He received a notice to attend a Cabinet meeting after, as he asserts, it had been determined to dismiss him. To this the Premier replies that Mr. Mowat took some time to consider whether he should accept the invitation to enter the Cabinet or not, that pending the decision of that gentleman he could give Mr. Foley no definite answer, but did so immediately he was made aware of Mr. Mowat's acceptance of office.

**PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.**

FIRST SESSION OF THE EIGHTH PARLIAMENT OF THE UNITED CANADA.

**LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.**

Quebec, August 14.

His Excellency the Governor General at three o'clock proceeded in state to the Legislative Council Chamber, and having taken his seat upon the throne, the Hon. Ulric Joseph Tessier informed His Excellency that the choice of the Legislative Council had fallen upon him to be their Speaker. His Excellency then commanded the attendance of the Legislative Assembly. The members of that body, proceeded by their Speaker, the Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, informed His Excellency that the choice of the Assembly had fallen upon him to be their Speaker, and he prayed for the members thereof the customary Parliamentary privileges. After which His Excellency was pleased to deliver the following speech:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council and Gentleman of the Legislative Assembly,

I have called you together at this unusual season because I desired as soon as was practicable after the dissolution of the last Parliament, to obtain your advice and assistance in reference to the public affairs of the Province.

Although the period of the year at which you are now assembled is one that renders it difficult for many of you to leave your other vocations, in order to give attention to your parliamentary duties, I am persuaded that you will cheerfully co-operate with me at the present time in considering such legislative proposals as the exigencies of the public service may demand.

Measures of importance, the progress of which in the late Parliament was interrupted by the dissolution, will again be submitted to your notice.

I would specially direct your attention to the existing Militia law, which requires extensive amendment in order to place this important arm of public defence in a condition of efficiency. The large increase which has occurred in the volunteer force, and the offers of service which I continue to receive from new companies, are gratifying proofs of the patriotic zeal which animates the whole community in reference to the subject of public defence. The interest which has been displayed in the formation of drill associations and the manifest desire of the country to perfect themselves in the use of arms, are satisfactory evidences that the people of Canada are prepared to submit to personal sacrifices which can reasonably be demanded of them in order to enable them in the most efficient manner to put forth their strength in defence of their institutions and their homes, should circumstances ever require from them such an exhibition of patriotism. I trust to your wisdom to give a proper direction to the excellent spirit by which the people are animated and to your liberality to supply the means by which practical advantages may be obtained from it.

A bill for the equitable adjustment of the relations between debtor and creditor, and to afford relief to insolvent debtors, will be laid before you.

Certain alterations in the laws regulating the administration of justice will be submitted for your approbation.

The existing laws affecting the registration of titles to real property in Upper and Lower Canada, and concerning patents for inventions as well as the laws relating to the encouragement of agriculture will also claim your attention.

**GENTLEMEN OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY:**

The estimates for the current year, for which provision was not made by the late Parliament, together with such additional estimates as may be necessary at the present time, will be laid before you without delay.

The last Session of Parliament having abruptly terminated without the grant of the usual Supplies for carrying on the Government, I have been obliged to undertake the responsibility of authorizing advances out of the Public Chest to defray certain indispensable charges. Statements will be submitted to you from which you will perceive that these advances have been strictly limited to the unavoidable requirements of the Public Service; under these circumstances I confidently rely upon your readiness to sanction the outlay which has been thus incurred, as well as to provide the necessary expenses of the Government for the current year.

**HONORABLE GENTLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN:**

I urge upon your early attention the state of the finances of the Province, and the relation which its expenditure bears to its income and resources. You will not fail to concur with me in the expression of regret that for some years past the public expenditure has exceeded the annual income, and I cannot doubt that you will agree with me that the time has arrived when a strenuous effort should be made to avert the continuance of this deficiency.

I have received a despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, enclosing copies of a correspondence between Her Majesty's Government and the agent of the Atlantic and Pacific Transit and Telegraph Company, in reference to a proposal made by that Company for the establishment of a telegraphic and postal communication between Lake Superior and New Westminster, in British Columbia. The importance of such an undertaking to the British North American Provinces, both in a commercial and a military point of view, induces me to commend the subject to your consideration. Copies of the correspondence shall be laid before you, and I feel assured that should any proposal calculated to effect the establishment of such communication on terms advantageous to the Province be submitted to you it will receive encouragement at your hands.

I cannot refrain from congratulating you at this season of the year upon the prospect which everywhere presents itself of an abundant harvest. I sincerely trust that the prosperity with which it appears likely Providence will this year bless the agricultural classes, may produce a corresponding improvement in our commerce and manufactures.

In commending to your careful attention the public affairs of this Province, I depend upon your zeal and ability to promote whatever may be conducive to the advancement of its future welfare, and I humbly invoke the divine blessing upon your deliberations, that they may be entered upon in an unselfish and impartial spirit, and may tend to the

increase of unanimity, prosperity and contentment throughout the land.

His Excellency the Governor General then retired, and the Speaker called the House to order.

Hon. Mr. Fergusson Blair moved *pro forma* for leave to introduce a bill relating to Common Schools.

Hon. Mr. Fergusson Blair also moved *pro forma* that the members of the House be a committee on privilege to meet and adjourn at pleasure.

Hon. Mr. Fergusson Blair further moved that the address in reply to His Excellency's Gracious Speech from the Throne be taken into consideration on Tuesday.—Carried.

The House then adjourned.

**LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.**

QUEBEC, Aug. 14.

The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock, shortly after which the House were summoned to attend His Excellency in the Legislative Council Chamber. On their return, the Hon. J. S. Macdonald brought in a bill *pro forma* to provide for the administration of oaths of office to persons appointed as justices of the peace.

The Speaker then read in English the Speech from the throne, which was read also in French by the Clerk at the table.

The usual formal motions proposed at the commencement of a new Parliament were then proposed and agreed to.

On motion of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald it was agreed to postpone the consideration of the Speech until Monday.

Mr. Brown gave notice of a motion for Monday, reciting the words of Hon. Messrs. Cartier, Galt and Rose in 1859, in regard to the existence of great difficulties in the government of the country, which were yearly becoming worse, and appointing a select committee to inquire and report upon the best means of remedying the evils referred to.

Mr. Brown also gave notice of a motion of enquiry into the progress of the Ottawa buildings.

On motion of Mr. Scatcherd, the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, attended with poll books and the special return in the case of the Essex Election. Another return and other papers were ordered to be printed.

Mr. McGee gave notice of a motion for the return of any correspondence which may have taken place in reference to the question of the proposed Intercolonial Railway.

Mr. J. A. Macdonald gave notice of an address, for Monday next, for any correspondence which may have taken place on the subject of the Militia of the Province, and of the armaments for the defence thereof.

The house adjourned at ten minutes before four.

**EDITOR'S NOTES.**

Parliamentary papers; Report of the Special Committee appointed by the Legislative Assembly on Credit Foncier; Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the affairs and financial condition of Toronto University and University College.

The proprietors of the Canadian Illustrated News thank the clerks, in whose department the distribution of public documents is a duty, for their careful attention.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—This has been received from Leonard Scott & Co., New York, but no other of the Reviews with it. The present number of the Edinburgh is great in its subjects. These are: 1, Napier's Memorials of Claverhouse; 2, Druids and Bards; 3, Fergusson's History of the Modern Styles of Architecture; 4, Louis Blanc's French Revolution; 5, Sir George Cornwall Lewis on Forms of Government; 6, Xavier Raymond on the Navies of France and England; 7, the Sources of the Nile; 8, the Scots in France; the French in Scotland; 9, Lyell on the Antiquity of Man.

We have not yet had time to read those articles, but their titles give promise of a literary treat some day. Let those who have leisure at the sea-side or elsewhere in these warm days send for the Edinburgh Review and the other re-publications of Leonard Scott & Co., and enjoy themselves profitably, delightfully.

CHARLES LEGGE, Esq., Civil Engineer, Montreal.—The book and letter have come to hand, and will be noticed hereafter. The Editor has not time to go into the subject, but he thanks you cordially.

EMMIE MANSFIELD.—The Story is not rejected; nor was anything depreciatory meant in the remark we made. It will be printed. A letter will reach you as intimated.

MORNING.—The beautiful lines with this title, inserted on another page, have been printed, unfortunately, with two or three typographical errors.

## THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

[CONTINUED.]

'There is something in my history you do not know. I may tell you some day, or I may not. Let us talk of something else.'

The woman arose from her knees.

'I am powerless,' she said, 'I will do as you order.'

'You are wise, after all. Have you means enough?'

'Ample.'

'Does Mary serve you well?'

'I have no complaint to make.'

'Of course not; when she fails in her duty, there are others to replace her. If you have means enough for your needs, and no complaints of your servant, and no more lectures to read me, I might as well go. I have the honor to bid you a very good-night, madam. May you have all the quiet rest, and pleasant dreams, a good conscience can afford.'

He rose, bowed formally, and with a light, mocking laugh, left the room.

When he had gone, the woman sank on her knees again. She was not in prayer. The clenched hands, the compressed lips, and the convulsed features, showed that a thousand evil passions, and not devotion, were at work within.

The surgeon kept on his way with a light step, but as he came near a dark lane in the village, he slackened his pace and looked around. A female figure emerged from the lane. The party was closely muffled, but the two had evidently been expecting each other, for they conversed in a low tone for some time, both standing in the darkest shadow of the adjoining house. At length the surgeon parted the hood which the female wore, and stooping, kissed her. Just then, some one came along, when the female ran hastily into the lane, and the surgeon crouched back, until the stranger had passed. In a few minutes he followed.

And this was the day after his wife's funeral! What gossip for Ebury, if it had been known! But Ebury was profoundly ignorant of the matter.

## CHAPTER VI.

MISS ELLEN AND HER LOVER, AND THE COMING DOWNFALL OF A YOUNG LADY'S HOPES.

The hot day had nearly passed, and the sun, approaching its setting, threw the tall shade of the trees across the garden of Mrs. Chavasse. The large window of a pleasant room opened on to it, and in this room stood a fair, graceful girl, with one of the loveliest faces ever seen in Ebury. Her dark blue eyes were bent on the ground; as well they might be: the rose of her cheek had deepened to crimson; as well it might do; for a gentleman's arm had fondly encircled her waist, and his lips had pushed aside the cluster of soft hair, and were rendering deeper that damask cheek. Alas, that her whole attitude, as she stood there, should tell of such rapturous happiness!

Neither was an inhabitant of that house; both had come in to pay an evening visit, and the young lady had thrown off her bonnet and mantle. It may be these visits were accidental; but if so, they took place nearly every evening. It happened that Mrs. and Miss Chavasse on this occasion were out, but expected to enter every minute; so, being alone, they were improving on the time.

And this from Miss Leicester, the carefully brought-up daughter of the rector of Ebury! That she should repose quietly in the embrace of that man without attempting to withdraw from it! Yes; and love has caused some of us to do as much. But oh, that the deep, ardent affection of which Ellen Leicester was so eminently capable, had been directed into any other channel than the one it was irrevocably fixed in!

For he who stood beside her was Gervase Castonel. It was not that he had once been married, but it was that there were some who deemed him a bad man, a mysterious man, with his sinister expression of face, when he did not care to check it, and his covert ways. Why should he have cast his coils round Ellen Leicester? why have striven to gain her love when there were so many others whose welcome to him would have carried with it no alloy? It would almost seem to, Mr. Castonel went by the rules of contrary, as the children say in their play-game. The only persons into whose houses he had not been received, and who had both taken so strange and unconquerable a dislike to him, were the late Mr. Winninton and the Reverend Mr. Leicester. Yet he had chosen his first wife in the niece of the first, and it seemed likely (to us who are in the secret) that he was seeking the second in the daughter of the last. Strange that he should have

been able to do his work so effectually; that Ellen Leicester, so good-and-dutiful, should have been won over to a passion for him, little short of infatuation, and that it should have been kept so secret from the whole world! Never was there a man who could go more mysteriously to work than Gervase Castonel.

'You speak of a second marriage, Ellen, my love,' he was saying, 'but how often have I told you that this scarcely applies to me. Were it that I had lived with her years of happiness, or that I had loved her, then your objections might have reason. I repeat to you, however much you may despise me for it, that I married her, caring only for you. Before I was awake to my own sensations, I had gone too far to retract; I had asked for her of old Winninton, and in honor I was obliged to keep to my hasty engagement. Even in our early marriage days I knew that I loved but you: sleeping or waking, it was you who were present to me, and I would awake from sleep, from dreams of my real idol, to caress thoughtlessly my false one! Oh, Ellen! you may disbelieve and refuse to love me, but in mercy say it not.'

There was great honey in the words of Mr. Castonel, there was greater honey in his tone, and Ellen Leicester's heart beat more rapidly within her. She disbelieve aught asserted by him!

'Ellen, you judge wrongly,' was his reply, as she whispered something in his ear. 'It is a duty sometimes to leave father and mother.'

'But not disobediently, not wilfully. And I know that they would never consent. You know it also, Gervase.'

'My darling Ellen, this is nonsense. Suppose I were to yield to your scruples, and marry another in my anger? What then, Ellen?'

'I think it would kill me,' she murmured.

'And because Mr. and Mrs. Leicester have taken an unjust prejudice against me, both our lives are to be rendered miserable? Would that be justice? Suppose you were my wife; do suppose it, only for a moment, Ellen; suppose that we were irrevocably united, we should then not have consent to ask, but forgiveness.'

She looked earnestly at him, and as his true meaning came across her, the mild expression of her deep blue eyes gave place to terror.

'Oh, Gervase,' she implored, clasping his arm in agitation, 'never say that again! As you value my peace here and hereafter, do not tempt me to disobedience. I mistook your meaning, did I not?' she continued in a rapid tone of terror. 'Gervase, I say, did I not mistake you?'

He felt that he had been too hasty; the right time was not come. But it would: for never did Gervase Castonel set his will upon a thing that he left unfulfilled.

Miss Chavasse entered. Ellen Leicester was in the garden then: she had glided out on hearing her approach. And Mr. Castonel was seated back in an arm-chair, intent upon a newspaper.

'Oh!' exclaimed Frances, 'I am sorry we should have been out. I am sure we are obliged to you for waiting for us, Mr. Castonel.'

'I have not waited long; but if I had waited the whole evening I should be amply repaid now.' He spoke softly and impressively, as he detained her hand in his: and from his manner then, it might well have been thought that he intended Frances Chavasse for his wife; at least it never could have been believed he was so ardently pursuing another.

'And Ellen Leicester is here,' added Frances, 'for that's her bonnet. Have you seen her?'

'Who? Miss Leicester? Yes, I believe I did see her. But I was so engaged with this paper. Here is some interesting medical evidence in it.'

'Is there?' But at that moment Ellen Leicester came to the window. 'How long have you been here?' asked Frances.

'About an hour,' was Miss Leicester's answer.

'What an awful girl for truth that is!' was the angry mental comment of Mr. Castonel.

'I must say you have proved yourselves sociable companions,' remarked Frances. 'You mope in the garden, Ellen, and Mr. Castonel pores over an old newspaper. Let us have a song.'

Now Mr. Castonel hated singing, but Frances sat down to the piano, and he was pleased to stand behind her and clasp the

hand of Ellen Leicester. Yet Frances, had she been asked, would have said Mr. Castonel's attention was given to herself; aye, and gloried in saying it, for she liked the man, and would have had no objection to become his second wife. It may be that she was scheming for it. Thus they remained till the night came on, and the moon was up. Frances, never tired of displaying her rich voice, and Ellen Leicester content to stand by his side had the standing lasted forever. Moonlight singing meetings are dangerous things.

A servant came for Ellen Leicester, and Mr. Castonel walked home with her. They went not the front way, but through the lane, which brought them to the back door of the rectory. Was it that Ellen shrank from going openly, lest her parents might see from the windows that Mr. Castonel was her companion? He lingered with her for a few moments at the gate, and when she entered she found her mother alone: the rector was out. To her it had been a delicious walk, and she felt that life would be indeed a blank, if not shared with Gervase Castonel.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE MYSTERIOUS RESIDENT OF BEECH LODGE HIRES A SPY, WHO SEEMS LIKELY TO BE OF LITTLE VALUE.

A boy, in a shadowy livery, and having a basket in his hand, was loitering along the street one day. Presently he came in front of Beech Lodge. The servant girl there, who apparently had been watching, beckoned him to come over.

'Me, ma'am,' inquiringly, said John, for it was Mr. Castonel's tiger, and he hesitated.

The woman nodded affirmatively, whereupon John crossed, and entering a little gate, came to the house.

'My mistress wants to see you,' said the girl.

'Yes ma'am, I'll come in as soon as I scrape my feet.'

She led him into the little parlor, where her mistress was ready to receive him.

'What is your name?' she asked.

'John, ma'am.'

'Do you like spending money, John?'

'Do I? Oh, just you try me, ma'am.'

The lady handed him a shilling.

'You can have this very frequently, if you keep your tongue still to others, and use it to me.'

'Very well, ma'am.'

'Does your master visit much now?'

'Yes, ma'am; there's a good many sick just now.'

'I do not mean that. Does he pay many visits to young ladies?'

'Oh, yes, ma'am. He visits at Mr. Chavasse's a great deal.'

'Miss Chavasse is very handsome, is she not?'

'Oh, lor', ma'am, isn't she though?—They say that Master is going to marry her.'

'Ah?'

'I don't think so though.'

'No? Why not?'

'I can see when I keep my eyes open.—He's after Miss Leicester, I know.'

'That is the rector's daughter.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'And is she handsome, too?'

'Handsome nor 'tother. She's a beauty—she is.'

'Are there no other ladies?'

'No, ma'am.'

'None who come to visit him?'

'Yes, ma'am, patients.'

'If any come, let me know, and you may depend on me for a little pocket-money.'

'Yes, ma'am,' and John bowed himself and his basket out.

'If she wants information for her money, here's where they keep it,' said John, as he walked along, tossing the shilling about in his trowsers pocket, 'and it's always on hand suited to customers. Oh!'

His last exclamation was occasioned by the sudden appearance of his master, who seemed to come from out of the ground, or behind one of the beech trees, and John did not feel quite sure which.

'So you have been into Beech Lodge?' he asked.

'Yes, sir—they called me over.'

'What did they want?'

'The lady there—missus—what is her name, sir?'

'Never mind her name. What did she want?'

'Oh, nothing, sir—just asked after your health—that's all, sir.'

'John, you are lying to me. You were not called in for any such purpose. You had better tell the truth, for if I find that you deceive me, you will lose your place. She offered you money to act the spy on me.—Was that it?'

'She wanted to know about the young ladies you visit, sir.'

'Exactly. You have my permission to earn what money you can in that way—only remember this: I will always give the news you are to carry. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Now go on, and deliver your medicines.'

John touched his hat, and departed.

'I hope he'll have something for me pretty soon,' said John, 'a shilling won't last long.'

It was evident that the information to be obtained by the lady was not always to be reliable. In intrigue or in war, you cannot always rely upon your spies. They may be in the interest of the enemy, or they may cheat both parties.

## CHAPTER VIII.

TWO GENTLEMEN SEEM TO HAVE NO VERY GOOD OPINION OF THE HERO OF THE STORY.

Ellen had been invited to spend the next evening with Miss Chavasse, as was a frequent occurrence, and it was chiefly in these evening meetings that her love had grown up and ripened. Mr. Castonel was ever a welcome visitor to Mrs. Chavasse, and Frances had laughed, and talked, and flirted with him, till a warmer feeling had arisen in her heart. He had all the practice of Ebury, being the only resident medical man, so in a pecuniary point of view, he was a desirable match for Frances. Little deemed they that Ellen Leicester was his attraction. A tacit sort of rivalry with Ellen existed in the mind of Frances; she thought of her as a rival in beauty, a rival in position, a rival in the favor of Ebury. But she was really fond of Ellen, always anxious to have her by her side, and it never once entered into her brain that Mr. Castonel, who was under cold displeasure at the rectory, should seek the favor of Ellen.

Again went Ellen that evening to the house of Mrs. Chavasse, and again went Mr. Castonel. They, the three, passed it in the garden, a large rambling place, nearly as full of weeds as of flowers. They rambled about the different walks, they sat on the benches; Mr. Castonel's attention was given chiefly to Frances, not to Ellen, his custom when with both. Frances possessed her mother's old talent for flirtation, and Mr. Castonel was nothing loth to exercise it. And so the evening passed, and the summer moon rose in its course.

'Oh!' suddenly cried Frances as they were approaching the house, 'I have forgotten the bay leaves mamma told me to gather. Now I must go back all the way down to the end of the garden.'

She probably thought Mr. Castonel would follow her. He did not. He turned to Ellen Leicester, and drawing her amongst the thick trees, clasped her to him.

'I shall wish you good-night, my darling; this moment is too precious to be lost. Oh, Ellen, are things to go on like this forever? It is true these evening meetings are a consolation to us, for they are spent in the presence of each other, but the hours which ought to be yours, and yours only, are thrown away in idle nonsense with Frances Chavasse. Oh, that we had indeed a right to be together and alone! When is that time to come?—for come it must, Ellen. When two people love as we do, and no justifiable impediment exists to its being legally ratified, that ratification will take place sooner or later. Think of this,' he murmured, reluctantly releasing her, as the steps of Miss Chavasse were heard drawing near.

'I expected you were in the house by this time,' she exclaimed, breathlessly, 'and you are only where I left you.'

'We waited for you,' said Mr. Castonel.

'Very considerate of you,' was the reply of Frances, spoken in a tone of pique. She had expected Mr. Castonel to follow her.

They walked on towards the house. Mr. Castonel giving his arm to Frances. Talking was heard in the drawing room, and they recognized the voice of Mr. Leicester.

'I will go round here,' said Mr. Castonel, indicating a path which led to a side gate of egress. 'If I enter, they will keep me talking; and I have a patient to see.'

'He extended a hand to each as he spoke,



by way of farewell, but Frances turned along the path with him. Ellen sat down on a garden chair and waited. The voices from the house came distinctly to her ear in the quiet night.

'They will be in directly,' Mrs. Chavasse was saying. 'Mr. Castonel is with them.—He and Frances grow greater friends than ever.'

'Beware of that friendship,' interrupted Mr. Leicester. 'It may lead to something more.'

'And what if it should?' asked Mrs. Chavasse.

The rector paused, as if in surprise. 'Do I understand you rightly, Mrs. Chavasse—that you would suffer Frances to become his wife?'

'Who is going to marry Frances?' inquired Mr. Chavasse, entering, and hearing the last words.

'Nobody,' answered his wife. 'We were speculating on Mr. Castonel's attention to her becoming more particular. I'm sure anybody might be proud to have him; he must be earning a large income.'

'My objection to Mr. Castonel is to his character,' returned the clergyman. 'He is a bad man, living an irregular life. The world may call it gallantry: I call it sin.'

'You alluded to that mysterious girl who followed him down here,' said Mrs. Chavasse. 'You know what he told Mr. Winton—that it was a relation, a lady of family and character. Of course it is singular, her living on here in the way she does, but it may be quite right for all that.'

'I saw him stealing off there last night as I came home,' observed the rector. 'But I do not allude only to that. There are other things I could tell you of: some that happened during the lifetime of his wife.'

'Then I'll tell you what,' interrupted Mr. Chavasse, in his bluff, hearty manner, 'a man of that sort should never have a daughter of mine. So mind what you and Frances are about, Mrs. Chavasse.'

'That's just like papa,' whispered Frances, who had returned to Ellen Leicester.—'Speaking fiercely one minute, eating his words the next. Mamma always turns him round with her little finger.'

'As you value your daughter's happiness, keep her from Mr. Castonel,' resumed the minister. 'I doubt him in more ways than one.'

'Do listen to your papa, Ellen,' again whispered Frances. 'How prejudiced he is against Mr. Castonel.'

'My dear father is prejudiced against him,' was Ellen's thought. 'He says he met him stealing off to her house last night—if he did but know he was stealing back from bringing me home.'

Ellen was mistaken. It was later that the rector had met Mr. Castonel.

'Must I give him up,' she went on in mental anguish. 'It will cost me the greatest of all earthly misery: perhaps even my life. But I cannot have the curse of disobedience on my soul. I must, I will give him up.'

'Ah, Ellen Leicester! you little know how such good resolutions fail when one is present with you to combat them! However, nourish your intention for the present, if you will. It will come to the same.'

'Ellen, Isay,' Frances continued to whisper, 'what is it that prejudices your papa against Mr. Castonel? Caroline told me herself, after her marriage, that that person was a relative of his, one almost like a sister. You heard her say so.'

Ellen Leicester did not answer, and Frances turned towards her. It may have been the effect of the moon-light, but her face looked cold and white as the snow in winter.

#### CHAPTER IX.

MR. CASTONEL ASTONISHES HIS HOUSEKEEPER WITH A COMMUNICATION, BUT ASTONISHES MR. LEICESTER STILL MORE WITHOUT ONE.

It was a fine evening in October. Mr. Castonel had dined, and the tiger lighted the lamp, and placed it, with the port-wine, on the table before him. Mr. Castonel was particularly fond of a glass of good port; but he let it remain untouched on this day, for he was buried in thought. He was a slight-made man, neither handsome nor plain, and his unfathomable gray eyes never looked you in the face. He rang the bell, and the tiger answered it.

'Send Mrs. Muff to me. And, John, do not leave the house. I shall want you.'

The housekeeper came in, closed the door and came towards him. He was then pouring out his first glass of wine.

'Muff,' he began, 'there's a small black

portmanteau somewhere about the house.—A hand portmanteau.'

'Yes sir. It is in the closet by John's room.'

'Get it out, and put a week's change of linen into it. Did the tailor send home some new clothes to-day?'

'He did sir, and I ordered Hannah to take them up-stairs.'

'They must be put in. And my shaving tackle, and such things. I am going out for a few days.'

Mrs. Muff was thunder struck. She had never known Mr. Castonel to leave Ebury since he had settled in it, except on the occasion of his marriage.

'You have given me a surprise, sir,' she said, 'but I'll see to the things. Do you want them for to-morrow?'

'For this evening.'

Mrs. Muff thought that her ears must have deceived her. The last coach for the distant railway station had left. Besides, she had heard Mr. Castonel make an appointment at Ebury for the following day at twelve. 'This evening, sir?' she repeated. 'The coaches have all gone. The last drove by as John was bringing out the dinner-tray.'

'For this evening,' repeated Mr. Castonel without further comment. 'In half an hour's time. And, Muff, you must get the house cleaned and put thoroughly in order while I am away. Let the dressing-room adjoining my bed-chamber be made ready for use, the scent bottles and trumpery put on the dressing-table, as it was in—in the time of Mrs. Castonel.'

This was the climax. Mrs. Muff's speech failed her.

'This is Tuesday. I intend to be home on Monday next. I shall probably bring a—a person—a companion with me.'

'A what, sir?' demanded Mrs. Muff.

'A friend will accompany me, I say.'

'Very well, sir, which room shall I get ready?'



EARL DE GREY AND RIPON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

'Room! What for?'

Mrs. Muff was growing bewildered. 'I thought you said a gentleman was returning with you, sir. I asked which bed-chamber I should prepare for him.'

'My own.'

'Certainly, sir,' answered the housekeeper, hesitatingly. 'And, in that case, which room shall I prepare for you?'

Mr. Castonel laughed; such a strange laugh. 'I will tell you then,' he replied.—'You must also send for the gardener, and get the garden done up. Send to-morrow morning, and let him begin. John can help him: he will not have much to do while I am away.'

'Except mischief,' added the housekeeper. 'I'll keep him to it, sir.'

'And, Muff, if anybody comes after me to-night, no matter who, or how late, say I am gone to an urgent case in the country, and send them to Mr. Rice. You remember, now, no matter who. You may tell the whole town to-morrow, and the devil besides, for all it can signify then.'

'Tell what, sir?'

'That I am gone out for a week's holiday.'

Mrs. Muff withdrew, utterly stupified.—She thought that she was beside herself, or else that Mr. Castonel was.

That same evening, not very long after, Ellen Leicester, attended by a maid, left her home, for she had promised to take tea with Mrs. Chavasse. In passing a lonely part of the road, where they branched off to the railroad, they came upon Mr. Castonel. He shook hands with Miss Leicester, and gave her his arm, saying that he was also bound for Mrs. Chavasse's. 'I will take charge of you now,' he added; 'you need not trouble your maid to come further.'

'Very true,' murmured Ellen. 'Martha,' she said, turning to the servant, 'if you would like two or three hours for yourself to-night, you may have them. Perhaps you would like to go home and see your mother.'

The girl thanked her, and departed cheerfully towards the village. Could she have

peered beyond a turning in the way, she might have seen a post-carriage drawn up, evidently waiting for travellers.

The time went on to nine. The rector and his wife sat over the fire, the former shivering, for he had caught a bad cold.—'I suppose you have some nitre in the house?' he suddenly observed.

'Really—I fear not,' answered Mrs. Leicester. 'But I can send for some. Will you touch the bell?'

'Is Benjamin in?' demanded Mrs. Leicester. 'The maid who answered it.'

'No, ma'am. Master said he was to go and see how Thomas Shipley was, and he is gone.'

'Then tell Martha to put her bonnet on. She must fetch some nitre.'

'Martha is not come in, ma'am, since she went out to take Miss Leicester.'

'No!' uttered Mrs. Leicester, in surprise. 'Why, that was at six o'clock. I wonder where she is stopping.'

Benjamin came in, and was sent for the nitre, and soon Martha's voice was heard in the kitchen. Mrs. Leicester ordered her in.

'Martha, what did you mean by stopping out without leave?'

'Betsy has been at me about it in the kitchen,' was the girl's reply. 'But it is Miss Ellen's fault. She told me I might have a few hours for myself.'

'When did she tell you that?' demanded Mrs. Leicester, doubting if Ellen had said it.

'When we came to Piebald Corner. Mr. Castonel was standing there, and he said he would see Miss Ellen safe to Mrs. Chavasse's and it was then she told me.'

The rector looked up, anger on his face.

'Did you leave her with Mr. Castonel?'

'Yes, sir, I did.'

'Then understand, Martha, for the future. If you go out to attend Miss Leicester, you are to attend her. You have done wrong. It is not seemly for Miss Leicester to be abroad in the evening; without one of her own attendants.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

## EARL DE GREY AND RIPON.

HER MAJESTY'S SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

In the historical and genealogical portions of this memoir we follow that literary resort of many writers, the British Peerage. But a few remarks may be made from our personal knowledge of the family of Earl De Grey which do not appear in any of the histories of the Peerage.

The Robinsons of Yorkshire, England, were numerous. But the one family which gave the celebrated 'South Sea Bubble' Robinson of 1720-22, gave the very eminent Sir John Beverly Robinson, late Chief Justice of Canada; and the late Earl of Ripon, better known for some years as Lord Goderich. The latter was Colonial Secretary of State in England in the Administration of George Canning; and succeeded the latter as Prime Minister when the Canada Land Company, through its agent, John Galt the novelist, were giving names to backwoods settlements in this Province, where are now flourishing towns. The town of Guelph was by order of the Board of Directors in England, to have been named Goderich; but Mr. Galt had previously to receipt of orders called it Guelph. The town of Galt, he has said in his autobiography, was named after him by his friend, the Hon. Walter Dickson, four years before he came to Canada, or knew of the fact. So that in conferring names, Mr. Galt did not, as has been said, confer dignities upon himself.

The name of Guelph had been connected with legal documents, and without an act of parliament could not be changed. Accordingly the compliment of a Canadian town being named after the Prime Minister in 1828, was paid by attaching it to the younger settlement on Lake Huron; and so we have the town of Goderich.

The British Minister of War is selected for a memoir and portrait at the present time, not so much from any personal distinction he has earned, as from the highly important duties that he may have to perform in connection with Canadian destiny. And also in part that his father's name and family are related to this country. With these remarks we follow what the Peerage says:—

The Right Hon. George Frederick Samuel Robinson, Earl De Grey, of Wrest, in the county of Bedford, and Earl of Ripon, in the county of York, Viscount Goderich, of Nocton, Baron Grantham, of Grantham, in the county of Lincoln, and a Baronet, was born the 24th of October, 1827, about the time when his father, the first Earl of Ripon, and then Viscount Goderich, was Prime Minister. He was the only son of the Earl, by the only daughter and heiress of the fourth Earl of Buckinghamshire. He succeeded to his father's titles as Earl of Ripon and Viscount Goderich, on the 28th of January, 1859; to those of his uncle, as Earl De Grey and Baron Grantham, and to the baronetcy on the 14th of November, 1859. The late Earl De Grey was the brother of the first Earl of Ripon, and changed his name in the first instance to Weddell, and afterwards assumed the name, arms, and title of his aunt, Lady Amabel Hume Campbell, great-granddaughter of Henry Grey, twelfth Earl of Kent, and first Baron Lucas, who was created in 1706 Viscount Goderich and Marquis of Kent, and in 1710 raised to the dignity of the Duke of Kent. The Duke had by his first marriage four sons and seven daughters, all of whom died in his lifetime, without issue, except one daughter, Amabel, who married Viscount Glenorchy, son of the Earl of Breadalbane, who died in 1727, leaving an only daughter, Jemima. The Duke by a second marriage had a son, who died in his infancy, and a daughter, who married John Egerton, Bishop of Durham. The Duke obtained a new patent creating him Marquis De Grey, with remainder to his granddaughter, Jemima Campbell, daughter of his eldest daughter, Lady Amabel, wife of Lord Glenorchy above mentioned. On the Duke's death all his titles, except the marquise of De Grey and the barony of Lucas, became extinct, and these devolved on the aforesaid lady Jemima Campbell, his granddaughter, then Lady Jemima Royston, having married, a few days before her father's death, Philip, Viscount Royston, eldest son of the first Earl of Hardwicke, by whom she had two daughters only—Amabel, who succeeded her in the Barony of Lucas, and Mary Jemima, married to Thomas, second Lord Grantham, who left two sons—Thomas Philip; who succeeded his father as third Lord Grantham, and Frederick John; well known as Mr. Frederick Robinson; afterwards Viscount Goderich and Earl of Ripon,

and who was in 1823 Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Administration of Lord Liverpool, at which time he gained the nickname of 'Prosperity Robinson,' owing to the sanguine views which he took of the national resources of which he had the charge. Subsequently he became Prime Minister, President of the Board of Trade, and President of the Board of Control. The Marchioness De Grey died in 1779, when the marquise expired for want of heirs male; but the barony of Lucas devolved upon her eldest daughter, Amabel, who had married, in 1772, Lord Polworth, eldest son of the Earl of Marchmont, who was created Baron Hume in the peerage of Great Britain. By him she had no issue, and she was in 1816 created a peeress in her own right by the title of Countess De Grey, with remainder of that earldom to her sister, Lady Grantham, and her issue male. Lady Grantham died in 1830, and the Countess De Grey died in 1833, when she was succeeded by her nephew, Lord Grantham, who, as Earl De Grey, was well known as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1841 to 1844, during the last Administration of Sir Robert Peel. The Earl had issue only two daughters—Anne Florence, on whom the barony of Lucas descended on his death, and who married the sixth Earl Cowper; and Mary Gertrude, who married Captain Henry Vyner. Through such a singular series of vicissitudes as to have caused us to think them worth recording the two titles in his family descended, and were united in the subject of the present memoir, whose portrait we engrave in our current number.

Earl De Grey and Ripon married, in 1851, his cousin, the eldest daughter of captain and Lady Mary Vyner, and has issue surviving one son, born January, 1862. Adopting on his entrance into public life very liberal political views—indeed, as Viscount Goderich he was something of, if not altogether, a Radical—his Lordship was first elected to a seat in the House of Commons for Hull, but was unseated on petition in March, 1853. In the following April he was elected for Huddersfield, which place he represented until the general election, 1857, when he was returned for the West Riding of Yorkshire, which seat he occupied till his advance to the peerage in 1859. While a member of the House of Commons, he on more than one occasion brought forward special motions, all tending towards political and administrative reform. Being somewhat diminutive in person, and not possessing a very strong voice, though fluent in delivery and neat in his style, he did not reach the height of an effective speaker, although he was listened to with attention and respect. Personally he was very popular with members of all political creeds. His votes were uniformly given in favor of the extension of the suffrage, vote by ballot, and the abolition of church rates. In June, 1859, being then Earl of Ripon, and sitting in the House of Peers, he was appointed Under Secretary of War, Mr. Sidney Herbert being Secretary for War; but on that gentleman being raised to the peerage in 1861, the Earl having previously become Earl De Grey and Ripon, was transferred to the Under Secretaryship for India, his place at the War Office being taken by Mr. T. G. Baring, M.P. for Penryn, who was removed from the India Office for that purpose. During his tenure of office in the War Department, Earl De Grey and Ripon proved himself so successful an administrator (the organization of the Volunteer force, and the encouragement given by the government to that body, are said to be owing chiefly to him), that on the death of Lord Herbert, and the appointment of Sir George Lewis to the Secretaryship for War, he was again appointed to the Under Secretaryship, which he held until on the decease of Sir George Lewis, his pretensions to the office of Secretary of State, with a seat in the Cabinet, were deemed so assured that they overcame the only difficulty which was raised—that of the heads of the Army and the Navy being both members of the House of Peers, in addition to the fact that the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries were also members of that House—and he received the appointment which he now holds with general approval.

Our portrait is from a photograph by John and Charles Watkins, of Parliament Street, London, England.

A GENTLEMAN remarked the other evening at a party that a woman is the most wicked thing in creation.

'Sir, was the indignant reply of a young lady, 'woman was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked, what must the whole body be?'

RANK and fashion may be all very fine in time of peace, but rank and file must have precedence in time of war.

## FOR HARBOUR DEFENCES.

On page 171, we give two illustrations of a new invention, termed 'Revolving Forts,' which are at present attracting the attention of experienced military men. That the idea is ingenious, there can be no doubt. As to the feasibility, we must allow those who are experienced, and the public, to judge. The following we copy from the Scientific American:

## OUR NATIONAL DEFENSES.

It is quite time some change for the better was inaugurated in our fortifications on land and on water. While nearly every system of attack and defense that can be named has sustained important modifications, singularly enough, land fortifications, or their equivalents, stationary forts, whether on land or in the water, have remained almost without improvement. More particularly at this juncture, when governments all over the earth are increasing their offensive power, should we consider the best means of enforcing respect and insuring our own safety. Already the French Government is illustrating these plans of Mr. Timby's, and discussing the advantages likely to ensue from their adoption; shall we then, with whom the invention first originated, be backward in initiating a system which is unquestionably of the utmost value?

Thickness of wall, convenience of design, as regards access, and economy of space, are not considered as improvements vital and radical; and the ports of the United States are at this moment absolutely at the mercy of a foreign foe. Why are they so? Simply because stationary forts, as they are generally constructed in our harbors, have been found inadequate, and not to be relied on in all cases whatsoever. Stone sentinels at a harbor's mouth must be so literally, in word and deed; and it is of no use to maintain such guardians on a costly scale, unless they be competent to protect our commerce against sudden assault; and have power to stop all intruders rushing in from the highway of nations, the ocean, to plunder and destroy. A granite fort can stop an iron-clad, or any other ship, provided the fort's artillery is powerful enough, and that the shot therefrom strike the enemy. But, if these conditions remain unfulfilled, the fort is as useless for purposes of defense as if it were an iceberg. Ships have run by forts unharmed. Forts Jackson and St. Philip, on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, being cases in point; and the shore batteries thrown up at various points along the Potomac and other rivers, during the present rebellion, may be also instanced as evidences of the impunity with which fixed artillery can be defied by vessels. These are indisputable facts that cannot be gainsaid.

What, then, is required to render our forts impregnable, and to seal them against any possible surprise occurring through the enemies daring, or from the protection afforded by the darkness of the night?—Simply a system of defense that is, so far as human skill and the ingenuity of the present age can devise, absolutely impassable. These conditions are already fulfilled; and the erection of such a fortress might be commenced to-morrow, with the certainty of its accomplishing the end desired. When the Armstrong gun was introduced, and the Whitworth and Blakeley guns were brought forward, the Powers that be, at home and abroad, naturally become alarmed; feeling that, for such weapons, there must be found some new shield and buckler, or else the question of superiority would be very quickly decided by the Napoleonic maxim that victory lies with those who have the greatest guns. Hence, after much discussion, came iron-clad ships; and now these having been measurably a success, we must endeavor to repeal this latest intention of modern warfare.

Among all the ingenious plans proposed for the object alluded to—national defense—there is none that ranks higher, in our estimation, than that which is the subject of this article. Mr. Timby's invention, as is well known, consists of a revolving tower, adapted to either ship or shore. The unimpeachable value of the tower as an extraordinary means of resisting assault, and providing offensive power, has been amply proved; and the people owe him all the advantages which have accrued to us through its instrumentality. It being admitted that our ports are not in a desirable condition to arrest vessels striving to enter our harbors with malicious intent, it remains for us only to awaken from our apathy, and set to work without delay to remedy the evil. The plan of defense proposed by Mr. Timby, is to erect, at suitable points on either shore

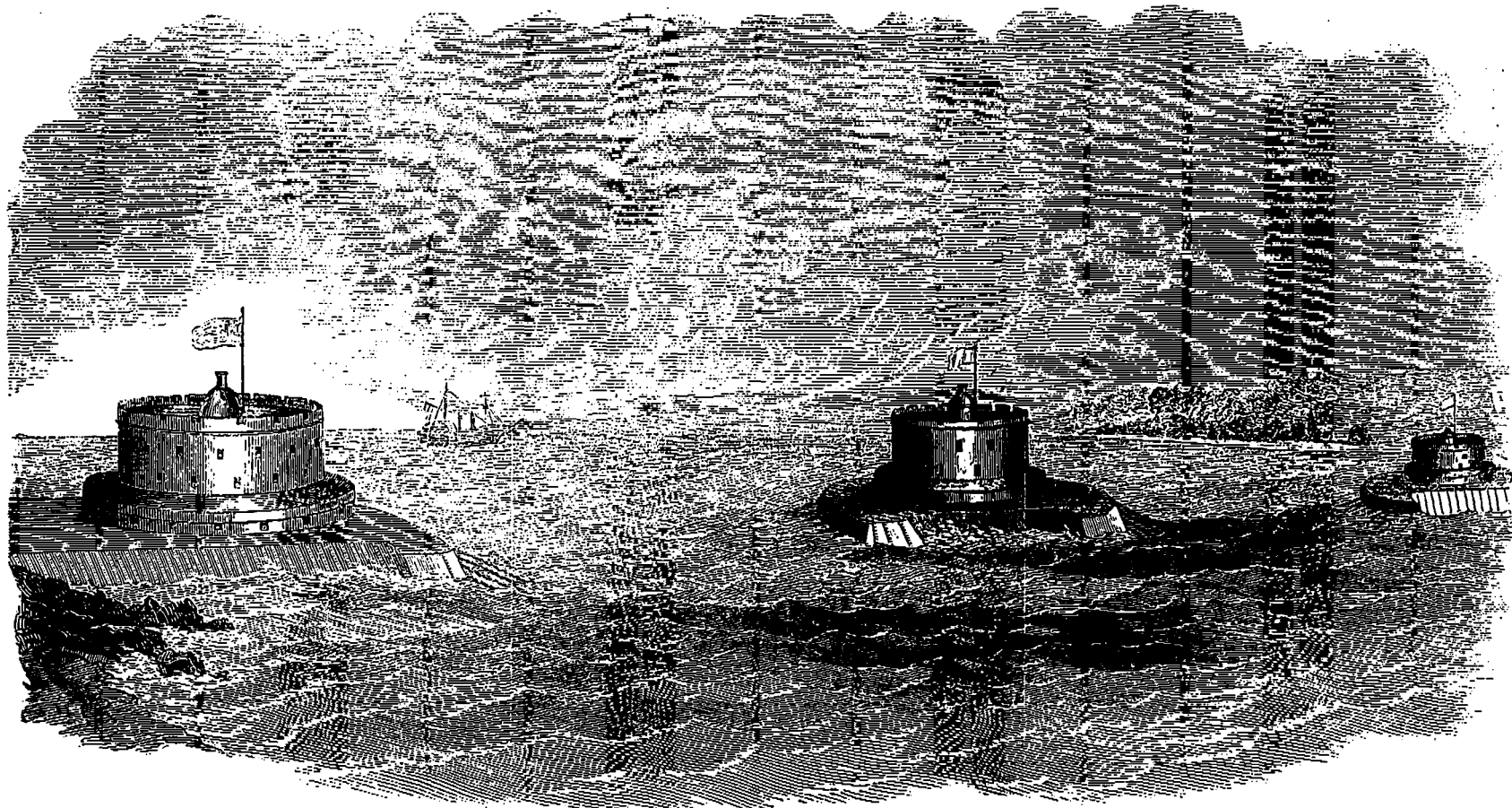
strong foundations; on these should be placed the revolving iron-clad towers. Midway in the channel another tower should be erected, which would form, with those on shore, a perfect cordon or chain of sentinels, who could not be either bribed or awed into submission. The strength and thickness of the tower is unlimited, as it may have iron walls two feet thick, if needful, to protect those within. The question of weight, which is of overwhelming importance on ship-board, need not here be taken into account; as the case with which the tower is revolved depends mainly upon the size and proportions of the running gear below, on which it rests. As the diameter of the tower increases, the strength of the walls must, of course, be augmented. Mere strength and power of resistance in the turret, however, is only a question of mechanics; and any emergency can be fully met and overcome, in this respect, by the resources of science. The most remarkable feature is the extraordinary capacity of the revolving fortress to annihilate every floating thing that comes within range of its guns. The rock of Gibraltar is an impregnable natural monument; but it would be of very little advantage to the English if its strength consisted in bulk alone. So with the towers; two mountains standing midway in the channel would not appal the soul of the most timid Chinese mariner; but let these mountains belch forth fiery storms of lead and iron, and woe betide the adventurous craft which shall approach, even though trebly clad in the heaviest mail, always providing the shot hit the mark at which they are aimed. This is by no means generally the case. Various causes conflict with the taking of a true and unerring aim in ordinary forts; not the least of which is the unpleasant feeling on the part of the gunner that some shot, inimical to him alone, may enter the open port through which he is sighting his weapon, and deprive him of his head; his aim is consequently hurried and uncertain; and too often the discharge of cannon is merely

<sup>1</sup>Sound and fury signifying nothing.

We have the fullest proof of this in the history of the present struggle. Tons of powder and shot have been wasted in firing at passing vessels; but there are very few, if any, instances on record where the gunners who blockaded the Potomac ever hit anything except the river, or the opposite shore. History is full of similar instances; and it is roughly computed that but one shot in about seven hundred ever takes effect! If the certain arrival of every shot at the destination intended could be assured, the cost of war would be reduced enormously; for, following the report of every gun would come the conviction that the enemy had received a vital blow, and that his destruction could soon be accomplished. So far as mechanical ingenuity can provide and foresight penetrate, this greatly desired consummation is within the capacities of the revolving fortress proposed by Timby. The following explanation and engraving will fully illustrate the plan of the inventor, and, we think, convince all that the conception is a correct one.

The second cut on the preceding page represents a section of the battery or revolving tower, and the several parts are here explained. The main structure, A, of the battery, is provided with a central or inner platform, B, on which the commander of the tower stands; this revolves independently of the main tower by means of the gearing, D. The decks or floors, C, are those on which the guns are mounted, and E, are ventilators through which are discharged all the smoke and gas caused in working the guns. In the foundation walls of the tower may be seen the gearing, F, which through the medium of the rollers, G, causes the tower to revolve; and which is driven by a steam engine erected within a bomb-proof. The casemates, H, at the foot of the tower, also contain guns which are used independently of those in the tower. Down below these the walls, I, form a subterranean chamber, into which stores of all kinds may be placed.—These are, in brief, the principal features.—The dome-shaped roof, K, affords a shelter and protection to the commander who sights and fires the guns. The whole battery is thus literally under the control of one man; and after the guns are loaded, they are fired by him through the agency of a galvanic battery; the current passing through the conductors depending from the roof or floor to each gun.

Let us now examine this feature, by far the most important in the revolving fort.—Here are sixty guns, we will assume, that are to be brought into service. In ordinary forts, although the full complement of artillery may not exceed this number, the whole of them are not serviceable, by reason of the



REVOLVING TURRETS PROPOSED TO BE USED FOR BATTERIES NEAR SHORE.

character of the work—that is, stationary. With the revolving fort and its peculiar arrangement, every gun can be fired once in a minute, or oftener, if required; depending only upon the rate of speed at which the tower revolves. Absolute accuracy in the flight of the shot is insured, so far as science can guarantee, by the certainty with which the cannon can be brought to bear on the enemy, guided by the telescope of the commander. The engraving shows this personage in the act of sighting, through the peepholes in the dome. As the tower revolves independently of the commander's platform, each gun is discharged at the precise moment when it arrives under the electrical conductor depending from the roof; and it will be seen that, as the flight of the shot to its mark does not depend in the least upon the skill in gunnery of a number of different persons, excited and eager with the heat of battle, much greater execution must ensue than when the reverse obtains. How many shots could an iron-clad vessel receive from guns discharged with such accuracy as is here attainable, before she would be obliged to succumb? Scarcely would the tower have revolved once ere the foe would go to the bottom with all on board; or else, exercising that discretion which is the better part of valor, 'bout ship, and tell the tale of her discomfiture to unwilling ears. As the tower revolves once a minute 180 guns—supposing there are three tiers of sixty each—could be discharged at every turn; and, if these guns were Admiral Dahlgren's, of 15-inch bore, 32 tons of iron might be hurled at every revolution of

the tower; an amount of ballast which would interfere with the sea-going qualities of any ship that ever floated. No vessel in the world ever carried such a broadside, or could be made strong enough to resist the terrible execution which would be sure to follow there-

from. And though we must not suppose that the enemy will be idle, yet his responses will avail but little, and the chances of his dismounting a gun would be very slight indeed. As the tower rotates, each gun is loaded, after firing, on the safe side, or that opposite the fighting face of the tower, which is continually changing its aggressive front, and the exposure of life and limb thus greatly lessened. Of course the commander in the turret is not silent, but by a telegraph directs each officer to elevate or depress his gun, as may be required to suit the distance from the foe, although this duty must be done at times under exposure.

So far we have considered only a single tower; but when we have a cordon of revolving forts extending across our harbors, Mr. Timby proposes to stretch between the two a gang of heavy chain cables, in the manner shown in the engraving on the preceding page. These chains pass in through hawse-holes in the foundation of the tower, and are sustained by metallic buoys capable of carrying nine-tenths of the cables, weight below the surface. These chains do not in the least interfere with the channel way, as they are slacked away the moment danger disappears; and, resting quietly on the bottom, permit pacific vessels to enter as they please. The object of these chains is to detain the enemy under fire; for, when he ar-

rives at them, should he be foolish enough to run his ship against such a barrier, he will find the converging fire of two revolving forts bearing upon him with a deadly accuracy of aim from which there is no escape. We need not dilate upon the effect which will follow; nor is it necessary for us to pursue this subject through interminable columns. Very few unfavorable criticisms can be presented against the plans herein detailed, which Mr. Timby has been engaged for the past 22 years in perfecting. Were such fortifications as those proposed erected at the entrance of our harbors, we might dismiss all fears of invasion; defying alike hostile ships and those who sail them.

THE WAR OF 1812.

The illustrations, with the words 'battle ground' below them which appeared on the 8th and 15th, another of which is given on the opposite page, refer to the war of 1812. As many more are in preparation as will form a set of views to a narrative which will be commenced in an early number. That published to-day represents the grounds commonly called the Oak Woods on the banks of the Detroit river.

An account of the war would be at any time instructive reading; in the present unquiet times it should be instructive in the highest degree. It would tell us of patriotic zeal, of successful military operations on this side, but also of defective arrangements.

In the few remarks quoted from an American writer in last number in connection with the picture of 'Battle Ground on the Thames,' the marks of quotation being omitted, the reading may have left the impression that the commentary was ours.

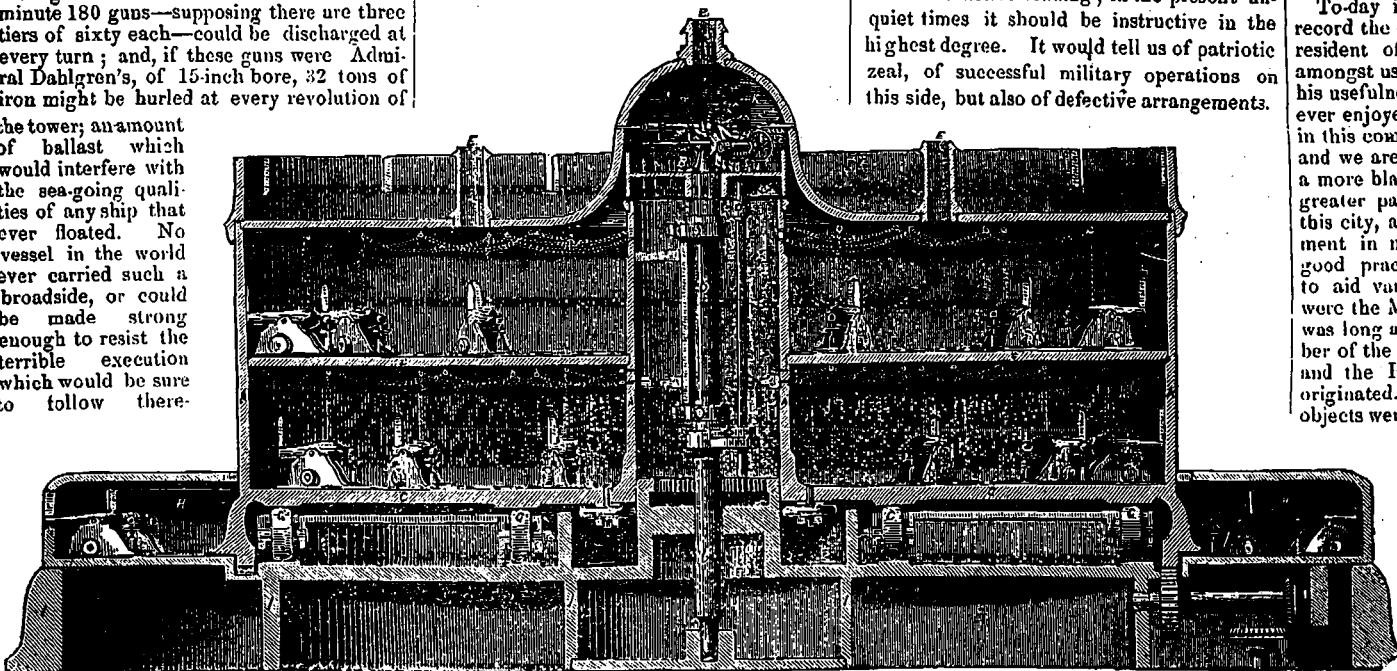
Historically, however, the facts touched upon were similar to what were related. The difference was this, that the American writer said that the British under Col. Proctor 'fled.' We would have said retreated. In the case of the Americans retreating to surrender to Gen. Brock, we are not in the habit of saying that they 'fled.' We leave the offensive word to come from the other side. It is a word used only by civilian or political writers in reference to military affairs. Retrograde movements require to be made which military commanders understand, but civilians do not.

THE LATE DR. CRAIGIE.

When an eminent citizen dies and his contemporaries write of him as they knew him, it is better for the future biographer, or historian, that the contemporaries should speak. In that sense we extract from the Hamilton Spectator, the following brief memoir. The engraving is a good portrait of this eminent gentleman.

To-day it becomes our mournful duty to record the demise of another old and valued resident of this city, who has gone from amongst us full of years, but in the midst of his usefulness. We know of no man who ever enjoyed a larger share of public esteem in this community than Dr. William Craigie; and we are sure that no one could have lived a more blameless or useful life. For the greater part of twenty years he resided in this city, and was identified with its advancement in many ways. Although he had a good practise as a physician, he found time to aid various objects, chief among which were the Mechanics' Institute, of which he was long a Director, besides being a member of the Upper Canada Board of Arts; and the Horticultural Society, which he originated. His labors in behalf of these objects were incessant, and he spared no pains in furthering their interests.

Dr. Craigie was born on the 11th March, 1799, at Belnaboth, Parish of Towie, Aberdeen shire, Scotland. He came to Canada, settled at Ancaster in 1834, and removed to Hamilton in 1845. He studied for the medical profession at Mareschal College, Aber-



INTERIOR OF THE REVOLVING TURRETS.



deen, the Universities of Edinburgh and Dublin, taking degrees in all. While practising in his native country, he had the patronage of the last Duke of Gordon, and stood deservedly high as a practitioner. The Doctor was a ripe scholar, probably one of the first in Upper Canada, and held a high position as a scientific authority in meteorology, botany, horticulture, and agriculture. His efforts as a meteorologist have for many years been chronicled monthly in these columns; and he frequently lent assistance to a journal of science published in connection with the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. As a member of the Board of Arts, his labors were of the most valuable character, and the Gore Mechanics' Institute is greatly indebted to his exertions. As a Physician and Surgeon, the loss of his large and extensive experience will be widely felt. His kindness of heart and generous disposition rendered him a favorite, and no member of the profession could have been more esteemed by his patients. The loss of one so universally respected will be deeply felt, and no one has departed from among us who could have caused a greater void. He had enjoyed remarkably good health, in fact, was seldom if ever known to be ill; but last winter he had a severe attack from which he never completely rallied. He went about, however, and was almost as active as ever through the greater part of the summer, when a few weeks since he had a return of the malady which finally obtained the mastery of him, and he died on the 19th of August. Peace to his ashes.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SOCIETIES.

The following resolution was passed unanimously at the meeting of the Directors of the Mechanics' Institute, which was held yesterday evening:—

Resolved,—That the Board of Directors of this Institute wish to place on record some regret which they all feel at the death of late coadjutor, Dr. Craigie. During his lengthened connection with the Institute, he had been an earnest worker. Ever foremost in any project which might enhance its welfare, he contributed largely to its present success.—Constant in his attendance at the Board, the decisions of the Directors were not unfrequently tempered by his good judgment. He was moreover possessed of highly cultivated intellectual powers, and well deserved the only tribute of esteem which the Institute has in its power to bestow, that of honorary membership. This was accorded to him several years ago. As his honesty and kind-heartedness had won for him the respect and regard, not only of the members of this

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE WM CRAIGIE, ESQ., M. D.



Board, but of all who knew him, so will his death occasion their lasting regret.

The Directors, deeply sympathizing with his widow and the other members of his mourning family, desire that a copy of this resolution should be sent to them, trusting that a kind Providence may enable them to bear with fortitude the sad affliction under which they labor.

The Directors and Superintendent of the Institute intend, as a body, to attend the funeral of Dr. Craigie, and we understand that the Reading Room will be closed to-morrow from nine to noon.

At a special meeting of the Hamilton Medical and Surgical Society, held last evening, the following resolutions were adopted:

Moved by Dr. Mackelcan, and seconded by Dr. Macdonald, that the members of this Society desire to express their great respect for their following member, Wm. Craigie, Esq., M. D., and their deep regret for his decease.

Moved by Dr. Rosebrough and seconded by Dr. Mackintosh, that the members of this Society sincerely sympathise with Mrs. Craigie and the family of their late respected brother member, in their bereavement.

Moved by Dr. Ridley, seconded by Dr.

Duggan, that as a further mark of respect to the memory of their deceased professional brother, the members of this Society shall attend his funeral in a body.

☞ Owing to the Editor being unavoidably absent from the office through sickness, the balance of the Falls of St. Ann have been overlooked, but will appear in our next. And through some fault in the mail our sketch of the Governor's carriage driving to the Parliament building, came to hand too late, but will appear next week.

BATTLE GROUND, OF 9TH AUGUST, 1812.



## NAVAL POWER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

The following article is long but so deeply interesting that we do not abridge it. The writer looks at the naval power of Great Britain from an American point of view. In connection with the new device of land forts having moveable turrets, which will be seen pictorially illustrated on another page, and in relation to the water and land defences of Canada, the subject is eminently the question of the day:—

What are the considerations which properly enter into any just estimate of a people's naval power?

In the first place, this certainly is a vital question: Are the people themselves in any true sense, naval in their tastes, habits, and training. Do they love the sea? Is it a home to them? Have they that fertility of resources and expedients which the emergencies of the sea-life make so essential, and which can come only from a long and fearless familiarity with old ocean in all his aspects of beauty and all his aspects of terror? Or are they essentially landsmen,—landsmen just as much on the deck of a frigate as when marshalled on a battle-field? This is a test question. For if a nation has not sailors, men who smack of the salt sea, then vain are proud fleets and strong armaments.

I am satisfied that the ordinary explanation of that naval superiority which England has generally maintained over France is the true explanation. Certainly never were there stouter ships than those which France sent forth to fight her battles at the Nile and Trafalgar. Never braver men trod the deck than there laid down their lives rather than abase their country's flag. Yet they were beaten. The very nation which, on land, fighting against banded Europe, kept the balance for more than a generation at equipoise, on the water was beaten by the ships of one little isle of the sea. In the statement itself you have the explanation. The ships were from an isle of the sea. The men who manned them were born within sight of the ocean. In their childhood they sported with its waves. At twelve they were cabin-boys. At twenty thorough seamen. Against the skill born of such an experience, of what avail was mere courage, however fiery?

A similar train of remarks may with truth be made about our Northern and Southern States. No doubt, the Rebel Government may send to England and purchase swift steamers like the Alabama, and man them with the reckless outcasts of every nationality, and send them forth to prey like pirates upon defenceless commerce. No doubt, in their hate, the Rebels may build sea-monsters like the Merrimack, or the Arkansas, or those cotten-mailed steamers at Galveston, and make all stand aghast at some temporary disaster. These things are unpleasant, but they are unavoidable. Desperation has its own peculiar resources. But these things do not alter the law. The North is thoroughly maritime, and in the end must possess a solid and permanent supremacy on the sea. The men of Cape Cod, the fishermen of Cape Ann, and the hardy sailors who swarm from the hundred islands and bays of Maine, are not to be driven from their own element by the proud planters of the South. Naval habits and naval strength go hand in hand. And in estimating the resources of any power, the first question is, are the sailors,—not men of the land, but men of the sea?

There is a second question, equally important. What is a nation's capacity for naval production? What ship-yards has it? What docks? What machine shops? What stores of timber, iron, and hemp? And what skilled workmen to make these resources available? A nation is not strong simply because it has a hundred ships complete and armed floating on its waters. 'Iron and steel will bend and break,' runs the old nursery-tale. And practice shows that iron and steel wrought into ships have no better fortune, and that the stoutest barks will strand and founder, or else decay, and amid the sharp exigencies of war, with wonderful rapidity. Not what a nation has, then, but how soon it can fill up these gaps of war, how great is its capacity to produce and reproduce, tells the story of its naval power.

When Louis Napoleon completed that triumph of skill and labor, the port of Cherbourg, England trembled more than if he had launched fifty frigates. And well she might. For what is Cherbourg? Nothing less than an immense permanent addition to the French power of naval production. Here, protected from the sea by a break-water miles in extent, and which might have

been the work of the Titans, and girdled by almost impregnable fortifications, is more than a safe harbor for all the fleets of the world. For here are docks for the repairs I dare not say of how many vessels, and ship-houses for the construction of one knows not how many more, and work-shops and arsenals and stores of timber and iron well-nigh inexhaustible. This is to have more than a hundred ships. This is to create productive capacity out of which may come many hundred ships, when they are wanted. The faith men have in the maritime greatness of England rests not simply on the fact that she has aloft a few hundred frail ships, but rather on this more pregnant fact, that England, from Pentland Frith to Land's End, is one gigantic work-shop,—and that, whether she turn her attention to the clothing of the world or the building of navies, there is no outmeasuring her mechanical activity. The world has called us a weak naval power. But the world has been mistaken. We are strong almost as the strongest, if not in fleets, then in the capacity to produce fleets. Three hundred armed vessels, extemporized in eighteen months, and maintaining what, considering the extent of coast to be watched, must be called a most efficient blockade, will stand as an impressive evidence that capacity to produce is one of the best of nautical gifts.

But passing from these questions, which relate to what may be called a nation's innate character and capacity, we come to a third consideration, of perhaps even more immediate interest. One of the elements which help to make a nation's power is certainly its available strength. An important question, then, is, not only, How many ships can a nation produce? but, How many has it complete and ready for use? In an emergency, what force could it send at a moment's notice to the point of danger? If we apply this consideration to European powers, we shall appreciate better how young we are, and how little of our latent strength has been organized into actual efficiency. In 1857 England had 300 steam ships-of-war, carrying some 7,000 guns, nearly as many more sailing ships, carrying 9,000 guns, an equal number of gun-boats and smaller craft, besides a respectable navy connected with her East Indian colonies: a grand sum-total of more than 900 vessels and not less than 20,000 guns. Here, then, is a fleet, built and ready for service, which is many times stronger than that which we have been able to gather after eighteen months of constant and strenuous effort. And behind this array there is a community essentially mercantile, unsurpassed in mechanic skill and productiveness, and full of sailors of the best stamp. What tremendous elements of naval power are these! One does not wonder that the remark often made is so true,—that, if there is any trouble in the furthest port on the globe, in a few hours you will see a British bull-dog quietly steaming up the harbor, to ask what it is all about, and whether England can make anything out of the transaction.

There is another consideration which perhaps many would put foremost. Has the nation kept pace with the progress of science and mechanic arts? Once her superior seamanship almost alone enabled England to keep the sea against all comers. But it is not quite so now. Naval warfare has undergone a complete revolution. The increasing weight of artillery, and the precision with which it can be used, make it imperative that the means of defence should approximate at least in effectiveness to the means of offence. The question now is not, How many ships has England? but, How many mail-clad ships? how many that would be likely to resist a hundred-pound ball hurled from an Armstrong or Parrott gun? And if it should turn out that in this race France had outrun England, and had twenty or thirty of these gladiators of the sea, most would begin to doubt whether the old dynasty could maintain its power. The interest and curiosity felt on this subject have almost created a new order of periodical literature. You open your 'Atlantic,' and the chances are ten to one that you skip over the stories and the dainty bits of poetry and criticism to see what Mr. Derby has to say about iron-clads. You receive your 'Harper' and you feel aggrieved, if you do not find a picture of the Passaic, or of Timby's revolving turret, or of something similar which will give you a little more light concerning these monsters which are threatening to turn the world upside down. Now all this intense curiosity shows how general and instinctive is the conviction of the importance of this new element in naval force.

The considerations to which we have alluded have already received a large share of the public attention. They have been examined and discussed from almost every possible point of view. Probably every one has some ideas, more or less correct, concerning

them. But there is a consideration which is equally important, which has received very little attention in this country, which indeed seems to have been entirely overlooked. It is this: The degree to which naval efficiency is dependent upon a wise colonial system.

If the only work of a fleet were to defend one's own harbors, then colonies, whatever might be their commercial importance, as an arm of naval strength, would be of but little value. If all the sea England had for her navy were to defend London and Liverpool, she would do well to abandon many of her distant strongholds, which have been won at such cost, and which are kept with such care. If all our ships had to do, were to keep the enemy out of Boston harbor and New York bay, it would not matter much, if every friendly port fifty miles from our own borders were closed against us. But the protection of our own ports is not by any means the chief work of fleets. The protection of commerce is as vital a duty. Commerce is the life-blood of a nation. Destroy that, and you destroy what makes and mans your fleets. Destroy that, and you destroy what supports the people and the government which is over the people. But if commerce is to be protected, war-ships must not hug timidly the shore. They must put boldly out to sea, and be wherever commerce is. They must range the stormy Atlantic. They must ply to and fro over the primitive home of commerce, the Mediterranean. Doubling the Cape, they must visit every part of the affluent East and of the broad Pacific. With restless energy they must plough every sea and explore every water where the hope of honest gain may entice the busy merchantman.

The sagacity of England was never more clearly shown than in the foresight with which she has provided against such an emergency. Let war come when it may, it will not find England in this respect unprepared. So thickly are her colonies scattered over the face of the earth, that her war-ships can go to every commercial centre on the globe without spreading so much as a foot of canvas to the breeze.

There is the Mediterranean Sea. A great centre of commerce. It was a great centre as long ago as when the Phœnician traversed it, and passing through the Straits of Hercules, sped on his way to distant and then savage Britain. It was a great centre when Rome and Carthage wrestled in a death-grapple for its possession. But England is as much at home in the Mediterranean as if it were one of her own lakes. At Gibraltar, at its entrance she has a magnificent bay, more than five miles in diameter, deep, safe from storms, protected from man's assault by its more than adamant rock. In the centre, at Malta, she has a harbor, land-locked, curiously indented, sleeping safely beneath the frowning guns of Valetta. But from Southampton to Gibraltar is for a steamship an easy six days' sail; from Gibraltar to Malta not more than five days; and from Malta to the extreme eastern coast of the sea and back again hardly ten days' sail.

Take the grand highway of nations to India. England has her places of refreshment scattered all along it with almost as much regularity as depots on a railroad. From England to Gibraltar is six days' sail; thence to Sierra Leone twelve days; to Ascension six days; to St Helena three days; to Cape Colony eight days; to Mauritius not more; to Ceylon about the same; and thence to Calcutta three or four days. Going farther east, a few days' sail will bring you to Singapore, and a few more to Hong Kong, and then you are at the gates of Canton. Mark now that in this immense girdle of some twelve or fifteen thousand miles there is no distance which a well-appointed steamer may not easily accomplish with such store of coal as she can carry. She may not, indeed, stop at all these ports. It may be more convenient and economical to use sails a part of the distance, rather than steam. But, if an exigency required it, she could stop and find everywhere a safe harbor.

What is true of the East Indies is true of the West Indies. England has as much power as we have to control the waters of the Western Atlantic and of the Gulf of Mexico. If we have Boston and New York and Pensacola and New Orleans and Key West, she has Halifax and the Bermudas and Balize and Jamaica and Nassau and a score more of island-harbors stretching in an unbroken line from the Florida Reefs to the mouth of the Orinoco. And if our civil war were ended to-day, and we were in peaceable possession of all our ports, she could keep a strong fleet in the Gulf and along our coast quite as easily as we could.

A New Zealand chief maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten the former owner.

## WRECK OF THE 'PLOUGHBOY.'

Intelligence respecting the Ploughboy is just to hand.

It appears that on Monday last, when midway between Bruce mines and Little Current she broke her cylinder head, and became unmanageable. Fortunately the water was calm, and the steamer drifted gently on to a sandy beach without damage or danger to any one. Immediately after she was stranded, the captain started a boat for assistance, manned by Duncan McLean, first-mate—Parkes, purser, and two deck hands. They were proceeding with all speed to Little Current, when they were overtaken by the storm a taste of which we had here on Monday night. The boat was upset, and the whole of the men drowned with the exception of the mate. He managed to lash himself to the boat, and after floating about for thirteen hours, was picked up in an exhausted and speechless condition, by Indians. They took him back to the Ploughboy, where they arrived on Wednesday morning. A second boat was then started, manned by the engineer and several Indians. This time, the attempt was more lucky. On Friday the boat arrived at Owen Sound, and the engineer immediately set out for Collingwood, which place he reached at 11 o'clock last night.—The Clifton had a few hours before come in from Penetanguishene in a very leaky condition from the accident already reported.—Her steam pumps were kept at work all day on Friday; but when Capt. Smith heard of the position of the Ploughboy, he caused some wooden pumps in addition to be placed on board, and at three o'clock this morning started for the scene of the disaster. We hope Captain Smith will succeed in his humane enterprise, but it is not to be concealed that the condition of the Clifton is such as to render it one of no little danger.

Unfortunately, the Nicolet, a boat belonging to Mr. G. H. Wyatt, of this city, has been sent to Coldwater to be supplied with new boilers, or otherwise she would be available for the service. The government skill used by the late Mr. Gibbard has been sent to Coldwater to ascertain whether the Nicolet is in a condition for sea. If so, she will be started as soon as possible.

On Thursday, before the news of the disaster to the Ploughboy had arrived in Collingwood, Mr. G. W. Patterson of that place, and Mr. Aidwell, brewer of Toronto, started with the schooner Angus Morrison, with an adequate crew and provisions on board to search for the missing vessel.

We are informed that there is no danger of the stranded tourists suffering from a want of provisions or shelter. The place of the accident is said to be near Little Current, and there were plenty of Indians about rendering efficient aid.

There are between 50 and 60 persons on board, nearly one half of whom belong to Toronto, and the others to places along the line. Among them are Captain McMaster, of the Naval Brigade, and wife, Mr. Lee, in the employ of Rice Lewis & Son; Mr. Lee, of the Gas Office, Mr. Chas. Robinson, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Sheriff Maughan, of Owen Sound, Mr. ex-Sheriff Snider, Owen Sound, and F. Heward, junr.

We are indebted to Mr. C. Sheehy Northern Railroad conductor, for the information given above.

## THE LATEST.

We learn by telegraph that the Nicolet left Collingwood yesterday at 3.30 p.m., for the Ploughboy, with provisions on board. The Clifton left Owen Sound at 10 a.m. for Detroit. Nothing further had been received from the wreck.

THE LATEST USE OF PETROLEUM.—An assistant surgeon writing from Gettysburg, says:—"Will you allow me, as one alleviation of the horrors of the battle-field to call your attention to the use of coal oil in suppurating wounds. As volunteer assistant, I received permission from the surgeon of the First Division of the Fifth corps, Gettysburg, to use it in the most offensive cases. By its manifest utility, and the solicitations of the wounded, I was induced to enlarge its use until I became satisfied that what cold water is to a wound in its inflamed state, dispelling flies, expelling vermin, sweetening the wound and promoting healthy granulations, it can be used by any assistant of ordinary judgment with perfect safety, and to the comfort of the patient. I have seen two patients, whose wounds have been dressed with it, asleep before I was through with the third.

I wish there was more attachment to the truth, and less to the man who delivers it.—Channing.



### Original Poetry.

We print these delightful lines, trusting they may convey us much pleasure to other readers as to we who have read them first, after the author; hoping also that we shall have that musical-poetical voice again singing through the columns of this paper. It is not often a true poet can be laid hold of. This is one; but he has appeared as a happy-hearted bird of passage; and perhaps likely go us soon. Sing again such a song, or better. Send real name next time.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

#### MORNING.

BY LOUIS A. JEUENE.

Over Ontario's broad expanse,  
Over Burlington bay,  
Sweep the breezes that in wistful forth  
The crowning glory of all the earth.  
The dewy dawning of day  
Opaline, opulent midsummer day,  
Golden with glowing heats,  
What do your breezy couriers say  
Sifted soft as their pinions play  
Through Hamilton's sleeping streets?

Lo! they bring a wail from that morning hour  
Of hunted and fugitive men,  
Flying from honor and wild aim  
Seeking the safety sheltering arms  
Of our loyal lady and Queen.

Come poor wails to this happy land,  
Come to these valleys green,  
Canada needs a helping hand,  
In the name of her by whom we stand  
Our loyal lady and Queen.

Light and gay, is the wandering wind,  
But it mocketh never at these,  
Its tend'ring arms round the lonely creep,  
It softly kiss the eyes that weep,  
Beautiful buoyant breeze.

Come in your light, and life, and power,  
Oh! I thank you friendly morn,  
Fill up the fruit, unfurl the flower,  
Let every rare, and radiant hour  
Exalt the growing corn.

Come with our Fa hers' hoar-frost gifts,  
The wealth of land and sea,  
Bring perfume for the grateful breeze,  
And honey for the searching bees,  
What do you bring to me?

Friendship tender, and tried and true,  
Constant its faith to prove,  
Shall I dare to ask that you bring to me  
That highest bliss or heaviest woe,  
Peerless, perilous Love?

Not yet, not yet, I would grow more strong,  
I would win more grace from heaven,  
Lest even sweet love should come to wrong,  
For oh! how much must to them belong,  
To whom so much is given.

HAMILTON, Aug. 13, 1863.

#### RAILWAY CARS

IN ENGLAND AND IN CANADA.

The occurrence related in the following narrative could not have happened in Canada. It suggests remarks which may be usefully read in England. In this outlying Province we have freight cars carrying or making up forty tons dead weight, and running at the same expens of locomotive power, as ten tons, demand in England. Allusion is especially made to the cars constructed under the direction of a gentleman whose inventive and applicative ability is not less than genius—that eminent machinician, Mr. Samuel Sharpe of the Great Western Railway of Canada.

The passenger cars of all the railways out here, are open saloons, comfortable and social. No such event could have occurred as the following

#### FEARFUL RAILWAY TRAGEDY.

The railway companies are sometimes assailed unjustly, and are called to account for offences they have no power to prevent. But one of their special shortcomings has just been almost tragically illustrated on the North Western line. Two travellers, a Mr. McLean and a Mr. Worland, took seats in a second class carriage by the Friday night express from Liverpool to London. In the same compartment was a moody-looking Irishman and an elderly woman. The Irishman sat by one window, the woman near the other, and the two men between. Until the train passed Bletchley the sedate passenger was hardly noticed by the others. It is true that he had now and again talked to himself somewhat fiercely, and seemed to be threatening an invisible foe. Mr. McLean and Mr. Worland glanced at him, and then continued in friendly chat. Now, it so hap-

pened that the man had been insane and was rapidly growing insane again. A wild notion was fast acquiring the strength of a fixed idea. The two men in familiar chat, were thieves planning how they could rob him, and he was resolving to be first in the field. There was some method in his madness, for he postponed the execution of his project until the train had fairly started on its last run to London. As soon as it had left Bletchley the man drew a knife and stabbed Mr. Worland in the head. He drew back his arm to repeat the stroke, when Mr. McLean who seems to have had his wits about him, knocked him back in his seat. Springing up, the maniac made another dash at the now insensible Worland, but here he was again met by McLean, who gripped his throat and disarmed him, and a close combat began. All the time the train flew rapidly through the country. The woman who sat near the other window, had done all she could to alarm the driver by wasting her screams on the morning air, and now lay insensible from the effects of terror. The madman drew the blade of his knife through the fingers of McLean and thrust with it wildly. Worland had now regained his senses, and he at once entered into the combat, getting behind the madman throwing him down.—The maniac's yells were continuous, but neither guard nor driver heard them. And so the tragedy continued, one long act, a raving maniac held down by the two men, all covered with blood, lighted by a dim lamp and the grey dawn. For forty long miles this scene lasted, seen by none except those engaged in the strife, until a ticket collector, hastily opened the door, saw the two gashed and haggard men bending over the exhausted madman on the bloodstained floor. Since the French police found the body of a murdered judge in a railroad carriage nothing so terrible has occurred. Of course the madman, for he must have been mad, was taken before a magistrate, and there he gave, as a reason for his conduct, the explanations we have already mentioned, he thought the two men were about to rob him. He turns out to be an Irish school-master, Michael Lyons by name coming to London on a mixed journey of business and pleasure. It is said that he had been confined in an asylum for a year, and of course every inquiry will be made into his past life and character. But whether Lyons be mad or not, the share of the railway company in the transaction is the same.

#### Good and Pretty Good

Those who go round with the contribution box in California churches plead and argue the case at the pews as they go along. In one instance the following dialogue ensued;

Parson D— extended the basket to Bill, and he slowly shook his head.

'Come, William, give us something,' said the parson.

'Can't do it,' replied Bill.

'Why not? Is not the cause a good one?'

'Yes, good enough, but I am not able to give anything.'

'Pshaw! I know better; you must give a better reason than that.'

'Well, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know.'

'But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else.'

'That's true, parson; but then he ain't pushing me like the rest of my creditors.'

The argument was conclusive.

'I don't blame Prince Alfred,' said Mrs. Partington, 'for not wishing to take the throne of Greece; he'd slip off as sure as you live.'

A young man, knowing that a young lady, of whom he imagined himself enamored, understood the language of flowers, sent her a beautiful rose, as a declaration of love, attaching a slip of paper, on which was written:

'If not accepted, I proceed to the war.'

In return she forwarded a pickle jar, containing a single mango (man go!)

The private secretary of a cabinet minister is a wag. The other day a young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber and asked for the Governor.

'What do you want with him?' inquired the secretary.

'Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure.'

'Well,' replied the secretary, 'I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a water cure.'

A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate, and he vanished.

An editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says:

'We are grieved to say that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart, and several other dogs.'

An advertisement announces:

'For sale, an excellent young horse; would suit any timid lady with a long silver tail.'

A newspaper, announcing the wrecking of a vessel, says:

'The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-fourths of the cargo and the captain's wife.'

The editor of a Western paper observes:

'The poem we publish in this week's Herald was written by an esteemed friend—now for many years in his grave for his own amusement.'

The editor of an Eastern newspaper expresses great indignation at the manner in which a woman was buried who committed suicide. He says:

'She was buried like a dog, with her clothes on.'

'Have you ever broken a horse?' inquired a horse jockey. 'No, not exactly,' replied Simpson, 'but I have broken three or four wagons.'

'Mean men have no small vices.' That's so; who ever knew a miser to go on a lust, or to speak well of tobacco chewing?

In a grave yard in New Jersey there is a stone with this inscription: Julia Adams died of this shoes, April 17, 1830, aged 19.

'See what I am?' not 'See what my father was?' is an old and excellent Arabic saying.

Mankind should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets the smaller her horns become.

An old Greenland seaman said he could readily believe that crocodiles shed tears, for he had often seen whale's blubber.

A dandy would be a lady if he could; but, as he can't, he does all he can to show the world that he is not a man.

A man is most properly said to be 'ripe for anything' when he is a little mellow.

We have no desire to be acquainted with the man [beyond all doubt a bachelor] who perpetrated the following:

'Nature, impartial in her ends,  
When she made man the strongest,  
In justice, then, to make amends,  
Made woman's tongue the longest.'

A Providence man, having occasion to receive a small sum of money from a correspondent in another city, gave the following directions: 'As all property is unsafe, and the exchanges are so shockingly deranged, you may remit the balance in rum.'

A liquor seller at Greenport was convicted a day or two since of selling in violation of law, and Justice Hollenbeck, with whom it was discretionary to imprison him for 'not more' than twenty days, very considerably sentenced the offender to ten minutes imprisonment on one charge and five minutes on the other.

Should a skunk ever read Hamlet, which line would he choose for a motto? 'Methinks I scent the morning air.'

If you have trouble, keep it to yourself. A jolly fellow can raise half an eagle at any time. A dismal individual, on the contrary, could not negotiate a loan of one and ninepence, if his life depended on it. Be cheerful, therefore, for your own interest; or, to condense the whole subject into one line, 'laugh and grow fat.'

An exchange acknowledges the receipt of a bottle of brandy forty-eight years old, and says, 'this brandy is so old, that we are very much afraid it will not live much longer.'

'MYNHEER priest,' queried a dubious Dutchman, 'do you really believe that the Hebrew prophet Elisha made iron swim?'

'I certainly do,' was the quiet reply.

'Do you believe an axe could now be made to swim?'

'Certainly, if he who attempted it had undoubting faith that God would so illustrate his power.'

'Well, I have faith—hear goes!'

Away went the axe into the lake, and down it went to the bottom, like a very dense stone.

'There—I knew it wouldn't!' exclaimed the Dutchman, chagrined at his folly and his loss.

The liberal and patriotic citizen who has been drafted has purchased a gun which he says is very sure to go off—on another man's shoulders.

#### THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.

BY MISS THACKERAY.  
Daughter of the great English Novelists.

#### CHAPTER V

Madam Jacob had a friend at Asnieres, an old maiden lady, Tou-Tou's godmother, who was well to do in the world, with her 200l. a year, it was said, and who lived in a little Chinese pagoda by the railway. Now and then this old lady used to write, and invite Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou and their mother to come and see her, and you may be sure her invitations were never disregarded.

Mme. Jacob did look at Elizabeth rather doubtfully when she found on Wednesday morning the usual ill-spelt, ill-written little letter. But, after all, Tou-Tou's prospects were not to be endangered for the sake of looking after a young woman like Elizabeth, were she ten times more wayward and ill-behaved, and so the little girls were desired to make up their packets. It was a great event in Mme. Jacob's eyes; the house echoed with her directions; Françoise went out to request assistance, and came back with a friend, who helped her down with the box. The little girls stood at the door to stop the omnibus, which was to take them to the station. They were off at last. The house door closed upon them with a satisfactory bang, and Elly breathed freely, and ran through the deserted rooms, clapping and waving her hands and dancing her steps, and feeling at last that she was free. And so the morning hours went by. Old Françoise was not sorry either to see them go. She was sitting in the kitchen in the afternoon, peeling onions and potatoes, when Elly came wandering in in her restless way, with her blue eyes shining and her curly hair pushed back. What a tranquil little kitchen it was, with a glimpse of the courtyard outside, and the cocks and hens, and the poplar-trees waving in the sunshine, and the old woman sitting in her white cap busy at her homely work. Elly did not think how tranquil it was, but said to herself, as she looked at Françoise, how old she was, and what a strange fate hers, that she should be there quietly peeling onions at the end of her life. What a horrible fate, thought Elizabeth, to be sitting by one's grave, as it were, paring vegetables and cooking broth to the last day of one's existence. Poor Françoise! And then she said out loud, 'Françoise, tell me, are cooks like ludies; do they get to hate their lives sometimes? Are you not tired to death of cooking pot-au-feu?'

'I am thankful to have pot-au-feu to cook, said Françoise. 'Mademoiselle, I should like to see you eplucher vegetables sometimes, as I do, instead of running about all day. It would be much better for you.'

'Ecoutez, Françoise,' said Elly, imploringly; 'when I am like you, I will sit still by the fire; now that I am young I want to run about; I am the only young person in this house. They are all old here, and like dead people, for they only think of heaven.'

'That is because they are on the road,' said Françoise. 'Ah! they are good folks—they are.'

'I see no merit in being good,' Elizabeth said, crossly, sitting down on the table, and dabbling her fingers in a bowl of water, which stood there: 'they are good because they like it. It amuses them, is it their way of thinking—they like to be better than their neighbors.'

'Fi done, Elizabeth!' said Françoise. 'You do not amuse them; but they are good to you. Is it Anthony's way of thinking when he bears with all your caprices? When my master comes home quite worn out and exhausted, and trudges off again without so much as waiting for his soup, if he hears he is wanted by some poor person or other, does he go because it pleases him, or because he is serving the Lord in this world, as he hopes to serve him in the next?'

Elly was a little ashamed, and said, looking down, 'Have you always lived here with him, Françoise?'

'Not I,' said Françoise; 'ten years, that is all. But that is long enough to tell a good man from a bad one. Good people live for others, and don't care about themselves. I hope when I have known you ten years, that you too will be a good woman, mademoiselle.'

'Like Madame Jacob,' said Elly.

Françoise shrugged her shoulders rather doubtfully, and Elly sat quite still, watching her. Was it not strange to be sitting there in this quiet every-day kitchen, with a great unknown world throbbing in her heart? 'How little Françoise guesses,' thought Elly; 'Françoise, who is only thinking of her marmite and her potatoes.' Elly did

not know it, but Françoise had a very shrewd suspicion of what was going on in the poor little passionate heart. 'The girl is not suited here,' thought the old woman. 'If she has found some one, so much the better, Clementine has told me something about it. If madame were to drive him off again, that would be a pity. But I saw them quite plainly that day I went to Martin, the chemist's, driving away in that little cariole, and I saw him that night when he was waiting for his mother.'

So old Françoise peels potatoes, and Elly sits wondering and saying over to herself, 'Good people live for others.' Whom had she ever lived for but for herself? Ah! there was one person whom she would live and die for now. Ah! at last she would be good. 'And about the play?' thought Elly; 'shall I go—shall I send him word that I will not?' There is no harm in the play; why shall I not please him and accept his kindness? It is not the first time that we have been there together. I know that plays are not wrong, whatever these stupid people say. Ah! surely, if happiness is sent to me, it would be wicked to turn away instead of being always—always grateful all my life.' And so, though she told herself that it could not be wrong to go, she forgot to tell herself that it was wrong to go with him; her scruples died away one by one; once or twice she thought of being brave, and staying away, and sending a message by old Françoise, but she only thought of it.

All day long on Friday, she wandered about the empty house, coming and going like a girl bewitched. She went into the garden; she picked flowers and pulled them to pieces, trying to spell out her fate; she tried to make a wreath of violets, but got tired, and flung it away. Old Françoise from her kitchen window, watching her standing at the grating and pulling at the vine; but the old woman's spectacles were somewhat dim, and she did not see Elly's two feverish eyes and her burning cheeks from the kitchen window. As the evening drew near, Elly's cheeks became pale, and her courage nearly failed her, but she had been three days at home. Monsieur and Madame Tournear were expected the next morning; she had not seen Dampier for a long, long time—so it seemed to her. Yes, she would go; she did not care. Wrong? Right? It was neither wrong nor right,—it was simply impossible to keep away. She could not think of one reason in the world why she should stop. She felt a thousand in her heart urging, ordering, compelling her to go. She went up to her own room after dinner, and began to dress, to plait, and to smooth her pretty curly hair. She put on a white dress, a black lace shawl, and then she found that she had no gloves. Some of her ancient belongings she kept in a drawer, but they were not replaced as they wore out. And Elly possessed diamond rings and bracelets in abundance; but neither gloves nor money to buy them. What did it matter? She did not think about it twice; she put on her shabby bonnet and ran down stairs. She was just going out; when she remembered that Françoise would wonder what had become of her, and so she went to the kitchen-door, opened it a little way, and said 'Good-night, Françoise! don't disturb me to-night, I want to get up early to-morrow.'

Françoise, who had invited a friend to spend the evening, said, 'Bon soir, mamezelle!' rather crossly,—she did not like her kitchen invaded at all times and hours,—and then Elly was free to go.

She did not get out by the window, there was no need for that, but she unfastened it, and unbarred the shutter on the inside, so that, though every thing looked much as usual on the outside, she had only to push and it would fly open.

As she got to the door her heart began to beat, and she stopped for an instant to think. Inside here, where she was standing, was dulness, weariness, security, death; outside, wonderful happiness, dangerous happiness, and life—so it seemed to her. Inside were cocks and hens, and sermons, weary exhortations, old Françoise peeling her onions. Outside, John Dampier waiting, the life she was created for, fresh air, congenial spirits, light and brightness,—and heaven there as well as here, thought Elly, clasping her hands: heaven spreading across the housetops as well as over this narrow courtyard. 'What shall I do? Oh! shall I be forgiven? Oh! it will be forgiven me, surely, surely!' she girl sighed, and, with trembling hands, she undid the latch and went out into the dusky street.

The little cariole, as Françoise called it, was waiting, a short way down, at the corner of the hospital; and Dampier came to meet her, looking very tall and straight through

the twilight. She wondered at his grave, anxious face; but, in truth, he too was exceedingly nervous, though he would not let her see it; he was beginning to be afraid of her, and had resolved that he would not take her out again, it might, after all, be unpleasant for them both; he had seen De Vaux, and found out, to his annoyance, that he had recognized them in the Louvre the day before, and had passed them by on purpose. There was no knowing what trouble he might get poor Elly into. And besides, his aunt Jean was on her way to Paris. She had been keeping house for Will Dampier, she wrote, and she was coming. Will was on his way to Switzerland, and she should cross with him.

That very day John had received a letter from her, in answer to the one he had written about Elly. He had written it a week ago; but he was not the same man he had been a week ago. He was puzzled and restless, and thoroughly wretched, that was the truth, and he was not used to be unhappy, and did not like it. Elly's face haunted him day and night; he thought of her continually; he tried in vain to forget her, to put her out of his mind. Well, on the whole, he was glad that his aunt was coming, and very glad that his mother and Lactitia were still away, and unconscious of what he was thinking about.

'So you did not lose courage?' he said, as they were driving off. 'How did you escape Madame Jacob?'

'I have been all alone,' said Elly, 'these two days. How I found courage to come I cannot tell you. I didn't quite believe that it was I myself who am here. It seems impossible. I don't feel like myself. I have not for some days past. All I know is, that I am certain those horrible long days have come to an end.' John Dampier was frightened—he hardly knew why—when he heard her say this.

'I hope so, most sincerely,' said he. 'But, after all, Elly, we men and women are rarely contented; and there are plenty of days more or less tiresome in store for me and for you, I hope. We must pluck up our courage and go through with them. You are such a sensitive, weak-minded little girl that you will go on breaking your heart a dozen times a day to the end of your life.'

Dampier looked very grave as he spoke, though it was too dark for her to see it. He was angry and provoked with himself, and an insane impulse came over him to knock his head violently against the sides of the cab. 'Insane, do I say? It would have been the very best thing he could have done. But they drove on all the same: Elly in rapture. She was not a bit afraid now. Her spirits were so high and so daring that they would carry her through any thing; and when she was with Dampier, as I have said, she was content to be happy, and not to trouble herself with vague apprehensions. And she was happy now: her eyes danced with delight, her heart beat with expectation she seemed to have become a child again, she was not like a woman any more.'

'Have you not a veil?' said Dampier, as they stopped before the theatre. There was a great light, a crowd of people passing and repassing, other carriages driving up.

'No,' said Elly. 'What does it matter? Who will know me?'

'Well, make haste. Hear, take my arm, said Sir John, hurriedly; and he hastily sprang down and helped her out.

'Look at the new moon,' said Elly, looking up smiling.

'Never mind the new moon. Come Elly,' said Dampier. And so they passed into the theatre.

Dampier was dreading recognition. He had a feeling that they would be sure to come against some one, Elly feared no one. When the play began she sat entranced, thrilling with interest, carried away. Faust was the piece which they were representing and as each scene was played before her, as one change after another came over the piece, she was lost more and more in wonder. If she looked up for an instant it was to see John Dampier's familiar face opposite; and then outside the box, with its little curtain, great glittering theatre-lights, crystals reflecting the glitter, gilding, and silken drapery; everywhere hundreds of people, silent, and breathless too, with interest, with excitement. The music plays, the scene shifts and changes, melting into fresh combinations. Here is Faust. Listen to him as he laments his wasted life. Of what use is wisdom? What does he care for knowledge? A lonely man without one heart to love, one creature to cherish him. Has he not wilfully wasted the best years of life? he cries, in passion of rage and indig-

nation—wasted them in pursuit of arid science, of fruitless learning? Will these tend him in his old age, soothe his last hours, be to him wife, and children, and household and holy home ties? Will these stand by his bedside and close his weary, aching eyes, and follow him to his grave in the churchyard?

Faust's sad complaint went straight to the heart of his hearers. The church bell was ringing up the street. Fathers, mothers and children, were wending their way obedient to its call. And the poor desolate old man burst into passionate and hopeless lamentation.

It was all so real to Elly that she almost began to cry herself. She was so carried away by the play, by this history of Faust and of Margaret, that it was in vain Dampier begged her to be careful, to sit back in the shade of the curtain, and not to lean forward so eagerly. She would draw back for a minute or two, and then by degrees advance her pretty, breathless head, turning to him every now and then. It was like a dream to her. Like a face in a dream, too, did she presently recognize the face of De Vaux, her former admirer, opposite in one of the boxes. But Margaret was coming into the chapel with her young companions, and Elly was too much interested to think of what he would think of her. Just at that moment it was Margaret who seemed to her to be the important person in the world.

De Vaux was of a different opinion; he looked towards them once or twice, and, at the end of the second act, Dampier saw him get up and leave his seat. Sir John was provoked and annoyed beyond measure. He did not want him, De Vaux least of all people in the world. Every moment he felt as he had never felt before—how wrong it was to have brought Elly, whom he was so fond of, into such a situation. For a moment he was undecided, and then he rose, biting his lips, and opened the door of the box, hoping to intercept him; but there was his Mephistophiles, as ill luck would have it, standing at the door ready to come in.

'I thought I could not be mistaken,' De Vaux began, smiling very disagreeably, and bowing, and looking significantly from one to the other. 'Did you see me in the gallery of the Louvre the other day?'

Elly blushed up very red, and Dampier muttered an oath as he glanced at the other man's face; and then said, abruptly, 'No, you are not mistaken. This is Miss Gilmour my fiancée, M. de Vaux. I dare say you are surprised that I should have brought her to the play. It is the custom in our country.' He did not dare look at Elly as he spoke. Had he known what else to say he would have said it.

De Vaux was quite satisfied, and instantly assumed a serious and important manner. The English miss was to him the most extraordinary being in creation, and he would believe any thing you liked to tell him of her. He was prepared to sit down in the vacant chair by Elizabeth, and make himself agreeable to her.

The English miss was scarcely aware of his existence. Faust, Margaret, had been the whole world to her a minute ago. Where was she now? . . . where were they? . . . Was she the actress? and were they the spectators looking on? . . . Was that the truth which he had spoken? Did he mean it? Was there such wonderful, wonderful happiness in store for a poor little wretch like herself? Ah! could it be—could it be true? Her whole soul shone in her trembling eyes, as she looked up for one instant, and upturned her flashing, speaking, beaming face. Dampier was very pale, and was looking vacantly at the stage. Margaret was weeping, for her troubles had begun. Mephistophiles was laughing, and De Vaux chatting on in an agreeable manner, with his hat between his knees. After some time, he discovered that they were not paying attention to one single word he was saying; upon which he rose in an expressive manner, wished them good-by politely, and went away, very well pleased with his own good breeding. And then, when he was gone, when the door was shut, when they were alone together, there was a silence, and Elly leant her head against the side of the box, she was trembling so that she could not sit up. And Dampier, looking white and grey in the face somehow, said, in an odd, harsh voice,—

'Elly, you must not mind what I was obliged to say just now. You see, my dear child, that it doesn't do. I ought never to have brought you, and I could think of no better way to get out of my scrape than to tell him that lie.'

'It was—it was a lie?' repeated Elly, slowly raising herself upright.

'What could I do?' Sir John continued, very nervously and exceedingly agitated. 'Elly, my dear little girl, I could not let him think you were out upon an unauthorized escapade. We all know how it is, but he does not. You must, you do forgive me—only say you do.'

'And it is not true?' said Elly, once more, in a bewildered, piteous way.

'I—I belong to Lactitia. It was settled before we came abroad,' faltered Dampier; and he just looked at her once, and then he turned away. And the light was gone out of her face; all the sparkle, the glitter, the amazement of happiness. Just as this shining theatre, now full of life, of light, of excitement, would be in a few hours black, ghastly, and void. John Dampier did not dare to look at her again—he hesitated: he was picking and choosing the words which should be least cruel, least insulting; and while he was still choking and fumbling, he heard a noise outside, a whisper as the door flew open. Elly looked up and gave a little low plaintive cry, and two darkling, frowning men in black coats came into the box.

They were the Pasteurs Boulot and Tournear.

Who cares to witness, who cares to read, who cares to describe scenes such as these? Reproach, condemnation, righteous wrath, and indignation, and then one crushed, bewildered, almost desperate little heart.

She was hurried out into the night air. She had time to say good-by, not one other word. He had not stretched out a hand to save her. The play was going on, all the people were sitting in their places, one or two looked up as she passed by the open doors. Then they came out into the street; the stars were all gone, the night was black with clouds, and a heavy rain was pouring down upon the earth. The drops fell wet upon her bare, uncovered head. 'Go under shelter,' said the Pasteur Boulot; but she paid no heed, and in a minute a cab came up, the two men clasped each other's hands in the peculiar silent way to which they were used. Boulot walked away. And Elly found herself alone, inside the damp vehicle, driving over the stones. Her step-father had got upon the box: he was in a fury of indignation, so that he could not trust himself to be with her.

His indignation was not what she most feared. Another torturing doubt filled her whole heart. Her agony of hopelessness was almost unendurable: she was chilled through and through, but she did not heed it—faint, and sick, and wearied, but too unhappy to care. Unhappy is hardly the word—bewilderment, a sort of crushed, dull misery, would better describe her state. She felt little remorse: she had done wrong but not very wrong, she thought. She sat motionless in the corner of the jolting cab, with the rain beating in at the window, as they travelled through the black night and the splashing streets.

By what unlucky chance had M. Boulot been returning home along the Boulevards about half-past seven, at the very moment when Elly, jumping from the carriage, stopped to look up at the little new moon! He, poor man; could hardly believe his eyes. He did not believe them, and went home wondering, and puzzling, and asking himself if that audacious girl could be so utterly lost as to set her foot in that horrible den of iniquity. Ah! it was impossible; it was some one strangely like her. She could not be so lost—so perverted. But the chances were still against Elly; for when he reached the modest little apartment where he lived, his maid-servant told him that M. Tournear had been there some time, and was waiting to see him. And there in the study, reading by the light of the green lamp, sat Tournear with his low-crowned hat laying on the table. He had come up on some business connected with an appointment he wanted to obtain for Anthony. His wife was to follow him next day, he said, and then he and Boulot fell to talking over their affairs and Anthony's prospects and chances.

'Poor Anthony, he has been sorely tried and proved of late,' said his father. 'Elizabeth will never make him happy.'

'Never—never—never!' cried Boulot. 'Elizabeth!—she!—the last person in the world a pastor ought to think of as a wife.'

'If she were more like her mother,' sighed Tournear.

'Ah! that would be different,' said Boulot; 'but the girl causes me deep anxiety, my friend. Here is, I fear, an unconverted spirit. Her heart is of this world; she requires much earnest teaching. Did you take her to Fontainebleau with you?'

(CONTINUED.)

**Fragments from the Poets.**

**THE TIME OF PARTING.**—Alexander Smith.  
We vainly have met, like ships upon the sea,  
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet—  
One little hour—and then away they speed.  
On lonely paths, thro' mist and cloud and foam,  
To meet no more.

**HYPOCRASY.**—Hood.  
A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is  
Not a whit better than a man;—  
An insect, of what clime I can't determine,  
I hat fits its paws most parson-like, and thence,  
By simple savages, on mere pretence,  
Is reckoned quite a saint among the vermin.

**TYRANNY WORKING OUT FREEDOM.**—Mrs. Hemans.  
When slavery's cup  
O'erflows its bounds, the creeping poison, meant  
To dull our senses, through each burning vein,  
Pours fever, lending a delicious strength  
To burst man's fetters, and they shall be burst.

**THE PATRIOT EXILE.**—Th.  
I have been  
A wanderer in the ruthness of my years,  
A restless pilgrim of the earth and seas,  
Gathering the generous thoughts of other lands  
To aid our holy cause.

**INSPIRATION.**—Wordsworth.  
The whispering air  
Sends inspiration from the mountain heights.

**NIGHT.**—Shakspeare.  
The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.

**NIGHT.**—Joanna Baillie.  
How those fall'n leaves do rustle on the path,  
With whispering noise, as though the earth around  
Did utter secret things.  
The distant river, too, hears to mine ear  
A dismal wailing, O, mysterious night!  
Thou art not silent—many tongues hast thou.

**NIGHT.**—R. Monckton Milnes.  
The night came on alone  
The little stars sat, one by one,  
Each on his golden throne.  
The evening air passed by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirred,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

**NIGHT.**—Byron.  
The night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry shades  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learned the language of another world.

**FALSE REPENTANCE.**—Beaumont and Fletcher.  
Man should do nothing that he should repent;  
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,  
It is a worse fault if he be not truly.

**FEAR.**—Proctor.  
The dread of evil is the worst of ill—  
A tyrant, yet a rebel dragging down  
The clear-eyed judgment from its spiritual throne,  
And leagu'd with all the base and blacker thoughts,  
To overwhelm the soul.

**A LOVELY WOMAN.**—Byron.  
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,  
Soft as her eline, and sunny as her skies.

**VIRTUE'S COURAGE.**—Marston.  
I give thoughts  
Words, and words truth, and truth boldness. She  
Whose honest freeness makes it her virtue to  
Speak what she thinks, will make it her necessity  
To think what is good.

**BLINDNESS.**—Milton.  
Thus with the year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,  
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever during dark  
Surrounds me—from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off; and from the book of knowledge fair,  
Presented with an universal blank  
Of nature's works, to me expunged and raz'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

**LOVE.**—Dryden.  
Love teaches cunning, even in innocence;  
And when he gets possession, his first work  
Is to dig deep within a breast, and there  
Lie hid, and like a miser in the dark,  
To feast alone.

**DEATH.**—Gray  
Can storied urn or anima'd bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honors voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

**FORTIFYING NIAGARA RIVER.**—The  
Americans have a large number of men engaged in putting up new works of defence, and repairing the old ones, at Fort Niagara, opposite this town. We are informed it is their intention to mount the Fort with 200 lbs. columbiads, and that the new works will make it a very formidable affair. Its thunder will wake our Rip Van Winkles at Quebec out of their sleep one of these days, and they will cry out—"O dear who would have thought it?"—*Niagara Mail.*

**ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.**

Friend Wales,—You remember me. I saw you in Canada a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldom forgot a person.

I heard of your marriage to the Printies Alexandry, & ment ter writ you a congratulatory letter at the time, but I've bin bildin a barn this summer, & hain't had no time to write letters to folks. Excuse me.

Numeris changes has taken place since we met in the body politic. The body politic, in tack, is sick. I sumtimes think it has got biles, friend Wales.

In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunction with Cap'n Sears of the Alobarmy, manetanes a nootral position!

I'm fraid I can't write goats when I s.t about it. Oh no, I guess not!

Yes, Sir, we've got a war, and the troo paritit has to make sacrifices, you bet.

I've already given two cousins to the war, & I stand ready to sacrific my wife's brother ruther 'n nut see the rebelyin krusht. And if vuss cums to vuss I'll shed every drop of blud my able-bodied relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think sumboder ought'er be prosekooted, & it may as well be the war as anybody else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

You hearn about the draft, friend Wales, no doubt. It caust sum squirmen', but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classis. It is troo that Wendill Phillips, who is a American citizen of African scent, 'scaped, but so did Vallindiggum, who is Conservativ, and who was resuntly sent South, tho' he would have bin sent to the Dry Tortoogues if Abe had 'sposed for a minit that the Tortoogusses would keep him.

We hain't got any daily paper in our town but we've got a female scwin circle, which ansers the same purpuss, and we was't long in suspents ar to who was drafted.

One young man who was draw'd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd mother who supported him. A few able-bodied dead men was drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay \$300 a piece for 'em is a question for Whitin', who 'pears to be tinkerin' up this draft bizness right smart. I hopes he makes good wages.

I think most of the conscripts in this place will go. A few will go to Canada, stoppin' on their way at Concord, N. H., where I understand there is a Muslum of Harts.

You see I'm sassy, friend Wales, hittin' all sides, but no offense is ment. You know I ain't a politician, and never was. I vote for Mr. Union—that's the only candidate I've got. I claim, however, to have a well balanced mind, tho' my Ideas of a well-balanced mind differs from the ideas of a partner I once had, whose name was Billson.—Billson and me organized a strollin' dramatic company, & we played the Drunkard, or the Fallin' Saved, with a real drunkard. The play didn't take particulary, and says Billson to me, let's give 'em sum immorral dramy.—We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin' of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss).—yes I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public requires. That's what I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The mis'erable man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orchestry, and wishin' to expire in slow music, he died playin' on a clarionett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin' groans. & such is the world. Alars! alars! how unthankful we air to that Providence which kindly allows us to lye and borrow money, and then fail to do bizness.

But to return to our subject. With our resunt grate triumphs on the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, (and them is waters no father need feel ashamed of—twiz the wittikism?) and the cheerin' look of things in other places, I reckon we shant want any Muslum of Harts. And what upon airth do the people of Concord, N. H., want of a Muslum Harts? Hain't you got the State House now? & what more do you want?

But all this is furria to the purpuss of this note, arter all. My object in now addressin' you is to give you su n advice, friend Wales, about managin' your wife, a bizness I've had over 30 years experience in.

You had a good weddin'. The papers hav a god deal to say about 'vikins' in connection therewith. Not knowings what that air and so I frankly tells you, my noble Lord dook of the throne, I can't zactly say whether we had 'em or not. We was both very much frustrated. But I never enjoyed myself better in my life.

Dowless, your supper was ahead of our'n. As regards sartin' uses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York, & cheap too. You can git half a mackril at Delmonico's or Mr. Mason Dory's for six dollars, and biled pertaters throw'd in.

As I sed, I manige my wife without any particler trouble. When I fust commenst trainin' her I instituted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abandon'd. You'd better do similar. Your wife may object to gittin' up and bildin' the fire in the mornin', but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overkum this pre-joodiss. I regret to observe that I didn't commence arly enuff. I wouldn't have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to bildin' fires, that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was a ruther cold mornin' when I fust proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself lyin' on the floor putty suddent. I thought I'd git up and bild the fire myself.

Of course now you're marrid you can eat onions. I allus did, and if I know my own hart, I allus will. My daughter, who is goin' on 17 and is frisky, says they's disgustin'. And speakin' of my daughter reminds me that quite a number of young men have suddently discovered that I'm a very entertainin' old feller, and they visit us freckently, specially on Sunday evenins. One young chap—a lawyer by habit—don't cum as much as he did. My wife's father lives with us. His intellect totters a little, and he saves the papers containin' the proceedis of our State Legislater. The old gen'l man likes to read out loud, and he reads to'ble well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he unfortunately has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow. Well, whenever this lawyer made his appearance I would set the old man a-readin' the Legislativ' reports. I kept the young lawyer up one night till 12 o'clock, listenin' to a lot of acts in regard to a 'draw-bridge away ord in the east part of the State, havin' sent my daughter to bed at half-past eight. He hasn't bin there since, and I understand he says I go round swindlin' the Pubble.

I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt agin. I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's healths; and wishin' to make 'em as robust as possible, I continued drinkin' their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night with consid'ble lickier concealed about my person. I had sunhow got perseshum of a hosswhip on my way home, and rememberin' sum crackin' observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapt the whip putty lively, and, in a very loud voice, I said, 'Betsy, you need reorganizin'! I have cum, Betsy, I continued—crackin' the whip over the bed—I have come to reorganize you! Have you per-rayed to-nite?

I dreame'd that night that sumbody had laid a hosswhip over me sev'ril consekootiv times; and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much of any thin' since, and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand I shall let it out.

My wife is 52 years old, and allus sustaned a good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a venerable age, and died while in the act of fryin' slap-jacks for the County Commissioners. And may no rood hand pluk a flour from her toom-stan! We hain't got any picter of the old lady, because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't give her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illustrated papers; but as she wasn't a brigadier-in'al, particulary I don't s'pose they'd publish it, any how.

It's best to give a woman consid'ble lea-way. But not too much. A naber of mine Mr. Roofus Minkins, was once very sick with the fever, but his wife moved his bed into the door-yard while she was cleanin' house. I told Roofus this wasn't the thing, 'specially as it was rainin' v'fently, but he said he wanted to give his wife 'a little lee-way.' That was 2 mutch. I told Mrs. Minkins that her Roofus would die if he staid out there into the rain much longer; when she said, 'it shan't be my fault if he dies unprepared, at the same time tossin' him his mother's Bible. It was erful! I stood by, however, and nussed him as well's I could, but I was a putty wet-muss, I tell you.

There's varis ways of managin' a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both! And as the years roll by, and accidents begin to happen to you—among which I hope there'll be Twins—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certinty of winnin'.

It may interest you to know that I'm proz perin' in a pecoonery pint of view. I make bout as much in the course of a year as a Cab'net ollisser does, & I understand my bizness a good deal better than sum of 'em do.

Respects to St. Gorge & the Dragon.  
'Ever be happy.'  
A. WARD.

**MENTAL EXERCISES.**

Fidelis of Brampton gives this:  
I am composed of 30 letters.  
My 17, 27, 11, 23, 14, 3, is the name of one of the Windward Islands.  
'20, 5, 21, 10, 28, 26, is the name of a Bay in Prince Edward Island.  
'25, 8, 17, 19, 23, is the name of a city in Asia.  
'16, 8, 13, 14, 6, 20, 28, is the name of a river in Canada.  
'21, 4, 27, 19, 26, 6, is the name of a town in Canada.  
'10, 7, 18, 11, 30, 23, is the name of a race of Indians in America.  
'7, 29, 8, 24, 6, 22, 3, 19, is the name of the passport agent for Canada.  
'30, 4, 17, 1, 12, 26, is the name of an M.P.P. of Canada.

My whole is the name and address of a young man who desires the correspondence of some amiable young lady for the purpose of mutual improvement.

J. J. W., offers this:  
GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA, NO. IV.  
I am composed of 69 letters.  
My 44, 4, 31, 7, 27, 28, 18, 58, 68, 60, is a town in Denmark.  
'11, 16, 66, 26, 51, 29, 19, is a town in Spain.  
'42, 35, 65, 33, 3, 23, 47, 37, is a town in Austria.  
'61, 2, 41, 31, 11, 61, is a town in Turkey.  
'15, 22, 51, 12, 5, 45, 1, 16, is a town in England.  
'63, 42, 17, 21, 8, 25, is a town in Prussia.  
'20, 13, 40, 10, 50, 18, 23, is a town in Ireland.  
'30, 2, 36, 43, 69, 55, is a town in Italy.  
'6, 32, 9, 51, 38, 42, is a town in France.  
'52, 21, 48, 39, 57, 53, is a county in Iowa.  
'56, 18, 59, 67 is a department in France.  
My whole is a well known English publication.

Arthur asks: 'Will this style of enigma suit your columns?' Let our readers judge.

**HISTORICAL ENIGMA.**  
I am composed of 41 letters.  
My 11, 26, 35, 21, 3, 29, 8, 5, is a victory gained by Lord Gough in India.  
'31, 16, 11, 6, 13, 38, 33, is a battle fought in 1859.  
'10, 26, 15, 27, 7, 36, 30, is a victory gained over the French by the English.  
'4, 17, 23, is a battle won by the French in 1805.  
'39, 2, 32, 20, 33, 1, 10, 16, 34, held out for two years against a nation and finally repulsed them.  
'23, 12, 24, 8, 9, 37, 14, is a victory won by Sir Charles Napier.  
'18, 33, 7, 25, 3, 41, 22, 18, 28, 19, 30, 36, is a Spanish fortress taken by the British.  
My whole is one of Britain's famous warriors now deceased.

**PROBLEM.**  
A cannon was cast for a ball that weighed just 24 lbs. (cast iron); it so happened that the bore was 1/10th of an inch in diameter larger than the ball. (Query.) How many inches in diameter was the bore of the cannon.

**PROBLEM.**  
Three men, A, B, and C, send a ship to Cuba with indigo to the amount of \$173,311. A bought 250 cwt. 1 qr. 22 lbs., at \$84 per cwt. B. paid \$70 cwt. for his. But meetin' with a storm at sea, they lost part overboard. A's proportional part cast overboard was equal to 100th part of their whole cargo, and 3 1/2 times the whole quantity cast overboard was equal to 3 1/2 times the whole cargo of A. and B. When they came to land A sold his remaining part for \$126 per cwt., and found himself the loser of 10 per cent. besides charges. B. advanced the remaining part of his commodity 20 per cent., and C. gained \$7 per cwt. by the quantity he sold. What did each person lose by this voyage, the charges being \$15,750. The work to be given in full.



Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 14TH AUG., 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries) and Amount (\$19,230 56, 18,023 17, 12,05 18 1/2).

Corresponding week last year. \$38,458 91 1/2 vs \$38,378 61

Increase. \$ 80 30 1/2. JAMES CHARLTON, AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton, 15th Aug. 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT. LIVERPOOL, August 8, 1863.

Large table of market prices for various goods like Pork, Bacon, Lard, Flour, etc., with columns for item, quality, and price.

PETROLEUM.

Table of petroleum prices for American Crude, Canadian, and refined products.

NEW YORK MARKET.

New York Aug. 18.

Flour—Receipts 10,448 barrels; market dull and declining; sales 7,000 barrels at \$3 90 to \$4 45 for superfine State...

GRAIN—Wheat receipts \$34,780 bushels; market dull and in favour of the buyers; sales 40,000 bushels at 88c to \$1 10 for Chicago spring...

PROVISIONS.—Pork dull; sales 300 barrels at \$11 50 to \$11 62 old mess; \$13 25 to 13 37 new do; \$10 50 to 10 75 for new prime. Beef dull.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto Aug. 20.

Prices still remain at former quotations. Fall wheat steady at 86c to 90c for new per bushel; 90c per bushel for old. Spring wheat scarce, but much enquired after for shipping at 86c to 87c per bushel in full car loads.

none. Oats none offered, but held at 44c to 47c per bushel. Beef steady at \$4 50 to \$5 per cwl. Sheep selling at \$3 and upwards. Potatoes in good supply at 30c to 27c per bushel. Apples plentiful at \$1 20 to \$1 75 per barrel. Butter fresh, scarce at 15c to 17c per lb. Butter in firkins 10c to 12c per lb. Eggs 15c to 17c per dozen. Hay scarce at \$7 to \$8 per ton. Straw nominal. Wool 38c per lb., subject to a reduction of 1c for unwashed and matted. Fresh scarce at 37 1/2c and upwards each.

Remittances.

J. W., Agr; J. S. R., Font Hill; M.G.M., Wardsville; A. S. I., Toronto; B.S., Sparta; B. S. McC. and R. M., Union; J.B.D., Port Stanley; R. E., D. E., W. W., C. R.; J. R. D., C. H., Delaware; J. B. and J.P., Talbotville; M. B., and M. B. McG., Lambeth; J. B., Goderich; S. D. G., Canboro, C. R., Wellington Square; J. S. R., Font Hill; A. J. D., Simcoe; W. M., R. J., L.B., J. M. C., H. L. R., Walsingham.

Publisher's Notices.

S. D. G., Canboro.—We sent the list of subscribers names by mail. G. W., Wellington.—Wrote you by mail. W. A. S., Montreal.—Agents have no right to charge more than 7 cents.

THE ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.—The term 'masterly inactivity' originated with Sir James Mackintosh. 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' which everybody who did not suppose it was in the Bible, credited to Sterne, was stolen by him from George Herbert, who translated it from the French of Henry Estienne. 'The cup that cheers but not inebriates,' was conveyed by Cowper from Bishop Berkeley, in his 'Siris.' Wordsworth's 'The child is father to the man,' is traced from him to Milton, to Sir Thomas More. 'Like angel's visits—few and far between,' is the offspring of Hook; it is not Thomas Campbell's original thought. Old John Norris—1650—originated it, and after him, Robert Blair as late as 1745. 'There's a gude time coming' is Scott's phrase in Rob Roy; and the 'almighty dollar' is Washington Irving's happy thought.

ARMS TO CANADA.—The following return was issued on April 25, showing the number of arms, &c., sent to British North America (including Canada, Halifax, and New Brunswick), from December 1861, and ordered in consequence of the affair of the Trent:—Rifles pattern 1863, 44,829; smoothbore arms, 2,500; accoutrements, 45,500; ammunition, 2,276,500; great coats, 40,000; blankets, 25,040.

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

SELL AT THE LOWEST REMUNERATING PROFITS.

And flatters himself he CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD by any House in Hamilton. His stock is all new, and the greatest attention has been paid in selecting the Newest and most Fashionable styles.

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

W. M. SERVOS. Hamilton, May, 1863. 26

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

MRS. JOHN E. MURPHY would respectfully inform her friends and the public, that she is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for instruction on the Piano Forte, at her residence, Mulberry street, between Park and MacNab. References given if required. Hamilton, June 20th, 1863. 6

ELLIS' HOTEL.

NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA SIDE, NEXT DOOR TO BARNETT'S MUSEUM.

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

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

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

In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration.

The International Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Coltonia, Port Dover, Duquaine, Guelph and other places.

An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, connecting with trains east and west.

W. M. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. Hamilton, July 27, 1863. 13



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GOODERHAM & WORTS, PROPRIETORS. HAMILTON AGENCY

JOHN PARK begs to call the attention of the trade to the Whiskies manufactured at the above establishment, which for strength, purity, and flavor are unequalled by anything made in this country. They are well known and in great demand throughout the whole of Canada; being shipped in large quantities to Liverpool and London, England, where they are much approved.

Grocers, Wine Merchants and Dealers generally, should lose no time in giving them a trial. There are many instances of storekeepers doubling their sale in a very short time by introducing these celebrated whiskies.

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

JOHN PARK, Hughson, corner King street. Hamilton, 19th Aug., 1863.

NATIONAL HOTEL, DRUMMONDVILLE, NIAGARA FALLS, C. W.

ARTHUR L. ELLIS, PROPRIETOR.

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Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brands, always kept in the bar, and the table furnished with the best of the market.

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