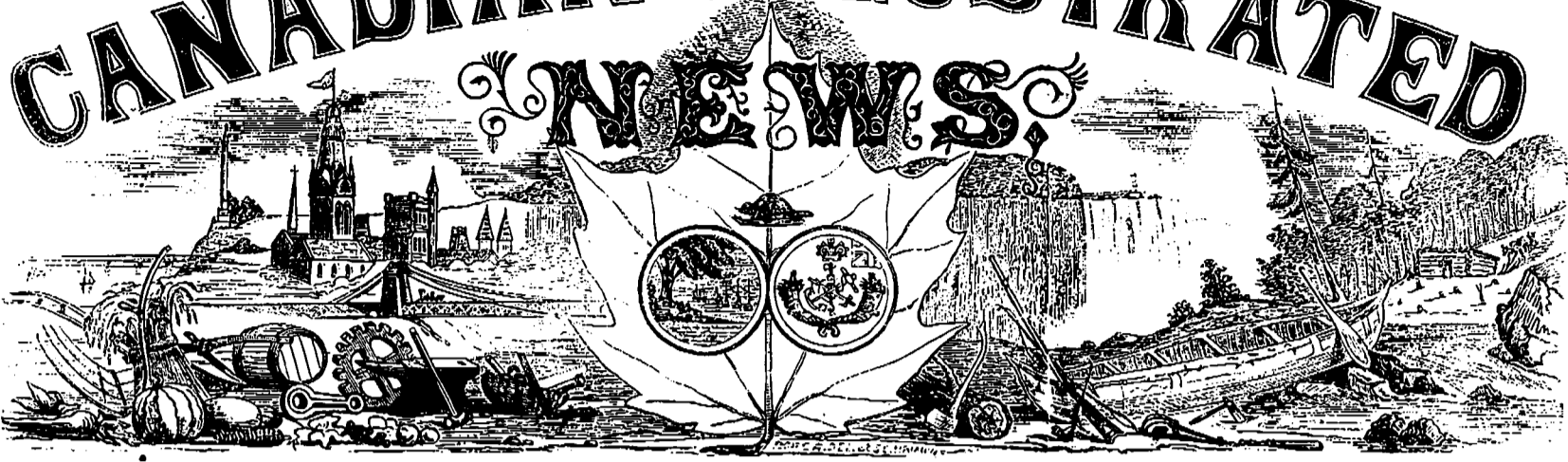


THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



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THE HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD, PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.

This week we publish a portrait of the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, and, herewith append a memoir of the eminent career of this foremost gentleman of Canada. Mr. Macdonald is the only member of the House of Assembly who has not missed re-election to Parliament since he first entered it in 1841. He is therefore the 'Father of the House' at the early age of fifty; and is the only Canadian Statesman who has been consecutively Solicitor General, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, Attorney General, and First Minister of the Crown. The two latter offices, in addition to that of Minister of Militia affairs, he fills at the present time.

John Sandfield Macdonald was born at St. Raphael, in the County of Glengarry, Upper Canada, on the 20th December, 1812, on the property owned and entailed by his grandfather, a Scottish Highlander and Roman Catholic, who settled there in 1786. Remarkable for a spirit of independence, even in his earliest youth, and before he had yet begun to master the rudiments of an elementary education, he resolved to shape his own course in life. Firm in that resolution, and despite the energetic interference of his father, as well as the milder entreaties of his grandmother (his mother died whilst he was yet very young,) he became the uncontrolled arbiter of his own destiny, at an age when youths of his class are generally altogether dependent, for their support and advancement in the world upon their relatives and friends. Thus starting in life, without any of those adventitious circumstances which, when attended by ordinary good fortune and with the exercise of common prudence, usually render its road comparatively easy, it is clear that Mr. Macdonald must not only have worked hard, but that he is possessed of great abilities to have attained

his present eminent, social, and political position. Indeed, his history may be regarded as one of the most extraordinary in the annals of Canadian biography. An account of his youthful adventures and upward progress might be suggestive of philosophic remark, and would be welcome to those who delight to know the 'child who is father to the man';

but our limited space forbids us to fill up the blank. Perseverance, integrity, a high sense of personal honor, these were his early incentives to success, guided by an intuitive knowledge of human character. In the month of November, 1832, after having followed various occupations, he commenced attending school

at Cornwall, under the able tuition of Dr. Urquart, whose students have been invariably received by the Benchers of the Law Societies. That town was then one of the strongholds of the 'Family Compactism' which so long dominated in Upper Canada. Many of its hopeful seions attended school with him there, but none carried their heads higher

than Mr. Macdonald, then a tall and distinguished looking youth. At the first examination, two years after his entrance, he was ahead of all his school-fellows.— Having decided to enter the legal profession, Mr. Macdonald, in the early part of 1835, passed the Law Society and became a Student-at-Law. Later in the same year he was articled to the Hon.— Archibald McLean, the present Chief Justice of Upper Canada, then a practising barrister at Cornwall. When Mr. McLean, who had been previously Speaker of the Upper Canada House of Assembly, was elevated to the Bench, our student entered, at Toronto, the office of Mr. Draper, now Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and finished under him his course of legal studies in 1840. In the month of June of that year, Mr. Macdonald was called to the bar, having for some months previously practised as an Attorney, at Cornwall. Since then he has followed his profession in that town; and having at an early period built up a lucrative practice, he has, contrary to the usual rule with Canadian politicians, managed to retain and increase it, so that when he was called to his present position as Prime Minister, it was larger than at any former period. By this means, and, as it is believed, by the profitable results of fortunate investments in landed property, he has been able to maintain a position of pecuniary independence, which has conducted very greatly to his political as well as his personal freedom of action. Mr. Macdonald first came upon the public stage as a candidate for the representation of his native county, at the first election which took place after the Union of the Lower and Upper Provinces, in 1841; and, falsifying in his case the proverb that 'A prophet hath no honor in his own country,' was returned by a large majority over his opponent, the late Mr. McDonell, Deputy Adjutant General for Upper Canada, an old and tried politician who had frequently represented the county. It was in the first



HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD, (PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.)

session of the parliament to which he was then elected, that the celebrated resolutions establishing Responsible Government were passed. Mr. Macdonald, at that time, was not the absolute adherent of any political party. With the sentiments natural to one who had determined to achieve his own position in the world, he was, in a manner, forced by the peculiar circumstances of the period to act with a party; with which, politically, he could have but little, if anything, in common. The rebellion, of which the effects had not then passed away, had rendered everything a question of loyalty and allegiance, especially in that part of Central Canada represented by him. His position was therefore, a very peculiar one, and without altogether identifying himself with the Tory opposition, he voted with the Upper Canada Conservatives and the Lower Canada French leaders, against the Government; thus taking a course seemingly inconsistent with his subsequent conduct. But the system of Executive Responsibility, so persistently and successfully pressed by Mr. Baldwin, having been adopted, Mr. Macdonald, with characteristic honesty, espoused the cause of the Ex-Ministers when, in 1843, Sir Charles Metcalf attempted to subvert the established principles of Responsible Government, by asserting the right on his part, as Governor General, to make appointments to offices without consulting them. In taking that course Mr. Macdonald had the courage to imperil his seat, for the Highlanders of Glengarry were proverbial for their loyalty. Political right, however, triumphed over the false issues which were raised; and when the elections came, to which Sir Charles Metcalf had recourse in his dispute with his Ex-Ministers, and it virtually appeared that the people had decided against him, the Highlanders of Glengarry, proving that their loyalty was not of the unreasoning kind, Mr. Macdonald was returned by a larger majority than before.

In 1847 his return for Glengarry was opposed, though unsuccessfully, by Sheriff McMartin. But in 1852 and 1854, he was elected by the same constituency, without a contest. In the latter part of the year 1849, he was appointed Solicitor General, under the Baldwin-Lafontaine administration, which office he held until the dissolution of that government in the autumn of 1851. Of the position he thus filled as the colleague of that great and good man, Mr. Baldwin, although public honors have fallen thick upon him since then, Mr. Macdonald, we are assured, entertains a higher sense of pride than of all of them put together, including even his present exalted position as chief minister of the crown in Canada. This feeling appears highly laudable, when we observe how the history of Canada is enriched by the record left by Mr. Baldwin's government, the unchallenged parity of conduct of that ministry, the lasting benefits which its legislation has conferred upon the country, by municipal, jury, primogeniture, university, and other wise measures of organization and reform. But more especially does the Prime Minister of the day rejoice that he held the place of second law officer of the crown in that administration, which, by a rigid adherence to constitutional landmarks, gave body and substance to the Parliamentary system of government then lately conceded, under which the united Province, despite of hindrances naturally incidental to its proper working at the outset, among a population so widely diversified in many essential respects as that of Canada, has made such rapid and satisfactory progress.

Mr. Macdonald was elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly after the first removal of the Public Departments to Quebec in 1852, and filled the Chair of the House until the dissolution in 1854. It was while at the head of the Canadian Commons, in June of the latter year, that he administered to Lord Elgin, the then Governor-General, that startling rebuke of memorable record in the journals of the Legislative Assembly. The summoning of Parliament together had been protracted to the latest period allowed by law and custom; and when, upon the consideration of the address, in answer to his Excellency's speech from the throne, an adverse vote was recorded against his Ministry, instead of the usual course being adopted of calling upon a new set of men to advise him, Lord Elgin summoned the members to his presence for the high handed purpose of an immediate prorogation. They were naturally excited and indignant that thus no opportunity would be afforded to Parliament for explanations in regard to its late convocation, nor of the reasons that might have existed for non-legislation during so long a period. Under the circumstances the Speaker was impelled, by loyalty to the constitution and

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, JANUARY 31, 1863.

NATIONAL MORALITIES.

It is a tradition in the office of the London 'Times', that in the early years of this century, while it was yet a second or third rate journal, Mr. John Walter and Company, its proprietors, launched a fast sailing privateer to scour the seas in the wake of Nelson's fleet, or in advance, snapping up prizes when Nelson gave no news, or crowding all sail for the nearest port in England, with news, when the great Admiral or any lesser Captain of a Squadron awoke the ocean with the thunder of battle. The privateer was a roving 'special correspondent' of the sea. And it is more than a tradition, it is an episode in the history of the war, as well as of the newspaper, that 'The Times' privateer carried tidings of the death of Nelson and the victory of Trafalgar to a channel port; from whence a messenger posted to London, giving the proprietors of the ambitious journal intelligence which they published twenty-four hours before the Government, or editors of newspapers, were informed that Nelson lay in his shroud; that Britain was mistress of the seas; that the fleets of France and Spain were extinct, and Britannia ruled the waves. That was the stroke of fortune which made the 'Times' forthwith it trot fast on the heels of the 'Morning Chronicle,' passed it, and has left it dead and buried. But that brave old newspaper might have had privateers to serve it also, had not honest Mr. Perry abhorred the offered services of such cut-throat crews.

The critical position of Canada, should the frail relations of peace between the British and the Federal Government of America be snapped by some act of the Alabama and other rovers of the sea, which, with law or against law, have cleared from British ports, renders the question of legalized piracy by privateers one of painfully vital interest to this Province. Strictly interpreted, neither maritime nor international law make the Alabama a privateer. Nor is she or her audacious sisterhood, legally speaking, pirates, though of that family. The North calls its southern military prisoners 'rebels,' but it dare not punish them with the death of rebels lest the South retaliate. Accordingly they are exalted to the status of belligerents, and treated as prisoners of war. Even the sea pirates, so named by the North which last year fell under Federal capture, though at first threatened with death, were tenderly dealt with as prisoners taken from a belligerent power. Why then should Britain not treat the Southern Confederacy as a belligerent power? The Alabama under the Confederate flag is, therefore, in the eye of the law of nations, as interpreted by the prudence of the Federal government, not a pirate, not a privateer, but a ship of war, scouring the seas in the service of one of the fighting powers. Having said this, the defence of the Alabama is stretched to its uttermost. The British subjects, if such there unhappily be, who may have fitted out, or sold, after fitting out, those equivocal cruisers to make prey of the commerce of Boston or New York, because these cities are loyal to the Federation, are playing a part for sordid objects fearfully perilous to the peace of Great Britain and the repose of Canada. True, they only do what America did before them. They follow the commercial instinct in its lowest development,—the sordid impulse only, and even that alloyed with the game of hazard. Nor do they differ from the privateering ship-owners, their predecessors of fifty or sixty years ago; unless, as charity suggests, Jonathan Wild is not one of the merchant princes of the Mersey or the Clyde.

It is on historical record, that in more than one flagrant instance, the enterprise of privateering, was not only brought to bear on English commerce by English capital, but even the very parties who sent out the merchant ship, and insured her against the King's enemies, sent out also, the privateer that captured her and thus made a double gain, by the insurer of the captive vessel, and by the sale of her cargo and hull, as lawful prize. Many a French privateer was owned by Englishmen, and manned by piratical renegades; and some English privateers were chartered by Frenchmen, for the capture of their own merchant ships. In the conduct of such crews, wilful cruelty towards their captives was alone wanted to complete the character of the pirate. On either side of the channel the day of the merchant ship's sailing, and her course, was duly notified to the privateer, that did the criminal work of the firm; and, thus, under the pretext of honorable warfare, innocent individuals were swindled by their own fellow-countrymen, and the honor of a nation tarnished for filthy lucre. Says another historical writer, referring to the foregoing; 'We have now no means of verifying this appalling charge; but judging by all we have read upon the subject, we have no reason to disbelieve it.'

By acts of Congress of the United States in 1794 and 1818, privateering was denounced, and was condemned by the Treaty of Paris in 1856. To comprehend what it was, a brief sketch may suffice. To know what it is or may be, in this age of steam, the reports of the Alabama's deeds would exemplify, if it be admitted that the Alabama is in any way under control of bad British subjects, who have defied the Queen's proclamation and broken the neutrality laws. As a general rule, the owners of privateers were not of the most reputable of citizens; yet, half a century ago, hardly a voice was audibly raised in condemnation of their enterprises. It has just been seen that a privateer formed a part of the Times newspaper establishment in 1805. The fitting out of such a cruiser, partook largely of the quality of gambling, as well as of high-sea robbery; for the vessel might be captured within twenty-four hours of leaving port, or it might send home a dozen prizes in as many days.

The captain was usually a sharer in the ownership of the vessel, and officers and crew sailed with a distinct agreement as to what per centage each would receive of the booty. In many instances, if a privateer did not fall in with any of the enemy's merchant-men during a cruise, the captain had little compunction in seizing a neutral ship rather than return empty handed, and boldly risked all consequences resulting from the piratical act. The vessels in use for that service, both French and English, were of all sizes and ngs, from mere luggars of twenty tons, carrying two 4-pounders and twelve men, to full rigged ships of 500 or 600 tons, heavily armed, and manned by crews of 200 or 300 men. These were formidable men-of-war, and capable of exchanging broadsides with a regular frigate. In fitting out those ships no cost was spared, the owners knowing that one successful trip might reimburse all. Swiftmess was the prime object to be obtained. The total number sent forth, both by England and France, was almost incredible. They prowled in every direction, and the narrow seas swarmed with them. The longest and best appointed took long sweeps on the main ocean, to fall in with homeward or outward bound ships, under convoy of men-of-war, and if not taken themselves they hovered on the track and picked up stragglers and slow sailers.

The British government had no share in the equipment and adventure of privateers. But documents have come to light proving that in the early period of the war, French companies hired vessels from their government. The 'charter-party' stipulated that the ships were to be completely fitted out by the government, the freighters providing and paying the crews. The cost of re-victualling and touching at any place was also at the charge of the freighters, but the costs for repairs to be defrayed by the Republic.

The net produce of the prizes to be thus divided: one-third to the crew, and a third of the remaining two-thirds to the Republic.

To show how incorrigible and shameless some ship-owners still are in defiance of stringent regulations, we may cite the instance of a member of Parliament, who is reported to have sent out numerous vessels laden with stores for the Southern Confederacy in breach of the Queen's proclamation of April, 1861. In the hot crisis of the Crimean war, 1854-55, this person having good ships, hired some of them to government at high rates to carry stores and troops. He had also bad ones, leaky in the hold, and low between decks. He obtained an associate to act as owner of those unwholesome hulks. By means best known to themselves the old vessels were insured as first-class, and they obtained full rates of freight from the Admiralty. Their owner combined with others and monopolized all the better ships in port, or as they arrived from India and China. He and the combination offered them to be employed as transports, but at prices absurdly extravagant. The machinery of extortion was worked in the House of Commons. The mouth-piece of the ship-owning combination, to coerce government into acceptance of his extortionate demands, assumed the attitude of indignant virtue. He accused the Admiralty of 'culpable negligence,' 'criminal ignorance,' 'wanton cruelty,' and all the rest of the bad things implied in philanthropic slang, in 'crowding our gallant soldiers into vessels not sea-worthy, foul as the black hole of Calcutta!' (Sensation in the House.)—Sir Charles Wood, then First Lord of the Admiralty, asked for the names of those defective transport ships. At a subsequent sitting of the House, on finding that the honorable member for Humanity declined to proceed with a motion of inquiry, being content, as he said, with having directed the notice of the authorities to the subject, whose duty it was to make the inquiry and apply the proper remedy; Sir Charles Wood said, in that case, he felt it necessary to make a statement: 'Inquiry had been made, and the transports complained of were found to be the property of the honorable member who had denounced them. He had employed an associate to sign the charter-party as owner, and deceive the Admiralty Agent, their apparent object being to extort extravagant rates of freights for other vessels.'

In the Crimean war false pretences were not exclusively the practice of shipowners. Shoes were made that melted in a day. Shoddy cloth took the place of woven wool. Bales of flannel shirts and stockings bore false marks of quality, and of manufacturers. Bales did not agree with samples. Grenadiers had the option of hosiery made for drummer boys, and had even for boys, or the privilege of going barefooted. Pick-axes and spades made by the constituents of Radical Mr. Roebuck, at Stretfield, or Tory Mr. Newdigate, in Warwickshire, were so bad that they would not even dig a sufficiency of graves for the perishing army. And so was it in the wars of Wellington. That great series of combats known as the Battles of the Pyrenees, were fought in 1813-14, and the rigours of winter encountered by half the British army barefooted. 'The army has been detained in quarters three months for the want of shoes,' wrote Wellington to the Secretary of State in 1811, 'and now that we have had the shoes one week, they are worn out. More attention to the honesty of army contractors and manufacturers, rather than to their politics and their habits of electioneering for government, would be a true advantage to this army.' (Colonel Curwood's edition of Wellington's Despatches.) So is it in America now, and has been through the present war. The sordid instincts subjuncte patriotism. Rebel privateers have been fitted out in Federal ports to prey on their own commerce. Fraud reigns in all the departments, military, naval and commissariat. The soldiers encounter winter and fight battles barefooted. In last century the chief of the British Commissariat pilfered one million pounds sterling for himself, and half as much for his subordinates in the war which dismembered the British Empire, and closed with the advent of the American Republic. He pilfered so well, so grandly, and was so loyal to George the Third, that he was made a Baronet, afterwards a Baron, his son a Viscount, while his grandson, still living, is an Earl. In the war which will end, seemingly by a fracture in that Republic not to be repaired, the American commissaries and army contractors promise to be as well endowed by the dismembering of a Republic as that eminent British Loyalist was by the rupture of an Empire. The problem of the Christian era is not one of honour in monarchies, or of virtue in democracies. There is a higher issue, and a Higher Law.

Cleanings.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THINKERS.

'Really, sir, I am surprised you don't see this. It's as plain as a pikestaff. You surely don't deny my facts. There they are, suborn facts, sir. You can't point out a single fallacy in the arguments I have built upon them; and yet you are not convinced. You must excuse me if I say that you must be very inattentive or sadly prejudiced not to see as I do.'

'You're very complimentary, sir. To say the honest truth, however, I was just thinking all that about you, only I did not like to put it in so many words. Some of your facts are true enough; but then they are mine as well as yours, and the rest of them are not facts at all. As to your arguments, anything more inconsequential and fallacious I never heard. But I will not reason with you any longer. It is quite useless.' And when it gets to that pass, it is useless.

It was very sad, we thought, that the disputants should get so angry and say such rude things, especially when nothing came of it; but, then, we remembered that it was one of the commonest things in the world for disputants to get both angry and rude, particularly when beaten. Very likely we have none of us taken part in a discussion in which one side—we need not say which—was so unreasonable.

One thing is very plain, that in a world where such discussions are common, there must be a great amount of diversity of opinion. In fact, there is no subject on which two opinions can be entertained about which there is only one. You cannot take up a newspaper without finding that the editor or some of his correspondents have some great mistake to rectify, or something to controvert. What spiritless things a great many books would be, if nothing were admitted into them that savored of controversy. Parliament might set to work after a late breakfast, and go home to a not very late dinner, if there did not happen to be two sides of the House, and if on both sides there did not happen to be a number of men with views of their own. No doubt, all this diversity, whilst it has its evils, has also its advantages. The earth never yields her harvests except as the result of labor, and labor is a blessing; for it strengthens the muscles and sinews, and sends the pulsations of vigorous health coursing through the frame; and so the toil of conflict which we have to endure in winning the richer harvest of truth may be intended to invigorate the intellectual man. It affords opportunity, too—said that we should be so little disposed to avail ourselves of it—for the exercise of mutual forbearance and charity.

A great many reasons might be suggested for the existence of this diversity; but at present we advert to only one of them. It is very obvious that there is not a little faulty thinking in the world. There would be far less difference of sentiment than there is, if people thought more carefully: What we wish to do, then, is to point out a few faults of thinkers.

And yet how many people never think at all! Of course they have to think, more or less, of the work and the pleasures of life; for it would be impossible to live without some such thought as that. But they never think thoughtfully and consecutively on any of the great subjects with which thoughtful minds are occupied, and which ought to be matter of deep concern to every man. It may be admitted that there are a few, here and there who have not the power of thought. They get bewildered as soon as they try to put two ideas together, or even to get fairly hold of one. They are like a Dutchman whom Washington Irving mentions, whose ideas were so square that he could not get them rounded about in his head, which had the misfortune to be round. But these are comparatively few. There are numbers who could think if they would; but they are too lazy. Give them something to enjoy, something to amuse themselves with—a dance, a song, a fete a gay party, and they are satisfied. If they must have something literary, or instructive, or useful, it must be something very easy and very pleasant; a lecture with a great many illustrations, and sparkling with wit or grinning with broad humor; a sermon, very pictorial and very exciting, and not very long; books, for there are times when even such people cannot get on without books, in the reading-made-easy sort of style—an exciting tale, or something of that kind; but nothing will they hear or read which requires thought.—What a pity that there are so many minds, gifted, to say the least, with average reasoning powers, and some of them with much

more, which should thus suffer their energies to be enfeebled when there are such large opportunities of mental culture, and when, besides, there are so many subjects on which they ought to think.

STONEWALL JACKSON.—I have never for one moment seen reason to change my opinion I expressed in the first letter I wrote from the States—that the Union, as it was, could never be restored—I am satisfied that the Free States of the North will retain and gain great advantages by the struggle if they will only set themselves at work to accomplish their destiny, not lose their time in sighing over vanished empire, or indulging abortive dreams of conquest and schemes of vengeance. During my sojourn in the States many stars of the first order have risen out of space, or fallen into the outer darkness. The watching trustful millions have hailed with delight, or witnessed with terror, the advent of a shining planet or a splendid comet, which a little observation has resolved into a watery nebula. In the Southern hemisphere, Bragg and Beauregard have given place to Lee and Jackson. In the North, McDowell has faded away before McClellan, who, having been put for a short season in eclipse by Pope, duly to culminate with increased brilliancy, has finally paled away before Burnside. The heroes of yesterday are the martyrs or outcasts of to-day, and no American General needs a slave behind him in the triumphal chariot to remind him that he is a mortal. Had I foreseen such rapid whirrs in the wheels of fortune I might have taken more note of the men who were below; but my business was not to speculate but to describe. The day I landed in Norfolk, a tall lean man, ill-dressed, in a slouching hat and wrinkled clothes, stood with his arms folded, and legs wide apart, against the wall of the hotel, looking on the ground. One of the waiters told me it was 'Professor Jackson,' and I have been plagued by suspicions, that in refusing an introduction that was offered to me, I missed an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the man of the stone walls of Winchester.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—In the conversation which occurred before dinner, I was amused to observe the manner in which Mr. Lincoln used the anecdotes for which he is famous. Where men bred in courts, accustomed to the world, or versed in diplomacy, would use some subterfuge, or would make a polite speech, or give a shrug of the shoulders as the means of getting out of an embarrassing position, Mr. Lincoln raises a laugh by some bold west-country anecdote, and moves off in the cloud of merriment produced by his joke. Thus, when Mr. Bates was remonstrating apparently against the appointment of some indifferent lawyer to a place of judicial importance, the President interposed with, 'Come now, Bates, he's not half as bad as you think. Besides that, I must tell you, he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was going to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, and I had no horse. The judge overtook me in his waggon. 'Hallo, Lincoln! Are you not going to the Court-house? Come in and I'll give you a seat.' Well, I got in and the judge went on reading his papers. Presently the wagon struck a stump on one side of the road, then it hopped off to the other. I looked out and I saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat; so says I, 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a little drop too much this morning.' 'Well, I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half-a-dozen times since starting.' So, putting his head out of window, he shouted, 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!' Upon which, pulling up his horses, and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said, 'By gorra! that's the first rightful decision you have given for the last twelvemonth.' Whilst the company were laughing, the President beat a quiet retreat from the neighborhood of the Attorney-General.—Russell's Diary.

BEWARE OF BEING A 'PECULIAR MAN.'—It is in this way that you escape from the wretched narrow-mindedness which is the characteristic of every one who cultivates his speciality alone. Take any speciality; dine with a distinguished member of Parliament—the other guests all members of Parliament except yourself—you go away shrugging your shoulders. All the talk has been that of men who seem to think that there is nothing in life worth talking about but the party squabbles and jealousies of the House of Commons. Go and dine next day, with an eminent author—all the guests authors except yourself. As the wine circulates, the talk narrows to the last publica-

tions, with now and then, on the part of the least successful author present, a refining eulogium on some dead writer, in implied disparagement of some living rival. He wants to depreciate Dickens, and therefore he extols Fielding. If Fielding were alive, and Dickens were dead, how he would extol Dickens! Go the third day; dine with a trader—all the other guests being gentlemen on the stock exchange. A new speciality is before you; all the world seems circumscribed to scrip and the budget. In fine, whatever the calling, let men only cultivate that calling, and they are as narrow-minded as the Chinese, when they place on the map of the world the Celestial Empire, with all its Tartaric villages in full detail, and out of that limit makes dots and lines, with the superscription, 'Deserts unknown, inhabited by barbarians.'—Bulwer.

HOW TO GET ON.—To push on in the crowd, every male or female struggler must use his shoulder. If a better place than yours presents itself just beyond your neighbor, elbow him and take it. Look how a steadily purposed man or woman at a ball or exhibition; wherever there is a competition and a squeeze, gets the best place; the nearest the sovereign, if bent on kissing the royal hand, the closest to the grand stand; if minded to go to Ascoti, the best view and hearing of the Rev. Mr. Thumpington, when all the town is rushing to hear the exciting divine; the largest quantity of ice, champagne, cold pate, or other his or her favorite flesh-pot, if gluttonously inclined, at a supper whence hundreds of people come empty away. A woman of the world will marry her daughter and have done with her, get her carriage and be at home and asleep in bed, while a timid mama has still her girl in the nursery, or is beseeching the servants in the cloak-room to look for her shawl, with which some one else has whisked away an hour ago. What a man has to do in society is to assert himself. Is there a good place at table? Ask B., ask Mrs. C., ask everybody you know, your own way; what matter if you are considered obtrusive, provided you obtrude. By pushing steadily, ninety-nine people in a hundred will yield to you. Only command persons, and you may be pretty sure that a good number will obey. If your neighbor's foot obstructs you, stamp on it, and do you suppose he won't take it away?

TOO MUCH READING.—In an amusing article upon the 'Physicians and Surgeons of a by-gone generation,' a foreign Journal describes Abernethy conversing thus with a certain patient:—'I opine,' said he, 'that more than half your illness arises from too much reading.' On my answering that my reading was chiefly history, which amused while it instructed, he replied:—'That is no answer to my objection. At your time of life a young fellow should endeavor to strengthen his constitution, and lay in a stock of health. Besides, too much reading never yet made an able man. It is not so much the extent and amount of what we read that serves us; as what we assimilate and make our own. It is that, to use an illustration borrowed from my profession, that constitutes the chyle of the mind. I have always found that really indolent men, men of what I would call flabby intellects, are great readers. It is far easier to read than to think, to reflect or to observe; and these fellows, not having learned to think, cram themselves with the ideas or the words of others. This they call study, but it is not so. In my own profession I have observed that the greatest men were not the mere readers, but the men who observed, who reflected, who fairly thought out an idea. To learn to reflect and observe is a grand desideratum for a young man. John Hunter owed to his power of observation that fine discrimination, that keen judgment that intuitiveness which he possessed in a greater degree than any of the surgeons of his time.'

AN ESQUIMAUX RIFLEMAN.—As we were in open country, and there was no tangible object to shoot at, he made a circle in the snow of about two feet in diameter, then stepping in the centre, raised his gun perpendicular from the shoulder, and fired in the air. After firing he stepped out of the ring, and in a few seconds, to my astonishment, the bullet came down within the circle he had made. He coolly remarked, 'We want no targets to fire at;' and if a man can hold his musket with that precision as to cause the ball to return just where he stands, what need has he of a butt? But the principal reason why they thus test their shooting is an economic one. Not always being able to get bullets, they are chary of firing them away, and I have no doubt it is for the same reason that so many savage people have the 'boomarang,' or return missile.—Recollections of Labrador Life, by Lambert De Bouhieu.

RATHER 'FAST SKATING.'—'It was just twenty years ago yesterday,' says our narrator, 'that a party of us fellers went over to Cacokia Creek, on a skating match. The day was colder than ten ice-bergs all smooth as glass, and we made up our minds to have a heap of fun. Bill Berry was the leader of the crowd. He was a tall six-footer, full of pluck, and the best skater in all creation. Give Bill Berry a pair of skates and smooth sailing, and he'd make the trip to Bassin's Bay and back in twenty-four hours, only stopping long enough at Halifax to take a drink. Well, we got to the creek and fastened our skates on, and after taking a good horn from Joe Turner's flask, started off in good style, Bill Berry taking the lead. As I was telling ye, it was a dogged cold day, and so we had to skate fast to keep the blood up. There was little air holes in the ice, and every now and then we would come near going into them. My skates got loose, and I stopped to fasten 'em. Just as I had finished buckling the straps, I saw something shooting along the ice like lightning. It was Bill Berry's head. He had been going it like greased electricity, and before he knew it he was into one of them holes. The force was so great as to cut his head off against the sharp corners of the ice. 'It's all day with Bill Berry,' said I. 'And all night, too,' said Joe Turner. Just as he had got these words out of his mouth, and I looked at Bill's head, which had been going it on the ice, all at once it dropped into another hole. We ran to it, and I heard Billy Berry say, 'quick boys, quick, I'll pull him out, I looked into the hole, and there, as I am a sinner, was Bill Berry's body, which had floated along under the ice, and met the head at a hole in the ice. It was so shocking cold, the head had frozen fast to the body, and we pulled Billy out as good as new. He felt a little numb at first, but after skating a while, he felt as well as the rest of us, and laughed over the joke. We went home about dusk all satisfied with the day's sport. About ten o'clock in the evening, somebody knocked at the door, and said I was wanted over to Bill Berry's. I put on my coat and went over. There lay Bill's body in one place and his head in another. His wife said that after he came home from skating, he sat down by the fire to warm himself, and while attempting to blow his nose, he threw his head into the fire place. The coroner was called that night, and the verdict of the jury was, 'that Bill Berry came to his death by skating too fast.'

ENGLISH SAILORS AS DESCRIBED BY HAWAIIAN HISTORIANS.—The description of English sailors in the native records of the Hawaiian Islands is as follows:—They have a white forehead, light eyes, strong garments, horned heads, and an incomprehensible tongue. Again, the men are white, have a loose skin, angular heads; they are Gods; they are volcanoes, for fire burns in their mouths; at their sides is a door which opens upon their treasures, and which descends deep into their bodies; into this pit they put their hands and draw forth awls, knives, iron necklaces, cloths, nails, and everything else. The records give an account of the sailors who accompanied Captain Cook. Here is a specimen, which our readers may amuse themselves by Anglicising:—'Tus' say the native, apalale bioluei, (haul away) I onaliki, valavaliki, vaiiki, pota (abroad), aloha, kahika, aloha haekas, aloha ka valine aloha ke koiki, aloha ka hale.'—The wonted sailors' greeting, 'holloa,' is traceable enough.

HIGHLAND BURYING PLACES.—An English artist, writing from about the Highlands, describes a lonely church-yard in an island on Loch-Awe. The island, he says, had been inhabited before, long ago, by a convent of Cistercian nuns. They were turned out at the Reformation, and their poor little chapel has been left for the winds to sing in ever since. Not many stones are left of it now, and its foundations lie low amongst the moss-covered tombs of the old chieftains. But the people bring their dead here yet, and lay them under the shadow of their broken walls, so that the island is a land of death, of utter repose and peace. Was it not well in barbarous mountaineers to bury their dead in lonely isles, where the foot of the marauder trampled not the grass on the grave, and where the living came not, save in sorrow, and reverently? The mainland was for the living to fight upon, to hunt upon, and to dwell upon; but this green isle was the Silent Land, the Island of the Blest. Hither the chieftains came, generation after generation, borne solemnly across the waters from their castled isles; hither they came to this defenceless one, where they still sleep securely, when their strongholds are roofless ruins; their claymores dissolved in rust; their broad lands that they fought for all their lives, sold and resold; and their descendants sent into exile to make a desert for English grouse-shooters.

POST OFFICE,
MONTREAL.

WE, this week, present to our readers a view of the building in which Her Majesty's mails are assorted in the commercial Metropolis of Canada. This city contains some of the finest buildings in British America. The Post Office is situated at the corner of Great St. James Street, and Rue St. Francois Xavier. It is a fine stone building. Part of the Cathedral of Notre Dame is shown in the engraving.

**ELEVEN REBEL-
LIONS.**—Since the organization of the federal government eleven attempts have been made to resist its authority. The first was 1782—a conspiracy of some of the officers of the federal army to consolidate the thirteen States into one, and confer the supreme power on

Washington. The second in 1787, Shay's insurrection in Massachusetts. The third in 1794, called the whiskey insurrection of Pennsylvania. The fourth in 1814, by the Hartford Convention. The fifth in 1820, on the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union.—The sixth was a collision between the Legislature of Georgia and the Federal Government, in regard to the lands given to the Creek Indians. The seventh was in 1830, with Cherokees in Georgia.—The eighth was the memorable nullifying ordinance of South Carolina, 1832. The ninth was in 1842, in Rhode Island, between the Suffrage association and the State authorities. The tenth was in 1856, on the part of the Mormons, who resisted the federal authorities. The eleventh is the present attempt at secession.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES IN THE SUN.—Great attention has been directed for several years past to the solar orb, for the purpose of acquiring some positive information respecting its real constitution,—whether it is, as some have supposed, a huge incandescent sphere, or an opaque body enveloped in an ocean of electric flame. Many scientific expeditions have been fitted out at great expense to make observations during the period of a solar eclipse, but these have done little, if anything, to extend the domain of scientific knowledge. At last, however, and that very recently, we have two new discoveries in this direction, which afford us something apparently reliable respecting the composition of the sun's atmosphere, and the nature of bodies near its surface. The first is the result of the combined chemical and optical experiments of Professors Bunsen and Kirchoff, of Germany, which consists in determining the composition of substances by the color of the flame produced by them when ignited, and by certain lines observable in the flame when examined by a peculiar instrument called the spectroscope. Prof. Kirchoff applied this instrument in making observations on the color and other phenomena of the sun's atmosphere. The results of his labors have lately been given to the public. He asserts that it has an incandescent gaseous atmosphere surrounding a solid nucleus, which has a higher temperature than its atmosphere. He states that he has detected the spectra

peculiar to iron chromium, and nickel in the solar rays. The conclusion at which he arrives, based upon these discoveries, is that the sun is a large sphere composed of the same elements as our globe, and that it is in a state of ignition—a ball of fire. The other discovery to which we have alluded is that of Mr. Jas. Nasmyth, (inventor of the steam hammer), a Scotchman, of Patrierost, who is an astronomer as well as a most skillful mechanic. He recently read a paper before the Manchester (England) Philosophical Society, containing his observations on the sun in which he stated that the surface of the orb was composed of objects shaped like a willow leaf, that they average 1,000 miles in length and 100 in breadth, and crossed one another in all directions, forming a net work, through the interstices of which the dark shades are observed, which gives the surface of the sun that mottled appearance familiar to observers. These willow shaped bands appear luminous stretching over and around a dark object under them which forms the body of the sun. Mr. Nasmyth has not expressed an opinion respecting the nature and functions of these peculiarly shaped objects. He intends to pursue his investigations at further length before he hazards an explanation.

STRANGE CURES.—Dr. Telephe Desmarts of Bordeaux has for some months past been making use of a most extraordinary medical remedy for the cure of certain diseases, which cannot fail to excite astonishment among those who hear of it for the first time. Some account of it has been published at Bordeaux in a pamphlet entitled 'Système d'Inoculations curatives,' from which we take a few particulars. That one disease may be cured or prevented by inoculation with the virus of another, is, as thousands of persons know, not a new idea; but there is novelty in the suggestion that painful maladies may be cured by causing insects to sting the part affected. This is the practice which Dr. Desmarts has been applying, and which he desires to extend, and as his experiments have been carried on for fifteen years, he does not speak without experience. They have been tried on plants as well as animals, and with similar results. He observed that plants inoculated with the virus of syphilis produced small cryptog-

amia on different parts of their surface, and that a second inoculation, not with another animal poison, cleared the plants of these parasitic growths, and of the insects or animalcules which they had attracted. It has long been a medical tradition that leprosy is curable by the poison of certain serpents, and it is well known that poisonous drugs are administered in medicine, as powerful alternatives in certain diseases. Mr. Humboldt, nephew of the late illustrious German, in his practice at Havana, has ascertained that the poison of the scorpion tribe is a remedy for yellow fever. He inoculated 2,478 men of the military and naval garrison; 676 afterwards caught the fever, of whom not more than 16 died.

A distinguished Frenchman, M. de Gasparin, having heard of the facts cited by Dr. Desmarts, communicated to him a fact in his own experience. He had long been afflicted with a rheumatism, which kept him almost constantly infirm. One day, in picking up a handful of weeds in his garden, he was stung by a wasp on the wrist. The arm swelled; but the rheumatic pain disappeared. Seeing this result, he caused himself to be stung the next day along the seat of pain in his leg, and was again delivered from suffering, and was able to walk with ease. This happened three years ago, and every subsequent reappearance of the malady has been cured by similar means; and by a wasp sting on his neck an attack of bronchitis was overcome. Among other instances mentioned by Dr. Desmarts, we notice a hopeless case of cholera in a man, and epileptiform disease in a child, both cured by the sting of a scorpion; and it appears that lachrymal fistula, and some other diseases of the eye, are curable by the sting of a wasp or bee.

These are curious facts. Their value will perhaps appear on further discussion. Dead insects and live leeches have long figured in pharmacy; but it will be something new to have to buy living hymenoptera, hemiptera, or aptera, in which orders stinging insects are found, to use as medicinal remedies. Yet after all, there may be nothing new in it; for, as M. de Gasparin remarks, are we not told that Mucianus, an important commander under Vespasian, used to carry

about with him, enveloped in white cloth, a certain insect to cure him of the eye disease, to which he was subject in Chambers.

THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.—At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on Monday, a letter from Dr. Livingstone was read. It stated that at Mount Zomba there were two tribes which were exceedingly warlike and destructive. There was a party of those people, who, elated with continued success, finding they were before a small number of about twenty, commenced shooting their poisoned arrows, when a resort to fire-arms was necessary. None, however, were struck by the fire-arms. Fortunately, none were hit by the arrows, as they were handled by native Portu-

gese slaves. On approaching Lake Nyass they found elephants and hippotami, which were very tame; and in that locality they fell in with a number of natives, who wished the English to sit in the sun while they remained in the shade. This was not acceded to, when they rattled their shields, and being frightened at the production of a note-book, which they thought a pistol, they became alarmed and sped away. Reference was made to a thick atmospheric-like smoke, which was composed of insects, which the natives collected and made into a kind of cake, tasting like roasted locusts, but fishy. Alluding to the cotton districts, which were most prolific, together with the lakes and cataracts, the letter concluded with a notice of the most extensive slave traffic, which was carried on to the westward.

SHERIDAN.—Just about the time that Mr. Sheridan took his house in Saville-row, he happened to meet lord Guilford in the street, to whom he mentioned his change of residence, and also stated a change in his habits.—'Now, my dear lord,' said Sheridan, 'every thing is carried on in my house with the greatest regularity—every thing, in short, goes like clockwork.'—'Ah,' replied lord Guilford, 'tick, tick, tick, I suppose.'

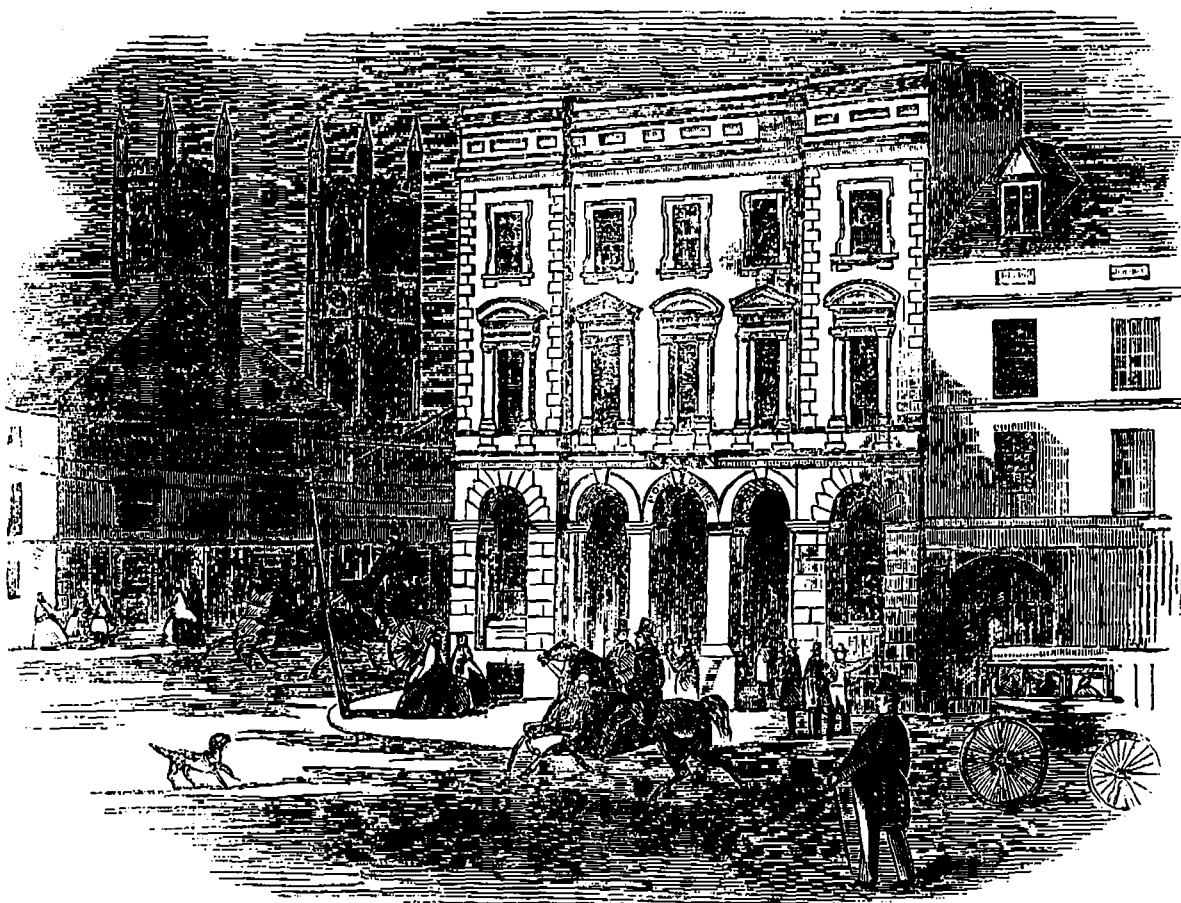
COURTLY RHYMES.—When Queen Elizabeth visited Folkestone, the inhabitants voted a loyal and patriotic address; which, to pay a higher compliment to the Virgin Queen, they employed the parish clerk to versify. The time for the reception of the epic being appointed, the monarch took her seat upon the throne, and the worshipful mayor of Folkestone being introduced, he with great dignity mounted a three legged stool, and commenced his poetical proemium thus:

O mighty Queene!
Welcome to Folkestene!

Elizabeth burst into a roar of laughter, and without allowing his worship time to recover himself, she replied—

You great fool!
Get off that stool!

The warmest manner in which ne Brazilian can introduce another to a family is:—'This is my friend, if he steals anything I am accountable for it.'



THE POST OFFICE AT MONTREAL.

Gossip.

THINGS IN TORONTO.

An obliging correspondent from the capital of western Canada furnishes us this week with the following paragraphs of 'Metropolitan gossip.'

'A hard frost,' he states, 'had set in at the commencement of the week, and, as usual, skates and sleighs came into violent requisition. All indoor amusements were deserted for the exhilarating pastime of skimming over the ice. Those who had bought season tickets were naturally anxious to have their money's worth. But the pleasure was of brief duration. There came 'a killing thaw,'—rain and snow, which melted as it fell—and high boots and wheeled vehicles resumed their sway. But, among a people who know how to turn all the vagaries of the season to account, the disappearance of the ice was the signal for the resumption of domestic enjoyments, and the attractions of halls and concert rooms. Mrs. Wentworth Stevenson, who has altogether put aside the pre-names of 'Laura Honey,' in order to be recognised as a teacher of vocal music, rather than a professor of the drama, gave a Concert and Ball at the Music Hall. The effect of this combination of entertainments was good. A large crowd attended. You will have seen the stereotyped notices of the music and singing in the daily Toronto papers. Unfortunately we have not yet reached that point of cultivation in Canada West, when judicious criticisms would become instructive as well as entertaining. We have few professors who sing and play in public, and no local editors or musical reporters whose familiarity with all the fine arts qualifies them to descant upon professional effort. Hence, Music, the Drama and Painting, are left to run to weed. Could not the 'Illustrated Canadian' take a lead in the critical way? There is evidence in the leading articles (suffer me to say) that a pure taste presides over the editorial department of the paper, and a little extension of the same style of thing would inaugurate a judicious control over our entertainments, restraining absurd pretensions and encouraging meritorious endeavor. Suppose you appoint me critic *en chef*. Here is a specimen of my cunning.

The Concert on Thursday evening exhibited the usual *melange* incidental to our state of society.—There was a 'military band,' one of those musical mistakes which all Professors in Garrison towns find it necessary to make in order to draw an audience. The military are always popular. What they 'patronize' they feel bound to attend, and wherever the red or green jackets go, there also go the belles of the town. But the music, even of the best kind, is distractingly loud and totally unsuited to a concert room—especially such concert rooms as the public Halls of Toronto and Hamilton where the laws of acoustics have been quite disregarded by the architects, and a thousand echoes bewilder the unlucky hearers. Another disadvantage attending these bands, here at least, is, that whenever they come upon the platform, the piano has to be hoisted off to make room for the music stands, and then to be hoisted up again when the audience have seen enough of the book-boards of the musicians and been tolerably deafened by the noisy wind instruments. The operations of the band of the 30th 'obligingly lent, &c.' were followed by and interspersed with vocalisation. Mrs. Stevenson, when in 'good case,' is an extremely pleasing singer. She does not spare herself. She has a rich volume of voice, which she pours forth ungradually, in the bravura and cavatina. Her cadenzas are melodious and all-resent—there is no extravagance, no painful effort apparent, all is ease and grace. If I were to take any exception to Mrs. Stevenson's voice it would refer to the lower notes of the

register, which are somewhat metallic, the result, I fancy, of her having commenced singing before the voice had acquired a settled character. The beautiful quartette 'Rock me to Sleep, Mother,' owed every thing to Mrs. S., and the exquisite 'Casta Diva,' which was substituted for the 'Mocking Bird,' (owing to the indisposition of Mr. McCarroll, the 'late obligato') received a full measure of justice at the hands of the same lady. She likewise gave us a new song 'The Canadian Volunteers,' to the old tune of the 'British Grenadiers,' the words 'of course' being inaudible. But there was a row-de-dow accompaniment. Could the martial spirit of our bonnie brow volunteers resist that appeal? Encore, encore, burst from their 'manly bassums,' and, as usual on such occasions, when the thing was re-demanded. Mrs. Stevenson sang something else.

It is a pity, I think, that a true, chaste, and accomplished singer should be obliged to resort to those tricks of the professors, *ad captandum vulgus*. A modest, polite young lady, Miss K. Macdonald, a pupil of Mrs. S.'s assisted her on this occasion. She is an admirable commentary on Mrs. Stevenson's skill as a teacher. Under the good discipline to which she has been subjected, her voice has acquired considerable power and flexibility, and she promises to become quite an 'institution.' Miss Macdonald has feeling and expression—two of the best attributes of the vocalist; and if she will avoid such clap-trap compositions as 'The jockey hat and feather,' a slap-dash, common place affair of the nigger minstrelsy type, she will adorn the profession. Adeline Petti always avoided the row-dow and lost-fa-la-lol-liddle school. So let it be all interesting, little K. M. . . . We are badly off for male singers here. A Mr. Farley is a very good amateur tenor, and offers evidences of careful cultivation. He has been trained in the Mario school—the very best. But he stands alone. Mr. Armstrong has a voice not altogether under control, and his knowledge of music appears to be limited. Dr. O'Dea, the *basso profundo*, lacks power for such lugubrious pieces as 'My heart bowed down.' It was not exhilarating. So much for our concert.

Of other entertainments, we have had a meeting to form a Humane Society—but the humanites were not active. Charity begins at home, and the humanitarians stopped. It nearly adjourned *sine die*. It reminded me of the Irish manager's postponement, when his audience consisted of one little boy—'Ladies and gentlemen, as there is nobody here, these performances will not take place to-night, but will be repeated to-morrow.'

The Butchers here had a 'Swarry' for the benefit of the Lancashire weavers. It was a good, substantial effort of benevolence, worthy of the sturdy vendors of beef and mutton. 'Who drives fat oxen should make others fat,' said somebody, or something like it. There were speeches, and tea drinkings, and subscriptions. I think \$300 worth of meat is a respectable present from such a body—don't you? The Tobacco Twisters had a ball. I did not attend. *Finis coronat opus*, Mr. Siddons and his daughter have been giving some of their pleasing entertainments. On the final night, when Mr. Siddons gave specimens of popular American lectures—not excluding George Francis Train—the Mechanic's Institute was crowded to excess, and scores of people could not gain admission. He will have to repeat this lecture. Miss Siddons promises well. Her voice is singularly sweet and sympathetic, but she has not volume enough yet to fill a large Hall.

We are looking forward to the establishment of a new daily paper of the Conservative order. I am sorry for it. Two papers can just live in Toronto, and already we have four or five. Cannot you say something to stop this flood of type? I don't mean to say that we could not very readily spare one or two

of the existing journals; if we could have a substitute, one that would be superior to them in intelligence, variety, literary taste, and freedom from partizanship—but from whence is it to come? And when it has come, how can it stand (unless it has a large capital at command to be judiciously spent and rapidly consumed) in the presence of the established 'Globe' and justly popular 'Leader'? However, *nous verrons*.

I called in at the Queen's hotel, the other day. The house has, of course, been filled by the destruction of the Rossin, and Captain Dick is enlarging his premises. There are many Southerners at the Queen's. They are really objects of commiseration. Having no occupation, and living in a fever of hope that the Confederacy will ultimately triumph, they pass their lives in reading the papers, which they greedily devour when there is intelligence of a Federal repulse, and fill up the interval with the pipe and the quid. I regret that the exiles—in other respects worthy people—should have brought into cleanly Canada the vile habit of squirting tobacco juice in the grates, which makes the American hotels such disgusting places of resort. There is a clergyman named Weils at the Queen's. He is a noble specimen of a Minister of the gospel, energetic, eloquent, simple and benevolent. It is a treat to hear him preach.

CONVERSATION.

So manifold are the phrases which conversation assumes, and so complex are the causes from which it originates, that it is difficult to define and exemplify its various characteristics. I will make a grand distinction which will include all minor ones. I will consider conversation as attractive and unattractive.

Like a child, reserving the best portion for the last bite, I will speak first of the kind of talk which is decidedly unattractive.

Extravagant tirades against servants, who are not angels, a fact which mistresses systematically ignore, though they may be the subjects on which a great deal of energetic eloquence is expended, I shall not hesitate to set down as unattractive conversation; at the same time admitting that the curiously conceived expletives, which are some times indulged in, may be the cause of a laugh, but then it is not a healthy laugh. How often are we pestered by being obliged to listen to the marvelous panegyrics which are bestowed, with such an indiscriminating generosity on infants; not that it is not very proper for parents to see great promise in their children—but when made a constant theme of talk, one cannot help, ill-naturedly or not, suggesting that the eulogists of the innocent minitares of humanity, might show a little more consideration for their auditors.—Pet subjects should carefully be avoided in ordinary conversation, for, if your hearer is not possessed of superabundant courtesy, you need not feel surprise, if he yawns and looks frequently at his watch, at the same time making a meaning reference to the hard day's work he has had. Nothing is more painfully ludicrous, than to see the efforts which half a dozen people sometimes make to create a flow of talk,—nothing seems to have any flowing capacity—you make suit with every expedient.—Spring will soon be here; does Miss Eliza like flowers? Miss Eliza may be passionately fond of flowers; but the question is so obviously for the sake of talk that she does not feel disposed to disclose her feelings with regard to them. Was Mr. Henry at the ball? Mr. Henry has, perhaps, been to too many this season, and merely remarks, he was cursing them as horrid bores; a portfolio of pictures is produced, which elicits a few dull rapid remarks. It is truly astonishing how epidemic in its manifestations dulness sometimes is—occasionally you find people with sprightly imaginations

unable to make them act in a dull atmosphere, the best remedy for this idiosyncrasy is a good round game. The inertia of conversation is very powerful, if once a subject of interest is started, you immediately get freedom from restraint. It is like sailing down a stream with many tributaries, where each can find scenery suitable to his sympathies; you get dispersed in twos and threes and travel along pleasantly enough. A song is sung, each expresses his opinion concerning it, and a remark is made apparently quite foreign, but in some way suggested, and thus an animated interchange of sentiment lures the hour away, making it as difficult to stop as it was to begin. Good conversation is accidental, if you try to give your thoughts with premeditation, they seem to leave you without power of pleasing. How often you find yourself expatiating, on some topic unintentionally brought into discussion with the greatest freedom; whereas, if you had tried ever so much, you could not have made it half as interesting. Flint requires to be struck before it will emit sparks. I have seen men who have passed the greater part of an evening in silence, when suddenly some remark has aroused them into action, proving them the most brilliant conversers of the evening. If silence does not arise from stupidity, you may generally expect superiority. I regard as stupid people who, fancying themselves to belong to rather a higher intellectual grade than their associates, think it undignified to converse upon ordinary topics. True genius finds instruction in the simplest questions; it cannot know great matters if it shun small ones. What makes our beloved Shakespeare such a sociable companion? Is it not because he interprets and gives meaning to the minutest actions of our lives. We often sneer at the weather as a subject of conversation. Now, for one, I must admit that I am under great obligations to it; many a time it has been the prelude to the most delightful conversation. Many people have a shyness which they cannot overcome before strangers; the weather is often the means of dispelling this; it is linked with so many familiar scenes that a person feels at home on the subject. Besides, Mr. Weather is rather an important personage in regulating our everyday life, and should not be treated with disrespect. One more remark, which shall be an apology for the meagreness of my illustrations of this subject. Fiction writers rarely gave us the *tele-a-tele*, it is only the result; or they put us off with—Charles and Mary, you may be sure, had much to say to each other after so long an absence: the hours sped rapidly as they discoursed with each other on the past, and breathed to each other hopes of the future. Our imagination has to fill up the details. If you, *austere* reader, find I have only given obscure hints, extend the same indulgence to, yours truly,

DERWENT.

ORIGIN OF THE GAZETTE.—One of the smallest pieces of money at Venice was called a gazetta; and as the newspapers, which were published at Venice in single sheets, so early as the sixteenth century, were sold for a gazetta each, all kinds of newspapers were from thence called gazettes.

WATER-PROOF BOOT SOLES.—If hot tar is applied to boot soles, it will make them water-proof. Let it be as hot as the leather will bear without injury, applying it with a swab, and drying it by fire. The operation may be repeated two or three times during the winter, if necessary. It makes the surface of the leather quite hard, so that it wears longer, as well as keeps out the water. Oil or grease softens the sole, and does not do much in keeping the water out. It is a good plan to provide boots for winter during summer, and prepare the soles by tanning, as they will then become, before they are wanted to wear, almost as firm as horn, and will wear twice as long as those unprepared.

CRAYON SKETCH OF LADY MORGAN.

In a criticism of Miss Jewsbury's late memoir of her ladyship, the 'Saturday Review' winds up rather graphically. After speaking of her removal from Dublin to London, the critic says:—'But she was transplanted too late; and she was never qualified to shine in the refined and fastidious society of a great capital.'

Her manners had not that repose
Which suits the house of Vere de Vere.

Madame de Genlis, who met her in Paris in 1816, says: 'Her vivacity and rather springing carriage seemed very strange in Parisian circles. She soon learned that good taste of itself condemns this kind of demeanor; in fact, gesticulation and noisy manners have never been popular in France.' Unluckily, she never did learn this. She erroneously fancied that she was expected to entertain the company, be it what it might; and she was fond of telling stories in which she figured as the companion of the great, instead of confining herself to scenes of Irish low life, which she described inimitably. Lady Cork used to say, 'I like Lady Morgan very much as an Irish black-guard, but I can't endure her as an English fine lady.' Yet she found no difficulty in collecting what she called a brilliant throng in William-street, Albert Gate. Her little dinners frequently comprised the principal luminaries of the literary world, with a fair sprinkling of the stars of politics and fashion; and she was a delightful companion by her own fire-side, with no one present to whom she was anxious to show off. During the latter years of her life, her house derived at intervals a great additional charm from the presence of her nieces, daughters of Sir Arthur Clarke, who looked well, talked well, drew well, and sang to admiration. It was in allusion to his reported engagement with one of them that Rogers said, 'Whenever my name is coupled with that of a young lady in this manner, I make it a point of honor to say I have been re-used.' Like Moore, she has been accused of an inordinate fondness for rank and title, but a plausible defence is suggested by Miss Jewsbury: 'The titles and equipages of her great acquaintance were

to her what scalps are to an Indian brave, outward and visible signs of conquest.' Yet this same review thus opens: 'Sydney Lady Morgan, as she delighted to call herself, was one of the most remarkable personages of the present century. Seldom, if ever, have we met with a character in which strength and weakness were more singularly combined. With all her vanity, affectation and frivolity, she was a warm-hearted woman of genius; and although she paid assiduous court to the lordly or titled oppressors of her country, she was a zealous, disinterested, liberal-minded Irish patriot to boot. Her flowery sentimentality could not hide her

depth of feeling and richness of imagination, while the wildest creations of her fancy were built on a solid foundation of good sense. Her worldliness never prevented her from making large sacrifices for her family, whom she tenderly loved, nor from contracting warm attachments for her friends. She had an intense sense of right and wrong—she was always on the side of the oppressed or persecuted—and although her theological opinions were far from orthodox, she was practically a good Christian. She was never

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S PRAYER.—In one of the narrow streets near the Marche St. Honore resides a poor working family who have lately been laboring under great distress. The wife has been for some time ill, and the husband has just met with an accident which has prevented him from following his usual occupation, so that his family of five children often suffer from hunger. Among the children was a little intelligent girl who every day attended the charity school, but who has been lately obliged to

movements, and thinking she was at some mischief, stopped her and inquired what she was doing. After some hesitation she confessed the object of her visit to the church, and showed the letter. The lady took it and promised the child that she would take care that it should reach its destination, asking at the same time to what address the answer must be sent, which the child gave, and returned home with a light heart. On the following morning on opening the door of the room, she found a large basket filled

with different articles of wearing apparel, sugar, money, etc., the whole packed up, with a direction card, on which was written 'Response du bon Dieu.' Some hours after a medical man also came to give advice.

A LESSON TAUGHT BY SUFFERING.—The Lancashire workmen who used to earn, with their families, £3 15s. per week, are now reduced to live on a few shillings. 'We must say,' remarks the 'Scotsman,' 'that those who are now called upon to ward off starvation from the operatives of Lancashire will have left the better half of their duty undone unless they shall seize the present occasion to enlighten the minds of those people as to the extent to which their condition is in their own hands, that none can effectually help them but themselves, and that forethought, prudence, frugality, and self-restraint in prosperous times are, under Divine Providence, their only security against such convulsions as that which has overtaken them.'

LET any man who knows what it is to have passed much time in a series of jollity, mirth, wit or humorous entertainments look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one instant sharp to some man he is sorry to have offended, impatient to some one it was cruelty to treat with such freedom, ungratefully noisy at such a time, unskillfully open at such a time, unmercifully calumnious at such a time; and from the whole course of his applauded satisfactions, unable in the end to recollect any circumstances which can add to the enjoyment of his mind alone, or which he would put his char upon, with other men.

TRUTH is mighty, and will prevail.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

Our engraving represents an old thatched wayside Inn in England, the wine bush hanging under the stoop, the rustic 'mino host,' hands behind his back supporting his coat tails, looking with eyes of wondering respect at the village painter, who is carefully elaborating the tail of chanticleer on the hostelry sign, with its crossed tobacco pipes. The picture is full of character.

FLATTERY professes more than friendship.



RURAL ART, FROM A PAINTING BY NICOL.

free of the corporation of fine ladies in Dublin or London; but she saw a good deal of them; and her reputation caused her acquaintance to be eagerly courted by the leading continental celebrities from the time when she first visited France and Italy until her death. Her reminiscences, therefore, could hardly fail to be worth preserving, nor the story of her life to be worth telling.'

Receive blessings with thankfulness, and afflictions with resignation.

Cater frugally for the body, if you would feed the mind sumptuously.

stop at home to attend, as best she could, to her little brothers. She had been taught at school that those in distress ought to address themselves to God, and the idea entered her mind that if she sent a letter to God, relief would follow. She, therefore, got pen, ink and paper, and wrote the letter, asking health for her parents and bread for herself and brothers. Thinking that the poor-box which she had seen in the church of Saint Rock was the letter-box of God, she took an opportunity of stealing quietly out of the room and running off to the church. While looking round to see that no one was near, an elderly lady noticed her

A SPANISH AMBASSADOR ON A SCOTTISH KING.—The first volume of an interesting work has just been published by Longmans, in London, entitled 'Callendar of Letters, Despatches and State Papers relating to the negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the Archives of Simancas, and elsewhere. It is edited by Mr. Bergenroth, and published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. We describe it the more particularly, in order to show its authenticity, because we have been very much struck with one part of the narration of the volume in relation to King James IV. of Scotland, at a period towards the close of the fifteenth century. This is contained in a report made by Don Pedro de Ayala, Ambassador of Ferdinand and Isabella, to the Court of James, to his sover-

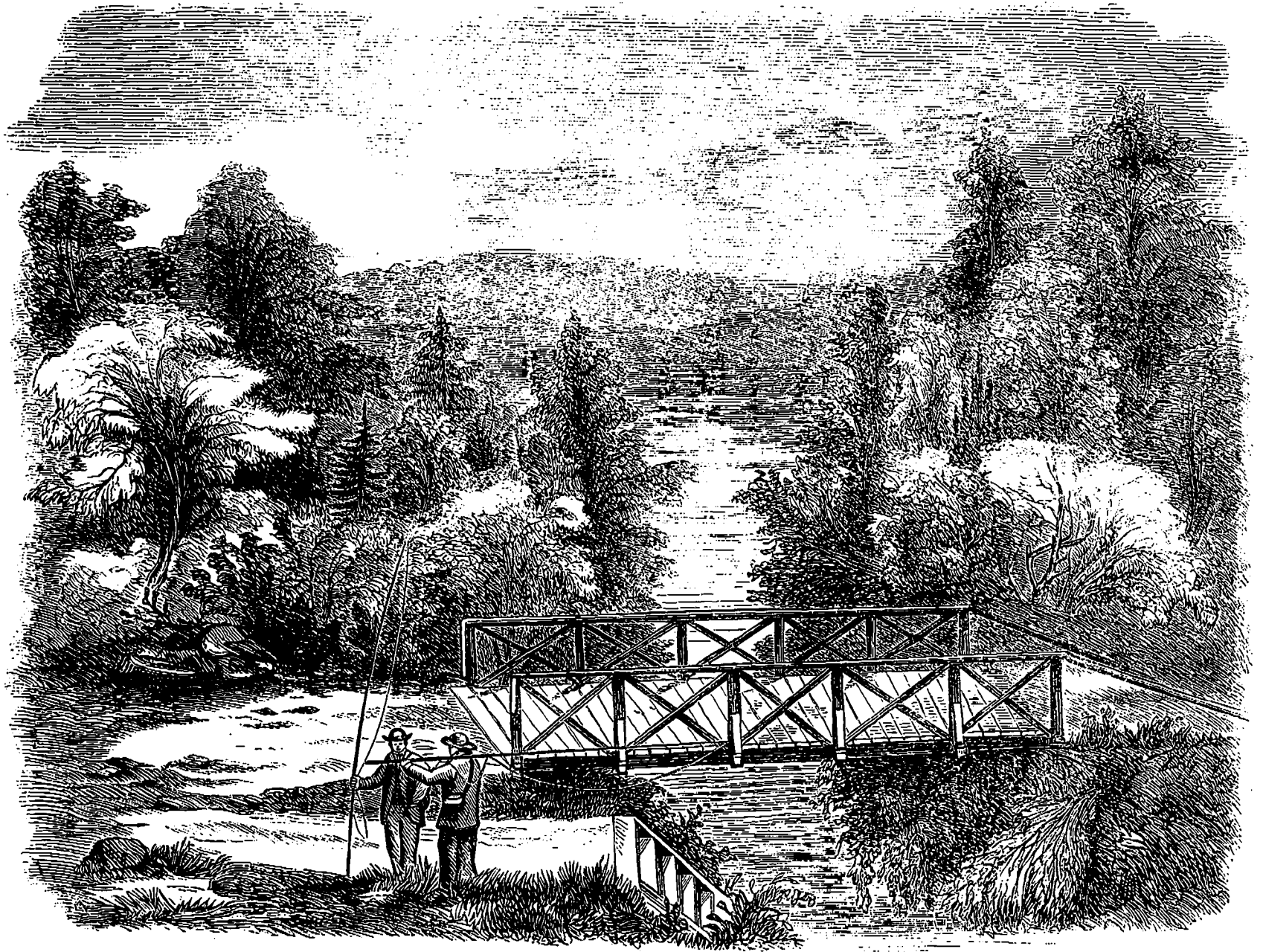
much to receive Spanish letters. His own Scotch language is as different from English as Aragonese from Castilian. His knowledge of languages is wonderful. He is well read in the Bible and some other devout books. He is a good historian. He has read many Latin and French histories, and profited by them, as he has a very good memory. He never cuts his hair or his beard. It becomes him very well. The King fears God, and observes all the precepts of the Church. He does not eat meat on Fridays and Wednesdays. He would not ride on Sundays for any consideration, not even to mass. He says all his prayers. Before transacting any business, he hears two masses. After mass he has a cantata sung, during which he sometimes dispatches very urgent business. He gives alms liberally, but gets a

deeds are as good as his words. For this reason, and because he is a very humane prince, he is much loved. He is active and works hard. When he is not at war he hunts in the mountains. I tell your Highness the truth when I say that God has worked a miracle in him, for I have never seen a man so temperate in eating and drinking out of Spain. Indeed such a thing seems to be superhuman in these countries. He lends a willing ear to his counsellors, and decides nothing without asking them. but in great matters he acts according to his own judgment, and, in my opinion, he generally makes a right decision. I recognize him perfectly in the conclusion of the last peace, which was made against the wishes of the majority in his kingdom.

Life is half spent before we know its value.

most exquisite aquiline features, enlivened with all the fire of a sunny clime, and outlines so symmetrical and flowing that no pen can convey any impression of them. Their hair, too, of the darkest raven, falling in long tresses over their shoulders, together with the profusion of costly jewels with which they were adorned, gave them an appearance so celestial that we were at a loss to understand the reason why the Jews are scrupulous in keeping their daughters from the public gaze. The young married females were seated more immediately around the bride.

The brides themselves were exceedingly lovely, and decked as they were, in gold and silver embroidered robes, crowned with a diadem, all set with jewels, they shone even amidst the surrounding galaxy. I could not but recall the allusions in the



JONES'S FALLS ON THE RIDEAU RIVER.—SEE PAGE 113.

eigns. It would seem from this statement that James could converse in eight different languages, which seems marvellous in a king of Scotland at that period. It is true that some modern students have acquired a much greater number, and it is common enough in our day, for accomplished persons in some parts of Europe, Russians and Poles, for instance, to be familiar with every language and dialect which is likely to be of service in diplomacy. But, considering the age, his station and his country, the King's accomplishments in this respect seem as surprising to us as they evidently did to the Spanish ambassador. We quote from the report of latter on this point. It will be remembered that James was slain at the battle of Flodden:

'The king is twenty-five years and some months old, he is of noble stature, neither tall nor short, and as handsome in complexion and shape as a man can be. His address is very agreeable. He speaks the following foreign languages: Latin, very well; French, German, Flemish, Italian, and Spanish; Spanish as well as the Marquis, but he pronounces it more distinctly. He likes very

severe judge, especially in the case of murderers. He has a great predilection for priests, and receives advice from them, especially from the Friars Observant, with whom he confesses. Rarely, even in joking, a word escapes him that is not the truth. He prides himself much upon it, and says it does not seem to him well for Kings to swear their treaties as they do now. The oath of a King should be his royal word, as was the case in bygone ages. He is neither prodigal nor avaricious, but liberal when occasion requires. He is courageous, even more so than a King should be. I am a good witness of it. I have seen him often undertake most dangerous things in the last wars. I sometimes clung to his skirts, and succeeded in keeping him back. On such occasions he does not take the least care of himself. He is not a good captain, because he begins to fight before he has given his orders. He said to me that his subjects serve him with their persons and goods, in just and unjust quarrels, exactly as he likes, and that, therefore, he does not think it right to begin any warlike undertaking without being himself the first in danger. His

THE JEWISH WOMEN OF BARBARY.—In the evening I had an invitation to be present at two Jewish marriages, which it required little pressing to make me accept. Our whole party was invited; so in a body we visited the houses of both brides. We were led through one of the low doors which opened into a square-court, where an immense assemblage of Beni-Israel were congregated. As soon as it was known we were English, way was made for us to where the bride was sitting, which was in the small room leading off one side of the court. Here we found her surrounded by a crowd of handmaids, any one of whom might have sat for a Rachel. 'Such a collection of transcendent beauty!' we all exclaimed together. And such, certainly, we had never before seen. Most of them were young—for in this climate there are women almost from childhood, and old age sets in when maturity would be barely attained in northern latitudes; and all surpassed in loveliness my utmost ideal of romance. Not the drooping noses, meaningless eyes and awkward figures so often seen among the wives and daughters of Israel in England; but the

Old Testament to the Eastern bride, 'adorned herself with jewels, and having her clothing of wrought gold; and more especially the description given in Ezekiel of the Church under the figure of the bride, when God says:—'I decked thee also with ornaments, and I put bracelets upon thy hands and a chain on thy neck. And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and earrings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head.' (Ezek. xvii. 11, 12) The bride sits with her eyes fast closed and covered with a veil, thus to be admired for several days; and as she is not allowed to look about her on any pretence whatever, or to smile, or even to appear cognizant of anything that is passing around, she was the only one of the party not to be envied. After a time she was led by the hand through the crowd, that all might see her, and a perfect buzz of admiration followed her triumphant progress. Previous to our arrival, a large wine-jar, out of which the bride and bride-groom had drunk, was broken to pieces in the centre of the court, in accordance with some old rite.

Reviews.

THE CHURCHMAN'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—For sale by W. Brown & Co., James street, Hamilton.

This is the first number of a new monthly periodical. It is illustrated, and contains reading matter of a kind not quite usual in Magazines of this description.

First, is an article on the 'Archbishops of Canterbury,' which the writer regards as a history of the Church of England, and something more—a history, if written fully, of the English nation up to the time of the revolution. 'More than one occupant he says of the See of Canterbury might be taken as representative, not of the Church only, but of the age in which he lived. There is no movement of importance, civil or military, intellectual or social, which would not in some way connect itself with such names; they indirectly influenced, if they did not directly share in it. The lives of such men as Dunstan, and Becket, and Stephen Langton are not merely ecclesiastical biography, or Church annals; they are the history of England for the time.

This is to a great extent true. Bishops were not over-scrupulous in those days, as to the limit of their sphere of action. They were politicians, warriors, preachers, according to the exigencies of the times, and some of them more of the former than the latter. The article is well written, and though concise contains much useful information.

'The New Carate,' a tale, is a class of literature which has not always found a place in magazines of this stamp.—Many churchmen have been averse to convey instruction under this form; and while they stood aloof, others were not slow to take advantage of this medium so much in favor with the masses, little to their moral or intellectual benefit. 'Better late than never,' is a maxim true and trite. The other articles besides those mentioned, are 'Army Reading Rooms'; 'The Prince of Wales' tour in the East'; 'How Lucy tried to be a heroine'; 'Trollope and the Clergy'; 'Pictures of Domestic Life'; 'Ladies Work in a Country Parish'; 'Christmas Day in a London Hospital.' They are all well written, and contain much useful and instructive reading. If this periodical maintains its present standing it ought to have a wide circulation.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The most beautiful and affecting incident associated with a shipwreck is the following:

'The Grosvenor,' an East Indian, homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraia. It is resolved that the officers, passengers and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot across trackless deserts infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them they finally separated into two parties, never more to meet on earth. There is a solitary child among the passengers, a little boy of seven years old, who has no relation; and when the first party was moving away he cried after some member of it who had been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touches them, and he was immediately taken into the detachment—as a sacred charge. He is pushed on a raft across broad rivers by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grass, he patiently walking at all other times; they share with him such putrid fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him, when the rough carpenter, who becomes his special friend, lags behind. Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst and hunger, by death in crowds of ghastly shades, they never—oh, Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it!—forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be any more behind until the last great day; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward, succeeding to

the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child. God knows all he does for the poor baby. He cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is gripped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket round him, lays his little warm face with a woman's tenderness upon his sunburnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet. Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand and bury their good friend the cooper—these two companions alone in the wilderness—and the time comes when they are both ill and beg their wretched partners in despair, reducing and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day; they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third they move very softly about—in making their preparations of their journey, for the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes—the fire is dying—and the child is dead.

'His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief was great. He staggers on for a few days, lies down in the wilderness, and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who could doubt it?—with the child, when he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'

THE SALT MINES OF WIELICZKA.—These famous mines are situated in Portland, and have been worked for upwards of seven hundred years. The subterranean passages of the mines diverge in every direction, occasionally opening into spacious caverns and apartments, which undermine the country for a distance of several miles. To traverse the various passages and chambers embraced within the four distinct stories of which the mines consist, and see every object of interest, would require three weeks. The aggregate length of the whole is four hundred English miles; the greatest depth yet reached is two thousand and three hundred feet. The number of workmen employed under-ground is upward of a thousand. The amount of salt annually dug out is two hundred millions of pounds. But all this gives but a faint idea of the vastness of the mines, which are of almost inconceivable extent. The air in these vast passages is dry and pure and not in the least oppressive.

Some of the caverns are of prodigious height and dimensions; there are courts, imperial rooms, and obelisks; chapels, shrines, saints, martyrs and statues of the old kings of Poland—all cut out of the solid salt.

Among the wonders of the mines is a mysterious sheet of water, called the Infernal Lake. This is situated in the second story of the mines, five hundred feet below the surface of the earth. It is of considerable extent, overarched with the glittering salt at tremendous heights overhead, surrounded by labyrinths of shafts and crevices, jagged walls and yawning caverns. The effect upon visitors who have crossed the Infernal Lake in boats, and attended by guides with their torches lighting up the gloom, is described as weird beyond description. As the voyagers traverse the surface of the lake the boat passes through various passages that connect a great number of immense chambers of such vast proportion and rugged outlines, that the eye fails to penetrate their profound depths. On certain great occasions when these grand chambers are illuminated by fire-works, and triumphal arches, the inverted arches of fire in the water—the reflected images of rocks, corridors and passages—the sudden contrasts of light and gloom—the scintillations of the crystal salt-points form a scene of miraculous and indescribable grandeur.

The Chamber of Letow is the most magnificent grotto within the mines. On grand occasions, such as the visits of the Emperor or other members of the imperial family, it is brilliantly illuminated by six splendid chandeliers carved from the crystal salt, which hang from the ceiling. An alcove at the upper end, approached by a series of steps, contains a throne of green and ruby-colored salt upon which the Emperor sits. Transparent pictures and devices are arranged in the background to give additional splendor to the Imperial boudoir, and the crystallizations with which the walls glitter reflect the many-colored lights with a dazzling effect.—The doorways, statues, and columns are decorated with flowers and ever-greens; the floors are sprinkled with salts of various hues; the galleries are festooned with flags; and the whole chamber is aglow with transparencies and brilliant lights. On these royal occasions, when the gorgeous saloons,

with its spacious galleries, is filled with an assemblage of several thousand guests and spectators, while a band of two hundred musicians fill the vast cavern with a flood of delicious harmony—which echoes and floats through the numberless corridors, passages, galleries and alcoves on all sides of the chamber—the scene is supremely magnificent, and the effect indescribable. Nothing to equal it in a similar way can be seen in any other part of the world.

For several centuries these mines were held and worked by the Polish kings; but in 1815 they were assigned to the Emperor of Austria by the treaty of Vienna.

BISHOP COLENSO.—The Rev. Dr. Hitchcock closes a notice of Bishop Colenso's new work in the 'American Presbyterian and Theological Review,' as follows:—

'This is not the place to notice in detail the points chosen for assault by the Bishop. There are some eighteen or twenty of them in all. So far as we have observed, none of them are new, and, to judge from the few that we have carefully examined, none of them are formidable. To make difficulties where there are none, by holding the writer of the Pentateuch to a strictness of construction not at all required by the context, and then to exaggerate ingeniously existing difficulties, such as are always to be expected in rapid and concise narration, is not quite so fair as it is easy. A faith which can be overwhelmed by such tactics, deserves to be overwhelmed. That the Bishop of Natal should have frittered away his own faith by a process so utterly at war with the very rudiments of criticism, though painful enough cannot be surprising to such as have noticed his previous vagaries. An interpreter of Scripture who can plead for the permission of polygamy to heathen converts amongst the Zulus, and teach for doctrine that Christ has not only made an atonement for the sins of men, but actually redeemed the race by his sufferings, is an interpreter whose final landing-place may be guessed at but never calculated.'

THE FIRST AMERICAN PRINTER.—In wandering through the graveyard of Trinity Church, New York, my eye was arrested by a gravestone on the north side of the church to the memory of William Bradford, who, it is mentioned, was born in Leicestershire, old England, in 1660, and came over to America in 1682, before the city of Philadelphia was laid out. 'He was printer to this Government,' the inscription continues, 'for upwards of fifty years,' and died May 23, 1752, aged 92 years. This monument was much injured during the building of the present church edifice, and in another generation or two will entirely disappear. Yet the memorial of Bradford's resting place ought not thus to be obliterated. He established the printing-press in the vast region south of Boston. He came over with Penn, on the 'Welcome,' in 1682, and began his career in Philadelphia, in or near to which city he fixed his first printing office, as early at least as 1686, and a paper-mill on the Wissahickon, near Germantown, very soon afterward—the first paper mill ever erected in the United States; and as appears by a printed prospectus yet preserved, he was the first person who proposed in America to print the Holy Bible. This was A. D., 1688, in Pennsylvania. He mingled largely and actively in the stirring events which agitated colonial life in that litigious province, and maintained with success his printing-press against the efforts of the proprietary government to break it down. He came to New York in 1692, at the invitation of Gov. Fletcher, and was printer to the crown, as his epitaph records, for the space of half a century. In his office he amassed honestly great wealth, which he left to numerous descendants, who have been among the most distinguished families of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—the Ogdens, the Van Courtlands, Creightons, Boudinots, and others of less public reputation but high private worth. The Hon. Wm. Bradford, At-Gen. under the administration of Washington, was his great-grandson.

The Italian correspondent of a London paper has been shown a cast of the ball extracted from the foot of Garibaldi. It has the appearance of having struck a rock before inflicting the wound.

Scientific and Useful.

APPLES AS AN ARTICLE OF HUMAN FOOD. The importance of apples as food has not hitherto been sufficiently estimated nor understood. Besides contributing a large proportion of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive matter, in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substances, and aromatic principles, with the nutritive matter, as to act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics, and antiseptics; and, when freely used at the season of ripeness by rural labourers and others, they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefactive tendencies of nitrogenous food, avert scurvy, and probably maintain and strengthen the powers of productive labour. The miners of Cornwall consider ripe apples, nearly as nourishing as bread and more so than potatoes. In the year 1801, a year of scarcity, apples instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor; and the labourers asserted that they could stand their work on baked apples without meat; whereas a potato diet required either meat or fish. The French and Germans use apples extensively; indeed, it is rarely that they sit down, in the rural districts, without them in some shape or other, even at the best tables. The labourers and mechanics depend upon them, to a very great extent, as an article of food, and frequently dine on sliced apples and bread. Stewed with rice, red-cabbage, carrots, or by themselves, with a little sugar and milk, they make both a pleasant and nutritious dish.

PAPER, OLD AND NEW.—A member of the American Institute recently had occasion to examine some very old books, and was impressed with the difference between the paper of which they were made and the paper that is manufactured at the present day. In tearing the old paper a very rough edge was formed by the long fibres of the old material; but if a piece of modern paper is torn, the edge formed is very smooth, showing a very short fibre. This is owing to the use of the material so many times. It is collected and worked over and over until the fibres are broken into short pieces. These broken fibres will not answer for filtering paper; for paper made of them, if placed in water, would be converted into pulp. The filtering paper used in chemical analysis is all made in Sweden. Photographic paper was, at one time, all made in England; then in France; but now Saxony makes the best, and principally supplies the markets of the world. It must be made of perfectly uniform materials.

DEAD BLACK FOR RIFLE SIGHTS.—A rifle sight is usually made of German silver, and unless it is shaded with a small tube, it dazzles the eye in clear sunshine, and prevents the marksman from taking accurate aim.—How to make a dead black sight for a rifle, one that will absorb and not reflect the rays of light, is an important question to the rifleman. A dull black varnish may be made with lampblack mixed with gum shell-lac.—Such a varnish is used for the interior of telescope tubes. Applied to the sight of a rifle with a camel's hair pencil, and allowed to become dry, it will remain a considerable time under the care of a sportsman, but not of a soldier. With rough service this varnish will not last longer than a few days.—Some chemical compound that will act upon the metal of a rifle sight and make it a permanent dead black, is still to be made known.

VAPOUR.—There arises in vapour, every twelve hours, no less than thirty millions cubic feet of water, which is more than sufficient to supply all the rivers on the earth. This immense body of water is formed in clouds, and carried over every part of the globe; and again it is condensed into rain, snow, or dew, which fertilize the earth. Should this process pause, we might wash our clothes, but centuries would not dry them, for evaporation alone produces this effect; vegetation would wither, rivers would swell the ocean, the operations of nature would cease—so close is the connection between this process and vegetable and animal life.

Self-will is the ever-flowing fountain of all the evil tempers which deform our hearts; of all the budding passions which inflame and disorder society; the root of bitterness on which all its corrupt fruits grow.

The consent of all men, says Seneca, is of very great weight with us. A mark that a thing is true, is when it appears so to all the world. Thus we conclude there is a Divinity, because all men believe it; there being no nations, how corrupt soever they be, which deny it.

EOLA.

By CRIPNEY GREY.

(CONTINUED.)

There was much satisfaction in that thought; for, however they might quarrel sometimes, still her company was better than none; however they might disagree, it would be preferable to living alone. So the child drew quite close to her little friend, and said—

‘Zerneen, I’ll go too. We’ll go together.’

‘That’s right—do!’ returned Zerneen joyously.

‘But will you really leave your mother?’ asked Eola.

‘My mother! Yes; why not?’

Poor child! she might well say, ‘Why not?’ There was no tender bond of love between them—no gentle tie that united her heart to her parent’s. She only formed a valuable portion of the stock in trade, and was regarded as such by all but her uncle, who appeared the only one of his family in possession of any kindly feelings. Her father she scarcely knew. His wandering habits made him almost a stranger to his family, and his child only looked on him as the machine by which the family sometimes supported itself.

‘And when shall we go?’ inquired Eola, after a pause.

‘To-night,’ replied Zerneen, in a determined voice.

And so the little conspirators regulated their plot.

‘We must have money,’ suggested Eola.

‘Of course we must and will.’

‘But how? Where will you get it, Zerny?’

‘Out of Nunk’s strong bag, to be sure!’

‘What! would you rob your uncle?’

‘It wouldn’t be robbing, you silly! We’ve earned our share, and why shouldn’t we take it?’

‘I don’t know; it seems wrong somehow, but you’re older than me, and I suppose you ought to know best. But how’ll you manage to get it?’

‘I’ll tell you. You sham fainting (one’d be expected to faint after such a beating as we’ve had), and I’ll go for mother’s salts, and then manage to cop the bag. We’ll take out what we want, and leave the rest here—under the pillow. Mother’s sure to find it when she comes to wake us up.’

‘But suppose she comes with the salts? Suppose she’s rather frightened, and comes to me herself?’

‘Well?’

‘Well, you know, Zerny, I never fainted in my life. Don’t you think you’d better faint, and let me get the money?’

The fact was that, though reconciled by Zerneen’s reasoning to the abstraction of the money bag, the poor little girl did not like the idea of feigning illness; instinct told her that it was wrong to do so; and though she knew it was (is)

as wicked to tell lies as to act them, still she would rather have done the former, for this reason: she had heard somebody say that when people pretended to be ill, they were very likely to be struck so. But she was ashamed and half afraid to tell Zerneen of her scruples. She knew that it was more than probable they would be ridiculed, and she dreaded the gipsy girl’s sarcasm beyond everything. Placed in this dilemma, the child felt that she must do one thing or the other, and, naturally, of two evils she chose what she considered the less. But Zerneen would not hear of her proposal.

‘No, no, Olly,’ she said, rather sharply; you’d only mull it altogether. You’re such a muff at these sort of things. I tell you, you must faint—so there! Look here—you do it like this.’

And the artful girl threw herself back on the mattress, clenched her hands, and closed her eyes. Eola could just distinguish the attitude by the dim light of a lamp at the corner of the field (for they had no candle in the shed,) and tried to imitate it. After a good deal of impatient grumbling at her awkwardness, Zerneen said ‘she would do,’ and then prepared to execute her part of the scheme.

She arose, threw a shawl round her shoulders, and issuing from the shed, knocked softly at the hut door.

‘What is it? Who’s there?’ cried Ralph, awakened from his light sleep by the gentle tap.

‘Only me, uncle—Zerneen,’ returned the girl. ‘I want to get mother’s salts. Eola’s fainting, I think.’

‘Fainting!’ exclaimed Ralph, in a tone of alarm, and hastily getting out of bed.

‘I think she is, uncle,’ said Zerneen, who did not wish to make the case out too bad.

‘Think so?’ repeated Ralph, opening the door. ‘Shall I call your mother?’

‘Oh, no,’ was the careless reply; ‘don’t wake up mother; she’ll growl all night if you do. The salts and some cold water’ll soon bring Miss Olly to, for I believe it’s all sham—this fainting—just to give mother trouble for beating her.’

‘Oh, if that’s it,’ said Ralph, ‘perhaps another dose of the cane would do her good. But get the salts, Zerny, and go to her; she may be fainting after all.’

And again the gipsy’s voice took an accent of alarm; for, despite all his roughness, he dearly loved the child, Eola.

‘If she don’t get better in a minute or two,’ he continued, ‘come back and let me know, and I’ll go to her myself.’

During the latter part of the dialogue, Zerneen had been seeking, or pretending to seek, for the salts; she now left the cupboard in which she had been groping, and

‘Yes; here it is.’ And Zerneen drew forth her treasure.

‘Now, I suppose, we are to get ready to go?’ said Eola.

‘Yes; but let us take our money first.’

Zerneen opened the bag, which contained chiefly silver, being the proceeds of the day’s performances.

‘It’s no use trying to count it by this light,’ she said, ‘I shall take ours by guess work.’ And she cautiously drew out a handful of the coin. ‘I think that’ll do,’ continued the girl, putting it carefully on the mattress, and then proceeding to hide the bag.

‘But how shall we carry this money, Zerneen?’ inquired Eola. ‘We might get robbed.’

‘Put it in the crochet-bag, Olly, and I’ll fasten it under my petticoats.’

The younger child did as she was desired, while her companion got together their clothes for the journey.

It was past one o’clock when—attired in their little scarlet frocks and hats, and the additional covering of some warm old shawls, the venturesome children sallied out of their bed-chamber. They reached the field-railings unseen, and easily climbing over them, found themselves clear of the ground, and in the peaceful retirement of Park Lane, which runs along one side of the Fair-field.

They knew Croydon thoroughly, having been frequently there before, when not on professional business. Choosing the most unfrequented paths, and carefully avoiding the town, they soon reached the London road, whence the path was straight and plain before them. Away down that dismal path they went, hand in hand, their little faces white with cold, and their shoulders smarting from the effects of the cruel blows, which had thus driven them forth, to wander cheerless and hungry in the darkness. Hour after hour they wandered on, resting on the damp pathway, now on some lonely doorstep, till at four o’clock they found themselves at Ken-

‘Which of these roads will take us to London, sir?’ she inquired, timidly, without raising her blue eyes from the ground.

‘Both of them, my dear,’ returned the man, kindly. ‘But what do you want in London so early?’

Zerneen heard the question, and, fearing that her more guileless companion would return some indiscreet reply, bounded across the road, and answered for her.

‘Why, we’ve been sent to our aunts on an errand, and we want to be there before breakfast. We’ve come from Brixton.’

‘Oh! what part of Brixton?’ asked the policeman.

‘The Retreat,’ returned Zerneen, promptly, hazarding the name of a place that she had heard somebody speak of as being in Brixton.

Eola looked at her with some surprise. It was a mystery to her how Zerneen could utter so many falsehoods without blushing; she could not have done so.

‘And you are going to your aunts?’ said the policeman, interrogatively. ‘But surely you know where she lives? You ask for London. This is all London; but what part do you want?’

‘Westminster, if you please, sir,’ faltered Eola, seeing that Zerneen was now rather at a loss.

‘Well, that’s the way, then,’ and the terrible owner of the blue coat pointed down the Westminster Road.

‘Thank you,’ simultaneously cried the children; and they were gladly turning away, when the dreadful man stopped them by another inquiry.

‘Do you know your way to your aunts when you get to Westminster?’

‘Oh, yes,’ returned Zerneen, confidently; ‘we shall find our way well enough when we get there. Come on, Olly, we shall be late.’

Good morning, sir, and thank you.’ And as if fearful of another interruption, the

speaker seized her companion’s hand, and fairly dragged her away, down the road indicated by the policeman.

CHAPTER X.

The young truants, whom in our last chapter we left on their way to Westminster, now began to feel the pangs of hunger and weariness, and their steps lagged painfully.

Eola especially, being more delicate than Zerneen, felt faint and exhausted, and her tender limbs almost bent beneath the weight of her frail body, as the impetuous Zerneen urged her along.

The latter, too, was weary and faint; but being stronger in body than her more feeble companion, her strength of will was also greater; and, desirous of reaching the wonderful city which they had chosen for their place of refuge, she was willing to undergo any amount of fatigue rather than pause for rest until their object was gained.

By dint of begging, coaxing, and bullying, she man-

aged to take her little companion as far as the foot of Westminster Bridge. Here, however, the child declared that they must stop.

‘See, Zerny!’ she exclaimed—gazing in spite of her oppressing weariness, with rapture on the scene around—‘see this fine river, and those large houses, and this wonderful bridge! Oh, I’m sure we’re in London now. This must be London, Zerny!’

‘Yes, yes, Olly,’ returned the other, ‘but this is only part of it. I have heard people say that the grandest places are across the water. Look over yonder! See those houses! See that big church! Oh, come a little further—just across the bridge, and then we will rest.’

‘I can’t, Zerny; I really can’t. I’m near-



A RESCUE.

came forward, holding up the bottle of salts in one hand, and with the other grasping her shawl.

‘All right, uncle; I’ve got ‘em,’ she said gliding past Ralph, who still stood on the threshold.

‘Well, be off. Mind you call me again if she don’t get better. Good night.’

So saying, Ralph closed the door.

Zerneen returned to the shed. Under her shawl was the important money-bag. By this time Eola had become heartily tired of her pretence, and very gladly relinquished her irksome position on hearing her young companion approach.

‘Have you got it, Zerny?’ she whispered, as the girl softly entered.

ington Gate. The policemen scattered about the suburban streets stared after them in surprise. Their half-theatrical costume and extraordinary beauty seemed to puzzle the worthy officers of the law exceedingly; but as neither beauty nor strange attire could possibly be considered indications of crime, they were induced to let the wanderers pass on their way in peace.

Arrived at Kennington Gate, they came to a stand-still.

‘Which way shall we go?’ said Eola, looking from one side to the other. ‘I think we had better ask a policeman which is the best.’

‘Yes,’ returned Zerneen. ‘There’s one; you cut and ask.’

Eola crossed to the opposite side of the road, where the policeman stood.

ly sinking now, and I shall die if I go much further.'

'Oh, do just cross the bridge, Olly. I'm sure you can if you like. Come, now, try—there's a dear.'

'No, I can't try, and it's no use trying. I'm tired out. You're a big girl, and stronger than me, you know; and it don't hurt you to be tired, but it makes my side ache. Oh dear me! I have got such a pain!'

And the blue eyes of the speaker began to fill with tears, while she pressed one little hand against her chest in an attitude of pain.

Zerneen perceived that further expostulation was useless, and so refrained from attempting any; in fact, she was beginning to feel slightly alarmed lest her cousin should be downright ill, the idea of which, in their present forlorn condition, was dreadful to contemplate.

'Well, well, Olly, I dare say you are tired,' she said soothingly, 'so we'll sit down on these steps till the shops open, and then we'll get something to eat.'

The pair seated themselves on the steps leading down to the water, not sorry to observe that the London policemen were less inquisitive than their suburban brothers, and glad that they were able to rest themselves without fear of being asked unpleasant questions.

'You'd better get a sixpence ready, Zerny, to buy our breakfast with, for we mustn't let the people at the shop see our bag of money, or they'll think we've stolen it, and I feel rather myself as if we had,' remarked the timid and scrupulous Eola.

'Bah! you've got such a tender conscience, Olly,' said the elder girl, laughing. 'You're quite right about the sixpence, though. I'll try and find one.'

Zerneen put her hand in the bag, and after fumbling about for a while, drew forth the required coin.

Just at this juncture there came by one of those perambulating machines—half-cart, half coffee-house—used for supplying early breakfasts to mechanics and others on their way to business, and frequently seen in the streets of London at this period of the day. The man wheeling it stopped at a short distance from the steps, and commenced taking out and arranging his cheap refreshments, while the two girls watched his proceedings in great wonder.

'I say, Zerny, isn't that a funny thing?' whispered Eola. 'See! he's got cups and saucers! And look! there's bread and butter, all cut so nicely. Oh? how I should like some!' and the child's hungry eyes glistened.

'And see, Olly!' cried Zerneen, 'there's coffee too. Why, it's a regular breakfast-table, and in the open air. I wonder who's going to eat off it.'

The children quickly understood. A number of working men, in their white flannel jackets, soon began to pour along the thoroughfare, and nearly every one stopped at the machine, drank a cup of coffee, took a bit of bread and butter, and after paying his money, went on his way eating it.

'Why, I declare, it's a ready-made breakfast shop,' said Eola. 'Let us buy our breakfast there.'

Zerneen assented, and they presented themselves at the singular table.

The honest workmen promptly made way for the little customers, and some kindly assisted in getting their wants supplied. Good fellows! No doubt many of them had little ones of their own, and felt for the tender children, whom a sad destiny had rendered so lonely and forlorn, the kindly feeling of fathers.

Both the children having gone supperless to bed on the preceding night, and having walked over ten miles since, were, as might be expected, very hungry indeed, and did not lose much time in satisfying their appetites. Moreover, they found that the coffee which they now drank was far superior to anything they had been accustomed to partake of in their gipsy home, and were loud in their praise, both of it and the bread and butter, of which they consumed a very fair quantity.

Fortified by these welcome refreshments, the young wanderers prepared to cross the wonderful bridge. Hunger, satisfied, weariness was not half so oppressive, and they walked gaily on, good-temperedly chattering to each other about the wonders that surrounded them, until they reached the other side of the water, when, following where chance or curiosity led, they turned down Parliament street, and wandered on to Charing Cross.

Here they stood to look around, evidently struck with delight by the various features of interest in the broad square; then, hand-in-hand, they traversed it.

The fountains were not, of course, playing at such an early hour; and the whole scene wore a silent, empty aspect, that was almost awful to the little gipsy children. But the extensive basin, the large open pavement around, the great sombre-looking buildings, and above all, the high, towering column which commemorates the bravery of the heroic Nelson, attracted the wondering admiration of the young novices, who viewed them for the first time.

They thought, as they gazed on the different objects, that they had suddenly fallen on a world of marvels.

We will pass over their childish delight, their eager curiosity, their rapturous manifestations of pleasure, as scene after scene met their inexperienced eyes, and follow them to St. Martin's Place, where they found themselves just as the great church clock announced the hour of nine. They glanced up at the large building with awe and surprise; but without evincing that enthusiastic admiration with which a few hours before they would have greeted it. They had grown accustomed to such novelties now, and weariness was overcoming all other sensations. In proportion, too, as they became more tired, their cheerfulness and good temper diminished; Eola became fretful, and Zerneen sulky.

They seated themselves on the broad steps of the church, listlessly gazing on the passers-by, and the omnibuses running in the direction of the busy city.

'I'm so sleepy! What large carriages these are!' said Eola, struggling between her curiosity and her fatigue.

'Eam!' muttered Zerneen, casting her black eyes lazily around. 'I wish we'd got somewhere to rest.'

'Let's lie down on the steps.'

'No; the bobbies will drive us away. I saw one drive a poor beggar-boy off just now who was sleeping.'

'Well, that's very hard. I think people ought to be allowed to sleep where they like; they can't hurt stones. I begin to fancy London folks are very unfeeling. Ah, dear me!' and Eola sighed portentously, for just then a vision rose up in her imagination, which made her helpless position doubly painful. She fancied she could see her lordly father, stretched on his bed of down, surrounded with silken hangings, and sleeping the calm sleep of contented wealth.

It will be seen that she had not communicated her secret to Zerneen; nor did she intend to do so, unless absolutely compelled by unforeseen circumstances; for, child as she was, she had an instinctive horror of placing her private shame at the mercy of a girl so indifferent and capricious as the gipsy's daughter. Once or twice she had been on the verge of betraying her knowledge; but always on those occasions the same thought restrained her. It was this: 'If I tell her my secret, the first time we quarrel she will taunt me with it.'

How wonderfully does sorrow sharpen the intellect! How sensitive is the soul oppressed by the consciousness of some secret, through which, though beyond its own responsibility, it may be exposed to the reproach of the world!

'Well, Zerneen, I suppose we're not always going to live on these steps,' said Eola, after they had remained there about half an hour.

'No, of course not; we must get something to do.'

'And where are we to live till we get it?'

'We must find a lodging of some sort.'

'Yes; well, we'd better see about it.'

'All right; come on. I'm tired to death. I hope we sha'n't have to look far.'

The girls rose, and began to look around for some unpretending street, where there was a likelihood of obtaining what they sought. They had sense enough to know that it was useless to apply for lodgings in any of the grand places they had hitherto seen.

'There's a narrow, poor-looking one,' said Eola, pointing to a by-street.

They turned down it, and seeing a placard announcing 'Apartments to let' in one of the shop-windows, ventured to knock at the door; but the woman who opened it, on hearing their request to know what room she had to spare, slammed it in their faces, with an exclamation of wonder and contempt.

'Well, if this is too fine a place for us, I wonder where we can go,' remarked Zerneen, indignantly, and throwing a scornful glance along the row of dingy dwellings.

At the next house at which they applied—one situated in a street leading out of Leicester Square—they were more successful, and the owner led them to inspect her vacant apartment, which proved to be a small back room on the second floor.

Zerneen, as the elder, and more expert at fabrication than Eola, undertook to concoct

a story with which to satisfy the woman as to their honesty and respectability, about which the child was cunning enough to understand she might entertain some doubts.

'We're orphans, ma'am,' she said, 'father and mother died awhile ago, with a fever, and we've come to London to get work, because people say it's the most likely place. We've got a friend who's looking out for some work for us, and we could stay with him, only he's got so many children of his own, and, besides, as we've a little money, we thought we wouldn't be a burden to any one till we were obliged. If you'll let us stay here, we'll be sure to pay the rent regular ma'am.'

The woman, who was not very particular about her lodgers' private characters or pursuits, so long as they paid their rent, appeared perfectly satisfied with this plausible story, and did not trouble herself to ask further questions.

'Well, if the room suits you, my dears,' she said, 'you can have it. The rent is three shillings a week, and it's usual to pay a week's rent in advance, especially when people bring no luggage with them.'

Zerneen, as cash-keeper, assented to this hint; and without exposing her bag, or making much rattle with the contents, managed to extract the requisite sum, which she handed to the landlady, who, giving her a small key in return, said—

'Here's your latch-key, my dears.'

Zerneen took it, wondering; she had never seen such a thing before, and did not know its use.

'It's to let yourselves in with,' said the woman, observing her puzzled look; 'all the lodgers have keys. I could never be bothered with opening the door to so many people who run in and out of a day, like dogs in a fat.'

'Then you have other lodgers in your house?' remarked Eola.

'Bless your blue eyes! yes, of course I have. But I never hardly see 'em, only when I go to take the rent. Good morning, my dears; I hope you will be comfortable.'

And the landlady bustled out of the room.

CHAPTER XI.

The girls looked round their new home. It contained a large bed, with a patchwork covering, two old chairs, a small table, and a washstand. In one corner was a good-sized cupboard, containing several odd cups and saucers, a gridiron, frying pan and teakettle. Opposite the bed was a long, dismal-looking window, with no curtains, and a calico blind. Near, and level with this casement, was a small fire-place, furnished with an old iron fender, a poker, and a broken shovel. The floor was covered with a threadbare carpet, the color of which could not be discerned, having been long since worn off.

Altogether, the prospect was not a cheerful one; but to the gipsy children, who had been accustomed all their life to humble lodgings, it did not appear so very bad; though, when on gazing from the casement they found it opened only on a deep, dull, well-like yard, formed by the backs of wretched, dirty houses, and cobwebbed walls, they heaved a sigh, a tribute to the memory of the bright green lanes and lovely woods of their gipsy homes, which they felt they had now renounced for ever.

In truth, it was a dreary prospect for the eye of childhood. But then they had heard that in London, though there were dark, dismal streets, there were, also, fine, open, handsome parks, such as they could never find elsewhere; and splendid palaces, mansions, and monuments, that the eye could never weary of gazing on; and with the thought of these charming sights yet in store for them, the wanderers recovered a portion of their gaiety, and Hope diffused its sunny radiance through their little hearts.

They sat down side by side on the bed, and proceeded to investigate the amount of their little fund.

They were richer than they had thought, for among the silver coins glittered two or three half-sovereigns. Altogether, the contents of the crochot-bag amounted to nearly four pounds, which to the girls appeared an immense sum. They had never even held such a heap of money in their hands before, and now thought, as they gazed on it, that it would never be exhausted.

'We'll live like princesses now!' exclaimed Zerneen.

'What shall we have for dinner,' inquired Eola.

'Oh, something nice. I should like my dinner now; I'm so awful hungry! Ain't you?'

'Yes, dreadful; let's have our dinner.'

'But we shall have to go out and buy it, and some wood and coals to make a fire to cook it with.'

'Ah!' sighed Eola. 'The prospect of all

this trouble took away some of her enjoyment.

'Oh, it'll be a bit of fun,' returned Zerneen, who was delighted at the prospect of plying the housekeeper. 'Of course we'll make the shop-people send our coals and wood, and we can carry the other things ourselves.'

'Well, which shall we do first; go to bed and sleep a little while, or go out shopping?'

'I hardly know; I'm very sleepy, but I'm very hungry, too.'

'That's just how I feel. Now it comes to this, Zerny; shall we rest first, or eat first?'

'Well, Olly, I dare say we should sleep better after a good meal than before one; for my part, I don't believe I could sleep for thinking of it.'

'And I am sure I couldn't.'

'Then let us go to shop.'

'Very well.'

And the children started on their errand; the prudent Eola first taking good care to notice the number of the house and name of the street; that they might have no difficulty in finding it again, should they wander far.

But this they had no occasion to do, as they found all they required in a street close by, and very soon returned, followed by a little urchin, carrying their fuel, and bearing in their own little hands the good things destined to form their repast.

Having cooked their meal—which consisted of mutton-chops and potatoes—and eaten it, the weary children laid down on the bed and went to sleep, with a delicious sense of comfort.

They must have slept a considerable time, for on awaking they found themselves enveloped in utter darkness. Zerneen arose, struck a light, and proceeded to kindle a fire, while Eola still lay on the bed, listening with terror to the noise of some drunken so diers, who were revelling in a low public-house close by. Snatches of their rude songs and coarse jests, arising as it were from the yard below, and echoing drearily along the black walls, caused the child a strange, uncomfortable sensation, which she could not account for, and which seemed to chill her whole frame.

Zerneen, whose nerves were of a rougher material, appeared scarcely to notice the discordant sounds, and sharply reproved Eola for her stupidity in being alarmed by them.

'Get up and do something,' she said, 'crossly, and then you won't hear them.'

'What shall I do?'

'Why, get out the ten-things. I'm going to make some tea.'

'Why, we hav'n't any.'

'No; but there's a shop just across the road. I'm going to buy some. Ah, that's the beauty of London; one can always get things when they want 'em without going miles to fetch 'em.'

And with this comfortable reflection, the girl put on her hat and departed on the errand, leaving Eola to prepare the tea-table.

The young housekeeper quickly returned, bringing the ingredients necessary for making tea, after partaking of which, Eola entirely recovered her drooping spirits.

'And now, what shall we do with ourselves, Zerny?' she said, as they sipped their last cup, leaning negligently back in the rickety chairs with the air of well-fed people, who can afford to play with the remnants of their meal.

'Well,' returned Zerneen, 'I hardly know. Suppose we go out and look about a bit at the shops, and such like.'

'What, at night, Zerny?'

'Yes; why not? We've got a key, you know, and the landlady won't know anything about it. Besides, if she did, it's nothing to do with her. We pay our money, and we do as we like.'

'Very well, then; let us go.'

The unprotected children accordingly sallied out into the London streets, in all the glare, and din, and confusion of night.

'I hope we shall find our way back,' said Eola, as they traversed the end of Leicester Square; for having gone some distance in the other direction already, they had chosen this for the evening ramble.

'Oh, we can always ask, you know,' suggested the ready Zerneen. 'Anybody can tell us the way back, I should think.'

'There's a fine, light street!' cried Eola, suddenly, catching sight of the Haymarket right before them.

'Yes, and some fine shops to look at!' replied Zerneen; and attracted by the glittering aspect of the well-lighted thoroughfare, they hastened their footsteps till they had gained it.

'Dear me,' exclaimed Eola, with great admiration; 'isn't it a nice place? I wonder what it's called,' and she peered up at the corner, where she now knew the name might be seen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134.)

duty to the House, ere his voice was stilled by the imperative mandate of a dissolution, to deliver the following remonstrance.—Standing, whilst he did so, in front of the members in the Legislative Council Chamber, the commanding height of Mr. Macdonald, his earnest eloquence, his firm and respectful demeanor gave dignity and life to a scene not to be forgotten by the spectators, nor to be obliterated as one of the prominent landmarks of progress in the constitutional history of Canada.

'May it please your Excellency, It has been the immemorial custom of the Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament, to communicate to the Throne, the general result of the deliberations of the Assembly upon the principal objects which have employed the attention of Parliament during the period of their labors. It is not now part of my duty thus to address Your Excellency, inasmuch as there has been no Act passed or judgment of Parliament obtained, since we were honored by Your Excellency's announcement of the cause of summoning the Parliament by your gracious Speech from the Throne. The passing of an Act through its several stages according to the law and custom of Parliament, (solely declared applicable to the Parliamentary proceedings of this Province, by a decision of the Legislative Assembly of 1841,) is held to be necessary to constitute a Session of Parliament. This we have been unable to accomplish, owing to the command which Your Excellency has laid upon us to meet you this day for the purpose of prorogation. At the same time I feel called upon to assure Your Excellency on the part of Her Majesty's faithful Commons, that it is not from any want of respect to yourself or to the August Personage whom you represent in these Provinces, that no answer has been returned by the Legislative Assembly to your gracious speech from the Throne.'

In 1857, Mr. Macdonald's impaired health rendering him for the time unequal to the physical exertion attendant upon the representation of so large and populous a county as Glengarry, he gave way in that constituency to his brother, Mr. D. A. Macdonald, its present representative, and was for the first time elected for the town and township of Cornwall. In 1858, having been induced to accept the position of Attorney General under the short-lived Brown Dorion Administration, he again presented himself before the people of Cornwall and was re-elected unanimously. At the general election which followed at the expiry of the Parliament in 1861, he was again elected for Cornwall, but had to undergo a contest.

At the elections in 1861, the principle of Representation by Population, for some time previously agitated in the Western Section of the Province, was prominently brought forward, and used alike by the extreme reformers and their opponents, whether favorable or otherwise to the Cartier-Macdonald Government, to sway the electors at the polls. The result was, that the organization of the Reform party, to which Mr. Macdonald had always given his loyal adherence, upon any basis affording a promise of harmonious action, appeared to be an impossibility, and 'Double Majority' the only principle that an intelligible ground for union having been repudiated. Mr. Macdonald, during the last session, kept himself free from all party alliances, and occupied a position of isolated independence in the House, which none other of its members, perhaps, could so well afford. This was his position, when in May last, upon the defeat of the Cartier-Macdonald Ministry, he was entrusted by His Excellency the Governor General with the formation of a new Government; and the manner in which he set about and accomplished the work, furnished ample proof that he was quite equal to the occasion: Of the policy of his Government, or its present or future conduct, we do not presume to offer any opinion.

Having adverted to the state of Mr. Macdonald's health in 1857, we may add that whilst his friends have been anxious about it, the cares and labour of office to which he devotes himself with all the energy of his character, and, as those who know him best believe, with motives of the most single-minded patriotism, far from having a prostrating effect upon him, have not caused him the loss of a single day through illness, since his advent to his present position.

In 1840, Mr. Macdonald married a lady from Louisiana, the daughter of a wealthy Senator of the United States who was killed in a duel by the Mayor of New Orleans in 1843. He has four daughters and two sons, the former of an age to unite with their mother, who still survives, in extending to their father's guests those graceful hospitalities, wherein, we are assured, he takes a much

more lively interest than might be expected from one of his severely trained cast of mind and reputed austerity of disposition. His eldest son, some fourteen years old, is in England; and more highly favored than his now distinguished father at that happy age, is a scholar, under circumstances the most auspicious, at the famous Rugby School.

LETTERS FROM CANADA. No 1.

Sable and Searle, Liverpool; Ship St. James; Arrival in Canada; Sheriff Sherwood; At Brockville, 1860; Winter at Perth; British Military and Scottish Weaver Colonists; Sir Colin Campbell's Kinsman.

I know not if Sable & Searle be still in business as passenger agents, at Liverpool. Since Mr. Searle, on the deck of the ship St. James, of Thomestown, State of Maine, 1800 tons burden, transferred the care of 402 passengers to Captain James Colley, and his first mate, Mr. Williams, on the 2nd of July, 1858, I have had no communication with Liverpool, and but little with any place or person in that old netherland which I love so well. I promised Mr. Searle an account of the voyage, and of first appearances in Canada, a task which, at the distance of four years and a half, is begun with greater difficulty and diffidence than if it had been dashed off, as some other travellers have described this country, when looking out of ship-cabin or railway carriage windows. I have made observations and research through the Lower and Upper sections of the Province; crossed the lakes and rounded their shores; wintered in the backwoods, and summered on the cultured frontiers; have rejoiced on both sides of the boundary line to see a happy interchange of traffic and sentiments; but have more lately sorrowed to see that the promises of enduring peace are not so reliable as they once were. The fruitful soil under the plough, or still covered by the primeval forest; the measureless wilderness still unpeopled; the mighty rivers and inland seas, all have been my study; and so also the people and their social life, who are rearing the fabric of a nation—the future Empire of British North America. I aspire to contribute to the utilitarian literature of that nation. A few words, Mr. Searle, about your ship. Our stores were abundant, of prime quality, and served, ever with courtesy and regularity. Captain Colley was a gentleman and a seaman—his mates worthy of their captain and their noble ship. You put on board 402 passengers, and, at Quebec, we landed 403. We loved the ship so well that while she lay at the landing place, under the shadow of the Rock of Quebec, my six young children went on board hourly because, of all the vessels there, that was 'our ship.' When the St. James was moved a mile and a half distant, to be loaded with a cargo, they trudged (the youngest but two years old) up the devious footways every day to see the only thing in Canada that seemed to have friendship or anything loveable for us—the ship. When it was loaded and brought down to an anchorage opposite our lodging, though they could not reach the deck, it was watched by them daily, and when other children saw my group of solitary little strangers sitting on the wharf and asked, 'who are you, where did you come from?' they replied, 'we came from London, in England; that is our ship.' One morning they came to me, some in tears and sobs. 'What is the matter, darlings?' 'Father, our ship is gone away.' And so we were left alone. Captain Colley has since been in Quebec, but I have not seen him. Sickness, from an accident which might have occurred anywhere, came upon my wife, who was all the world to me. She lingered over the winter, and, shortly after, giving a feeble smile of joy at seeing through the windows of her chamber, the first green leaves of our second season at Quebec, she died. And so, I and my six child-

ren, were, in a far more grievous sense, left alone.

On landing from the steamer, Ban-shee, at Brockville, 16th September, 1860, an elderly gentleman, tall and stately, made a remark to me about the drizzly pathway, and after walking on the same wayward about a hundred yards, he inquired if I were newly arrived in Canada. I answered that I had been in Canada over two years, but was a stranger here, that I had come from Quebec, and lastly from Montreal to see the glorious River St. Lawrence, its Rapids and Islands, its lovely shores and this pretty town of Brockville; the farm land and forest in rear of the town; and to gather up fragments of unwritten tradition and biography from which to construct a history of that portion of Central Canada. 'To begin' said I, 'my first desire is to meet the oldest inhabitant;' well sir, you have met both the oldest inhabitant and the first. I came here with my father in 1784.

That gentleman was Adiel Sherwood, Sheriff of the county of Leeds, still enjoying the serene evening of his active life. The site of Brockville was surveyed in the year 1783; but no habitations were built until the arrival of the Sherwoods and other U. E. Loyalists. These were refugee Tories, from the revolutionary war, who, adhering to British connection when the United Colonies of North America revolted, came to Lower Canada, took arms in the service of George III., and were called United Empire Loyalists. It was from their ranks that the party of Canadian Tories arose which, after the invasion of Canada by the Americans in 1812-14, and after gallantly repulsing the invaders, assumed themselves to be exclusively loyal, and designed by Providence, to be the fathers of a ruling aristocracy. Until the Rebellion, in 1837, they, and newer adherents from Britain, dominated in Upper Canada, as the Family Compact; yet many U. E. Loyalists and their families, were not admitted within, or, from political choice, remained outside of that highly aspiring circle.

In 1816, Adiel Sherwood, with his own hands and own axe, cut down the first tree on the locality of the Perth Settlement, forty miles eastward and north from Brockville. That tree grew on a small island, washed by a goodly stream, called by woodsmen, Pike River, but since named Tay, at the instance of General, Sir Gordon Drummond, who named the site of the town, Perth. He was commander of the British force at the battle of Lundy's Lane, near Niagara Falls, where now stands in the lovely woodlands, partly on the battle-ground, the village of Drummondville. I visited Perth, and places in the adjoining county of Lanark, in the autumn of 1860, and in January following. About the middle of that month, the thermometer marked 30 degrees below zero; the sky brilliant; the arch of heaven twice the height of an English sky; the snow crisp and glistening; sleigh bells musically tinkling on the harness of fast trotting horses; the sleighs gliding lightly along the highways leading into Perth; a ruddy happiness beaming on the travellers' faces; I, myself, buoyant in spirit, though with cause enough to be sad; the men muffled in their buffalo robes, or in plaids and woollens of their own cottage manufacture; the females warm in their furs, all glowing with health and prosperity. They had come from townships near and far, as they did every day when sleighing was good; some to sell wheat, or other produce of the farm; but the major portion to enjoy the drive, the women to do a little shopping, and display their spanking spurs of horses, in which, and the gaily painted sleighs, they take more delight, than even in showy clothes. These were a people who owned the free-hold of their land, generally a hundred acres in each family. Three or four hundred pounds in bank, or out at mortgage, or allotted in marriage portions for daughters, or in buying new farms for sons, with a loom or stocking-frames in most of the houses, spinning wheels and family bibles in all; with tidy homesteads, good stocks of horned cattle, some sheep, many pigs—an average of about twenty cattle, including milk cows working horses and young colts, on each farm;—these were the elements, on which I concluded, after due enquiry, that the people were prosperous. They had gone into the wilderness poor; had given battle with their axes to a hard fortune, and were now conquerors.

Who were they? The elderly fathers and

mothers had been Glasgow and Paisley weavers before 1829. The bearded young men and comely women were sons and daughters or grand children, born in Canada. But they were not all offspring of the Scottish looms; they who were, drove into Perth from several townships commencing twelve miles away. Perth itself, was at first a military settlement, and in its vicinity some of the men, if old, had recollections to tell of the British army; and some of the young whom I met were pleased to possess the military medals of their fathers, who had made long winter nights in the woods light-some by often told tales of Busocco, Vimeiro, Talavera, and onward to the crowning victory, Waterloo. I spent some hours with Mr. Macfarlane, who had driven in from the 'Scotch Road.' He was over eighty years of age; his eyes glancing like the eagle; his nose slightly like the eagle's beak; and his whole self sound in wind and limb, like a Highland staghound. He served in the Argyleshire Fencibles before this century began; was fruitful of anecdotes about the youth, and proud of the manhood and ripe celebrity of his relative General Sir Colin Campbell, now Lord Clyde. 'You amaze me about your age,' said I, 'you do not look over sixty.' 'Sixty! when they see me with my Sunday close on, in summer time, they tell me I look but fifty.'

The artists of the 'Canadian Illustrated News' have furnished views taken on the Rideau River, which may acquire additional interest when the reader, with me, penetrates to the homes of those British military, and Scottish weaver settlers, not as we can now go, seated on the cushions of the railway cars from Brockville to Perth, or to Almonte, and to reach next year the River Ottawa at Arnprior, thirty miles above Ottawa city; but tramping through forty, fifty, or sixty miles of swampy woods, crossing the Rideau and two other rivers on rafts, instead of by railway on the viaduct near Smith's Falls, a portion of which was shown in this journal last week.

In the year 1815, a Royal Proclamation offered a free passage and provisions on the passage, to natives of Great Britain, who might choose to settle in Canada. On arrival in the Province, they were to have a grant of one hundred acres for the heads of each family; and all their male children, residing in the Province, would be entitled, on attaining the age of twenty-one years, to a similar grant of a hundred acres. For the first twelve months after their arrival, they were to have rations from government stores, and if further aid should be required, food would be given for a limited period at less than prime cost. Implements were to be furnished at a price not exceeding half the prime cost. To prevent persons taking advantage of the liberality of the government to reach the United States by free passage, it was required that every person embarking for Quebec, should deposit money to be repaid to them or their representatives in Canada, at the end of two years from the date of embarkation, on its being ascertained that they were settled on the land allotted to them. For every male person above sixteen years of age, £16 sterling; every woman being the wife of any person when embarking, £2 2s. 0d.; children under sixteen being free.

Mr. Robert Gouslay, visited the Perth settlement in 1817, about two years after the first expedition left Britain, and reported, with other information now interesting and instructive, that, 'A month was spent by the emigrants of 1815, between the time of leaving home and time of embarkation; and a whole year elapsed from the latter period, till the time of getting possession of the promised land.' It was then that Mr. Sherwood, of Brockville, as I have just related, surveyed it, and hewed down the first tree.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

If any of our Agents have back Nos. 1 and 2 on hand, they will confer a favor by returning them to this office.

We have received a number of communications for our column of 'Notes and Queries,' but are unable this week to make room for them. We shall, however, give them in our next, when they will be continued regularly.

How can we expect to understand the mysteries of Providence, since we cannot understand the laws of Nature?

I should think it much more easy and rational, says Lord Bacon, to believe all the fables in the poets, the Legend, the Talmud, and the Aicorum, than that this universal frame should be without a Creator and Governor.

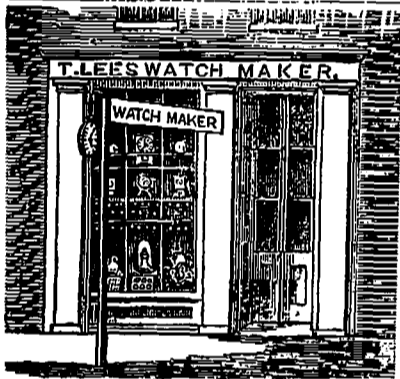
LET your actions correspond with your good report.

MR. SIDDONS' LECTURE.

INTERESTING TO VOLUNTEERS.—No one can deny that it is of great importance that the members of our active force, should learn to wheel to the right, face to the left, run after the enemy at double quick, and fire with accuracy and rapidity; but something more is requisite to make them good field soldiers. They ought to be able to throw up entrenchments, reconnoitre, shift for themselves, &c. We are, therefore, glad to learn that, on Thursday, the 5th prox., Mr. Siddons, himself an old soldier, who has prepared many young officers for the British army, will give a practical military lecture before the Hamilton Volunteers, under distinguished patronage. All the superior officers here lent their countenance to the project, and knowing what is known of Mr. Siddons' capacity, as a lecturer, we have little doubt that there will be a crowd to hear him. Mr. Siddons does himself no more than justice in engaging the Good Templars' Hall, where he is heard to much more advantage than in the Mechanics' Hall. Isaac Buchanan, Esq., has kindly consented to occupy the chair on the occasion.

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A. S. IRVING, 19, King Street West. Toronto, January 23, 1863.

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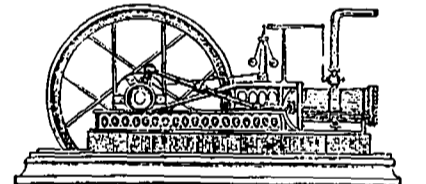
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