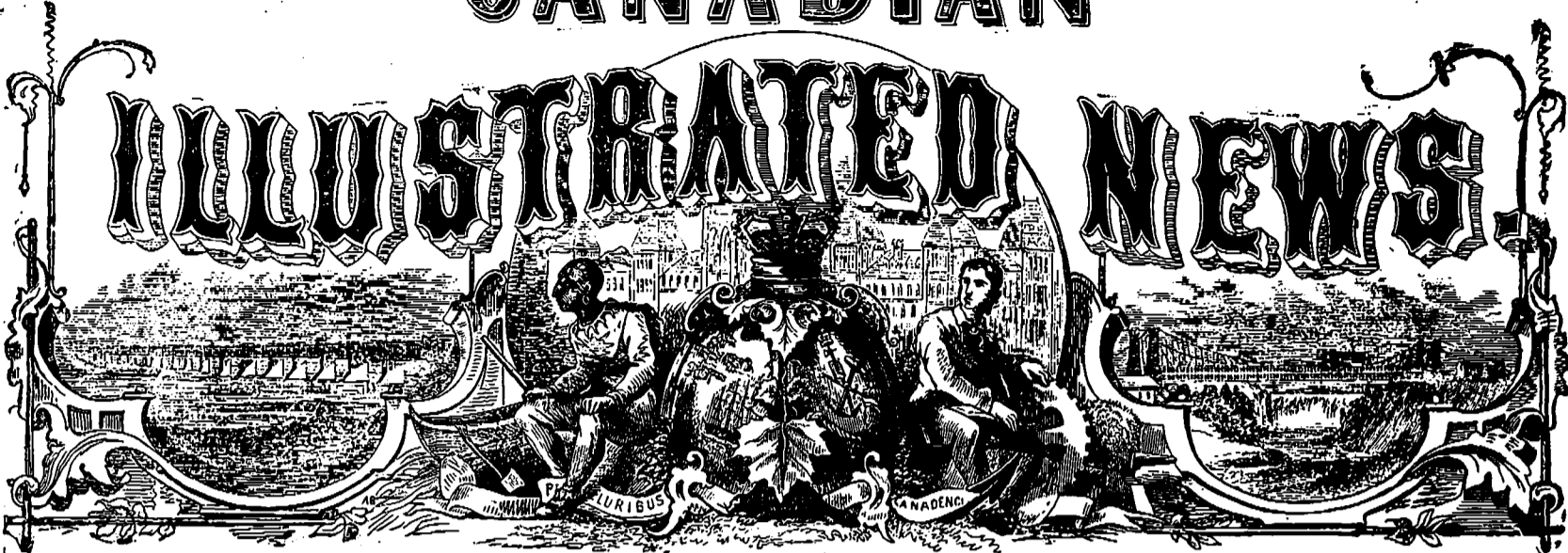


# CANADIAN

# ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. III—No. 9.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, JANUARY, 30, 1864.

[\$3 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.  
SINGLE COPIES 7 CENTS.]



PREACHING AND BAPTISING IN THE FOREST; SITE OF THE TOWN OF GALT 1822

## TOWN OF GALT.

Mr. John Galt the novelist, and founder of the company, records in his autobiography, that he received its name in compliment to Walter Dickson, four years before he settled at the place.

He reserved memorials of the early days, and with that view we solicit the attention of our friendly readers. In Literary Digest, a pleasing but unpretending notice, by J. Carruthers, is mentioned. For a quotation, from which the subject has been sketched.

In 1821, Mr. Orr, living at Chippewa above Niagara Falls, corresponded with friends residing at Caledonia, State of New York. They were adherents of Scottish Presbyterian dissenters, then known as the Associate Synod. Mr. Orr requested one of the ministers, when on the yearly journey from Caledonia to the Synod, at Pittsburgh, to come by way of Canada. Mr. Beveridge and Dr. Hanna came. "We found Mr. Orr," writes Mr. Beveridge in his journal, "a jovial Scotchman, but somewhat brought under by fever and ague. He was not a little surprised when he found that we had been sent out as missionaries in consequence of his letters, and he was quite at a loss to know to what

field of labor to direct us with any prospect of success."

They inclined to return to the States. Mr. Orr, however, had spoken of a settlement eighty miles westward, and thither Mr. Beveridge proceeded on horseback by way of Ancaster, leaving his companion at Stamford, with Mr. McMicken. Arriving at the log house of Mr. Hervey, where now stands the town of Galt, he was received at first gruffly, but with much kindness when it was known that he was a preacher, and would baptise the children which had been born in the previous five years. The engraving is from an original sketch by Binkert, our artist. See the subject also, on another page.

## NOTICE.

Inventors, Engineers, Manufacturing Mechanics, or any other persons intending to apply for patents, can obtain all requisite information, and have mechanical drawings made at the office of the Canadian Illustrated News.

## OUR AGENTS.

J. W. ORR, THOMAS CROSBY, M. E. RICE, JOSEPH FAULKNER, EMERSON G. HART and SAMUEL HORN, are our authorized Agents for the Canadian Illustrated News. When we appoint others their names will be announced.

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The public are cautioned against subscribing, or paying money to any one for this paper, unless the person soliciting subscriptions be named as an Agent, or have the written authority of the undersigned that he is properly authorized. And a further notice to Local Agents: the subscribers forbid any one of the Local Agents to pay any money due from them to the travelling agents unless such travelling agents have special authority to collect such moneys, as the proprietors will not be responsible to local agents for such payments, or recognise a travelling agent's receipt in such case.

H. GREGORY &amp; Co.

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1863.

SUBSCRIBERS will please bear in mind that the paper is stopped, when the period for which they have subscribed expires.

ANY person sending us the names of ten Subscribers for three, six, nine, or twelve months, will receive a copy free of charge, for each of these periods, respectively. Should those Subscribers, for any term less than a year renew their subscriptions, the paper will be continued to the getting-up of the club.

THE Canadian Illustrated News is forwarded to Subscribers by mail, free of postage.

A. S. IRVING, Bookseller and News Dealer, No. 19 King Street West, Toronto, is the exclusive Wholesale Agent in the Provinces for the "Canadian Illustrated News," and all orders are in future to be addressed to him only.

AGENTS WILL PLEASE ORDER THE EXACT NUMBER OF COPIES OF THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS WHICH THEY RE QUIRE, AS THEY WILL HEREAFTER BE CHARGED WITH ALL PAPERS SENT.

## THE CANADIAN

## Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, JANUARY 30, 1864.

H. GREGORY &amp; Co. Proprietors.

## NATIVE MANUFACTURES.

It is announced that the Provincial Parliament meets on the 19th of February. The subjects which will arise for legislative debate can only at present be conjectured. Every question will be contested which can be adopted as a gauge of party strength. The acquisition of a larger revenue will task the genius of finance. The prolongation of the Reciprocity Act will invite the eloquence of controversy. Fresh imposts whether of Direct Taxation, or of Indirect, in form of augmented Customs duties, will raise the question of protection to Canada's native manufactures. Protection for Canadian industry will also accompany the diversity of views on reciprocity.

It is time that this question was openly avowed as a principle in public economy vitally affecting the well-being of the Province. Why are the legislators and constituencies, why are leaders of public opinion in the press so slow to avow that which they secretly believe and propagate in whispers, that protection to Canadian manufactures is a necessity? They are slow to avow this because it is contrary to the spirit of free trade, and free trade is British, and they are loyal to Britain. Long may they be loyal to Britain, but loyalty is not involved in this question. The circumstances of the British manufacturer and of the Canadian manufacturer, in all the elements which determine profit or loss, are directly the reverse, the one of the other, save in one element, that of an erratic currency which exposes moneyed capital and industry to commercial panics. That is an element in profit and loss in the mother country and in the Province. To present this position the more clearly, let us glance backward to Britain in the last century and in the present. It is done in another article in this day's issue. When we reach in the birds-wing narrative the form of argument which assailed the Corn Laws within the area of the British Islands from 1842 to 1846, it will be seen why the duties levied on imported grain, and the presumed protection derived from them were abolished; why, also, it is that the same object to be gained, and the same logic which demanded free trade in grain within the ports of Great Britain, demands protection to manufactures within the frontiers of Canada.

What were the objects contended for in the arguments which assailed the Corn Laws from 1842 to 1846, and overthrew them in the latter year? The objects were a larger consumption of native agricultural products, partic-

ularly of beef, mutton, pork, butter, cheese; the attraction of larger capital to native agriculture through greater steadiness of prices; through improved culture and expanded markets an enhancement of the value of land. The principle of industrial vitality by which those ends were to be obtained, and which to a very satisfactory degree have been obtained, was the continuous multiplication of manufacturing forces within the very limited area of the British Islands, and the expansion of external commerce throughout the unlimited area of the habitable globe.

The objects sought for in Canada by protective duties in favor of native manufactures are, that manufacturing forces may be continuously multiplied, producing comforts, utilities, elegancies, abundantly and cheaply, the producers of these consuming the products of native agriculture in an increasing ratio of consumption, thereby enhancing the value of land by the enlargement of general industry, and by a larger demand for beef, mutton, pork, butter, cheese, as in Britain.

In the mother country and in the Province, successful agriculture is dependent on the continuous increase of a manufacturing and commercial population. In Britain this end could only be attained by the removal of duties which increased the prices of raw material and of food, and which were a hindrance to external commerce. In Canada the end desired can only be reached by imposing customs duties as a protection to native manufactures.

The smuggler determines the limits to which duties, whether imposed for protection or for revenue, can be laid on. When the smuggler can incur peril at a profit, the maximum tax has been exceeded.

The policy of protection to Canadian manufactures for the general benefit of the Province, is as consistent with a sound logical Political Economy as was the policy which removed customs duties that were a hindrance to the progress of British development. Protection to native manufactures was for many years, centuries, a necessity in the British Islands. The development of mechanical and chemical science, the steam-engine, spinning-frame, powerloom, native iron, native coal, railroads and steam navigation, bestowed on the British Islands in one busy stretch of sixty or seventy years the productive strength and distributive power of one thousand millions of human beings. The Corn Laws, restrictive of commerce were abrogated to give these enormous forces of production freedom of action. It was then foretold, 1842 to 1846, that the owners of land would derive the larger and most enduring benefit from the change; a promised result well fulfilled, and still fulfilling.

## THE EARL OF ELGIN.

The Earl of Elgin might have been permitted to pass away without any controversy as to his personal merits and tenure of office in Canada, had not the impetuous pens of Mr. Oliphant, and similar retainers of the deceased, claimed for his memory what cannot be conceded but at the expense of the common sense of the people of this Province. Grant all that is asserted of Lord Elgin between 1846 and 1854, the term of his incumbency of office as Governor General, and the inhabitants are described as if plunged in basest degradation. The man was never born of woman who could have effected for a community all that is attributed to the Earl of Elgin, disintegrated in anarchy and ignorance as that community is presumed to have been before he laid its shattered pieces together and built up a fabric of law, order, obedience, freedom and prosperity.

Lord Elgin's merit was simply negative. He did not resist the desire of the Home Government to allow the people of this Province to elect their Legislative Assembly. The people having by their own resolute will obtained the privilege of self-government, municipalities were organized, with public schools, and colleges; so also post-offices. Canals were constructed and Railways carried through the primeval forests, because the population of the Province submitted willingly to be taxed for such useful works; taxed for payment at the time of expenditure, and willingly submitting to additional imposts to sustain the public credit by which funds were borrowed to complete what current revenue could not accomplish.

To read Mr. Oliphant in a late number of the *Dunfermlin Press*, a paper published in a town which that gentleman aspires to represent in the British Parliament, and which is situated beside the ancestral residence of the Elgin family, one would suppose that in this Canada there was no political philosophy nor progressive idea above the level of the wig-wam until the descendant of "Robert the Bruce" came hither with Mr. Oliphant as private Secretary.

In the *London Times*, and in *Blackwood's Magazine* and other less potent organs it has been this Secretary's vocation for years, in Canada, in China, in Japan, in England, and in the kingdom of Hife, to cover Lord Elgin, while he yet lived, with elaborate eulogy. One feels the task ungracious to raise any exceptions now that the Earl is dead, but the writer in question presuming, perhaps, on the impunity

which may accompany the mournful event of the death of a public servant so exalted as the Governor General of India, does not hesitate to defame another public servant the equal of Lord Elgin in every human attribute, and his superior in some—Sir John Bowring. To mention him leads to China; let the concluding remarks be first made about Canada Mr. Oliphant says:

"Elgin's diplomatic success arose from his integrity. There are, we know, some people who esteem a basis of veracity the most hopeless of all foundations for a diplomatic triumph. With Elgin, however, it was otherwise."

In Canada that event, destined to be the monument of his lordship's name, will preserve with it the memory of a policy in which there was neither frankness nor veracity. We pronounce not now whether compensation for losses sustained in the rebellion were right or wrong; but Lord Elgin, as Governor General, on seeing the magnitude and moral force of the opposition to that measure announced publicly and deliberately that he would not give the Royal assent to the bill. By that declaration he calmed the opposition, threw them off their guard for a day, and on that day, belying his words, he proceeded to the Parliament House at Montreal and gave the Royal assent to that bill. The evil done lay in the manner of exercising the duplicity which his adulators have named "successful diplomacy." Some of the truest hearted men in the Province were driven by that act to talk of annexation to the United States. The Parliament House was burned the same night, a disgrace attaching to Montreal and Canada to this day; but a disgrace resulting from a want of "veracity" in Lord Elgin's diplomatic relations with a very large section of the population. Added to that deliberate inexactness in veracity was Mr. Oliphant's escape out of Montreal on that night. He knows who accompanied him. The aged King Louis Philippe trudging out of Paris and out of France as William Smith, was the nearest parallel; but William Smith's flight, if not dignified, was at least blameless in its moral associations.

There was also the event recorded in the biography of Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald, the present Premier of Canada. [No. 12., Vol. 1 of the *Canadian Illustrated News*.] A passage may be quoted:

"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 Commons of Canada in June of the latter year, that he administered to Lord Elgin, the then Governor General, that startling rebuke, of memorable record on the journals of the Assembly. The summoning of Parliament had been protracted to the latest period allowed by law and custom; and when, on 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 advance the high handed purpose of an immediate prorogation, to be followed by dissolution. They were thus naturally excited and indignant that no opportunity would be allowed for explanations in regard to their late convention, nor 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 duty to the House, to 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."

Mr. Speaker Macdonald's speech is too long to be recited here in full. He said it had 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 had employed the attention of Parliament. "It is not now," said he, "an Act passed or judgment of Parliament honored by your Excellency's summons to the Parliament by your grace Throne. The passing of an Act through according to the laws and custom of declared applicable to the parliamentary Province by a decision of the Legislature is held to be necessary to constitute a law. This we have been unable to accomplish which Your Excellency has laid this day for the purpose of prorogation."

After other remarks Parliament constitutional rules sacrificed, to the political morality. A subsequent Government could not go far wrong if he imitated the example of the Constitution in the August, 1858.

Mr. Oliphant inspires the *Dunfermlin* "Within two years of his return from

was despatched to China to retrieve the disaster which the policy of Sir John Bowring had precipitated. A pedantic philosopher, nothing more, Sir John mistook himself for a statesman, and in consequence of that mistake got us involved in the miserable lorcha dispute. The moral sense of the country revolted against that dispute, but Lord Palmerston shielded its author from the reprobation merited."

On the contrary, public opinion in Britain pronounced emphatically in favor of both Lord Palmerston and Sir John Bowring. It was in March, 1857, that Mr. Richard Cobden in the House of Commons, moved a resolution condemnatory of Sir John Bowring and the Home Government. His invective against Bowring was at once bitter and untruthful, the cause of the animus need not be traced here. He was cheered by the Conservative Opposition, who voted with him to a man placing government in a minority. Lord Palmerston appealed to the country by advising the Queen to dissolve Parliament. Never was a national verdict more emphatically given than that which the general election recorded. Cobden was left out and came to America, Bright and Milner Gibson were both defeated in Manchester which for years had been deemed their own for life. Mr. Oliphant himself tried for Dunfermline and the group of small constituencies of which it is one. He was defeated. The House of Commons which gave Lord Palmerston a larger support than he possessed before or since, was elected at that time. The instructions given to Lord Elgin, who was then despatched as Plenipotentiary Extraordinary to China, accompanied by a squadron of ships of war and a fleet of gun-boats, and an army, with Mr. Oliphant as his daily historian, prove that the cause of dispute was outrages upon British commerce often repeated, in defiance of treaties, and the non-fulfilment of the Pottinger Treaty made in 1842. Mr. Oliphant having stated that the expedition was a joint one with France and America, says: "The chief demands he was instructed to make upon China were as follows:—Ample reparation for injuries to British subjects; faithful execution of treaties; compensation for losses incurred in the late disturbances; the residence of a British minister at Peking, and direct communication with the Chinese Government. If the substance of the first, second, and third of these demands was conceded, he was to negotiate the rest; but if not conceded, then the dogs of war were to be let slip."

Those instructions and the alliance with France and the United States indicate more than the "miserable lorcha dispute."

There was not in the civil service of the Crown a gentleman of purer honor, higher intellect, of more various learning, of wider communion with mankind, than Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong Kong. The "lorcha dispute" was the firing of Chinese artillery upon a trading vessel licensed to carry the British flag. It was one of a long series of indignities. Governor Bowring resented it, Lord Palmerston sustained him, and the British nation sustained Lord Palmerston.

With Lord Elgin in his grave, his respectable abilities fairly appreciated in Canada, and his premature death regretted, it would have been more agreeable to us to have noticed his death only to praise him. But the unqualified, the unmeasured laudation already lavished on his name in relation to this Province, amounts to a world-wide declaration that the Earl of Elgin and Mr. Oliphant came to Canada in 1846 and found it benighted and inhabited by knaves and fools, and convulsed in anarchy.

In the name of Canada we protest against all that extravagance of eulogy on Lord Elgin. We protest that he did nothing remarkable, unless it be remarkable that he did not derange the progress of a Representative Legislature, and mar the good intentions of the Home Government and Her Majesty the Queen, quite as vexatiously as some of his predecessors. He lived parsimoniously and made money. The Province became richer during the years that he was here, but farmers would have tilled their land, and merchants would have traded, and the Legislature would have made laws as successfully as they all did, though the Governor General, in those eight years, had been as unobtrusive as the nobleman who now represents Her Majesty, and with no Oliphant to blow his horn in the London Times.

James Bruce, eighth Earl of Elgin, and twelfth Earl of Kincardine; Baron Bruce in the peerage of Scotland and of England, Lord Lieutenant of Fifeshire, Knight of the Thistle, Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and Doctor of Civil Law, was born in Park Lane, London, on the 20th of July 1811, and died while Governor General of India, on the 20th of November, 1863. He was educated at Eton, and at Oxford.

#### MECHANICAL FORCES.

(To the Editor of the Illustrated News.)

Sir,—In your paper of the 12th December, was an article from the *Quarterly Review*, on the subject of ships. Now as my ideas on this subject are different from other people's, I cannot help giving them expression. I think it is entirely within the grasp of the human mind to reduce this question to a mathematical certainty, thereby doing

away with all speculations on the subject, and arriving at perfection at once, at least as far as art can work by infinite natural laws. There is no branch of science, considering its vast importance, so little understood as mechanical philosophy, particularly that part of it relating to Hydrodynamics. The whole law of hydraulics entirely depends upon the following beautiful and demonstrable theorem:—To give motion to a body by a single force where no other force is acting upon it, excepting at right angles the power will be as the square of the velocity of that motion.

There are several ways of demonstrating this noble and useful theorem which I can produce if necessary; it is one that may be entirely depended upon, and all calculations made from it will be correct, hence if we know the quantity of matter put in motion the velocity of that motion and its direction as regards any other force, (gravity,) we can calculate precisely the amount of force expended. Thus to give motion to a body horizontally, the power will be as the square of its velocity, multiplied by its weight or mass and to give motion in any angle above the horizon, it will be as the square of its velocity multiplied by its weight, plus the weight multiplied by the size of that angle; it does not matter how this motion is produced, either by an instantaneous impact accelerated motion or friction, the result will be the same.

It is generally supposed by scientific men, that the opposing force a ship meets with is as the square of its speed. I have never seen a satisfactory theory to explain this. However it is not quite correct, for in order to produce this result the motion of every particle would have to be given horizontally, but this is not so, for water being nonelastic the motion will be partly upwards, which will cause an excess above the square, this excess should be as the fourth power of the velocity.

If a uniform motion could be given to any number of particles in a line with the ships course the force might be infinitely reduced, and the nearer this result will be obtained the less will be the force required; but the motion is greater nearest the bow and falls off in a certain degree which may be geometrically expressed thus—make a parallelogram whose breadth will be the greatest motion given at the bow, the length this quantity divided into three times the square of the speed of the ship, then from one angle of the parallelogram describe a semi-parabola whose axis is the side, and the breadth its greatest semiordinate, then will the complement of this semi-parabola (that is what it wants of filling up the parallelogram) be the whole motion given. Now suppose this figure be composed of an infinite number of right lines, they will be an infinite number of squares in arithmetical progression, then one-third the greatest term. The number of terms will give the whole motion; again in order to produce these motions the forces will be an infinite series of biquadrates whose square roots are in arithmetical progression and the greatest term will be the square of the greatest term in the other series—then will one-fifth of the greatest term. The number of terms give the whole force expended, that is, it would take five times the force to give the highest motion to all the particles. This will not be quite correct, and in order to get a correct solution it will be necessary to take the hyperbola which will require a much higher calculation. I have made a distinction all along between force and power. Power is force multiplied by the space through which that force acts; therefore the required power for the constant motion of a ship, as far as resistance is concerned, will be over the cube of its velocity, and the force of the wind as the square, the power is the cube of its velocity.

Friction,—I am not aware that the value of this is found, and in order thereto it will be necessary to consider how many quantities it is composed of; we know for a certainty that it is at least the sum of two—adhesion and that arising from the roughness of the surfaces in contact, the first should be constant for all velocities, the last will certainly be as the square, to find the value of each will evidently be the business of experiment, which may be done, thus divide the difference of the force to balance the friction of two known velocities by the square of the ratio of this higher to the lower velocity, minus one, this will give one of the unknown quantities; subtract this from the force of the lower velocity will give the other which will be the constant quantity.

There are many other matters to be considered in the speed of ships. I have here only considered the forces acting against the motion of the ship; the forces acting in the opposite direction require a different calculation. The collecting of the lost power in giving motion to the water from that motion, and equalizing the forces in all directions by an artificial force would be a matter for a large treatise.

M. LANGLEY.

Dundas, January 18th, 1864.

THE WEATHER HAS MODERATED.—It was Christmas-eve of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so bitter cold. The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant, "It is a very cold night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbour, widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheel barrow, Scip, fill it full of wood, pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable; but before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice cup of flip."

These last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed both inside and out. And now the trusty Scipio was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when the considerate mistress interposed again. "Stop, Scip. You need not go now. The weather is more moderate.

## From Grave to Gay,

### ADVICE TO LADY SKATERS.

An enthusiastic skater, with a poetic turn of mind, thus advises the ladies how to acquire the frozen art:

Is any one disposed to learn  
This art for which so many yearn?  
Stand up erect; the ankles stiffen;  
Surcease your clinging, screaming, laughing,  
And with a proud, defiant air,  
Strike boldly out—now here, now there—  
Right, left, right, left—but not so wide;  
Now stand erect, and swiftly glide,  
And, without aid of friend or lover,  
Your equilibrium recover.  
Now try again: now! this way—that way—  
This way—that way—this way—that way!  
Let the arms swing free and easy;  
Never mind the air so breezy;  
In its breath is health and life,  
In your form the future wife  
Of some delighted, handsome beau,  
Watching you as swift you go  
Over the ice, a very queen  
Of grace and beauty. But I ween  
That now and then you'll get a fall—  
Hoops, bal-moral, head, feet and all;  
In quite an interesting 'musa.'  
But never mind! don't make a fuss!  
E'en though you hear from two or three—  
'How very cold the ice must be!'

Which is the coldest seat in an omnibus? The one nearest the Pole.

Who is the largest man?—The lover; he is a man of tremendous sighs.

The man who threw a chance away picked up an acquaintance immediately after.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

A DEFINITION.—Heenan and King.—Hugger and Muggler.—

Lord Macaulay made the remark that 'in general prize sheep are good for nothing but to make tallow candles, and prize poems are good for nothing but to light them.'

One year of struggle with wrong, for the sake of right, contributes more to progressive life than forty years of compromise with wrong or mere timid allegiance to right.

An advertiser, wanting a 'competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine,' states, with unconsciously grim humour, 'that it will be profitable to the undertaker.'

Whiskey has been recommended as a cure for diphtheria, and the remedy is said to be very popular. At the same time, the afflicted by the disease are likely to increase.

We might enjoy much peace if we did not busy our minds with what others do and say, and in which no duty of our own is involved.

Cunning.—The greatest of all cunning is to appear blind to the snares laid for us; men being never so easily deceived as when they are endeavoring to deceive others.

REVERSE.—The human race is divided into two classes, those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and enquire, why wasn't it done the other way?

A new discovery, or rather application, of photography has been made by a Mr. W. S Shirras, of Aberdeen, who is transferring photographs from paper to china.

Jekyll was told that one of his friends, a brewer, had been drowned in his own vat. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "floating on his watery bier!"

When is a man least likely to pursue a straight course?—When he forsakes the line of duty to follow the bent of his own fancy.

Whenever we drink too deeply of pleasure we find a sediment at the bottom which pollutes and embitters what we relished at first.

"Have you read my last speech?" said a prosy fellow to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.

Why should you be justified in picking the pockets of a vendor of engravings? Because he has pictures.

I ploughs, I sows, I reaps, I mows, I digs, I hoes and taters grows, and for what I know I owe the printer. I do suppose all knowledge flows right from the printing press; so off I goes in these ere clothes, to settle up—I guess.

A Compliment.—A courteous rector, in a well-known northern country, was in the habit of not commencing divine service till he had satisfied himself the squire was duly ensconced in the family pew; but happening one Sunday to omit ascertaining the fact, he commenced, "When the wicked man—" but was instantly stopped by his faithful clerk, who exclaimed. "Stop, sir, he ain't come in!"

INFLUENCE OF A PIOUS HOME.—The silent influence of a pious home is illustrated by the Prodigal Son. Had that notorious man a repulsive to him, or had his father been a stern forbidding man, that recovering thought about home would not have visited him. Take courage parents of prodigals, if you are faithful with God and your family altars. Persevere, parents in family religion. It may be like the fabulous song of the sea in the shell to the ear of a child when far away from home and from God.—Dr. N. Adams.

## IMPROVED BREECH-LOADING GUN.

Last week an account of the Armstrong six hundred-pounder gun, with a pictorial illustration appeared in this journal. We give a view of the target in this issue against which that great gun operated.—It was constructed as a section of the Warrior iron-plated frigate.

The gun represented in the engraving is an American production, and has been thus described:

This gun is intended to effect a speedy loading and firing of the charges, and thereby obtain greater efficiency than with artillery of the ordinary kinds; and there are also peculiarities in the bore and rifling of the piece which, it is claimed, render it much more perfect than other guns not so constructed. The weapon is represented as mounted on an iron carriage, but is not, of course, confined to one of that class: the breech portion of the gun is broken out in the engraving, so as to disclose the internal arrangement of the bore, as also the mechanism which is used to close the same. The cannon is to be made of wrought-iron, steel, cast-iron, or any material usually employed for the purpose.—In the one from which this engraving is taken the reinforce, A, is shrunk over the tube, B, and to this reinforce, on the bottom of the piece, are fastened two brackets C (only one shown in the engraving), which carry a rock shaft, D; this rock shaft has an arm, E, which is connected to a sliding block, F, by the toggle, G; and the shaft has, further, a longer lever, or handle, H, on one end, for the purpose of operating the block; the block which closes the bore fits closely in a mortise, and is slightly wider than the bore sideways, so that it is well supported by the breech when receiving the force of the explosion; this block extends from a to a, and the top portion shown in shadow is that part which is hollowed out, so that when the bore is opened for the introduction of the charge and projectile, the block shall interpose no obstacle to its easy entrance; it perfectly corresponds with the bore of the piece. When the lever, H, is thrown up in the direction indicated by the arrow, the block is withdrawn from the bore, and

the same is open to the loading chamber, so that the charge can be introduced therein; on restoring the handle to the position shown in the engraving the parts assume the position also shown therein, and the firing may proceed at once.

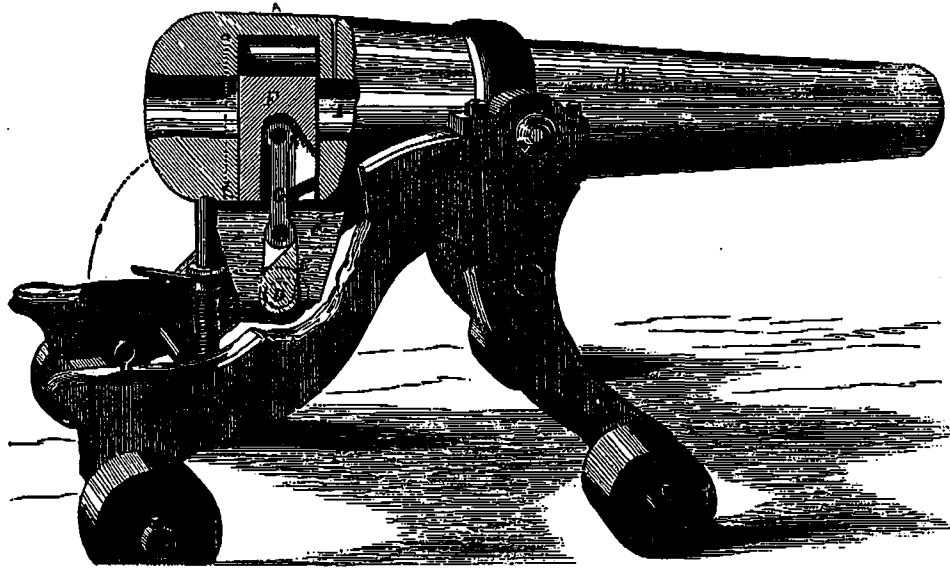
The piece is rifled and bored differently from most guns.—The bore is not parallel, but is taper for a portion of its length. In the explosion chamber, I, just forward of the breech block, the bore is large and the projectile fits rather easily, but at the muzzle the size is decreased, and here the shot just fills it; by this method, and that of rifling the weapon, it is claimed that great advantages are obtained; the rifles or grooves end at a short distance from the explosion chamber, and do not, consequently, enter it at all, and they begin

gradually to increase in depth from their starting point until they end at the muzzle, and here they assume their full proportions.

It is claimed by the inventor that the projectile will start easier and take the grooves with much less strain on the weapon than with the ordinary plan of rifling, also that windage is prevented by the thorough compression of the packing on the shot, as it enters the rifles easily at first; by this method of rifling, it is made to fill the grooves with less liability of stripping, or tearing off the bands at the base, than shot as generally made; also that the metal packing on the projectile may be made much lighter, and answer its purpose much better.

## THE WARRIOR TARGET.

This was pierced by shot from the six-hundred pounder Armstrong, as described in our last number. That paper contained a picture of the great gun, and a description of gun, shot and target. The latter was built as a section of the Warrior frigate, and was made of the best homogeneous iron, the outer plates being 4½ in. thick, firmly fixed on a backing of solid teak 18 in. thick, which was again backed by ¾ in. iron plates and heavy T angle-iron, and supported in rear by props of thick fir. The engraving to-day shows the construction.



AMERICAN BREECH-LOADING GUN.

Mr. Steell, sculptor, has been commissioned by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in conjunction with several other influential citizens, to execute a bust of Prince Alfred, which will be placed in the College Library as a memento of the Prince's stay in that city.

Whenever we find our temper ruffled towards a parent, a wife, a sister, or a brother, we should pause and think that in a few months or years they will be in the spirit land, watching over us; or perchance, we shall be there, watching over those left behind.

A bill for legalizing the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife has been read a third time and passed in the Legislative Council of South Australia.

The coquette, who wins and sacks lovers, would, if she were a military conqueror, win and sack cities.

A ciborium, set with garnets, for holding the consecrated wafer used by Mary Queen of Scots on the morning of her execution at Fotheringay, is in the possession of Sir John Maxwell, Bart., at Pollok House, Renfrewshire.

An omnibus was upset lately. One of the male passengers was struck with an idea, but was not seriously injured; and a young lady was carried away by her feelings, but was brought flack on a wheelbarrow.

Captain Palmer, R. N., of Monkton, was walking on the North-eastern Railway, a few miles from Newcastle, when, in order to avoid an approaching train, he stepped on to another line of rail. As he did so an express came up and killed him.

Keep the feast till the feast-day.

Every may be has a may be not.

A light purse is a heavy curse.

Boast not of the favors you bestow.

Mutual love constitutes the highest happiness on earth.

Hope is a workman's dream.

Humility is attended with peace of mind.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

Honest men are soon bound.

WORTHY OF NOTICE—Speaking of the tragedy at Chili, the Montreal 'Gazette' says:—The destruction of the Quebec Theatre in 1844, and the consequent loss of forty valuable lives, told us as plainly as if the very words had been written in letters of fire, that legislative interference was needed to protect the public from similar accidents. But what was done? Nothing. We still continue to build our public edifices with doors opening inwards, with windows high up from the floor, and with few outlets from which to debouch with quickness and safety. And yet the remedy is simple and easy of application—Who will bring it to bear ere an accident similar to the frightful one of Santiago has happened in our midst?

Man's deserts are indicated by his formation. His nose sticks out as if offering itself to be tweaked.

Ill-made fortunes, like ill-made candles, are apt to smother their own splendor with their own grease.

A vain man's motto is 'Win gold and wear it;' a generous, 'Win gold and share it;' a miser's, 'Win gold and spare it;' a profligate's, 'Win gold and spend it;' a broker's, 'Win gold and lend it;' a gambler's, 'Win gold and lose it;' a wise man's, 'Win gold and use it.'

He who has plenty of brass can generally get it off for gold.

The hatred of those who are the most nearly connected is the most inveterate.

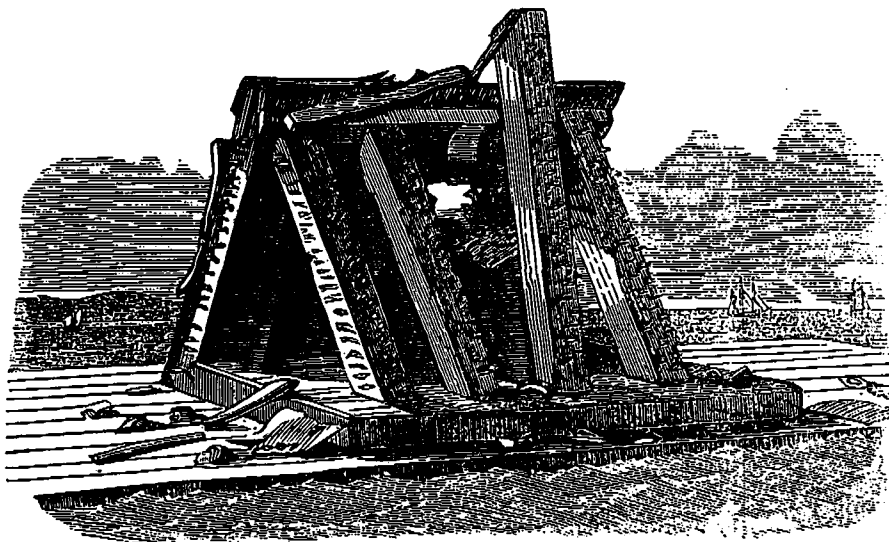
A man can hardly be at harmony with himself if he is in face a dog, and in soul a cat.

A great man is most calm in storms, a little one most stormy in calms.

If the ant gives an example of industry, it is more than a good many uncles do.

It isn't commission alone that makes a sin. A man is guilty of all sins he doesn't hate.

Dr. Thompson, a celebrated physician in his day, and equally remarkable for the slovenliness of his person, could not endure the sight of muffins, and in his medical capacity always spoke of them as very unwholesome. On his breakfasting once at Lord Melcombe's, when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins was introduced, when the doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently called out, 'Take away the muffins!' 'No, no,' said Garrick, seizing the plate, 'take away the ragamuffins!'



WARRIOR TARGET.

A SKEDADDLER COWHIDED.—A skedaddler was cowhided in the streets of Kingsville, C. W., on Thursday last, by a young lady from Ohio, who was on a visit to some friends in the town. The cause of the affair was on account of slandering remarks made about Ohio soldiers. The young lady's name is Goodman, and we suggest that her name be changed to Good Woman.—Detroit 'Tribune'.

ACCIDENT TO THE EARL OF DUNMORE.—About half-past eight o'clock on Friday night, while Lord Dunmore was driving along Phillips' Square, his horse suddenly dashed off in a fright, his lordship and servant being thrown out of the sleigh. The animal was brought up at Mr. Dow's mansion, Beaver Hall Square, having sustained little if any injury. Neither Lord Dunmore nor servant were hurt.—Montreal 'Herald'.

## Literary Notices.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN; GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for February; HARPER'S MONTHLY, for January; and BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for December.

We have received these from Mr. Joseph Lyght, corner of King and Hughson Streets, who has always on hand the periodicals of the day, Canadian, English, and American. The first named publication has been frequently commended in this journal as the best of its class. We have extracted from it to day the illustration and letter-press account of the "Breech loading gun." Perhaps some Canadian artillery man will favour us with his remarks, and say in what way it is different from the Armstrong gun now used in Field Batteries. Godey's Lady's Book has a variety of pictures illustrative of the fashions, and two others appropriate to seasonal incidents, one of them, Valentines Day is copied from an English journal. Blackwood, and also the re-prints of British Quarterlies from New York have failed of late to reach this office, either through default of the agents, or publishers. In noting this it may be as well to remind Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., that no other newspaper published in British North America, has a circulation so widely general as the "Canadian Illustrated News." It is by accident printed in the city of Hamilton, but is in reality published at Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, and by its historical illustrations and literary matter is as closely related to Montreal and Quebec as to a ywhere in the West. It circulates also in the frontier cities of the United States.

PERIODICALS PURCHASED.—This is an unusual heading, but it may be explained that occasionally it is necessary for us to pay for a copy of some periodicals to see what they are made of, the economy or parsimony of their proprietors with-holding them from this office, although we send out a generous exchange to them and others. For instance, the Toronto Globe has received a copy of the "Canadian Illustrated News" since the commencement. The existence of this journal has not been acknowledged in the Globe, not by even the slightest paragraph. And now that the Hon. George Brown has brought out the Canada Farmer, by an arrangement which extinguishes the official paper, Canadian Agriculturist, with which we exchanged and to whose conductors this paper is still forwarded, they having transferred their literary services to Mr. Brown, so he announces, we had some title to expect a copy of the Canada Farmer, but it has only come by our paying for it. We pay for the Daily Globe and when quoting from it always acknowledge the paper by name.

The British American Magazine is a periodical which should be encouraged like all good Canadian literature, but it is not sent to this office. In the same category are the Atlantic Monthly of Boston, and Harper's Monthly, and the Home Journal of New York. The literary merits of these periodicals has been frequently extolled in the "Canadian Illustrated News." The only exception taken being to the pertinacious mis-representation of history by Harper's historian of the war of 1812. When he finishes the falsehood, we shall begin with the truth.

RURAL NEW YORKER; and the GENESSEE FARMER; both of these excellent journals come duly to hand.

RETROSPECT OF THIRTY-SIX YEARS' RESIDENCE IN CANADA WEST, being a Christian Journal and Narrative, by J. Carruthers.

This book was published in 1861, by the author at Hamilton, C. W. It contains brief notices of places visited at different times during thirty-six years, and gives extracts from the writings of other Canadian travellers. All personal recollections are interesting. When they become tributaries of history they are valuable beyond any price as expressed by money. The price of Mr. Carruthers' Retrospect is only 50 cents; but it is a tributary of history, though a small one. The following is the passage from the journal of Mr. Beveridge, a Scottish American missionary, which is pictorially illustrated on the front page to-day. It is extracted from the Retrospect of Mr. Carruthers.

## INFANCY OF THE TOWN OF GALT, C. W.

Mr. Beveridge, as stated on the front page, had in 1822 come from Niagara frontier by way of Ancaster, to the residence of Mr. Hervey in the woods where now stands the town of Galt.

"He and his neighbors had commenced a settlement in the forest about five years before, and had never had a sermon preached among them all that time. The nearest approach to it had been by a Unitarian, or Christian, who had once preached in their neighborhood, but that was a kind of preaching on which they felt no disposition to attend. Here, then, was an opportunity never before enjoyed by me to build where no other had laid a foundation since the beginning of time. Another singularity in my situation was, to be upon the very verge of the inhabited world. One of the families in which I spent a night, told me that he knew of no inhabitant between him and the north pole. Mr. Hervey had been an elder in the Associate Reformed Church of Caledonia. Some of the Highlanders, if I recollect rightly, had been members of the church of

which Mr. De Noon, of Caledonia county, was pastor. But neither he nor they were disposed to be very fastidious about my ecclesiastical connexion. It is undoubtedly wrong to disregard any principle or usage which pertains to true religion, but long destitution of the gospel by those who love it tends to lessen very much the alienation which too often exists between different evangelical denominations. Mr. Hervey did not wait to ask me if I were a minister of the Associate Reformed Church, nor did the Highlanders first inquire whether I belonged to the same church with Mr. De Noon, or the Establishment of Scotland, to which they had formerly belonged, but they were all ready to take me into their arms as a minister of Jesus Christ.

"My time here was chiefly spent at the house of Mr. Hervey. An incident occurred the first night of my sojourn with him, which, though not of importance, afforded me some amusement. His cabin consisted of two apartments, the larger one for general purposes, the smaller one affording barely room for a bed on the one side, and a loom on the other, with a very narrow passage between them. This was my sleeping apartment. It was hardly to be expected that in such a new country feather beds would be very plenty. I think it not improbable that I slept on the only one in the settlement. It was not, however, as copiously filled as a straw bed beneath it. This latter was so completely stuffed that it had fairly assumed a round figure, and the feathers very naturally divided themselves in the centre, and lay over the straw like a pair of saddle bags upon a horse. When I went to bed I poised myself as well as I could upon the centre, but with a good deal of doubt about my ability to retain my position. My fears were not groundless, for no sooner had I closed my eyes in sleep, than down I rolled upon the floor. There I lay for a little reflecting upon my whereabouts. After going over the history of my life for some days past, and pursuing it up to the time when I had gone to bed, I came to the conclusion that I must have landed somewhere between the bed and Miss Hervey's loom. So I picked myself up, fixed the bed in a flatter form, and slept very comfortably for the rest of the night. His little affair afforded some amusement to the family and me in the morning.

The people in the settlement consisted of about twelve families. With the exception of Mr. Hervey and an aged Highlander, they were young, married persons, having generally families of two or three small children. Several things respecting them were very encouraging. Although without any access to public ordinances, they had formed themselves into a society for prayer and conference, which met regularly on the Sabbath, and was well attended. Whether they had any meetings on the common days of the week, I am not now able to say. Worship was also observed in their families; and their general character, so far as I could learn, was unexceptionable. They were exceedingly grateful to the Associate Synod for having sent them a missionary; and though none of them had belonged to this branch of the church, they were anxious to be connected with it. This, with them, was one of the most powerful arguments, that this church alone had sought them out, and taken compassion on their destitute condition. As it was doubtful whether the Synod would prosecute a mission for which there seemed so little encouragement, I dissuaded them from forming a connection with us. But the more I urged them against it, the more intent they became. Accordingly, after preaching to them on the Sabbath, I appointed a day on which I would meet with them for conference and for sermon. At this meeting I explained to them as fully as I could the principles of the Associate Church, the Testimony which they had not seen. The aged Highlander above mentioned, after listening to me awhile, would address himself to the younger members of the society in their native Gaelic, giving his views of what had been said. The result was, that they gave their assent to the standards of the Associate Church, as far as they were acquainted with them, and were received into communion. After sermon about twenty children were baptized, most of the families having two or three to present for that ordinance. This was the beginning of the large and flourishing congregation of Galt, as it is now called, for many years under the ministry of the late Rev. James Strang, and now of the Rev. Robert Acheson. Dr. Hanna having arrived from Stamford, we set out together from Dumfries for Esqueping, where we had heard there was another settlement of Scotch people who might be desirous of preaching. We travelled back to Dundas, and thence east on the main road leading to Toronto. At a certain point on this road, according to the directions given us, we turned to the north, along what was called a concession line. The land had been laid out in farms, extending half a mile in breadth, along the main road. Every purchaser of a farm was obliged to cut down or clear a narrow strip of timber, something like two rods, on the one side of his farm. His neighbor, who joined him on that side, was obliged to do the same, so that between them there would be a road, or rather an opening of about four rods in breadth. These concession lines, of course, occurred regularly at the interval of a mile, and extended up from the main road as far as the country was settled. As these lines had no choice of location, neither turning to the right or left to avoid rough places, creeks, or marshes; and as the farmers were too busy in clearing out, fencing, and cultivating their fields, to do more than fulfil the letter of the law by felling the timber and suffering it to lie where it had been pleased to fall, we found these roads anything but comfortable for travellers. Where they were in the best condition, we had to be continually making a zigzag track, to get around the fallen timber. In many places we had to turn aside into the woods, and sometimes to turn back to avoid marshes and impassable places. We entered the concession line early in the morning, and having travelled diligently till late in the afternoon, we arrived at the house of Mr. Laidlaw, sixteen miles from the main road. Here we found another small society, chiefly emigrants from Scotland, some having belonged to the Established Church, a few to one of the branches of the Secession, and a few had emigrated from the congregation of father Goodwillie, of Barnet, Vermont. There was, however, a Burgher minister among them, engaged in dispensing the sacrament of the Supper.

"We had arrived on Thursday, which had been observed as a fast day; and the minister who was preaching for them lodged with us that night at the house of Mr. Laidlaw. He invited us to stay and take part with him in the exercises of the occasion, which we declined to do. And we found afterwards that our refusal was much wiser than would have been our compliance. The preacher, like too many who were itinerating through the country at that time, proved to be a very worthless character. Having dispensed the sacrament of the Supper, and received a few dollars, which, no doubt, the poor people could ill spare, he took his departure, and stopping at the first public house on the road, remained there drinking till his money was all spent. The people finding what kind of a man they had been employing, and that two missionaries from the States, with the connections of one of whom some of them had been acquainted in former years, had been hindered from preaching to them by this worthless vagabond, were much chagrined, and their attention was soon afterwards directed to the Associate Church for missionary aid. Here also, a respectable congregation has been formed in connection with the Associate Church; and the writer, a few years after this first visit, had the satisfaction of dispensing to them the sacrament of the Supper. They were for a few years under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. D. Cunningham, and now of the Rev. John Gillespie.

"Not finding a door opened to us at Esqueping, we turned back by the way by which we came, and proceeded along the main road leading from Toronto to Detroit. We inquired at different places along the road, and sometimes leaving it, inquired in the neighborhood, but could find no places where there appeared to be a desire for preaching. One man, whom we met on Saturday, seemed willing to have us stay and preach, till he found that we insisted on using the Psalms in praise, and then he very bluntly told us that he had no desire to hear us. We remained at a tavern over Sabbath, and the landlord was so obliging as to invite in a few of his neighbors to hear one of us preach a sermon. This must have been somewhere near London."

## A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

As in the light of cultivated reason you look abroad and see a wealth of beauty, a profusion of goodness in the wilderness, and painted the bird, and enameled the insect. In the simplicity and universality of his laws, you can read this lesson. An uneducated man dreams not of the common sunlight, which now in its splendor floods the firmament and the landscape; he cannot comprehend how much of the loveliness of the world results from the composite character of light and from the reflecting propensities of most physical bodies. If instead of red, yellow, and blue, which the analysis of the prism and experiments of absorption have shown, to be its constituents, it had been homogeneous, simple, how changed would all have been. The growing corn, the ripe harvest, the blossom, and the fruit, the fresh greenness of spring and autumn's robe of many colors, the hues of the violet, the lily and the rose, the silvery foam of the rivulet, the emerald of the river, and the purple of the ocean, would have been alike unknown. The rainbow would have been but a pale streak in the grey sky, and dull vapors would have canopied the sun, instead of the clouds, which in the dyes of flaming brilliancy curtain his rising up and going down. Nay, there would have been no distinction between the blood of the children, the flesh of health, the paleness of decay, the hectic of disease, and the lividness of death. There would have been an unvaried unmeaning, leaden hue where we now see the changing and the expressive countenance, the tinted earth and gorgeous firmament.

The 'Perth Standard' published at St. Marys, the office of which was lately destroyed by fire, will resume publication in about two weeks.

PARLIAMENT will assemble, for the despatch of business on Friday the 19th February.

## NEW NOTICE.

MR. CROOKER has ceased to be an agent for the "Canadian Illustrated News." He is required to attend at this office forthwith.

## EDITORIAL NOTE

In the first Editorial article of this issue reference is made to another article treating of Protection and Free Trade. It was 'Old Country Sketches,' No 2, but is crowded out.

## FRIENDLY NOTICES OF THIS PAPER.

Editors of the Mount Forest Examiner, and of the Quebec Mercury, accept thanks for your courtesy. The Mercury of January 21st, said:

"The present number comes to hand rather tardily. There is, however, ample to repay the reader for the delay in its reception, both in the quality and the variety of the illustrations. Besides portraits of the Hon. John Young and Charles Legge, Esq., of Montreal, there are two well-executed views on the St. Maurice—the Shawanigan Falls and the Grande Mere Falls.

Editors of Hamilton Times, you are respectfully thanked for quoting this journal in yours of 25th instant.

The Editor of London Prototype said, 26th instant: "The number of this welcome and interesting illustrated Canadian production, for Saturday, has come to hand, and we are again glad to notice still further improvements in its pages. The engravings in this number are executed in the best style, and comprise a portrait of Brigadier-General McPherson, of Montreal; Big Will, the 600-pounder Armstrong gun; A Home in the Forest; Sketch of the Celebration of the Birthday of the Prince of Wales, at Montreal, in November, 1863. To be had at the book-stores."

The preparations for a more numerous series of illustrations in each number are not quite completed, but are in progress.

## Original Poetry.

(For the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

## COME BACK MY CHILDHOOD.

Come back, come back my childhood,  
Come back to me again;  
Ye hazel-dolls and greenwood,  
As ye were, come back again.

Come back ye little fragrant flowers,  
I idly scattered round,  
With childish glee in summer hours  
Profusely o'er the ground.

I want not flowers such as these,  
Indeed they're not the same;  
I want the roses of my youth,  
I want them back again.

The robin, too; he sings so sad  
Upon the leafy bough,  
His heart it seems not near so glad,  
As in years long ago.

Perhaps it is that fancy weaves  
The past into a dream,  
Far brighter than the present seems,  
Or the future o'er will seem.

Perhaps it is when one is sad  
All nature looks the same;  
I cannot tell—but this I know,  
I want my youth again.

I want ye too, departed friends:  
Ye loves of bye-gone years;  
Oh, do you know how absence tends  
To melt one's heart to tears?

Ye who lie beneath the wave,  
By coral rocks, and foam;  
Ye who have your silent grave  
In the churchyard still and lone;

Ye who sleep 'neath stately trees  
Deep in the forest glade,  
Where autumn's many fallen leaves  
Thy covering hath made.

Come back to me, I cannot part  
With all I loved so well;  
Come back and ease this aching heart,  
That cannot say "farewell."

Come back again just for an hour,  
I'd speak a word with thee,  
Within yon little leaflet bower  
O, come, come back to me.

Come back to me, come back once more  
To the old familiar spot;  
O come and be a child again;  
Speak, will you come or not?

Ah! must we then in silence part;  
Have I no friendship now?  
A shade is on my weary heart,  
A cloud fits o'er my brow.

And yet methinks I hear a voice  
Asking "why do you sigh?  
Thou'lt meet thy friends again, rejoice,  
In realms beyond the sky."

ORMOND.

## Selected Story.

RACHEL RAY.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE ABOUT IT?

Rachel was still thinking of Luke Rowan and of the man's arm when she opened the cottage door, but the sight of her sister's face and the tone of her sister's voice soon brought her back to a full consciousness of her immediate present position. "Oh, Dolly do not speak with that terrible voice, as though the world were coming to an end," she said, in answer to the first note of objurgation that was uttered; but the notes that came afterward were so much more terrible, so much more severe, that Rachel found herself quite unable to stop them by any would-be-joking tone.

Mrs Prime was desirous that her mother should speak the words of censure that must be spoken. She would have preferred herself to remain silent, knowing that she could be as severe in her silence as in her speech, if only her mother would use the occasion as it should be used. Mrs. Ray had been made to feel how great was the necessity for outspoken severity; but when the moment came, and her dear beautiful child stood there before her, she could not utter the words with which she had been already prompted. "Oh, Rachel," she said, "Dorothea tells me—" and then she stopped.

"What has Dorothea told you?" asked Rachel.

"I have told her," said Mrs Prime, now speaking out, "that I saw you standing alone an hour since with that young man—in the church-yard. And yet you had said that he was to have been away in Exeter!"

Rachel's cheeks and forehead were now suffused with red. We used to think, when we pretended to read the faces of our neighbors, that a rising blush betrayed a conscious false-

hood. For the most part we know now, and have learned to decipher more accurately the outward signs which are given by the impulses of the heart. An unmerited accusation of untruth will ever bring the blood to the face of the young and innocent. But Mrs Ray was among the ignorant in this matter, and she groaned inwardly when she saw her child's confusion.

"Oh, Rachel, is it true?" she said.

"Is what true, mamma? It is true that Mr. Rowan spoke to me in the church-yard, though I did not know that Dorothea was acting as a spy on me.

"Rachel, Rachel!" said the mother.

"It is very necessary that some one should act the spy on you," said the sister. "A spy, indeed! You think to anger me by using such a word, but I will not be angered by any words. I went there to look after you, fearing that there was occasion—fearing it, but hardly thinking it. Now we know that there was occasion."

"There was no occasion," said Rachel looking into her sister's face with eyes of which the incipient strength was becoming manifest. "There was no occasion. Oh, mamma, you do not think there was an occasion for watching me?"

"Why did you say that that young man was at Exeter?" asked Mrs. Prime.

"Because he had told me that he would be there—he had told us all so, as we were walking together. He came to-day instead of coming to-morrow. What would you say if I questioned you in that way about your friends? Then, when the words had passed from the lips, she remembered that she should not have called Mr. Rowan her friend. She had never called him so, in thinking of him, to herself. She had never admitted that she had any regard for him. She had acknowledged to herself that it would be very dangerous to entertain friendship for such as he.

"Friend, Rachel," said Mrs. Prime. "If you look for such friendship as that, who can say what will come to you?"

"I haven't looked for it. I haven't looked for any thing. People do get to know each other without any looking, and they can't help it."

Then Mrs. Prime took off her bonnet and her shawl, and Rachel laid down her hat and her little light summer cloak; but it must not be supposed that the war was suspended during these operations. Mrs. Prime was aware that a great deal more must be said, but she was very anxious that her mother should say it. Rachel also knew that much more would be said, and she was by no means anxious that the subject should be dropped, if only she could talk her mother over to her side.

"If mother thinks it right," exclaimed Mrs. Prime, "then you should be standing there alone with a young man after nightfall in the church-yard, then I have done. In that case I will say no more. But I must tell her, and I must tell you also that if it is to be so, I cannot remain at the cottage any longer."

"Oh, Dorothea!" said Mrs. Ray.

"Indeed, mother, I can not. If Rachel is not hindered from such meetings by her own sense of what is right, she must be hindered by the authority of those older than herself."

"Hindered—hindered for what?" said Rachel, who felt that her tears were coming, but struggled hard to retain them. "Mamma, I have done nothing that was wrong. Mamma, you will believe me, will you not?"

Mrs. Ray did not know what to say. She strove to believe both of them, though the words of one were directly at variance with the words of the other.

"Do you mean to claim it as your right," said Mrs. Prime, "to be standing out there alone at any hour of the night, with any young man that you please? if so you can not be my sister."

"I do not want to be your sister if you think such hard things," said Rachel, whose tears now could no longer be restrained. *Hon soit qui mal y pense.* She did not at the moment, remember the words to speak them, but they contain exactly the purport of her thought. And now having become conscious of her own weakness by reason of these tears which would overwhelm her, she determined that she would say nothing farther till she pleaded her cause before her mother alone. How could she describe before her sister the way in which that interview at the church-yard stile had been brought about? But she could kneel at her mother's feet and tell her every thing—she thought, at least that she could tell her mother every thing. She occupied generally the same bedroom as her sister; but, on certain occasions—if her mother was unwell or the like—she would sleep in her mother's room. "Mamma," she said "you will let me sleep with you to-night. I will go now, and when you come I will tell you every thing. Good-night to you, Dolly."

CHAPTER VII.

"Good-night, Rachel," and the voice of Mrs. Prime, as she bade her sister adieu for the evening, sounded as the voice of the ravens.

The two widows sat in silence for a while, each waiting for the other to speak. Then Mrs. Prime got up and folded her shawl very carefully, and carefully put her bonnet and gloves down upon it. It was her habit to be very careful with her clothes, but in her anger she had almost thrown them upon the little sofa. "Will you have any thing before you go to bed, Dorothea?" said Mrs. Ray. "Nothing, thank you," said Mrs. Prime; and her voice was very like the voice of the ravens. Then Mrs. Ray began to think it possible that she might escape away to Rachel without any further words. "I am very tired," she said, "and I think I will go, Dorothea."

"Mother," said Mrs. Prime, "something must be done about this."

"Yes, my dear; she will talk to me to-night, and tell it me all."

"But will she tell you the truth?"

"She never told me a falsehood yet Dorothea. I'm sure she didn't know that the young man was to be here. You know if he did come back from Exeter before he said he would she couldn't help it."

"And do you mean that she couldn't help being with him there—all alone?" Mother, what would you think of any other girl of whom you heard such a thing?"

Mrs. Ray shuddered; and then some thought, some shadow perhaps of a remembrance, flitted across her mind, which seemed to have the effect of palliating her child's iniquity. "Suppose—" she said. "Suppose what?" said Mrs. Prime, sternly. But Mrs. Ray did not dare to go on with her supposition. She did not dare to suggest that Mr. Rowan might perhaps be a very proper young man, and that the two young people might be grown fond of each other in a proper sort of way. She hardly believed in any such propriety herself, and she knew that her daughter would scout it to the winds. "Suppose what?" said Mrs. Prime again, more sternly than before. "If the other girls left her and went away to the brewery, perhaps she could not have helped it," said Mrs. Ray.

"But she was not walking with him. Her face was not turned toward home even. They were standing together under the trees, and judging from the time at which I got home, they must have remained together for nearly half an hour afterward. And this with a perfect stranger mother—a man whose name she had never mentioned to us till she was told how Miss Pucker had seen them together! You can not suppose that I want to make her out worse than she is. She is your child, and my sister, and we are bound together for woe or for woe."

"You talked about going away and leaving us," said Mrs. Ray, speaking in soreness rather than in anger.

"So I did; and so I must, unless something be done. It could not be right that I should remain here, seeing such things, if my voice is not allowed to be heard. But, though I did go, she would still be my sister. I should still share the sorrow—and the shame."

"Oh, Dorothea, do not say such words."

"But they must be said, mother. Is it not from such meetings that shame comes—shame and sorrow, and sin? You love her dearly, and so do I; and are we therefore to allow her to be a castaway? Those whom you love you must chastise. I have no authority over her, as she has told me more than once already, and therefore I say again, that unless all this be stopped, I must leave the cottage. Good-night, now, mother. I hope you will speak to her in earnest." Then Mrs. Prime took her candle and went her way.

For ten minutes the mother sat herself down, thinking of the condition of her youngest daughter, and trying to think what words she would use when she found herself in her daughter's presence. Sorrow, and Shame, and Sin! Her child a castaway! What terrible words they were! And yet there had been nothing that she could allege in answer to them. That comfortable idea of a decent husband for her child had been banished from her mind almost before it had been entertained. Then she thought of Rachel's eyes, and knew that she would not be able to assume a perfect mastery over her girl. When the ten minutes were over she had made up her mind to nothing, and then she also took up her candle and went to her room. When she first entered it she did not see Rachel. She had silently closed the door and come some steps within the chamber before her child showed herself from behind the bed. "Mamma," she said, "put down the candle that I may speak to you; whereupon Mrs. Ray put down the candle, and Rachel took hold of both her arms. "Mamma, you do not believe ill of me do you? You do not think of me the things that Dorothea says? Say that you do not, or I shall die."

"My darling, I have never thought any thing bad of you before."

"And do you think bad of me now? Did you not tell me before I went out that you would trust me, and have you so soon forgotten your trust? Look at me, mamma. What have I ever done that you should think me to be such as she says?"

"I do not think that you have done any thing; but you are very young, Rachel."

"Young, mamma! I am older than you were when you married, and older than Dolly was. I am old enough to know what is wrong. Shall I tell you what happened this evening? He came and met us all in the fields. I knew before that he had come back, for the girls had said so, but I thought that he was in Exeter when I left here. Had I not believed that, I should not have gone. I think I should not have gone."

"Then you are afraid of him?"

"No, mamma, I am not afraid of him. But he says such strange things to me; and I would not purposely have gone out to meet him. He came to us in the fields, and then we returned up the lane to the brewery, and there we left the girls. As I went through the church-yard he came there too, and then the sun was setting, and he stopped me to look at it; I did stop with him—for a few moments, and felt ashamed of myself; but how was I to help it? Mamma, if I could remember them I would tell you every word he said to me, and every look of his face. He asked me to be his friend. Mamma, if you will believe in me, I will tell you every thing. I will never deceive you."

She was still holding her mother's arms while she spoke. Now she held her very close, and nestled in against her bosom, and gradually got her cheek against her mother's cheek, and her lips against her mother's neck. How could any mother refuse such a caress as that, or remain hard and stern against such signs of love? Mrs. Ray, at any rate, was not possessed of strength to do so. She was vanquished, and put her arm round her girl and embraced her. She spoke soft words, and told Rachel that she was her dear, dear, dearest darling. She was still awed and dismayed by the tidings which she had heard of the young man; she still thought there was some terrible danger against which it behooved them all to be on their guard. But she no longer felt herself divided from her child, and had ceased to believe in the necessity of those terrible words which Mrs. Prime had used.

"You will believe me?" said Rachel. "You will not think that I am making up stories to deceive you? Then the mother assured the daughter, with many kisses, that she would believe her."

After that they sat long into the night, discussing all that Luke Rowan had said, and the discussion certainly took place after a fashion that would not have been considered satisfactory by Mrs. Prime had she heard it. Mrs. Ray was soon led into talking about Mr. Rowan as though he were not a wolf—as though he might possibly be neither a wolf ravenous with his native wolfish fur and open wolfish greed, or worse than that, a wolf, more ravenous still, in sheep's

clothing. There was no word spoken of him as a lover; but Rachel told her mother that the man had called her by her christian name, and Mrs. Ray had fully understood the sign. 'My darling, you mustn't let him do that.' 'No, mamma, I won't; but he went on talking so fast that I had not time to stop him, and after that it was not worth while.' The project of the party was also told to Mrs. Ray, and Rachel, sitting now with her head upon her mother's lap, owned that she would like to go to it. 'Parties are not always wicked, mamma,' she said. 'To this assertion Mrs. Ray expressed an undecided assent, but intimated her decided belief that very many parties were wicked. 'There will be dancing, and I do not like that,' said Mrs. Ray. 'Yet I was taught dancing at school,' said Rachel. When the matter had gone so far as this, it must be acknowledged that Rachel had done much toward securing her share of mastery over her mother. 'He will be there, of course,' said Mrs. Ray. 'Oh yes, he will be there,' said Rachel. 'But why should I be afraid of him? Why should I live as though I were afraid to meet him? Dolly thinks that I should be shut up close, to be taken care of; but you do not think of me like that. If I was minded to be bad, shutting me up would not keep me from it.' Such arguments as these from Rachel's mouth sounded at first very terrible to Mrs. Ray, but yet she yielded to them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## REV. MR. PRONG.

On the next morning Rachel was down first, and was found by her sister fast engaged on the usual work of the house, as though nothing out of the way had occurred on the previous evening. 'Good-morning, Dolly,' she said, and then went on arranging the things on the breakfast-table. 'Good-morning, Rachel,' said Mrs. Prime, still speaking like a raven. There was not a word said between them about the young man or the church-yard, and at nine o'clock Mrs. Ray came down to them, dressed ready for church. They seated themselves and ate their breakfast together, and still not a word was said.

It was Mrs. Prime's custom to go to morning service at one of the churches in Baslehurst; not at the old parish church which stood in the church-yard near the brewery, but at a new church which had been built as an auxiliary to the other, and at which the Rev. Samuel Prong was the ministering clergyman. As we shall have occasion to know Mr. Prong, it may be as well to explain here that he was not simply a curate to old Dr. Harford, the rector of Baslehurst. He had a separate district of his own, which had been divided from the old parish not exactly in accordance with the rector's good pleasure. Dr. Harford had held the living for more than forty years; he had held it for nearly forty years before the division had been made, and he had thought that the parish should remain a parish entire, more especially as the presentation to the new benefice was not conceded to him. Therefore Dr. Harford did not love Mr. Prong.

But Mrs. Prime did love him, with that sort of love which devout women bestow upon the church minister of their choice. Mr. Prong was an energetic, severe, hard-working, and, I fear, intolerant young man, who bestowed very much laudable care upon his sermons. The care and industry were laudable, but not so the pride with which he thought of them and their results. He spoke much of preaching the Gospel, and was sincere beyond all doubt to do so; but he allowed himself to be led away into a belief that his brethren in the ministry around him did not preach the Gospel; that they were careless shepherds, or shepherds' dogs indifferent to the wolf, and in this way he had made himself unpopular among the clergy and gentry of the neighborhood. It may well be understood that such a man, coming down upon a district cut out almost from the centre of Dr. Harford's parish, would be a thorn in the side of that old man. But Mr. Prong had his circle of friends, of very ardent friends, and among them Mrs. Prime was one of the most ardent. For the last year or two she had always attended morning service at his church, and very frequently had gone there twice in the day, though the walk was long and tedious, taking her the whole length of the town of Baslehurst. And there had been some little uneasiness between Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Prime on the matter of this church attendance. Mrs. Prime had wished her mother and sister to have the benefit of Mr. Prong's eloquence; but Mrs. Ray, though she was weak in morals, was strong in her determination to adhere to Mr. Comfort of Cawston. It had been matter of great sorrow to her that her daughter should leave Mr. Comfort's church, and she had positively declined to be taken out of her own parish. Rachel had, of course, stuck to her mother in this controversy, and had said some sharp things about Mr. Prong. She declared that Mr. Prong had been educated at Islington, and that sometimes he forgot his 'h's.' When such things were said Mrs. Prime would wax very angry, and would declare that no one could be saved by the perfection of Dr. Harford's pronunciation. But there was no question as to Dr. Harford, and no justification for the introduction of his name into the dispute. Mrs. Prime, however, did not choose to say any thing against Mr. Comfort, with whom her husband had been curate, and who, in her younger days, had been a light to her own feet. Mr. Comfort was by no means such a one as Dr. Harford, though the two old men were friends. Mr. Comfort had been regarded as a Calvinist when he was young, as Evangelical in middle life, and was still known as a Low-Churchman in his old age. Therefore Mrs. Prime would spare him in her sneers, though she left his ministry. He had become lukewarm, but not absolutely stone-cold, like the old rector at Baslehurst. So said Mrs. Prime. Old men would become lukewarm, and therefore she could pardon Mr. Comfort. But Dr. Harford had never been warm at all—had never been warm with the warmth which she valued; therefore she scorned him and sneered at him; in return for which, Rachel scorned Mr. Prong and sneered at him.

But though it was Mrs. Prime's custom to go to church at Baslehurst, on this special Sunday she declared her inten-

tion of accompanying her mother to Cawston. Not a word had been said about the young man, and they all started off on their walk together in silence and gloom. With such thoughts as they had in their mind, it was impossible that they should make the journey pleasantly. Rachel had counted on the walk with her mother, and had determined that every thing should be pleasant. She would have said a word or two about Luke Rowan, and would have gradually reconciled her mother to his name. But as it was, she said nothing; and it may be feared that her mind, during the period of her worship, was not at charity with her sister. Mr. Comfort preached his half hour as usual, and then they all walked home. Dr. Harford never exceeded twenty minutes, and had often been known to finish his discourse within ten. What might be the length of a sermon of Mr. Prong's no man or woman could foretell, but he never spared himself or his congregation much under an hour.

They all walked home gloomily to their dinner, and ate their cold mutton and potatoes in sorrow and sadness. It seemed as though no sort of conversation was open to them. They could not talk of their usual Sunday subjects. Their minds were full of one matter, and it seemed that that matter was by common consent to be banished from their lips for the day. In the evening, after tea the two sisters again went up to Cawston church leaving their mother with her Bible; but hardly a word was spoken between them, and in the same silence they sat till bedtime. To Mrs. Ray and to Rachel it had been one of the saddest, dreariest days that either of them had ever known. I doubt whether the suffering of Mrs. Prime was so great. She was kept up by the excitement of feeling that some great crisis was at hand. If Rachel were not made amenable to authority, she would leave the cottage.

When Rachel had run with hurrying steps from the style in the church-yard, she left Luke Rowan still standing there. He watched her till she crossed into the lane, and then he turned and again looked out upon the still ruddy line of the horizon. The blaze of light was gone, but there were left, high up in the heavens, those wonderful hues which tinge with softly-changing colors the edges of the clouds when the brightness of some glorious sunset has passed away. He sat himself on the wooden rail, watching till all of it should be over, and thinking with lazy, half-formed thoughts, of Rachel Ray. He did not ask himself what he meant by assuring her of his friendship, and by claiming hers, but he declared to himself that she was very lovely—more lovely than beautiful, and then smiled inwardly at the prettiness of her perturbed spirit. He remembered well that he had called her Rachel, and that she had allowed his doing so to pass by without notice; but he understood also how and why she had done so. He knew that she had been hurried, and that she had skipped the thing because she had not known the moment at which to make her stand. He gave himself credit for no triumph nor her discredit for any undue easiness. 'What a woman she is!' he said to himself; 'so womanly in every thing. Then his mind rambled away to other subjects, possibly to the practicability of making good beer instead of bad.

He was a young man, by no means of a bad sort, meaning to do well, with high hopes in life; one who had never wronged a woman, or been untrue to a friend, full of energy, and hope and pride. But he was conceited, prone to sarcasm, sometimes cynical, and perhaps sometimes affected. It may be that he was not altogether devoid of that Byronic weakness which was so much more prevalent among young men twenty years since than it is now. His two trades had been those of an attorney and a brewer, and yet he dabbled in romance, and probably wrote poetry in his bedroom—Nevertheless, there were worse young men about Baslehurst than Luke Rowan.

'And now for Mr. Tappitt,' said he, as he slowly took his legs from off the railing.

## CHAPTER IX.

## MRS. BUTLER CORNBURY.

Mrs. Tappitt was very full of her party. It had grown in her mind, as those things do grow till it had come to assume almost the dimensions of a bull. When Mrs. Tappitt first consulted her husband and obtained his permission for the gathering, it was simply intended that a few of her daughters' friends should be brought together, to make the visit cheerful for Miss Rowan; but the mistress of the house had become ambitious; two fiddles, with a German horn were to be introduced, because the piano would be troublesome; the drawing-room carpet was to be taken up and there was to be a supper in the dining-room. The thing in its altered shape loomed large by degrees upon Mr. Tappitt, and he found himself unable to stop its growth. The word bull would have been fatal; but Mrs. Tappitt was too good a general and her girls were too judicious as lieutenants, to commit themselves by the presumption of any such term. It was still Mrs. Tappitt's evening tea-party, but it was understood in Baslehurst that Mrs. Tappitt's evening tea-party was to be something considerable.

A great success had attended this lady at the outset of her scheme. Mrs. Butler Cornbury had called at the brewery and had promised that she would come, and that she would bring some of the Cornbury family. Now Mr. Butler Cornbury was the eldest son of the most puissant squire within five miles of Baslehurst, and was, indeed, almost as good as squire himself, his father being a very old man. Mrs. Butler Cornbury had, it is true not been esteemed as holding any very high rank while shining as a beauty under the name of Patty Comfort; but she had taken kindly to her new honors, and was now reckoned as a considerable magnate in that part of the country.—She did not customarily join in the festivities of the town and held herself aloft from people even of higher standing than the Tappitts. But she was an ambitious woman, and had inspired her lord with the desire of representing Baslehurst in Parliament. There would be an election at Baslehurst in the coming autumn, and Mrs. Cornbury was already preparing for the fight. Hence had arisen her visit at the brewery, and hence also her ready acquiescence in Mrs. Tappitt's half pronounced request.

The party was to be celebrated on a Tuesday—Tuesday week after that Sunday which was passed so uncomfortably

at Bragg's End; and on the Monday Mrs. Tappitt and her daughters sat conning over the list of her expected guests and preparing their invitations. It must be understood that the Rowan family had somewhat grown upon them in estimation since Luke had been living with them. They had not known much of him till he came among them; and had been prepared to patronize him; but they found him a young man not to be patronized by any means and imperceptibly they learned to feel that his mother and sister would have to be esteemed by them rather as great ladies. Luke was in no wise given to boasting, and had no intention of magnifying his mother and sister; but things had been said which made the Tappitts feel that Mrs. Rowan must have the best bedroom and that Mary Rowan must be provided with the best partners.

And what shall we do about Rachel Ray? said Martha who was sitting with the list before her, Augusta, who was leaning over her sister, puckered up her mouth and said nothing. She had watched from the house door on that Saturday evening, and had been perfectly aware that Luke Rowan had taken Rachel off toward the stile under the trees. She could not bring herself to say any thing against Rachel, but she certainly wished that she might be excluded.

'Of course she must be asked,' said Cherry. Cherry was sitting opposite to the other girls, writing on a lot of envelopes the addresses of the notes which were afterward to be prepared. We told her we would ask her.' And as she spoke she addressed a cover to 'Miss Ray, Bragg's End Cottage, Cawston.'

'Stop a moment, my dear,' said Mrs. Tappitt from the corner of the sofa on which she was sitting. 'Put that aside, Cherry. Rachel Ray is all very well, but considering all things, I am not sure that she will quite do for Tuesday night. It's not quite in her line, I think.'

'But we have mentioned it to her already mamma,' said Martha.

'Of course we did, said Cherry. It would be the meanest thing in the world not to ask her now.'

'I am not at all sure that Mrs. Rowan would like it,' said Mrs. Tappitt.

'And I don't think that Rachel is quite up to what Mary has been used to,' said Augusta.

'If she has half a mind to flirt with Luke already,' said Mrs. Tappitt, 'I ought not to encourage it.'

'That is such nonsense, mamma,' said Cherry. 'If he likes her, he'll find her somewhere, if he doesn't find her here.'

'My dear, you shouldn't say that what I say is nonsense,' said Mrs. Tappitt.

'But, mamma, when we have already asked her! Besides, she is a lady,' said Cherry.

'I can't say that I think Mrs. Butler Cornbury would wish to meet her,' said Mrs. Tappitt.

'Mrs. Butler Cornbury's father is their particular,' friend said Martha. 'Mrs. Ray always goes to Mr. Comfort's parties.'

In this way the matter was discussed, and at last Cherry's eagerness and Martha's sense of justice carried the day. The envelope which Cherry had addressed was brought in to use and the note to Rachel was deposited in the post, with all those other notes, the destination of which was too far to be reached by the brewery boy without detrimental interference with the brewery work. We will continue our story by following the note which was delivered by the Cawston postman at Bragg's End about seven o'clock on the Tuesday morning. It was delivered into Rachel's own hand, and read by her as she stood by the kitchen dresser before either her mother or Mrs. Prime had come down from their rooms. There still was sadness and gloom at Bragg's End. During all the Monday there had been no comfort in the house, and Rachel had continued to share her mother's bedroom. At intervals, when Rachel had been away, much had been said between Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Prime but no conclusion had been reached; no line of conduct had received their joint adhesion; and the threat remained that Mrs. Prime would leave the cottage. Mrs. Ray, while listening to her elder daughter's words, still continued to fear that evil spirits were hovering around them, but yet she would not consent to order Rachel to become a devout attendant at the Deacons' meetings.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE MOTHER DOUBTS.

Monday had not been a Dorcas-day, and therefore it had been very dull and very tedious.

Rachel stood a while with the note in her hand, hearing that the contest must be brought on again and fought out to an end before she could send her an answer to it. She had told her mother that she was to be invited, and Mrs. Ray had lacked the courage at the moment which would have been necessary for an absolute and immediate rejection of the proposition. If Mrs. Prime had not been with them in the house, Rachel little doubted but that she might have gone to the party. If Mrs. Prime had not been there, Rachel, as she was now gradually becoming aware, might have had her own way almost in every thing. Without the support which Mrs. Prime gave her, Mrs. Ray would have gradually slid down from that stern code of morals which she had been induced to adopt by the teaching of those around her, and would have entered upon a new school of teaching under Rachel's tutelage. But Mrs. Prime was still there, and Rachel herself was not inclined to fight, if fighting could be avoided. So she put the note into her pocket, and neither answered it or spoke of it till Mrs. Prime had started on her after-dinner walk into Baslehurst. Then she brought it forth and read it to her mother. 'I suppose I ought to answer it by the post this evening, mamma?'

'Oh dear, this evening! that's very short.'

'It can be put off till to-morrow if there's any good in putting it off,' said Rachel. Mrs. Ray seemed to think that there might be good in putting it off, or rather that there would be harm in doing it at once.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 136.)

### THE PORTAGE, OR, CARRYING PLACE.

Portage is a term in Canadian topography more frequently found than any other. In meeting rapids or falls in rivers through which canoes cannot be navigated the travellers (voyageurs) come to land, and carry their craft as represented in the engraving. Such a portage was that of the Red Men and of the early French voyageurs, around Niagara Falls. Such are the portages on the Upper Ottawa now; and such is that near Belleville by which passage is made from the Bay of Quinte to Lake Ontario. The English more commonly termed these portages "carrying places."

During the fight between King and Heenan, the owner of the land, a magistrate, attempted to put a stop to it, but was forced into the ring, and compelled to witness the encounter.

**A KIND and Christian Act.**—A few nights ago, a respectable man—houseless wanderer from the States—on his way from here to Paris, sought admission into two or three farm houses for shelter from the cold and pitiless storm, and a bed whereon to stretch his weary limbs, but alas! in vain.—Those to whom he applied, for some scrupulous reason or other, turned a deaf ear to his entreaties; thus repulsed, he managed to crawl along till he reached the house of the Hon. David Christie, who, we are pleased to record, received him in a different spirit, by doing all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate stranger. Neath the roof of the Legislative Councillor he experienced the kindest treatment, but probably while we are penning this sad story, the subject of it has gone to that 'undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns,' since it was discovered, from the frozen state of his limbs, that he was beyond all hopes of recovery.—"Brantford Courier."

Some of the English peasantry took the recent earthquake for a sign that the world was coming to an end, and packed up to emigrate to America, to avoid the calamity.

Some changes may be expected to occur in the garrison at Halifax during the present year; both regiments will probably go to Canada

More law suits than love suits are brought on by 'attachments.'

### DESERTIONS FROM KINGSTON.

#### THE MODE REVEALED.

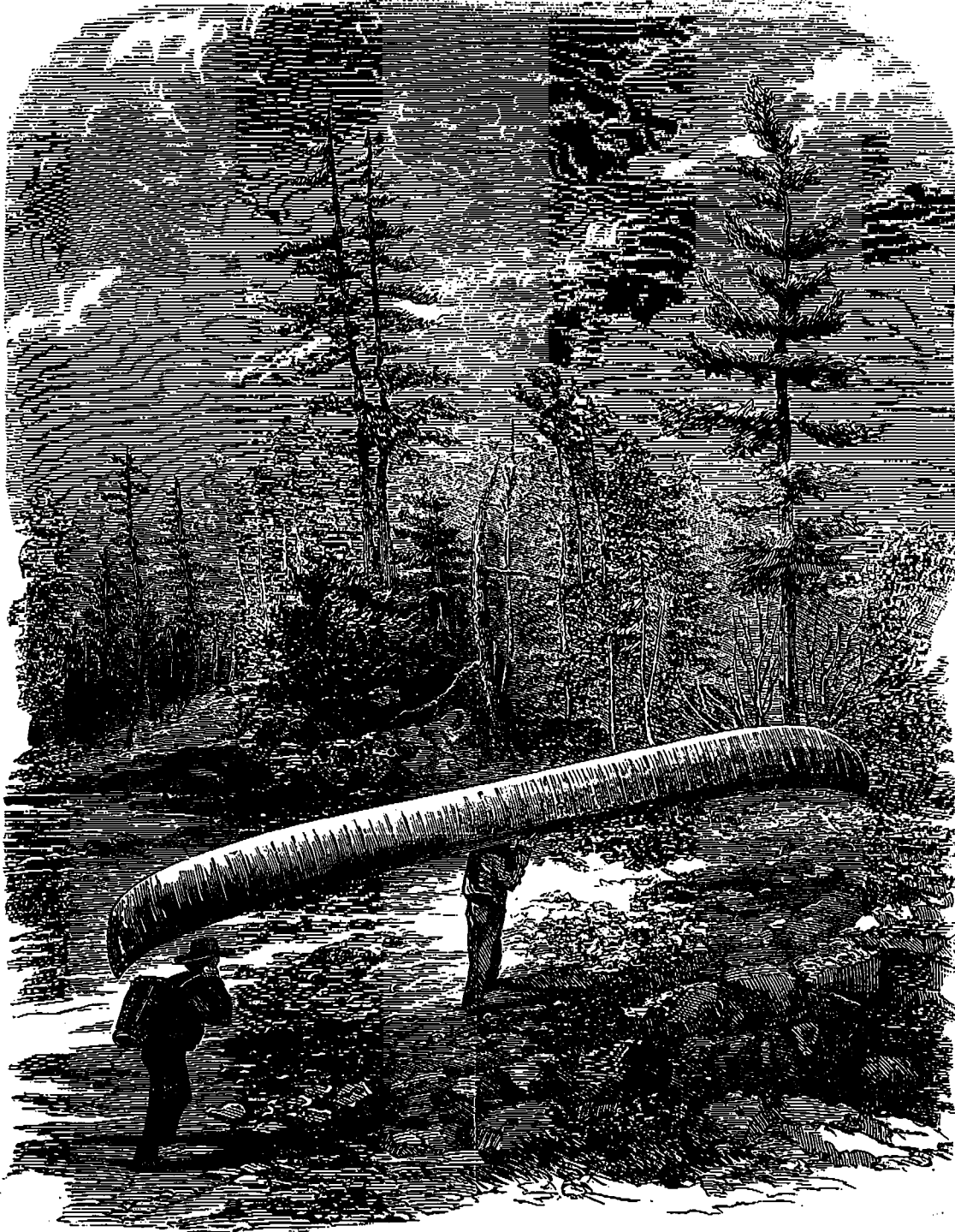
From the Kingston American, January 23rd.

On Thursday evening three soldiers of the 47th Regt., in this city, disappeared, and although their absence was discovered at an early hour, and the alarm given by the guns of Fort Henry, the vigilant look-out parties on the islands were unsuccessful in their efforts to intercept the fugitives, or to discover them upon the ice, the night being a bright moonlight one. The mystery of these successful desertions so frequent of late has now been revealed, through the agency of the American Customs Inspector at Cape Vincent. Early on Thursday evening that official on his watch espied a team and sleigh approaching from the Wolfe Island shore, and on reaching the American side he ordered the driver to heave to while he inspected the load. The driver of the team, Robert White, of this

**SPAN OF HORSES BURNED.**—The 'British Canadian' says that on Saturday week, a span of horses the property of Peter Cline, Esq, of Middleton, was destroyed by fire in a lumber shanty, in the woods.

**SAD AFFAIR.**—The Ingersoll 'Chronicle' regrets to learn that a poor but respectable, industrious, sober man, named Edward Lamson, while returning from his work—chopping wood—in South Dorchester, one day last week, was so severely frost-bitten that the amputation of both his legs above the knee was found to be necessary. The following day it was found necessary to amputate his right arm; but before the last operation was complete, the poor fellow expired. Lamson leaves a wife and five children almost destitute; but the neighbors in the vicinity have in the most praiseworthy manner, expressed their determination that the family shall not want for clothing, food, or other necessities.

**THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING AGREEABLE.**—I was once what is called an agreeable man, and the consequences of enjoying such a reputation were as follows:—I was asked to be a godfather forty-eight times, and my name is recorded on as many silver mugs, value each £4 10s 6d. I gave away fifty-six brides, and as many dressing-cases. I paid in the course of fourteen years £275 2s 6d for cab fares in excess of what I ought to have done. I lent 264 umbrellas, and never received them back again. I have had three hundred and odd colds, and retain a permanent rheumatism from consenting to sit in draughts to oblige other people. I have accepted two hundred and four accommodation bills for friends in Government offices, and I am now going to Basinghall street to declare myself an insolvent preparatory to my departure for Australia.



CANADIAN VOYAGEURS; CANOES AT A PORTAGE.

The estimated cost of the ship canal around Niagara Falls is five and a-half millions.—It is proposed to build it from head-water to Lewiston, a distance of eight miles with locks 300 feet long, 50 wide, and 10 deep. In addition to this, three and a-half millions will be asked for the enlargement of the locks on the Oswego and Erie Canals, four millions for a canal from St. Lawrence River to Albany, via Lake Champlain, and 13,000,000 for enlarging the Illinois Canal, so that vessels of 600 tons burden can pass through.

**WILLIAM CORNELL JEWETT.**—Mr. Jewett the amateur diplomatist, is back again in Canada, having been threatened with arrest in that 'land of the free,' the Federal States of America. From his haven of refuge, Fort Erie, C. W., he addresses a letter under date of January 19th, to President Lincoln and his cabinet

Pat Doolan, at Inkerman, bowed his head to a cannon ball which wizzed past, six inches above his bearskin. 'Faith,' says Pat, 'one never loses anything by petiteness.'

Mrs. Partington considers that washerwomen are particularly silly people to attempt to catch soft water when it rains 'hard.'

Men may give good advice, but they cannot give the sense to make a right use of it.

city, assured him that the load consisted entirely of bran, but the officer, not accepting the affirmation, proceeded to throw off one or two of the bags, when a boot protruding from under the bags still lower down in the load arrested his attention, and further explorations discovered a pedal extremity of one of Her Majesty's soldiers inserted in said boot with the carcass in toto of the owner attached. The novelty of the discovery incited the officer to a thorough investigation, and no less than three persons arrayed in the uniform of the 47th were hauled out from under the bags. The officer very honourably determined not to connive in the disgraceful enterprise, and immediately exposed his discovery and divulged the names of all the parties implicated. Robert White was in charge of the team, and apparently the conductor of the line, but was accompanied by two other persons, residents of this city.

From the hour of arrival at Cape Vincent the load must have started from this city during daylight on Thurs-

day afternoon, and the deserters were landed on the American shore before their absence from the garrison was discovered. From what point in the city the party started, or who was the owner of the bran, remains a secret; but it is not improbable that the load, being of trifling value, was merely used as a blind and transferred back and forth for the express purpose of spiriting off soldiers of the garrison. The scheme was one of the boldest that has been brought to light in connection with this business, and from the fact that those engaged in the work were well-known residents of the city, the suspicions of the look-out parties were completely eluded.

The team employed in the occurrence was owned by Mr. J. Sarkins, a farmer residing on Wolfe Island; but it does not appear that this gentleman was in any way knowing to the designs of White, who borrowed the team for the purpose of taking a load of bran to Cape Vincent, as he represented.





MILITARY DESERTERS AT KINGSTON.

SNOW STORM AT FRENCHMAN'S BAY, JAN. 1ST, 1864.

The 1st of January was the coldest day of the winter, so far as it has yet gone. The thermometer was 20 degrees below zero. Yet an obliging artist at Frenchman's Bay, north shore of Lake Ontario, went out in the blast and made the sketch which is here presented as one more memento of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

There have been eleven changes in seven years among twenty-eight English and Welsh bishoprics, so that the average career of a bishop does not much exceed fifteen or sixteen years. The death of the Bishop of Ely announced by last mail adds another change.

'DIED POOR.'—As if anybody could die rich, and in that act of dying, did not loose the grasp upon the title deed and bond, and go away a pauper out of time! No gold, no jewels, no ornaments. And yet men have been buried by charity's hand who did die rich; died worth a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, a thousand hopes restored.

Thackeray, many years ago, drew for *Punch* a picture of two young "swell" officers of the "Guards," engaged laboriously in the compilation of an epistle. "Fweddy, my boy," says one to the other "how many are there in awangement—one or two!" Fweddy answer? "Caunt tell: tvy thwee!"

An old Scotch woman, wishing to cross the river Forth, hesitated to enter the ferry boat because a storm was brewing. The boatman asked if she would not trust in Providence. "Na, na," said she, "I will na trust in Providence sa lang as there is a bridge in Stirling."

SAVE A LITTLE.—When we see young men spending all they can make as fast as they make it, and when we consider the importance of a little cash capital to their future prosperity, we are amazed that their own common sense does not urge with sufficient importunity the duty of trying to save, if it be ever so little, from their present earnings towards a future capital.



SNOW STORM AT FRENCHMAN'S BAY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135.)

'Do you particularly want to go, my dear?' Mrs. Ray said, after a pause.

'Yes, mamma, I should like to go.' Then Mrs. Ray uttered a little sound which betokened uneasiness, and was again silent for a while.

'I can't understand why you want to go to this place so particularly. You never used to care about such things. You know your sister won't like it, and I'm not at all sure that you ought to go.'

'I'll tell you why I wish it particularly, only—'

'Well, my dear?'

'I don't know whether I can make you understand just what I mean.'

'If you tell me, I shall understand, I suppose.'

Rachel considered her words for a moment or two before she spoke, and then she endeavored to explain herself. 'It isn't that I care for this party especially, mamma, though I own that, after what the girls have said, I should like to be there; but I feel—'

'You feel what, my dear?'

'It is this, mamma. Dolly and I do not agree about these things, and I don't intend to let her manage me just in the way she thinks right.'

'Oh, Rachel!'

'Well, mamma, would you wish it! If you could tell me that you really think it wrong to go to parties, I would give them up. Indeed it wouldn't be very much to give up, for I don't often get the chance. But you don't say so. You only say that I had better not go, because Dolly doesn't like it. Now I won't be ruled by her. Don't look at me in that way, mamma. Is it right that I should be?'

'You have heard what she says about going away.'

'I shall be very sorry if she goes, and I hope she won't; but I can't think that her threatening you in that way ought to make any difference. And—I'll tell you more; I do particularly wish to go to Mrs. Tappitt's, because of all that Dolly has said about—about Mr. Rowan. I wish to show her and you that I am not afraid to meet him. Why should I be afraid of any one?'

'You should be afraid of doing wrong.'

'Yes; and if it were wrong to meet any other young man, I ought not to go; but there is nothing specially wrong in my meeting him. She has said very unkind things about it, and I intend that she shall know that I will not notice them.' As Rachel spoke to Mrs. Ray looked up at her, and was surprised by the expression of unrelenting purpose which she saw there. There had come over her face that motion in her eyes and that arching of her brows which Mrs. Ray had seen before, but which hitherto she had hardly construed into their true meaning. Now she was beginning to construe these signs aright, and to understand that there would be difficulty in managing her little family.

The conversation ended in an undertaking on Rachel's part that she would not answer the note till the following day. 'Of course that means,' said Rachel, 'that I am to answer it just as Dolly thinks fit.' But she repented of these words as soon as they were spoken, and repented of them almost in ashes when her mother declared, with tears in her eyes, that it was not her intention to be guided by Dorothea in this matter. 'You ought not to say such things as that, Rachel,' she said. 'No, mamma, I ought not, for there is no one so good as you are; and if you'll say that you think I ought not to go, I'll write to Cherry, and explain it to her at once. I don't care a bit about the party, as far as the party is concerned.' But Mrs. Ray would not now pronounce any injunction on the matter. She had made up her mind as to what she would do. She would call upon Mr. Comfort at the Parsonage, explain the whole thing to him, and be guided altogether by his counsel.

Not a word was said in the cottage about the invitation when Mrs. Prime came back in the evening, nor was a word said on the following morning. Mrs. Ray had declared her intention of going to the Parsonage, and neither of her daughters had asked her why she was going. Rachel had no need to ask, for she well understood her mother's purpose. As to Mrs. Prime, she was in these days black and full of gloom, asking but few questions, watching the progress of events with the eyes of an evil-singing prophetess, but keeping back her words till the moment should come in which she would be driven by her inner impulses to speak them forth with terrible strength. When the breakfast was over, Mrs. Ray took her bonnet and started forth to the Parsonage.

## CHAPTER XI.

MRS. RAY AND MR. COMFORT.

I do not know that a widow, circumstanced as was Mrs. Ray, could do better than go to her clergyman for advice, but nevertheless, when she got to Mr. Comfort's gate, she felt that the task of explaining her purpose would not be without difficulty. It would be necessary to tell every thing; how Rachel had become suddenly an object of interest to Mr. Luke Rowan, how Dorothea suspected terrible things, and how Rachel was anxious for the world's vanities. The more she thought over it, the more sure she felt that Mr. Comfort would put an embargo upon the party. It seemed but yesterday that he had been telling her, with all his pulpit unction, that the pleasures of this world should never be allowed to creep near the heart. With doubting feet and doubting heart she walked up to the Parsonage door, and almost immediately found herself in the presence of her husband's old friend.

Whatever faults there might be in Mr. Comfort's character he was, at any rate, good-natured and patient. That he was sincere, too, no one who knew him well had ever doubted—sincere, that is, as far as his intentions went. When he endeavored to teach his flock that they should dispense money, he thought that he despised it himself. When he told the little children that this world should be as nothing to them, he did not remember that he himself enjoyed keenly the good things of this world. If he had a fault, it was perhaps this—that he was a hard man at a bargain. He liked to have all his temporalities, and make them go as far as they could be stretched. There was the less excuse for this, seeing that his children were well, and even richly settled in life, his wife, should she ever be left a widow, would have ample provision for her few remaining years. He had given his daughter a considerable fortune, without which perhaps the Cornbury Grange people would not have welcomed her

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Selected Poetry.

## WHAT IS A YEAR?

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave  
On life's dark rolling stream,  
Which is so quickly gone that we  
Account it but a dream.  
'Tis but a single earnest throb  
Of time's old iron heart,  
Which tireless now, and strong as when  
It first with life did start.

What is a year! 'Tis but a turn  
Of time's old brazen wheel;  
Or but a page upon the book  
Which Time must shortly seal.  
'Tis but a step upon the road  
Which we must travel o'er,  
A few more steps and we shall walk  
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath  
From Time's old nostril blown,  
As rushing onward o'er the earth  
We hear his weary moan.  
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,  
Or dew upon the lawn;  
As transient as the mist of morn,  
Beneath the summer's sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type  
Of life's oft changing scene,  
YOUTH'S happy morn comes gaily on  
While hills and valleys green;  
Next summer's prime succeeds the spring  
Then Autumn with a tear,  
Then comes old Winter—Death and all  
Must find a level here.

## THE MYSTERY OF REDFIELD HALL.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

## CHAPTER I.

It was a glorious autumnal evening when our tired horses ascended the forest road which led to the precincts of Redfield Hall, and halted at the summit that we might enjoy a view of the village which lay far down the slope behind us, its white spires glistening like silver in the sunset, and pointing with mute fingers to Heaven, while far away stretched the shining river, on whose high banks groups of white English cottages clustered lovingly. A wish that our future home was to be amid such scenes as these, rather than in the stately grandeur of the isolated hall, darted through my mind, and turning to Maud, I read its echo in her wistful eyes; but our guardian was near, and we gave no utterance to our sentiments. We were orphans, Maud and I, perhaps not in the most desolate sense of the word, but to loving, sensitive natures, there could be no greater affliction than that of losing both parents just when our tender years most needed them.

Ours had been a happy household, loving and constant; there had been none of the light quarrels, family jars, which too often mar and destroy the perfect harmony of the household. It had been our delight to obey implicitly the first command, and that without questioning or demurring, and on all occasions our parents had consulted our tastes and feelings. My father was a clergyman of the Episcopal Faith, and as such was a gentleman and scholar, and he educated us as nearly after his own refined taste as was possible; whatever fault or omission there was belonged to ourselves. I did not on all occasions improve his teachings, much as I loved and respected him, as I should have done, and Maud was sometimes wayward and forgetful, though never disrespectful. It was the first great sorrow of our lives, his sudden and unexpected death, contracted from a contagious fever on one of his parochial visits, and soon followed by the demise of our gentle invalid mother whose long, delicate health could not withstand the shock. Thus at the age of sixteen and eighteen we were left orphans, in the care of friends, indeed, and with a competence; but friends whom we had never seen, of whose existence we had seldom heard, till imperative necessity cast us into their hands.

And so far we had no occasion to complain. Mr. Sunderland, the master of Redfield Hall, whose wards we now were, had come for us himself, on being notified of his old friend's death, and after settling everything in our father's affairs, took us with him to our new home.

He was a stern, silent man, older than our own father, and with a military bearing at once imposing and dignified; but when he bent from his reserve, as he occasionally did, to us, his manner was graceful and almost playful, and his smile was one of rare sweetness. I felt, when looking at him, that some trouble grasped him close with iron fingers, for the furrows on his brow were not all of age.

His wife, he informed us, was an invalid, and his family consisted of two sons, Norman and Clarence, between whom was a difference of ten years. I thought that in referring to them he spoke of Clarence, and that his voice lingered with a more loving accent on that name; but it might have been fancy only.

As we neared the Hall we strained our eyes through the fast gathering darkness to catch, if possible, a glimpse of our new home, and involuntarily we sat nearer to each other, and as I looked at Maud I thought I perceived a tear drop from her golden lashes, and I knew she was thinking of all the future might bring to us. I passed a re-assuring arm around her, for I was the eldest and had promised to fill a mother's place towards her.

We wound silently through a dense foliage for some time, and then passed through an arched gate-way on to the open lawn, following a carriage sweep to the east entrance of a large and imposing mansion, whose stone walls and buttresses rose looming in the nights, cold and silent as the grave. Far up, a solitary light just glimmered, and in answer to the coachman's call a couple of servants appeared with a lantern.

'Did you expect us to-night, Vance?' asked Mr. Sunderland, of the one who took our luggage; 'and is all well?'

'Missis is well?' said the man, in a broad Yorkshire dialect; 'but Master Clarence has had another—' Here he lowered his voice, and Mr. Sunderland gave something like a groan. Just then the wide doors were flung open, and a middle-aged woman, whom I at once supposed to be the house-keeper, advanced to meet us.

'Your young ladies, Mrs. Grant,' Mr. Sunderland said, pleasantly. 'I give them into your care now: see that you do them justice.'

Mrs. Grant courtesied respectfully, and taking our reticules, led us through a large hall, in which lights had just been hung, and up a wide stair-case of polished oak and mahogany to a suite of elegant rooms, now brilliantly lighted. No one seemed to occupy them, till reaching the farthest, we stood before a very beautiful lady who reclined on cushions in the undress of an invalid. By her side knelt a young girl, busy with some medical preparation which she was trying to prevail on her mistress to swallow. Our sudden entrance startled the lady, and she assumed an upright position, so that I saw how emaciated her figure had become through long illness.

'My new daughters!' she said, kindly, beckoning to us to stop, when she kissed us affectionately, 'I had not expected you to-night; but I am very glad I remained up later than usual, and can welcome you at once to your new home, where I hope you will both be happy.'

She said the last word with something like a sigh; but I felt deeply grateful for her kind reception of us, and thanked her sincerely. I was not demonstrative; but Maud's tender heart thrilled with gratitude, and she impulsively bent her golden head low over the thin, white hand and pressed it to her gentle lips. I saw Mrs. Sunderland's sudden look of surprise and pleasure, and knew from that moment that Maud had the first place in her heart, and was glad that it was so, for my sister was my dearest self.

Let me here describe both as they then were; later the shadow of doom rested upon one, and the dark waves of a great sorrow overwhelmed—but why anticipate?

Mrs. Sunderland must have been a woman of rare and exceeding beauty, for even then, at forty years, her cheek was smooth and white as a lily, and her beautiful auburn hair, untinged with grey; but on the fair Saxon features rested the same trace of weariness and sorrow which characterized her husband's, and I felt assured that other cause than sickness had brought on that premature decay; her fine, expressive features wore in repose a look of habitual sadness, painful to see.

I knew Maud did not think of this. She saw only a fair, elegant woman suffering from a painful illness, whom it would be easy to love and care for, who had already offered to fill a mother's place, and her soft, blue eyes, 'deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,' filled with tears of pity for the gentle sufferer. She was remarkably lovely, her hair of the loveliest golden hue, hanging in natural curls to her waist, half veiling, half revealing the beautiful contour of her falling shoulders and delicate bust, looped carelessly behind a perfect ear, delicately united as a sea-shell. Of medium and delicate height, I think I never saw a fairer creature than my sister Maud when she first went to Redfield Hall, afterwards—but again I anticipate.

We were taken to a large, comfortable bed-room, with dressing rooms attached, furnished with old English furniture of solid mahogany. A large tester bedstead, whose four immense posts terminated in lion's claws of burnished wood, stood near the centre, and elegant toilet tables were ranged around the walls, and a pleasant fire burned in a large, open fire-place, sending a dancing light over the tapestried walls. I had not been used to such elegance, neither had Maud; but our mother was a gentle-woman, and we had enough of natural intuition to prevent us from appearing awkward or making mistakes before servants. So we followed the house-keeper into our luxurious rooms, and took her attentions 'as to the manor born,' through that studious attention to good breeding which our mother had taught us to use in all intercourse with those whom society marked as our inferiors.

When we were alone we removed our traveling dresses, waiting upon ourselves or assisting each other as we had been taught to do, conversing of all we had seen, meanwhile, and gratefully pleasant, that our lines had fallen in such pleasant places.

I have noticed the elegance of Mrs. Sunderland's negligee, and I persuaded Maud to wear a berage of handsome finish mourning, as was befitting our recent bereavement, but allowing the fair, dimpled neck and rounded shoulders to remain uncovered. She needed no other ornament than the jet bands and pearl ring—our mother's ring—which she always wore, and the wealth of silken hair, which, brushed and re-curved, shone like burnished gold in the brilliant lamp light. When satisfied with her toilet, I made my own.

I needed no finishing touches to adorn me; my plain bombazine, trimmed only with folds of crape, was made with high neck and long sleeves, finished at the neck, and wrists of a full ruche of blonde; I wore my mother's watch and chain at my girdle, and a mourning ring set with diamonds, an heir-loom of the family, was the only jewelry I had. My hair was dark and perfectly straight. I wore it low on my forehead and fastened at the back of my neck with a silver arrow. I had none of Maude's beauty my complexion was clear but dark, and my eyebrows heavy, giving a strong marked character to my face. I was a little taller and much more robust than she, and looked at least five years older, instead of two.

When our toilet arrangements were complete, we went down the spiral staircase, pausing a moment at the first landing to admire an immense marble eagle, with outstretched wings, which was poised on a pedestal in an alcove, above which hung an alabaster lamp. Then we descended to the drawing-room door, which a servant opened, and we passed into the presence of the family. Mr. Sunderland was sitting beside his wife, but rose to meet us as we entered, and enquired after our health, if we were rested, etc., with hasty dignity; then turning he introduced us to his eldest son, Norman, who had risen on our first entrance, and stood tall and straight as an Indian, with his arms folded on his chest. We bowed and shook hands with him, his manner changing not from the grave courtesy with which he first regarded us.

"I hope you like Redfield?" he said, when we were seated, he still keeping his standing posture.

"You could not see much of it this evening; but first impressions are something you know!"

He spoke to me, but looked at Maud. I answered that I thought we would like it very much, or something to that effect, and then supper was announced. Mr. Sunderland wheeled his wife's easy chair with love-like devotion, and Norman offered us each an arm. Where was Clarence?

At supper Norman sat opposite, and at different times I observed him, and thought his face took an estimate of his character. It was not favorable; his dark, swarthy features perfectly chiseled, but sullen in their expression; his deep-set eyes were black as midnight, and as little to be trusted, and his coal black mustache covered a mouth I felt to be cruel. Handsome as Apollo, but cruel as Nero! I looked at his delicate lady mother, and the noble, dignified father. Not a particle of resemblance to the first, but I could see some slight likeness to Mr. Sunderland. There is alien blood in the family somewhere, I thought, and then I paid all attention to my kind hostess, and thought no more of my dark vis-a-vis.

Once, before the meal was concluded, Mr. Sunderland said something to his wife in a low tone, and I saw her eyelids drop, and a look of suffering contract her brow, and after a moment's thought she turned towards me, and said, in a low tone, still without raising her eyes to meet mine:

"Clarence is ill, his health is not good, and of late he has had several severe fits of illness, which"—She stopped, flushed red, and looking in the direction her eyes were turned, I saw Norman gazing at her with the strangest expressions in his eyes; then she went on: "which leave him weak and very much debilitated."

There was a mystery; I felt it swooping down and encircling me with cold wings from the shadow of some unknown realm. I shuddered and looked at Maud.

She was talking gaily and naturally with Norman, and Mr. Sunderland was listening to them with a more cheerful expression of countenance than I had yet seen him wear, and I noticed a yet greater change in the young man; his swarthy cheeks was lit up to a deep red, and his eyes were softer and more dangerous. Maud's pure, innocent face shone lovelier from the dark foil of his.

We returned, not to the large stately drawing-room, but to one cosier and less imposing, to which, an hour later, the servants were summoned to prayers. There were a great many of them, and they took their seats in respectful silence, while the master read aloud the lessons for the day. Maud and I listened and thought of the olden time, now forever past, in the dear parsonage at Wales, and of the two lonely graves there. The tears would flow, but we felt better for them, and knelt with happier hearts to our devotions.

Then we bid Mrs. Sunderland good night, and this time she kissed us both, though she said "My child" to Maud, shook hands at parting with Mr. Sunderland, and went with Mrs. Grant to our chamber, who lingered to see us comfortable. Norman had left the room before prayers, nor did we see him again that night.

We saw that our door was secure, then undressed, and after saying our prayers together, as we had done since infancy, extinguished our lights and lay down to rest. We talked over the events of the evening for a short time, and then Maud's answer became drowsy, and soon her fall, deep breathing told she slept. I was trying to account for the uncertain, troubled look the family had, wondering at the illness of Clarence, and finally drifting comfortably into the shadowy realms of dreamland, when I was first startled and then horror struck by a cry—the loudest, most unearthly and fearful I ever heard, which rang with muffled sound, yet terribly distinct, through the perfect silence of the house. I dared not speak to Maud, my heart beat with a deep, loud thud that threatened to suffocate me, and I sat upright, staring with protruding eyes into the thick darkness that seemed quivering with that awful cry.

## CHAPTER II.

It was not repeated. There was a sound of feet hurrying through the hall and corridors, and a faint murmur of voices, amongst which I thought I could distinguish Norman's, and then silence, dead and unbroken.

Maud had slept through it all, and I laid down trembling and numb with fright, scarcely daring to close my eyes or relax my strained nerves, lest that terrible cry should break forth; but, at last, overcome by mental fatigue and the evening's excitement, I dropped asleep, nor woke till the sun shone bright and clear through the half closed shutters. Maud's sweet voice was the first sound I heard.

"Alice! Alice!" she was saying, "do get up dear; we shall certainly be late to breakfast; it is an hour since the bell rang, and Mrs. Grant has knocked twice at our door."

I sprang up wide awake, but with a troubled, confused sense of something wrong. It gradually came back—the fright of the preceding night—the terrible cry—and the indistinct sounds I had heard, and I felt as if it all were a troubled dream, especially as when I questioned Maud she laughed at me, and said it must have been a nightmare. That it was not, but a veritable reality, I knew; but as the memory grew more indistinct in the bright glare of day, I concluded to think no more of it, and perhaps time would develop the mystery.

I thought perhaps there would be some explanation of it at breakfast; but the family bore no appearance of being disturbed in any unusual way, indeed I thought both our guardian and Mrs. Sunderland seemed more cheerful than on the preceding day, and Norman, who came in late, had an exhilarated air and a good appetite, which precluded the idea of any nocturnal adventure.

When breakfast was finished, he asked us to ride with him and see the country, promising to take us down the village. On our return Mrs. Sunderland persuaded us to go remarking:

"I hope Clarence will be well enough to join you in a few days; he is much better now."

I was looking at Norman while she spoke, and I saw his lip curl with a sarcastic grimace.

"Has he been ill?" I enquired of Mrs. Sunderland.

"No!—that is—not very long. We used to think him infallible till these late attacks."

Her voice died into a whisper and she looked distress'd. Norman left the room to order the horses, and we went up to prepare for our ride, and nothing more was said.

It was a very pleasant one. We sat in an open barouche with our faces to the horses, while Norman sat with his back to the driver and pointed out every spot of interest. The road was wild and picturesque, of that type of scenery so peculiar to England, and the woods had put on their autumnal splendor in the highest degree. The deep red and yellow of the birch and oak stood out in beautiful contrasts to the solemn green of the pines, and the only sound on the still hazy air was the dull ringing of the woodman's axe or the musical call of some distant bird. Looking earnestly at a clump of bushes we were slowly passing, I saw something flutter that was too vivid a scarlet for the foliage. I had just turned Maud's attention to it, when a woman slowly arose from the spot to a commanding station, and with one arm outstretched, pointed a warning finger towards us. For one moment she stood, tall dark, majestic, and still, and silent as a statue, and then slowly retreated, I had almost said vanished, from sight not even the flutter of her scarlet cloak being visible. I turned to Norman astonished and incredulous at this sudden apparition, and was surprised at the wrathful expression on his face.

"Some idle, wandering Gipsy," he said, interpreting my look. "I do wish the law would exterminate the whole tribe, miserable thievish set!"

"But what a romance is there about them!" I said, in answer to this outburst. "What a fine picture that woman made, standing with the dignity of Cleopatra, before the background of dark pines. Have you many of them here?"

"Yes!—no—that is they are here sometimes, then off again. Don't imagine any romance about them, Miss Wiley, or you will be sadly disappointed."

Just then we approached the village and the subject was dropped; but I could not help thinking of the dark woman's sudden appearance and the lowering face of Norman. It could almost imagine I saw a likeness between them, absurd as was the idea.

We drove past beautiful farm cottages surrounded by the inevitable English hedge, and admired the groups of flaxen haired children in the door-ways, to whom Norman threw a few pence, which were eagerly scrambled for, and then stopped at the post office to get the Redfield mail. Norman was by this time in high spirits, chatting and laughing merrily with Maud and me. We did not get out of the carriage; but we were close to the window and could see a pretty girl within who waited on persons getting letters. Norman soon got the mail; but he lingered talking to the girl, who seemed to be arguing or expostulating with him about something, till the uneasy prancing of the high-spirited horses, which the coachman with difficulty held, recalled him to us. I saw the girl come to the window, and her eyes looked as if she had been crying. We drove off and left her standing there, looking after us.

When we got home we went directly to our room and laid aside our things to prepare for dinner. Maud was not ready so soon as I, and wishing to see Mrs. Sunderland a few moments, I went down stairs and entered the library, an immense room at the end of the long hall. No one was there but Norman, who stood with his back to the door, tall and stately, but with more grace than I had ever seen him assume. He turned at my step and disclosed the features of a stranger.

And yet by the fair Saxon face, so like his mother's, the mouth, whose perfect contour and remarkable sweetness lent a charm to the whole face, and the deep blue eyes so blue, so clear, in such remarkable contrast to his black hair, I knew it was Clarence Sunderland stood before us.

For a moment he looked at me as if in doubt or surprise, then came forward and took my hand.

"Miss Wiley? Am I not right? I am very glad to see you. I wish I had not been ill the day you came, so that I could bid you a brother's welcome to Redfield."

Perhaps it was because I never had a brother, or the old tone of affection that I heard so seldom of late, but my eyes swam in tears at his kind tone, and I blushed like a school girl at his address.

He did not wait for me to speak, but leading me to a seat, went on talking:

"You will find it very lonely here, I am afraid. My mother's health is very poor, and mine, that used to be so robust, is failing fast. Oh, Miss Wiley, I sometimes think we are under a spell here."

I looked at him and saw what ravages illness had made in a splendid form and face, and tried in vain to define the sudden thrill which made me lower my face before the earnest gaze of his. He held up his hand, on the fourth finger of which a ring hung loosely.

"I am getting so thin," he said, "the Sybil who wished that ring on my finger could hardly force it on. Now, see."

He held his finger downward and the ring dropped off and rolled far away on the carpet. I sprang from my chair and picked it up. It was a turquoise, of most singular design. And was it fancy, or did it really flash forth a lurid gleam as my hand touched it? I thought I had never seen a more remarkable jewel, and said so as I handed it to Clarence.

"It has a singular history," he said. "I will tell you of it some time, but not to-day; I am not in the mood."

Just then Maud entered in search of me. I introduced my sister, with pardonable pride at her unmatched loveliness. Why, then, was I not satisfied, when I saw Clarence's look of undistinguished admiration? Is not human nature always a paradox?

The days passed swiftly and pleasantly away, till another attack of illness confined Clarence to his bed; at the same time that his mother was taken dangerously ill and lay for days, motionless with fixed eyes on the low couch in her chamber, beside which her husband sat, as in a stupor. Maud and I were assiduous in attendance on the sick lady whom we tenderly loved. Her only attendant was the girl we had seen on our first arrival, and whom neither Maud

nor I ever liked. She was a sly, still person, with a cat-like step and I often wondered at there confidence in her. She prepared all the medicines which the doctor left on his occasional visits, and pretended to have great skill in pharmacy; but I doubted her, and often wished to speak of it to Mrs. Sunderland. Would that I had!

One night she seemed a great deal worse, and Mr. Sunderland started to the nearest town to procure a doctor, the one practitioner at Redfield being away on business, which might detain him a week. I saw that she needed a change of medicine, and made up my mind to prevent, if possible, her taking another draught till the arrival of the new doctor. For this end I seated myself by the bed side, with the night lamp arranged so that I could read to keep from being drowsy.

Lola, the girl, had taken a particular dislike to me; but she did not make any demonstration of it. On this night, however, she interfered so much with my plan that I was obliged to call upon the housekeeper to correct her, which she did, by giving the girl a sharp reprimand in my presence. I saw the lurid light in her half-shut eyes; but I had gained my end for dear Mrs. Sunderland's sake, and was satisfied.

She had rested better lately, and when the hour for her medicine had passed without taking it, seemed more composed than for some time. I directed Lola's attention to this; but she did not notice it, feeling indignant at my assumption of her prerogative.

At last Mrs. Sunderland unclosed her eyes, that looked dull and faded lately, and fixed an attentive gaze on Lola, who seemed not to like the scrutiny, for she moved uneasily, and at last approached the bed, and bent with apparent tenderness over the invalid. Mrs. Sunderland made a gesture of distrust, I thought, and beckoned her away, then closed her eyes wearily and slept.

An hour later she awoke, refreshed and much better. I had given her some nourishment which I myself prepared, never leaving her for a moment, and she was conversing easily with me as I sat by her bed, holding one fair fragile hand in my strong ones, and listening to her praises of Maud, who was like a dear youngest child to her, and at that time was taking a brief rest that she might share the fatigues of the night with me—when like some horrible nightmare, the cry of a drowning man, or the wail of a soul in agony, that fearful, haunting cry rang through the room. At the same instant the lamp was suddenly extinguished, and, wild with terror, I ran from the room into the hall beyond, just in time to receive the fainting form of Maud, who sank into my extended arms.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AND THE COLONIES.—A 'Colonist' writes a letter to the *Daily News*, in reply to Mr. Goldwin Smith's views on colonial emancipation. One of his suggestions is that the object of the policy at home and in the colonies should be led up gradually and gently to the time when the whole English people should form an united nation one subject having all the rights and responsibilities of another, however different their purely local laws might be. The real difficulty—distance—is being rapidly bridged over, while the necessity for prompt action in matters of legislation moderates in proportion as governments become less despotic. The writer points out that the deliberations of the high council of such a nation would not be weakened by the presence of men reared and experienced in the different climes of the earth, and that in such an assembly war would have few advocates; He further argues that the taxation of all the people for the general expenses of such a nation would be small when compared with what it is now, for it would be capable of immense expansion when necessary, and possibly the colonies might accept the liability of the National Debt, the old country accepting the debts of the colonies. The writer concludes by expressing an opinion that were all the British possessions knit together as a nation, each guaranteeing the defence of the other, the free people of so great an empire would be left to the enjoyment of the peace gained by the wise recognition of the old truth, Unity is strength.

WAR AGAINST THE CLOUDS. The present season has witnessed the introduction of a novel and somewhat eccentric fashion among the ladies. In place of exposing their pretty features, as our Quebec girls may always do without fear of disparagement, they have given way to the inexorable laws of fashion, hiding their faces with a 'nubia' or 'cloud,' while out in their shopping tour. On Saturday afternoon half a dozen wags belonging to one of the regiments stationed in this city made their appearance in Fabrique and St John streets in a sleigh drawn by four spanking bays, and driven by the 'Dr.' who handled the ribbons with consummate skill. Each of the bucks wore a 'cloud' of varied colours, and reclined in their seat with the most effeminate negligence. The suddenness and novelty of the turn-out took the ladies by surprise. Some stood petrified with astonishment and indignation; some simpered and laughed; while others ran into the nearest store and quickly divested themselves of their new-fangled ornament. The sterner sex enjoyed the joke richly, while those apparently indifferent to the cause of this little commotion among the fair ones were the parties who created it. The 'clouds' have broken and disappeared, and the sweet bright smiling faces of Quebec's fairest daughters now shine forth as resplendent as ever.—*Quebec Daily News*.

LIFE AND EXISTENCE.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened and sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to bear Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

## Selected Story.

## THE TIGER OF THE BLACK JUNGLE.

A few days ago I met with a friend who has lately returned from Sehere, in India, where he has passed many years of his life.

In the course of his conversation, he related an incident which occurred near the place, on the day before he sailed, and which I here present to my readers in the following sketch:

"What say you, gentlemen, to a shooting excursion to pass away the time. The weather is fine, and a good hunt is the right thing for a healthy circulation of the blood."

This remark was made by a fine-looking English officer—named Captain Bradford, of the Sillidar Cavalry, and addressed to a couple of companions, one of them Captain Curtis, of the Sixth Dragoons, and the other an old college chum of the former and a friend to both parties.

At the time of which we write they were seated in the officers' quarters, at Sehere, in India.

"I'm with you, heart and soul!" cried Captain Curtis leaping to his feet.

"And I!" cried the other gentleman.

"Ere we go," said Bradford, "we will toast Her Majesty with another glass of this Bourbon."

The toast was a hearty one; and having replaced their glasses, the gentlemen seized their rifles, and sallied forth in high spirits. They had not waited many yards, however when Captain Bradford felt a hand upon his arm, and turning beheld one of his servants, an old fellow by the name of Bill Simmons, who had been a long time in his service, and in whom he reposed great confidence.

The expression of his face at this moment startled the Captain; it was pale as death while the eyes seemed fairly starting with horror from his little bullet-shaped head.

"Captain! captain!" he gasped, "for God's sake don't go?"

"Why, Bill, what in the deuce is the matter?" inquired the Captain laughing, and why should you wish me not to go?"

"Because," replied the old servant, "I feel, I know that harm will come to you if you do. Last night I had a fearful dream about you. I thought I saw you all covered with blood from your head to your feet; and it looked so real and—"

"Pshaw! interrupted Bradford, 'what is a dream. Go back to your quarters, my good fellow, and have dinner ready for us when we come back.' And despite the entreaties of the servant the captain hastened away and joined his companions.

It was a beautiful morning, and the green trees waved and rustled in the breeze, and birds of variegated plumage fluttered, and sung over the heads of the hunters. They had taken a path which skirted a deep thicket, and were approaching a range of low hills, just visible in the distance, when they thought they could perceive upon one of the slopes a dark object, which in the distance did not seem larger than a hen. Moving down the slope it soon vanished from sight.

"I should like to have had a nearer view of that animal," said Curtis, "so as to have been able to make it out."

"Perhaps it was a tiger," said Bradford's chum.

The captain smiled.

"I think not," he said. "The tigers have been all chased from this vicinity.—Our men have made these parts too warm for 'em."

"I think you are mistaken," said Bradford; "that is if we are to believe that story of the natives concerning the 'Tiger of the Black Jungle.'"

"What story is that?" inquired his chum. "I have not heard it."

"It is nothing but a story, I believe," exclaimed Curtis, "for if the tiger was in existence we could not have discovered him in our many visits to the jungle."

But replied Bradford, you know that the jungle abounds in secret hiding places, which owing to the nature of the ground, it is impossible to explore; and for my part I don't see what the object of the natives could be in circulating a story of this kind unless it had some foundation.

"I am curious to hear about this tiger," said the speaker's chum.

"It is told in a few words," replied the captain. "The natives say that in the Black Jungle there exists a huge tiger, who has for a long time succeeded in baffling the hunters. She will not attack large parties, but remains concealed in her secret hiding-place while they search for her; and if two or three get separated from the rest they will be liable to encounter her when they least expect it. One of the natives positively declares, that on an occasion of this kind, he sent three bullets into her body, which produced no impression whatever, and his life was only saved by the timely arrival of the rest of his party. She is represented as being of unusual large size and of unparalleled ferocity. As yet, however, the parties which my friend and myself have frequently led in search of the beast, have not succeeded in encountering her, so that many of the hunters are inclined to believe that the creature does not exist at all, or if she does she has left the Black Jungle, which lies just beyond the range of hills you see ahead, and gone to other parts."

Not much more was said upon this subject, and ere long other matter formed the topics of our friends' conversation. In the meantime they continued their way, and in the course of half an hour found themselves in the vicinity of the jungle. A large tree growing upon the edge of a small valley near the place offered a tempting shade from the rays of the sun, and here they seated themselves, with the intention of resting a few moments ere they resumed their walk. The murmur of a small stream was heard in the valley below.

"Your canteen, Curtis," said Bradford; "I will go for some water."

The captain gave him his vessel, and Bradford started on his mission.

Descending into the valley, he was soon kneeling upon the bank of the streamlet, engaged in filling the canteen. But scarcely was that task accomplished, when a slight rustling in a clump of shrubbery that stood about twenty yards from the opposite bank of the stream, suddenly arrested his attention. As he looked towards the spot, from whence the noise proceeded, he was startled to perceive a pair of livid eye-balls gleaming like two coals of fire in the shrubbery.

The captain was a man of much presence of mind, but he had no time to deliberate, for suddenly, with a loud fierce growl, a tiger of huge dimensions sprang forth, dashed furiously towards him.

Shouting to his companions, the captain raised his rifle to his shoulder, and taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger. The hammer descended upon the cap but there was no explosion.

His situation was now a fearful one, for the tiger had crouched to the ground within a couple of yards of him, and made ready for a spring.

Quick as lightning the captain cocked his piece, and placing a new cap upon the nipple, again raised his weapon to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. But the result was the same as before; and the huge body of the beast clove the air with lightning rapidity in the direction of Bradford.

The latter, however stepped nimbly to one side in time to avoid the animal, although her paws struck his rifle, knocking it from his grasp. To seize the branch of a tree near by was the work of a moment with the captain, but as he raised himself from the earth the tiger whirled around uttering a hideous roar, and with a tremendous spring reached the unfortunate soldier whom she seized and bore to the ground. The next moment she was upon him, her great glaring eyes flashing into his own, and her fiery breath burning his face. The huge jaws open and bristling descended to grasp his head.

Bradford instinctively raised his arm, and the long-hooked teeth, closed upon it, tearing the flesh and crushing the bone into splinters.

All this had taken place in far less time than I have occupied in describing it; and now the friends of the captain came rushing to his assistance, with loud cries of encouragement. They had heard his call, and had started to their feet just in time to witness the first dash of the animal toward her intended victim.

Bradford's chum had raised his rifle and taken deliberate aim, but was prevented from firing by his companion, who perceived that a shot at this distance would be more liable to strike their friend than the tiger.

"Follow me!" he shouted, dashing down the sides of the valley; follow me. We can do nothing but at close quarters.

They reached the spot while the tiger was still engaged in chewing the arm of the unfortunate captain, and also in tearing his stomach with her claws.

Placing the muzzles of their pieces to the body of the savage brute, they poured the hot lead into her, but unheeding the bullets the ferocious animal still continued her murderous work.

"Quick! quick! for God's sake!" exclaimed Bradford, as they again loaded their weapons.

A second time the two rifles crashed upon the air—a second time the horrid lead tore its way through the bowels of the fierce animal. Her life blood was now pouring forth in streams, and her strength seemed gradually decreasing; but not a moment did she pause in her terrible work. She was about to seize the other arm of her victim, when Curtis drove the butt of his musket against her teeth with such force as to break and displace three or four of the bristling appendages. In another moment he had loaded and fired a third time.

Thus did the two friends of the captain continue to pour the contents of their rifles into the body of the savage beast, but it was not until the eleventh shot had been fired that she relaxed her hold of her victim and rolled over in the agonies of death. Then they raised the body of the captain in their arms, and bore it to the stream, where they washed and bandaged his wounds as well as the circumstances would admit. With much difficulty they contrived to carry him back to Sehere; and the first person they encountered was the old servant, who upon beholding the condition of his master uttered a cry of heart-rending grief, and fell senseless to the earth.

When my friend left the place on the next morning, the captain was in a precarious situation, one of his arms having been amputated at the shoulder-joint, while his old servant lay raving in a brain fever.

Master! master! he would shriek at intervals, "go not to the hunt. Come back! come back! Remember the tiger of the Black Jungle!"

The captain was a fine man and noble officer, and we are now anxiously watching for further news of his condition.

## MAUD LESLEY.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

I had grown tired of mental study; my books, music and painting had no charms for me compared to a pleasant stroll in the bright June's sunshine, so under the impulse of the moment I snatched my gypsy hat and started forth, I cared not whither. I wandered on drinking in as I passed all the beauties of nature. Unconsciously I entered my favorite path which led to the cemetery; I stood, only for a moment, gazed wildly around on the dwellings of the dead, and finally entered to explore the new region so lately laid open to my search. For a long time I sauntered amid the tombs, reading the epitaphs and admiring the flowers that had been cared for by kind and gentle hands, and wondered would there be one kind friend in this world to plant flowers on my grave. I had been looking some time on an elegantly wrought stone, and admiring the little urns that so strangely

adorned each corner; but, of what use were they to her who slept so peacefully beneath the sod, how vain and transient this world appears when we think how soon we too will be numbered with the dead. I fancied I was alone, when a low, convulsive sob broke the stillness; I stood transfixed as tho' 'twere fear that held me to the spot; but, breaking the spell I suddenly turned, and to my astonishment, seated on a low grassy mound beneath a shady tree at the head of the grave I beheld my only friend, Maud Lesley, weeping; she was not aware of my presence until I seated myself beside her. Taking one of her tiny hands in mine I spoke kindly of the pleasant school days we had passed together, why could she not tell me now her troubles as she was wont to do in those happy days; Maud, I said, have I done anything to forfeit that confidence which, hitherto you have reposed in me?

"Oh, Gertrude," was her reply, "how could you think so unkindly of me, since we became friends have I in any one way broken that promise?"

There was a deep bitterness in Maud's tone the cause of which I could not comprehend. I stooped down and strove to read from her expressive dark brown eyes, as I had many times done before, but here I was foiled, they were glassy as tho' in death, her lips of a deadly bluish hue, and her whole appearance seemed strangely wild. I watched her thus for a few moments in the most intense agony, and unable to bear it longer leaned forward and drew her curly head to its old resting place on my bosom; how often when a mere child had she sobbed out her little griefs there, unknown to all save me and HIM above, who knows the secrets of all hearts.

She moved not but lay for a long time with her face buried on my bosom. I leaned over and whispered her name, but was answered only by a low, deep sob. Maud! Maud! I exclaimed, why do thus, what has occurred to grieve you so? Will you not tell your friend and allow her too to share your unhappiness. She remained silent for a few moments, then raising her pale tearful face to mine, said in her old familiar way:

"Dear Gertrude, I have done you a great wrong in not telling you before, I thought it best that none should know, but there are moments when some unknown impulse will force the heart to reveal its long cherished secrets. The spell is broken, I will tell you all and you will forgive me, I know you will. I have suffered so long Gertrude—suffered—it is too mild an expression for the misery I have endured, my wretchedness has been more than I thought human strength capable of bearing, but I bore it long and silently: how often have I met my friends with a smiling and seemingly happy face, when my heart has been writhing in agony to shriek out the intensity of its woe; but *apropos* that grave over which you were standing holds the dearest friend I had on earth, and oh how happy I was when she was with me; but that cruel monster death robbed me even of that treasure, and my cup seems full to the brim with bitterness and sorrow. At her deathbed he who swore to be her protector through life, promised there in the presence of heaven as we mourned together over the dead, to be to me a brother and an everlasting friend. How has he kept that promise? Let me tell you that since then he has retracted those words and expressed a wish that we shall be as strangers to each other, as such we are and always will be, and I turn in vain Gertrude for a mother's love, a father's care, a sister's tenderness or a brother's friendship, all have vanished, and again childhood's companions crowd on my memory and fill the heart with yearning for the happy past, the bygone joys of my childhood's home. Then I thought none could be true and even doubted your fidelity, which since I have learned to prize. You remember once how coldly we parted. Ah! that parting haunted me for weeks after as I lay on a bed of sickness and pain, and not that alone the image of another rose up in my memory—as last I saw *him*.

A few flowers I prize Gertrude, because they were my first gift from him, I have them still and will keep them as long as this unhappy life lasts, their withered leaves only remind me of what we too will come to when called to resign this life and cross the stream which leads to eternity; and oh! may we both glide safely over.

I rose from my bed of sickness pale and emaciated, I had journeyed on even as far as the door of death, but being stunned with the spectacle it presented staggered and fell back again into existence; but as I lay night after night, listening to my only companion, the clock, ticking out the time, how I longed that each hour would be my last, but no, slowly I again recovered to find but a mere defaced image of my former self. In appearance I am changed, but I thank heaven for that change, it has taught me a lesson I will ever remember. Since the desertion of friends, for such I must call it, I strive to drive away melancholy and have partly succeeded; but Gertrude, we too often find that a merry face frequently covers a sad heart. But all this is past and with the past let it be buried forever in oblivion. To-day's out-burst of grief was only the pent up feelings of months which, at the sight of my friend's grave, overwhelmed my better judgment and resolutions, and left me as you then saw me. But, 'tis finished. The future now stands before me. Ambition points to the motto, "Onward and Upward." Injured pride and crushed affections whisper 'twas only a momentary passion for him who first won my pure love, then passed it unheeded by and bids me scorn him as I would the basest of earth's creatures. You may think Gertrude, that it was a mere school girl's fancy that led me on, but no, it was a pure and holy love; day after day I treasured that image, yes, prized it more than aught else on earth, and even now when I kneel to return thanks for the many blessings I have received, my lips will still breathe a prayer for his happiness. But Gertrude, duty now alone remains. Daily my attention is directed to my mother's brow, and the silver threads mingling in her dark brown hair. Such a friendship pure and holy smiles upon me as she again beholds our vows and bands united in clasps as strong as tempered steel. But come Gertrude, the sun has sank."

And so saying, Maud arose and together we wandered home in the calm still twilight.

Maud's character since then has been formed, she has turned her thoughts to that which is pure and holy. And again those ties of friendship have been renewed between us and Maud is now my only friend.

Hast thou a friend, treasure that friend, for gold is not so precious, the ruby not so rare, the diamond not so sparkling or beautiful.

ELLIS. L.

FIRE IN DORCHESTER--HEROIC CONDUCT OF A MOTHER

A disastrous fire occurred on the second concession of Dorchester, on Wednesday evening last, by which the house and furniture of Mr. Irwin, the owner, was reduced to ashes. Mr. Irwin, it appears, had in the morning gone to a neighbour's to work, leaving the house in the occupancy of his wife and their young child, a girl aged about three years. Towards evening Mrs. Irwin went to a shed close to the house to milk the cows, leaving the child alone in the house, cautioning her at the same time not to remove from where she was sitting until her return. By some means during the absence of the mother the house caught fire, and on looking towards it she observed smoke issuing from the crevices of the door and windows. Her first thought was for the child, and rushing desperately into the building, which was by this time almost suffocating with smoke, she proceeded to where she left it, but found it gone. Her fears were excited. She rushed frantically into the next room, where, fortunately, the little one was all safe from harm, the fire not having reached that portion of the house, where she had instinctively gone for shelter. Claspng the child in her own dreadfully scorched arms, she again attempted to gain the only door in the house, that by which she entered, but the heat, smoke, and flames had increased so much as to bring despair to any heart but that of a mother, and, without waiting to look on either side of her, she rushed into the flames, determined in her attempt, in which, fortunately she was successful, reaching the door more dead than alive. Casting the child in the snow, she succeeded in extinguishing the fire in its clothes, and then, thinking of herself, she plunged into a snow bank, by which she was enabled, after some effort, to suppress the fire in her own clothes, which were, however, almost a cinder. The woollen hood which she wore on her head with portions of her hair, was burned to a crisp, and there was scarcely a bit of her cotton dress which was not scorched. Her face and hands were also literally scorched from the intense heat. The neighbours, on seeing the fire, hastily proceeded to the spot, and found the heroic woman in the snow, where she was compelled to remain, from exhaustion and the severity of her sufferings. She was immediately removed to a neighbour's house, where medical aid was soon procured, notwithstanding which, she still lies in a precarious state. The child was but a little injured, the mother, having, in her extremity, given it the utmost protection in her power, and but for a few slight burns it is uninjured.

The 'Canada' brings the pleasing intelligence that Her Highness the Princess of Wales gave birth to a fine boy, at Frogmore on the 8th inst. The mother and her child were progressing most favorably.

A French fishing smack recently picked up at sea a life buoy, to which was clinging the dead body of a sailor, who had held to it with his last grasp, which had not relaxed when death put an end to his sufferings.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TOURNAMENT.

At a meeting held on Tuesday the 26th inst., the final arrangements for the Annual Tournament of the Ontario Chess Club were completed. We anticipate an increase in the number of competitors this season, as the first prize is open to "all comers." The entrance fee in both classes has been fixed at fifty cents. Entries to be made on or before Tuesday the 2nd February. Members of Clubs in other localities are cordially invited to enter.

PROBLEM No. 12.—Solutions received from G. G., and J. T. St. Catharines; Brampton Chess Club; A. H., Barrie; C. W., London.

PROBLEM No. 13.—Solutions received from G. G., and J. T. St. Catharines; A. H., Barrie; Alma, Brantford; and C. W., London.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 12.

White. Black. 1. Q to K B 6 (ch.) K to Kt 8 (best) 2. Q to K R 8. P takes Kt or (a) (b) 3. Q to K sq. mate. K to B 7 (a) 2. Q to Q 4 mate K to R 8 (b) 3. Kt. to K B 3 discovers mate

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 13.

White. Black. 1. P to K 3 K to K 4 or (a) 2. Q to K B 7 K moves 3. Q mates K to Q 4 (a) 1. Q to K B 6 K moves 3. Q mates

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA No. 3.

White. Black. 1. P to R 5 (ch) K takes P 2. P to K 7 and mates next move.

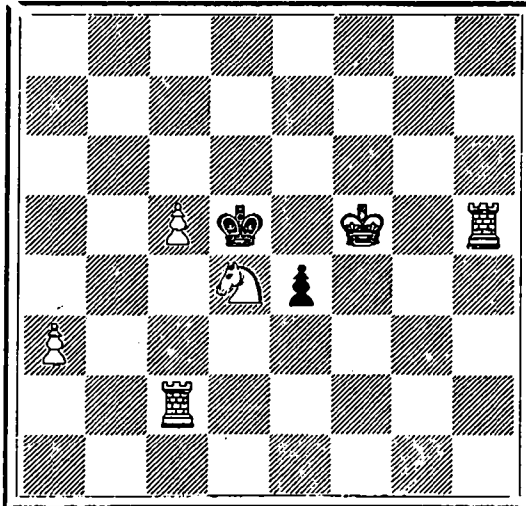
SOLUTION TO ENIGMA No. 4.

White. Black. 1. Q to K 5 R to Q Kt 2 (ch) 2. K to B 8 and mates in two more moves.

PROBLEM No. 14.

BY D. JULIEN.

WHITE.

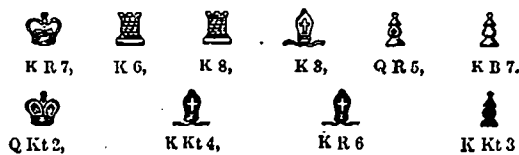


BLACK.

White to play and Mate in four moves.

ENIGMA No. 5.

BY G. G. ST. CATHARINES.



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME BY TELEGRAPH.

The Ontario Club of this city opened the campaign for the season by a telegraphic match with Egmondville; which, we are happy to say resulted in favour of our Club. Egmondville having won the move, opened with a Scotch Gambit. Play commenced on Tuesday the 19th inst., and was continued on the evenings of the 20th, 21st and 22nd.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White. EGMONDVILLE. 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 4 4. B to Q B 4 5. Castles (a) 6. P to Q B 3 7. Kt takes P 8. B to K Kt 5 (b) 9. Q to Q 3 10. Q takes B 11. Q to K 2 12. Q takes Kt 13. P to Q Kt 4 14. B to Kt 4 15. B takes Kt 16. Kt to Q 5 17. P to Q Kt 5 18. K R to Q sq 19. R to Q 3 20. Q to K B 3 21. R to K Kt 3 22. Kt to K 7 (ch) 23. Q takes Q 24. Kt takes R 25. R to Q sq 26. K to B sq 27. R to Q B 3 (c) 28. R to K 2 29. R to Q B sq 30. K to K 2 31. K R to Q B 2 32. K to Q 3 (h) 33. P to K B 3 34. P to K Kt 4 35. R to K R sq 36. P to K R 4 37. B takes P 38. R takes R P 39. R to K 5 (i) 40. R to K Kt 2 41. K takes P 42. R to Q B 2 43. R on R 5 to R 2 44. R on K R 2 to K Kt 2 45. R takes R 46. K to Q 3 47. R to K R 2 48. R to Kt 2 (ch) 49. R to K 2 50. P to Q B 2 51. K to B 3 52. K to Q 2 53. K to Q 3 54. R to B 6 55. R takes P 56. R to K 6 57. R takes Q 58. P to Kt 6 59. P to Kt 7 and Egmondville resigns.

Black. HAMILTON. 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. P takes P 4. B to Q B 4 5. P to Q 3 6. P takes P 7. Kt to K 2 8. B to K Kt 5 9. B takes Kt 10. Kt to K 4 11. Kt takes B (e) 12. Q to Q 2 13. P to Kt 3 14. P to Q R 4 (d) 15. Q takes B 16. Q to Q 2 17. B to B 4 18. Castles K R 19. Q to K 3 20. Q it to B sq 21. Q to K 4 (e) 22. K to R sq 23. P takes Q 24. R takes Kt 25. B to Q 5 (f) 26. P to Q B 4 27. P to Q B 5 28. P to K Kt 3 29. P to Q Kt 3 30. K to Kt 2 31. P to Q B 6 32. P to K B 8 33. K to B 2 34. P to K Kt 4 35. P to K R 4 36. P takes P 37. P takes P 38. K to Kt 3 39. R to Q sq 40. B to B 4 (dis. ch) (f) 41. R to Q 5 42. R takes K P 43. R takes Kt P 44. K to Kt 4 45. K takes R (h) 46. P to K B 4 47. P to B 5 48. K to B 6 49. B to K 6 50. P to K 5 (ch) 51. B to B 7 52. P to K 6 (ch) 53. K to Kt 7 54. P to B 6 55. P to K 7 56. P Queens 57. B takes R 58. P to B 7 59. P Queens (ch)

Items of the Day.

For the last few days, the Niagara River, at the mouth, and up as far as Queenston, has been completely frozen over, and pedestrians, loaded wagons and sleighs have crossed and re-crossed continuously.

The Norfolk Reformer says that in Port Dover, a village of less than 1000 inhabitants, six rum-holes set their taps at work and deal out by the glass or quantity liquid damnation.

A detachment of a negro regiment stationed at Detroit, armed with muskets, attempted by force to break open the jail in that city on Friday morning, in order to release some comrades who were confined in it. They failed.

DEATH OF BRIGADE MAJOR LIGHT.—We notice with regret the death of Brigade Major Light. We believe that the Government do not contemplate filling up the appointment, but that the district will be placed in charge of one of the neighboring Brigade Majors.

Mayor Gunther, of New York, says in his message that the Central Park has cost the city, up to Jan. 1st, 1864, \$7,372,405, but it has increased the taxable valuation of three wards adjoining, \$27,000,000 from 1856 to 1862.

THE WINTER.—The Montreal Witness inquires.—Is there any scientific explanation of the extraordinary fact that this has been the mildest winter, perhaps, ever known in Lower Canada, and the severest, perhaps, ever known in the Western States, and even as far South as St. Louis and Washington?

THE PEEL GENERAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY.—The preliminary arrangements for this company going into operation are fast approaching completion. The greatest difficulties have already been surmounted by the energy and perseverance of Mr. Capreol, and any that remain will no doubt in time be removed.

The Louisville Journal justly denounces the growing custom of publishing matrimonial advertisements. It is frequently resorted to by sharpers and villains as a means both of ruining silly girls, and then extorting black mail. The Journal says:—"A man or woman that cannot get married without advertising for a partner is not fit to be married at all; and, depend upon it, all such advertisements originate from knaves or fools, with either of which class respectable and intelligent people want nothing to do.

There are grounds for believing that the frustration recently, of the scheme set on foot by the Confederate authorities, making Canada the basis of operations against the Federals at Johnson's Island, has not put an end to efforts of that nature on the part of Southern sympathizers in Canada. In consequence of information upon the subject received by the government, two companies of the Canadian Rifles have been removed from London to Windsor. Other measures have also been adopted to enforce the maintenance of provincial neutrality. 'Quebec Mercury,' Government paper.

RATHER STRANGE.—Who will say, says the 'Leader' after the remarkable history of the Greenwood trials, that there is nothing in 'brilliant flashes of silence?' On the first trial Mr. Stephen Richards spoke some seven hours to prove the prisoner's guilt, and he was acquitted; on the second trial Mr. Galt spoke three-quarters of an hour, and the prisoner was sentenced to seven years in the Penitentiary; on the third, Mr Bell didn't speak at all, and Greenwood was sentenced to be hanged. Lawyers, make a note on't.

WILLIAM GREENWOOD.—This now celebrated person, our readers will remember, was first tried for the murder of Catherine Walsh and acquitted on the grounds of the evidence not being perfectly clear, although there was little doubt of the prisoner's guilt. Subsequently he was tried on a charge of arson and found guilty. At the Assizes held in the United Counties of York and Peel the prisoner was brought up a third time, charged with the murder of the child of one, Agnes Marshall. The trial commenced on Friday, and on Saturday at three o'clock, the jury returned a verdict of guilty. He is sentenced to be executed on the 23rd of February next. The 'Globe' says: 'The voice of his Lordship, whilst he was pronouncing the doom of death upon the prisoner, was extremely tremulous, and the faces of the crowd bore evidence that they fully realized the dreadful import of his words.' It is said the prisoner's council intends to move for a new trial, on the grounds that the evidence adduced was not sufficient to convict the prisoner. His Lordship in his address to the prisoner held out no hopes that the sentence would not be carried out.

SEVEN CANADIANS DROWNED IN FRASER RIVER.—From the Victoria, Vancouver Island papers, we learn that a melancholy accident occurred on the Upper Fraser River, British Columbia, on the 16th of November last, by which seven Canadians lost their lives, by the upsetting of a boat. The Vancouver 'Express' gives the places where the deceased formerly resided in Canada:—"The names of the lost are John Walker, a native of Peebleshire, who came to this country from Hamilton, Canada West; John Beath, of Kingston, Canada West; Bernard Benton, a native of Moneyglass, county Antrim, Ireland; John Robson and James Henderson, natives of Scotland, but of what part we could not learn; Thomas Beatty, a native of Northumberland, who came here from New Zealand; and Kelly, a native of Kingston, Canada West. About \$30,000 was lost in the river by the accident, the chief part of which was in the hands of Messrs. Walker and Beatty, who were partners in the Prince of Wales claim on Williams Creek."

## THE BROKEN RING.\*

FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHENDORF.

In valley cool a millwheel  
Sings as it turns around;  
From valley has vanished the maiden  
Whom thro' by the brook I found.

Her troth-ring on my finger  
She put—the millwheel sang;  
Her troth the maid has broken,  
The ring in two it sprang.

I'd fain, a minstrel, wander  
Far hence, the wide earth o'er;  
And troll my doleful ditties,  
And stroll from door to door.

I'd fain, a trooper, spur me  
Into the thickest fight;  
By silent watch-fire lay me  
Afield in blackest night.

Hear I that millwheel singing,  
I know not what I will;  
I'd fain the earth lie under,  
'Twere then for once all still.

Cambridge, Mass.

L. M.

\* The original is one of Mendelssohn's sweetest melodies, known under the name 'In einem Kuchlen Grunde.'

## Original Story.

## MY CLAPPERS.

BY FENN.

What young person, naturally sensitive and possessing a high appreciation of the beautiful and perfect in the forms and faces of others, upon becoming conscious of some personal defect or slight deformity will not therefrom date a whole series of petty annoyances and mortifications. And should this deformity or blemish be of a nature to excite in the beholder a sense of the ludicrous it is rendered doubly more painful and distressing.

Sometimes the blemish occurs in the shape of an overgrown nose, indescribably colored hair, cross eyes, etc.; but my particular trial was a pair of uncommonly large feet. And let no one smile at the idea, for never was any poor mortal so tormented, even with the knowledge of being as ugly as a hedge fence, as I, Jenny Colton, was with the size of my unfortunate 'pedal extremities.' From a child they had been a source of mortification, not only to myself but my mother and aunts, who prided themselves upon belonging to the Wyld family, and the Wyldes, among other honours, had been highly favored by nature in this particular. But I was an unruly sprout, a degenerated sprig from the main branch of Wyldes, more like a graft from some foreign tree. My face and figure were well enough, but my feet—there lay, or rather stood, all the trouble. I became peculiarly sensitive upon this point. When quite young and at school my short dresses only helped to show them off, and big, ugly Hat Moore called them 'my clappers.' Even my particular favorite Charley Brown, called me 'big-footed Jin,' and sometimes comforted me with the assurance that he could 'see them grow every day.' Oh, how I longed for the time when, as I fondly imagined, young-ladyism and long skirts would end my trials in this particular line.

But time, though it heals many sorrows and relieves many afflictions could not cure mine, but passed on bringing me into my teens with the pleasant consciousness that as I grew larger and taller my feet did not by any means stand still but increased accordingly. And about that time a family consultation was held, aunts included, the important query being 'What shall we do with our Jin?' All were in favour of having me sent to boarding school at once, all but papa, for as aunt Seraphina used to say, he never did or thought like anybody else, and papa declared he didn't see the need of making such a fuss about little Jin. She was doing well enough at home. Home was the best place for girls any way, and it would be no harm to let her keep on a while longer at Miss Boxen's. Miss Boxen seemed to be a clever sort of a woman—let the children have plenty of time to play and romp; and besides, he didn't think much of boarding schools generally. They were at best only second hand nurseries, boxed up concerns not fit to put any girl into, especially a mere child like Jenny.

'The mere child,' replies aunt Margaret, 'why she is almost as tall as her mother, and wears sizes already. When I was her age I wore ones, and none of the Wyld family before her wore anything over threes. I hope her feet will not grow any more at least.'

'Poor child,' said aunt Seraphina affectingly, 'it is really unfortunate, the size of her feet. If I may say it, quite a disgrace to the family; and she is getting to be such a romp, if not sent away from home soon we will never be able to make anything of her.'

So papa was finally over-ruled, the feminine side of the house being too much for him, and beat a retreat muttering to himself something about not seeing what difference it made whether a girl wore sixes or ones, so long as they answered the purpose they were intended for.

So without more ado, it being the early part of September, I found myself in a week's time an inmate of Miss Sharp's establishment in the town of B——, the same institute in which my aunts Margaret and Seraphina had been educated many years before.

I need not record my being home sick during the first few weeks of boarding school life. Nearly every bread and butter Miss is afflicted with the malady to a greater or less degree, during the first year away from the paternal roof, and my case was no exception. I had left a pleasant home, dear to me though there were some disagreeable associations connected with it, owing, I think, principally to the Wyld part of the family, and I was much grieved at

parting with papa, my dear, good, kind papa, with whom I had always been a favourite, and who never failed to take my part in any of the little domestic squabbles by which, I am sorry to say, our home circle was occasionally disturbed.

Often would papa take me upon his knee, and putting back my curls, gaze long and fondly upon my face with a half sad, half absent expression which I could hardly understand, and sometimes he would say, 'You have my mother's eyes, darling,' and then he would press me to his heart and whisper, 'my own little Jenny, what a blank my life would be without you.'

But new associations and plenty of hard study soon drew my thoughts away from home and absent friends, and I became in a measure reconciled to my lot.

Miss Sharp's seminary was an old establishment. It had long borne a name high in the annals of school history, and consequently was well patronized. At the time of my entrance there were about a hundred boarders, young ladies from all parts of the country. But the board part of Miss Sharp's establishment was no exception to the general rule. The bill of fare was usually: for breakfast—a very small quantity of bread, butter, and tea; dinner, first course—indescribable soup, small crust of bread, second do—small piece of obdurate beef or mutton, another crust, small spoonful of potatoes, and sometimes a morsel of turnip or cabbage; third course 'came up minus' during the first half of the week, after which first course 'came up minus,' and third consisted of indescribable pudding; supper—tea, bread, and butter again in small quantities, on Sundays gingerbread.

Perhaps deficiency in the edible department had something to do with my home-sickness, however, after furnishing for a few days I made a compromise as most of the other young ladies did, with a servant to smuggle supplies from without the walls, which compromise had a very beneficial effect upon my system.

My room-mate, Miss Halda Stone, who entered about the same time I did, was from New Brunswick. This was her first visit to a 'warmer clime.' She had never seen a great deal of the world at large, and being intellectually not of the brightest order, was often wonderfully surprised at anything that looked a little odd or strange to her.

One night after we had been dismissed to our rooms with the injunction 'just fifteen minutes, young ladies, every light must be out by ten o'clock,' we were hurriedly preparing for bed, and I had just pulled off my shoes and stockings when suddenly Halda ceased operations exclaiming, 'Oh my! did any body ever? what made it?' 'What,' I asked, astonished in turn. 'Why your feet, was it the warm weather did it?' 'What made my feet? An exceedingly nice question for a young lady of your age to ask,' I replied somewhat spitefully, for this was a tender point.

'But they are so large, was it the warm weather swelled them?'

'I wish you'd stop asking foolish questions,' I answered, getting a little vexed.

'But I want to know,' she persisted, 'cause if mine are going to get that way, I'll have pa come and take me home again right away.'

'Well, Halda,' said I, swallowing my indignation and assuming a wise look, 'if you won't mention it, I'll tell you how it happened. You see, when people in this country have too many brains if they all stayed in the head they'd get brain fever, so sometimes they shake them down into their feet. That's what the matter with mine, but you needn't be frightened, I don't think there's the slightest danger of your ever being troubled that way.'

'Hey, what?' she answered, her astonishment seemingly on the increase, and eyeing my poor 'clappers' with open-mouthed wonder, 'did you say it was your brains? well, I'm glad if you don't think I'll get it. What makes you think I won't? Is it catching any, like the small pox and the measles?' but here the bell put an end to our confab for the night.

The next day as I passed through one of the class rooms I noticed several of the girls eyeing me from head to foot somewhat curiously, and little black-eyed Kitty Grey, who sat next to Miss Halda, and to whom that young lady was whispering loudly, had stuffed nearly the whole of her handkerchief into her mouth, and her crimson face and other signs indicated some strong internal convulsions.

Of course it was rather annoying to be stared at so unceremoniously, and I was sure Halda had been repeating some of our last night's conversation, for from my short acquaintance with her I had already discovered her to be long to that unfortunate class of mortals who never can keep anything to themselves for twenty-four hours.

But I resolved to stand upon my dignity; for Miss Halda's story got all over the house in an incredibly short space of time and created quite a sensation. A few seemed inclined to pity me, but the greater number concluded I must be a jolly sort of a girl and became my friends at once. From that time I got the name of 'shake down,' which I carried during the whole of my school term, and as 'shake down' was an improvement on 'clappers,' I was quite reconciled to it.

The first school year passed rapidly away, and a day or two after the close of the term brought papa to take me home for vacation.

My native village looked very inviting in contrast to the hot dusty town, and my father's handsome mansion with the big elms clustered round it, the extended grounds and cool shady walks through them, was a very pleasant change from the confinement of the school room, and I must confess that something else pleased me not a little. That something also was the knowledge that my aunts, the Misses Wyld, had gone to the sea shore and would not return till September, so in all probability I would not see them that summer. Oh, glorious thought! I could romp as much as I pleased, and do just what I pleased, for there would be no one to scold me and box my ears, and call me 'Tom boy' now. Mamma never minded what I did any way, and papa, good soul, was always pleased to see me enjoying myself as I chose, so long as I didn't

'break my neck climbing trees and fences,' nor 'fall into the river and get drowned.' And I believe I would have been perfectly happy only for the presence of one of my old troubles—Hat Moore. Her father's place joined ours, and she made that an excuse for coming to see me every day.

I had always disliked the girl. When a child she had teased and annoyed me, and she seemed to become more and more hateful and ugly as she grew up. I will not say ugly looking, though not pretty. She was a brunette, rather tall for her age, with dark hair and bold, wicked looking eyes. Her brother, three years older, was the counterpart of herself, and I had always thought him good looking, though to me, his sister was positively ugly.

The first morning after my return, as I was making a tour of the kitchen garden, I heard steps on the walks behind me, and looking round, there was Hat, and no getting away from her.

'Halloo Jin!' she commenced, 'I've come to see you, how are you, and how are your clappers? As big as ever! aren't you glad to see me? how do you like boarding school? Look as though they had kept you on tater soup and gruel. How long are you going to be home? etc, etc,' talking all the time so fast I couldn't get in a word.

But I was on my guard usually; she was very partial to bright colours particularly yellow, and always had something of that hue about her dress, so whenever I saw anything yellow coming I generally found it convenient to slip into the first out-of-the-way place handy, and let her hunt till she was tired.

We had no visitors that summer as my aunts were away, and mamma did not care for company, no one came but a student, a son of an old friend of papa's, who stopped on his way home and spent a few days at our house. But I did not see much of him he was off hunting most of the time with cousin Joe or Ned Moore, Hat's brother, for which I was thankful, as there was rather a mortifying circumstance connected with our first meeting which I could not easily forget. I was not at home when he arrived but after my return going into the library for something found a pair of walking boots mamma had ordered for me laid by mistake I suppose, on the table, and as no one but papa was in the room, and I was very curious to get a peep at them as they were some new style, I pulled open the parcel and sat down on the floor in a corner to try them on. I succeeded in getting my foot into one of them by dint of considerable exertion, but the other could not be coaxed or persuaded to come on although I had broken one of the straps and damaged it somewhat in other respects, and in disgust I threw the offending article across the room.

'What's the matter dear?' said papa turning round to look at me.

'Matter' exclaimed I bursting into a very undignified fit of tears, 'those good-for-nothing old boots, mamma got me, won't go on, I've been pulling at them for half an hour, and it's just all because my feet are so big. I wish I'd never had any feet, or I wish I'd been born in China where they tie them up when they are little so they don't never get big. I do so.—' Just then I caught sight of a young gentleman standing in the door-way, with an intense ly amused expression of countenance. How long he had been there I could not tell, but papa saw him then and smiled as he said come in Donald. This is my daughter Jenny.' The young gentleman bowed and advanced a step or two 'I am happy to make your acquaintance Miss Colton.'

I had sprung up by this time and pretending not to see the hand he held out, and returning his bow stiffly made my way past him out into the hall with burning cheeks and so indignant to think that I should be caught in that way. I concluded immediately that I detested college students generally and this one in particular, and just then came near running over cousin Joe, only he was so much taller than I, as he was coming in. 'What's up, Jenny?' he exclaimed, 'your face is as red as a peony and you've been crying, hey! what is the matter?'

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A Love Poem.—I am thinking of the time, Mary, when, sitting by thy side, and shelling beans, I gazed on thee, and felt a wondrous pride. In silence leaned we o'er the pan, and neither spoke a word, but the rattling of the beans, Mary, was all the sound we heard. Thy anburn curls hung down, Mary, and kissed thy cheek, thy azure eyes, half filled with tears, bespoke a spirit meek. To be so charmed as I was then, had ne'er before occurred, when the rattling of the beans, Mary, was all the sound we heard. I thought it was not wrong, Mary, so, leaning on the dish, as you snatched up a hand of beans, I snatched a nectared kiss. And suddenly there came a shower, as I neither saw nor stirred, but the rattling of the beans, Maay, was all the sound we heard.

VERY SMART LAD.—As we were walking along the street the other day, we noticed a crowd of urchins standing around a boy who was sucking a piece of candy, "I say Bill," said one of them "give me that candy, and I'll make it come out of my ears, like Blitz did." Second youth shells over the candy. First youth very deliberately eats the candy—second youth watches the little fellow's ears—and after drawing himself into every conceivable shape, he said:—"well, if I hain't forgot the rest, as sure as rags."

When Lord Lauderdale laughed at one of Sheridan's jests and promised to repeat it, Sheridan begged him to refrain from doing so; 'for,' said he, 'a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter.'



I am about to describe an establishment which cost the proprietors one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in its construction, and upon which they pay the Government of Canada a tax of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for permission to work it. It is the distillery of Messrs. G. Gooderham & Worts, at Toronto, Canada West.—Ed. CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Certainly the world in its early stages never saw, as the New World in this age had not before seen, any distillery more perfect, and but few, if any, equal in all respects to that of Gooderham & Worts, Toronto.—IBID.

TORONTO

**CITY STEAM MILLS DISTILLER**  
GOODERHAM & WORTS, PROPRIETORS.

HAMILTON AGENCY

JOHN PARK begs to call the attention of the Whisker manufacturer to the above establishment, which for strength, purity, and flavor, are unequalled in any distillery in the world. They are well adapted for medicinal purposes, and in general in all those cases where a strong stimulant is required. For particulars apply to Mr. Park, 111 St. John Street, London, England, where they are manufactured.

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

The trade can only be supplied through me at the spot, where all orders will be promptly attended to.  
JOHN PARK,  
Hughson, corner King street.  
Hamilton, 19th Aug., 1863.

**BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL,**  
GEORGE GORDON, PROPRIETOR  
**Bridgewater Street,**  
**CHIPPAWA, C. W.**  
Good stabling attached to the premises.

**NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.**  
EDITED BY GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA  
aided by a numerous select corps of writers in all branches of Science, Art and Literature, published by D. Appleton and Co., in 16 vol. royal octavo, double columns. This work is just completed.

The New American Cyclopaedia presents a panoramic view of all human knowledge as it exists at the present moment. It embraces and popularizes every subject that can be thought of. In its successive volumes is contained an inexhaustible fund of accurate and practical information on Art and Science, in all their branches, including Mechanics, Mathematics, Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology; on Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures; on Law, Medicine and Theology; on Biography and History, Geography and Ethnology; on Political Economy, the Trades, Inventions, Politics, the Things of Common Life, and General Literature. Sold only to subscribers.  
W. M. ORR, Agent,  
Carleton P. O., C. W.

P.S.—Works of any kind will be promptly forwarded in addressing me at Carleton post office, C. W.

**DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP**  
**NOTICE** is hereby given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between William A. Ferguson and myself, as Publishers of the "Canadian Illustrated News," is this day dissolved by mutual consent, by the retirement of the said William A. Ferguson from the firm; and I hereby give notice, further, that all debts due to the late firm are to be paid to me, and that I will defend all claims against it.

HARDY GREGORY,  
HAMILTON, October 22, 1863.

**IN** reference to the above, the Subscribers beg to intimate that the publication of the "Canadian Illustrated News," and the business connected therewith, will be continued by them, under the name and style of

H. GREGORY & Co.  
HAMILTON, Oct. 22, 1863.

**\$40 A MONTH, expenses paid.**  
For particulars, address, (with stamps),  
HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass. 24-131

**MIRRORS, CORNICES, PORTRAIT AND PHOTOGRAPHY.**

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

Old frames re-gilded and made equal to new.  
Mantle Mirrors 30 in. by 40 in. size of glass—French or British plate, richly gilt with best gold leaf, and carved wood ornaments, much superior to any elsewhere.  
In connection with the above, they are also manufacturing a new style of between King and Hamilton streets, Hamilton, Ontario.  
October, 1863.

**The Canadian Illustrated News**

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,  
its Office, in White's Block, King-st, North side, Opposite the Fountain.

**TERMS**, for one year, sent by mail.....\$3 00  
" " six months, " " " " " " " " 1 75  
" " single copies, 7 cents, to be had from News dealers, &c. Payment strictly in advance.

Any person sending the names of ten subscribers with the money, will receive a copy for one year.

**Rates of Advertising.**  
Ten cents per line first insertion; each subsequent insertion eight cents per line.  
All letters concerning business in connection with paper of the office should be addressed to "The Canadian Illustrated News," Hamilton.  
No stamped letters taken out of the Post Office, &c.

**W. BISHOP**, Proprietor, Omnibus to and from Station. Charges moderate.  
Woodstock, Nov. 19, 1863. 6-m

**LITHOGRAPHING,**

**WOOD ENGRAVING,**

**BOOK & JOB PRINTING,**

**BOOK BINDING,**

&c. &c. &c.

**THE PUBLISHERS** of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS announce to the public that they are now in a position to execute!

**WOOD ENGRAVINGS**

Of every description, such as Portraits, Illustrations for Books, cuts of Manufactories, Buildings, Machinery, &c. in a style not to be surpassed in the world. They have in their employ the first designers and engravers of the day; and the facilities at their command enable them to turn out work of a very superior description. Engraved Bill-Heads, Cheques, Society Seals, &c., also engraved in a workmanlike manner.

**IN LITHOGRAPHING**

They are also prepared to fill orders at short notice for Portraits, Maps, Plans, Views of Buildings, Drawings of Machinery, Illuminated Designs, Show Cards, Title Pages, Diplomas, Certificates, Cheques, Notes, Drafts, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Business and Visiting Cards, Labels of every description, for Brewers, Druggists, Tobacco Manufacturers, &c., &c., &c.

**JOB PRINTING.**

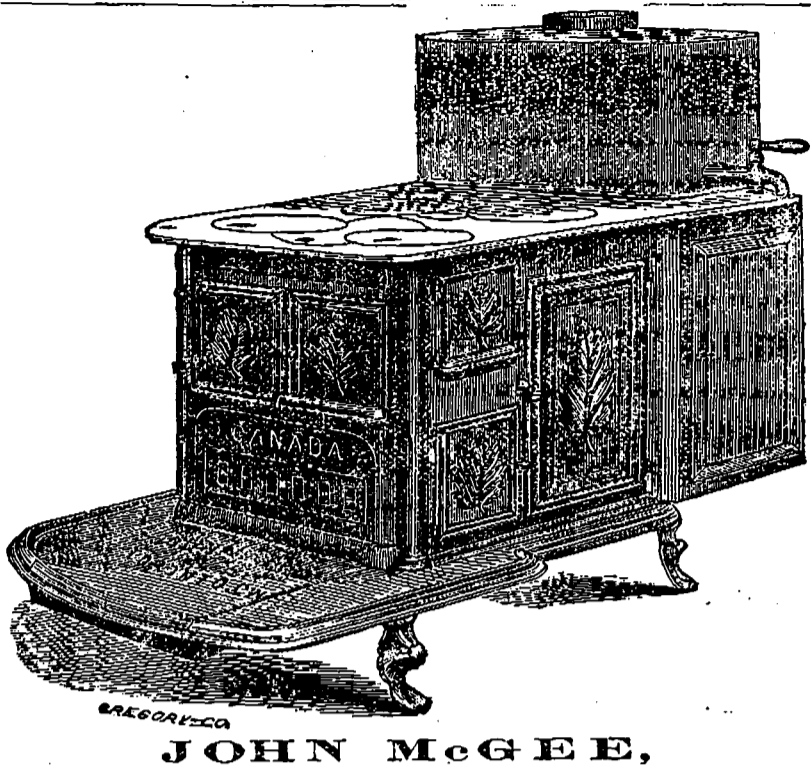
Having made extensive additions to the establishment, they have now in running order one of Taylor's Presses, a Gordon Bill Head Press, a Franklin Card Press, a Taylor Poster Press; also, one of the largest and most complete Cylinder Book Presses to be found in Canada, manufactured by Campbell, by which they are enabled to execute every description of Book and Job Printing promptly and at low prices.

**BOOK BINDING**

In all its Branches neatly and promptly executed and at prices that defy competition. Each of the Departments of the Establishment is under the management of thorough and reliable workmen.  
White's Block, King street.  
Hamilton, Nov. 1863.

**JAMES REID,**  
**CABINET MAKER**

AND  
**UPHOLSTERER,**  
King St. West, HAMILTON, C. W.  
A large quantity of Furniture on hand and manufactured to order.



**JOHN MCGEE,**

**THE "CANADA COOK STOVE,"** FOR COAL OR WOOD, an original and Patented Stove, got up especially for the City Trade; the most economical and efficient Cook Stove in the Market; it completely takes the place of, and surpasses the other flat-top stoves now in general use. The "Canada" is the best finished and most durable Stove of the day. The "Canada" combines every advantage for cooking ever offered to a stove. The "Canada" will Bake, Broil, Roast Fry, Toast, and prepare every other operation of Cooking at the same time, in the most perfect manner and with the greatest economy in fuel. The "Canada" is neat and substantial in appearance, and operates with success every time.

**The Canada is Warranted.**  
TORONTO, November, 1863. p27

**SELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL.**  
**J. B. SMITH,** Bay Street, corner of Market Street. Terms for the lower branches, \$2.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month, 25 cents weekly. For the higher branches and extra attention, \$4.00 per quarter, \$1.50 per month, 37 cents weekly.  
N.B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1st, 1864. All pupils entering before that time will be charged the lower rates. Private lessons given if required, at 50 cents per session.  
October 24, 1863. c22

**R. W. ANDERSON,** (FROM NOTMAN'S MONTREAL)  
**PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,**  
45 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W.  
FIRST-CLASS Carte-de-visite, equal to any in Upper Canada, \$3.00 per dozen.  
Private Residences, Churches and Public Buildings Photographed in any part of the country.  
Rooms, First Floor.  
Old likenesses sent from the country, copied or retouched, and promptly returned at a very moderate charge.  
Toronto, May 30, 1863.

**THE EVENING "TIMES"**  
Is published every evening at the Office, corner of Hughson and King Streets, by the Proprietors, C. E. STEWART & Co.

Price, \$5.00 per annum, in advance. Ten cents payable weekly to the carriers.  
**ADVERTISING RATES:**  
Six lines and under, 1st insertion.....\$00 50  
Each subsequent insertion..... 00 12  
Over six lines, 1st insertion, per line..... 00 04  
Each subsequent insertion..... 00 02  
Advertisements without written instructions to the contrary, will be inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
Favorable arrangements made with parties advertising by the year.

**THE WEEKLY "TIMES"**  
AND SUPPLEMENT  
Published every Friday morning, and mailed to subscribers by the earliest mails, contains a large quantity of reading matter, embracing the news of the day, interesting tales, poetry, editorials on popular subjects, facts in agriculture, &c.  
**TERMS.**—One dollar per annum in advance, or \$1.50 if not so paid.  
Any person sending five subscribers, with the cash, will receive one copy free.  
All communications must be pre-paid, and addressed, C. E. STEWART & Co., Proprietors Evening Times, Hamilton, C. W.  
October 22, 1863. 13

**PAINTERS & GLAZIERS,**  
**PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS, GILDERS, &c.**  
Manufacturers of Druggists and Brewers' SHOW CARDS ON GLASS, DOOR PLATES, BLOCK LETTERS, &c.  
NORTH SIDE JOHN ST., 3RD DOOR FROM KING HAMILTON, C. W.

ESTABLISHED 1818.  
**SAVAGE & LYMAN,**  
Manufacturers and Importers of  
**WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,**  
Cathedral Bldg, Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.  
Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Cameras, Fans, Dressing Cases, Papier-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c.  
Montreal, January 24, 1863.

**H. & R. YOUNG,**  
PLUMBERS  
**Gas Fitters and Bell Hangers**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**Gas Fixtures, Brass Work, GAS & STEAM FITTINGS,**  
Importers of Coal Oil Lamps, and sole agents for the English Patent **FUMIVORE COAL OIL LAMP.**  
Rock Oil delivered at any place in the City.  
KING STREET WEST.  
(Opposite Armstrong Hotel).

**JOSEPH LYGT,**  
DEALER IN  
**PAPER HANGINGS,**  
SCHOOL BOOKS,  
*Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines, &c.*  
CORNER KING AND HUGHSON STREETS, HAMILTON, C.W.  
Agent for TORONTO Stationery and Printing for Bradford.

**INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,**  
HAMILTON, C. W.  
**WILLIAM RICHARDSON,** Proprietor  
THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King Street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation and conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province. His long experience in the business of hotel keeping will, he trusts, secure to him a share of that patronage which he has enjoyed for so many years.  
The locality of the International Hotel—situated in the centre of the business portion of the city—is of itself a flattering recommendation, and in conjunction with other more substantial advantages which the Proprietor has introduced, will earn for this Hotel, the subscriber hopes, the favor and good will of the business community.  
The large dining-room of the Hotel—one of the most commodious rooms in the city—will still be open for Dinner Parties and other social entertainments. The Hotel is particularly adapted for commercial travellers, and for those who require a comfortable and convenient place where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration.  
The International Hotel will be the depot for Carriages to Caledonia, Port Dover, Dundas, Guelph and other places.  
An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, connecting with trains east and west.  
W. M. RICHARDSON, Proprietor.  
Hamilton, July 27, 1863. 12

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 22ND JAN., 1864.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries) and Amount.

Corresponding Week of last year... Decrease... JAMES CHARLTON.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 16TH, 1864.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

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

Large table listing various commodities like Beef, Pork, Bacon, Hams, Lard, etc. with prices.

PETROLEUM.

Table listing petroleum products like American Crude, Canadian, etc. with prices.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—The language of the Bosjesmans is supposed to be a dialect of Bosh.

THE NEAREST APPROACH TO THE MILLENIUM.—If we would only love others one-half so much as we love ourselves, what a happy world it would be!

MANY seek solace for their troubles in the gay French capital. They think the best plaster for their wounds is a plaster of Paris.

REMEMBER.—Never listen to an infamous story handed you by a person who is known to be an enemy to the person he is defaming.

PASSION.—When the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, we are more ready to receive a new one than when we are entirely cured.

VANITY.—There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure.

CUNNING.—The greatest of all cunning is to appear blind to the snares laid for us; men being never so easily deceived as when they are endeavoring to deceive others.

WHY THE YANKEES CANNOT CATCH THE 'ALABAMA.'—A leading spiritualist in Boston says, that Captain Semmes, of the 'Alabama,' is a medium of extraordinary endowments, and that he has been guided in his work of destruction by the spirit of the infamous pirate Gibb, who was hanged some forty years since, and who still retains the most malignant hatred of the Yankees.

TO PARENTS.

'Provoke not your children to anger, least they be discouraged.' Col. 3. 21. Yes, parents, when you turn the innocent laugh of your little ones into sighs—when by your sour prudery you have converted all the honey of their nature into vinegar...

How many a father and mother have provoked their children to anger time and again by dealing falsely with them, by making the parental yoke too heavy to be borne; and then when their children grow up to be disobedient young men and women, they murmur against God because he hath given them such children, and because they have to drink so profusely of the cup of bitterness.

Oh! parents, beware how you train your children. Right is right, and you should perform your duty towards your children, and then you can expect them to perform their duty towards you. Remember it is under God that you have authority over them, and you should train them well for eternity; allow your children plenty of innocent recreation, and deny them all sinful amusements.

Look more to the welfare of their immortal souls, and to the glory of God, than to your own worldly interests. Look more to the Lord for assistance and 'No good thing will He withhold

from them that walk uprightly.'—Christian Guardian.

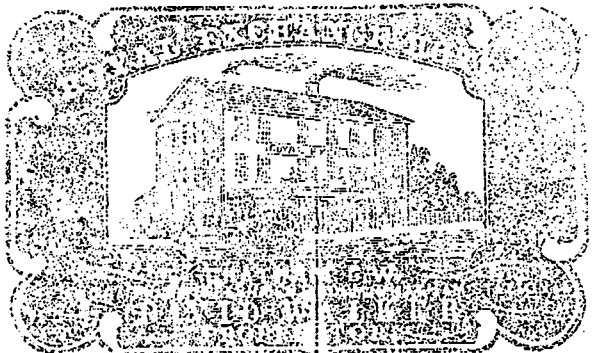
THE SENSATION NOVEL.—Clara.—'Yes dear, I've got the last one down, and it's perfectly delicious. A man marries his grandmother—fourteen persons are poisoned by a young and beautiful girl—forgeries by the dozen—robberies, hangings; in fact full of delightful horrors!'

THE WAYS OF LIFE. The e's a right way, and there's a left way, and there is, also, a middle way. The latter course is apparently the most followed, for meet a dozen people in the course of the day, and the chances are that eleven out of the twelve will, if you ask them, 'Well, how are you getting on?' instantly reply, 'Oh, middling, thank you.' There are, one would infer, more middlemen in the world than any others.

QUEER QUERIES.—Ought a pair of trousers which have been obtained on credit to be legally regarded as breeches of trust?—When a man happens to speak with a quiver in his voice, is it right to think his speech an arrow-minded one?—Would a promissory note, which is made payable at sight, be a legal tender to an inmate of a blind asylum?

A young lady, of sixteen summers, lately arrived at Louisville, who had served eighteen months in the Federal army, been connected with seven different regiments, participated in several engagements, been seriously wounded twice, and had been discovered and mustered out of the service eight times. She is a Canadian by birth, and says she is bound to uphold the 'Union.

The Oldest Established AND MOST COMMODIOUS FIRST CLASS HOTEL, West of London.



Railway Refreshment Rooms: CHATHAM STATION, G. W. RAILWAY.—Refreshments served up on the arrival of all trains.

JOHN GREGORY & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN KEROSENE, PENNSYLVANIA AND CANADIAN COAL OILS LAMPS, WICKS, SHADES, CHIMNEYS, &c. &c. No. 35, St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL.

THE TWO LEADING HOUSES IN HAMILTON & TORONTO NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS IN Clothing, Dry Goods and Millinery, At LAWSON'S! Immense Stocks and at Unequalled Low Prices. LAWSON, BROS. & CO., Corner King and James Streets, Hamilton, C.W. LAWSON & CO., No. 96 King Street East, Toronto, C.W. Wanted, a first-class Milliner. 22-3m

ESTABLISHED—1813. GORE District Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Head Office, Galt, C.W. PRESIDENT—JOHN DAVIDSON, Esq., Galt. Directors—C.W. Meakins, Esq., Hamilton; James Crombie, Esq., Galt; R. Blain, Esq., Galt; John Fleming, Esq., Galt; J. Comorford, Esq., Brantford; Milton Davis, Esq., Hamilton; James Coleman, Esq., Dundas; R. S. Strong, Esq., Galt; M. C. Lutz, Esq., Galt; Chas. Watts, Esq., Brantford. Bankers—Gore Bank; Solicitors—Messrs. Miller and Tassie; Sec. and Treas.—Thomas Rich, Esq.; Assistant Sec.—W. A. Shearson, Esq.; Auditor—D. Wright, Esq. D. WRIGHT, Agent, Hamilton. Dec. 1863. 2

JOHN M'INTYRE, MERCHANT TAILOR, AND OUTFITTER. GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER. Perfect fit and entire satisfaction warranted. The Latest Patterns of French, English and German Cloths always on hand. Hughson st., Opposite Times Office, HAMILTON, C.W.

A. S. IRVING, GENERAL DEALER IN Books, Newspapers, Stationery and Pictures No. 19, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. [Faulkner's Old Stand. New York Bibles received by early Trains every morning, and mailed or Delivered to any part of the City or Country for 25 Cents per week or \$10 per year. Sole Agent in Toronto for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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

DAVID WALKER, Royal Exchange Hotel and Railway Refreshment Rooms, CHATHAM, C.W. October, 1863. 24-6m

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

THE GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES

The Best and Cheapest Machines in the world, at New York City Prices.

The undersigned having the General Agency for the sale of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, take great pleasure in informing the public of Canada that they have opened offices in Toronto, at No. 34, King Street East, and in the city of Hamilton, on the corner of King and Hughson streets, where they will keep on hand, at all times, a full assortment of the Genuine Singer Sewing Machines, and will sell the same, at the same prices, as at the manufactory in New York, thus bringing the machines, which have proved themselves, after a test of fifteen years, to be the best, and most reliable machines in every respect, that has ever been made within the reach of all. The Genuine Singer Machines are celebrated for being more simple to operate, less liable to get out of order, do better and more durable than any other.

The celebrity of the Genuine Singer Machines, and the reputation which they have acquired over all others, for superiority, has led certain manufacturers of Sewing Machines, in Canada, to make a bogus imitation of the Singer No. 2 Machines, and which are palmed off upon the public for Singer Machines, but in value, when compared with the Genuine Singer Imperial, No. 2 Machines, stand in about the same position as bogus coin does to genuine gold.

Look out for imposters, and dealers in bogus machines, who will not only tell you the bogus are quite equal to the Genuine, but superior, and that it is your duty to buy Home Manufacturers. But if you want a Machine that will prove truly reliable, and really worth what you pay for it, buy the Genuine Singer, and you will not be disappointed.

The Genuine Singer, Lector A Machine is the best Machine made for family use.

The Genuine Singer, Imperial No. 2, is the best Machine made for shoemaking, &c.

The Genuine Singer, No. 2, is the best Machine made for tailoring.

The Genuine Singer, No. 3, is the best Machine made for harness making and carriage trimmers.

All orders accompanied by the cash, addressed to either of our offices, Toronto or Hamilton, will be promptly attended to, and Machine carefully packed and sent with printed instructions to any part of the Province, according to the directions.

Clergymen supplied at reduced prices. Machine Oil, Needles, Thread, Silk, &c in stock. Wax thread Machines, always on hand. Descriptive circulars sent to all applicants. Sewing Machines repaired promptly, and at reasonable rates.

Address, Offices 34 King Street East, Toronto. Or Corner of King and Hughson Streets, Hamilton, C.W.

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

NATIONAL HOTEL, DRUMMONDVILLE, NIAGARA FALLS, C.W. ARTHUR L. FLEIS, - - - PROPRIETOR.

The above establishment has been lately renovated throughout, and is a very desirable Hotel for tourists, wishing to stay a few days at the Falls, being within five minutes walk thereof. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brands, always kept in the bar, and the bar-keeper furnished with the best market affords. Board \$1.00 per day, Drummondville June 30th 1863.

S. M. PETTENCILL & CO., No. 37, PARK ROW, NEW YORK. No. 6 STATE STREET, BOSTON. Special Agents for the 'CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS' and all principal Newspapers in the United States, Canada and Pacific Coast.

WOOD ENGRAVING, At considerable trouble and expense, we have succeeded in securing the services of some of the

BEST ENGRAVERS In Canada and the United States, and are now prepared to furnish

WOOD CUTS Of Portraits, Buildings, Machinery, Scenery, &c., for Circulars, Bills, Cards, Books, &c., of a BETTER CLASS, and at from Twenty-Five to Fifty pr. cent less

than the usual Prices charged in the Province. Make arrangements with us to send a Special Artist to sketch; or send ambrotype or sketch of whatever is to be engraved, stating size required, and we will quote price at once.

GREGORY & CO. Canadian Illustrated News Hamilton, C.W.

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