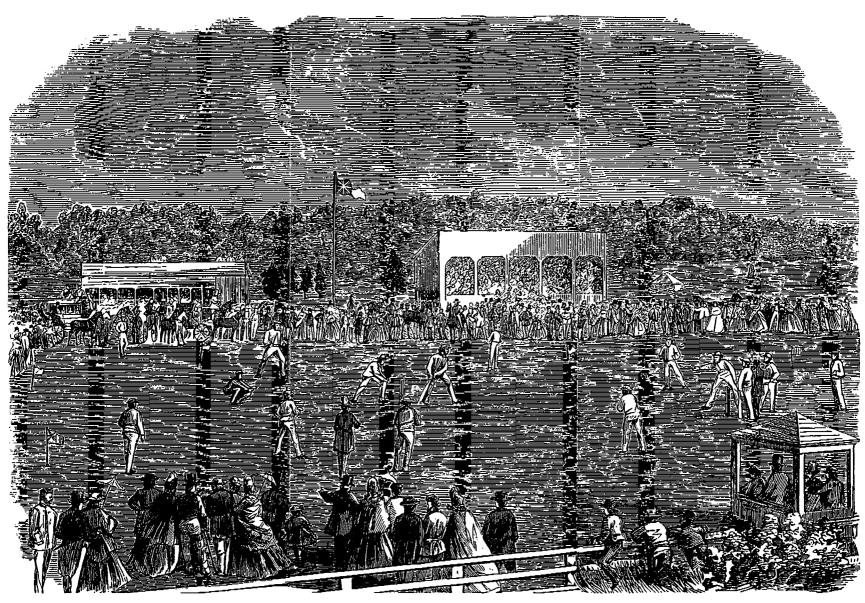
# ANADIAN LUSTRATEL

Vol. II-No. 8.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1863.

PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE SINGLE COPIES 7 Cents.



CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE TORONTO AND HAMILTON CLUBS, PLAYED AT HAMILTON, JUNE 27, 1863. See PAGE 92.

SKETCHED AND ENGRAVED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

#### NOTES ON CRICKET.

Mr. George Authony Barber of Toronto, was one of the Umpires at the match played at Hamilton on the 27th of June, 1863, and has since addressed a letter to the public refering to what he had stated in 1861. He says:

says:

Since then the whole subject has been fully discussed by the Marylebone Club. The particulars would be too long for your columns; but as the subject is of interest to the Canadian cricketer, indulge me with space enough for a few general observations.

After a long debate, the M. C. Club finally resolved that the law should remain exactly as it stood before. The M. C. C. signified their intention to enforce the due observance of the law as now confirmed: and the follow-

of the law as now confirmed; and the follow-

ing circular was accordingly issued, viz :-

4st. That the M. C. Umpires be directed to watch the bowling strictly, with a view to carry out the provisions of the law.

"2nd. That, in forming their judgment as to the fairness of any bowler, they shall give particular attention to the height of his hand, as it passes the body, in the last swing of the arm before delivery."

xxiv, in regard to 'leg before wicket.' This reform movement was not, however successful; and, for the present season, at all events, the law remains exactly us it stood before. No doubt this vexed question will engage par-ticular attention during 1863, so as to enable law xxiv to be determined on its merits rather than on fanciful theories.

arm before delivery.'

And in the recent great match at Lord's between the 'All England' and 'United A. E. Elovens,' these instructions were adhered to, and, in consequence, the bowling on both sides—even Willsher's, which has heretofore caused so much trouble—was satisfactory and according to rule.

An effort was made at the beginning of the cricket year to amend, or rather alter, law

Of late years 'Bell's Life,' in its answers to correspondents, has stated, on the contrary, that the first innings did decide a 'one day' match; and in its issue of June 7th, went so far us to assert that the M. C. C. recognized this as the rule. I notice, however, in 'Bell' of June 14, that the Hon. Secretary, M. C. C. (R. A. Fitzgerald, Esq.,) has promptly come forward in denial of this assertion; and states, by authority, that the M. C. C. does not recognize any such rule, unless there has been a prior stipulation to that effect. As now ruled by the M. C. C, 'a match must be given up, or played out, before one side can claim the victory; in accordance with the rules in respect to bets.' G. A. BARBER.

For the Rifle Brigade Match, played June

For the Rifle Brigade Match, played June 25, see page 92.

#### [ADVERTISEMENT.]

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

Somerville's Eventual and Diligert Life.—In one Vol. 320 pages. Sold by the author at the office of the Canadian Illustrated News, Taimilion, Canada West, price \$1, free by mail \$1,20;
Letter from the Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M. P., Inte Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated Hay 12, 1663. (Extract) Your life and writings have long been known to me. I remember on the occasion of some initiary debate, your name being appealed to—I think it was when the Milling alli was in question, and the laudatory reference made to you by Lard Palinerston, was received with general applause by the House of Commons.

Commons.

'I well remember also when I held the seals of the Colonial teparament. (the matter mentioned by his Lardship is related in the last twelv-pages of the book, here advertised). I shall be glad to hear of your success in life, and of the prosperity of your family, in a country where there is every opportunity for able and energetic men to make their way.

'A feema ing book 'y one of the most vigorous writers of our time.—Brainford Herald.

A remarkable book by a remarkable man.'—Quebec ronicie.

Chronice.

'If we did not know the earnest nature of the man, many statements in this remerkable book might be st down as the figments of a diseased mad. But trub unsuffied truth, we know to be as it has ever been, the rule and guide of Alexander Somerville.—Mr. G. P. Ure, in Montreal Faunty Henrid.

, an nontreal Fainity Bioma.

somerville was a man of great ability and talent; he
de remarkably well, and no after hie raised hinself
good social position.?—Right Hon. S ducy Herbert,
retary of State for war, in the House of Commons,
b.

1860.

1 know nothing in our literature, which for graphic narrative and picturesque description of men and things, surpasses some of the tetters of the Whestler at the Plough. —Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P., 1817.

11 have recommended Mr. Somerville's works to be entered in the catalogues of the Pure Literature Society. Lord Ebury (Grmerly Robert Grosvenor, M.P.)

'Somerville's analysis of Commercial panies, points to the one and only effective cure for those blackes; of the plagues of nations.'—Douglas Jerrold, 1853.

#### NOTICE TO CANVASSERS.

ALL parties heretofore canvassing for the Canad Illustrated News, will please call at the office settle up. The public are cautioned against subscribinor paying money to any one for said paper, unless name of the party soliciting such subscription appear the paper as Agent, or have the written authority the undersigned that he is a properly authorised Agenty. A. FERGUSON

Hamilton, April 7th, 1863.

Subscribers will please bear in mind that the papers stopped, when the period for which they have

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 getters up of the club.

ne Canadian Illustrated News is forwarded to cribers by mail, free of postuge.

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#### THE CANADIAN **Ullustrated Aews.**

HAMILTON, JULY 4, 1863.

WHERE BRITISH STRENGTH LIES.

Britain, where does your great strength lie? It lies in the greatness which is made up of many small things. Let us pass some of them in review, some so apparently small as to escape ordinary observation.

On a summer day of 1862, we saw Bombardier Macdonald of the Royal Artillery, wlose name we did not then know, in a public room of the hotel where he was quartered at St. Catharines. An American deserter, wearing the uniform of the United States army came in. Seeing the British soldier he expressed a lively happiness; told that he was a native-born citizen of 'York State,' how he had descried, how he had only an hour before escaped across Niagara by the railroad cars; and assumed by tone and speech that 'citizens of St. Catharines,' and British soldiers, who were not friendly to the United States as he had heard, would be glad to see him, and more who were coming. He took a chair and seated himself beside the Royal Artilleryman.

Macdonald, without remark, passed to the opposite side of the room. The American soldier followed, and inquired why the other would not talk with him. 'You are a deserter,' was the reply. 'But I am not a British deserter; I am come from the United States; I am a native born American.' 'You should have been true to your country and your flag. Whatever flag a soldier enlists

under, there lies his duty. Go away, I cannot hold conversation with a man who sees no shame in deserting his country's service. So spake Bombardier Macdonald. It was then we inquired his name, and ascertained that he was at St. Catharines drilling Volunteer Militia, and belonged to No. 4 Battery of the Royal Artillery stationed at Hamilton-

When some bad British soldier deserts from Canada, American newspapers give him fame as a hero. At Rochester the city council gave an entertainment to three, and their arrival was published as a joyful event. The three were sent to the army of the Potomae next day, where they perished. And so at Detroit; the newspapers were jubilant in 1862 over one 'brave fellow,' as they termed him-'brave' because he had deserted from London, C.W. in woman's clothes, and got across the Detroit river. We, who write these words have personally seen several hundreds of American deserters, perhaps as many as would make a battalion, arrive in Canada within the last two years, and have not seen either soldier or civilian of this country, give them welcome. Some have pitied and relieved the wants of those who were starving; but none have applauded them as deserters.

The British army is sound to the core. Bombardier Macdonald is its type. Intensely faith ful to the crown and executive government from principle, it is reliable for any emergency, from the commander in chief to the drummer boy. Deserters from the British service are usually depraved men, who have been repeatedly guilty of offences. They are extreme exceptions to a rule. The rule is fidelity to the British flag and contempt for the disobedient, the criminal, and the faith less fugitive.

The difference which is the most markedly distinct between Americans of civil life, and the British people of civil life, is, that intelligent natives of Britain are not content with knowing the history and institutions of their own country. They inquire, and learn and appreciate whatever is practically good in the institutions of America, and of other countries. Intelligent Americans, a very few such as Washington Irving, N. P. Willis and Edward Everett, excepted, take pride in not knowing British institutions; or of only learning them by the light of fugitive sedition, or treason, or still baser crimes and criminals. Intelligent natives of Britain evadeages to obtain evade information, if, in endeavor to obtain exact information, if, in society, or in writing for current literature they discover themselves to be uninformed they discover themselves to be uninformed on some topic, or about some public man or historical place, or event in America.—
The intelligent Americans of a similar social and intellectual class, take pride in displaying their non-acquaintance with names, titles, or history of British public men, places and events. They assume it to be manly and worthy of free citizens of the Republic to inaccurate or ignorant about British

be inaccurate or ignorant about British politics and government.

United States newspapers have just informed the world of an intelligent American, fresh from visiting England. He was in the House of Commons and has related whom he saw there. When he has occasion to he saw there. When he has occasion to name a titled personage the rank is mis-stated as a matter of course, in proof of his 'independence.' What was it to him whether a Cecil was a 'Sir,' or a 'Lord'? He saw one however, and 'quite a number' of other youthful members of the aristocracy in the House of Commons 'who were there,' he House of Commons 'who were there,' he concluded, 'because, they could not be

kept-out.'
One of the primary elements of national strength in Great Britain is the presence of the junior aristocracy among the social or-ders of the people. If 'independent' repub-licans will condescend to look at the reports of the cricket matches published in this issue of the Canadian Illustrated News, they may observe the name of a brother of that Lord Robert Cecil, whom the American visitor saw in the House of Commons. By visiting saw in the House of Commons. By visiting Hamilton, they may see that Lord Cecil of the Rille Brigade, and other sons and brothers of Lords, mingle f.eely and on equal terms of play in the amusements of the private sol-diers and non-commissioned officers. If they read history they will discover that the scions of British aristocracy are innured by athletic exercises in education to endure hardship; and that they are foremost in danger on laud or in sea; that by the so-

cial position in which they are born, they are educated to the conservation of the national integrity and honor, no mutter whether in party alliances they may be ranged as Whigs or Torics.

The eyes of the American was directed in the House of Commons, to the 'seats below the gangway,' and Peter Taylor, member for the town of Leicester was named to him as one of the 'thoroughly independant' men who gather on those particular seats. We have known Peter Taylor many years, and accept him as a fair type of the British Radical member. As a private individual he is as morally respectable as the general run of wealthy London merchants. In politics he is anti-this, anti-that, anti-everything; nothing under the sun satisfies Peter Taylor. He being the head of a firm of London merchants who contract largely for the products manufactured at Leicester, a few of the leading manufacturers by control of the poorer The eyes of the American was directed in ing manufacturers by control of the poorer voters, can return him or any other man to parliament.

In the first winter of military service in the Crimea, 1854-5, the British army was inadequately supplied with warm clothing, and camp comforts. Dr. Andrew Smith, and camp comforts. Dr. Andrew Smith, head of the Medical Department had not sent a sufficiency of medicines because, as he excused himself to a House of Commons he excused himself to a House of Commons Committee, he had been, 'of late years, incessantly drilled into retrenchment and economy.' And so to the music of that political cay ten or twelve thousand men, perished. There was a demand for warmer alchim. ished. There was a demand for warmer clothing. The hosiery manufacturers of Leicester and their London merchants contracted largely, government in the exigency consenting to almost any extravagance of price demanded by these 'cconomic radicals,' whose members, 'sit below the gangway' in the House of Commons. On the ship-loads of hosiery and flannels arriving in the Crimea, bales did not correspond to patterns, the shirts, stockings and mitts of boys were riven in vain attempts to force them on the bodies of grown men. And because Leicester manufacturers and the because Leicester manufacturers and the London merchants had deceived government and defrauded the army, the full-grown manly soldiers were exposed to the rigors of winter half naked, and tortured horribly with frost-bitten limbs; and the graves of the frost-bitten limbs; and the graves of the Crimen and Scutari were filled with thousands of dead who might be this day alive.

Mr. Roebuck's radical constituents of Shoffeld in like representations.

Mr. Roebuck's radical constituents of Sheffield, in like manner furnished tools of cast iron instead of steel and wrought iron, to fly in shivers, when the soldiers, half clothed, were digging the trenches before Sebastopol, or in making roads to carry up the fraudulent supplies from Balaclava. In like manner, Mr. William Shaw Lindsay, who also 'sits below the gangway,' obtained third parties to hire old and defective ships to government as military transports, while he declaimed against those vessels in the House, thereby running up the freights for House, thereby running up the freights for his best ships to an extravagant figure, until Sir Charles Wood at last confronted, and for a time silenced him, with the statement that the Admiralty had discovered that Mr. Liudsay was the owner of the defective transports which he so loudly condemned in his

ports which he so loudly condemned in his place in parliament.

The young members of the aristocracy, whom the American saw in the House of Commons, belong to a class who spared neither fatigue, nor suffering, nor life in the battles of the Crimea, as in every battle of every war; a class in whom the honor and stability of the British Empire are safely entered by the consent of the common recole. trusted by the consent of the common people. They belong to a class who have legislated, when the manufacturers resisted, to protect women and children in factories, and pro-mote the industrial rights of working menmote the industrial rights of working men. The 'independent members below the gang-The 'independent members below the gangway' are mostly, though not all, representatives of crotchets, of hobbics; like Peter Taylor, satisfied with nothing in Church or State, at home or abroad, on the face of the earth or under the earth; but who will exact the last penny in loom rent from the 'stockingers' of Leicester, before paying their miserable pittances of four-pence or five-pence a dozen for hose.

The same class of men are the The same class of inea and figures of political agitation in America, and fill Congress not to its advantage, where there are none of the hereditary class educations and practical legis. there are none of the hereditary class educated to conversatism, and practical legislation, to modify or contend with them as in Great Britain. In America, and largely so in Canada, every such central man is the representative of a seething, buzzing, bustling mass of office seekers. And all political questions are by them subordinated to the policy of expelling incumbents from office, and placing somebody else there, who by the time they have learned executive and departmental duties, are expelled to become in their turn political agitators.

It is in the hard hands of the working

men, and in the inherent respect which the mass of the British people entertain for the aristocracy, who in turn are custodians of the honor, safety, and best interests of the nation, that the strength of the British Emilia like

#### LIMITS OF FICTION.

The Editor trusts that writers of poetry or of fiction, whose productions are at present in his hands will accept the remarks he is about to make in that friendly spirit in which he desires and intends to write them.

As long as human beings, in their varied As long as human beings, in their varied and changing phases of personal conduct, in their oddities, comicalities, whims, faucies, passions, loves, jealousies, hatreds, sins, heroic daring, exatted morality, or reverent subjection to religious sentiment, are the dramatic persons acting in a story, they are legitimately within the limits of an imaginary Tale. That is, if the construction and conduct of the Tale be conducive to moral instruction, or intellectual amuse. to moral instruction, or intellectual amuse-ment, and if it present only the evil fruits of vice and does not indecently display vicious deformities. We are not apprehensive of deformities. We are not apprehensive of any contributor offending in the direction of immovality. Writers who would pollute, do immorality. Writers who would pollute, do not offer such manuscripts in quarters where they know they would be spurned.

they know they would be spuried.

But we are troubled in the opposite extremity. And extremity it is. It is so immeasurably, so transcendantly extreme that the Deity is made a person of the drama, and actor in the fictitious story. This is a transgression in the direction of profanity, which cannot be permitted in the pages of which cannot be permitted in the pages of the Canadian Illustrated News. A writer so pure in mind, so devout in Christian sentiment, as the author of 'The Cross of Pride' never viewed the passages which we object to in that light. That we feel as Pride' never viewed the passages which we object to in that light. That we feel assured of. A human actor in a story may, by pressure of conscience, or cestacy of pious sentiment, be represented as praying without trespassing beyond the due limit, so long as the action remains personal and human. But if, to advance the story, for mere amusement, or at best for an intellectual and moral exercise, the author takes the Supreme Being, and the Saviour, into the conduct of the fiction, the Holy Trinity henring and answering the prayer, and pouring out on the imaginary mortal the blessings of saving Grace, all of which actions human and Divine, are involved in the conversion of the saving Grace, all of which actions human and Divine, are involved in the conversion of the equivocal Ellinor Harcourt, the limit permissable to mortals in relation to Deity is altogether exceeded.

Then, whether a divorced wife, such as Lady Vivyan, may marry again, she being innocent of the major crime alleged against her, but not innocent of offences against her husband and the marriage vow of a very grievous nature, such as her toying with sin in the person of Count Altenberg purposely to aggrieve her husband, is a question which is not settled by the 'revealed word of God,' as is affirmed in the story. Human interpretation in one church differs on that point from human interpretation in other churches.

#### EDITORIAL NOTICES.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

The story of Eola will close in the next number, after which some manuscripts may find a place which are now awaiting a decision difficult to arrive at. The stories, if well composed in piot, are mostly very commonplace, or without that vitulity of character in the imaginary persons which secures the reader's interest and sympathy. Or, if better delineated in character, they are defective in dramatic plot. Try, somebody, try all, and give us good tales in which persons, places, events and scenery shall be Canadian.

E., (Guelph). If your Prayer of a Penitent' be a fiction, you profane the holiest privilege of mortals. It it be such as you have really poured out in supplication to God, reserve it among the inner secrets of the soul. It is a daring indulgence of vanity to intrude your secret prayers upon the public observation. Learn from the Gospel hour they who extentions the graphs of the properties of the soul. how they who ostentatiously prayed in public places were rebuked. Learn how our blessed Lord taught us to enter the closet; and having entered to close the door and pray in secret. We trust this answer will suffice for several others who have versified their previous and selective to publish them. their prayers and asked us to publish them. The poetical sentiment in E.'s prayer is above the common level. Her hand-writing is beautiful. We infer from these that she is an amiable, youthful, gentle being, who though possibly incurring educational or family displeasure for trivial errors, incident to youth or childhood, cannot have be guilty of any deep offence in the face Heaven which would make her 'Prayer a Penitent,' an out-pouring of real anguish.

#### THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

## Original Yoetry.

THE author of the following lines says, addressing the Editor: 'About six years ago I lost a foul mother. Perhaps you know the sad meaning of such a loss. We do not appreciate blessings until they have fied The enclosed is a tribute to my mother's worth. In giving a place to these lines we confess the man, within the sacred corner of our literary workshop, rather than

#### MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

'Tis but thine image here I see, Thy soul has flown Up to thy God, from sin set free— Up to His throne.

When on thy loving face I gaze, How winning were thy gentle ways, Thy looks how kind.

But when I muse on early days: Long past and gone—
When all my childhood's wayward ways I think upon.

Oh, mother! thoughts repreachful crowd Into my mind,
And speak to me in accents foud
Of deeds unkind.

How I too oft, with stubborn will, Thy fond heart grieved— And would not faithfully fulfil Commands received.

Oh! wert thou with us as of old-And I as now, ot for a mine of wealth untold Pd cloud thy brow.

Not for the gold of East or West Thee disobey:
But now thou'rt gone, thou art at rest, From us away.

And, oh! could tears thus late atone For errors past, 12d lay me down and weep and mean While life should last

But self-inflicted grief will ne'er Forgiveness comes by fuith and prayer Through Christ alone.

Hook to Him, He is my all-Saviour—God; ceps my feet, so that I fall Not in the road.

My future life, I trust, shall show My sorrow, true; I pray in holiness to grow, And wisdom too.

ear Mother, if the Saints above Do e'er appear On messages of peace and love

Come down, I pray, and round me shed A holy light, So that to sin I be not led; My steps guide right.

Not of thyself caust thou do this-An angel thou—
od, as a messenger of bliss
Wilt thee endow.

those who are salvation's heir His angels come To guard them from all hidden snares, And lead them home.

My guardian argel thou wilt be, While here b nd when I ever think on thee I'll stronger grow;

I'll forward press to gain the crown Laid up for me,
And never lay my armour down
Ti'l hence I flee.

\* Hebrows f. 14.
H.

C. W., June, 1863.

#### POETS AND WOMEN.

G., a young poet, sends four stanzas, but whether G. is young man or maiden, we cannot say. The handwriting is masculine the timidity of the accompanying letter is feminine. Yet again, he in whom ideality is an inborn thing, giving birth to the spir itual emotion which seeks expression, though not always finding it, in the language of not always linding it, in the language of poetry, is femining in soul; he is timid, tender, loving, trusting; although he may rise and soar into lofty rapture. The man who is a true poet is in genius refined, and tender, sensitive and etherial as a woman. The woman, who is a true poet is—an angel. And what is that? We do not know. Nor is it within the compass of man's knowledge to comprehend all the nature of a woman, not even the ordinary woman. Butshe who not even the ordinary woman. But she who unites in her own being the charms of ex-

ternal personality, the qualities of mind which give her dominion over social happiness, and love within the household, and the exquisite ideality which we call poetry—what is she? Man calls her an angel, because he does not know what an angel is. He believes the term to mean something with winers yet so atherint or to be angreen and wings, yet so etherial as to be unseen and impalpable, so greatly superior to himself that he cannot describe it.

But the woman who is an angel in the house, is not necessarily very beautiful in outward person; nor need she be a poet; but she cannot be otherwise than refined in sentiment timent, and tenderly affectionate. Such mothers are remembered by their children as having been more than woman. Such a mother, doubtless was that of C. W., whose invocation to his Mother's Picture is inscrted on this page. Such a mother many lose, and live to mourn for. But there is a greater bereavement, a deeper anguish. The beloved and loving wife who is mother of the young children of your affection may be lost; that is a separation which wrings the soul as the death or repearly ways of no more the death, or remembrance of no mere mother can. Then, are father and children desolate in the world. Then does the empty place make us understand that there was

once an angel in the house.

G., as already suid, sends four stanzas, which he (or she) says: 'were suggested by a notice in the Canadian Illustrated News, to a notice in the Canadian Illustrated News, to our accomplished Poetess, Miss Pamelia S. Vining.' G. 'wondered what had become of her sweet contributions, which always shed a halo around them wherever they are read.' Then he says, timidly: 'I hope you will forgive me this trespass on your time, and if you should consider these lines worthy you may insert them as a humble offering from an untutored lover of the muses. But if they do not come up to your standard. if they do not come up to your standard, deal as leniently as possible with me, for an Editor's pen is a terrible weapon when he chooses to use it in chastisement. Therefore, to you I now commit this, my first born, and to your tender mercies I recom-

mend it.

Do not be afraid to try again G. the man

Believing nen is not a savage. Your verses are better than the first attempts of most other beginners, but some of the rhymes are not quite perfect, as you may see if you have retained a copy. The Editor gives two of the smoothest stanzas, the first and third. and third:

TO OUR CANADIAN POETESS.

Maid of the forest wild, Nature's darling child, Why now in silence so long hangs thy lyre? Tune it in pensiveness, Tune it in cheerfulness, Touch it again with thy sweet muse's fire, Gladly we'll welcome thee, With thy sweet melody, Pensive or cheerful, whiche'er it may be, Listening and longing, We wait for thy coming Dear Maid of the forest, we're waiting for thee

We are happy to inform G. and others that the mail of Saturday last brought a poem from Miss Vining, which will give sweetness to our pages next week.

#### LANCASHIRE EMIGRANTS.

Attention is directed to the following statement taken from the Montreal Herald and to our subjoined remarks. The Herald says: 'We are glad to learn that the first instalment of an emigration from Lancashire, which we trust will be very numerous, has arrived in this city by the Nova Scotia. We have a certificate in manuscript, which is not very clear, as to the number of persons who have come out; but the print-ed documents with which it is accompanied ed documents with which it is accompanied lead us to suppose that there are fourteen, representing a society of six hundred and fifty-four members, who have come out to see the country for themselves, and if they judge it advisable, to invite their friends to cross the ocean. The society comprises 137 married couples, with or without families; 60 males and 32 females are single adults; and 288 are young persons under 18. Their previous occupations are as follows: 335 factory operatives; 7 wavehousemen; 25

and 255 are young persons under 15. I near previous occupations are as follows: 335 factory operatives; 7 wavehousemen; 25 domestic servants; 22 mechanics; 9 joiners; 3 blacksmiths; 2 wheelwrights; 2 sawyers; 6 moulders; 3 wood-turners; 6 seamstresses; 2 painters; 2 slaters; 3 coopers; 1 baker; 6 shoe-makers; 2 tailors; 1 glass-blower; 2 brush-makers; 1 currier.

They bind themselves to act upon the cooperative principle, each member paying 2d. per week out of the small sums they obtain for relief, and then, as we understand it, draw for the first chance to emigrate. They prefer British North America to the antipodal colonies, (1) because the cost of transporting the whole society to Canada would only convey 163 to Australia; (2) hoping,

ultimately, to settle on the lands so generously proposed to be offered to the Lanca shire unemployed by the Canadian Govern shire unemployed by the Canadian Government; (3) because a country so long settled is calculated to absorb fresh labor with far less suffering to the emigrants than colonies which have been recently established. The deputation desires to interest our Government and all other persons in their behalf, especially by obtaining aid towards the cost of passages, finding employment, &c., and there is a highly respectable committee at home, who profess that their object is not to transfer a burden from the Lancashire ratepayers to a benevolent community elsewhere, but to remove honest, industrious, sober men from a district where their labor is not likely to be in request at present, to one where they believe that they can be usefully and profitably employed.'

We sit, rise, stand, amazed to the degree of astonishment, that a respectable journal like the Montreal Herald should republish some of these statements in a tone of approval and endorsement. The Canadian government has not offered to make grants of land to the unemployed Laneashire operatives. It was intimated, on the part of Mr. John A. Macdonald, leader of Opposition, that he would move that the Canadian government should grant half a million of

government should grant half a million of acres, on condition that the British government sent the people here and provided for their settlement on the land.

We, of the Canadian Illustrated News, who have no party fetters to wear, warned the Lancashire operatives, and sent copies of this paper specially by mail to individuals in England, giving them caution that if they came to Canada in any considerable number, they would come to starve and perish of hunger. There is no poor law here. More hunger. There is no poor law here. More persons die of hunger and cold, mercilessly left to despair, and the death of outcasts, every year in Canada, from out of its two-and-a-half millions of people, than perish in like manner out of the thirty millions of Canat Baltinia and Iraland whose these are like manner out of the thirty millions of Great Britain and Ireland, where there are poor laws. We might say ten times more and be within the truth. More such died in each of the small cities, and in each of the small towns and villages of Upper Canada, in the winter of 1862-63, and more die of hunger and cold in Montreal and Quebec every year than in the great city of Manchester, England.

Mr. John A. Macdonald's intimation of what he intended to move in the House of Assembly, was merely the restlessness of a party leader, to embarras a government which he knew would not grant half a million of acres; which has not half a million of acres to grant in any region where white

of acres to grant in any region where white men could hope to live. The conditions which he proposed were such as he knew the British government would not accept. The public lands of Canada have already been granted to speculative land companies or otherwise predically dissipated. In the otherwise prodigally dissipated. In the valley of the St. Maurice fifteen hundred thousand acres are held by the North shore thousand acres are held by the North shore Railroad Company, who by occasional Acts of Parliament renew their rights to the land, yet do not make the railroad. That is in Lower Canada. But there is room and inducement, in Upper Canada, for tens of thousands of people to arrive yearly, and for millions within ten or fifteen years, if the Canadian government, and the people whose servants the members of government are, make provision to keep these new settlers alive, giving them, on credit, food, seed, and implements, to be paid for with their lands by instalments after a short period of years. instalments after a short period of years.—
An addition to the Provincial debt for such objects would be an investment at once patriotic, generous, and wisely provident.—
To induce these people to come to Canada without such or any provision, for their employment and supprovision, so quality, it is

ployment and sustenance is cruelty; it is morally if not legally an atrocious crime. The editor of this paper repeats what he has in his various works on Political Economis in his various works on Political Economy, laid down as an anxiom in conserva-tive science: The human being is the pri-mary constituent of national wealth; and the guardianship of human happiness is the true function of any Political Economy worthy of being termed a conservative science.

The primary duty of the British government was to provide the means of life for the factory operatives until the return of a sufficient supply of cotton, and with it the people's usual employment.

War with the Federal United States, which

war with the rederal United States, which so many persons and newspapers in Britain seem so ready to provoke, or to accept, will within the first year, add one hundred millions of pounds sterling to the national debt, besides exposing the whole domestic commerce of the Empire to the taxation of war,

and much of the external commerce to exand much of the external commerce to extinction. Such a war will postpone the supply of cotton indefinitely. It will be arrested on passage from India, Africa, everywhere, as well as from the American Confederate States. The supply of wool may be interrupted or cut off from Australia. What will be the condition of manufactories and dore be the condition of manufactories and dom-estic industry then? Only a few millions sterling added to the national debt, to keep the unemployed alive, and a generous reserve towards the United States, would have answered two noble purposes—the preservation of the working people and the conserva-

#### Aseful Information.

#### FUNCTIONS OF THE SKIN.

The skin of our bodies is a wonderfully complex structure, and in the animal economy its functions are of the most important character. The stomach, the liver and even the brain itself are not so necessary to life as the skin. Persons may live for several days without food, and the liver may wholly cease to act for several days before death results, but death will ensue in a few hours if the functions of the skin are destroyed. Experiments have been made with the lower experiments have been made with the lower animals, and the results show that the skin is the most important auxiliary to the lungs in the process of the acration of the blood. By varnishing the fur of a rabbit or coating the skin of a pig with an air-tight substance, the animal dies in about two hours, with all the symptoms which are produced by cutting off the supply of air from the lungs. On the accession of Leo X. to the papal chair of Rome, there was a grand procession in Florence, and a little girl was coated all over with gold leaf, to represent 'The Golden Age.' The child died in a few hours in convulsions, to the horror of the spectators, who were ignorant of the cause. From such facts we may infer how important it is for health to keep the skin in an efficient state, so as to discharge its functions; and this part of the human body has been placed within the control of man, while most of the other organs of the body are beyond his visible control.

In insects the entire respiration is connals, and the results show that the skin

In insects the entire respiration is conducted by means of pores in the skin called 'spiracles.' These are guarded by minute hairs, but if a feather dipped in oil is applied to the abdominal portions of an insect's body, such as that of a wasp, it dies almost instantly from suffocation.

instantly from suffocation.

Aeration of the blood is not, however, the only function which the skin has to discharge. Absorption is also carried on by the lymphatic vessels which permeate the skin everywhere over the whole surface of the body. Persons, in whom disease of the throat closed up the natural entrance to the stomach, have been kept alive days and weeks by being frequently immersed in baths of warm milk; the celebrated Duc de Pasquier, who died in France not long ago at the age of ninety years, had been kept alive for several weeks before his death by such means. Various salts have been detected in the secretions of persons who have used baths containing those salts in solution. baths containing those salts in solution.— The skin may also be said to be the special organ of the sense of touch. It forms a beautiful covering for the body, preserves the delicate structures underneath, regulates the intensity of sensations from without, and by excretion it removes from the body materials which are no longer of any use to it, and which, if retained any longer, would become injurious.

The structure of the skin shows how The structure of the skin shows how beautifully it is adapted to the discharge of its important offices. It is composed of two layers—the outer layer is called the 'cuticle' or scarf skin, and sometimes the 'epi-dermis,' and the inner one is called 'cutis' or true skin and sometimes the 'dermis.' This latter rests upon an interlaced netted structure called the 'areolar tissue,' out of which the granules and fibres of the skin are formed. At one time it was held that there was a third layer colled the tissue,' out of which the granules and fibres of the skin are formed. At one time it was held that there was a third layer called the 'rete mucosum' or pigment-layer, between the true and scarf skins, but from later researches it is uscertained that there is no such layer, and that the pigment cells to which the color of the skin in different races is due are but a development of the scarf skin. In general the scarf skin is thin, but the true skin is of variable thickness, and it is so thick in the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, elephant, etc., as to have acquired for them the name of pachyd rmatous animals. The cuticle consists of several layers of laminated scales which are formed by the flattening of the granules in the deeper layers. These granules, in man, are at first nucleated cells, and the coloring matter of the skin resides in these. They are very minute, being about one three-

thousandth of an inch in diameter, then as they approach the surface and assume the scaly form their diameter increases to about one six-hundredth of an inch. In many animals and fish the scales are very large, still they are only a modified form of the epidermal scales in human beings. In the article are very sor blood wessels negatively epidermal scales in human beings. In the cuticle no nerves or blood vessels penetrate; it is nourished by the transadation of the serum of the blood through the vessels of the true skin and is devoid of sensibility, thus serving to blunt the sensibility of the true skin underneath. The cutis or true skin consists of two kinds of tissue composed of white and yellow fibers, the former being more dense and resisting and are always allocated wherever resistance to injury is most required, such as in the palms of the hand and soles of the feet. The yellow fibres are a very clustic tissue, and they are hand and soles of the feet. The yellow fibres are a very clastic tissue, and they are interlaced to form minute lozenge-shaped interstices which are principally filled up with the white fibres. The yellow clastic fibres exist in greater abundance at the flexures of the joints, the lips, etc., where clas-ticity of skin is most necessary. The up-permost surface of the true skin is very uneven, and is elevated in a vast number of papillæ, which are about one one hundredth

of an inch in length and one two-hundredth-and-fiftieth of an inch in diameter. Minute as these papillæ are, each possesses a rami-lication of nerve fibres which are the essential agents in the sense of touch.—
They are develop. ed in greatest number along the tips of the fingers and the lips of man. The number of these papithe is predigious; a square inch of the palm of the hand con-tains about 5,000 On the tongue, where the 'cutis' is extremely thin, they are larger than in other parts of the body. The sense of touch is very deneate in some persons, and it maybe developed by constant by constant prac-tice. The blind can read by sense of touch, through the fingers acting on raised letters; and in one case a blind girl, who had her fingers injured, learned to read by applying her lips to the letters.

With respect to the functions of secretion by the tkin, it will be observed in looking at

cross one another on the hand, that there is a little orifice in the centre of each; these orifices are perspira-tory ducts, and the glands by which the per-spiration is secreted are seated at the under surface of the true skin, each imbedded in a spiration is secreted are seated at the under surface of the true skin, each imbedded in a cavity. The materials for secretion are furnished by a minute capillary net-work of blood-vessels arising from arterial trunks which bring the blood to the gland to be purified, and they terminate in venous trunks which carry off the blood when the purifying process has been performed. These glands remove from the blood materials that are no longer required in the body. Their size in the palm of the hand range from one one-hundredth to one two-hundreth of an inch in diameter; but in the arm-pits, where they form a very thick layer, they are about one-sixtieth of an inch and they form little membraneous tubes about one-quarter of an inch in length and one-seventeen-hundreth of these little ducts exist in a square inch of these little ducts exist in a square inch of these little ducts exist in a square inch of the skin of the palm of the hand, and the whole number of them in a man's body, of ordinary size, if laid in a line, would make a string twenty-eight miles in length. This glandnlar system is a beautiful contrivance for regulating the internal temperature of

the body, for the perspiration poured out through the pores carries off the heat of the body as fast as it is generated by the chemitis exceedingly important that these glands should be kept open and in effective action. The burning heat of the skin is a marked sign of some diseases when the perspiration is arrested. The proper action of these glands meintain the requestrance of the budy is arrested. The proper action of these glands maintain the temperature of the body constantly at 98° Fah., even under the most violent exercise. And for the same reason a degree of heat can be endured with impulied. nity in dry air (which absorbs perspiration as in a vacuam) that would be perfectly unas in a vacuum) that would be perfectly abbearable in a warm moist atmosphere. M. Chabert, called the 'Fire-king,' who died a few years since at Hoboken, N. J., frequently entered an oven heated from 400° to 500° or within a few degrees of the temperature at which lead melts, and he would remain themic mental a heater task wars cooked. Had therein until a beefsteak was cooked. Had the oven been tilled with steem of 212° he would have perished in a few seconds. About one pint of liquid evaporates through the pores of a man's body every twenty-four hours, and this contains about an onnee of solid matter in solution, besides a large amount of carbonic acid gas. We can thus THE BEAVER FAMILY.

Beaver, is the English name for the genus of rodent or gnawing animals termed in Zoology 'Castor.' It has two incisor, or cutting teeth and eight molars in each jaw, making twenty in all. The beaver is distin-guished from all others of that order by a broad, horizontally flattened tail which is nearly oval and covered with scales

There are five toes on each of the feet, but those of the hinder ones only are webbed, the webs extending beyond the roots of the nails. The second toe of these last is furnished with a double nail, or rather with two, one like those of the other toes, and another beneath it, situated obliquely with a sharp edge directed downwards. There is also a less perfect double nail on the inner toe of the hind foot.

The incisor teeth of the beaver are broad,

The incisor teeth of the beaver are broad, flattened, and protected anteriorly by a coat of very hard orange-coloured enamel, the rest of the teeth being of a comparatively soft substance, whereby a cutting chisel-like edge is obtained; and indeed no edge tool with all its combination of hard and soft metal could answer the purpose better. In fact the beaver's incisor teeth are fushioned fact the beaver's incisor teeth are fushioned

The ravages of the beaver, say they, are very apparent. In one place the timber was entirely prostrated for a space of three acres in front of the river and one in depth, and great part of it removed, although the trees were in large quantities, and some of them as thick as the body of a man.

Dr. Richardson thus describes this part of their operations; 'When the beaver cuts down a tree it gnaws it all round, cutting it, however, somewhat higher on the one side than on the other by which the direction of its fall is determined. The stump is conical and of graph a being to a heaver sitting on us an is determined. The stump is conical and of such a height as a beaver sitting on his hind quarters could make. The largest tree I observed cut down by them, was about the thickness of a man's thigh (that is six or seven inches in diameter;) but Mr. Graham says that he has seen them cut a tree which was ten inches in diameter?

which was ten inches in diameter l'
In the Canadian Illustrated News of June
27, Vol. II. No. 7, the reader will find an account of the formation of beaver-meadows, and other interesting information about this creature, in the long article descriptive of rafting timber on the Ottawa. The beaver is the armorial sign and indus-

trial representative of Canada.

It is 'Castor Fiber' of Linnaens; 'Castor

Americanus' of Cuvier; 'Ammisk' of the Cree Indians; and 'Tsoutage' of the Hurons. Won-derful tales of its sagacity and even social polity have been told. We could fill several pages with read-ing matter about the beaver, the trappers and the fur trade at once delightful and instructive, but can only hope to have some early opportunity of opportunity returning to the subject.

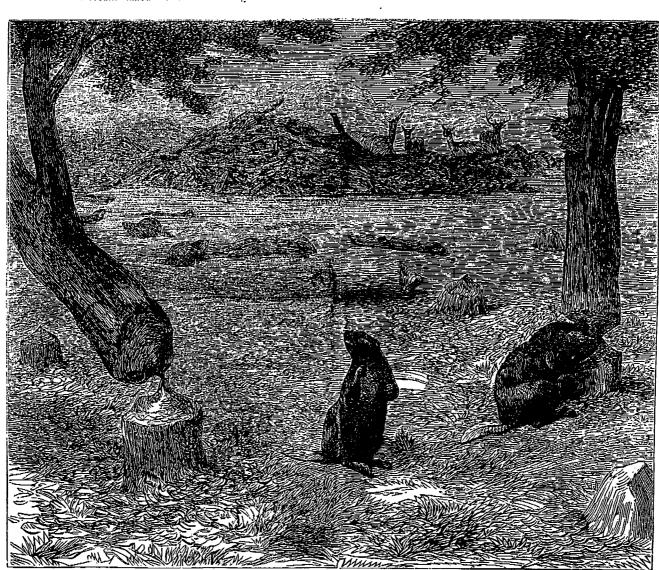
THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING 1. If you hitch horses to a worm fence, always select an inside corner, because it corner, because it is stronger, and because your horses will al-most always tan-gle their halters in the projecting rails of an outside corner.

corner.

2. There, as well as elsewhere if you tie with a loop knot, do not consider your horses tied unless the end of the halter is put through the loop.
3. Never rest

a scoop shovel against a fanning agait mill,

4. Do not prop a barn door open with a pitchfork, for a gust of wind may break both



BEAVERS CUTTING DOWN TREES TO CONSTRUCT OF SCENERY CANADA.

SKETCHED AND ENGRAVED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

form an estimate of the importance of keeping these ducts in perfect order by means of equent bathing.

In connection with the hairs on his body

there are sebaceous glands which furnish an oily substance to nourish the hairs. The ducts of these glands open generally into the hair-pits situated in the subcutaneous areolar hair-pits situated in the subcutaneous areolar tissue. These are frequently inhabited by a peculiar little parasite, especially in persons whose skin is torpid in its action. These glands lubricate the skin and serve to maintain its elasticity. Hair may be regarded as a kind of modified enticle. Around the hair follicles and glands there are microscopical muscular fibres which act involuntarily; and fear and anger stimulate them to contraction muscular fibres which act involuntarily; and fear and anger stimulate them to continction and make the hair stand erect. In the Book of Job it is said: 'Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood np.' These same muscular fibres extend everywhere throughout the skin, and when they contract by cold it assumes that appearance, called 'goose skin.' The skin, although so simple in appearance, affords a beautiful illustration of the infinite skill and wisdom of the great Creator, not only in its wonderful the great Creator, not only in its wonderful structure, but with respect to all its varied

much upon the same principle as that followed by the tool-maker, who forms a cutting instrument by a skillful adaptation of hard and soft materials until he produces a good

edge.

But the natural instrument has one But the natural instrument has one great advantage over the artificial tool; for the former is so organized that so fast as it is worn away by use, a reproduction and protrusion from the base takes place, and thus the two pair of chisel teeth working opposite to each other are always kept in good repair, with their edges at the proper cutting angle. When injury or disease destroys one of these incisors, its antagonist meeting with no check incisors, its antagonist meeting with no check to resist the protrusion from behind, is push-ed forward into a monstrous elongation.

ed forward into a monstrous elongation. So hard is the enamel, and so good a cutting instrument is the incisor tooth of the beaver that when fixed in a wooden handle, it was, according to Dr. Richardson, used by the Northern Indians to cut bone, and fashion their horn-tipped spears, until it was superseded by the introduction of iron; then the beaver tooth, was supplanted by the English file.

The power of these natural tools is well described by Lewis and Clarke who saw their effects on the banks of the Missouri.

door and fork.

5. Plan your garden so that it may be cultivated by a horse. Much labor may be thoreby saved, and the culture will be more thorough

desire to rest your team, stop on an eminence, if such there is, and always with your horses' heads to the breeze. Five minutes

in a favorable position, is better than ten in an unfavorable one.

7. Industry, carefulness and skill are the elements of success. More happiness is found associated with active habits than ever was, or ever will be found in connection with indolence.

8. A variety of farm products fills up the

8. A variety of farm products fills up the season, occupies the time of permanent help to advantage, and on the principle of 'having two strings to one's bow,' and of 'not having too many eggs in one basket,' is more sure.

9. Label all packages of seed or medicine. A lady last spring offered me a package of what she said was choice lettuce seed; when I reached home I found that it contained medon seed. melon seed.

10. One of the greatest and most common defects in road repairing is a failure to even the surface.

#### THE CROSS OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL,

Of Kingston, Canada West nather of the "Abbey of Rathmore," etc. [CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLACING implicit confidence in her new friend, Ellinor imparted to her the particulars of her acquaintance with Count Altenberg, candidly confessing her error with regard to him; but declaring herself free from all sin otherwise. Mrs. Carleton was also informed of what had occurred during her residence at Ravenschiff. Ellinor did not hide from her the wicked impulse from which she had acted, nor her unhappy estrangement from her husband.

Mrs. Carleton pointed out to her the sin

Mrs. Carleton pointed out to her the sin of cherishing enunty and revenge. She dwelt upon the evil nature of pride, that sin which drove Adam and Eve from Paradise and caused the ruin of our fallen race.

Through the holy teachings of this ministering woman, Ellinor was made to comprehend the evil of her proud human heart. A hend the evil of her proud human heart. A new light dawned upon her. The day-spring from above, broke upon her spirit, chasing away the mists from her unrenewed mind; and pouring the beams of a vital faith through her repentant soul.

Sorrow became a regenerator, baptising her in its deep waters; then lifting her by tears, and groans, and anguish, nearer and nearer to her God, imparting to her in this new-found blessedness, a compensation for

earthly joy.
While the heart of Lady Vivyan was gradwhite the neart of Lady vivan was grad-ually experiencing the renovating influence of Divine grace, Captain Travers was using every effort in his power to avert from her the impending evil of a divorce, which Sir Reginald was endeavoring to procure. The only hope of proving Ellinor's innocence, was the evidence of her maid in her favor; and to find out this woman's residence was Gerald's first care. For some time be was unsuccessful, but he wayered not in his purbe relaxed not his efforts, althopose; he relaxed not his efforts, although haunted by the one alluring thought, that if he did not succeed, if no evidence could be procured in Ellinor's favor, the strong arm of the law would snap the chain that united her to the Baronet; and she would once more Then the fond desire of his heart might yet be gratified, and the lost and loved one still be won. But the noble nature of the young man forbade him to clutch happiness at the expense of principle, or by the sacrifice of her honor who was dearer to him than life itself.

The residence of Ellinor's maid was at last discovered. But now an unlooked for disappointment awaited Gerald. The wodisappointment awarted Geraid. The wo-man's evidence against her former mistress had been bought by Lady Esdaile; a large bribe from the Countess had won her over to Sir Reginald's interest. And now all hope of establishing Lady Vivyan's inno-cence, in a court of justice, was gone.

The divorce was easily obtained for the defendant did not appear. Indeed, it was believed by the world, as well as by Sir Reginald, that the unhappy lady was still the inmate of a Lunatic Asylum.

Ellinor bore meekly the annihilation of all her hopes of recovering her former position in society; for the new light which religion flashed upon her soul, taught her to look upon suffering as the necessary consequence of sin; and she regarded this new trial as the well-merited punishment of her former offences against her husband.

At the request of Mrs. Carleton, she continued to reside with her. The fortune which she inherited from Mrs. Colonel Harcourt being more than sufficient for he port. Taught by the example of her friend, she spent much of her time ministering to the wants of the poor in the neighborhood of the villa; thus devoting her life, a sacrifice to God in her deep repentance for her former errors.

Time sped on. Summer, garlanded with flowers and fanned with perfumed breezes, passed away. Autumn, laden with fruits and golden grain came and went, followed by the dreary winter with its many in-door enjoyments. And again was the joyous Spring seen, re-clothing the earth with verdure, attended by the tiny choristers which follow in her train, making the woodlands re-echo with their welcome warblings.

What a change had taken place, not only What a change had taken place, not only in the fortunes, but also in the feelings of Ellinor, since spring had last thrown its verdant robe over the wintery form of Nature! One year, a short period in the life of man, yet how eventful is it often! how marked with strange occurrences! One short year! dawning upon many a frail child of earth in the rainbow tints of hope, yet

closing amid the darkness of disappoint-ment, suffering and death! How little do we value time! how seldom do we regard each portion of it, that yearly glides into the irrevocable past, as so much gone of the short period allotted us to prepare for eternity!

In the path of christian usefulness, Ellinor moved steadily onward, faithfully fulfilling her daily routine of self-imposed duties, cheered by an approving conscience, and the friendship of Mrs. Carleton, whose benevolent heart rejoiced in the happy change in the once worldly-minded Ellinor.

Occasionally the monotony of their every-day life was varied by a visit from Captain Travers, whose presence seemed to fill with sunshine their quiet home.

But soon this pleasant, familiar intercourse, was to be interrupted. Gerald's
regiment was ordered to India. The grief
and regret he felt at bidding adieu for an indefinite period, if not forever, to his sister
and one still dearer, were intense. The
wish to persuade Ellinor to accompany him
took possession of his mind, and pouring
into her ear the tale of his long-cherished
affection, he pleaded his own cause with all
the eloquence of passion.
Ellinor was not ignorant of Gerald's de-

Ellinor was not ignorant of Gerald's devotion to her, and her own heart pleaded for him as powerfully as his impassioned words; for, beside the deep gratitude she felt towards him, there was hidden away in the inmost recesses of her heart an affection that placed you the highest heares. that glowed, now the brighter, because it had been so long smouldering beneath the ashes which pride first, and then duty, had heaped upon it.

But now, both these barriers were remov ed, yet Elliuor rejected his hand. Princi-ple, the holy principle which religion taught, made her feel that while Sir Reginald Vivy-an lived, she was still in reality a wife.

Gerald vainly tried to combat this objection, although conscience whispered she was right, and principle pointed out, clearly, the obstacle to their union. But the temptation was too strong for the young man and for a time he listened only to the voice of passion! Ah! weak and erring human heart; ever prone to grasp happiness at the expense of virtue. Moments, such as these, there are in the life of most men, when the will rebels with giant force against the will of God and we sink beneath the surges of temptation.

Is it not ever dangerous, to allow any carthly idol to invade the hidden sanctuary of the heart where God alone should reign supreme?

Seating himself beside Ellinor, Gerald tried, with subtle sophistry, to combat her objections, and expostulated with her on what he termed her fastidiousness.

Legally your marriage has been annulled, Ellinor; you cannot, you surely will not, on this ground, reject my hand?'

'Tempt me not, dear Gerald, to do what conscience cannot approve.

But you are no longer the Baronet's wife; tie between you.

There was irritation in Gerald's tones This great disappointment chafed his gentle

'Still, in the sight of Heaven, I am Sir Reginald's wife; for although divorced, I am guiltless; the solemn vow I uttered at the altar remains unbroken. In the eyes of the world the tie that united us is severed; the world the he to that united us is severed; but while he lives I never can give my hand to another. Gerald, you know I am right; your own high principles must approve of my decision.

Captain Travers paced the floor pale and agitated, while Ellinor, deeply moved, bowed her head upon her hand and prayed earnearlies a upon her hand and prayed earliestly. The powerful pleadings of her own heart in his favor she tried to combat. She feared that her yearning love towards one so worthy of a woman's devotion, might tempt her to act contrary to the dictates of

How severe, was this trial! to have hap-piness, such as falls to the lot of few—the devotion of a noble heart offered to her, and be obliged to reject it! A short silence en-sued. It was broken by the voice of

Travers.

'Ellinor,' he said, 'if this impediment to our union did not exist, would you be mine?'

ine?'
Ellinor looked up eagerly.

Compared doubt it, Gerald?'

'How can you doubt it, Gerald?'
The look of deep tenderness which her tearful eyes flashed upon him, more than the words, assured him that though rejected, his love was not unrequited, and a sudden joy thrilled his frame. But the look of happiness soon died out of his face—though loved, the obstacle to their union yet remained,

and he feared that Ellinor's strong will would

Still, he felt as if he could not give

her up.

'Oh, Ellinor! do not destroy your own happiness as well as mine! we love each other. A wife you are no longer. Consent then to be mine, dearest. Consider how faithfully I have loved you! Does not the love of a devoted heart merit some sacrifice, even the sacrifice of your fastidious scruples?

There was an appealing anguish in his voice which went to the heart of Ellinor.—
It might be, that he was right; that this sacrifice was not required of her

And yielding to the joy this thought in-spired, she allowed Gerald to draw her fondspread, sne anowed Gerald to draw her fold-ly towards him, and rest her head upon his faithful breast. Ah, brief period of happi-ness! would that it might continue; that she could thus rest for ever in those loving

But ere long a memory of the past came back upon her. Before her rose a bridal scene. She stood with Sir Reginald before the altar. The solemn vow then recorded, could it be lightly broken? What did it matter, if the tie then formed had been legally severed? Conscience led her to a higher tribunal. God judgeth not as man judgeth. The voice of the Divine Legislator sounded in her ear. Sin alone could annul her union with the Baronet; and knowing herself to be guiltless, though erring, the persuasion that she was right took possession of her mind. A light from unerring conscience dawned upon the path of duty, and without farther hesitation she entered upon its rugged way. Turning her eyes with upon its rugged way. Turning her eyes with a cry of anguish and regret from the flower-strewn path, towards which her willing fect were stumbling.

'Gerald,' she said, withdrawing herself 'Gerald,' she said, withdrawing herself from his circling arms, and speaking in tones sharp from suppressed suffering: 'Try no longer to persuade me to do what conscience cannot approve. It is God's monitor in my soul, and its dictates should not—must not, be disregarded. Were I to yield to your wishes, and the desire of my own heart, I would still be wretched; for happiness cannot dwell with an accusing conscience.'

At this moment, to Ellinor's great relief, At this moment, to Ellinor's great relief, Mrs. Carleton entered the room; and her painful tete-a-tete with Gerald being enter-rupted, she retired to her own apartment; there to weep in secret, and pray for strength to persevere in her resolution not to become his wife; while he, hastily retreating from the presence of his sister, wandered to the sea shore, there to commune with himself amid the solemn loneliness of nature.

It was a painful crisis in the life of Gerald; It was a painful crisis in the life of Gerald; such as occurs to many, when the heart craves something which the law of God denies; and determines, in defiance of conscience, to snatch the coveted blessing.—Within him was heard a voice speaking passionately, 'I will not give her up! my whole nature yearns for her; mine she must be! she will be, for she loves me, and she will at last yield to my entreaties.'

Then at intervals through the storms of passion came the whisperings of conscience.

passion came the whisperings of conscience. Ellinor is already a wife in the sight of God, while Sir Reginald lives; thine she cannot

For hours this cruel conflict raged; Gerald pacing the lonely beach unmindful of the gale that swept over the Bay whose foaming waves broke at his feet sprinkling him with

their spray.

'Thy will be done!' words easily spoken and often lightly uttered; but oh how difficult to say in all sincerity, when the heart is filled with anguish or torn by disappointment. For a long time it did seem, as if Travers would sink beneath this temptation, so power-falls did his heart crave this earthly happierfully did his heart crave this carthly happi-

But he was not left unuided, in this fierce But he was not left unaided, in this fierce struggle between passion and principle. The voice of conscience rose louder and louder. It thundered at the barred portals of his heart. Suddenly as if constrained by a power mightier than his own strong will; he bent his knee in supplication and a voiceless prayer went up to heaven. It was not unanswered, for God waits to be gracious.—Strength to deny himself was given, and he was enabled to give up Ellinor when the happiness of making her his own was forbidden by the revealed will of God. \*

A few days afterwards, Captain Travers stood on the deck of the transport which was to take his regiment to India calm, but very sorrowful, his gaze lingaring with fond regret on the Irish coast, fast receding from his view; his pale face bearing traces of the storm of passionate suffering which had swept over him. But the gloom that had fallen upon his spirit was sometimes lit up A few days afterwards, Captain Travers

by a flash of comfort as the recollection that Ellinor loved him, that he was bearing away to his distant home the devotion of one fond heart, came with all all its soothing influence back upon his mind. There is something very sweet, yes, happiness itself in the thought of being loved and Gerald's heart, lacerated by disappointment and saddened by separation, could still rejoice in the consciousness that he was very dear to one, who had herself become dearer to him than ever, exalted as she now was in his eyes, by had herself become dearer to him than ever, exalted as she now was in his eyes, by the pure religious principle which governed her life. The rain-bow of hope too occasionally brightened his darkened horizon; for hope never died in the heart of the young. He hoped that amid life's changes the time might yet come when Fillian the time might yet come when Ellinor could be his wife, his own.

\* In relation to this, and some other paragraphs which seem to transgress the limits within which fiction should be confined, remarks are made in this issue, or will be in our next, on the editorial page.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### THE NORWEGIAN.

We recall attention to the fact that, from We recall attention to the fact that, from special information, an exact pictorial illustration of the steamship Norwegian on shore at St. Paul s Island, was sketched and engraved for this paper; and published in our issue of the 20th of June. We refer also to the article on 'Loss of Iron Steamships' in the C. I. N. of June 27. It affords us pleasure to give additional publicity to the following statements:

(From the Quelice Daily News.)

An old and true adage says 'there are two sides to a story,' and as we published yesterday, the resolutions of some of the passengers by the Norwegian, wishing to deal fairly with all, we now call the special attention of our readers to the following address and letter, signed by a great many of the cabin passengers of this unfortunate vessel:

St. Paul's Island, June 19, 1863. CAPT. WILLIAM MCMASTER:

DEAR SIR :- Although it has not pleased Providence to bring, as we had hoped, our voyage to a happy conclusion, we cannot permit its sad termination to obliterate from our minds the many kind attentions received at your hands, nor the unvaried caution which characterized the entire management

of your vessel.

To Mr. Kelly, the First Mate, and to your officers and crew, who so willingly carried out your orders, we offer our best thanks, as also to the Stewards and Stewardess, for their exertions in administering to our wants and comforts. and comforts.

and comforts.

Be assured that we deeply sympathise with you in the loss of your noble ship, and that wherever your lot may be cast you will carry with you our best wishes for your happiness and success.

and success.

Believe us to be, Dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

Most truly yours,

Rev. R. Scott, Chaplain to the Forces,
Kingston, C. W.; Wm. Wagner, P. L. S.,
Ottawa; Ebin D. Choate, Portland; Mrs.
Wickstead, J. A. Tower, Boston, Massachusetts; John Dixon, Toronto; J. P. Brabazon, Grenadier Guards; R. W. Birch, Captain 30th Regt.; John Hurd, Toronto; J.
E. Kirkpatrick, merchant, Montreal; Joseph Keller, Memphis, Tenn.; James Winslow
Tighe, Hants Artillery; Earnest A. Leger,
Havre; A. C. Buchanan, Quebec; C. H.
W. Baldwin, Sydenham; H. B. McMaster,
Quebec; William Thorp, Captain 62nd
Regiment.
To the Editor of the Onebec Mamin-

the Editor of the Quebec Morning Tο

To the Editor of the Quebec Morning Chronicle:

St. Louis Hotel, Quebec, June 24.

Str:—We, the undersigned, have read with much surprise the statement which appeared in your paper this morning, signed by some of the steerage passengers of the late ill-fated steamer Norwegian, and with a view to contradict their statements send you what we know to be a true and unprejudiced what we know to be a true and unprejudiced

what we know to be a true and unprejudiced account.

With regard to the first resolution named in that letter, 'that a vote of censure is due to Capt. McMaster,' we beg to state that Capt. McMaster never, at any time, either before or after the ship was wrecked, behaved with anything but kindness and consideration to all the passengers on board his ship; there was no want of exertion on his part to save the passengers' luggage. The simple fact is this, the passengers were all landed first, then as many provisions as would last for some time, and then as much of the passengers' luggage as was possible. Capt. McMaster never for one instant left the deck of his ship, until about three hours after she struck, when she keeled over so much that the exclamation on shore was general

'there she goes.' The bell was rung for all hands on board to clear out and take to the boats, and even the Captain would not stir from his post until every single seaman had left the ship.

With regard to the second resolution named, viz: 'That if common caution and moderate exercises had been exercised.

moderate exertions had been exercised &c.' we can only say that no caution or exertion was spared. It must be apparent exertion was spared. It must be apparent to every one with common sense that, when more than 400 persons were wrecked on an island like St. Paul's the first thing to be thought of must be the means of feeding so many persons, who must remain where they were, at least for some days, before they could possibly be relieved. That some of the crew returndant ed and broke open many boxes is untruc. We know that some of the baggage left in the cabins was broken open and many articles of great value were taken away, but we have reason to believe that this plundering took place almost immediately after the ship struck, even before all the passengers had left the ship, and while the boats were being loaded, that it was not altogether committed by the crew, but partly by one or two of the steerage passengers themselves.

anniversary of St. John the Baptist, a number of the brethren of the Barton, Strict Observance, St. John's and Acacia Lodges of this city, with the Union Lodge of Grimsby, this city, with the Union Lodge of Grimsoy, united in celebrating the Festival of their Patron Saint by an excursion and pic-nic at Grimsby. At 3 10 p.m. two car loads of the brethren and their friends, accompanied by a number of the fair sex, left Hamilton station, by the Accommodation East. On articles of the fair sex of the fair riving, at Grimsby the excursionists were re-ceived by the brethren of the Union Lodge, who conducted them to a beautifully shady place which had been prepared for the oc casion.

A more beautiful spot it would be difficult to find, or one more suitable for such a fes-tive gathering. It is situated in a shady grove between the railroad track and the lake shore, and was rendered delightfully cool by the refreshing breezes from of the waters of old Ontario in the distance.

A large plot had been carefully sodded A large plot had been carefully sodded and prepared for dancing upon, and almost immediately after the arrival of the party the festivities commenced. Some found pleasure in the dance, others roamed the wools, delighted to be free, for a few hours at least, from the dust and bustle of the city; while more sought recreation and annuse while more sought recreation and annuse ment in strolling along the wave-washed shore. The joyous danears, the beaming from expressing the great obligations, we are under towards 'Mr. Kelly, and the sounds of pleasare all around, showed that other officers of the ship,' and also to

D. D. G. M. for Hamilton District, which the R. W. Bro. acknowledged in a suitable manner. This finished the round of toasts, so duncing was again resumed with renewed

so duncing was again resumed with renewed vigor.

As the shades of evening fell, four large fires, placed on elevated positions, were lighted, throwing a bright, lurid glare over the scene, lighting the place up brilliantly, and forming a beautiful contrast to the green foliage around. Until about eleven o'clock the dancing was kept up with great spirit and during those few merry hours, so pleasantly spent, more than one susceptable city youth felt the bewitching power and sweet influence of soft, tender glances from country lassies. They cannot be blamed for that though, for it is certainly almost impossible to withstand the power of those dear Grimsby girls.

certainly almost impossible to withstand the power of those dear Grimsby girls.

The party returned to the station about eleven o'clock, and on the arrival of the midnight express the excursionists bade farewell to their Grimsby friends and returned home, where they arrived in good time, all thoroughly well pleased with the festivities of the day. We had almost forgotten to mention that the music was furnished by Mr. Storror's Band, and gave universal satisfaction.

#### GAME OF LACROSSE.

We have illustrated a game at cricket, far as a picture and engraving can, on the first page. The most that we can learn about the origin and history of the game of cricket, at the time of present writing, is contained

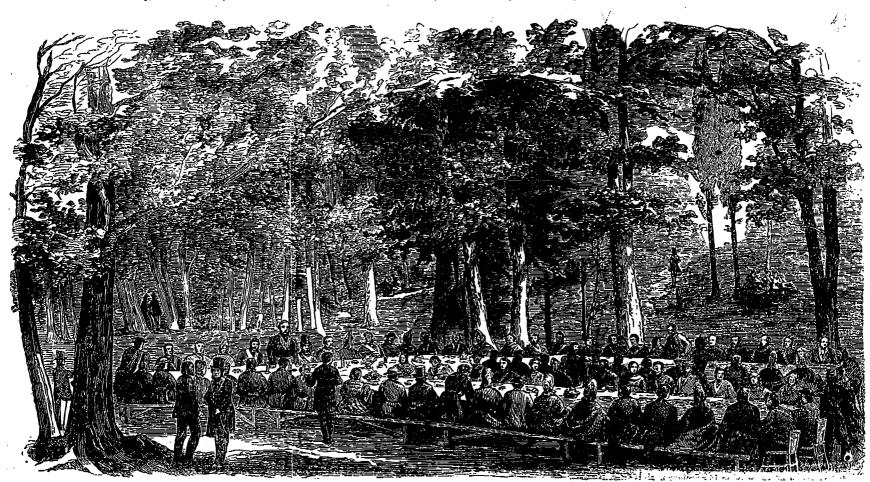
Lacrosse is a game so wild and exciting, so varied, and so dramatic, that it interests the spectator as much as the player, and this cannot be so truly said of any other game. It is a simple game, and one easily understood. Above all, in lacrosse the muscles of the body are brought into exertion equally and at th are brought into exertion equany and at me same time, and there is no danger of losing an eye, or splitting off a thumb. Unlike cricket, lacrosse is a game suited for girls, and might be introduced into girls' schools with great advantage, as the crosse bat is

and might be introduced into girls' schools with great advantage, as the crosse bat is scarcely heavier than a buttledore, and there is plenty of healthy running, without any danger of blows.

Lacrosse is generally played by twelve competitors on a side. The players wear flamed shirts and caps, belts or sashes, and light shoes or deer sain moccasins, which heave the feet unconstrained and plicat ave the feet unconstrained and pliant

leave the feet unconstrained and pliant.

The crosse, or bat, requires careful description. It may be either of ash or hickory; the former bends easier, the latter is stronger. It is generally about three feet long, but its size and weight may be proportioned to the height and strength of the player. It is bent into a shape resembling an unbarbed fishhook or a bishop's crozier; a net of catgut, or strings of moose-skin, is then strained across the curve to the width of a racket-bat. The netted surface is made rather baggy in The netted surface is made rather baggy in the centre, in order to better catch the ball and carry it when required. The ball used at lacrosse is of solid India-rubber, as it can be thrown further, and is harder to stop than



FREEMASONS AT GRIMSBY, CANADA WEST; DINNER IN THE WOODS, JUNE 24, 1863 SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ACTION, OR THE SPOT.

'Mr. Patton,' Surgeon, and 'Mr. Dolan,' the Chief Steward, for their untiring ex-ertions in behalf of all classes of the pas sengers during the whole time they the island.

In conclusion, we must say that we are In conclusion, we must say that we are surprised that any of the passengers should attempt to censure the noble conduct of Capt. McMaster and his officers, when they ought instead to thank God that they are all of them now alive and well, although they may have lost their property.

We are, &c.,
Richard J. W. Birch, Capt 60th Regt;
William Thorp, Capt. 62ud Regt; James
Winslow Tighe, Hants Artillery, England;
Ernest A. Leger, Havre, France; C. H. W.
Balwit, England.

#### FESTIVAL OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST.

The 24th of June, is the annual festival of The 24th of June, is the annual festival of the French in Lower Canada, and of many of the Lodges of Freemasons, above and below the dividing line of the Ottawa river. We have engraved two pictures of the Freemasons' festival at Grimsby, sketched by one of our artists, and print them on this page. Not having been present we are indebted to our contemporary the Hamilton Spectator for the following description:

Wednesday, the 24th of June, being the

otten, and that pleasure ruled supreme. Thus 'all went merry as a marriage bell' until about six o'clock, when dinner was an nounced, and then with appetites sharpened by the amusements of the <sup>\*</sup> afternoon, gathered around the tables.

The Chair was ably filled by R. W. M. Rastrick, supported on his right by R. W. Bro. Dr. Fitch, D. D. G. M., of Hamilton District, and on his left by R. W. Bro. Thos. B. Harris, Grand Secretary. After full justice had been done to the good things, the R. W. Chairman proposed the first toast—
'The Queen and the Craft.'

The following toasts were then proposed in the order in which they are given: 'The Prince and Pancess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family.' 'His Excellency the Governor General.' 'The Army and Navy,' responded to by Captain Snow. 'The M. W. G. Master, 'T. D. Harrington, Esq., and Grand Lodge of Canada.'—Received with all the honors. 'The Grand Lodges in correspondence with the Grand Lodges of Canada, and the Provincial Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia,' suitably responded to by R. W. Brother Dr. Hunter, of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia. R. W. Bro. Titch proposed 'The Ladies,' which was gallantly responded to by W. Bro. J. W. Baine. R. W. Bro. T. B. Harris then proposed the health of R. W. Bro. Dr. Fitch, The following toasts were then proposed

in half a dozen sentences of an English Cyedia. Cricketers do not describe them to be intelligible to any but themselves. clopedia. play to be intelligible to any but themserves.

The Freemasons are also obscure to all outwhy these pages do not contain a popular account of the three pictures we have engraved; of the match at cricket, and the Masonic excursion to the woods at Grimsby.

As supplementary to these we offer a des-As supplementary to these we offer a description of the Canadian game of lacrosse, as played at Montreal; but beg to interpose this remark to modify that made by the Montreal writer about the hard hitting and vehement exercise of cricket, of which by inference he complains. To the genuine Englishman, the hard hitting, the patient inference he complains. To the genuine Englishman the hard hitting, the patient watchfulness, and vehement exercise, are the sweet qualities which make the game worthy of national renown.

the less clastic sponge-ball. The ground needs no preparation, but it is better when level, and where the grass is short and stones

The goals through which the ball has to be driven are generally about six feet high, and consist of poles bearing colored flags, placed about six feet apart. The rival goals and consist of poles bearing colored mags, placed about six feet apart. The rival goals should face each other, and be about half a mile apart. The game consists in a struggle of the one party to pass the ball through the goal of the other. The party that first drives the ball through the opposite goal is victorious.

The excitement and fun consist in the al-The excitement and tun consist in the ar-ternate attack and defence. If there are twenty-four players present, twelve for each side, two 'captains,' or leading men, toss up for the first pick. They then choose their men, and post them over the field, selecting for each his place according to age, strength, shill and neonliar faculty.

for each his place according to age, strength, skill and peculiar faculty.

The following rules are enforced: No 'swiping' allowed. No tropping or holding your adversary. No throwing the ball with the hand; though in a struggle, and when a player is surrounded, it may be kicked with the foot. No picking up the ball with the hand, except in extreme cases, as when it gets into a pool or in a sand-ble. After every game the players shall change sides. If a ball flung at the goal is caught by the crosse of the goal-keeper, but still breaks in or falls in, the game is still won

by the attacking party.

The twelve men of each side consist of six field men, ordinary field hands, and six more expert players, to whom the places of honor are reserved. These six are thus subdivided: The goal-keeper, who stands cool and imperturable, to ward off the ball from the little gateway between the flags. Point, who should be a skillful checker in dangerous moments, stands twelve feet in front of ous moments, stands twelve feet in front of him. Cover-point, who should be a very good player, should never leave his post except to cautiously push a palpuble advantage. The home-men, stand near the enemy's goal, to pass the ball quickly in when thrown up to them; they should be specially prompt, yet cool men. The facers are the two players who begin the game by standing in front of each other, half-way between the goals, and 'three' being counted, trying which by strength or art can obtain the ball. Sometimes it is thrown up and struck at. The 'dodges' at this moment are numerous. dodges' at this moment are numerous. 'dodges' at this moment are numerous.— Some twist the ball between their legs and the man behind them; others press the ball away by main force. A common method is as 'three' is cried, to suddenly turn your back on your adversary, and giving your crosse a twist, to send the ball to your cen-

quickest way between the flags.

The 'dodging' or avoiding the competitors who would stop you, or take the ball from you, and the 'checking' or stopping the dodger, are the two most subtle, varied, and amusing branches of the game. It is wonderful what room there is in lacrosse for inderful what room there is in lacrosse for invention, ingenuity, artifice, and dexterity. An Indian dod er will put up his crosse perpendicularly, and then, by a dip and horizontal turn catch and run off with the swiftest ball; or he will bear the ball to the ground, and catch it after it bounces; or he will catch it between his foet, or under his arms, and toss it on to his crosse, and then run. If closely pursued, the good player throws the ball back over the checker's head to his nearest friend, or he will wave his crosse to and fro to escape the blow of his opponent, or keep whirling round ready for a bolt, or or keep, whirling round ready for a bolt, or will pretend to fall, and then to rise and dart off on the checker's weakest side; or he keeps changing his crosse from hand to hand, and parrying his opponent's blows with the disengaged hand.

disengaged hand.

The checker is, however, generally too much for the dodger, unless he has a swift pair of legs. The checker must never let the dodger pass him with the ball, but snatch it from him before he has time to throw, or

catch and carry the ball safest and in the wise the enemy in front might instantly drive when the ball is coming in, but far above the flags, when it is better to let it pass, as otherwise it might be caught and sent in by a straight throw of one of the enemy's advanced-guard.

The player who would excel at lacrosse must not mind an occasional blow on the head or fingers, and if he does, must wear cricket-gloves and a thick cap. He must cricket-gloves and a thick cap. He must also constantly practise running and dodging. He should run on uneven and even ground, and up and down hill, especially the latter. He must learn to do the mi'c in as much less than ten minutes, and the six miles in as much less than the hour as possible. A quarter of a mile in a minute, or a mile in five minutes, is good running.

[The following remarks as well as the forgong, are by a contributor to Chambers' Hournal. We have already taken excention

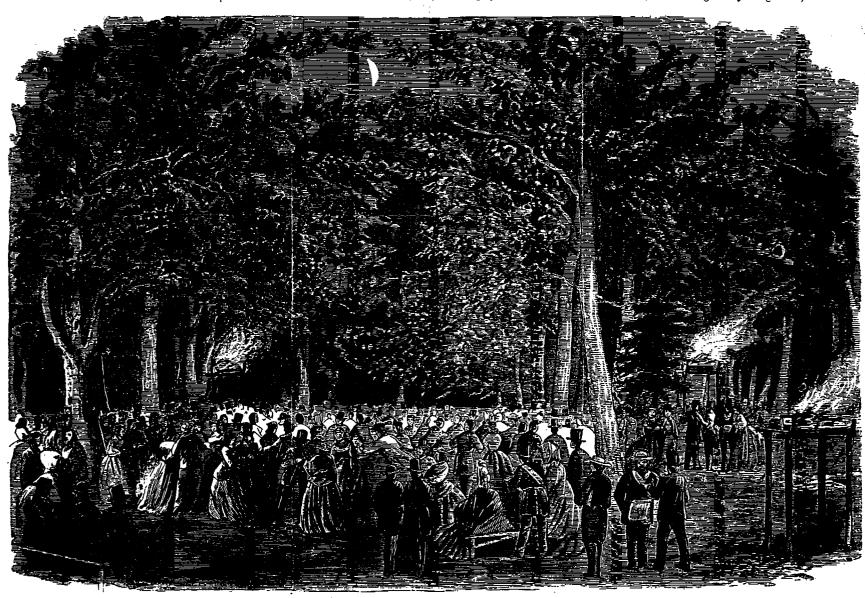
[The following remarks as well as the forgoing, are by a contributor to Chambers' Journal. We have already taken exception to these as regards cricket. The genuine cricketer looks on lacrosse as a game only fit for the Indian 'children of nature,' and the girls or other children of civilization.—Cricket is English, and no other people on the face of the earth but the people of the British Islands, or their colonial offspring have the energy, physicial powers and man have the energy, physicial powers and man hood to play it and love it.—ED. C. I. N.]

the cricket, the excitement of the runs, the delight af blocking a treacherous slow ball, the rapture of catching out a good player, and the feverish anxiety of a close run game, but still I hold that cricket cannot hold a candle to lacrosse for variety, ingenuity and interest.

The last time I saw it played was in a fine green meadow outside Montreal, not far from the Haunted House, at the foot of a hill from which the fine view is obtained. The shining and uncovered steeples were hid from sight; we were among those eligibity The shining and uncovered steeples were hid from sight: we were among trees slightly crimsoned with the October frosts. The young Beaver Club of Montreal was playing a party of Indians, who had just arrived by steamer from some village near the Rapids of the St. Lawrence. The Montreal striplings were dressed in flannel shirts and trousers, and had donned scarlet bonting caps and belts. The Indians were dark-skinned and older men, with broad chests and thin, sinewy limbs. They wore feather headdresses and ornamented loin-clothes, and moved over the field with a restless panther-like freedom.

It was marvellous to see, as the ball for

It was marvellous to see, as the ball for the first flew up into the air, those statues spring into life instantly. The field was dotted with groups of struggling figures, now running into jostling knots, now fan-



FREEMASONS AT GRIMSBY, CANADA WEST; DANCE IN THE WOODS AT NIGHT, JUNE 24, 1863.

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ON THE SPOT.

The moment of this duel is one of the most beautiful in the game. Every man is standing silent, ready and anxious, more like starts in the air, there is a rush of athletic men, and a whirl of bats, which never ceases, but only grows wilder and fiercer, till the ball is passed between the flag-wands.

The ball in lacrosse should seldom be rudely struck, only thrown and tipped. The good player's object is to catch it as soon as possible in the bag of his net, and if he is fleet enough, or is a swift runner and dodger, to carry it at once through the goal; but as this is rather difficult with twelve opponents, checking him, crossing him, beating at his bat, and waiting to suap him at every wind and turn, the true play is to throw the ball on to the nearest or most accessible and least surrounded man of his party. As it is part of the game to strike the ball that an opponent is carrying to the goal out of his part of the game to strike the ball that an opponent is carrying to the goal out of his cornse, it requires great practice before you loarn how to avoid these blows, and how to

'As a game, I rank lacrosse far above cricket or golf. It does not require attendants and special ground, like golf, and it boust; more unintermitted amusement and more simultaneous competition than cricket. The materials, too, are cheaper, and you require no 'hog-in-armour' costume. It is more varied, more ingenious, mere subtle than cricket, and, above all, it can be played in all scasous of the year without danger, expense, or preparation. No marquees required, no grass rolling, no expensive bats or balls, no spiked shoes, and no padded leggings to preserve you from the cannonshots of fast bowlers, who seem determined to maim or lame somebody; above all, there is not that tiresome and wearisome waiting for the innings. The whole twenty-four men have their innings simultaneously, and have both an equal chance and an equal certainty of amusement and employment; while in cricket a beginner gets perhaps ten strokes at a ball, and that is all in the whole game. I admit the pleasure of the good swipe in

ning out in switt lines like skirmishers be-fore a grand army. Every now and then there would break away from the rest some there would break away from the rest some sinewy subtle runner, who, winding and twisting like a scrpent, would dash between the eager ranks of his rivals, avoiding every blow, now stooping, now leaping, now turning, quick as a greyhound, and artful as a fox; and then as the ball was shot between fox; and then as the ball was snot between the crimson flags of the Montreal men, the Indians would give a war-yell that echoed

#### LATE IN PUBLICATION.

One of our Engravers has been sick nd absent, and another unwell though present, which misfortunes have delayed the publication of the Canadian Illustrated News some hours later than usual.

ERRATA.-The second page of this issue

#### CRICKET.

[See pictorial illustration on front page and editorial article on page 86.]

A match took place on Thursday 25th inst. on the Rifle Brigade Cricket ground at Hamilton, between No. 1 Company, 1st Battalion, Rifle Brigade and No. 6 Company, in which the latter were victorious in one innings:

NO. 6 COMPANY—FIRST INNINGS.	
Corporal James, b Slade	0
Captain Bunbury, b Slade	1
Private Finch, run out	21
Private Finch, run out	0
Lord A. Cecil, run out.	52
Lord A. Cecil, run out	1
Private Sims, b Brill	28
Ensign Tufnell, run out	17
Private Weaver, D Slade	.2
Corporal Burt, c Brown, b Grant	11
Private James, not out	6
Byes, 7; leg byes, 4; wides, 13	24
Total,	163
NO. I COMPANY—FIRST INNINGS.	. 1747
Private Lawrence, c Bunbury, b Cecil	36
Games Dell & Siere	4
Corporal Brill, b Sims	14
Contain Slade h Sing	0
Corporal Bodger, b Sims Captain Slade, b Sims Private Salter, c Weaver, b Sims	ì
Private Hearne, b Cecil	7
Corporal Elliott, c Everett b Sims	ò
Bugler Brown, run out	7
Private King, b Cecil	i
Private Hall, b Finch.	ō
Private King, b Cecil	8
Total,	78
NO. 1 COMPANY-SECOND INNINGS.	
Lieutenant Grant, run out	14
Private Lawrence, c Bunbury, b Bolton.	0
Corporal Brill, b Bolton	10
Corporal Bodger, b Bolton	Ŏ
Captain Slade, c Bunbury, b Finch.	ĭ
Private Salter, c Weaver, b Bolton	2
Private Hearne, b Bolton	2
Corporal Elliott, b Finch	0
Bugler Brown, run out	1
Private King. not out	0
Private Hall, b Bolton	U
Private Hall, b Bolton	5
	—

#### HAMILTON CLUB, V. TORONTO CLUB.

Total, ..... 35

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News by Mr. David McCulloch; the scores obtained correctly from an official record.]

This match was played at Hamilton on Saturday, 27th June. It was one which no cricketer could fail to be delighted with. The day was tine, the ground in good order, and the amount of cricketing talent in the two elevens, was such as is seldom brought together in our Canadian cricket fields.

George Sharp, with his usual luck, won the toss for the Hamilton club, and straightway Foster and Young appeared at the wickets as their representatives. The latter, after scoring 5, was unfortunately run out. The former played a brilliant innings of 21, when he fell to Draper for a l. b. w. Captain Slade played a fine innings of 28, when Bogart caught off his own bowling. Lieutenant Parr contributed the next highest number to the score, and in a manner too which elicited the applause of every one on the field. Lord Cecil made several brilliant hits, but misjudged a well pitched ball from Morewood, which brought his innings to a close for 10. The innings closed for 101. The bowling and fielding of the Toronto eleven was of the best kind, and nothing but the excellent batting of the Hamiltonians wickets as their representatives. The latter,

eleven was of the best kind, and nothing but the excellent batting of the Hamiltonians could have won such a score from it.

After a few minutes delay Heward and Wright appeared at wickets, on behalf of Toronto, to the bowling of Sharp and Foster. The batting of these players was exceedingly steady, and baffied every attempt of the bowlers to discomfit them. Heward, of course, had one or two 'lives,' but this was no more than his proverbial luck entitled him to. He was at length caught by Park off Sharp, for 14. This was the first wicket down, and the total score footed up 27. Toronto men cheerful and confident of success. Parsons filled the vacancy caused by Toronto men cheerful and confident of success. Parsons filled the vacancy caused by Heward's retirement. The deservedly widespread reputation of this gentleman led all to expect some fine play; but in attempting to drive Foster 'out of the field,' he was beautifully caught by Benjamin at mid-wick-et, without adding any to the score. Wright, Patterson, Cobden, and Wise, made vigorous efforts to retrieve the now falling fortune of Toronto, but without avail. The innings closed for 63 runs.

Again the Hamiltonians took the bat .-

No stand of importance was made until Cecil and Foster got together. These two showed some of the liveliest play of the match, and compelled the Toronto men to match, and compelled the Toronto men to change their bowling. Heward, with his 'seductive lobs' replacing Draper. For one or two overs the change did not produce any effect, but at length Cecil, apparently getting tired of ones and twos, made a desperate lunge at one of Heward's slows.—The uninitiated were in raptures over the brilliant hit, but the knowing ones had an eye on a suspicious-looking retrograde of Spragge—at long field—which resulted in his getting his left hand within reach of the ball; and so closed Lord Cecil's innings for 24, obtained by brilliant, dashing and beautiful play. Un'eterred by the fate of his late partner, Foster soon after executed a similar drive, and again the unerring left hand arrested the ball in its descent. It now became a matter of speculation, whether hand arrested the ball in its descent. It now became a matter of speculation, whether the Hamiltonians would pull the score up to 80 runs. But Gillesby and Kennedy soon solved the question. On their separation—by Gillesby being run out—the tolegraph announced 102 as the total. This was the figure at which the innings closed, it being too late for the Toronto eleven to

	play.	
	HAMILTON-FIRST INNINGS.	
	School-master Foster, l. b. w, b. Draper.	21
ı	J. M. Young, run out	
	G. Sharpe, b. Draper	0
	Captain Slade, c. and b. Bogart	28
	T. Gillesby, b. Parsons	. 2
	Lieutenant T. R. Parr, run out	13
	J. Park, b. Draper	. 1
	R. Kennedy, b. Bogart	4
i	Lord A. Cecil, b. Morewood	10
	E. R. Benjamin, not out	1
	G. E. Duggan, b. Morewood	. 3
	Byes 9, leg byes 2, wides 1, no ball 1.	13
	,	
	Total	101

i	HAMILTON-SECOND INNINGS.
١,	Captain Slade, b. Morewood
Ì	E. R. Benjamin, c. Wright b. Morewood
	J. M. Young, b. Draper
	Lieutenant T. R. Parr, c. and b. Heward
ĺ	School-mas. Foster, c. Spragge b. Heward
	Lord A. Cecil, c. Spragge, b. Heward
Į	T. Gillesby, run out
	G. Sharp, I. b. w., b. Heward
	J. Park, b Heward
ı	G. E. Duggan, c. Bogart b. Heward
	R. Kennedy, not out
i	Byes 15, leg byes 2, wides 2
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Total,
TORONTO-FIRST INNINGS.
G. Heward, c. Park, b. Sharp
D. Wright, b. Sharpe
B. Parsons, c. Benjamin, b. Foster
Lieut. H.F. Morewood, c. Young, b. Foster
T. C. Patterson, run out
Ensign G. E. Cobden, c. Foster b. Sharpe
E. Spragge, run out
R. Wise, not out.
N. Bogart, c. Cecil b. Sharpe
F. Henderson, run out.
l'. Draper, c. Slade b. Sharpe
Byes 5, wides 1

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Publishers may find an advantage in submitting books and periodicals to the Editor of the C. I. N. for review. In this matter, as in our advertisements, the proprietor of this journal does not press nor even solicit. But attention is pointed to the promise that all publications received here will be reviewed, or cursorily noticed. Our remarks will be carried into family circles and perused where other papers either do not largely enter, or if admitted, are lost. An experience of five-and-twenty years among the London publishers, as a reviewer in magazines and first class newspapers, gives the Editor a facility in reading and noting the commendable portions of a work, which will be serviceable in this journal when booksellers choose to submit to our notice the works they publish, or sell for other publishers.

Mr. JOSEPH LYGIT, King street Hamil-

they publish, or sell for other publishers.

Mr. Joseph Lyght, King street Hamilton, has forwarded the 'Scientific American,' 'Good Words' and 'Family Herald.' The two latter are well-known products of Scotland and of England. The current issue of the Scientific American is that which closes a volume. Mr. Lyght has the back numbers ready to supply those who may desire to complete their sets. The New York publisher draws attention to the present as the time to commence clubs, or for single readers to subscribe. Though having an antural and proper leaning towards our English literature, and believing many of the periodicals published in New York and wide by circulated in Canada to be trashy, subversive of healthful British patriotism, and in some instances, morally pernicious and in some instances, morally pernicious and

rile, we are bound to praise many others.— We have said Mr. Willis's 'Home Journal is either the best or one of the best literary and domestic papers issued in America.

The 'Scientific American' is more the The The 'Scientific American' is more than probably, it is positively, so far as we have seen, the best journal devoted to mechanical and general science which crosses the St. Lawrence and the Lakes to this Province. The article in another page on the 'Functions of the Skin' is transferred from its columns to these. Its engraved illustrations are appropriate to their subject, clear and useful. In short, lucidity and utility are the twin elements of the Scientific American.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL DIAL.—This comes from Owen Sound. It is a neatly printed, quarto sheet, with engravings fairly executed, and matter appropriate to the useful, to the delightful, holy purpose of inciting the young to read the scriptures and search for passages, specially instructive. It is pleasant to see this beautiful production of a far northern corner of Canada, winging its way, like a summer bird over the forests, down by the lakes, and along the courses of the rivers, nestling under the roofs of Christian civilization. Every parent whose hearts have been touched, as if with whispers from Heaven, at hearing their little children tun-THE SUNDAY SCHOOL DIAL .- This come Heaven, at hearing their little children tuning the infantile voices to some simple sacred melody, or evolving from their tender thoughts the first germs of idea and inquiry, must take delight in speaking well of the Owen Sound 'Dial.'

1. Lower Canada Agriculturist; 2. Rural New Yorker; 3. Canadian Agriculturist; 4. Genesee Farmer. These are all before us, useful and refreshing.—They bring the fragrance of hay-making, the flavor of straw-berries, the bleating of lambs, the blowing of healthful breezes, the music of running water. They are prosy: yet the of running water. They are prosy; yet the secluded mind, in this Editorial corner, our eyes looking out on bare red bricks, translates them to poetry. We see within their pages the admonitions of mid-summer, and forthwith comes up out of memory, the 'Midsummer Nights' Dream,' with Shaks-

peare ever new and ever exqisite:

Thine eyes are lond-surs, and thy tongue's sweet air,
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

A celebrated toper, intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself. 'Go sober,' replied his friend, 'and your most intimate friends will not know

ROMANCE AND REALITY. -— Sometime: there are living beings in nature more lovely than in romance. Reality surpasses imagination, and we see brightening and moving before our eyes sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

A boy recently from the country was taken into a gentleman's family. One evening after he had been called up in the drawing-room, he came down into the kitchen laughasked the cook. 'What's the matter?' asked the cook. 'Why, hang it,' said he, 'there's twelve of 'em up there who couldn't snuff the candles, and they had to ring for me to do it.'

IDLENESS is the bane of body and mind, the IDLENESS is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the stepmother of dissipation, the chief author of all mischef, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, but if not occupied shout some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.

Extragreyary Successes and Captage and Captage was considered and the constant of the constant of

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING BY CAPTAIN Ross WITH A NEW RIPLE.—At Astley Moss, Captain Horatio Ross tried an improved gun recently brought out by Mr. Edgar, of Manchester. In ten successive shots, at a 500 yard range, he placed the ball six times within a centre of six square inches, and the whole of the ten shots within a centre of twelve inches. The gallant captain is to proceed to the Hythe School of Musketry, where, with this new match rifle, it is antici-pated he will register some still more astonshing shots.

ishing shots.

The Widower.—The death of a man's wife is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shadowed the family mansion.—Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break its force, or shield him from the full weight of his misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered—as if one wing were broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy; and when the film of death falls over him he misses those accustomed tones which have smoothed his pastomed tones which have smoothed his pas sage to the grave.—Lamartine.

THE EARTH IS FULL OF THY RICHES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Almighty, hear us, while we raise Our hymn of thankfulness and praise, That Thou hast given the human mee So bright, so fair a dwelling-place.

That when this orb of sea and land Was moulded in Thy forming hand, Thy calm, benignant smile impressed A beam of Heaven upon its breast.

Then towered the hills, and broad and green The vale's deep pathway sank between, Then stretched the plain to where the sky Stoops and shuts in the exploring eye.

And stately groves beneath Thy smile Arose on continent and isle; And fruits came forth and blossoms glowed, And fountains gushed and rivers flowed.

Thy hand outspread the bit owy plains Of ocean, nurse of genial rains. Hung high the glorious sun, and set Night's cressets in her arch of jet.

Lord, teach us, while the unsated gaze hted, on Thy works' delays To deem the forms of beauty here But shadows of a brighter sphere.

#### ENIGMAS.

Answer to Will of Brampton.—We have received several, but for a week or two have received several, but for a week or two had a suspicion, perhaps not just, that they and the enigma came all out of one 'diggings.' And, as intimated two weeks ago, we did not like to have private names bandied about. Will has written, assuring us that the names and addresses forming the subjects of his puzzles relate to persons who do not object to such publicity, but rather subjects of his puzzles relate to persons who do not object to such publicity, but rather like it. Space does not admit of more like it. Space does not admit of more answers to that of May 30, page 35, than this, which comes written in a pretty, lady-like hand, the letter bearing the Guelph post-mark. We hope Mr. Biggar will not forget We, should wedding cake ensue.

Henry's mame I much admire And tea, when simmer'd on a fire.

I will not brag, but still 'tis plain
That wheat must be a kind of grain. There is a coin that's called a crown-Toronto, once was but a town.

Brant is a county in the west,

And George the brother I love best, Though it be damp from morn till night: A bridesmaid will be dressed in white

The Answer, THEADORE HENRY BIGGAR Brampton, Canada West.

If you solve the following enigma, continues the fair interpretess, you then will have my address: have my address:

My 12, 6, 1, 10, is a city in Europe.

4, 2, 1, a vegetable.

12, 6, 14, 13, 15, is a beautyfier.

19, 2, 13, 10, is a prison.

9, 2, 1, is an animal.

15, 9, 8, is a harbinger of woe.

5, 6, 20, is what Paddy delights in.

18, 8, 16, 17, is a universal need.

11, 3, 14, is a nation's defence.

5, 6, 7, 8, is a national emblem.

Some correspondents find fault with A

Some correspondents find fault with Adam R's 'Biographical Enigma' of June 20; they say that several figures were awanting. The solution will be inserted next week.

#### SOPHY'S ENIGMA.

The caligraphy of this indicates an amiable temper, good health, and correct education. The Editor apologizes sincerely that in the hurry of writing, and reading 'proofs' it has been so long neglected.—Pardon Sophy, the slight was unintentional. To the Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News.

Siz.—Will you please give the follows.

To the Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News.

Sir, — Will you please give the following enigma insertion in your valuable paper,
you deem it worthy.

I am composed of forty letters:

My 22, 5, 26, 12, 18, 17, 13, 35, 18, is

a girls name.
My 23, 24, 15, 13, 6, 14, 16, 4 is a city in Canada West. My 29, 33, 38, 32, is what all persons

My 39, 2, 31, 26, 16, 36 is something

very expensive.

My 34, 16, 27, 37, is a beautiful flower.

My 1, 30, 19, 8, 27 is the name of my brother.

My 10, 16, 7, 33, 29, 39, 2 is a plant exemsively used.

My 40, 9, 35, 28, 20 is what I like to do. My 11, 20, 25, 10, 40, 2, 21, 14, 3 is a ounty in Canada west.

My whole is the name, occupation and

home of a merry young gentleman.

Sorny.

THOROLD, 9th June, 1863.

That of J. J. M. is a gem; by compulsion we leave it out for another week. So also some others.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF BATHING.

[This may be profitably, and we trust pleasingly read in conection with the article on the Functions of the Skin, on page 87.—Ep. C. I. N.]

Dr. Mayo G. Smith says there are in the human body 2, 700,000 glands and 7,000,000 pores, from 2,000 to 3,000 to the square inch, and one-eighth of an inch in depth, mak-

inch, and one-eighth of an inch in depth, making twenty-eight miles of human drainage.

Live-eighths of all that is caten passes off through these porcs, and but one per cent. of perspirable matter consists of solid substances. The change in the muscles, tissues and bones, occurs in from one to three years, and in the entire body in from six to seven years. If this old matter be retained, it causes disease—it is real virus. ease-it is real virus.

Some diseases are relieved almost instantly by opening the pores. Diarrhwa is frequently cured. Matter from the mucous membrane is expelled through the skin; to-bacco, opium and mercury have thus been exuded. Whatever through the skin the body can expel, it can also absorb. Hold the old of your fictor is existing from the continuous control of your fictor is existing from the control of your fictor is existent. the end of your finger in spirits of urpentine; it is absorbed, goes through the system, and may be detected by its odor. Constant handling of arsenic has produced death by absorp.

Dr. Brock, a student of Sir Astley Cooper, Dr. Brock, a student of Sir Astley Cooper, once poisoned a dog, which immediately plunged into a neighboring river, and remained for some time almost entirely submerged, after which he emerged for his watery hospital and ran home cured. Dogs have been repeatedly cured of hydrophobia by holding them in water.

Thirst has often been relieved by immersion, even in salt water, the salt probably being excluded during the process of transulation. Mutten bones, boiled a long time in soft water, with a slight addition of calcinated potash, made fresh every day, have imported to water such nowishing properties, that a patient bathing therein daily, and taking nothing save a few tea-spoonfuls of tea twice a day, and one table-spoonful of tonic syrup, gained 15½ pounds in as many weeks, simply by absorption.

Perspiration is eliminated from all parts of Perspiration is eliminated from all parts of the body, and the excretions, cutaneously formed, may for some parts of the surface be re-admitted to the circulation, and if poisonous or injurious, whenever the blood visits it, it must carry disease, Nature keeps her side of the interior clean and soft, and demands an unobstructed exterior, and exudes to the surface the refuse matter for removal by bathing and evaporation. A dry, light powder like dust, mixed with sweat and oil from the clands, clors in the pores. As all parts of glands, clogs in the pores. As all parts of the cutical have pores, as well as the face and hands, all the body should be bathed at least one-third as many times as these are.

On board a slave ship the small-pox sud-enly broke out. Medical aid was powerless. denly broke out. Medical aid was powerless. Every morning the dead in great numbers were thrown overboard. In the midst of terwere thrown overboard. In the midst of ter-ror and anguish, the negroes cried out, Let us do as we do in our own country with the sick; and permission being given, they gent-ly lowered their sick companions into the sea, letting them remain a few minutes, and then raised them and placed them on deck in the sunlight until dried; they repeated this pro-cess several times, when the disease left them and they were cound. and they were cured.

and they were cured.

At Charleston. S. C., among several Northern mechanics who had gone thither in company, but one escaped the prevailing fever, and he alone bathed frequently, and never slept in any of the clothes worn by day. The others only cast off their outer garments, slept in their perspiration, and died.

Cold water is used and prescribed much more than formerly, though many would think a physician not worth sending for who would prescribe so simple a remedy. nethy's advice to one of his wealthy patients nethy's advice to one of his wealthy patients was, 'Let your servant bring to you two or three pailfuls of water and put it in a washtub; take off your clothes, get into it, and from head to foot rub yourself with it, and you'll recover.' 'This advice of yours seems very much like telling me to wash myself,' said the patient. 'Well,' said Abernethy, 'it is open to that objection.'

#### EOLA.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

#### [CONTINUED.]

Elwyn's friends were, fortunately, on intimate terms with Sir George Shipton, and offered to exert their influence to remove the Baronet's objections to his suit; but Elwyn, fearing, from his knowledge of Sir George's character, to venture all in open field, had laid, in conjunction with Eola, the counterplot, which had now ended in such a happy result.

Thus was the Baronet caught in his own rap, and Eola restored to health and hapiness. The clouds of sorrow and misfortune that had once obscured her path were all dispersed, and a long, fair, brilliant day had opened upon her delighted vision.

If her breast sorrowed at all, it was for the sins, and gricfs, and trials of others.

Of Lord Eswald's marriage she had been informed by Elwyn. The latter had not seen his consin since the event, but he had heard from Sackville a full account of all the unhappy circumstances connected with it, including that of Zerneen's death, which had come to Lord Eswald's knowledge had come to Lord Eswald's knowledge through the inquiries of his ever-ready agent

Eola, though she lamented poor Zerneen's Eola, though she lamented poor Zerneen's untimely end, and shed many tears over her memory and her sad misfortunes, could not avoid feeling that her decease, under the circumstances, was a merciful release; and earnestly did she hope that the forlorn, weary soul of the injured girl was at length at never at peace.

Elwyn continued an honored guest at Dun-orlan Park until his beloved and her grandsire went to London, where they purposed spending the winter.

His marriage with Eola it was intended should take place in the ensuing spring, at the Baronet's country seat.

#### CHAPTER LXVI.

Nearly ten months have elapsed since the beautiful and amiable Lady Isabella Sackville became the wife of Lord Percy Eswald. But is the wife of to-day happy, spirited, hopeful, as the bride of that inauspicious morning when first she left her father's roof morning when first she left ner maner a root for the home of a heartless, unprincipled

Alas! no. Withering care, suspicion, and long months of gloomy fears and doubts, have early succeeded in snatching the bloom from her check, the brightness from her eyes, and the music from her voice. The shock she received on her marriage day, though Eswald had done all he could, by the invention of a plausable tale, to soothe her, and remove its effects, had still left its shadow on her mind, and this shadow had since become gradually deepened. The so lately trusting, affectionate, light-hearted girl is now no longer recognizable in the dull, broken-spirited frightness had webs assist the ken-spirited, frightened lady, who, amid the tomb-like solitude of her gilded wretchedness, bemoans her faded dreams of merry girlhood—those air-built fabrics of delusive opes and wishes that have been ruthlessly cattered from her path like chaff before the wind.

And whence this sudden change in one so enthusiastic, so gentle and forgiving?

Has the base-hearted Eswald so far out-

Has the base-hearted Eswald so far outraged all semblance of propriety as to positively ill-use and openly break faith with the mother of his prospective heir? Has he undisguisedly given her to understand that he no longer loves her?

No; dissipated and vile though he is, there is still so much of the outer shell of what the world calls a 'gentleman' about him, as to render him at least polite, attentive, and apparently tender in his behavior to his young and high-born wife. No one could complain that he was really cruel to her.—No one, to observe his conduct when by her No one, to observe his conduct when by her side, could believe that she had cause to grieve for lack of his affection. As the bearer of his proud name, the mistress of his handsome establishment, the daughter and sister of Lords Alvingham and Sackville, sister of Lords Alvingham and Sackville, and, above all other considerations, the mother of his unborn child, Eswald behaved to his wife with the greatest good-breeding and the most studied attention.

What more could she pine for? For love—genuine, true, and faithful love!
Oh! where is the youthful, guileless soul, that for the first time feels the throb of affection, that would be content with mere outward respect and cold politeness, in return for all its unbounded wealth of sweet.

turn for all its unbounded wealth of devoted love?

Lord Eswald's youthful wife had built up

Lord Eswald's youthful wite had built up a glowing vision of married bliss. She had pictured her future husband as good, true, noble, generous and impulsive; and even after the dreadful things that had come partially to light on her bridal day, she had still hoped against conviction, and had striven to force back the chilling influence of ansnicion. atte.
tially to
fill hoped

had loved Percy Eswald with all the ardor of her nature, and for a time he had returned her fondness; but by degrees his manner had become less lover-like, and his

speech less endearing, until at length but a very faint show of affection remained.

Day by day the agonized wife had watched his gradually diminishing tenderness with a bursting heart. Eswald noticed the suba bursting heart. Eswald noticed the sub-dued and melancholy demeanor of his love-

ly wife continually, but it made no impres-sion on his mind. He considered that he did his duty to her—that he was polite and attentive—and that he could be no more
Now that her husband's love had war

the wife experienced diminished delight in anticipating the birth of her infant. Had her lord remained as in the first few months of their union, her heart would have months of their union, her near wound have rejoiced in the anticipation of giving to his arms a pledge of their mutual love; but now her wounded pride rebelled against the idea of being looked upon merely as the mother of his child, without being cherished as the wife of his bosom.

At length the day approached on which the unhappy Ludy Eswald was expected to pass the second great event of every woman's life; but for her the sun that went down that day never rose again. An heir was born. Lord Eswald possessed his wish; but the heart that was transition, can also but the hour that saw it realised, saw also the poor young mother pale and cold in the embrace of death.

Scarcely had her infant seen the light ere her eyes closed on it for ever; and the chamber that had for a few moments resounded with joyous whispers regarding the new-born heir, was soon the scene of the nimest confusion and sorrow.

Great consternation was excited in the

bosoms of all present as to how they sho break the tidings to the widowed fathertask which was finally undertaken by the task which was finally undertaken by the doctor. Descending to the library, where Lord Eswald was anxiously awaiting news from his lady's apartment, he found his lordship striding backwards and forwards in a state of the utmost impatience. As soon as the physician appeared, the nobleman advanced to meet him, but drew back in dismay on observing the downcast air that gentleman wore, and, half averting his head, as if to avoid the ominous sight, said quickly—

ickly— 'Bad news, I fear?' My child, doctor what of it?

have to congratulate you on that score my lord,' returned the doctor, glad to put off, even for a moment, the task of impart-ing his more disagreeable tidings.

'You are blessed with a living child,' he added, 'and an heir.'

Eswald breathed a long sigh of relief.

'And Lady Eswald?' he inquired, interrogatively, but in a hesitating voice.

The doctor's countenance fell greatly a this question. He dreaded to answer it.

this question. He dreaded to answer it.

'I presume her ladyship is not so well as you could wish, doctor, by your gloomy face? But I suppose there's nothing very alarming in the matter,' continued the nobleman, becoming impatient at a delay that kept him from beholding his her.

'My lord,' was the sad reply, 'it is worse than you think. Lady Eswald, in spite of all our care, and all the hopes I up to the last moment entertained for her safety—
In fact, my lord, you must prepare yourself.

In fact, my lord, you must prepare yourself to hear the worst. Your animble lady is no more!

For a time Lord Eswald stood still in the centre of the apartment as if struck dumb The news was dreadful in ess. The idea of death is at end motionless. and motionless. The news was created in its unexpectedness. The idea of death is at all times, and under any circumstances, ap-paling; but in a case like this it appears so in a twofold degree, and to even the hardest hearted can scarcely fail to strike terror and

True, the sorrow endured by such a one must be very different to that of a fond, true-hearted husband under such a harrowing

hearted husband under such a harrowing catastrophe; but still worthless though he was, Percy Eswald shed some bitter tears over the wife whom, but twelve months previously he had taken to his bosom, and vowed before the altar to honour and cherish. And now she was dead; and how had he fulfilled his solemn pledge? Well might he tremble, and dread the still small voice of conscience. But it was not real, lasting grief, that so agitated his dark breast. It was remoise—sharp, and, for a time, irrepressible remorse!

pressible remorse!

Even this feeling—so terribly lasting in some hearts—was wonderfully evanescent in that of Lord Eswald. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' was too true a proverb in his case. As long as the silent, lifeless victim of his unkindness was in his sight, his regret and remorso were intense; but when the stately tomb prepared for it had received the corpse, and inclosed it from his gaze for ever, he seemed to shake off his sorrow as a garment, and to think of it no more. pressible remorse! and to think of it no more.

In fact, he was so charmed with his new tie, his long wished for heir—the babe that stepped in between his title and his hated cousin—that every other emotion appeared awallowed up in the new feelings excited by the child.

To say that he loved his child with the real tenderness of a parent for his first-born would be incorrect; he was too selfish and

callous to entertain a pure affection for anything. But as his heir, his attentive foudness for the motherless infant was extravagant and akin to absurdity. He watched every arrangement intended for its comfort with a jealous attention that astonished all about him; and even himself condescended to plan, suggest, and superintend the measures devised for its care. In fact, he neasures devised for its care. In fact, he carried his vigilance to such an extent, that on going to town, which he purposed doing so soon as the baptismal ceremony was performed, he had arranged that it should go too, with its wetnurse, dry-nurse, and nurserymaids, and the entire paraphernalia of the nursery regions of the nursery regions.

#### CHAPTER LYVIL.

The day intended to witness the grand ceremony of the baptism of the infant heir of Eswald—which had been postponed for some little time, in order that it should not too speedily follow the decease of Lady Eswald was one marked by rejoicing and festivity the estate of the dissipated nobleman. For the first time for years his tenants, far-

mers, and dependants were astonished by his open handed hospitality and generosity; and the munificence of the banquet to which thoy were invited was unparalleled in their recol-

The christening was performed at a village church, about five miles distant from the Abbey. A select company was invited to Abbey. celebrate the event.

The Lords Alvingham and Sackville, maternal grandfuther and uncle of the child, were of the party, besides several other of Lord Eswald's particular friends; the remainder consisted of the resident gentry of the surrounding estates.

The ceremony took place at twelve o'clock, the festival of the tenants, &c., commenced at one, and the grand banquet for the superior circle was fixed for five, p.m.

After the dinner prepared for the tenantry had been partaken of in the large hall, the young heir was to be brought out into the picture-gallery that surrounded it, and exhibited to the company, in order to receive their representations. their respect and congratulations—a portion of the day's ceremony which the proud father intended to carry out with the greatest solemnity and decorum.

The hall, though now the scene of rejoicing, was still hung with black in memory of the sad event connected with the birth of the young hero of the day; and the corridor above, from which he was to be shown to the pitying and admiring eyes below, was, by Eswald's express command, carpeted and hung with the same sombre colour.

It was a strange funcy, but no one pre-sumed to thwart the will of the haughty lord.

At the appointed time his lordship, attired in deep mourning, and bearing in his arms the infant heir, whom he had determined himself to present to the assembled guests, entered the gallery, followed by his noble relatives and the rest of his friends.

The unconscious babe, in obedience to his direction, was arrayed in black and white. Its robe was of rich white lace, trimmed profusely with black; round its shoulders was wrapped a cloak of black velvet, lined with white satin and bordered with crmine; while on its tiny head was placed a white satin hat with one black plume.

'It looks more like as if it were dressed for a funeral than a christening,' muttered an elderly man in the company.

In stately solemnity, Eswald approached the rails of the gallery, and, holding out to view the sleeping child, made an appropriate speech to the audience below, slightly touching, in hypocritical sadness, on the bereavement he had sustained, and ending hy introducing to them their future load his by introducing to them their future lord, his prospective heir, the newly-christened Percy Nisbett Sackville Eswald.

As he concluded his address, he raised the babe higher, and held it forth, that all beneath might have an opportunity of seeing it to advantage.

Bare-headed, and with evident joyousne the worthy farmers raised their glasses, and secretly hoping that the child might prove a better master and a truer man than its a better master and a truer man than its father, loudly wished it health, happiness, and long life.

The cheer that followed awoke the infant from its slumber, and it began to cry. Eswald held it over the rails for a parting salutation.

'Be careful, Percy,' said the Earl of Alvingham, anxiously. 'You are not a practised nurse, you know, and should not venture to hold your child in that dangerous position.'

Whether he felt annoyed by the reasonable caution, and out of obstinate bravado, or the satisfaction of doing as he pleased, deter-

mined to resent it by prolonging the carl's suspense, could not be known; but certain it is that the headstrong nobleman held out in triumph his tiny heir until the cheers of the spectntors had almost subsided. Then, as its cries were more audible, and being, perhaps, a little nervous himself about holding the babe in such a position, he placed it on a level with the rail, resting its body slightly for a moment upon it, in order to gain a better hold.

gain a better hold.

But just as he was turning away, a sudden and strong jerk on the elegant cloak which hang over the balustrade tore the infant's light form violently from his grasp. He endeavored to clutch at its robe, but in vain: a terrified cry burst from the company assembled above and below, and the next moment the heir of Eswald lay stunned and bleeding on the cold flags of the hall. A projecting nail from some portion of the mourning hangings had caught its cloak, and thus Eswald's self-will proved his child's destruction. destruction.

To depict the consternation and confusion that followed the sad catastrophe would be impossible. Lord Essuld rushed frantically to the spot, tore his infant from the hands of a woman who had raised it, and raved over it like a maniae until others, less excited, and with clearer judgment, came to his side and forced him to relinquish the hapless child to better hands.

'It breathes! it breathes!' shricked the wretched man, wildly hanging over the little senseless form, while a terrible reminiscence began to take possession of his guilty mind.

'And that is all,' coldly and sadly replied the Earl of Alvington, as side by side with his now humbled son-in-law they followed the unfortunate babe to an adjoining chamber. 'It must not die,' exclaimed the miserable parent. And once more resuming his stern, defiant air, he looked round on the mute and trembling throng with a glauce that seemed trembling throng with a glance that seemed to say—'Who presumes to doubt, when I be-

Meanwhile, the poor little sufferer still lived, though none but Eswald entertained the faintest hope that it could recover from the severe injuries it had sustained.

the severe injuries it had sustained.

The family surgeon resided at some distance from the Abbey, in a lone, wild place, known as Boxer's Down. It was by no means a desirable journey to make at the best of times, but now, the badness of the weather, and the shortness of the gloomy winter afternoon, rendered it one of some danger. Nevertheless, not one honest heart among all that assembly would have shrunk from undertaking it, for the sake of the little suffering babe. But Eswald, in his feverish impatience, thinking no one could or would suffering babe. But Eswald, in his feverish impatience, thinking no one could or would execute the task as well and expeditiously as himself, refused all their offers, and scarcely waited for the assistance of a groom, saddled and bridled the fleetest horse in his stables, and stated furiously as his immediate.

and brided the fleetest horse in his stables, and started furiously on his journey.

Alvingham and Sackville, who saw him depart, watched, in ominous silence, his retreating figure as he galloped madly along the dismal road, and a strange foreboding of impending evil that neither could define, and which each refrained from communicating to the charmonic property of the start was a stranger of the start was said to said the said to the start was said to said the sai to the other, possessed them both. What-ever their thoughts might have been, it was evident that they tended in one direction, for as they turned from the window their met, and both spontaneously muttered-'Poor Isabella!'

'Poor Isabella!'
The words were simple enough, but they contained a depth of meaning all too clear to those who uttered them. The selfish father and the reckless brother were for once feeling the pangs of remorse. Both were thinking of one object—the young and beautiful girl whom they had suffered to be led to misery, and who had prematurely sunk to her grave.

her grave.

'She couldn't have been happy with him Gus, sighed the earl, as they proceeded to rejoin the now dull and anxious group of visitors who were standing dismally about the apartment

With that conceited fool,' returned the

'With that conceited fool,' returned the younger nobleman, throwing a disdainful glance in the direction of the casement they had quitted; 'no, not she!'

'Well, we did it for the best, Gus, and she had no money,' continued Alvingham, in a deprecating tone; secretly striving to excuse himself to his own conscience for the aid he had lent in his child's destruction.

(Well of course you did it for the best.'

'Well, of course, you did it for the best,' rejoined the son; 'but you must confess you were in a deuce of a hurry to get rid of her.' 'Because you represented Eswald as such a good match.'

mun nature is a deuced queer commodity, to my way of thinking.

The road Lord Eswald had to traverse to

Boxer's Down was rugged, bad, and in many places intersected by dark fragments of rock, steep hills, and precipices. But, in spite of the numerous obstacles and dangers that beset his path—thanks to his skill in equesbeset his path—thanks to his skill in eques-trianism, and the excellence of the thorough bred animal that carried him—Eswald rode several miles in perfect safety.

He was now proceeding rapidly along a portion of the Down that bordered a wide chasm, of great depth, and bearing in its bosom a series of frightful rocks, when a huge wagon approached him, driven by a half drunken man, who was swaying about on his seat in comparative imbecility, letting his horses wander from one side of the road to the other, just as they pleased, without making any sufficient effort to guide them.

Esweld had instearable sight of the coming

Eswald had just caught sight of the coming vehicle, and was ruising his voice in a shout to the driver to keep on his own side, when the lenders of the team took fright at a gigantic boulder of sandstone projecting from a fissure in the heath, and, taking the drun-ken man unawares, darted off, tearing the reins from his hands with a violence that almost jerked him out of the waggon, and dashing along the narrow way in resistless speed.

The nobleman, seeing his danger, endes The nobleman, seeing his danger, endeavoured at once to pull up his horse, and back down a sloping bank that skirted one side of the road; but the animal, who was now in the full heat of a gallop, instead of yielding to her master's impulse, began to kick and rear in an alarming manner; while Eswald, previously half-maddened by grief and excitement, lost all-control of his temper and lashed and spurred the fiery creature into a perfect fury. into a perfect furv

Meanwhile, nearer and nearer came the runaway team, dragging after them the bulky vehicle, from which the carcless fellow in charge had, by some undeserved good for tune, made his escape, and which was now descried to its fate.

Suddenly the plunging mare caught sight of it, and hercely tossing her head, with an impetuosity that took the unhappy nobleman by surprise, gave one bound forward, stumbled heavily over a piece of stone, and coming down upon her knees with a crash, sent the wide frame are her head down the west.

ing down upon her knees with a crash, sent the rider flying over her head, down the rugged side of the precipice; then, struggling to her feet, darted furiously back in the direction of the abley.

In the bosom of the gloomy chasm, writhing and groaning in the last extreme of mortal suffering, lay the bruised and shattered form of Lord Eswald; his blood-stained hands feebly outstretched upon the hard, black rock on which he had fallen, in helpless supplication for relief that would not come. His pale, distorted features, and quivering eye-lids spoke agony of the most intense description, and the moans that followed each other in rapid succession from his trembling lips seemed to issue from the his trembling lips seemed to issue from the very depths of his soul. No doubt his thoughts at that awful mo-

ment were chiefly engrossed by his suffering.
But he was not permitted to escape the additional pangs of retrospection and remorse that are wont to attend the last moments of

ditional pangs of retrospection and remorse that are wont to attend the last moments of a guilty life.

Not long after the occurrence of the catastrophe that had overtaken him, a middleaged man, coarsely attired, but of a stern though rough mein, passed along the road bordering the precipice, and hearing sounds of distress ascending from below, paused on his way to listen, and ascertain from what part they proceeded.

It was almost dark, and from the spot where the wayfurer stood it was impossible to distinguish objects at a distance down the chasm, which at first sight presented only a black, shapeless mass of heath and rock.

Standing on the edge of the dangerous path, he shouted to the unseen sufferer, inquiring what was the matter, and how he could render assistance. The only reply was a half-stifled groan of anguish.

Finding that he could clicit no other response, and obtain no clue to the whereabouts of the unfortunate man, the stranger, who appeared very well acquainted with the diemal resighberhood heren to search

who appeared very well acquainted with the dismal neighborhood, began to search along the side of the road, until he came to a cleft between two fragments of sandstone, down which he slid on to a narrow ledge of 'Well, of course, you did it for the best,' rejoined the son; but you must confess you were in a deuce of a hurry to get rid of her.' 'Because you represented Eswald as such a good match.' 'So he was, in the money way; but I never said much for his other qualities.' 'I can't understand, now, how it was poor Bell could have been so infatuated by him.' 'It was one of those problems which neither you nor I have brains enough to solve. Hu-

A gleam of intelligence lighted the man's eyes as he discovered the direction whence the cries proceeded; and with glad alacrity he continued his dangerous feats of jumping from ledge to ledge, and swinging from one piece of tough heath to another, until he stood a few feet above the rock where lay the dring Feward? lay the dying Eswald.

In another moment he was kneeling beside him, peering down through the grey gloom into his pallid countenance.

Enough light yet remained to show, upon close scrutiny, the form of the shrinking features; and as the agonized eyes half opened in an imploring look at the stranger, the latter bounded to his feet, and dropping

the hand he had taken, exclaimed—
'Demon! is it you? Have I risked my life to give help to my worst enemy?'

Then, with flashing eyes and folded arms, he stood coldly by the side of the man he had come to assist, without putting forth a finger to help him. finger to help him.

Mercy! mercy!' groaned the shrinking wretch, as he writhed in agony on the rough stones. 'I know you now. I have injured you; but surely you would not take vengeance on a dying man. Mercy! mercy!' and he made a futile attempt to clasp his powerless hands.

powerless hands.

'Mercy!' cried the gipsy, clenching his iron fist, and glaring down on his fallen enemy in savage triumph. 'Did you have mercy on her—on Eola? Did you have mercy on that poor unhappy girl that you deprived first of her innocence and then of her reason? Did you have mercy on the wretched baby which, she in her madness, the miserable girl put in your path? Murderer! coward! villain! Oh! you deserve mercy, don't you? mercy, don't you?'

A deep, prolonged groan burst from Es-wald's quivering lips, and a half audible prayer for help followed it.

Even on the verge of death, self was up-permost in his hardened heart.

'I could not help you if I would,' hissed the stranger. 'You will die—die—die die And, as if he thought the repetition of the word was the keenest dart he could aim at

word was the keenest dart he could aim at that guilty soul, he repeated it again and again in the sufferer's ears.

'Yes, you will die,' he cried with savage earnestness; 'but not before you have heard what I have got to say. I'll show you your past life, and read you your future one; but you needn't fear that I shall lend a hand to send you quicker to your doom. The time is short enough now, and my only fear is that you should die before I've finished.'

Vainly the wretched Eswald entreated that the gipsy would cease to pursue the taunting strain he had chosen for the purpose of torturing his once haughty porsecutor.

The tables were turned now. The tables were turned now. The supercilious aristocrat was now the helpless pleader, and the vagrant, exulting in the consciousness of his strength, and goaded on by the cruel memory of his past injuries at the hand of that guilty wretch, now so utterly at his mercy, had become the pitiless tyrant. While his suffering hearer moaned and cowered at his feet, he poured forth his untiring stream of bitterness with a merciless energy, that only seemed to gather fresh power from that only seemed to gather fresh power from the frequent interruptions offered by the wretched Eswald, who now, in the abject-ness of his misery, used the most humble form of entreaty to be left to die in peace. But all in vain. The gipsy, deaf and insen-sible as a marble statue to his victim's appeals, continued calmly his coarse and withering speech, portraying to the unhappy man, with terrible distinctness and simplicity, the leading crimes that had stained his iniquitous life, interspersing the dark recapitulation with the bitterest reproaches a vengeful heart could suggest

ulation with the bitterest reproaches a venge-ful heart could suggest.

The sky had become quite dark, the no-bleman's cries had subsided into the faintest murmurs of departing life, and the gipsy's bitter tirade was over. Kneeling on the ground beside his fallen foe, with a revulsion of feeling that only the close proximity of death could have brought to his stern breast, he was supporting the sufferer's head, and wiping the death-moisture from the cold, white brow. The time was past now for white brow. The time was past now for speech on either side. The one was far gone in the insensibility that preludes death; the other was silent from respect to the power that he now knew claimed the guilty soul,

er that he now knew claimed the guilty soul, which was about to pass to its account.

Suddenly the sound of voices was wafted on the still breeze to the lonely chasm, and lights began to flit to and fro upon the bank above. The riderless steed had faithfully retraced its steps to the home of its lord, and, horrified by the terrible event suggest ed by its empty saddle and wounded knees, servants, friends, relatives, and tenants had

started on a hurried search for the lost rider. Shout after shout resounded across the pre-cipice, and rang on the echoing rocks.— When the cries had somewhat subsided, and When the cries had somewnat subspace, and the searchers were evidently awaiting some answering signal, the gipsy took from his bosom a small bone whistle, and blew it loudly several times. After a few moments, a dark group appeared on the bank just a dark group appeared on the bank just above the spot whence the sound had proceeded, and several anxious voices were raised in response, calling on Lord Eswald by name, and tremblingly inquiring what had happened.

The nobleman, aroused for a moment from his deadly stupor by the familiar tones, partially opened his closed eyes, and essayed to speak, but a faint hollow gurgle was the only sound that issued from his bloodless

Meanwhile the gipsy, in a clear, distinct voice, informed the people above of Eswald's position, and endeavoured to make them understand how they could reach him. But it was some minutes before the huzardous task was consensiabled by any one. The first derstand how they could reach him. But it was some minutes before the hazardous task was accomplished by any one. The first who stood beside the dying nobleman was Sackville; then followed the Earl of Alving ham; and one by one, the entire party found their way to the spot where lay the suffering Eswald.

The earl and his son commenced giving orders for his immediate removal, but they were unceremoniously checked by the gipsy who declared that no human power could aid the sufferer, and that they would only put him to unnecessary pain by their useless efforts.

'And pray, fellow, who are you, that you presume to dictate to us?' said Sackville, entaged by the interference of so humble an individual, as the gipsy's coarse garments proclaimed him to be.

Ralph gave no reply, but, stooping over the upturned face of the dying man, endea-voured to catch the purport of something that he was apparently trying to articulate.

'What is it he says, my man?' authoritatively inquired the Earl of Alvingham.

'You'd better come and hear,' retorted or bestowing a glance upon his interrogator.

The earl knelt down, and placed his ear to the mouth of the sufferer, while Ralph watched his movements with the utmost

coolness.

'I cannot distinguish a word,' said Alvingham, at length rising with a disappointed air

'He said something about his child, I think,' remarked the gipsy, stolidly. 'Tell him of his child, if you can. Don't you see he is very near dying? In mother minute he will not be able to hear your news.'

Once more the earl knelt down, and took Lord Eswald's clammy hand.

'Percy, your child is in a better world,' he said, soothingly, and in as solemn a tone as he could command.

He evidently thought to impart a ray of comfort to Eswald's departing spirit by the information that the poor helpless babe was gone before; but, alas! even on the very threshold of death that selfish heart retained its worst impulses.

Half opening his glassy eyes, and with a violent effort, that shook the whole of his shattered frame, forcing back the deathmattle in his throat, he whispered, hoarsely, Then Elwyn has triumphed after all !' These were his last words.

Ere the surprise and horror that seized the ninds of all who heard them had subsided,

Percy Eswald was a corpse.

A week after, the nobleman and his heir were committed to the grave.

The young innocent infant that had but just launched out on the sea of life, and was now recalled by its Creator's will, and gathered to his sheltering bosom; and the sinful, guilt stained man of mature years, whose soul was stained man of mature years, whose soul was deeply sunk in vice and crime, and who was now so summarily snatched from the mire of his wickedness to appear at the awful tribu-nal of the Great Judge—both were inmates of the cold, silent tomb, and slept side by side in the last deep slumber of mortality.

O Ambition! O Pride! O Passion! Phan-

O Ambition! O Pride! O Passion! Phantoms, shadows, miasmatic vapours!

We strive for them—we thirst for them!
We see them in the distance—we worship them afar off: we battle and sin for the possession of them. They come near—they seem almost ours: warm, glowing, brilliant, they come on. They are close now! We put forth our hand lest they pass. Joyously, engerly, smilingly, we clutch them—and then?

We open our hand to view our treasures, and find them, if not rankling poison—ashes t

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Agricultural.

AND DOMESTIC.

HAMILTON, July 2, 1863.

From everywhere in Canada, reports come that, never in the memory of man, which means never since Canada was a culwhich means nover since Canada was a cultured land, has the soil borne such abundant crops as now clothe it gloriously, at the beginning of this mouth of July, 1863. The breadth of land under culture is greater, and the produce of every kind larger, and more healthful in growth, than in any year heretofore. But farmers are trembling apprehensively for the 'weevil,' the 'lly,' and 'smut,' or some other enemy of wheat. They are shaking their heads at pease, because these are growing too fast, and afraid of the rot in potatoes, the growth being so free, so full, so luxuriant. full, so luxuriant.

They have cause to be apprehensive, for experience carries the agricultural memory to years when luxuriant crops were blighted. Still, these evils have not yet appeared, so far as we can ascertain from the many travcellers who arrive in the city of Hamilton daily from up the country, from across the country, and from eastward by Central Canada. All speak of harvest hopefully.

FLAX RETTING.

The subject of cultivating flax, and the proper modes of preparing it for manufacturing purposes are still engaging public attention. This is due to the great searcity and high price of cotton, which far exceeds that at which fine flax sold when cotton was abundant. We learn from the Scientific America that was flay be been played this way.

dant. We learn from the Scientific American that more flax has been planted this year than at any previous period, as farmers expect there will be a great demand for it.

An instructive little manual, on Plax Culture and its Manufacture," has just been forwarded to us by its publisher—D. D. T. Moore, of the Rural New-Yorker, Rochester—in which are a number of essays and much useful information upon this subject. It contains several chapters by Mr. N. Goodsell, of Oswego county, N. Y., who has given much attention to the cultivation of flax, and who has visited some of the largest flax manufactories in Ireland and England. With respect to the time of pulling flax, he states that this should be done as soon as the stalks turn yel-

tories in Ireland and England. With respect to the time of pulling flax, he states that this should be done as soon as the stalks turn yellow, when the leaves fall freely from the stem, and when two-thirds of the balls have become brown. The stalk should be pulled, then made up in small bunches and set upou their butts to dry. The next operation is rippling—removing the seed—which is accomplished by thrashing with a flail, whipping the stalks upon stone flags, or drawing them through strong coarse hatchels.

The most important operation which follows is that of retting, which consists in treating the flax in such a manner that the gluten of the stalk in which the fibre is confined, will be so decomposed as to permit the fibers to become loose and easily separated. There are two modes of retting; one by spreading the flax on grass exposed to the weather—called 'dew rotting;' and the other by steeping it in water—called 'water rotting.' The former method is practised in Kentucky in the treatment of hemp; the latter is the only mode practised in Europe with flax. In no case can a good fibre be obtained by dew rotting, therefore those of our farmers who have planted flax this season should make preparations for water rotting it. In Belgium and Holland the flax is placed have planted flax this season should make preparations for water rotting it. In Belgium and Holland the flax is placed in ditches—the bundles being laid in inclined tiers with the butts downwards, and it is allowed to remain covered with soft water for about ten days. It is examined every day after it has been steeped five, so as to ascertain the progress of the process. When it is observed that the fibres draw out freely it is lifted immediately, as the fibre will be injured if it is over-retted. The bundles are next laid upon the grass, spread out and dried preparatory to the breaking operation.

In this treatise there is also a report of a committee of the New York State Agricultural Society on flax and its treatment, in which great stress is laid upon the proper mode of retting flax. It is correctly stated

which great stress is laid upon the proper mode of retting flax. It is correctly stated in this report that machinery cannot separate the fibre from the stalk without the retting process, and it says: 'The only means of separating the fibre is to discover some solvent that has a stronger affinity for the coment than the fibres of the flax. Whoever shall be the first to discover such a solvent may exclain, with Archimedes, Eurcka! An ample reward in fame and in money awaits the discoverer, whoever he may be.' We had supposed that such a solvent was generally known to exist in potash. It is a solvent of the gluten of flax, and does not act upon the fibre. Acetic acid is also a solvent, but it would be far too expensive to use. We have no doubt but flax could be retted in a superior manner in establishments erect-

ed for the purpose, in which it should be steeped in large cauldrons for one or two days in a cold dilute solution of potash, then heated up to about 212°, and suffered to remain at this temperature for several hours. The liquorshould then be run off and the flax washed with hot water. The cauldrons for this method of retting flax should be heated by steam.

by steam.

Wholesome DRINK FOR FARMERS.—The Germantown Telegraph furnishes the follow-

Germantown Telegraph furnishes the following recipe for a summer drink:

The excessive use of cold water during the sweltering heat of summer, often results in serious and alarming illness. It is therefore advisable that some beverage should be substituted, of which those oppressed with thirst should or can partake with safety. For this purpose I am aware of no better or more refreshing drink than the following:—Take the best white Jamaica ginger root, carefully bruised, two ounces; cream of tartar, one ounce; water, six quarts; to be boiled for about five minutes, then strained; to the strained liquor add one pound of the best white sugar, and again place it over the fire. Keep it well stirred till the sugar is perfectly dissolved, and then pour it into an earthen vessel, into which you have previously put two drachins of tartaric acid, and the rind of one lemon, and let it remain till the heat is reduced to a luke-warm temparature; then add duced to a luke-warm temparature; then add a table-spoonful of yeast, stirring them well together, and bottle for use. The corks must be well secured. The drink will be in high perfection in four or five days. This is very refreshing and wholesome beverage, and one which may be largely partaken of without which may be largely partaken of without any unpleasant results, even in the hottest weather. Those who make use of old cider will find this altogether superior as a common beverage.

About Roses.—A correspondent of the

About Roses.—A correspondent of the Culturist writes to that journal concerning the care and treatment of roses. As the season of this beautiful nymph of Flora is passing away, it may be thought out of place by those who do not look forward to the enjoyment of another year. But we think the best time to learn to cultivate roses is the season when they are seen and known and loved.—Ed. C. I. N.

Everybody loves the rose, and almost every

Everybody loves the rose, and almost every one desires to possess information that will tend to give the greatest possible effect to this pet of the garden and conservatory. It is not as well known, perhaps, as it might be that to have roses in full perfection of size and color, proper planting and exposure are absolute essentials. The rose requires abundance of air and light, and to look their very best I think that judicious grouping is indispensable. I know no way of accomplishing this more effectually than by pyramidal grouping, that is, forming a rose pyramid, rising gradually in height from the minutest dwarf at the base, to the tallest standard at the Everybody loves the rose, and almost every at the base, to the tallest standard at the apex. As the varieties are almost endless, it would be impossible to enumerate them. it would be impossible to enumerate them. Almost every florist's catalogue will supply the list, and the taste of the operator direct the arrangement. A proper discrimination should of course be manifested in regard to the time and continuance of blooming, so as to secure the finest possible effect. I once read of a very simple method of imparting a stronger and more agreeable odor to the rose. It is done by planting one or two large onions close to the root. It is said that water distilled from roses grown under such circumstances is decidedly superior to that prepared from ordinary rose leaves. It is a French idea, and as it will cost little to try it, perhaps some persons may feel disposed to experiment on it. periment on it.

periment on it.

PRESERVING EGGS.—Since the 'hen-persuader' has failed in its object, and fowls cannot be prevailed upon to lay eggs all the year round, it is advisable for those who are fond of eggs to preserve them in seasons when they are plenty. However close and compact the shell of an egg may appear to be, it is nevertheless full of minute holes and pores invisible to the naked eye. The effect of these holes is apparent in the decrease of the moisture of the egg, and the subsequent change in the contents occasioned by contact with the air. 'As full as an egg is of meat' is an old saying, but in all state eggs there is a vacancy proportioned to the loss they have sustained by evaporation. If the end of a fresh egg be applied to the tongue it feels cold, but in an addled egg it feels warm, because the albumen of the egg being in contact with the shell absorbs heat from the tongue more rapidly than in the air-bubble in the fresh egg. If the pores of the egg-shell be kept closed, the contents must be preserved intact, as no change can occur, and the object is to close this atmospheric connection in the cheapest and simplest manner. Any kind of varnish will answer the purpose in one sense, but will defeat it in another; as eggs, being particularly affected by strong scents, would PRESERVING EGGS. Since the 'hen-per-

lose their delicate flavor by the odour of the

lose their delicate flavor by the odour of the coating.

A better plan would be to employ beef suct or mutton tallow, provided the eggs can be kept in a cool place. The eggs should be dipped in the fat and afterward wiped off, as any excess of grease over that required to fill the pores, would become rancid. After this the egg should be set perpendicularly, with the small end unpermost, and placed in a box the egg should be set perpendicularly, with the small end uppermost, and placed in a box filled with bran and tightly covered up. If the egg is laid on its side, the yolk will adhere to the shell. Charcoal finely pulverized is a good substitute for bran, as it is a deodorizer and will absorb any disagreeable effect that might be perceived from the grease. Some dealers are said to practice dipping their eggs in dilute sulphuric acid. This is a feasible plan, chemically, as the action of the acid on the chalky shell would deposit sulphate of lime in the pores and thus close the connection. Strong vinegar would doubtless answer as well as vitriol.

Eggs acquire an unpleasant odor by com-

as well as vitrol.

Eggs acquire an unpleasant odor by coming in contact with strong-smelling substances, such as mahogany saw-dust, lime-water and musty straw; and the greatest care should be observed in having all the materials used each excellent after its kind. It rias used each excellent after its kind. It is a common practice to preserve eggs in lime, but they are at best doubtful when so kept, and cannot be praised. An egg is very much like a razor—either excellent or else good for nothing, and those who preserve eggs for market would do well to give the above mentioned recipes a trial the above-mentioned recipes a trial.

HARVEST PROSPECTS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Our agricultural news from the various States is now especially interesting and important, and there is promise of abundant crops throughout the country, particularly in the grain growing regions. In Pennvarious States is now especially interesting and important, and there is promise of abundant erops throughout the country, particularly in the grain growing regions. In Pennsylvania unpropitious weather interfered with the planting of corn, but wheat, cats and rye promise a heavy yield. In New Jersey the wheat and grain crops promise to be very large, especially in the central counties of Somerset, Huntingdon, Middlesex, Burlington, Monmouth and Mercer, in which the aggregate production in past years equalled that of any districts of similar extent in the country. In the southern tier of counties a large yield of fruit, especially of peaches and apples, is anticipated. In New York, wheat looks well, and other crops promise fair.—Generally speaking, the wheat harvest in Maryland will be fair, and there is every indication of an abundance of fruit. The yield of fruit in Michigan will be especially large, and wheat, on the whole, is excellent. In St. Joseph County, peppermint has been extensively planted, the yield from which, last year. realized \$37,506. In Illinois, the wheat grown never looked better, and corn and fruits are full of promise. Wheat in Indiana looks fine, and there will be no end to the grass; peaches will also yield a generous harvest. In Iowa, everything is equally satisfactory. In Kansus, grass and wheat are highly praised, and the farmers have been encouraged to cultivate more extensively the lately adopted staple, cotton. In Kentucky, the wheat crop is promising. A Lebanon letter says that farmers are in good spirits, 'expecting every species of grain in abundance.' Of fruit, the yield in Wisconsin is likely to be large.—New York Express.

#### Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 26TH JUNE, 1863.

\$20,299 981 reight and Live Stock . 22,155 44 1,938 50 Mails and Sundries ..... \$44,393 921 Corresponding week last year. 43,087 435 Audit, Office, Hamilton, 27th June, 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 20TH, 1863.

 Passengers.
 \$28,810 60

 Mails and Sundries
 3,100 00

 Freight and Live Stock
 50,840 43

..... \$15,629 78 Joseph Elliott.

MONTREAL. June 25th, 1863. Note.—The market, reports in the C. I. N. are intended for those who don't see daily papers; for our many readers in Great Britain, and for subscribers who preserve the C. I. N. as a book of reference.

TORONTO MARKETS.

TORONTO July 1.

Toronto July 1.

The receipts of grain on the street were moderate, prices unchanged. Fall wheat sold readily at 90c to 95c per bushel for good, and 85c to 90c for inferior. Spring wheat of better quality, and selling readily at 80c to 84c for prime sample and 75c for inferior grades. Rye nominal at 1c per 1b or 56c to 60c per bush. Barley dull and unchanged at 42c to 50c per bushel. Pease sell at 50c to 54c per bushel for good average samples. Oats scarce at 47c to 50c per bushel. Potatoes plentiful and selling at 25c to 35c per bushel retail, and 30c to 50c wholesale.

Apples \$2 to \$3 per barrel. Chickens sell at 40c to 50c per pair. Butter draws 10c to 12½c per lb at wholesale and 12c to 13c retail. Eggs are worth 9c to 13c per dozen. Hay plentiful at \$14 per ton with downward tendency. Straw \$8 per ton, and also plentiful. Hides \$5 per cet.

tendency. Straw \$8 per ton, and also plentiful. Hides \$5 per cwt. Caliskins Sc to 6c per lb. Pelts 30c each. Lambskins 50c each. Wool sells at 37c per lb, with a brisk demand.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York Jane 30.

FLOUR.—Receipts 33,567 bris; market dull and lower, except for Ohio and extra State; sales 9,000 bris at \$4.51 to \$5 for sup. State; \$5.50 to \$5.80 for Extra State, \$5.85 to \$6.00 for choice do; \$4.40 to \$4.95 for Superfine Western; \$5.20 to \$5.80 for common to medium extra Western; \$5.90 to \$6.10 for common to good shipping broads estiment to medium exert a western; \$5.50 to \$6.10 for common to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian ffcur dull and drooping; sales 400 barrels at \$5.40 to \$5.75 for common; \$5.80 to \$5.75 for good to choice extra. Rye flour steady at \$3.50

Graix.—Wheat—Receipts 224,877 bushels; market lc to 2c better, with fair demand; sales 130,000 bus at \$1 18 \$1 36 for Ohio, spring; \$1 28 to \$1 41 for Milwaukce elub; \$1 42 to \$1 44 for amber lowa: \$1 45 to \$1 51 for winter red Western; \$1 51 to \$1 54 for amber Michigan; and \$1 38 for amber red Illinois. Ryc quiet, at \$1 to \$1 05. Barley dull and nominal. Receipts of corn 133,082 bushels; market firm and active; sales 95,000 bushels at 75c to 754c for shipping mixed Western, nearly all at the inside price; 74c to 744c for Eastern. Oats dull at 73c to 77c for Canada, Western, and State. GRAIN.--Wheat-Receipts 224,877 bush-State.

PROVISIONS.—Pork firm; sales 300 bar-rels at \$11 50 to \$11 75 for old mess; \$12 94 to \$13 12½ for new mess; \$10 50 to \$11 25 for old and new prime. Beef quiet.

#### **Eublisher's Jotices.**

If any of our agents have Nos. 1, 2 and 15 of Vol. 1, and No. 1 of Vol. 2, on hand, they will please return them to this office.

R. I., Port Dover; done as requested. H. M., Cummingsville; sent an answer

by mail.

A. C., Port Robinson; we have sent the papers to the new subscribers.

#### Aemittances.

A. J. D., Simcoe; P. L. W., Brampton; I. W. C., St. Catharines; I. L., Hamilton; I. P. A., and M. S., Pt. Robinson; I. G. H., Toronto; W. McD., Kirkwall; I. B., Goderich; M. H., Lindsey; I. McN., and A. F., Lancaster; I. H., Kingston; I. W. C., Canfield; P. K., Fergus; D. P., and I. E., Dunville; L. McC., and A. McD., Stromness; I. B., Canboro; Rev. A. L., Innesfil; Mrs. P. B., and F. S., Canfield Station; D. S., A. O., J. C. H., Mrs. S. G., Selkirk; A. S., I. R., N. H., I. H., I. M., I. G., H. D. J., Capt. I. H., Pt. Robinson; W. McI., W. G., Mrs. M. W., E. II., P. W., Miss A. C. I., Dunville.

W. A. causes trouble to himself and to us needlessly. His letter of June 20th came to this office on 27th at night. The first letter with an account of a presentation in one of the companies of Toronto Merchant's Rules, contained no instructions as to whether the thing presented was to be engraved. On outside of the envelope was written 'Insert this in your next and oblige W. A.' How should we know who was W. A.' When we asked in a subsequent issue who is W. A.? his personal history was not required. We wanted to know to whom to write for instructions, about the engraving, if there was to be one. Hereafter, in all such cases, let correspondents be explicit.

W. A. was in a hurry. So are we, from sunrise till after sunset, and occasionally all night.

H. J. Morgan (compiler of Canadian celebrities,) you will receive a letter by mail, which will explain some matters about three or four of the memoirs which you are, no doubt, unacquainted with. Your very useful book and other of your publications will be commented on in some of our earliest issues, and always acknowledged if referred to for information. The Editor of this paper had, during two years, collected matter for 'Family Annals of Canada' before your work was published. Some memoirs were given to him in similar words as given to you. H. J. MORGAN (compiler of Canadian

#### DEATH OF DR. WOLFRED NELSON.

Montreal papers of Thursday, 25th June, mention the death, in that city, on Wednesday, of the celebrated Dr. Wolfred Nelson. We take the following biographical sketch of the deceased from the Montreal Gazette: We take the following biographical sketch of the deceased from the Montreal Guzette:

- Many of our readers will regret to hear of the death of Dr. Wolfred Nelson, at the ripe age of 71. He had been for some time ill, and not expected to recover. Dr. Nelson was born in this city in July 1792 and was the son of an English commissariat officer. Educated to the medical profession he was admitted to practice in 1811, and established himself at St. Denis, on the Richelieu River. In the war with the United States, which shortly after ensued, he volunteered and served as surgeon of the battalion raised in that district. In 1827 he successfully contested the representation of Sorel with the then Attorney-General, afterwards Chief Justice Stuart, and was after that a prominent man in the political world. Whatever objects others may have proposed to themselves, his was to obtain for British subjects in Canada the rights enjoyed by their fellow subjects in Great Britain. Conceiving those rights to have been unjustly infringed, he took up arms in 1837 to enforce them, and subjects in Great Britain. Conceiving those rights to have been unjustly infringed, he took up arms in 1837 to enforce them, and fought bravely, however rashly, in the cause he had adopted. He won the one victory at St. Denis, which served to gild the desperate fortunes of the insurgents. When the advance of the victorious troops of Col. Wethered rendered further resistance houseless. erall rendered further resistance hopeless, he fled, and sought, by pursuing back roads and traversing forests to make his way to the United States. He was captured upon the United States. He was captured upon the frontier, and in a village there, gaunt, foot-sore and almost famished, the writer first saw frontier, and in a village there, gaunt, footsore and almost famished, the writer first saw
him. Even his adversaries of those days respected him for his bravery and constancy.
His life was spared, and he was sent into
exile. Released from Bermuda, he settled
in the United States, and came to live as near
Canada as possible—at Plattsburg, N. Y.
As soon as the amnesty permitted, he returned to his native country, and has resided in
this city ever since. In the year 1844 he
was elected by his old friends on the Richelieu to represent the County of that name,
and was re-elected to the next Parliament.
He became the ardent friend of the party essaying to work the British constitution in its
fullness here. Declining a third election,
he was appointed in 1851 an inspector of
Prisons—an office for which his professional
career and his carnest philanthropy peculiarly fitted him. In 1859 he became Chairman
of the Board of Inspectors. During the ship
fever of 1847, he had rendered great services
to the poor, sick and dying inmigrants, at
the risk of his own life, and during the cholera years, as Chairman of the Board of
Health, he was also most zealous. He has
been once or twice elected President of the
College of Physicians and Surgeons for Lower Canada. And yesterday, at a ripe old
age, he passed away. Through a life full of er Canada. And yesterday, at a ripe old age, he passed away. Through a life full of adventure as that of a hero of romance, he adventure as that of a hero of romance, he preserved a name unsullicd by any baseness. He carried into politics and official life a heart tender as a child's, excitable and romantic as a woman's. His aim was always high, never sordid or base. Possessed once of wealth he sacrificed it on the altar of (what he esteemed) his duty to his country, and in his later years, when other men were accused of enriching themselves at the expense of the country, his escutcheon ever escaped unstained.

An Irish Highwayman with his Wits anout Him.—An Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the market and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveller, he stopped him with—'Your money or your life!' Seeing Pat was green, he said: 'I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you all my money for that pistol.' 'Agreed.' Pat received the money and handed over the pistol. 'Now,' said the traveller, 'hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out.' 'Blaze away, my hearty,' said Pat, 'never a drop of powther there's in it.'

DEATH OF THE MAYOR OF QUELLE.

The Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News received intelligence, when about to go to press, of the death of that gentleman with profound sorrow. Mr. Pope was genial and kind to him when living at Quebec a stranger, with a family of young children, and their mother suffering under a protracted mortal sickness. The following tracted mortal sickness. The following appeared in the Quebec Daily News of June 30:—We announce with regret this morning, the death of our excellent and worthy mayor, Thomas Pope, Esq., which painful event took place yesterday afternoon. This result has been looked for, for some This result has been looked for, for some time past, as his disease was pronounced incurable by every physician he consulted.—He was quite a young man at the time of his decease, being only in his thirty-seventh year. By his indomitable perseverance, talent and affable d'sposition, he had gained the esteem of the whole of our citizens, and had won his way to the highest civic dignity. Had he been spared for a few years longer, he would have made his mark on the page of Canadian history. His death is deeply regretted by our citizens of all classes.

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The above establishment has been lately renovated throughout, and is a very destrable Hotel for roursts wishing to stay a few days at the Falls, being within five minutes wank thereof.

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Canadian Illustrated News.

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Hamilton, May, 1863.

#### INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

MRS, JOHN E. MURPHY would respectfully inform her triends 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.

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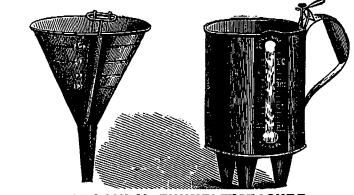
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#### BROOKES' FUNNELMMEASURE.

THE engravings show an ingenious apparatus for Measuring Liquids, lately patented by Mn. Thomas

BROOKES.

Fig. 1, on right, is a gallon measure with three legs, two being portable, the third forming the spont; a piece of glass with figures on either side shows the quantity of liquid contained, while the small handle at the top, by being pressed, opens a valve at the bottom which allows it to pass through.

Fig. 2, on left, is the same kind of apparatus, the valve being opened by pulling the bondle. By this contrivance the merchant may possess a Measure and Fannel combined which will save him considerable expense and no end of trouble and annoyance.

The articles may be obtained from Mr. Thomas Brookes, 27 King street, Toronto, and from his author-

Agents. prouto, May 30, 1863.

#### JOHH M'INTYRE, MERCHANT TAILOR,

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Montreal, January 24, 1863.

He would further state that the LIVERY BUSINESS recently carried on under the style and firm of RICHARDSON & BRATT, will in future be curried on by the subscriber. Parties wishing Horses and Carriages to hire will place call at the American Hotel, King street west.

AMERICAN HOTEL.

The subscriber, in returning thanks to his numeror guests for past patronage, would take this opportunit of informing the travelling community that the also House has been refitted this Spring with entire ne furniture, in addition to former attractions.

WM. RICHARDSON,

Hamilton, April, 1863.

#### R. W. ANDERSON, (FROM NOTMAN'S MONTREAL) PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST.

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TORONTO, May 30, 1863.



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