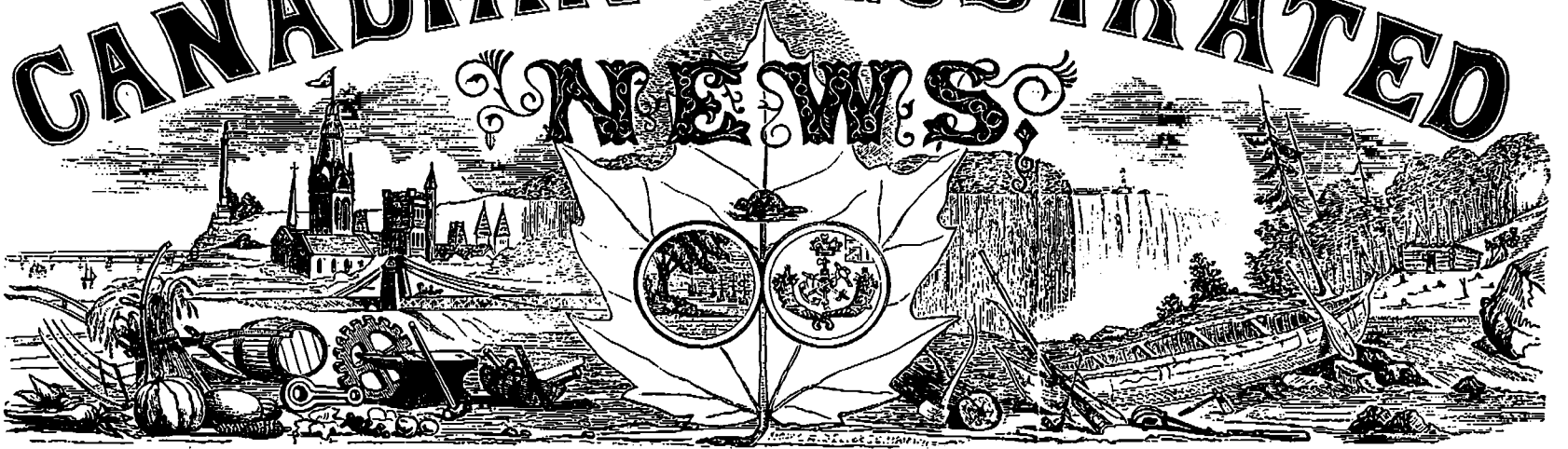


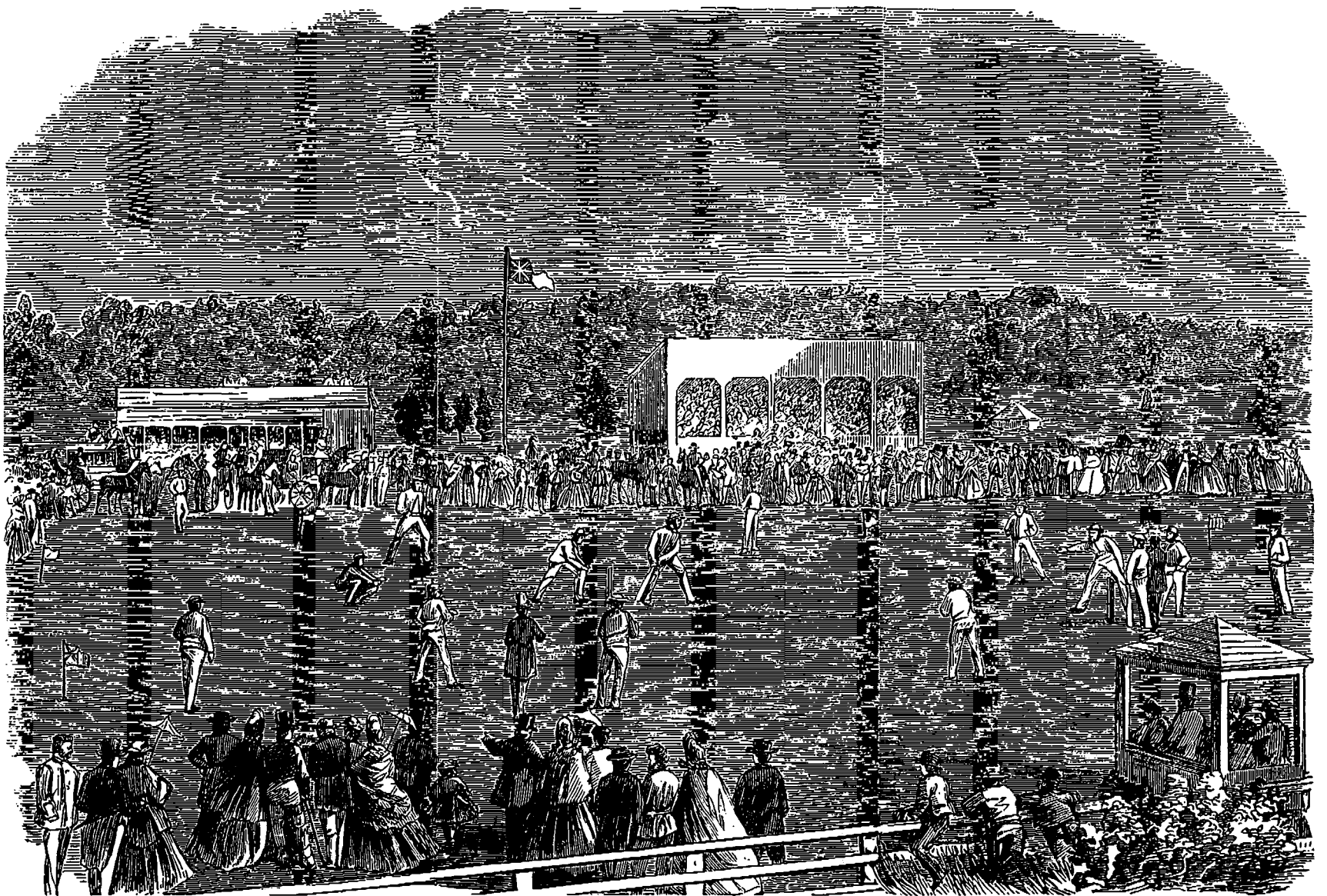
# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. II—No. 8.]

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

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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 Anthony 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 referring to what he had stated in 1861. He 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-

ing circular was accordingly issued, viz:—

'1st. 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.'

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

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 as it stood before. No doubt this vexed question will engage particular attention during 1863, so as to enable law xxiv to be determined on its merits rather than on fanciful theories.

My opinion has been frequently asked whether or not a 'one day' match was decided by the first innings; and my reply has invariably been that it was not, unless agreed to be so determined by a previous arrangement—because, as by the rules of cricket, 'no bet upon any match is payable, unless it be played out or given up.' So, in like manner, no game can be won, unless played out or given up.

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 as 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. (H. 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 25, see page 92.





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 cuticle no nerves or blood vessels penetrate; it is nourished by the transudation 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 elastic tissue, and they are interlaced to form minute lozenge-shaped interstices which are principally filled up with the white fibres. The yellow elastic fibres exist in greater abundance at the flexures of the joints, the lips, etc., where elasticity of skin is most necessary. The uppermost surface of the true skin is very uneven, and is elevated in a vast number of papillae, 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 papillae are, each possesses a ramification of nerve fibres which are the essential agents in the sense of touch.— They are developed in greatest number along the tips of the fingers and the tips of the man. The number of these papillae is prodigious; a square inch of the palm of the hand contains 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 delicate in some persons, and it may be developed by constant practice. 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 skin, it will be observed in looking at the furrows which cross one another

on the hand, that there is a little orifice in the centre of each; these orifices are perspiratory ducts, and the glands by which the perspiration 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 network 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-hundredth 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 membranous tubes about one-quarter of an inch in length and one-seventeen-hundredth of an inch in diameter. About 3,500 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 glandular 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 chemical processes going on within the system.— It is 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 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 impunity in dry air (which absorbs perspiration as in a vacuum) that would be perfectly unbearable 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 therein until a beefsteak was cooked. Had the oven been filled with steam 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 ounce 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 distinguished 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, 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 fashioned

'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 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.'

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 industrial representative of Canada.

It is 'Castor Fiber' of Linnaeus; 'Castor

Americanus' of Cuvier; 'Anmisk' of the Cree Indians; and 'Tsoutage' of the Hurons. Wonderful tales of its sagacity and even social polity have been told. We could fill several pages with reading 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 returning to the subject.

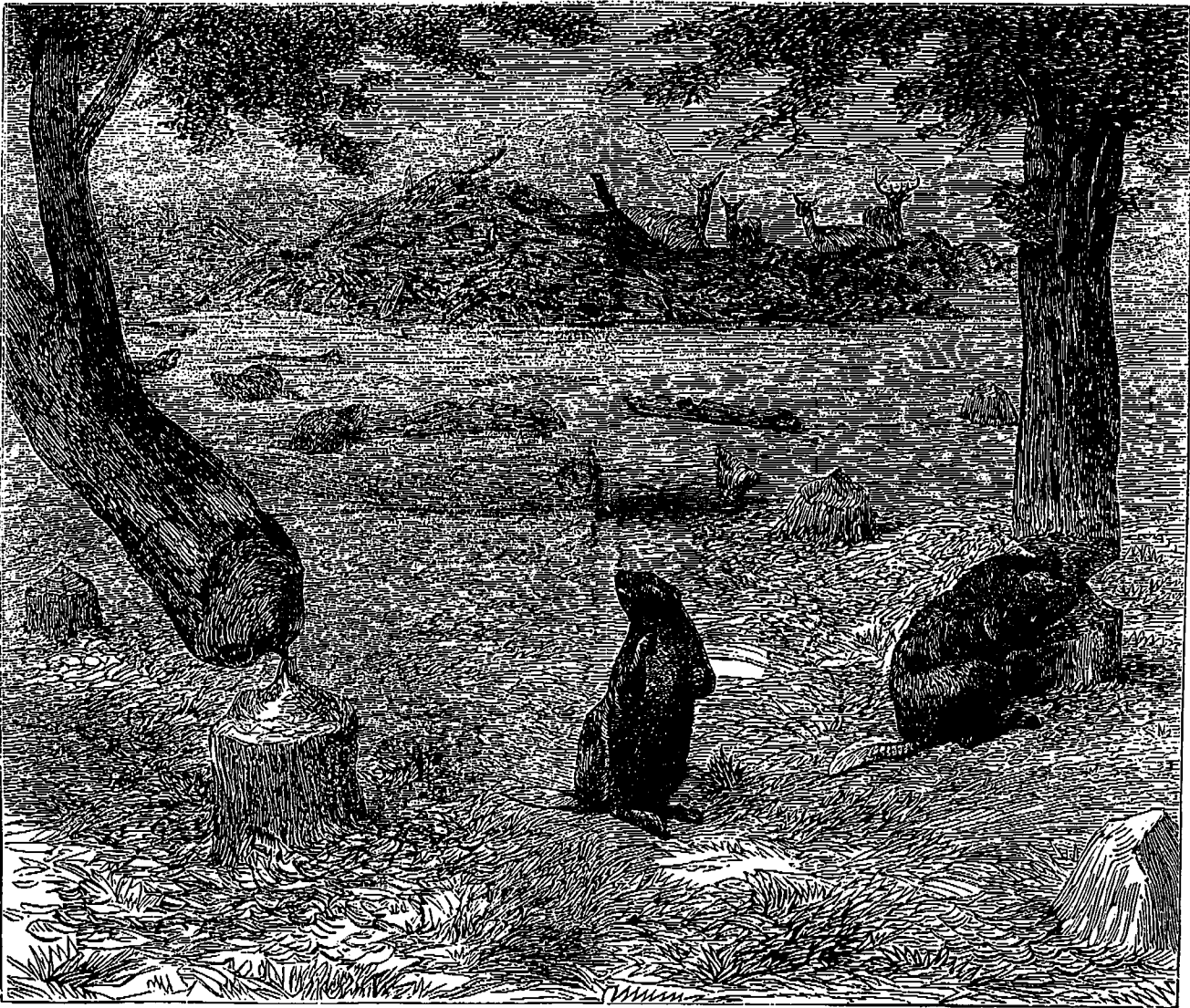
#### THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.—

1. If you hitch horses to a worm fence, always select an inside corner, because it is stronger, and because your horses will almost always tangle their halters in the projecting rails of an outside 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 mill.

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



SCENERY OF CANADA. BEAVERS CUTTING DOWN TREES TO CONSTRUCT A DAM.

SKETCHED AND ENGRAVED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

form an estimate of the importance of keeping these ducts in perfect order by means of frequent 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 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 cuticle. Around the hair follicles and glands there are microscopical muscular fibres which act involuntarily; and fear and anger stimulate them to contraction 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 up.' 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 structure, but with respect to all its varied functions.

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 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 to resist the protrusion from behind, is pushed 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 thereby saved, and the culture will be more thorough.

6. When plowing in warm weather you 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 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 melon seed.

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



'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 exertions had been exercised, &c.' we can only say that no caution or 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 returned and broke open many boxes is untrue. 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.

We agree with your correspondents in part of their resolution, and cannot refrain from expressing the great obligations, we are under towards 'Mr. Kelly, and the other officers of the ship,' and also to

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, united in celebrating the Festival of their Patron Saint by an excursion and picnic 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 arriving, at Grimsby the excursionists were received by the brethren of the Union Lodge, who conducted them to a beautifully shady place which had been prepared for the occasion.

A more beautiful spot it would be difficult to find, or one more suitable for such a festive 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 old the waters of old Ontario in the distance.

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 woods, delighted to be free, for a few hours at least, from the dust and bustle of the city; while more sought recreation and amusement in strolling along the wave-washed shore. The joyous dancers, the beaming faces, the merry ringing laugh, and the sounds of pleasure all around, showed that the world and its trials were for the time for-

D. D. G. M. for Hamilton District, which the R. W. Bro. acknowledged in a suitable manner. This finished the round of toasts, so dancing 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 susceptible 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.

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. Storrer's Band, and gave universal satisfaction.

GAME OF LACROSSE.

We have illustrated a game at cricket, so 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 the 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 scarcely heavier than a butterfly, 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 flannel shirts and caps, belts or sashes, and light shoes or deer skin moccasins, which 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 fish-hook 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 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 ARTIST, ON THE SPOT.

'Mr. Patton,' Surgeon, and 'Mr. Dolan,' the Chief Steward, for their untiring exertions in behalf of all classes of the passengers during the whole time they were on the island.

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. 62nd 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 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

gotten, and that pleasure ruled supreme. Thus 'all went merry as a marriage bell' until about six o'clock, when dinner was announced, and then with appetites sharpened by the amusements of the afternoon, they 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 Princess 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 Loges 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. Fitch 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,

in half a dozen sentences of an English Cyclopedia. Cricketers do not describe their play to be intelligible to any but themselves. The Freemasons are also obscure to all outsiders, which must be taken as the reason why 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 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 watchfulness, and vehement exercise, are the sweet qualities which make the game worthy of national renown.

Lacrosse is a game of extreme antiquity, and was borrowed from the American Indians by the Canadians. It was at a great game of lacrosse, between Indian tribes—that the snare was successfully laid to capture the fort of Michillimackinac on 4th June 1763, as related in the Canadian Illustrated News of June 13, No 5, Vol II.

A few years ago, the young men of Montreal learned the game from the Iroquois of Caughnawaga, and already the Beaver Club of Montreal boasts of players who can beat the Indians who taught them.

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

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 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 alternate 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, skill and peculiar faculty.

The following rules are enforced: No 'swiping' allowed. No tripping 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-hole. After every game the players shall change sides. If a ball slung 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 imperturbable, 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 him. Cover-point, who should be a very good player, should never leave his post except to cautiously push a palpable 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.—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 centre man.

catch and carry the ball safest and in the 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 invention, ingenuity, artifice, and dexterity. An Indian dodger 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 feet, 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 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.

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

wise the enemy in front might instantly drive it home by a return-blow. There are times 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.

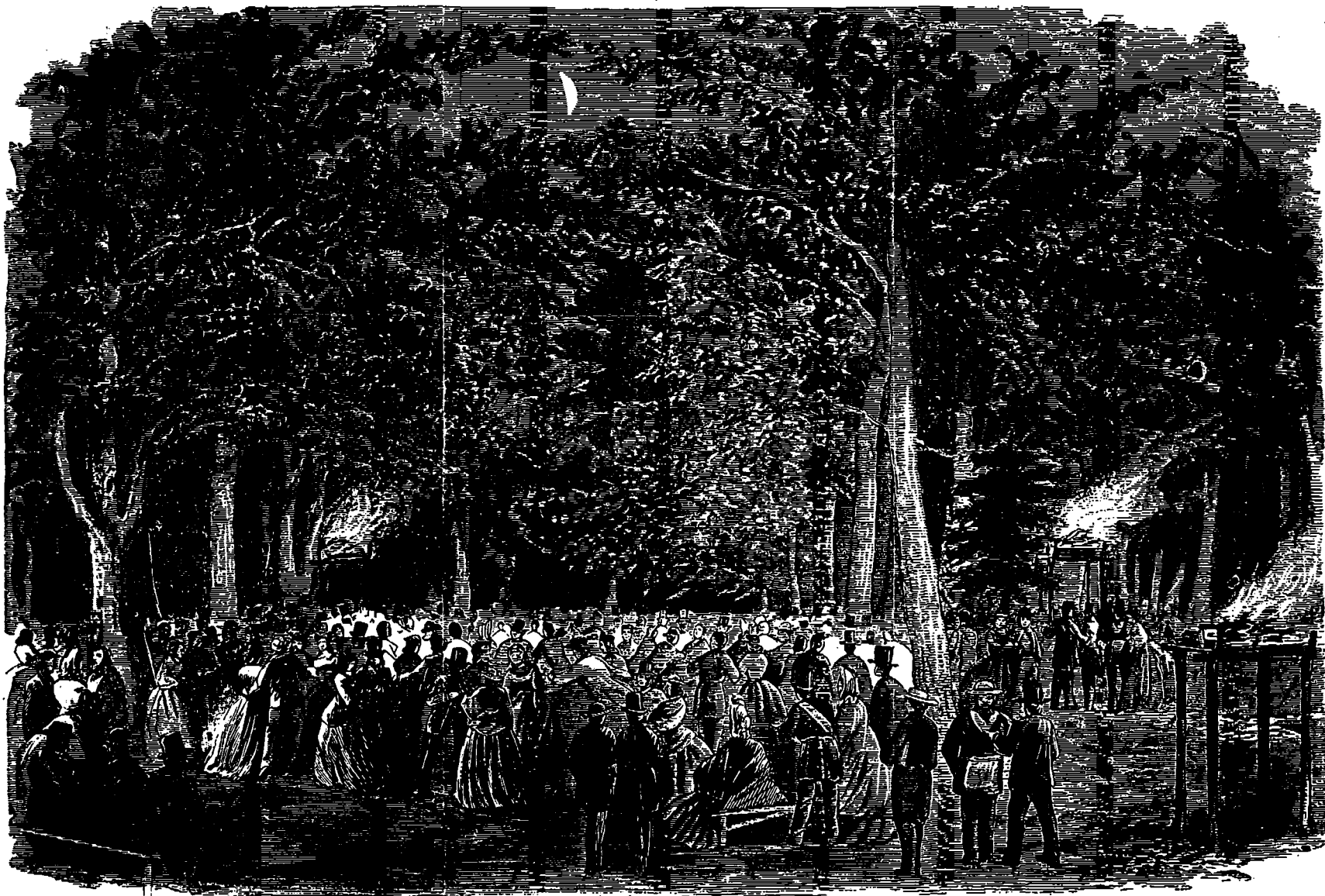
The player who would excel at lacrosse must not mind an occasional blow on the head or fingers, and if he does, must wear cricket-gloves and a thick cap. He must also constantly practise running and dodging. He should run on uneven and even ground, and up and down hill, especially the latter. He must learn to do the mile 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 foregoing, 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, physical powers and manhood to play it and love it.—Ed. C. I. N.]

the cricket, the excitement of the runs, the delight of 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 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 boating-caps and belts. The Indians were dark-skinned and older men, with broad chests and thin, sinewy limbs. They wore feather head-dresses and ornamented loin-clothes, and moved over the field with a restless panther-like freedom.

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 statues than men; but the instant the ball 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 snaph 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 crosse, it requires great practice before you learn how to avoid these blows, and how to

at least before he has time to throw judiciously or between the flags. He must learn all possible feints, and anticipate every movement of his antagonist. If the dodger has his back towards the checker, the latter must slip his crosse over the dodger's head, and strike the ball from him, or tip it, if possible, into his own crosse; or he can bear up his arm, or tip the end of his rival's bat, and then directly the ball falls, run and lift it off towards one of his own party, who, if unattacked, can bear it off between the flags.

The goal-keeper must be specially quick of eye, serpentine in body, and cool of head, without which qualifications he will either lose the game for his side, or receive some injury from the ball. He must never think of special players, but keep his eye undeviatingly fixed on the ball. He must beware of the dodger throwing the ball between his legs. When he can get a good cut at the ball, he must learn to strike it with the wood work of his crosse. He must always tip the ball away to the side of the goal, as other-

'As a game, I rank lacrosse far above cricket or golf. It does not require attendants and special ground, like golf, and it boasts 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, more subtle than cricket, and, above all, it can be played in all seasons 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 cannon-shots 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 swift lines like skirmishers before a grand army. Every now and then there would break away from the rest some sinewy subtle runner, who, winding and twisting like a serpent, 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 the crimson flags of the Montreal mob, the Indians would give a war-yell that echoed again.

#### LATE IN PUBLICATION.

One of our Engravers has been sick and 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 is 86; the eleventh is 95.

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.

Table listing players for No. 6 Company in the first innings, including Corporal James, Captain Bunbury, Private Finch, etc.

Total, 163

NO. 1 COMPANY—FIRST INNINGS.

Table listing players for No. 1 Company in the first innings, including Lieutenant Grant, Private Lawrence, Corporal Brill, etc.

Total, 78

NO. 1 COMPANY—SECOND INNINGS.

Table listing players for No. 1 Company in the second innings, including Lieutenant Grant, Private Lawrence, Corporal Brill, etc.

Total, 35

HAMILTON CLUB, V. TORONTO CLUB.

[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.

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.

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 baffled every attempt of the bowlers to discomfit them.

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 change their bowling.

HAMILTON—FIRST INNINGS.

Table listing players for Hamilton in the first innings, including School-master Foster, J. M. Young, G. Sharpe, etc.

Total, 101

HAMILTON—SECOND INNINGS.

Table listing players for Hamilton in the second innings, including Captain Slade, E. R. Benjamin, J. M. Young, etc.

Total, 102

TORONTO—FIRST INNINGS.

Table listing players for Toronto in the first innings, including G. Heward, D. Wright, B. Parson, etc.

Total, 63

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.

Mr. JOSEPH LYGHT, King street Hamilton, has forwarded the 'Scientific American,' 'Good Words' and 'Family Herald.'

vile, 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 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.

1. LOWER CANADA AGRICULTURIST; 2. RURAL NEW YORKER; 3. CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST; 4. GENESSEE 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.

A celebrated toper, intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.— Sometimes 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 laughing immoderately.

IDLENESS is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the stepmother of dissipation, the chief author of all mischief, 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 about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING BY CAPTAIN ROSS WITH A NEW RIFLE.—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.

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.

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 race 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 billowy plains Of ocean, nurse of genial rains, Hung high the glorious sun, and set Night's crescents in her arch of jet.

Lord, teach us, while the unsated gaze Delighted, 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 had a suspicion, perhaps not just, that they and the enigma came all out of one 'digging.'

Henry's name 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, THOROLD HENRY BIGGAR

Brampton, Canada West.

If you solve the following enigma, continues the fair interpreter, you then will 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 Adam

R's 'Biographical Enigma' of June 20; they

say that several figures were wanting. 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.

SIR,—Will you please give the following enigma insertion in your valuable paper, if 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 like.

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 extensively used.

My 40, 9, 35, 23, 20 is what I like to do.

My 11, 20, 25, 10, 40, 2, 21, 14, 3 is a county in Canada west.

My whole is the name, occupation and home of a merry young gentleman.

SOPHY.

THOROLD, 9th June, 1863.

That of J. J. M. is for 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 pleasantly read in connection with the article on the Functions of the Skin, on page 87.—Ed. 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, making twenty-eight miles of human drainage.

Five-eighths of all that is eaten passes off through these pores, 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.

Some diseases are relieved almost instantly by opening the pores. Diarrhœa is frequently cured. Matter from the mucous membrane is expelled through the skin; tobacco, opium and mercury have thus been exuded. Whatever through the skin the body can expel, it can also absorb. Hold the end of your finger in spirits of turpentine; it is absorbed, goes through the system, and may be detected by its odor. Constant handling of arsenic has produced death by absorption.

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 transudation. Mutton bones, boiled a long time in soft water, with a slight addition of calcinated potash, made fresh every day, have imparted to water such nourishing 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 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 glands, clogs in the pores. As all parts of the cuticle 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 suddenly broke out. Medical aid was powerless. Every morning the dead in great numbers were thrown overboard. In the midst of terror and anguish, the negroes cried out, 'Let us do as we do in our own country with the sick;' and permission being given, they gently 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 process several times, when the disease left them 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. Abernethy'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 wash-tub; 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 trap, and Eola restored to health and happiness. 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 griefs, and trials of others.

Of Lord Eswald's marriage she had been informed by Elwyn. The latter had not seen his cousin 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 through the inquiries of his ever-ready agent, Miller.

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 peace.

Elwyn continued an honored guest at Dunorlan Park until his beloved and her grand-sire 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 LXVII.

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 for the home of a heartless, unprincipled husband.

Alas! no. Withering care, suspicion, and long months of gloomy fears and doubts, have early succeeded in snatching the bloom from her cheek, 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 plausible 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, 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 hopes and wishes that have been ruthlessly scattered 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 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 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, 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, devoted love?

Lord Eswald's youthful wife 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 suspicion.

She 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 subdued and melancholy demeanor of his love-

ly wife continually, but it made no impression 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 waned, 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 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 Lady 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 hour that saw it realized, 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 newborn heir, was soon the scene of the utmost confusion and sorrow.

Great consternation was excited in the bosoms of all present as to how they should break the tidings to the widowed father—a 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—

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

'I have to congratulate you on that score my lord,' returned the doctor, glad to put off, even for a moment, the task of imparting 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 at 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 heir.

'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 to hear the worst. Your amiable lady is no more!'

For a time Lord Eswald stood still in the centre of the apartment as if struck dumb and motionless. The news was dreadful in its unexpectedness. The idea of death is at all times, and under any circumstances, appalling; 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 sadness.

True, the sorrow endured by such a one must be very different to that of a fond, true-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 remorse—sharp, and, for a time, irrepressible 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 remorse 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.

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 swallowed 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 fondness 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 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 wet-nurse, dry-nurse, and nurserymaids, and the entire paraphernalia of the nursery regions.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

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 on the estate of the dissipated nobleman.

For the first time for years his tenants, farmers, and dependants were astonished by his open handed hospitality and generosity; and the munificence of the banquet to which they were invited was unparalleled in their recollection.

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

The Lords Alvingham and Sackville, the maternal grandfather 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 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 fancy, but no one presumed 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 ermine; 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 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 joyousness, the worthy farmers raised their glasses, and secretly hoping that the child might prove 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 earl'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 spectators 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.

But just as he was turning away, a sudden and strong jerk on the elegant cloak which hung 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 Esward lay stunned and bleeding on the cold slabs of the hall. A projecting nail from some portion of the mourning hangings had caught its cloak, and thus Esward's self-will proved his child's destruction.

To depict the consternation and confusion that followed the sad catastrophe would be impossible. Lord Esward rushed frantically to the spot, tore his infant from the hands of a woman who had raised it, and raved over it like a maniac 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!' shrieked 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 glance that seemed to say—'Who presumes to doubt, when I believe?'

Meanwhile, the poor little sufferer still lived, though none but Esward entertained the faintest hope that it could recover from 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 Esward, 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 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 other, possessed them both. Whatever their thoughts might have been, it was evident that they tended in one direction, for as they turned from the window their eyes met, and both spontaneously muttered—

'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.

'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 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,' rejoined the son; 'but you must confess you were in a deuce of a hurry to get rid of her.'

'Because you represented Esward 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-

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

The road Lord Esward 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 equestrianism, and the excellence of the thorough bred animal that carried him—Esward 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.

Esward had just caught sight of the coming vehicle, and was raising his voice in a shout to the driver to keep on his own side, when the leaders of the team took fright at a gigantic boulder of sandstone projecting from a fissure in the heath, and, taking the drunken 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, endeavored 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 Esward, previously half-maddened by grief and excitement, lost all control of his temper and lashed and spurred the fiery creature into a perfect fury.

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

Suddenly the plunging mare caught sight of it, and fiercely 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 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 abbey.

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 Esward; 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 very depths of his soul.

No doubt his thoughts at that awful moment 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 a guilty life.

Not long after the occurrence of the catastrophe that had overtaken him, a middle-aged man, coarsely attired, but of a stern though rough mien, 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 wayfarer 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 elicit no other response, and obtain no clue to the whereabouts of the unfortunate man, the stranger, 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 rock immediately below the jutting bank. Then, cautiously twining his hands in some straggling pieces of heath that grew from its side, he again lowered himself till his feet came in contact with another ledge, along which he crept to some distance, when he reached a broad, open piece of mossy ground, where he paused, and once more attentively listened to the low moans of the fast-sinking nobleman.

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 dying Esward.

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.

'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.

'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?'

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

Even on the verge of death, self was uppermost in his hardened heart.

'I could not help you if I would,' hissed the stranger. 'You will die—die—die! And, as if he thought the repetition of the 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 Esward entreated that the gipsy would cease to pursue the taunting strain he had chosen for the purpose of torturing his once haughty persecutor.

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 the frequent interruptions offered by the wretched Esward, who now, in the abjectness 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 insensible 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.

The sky had become quite dark, the nobleman'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 speech on either side. The one was far gone in the insensibility that precludes death; the other was silent from respect to the power 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 suggested 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 precipice, and rang on the echoing rocks.—When the cries had somewhat subsided, 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 above the spot whence the sound had proceeded, and several anxious voices were raised in response, calling on Lord Esward 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 lips.

Meanwhile the gipsy, in a clear, distinct voice, informed the people above of Esward's position, and endeavored to make them understand 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 Alvingham; and one by one, the entire party found their way to the spot where lay the suffering Esward.

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, enraged 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, endeavored 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 the scornful gipsy, without moving his head, 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 another minute he will not be able to hear your news.'

Once more the earl knelt down, and took Lord Esward'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 Esward'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 death-rattle 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 minds of all who heard them had subsided, Percy Esward 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 deeply sunk in vice and crime, and who was now so summarily snatched from the mire of his wickedness to appear at the awful tribunal 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! 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, eagerly, smilingly, we clutch them—and then?

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

(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 cultured land, has the soil borne such abundant crops as now clothe it gloriously, at the beginning of this month 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 'fly,' 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.

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 travellers 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 scarcity and high price of cotton, which far exceeds that at which fine flax sold when cotton was abundant. 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 'Flax 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 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 upon 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 hatches.

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 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 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 cement than the fibres of the flax. Whoever shall be the first to discover such a solvent may exclaim, with Archimedes, Eureka! 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 liquor should then be run off and the flax washed with hot water. The cauldrons for this method of retting flax should be heated by steam.

**WHOLESOME DRINK FOR FARMERS.**—The 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 drachms of tartaric acid, and the rind of one lemon, and let it remain till the heat is reduced to a luke-warm temperature; 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 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 Cultivist 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 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 apex. As the varieties are almost endless, 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.

**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 stale 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

lose their delicate flavor by the odour of the coating.

A better plan would be to employ beef suet 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 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 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 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.

**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 Pennsylvania unpropitious weather interfered with the planting of corn, but wheat, oats 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 Kansas, 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.

Passengers	\$20,299 98½
Freight and Live Stock	22,155 44
Mails and Sundries	1,938 50
	\$44,393 92½

Corresponding week last year	43,087 43½
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Increase ..... \$1,306 49

JAMES CHARLTON.

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

Total	\$83,751 03
Corresponding week, 1862	68,121 25

Increase ..... \$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.

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 lb 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. Ducks scarce at 50c to 60c 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 \$3 per ton, and also plentiful. Hides \$5 per cwt. Calfskins 8c 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 June 30.

**FLOUR.**—Receipts 33,567 brls; market dull and lower, except for Ohio and extra State; sales 9,000 brls at \$4 51 to \$5 for sup. State; \$5 50 to \$5 80 for Extra State, \$5 85 to \$6 00 for choice do; \$1 40 to \$1 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 brands extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian flour 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 to \$5 10.

**GRAIN.**—Wheat—Receipts 224,877 bushels; market 1c to 2c better, with fair demand; sales 130,000 bus at \$1 18 \$1 36 for Ohio, spring; \$1 23 to \$1 41 for Milwaukee club; \$1 42 to \$1 44 for amber Iowa; \$1 45 to \$1 51 for winter red Western; \$1 51 to \$1 54 for amber Michigan; and \$1 38 for amber red Illinois. Rye 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 75½c for shipping mixed Western, nearly all at the inside price; 74c to 74½c for Eastern. Oats dull at 74c to 77c for Canada, Western, and State.

**PROVISIONS.**—Pork firm; sales 300 barrels 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.

### Publisher's Notices.

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.

### Remittances.

A. J. D., Simcoe; P. L. W., Brampton; J. 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., J. M., I. G., H. D. J., Capt. I. H., Pt. Robinson; W. McL., W. G., Mrs. M. W., B. H., 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 Rifles, 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.

