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THE ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY, AT THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, PREVIOUS TO OPENING THE SESSION, FEB. 12, 1863.

The weather, an important consideration on state days in Quebec, was this morning, strange to say, a matter of congratulation; as the hour approached, however, in which his Excellency was to open the House, the heavens manifested strong disapprobation of the loyalty evinced by our citizens, who wended their way in crowds to every available spot where a glimpse of the display could be obtained.

The hour was fast approaching and the sky had by this time settled into a

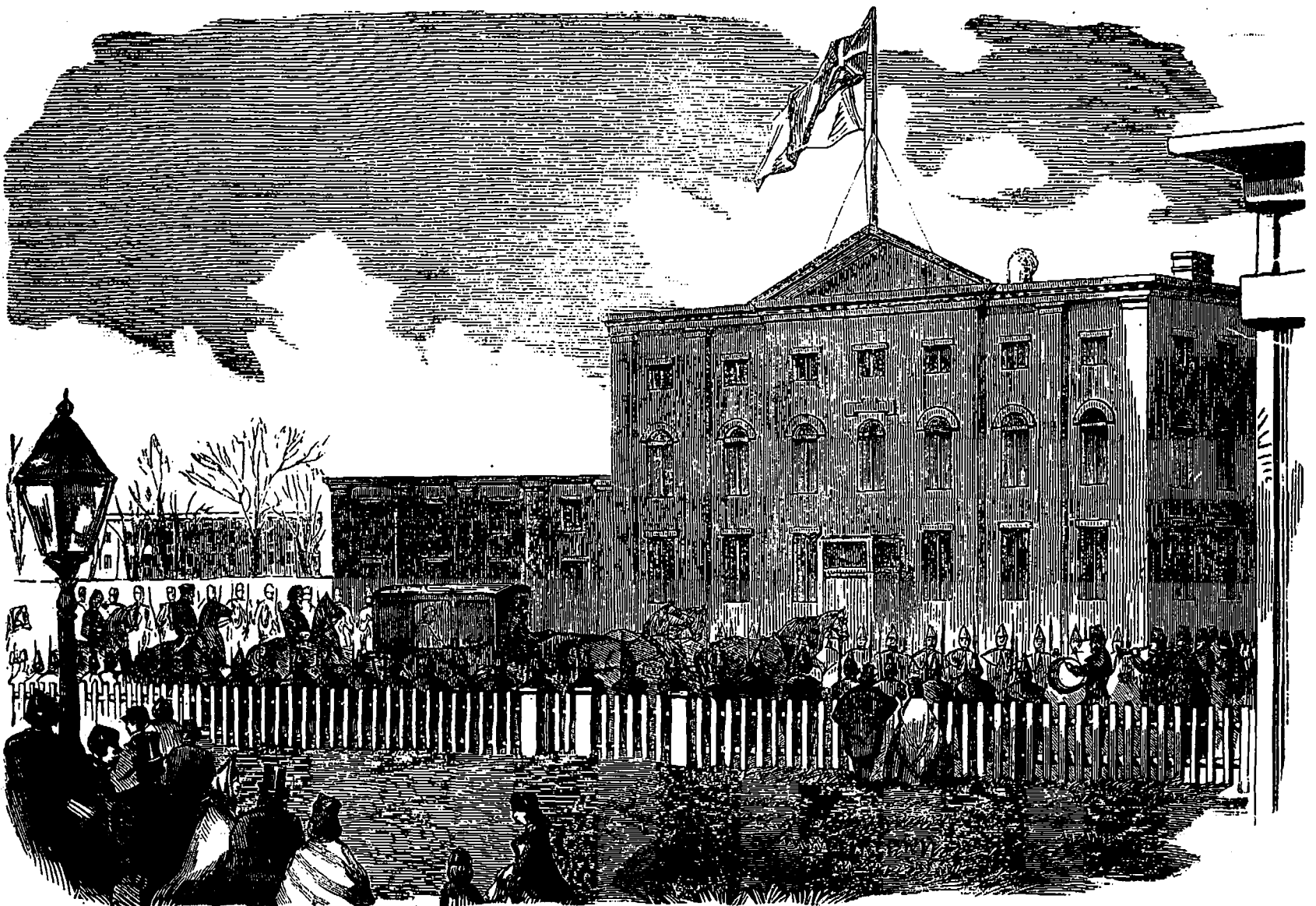
discontented streaky state of grey and white; the recent falls of snow too, despite the urgent remonstrances and impressive injunctions of the city fathers, lay to the depth of a foot or more upon the earlier incrustations, to the great annoyance of the owners of hundreds of pretty ankles that sported amongst its yielding whiteness.

A little after two, p.m. the route from the residence of His Excellency was lined with H. M. 60th Rifles and 17th Lt. Infantry; meantime our volunteers, who of course, had been on the 'qui vive' since 'early in the morning,' mustered strongly on Durham terrace, previous to taking up their respective positions

in and about the house of Parliament.

On this occasion the guard of honor consisted of the Victoria and Wellington Rifles, the former under the command of Capt. Alleyn, the latter of Lieut. Cochran; the first have long maintained a favorite position, as a crack corps in this city, and their trim soldierly appearance reflects the highest credit on their zeal. It must be remembered that this corps was organized, at a time when no Government allowance fell to their share, when the sneer of the bystander was about the only notice taken of the Volunteer movement; they have weathered it like men, and they have gained the victory; we are proud of them;

long may they continue to enjoy the reputation they have earned. The Wellingtons were also admirable in appearance, their handsome *shakos*, new uniforms, scrupulously clean accoutrements, and magnificently kept arms elicited the warmest commendation, whilst their tall muscular forms betokened them men to do as well as to dare. I have been thus special with these favorite companies from the fact of their prominence as the guardians of His Excellency, but the whole body merits the highest encomiums, both, with regard to their appearance and drill, indeed I may say they were distinguished only by characteristics tending to their honor. The French



THE ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY AT THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS. SKETCHED BY ALEX. DURIS, FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Canadian Companies for instance, inherit to perfection, the martial gallantry and dash of their noble progenitors; and in the uniforms of their officers (long dark grey coats, trimmed with light grey lambskin.) I could not but remark that happy superiority of taste in dress, so vivid in the character of the French. The various companies of Artillery also appeared to great advantage, but perhaps the most attractive uniform on this occasion was that of the Highland company of Rifles; their shakos surmounted by red knobs, were trimmed round the base, with broad chequered bands of red and white; their tunics were the ordinary dark green, faced with red; across their breasts they wore the beautiful tartan scarf of their race, which they carried over their left shoulders, and there fastened with silver buckles, dropped in its national gracefulness, over hearts as manly as ever 'followed the buck' and the roe in the lone glens of their fatherland.

All these companies, with the exception of the two first, who were stationed within the house, awaited the important arrival, on the platform which extends in front.

The booming of Artillery at last announces that His Excellency is on the road, an indescribable sensation heralds his approach as clearly as if we had seen the ex-royal sleighs; the word PRESENT is given and every man stands with rifle before him, as motionless as so many statues. Here come the advanced guard; now a thorough bred hussar, in blue and yellow trappings; then the four prancing 'chestnut' horses and the sleigh containing His Excellency and aides-de-camp, and lastly the remainder of the escort—the light cavalry of Quebec, and a handsome dashing troop they are; at rapid pace they fly through the avenue of bayonets, the door of the Parliament house opens, heads are uncovered and Lord Monk enters, amid the peals of that glorious British Anthem: 'God save the Queen.'

ALEX DURIE.

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

A RETROSPECT.

The improved tone of the more respectable portion of American newspapers, towards foreign nations, is one of the effects of the war, which, it is to be hoped, will require many years of peace to obliterate. We have comparatively little from them now of the unscrupulous abuse, which, for nearly two years, silenced the voices of their friends, and gave power to the prejudices of their enemies.

The want of sympathy, however, shown by the people of Great Britain, with their struggle, is still a sore point with them; discussed in a more rational spirit than formerly, but yet unaccountable, from their point of view.

We purpose in this article briefly to point out the causes which have led to this want of sympathy, so far at least as Canada is concerned. When first the United States were threatened with a civil war, the sentiments of Canadians were overwhelmingly in favour of the North; strong reasons existed why they should be; let us enumerate them:

1st. We are a people proverbially slow to acknowledge the justice of rebellion against constituted authority.

2nd. The Northern people were our nearest neighbours, and had lived for many years on the most friendly terms with us. The memory of former battle-fields had long ceased to inspire any feelings of bitterness. Our commercial relations were intimate and mutually advantageous.

3rd. The intention of the South was then seen in all its nakedness, without any of the adjuncts which have since clustered around, and partially concealed it from view. There were no disputes then about the cause of the war; it was clear to the mind of every one that it was simply an effort to extend and strengthen a barbarous social system, founded upon injustice and repugnant to all the nobler impulses of the human heart. Albeit it was not seen that the North would fail to comprehend the issue so clearly set before it.

With these reasons in view, the Canadian people naturally sympathized with the North, and in all probability would have continued to do so, had not their sympathies been rudely and insultingly repulsed.

While we were denouncing the imbecility of Buchanan and applauding the preliminary efforts of Mr. Lincoln for the suppression of the rebellion, the New York *Herald* propounded the famous plan of healing fraternal dissensions by a united invasion of Canada, which would 'sweep the last vestige of European domination from the continent,' and do much else becoming a great nation and a high minded people. This period may be marked as the turning point in Canadian sentiment from that time forward it gravitated towards the South, not from natural attraction but by way of having revenge on the North. This may seem strange to Americans, who understand the character of the 'Herald.' They tell us that it wields no influence in the North; but how can we believe this, in face of the fact that it has perhaps the largest circulation of any paper on the continent. Its influence may be of the lowest kind, it may wield it only by pandering to the lowest passions of our nature, but unfortunately in calculating the chances of any probable course of action, these passions cannot be left out of the account. But admitting their assertion; there was no hearty denunciation of the scheme such as its unmitigated wickedness would have called forth in any other civilized country. Americans seemed rather pleased than otherwise at their ability to create alarm among their neighbours.—The irritation once produced was diligently fostered, by hundreds of irresponsible editors and orators. Untill with the aid of the Trent affair and its attendant bluster, there existed a very general belief among Canadians, that we were on the eve of a 'Yankee' invasion.

In strong contrast to the Northern press stood that of the Southern. With that superior sagacity which the Southerners have shown in conducting the war, the press adopted a tone uniformly friendly towards other nations, toward Great Britain in particular. There were from them no oracular utterances by 'distinguished' Senators about absorbing the British American dominions; no irritating predictions of a rebellion in Ireland, —with American help—and no foolish threats of the general devastation they would commit when they had beaten their present enemies. Was it possible then that we should still sympathize with those who seemed determined to be our enemies, and repel those who evinced every disposition to be our friends.

If at any time during the present rebellion Great Britain and the United States had been plunged into hostilities the editors of the latter country would have been mainly responsible. There has been no cause which in the absence of the feverish mistrust they have created,

would have led to that calamity. The quarrels of diplomatists are soon forgotten, the danger we have to fear lies in those subtler influences which, radiating from our press rooms, permeate through every ramification of Society, resuscitating the buried prejudices of the past, and awakening the dormant national antipathies of the ignorant and unthinking. Happily the agency, so powerful when it takes the Devil's side, may also do good service in the cause of international friendship and human progress.—If the present modified tone of the American press indicates that they are alive to these facts, and intend to pursue a different course for the future, let us hope that our own hot-water journals will follow their example as readily as they did a far less commendable one.

THE VAGARIES OF THE INSANE.—

On Wednesday evening last, under the auspices of the Mutual Improvement Association of this city, Mr. William W. Sykes, delivered an able and interesting lecture on the 'Vagaries of the Insane.' He discussed his subject in a philosophical manner, exhibiting clearly the three phases which insanity assumes—intellectual, moral and emotional. His illustrations and anecdotes were both apposite and entertaining. He spoke eloquently of the cruel and wicked treatment which the unfortunate victim of insanity received from our fathers, and however in these modern days of enlightenment, superstition—child of ignorance—still caused us to look with the un pitying eye of fear at our brethren, whom madness had touched with its blighting hand. Mr. Sykes is evidently a young man of alert and cultured intellect, more accustomed to write than to speak. His voice is not good, and there is juvenile and theatrical mannerism about him that is not pleasant, but which time and experience will remove.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN can be obtained at the news store of Mr. Lyght, King street. All new inventions and improvements are to be found in its pages.

PARLIAMENTARY INCIDENTS.

QUEBEC, Feb. 19.

The Legislative Council proceeded from its chamber in procession to the Executive Council, to present to His Excellency the Address passed by that body in answer to his Speech. The Sergeant-at-arms with his mace headed the procession, and the members of the Council followed, two and two, the Speaker bringing up the rear. A guard of honor of the 60th Rifles was drawn up in front of the Executive Council building, and saluted the body as it passed in, the band playing the National Anthem. After the Speaker had presented the Address to His Excellency, who returned thanks, the Council, returning to their Chamber in the same manner as they had proceeded.

In the Assembly, the leading incident occurred on Thursday, 19th inst.; the debate on the Address in answer to the Speech was then resumed, and the question put on the following paragraph:

'That we shall give our most respectful attention to any measure for the more fair adjustment of Parliamentary Representation in each section of the Province, which His Excellency may cause to be laid before us, as well as to any bill for the more equitable settlement of the relation between debtor and creditor, and to afford relief to insolvent debtors, and to any other measures of public utility in relation to the administration of justice, to the registration of titles, and to the law respecting patents for inventions, which may be submitted for our consideration.'

Mr. M. C. Cameron, member for Ontario, thereupon rose and moved in amendment, (seconded by Mr. Angus Morrison,) that all the words in the above paragraph, after the first word—

'that'—be struck out, and the following words substituted:

'While we shall give our most respectful attention to any measure for the more fair adjustment of Parliamentary Representation which His Excellency may cause to be laid before us, as well as to any bill for the more equitable settlement of the relation between debtor and creditor, and to afford relief to insolvent debtors, and to any other measures of public utility in relation to the administration of justice, to the registration of titles, and to the law respecting patents for inventions, which may be submitted for our consideration—we must express our surprise that His Excellency has not been advised to make allusion to the recent census of this Province, by which the important fact is established that the population of Upper Canada exceeded that of Lower Canada in the months of February, 1861, by not less than 285,427 souls; that as the excess of population in Upper Canada was only 61,773 at the taking of the census in 1852, it is evident that the disproportion is becoming greater every year; that the continuance of a system which gives to the two sections an equal number of representatives in the Legislature, is, in view of these facts, manifestly unjust and fraught with great danger to the peace and good government of the country; that we therefore deeply regret that His Excellency has not been advised to recommend for our adoption some measure for securing to this large population in Upper Canada their rightful share of the Parliamentary representation and their just influence in the Government.'

Mr. Cameron, in moving the above resolution, quoted extensively from speeches of the Commissioner of Crown Lands (Mr. McDougall) showing how strongly that gentleman was committed to the Representation question. He also quoted from Mr. McDougall's speeches his arguments against his present position, and in a similar manner made forcible use of remarks of Messrs. Foley and Wilson, uttered by them while in Opposition. The applications of the hon. gentleman were very apt, and his denunciations of the present Government pretty effectual. He concluded by assuring the French that Representation by Population would not redound to their injury.

On Friday the House divided. Yeas, for Mr. M. C. Cameron's amendment, 42; Nays, 64.

Some who voted for that amendment in 1862 did not vote for it in 1863, because they thought it to be insincerely urged; intended only to defeat and unseat the Ministry. It is not for the 'Canadian Illustrated News,' which belongs to Canada and not to a party, to pass judgment on the private reasons of members. The Governor General complimented the Upper House on their resolution to avoid party faction: 'Perhaps the Assembly is not less honest in motive.'

Mr. John Hillyard Cameron, member for the county of Peel, next moved in amendment:—

'That in the words "in each section of the Province," in the second line, be omitted, and that after the words "before us" in the third line, the following be inserted— "which, while providing for such an increased representation in this House as is demanded by the increased population of Upper Canada, will also preserve the Federal character of the existing union, by maintaining an equal number of elected representatives from each section of the Province in the Legislative Council."'

On Tuesday, 24th, after much debate, members having spoken on various topics not involved in the motion, a division was taken; 33 for the amendment and 81 against it.

Mr. Joseph Dufresne, member for Iberville, Lower Canada, then moved:—

'But we consider that under the present circumstances it would be proper to state to His Excellency, as the opinion of this House that the principle of equal representation on the basis of a contract upon the Union between Upper and Lower Canada which was formed, and which is essential to the maintenance of the Union as it now exists, inasmuch as it affords a guarantee for to secure each section of united Canada the enjoyment of laws and institutions congenial to the wishes and requirements of its inhabitants.'

The vote was taken without discussion: Yeas 1, (the mover); Nays 107.

THE GUINEA SMUGGLERS.

A STORY OF THE COAST.

(Concluded.)

George Wilson, are you the person here named, and is that your signature?

'I'm George Wilson, and that's my signature,' said the traitor-guard gruffly, as if rather ashamed of himself.

'Astonishing! astonishing!' gasped the magistrate. 'And may I ask, Mr. Wedger, how you became acquainted with this man?'

'That's my secret,' said Wedger, coolly taking snuff, 'cozy as a hangman when the "little affair" is comfortably over—it is sufficient that here's the man.'

'And now, sir,'—Damerham called every one 'sir,' sometimes as a rebuke and sometimes as a compliment—turning to Belton, alias Wilson, under whose coat appeared suspicious peeps of scarlet, 'can you aid his majesty's government a little more by just telling us the depot of those guinea smugglers?'

Wilson scratched his head, and said: 'Well, he didn't know; it was a bad affair. He hoped they wouldn't go and hang any of the poor fellows; but as the cat was almost out of the bag, he saw no harm in making a clean breast of it, and saying that the guineas were, he had heard, taken to some sea-side inn near Seaford.'

'Exactly—the Zebec!' said Wedger, triumphantly pointing the feather-end of a pen he held at the magistrate, who was astonished at the lawyer's presumptuous energy.—'Wilson, you may go; you shall hear from me.'

'I should like to know if I have some of these sea-side inns for this, gentlemen, but I have got friends here' (tapping his breast-pocket), 'as have settled many a highwayman, and I see no reason why they shouldn't pull just as true on a guinea smuggler. At all events, I've now made clean hands on it, and I wish you a very good-morning, gentlemen. Good-morning, gentlemen all. Good-morning, Mr. Wedger.—It'll be a pretty stroke as ever you made, netting 'em all; but mind when you trawl for whiting you don't get a shark in the net in mistake.' With this fisherman's metaphor, Wilson muffled up again, doubled himself up like an old man, and departed.

'We'll catch these miscreants next Tuesday,' said Wedger nodding. 'Have two eight-oared custom-house galleys, Mr. Damerham, waiting just round the point, beyond Seaford, out of sight of the Zebec, at night-fall. Directly the signal I saw goes up again, one shall pull for the Zebec jetty, and another shall cut off the guinea boat as it makes for the French coast.'

The magistrate, puffing himself up, said he knew very well what it became him to do with-out interference or direction. 'Thank you, Mr. Wedger.'

Now was the time to put on the handcuffs. Mr. Wedger pulled out a letter from the Minister of the Home Department, requesting him to give his (Wedger's) best assistance to the Seaford magistrates on the subject of guinea smuggling. The magistrate was cowed; but he bent his head to the storm, and affecting extreme urbanity, he shook Mr. Wedger by the hand, and thanked him for his important, he might say his invaluable information.

'Delighted with your help and advice.—And now, my dear sir, that business being settled, and we public men having a moment's breathing-time, try a glass of sherry.'

Wedger said he never touched sherry when there was anything to be done.

'Curious! Well, now, it makes me work better, good sherry. And, before we part, let me ask you, my dear sir, how you get on with your son, that you once consulted me about: not so wild, I hope? Why not send him to sea? No school for wild youths like a man-of-war?'

Wedger shuddered at the thought of losing his boy: he was softened for a moment by the very idea.

'No,' he said. 'Mr. Damerham, you are kind, but I can't part with him. Sir, I love that boy; he is my only child, my only solace, and he reminds me of my dear wife.—No, I'll try him again. I think he is sorry for what he does, for only this morning, when I sat on his bed, and warned him of vice, told him how vice turned to crime, and how sooner or later justice overtakes crime—talking of these very smugglers whom we shall soon have on the gullows swinging—he buried his head in the clothes and seemed struck dumb. No, no, there is grace and innocence in the boy yet; he'll do, he'll do, sir. He is my Absalom, but—'

Here the door was thrown open, and a voice shouted in a monotonous way: 'Two

smugglers, sir, from Cragford to be examined. Officers took 'em last night, tubs and all, after a tussle.'

'The very thing,' cried Mr. Damerham, radiant with an idea at last, 'the very thing. Call them in, Mr. Town-clerk; they'll be very sure to know something about the guineas, and the extraordinary white boat.'

'Bring in the Cragford smugglers,' cried the town-clerk grandly, through the cautiously opened door.

The door opened, and four custom-house officers entered, leading between them two rough men in torn pilot-coats, with black and cut faces, and with hands coupled together with bright steel handcuffs. The head-officer advanced and made his statement.

'Was on duty last night, as ever was, at Cragford Waste, top of Cragford Cliff, when I sees the smugglers' flash-boxes answering along shore; and presently down a road to the sea-shore cut in the chalk, I sees, five hundred yards off, about two hundred horses ridden or led by some fifty men, and on every horse two casks of 'Godsend.' as we folks call it. The men were in white round frocks, and every one seemed to carry pistols or cutlasses, and they were led by a man on a big black mare, riding between two brandy-tubs. 'We shall soon be at home, men,' says he as they passed us.'

'Well, never mind what he said, but get on,' said the Solon. 'And then you stopped them?'

'What! stop two hundred horses and fifty men, your honor? Not I; I knows better. But I flashed my pistol as soon as they were out of sight, and up comes Bill Davis here, to where I lay hid, and we watches.'

'So you watches?' said Mr. Damerham sincerely.

'And we watches, your honor,' said the stolid witness, quite unmoved at the keen sarcasm. 'Presently up goes a rocket—whizz, and who comes by but three men, the prisoners and one other.'

'And where is the other? It doesn't do, sir, to let prisoners go.'

'Flat as ninepence, your honor. Ran away, and fell over Cragford Cliff. Got him outside, sir, on a stretcher. Well, as I was observing, these three men begin fastening a rope with hooks to run tubs on to the top of the cliff, when we leap up. They out with cutlasses, and to it we went, one up, another down, for ten minutes. At last I fetches that black fellow a wipe that cuts him from his nose to his chin.'

Here the black fellow obligingly pointed out on himself the 'cutlass' slash alluded to.

'And he ups and cuts my hat through from crown to brim.' Here he produced the severed hat.

'And but for the blessed iron in it, had sent you after poor Tom Jackson,' said the wounded smuggler.

'Eventually we overpower them, and puts on the darbies; and that is the long and short of it.'

'Your name, prisoners?' said Mr. Damerham, impressively.

'Matthew Walker; and 'Davy Jones,' were the answers.

The magistrate wrote the names down deliberately in a royal hand.

'Lor love you, sir, don't put down that gibberish,' suggested the custom-house officer under breath. 'Them's only make-believe names.'

'Rig in the booms, and coil away the gear, Jack, for we're coming to anchor,' whispered one smuggler to another, as they saw they were about to be examined.

'I think it right to inform you, prisoners,' said the magistrate, 'that your future treatment will depend very much on your present behaviour. And now we want to ask you a question. Have you heard anything about the Seaford guinea smuggling? Do you know anything of it?'

The men looked at each other. The wounded man answered saucily: 'No more than a monkey knows of the barpipes.'

'Impertinent fellows,' growled Mr. Damerham. 'Oh, you're making pretty rods for your own backs. This is not to be borne. It is no use, officers. Take the men away, and put them both in irons.'

'Lor, it's never no use asking smugglers questions,' said the preventive-men to each other, as they jostled their prisoners into the next room.

'They do say,' said the town-clerk to the magistrate, 'that these guinea smugglers are encouraged and led by some young man of good family.'

'Impossible!' said the great man, 'impos-

sible! Young men of family don't take up with smugglers and thieves. Impossible, Mr. Town-clerk.'

Mr. Wedger, having received many congratulations at his success in unearthing the conspirators, now left the room with many bows and much handshaking.

'And now he is fairly gone,' said Mr. Damerham, looking first at the glass-door, next at the keyhole, and then at the town-clerk, 'between ourselves what is your real impression of this person Wedger? Now, come, speak fairly, — remember we are friends.'

'A low, mischievous, dangerous attorney, Mr. Damerham, who fomented quarrels, inculcated innocent persons, and preys on the widow and orphan; but with much power at headquarters, ever since he helped Lord Treveser at the last Seaford election. Besides, he has, I am told, a strong personal motive in this case, for he has been slighted by the pretty daughter of the landlord of the Zebec. My advice is, however, don't check him; do whatever he wishes. If you don't, he'll set all the corporation by the ears, and plunge us into endless expense, sir.'

The magistrate—contradictory and a very lion in public, in order to show he was not led—in private was a very lamb. He followed the town-clerk's advice to the letter. The attack on the guinea smugglers was carefully planned by Wedger—planned with all the care with which a gamekeeper draws his nets round the covert in anticipation of the next day's shooting. Two custom-house galleys, remarkable for their swiftness, were carefully conveyed into a boat-shed not far from the Zebec, and two crews of eight strong, sinewy men, each armed to the teeth, hidden in the same place, prepared, the instant they saw the Zebec's rocket, to run down with the boats, launch them, and pull off after the guinea smugglers. The men were eager for smugglers as half-starved greyhounds for a hare. They had heard that the guinea-boat was painted white, so as to best escape detection by night; but this time, taken by surprise, she would have no chance of escaping. They were all eager for the reward, waved glitteringly before their eyes by Wedger. The sixteen men spent the whole morning of the appointed day in grinding their cutlasses and cleaning their pistols, for they swore, whether dead or alive, no guinea smuggler should that night escape uncaught.

The night came. It was dark and heavy, as had been anticipated. Almost at the exact moment that Wedger had seen the signal from the Zebec window, a rocket rose up with a swift hiss into the air, and scattered its golden sparks in a momentary shower over the Zebec's roof. The next minute, a second rocket rose in answer from some vessel hidden by a point of chalk-cliff. Then there was a sound of muffled oars. 'I think there must be two on 'em,' said a gray old officer, peering intently into the darkness through a diamond-hole in the planks of the shed, 'for I hear the oars at the Zebec landing every time as the rocket goes up over the cliff. Now, if I know a spunker-boom from a yard-arm, that there boat never sent up that there rocket. Get your pistols ready boys, and be ready for a start when I cry, 'Now!'

Another moment, and a dark boat could be seen dimly, its cargo taken in, stealing under the cliff, and passing round the shoulder of land. It is not a white boat, then, after all.

'Now?' cried the old boatswain.

The men ran like tigers, with their boats on their shoulders. In a moment they had them in the water, and had leaped into them; in another moment the oars were in the row-locks, and the men pulled swiftly in the train of the smugglers. Suddenly, they swerved round the point of land; two objects met their eyes—the boatswain was right—a large heavy lugger, painted a light grey colour, evidently to better escape detection at night; and a long, sharp-nosed, white centipede—a sort of boat built specially for swiftness, and with plank no thicker than crown-pieces. They both lay in the dark shadow of the promontory, as if waiting for some signal. In a moment, however, they had caught sight of their enemies, and with a shout of defiance and a blaze of small arms at the approaching boats, put out to sea, aided by a wind just then blowing freshly from the land. The lugger tacked, and putting out sweeps that moved like two great wings, bore off in a contrary direction from the attendant boat, that shot across the sea swift as an arrow, and straight for the French coast. At that moment, the moon shone full upon the smuggler as it left the shadow, and showed its white sides with ghostly distinctness.

At last, then, they were on the trail of the guinea-boat. 'Put your backs to it, lads!' roared the boatswain in command; 'we Cragford men take the guinea-boat; you Seaford lads bore the lugger. Pull away with a will, boys—with a will!

Off dashed the boats, each after its peculiar prey. Let us follow the more important of the two, the guinea-boat, closely pursued as it was by the boatswain and his crew, leaving the lugger to its fate. The coast-blockade men were now so near that they could all but see the faces of the smugglers as they bent savagely at their oars, driving their boat on till its white planks quivered at every stroke.

'Another mile, and we have them between us and the Knecker Sand,' said the boatswain, who was steering; 'our fortune's made if we only get up to them. Give way, then—give way.'

'I think the beggars are planning some mischief, bosun. I hope they ain't going to fling grenades in on us,' said the stroke-oar, as a movement in the guinea-boat was now clearly perceptible.

'Hand-grenades, be hanged, Jack!' said the boatswain; 'but I'll be cursed, though if they ain't going to fling some of their shiners over, to lighten their craft; and we shall get hold of nothing but an empty purse after all, if we don't look out; so pull boys, pull.'

The boatswain was right. In the clear moonlight that now shone full on the chase, still much ahead of the blockade-men, a man could be seen to stoop over the side of the boat, with a small bag he had dragged to the gunwale, and slash it twice with a knife; the guineas poured out in a golden stream into the sea. Six times he cut open bags, and six times the gold poured into the sea. The coast-blockade men gave a yell of rage and vexation as the bright spadaces flashed in the moonlight and disappeared for ever.—The smugglers answered with a laugh of triumph, as their boat, now so much lighted, shot forth as if a steam-engine had suddenly propelled it. In ten minutes, they had gained considerably on their opponents; in another twenty, their boat was out of sight, faded away into the inner brightness of the moonlight.

'If old Harry hasn't had a trick as coxen in that craft to-night, I'm a dutchman,' growled the boatswain, as reluctantly he gave orders to pull back to the shore.

'And the blessed golden guineas,' said the stroke-oar, gone to make oyster-beds of it. 'It's a sin and a shame, that's what I call it. But get home, boys; the cursed boat has witchcraft in it. Master Bosun is right: no one will ever catch it; that's my opinion.'

A more serious misfortune, in the meantime, happened to the companion-boat.—The revenue-men had already headed it, and were turning to board—cutlasses between their teeth and loaded pistols in their belts—when suddenly, to their horror, the lugger boldly put on all sail, and bore straight down on them. There was no possibility of escape. In a moment, their boat was cut in two, and a few shattered planks were all that were left of it. Three of the men, encumbered with their heavy coats, instantly sank; another clung to the rudder, and for a moment or two floated; four others, crying for mercy, clung to the gunwales of the lugger.

'Mercy!' cried one of the smugglers, seizing a carpenter's axe; 'yes, the same mercy, you devils, as the poor fellows who rot in chains at Cragford got: well have no one to witness against us.' And as he said this, with dreadful curses, the wretch lopped at the hands of one of the revenue-men, who fell bleeding into the sea. The other three relinquished their hold, and fell backwards, and were almost instantly drowned.

Then, crowding all sail, the lugger steered straight for Gravelines with its crew of murderers and outlaws. The night after this cruel murder, and while all Seaford was shuddering at the news, Wedger's son ran away from his father's house, leaving a short letter behind to say that, sick of the law and the severity and dulness of his father's house, he had enlisted, and hoped no further inquiries would be made for him. Wednesday bore the disappointment with deep grief, though he treated the act as a mere young man's caprice, a mere intention. He would soon tire of it, he said; he would return when the freak was over, and all his money was gone.

A few days after, news that could not be gainsaid, reached Wedger. The guinea

smugglers had been tracked to a fisherman's house in a lonely lane not far beyond Eastbourne. They were going to keep close there all day, and at night to strike into the interior. The murderers of the revenue galley-men were, it was well known, among them.

Wedger and the magistrate's plans were soon taken. At sunset, a cordon of revenue men closed in on the cottage; among them, but not in the van of the attacking party, were Wedger and pompous, strutting Mr. Damerham, neither of them much liking the affair, but determined to personally superintend an arrest that might else be bungled, and prove a failure; not, indeed, that either were cowards, but only that fighting was not their profession.

The whole country was crying for the lives of these guilty men, who so long had evaded detection, and whose crimes had now turned public opinion unchangeably against them. 'The gibbet was crying for them,' was the popular saying, and certain popularity awaited the captors.

The attack was so sudden and unexpected, the tired smugglers having set no pickets, and the night being so stormy, that the whole gang were surprised sleeping, drinking or half disarmed. The blockade men poured in with cutlasses drawn and pistols cocked. For five minutes the fight was hot and obstinate enough, but at the end of that time six of the smugglers were wounded and manacled, and four lay dead upon the cabin floor under a pile of broken chairs, bottles, and benches. Three or four only of the victorious party were put *hors de combat*.

Into the stifling room, still choked with powder-smoke and slippery with blood, came Mr. Wedger and Mr. Damerham. The attorney, rubbing his hands, coolly asked 'how many of the rascals had been killed.'

'Four on 'em are dead chickens,' said the boatswain, pulling his forelock, and scraping with his right foot, as a mark of respect to lawful authority; 'and there they lie, just where we shot 'em. I say, you, Jack Tiller, clear off their top hampers, and let's look at their faces. There was one lad, a sort of cap'n, I think, who was very spiteful with his cutlass, to be sure, till I caught him over the left eye. Turn 'em over, lads, and let's look at their faces.'

The men, half in the dark, cleared away the broken chairs as the boatswain ordered, and dragged out the dead, one by one. The first body drawn out was that of the young man the boatswain had shot. He was quite dead; a bullet had struck him just over the left eye. There was a quiet fixed smile on his lips.

'Here's the young gamecock,' said the boatswain, touching the body in a friendly manner with his foot. 'Give us a lantern here, one of ye; Mr. Wedger wants to look at our dead birds.'

The stroke-oar obediently brought his dark lantern with an 'Ay, ay, sir,' and turned it full and suddenly on the face of the dead youth; but Wedger was standing with his back to the body, talking to Mr. Damerham at the time, and for a moment did not turn round. The boatswain, pulling the attorney respectfully by the sleeve, asked him if he wouldn't like to see the 'dead rogues who had gone and shirked the gallows.'

Wedger, half petulantly turning round, said: 'Certainly.'

The boatswain pointed down silently to the dead youth, on whose face the stroke-oar's lantern was shedding a strong yellow light.

Wedger turned, and gave one keen look; the next moment, without saying a word, he threw his arms into the air, and fell in a death-like swoon on the body. It was the attorney's wretched son. The poor scapegrace had long been secretly enrolled in the gang of guinea smugglers.

Wedger never wholly rallied; on recovering from his swoon, paralysis seized him, and he died within the year, a broken-hearted, imbecile man.

Of the guinea smugglers, three were hung,

and the rest transported. Jumper Davison, with Polly and her lover, fled to France, and soon after embarked for America, where they eventually did well.

As for Mr. Damerham, he told his stories of the guinea smugglers and the City Light-horse Volunteers till he reached a good old age, and finally, like other City Light-horse Volunteers, he died, leaving behind him an epitaph, written by himself, in the character of virtuous church-warden, in large gilt letters, on the front of the organ gallery in Seaford Church.

PRINCE ALBERT.—There has recently been published, under the direction of the Queen, a volume of the principal speeches and addresses of the late Prince Consort, which reveals some facts not previously known, but which are in the

est. Marks of thought, of care, of studiousness, were there; but they were accompanied by signs of a soul at peace with itself, and which was troubled chiefly by its love for others, and its solicitude for their welfare.'

NAPOLEON WITH THE PEN.—The Emperor Napoleon is at Vichy, busily engaged on his 'Histoire de Caesar.' Conflicting rumors are prevalent as to the time of its publication. Some say that, not wishing to give an incomplete work to the public, his majesty will delay its appearance for several months, perhaps a year. Others state that he is certainly engaged in correcting the proofs of the first volume. Baron Stoffel, of the artillery, has been engaged by

Abraham, and other little matters, which plainly shows the 'signs of the times.' Now matters have come to this crisis, the Ionians do not feel the most happy people in the world (at least I speak of the Corfiotes,) and they are beginning to draw in their horns; in fact, they commence to feel uncomfortable, and see taxation and arbitrary rule in perspective. But Europe can have no sympathy with a people who did not know when they were well off, and who were continually crying out for annexation. The authorities are now only waiting to know the programme respecting the removal of the troops, but it is calculated that it will take at least ten months before the stores and armament can be removed.

A grand demonstration took place on the occasion of the speech of Mr. Elliot, at Athens. The town was partly and handsomely illuminated, and hands accompanied by crowds of persons carrying flags, paraded the streets shouting 'Viva Victoria;' in fact, their enthusiasm carried them so far that at the theatre the whole audience stood up, the entire operatic company sang and the orchestra played 'God save the Queen,' after which three cheers were given for Her Most Gracious Majesty.'

ROYAL AND YOUTHFUL GARDENERS.—Speaking of the Swiss cottage and gardens at Osborne allotted to the royal children, Mr. Norton, in his new work on the royal farm, says:—'These are interesting for the proof they give of the practical good sense which has guided the education which the Prince thought necessary for his family; for here essentially is a school at which, homely, domestic and most useful instruction is given and received. Every garden, consisting of several plots, contains flowers (roses, lilies, pinks, &c.), and, in separate beds, strawberries, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries among fruits, and asparagus, artichokes, potatoes, turnips, cabbages of various sorts, onions, carrots, parsnips, lettuces, and other culinary vegetables. The cultivation of all these plants has to be looked after; and close by, in the Swiss cottage, is a kitchen, where the vegetables which have been grown by every little gardener may be washed and cooked; where cookery of other kinds is carried on; where, indeed the apparatus exists for juvenile entertainments, given by those who



THE COTTER'S FAMILY. FROM A PAINTING, BY J. E. JENKINS.

highest degree creditable to the prince's fame. A very fine portrait of the prince and of his character is drawn by the editor of the book:—'The prince had a noble presence. His carriage was erect; his figure betokened strength and activity; and his demeanor was dignified. He had a staid, earnest, thoughtful look when he was in a grave mood; but when he smiled, his whole countenance was irradiated with pleasure; and there was a pleasant sound and a heartiness about his laugh which will not soon be forgotten by those who were wout to hear it. He was very handsome as a young man, but his face grew to be a finer face than the early portraits of him promised; and his countenance never assumed a nobler aspect, nor had more real beauty in it, than in the last year or two of his life. In the prince's face there were none of those fatal lines which indicate craft or insincerity, greed or sensuality; but all was clear, open, pure-minded, and hon-

the Emperor to seek out the traces of the entrance of Julius Caesar into Gaul. The Emperor evidently intends to rest his literary reputation upon this work, which, considering the resources which he has been able to command, and the time he has been engaged in writing it, certainly ought to be a valuable work; and it is even hinted, that after its publication, his majesty intends having himself elected a member of the immortal forty who form the French Academy.—Methodist.

THE EVACUATION OF CORFU.—A letter from Corfu, dated 20th of January, says:—'Nothing is talked of here but the evacuation of the islands by the British troops, which is expected to take place in a very short time. There is evidently some truth in it, if we may judge from the cessation of the principal works which were going on here, such as barracks building, the fortifications of Fort

have thus themselves carried out the whole process from the planting of the seed or set, up to the preparation of its produce as food. It is extremely interesting to see—in the orderly arrangement of the tools, each one bearing its owner's name—in the well-tilled plots—even in the arrangements for practice and instruction in the kitchen, as well as in the admirable collections illustrative of various branches of natural history in the museum up stairs—proofs of that regard for the systematic, the useful, and the practical which the Prince Consort was known to possess. And still more interesting is it to learn that not only are the immediate ends contemplated in these things fully attained, but that the family bond is strengthened, here, as in humbler instances, by every homely family enjoyment shared in common. The Crown Princess of Prussia still retains her little garden, and produce from it is sent from Osborne to Berlin.'

Original Poetry.

CANADA.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

BY PAMELIA S. VINING, WOODSTOCK.

Fair land of peace! to Britain's rule and throne
Adherent still, yet happier than alone,
And free as happy, and as brave as free,
Proud are thy children,—justly proud, of thee?—
Thou has no streams renowned in classic lore
No vales where fabled heroes moved of yore,
No hills where Poesy enraptured stood,
No myrtle fountains nor enchanted wood;
But unadorned, rough, cold, and often stern,
The careless eye might, wearied from the turn,
And seek, where nature's bloom is more intense,
Softer delights to charm the eye of sense.

But we who know thee proudly point the hand
Where thy broad rivers roll serenely grand—
Where, in still beauty 'neath our northern sky,
Thy lordly lakes in solemn grandeur lie—
Where old Niagara's awful voice has given
The Floods' deep anthem to the ear of heaven
Through the long ages of the vanished past,
Mid Summer's bloom and winter's angry blast,—
Nature's proud utterance of unwearied song,
Now, as at first, majestic, solemn, strong,
And ne'er to fail, till the archangel's cry
Shall still the million tones of earth and sky,
And send the shout to ocean's farthest shore:—
'Be hushed ye voices!—time shall be no more!

Few are the years that have sufficed to change
This whole broad land by transformation strange.
Once far and wide the unbroken forests spread
Their lonely wastes mysterious and dread—
Forests, whose echoes never had been stirred
By the sweet music of an English word,
There only rang the red-browed hunter's yell
And the wolf's howl through the dark sunless dell.

Now fruitful fields and waving orchard trees
Spread their rich treasures to the summer breeze.
Yonder, in queenly pride, a city stands,
Whence stately vessels speed to distant lands;
Here smiles a hamlet through embowering green,
And there, the stately village—spires are seen;
Here by the brook-side clacks the noisy mill,
There, the white homestead nestles to the hill;
The modest school-house here flings wide its door
To smiling crowds that seek its simple lore;
There, Learning's stately fame of massive walls
Vouches the young aspirant to classic halls;
And bids him, 'mid her hoarded treasures, find
The gathered wealth of all earth's gifted minds.

Here too, we see, in primal freshness still,
The cool, calm forest nodding on the hill,
And o'er the quiet valley, clustering green,
The tall trees linked in brotherhood serene,
Fatt'ning from year to year the soil below,
Which shall, in time, with golden harvests glow,
And yield more wealth to Labor's sturdy hands
Than fabled Eldorado's yellow sands.

Where once, with thund'ring din, in years by gone,
The heavy wagon labored slowly on,
Through dreary swamps by rudest causeways spanned,
With shaggy cedars dark on either hand—
Where wolves oft howled in nightly chorus drear,
And hooting owls mocked the lone traveler's fear—
Now, o'er the stable Rail, the Iron-Horse
Sweeps proudly on in his exultant course,
Bearing, in his impetuous flight along,
The freighted car with all its living throng,
At speed which rivals in its onward flight
The bird's free wing through azure fields of light.

Wealth of the forests—treasurers of the hills—
Majestic rivers,—fertilizing rills,—
Expansive lakes, rich vales, and sunny plains,
Vast fields where yet primeval nature reigns,
Exhaustless treasures of the teeming soil—
These loudly call to enterprising Toil.

Nor vainly call. From lands beyond the sea,
Strong men have turned, oh Canada! to thee,—
Turned from their fathers' graves, their native shore,
Smiling to scorn the floods' tempestuous roar,
Gladly to find where broader, ampler room
Allured their steps—a happy Western home.

And the poor peasant looked with eager eyes
O'er the blue waters, to those distant skies;
Where no one groaned 'neath unrequited toil;
Where the strong laborer might own the soil
On which he stood; and, in his manhood's strength,
Smile to behold his growing fields at length;—
Where his brave sons might easily obtain
The love for which their father sighed in vain,
And, in a few short seasons, take their stand
Among the learned and gifted of the land.

Could ocean-barriers avail to keep
That yearning heart in lands beyond the deep?
No!—the sweet vision of a home—his own,
Haunted his days of toil, his midnight lone;
Till, gath'ring up his little earthly store,
Boldly he sought this far-off, western shore;
In a few years to realize far more,
Than in his wildest dreams he hoped before.

We cannot boast those skies of milder ray,
'Neath which the orange mellows day by day;
Where the Magnolia spreads her snowy flowers,
And Nature revels in perennial bowers;—

Here, Winter holds his long and solemn reign,
And madly sweeps the desolated plain;—
But Health and Vigor hail the wintry strife,
With all the buoyant glow of happy life;
And by the blazing chimney's cheerful hearth,
Smile at the blast 'mid songs and household mirth.

Here, Freedom looks o'er all these broad domains,
And bears no heavy clank of servile chains;
Here Man, no matter what his skin may be,
Can stand erect, and proudly say, 'I'M FREE!—
No crouching slaves cover in our busy marts,
With straining eyes and anguish-riven hearts.

The beam that gilds alike the palace walls
And the poor hut, with genial radiance falls
On peer and peasant—but the lowliest here
Walks in the sunshine, free as is the peer.
Proudly he stands with muscle strong and free.
The serf—the slave of no man, doomed to be.
His own, the arm the heavy axe that wields;
His own, the hands that till the summer fields;
His own, the babes that prattle in the door;
His own, the wife that trends the cottage floor.
All the sweet ties of life to him are sure;
All the proud rights of MANHOOD are secure.

Fair land of peace!—O, may'st thou ever be
Even as now the land of LIBERTY!
Treading serenely thy bright upward road,
Honored of nations, and approved of God!
On thy fair front emblazoned clear and bright—
FREEDOM, FRATERNITY, AND EQUAL RIGHT!

Gossip.

NEVER DESPAIR.

'We are bad ourselves, because we despair of the goodness of others.'—COLERIDGE.

When 'we despair of the goodness of others' he might also have said, a curious fact, morally and physically true. To despair of the goodness of others is a bad state of the body, a wrong state of the heart, and an immediate stop to all the efforts naturally due in their behalf. Here it seems eminently true. There is too much croaking in the world. By neglecting exercise, and disregarding the old adage of *mens sana in corpore sano*, one may come to that state when all is seen through an atmosphere of gloom, where the eye seems indisposed to rest upon the good and is fixed solely upon the bad.

For practice, touching this matter, I would recommend that whenever any one sees all things going wrong, he should directly go to work and obey Cecil's advice—'Do something; do it!' A little exercise of almost any kind except croaking, will give the world a better aspect. With the blood well in circulation, and the mind not stagnant, something good may be found almost anywhere—enough at least, to chase away despair, and put hope in its place.

'It is better by far
Always to hope than once to despair.'
Suppose, for example, one is not fully satisfied with the habitual working of any society, or body, with whom for a time, he may be associated, for a particular purpose; is he then to despair of all good in the case, of all improvement for the future? Such is not, at any rate, the part of wisdom and goodness. To quote M. F. Tupper again—

'There are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one.'

'Hope on, hope ever'—work on, work ever, in the line of truth and duty; therein shall we save ourselves, and, to say the least, do something for the salvation of others.

WHAT NEXT.

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'
This 'saw,' if not universally true may often be acted upon without injury to the individual or the community.—Here is one instance, at least, where ignorance would have done dishonor to neither. The Canadian 'lords,' when presenting the Address, seem to take up their position at a respectable distance from his Excellency; but not being initiated into the mysteries of etiquette. I am unable to inform the reader what that is. Well, no matter, having arrived at that point of the proceedings when the Speaker, places the document into the hands of the Governor, he was about to step towards him for the purpose of doing so, when the Clerk, whispered in his ear that it was not according to

custom, and lo, a most ludicrous scene followed—the Speaker looking at the Governor and the Governor at the Speaker, in solemn silence. How long this farce would have lasted, had not his Excellency indicated to his secretary that he wished him to get them out of their troubles, it is hard to say. The Secretary did the amiable for them; but at the same time is thought to have reproved the Speaker for not doing it himself. The 'lords' consider this interference as reflecting on their dignity, although most will be inclined to think that it rather reflects on the want of common sense, and the absurd practices which prevail on certain occasions, and hence have thought fit to get up a row over it in the Legislative Council. They have in their wisdom come to the conclusion that an apology from Mr. Godley is needed, and have sent him a letter upon the subject, and thus the business of the country proceeds.

Reviews.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March, Hamilton, Joseph Lyght, King Street.

The first article on 'Continental Money,' contains a rare collection of old shillings and antiquated coin. The curious in these matters will find in it a rich treat. A Californian in Iceland concludes his sketches of that land of picturesque beauty, of rugged grandeur and of curious manners, all of which are depicted by both pen and pencil, with a vividness in keeping with the reputation which the author has won as a travelling artist. Dr. Hawley is concluded, every reader will be glad to find that the charming Hatty is relieved of her engagement with her bull-calfish lover, and will readily pardon the questionable and highly improbable means used to effect her release.

The other articles are 'Musicians of field and Meadow'; For better for worse, 1st part; European Souvenirs, 'After Vicksburg,' 'Mrs. Henderson's Anniversary,' 'Little Jeany,' 'Our Prophets,' 'Quam,' 'Lemoie vs. Huell,' 'Elsie Vane,' Continuation of 'Romola,' and 'The Small House at Allington, together with the usual interesting editorial matter.

RUSSELL'S DIARY.—W. E. Tunis has this work bound in cloth at a trifling advance in price on the paper covered edition. In this shape it is a handsome volume for the library, and will no doubt have an extensive sale. Of the merits of the work the public must now be well acquainted, if extensive reviewing is of any service. However diverse the opinions entertained of it, they all agree that it is exceedingly interesting; in fact, with the opportunities enjoyed by Mr. Russell it could not fail to be so. The author has not done for America what Emerson and Washington Irvine have for England; nor would any one who correctly estimates his mental calibre expect him to; but he has given us a book concerning America written in a most attractive style, abounding in racy anecdotes and interesting pictures of social life.

NEW SURVEY OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

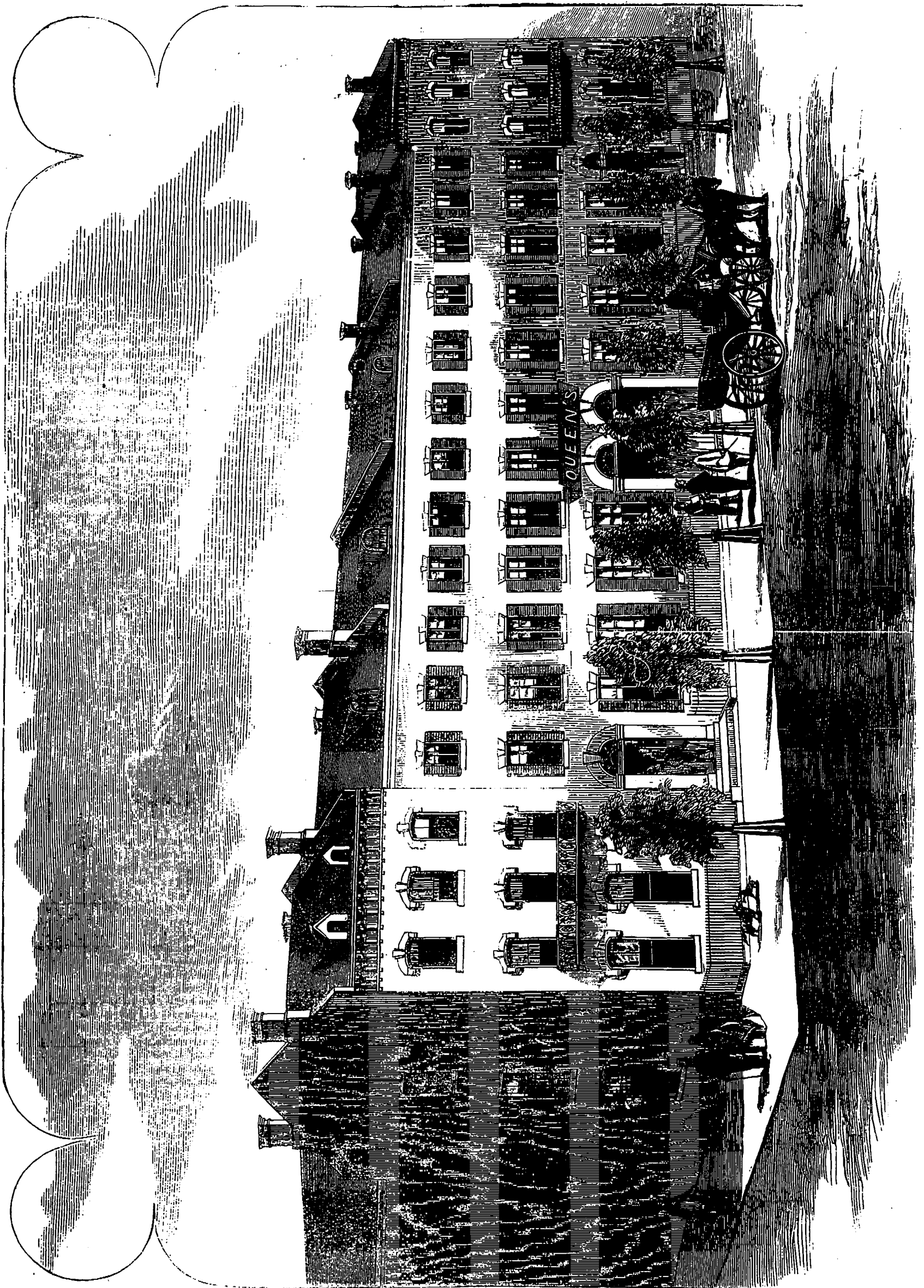
A new survey of the sea-bottom between Ireland and Newfoundland has been made by the British ship Porcupine. The primary object of the survey was to ascertain the most gradual slope of the bed of the ocean and the route most suitable for a line of telegraph cable. Two routes have been selected for examination. The first or Galway route presents the greater facilities. For a distance of 160 miles due west from Cashla Bay there was found to be a gently undulating sea-bottom or terrace, having the decline of an ordinary beach. From 100 to 185 fathoms of water rolled above it; the intermediate soundings being 20, 65, 68,

74, 76, 82, 105, 135 and 165. At the western extremity of this terrace rises a bank which is but little more than eighty feet below the surface of the ocean. Beyond this is a descent of 700 fathoms in 10 miles, when the telegraphic plateau is gained—a vast submarine plain, stretching thence to the banks of Newfoundland with a tolerably even depth of of two miles of water. The second route starts from Valentia. A valley 525 fathoms deep is first met with. A ridge 25 miles in width rises from the opposite edge of this valley, which ridge is between 195 and 230 fathoms below the surface. At the western extremity this bed again declines till the bottom of a second and much deeper valley is found. In this sea-valley the waters are three miles in depth. Beyond this a gradual rise takes place till the telegraphic plateau is reached.

The various objects brought up from the ocean-bed by the sounding machine and dredge have been placed in the care of Professor King of Queen's College, Galway, for examination by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. The surface of the deep-sea bed is one vast sheet of *foraminifera* and other minute structures, whose functions are to clear the waters of the ocean from all mineral and organic impurities. There are perforating mollusks living at great depths; but Professor King does not entertain apprehensions that they would bore into a telegraphic cable. He inclines to the belief that the organic accumulations to be expected on foraminiferous bottoms would, in the course of a few years, completely encrust it. The wide bank discovered 160 miles off Galway, called Porcupine Bank, consists of siliceous sand and coarse gravel, with the addition of considerable quantities of the *debris* or shells and other organisms. Pieces of rock, some three or four inches in diameter, are found with fresh specimens of *truncatolina* and various genera of bryozoa adhering to the upper surfaces of them, showing that the water at the comparatively inconsiderable depth where they live is not much affected by storms. Several fishes were brought up by the dredge from the bank surface and about 50 shells, besides sponges, star-fishes, sea urchins and hermit crabs.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND MEXICO.—A very important document has recently come to light which cannot fail to excite quite as much interest on the western shores of the Atlantic as it has done in Europe—the letter of instructions which the Emperor of the French addressed to General Forey, when the latter was about to start with the expedition to Mexico. This document is the fullest and clearest exposition imaginable of French policy in that great and hazardous undertaking. It is evident from the spirit which the letter breathes that the retention of Mexico, in some form or other, as a dependent of France, is the fixed and unalterable determination of the Emperor, and a footing in North America appears resolved on, to compensate in some measure, for the loss to that country of Louisiana and Canada in the last century. The time is remarkably opportune for putting forth this ambitious project, as both the opposing sections in the late Union would, had they been united, have opposed 'tooth and nail' such a design on the independence of Mexico as the one now foreshadowed. No doubt can exist that the formation of a transatlantic province of France between North and South America has taken possession of Louis Napoleon's mind, and as the only parties likely to interfere with him are now engaged in deadly strife, he has time afforded him to develop his plans and expound his policy before the belligerents have settled their own differences.—European Times.

He that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster.



QUEEN'S HOTEL FRONT STREET TORONTO

QUEEN'S HOTEL.
FRONT STREET, TORONTO.

In the Queen City, Toronto, metropolis of Canada West, emporium of wholesale merchandise, of retail trade and manufactures; central market for a widely spread and still extending region of agriculture; Home of learning and science. Seat of several colleges, and of a noble university, which is pride of the city and crowning honor of the Province. Seat of the Superior Courts of Law, and of all their local accessories. Head of the military garrisons of Upper Canada. Chief of the Lake ports. Central harbour of import and export. Grand Union depot of all the railways. Fountain-head of their inflowing and outflowing traffic coming up from the ocean through all the Atlantic cities. Traffic coming down from the west; from regions lying around and beyond the sources of the great rivers of North American Commerce; freight and passengers by the Grand Trunk from the East; by the same and the Great Western from the West and South; by the Northern from Georgian Bay, Lakes Huron, Superior and Michigan, and the intermediate country of forest, mines, fisheries and agriculture. In that fair city, metropolis of the Upper Province, destined to be commercially, if not politically, the capital of the future British American Empire, the most distinguished House for the reception and sojourn of visitors is that of which we give a pictorial view on another page, the Queen's Hotel.

Travellers on pleasure who have in past years gone on trips from time to time enjoying the beauty of Ontario lake and glory of Niagara, may have become acquainted with Captain Dick.—The well earned fortune of that gentleman was invested in real estate, a portion of which was this house. From owner, he last year advanced to be at once owner and conductor of the Hotel business.

The stranger alighting at the Union Depot turns to admire the bay and the yachts, cutters, pinnaces, dancing or skimming over its silvery, summer waters, or the skaters and curlers on the ice in winter. But in the crowd of arrivals time and comfort do not admit of lingering there. Turning up York Street, several comely mansions are observed within their garden walls shaded with trees, one of which is the palace of the Bishop of the English Church. A Castella-

ted mansion four hundred yards farther east, with an ample lawn touching Front Street is Holland House, the present residence of Major General Napier, Commanding the British Forces in Upper Canada. But between those places of retired residence, the Queen's Hotel stands out, alone and prominent. In summer the Royal Standard or Union Jack floats on the air—pride of the country, pride of the captain. When the bay is covered with the flutter of sails—the bustle and pressure of trade being sufficiently removed from the hotel to be seen but not felt nor heard—the views from the front combine in charming union the utile and the beautiful. There, the ponderous yet lightly tripping railway cars, arriving or departing on journeys of six or seven hundred miles. Yonder, the no less diligent steam ships of noble presence, the Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and Hamilton Royal Mail line, and all the smaller, pretty, pert, bird-like craft,

earnest in their business of pleasure and play. And here are a hundred or more of the residents in the Queen's hotel enjoying that scene on the lake so bright, so white, so blue and glittering, if the time of their visit be summer.

If the time be winter, the interior is cheerful. There are stoves to warm the house, as elsewhere in Canada, but—what delights the heart of an Englishman, there are also clear burning fires in open grates, alike promotive of health and pleasing to the eye. At all seasons there is an abundant hospitality, refined and elegant; with society which visitors may choose and modify for themselves. If select parties would enjoy seclusion there are dining-rooms, commodious and handsome as well as private. The public dining-room is of stately dimensions, eighty six feet long, forty five wide, and its ceiling twenty feet high. Around the tables in that noble apartment may be seen an assembly

Avenues—beautiful park and avenues, lovely in the shade of trees, and ample in space for the walk or the carriage drive. On return, they find the rooms provided with all appliances for agreeable pastime; such as billiards, chess, music, books, and the current literature of the day, and week, and month. At present there are ninety bedrooms. In the two wings, in process of being added to the central building, will be sixty more, besides private parlours; also a spacious billiard room with four tables. Then, will the Queen's Hotel be superior to any in British America. May the veteran Captain of the Navigation of the Lakes long enjoy its bountiful success; may all his worthy competitors thrive with him; may Toronto, Queen City of the West, flourish and be exalted; her streets and avenues, noble in their proportions now, multiply and expand. May she, heart and home of learning, of theology, science, literature and

historical town of Harpers Ferry.

The town derived its name from the circumstance of a point of rocks having existed in this locality, which caused considerable trouble in the construction of the railroad which runs by the side of the canal. One mass of rock, weighing many tons, was retained in its original position, and secured by building a stone base or foundation under it, as seen in the illustration, which was considered more economical than blasting and removing it. This elevated position is used as a 'look out' by the contending armies, who alternately possess it on the ground of conquest. Many a wearied picket has had his last earthly dream of home on the picturesque Point of Rocks.



POINT OF ROCKS, NEAR HARPERS FERRY, VIRGINIA.

never quite the same—always changing some portion of its personality, yet in character alike—an assembly gathered from the British provinces of America, the Northern States, Confederate States, occasionally the West Indies and South America, Spain, France, Germany, and Italy; from Great Britain—its upper orders and its wealthy middle classes; frequently. A favored governor of a great establishment is Captain Dick, to see around him travelling representatives of half the civilized world, and of all the world of civilized society. A favored host is he, to find them assembling under his roof, coming in to enjoy and going forth to relate how well they enjoyed the comforts and elegancies of the Queen's Hotel at Toronto.

When they go out they are quickly at the Post Office; at the principal Stores, the Banks, the Churches, the Theatre, the Music Halls, the University Park and

art; central emporium of an affluent commerce; become a city of renown, worthy of the coming dignity—western capital of the British American Empire. S.

POINT OF ROCKS.

ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD, VIRGINIA.

Though we desire to illustrate Canadian scenery only, yet we thought it advisable, the locality being historic, to engrave a sketch of Point of Rocks, Virginia, sent to us by a correspondent. He writes:—'Point of Rocks is situated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, some ninety miles from the city of Baltimore, and within a few miles of the

DRESSING FOR

BATTLE.—Sir Edward Oust, in his 'Annals of the Wars' says of Collingwood, at the battle of Trafalgar, that he dressed himself that morning with peculiar neatness and care, and, in conversation with some of his officers, recommended them to put on silk stockings as he had done; 'for,' said he, 'if one should get a shot in the leg, they would be so much more manageable for the surgeon.' He likewise, as Nelson had done, visited his decks before he got into action, and said to his officers: 'Now, gentlemen, let us do something to-day which the world may talk of hereafter.'

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says; 'Apropos of of Prussian royalty, I have been told a pleasant anecdote of the Princess Royal. She was playfully accosted, a few days ago, by her father-in-law, who complained that she did not choose any more to talk politics to him. 'I dare not,' replied the Princess, (in the story,) 'now-a-days, that your loyal subjects are suspected when they utter their opinions; I am very loyal, and do not want to get in a scrape.'—The Berliners have a rooted notion that the Prince and Princess Royal are thoroughly constitutional, and that they silently disapprove the political attitude of papa.'

He that hath no ill-fortune is troubled with good.

For the fifth time the official return by the Poor Law Board of the number of paupers in the cotton district shows a decrease. The diminution during the second week of this month was 8,620, or from a total of 259,850 to 251,230. The net decrease in the pauperism of the whole district during the last five weeks has been 26,880.—Guardian.

WOMEN TO BE MUTE.—Women are not permitted to appear as public lecturers in France. One Mademoiselle Roger, who essayed to 'improve the minds of the people' by addresses from the rostrum, has been thrown from pillar to post for two or three months, seeking in vain for the official permit without which nothing can now be done in France, and has finally been informed by the Imperial Council of Public Instruction that her request cannot be granted.

CANADA AND THE FRONTIER STATES.

LETTERS TO OUR MOTHER COUNTRY.

NUMBER V.

Lyn in the County of Leeds, Central Canada; Origin of Lyn; Settlers of 1784; Readings in the Graveyard; The Rocks at Lyn; A Gullet in an old ocean; South American hides come from Boston, United States, to be tanned at Lyn; Flour sent to Boston, direct, by cars from mill-door at Lyn; Beneficial convenience of Grand Trunk Railway; The circles of export and local trade; The "Tyler Wheel" in the deeps unseen; The machinery working in whispers;—Other mill-wheels: Mr. Thomas Laurie, millwright.

Of the American United Empire Loyalists and disbanded soldiers, who in May, 1784, ascended the St. Lawrence from Montreal, and landed in the unbroken forest where now spreads the smiling streets of Brockville town, a party of seven travelled westward in the summer in search of a water-fall, on which to erect a mill-wheel. Grain could not then be converted to flour at any place nearer, than Kingston mills, forty-eight miles distant, to which there was no road; to which the settlers might only go by paddling against the St. Lawrence current in summer, and by sleighs upon the ice when strong enough in winter. The journey thither and back, and waiting for the 'grist,' occupied a week or ten days.

This letter is to exemplify the benign influence of Canadian Railways, by showing how flour manufactured from Canada wheat, where the seven men searched for a water-fall, is now carried to Boston on the Atlantic; sold there; car loads of raw hides brought to this country in return, and converted to leather for the Canada shoemakers. The village to be described is small. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants of this Province may never have heard or seen its name, and yet it has a history. In my Industrial Survey of Canada, it is one of the representative places.

In October, 1860, I walked out of Brockville, hardly knowing whither; but expecting to see something or somebody worthy of being noted; and at the distance of about six miles, came to a grave-yard. In reading the tombstones I learned the names of some of the early inhabitants, those men who wandered in the woods to find a waterfall in 1784. From their descendants the simple history of the village patriarchs was gathered in occasional conversation.

Going west two miles from the camp where now stands Brockville, the men found a brook, and tracing its winding course north, and north-west, discovered at the distance of six miles, in a direct line from the encampment, a tributary of the brook which descended in a charming cascade from the western brow of an amphitheatre of rocks. There, they sat down to rest; to eat their dinner, and fill their drinking horns at the pure stream. They named the water-fall by the Brito-Scottish word 'lynn,' and said, that if they concluded to settle there, they would call the habitation Lynn. They did what they said, but used only one 'n' when they committed the name to writing and posterity. Hence its name is Lyn.

And now in October, 1860, at the distance of seventy-six years, standing on the north-eastern brow of the rocky slopes, looking into the amphitheatre in which the mills and a portion of the village stand, the diameter of the hollow varying from a quarter to half-a-mile, the rocks on the north under our feet stratified limestone, on the south side rounded hills of granite scantily covered with trees; two churches and half the village standing boldly aloft on the western ridge; two more churches building, one of them at our back,—standing here on the elevated ridge, on the north we

have the graveyard of Lyn, burial place of its wide district, at our feet, and sloping down to the south.

The barred gate is locked. Let us climb over and read the slabs of marble, which are dotted about among the scented grass and the foliage of wild strawberries. The early fathers of Lyn are soon traced.

Abel Coleman, grandfather of the manufacturing company of Colemans, who have built those mills and introduced that remarkable machinery presently to be seen, died first. [Since 1860, the stove and barrel-making machinery which delighted me so much, has been destroyed by fire and is not, up to February, 1863, restored]. Abel Coleman was an Englishman by birth, a tanner by trade, a Tory and Loyalist in the American revolution. When the government rations were withheld after the second year of arrival here, the party at Lyn trembled in the face of famine for their lives. Some persons, says Mr. Smith, in his 'Canada, Past, Present and Future,' actually died from starvation.—Others supported life by gathering the ears of rye which had sprung up wild from the droppings of the previous crop, and arrived at maturity before the wheat was ripe. These they prepared by singeing off the beard and then boiling them into a kind of soup with wild leeks found in the woods. A settler in a district thirty miles west of Lyn informed Mr. Smith, that when his father first came into the country, after the American war, land was selling at half-a-gallon of rum per lot of two hundred acres. He was offered the lot on which he afterwards settled for five dollars. He did not purchase then, and a few years afterwards had to pay five hundred dollars for it. The same lot was, in 1850, worth a thousand pounds; since the Grand Trunk Railway enhanced the value of all land near, it is worth much more.

Abel Coleman, in presence of the famine, in the second year went to Montreal, and worked at his craft of tanner. He was thrifty, saved from his wages, and purchased a cow. With the cow he returned to Lyn, and after a time became a miller, tanner, and farmer. His first mill-stone, hewn out of yonder masses of granite in 1788, is now the esoutheon of his descendants, placed by them conspicuously aloft as a tablet in the front wall of the new mill, built in 1859. In the grave-yard we read that on April 25, 1810, 'Abel Coleman departed this life in the full assurance of eternal life,' aged 45. (Though Abel Coleman died at 45, (death ensuing from excessive overwork), his widow, Hannah, lived to the ripe age of 81 years and six months. The old age of men and women in every part of Canada, is a certificate in favour of the climate.

The names of Shipman, Judson, Breckenridge, Gardener, Boyce, Clow, and Purvis, are those of the oldest settlers, who filled their drinking horns at the pure cascade of Lyn. Their children are now aged: some of them in their graves. Their grand-children and families are those strong limbed, agile, intelligent and wealthy yeomen who cultivate the wheat growing, corn growing, pumpkin, and squash, and carrot, and turnip farms, with orchards bending under delicious fruit; the farms lying westward and south of Lyn, and extending to the rocky bank of St. Lawrence. Of the grand-fathers, who with Abel Coleman, first made a home in this section of forest, we read on the tomb-stones of two, as follows:—'William Clow, died October 22, 1816, aged 61 years and eight days. He was a native of Glasgow in Scotland.' His widow, Sophia, died in 1851, aged 85, a native of old Johnston, State of New York.' Near these, is an inscription, 'In memory of Peter Purvis, a native of Berwickshire, North Britain, who departed this life March 27, 1836, in the 83rd year of his age.' Such scriptural names for Tory Loyal-

ists as Jehouda Boyce, Rathiel Judson, and Silas Judson, which are seen here, indicate descent from the New England Puritan blood.

The progress of those forest settlers from indigence to good estate, is indicated by such records as, that Doctor Booth's wife was daughter of 'Peter Purvis, Esquire.'

Before going to the mills let us speak of the rocks. They are the oldest limestone floor of the oldest ocean, intricately associated with deposits of gravel and sand much newer, and with massive ridges of granite, also newer but older than the gravel. The granite arose in a hot and liquid condition through the ancient ocean floor, and was cooled and rounded as we now behold its rocks, by salt-sea tidal water; the operation resembling the yolk of an egg issuing through a fracture and overlaying the shell. At the distance of about a mile easterly, a quarry of white sandstone has been opened, inexhaustible, and said to be of a quality suitable for any substantial purposes in the art of masonry. It is now, in 1860, quarried, squared and carried by Grand Trunk Railway to Prescott, from thence by the Prescott and Ottawa line to Ottawa city, for the new Legislative and Government Palaces. A softer sandstone is brought from the Cleveland quarries, State of Ohio, for the work on which the art of the carver is—climate considered, unfortunately expended in vain. That noble structure at Montreal, so impressive, so grand, without carvings, Notre Dame Catholic Cathedral, should be a lesson and study to Canadian architects.

In a gullet of the old ocean, whose under currents swept eastward over yonder granite ridges, as well as over the stratified rock beneath our feet, a deposit was made of sand and gravel. But there came a time when it was dry land, and these were dry rocks. And again, there came a later time when the constructors of the Grand Trunk Railway required ballast for their road. They dug and carried away a section of the gravelly hill which had arisen within the gullet of the profoundly old ocean, through operation of the eddy caused by those granite rocks after they issued from the womb of the globe through the fractured ocean floor. And now, what do we behold? The grand-children of the men and mothers who saved themselves from death by the wild leeks gathered in the crevices of the old granite, have laid a branch line of iron rails a mile and a half long, connecting Lyn village with the Grand Trunk Railway. It passes through that gullet of the old sea and brings in the railway cars from Boston in the United States, now that the Victoria Bridge at Montreal is opened, and leaves them to be unloaded or loaded at the mill door.

'What! these cars from Boston? What can they do here but injure the trade of Canada, and especially of Brockville and Montreal, carrying produce right through without transshipment?' Not true, young Canada.

A car from Boston brings a load of hides which have come by ship from Buenos Ayres in South America. The carriage from Boston is \$100. The hides are brought here to be tanned, because bark is cheap and water power available. The same car is loaded with one hundred barrels of flour at the mill door—the loading costing 25 cents. It is drawn over the branch to the Grand Trunk station, by horses, for 50 cents. It is conveyed to Montreal, if to be sold there, for \$25; to Boston for about \$75, without transshipment; without wear, tear, broken barrels, lost barrels, weather damage, or other injury. It reaches its market within a known number of hours. Its price returns with the next mail, or next train of cars, either in money to pay wages and buy wheat; or in hides to be manufactured into leather for the use of Canada. Whereas, before the Grand Trunk, the Great Western, the Northern, the Buffalo and Lake Huron,

gave to Canada its strength of a thousand times the transporting power of all the horses and cattle in the Province, the power evolved out of the eternal laws of nature and of God, to fly with mighty burdens swift as the wind; to develop native industry, and facilitate the rapid exchanges of produce and price; the barrels of flour made at Lyn were conveyed to Brockville by carts on the common road, six miles; shipped there by the river for Prescott; transhipped at Prescott for Ogdensburgh; landed at that place, and sent by various routes, with several more changes of conveyance and stoppage. If accounts were received of the flour arriving at its market, within a month, and no barrels lost—though at all times they were shaken and damaged—good fortune was held to be on the side of the Canada miller. The price of transit was much more than by railroad. That excess of cost in transit, with all other incidents of delay and uncertainty, diminished the price which the miller could afford to pay the farmer for wheat. The farmer sold his grain on credit at a figure much lower than the present payment in cash.

Taking Lyn as the type of hundreds of villages with water power, used or to be used; Brockville as the type of towns at present without available water power, and Montreal as the financial metropolis, the central city of merchandise and banking; what is the practical effect of the engines on the Grand Trunk carrying a hundred barrels of flour each day of six in the week, from the small village of Lyn in Canada, to Portland or Boston in the States? It is this; that the wheat growing farmers, their wives, daughters and sons, go shopping to Brockville; and the drapers and tailors of that town travel by rail or steamer to select assorted stocks of goods from the wholesale merchants of Montreal. That, young Canadian, is the circuit of trade.

The transformation of forest to farm land exposes the surface to be dried, and the sources of streams to be evaporated by the sun. By the transformation, Lyn obtained wheat for its mills, but lost much of its water-power. Until about 1858, a sufficiency could not be relied upon for more than three or four months of the year. To redress this disadvantage the Coleman family, as a company of millers, tanners, saw-mill lumberers, and barrel stove makers, purchased wild land running from Lyn, six and eight to twelve miles inland. It was chiefly marsh and shallow lakes, interspersed or bounded by naked masses of rock, unfitted for cultivation. They formed a series of reservoirs, from three to four hundred acres each. In the spring freshets the melted snow is gathered into those reservoir lakes, rising ten feet above the summer level, and is drawn out during the year as required. At one of the sluices of a canal two miles long, cut to conduct the stream towards Lyn, which otherwise would have found the St. Lawrence at Gananoque, thirty miles west, where water power is abundant without it, a self-acting register records how much water has passed within any stated time. Should such a visitation come to Canada as the fountains of heaven to be dried up, and no rain to fall all summer, Lyn is provided with a working supply stored away in the bosom of the wilderness. In the unusually dry spring and early summer of 1862, that supply was tested and did not fail. Besides the exporting of flour a large grist trade is done with farmers.

Nine water wheels are now in use.—Each is about 18 inches diameter. It admits of an influx of twelve cubic inches of water into its interior through a pipe whose diameter is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, at a force of $22\frac{1}{2}$ lbs to the square inch. One of these gives motion to all the machinery related to four run of stones in the new flouring mill. It is called the 'Tyler wheel' by the United States makers; but is only an adaptation of the Turbino wheel of French origin, which was introduced some five-and-twenty years

ago to drive cotton mills at Greenock in Scotland.

There is at Lyn, a rapid descent of water through a pipe 20 inches wide, narrowing to a diameter of 3½ inches where it enters the wheel; the pipe lying at an angle of 45 degrees; its upper mouth in connection with a canal fifty feet above the level of the wheel below; that wheel working at the bottom of a tank three feet deep, where no frost may reach; where no eye beholds it. There the merry little Tyler is whirling all alone and unseen like a chained spirit; a beneficent 'water kelpie' in its action; an enchanted giant in its power to turn that upright shaft; the shaft turning the spur wheel and its pinion, with all the dependant wheels and secondary upright shafts, pulleys and belting; the swiftly twinkling mill-stones; the grain elevators, flour elevators and the bolting processes; the screw for packing flour into barrels, which does two barrels a minute; the whole machinery polished and smooth as the interior of a watch; working in a whisper, all an honor to the makers at Gananoque; and all holding a seemingly mystical affinity with that 'water sprite' which spins on its tail, round and round, in the tank below.

Such was the new machinery at Lyn as I saw it in October, 1860; but there was then also a steam engine and overshot water wheel. Now, February 1863, nine of the Tyler wheels are working for Coleman & Co. Some grind bark for the tannery; one pumps the tan-pit liquid; and others saw timber, and card and spin wool.

The price of the wheel at Gananoque, is \$80. If imported from the States \$100. It is hardly liable to accident, and will last fifty years. A steam engine of the same power costs over \$1,500, is liable to many accidents, to premature decay, and has a large appetite for cords and more cords of wood per day. The latest overshot water-wheel in use at Lyn cost over \$800, and was calculated to be worn out in eight years. When grinding bark it sometimes groaned and stood still, unequal to the weight of resistance, though its diameter was twenty-four feet and the water force ample. The eighteen inch Tyler wheel drives the same mill, and has not once indicated to the man feeding in the bark that it has had enough.

Economy of space and absence of splashing and moisture within the flour mill are other merits. The overshot wheel which occupied a space equal to half of the whole area of the new mill, was rotted by moisture and exposed the adjoining timbers of the building to the same decay.

It is the perfection and novelty of the machinery in use at Lyn together with its direct trade to Boston, which justifies this detailed account of a place so small. Its population is only 800, but it has a populous neighborhood. The economy of water-power may be suggestive to people inhabiting the forest near slender water falls. The Tyler, with water descending fifty-feet, has a motive power three times greater than if the descent were only twenty-five feet. But where the limit to this progression lies, is not told.

Where water is abundant and the fall to be obtained not more than from six to eight or twelve feet, the 'Central Discharge Wheel' is the ready and apt agent of motion, as may be seen in the manufactories at Gabriel's Locks on the Lachine Canal at Montreal; at the mills and factories on all the St. Lawrence Canals; at Paris, at Galt, and at Guelph, in the mills on the Grand River. So also in the mills erected in most parts of Canada-west, by Mr. Thomas Lawrie of Hamilton, whose mechanical genius and other intellectual gifts, bloomed out in his youth, like the heather on the hills of Lammemoor; the blooming heather on which he and I and a schoolful of other boys ran and scampered and play-

ed at 'tods and hounds'; down by the Haystow, up on the Common; to the Woo'ans to-day, to Stoteneleuch yesterday; acquiring health and strength for the journey of life; for the journey of life strangely diversified in my case, begun by both of us in the seclusion of Old hamstocks, lovely and ever beloved, to end, where? where?

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.
'Whistler at the Plough.'

E O L A.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

(CONTINUED.)

'It was as much as I could afford to do, but, trifling as it was, it got me a friend in my hour of need; for when I went to ask the woman to let me stay with her a night, she was as kind and respectful as if I'd been a grand lady; and when I offered to pay for the accommodation she wouldn't hear of it, but said she was only glad she had it in her power to serve me, and that I was to keep what little money I had for my own wants. However, I slipped a trifle into the blind child's hand when I came away.

'In the morning I thought I should like, after all, to see Willie, before I went away so many miles; but when I looked in the glass, and saw what a sight the loss of my hair made me look, I was ashamed to face him. Of course, it was through him, poor fellow! that I had sold it, but I wouldn't have told him that for worlds; it would have hurt his feelings, you know. So I gave up all thoughts of going to see him, but I couldn't go without a word of farewell; and I wrote a few lines on a bit of paper, and posted it when I was on my way to the railway station. Just as I was sealing it up, I recollected that the poor boy was quite without money, and, though I was rather bad off myself, I inclosed him three shillings; I thought that I shouldn't be any the worse off for helping a poor orphan a little, and if I was I must put up with it. And then I fancied he'd like something, perhaps, as a keepsake; so I put in a little piece of my hair that was left. It was a very small piece, but I thought he'd like it just as well as anything else. I dare say he's wondered since why I didn't send a longer bit; perhaps he thought I was too vain of my curls to part with one of them. I've often been sorry for coming away without seeing him; and if ever I go to Manchester again I mean to find him out.

'Well, when I got to London I was miserable enough, as you may think; without a friend, almost penniless, and not knowing where to turn for assistance or employment. The first thing I did was to sit down on the nearest door-step and cry. I knew it was wicked to be so despairing—Willie had taught me that—but I couldn't help it.

'Presently I began to feel rather hungry; so I got up, and looked round for a shop where I could buy something to eat. I saw a clean looking coffee-house a little way off, and I went into it, and ordered some coffee and rolls.

'While they got it ready, I looked over a newspaper that lay on the table.

'Presently I caught sight of an advertisement that made my heart jump. It was—

'WANTED immediately, in a Nobleman's Establishment, a young PAGE, of good personal appearance and respectable family. Apply, between the hours of 11 and 4, at No. —, B— Square.'

'Oh, Zerny! you can't think how my face burned. It was Lord Eswald who wanted a Page.

'Whatever possessed me to think of such a thing I don't know, but I said to myself, I'll try for the situation. If I get it I can be near my father; and this idea made me nearly wild with delight; for, in spite of all his harshness to me at times, I dearly love Lord Eswald. I sometimes feel as if I could lay down my life for his affection. Well, after I'd ate my breakfast, I went to try a plan that I had laid out while I sat there.

'I asked the landlord the way to a second-hand clothes shop, and he directed me to one. I stood outside it a long time before I could make up my mind to go in, and ask for what I wanted. I was afraid they'd think something wrong of me—think I was a thief, or something of the sort. But at last I said to myself—'Well, I'm not a thief; so they can't hurt me, really.'

'Then I walked into the shop.

'It was a low, dark-looking place, and I felt half afraid.'

'My cheeks got so hot, when I went to speak to the man, I thought I must rush out again: I was nearly choking.'

'But the reality was not half so bad as the thought of it.

'Directly I told the man what I wanted,

he seemed to understand me, and didn't look at all astonished. I suppose these sort of people are used to such things. It was in a very low neighborhood, and, perhaps, they don't much care who buys their goods, or what they're bought for, as long as they can sell them.

'I offered the man all the things in my bundle, and all the money I had left, besides the clothes I had on, for a very decent looking suit of second-hand black clothes that hung up in the shop, and which I judged, from the look of them, would fit me. What he must have thought of me, and the odd bargain I wanted to make, I can't imagine. I couldn't do such a thing now, for all the world. But you know I was excited, and half beside myself with the idea of seeing my father, and I suppose that kept my courage up.

'The man agreed to the exchange directly, and seemed very pleased too at it. I dare say he got the best of it. But I did not care for that.

'He showed me into a very dark back parlour, to put on my new clothes. It was stuff all round, like the shop, from ceiling to ground, with all kinds of half-worn dresses, from tights and spangles to cotton frocks. His wife—at least I guessed she was that—was there, and she helped me on with my things. When I was dressed, I looked in the glass, and was quite surprised to see how nice I looked. I had brushed my short hair quite close down to the sides of my face, and I looked for all the world like a little parson. My white face, short hair, and black clothes, went so well together, you can't think.

'The man grinned when I went back into the shop. I blushed so dreadfully, that I didn't know what to do with myself. I really felt as if I should like the floor to open, and swallow me up.

'As I walked through the streets, too, I fancied everybody was looking at me, and I was so uncomfortable. I kept thinking every policeman I met could tell I was a girl, and would take me up; and I shuddered whenever I caught a glimpse of one.

'At last I arrived at Lord Eswald's mansion. I dared not glance up at the windows, for fear I should see him; and my hand trembled so when I went to ring the bell, that I could hardly pull it. I need not have been so afraid of seeing him though, for it turned out that he was at Eswald Abbey at that time.

'A man looked up the area when I rang, and asked me if I had come after the place. I said 'yes,' as well as I could speak; but a horrid feeling was rising in my throat, and I felt nearly suffocated.

'At last the man came and let me in, and told me to follow him down some stairs. I walked behind him, without opening my lips, to an underground room, where Mrs. Hardy—that's the house-keeper there, you know—was sitting at a table, writing labels for preserve pots.

'She was dressed in such a nice morning gown and cap, and had gold-rimmed spectacles on; and I thought she did look such a dear old lady. I felt as if I could throw my arms round her neck, and kiss her; but I didn't of course.

'The man told her I was 'somebody after the place,' and then he left us alone together. The old lady looked up at me so kindly through her glasses. I know it was silly, but I couldn't prevent the tears rushing to my eyes. Oh, you don't know how it makes you feel to have some one speak kindly, or look at you kindly, after you have for a long time been used only to harshness and cruelty.

'The first thing the good old creature did was to look at my black clothes, and tear at my eyes; and then she said, 'Poor child! I suppose you are an orphan?'

'I said "yes," but, for my life, I couldn't get out another word just then.'

'The next thing she said was, "You are very young, my child."

'"Dear, bless me!" she said; "you don't look near so old; you're a very little boy for your age."

'I managed to say, in a very low voice, that I thought I should grow bigger in time.

'She smiled at that—of course, it was a very silly remark—and then she seemed to be thinking over something for a bit.

'Presently she said, "Well, my dear, Lord Eswald doesn't want a page to do much—he doesn't want a big, strong fellow; he told me to get him a young, nice-looking boy, so I'm nearly sure you'll do."

'And then she went on questioning me about my position, and so on; and asked if I had ever been in service before.

'I was obliged to tell some stories; I was very sorry afterwards, but I only thought then of getting the place. I told her that I had been in one situation before, but that since I had left the people had gone away from England, and so I couldn't get a character from them. I said I had no friends

and no relations, and that I had been staying with some people till I could hear of a situation; but that, at last, I was unable to pay my lodging, and that they had now turned me out of doors. She did not ask me when, so perhaps she concluded it had happened that very day.

'I said I had no more money left, and that I had parted with all the clothes except what I had on, to get other necessaries with. I then told her where I had seen the advertisement.

'So, you see, Zerny, part of my tale was true, and part wasn't.

'The kind old lady pitied me very much. She said that my face was quite enough for her, without bothering about a character; at any rate, she said, she would give me a trial. And—wasn't it good of her?—she took me in there, and then bought me some clothes, besides the livery, and kept me at B— Square till Lord Eswald sent for me to go to him.

'My tale is ended now. Ever since then I have lived in Lord Eswald's service; waiting on him, bearing with his ill-temper, and secretly worshipping him.

'Oh! I know my love must seem strange to you, Zerny, and to all who have never known what such a feeling is; it is strange to me sometimes.'

'The little friendless one had finished her simple story, and her fair head was bowed in anxiety and sorrow: anxiety for what was to come, sorrow for what was past.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Zerny had listened to Eola's recital with an interest which at the time absorbed all other considerations. She forgot her supposed dignity, in the curiosity excited by the adventures of her former companion; and standing by the latter's side, her jetty hair almost touching the bright golden locks of the pretty masquer, her arm resting carelessly on the page's shoulder, and her rich feminine attire contrasting with the livery of the Eswalds, she presented a singular combination of the lady and the gipsy—the mistress and the friend.

'And when did you first recognise me?' she inquired, after a short pause.

'Not until this morning,' replied Eola. 'I did not see your face, you know, last night; you kept your veil down. But this morning I fancied I should like to see Lord Eswald's bride, so I stole round to the colonnade to have a peep at you. You may guess how surprised I was when I saw her who had lived with me in our gipsy home, for I recollected you directly. You are so like your mother, you know. I nearly screamed outright when I saw you first. It's well I didn't, though.'

'Well, Eola, I should have known you, I think, without your cap, directly.'

'I thought you would, or I don't think I should have brought myself to disclose the secret to you: it was a hard struggle, the making up my mind to it.'

'It is funny that he has never found it out; but he has a bad memory for faces, and a worse for names: he does not even remember me. Did you know that?'

'I guessed it, from the way in which he speaks of you. And do you never intend to tell him who you are?'

'No: why should I? He knows me now as the celebrated ~~disguise~~ Why should he know ~~me~~ the dilly child who begged a halfpenny coin from him, for capering on a dusty highway? No; I shall keep my secret for ever.'

'And mine also.'

'Yours?'

'Yes. I throw myself on your pity, Zerny. As the friend of your infancy, the shaver of your childhood's home, and the adopted daughter of your people, I beg you to keep it. If I had not thought you would grant this, I should never have told you my story.'

'But it is impossible, Eola—utterly impossible—'

'For Heaven's sake, don't speak so loud! You don't know who may be watching or listening.'

Zerny shrugged her shoulders, and started from the page's side, with a look of terror.

'I tell you,' she said, walking nervously to and fro, 'I tell you it is impossible for us to remain together under the same roof, and keep up such an absurd disguise, without betraying ourselves.'

'Then, pray, what would you have me to do?' cried Eola, the old spirit of antagonism between them being called into new life by Zerny's remark.

'Have you do?' reiterated the pseudo Lady Eswald, with the expression of an irri-

tated lioness, and racing, rather than walking, up and down the spacious room. "Have you done?" she repeated. "Why, cease this mad tom-foolery at once. Leave this place. I will give you money—jewels—all that I can spare to help you; but you must go."

"Never!" exclaimed Eola. "I leave my father's roof at the bidding of a gipsy no better than myself? No; I would rather throw myself at his feet, and tell my tale, at the risk of being treated like a dog!"

"Eola, you are raving. Recollect who I am—that I am his wife. We can never live together as mistress and servant, after having done so as sisters and friends. And who should be the one to go? Not I, surely. My right here is indisputable!"

"I hope it will always prove so."

"Ah! you—you insult me—you doubt—"

"Nothing; and believe in nothing. I have no wish to intrude myself into other people's affairs."

"That is no answer. Now, come, am I his wife or not? I will know what you think."

"You say and believe so; but why don't the people here give you that title? They speak of you as 'madam.'"

"Ah, and my maid addresses me so. But Eola, I told you before that this marriage is to remain a secret for the present; Lord Eswald wills it so."

"What are his reasons for that?"

"I am not at liberty to explain them."

Poor Zerneen! she was too vain to confess that he had given her.

"But surely, Zerneen," said Eola, "you must see what a bad character you must bear in the eyes of the people here, if they are not permitted to believe you to be married?"

"Oh, of course they know it; but probably Lord Eswald has commanded them not to call me 'Lady' while I remain here. lest it should travel further, when the publicity he wishes to avoid would ensue. The people of this neighborhood believe him to be a private gentleman; so you see, Eola, the necessity of dropping my title for the present."

"But he does not drop his."

"No. Truly, this is a perplexing question; but I will ask him at dinner-time about it. I dare say he can explain it all to my satisfaction."

"I hope so. But now, Zerny, about me. Will you promise to keep my secret? Oh, Zerneen! if you love him, can you not feel for me? You, who worship him, must understand how blissful it is to be near him—to watch him—to tend him. Oh! I have been happy even in fulfilling my tasks. Do not deprive me of my only happiness on earth. You may love him and adore him openly; but I—oh! I am doomed to love in secret—to love without a hope. Oh, Zerneen! must I beg in vain for a corner in my father's house—even though content to occupy it in disguise and in the garb of a common menial?"

The dark-eyed beauty gazed on the fairer with some return of her old affection. She seemed to relent. A remorseful twinge gnawed at her heart; yet still she struggled vainly against her prideful prudence.

"Why do you not avow yourself to Eswald?" she asked; why not reveal your secret? Of course, he could not publicly recognise you as his child; but in private he might show you all the affection of a parent; and might even allow you to remain under his roof in a suitable and respectable position. I am sure he is not the heartless man you appear to think him.—You might hereafter live happily in his house—say, as a companion to me—and might some day marry well, and be comfortable; whereas this miserable masquerade can bring upon you nothing but disgrace and wretchedness."

While Zerneen was thus skilfully arguing the poor disguised girl's case, the latter stood with her head bent down, and her hand pressed to her forehead, in deep thought. At the word 'marry' she trembled visibly, and a tear trickled between her slender fingers.

"Oh, Zerneen!" she murmured, when the other had finished her harangue; "I wish that it could be as you say; but, alas! I fear to do as you advise. But I will think of it. And, oh, Zerneen! for pity's sake, give me a few days to make up my mind. Do not refuse me this. At the end of three days I will either reveal myself to Lord Eswald, or leave him for ever. Are you satisfied with this?"

"Yes; and during the few days you require for your decision, we must be careful to avoid being seen too often together."

"I can perform my part, Zerneen. And now let us begin our play. Do you walk to-day, madam?"

Zerneen could not avoid a hearty laugh at the sudden transition of her friend from that character to that of the page, as with a respectful bow, and true boyish air, the lovely Eola asked the simple question.

"Yes—really I do not know my page's name," said the fair lady, smiling.

"Urie, madam," responded Eola, demurely.

"Well, Urie, I shall walk; and mind you, lead me to a lonely spot; for I have a little narrative to give you in exchange for yours, and we can't talk at twenty paces' distance from each other, so let us go where we may ramble without ceremony, arm-in-arm."

And the speaker, with a childish laugh, waved her hand to the pretty page, and quitted the room to prepare for her pedestrian exercise.

When she was gone, Eola drew from the bosom of her vest a white silk handkerchief, and gazed upon it with that expression of mournful affection which one would assume in regarding the last relic of a departed friend.

A withered rosebud lay between its folds, which the young enthusiast pressed to her lips, in silent rapture.

"Marry!" she murmured, gazing through fast-gathering tears at the melancholy souvenir. "Marry! Alas! alas!"

Those who have loved hopelessly—who have known the torture of bearing in silence the burden of a devoted but hopeless affection—who have lived near the cherished one, and watched, eagerly but vainly, for one fond look of recognition—have hoarded up, and kept over every useless trifle thrown from that loved one's hand, and dwelt with tearful joy, for nights and days, on the remembrance of a word from that loved one's lips—oh! such as those alone can understand what a world of woe and bitterness may be comprised in the two simple words—'Alas! alas!'"

CHAPTER XXV.

But, after all Zerneen's wise counsel and arguments, the pretty page was disposed of in a manner quite different from that which either of them had suggested, and by no less important a personage than Eswald himself.

When the latter returned to S—, he found his valet waiting him in his dressing-room, with a perturbed and unsettled air, that always indicated on that worthy's part the possession of some weighty knowledge, or the desire to impart some momentous communication.

"Well, Miller, what's in the wind now?" inquired the master, who was an adept in the perusal of his attendant's physiognomy.

"My lord, you must pardon me if I hesitate in replying to your question," returned the valet, "but I may not—that is, I am not certain that my conjectures—"

"Confound your conjectures!" interrupted the haughty aristocrat. "What business have you to conjecture anything?"

"Perhaps, my lord, I am wrong in doing so, but when my lord's rights are invaded, or in danger of being invaded, I consider it is my duty to inform him."

"What do you mean? What are you living at?"

"My lord—your—your—lady—"

"Well, what of her? Has she eloped with the groom, or some equally respectable member of my establishment?"

"No, my lord; but she is—that is—the page is—in fact, my lord, they appear too familiar with each other."

"Explain yourself."

"Well, my lord, I doubt if your lordship will be very pleased when I obey your command, but as—"

"As I repeat it, you will perhaps have the goodness to pull yourself together, and speak up sharp; not stand stammering there!"

"My lord, I will tell you exactly what I saw. I may be mistaken, but I am afraid such is not the case."

"Now, will you drop this humbug, and speak out plain?" roared the nobleman, provoked out of all his small stock of patience by the valet's circumlocution. "Will you tell me what all this rot about the page and his mistress means? What have they done? What have they said? By jove! I shall begin to think you a screwed in a minute."

"My lord, I will tell you all. I was walking in the shrubbery this morning after your lordship's departure; and my attention being attracted by the sound of voices proceeding from the blue room, I went round the avenue opposite to see who were the speakers; for I was rather astonished, you know, my lord,

to hear people talking there when you were away. But my surprise was doubled when, peeping in at the window, I saw your lady standing conversing with the page, with her arm actually on his shoulder."

Lord Eswald started from his chair on hearing this news, with a violence that nearly precipitated his informant on the ground, and standing before him with clenched fist and flashing eyes, exclaimed—

"It is false! You are lying! How dare you presume to play off your coarse jokes on me?"

"My lord—my lord!" cried the affrighted valet, "I am not joking: I could not think of doing so."

"And do you really mean to tell me, then, that she conversed with her servant in the attitude you have just described?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Oh, confusion take the women!—they're all alike—all hypocrites," muttered Eswald, resuming his chair.

"Go on, he added; 'finish your tale, Miller.'"

"My lord, it is finished. I heard nothing, and I only saw what I have already told you."

"Only! Curse your impudence! was it not enough? But what shall I do, Miller? If I tax my lady with her offence, it will lead to a downright quarrel, and thence to a premature disclosure of what she is now ignorant of, and of which I want her to remain ignorant some time longer."

"Will your lordship dismiss him from your service?"

"No."

"I can't understand it." And with this he quitted his chamber, and strode to the dining room.

Zerneen was already there, attired in an exquisite evening dress, and looking so lovely and delightfully impatient, that he wondered if it were really possible to tire of such a charming creature.

And so that evening his lordship made known his intention to the page of sending him, that very night, part of the way to—shire. He was to proceed to London at once, pass the night there, and leave by an early train on the following morning for the Abbey.

This piece of information completely startled the boy (for perspicuity's sake we will at present apply to the young masquer the masculine gender) from his propriety. Instead of hearing it, as heretofore he had heard his master's orders, with respectful silence, or calm acquiescence, he changed colour from white to crimson, from crimson to white alternately, and trembled from head to foot with pent-up emotion.

"Oh, my lord! am I indeed to leave you?" he cried, in a passionate tone.

Eswald stared at him for a minute, in astonishment. It was the first time the page had offered a shadow of opposition to his will, and it immediately occurred to him that in this case it proceeded from an improper motive. With an imperious wave of the hand, he exclaimed, angrily—

"What do you mean, boy, by questioning me? Go at once and execute my commands, or I'll toss you out of the window."

"Oh, my lord!" cried the boy, in a voice of real terror, "I am ready to do as you order me, but—but—Oh! I would rather do anything than go away from you."

"No doubt, no doubt," muttered Eswald, with a sarcastic smile. "But perhaps you'll be kind enough to do as I bid you, or leave me for ever."

"Oh, no, no, no!" Forgive me my lord, for my rudeness in opposing your orders."

As if actuated by a sudden fond impulse which she could not restrain, the poor girl seized her father's hand, and pressed it to her burning lips; then hastily rising from her knee, she hurried, with tearful eyes and blushing cheeks, from his presence.

"Strange boy—very strange!" muttered Eswald, returning to the drawing room. "I really believe he's as innocent as he looks. Miller's a great rogue, and may have trimmed up all the bosh about him just to serve some purpose of his own. Perhaps he has a grudge against the boy, or is jealous of him; but it's as well to be on the safe side."

With a sorrowful heart the young page proceeded to make arrangements for her journey. It was vain to attempt any communication with Zerneen, who, in total ignorance of all proceedings occurring without the precincts of her cosy drawing-room, was revelling in the delights of her yet cloudless atmosphere of love, almost oblivious to the

proximity of such a being as Eola, while in the fascinating presence of her impostor-husband. And so, in a most unenviable state of wonder, apprehension, and anxiety, the pretended page took her departure from S—.

But, amid all her sorrowful reflections, there was one that shed a consoling influence through her breast: it was that the present unlooked-for sentence of exile had rendered, for a while at least, the reluctant promise made to Zerneen void and futile.

On the following morning at breakfast, Lord Eswald took upon himself to inform his lovely gipsy (in his own fashion) of Eola's absence.

"By-the-bye, my darling," he said, "I must find you another page. Urie is gone away."

"Gone away!" exclaimed Zerneen, in a tone of half-delight and half-anxiety.

"Yes; I dismissed him last night. But don't distress yourself, I will soon procure you a substitute."

While speaking, Eswald narrowly watched the beautiful countenance of his companion, in order to detect in it the first sign of displeasure—to ascertain, if there were a possibility of doing so, whether her sentiments corroborated the statement of the valet.

But instead of anger—or, at least, the uneasiness which, under such circumstances, a guilty person would most probably have exhibited—there was a kind of satisfaction in the expression of Zerneen's face, as she listened to the intelligence of the page's dismissal, which puzzled the nobleman, though at the same time it reassured him.

"But why have you sent him away, Percy, dear?" she asked, a slight twinge of pain passing through her breast at the remembrance of the disguised one's unacknowledged claims on the heart of the haughty master, who had, according to his own account, driven her from his roof.

"He disobeyed some of my commands, yesterday," responded the nobleman, carelessly. "I cannot endure forgetfulness on the part of a menial; so I cashiered him at once."

Zerneen, with an instinctive prudence, refrained from questioning further into the matter. She had lived long enough in a London atmosphere to catch the deceptive tactics of intrigue, and to know also upon what occasions and at what seasons they should be called into action.

Mistaking her seeming indifference for innocence, Lord Eswald's languid suspicions and jealous fears were completely lulled to rest.

"Miller must either be a consummate liar, or a very prince of fools," he thought; and there the matter was consigned to oblivion—with him, at least. Not so with Zerneen.

She reflected long and uneasily about it. Though unable to conceal from herself the satisfaction which the knowledge of Eola's exit from the scene of her life diffused through her breast, she found it impossible to shut her ears to the whisperings of a 'still small voice,' that ever and anon appealed against the unkindness of such a sentiment.

Try as she would to forget it, the unpleasant circumstance haunted her mind for days after its occurrence. But vanity and ambition eventually conquered the better feelings of her heart, and laid an unction on her smarting conscience. It was unfortunate, truly, that the pretty, tender friend of her childhood should be again driven forth, alone, and heart-broken, to battle with her sad, sad lot; it was a misfortune, but not of her (Zerneen's) seeking.

"How silly of her, not to have avowed her real character to Percy as a last resource!" thought the gipsy girl. "But then she was well aware of the very slight claim she had on him. It's a pity I did not know of her dismissal ere she left; I could have offered her some pecuniary assistance. Poor Olly! But, there! she's not a child now, and knows various ways of making a living in the world. I dare say I shall meet her some day capering before the footlights of some fine theatre or another."

"How nice it'll be to sit still in a comfortable box with dear Percy and see others dance, and think, meanwhile, how delightful it is that I have not to do any more."

This selfish reflection brought to the misguided girl's brain a whole train of a similar description, amid which Eola and her misfortunes were entirely lost sight of.

Infatuated Zerneen! On what a frail foundation is built up thy delusive happiness!

CHAPTER XXVI.

Three months had passed away, and found the deluded gipsy girl still an inmate of the

suburban paradise. But she was no longer a willing or contented prisoner.

Not that her wild love for the unworthy man whom she still believed to be her husband, had abated one iota; it still raged with unquenchable ardour; but other feelings, of a different and opposing nature, had begun to force themselves upon her mind—to cloud its first fresh warmth.

Her vanity soon rose up in rebellion against the captivity, however luxurious, that separated her from the world of pomp and fashion, so long the topic of her day-dreams.

For the first month she was outwardly patient under the gnawings of this discontented feeling, but when another and another passed, without bringing any signs of a release from the confinement engendering it, her proud spirit began to chafe under the infliction with all the impetuosity that it dared display.

She had drawing-masters, singing-masters, and music-masters, and studied during every spare minute she could command, making, indeed, an amazing progress in the different accomplishments; yet still Percy made no mention of taking her into society, or of allowing her to leave the villa.

In vain she exhibited to him her acquisitions; in vain she hinted, and argued, and coaxed, using every art, every wile, a woman's ingenuity could suggest, to overcome the imaginary bugbear that prompted her seclusion; he listened to her with a palpable weariness and disgust, a gradual overclouding of ill-temper, that terrified and silenced her for the time.

The only relief she found for her irritation was in the worthless and insidious consolation of Mrs. Fitzmaurice, who sometimes visited her, and who was, in fact, her only acquaintance. But even this solace, flattering and artfully worded as it was, failed to permanently allay her discontented repinings, which would only burst forth afresh with redoubled force when the transient effect of the artful woman's subtle reasoning had passed away.

Nor were these murmurings and forbidden longings without their inevitable result. The nobleman became moody and irritable, his love less passionate, his caresses less tender; and often whole days and nights passed without his making his appearance at the villa at all.

But the blow which was to awaken her to a sense of her true position, and plunge her young soul into an abyss of misery, was not far off.

One Sunday morning, Percy astonished her with the intelligence that he intended to give a dinner-party on the following Tuesday, that he thought she had been secluded long enough, and that it was his intention to introduce her to a little society. Eager expectation and delight, mingled with gratified pride, immediately filled her heart. The melancholy face lighted up with joyous smiles; the mooping, spiritless woman seemed changed as if by magic, into the careless, light-hearted girl, all sunshine and playful coquetry; and even Ewald felt his waning passion renewed, in nearly its pristine enthusiasm, as, with love-lit eyes and laughing eagerness, she questioned him respecting the momentous event.

'How kind of you, Percy! I am so delighted!' she cried—woman-like, forgetting the unkindness of weeks in the transient tenderness of an hour. 'How many are coming? Who are they? Are there many ladies?' she questioned, with breathless and childish impatience.

'One at a time, returned the nobleman, affectionately stroking her jetty curls. 'Howard, Lashmer Sackville, and Morphat are among the favored ones—you've heard me speak of them? To the ladies you will be introduced in due form, my love, no doubt. And now, has my little impatient one any more inquiries to make?'

'Only whether she may go to town to-morrow, to make a few purchases.'

'Certainly, my darling; go by all means.'

'Will you accompany me? Do, dear Percy.'

'That I fear will be impossible, my love. I must join a few friends at Neville's to-morrow, so, you see, I must leave here early.'

A disappointed expression stole over the radiant face. 'You always have an engagement when I want to go out with you, Percy,' was the half-audible accusation that fell from the fair, pouting lips of the gipsy girl.

'Grumbling again,' Zerneen! and at the very moment when I am devising a scheme for your enjoyment! Really, you are hard to please.' And Ewald cast a withering look of anger at the shrinking girl.

In an instant she was at his feet. It was not the first passionate storm that had jarred on her soul; yet still, she was the first to

yield. He raised her up, and kissing her forehead, drew her arm through his, and led her into the conservatory.

About two o'clock on the next day, Zerneen started in her elegant brougham for town. On arriving there, she proceeded at once to Regent street, in order to make her purchases. With that insatiate love of dress which characterises her sex, she wandered up and down the handsome thoroughfare, buying a flower here, a feather there, and a bracelet somewhere else, completely absorbed in the delicious pleasure of 'shopping,' and lost in the charming novelty of being able to purchase all she admired, until her watch warned her that it was time to return to S—. With a slight sigh, and a parting glance at a lovely bonnet that had just caught her eye, she turned to re-enter her miniature equipage, when a hand arrested her steps, and a low, mocking voice exclaimed—

'So, so, my cherub, you have changed your hemisphere since I saw you last!

And looking up, the terrified and indignant girl perceived a tall, effeminate young man of about twenty, with light hair, and blue eyes, the very personification of precocious Don Juanism, who stood imprudently in her path.

'Stand aside, sir!' she said, with a dignified air, 'and allow me to pass unmolested to my carriage!'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Notes and Queries.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC & ANTIQUARIAN.

'Hic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus.'

'The enquiring spirit will not be contrived; We would make certain all, and all abroad.'

The Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not responsible for anything that may appear in this department. While every latitude is given for freedom of thought and expression, a discretionary power is reserved as to what 'Notes and Queries' are suitable for insertion.

Correspondents, in their replies, will please bear in mind that 'Brevity is the soul of wit.'

NOTES.

ERRORS THERE ARE NO 'RECTIFYING.'

Men are tenacious of error. There is an obstinate vitality in all clear definite mistakes; they grow with rapidity, propagate with profusion, like all noxious things, and are destroyed in one place, only to spring up in another. To the philosopher there is something exasperating in this; to the satirist there is an object for his shafts. Once fling forth a bold and definite absurdity, it will make the hollows ring with echoes, and these echoes will reverberate for centuries. Say that a scientific hypothesis 'leads to atheism,' and atheistic, it will be, beyond the power of rectification. Say that Locke admits no other source of knowledge than the senses, and all over Europe and America men with Locke in their hands will echo the absurdity. How incessantly do we hear attributed to Bacon the aphorism 'knowledge is power.' No such phrase ever escaped him; but Bulwer, who first called attention to the fact, has written in vain to rectify the general error. In like manner, we hear attributed to Coleridge, sayings which that arch-plagiarist appropriated from the German; and attributed too by men who have read them in the original. As long as history is written, men will believe that Wellington exclaimed at Waterloo: 'up guards and at them!' and that the Imperial Guard declared, *la garde meurt et ne se rend pas*. Among the current quotations there is one both in England and in France, which is constantly attributed to Buffon—namely *le style c'est l'homme*—the style is the man. Buffon said nothing of the kind; it would have been an absurdity had he said it. What he really said was this: *le style est de l'homme*—a very different thing, indicating that style is all which can be considered as personal property in literature. This has been rectified over and over again, but is it of any use? No. Multiply it a thousand fold, destroy the weed in every spot you meet with it, and before you have gone three yards it will reappear again.

BOOK WITH STRANGE TITLE.

According to one of Coles M.S. notes, a pamphlet published in 1703 has the following odd title, 'The deformity of sin cured.' A sermon preached at St. Michael's crooked lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. Crookedshanks. Sold by Matthew Denton, at the Crooked Billet, near Cripple-gate, and by all other book-sellers. The words of the text are 'Every crooked path shall be made straight.' And the Prince, before whom it was delivered, was *deformed* in his person.

QUERIES.

BARBER'S FORFEITS.

Can you or any of your readers, inform me what were the forfeits in a barber's shop, to which allusion is made in the following passage—

The strong statues
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.
Measure for Measure (Act V, Sc 1.)
AVON.

Toronto, Feb., 1863.

HEAVEN SAVE THE MARK.

I shall be obliged to any of your readers, who shall explain the origin of the expression in Shakspeare, and other writers, 'Heaven save the mark.' What mark is alluded to? CURIOSITY.

Hamilton, 24th Feb., 1863.

The undersigned will feel grateful to any of the readers of the Illustrated News, who will inform him, through 'Notes and Queries,' who the author is of the following couplet—

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a house from which to run away.
P. T. B.

London, Feb., 1863.

ANSWERS.

THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY TO BRITAIN.

In answer to the query of your correspondent 'Cluny,' in reference to the introduction of christianity into Britain, I would refer him to 'Calmest Dictionary of the Bible' for all the information he requires. It appears that Aristobulus, one of the seventy disciples, and mentioned by St. Paul, (Rom. xvi. 10.) was the first missionary sent to Britain. He was consecrated by St. Paul for this purpose, about the year 60. He was instrumental in accomplishing a great work, but was afterwards cruelly treated, and at length suffered martyrdom.

T. W. H.

Toronto, 23rd Feb., 1863.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS AT WEDDINGS.

Orange blossoms have evidently been adopted for the adornment of a bride, because they are emblematical of fruitfulness and prosperity; being not only an evergreen, but the only plant, it is said, which produces fruit and flowers at the same time. I hope this explanation will be satisfactory to your fair correspondent from Woodstock, who, if she has not already done so, will soon, I hope, be privileged to wear them.

HOWARD.

Dundas, 19th February.

Two answers, 'wide as the poles assunder,' have been received, in reply to the query of our correspondent 'Inquirer.' We insert them both.

Your correspondent 'Inquirer' asks for a comment on these lines—

For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

Bearing in mind the gentle hint in your heading 'that brevity is the soul of wit,' I beg to submit the following:

The falsehood and asperity of these well-known lines by Pope, have done much mischief to the cause of religion; and what adds to the misfortune, they are fabricated with such dexterous art, that it is not easy to make the deception clear and impressive. For a life to be strictly right, it evidently should possess every existing ingredient of rectitude; and the scriptures tell us that—among a christian people at least—faith in Christ, as well as due moral conduct, is necessary to merit the approbation of Heaven. This, we see the poet boldly denies, by representing faith as an indifferent thing, provided that our morals be but good. And yet, observe, he wishes the word right, that closes the couplet, and which he places in opposition to wrong, to be taken in a strict and full sense; for no other sense will render the observation pertinent. Such is the equivocal meaning he has given to the word right, and I am afraid with no good intent.

But perhaps the folly and falsehood of the aphorism, may be as well shown by the following parody, as by any other means, which in sentiment is every whit as just and proper as the original—

For what is truth let squerish bigots fight,
He can't judge wrong who thinks he's in the right.

Or this other, which I lately tell in with in some periodical—

For modes of healing let envious doctors fight,
His can't be wrong whose health is in the right.

MAURICE.

Hamilton, 18th Feb., 1863.

For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

The query of 'Inquirer' may be very easily answered, as the truth of Pope's lines seems apparent. In all ages there have existed men whose zeal for their own creed led them

to persecute others, in order to make converts. Thus, their religious madness made them bigots; and the pages of history teem with accounts of sanguinary massacres, testifying the rancorous hate of persecutors, and the intolerable sufferings of martyrs—so that we may safely affirm, that more blood has been poured forth for the sake, and in the name of religion, than for any other known cause. Now, coercing men to believe does not inspire faith; nor is the truth or falsehood of any particular creed, proved by persecutions in its behalf. Mistaken zeal changes the enthusiast to a bigot. Men are so often wrapt up in what they consider the truth of their own faith, as to prevent them from recognizing truth in that of another. They often not only denounce a creed but persecute its votary. Thus the poet, Shelley, was deprived of a father's rights, and his children of a father's love, in consequence of his peculiar tenets. No wonder then, the hunchbacked bard of Twickenham termed such men 'graceless.'

Religion, in its wide comprehensive meaning, is 'Virtue founded upon reverence of God,' and is not a system of worship as opposed to other systems. He therefore, who shuns the leprous ways of vice, and walks in the beautiful paths of virtue, based upon a reverential awe and love for a superior being, is religious. It matters not then, what his especial creed consists in, his life being 'in the right,' his belief cannot be wrong. This is my idea of Pope's lines, which, all must acknowledge, are in accordance with that spirit of tolerance, which judges man according to the goodness of the life he leads, without attaching importance to his faith.

ISIDORE.

Montreal, Feb., 1863.

For Leisure Moments.

An Irish paper advertises, 'Wanted, an able-bodied man as a washer-woman.'

The knot that is tied in treachery, will be loosed by jealousy.

A poor man's wisdom is like a palace in a wilderness.

DUELIST—A moral coward, seeking to hide the pusillanimity of his mind by affecting a corporeal courage.

It is as easy to write a gaudy style without ideas, as it is to spread a pallet of showy colors, or to smear in a flaunting transparency.

A young lady being asked by a feminine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album replied, 'No,' but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling.'

Of a person who was a sordid miser, it was told Mr. Curran that he had set out from Cork to Dublin, with one shirt and a guinea. 'Yes,' said Curran, 'and I will answer for it that he will change neither of them until he returns.'

LAWYERS AND BUSINESS MEN.—A contemporary says: 'We feel bound to deny that one of our lawyers put on his door, "Gone to bury my wife; be back in half an hour." But candor compels us to say that one of our lumbering merchants, the last sickness of his wife occurring in the busiest season, was only able to get in in time for the second prayer at her funeral.'

WAR AND MASONRY.—After the battle of Waterloo was decided in favor of the English, about fifty Frenchmen, nearly all of them wounded, the heroic wreck of a square of two regiments of infantry which had been almost exterminated by the discharge of a park of artillery—found themselves at the close of that terrible day surrounded by a considerable force of the enemy. After having performed prodigies of valor, perceiving that it was impossible to effect a retreat, they reluctantly determined to lay down their arms. But the allies, irritated at the great loss they had sustained from this handful of brave men, continued to fire on them. The Frenchmen now perceived that their destruction was inevitable, unless some miracle should save them. The Lieutenant in command was suddenly inspired with the thought that this miracle might be achieved by Masonry. Advancing from the ranks, in the midst of a galling fire, he made the mystic appeal. Two Hanoverian officers perceived him, and by a spontaneous impulse they ordered the firing to cease, without the customary etiquette of consulting their commanding officer. Having provided for the safety of their prisoners, they reported themselves to their General for this breach of military discipline.—He, however, being also a Free-mason, so far from inflicting any punishment, commended them for their generous conduct.

Commercial.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

[Received by this week's mail, and compiled expressly for the 'Canadian Illustrated News.']

Table with columns for 'WHEAT P/R CENTAL 100 LBS' and 'FLOUR PER BBL.' listing various grades and prices.

Table with columns for 'PETROLEUM' listing 'American Crude per ton', 'Canadian', 'Refined', etc.

There has been no activity in our provision market this week, and prices for most articles remain without change.

For fine new Eastern pork there is a fair enquiry, the stock being limited, but old is quite neglected.

Lard—The sales this week are 400 tons, at an advance of 6d. per cwt., which is fully maintained.

Prices of cheese are firm, the demand being moderately active.

For really fine butter there is a retail demand, but medium and low sorts are very unsaleable.

Tallow rather lower. Linseed cake without change.

The corn market has been depressed this week, and both flour and wheat are difficult to move, except at a decline.

The weather is unusually mild for the season.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, Feb. 26.

Flour—Receipts 7,714 bbls; market dull and heavy, and 5c to 10c lower; sales 7,500 bbls at \$7 15 to \$7 40.

Canadian flour dull and 5c to 10c lower; sales 400 bbls at \$7 80 to \$8 10 for common; \$8 20 to \$9 60 for good to choice extra.

Rye flour steady at \$4 to \$5 60.

Barley nominal at \$1 45 to \$1 68.

Oats firmer at 78c to 82c for Canada, Western and State. Pork dull and lower.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 20th February, 1863, \$72,562 58 1/2

Corresponding week last year. 50,978 20 1/2

Increase, \$ 21,584 38 1/2

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending February 14, 1863, \$90,197 79

Corresponding week, 1862, 89,568 25

Increase, \$ 629 54

Comp's freight included in above, Nil.

Do. do. corres. week, '62, \$216 39

AT GORDON'S BOOT AND SHOE STORE, WILL be found all kinds of Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes, suitable for Fall and Winter wear.

WM. BROWN & CO. BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, MUSIC DEALERS, And Blank Book Manufacturers.

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

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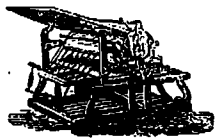
Twenty-Five to Fifty pr. cent less

Than the usual Prices charged in the Provinces. Make arrangements with us to send our Special Artist to sketch, or send ambrotype or sketch of whatever is to be engraved, and state size required, and we will quote price at once.

H. BROWN & Co., Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, C. W.

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

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WHITE'S BLOCK, King Street, Hamilton, C. W.

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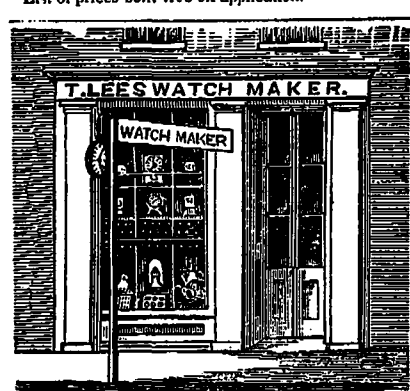
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White and Locksmithing done. All Work Warranted Satisfactory.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

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Table listing various magazines and their subscription prices, including Loudon Society, Temple Bar, Cornhill, etc.

Every thing published procured at lowest rates.

P.S.—All English Magazines are received by Cunard steamers.

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“ six months, “ “ “ “ “ “ 1.60

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

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H. BROWN & Co., Publishers.

MAT. KOWIE. W. BROWN.