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HON. JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON, Q. C., D. C. L., AND M. P. P.

HON. JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON,
Q.C., D.C.L., AND M.P.P.

In the Peninsular War, beginning with the debarkation of a British force in Portugal in 1808, and closing with the battle of Waterloo, on the Plains of Belgium, 1815, one of the many distinguished regiments, where indeed every corps was distinguished, in those terrible campaigns, was the Seventy Ninth Foot, the Cameron Highlanders. In that regiment served Mr. Angus Cameron, subsequently Paymaster of the Royal Canadian Rifles in this Province. After Waterloo, when Paris was occupied by the allied army, a small British force was sent to watch events on the south-western frontier of France, a portion of which was a draft from the Seventy Ninth Highlanders. When on that service, at Beaucaire, in Languedoc, a son was born to Mr. Cameron, April 14th. 1817. The infant was named John Hillyard. And now, March 7th, 1863, that child is, and for some years has been, the foremost practising barrister in Upper Canada. But, as all the Province well knows, he is more than an eminent lawyer. He is the Honorable John Hillyard Cameron, Queen's Counsel, Doctor of Civil Law, Professor of Law in Trinity College, Toronto; Member of Parliament for the county of Peel, and Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Institution of British America. Mr. Angus Cameron came to Canada with the 79th in 1825. He died in 1845.

In 1831, the 79th being stationed in Toronto, John Hillyard, aged thirteen, became a pupil in the Upper Canada College. There he advanced favorably in learning; carried off honors, and gave promise of future distinction. He studied law with the Hon. H. J. Boulton, and was articled to John Godfrey Spragge, Esq., subsequently Vice-Chancellor.

In 1837 and 1838, Mr. Cameron served as Captain in a regiment of the Canada Volunteers, the Queen's Rangers, during the insurrectionary troubles of those years. He was with that corps six months on the Niagara frontier.

In August, 1838, Captain Hillyard Cameron was entered on the roll of Attorneys, and in the same year was called to the bar. He also at that time formed a partnership with Mr. Spragge, his former master. Their practice was large; so also its emoluments. Mr. Cameron's eminent ability and unremitting diligence, soon obtained for him a first rank position as a barrister, though other advocates known to fame were before him, and had to be overtaken, on the ascent to high distinction.

In 1843, Mr. Cameron obtained the appointment of reporter to the Court of Queen's Bench; and in 1844 published a digest of all the decisions of that court, the work known to the profession as Cameron's Digest. In 1845 he put forth another valuable legal work, Cameron's Rules. It was with him that the first regular record of judicial decisions in Canada began. He ceased to be legal reporter in 1846. In that year Mr. Cameron commenced the publication of the Reports which have since been written by Messrs Lukin, Christopher Robinson, E. C. Jones, and Alexander Grant, respectively reporters for the Court of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Chancery. Also, in 1846, Mr. Cameron was appointed a Queen's Counsel and Solicitor General in Upper Canada, and elected a member of the Law Society. In 1860, on the death of Sir James Buchanan Macaulay, ex-chief justice of the Common Pleas, Mr. Cameron was elected treasurer of the Law Society. This gentleman's career as a politician may now be briefly noted. In July, 1846, he joined Mr. Draper's administration, as Solicitor-General, and soon after, on the resignation of Ronald Macdonald, Esq., he was elected member for Cornwall by a large majority over his opponent, Mr. Maitice. In 1847, on the appointment of Mr. Draper, the then Attorney-general of Upper Canada, to a seat on the bench, Mr. Cameron was offered the Attorney-generalship, but declined it, as he was desirous that the late Hon. Henry Sherwood should be appointed, believing that such appointment would heal the division then existing in the conservative ranks. On Mr. Sherwood's acceptance, Mr. Cameron was offered a seat at the Council-board, by Lord Elgin, personally, as a mark of special consideration, the first instance of a Solicitor-general having been so honored. At the general election, in 1848, Mr. Cameron was again elected for Cornwall, and soon after, on the Sherwood administration being beaten on a vote of want of confidence, he resigned the Solicitor-generalship. Mr. Cameron continued to represent Cornwall until the end of that Parliament, and did not offer himself at the general election of 1851. In 1854 he was returned with John G. Bowes, Esq., for the city of Toronto,

which he represented until the end of 1857. On Parliament being dissolved, he did not offer for re-election, although solicited to do so; but in 1858, on the formation of the Brown-Dorion ministry, he opposed the re-election of the Hon. George Brown for Toronto, and was defeated by a small majority. At the general election of 1861, he was returned for the county of Peel.

During the time he has been in Parliament, Mr. Cameron has originated numerous important measures. He introduced and carried through the Legislature the address to the Queen, to exempt from the English income tax colonial securities, payable in England, the property of colonists, and was successful while in England, in having the address approved of by the Imperial Government.

As a high Conservative he opposed the introduction of the elective principle into the Legislative Council, and was one of a small minority who opposed the measure in all its stages. He was the chairman of the committee on the Municipal Corporation Act, and suggested most of the alterations and amendments which have since been adopted by the Commissioners for revising the statutes. Mr. Cameron was one of the Commissioners originally appointed for their revision, but he resigned, as his legislative duties interfered with the work.

As an adherent of the Church of England, Mr. Cameron opposed the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. He has founded a scholarship in Trinity College, Toronto, for the benefit of one of the clergy seeking a University education. Mr. Cameron carried through Parliament the address to the Queen for the removal of the disabilities which prevented synodical action in the Church of England. He prepared and carried through its early stages, the Church Synod Bill, having introduced the petition to the Lower House at the head of a procession of the bishop, clergy, and laity of the diocese of Toronto. In England he had the measure submitted to the opinion of the judicial committee of the Privy Council, and under their advice it was approved by Her Majesty. He also rendered valuable aid in the establishment of Trinity College.

For a period of eight years Mr. Cameron held a seat as Alderman in the civic councils of Toronto.

In 1859 he was chosen Grand-Master of the Orangemen of British North America, and still retains the important position of head of the order. In 1860, during the visit of the Prince of Wales, Mr. Cameron bore a prominent part in the difficulties between the Duke of Newcastle and the Orange body, and by his influence and exertions contributed largely towards allaying the excitement which at one time threatened to bring the royal visit to an unhappy close.

In the Session of Parliament, 1863, he moved an amendment to the Address as stated last week in our 'Parliamentary Incidents.' Though looked to as the probable conservative leader in the Assembly, he at once cordially and gracefully gave way to Mr. John Alexander Macdonald, on the arrival of that gentleman from England after the Session had commenced.

In the municipal embarrassment which at present depresses the City of Hamilton, and promises for it depopulation, ruin, and absolute inability to meet its debts, in any form, if some arrangement be not at once effected, to spread the payment of interest over an extended number of years, and to capitalize the arrears now due, Mr. Hillyard Cameron is commissioned to act for a large proportion of the British creditors.

Terms have been offered which, if accepted, will, by an Act of Parliament to be obtained for the purpose, secure interest at 3 per cent. for five years; the interest thereafter to increase, and the whole debt to be discharged at the high percentages contracted to be paid by previous councillors, few of whom are now in the city; a contraction of debt which was opposed by most of the owners of property who are now responsible, On the equitable forbearance of Mr. Cameron and his British clients depends the possibility of that city retaining its population and means to pay anything. In that difficulty is involved also the financial and moral reputation of Canada.

IMPORTANT TO OUR READERS.

We have made arrangements with an able artist in London, England, to sketch for us the Prince of Wales' wedding ceremony, and any other thing of interest in connection with it, which will be forwarded to us through Mr. D. Hall of New York, who has facilities for doing so in advance of the mail.

Our subscribers will therefore be in possession of an illustration of this important event in advance of that from any other source. We shall also publish in the same number a portrait of His Royal Highness and of his Bride. These will be by far the finest illustrations which have ever appeared in our paper, and we hope our patrons will duly appreciate these efforts to supply their wants. Agents requiring extra copies will please send in their orders without delay.

A SIAM FIGHT, between the Regulars and Volunteers, is to take place on the river, at Montreal, on the 10th, Prince of Wales' nuptial day. As the scene is likely to be an imposing one, from the numbers that will take part in it, we have made arrangements for having a sketch of it taken for the 'Illustrated News.'

Mr. TUNIS, Clifton, will, commencing with No. 17, supply Agents with the 'Illustrated News.' Paid subscribers will receive them direct from this office as heretofore.

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

The 'Illustrated News' is forwarded to Subscribers by mail, free of postage.

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

If any of our Agents have back Nos. 1, 2 and 8, on hand, they will confer a favor by returning them to this office.

THE CANADIAN
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HAMILTON, MARCH 7, 1863.

THE WEST, AND NORTH WEST.

What is the question of the day for Canada? It is the opening of the North-west.—That is the question which involves nearly every issue of present and of past controversy. In those issues lie the history of a time to come; of a nation or nations yet to be. In that question lies the solution of problems deeper than logic; higher than prophecy. In those issues of the passing time, of this very day, the day whose breezy heathful air is polluted by vile sulphureous strife, wrath, destruction, misery and woe unspeakable in the American States; that precious present time to Canada, frittered away at Quebec in petty intrigue and for the meanest of personal objects; in those issues of the passing time lie the fortunes of the Western States, the fortunes of the North Western Territories, the fortune of the French Canadians and Lower Canada, as asserted by themselves against the West, the fortunes of Canada, and as the central territory of a nation the site of whose capital city is written by the hand of destiny on Lake Ontario. Cities on the south, cities in the west, cities in the east, cities in the north-west, there are and will be. The Babylon of the continent will possibly arise on one of the Western Lakes. But the capital of British America will face to the South, holding Ontario and the path to the ocean in one hand, gathering in and dispensing the treasures of the stupendous West and North-west, with the other.

The newest phase which this question of the present and the future has assumed, is that fashioned for it by the State of Illinois, and the Board of Trade at Chicago, and concurrently by an association of members of Congress at Washington. These last, alarmed at seeing Illinois and the West looking for a ship passage to the ocean through the canals of Canada, already made or to be made, have named a convention to be held in June, 1863, at Washington, to renew with augmented vigour the project for a ship canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi; the passage to Europe to be thence by way of New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. That Illinois ship canal may be made: the

region requires it; but it will not obviate the necessity of a highway to the ocean through Canada. Why not? For this reason: the inexorable laws of Nature have said No. Nature has, by anticipation, pronounced sentence of Death, and therefore prohibition on all live cattle to be shipped from the Prairies to Liverpool by way of New Orleans. Cattle, you reply: the object of the cultivators of the prolific West is to ship their wheat and corn to Europe, not their cattle. Yes, their cattle. The Chicago Board of Trade names live cattle, as ocean traffic that is to be. But let that pass. The granaries of Western wheat, filled to repletion now, expanding to illimitable dimensions as the outlet to the European markets expand, are not to be emptied by way of New Orleans. Nature has written an irrevocable No. The climate pronounces against the large storage of grain there, and without vast area of storage the ponderous quantities of the abundant West cannot be gathered and conducted on the channels of commerce. The New York and Pennsylvania canals may be enlarged, and the traffic flow in the same channels as now. Yes, they may be enlarged, but they cannot be extended to meet the outpourings of the West. The Chicago Board of Trade, at a great political meeting, as reported in the newspapers of that city of February 25, 1863, widens the question thus:—

'But the mere opportunity to buy our products in ten fold greater quantities, and at greatly reduced rates, is by no means all the advantages that England and Canada would reap from the enlargement of the St. Lawrence canals. The West wants, and is able to pay for immense quantities of the manufactures of England, and their consumption would be limited only by the capacity of English capital and labour to supply the demand. Goods will come as return freight and to pay for produce, and thus the channels of commerce would be always full.'

The foregoing is a newspaper commentary. But here is the formal resolution as proposed by the Board, and endorsed by the public opinion of Chicago, as that opinion happened to express itself at the end of February, 1863. It may fluctuate and before long assail Canada and England, but it must recur to the same tone and position. The demand for an outlet to European markets will constrain it.

'RESOLVED,—That we give a cordial and emphatic endorsement to the recent action of the Legislature of Illinois in empowering the Government thereof to appoint a committee to visit the Provincial Government and Parliament of Canada, and the Government of Great Britain, if deemed advisable: and to respectfully urge upon those bodies the importance of opening new or enlarged channels of communication between the great Lakes and the Atlantic, for the outlet of western produce, believing that the establishment of close commercial relations would be the surest guarantee of an enduring peace.'

The meeting was large and enthusiastic, the address able and appropriate (we use the language of the Chicago journals,) and the spirit manifested exhibited a determination on the part of the business men of Chicago to work for this great and important enterprise with redoubled diligence.

It is since then, that the association of members of Congress has interposed their proposition to hold a convention on the subject of the Illinois Canal in next June. The New York, and New England members see danger to their high Tariff of Customs duties, and to their Commercial Supremacy if the water passage of the West through Canada be suffered to proceed. Their action matters little to this Province. Commerce will find for itself the cheapest and readiest channel. What can Canada do to assist? Where will the depots of trade be likely to form on this side of the Lakes?

The ship canal proposed to conduct trade from Lake Huron by way of the Ottawa to Montreal, at a cost of twenty-four millions of dollars (Mr. Shanley's report) is a project very remote from present possibilities. The proposed railway on the same route to Lake Nipissing with a canal by French River to Lake Huron, the cost estimated by Mr. Duncan Sinclair at three and-a-half millions sterling is equally remote. The Canal from Georgian Bay to Toronto is more feasible, but in costless equally alarming.—The widening of the Welland Canal is practical, but also costly. The railways centring at Toronto and at Hamilton can greatly extend their carrying power. In connection therewith we shall see Hamilton and Toronto, become the ports of a direct shipping trade with Liverpool. Montreal need not fear their competition. It has advantages natural and acquired sufficient to protect its interests. And so has Quebec.

FASHIONS; SUGGESTIONS.

Highly curious would be a Picturesque History of Costume; and there are more materials for such a work than may be supposed, but they must be sought for in the early time in stone, in effigies and carvings, afterwards in paintings, and, let us add, most modernly in caricatures, the exaggerations of which help us to a perception of the reality not the least lively. 'Punch,' for example, is an excellent picture-gallery of the monstrosities of fashion in the last quarter of the century.

So far as female costume can be traced it would appear that up to the time of Henry VIII. there was always some grace in it, whatever might be the variations; but with Elizabeth ugliness came in, and held its uninterrupted sway up to the age of the Georges.

It seems to us that there is always some affinity between the male and female fashions. When men wore wide stiffened skirts to their coats, ladies wore hoops; and male wigs and cocked hats were rivalled in hideousness and inconvenience by towers on the heads of women. When men wore tight pantaloons women wore skimpy petticoats. It was at this time that the French Lord Ogleby in a farce giving his tailor an order for pantaloons to fit closer than his skin, ends with this warning, 'Mind that if I can get them on, I shall not take them.' Towards the end of the last century the French Revolution shook with all other things the empire of dress. It gave liberty to the limbs of men. It emancipated them from tight clothing, hair powder, and pig-tails. It banished breeches and buckles, and introduced trousers. Pantaloons lingered for a time, but the steady tendency of the age was as much to looser clothing as to more liberal ideas. Indeed the two went together, and the trouser was for some time adopted, or opposed and reprobated as an outward and visible sign of political opinion. Cyril Jackson, the Dean of Christchurch, exerted all his authority and influence in his College to put down trousers, regarding them as symbols of revolution; and his success in enforcing the tight apparel brought upon him an expression of regret that the Dean had contracted the loose habits of the age.

At this period the female fashion was behind the male in ease. The petticoat was so narrow that it was difficult to walk in it. It was, in fact, a pantaloone of one leg for the two legs. The waist was just under the armpits. This thralldom was broken by the Peninsular war, which introduced what was called the Spanish dress, very pretty, indeed, but only the Spanish of the stage. As if to indemnify themselves for their long restraint in the narrow clothing, the ladies then shortened their petticoats very liberally, and ankles were no mystery. But emancipation was yet partial and imperfect, the parallel to the trouser being still wanting; but it came with a vengeance with the crinoline. The crinoline is the peg-top trouser exaggerated, and turned the opposite way, the peg at the waist, the wide end downwards. Women now live in tents, under canvass as it were. They expatiate within their airy enclosures. They delight in the free and easy. All their ways are unconfined. They walk up and down within their premises. They have succeeded in the encroachment which would be described by Blackstone as making a larger estate than they are by law entitled to. They have enormously aggrandized themselves. They are topographically thrice what they used to be in circumference.

The crinoline is another word for liberty; and it is not a liberty the less sweet because it is a liberty, like some others, encroaching and trespassing on the rights of others.

How many a gentleman's dining-table estate has been curtailed, reduced by a half or much more, by the crinoline. Where before he could place three belles, he can now only give room to one. No one in a house, such as mortal houses now are, could entertain the Muses in their crinolines. He must banquet them in the building of the International Exhibition. As ships are measured by their displacement of water, so ladies in their crinolines may be measured by their displacement of other bodies—Many a fragile delicate girl measures more than a ton in her skirts. We have seen very awkward embarrassments at a dinner table from the host's not having calculated within many scores of cubic feet of the truth, the displacements of his crinolined guests. Ladies invited to dinner ought to be requested not only to send answers, but also their measurement for seats. It is always well, indeed, to be prepared for the worst.

But the encroachment on the dinner-table is not the greatest grievance. None but people who go about in omnibuses know

the overbearing ways of crinolines, and of what extremities they are capable. It is a dirty day, a lady is about to enter an omnibus. The first difficulty commences at the door, where the petticoat-compelling conductor has to reduce her bulk to the dimensions of the entrance. *Hoc labor, hoc opus est.* But it is achieved. What next happiness is like the tidal phenomenon called a bore. A huge wave of crinoline comes surging in, sweeping over the laps of all the passengers, right and left, and flooding them with the mud the lady has been industriously sweeping up in her walk. All hands are turned to coerce the petticoats, and keep them within the bounds at least of the gangway; but the crinoline rebels elastically against any restraint, and it wrestles with you, and shows what it is made of, and that it is not to be put down, saying as clearly as it can speak, 'The less you meddle and make with me the better for you.'

To expect women to abandon their crinolines on account of any nuisance they may cause would be idle indeed, seeing how they cleave to them notwithstanding their proved danger to themselves; but surely we may ask them to adopt some easy contrivance to diminish their inconvenience, and to bring them into harmony with that principle of equity which directs us to use our own so as not to hurt others. And this may be easily done.

The crinoline is a contrivance for spreading muslin or silk, or whatever the fabric may be, as the masts and spars of a ship are for spreading canvas. All the purposes of a crinoline might, indeed, be as well, or better, effected by a bowsprit afore, studding-sail yards on the sides, and, to complete all, a spanker or driver boom. And with this rig there might be brails to gather the spread up when occasion required, or reef tackle to reduce its expanse. For example, when a lady was about to sit down to dinner, what is nautically termed a jigger might be applied to her petticoat to gather it in and tie it up without points—not point lace, but reef points, or nettles as they are called by seamen not too fond of handling them. We do not, however, mean to insist on any particular plan, all that we contend for is some contrivance for the adjustment of crinolines to the brief spaces of human life. As the lady begs the Precieuses of Moliere to humanize their discourse, so we beg our fair countrywomen to humanize their crinolines. We only ask them to collect themselves. Iron itself contracts as well as expands, and so surely may the metal most attractive. And, indeed, in point of effect, it would be fine to see the transitions from the full blow of dress back to the bud, or from the bud to the full blow of beauty. Let the lady be like her fan, spread out in the drawing-room and gathered in when descending to the dining-room, and again afterwards, with a flirt which is always good, recovering her pristine amplitude. Nothing can be easier than the mechanical arrangement for contraction and expansion. It is as simple as the management of a curtain, or a blind. The free and easy style once enjoyed will never be relinquished, that we know, but when the business is to sit at a dinner-table or in an omnibus, aye, or in a brougham, the convenience for walking most at large may surely be foregone. What we propose is, that a lady shall adapt herself to circumstances as her parasol does, or, to express ourselves less prosaically, as her delicate plants do, that have their hours for opening and their hours for closing.

E O L A .

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

(CONTINUED.)

Your carriage, forsooth! was the sarcastic reply. 'By what good fortune did you become the possessor of one? I suppose it's some old fool's bounty.'

A blush of shame and mortification swept over the gipsy's pale complexion. But summoning up all her presence of mind, she replied, in a measured tone, 'You are mistaken, sir. I am unknown to you.'

'Now, you're not going to cut me, surely? This is coming the lady a little too strong, considering the pains I used to take to throw the bouquets exactly at your darling little toes, and the number of gloves I've spoilt in applauding you.'

Zerneen endeavoured to look amazed and bewildered.

'Sir!' she exclaimed with marked emphasis, and at the same time assuming an air of injured innocence.

'I must say, you act the prude admirably! persisted her tormentor. 'If it were not so devilish annoying to one's feelings, I should like it amazingly. But, to be cut in Regent

street, in broad day light, when a fellow is trying to do the amiable, too—it's worse than uncomfortable.'

'Will you allow me to pass, sir? or, must I call assistance to remove you?' said the outraged girl, in a voice husky with suppressed anger.

'Remove me!' reiterated the youth, indignantly. 'Confound your impudence! it would take something to remove me from any place I choose to—'

His boast was nipped in the bud by a sharp push from the delicate hand of the fair girl, that nearly upset his equilibrium altogether; and when he had recovered from the surprise it gave him, she was safely seated in her brougham.

But Zerneen's annoyances were not yet at an end: she had yet another, and even more unfortunate one, to encounter.

Her carriage was just passing Hyde Park corner, when a stoppage occurred, occasioned by a splendid equipage, the magnificence of which attracted her attention to it, and then to its occupants. But who were they, that Zerneen should start with a look of such surprise and pain? One was a young and charming girl, with Grecian features and wavy auburn hair. Her beautiful hazel eyes were raised (with a look whose meaning was but too plainly evidenced) to the face of her companion, turned toward her in earnest conversation. His profile was all the gipsy girl could see, but that profile was too well known to her to leave a doubt respecting its owner, who was no other than the faithless Percy.

A shriek sprang to the lips of the deceived victim; but it was suppressed by a violent effort; and, with a bursting heart and teardimmed eyes, she watched the carriage out of sight; then addressing her coachman—

'Do you know whose chariot that was that stopped the way?' she inquired, with an indignant air, which quite effected its purpose of blinding the servant, who fancied at first that she had recognised his master, and anticipated a jealous explosion.

'The Earl of Alvingham's, ma'am,' he replied.

'Did I not see a lady in it? Who is she?' faltered Zerneen, in a half-stifled tone, which she strove in vain to render calm and clear.

'His daughter, ma'am, Lady Isabella Sackville' returned the coachman, wondering that the eyes which were sharp enough to remark the lady, had not displayed the same acuteness with reference to the gentleman. 'However,' thought he, it's a precious good job she didn't notice him. I only saw his side-face, certainly; but one might know that scamp by the very cut of his little finger.'

Zerneen leaned back in the carriage, and closed her eyes. She tried to reflect calmly on what had passed, and to find excuses, if possible, for Percy's unexpected appearance with the beautiful Lady Sackville.

But vainly she ransacked her brains in endeavoring to exculpate her idol from a baseness her reason to justly accused him of, though her love strove against the belief.

The bare fact was there—irrefutable.

At length a thought crossed her mind that tended greatly to alleviate its suffering.—'Percy said that Sackville was among the friends invited to dinner. May he not have called at Lord Sackville's, and been compelled, out of courtesy, in some way, to accompany the sister for a drive? Ah! that is feasible, truly: I am almost sure it will prove to be the case. But then—that look—ah! The gipsy heaved a sigh—a bitter one. Her sophistry was not equal to the case, in many points.

The dinner-hour arrived, yet Eswald failed to present himself at the villa, and Zerneen, vexed and unhappy at his prolonged absence, went through the painful ceremony of her solitary meal, alone. But her vexation increased, when hour after hour passed away, and evening waned into night, yet still he came not. She would have given worlds, had she possessed them, for the presence of one human being, to whom she might unburthen her wretchedness. What would she not have given now, for the affectionate companionship of the poor outcast, Eola, whom in the first flush of prosperous love she had scorned?

But that one pure, friendly heart was far away; and alone, in bitterness, too deep for rest or oblivion, the deceived one passed the dismal night. She tried to think of the approaching dinner party, and so extract some trifling solace from the abundance of her vexations; but even here, there was a mystery that all her efforts were unable to elucidate. How could Percy possibly introduce her to so many of his friends, and still

keep their marriage secret? In her first rapturous glee, she had forgotten to ask him this, and now the thought haunted her mind.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The night was far advanced before Eswald's singular guests took their departure. At length all were gone with the exception of his confidential friend, Sackville.

The last carriage had, rolled from the door, and the two noblemen stood on the hearth-rug by the library fire alone.

Both were rather far gone towards intoxication, and were commenting pretty freely on the events of the evening, canvassing in unreserved terms the real character of the lady guests, and joking each other on their relative positions with regard to the masculine portion of the party. At length the conversation turned on Zerneen, and the probable results to the poor deluded girl from the recent disclosures which both felt certain she must have heard.

Eswald's eyes followed the direction of his friend's outstretched hands, as the latter, with trembling limbs and quivering features pointed to the extremity of the apartment, where, in the shadow of an open door-way, appeared a slight female form, draped in a long white garment, and holding back her long black hair with one hand, while she gazed with an expressionless stare on the two men.

Quite two minutes elapsed before they recovered from their alarm sufficiently to investigate the cause.

Alas, poor Zerneen! She had heard all.

No need now of circumlocution in order to acquaint her gradually with her real position! No need now of all the trashy sophistry invented for the occasion? Oh no! There was no longer occasion to gloss over to the poor girl the cruel artifice of which she had been the dupe. She knew all.

What strange fatality led her to that scene of base disclosures—what indefinite fantasy urged her on to the premature destruction of her whole fabric of happiness, it would be impossible to say; it is sufficient that the veil was torn from her eyes, that she at last understood the harrowing crisis to which, alas! vanity and folly had indiscreetly led her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

On the same night that witnessed the sad circumstances so cruelly depriving Zerneen of even the paltry semblance of love that had for a few short months buoyed up her heart, and in one fell swoop wrested from her hope, happiness, and reason, an event occurred at the Abbey of totally different tendencies, which served to augment, in a very powerful manner, the interest the pretty page had already awakened in Elwyn's breast.

The former was sitting late in the evening at the window of her own little room, meditating, as she often did, on the many singular phases of her past life, and dwelling with childish delight on the memory of some trifling incidents which had lately marked her acquaintance with Elwyn, when she perceived a man running towards the mansion shouting 'Fire!' and gesticulating violently for help. She snatched up her cap and rushed to the library, where Elwyn was engaged in looking over some accounts.

'Oh, sir! there's a fire,' she cried, bursting into the apartment; such a dreadful fire, the man says. He has come here for assistance.'

'Where is it?' exclaimed Elwyn, rising and tearing aside the window-hangings.

'Oh, I see,' he added on perceiving a bright fiery glow rising from a spot not far from the Abbey, and occupied by one of Eswald's tenants. 'It is poor old Smith's farmhouse. Run, Ulric, and tell them to get the Abbey engine ready, and then come with me; you may be of service.'

The page obeyed immediately, and the pair, accompanied by some men-servants and a few of the neighboring tenants, were soon on their way to the scene of the conflagration. It was an old farmhouse situated about a quarter of a mile from the mansion, and tenanted by an elderly man, his daughter, son-in-law, and two children.

On reaching it, they found the lower part half enveloped in fire. The old man was running to and fro wringing his hands, and helplessly regarding the only portion yet free from flames—the portico in front of the house, through which, however, dense columns of smoke issuing at intervals proclaimed its fate was imminent.

A young woman, evidently about to become a mother was lying at a little distance in the arms of a neighbour, in a fainting fit.

'Take her home, some of you,' said Elwyn to a group of women, who were assiduously endeavouring to restore her to her senses. 'It is better that she should not recover here.'

Then, turning to the old man, he inquired where his son-in-law was.

The father pointed, with a look of deepest agony, to the doorway.

'Gone for the little ones, sir,' he said, in a broken voice; 'but I be feared he's stifled he's been gone so long. Oh dear! oh dear! will nobody help my poor James?'

And the grey-headed man turned a piteous glance on the assembled people.

Two or three of them, more from shame than courage, moved towards the doorway, but ere they reached it, the son-in-law came rushing out, with a child of about two years old clinging to his neck, screaming with pain and fright.

Its little arms and legs were very much scorched, and its fair hair was singed completely off. The unfortunate father was also severely injured, but he appear-

'Father, he shall not imperil his life for me!' exclaimed the son-in-law, resolutely, and frantically endeavouring to restrain the brave-hearted man from his purpose; but the latter forced him back, and calling on some stout fellows to prevent him from following, darted through the smoke-enveloped doorway.

At this juncture a loud shriek burst from amid the crowd, and Eola rushed forward, and extending her hands towards the spot where he had disappeared, poured forth a frantic appeal to Heaven for his safety.

Her cap had fallen off, and her pale young face, and eyes upraised in earnest prayer, illuminated by the raging flames rendered her a picture worthy a painter's study.

Meanwhile the crowd held their breath with terror and suspense.

But now a loud shout from another portion of the spectators directed their attention to the house, and by the glare of the fire which was still blazing in a terrific manner in the rear, they perceived

crowd in one spontaneous sigh, and casting a despairing glance at the brave man, who, with the young child he had saved, apparently only to be immolated a few minutes later, clinging to his faithful bosom, stood pale but silent, awaiting the will of his Maker, without one twinge of remorse for any past crime to render the prospect of death more dreadful.

'He must not die—oh! he must not die!' cried the gipsy girl, wildly flinging up her slender arms towards the idol of her hidden love.

Poor child! It was a moment of the most painful excitement for her, to see the man whom she had loved for years perish in this awful manner; while she, who would gladly, willingly have died to save him from the slightest suffering, was compelled to stand by and witness his destruction.

But her love was stronger than the courage of the bravest man there; and what will not woman's love accomplish?

'Oh, no! I say he shall not die!' she repeated frantically. 'Here! a rope! I will save him, or perish with him!'

ted together, and at her request fastened about her waist, the intrepid girl prepared to commence her dangerous ascent. Pressing her cap tightly over her golden hair to ward off the large sparks which showered around her, she grasped the crumbling branches, and sprang like a cat to the aged stem. Up, up she went, now placing her tiny foot in what appeared scarcely footing for a purpose, then springing with an almost supernatural lightness to an alarming height, and now hanging by the convulsive grasp of her delicate hands, while those beneath were livid with fright, and expected every moment to see her fall senseless at their feet.

Meanwhile Elwyn hung over the window-sill in an agony of fear. All thought for himself was absorbed in anxiety for the beautiful but fragile being who was thus so unselfishly, so enthusiastically willing to sacrifice his own life to save another's. But how much greater would have been his agony had he known that that delicate form, so like a thing of air, belonged to a female; that those small but beautiful limbs, hovering so fearfully near destruction, were those



RIVER DU LIEVRE, NEAR HIGH FALLS, TWENTY MILES ABOVE THE VILLAGE OF BUCKINGHAM, COUNTY OF OTTAWA, CANADA EAST.

ed oblivious of his own sufferings in the thought of a still greater calamity.

One of the children—the elder—had disappeared from its bed; it was supposed to have awoke, and on seeing the fire, to have arisen with a view of seeking safety, and to have lost its way, or become suffocated in the smoke, which now filled almost every corner of the dwelling; for though two engines were at work, the flames had gathered so much strength ere their aid arrived, that as yet but little progress was made towards extinguishing them.

'I must find my child! I must save her!' shrieked the poor father, rushing back to the doomed house, in spite of all the efforts on his parent's and the neighbours' part to restrain him.

'No, you have done enough,' said Elwyn, intercepting him. 'Think of your wife, and this other poor infant. I will see what can be done for the missing one.'

'God bless you, sir! God bless you!' cried the old man, clasping his hands, while large tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

Elwyn standing at a garret-window with the little girl hanging on his neck. But he was gesticulating violently, and pointing behind him as if some new danger had sprung up in that direction, and barred his return; and soon a deafening crash and a momentary cessation of the fire proclaimed its nature—the staircase had fallen in.

The room in which Elwyn stood had as yet escaped the conflagration, and was only filled with a dense smoke; but now the horrified spectators perceived that flames were bursting through the crevices of the door in his rear, and stretching out their fork-like tongues within a few yards of the devoted man. His death appeared inevitable. Before him lay the open casement at a hopeless height from the ground, and behind, one fearful abyss of fire and smoke.

'A ladder! a ladder!' shrieked Eola, in a voice half-stifled with emotion and sickening fear. But two had been destroyed in endeavouring to save some of the furniture at the back of the house, and there was no other within half a mile.

'God help him!' reverently breathed the

The crowd guessed her wild intention at once, and some flew in search of the requisite rope; but the majority appeared to look upon the attempt as sheer folly, and did not stir.

'It's useless,' said one; 'nothing but a cat could find footing there.'

'And it's as rotten as a piece of tinder,' exclaimed another.

The object of their remarks was an old ivy plant, partially covering the front wall of the dwelling, but which had suffered so materially from the heat and smoke, that the whole of the lower part was stripped of its leaves, and the slender stems lay bare, and scarcely discernible against the blackened wall. Yet Eola had conceived the idea of climbing this frail plant, in order to convey a rope to the high casement. It was a feat the boldest there would have deemed it madness to attempt; but Eola had not been reared in the gipsy's tent in vain; and the fairy feet which could dance upon a cord, would not scruple to venture on a yet more fragile support, when life and happiness were at stake.

Several ropes having been securely knot-

of a woman—a woman to whom his slightest wish was law, who virtually lived in the sunshine of his smile?

The door was now partially burnt, and the hot flames were beginning to pour into the little apartment with a hissing, roaring sound, while the dense smoke accompanying their entrance rolled in huge volumes from the casement, concealing both Elwyn and Eola from view, and from each other.

Suddenly the former felt a faint grasp on his shoulder, and, putting forth his arm, encircled the body of the almost exhausted girl, and drew her through the window.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRINCE ALFRED, of England, has passed his examination for seamanship on board the St. George, and has received an acting order as a lieutenant. He will not, however, be confirmed in the rank until he passes at the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth.

MR. SALA has retired from the editorship of 'Temple Bar,' in compliance with the recommendation of his physician.

Original Poetry.

WHITHER?

BY ISIDORE O. ASCHER, MONTREAL.

Whither, O winsome maiden?
Where may thy footsteps glide?
Tripping and bounding, fearless,
With satchel by thy side;
The snow flakes fall around thee,
Unsmiled on thy way,
Thy hopes have all their beauty,
Thy thoughts are pure as they.

The scudding storm around thee,
Can't pierce thy trusting heart,
The sunshine of thy presence
Might bid its rage depart.
The wind may hoarsely murmur,
Its vague, discordant cries,
To thee, harmonious music,
It breathes, as it flies.

What cloud can dim the splendor,
Or dull the dusky light
Of eyes, whose glory shameth
The solemn oris of night?
What dark of coming shadow,
Or shade of future care,
Can pale the golden lustre
That ripples in thy hair?

Can cankering Grief pursue thee,
Or joyless hours be thine?
The mystery of thy future,
No song can e'er divine.
And thou I deem it certain,
That God sends joys to all,
On thee, I fancy, Darling,
His choicest gifts will fall.

Step lightly, winsome maiden,
Unsmiled as a flower;
For Truth and Virtue blended,
Compose thy priceless dower.
Where'er thou speedest, Darling,
Thy looks shall bring to me,
A dream, whose sweets and music
Arise from thoughts of thee!

Gossip.

PARLIAMENTARY.

After the expiration of thirteen days' time, the expenditure of an unlimited amount of tongue-power, and some ten thousand dollars of public money, the 'assembled wisdom' succeeded, on the 26th ult., in producing an address to His Excellency, in reply to his gracious speech from the throne. With such an amount of labor, the address must surely be a splendid affair, faultless in grammar, pure in diction, and a very model of chirography.

But lest the political reader may see that this inference is not legitimately drawn, it may be well to say, before going further, that I am a political ignoramus. Far sweeter to me is the musical babble of silvery brooks, than the unmusical babble of Hon. gentlemen; far more interesting to investigate the principles of national life than to shoulder a musket in the every day battle of political warfare. Against this proclivity my friend C— energetically remonstrates. Politics, he declares, must be used, until society is more advanced, as the lever to lift masses of men, to develop their dormant powers, to give intensity where there is now inanity. The man, he continues, who would be of any service in the present day, would require to be a second Luther, if he estranges himself from politics. Charmed, if not convinced by his arguments, I consented to pay special attention to the proceedings of the present Session of Parliament. My first lesson, however, has been rather bewildering than instructive. It is constantly insisted that politicians are—as they ought to be—practical men. Theory is to them an accumulation of mist and fog, rolling itself into absurd shapes, which a class of deluded mortals mistake for realities; yet here are thirteen days, and ten thousand dollars spent in preparing an address which I am told will not cover more than a few pages of foolscap—very practical men, surely!

The getting up of this address appears to be an occasion on which every imaginable and unimaginable subject is dis-

ussed, from the high principles of constitutional law, down to the dismissal of a village postmaster, in which every member has an opportunity of ascertaining the strength of his lungs and the relative amount of his knowledge. Before the address is considered fit for presentation every little legislative sparrow must hop upon his perch, flap his wings, and twitter out his reasons for the faith that is in him, occasionally in a very laughable way.

In addition to the usual attractions, the debate this Session was enlivened by some admirable mimicry by the Hon. Member for Perth. Now, there is no doubt, that in the economy of nature there are some nooks and corners intended to be filled by clowns. Delving into the inner history of old palaces, we find they played no small part in the domestic life of the royalty of other days. Fiction has its clowns in abundance, and some of them we would not lose for worlds. The travelling circus would lose much of its attraction for the gaping crowd, if deprived of its painted disciple of Grimaldi, with his funny jokes and mirth-provoking antics. Let clowns then have their due. But a Parliamentary clown! surely this is a novelty among 'grave and reverend seniors.' But of course we are a fast people, striking out improvements on every hand; and I suppose His Honorable clownship sees no reason why we should run in the old ruts of parliamentary decorum, any more than we should ride in superannuated stage coaches, or wear powdered wigs. Verily, we are a progressive people.

Should the Hon. Member for Perth lose his seat—as is threatened—I hope the House will present him with an engrossed copy of Hood's address to Grimaldi, on his retirement from the stage, a sample of which is subjoined:

'Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling,
Thou didst not "lure us to the skies"—
Thy simple, simple trade was—fooling,
And yet, Heaven knows! we could—we can
Much "better spare a better man!"

OCCASIONAL NOTES.—No. 1.

CURLING AT HAMILTON.

I write without a book of the game to refer to; no curler at my elbow; if therefore, I do not succeed in explaining it to-day, it will be made clear another day. Meanwhile if the reader can pronounce the quaint phraseology of the 'Rinks,' he may fancy he sees it. The ice is swept bare of snow over a space of forty-two yards. At each end a point called the Tee is cut with a ring around it; then wider rings outside of that. The stones, forty to fifty pounds in weight are round and flattened, and polished; the handles on top are of wood; some adorned with silver; all bearing distinctive marks. Contending clubs are divided into Rinks. Eight players make a Rink, four against four. Each player having two stones, adversaries shooting them along the surface alternately, the object of each party is to lay all of their own within the circles around the Tee and one on that coveted spot if possible. But the stone of one player may displace that of another; while his own by striking the other may itself shoot off at a tangent and go out of bounds, in which case it will not be counted among the 'shots;' or if delivered with insufficient pith it may stop short of a distance point and become a 'hog.' If so, it is contemptuously pushed aside until the next game. The life of the play is the sweeping of particles of ice or snow drift, or water if the surface be wet, from before the travelling stone. If it have a high velocity sweeping is unnecessary; but with such velocity it is likely to go over the Tee and all the rings, and perchance carry its own friends with it, making, as Mark Johnston expressed it 'an awful splutter; just a splutter.' All the players do not speak the North British vernac-

lar; but from the frequency of that dialect on the ice, a stranger is at no loss to trace the nationality of the game. The exclamation 'soop,' when interpreted, is 'sweep.'

Mark Johnston, seems to be commander of the Ancaster Thistle Club. He directs the players on his side; his emphatic speeches are delivered in Scottish Doric unadulterated. Mr. Alexander Bowers is about to send a stone scouring along, and is swinging it by the handle. He is admonished by Mark; 'Come along Sandy; come along my man; (the stone comes, but not quite as expected.) Ah! Sandy, what are ye doing? [ironically] Eh, Sandy ye're a grand curler! that stane's just thrown away. Never mind, ye'll mend that Sandy lawd? ye'll mend that.' Mr. Thomas Marshal is about to send a stone along. 'Noo, Mairshal; do ye see my broom? I want ye to guard this stane. (It comes to the spot.) Thank ye, Tam Mairshal; thank ye, Tam; thank ye, my man; that is what I ca' curlin', Tam.' Other players are heard: 'Is it the intarn?' 'Yes, it munn be the intarn.' [Mark Johnston.] 'Noo, Sandy Bowers! Sandy, lawd! Do you see this stane? Weel, I want ye just in here, (it comes,) capital; that's it; soop; soop awfu'; soop tremendous; bring it in; bring it up; soop, John Crann; capital; Sandy Bowers; ye're a braw curler, Sandy lawd!' Other curlers fill the air with their voices, and with the scouring of their stones upon the ice. The echoes of the roaring game strike upon the ear midway across the Bay, where the ice plough is tracing and cutting the surface in lines and squares of blocks, for the ice merchants, and for the summer travellers, on the Great Western Railway; where men are sawing out the squares, and jingling sleds bring away their loads at a trot, the drivers seated on the frozen lumps. Mark Johnston is to play. Thomas Marshal, at the opposite end, directs him.

'I want ye to throw at my broom Mark.' (His stone arrives.) 'Is that where ye wanted it, Tam?' 'Aye, capital; the very bit.' Mark again commands; the stone comes too fast. 'Hoot toot; toots man; far owre strong; far owre strong.' (Other players mingling,) 'too heavy; too heavy that.' [Mark again solus and Mr. Crann plays.] 'That is the stane, Maister Crann; put her i' the Tee; i' the Tee; i' the Tee; capital, John Crann, doost! the Tee; doost i' the Tee.' Mr. Alex. Bowers is again to play. 'Noo, Sandy Boors; Sandy lawd; doost in here Sandy,' (the stone comes sliding on its way) 'soop it; soop it; soop terrible; soop awfu'; soop, Maister Crann; soop ye deils! soop tremendous! That is the bit, Sandy Boors. Aye, nian, ye'll make a grand curler yet, Sandy—a famous curler, Sandy lawd.'

In the other rink cries of 'that is a hog—a hog; sweep it; a hog, sweep it! throw it away; I tell'd ye it was a hog.' The stone had not passed a certain mark, entitling it to remain in the play. Again in the same rink: 'I want that stone Tee high, Hughie; play to my broom, Hughie. (It comes,) that is a winner!' (It knocks the adversary's stones out, and itself remains in.) 'Bravo! Hooray, Hughie! that's curling.' Now what do you think of yourselves? We return to Mark Johnston.

'Noo, Tam Mairshal, I want ye to play on the first ring; just here Tam, at my broom, Tam.' As desired and designed, Mr. Marshal sends and lands his stone, at which Mark is joyous; and the echoes of the roaring game reverberate along the Great Western Wharf, and over the Emigrant Sheds. 'Tip top, Tam Mairshal; that is curling, Tam; aye man, that is real fine.' 'Noo Sandy Boors, I want ye to guard that stane; I want ye to lie there—see here, not a fit-length furer; not an inch, mind that. (It comes strong.) Hoots man, toots Sandy! what are ye doing? ye'll make a splutter, a perfect splutter, and spoil a'. No, neer a bit; no so bad, Sandy; that is no just what I bade ye do; but it is no the warst that might have happened.' Others play, and shout, and keep alive the roaring game. A white pony in

harness is munching hay, and in the sleigh is a basket and a brown jar, occasionally visited by the players in pairs or threes. On return to the rinks, some are wiping their mouths, and one says, looking towards my note-book, in which benumbed fingers refuse to do more than make crude hieroglyphics; 'a chiefs amang ye, takin' notes; and faith, he'll prent it.' Being a stranger to their names, I inquire, and am courteously informed.

It was the 23rd of February, 1863. The Thistle Club, of Ancaster, was playing against the Burlington Club, of Hamilton. The curlers were:—Rink 1, Messrs. Simpson, Addison, Murison and Laing, of the Burlington. Messrs. Johnston, Marshal, Crann and Bowers, of the Ancaster. Mr. Crann resides in Hamilton, and is a member of both clubs. Rink 2, Messrs. Gibson, Moffat, Urie and Gibson, of the Ancaster. Messrs. Jardine, Bruce, James and Wilson, of the Burlington. The latter was winner on that day by ten shots.

The following day, February 24, was fixed for a game between the Ancaster Thistle, and Hamilton Ontario Clubs, for a medal. It was won by the Ancaster, in a contest said to have excelled all common playing.

Names and particulars of that play, and an exact description of the science and philosophy of the Bonspiel, the curlers' game, will be resumed in another number of this journal.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

A RUSSIAN POLICE-OFFICE.—A letter which appears in the 'Kolokol' gives a painfully vivid idea of the way in which accused persons are treated in a Russian police-office. The writer was accused, falsely by his own account, of having distributed in a Samogitian village copies of a national hymn objectionable to the Government:—'Shortly after, I was arrested in the capital of All the Russias, and placed before the third section of His Majesty's private Chancellerie—that is but an euphemistic appellation for what should be called the central police-office. I was confronted with a spy, who deposed to my having distributed a Russian translation of Kowno. This translation I denied ever having made, printed, or given away. The Colonel, who examined me first, tried to obtain a confession by means of paternal admonition, and failing to effect this, threatened me with corporal punishment. I smiled at his malice, fancying that the age of torture had passed. Upon this he had me taken to another room, where I found four soldiers waiting for me with rods ready prepared. Again there was a paternal admonition, to which I lent a deaf ear. 'Take hold of him,' said the Colonel, the command being instantly executed by his trusty myrmidons. Another admonition, another pause. 'Now boys,' exclaimed the Colonel, 'go at him with a will.' And go they did. I received some 20 lashes, when the Colonel entreated me with a gentle voice and friendly language to yield and make a full confession. Remaining silent I was treated to another chastisement. But there must be an end to everything, and so there was in the present case. I was set at liberty immediately after, and forbidden to leave the capital, being placed at the same time under the strictest supervision of the police. At present I am an exile. Such are the consequences of coming under the attention of the third section of His Majesty's private Chancellerie.

It is said that the French Emperor will send his cousin, Prince Napoleon, to attend, as his representative, the marriage of the Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Devonshire offered one thousand pounds sterling for the bullet which was extracted from Garibaldi's foot, but failed to obtain it.

Mr. Marshall Wood has been honored with a commission to execute a second marble bust of his royal highness the Prince of Wales, to be placed in the McGill College, Montreal.

Prepare for sickness in the day of health, and for old age in thy youth.

HIS EXCELLENCY READING THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.
FEBRUARY 13TH, 1863.

The morning passed as all mornings, previous to a public demonstration, do; a good deal of excitement was manifested on the part of sight-seers generally, and the ladies in particular. The going to and returning from the House was, on this occasion, a repetition of yesterday's formula, but on a much more limited scale. The guard of honor was this time composed of a French company and the Highland rifles, who were stationed in the House, lined the passage to the Council room, where the scene represented in the sketch was enacted.

Long before the ceremony took place the gallery was well filled; but as the time approached it became so crowded that the place was quite the reverse of agreeable. And here let us take a mo-

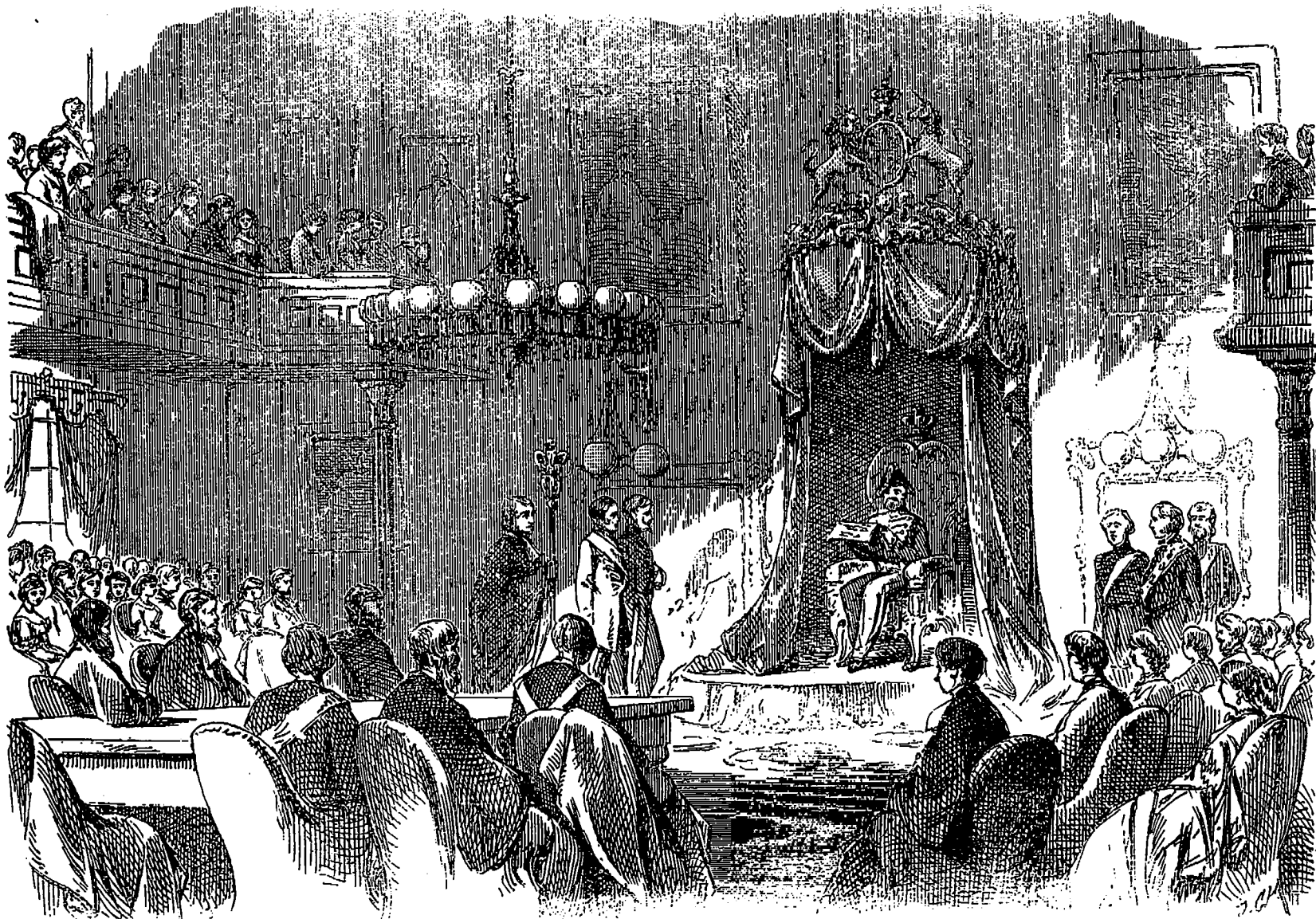
lofty, they never, I think, would relish so high a distinction. To make the absurdity more apparent, under each is placed a smaller. I wouldn't wonder some day to hear of the big one coming down with annihilating vengeance on its presumptuous little rival beneath. The next subject that attracts attention is the chair of state. It reminds one more of a great lumbering piece of bed room furniture, than the elegant and classic little structures we might naturally expect in this age of art. The color of the walls, too—a pale, sickly green, almost white—is but poor evidence of taste. And, in order, I suppose, to convey to the world our extreme and utter independence of either contrast or harmony, the color for the drapery used for the canopy is a gloomy scarlet, which also covers the throne, the table, and the desks. Pleasant this for weak eyes! In fact, whether we regard the edifice architecturally or

sink into insignificance at one touch of Nature. There dresses were, or at least appeared to be, from the distance at which I sat, of black satin high in the neck, with large full sleeves, open at the sides through which appeared under ones, of a white material.

At last His Excellency was ushered in. His uniform was dark blue, embroidered with gold; so close was the embroidery on the front of his coat that it appeared almost like a breast-plate of gold; altogether it was a most brilliant and handsome apparel. Whilst reading the speech he remained seated, keeping on his military cocked hat all the time, except when bowing to the 'Gentlemen of the Legislative Council.' Lady and the Misses Monck appeared to enjoy the scene amazingly. The military gentlemen around the throne were probably of the staff. Their uniforms considerably heightened the gaiety of the scene. The

JERUSALEM UNDER GROUND.—An account of Signor Pierotti's discoveries in the subterranean topography of Jerusalem has been published. Employed by the Pasha as an engineer he has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stands on several layers of ruined masonry, the undermost of which, composed of deeply-beveled and enormous stones, he attributes to the age of Solomon, the next to that of Zorababel, the next to that of Herod, the next to that of Justinian, and so on till the time of the Saracens and Crusaders. He has traced a series of conduits and sewers, leading from the 'dome of the rock,' a mosque standing on the very site of the altar of sacrifice in the Temple, to the Valley of Jehosaphat, by means of which the priests were enabled to flood the whole Temple area with water, and thus carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices to the brook Kedron.

The manner of Pierotti's explorations was interesting:—He got an Arab to walk up through these immense sewers, ringing a bell and blowing a trumpet, while he himself, by following the sound, was able to trace



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL CHAMBER AT QUEBEC. THE GOVERNOR GENERAL READING THE SPEECH.

SKETCHED BY ALEX. DURIE, FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

mentary glance at the apartment before proceeding further.

The room is square, or nearly so; it is lighted by means of two tiers of windows on opposite sides. The effect of this cross light is as disagreeable as it is injurious to pictorial excellence. The gallery ranges on three sides of the room, immediately under the higher row of windows, thus cancelling the brilliancy of the light below, and completely spoiling the effect above. There is also a skylight; but this only serves to increase the shadows, though it may diminish their intensity. I wish I could point to the decorative portion as a redeeming feature. Alas! I cannot.

Fancy two heavy full length portraits placed near the throne at an altitude of about ten or twelve feet—honor to whom honor is due—but such an elevation is assuredly a mistaken kindness. Be the ambition of our representatives ever so

artistically, but one opinion is obvious, namely, that it is a sad outrage upon any little good sense we may possess in our midst, and a monument to the ignorance of all concerned in the construction and decoration thereof.

Beneath the gallery were congregated the members of the Legislative Council and Assembly, with a goodly collection of wives, sweethearts, that is if they possess any, and friends. The ladies did not appear in full dress, nor did they remove their bonnets nor their furs.—Lady and the Misses Monck were however an exception, the first wore a purple head-dress, but the young ladies have set our Canadian belles the most elegant and desirable fashion of appearing in plain hair that is parted at the back, plaited and brought to the front, how much more pure, more womanly is this than the hideous wreaths the puffs, pads and false braids, now so much in vogue, but which

mace bearer, as represented in the sketch, stood at a short distance from the throne, on the left of Lord Monck. At the table, in the centre, were seated the officers of the House, in their black robes and white bands. Such is the picture of the ceremony of the 13th inst., and the Quebecers confidently predict a repetition thereof, for many years to come, in this the good old Capital of Canada.

But one item remains untold; it is to the Hon. Mr. Morris to whom you are indebted for my admission to the House, and I think my paper would be incomplete if I did not give public expression to the kind manner in which he forwarded my views. I am also indebted to Mr. Taylor, one of the chief officers, for having facilitated my procuring a sketch of the room—to him also I beg to return thanks.

ALEX. DURIE.

the exact course they took.

Some few years ago he accidentally discovered a fountain at the pool of Bethesda, and on his opening it a copious stream of water began to flow, and has flowed ever since. No one knows from whence it comes or whether it goes. This caused the greatest excitement among the Jews, who flocked in crowds to drink and bathe themselves in it. They fancied it was one of the signs of the Messiah's coming, and portended the speedy restoration of their commonwealth. This fountain, which has a peculiar taste, like that of milk and water, is identified by Signor Pierotti with the fountain which Hezekiah built, and which is described by Josephus. The measurements and position of most of these remains accord exactly with the Jewish historian's descriptions. Some of the Signor's conclusions are disputed, but no one has succeeded in so disinterring the relics of the Holy City.

I say, Brown, what a close shaver Jones is—why, he'll squabble about a farthing.' 'Well, what if he does? the less one squabbles about the better.'

THE ENGRAVINGS.

On other pages, we this week present glimpses of scenery in the county of Ottawa, Canada East, and in the county of Hastings, Canada West. The first is a view, looking down the River du Lievre, near the High Falls, about twenty miles above the village of Buckingham. The country is one of the central territories of the lumber merchants of Quebec and of Ottawa city; grand in aspect, prolific of red and white pine; boundless in water-power for machinery; the rocks possibly, very probably, as rich in the precious metals as are any rocks elsewhere in the world. Buckingham village is four miles from Ottawa River, 22 miles from the city of that name, and 105 miles above Montreal. It is a thriving place giving promise of rapid growth. It has Saw Mills, Flour Mills, and Factories of various kinds.

The other engraving is a view from the top of Mount Murney, near Stirling, in the county of Hastings, on the River Trent. Stirling is a village only twelve years old,

the busy banks of the Trent, young Stirling, Napance, and beautiful Belleville, will receive an early and special visit for observation and research, from the writer of the letters on 'Canada and the Frontier States.' Friendly readers may facilitate his object.

THE PNEUMATIC DESPATCH.—The modified revival of the atmospheric system appears to promise well, at least for the transmission of letters, parcels, and other goods. It may be a question whether it would not be the best system for underground railways in place of the objectionable locomotive. Lord Stanley of Alderley, the Postmaster-General, and Sir Rowland Hill, the Secretary to the Post-office, have officially inspected the working arrangements of the branch tube from the Easton Station to the North-Western Post-office, in Eversholt-street, previous to the transmission of the mails between these two places; the Post-office authorities having conceded this privilege to the Pneumatic Despatch Company; and on the arrival of the Postmaster-General and Sir Rowland Hill at the station, within

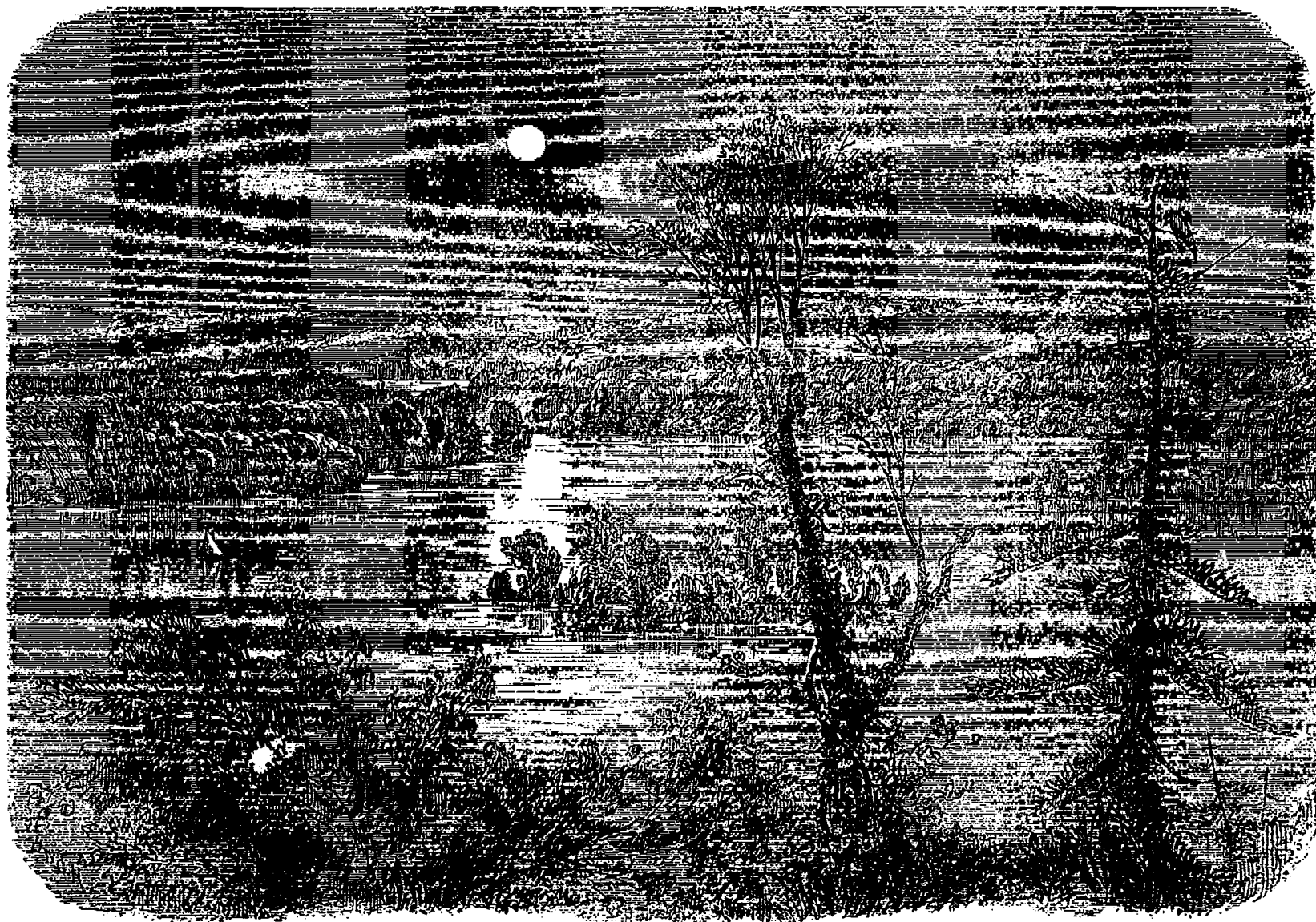
through the tube, and returned by vacuum without having experienced the slightest discomfort. The Postmaster-General observed that the system appeared from the experiments to be very satisfactory and efficient. Previous to leaving the station at Easton, Lord Stanley descended with Mr. Rammell into the air-chamber of the revolving disc, the motive power of which consists of a fifteen-horse power engine.

The next step of the company will be to lay tubes connecting the markets of London with Camden Goods Station, with a tube to the General Post-office and Pickford's depot in Gresham-street; and these operations will eventually tend to revolutionise the carrying system of the metropolis, and relieve the crowded state of our principal thoroughfares.

ARTIFICIAL INDIA-RUBBER.—In the chemical department of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society were specimens of a new and valuable invention, patented by Mr. A. Parkes, of Birmingham, and called after him, 'Parkesine.' It is a compound of oil, chloride of sulphur, and collodion, and may

mixing rolls, I produced a substance which required only the cohesive nature which exists so strongly in india-rubber. The addition of a small proportion of shellac soon gave that which was wanting; and I found in my power a material singularly like caoutchouc when worked into dough; and which could be rolled on to fabrics in the same manner and with the same facility.

Pigments could easily be added to give color, and the addition of the resins gave other or rather varied proportions of adhesion, useful as affording the means of uniting fabrics as by rubber. Fibre, whether flock or cork, mixed in and rolled into sheets, gave no samples of kamptulicon and other floor-cloths. Not only has this singular product been thus assimilated to rubber for uses on fabrics, or combined with fibre for floor-cloths: but, still more strange, it is capable of being worked with pigment and vulcanized exactly as india-rubber has been described to be, and forms a hard compound like vulcanite and ebonite, excepting that the sulphur is not necessary. It will readily be seen how valuable a substance is



VIEW FROM MOUNT MURNEY, RIVER TRENT, NEAR STIRLING, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, CANADA WEST.

but though so young, it possesses the vigor, the manhood of a town. It stands partly in the township of Rawdon, partly in Sidney; is distant from the flourishing town of Belleville, lying southerly, fifteen miles; from Trenton, also southerly, a port on the Bay of Quinte, at the mouth of the Trent river, 16 miles, and from the Marmora Iron Works, lying north-west and inland, 15 miles. Trent River is a large stream, rolling broadly, strongly, clearly over limestone beds; floating down large quantities of round, squared, and sawn lumber. The present paralysis of all kinds of trade with the United States, is felt severely in that district; but there is wealth in the soil and hope in the people. The Trent and its tributaries, will never dry. The energy of the industrial race, will live with it. Ploughing and sowing, and in the season, harvesting, sawing wood, grinding flour, timber squaring, and spinning, mining iron ore, and smelting the iron, the pioneers of the present time, will lay foundations for the profound vastness of the future. It is intended that the Iron Works at Marmora,

the boundary of the Euston Terminus, they were received by Sir Charles Rich, one of the directors; Mr. Margary and Mr. Rammell; the secretary and engineer of the Pneumatic Despatch; Messrs. Blake and Stewart, of the London and North-Western Railway, being among those present. The working arrangements were thoroughly explained by Mr. Rammell, the engineer, and trains of cars were rapidly propelled backwards and forwards through the tubes. The cars contained heavy weights; being principally loaded with stout planks; and on the signal being given by Wheatstone's telegraph, they were despatched to the other end of the tube, with a pressure of about 4 ounces, in a few seconds over a minute; the average up the incline being about 1 minute 12 seconds, returning by vacuum in 1 minute 5 seconds. The mail bags—upwards of 120 per day—will be blown through the tube in 55 seconds to the post-office, Eversholt-street; the usual time occupied by the mail carts being at present about 10 minutes. Two persons were conveyed, in presence of the Post-office authorities,

be used as india rubber and gutta percha. In its plastic state it is easily pressed into moulds; and when set becomes hard and durable. It may be produced of any color, and also made to imitate ivory. If this latter substance can be successfully imitated, Mr. Parkes will have accomplished what many men have long tried to do, and on which some have in vain sacrificed fortune and health. The inventor only shows the the article as the work of an amateur, and to give some idea of the capabilities of the material, which he says can be produced in quantities at 1s. per lb.

Allied to this is another substitute for india rubber, 'Campticon,' an invention of Mr. Frederick Walton. This remarkable substance is formed by the oxidation of linseed oil. Plates of glass are dipped into linseed oil and allowed to dry. The plates are again dipped and dried, until a sufficient film has accumulated, and then it is removed. In describing his invention, Mr. Walton says: 'I soon found that by crushing the solid oxidised oil obtained in sheets, as described in my patent, and working it thoroughly in hot

here represented: for while it possesses in so great a degree all the qualities of india-rubber, it may be produced at a much less cost. The specimens which Mr. Walton has sent for exhibition show the material in its different stages of manufacture, from the films that are removed from the glass to the masses ready for manufacture into any of the articles above enumerated—Sheffield Independent.

GREAT MEMORIES.—William Lyon, an itinerant actor, known in Edinburgh about one hundred years ago, one evening, over a bottle with some of his theatrical brethren, wagered a crown bowl of punch that the following day at rehearsal he would repeat the whole of a Daily Advertiser. He won the wager.

Mr. G. Lawrence, author of 'Guy Livingstone,' etc., has just left England for the Southern States of America. It is reported that he intends taking service under 'Stonewall' Jackson. The records of his observations are to be published in the London journal once a week.

CANADA AND THE FRONTIER STATES.

LETTERS TO OUR MOTHER COUNTRY.

NUMBER VI.

Property Qualification of Candidates of Legislative Assembly; An omission in the Consolidated Statutes; Declaration of Property as defined by Imperial Statute; By whom it may be demanded at Elections; Legislature of Canada may Alter or Abolish Property Qualification for Members of Assembly; Form of Declaration to be made by Legislative Councillors; Electors of Members to both Houses the same; The Quorum necessary to Business; Oath of Allegiance as required from Members of both Houses; The Seven Indemnity Clauses relating to Payment of Members; Something about Liberty and Taxation.

In letter III. the constitution of local and general government in Canada was described. An error occurred about the property qualification of members of the House of Assembly. The compiler of the 'Consolidated Statutes of Canada,' like many other writers, the present not always excepted, assumes his readers in search of information, to be as well informed as himself.

In caption I. of the Act of 1854, 'Relating to the Legislative Council,' the definition of a qualification for members of that House is explicit. In caption II. 'Relating to the Legislative Assembly,' the property qualification for members of that House, is not named; nor is reference, on that point, made to any other Act. I had consulted the Imperial Statute of 1840, for re-uniting the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, and found a clause defining the qualification as required in that Act; but it being followed by a clause providing that the Parliament of Canada might alter or repeal that clause; and not finding it mentioned in the Statute of 1854, while the qualification required for Legislative Councillors was full and definite, it was a natural assumption to suppose that the provision as regarded the Assembly had been repealed. 'Why not ask the first man you met in the street? He would have told you.' Would he? In all parts of Canada my researches have led to inquiries quite as simple as that, and I have found much difficulty in relying on fragmentary information so acquired.

If, therefore, well informed readers should occasionally find matters related in these Letters, 'which every one knows,' I respectfully explain, that during a literary life of considerable duration, and in the descriptive faculties, a life of some success, I have assumed a style of description and narrative, as if I, at the time of writing, were the sole depository of information then in process of conveyance to others. Moreover, the topics of one Letter may be required to illustrate others not yet written. In the present, if I seem to needlessly relate opinions on the relative merits of the Legislatures of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain, it is because there will ensue Letters from the Southern and the Western frontiers, in which the old battle-fields and causes of quarrels will be reviewed, in connection with the present great and growing interchange of railway and river commerce; and in connection with possible occurrences, political and military, which Canada may tremble to think of. It will then appear more clearly why the constituent elements of local and general governments are so persistently treated of now.

By the Imperial Act of 1840, the following declaration is to be made at the time of election by every candidate for the House of Assembly, if required by any elector, or by the returning officer: 'I, A. B., do declare and testify that I am duly seized at law or in equity as of freehold, for my own use and benefit, of lands and tenements held in free and common socage, [or* duly seized or possessed, for my own use or benefit, of lands and tenements held in fief, (or in roture, as the case may be),] in the Province of Canada, of the value of five hundred pounds of sterling money of Great Britain, over and above all rents, mortgages, charges and incumbrances charged upon or due and pay-

able out of or affecting the same; and that I have not collusively or colourably obtained a title to, or become possessed of the said lands and tenements, or any part thereof, for the purpose of qualifying or enabling me to be returned a member of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada.'

Penal Section. 'If any persons shall knowingly and wilfully make a false declaration respecting his qualification as a candidate at any election, as aforesaid, such person shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, being thereof lawfully convicted, shall suffer the like pains and penalties as by law are inflicted on persons guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury, in the place where such false declaration shall have been made.'

'It shall be lawful,' says the Imperial Act of 1840, 'for the Legislature of Canada to vary or repeal any of the provisions of this Act which relate to the property qualification of members of the Legislative Assembly.'

By the Provincial Act of 1854, 'respecting the Legislative Council,' it is provided that, 'no person shall be eligible, or shall sit or vote as a Legislative Councillor, unless he is a British subject by birth or naturalization, resident in Canada, of the full age of thirty years; and is legally or equitably seized as of freehold, for his own use and benefit of land or tenements held in free and common socage, or seized or possessed for his own use and benefit, of land or tenements held in fief, franc-alleu or roture in this Province,—of the value of eight thousand dollars over and above all debts, charges and dues,—nor unless his residence, or his lands or tenements, as aforesaid, to the value aforesaid, are within the limits of the Electoral Division for which he seeks to be or has been elected.'

And also, it is enacted that, 'the electors of Legislative Councillors shall, as regards their qualification, be the same as those of members of the Legislative Assembly, and shall vote at the places at which they ordinarily vote at the election of the latter.'

The laws relating to the elections of members of the Legislative Assembly, as regards the qualification of electors, the issue and return of the writs of election, and all the laws and offices relating to elections, shall, except where such laws are inconsistent with this Act, apply in analogous cases to elections of Legislative Councillors.'

Ten members at least, including the Speaker, to be a quorum of the Legislative Council; and at least twenty members, including the Speaker, to be a quorum of the Assembly. Without a quorum, business stops. In England, the number is forty; but business may there proceed, unless some member moves that the House be counted.

No member is to sit or vote in either the Upper or Lower House, until he has taken the oath of allegiance. If authorised by law to affirm, instead of swear, he may so do. This is the oath:

'I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear, that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, as lawful sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Province of Canada, dependant on and belonging to the said United Kingdom; and that I will defend her to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies and attempts whatever, which shall be made against her person, crown and dignity, and that I will do my utmost endeavor to disclose and make known to Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies and attempts which I shall know to be against her or any of them; and all this I do swear, without any equivocation, mental evasion, or secret reservation, and renouncing all pardons and dispensations from any person or persons whatever to the contrary, so help me God.'

Payment and Mileage for members. Act of 1854, Section 18. In each session of the Provincial Parliament, there shall be allowed to each member of the Legislative Council, or of the Legislative Assembly attending at such session, six dollars for each day's attendance, if the session do not extend beyond thirty days; and if the session extends beyond thirty days, then there shall be payable to each Member of the Legislative Council, or of the Legislative Assembly, attending such session a sessional allowance of six hundred dollars, and no more.

Section 19. A deduction at the rate of five dollars per day, shall be made from the compensation for every day on which the member does not attend a sitting of the House of which he is a member, or of any committee thereof; but each day, during the session on which there has been no sitting of such House, or on which the member has been prevented by sickness from attending any

sitting, but on which, in either case, he was in the place where the session is held, shall be reckoned as a day of attendance at such Session.

Section 20. The said compensation may be paid from time to time as the member becomes entitled to it, to the extent of four dollars for each day's attendance as aforesaid, but the remainder shall be retained by the Clerk of the proper House until the end of the Session, when the final payment shall be made.

Section 21. There shall also be allowed to each member of the Legislative Council or of the Legislative Assembly, ten cents for each mile of the distance between the place of residence of such member, and the place at which the Session is held, reckoning such distance going and coming.

Section 22. The sum due to each member at the close of any Session shall be paid to him by the Clerk of the House of which he is a member, on his making and signing before the Clerk, or Accountant of the House, a solemn declaration to be kept by the Clerk, stating the number of days' attendance and the number of miles distance for which such member is entitled to the said allowance, and the amount of such allowance after deducting the number of days (if any) which are to be deducted under the nineteenth Section of this Act; and such declaration may be in the form A. hereunto annexed, and shall have the same effect as an affidavit in the same form.

Section 23. There is hereby granted to Her Majesty out of any unappropriated moneys forming part of the Consolidated Revenue Fund of this Province, an annual sum sufficient to enable Her Majesty to advance to the Clerk of the Legislative Council, and to the Clerk of the Legislative Assembly, respectively, such sums as are required to pay the estimated amount hereinbefore mentioned.

Section 24. The Clerk of the Legislative Council, and the Clerk of the Legislative Assembly shall, respectively, account for all moneys received by them under this Act, in the same way as for moneys advanced to them for the contingent expenses of the said Legislative Council and Assembly, and they may respectively apply any surplus thereof to the payment of such contingent expenses, and may supply any deficiency of such estimated amount out of any moneys in their hands respectively, applicable to the payment of such contingent expenses.

Then it is enacted that these seven Sections may be cited as "The Members' Indemnity Clauses."

Let us briefly re-state the elements of power; the power to legislate; to govern; to impose taxes—taxes for general purposes, and for local improvements. Owners of land or houses in towns returning members, and in cities, who are assessed for local taxes on a value of not less than \$300. Tenants, in cities and towns, assessed on annual rental, or a share thereof of not less than \$30. Owners of property in counties assessed on a value of \$200; and tenants, joint or sole, at a rental or share thereof, or receiving a share of the produce of a farm, and assessed for the annual value of not less than \$20. A large proportion of all farm land in Canada being worked on shares, the adult males of nearly all families are voters. These are the electors, resident or non-resident, who by their representatives in Parliament, and in the Councils of townships, villages, towns, cities and counties, legislate and govern.

The Governor General acts here in name of Her Majesty the Queen, giving Royal assent to bills passed by the two Houses, and occasionally issuing proclamations on the advice of the Executive Council of Ministers; they chosen from Parliamentary majorities, and liable to be dismissed from office by other majorities. As the Sovereign is central sign of that mighty substance, the British Empire, so the Governor General is representative of the Sovereign and Nation in all the Imperial relations affecting Canada. They who from the States beyond the frontier indulge their reiteration of intention to 'liberate' Canada from 'Imperial domination,' may accept the assurance that the people of this Province exercise all the liberty that any political system can offer and enjoy advantages conservative and defensive, which none but the British Monarchy could confer. Had any other power than their own will that frequently led by the speculative indiscretion of individuals in municipalities, all broadly democratic, imposed burdens of municipal indebtedness on them, such as they have with open eyes, heaped upon their own heads—then, would have arisen demands for liberation and revolution, quite as justifiable as any cause of insurrection, and revolution that has ever yet arisen in any country of the world. It has therefore, proved a wise policy to allow

Canada to tax itself, and incur its own debts. But to these remarks let it be added that some of the Municipal and most of the Provincial debt, has been incurred for works of public benefit, especially township and county roads, canals and railways, which are developing, and will soon accomplish results great and beneficial.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.
Whistler at the Plough.

No CARDS.—The latest excitement in fashionable circles in London is caused by a new custom, which has, we notice, already come in vogue here, of using no wedding cards. The 'happy pair' now notify their friends of the great event, by means of an advertisement in the marriage column of some daily paper; and the words 'No Cards,' following the brief announcement, give the world to understand that no further trouble will be taken to acquaint any one of the fact. We find that various views prevail in the English weekly press as to the propriety of this new custom. Some writers—the cynical sort—recommend it as a cheap and easy way of giving the cut polite and indirect to all one's friends; some mourn over it as sweeping away another of the old customs. One writer thus speculates about the struggles and agitation through which the bride passed who first determined to dispense with wedding cards:—'The affix of 'no cards,' which is now so commonly appended to marriage announcements, is the trophy of a considerable effort of courage on the part of some unknown young lady. The bride who first conceived the idea of forcing her friends to be satisfied with receiving their knowledge of her change of state through the advertisement sheet of the Times, and to forego the luxury of learning it through the medium of shiny squares of pasteboard, must have been a woman of no ordinary mould. The mental agitation through which she must have struggled was such as only great reformers know. An Englishwoman who disregards a conventional observance, especially if she be of the middle class, possesses as courageous a soul, in her way, as the Buddhist who kills a mosquito, or the Jew who breakfasts upon sausages. But this was the least of her trials. When her own mental conflict was over, there was the public opinion of relatives and friends to be defied. With what bitter derision and affectionate insinuations was her project received in the bosom of her family! How it was talked over and over, on every possible occasion, by the simultaneous voices of all her sisters and all her female relations! Her father shook his head, and said that no good ever came of these new-fangled notions. Her mother wept and was sure it was those horrid 'Essays and Reviews' that had put these ideas into young people's heads. Her brothers curtly pronounced it to be 'confounded stingy.' Her old nurse tearfully remarked that she remembered her when she was such a dear little thing, and never did think it would have come to this; but for her part, she was quite sure that Sir Cresswell Cresswell, who was a good sensible sort of gentleman, never would allow it. But in the teeth of all these assailants, the heroic young bride, whose name is lost to history, persevered to the end; and in due time the announcement of her marriage appeared in the paper, with the fateful words 'No cards' attached. And thus the first blow was given to that great card-ceremonial upon which English social life reposes. Many others have since followed in her steps; but they are only imitators and disciples. They have not led the forlorn hope of English respectability. They have not done that of which it could be said, 'My dear, nobody ever did such a thing before.'

The London papers mention the fact that the poet-laureate (Tennyson) has completed two new poems, 'Bardicca,' and 'Enoch the Fisherman,' and that the latter is a dramatic poem, worked out in powerful and even harrowing detail.

MARGARET.

CHAPTER I.

She was alone now! It was the day after the wedding; not much more than a year after the last burying. Margaret Woodford was quite alone now: the last of her kin, her own little sister, had left her yesterday, for a new life and a new home; all the rest had left her, one by one, at short intervals, for the churobyard.

Yesterday had been a bustling day; this morning she was weary: it was no matter, she had nothing to do but to rest; there was no one to work for, care for, think for; no one to soold or caress: as it was to-day, so it would probably be through all the days of her life, and she was not old yet.

As Margaret sat in the sunny window of the little breakfast parlor—the only small room in the old rambling house—the eyes that seemed to look at outward things were almost sightless, vision was drawn inward: she thought she did wisely in striving to grow familiar with the future: we often fancy ourselves wisest when we are only saddest, least hopeful, least faithful, most foolish.

The spring was fair and forward, and the April morning, in its quiet warmth, seemed more like one of early summer. The orchards that lay between the garden and the meadows were in bloom; in the copses, on the hillside, the larches had long been green, the silver poplars were in leaf; the sun glistened brightly on the still bare boughs and swelling buds of ash, beech, oak, and hazel, giving a twinkling sheen to all wooded places. They were many. Some hundred years ago, there had been nothing but forest where fair meadows now sloped towards the river, and on the uplands where now lay the harvest-fields. Groups of noble trees, towering here and there above dense underwood, testified to what had been. The shallow spot in the river was still called the Wood Ford, though the woodman's axe had laid it open to the sun fifty years before. Spring at Sunny-slope was rich in wild-flowers; primroses studded every bank, the ridges in every steep meadow; the hedges were blue with scented violets; cowslips, in close neighborhood, nodded to each other in the fields, of which the butter-cups had not yet taken possession; wood anemones, wild hyacinths, golden kingcups, and the early purple 'orohis, clustered in every dell and dingle.

The scene overlooked by the window in which Miss Woodford sat was lovely, and of a Sabbath-like quietness. None of its sweetness, or beauty, was in the face that gazed upon it: an expression too sullen and heavy to be simply mournful; an ashen sallowness of complexion, telling of 'sad and stagnant blood;' inky shadows beneath the eyes, too black to be merely cast by long dark lashes, made the face absolutely plain, in spite of its delicate features.

The Manor House crowned a gentle eminence, overlooking valley, wood and water; the church stood close beside it. The only sounds that reached Miss Woodford, save the singing of birds and of the brook hurrying to the river, freighted with snow-white and pinky petals from the orchard, were from the Great Farm, half a mile distant. It was the clang of the noonday bell at the Great Farm that at length roused Margaret from her sombre musing; she rose, gave a dreary look round the room, over the sunsteeped landscape, at the unclouded sky, then said aloud:

'Only mid-day! What shall I do all the afternoon and evening of this day, of every day, of my whole life—they will be all alike—no pain, no pleasure, no care or joy, or hope or happiness! I wish I were old—very old—I should not mind then!'

The words sounded the more dreary for being quietly spoken, without any passion; the face looked the more dreary

for the beauty of its large dark-grey eyes.

Conscious that she was cold, Margaret went into the garden. She paced up and down a turf-path, bordered by straggling nut-bushes, which met overhead, but, being bare, did not keep off the sun. It poured down upon the uncovered brown hair, at which the nut-bushes clutched now and then. She was faint and giddy when, at her usual dining-hour, she was called into the house.—She took her place, glancing at the vacant one opposite her as she did so, drank a glass of water, and tried to eat. Then, when all was cleared away, and the servant had left the room, she still sat at the table, supporting her head on her hand, and gazed out as she had done in the morning. She started, when, by and by, the comb slipped from her loosened hair, and fell to the ground. Neatness was habitual enough to be mechanical; the luxuriant hair uncoiled itself; she went upstairs to arrange it afresh.

She had to pass the open door of the room that had been her sister's; she paused, and went in. It had not yet been put in order. She wandered round it, looking at and touching this and that. She took up the flowers her sister had worn yesterday, and smelt them; they were still fragrant. She lifted up a tiny glove from the floor; it was clean and new; she wondered if Clara had its companion. She looked at a discarded dress hanging up in the closet, and tried to remember to whom Clara wished it should be given. She shed no tears; nothing seemed to come near her, to touch her. She passed into her own room, dropped down on a chair, and sat staring at a water-colour sketch of Clara, till a parting sunbeam, stealing along the wall, fell on the picture, and gave a lifelike glow to cheek and lip.

'That dreadful clock!' she muttered presently. Having once noticed the measured sound which marked the slow course of heavy hours, its voice became an intolerable irritant. Throwing a black cloak round her, over the black dress which she had mechanically resumed that morning, she went out. The sun had set. there was a rosy glow over everything; it tinted the snowy pear-blossoms, and deepened the pink on the apple-blossoms, and; rose-colored clouds dappled the sky north, south, and east; in the west, long streaks of gold and crimson lay quiet on a ground of pearly gray. The evening was perfectly calm, just dewy enough to bring out the full fragrance of every flower and shrub.—the air was laden with odours of richly perfumed hyacinths, almond-scented laurel-blossoms, the spicy sweetness of sweet-brier, and the homely fragrance of wall-flowers. She crossed the little bridge over the brook into the orchard, and passed through a gate into the churobyard. Screened by the crumbling church and a decaying yew, she sat down amid the graves of her kindred. Near where she knelt had been laid long ago her own and Clara's mother; her father's sickly second wife and five little children, who had failed one by one, whom Margaret had nursed and tended unweariedly, but had never loved much, lay there too.—Then the last buried, her father, lay there—her father, who had never shewn her much tenderness, but whom she had secretly idolised, as he had openly idolised Clara.

To-night her heart would rapturously have welcomed the least loved, the least kind of all the lost ones.

It had grown dark while Margaret sat there, but the young moon was up and shining in a cloudless sky, when, as the church clock struck nine, she rose, stiffly and feebly, and turned homeward. She found neither fire nor lamp in her sitting room; the urn, which had been put on the table at the usual hour, stood there still, quite cold. She rang for a light, and went up to her own room. As she laid her throbbing head on her pillow, she said: 'If sleep proves a faithful friend, coming to bed will be the least

dreary thing in my life; but then the waking every morning to a long blank day!'

But next morning, a letter from Clara lay on the breakfast-table. It breathed the very breath of happiness, and yet many a pretty, tender phrase betrayed how the young wife's heart longed after the sister who had been for her as a mother and sister in one.

'Thank God that she is happy!' said Margaret. The simple thanksgiving was sincere enough to make her heart feel lighter; yet it was a difficult task to write the begged-for lines and not allow any expression of her own dreariness to creep into them.

'A dry, old-maidish epistle!' was the comment of Clara's husband upon the brief letter which had been elaborated with heed that no tears should fall on the paper, that no bitterness should peep out of any phrase.

It was yet early in the morning when Clara's note had been re-read many times, and the answer lay ready for the post. Long ago, when, with needlework, nursing, and teaching, she had hardly ever had one whole hour in the day to herself, a quiet life of leisure for thought and study had been Margaret's ideal of a happy life. She remembered this now with a self-pitying smile, as she glanced at her book-shelves, and found no volume that she cared to take down.

The day passed somehow: it was not much better than yesterday, and she saw no reason why to-morrow—any to-morrow—should be. She envied the girls and women who worked in the fields. Rough, rude, dirty, and ignorant as they were, they had their daily toil, and most of them, fathers and mothers, or husbands and children, to go home to at night. It occurred to Margaret to wonder if she could do any good among those girls and women—if she could make them less rough, rude, dirty, and ignorant; but there was a barrier to any such undertaking which seemed to her insurmountable. With her own shyness and reserve, she did not think she could enter strange houses uninvited; then too, she had no confidence in her own powers to influence others. And why should she strive to make more like herself those whom she thought so much happier?

Margaret passed by the kitchen as she went out that evening. It was the most cheerful room in the house Hannah and Richard, her old servants, looked as comfortable as possible, one on either side the fire, while through the window she saw their daughter and her privileged 'friend' admiring the fine double-stocks in the kitchen-garden. Margaret wandered down the orchard, down the meadows, thence to the top of the Knoll. She seated herself on a felled tree, and, as she watched the sunset, her thoughts took an unwonted direction. Margaret was thirty, and had never been 'in love.' In her youth, she had 'had no time for such nonsense.' Perhaps this was the first time that anything like tenderness had mingled with her recollection of the one lover whom she had unhesitatingly rejected so long ago! If she had loved James Grant, she would then still have rejected him, for she believed herself at that time quite indispensable to the comfort of her father's household. This lover of hers had gone abroad directly after his rejection; she had not heard of him since, and had very seldom thought of him. No doubt, he was married, and had forgotten her long ago.

The sun had set; the primroses on which Margaret's eyes were fixed were only pale specks of light when she moved to go home.

Sitting by the fireside alone, a book she had no interest to read lying on her knees, her thoughts returned to the same subject. She wondered if James had remembered her long; she believed that the manner of her rejection might have been more gentle; she had not thought then as she thought now, that a woman

ought always to be humbly grateful for affection, even when she cannot pay love for love. Margaret did not not think that she could ever have loved any one more than she had loved Clara, but she had been obliged to give up the first place in Clara's affections. She thought that it must be inexpressibly sweet to have the first, best love of a faithful heart; she thought that a life spent in the service of one so loving would be inexpressibly delicious!

In her dreams that night she was a girl again. She stood by the brook on a summer evening, enjoying the fragrance of new-mown hay, and by her, with fervent face and eyes of love, stood James Grant, pleading with her in soft speech, which troubled and woke her.

CHAPTER II.

Farmer Hale smoked his evening pipe, sitting in the stone porch of the house of the Great Farm. The house was a gray, many-gabled structure, deeply incrustated with mosses and lichens. It was older than the Manor House, stood on a higher hillside. Without, it had a somewhat dreary look, but within it was very cozy—cool in summer, warm in winter. The yards and farm buildings were all behind; in front, sloping to the south, was the quaint garden; on one side, a green, beneath a group of magnificent witch-elms; on the other—the eastern side—seven gigantic decaying pines clustered together, and kept imprisoned a wild-spirit, which never ceased, more or less loudly, to bemoan its fate.

The farmer's wife came out for a breath of the fresh evening air, and stood beside her good-man; the smoke from his pipe did not spoil the scent of the stocks and wall-flowers for her.

After a long, cogitative gaze at his companions' face, the farmer removed his pipe from his mouth, and shook his head.

'You must have sum 'un to help 'ee nuss him if he don't soon take a turn,' he said; 'you be growing quite nash and peaky-looking.'

Mrs. Hale was gazing across the meadows towards the Manor House; when she spoke, it was apparently not much to the purpose.

'Here's Miss Woodford coming; she's crossing the high meadow. I've not set eyes on her since the wedding; she'll have been dreadful dreary, I'm thinking.'

'Ay, it's special bad for the women to live alone; I've allers said so. She with nought to do, too. She'd be a main bit happier if she had her bread to work for.'

'The Lord tries some in one way, some in another; some, seemingly, in all ways. She'd a hard time of it in Madam Woodford's life, and through the squire's sickness. They were none too well to do, neither, when there were such a many of them.'

'That's true. It was nothing but a sweet, purty face of her own Miss Clara had when the tall gentleman came south after her. Well, I'll be off; Miss Woodford don't want me.' So saying, the farmer was about to walk through the house, and into the yard by the back door; but his wife begged him to go round by the green, lest the smoke should get up stairs and annoy the sick gentleman.

Mrs. Hale met Margaret at the gate from which a paved walk, between borders edged with London pride and gay with tulips, led to the porch. Welcoming her heartily, she conducted her to the right-hand parlor, a pleasant room, with many lattices, opening south and west, on to the garden and the green, and furnished with handsome decaying oak, which some tasteless Madam Woodford had discarded from the best rooms of the Manor House.

'I should have made bold to step up and see you, and ask news of Miss Clara—Mrs. Montague, I should say—but that the sick gentleman has been so

bad I didn't like to leave the place,' began Mrs. Hale.

'I know you are always busy,' answered Margaret absently. 'I, who have nothing to do, ought to have come to you, to tell you about Clara, and to thank you for all the good things you sent for the breakfast. I have not been well.' She looked ill, old, plain; much altered since Mrs. Hale last saw her.

Mrs. Hale expressed her sincere sorrow, consoled with her visitor on her loneliness, heard all she had to tell of her sister, and then went off into a long chat about her own affairs. 'The sick gentleman' was often alluded to; but it was no unusual thing for invalids to lodge at the farm, and Margaret was too listless to have any curiosity about this particular sufferer.

By and by, Mrs. Hale begged to be excused for a moment; the kitchen clock warned her that it was time 'he' had his medicine. She came back with a mournful look on her pleasant face.

'Is the gentleman worse?' asked Margaret, who had looked from the open window at one particular monthly rose during the whole time of Mrs. Hale's absence, and yet could not have told that Mrs. Hale's roses were already in blossom.

'He's not long for this world; I'm afraid he's only come here to die,' returned Mrs. Hale, brushing her hand across her eyes. 'He's too good to live, Miss Woodford, so patient and so grateful for the least kindness; and who could help being kind to him, I wonder? Let me see, it was just after Miss Clara's wedding he came; he was taken dangerously ill next day. Miss Woodford, ma'am, she went on, after a brief pause, 'I have it in my mind to ask a favor of you: may I make so bold?'

'I shall be very glad if I can do anything for you, Mrs. Hale.'

'Do you think now'—and the farmer's wife spoke coaxingly—'that you could come up now and again, of an afternoon—that's his best time—and read to the sick gentleman a bit? He's always a wearying his poor head trying to read to himself.'

Margaret looked blank, and visibly shrank from compliance.

'It's troubling you too much, and taking up your time!' Mrs. Hale said regretfully.

'It is not that,' said Margaret; 'my time is of no value; but for an entire stranger! I shouldn't like to do it, Mrs. Hale.'

'I am sure you would not mind him; he is quite a gentleman.'

'The gentleman might not like it—might not wish it,' said Margaret, secretly hoping such might be the case.

'May I mention that a lady I know could come and read to him now and then, and ask if he would like it? I won't mention who you are.'

Margaret said 'Yes,' because she was ashamed to say 'No.'

Mrs. Hale went up stairs at once. She returned with an answer, delicately and courteously worded, expressing the invalid's gratitude for the charitable offer and his eagerness to avail himself of it.

Mrs. Hale asked Margaret to come on the next day; she had no notion of delay. As, soon after, she stood at the gate watching her guest out, of sight, the farmer's wife smiled to herself in a complacent manner.

Margaret's interest had not been awakened; her homeward step was weary and listless. She wondered, just a little, if Mrs. Hale's request were not a strange one; then she thought: 'I am middle-aged now; I look older than I am. I may use the privileges of mature years. I ought to be glad to be of use to any one, but it will be very disagreeable.'

She woke next morning with a sense of something impending; but a letter

came from Clara and drove the matter out of her head.

Probably she would altogether have forgotten her engagement, had not a message from Mrs. Hale in the course of the afternoon reminded her that she was expected. It was already rather late.—She put on her shawl, bonnet, and gloves hastily, and walked fast to the farm.

Mrs. Hale was on the watch.

'I am very glad you are come, ma'am,' she said. 'Sick folks are like children; it's very hard for them to give up anything that's been promised them. He'd have been terribly disappointed if you hadn't come.'

Leading the way up stairs, Mrs. Hale continued: 'He has the two big south rooms. He's dressed, and on the sofa in the sitting-room to-day. He fainted right off when all was done, but he's had a good sleep since.'

Mrs. Hale paused to take breath before she knocked at the door. Margaret felt very shy; she was glad to find the room dim. It was large and low; the small lattice-windows, shaded by creepers and set deep in the massive wall, did not admit much light, and the afternoon was cloudy.

A wood-fire burned on the hearth; but the head of the couch on which the invalid lay was drawn back into a recess, out of the light and heat. Margaret supposed that the stranger made a movement as if to rise, for Mrs. Hale said as she hurried to his side; 'The lady will go away, and not come again, sir, unless you lie quite. We won't have no politeness, if you please—will we, ma'am?'

'I should be very sorry to cause any disturbance—that any exertion should be made on my account,' said Margaret.

When Margaret spoke, the invalid, who had closed his eyes for a moment, opened them, and fixed them on his visitor. She had turned towards the window. Mrs. Hale followed her there to set a low chair and a footstool for her. The light fell on her, but she had not removed her bonnet and veil.

After a few moments—after a few courteous sentences of the invalid's had been reported to Margaret by Mrs. Hale, who was close to him, and answered by Margaret with less embarrassment than she expected to feel—Margaret began to read the book which the patient had been trying to read to himself. Mrs. Hale sat by him, knitting; Margaret, in the window, was at a considerable distance.

'Isn't it too hard a book, sir? You listen so eager, you'll make your head bad,' Mrs. Hale said by and by, taking advantage of a pause.

'O no! But ask the lady if she is not tired or cold. Beg her to come near the fire—to say if she does not like the book.'

'I like the book, and I am quite warm enough,' said Margaret, and went on reading.

She had a clear and sweet voice, rather deep-toned for a woman's—a soothing voice, and yet the stranger did not seem to find it soothing. He moved his head from side to side restlessly, and Mrs. Hale noticed that his cheeks were flushed, and that his eyes glistened.

At the next pause she rose. 'You want your tea, sir? I'll get it directly.'

'There is no hurry. Do not trouble to go down on purpose; you take so many, many journeys for me,' the invalid said faintly; then, conscious that Margaret was rising also, he added: 'Ask the lady not to go yet. Beg her to sit nearer the fire, and to take some tea with me.'

Margaret seated herself closer to the hearth. She would have continued reading but the stranger, sure that she must be tired, began to talk. Suddenly, the weak voice failed in the middle of a sentence.

Margaret rose, and went softly towards his couch. His eyes were closed, his

head thrown back, and a deathly pallor was over his face. One moment she stood irresolute: just as she was turning to call Mrs. Hale, the closed eyes opened. A glass of water stood on the table; she brought it to him; he drank, and smiled thankfully. 'Do not tell Mrs. Hale. I am weak to-day; but it is nothing,' he said.

The dark, soft eyes—the only beauty of a plain, wasted face—looked up into hers with an irresistible expression of appeal and confidingness. 'Pray, come again, whatever Mrs. Hale says,' he added; 'promise to do so please.'

She supposed that he was feverish by the eagerness of his manner. As she answered, drawing back to her former position: 'I will come again if you wish it, if it does you no harm; I am glad to be of use to any one,' Margaret felt a warm glow come into her face, and was glad of the increased dimness of the room.

There was a pause. It was broken by his saying: 'Give you much trouble; but would you kindly open a window? I want to hear the thrushes in the pear-tree.'

Margaret complied, and stood beside the casement listening to a song which appeared to her unusually sweet.

'How delicious,' he said, softly, 'the fragrance of the garden comes across to me! But how I long to go out! Please close the lattice now. Mrs. Hale is coming, and we do not agree about fresh air.'

The room was so dusk, and they stood so far off, that they could hardly be said to exchange a smile; but yet each felt that the other smiled, and that they were no longer as strangers.

Mrs. Hale entered with the tea, and Margaret tried to slip quietly away; but the invalid saw her movement.

'The gentleman thinks, ma'am, that it is too late for you to walk across the meadow alone. Mark will be proud to go with you,' Mrs. Hale said.

Margaret shook her head decidedly, and departed. She enjoyed the homeward walk, the dusky fragrance, and the perfect quiet, as she had not enjoyed anything for a long time.

She thought over all that had passed at the farm; lingered out-of-doors, and forgot, till she entered the house, how dreary she was. She read that evening a book which the invalid had spoken of; it had been given her by Clara's husband a long time ago, and had remained unent till now. She became interested, sat up late, and slept well when she went to rest.

CHAPTER III.

'I doubt if I ought to let you go up to-day,' said Mrs. Hale, meeting Margaret; 'but the gentleman begs so earnest, that I won't hinder you. He had a bad, tossing night, and was fevered this morning. Have you ever heard of any one of his name, ma'am—Whityear? He knows a deal about Sunny-slope, and all these parts; and one night, when he was very bad, he spoke of having come home too late, only in time to die.'

'I do not know the name. It is not a name belonging to this part of the country,' answered Margaret.

'Perhaps you could read a bit easier-like sort of a book,' suggested Mrs. Hale, as she led the way up-stairs. Margaret was earlier to-day, and the day was brighter. As they entered, she could see with what a radiant look Mr. Whityear stretched out his hand.

'I cannot think of one who is so kind as a stranger,' he said, as she gave him hers. 'I was sorely afraid Mrs. Hale would keep you away.'

He asked Mrs. Hale presently to request Margaret to take off her bonnet. As she did so, she was conscious that she was intently watched. Turning to lay it down, the sun smote her brown hair, and irradiated her face.

According to Mrs. Hale's suggestion, the somewhat dry book of yesterday was not resumed. The sick man had many books, the works of many poets especially; some of the latter of these quite unknown to Margaret. 'In Memoriam' was opened by her for the first time that day. Her listener appeared to know it by heart. He asked her to read from it one favourite poem after another; they seemed to her strongly and wonderfully beautiful—key-notes to an unknown depth within her own heart and soul.—Presently he asked for one which she could not at first find. He repeated it, and several succeeding ones. They seemed to her the best of all—ininitely lovely and touching; tears rose to her eyes, and colour to her cheeks, as she listened, with suspended breath, to the low, sweet voice.

Mrs. Hale had gone away, the truth being that she was afraid of falling asleep. Margaret opened the window unasked, when the musical voice was silent; they both listened to the song of the thrushes in perfect quiet. Margaret did not look towards the invalid; she knew that he was looking at her; she was ashamed of the tears that she could not repress—tears of a sweeter sadness than she had ever experienced.

When Mrs. Hale approached, Margaret having closed the window, met the look of the sick man with a twilight smile of her own, and rose to go away; she pressed her hand in leave-taking; he pressed it, and added a fervent 'God bless you and comfort you!' to his good night. He had seen her tears.

'Take "In Memoriam" with you—you will like to read it this evening,' he said. She thanked him, and as she walked home with the book held closely against her as something precious which she loved, she felt in a bewildering dream; it was impossible for her to believe that she had to-day seen Mr. Whityear for the second time in her life only; he had spoken to her and looked at her to-day as no one else had ever done, and every tone of his voice in its languid sweetness seemed familiar as remembered music to her innermost heart.

And Mr. Whityear?

'I cannot understand it; but it is she!' he said softly, as the door closed after Margaret. 'What was the Christian name of the Miss Woodford who was married the day I came here?' he asked of Mrs. Hale.

'Clara, sir.'

'How can that be? Clara Woodford died six years ago. When I was in Ceylon, I saw her death in an English paper.'

'Ah! that was little Clara, Miss Woodford's half-sister, sir.'

'I think I am too anxious to get strong!' Mr. Whityear observed to Mrs. Hale next morning. 'I have hardly slept to-night for thinking—of the future.'

It was a sultry, oppressive day; expectation seemed to harass her patient. Mrs. Hale was glad that Margaret came early in the afternoon. After her arrival he grew more composed, but was evidently languid and exhausted. It was a busy day with Mrs. Hale; she left them together. Mr. Whityear had requested Margaret to sit near him—he could not speak loud, he said. When, in a pause of her reading, she looked up and saw that he slept, she let her voice sink to silence gradually, then she sat still and mused. Her eyes were irresistibly drawn towards the worn face of the sleeper—such a happy child's smile dwelt upon the mouth, she wondered of what he was dreaming.

As she gazed, a strange thought entered her heart—if she were sister, mother, wife, anything to him—how dearly she should love him! She rejoiced in his peaceful sleep as tenderly as a mother in that of a suffering child: she would have liked to hush every bird in the garden. In time, a longing was born

of the thought that had come into her heart that afternoon—a longing that she were something to him—that she had a right to lay her hand caressingly upon the brow lined with thought and pain—to press her lips on those violet hollows beneath the dark-fringed lids. As day by day she became better acquainted with the gentle-heartedness of the sufferer, experienced his tender gratefulness, and witnessed his thoughtful consideration for those around him, all she did for him became more and more completely a service of love.

One day when it rained, softly but without intermission, the whole day through, Margaret found herself on the way to the Great Farm all the same; she had not even asked herself should she go or stay: to stay would have been to make a dreary blank in her own day, and she had reason to believe, in Mr. Whityear's also.

The sweet soft wind gave a slight bloom to her cheek, which deepened to a blush, when Mrs. Hale met her with an exclamation of well-affected, if not genuine wonder: 'I didn't look for you today, ma'am. Mr. Whityear has said many times that the weather would prevent your coming. However, he told me that some one was at the gate before I heard any noise, and begged me, if it was you, to be sure you didn't keep on anything damp.'

'I rather enjoy a walk in the rain, now and then. This rain is very welcome,' Margaret replied, as Mrs. Hale relieved her of her wet cloak and hood.

They went up stairs; the look that welcomed Margaret would have repaid her for a walk in far worse weather.—Just as her hand was in the invalid's, Mrs. Hale said: 'It was her, you see, sir, and don't she look like the garden, all the better for a shower?'

The weak, slight fingers detained Margaret's in a close clasp. Her downcast glance met Margaret's rather than his words gave from Mrs. Whityear's eyes. She blushed again, turned away, sat down near the window, played with the pages of a book, and felt as if she had lost her own identity: happy, bewildered, ashamed, and proud.

That evening, Mrs. Hale was called away, just as she was about to give the invalid his tea. 'May I trouble you, ma'am?' she said to Margaret, and bustled off.

Margaret went to the table: she was pouring the thick yellow cream into the cup, when—

'Margaret!' a voice behind her cried—a low voice, deep, yet tremulous. A feeling of the unreality of all around came over her. She was young again; she stood by the brook in her father's garden at evening, inhaled the fragrance of new-mown hay, and was startled by James Grant's voice pronouncing her name. She set down the cup she held, and leaned upon the table, faint and bewildered.

'Margaret!' the voice was weaker, more tremulous; she waited to hear it a third time; it was sad and plaintive then. She turned: it was Mr. Whityear who spoke; he had half risen from his couch; his eyes sought hers; his hand was extended. She was drawn towards him by the longing in his face, by her own heart. As she put her hand in his, she said simply, and yet so perplexedly: 'Who are you?'

When he answered, 'James Grant,' she knelt down beside his couch, and let herself be enfolded closely by his arms.

Mrs. Hale returned; the tea was cold and untasted. Margaret sat in Mrs. Hale's chair, close to the couch; the patient clasped Margaret's hand with both his, and his face was turned towards her. Margaret disengaged herself and rose; smiling tremulously, she said: 'I have found an old friend with a new name. The tea is cold—you must let me make fresh.' She kissed Mrs.

Hale's cheek and escaped; when she returned, it was easy to see that she had been weeping; such tears as are only shed once in a life-time—overflowings from a deep cup of blessedness.

'To-morrow afternoon is a long way off,' James Grant said, as Margaret bade him good-night.

'May I come in the morning Mrs. Hale? or will it be too tiring for your patient?' Margaret asked humbly. She received permission to come at eleven.

Margaret walked home. The rain was still falling; the meadows were sodden; the air was chilly; heavy mists rose from the river and spread over the whole landscape. It was nothing to Margaret; she had a summer in her heart—she knew that she was loved, that she had been loved, first, last, and best, most faithfully, for years; for her everything had a new aspect; not one thought or feeling of to-night had been hers a month ago! Life, death, time, eternity, religion, and love, were words with other significations than they had had for her a month ago. Yet she was not joyous. Mrs. Hale's words of sad foreboding, spoken to indifferent ears some weeks since, were recalled now: they tempered her happiness, but they did not trouble her peace; out of gratitude so new and deep arose a new and deep faith.

She went to the churchyard; the gentle rain had not penetrated the thick foliage of the great yew; and she knelt beneath it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SUMMARY.

Our Parliamentary summary for the week will be short, not because the M. P. Ps. have been idle, but their doings have this week taken the form of the practical. Having tried the strength of their lungs and proved their adherence to party, (for we fancy that principle has often little to do in the matter, over the debate on the address,) they seem to have set to work. A large number of notices of bills, of enquiries of Ministers, and motions of all kinds, have been placed on the Book, so a busy Session is in prospect.

As the Intercolonial railway and the opening up of the Northwest, are subjects of deep importance to the country, and likely to occupy the attention of both Houses, explanations were given by M. Sicotte, one of the delegates to the Imperial authorities.

His statement shows plainly that the feelings of all the delegates, after the whole subject was fully discussed, in presence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, were unanimous against the requirement of a sinking fund, and in proof of the statement, he mentioned that Mr. Howe, one of the delegates, had written subsequently very strong on the subject, declaring that a sinking fund would give no end of trouble and embarrassment. It was moreover stated on this point by Hon. Sandfield Macdonald, that at the conference held last September to arrange the terms on which the three Provinces ultimately agreed, it was distinctly understood that there should be no sinking fund for the amount of the Imperial guarantee.

The negotiations with reference to the opening up of the Northwest, were also referred to by M. Sicotte, and the present position of the subject defined. He was listened to with marked attention, which showed the deep interest that all parties took in the subject.

Our space will not permit of more being said at present, but we will return again to the subject.

EUROPEAN NEWS, with the exception of the Insurrection in Poland, and the marriage of the Prince of Wales, have little of interest. The former, appears to have assumed a more threatening aspect than was at first supposed, but that the Poles will be able to throw

off the yoke of hated Russia, or better their condition, few suppose. It shows, however, how deep rooted is the longing for freedom, and what men will not undertake to gain it.

In England the preparation for the Heir-apparent's marriage, is engrossing public attention, to the exclusion of almost every thing else. The Lord Mayor of London has given an opportunity to the Anti-slavery orators, to show their detestation of that system, in windy speeches, spiced with bitter invectives, by having invited Mr. Mason to a banquet at the Mansion House.

Meetings still continue to be held in various parts of the country, approving of Lincoln's policy on the slave question.

AN HONEST FACE.

One day when the Caliph Omar was sitting in council with the companions of the Prophet, and great men of his time, two young men appeared before him, leading a third, whose beauty attracted general attention. Omar gave them a sign to approach, and one of the two, who held the third, spoke to the following effect:—'We are two brothers, whose happiness it was to have a father, who, for his virtues, was esteemed by the whole tribe. He was in the habit of walking in his garden to enjoy the air, and this young man killed him there. We have apprehended him, and brought him hither for the purpose of receiving from you the right of retaliation.'

'Answer to this,' said Omar to the young man, who stood before him with the greatest calmness, retaining a placid and guiltless countenance; and he proceeded with great natural eloquence to defend himself thus:—

'They are right: yet hear me commander of the faithful. I belong to a Bedouin family, who wander about the desert. One of our young and finest camels approached the wall of the city, to crop the tender branches of a tree that hung over it; an old man appeared above the wall and rolled down a huge stone, which crushed my young camel; he sunk down beside me, dead. In my rage I seized the stone, and flung it back toward the wall, when it struck the old man who had killed my camel. The blow was mortal; I sought to save myself by flight, but these two young persons apprehended, and have brought me before you.'

'Thou hast confessed thy crime,' said Omar, 'the punishment of retaliation awaits thee.'

'I am ready to endure it,' replied the young man, 'but I have a younger brother, whom our father on his death-bed particularly recommended to my care. The property, which by inheritance, falls to him, lies buried in a spot known to none but myself. If you cause me to be put to death before I have delivered it to him, you will hereafter, O commander of the faithful, have to answer for the loss of his inheritance before God. Grant me but three days to do this business in.'

When Omar had reflected for a moment, he said: 'But who will be responsible for your return?'

The young man pointed to Abizar, one of the members of the council, who, with no other security than the confidence which the physiognomy of the young man inspired him with, consented to become his guarantee.

The third day was almost at an end, and the Bedouin came not yet. The two brothers began to demand with a loud voice the blood of the man who had taken upon himself to answer for the murderer's return.—The companions of the prophet opposed it; but the severe Omar pronounced sentence that the life of Abizar should be taken if the young man returned not before the setting of the sun. At that very moment he reappeared, breathless with haste, and in profuse perspiration. 'I have,' said he, 'put my brother's money in safety, pardon me if the excessive heat has retarded me more than I expected.' 'Commander of the faithful,' said Abizar, 'I have been security for this youth without having known anything of him, and inspired with confidence in him solely through his honest countenance—behold him here! Let us no more say there is neither truth nor honor upon earth.'

All were astonished at the upright conduct of the youth, and the two brothers, who were equally affected, withdrew their accusation, and declared they pardoned him.—Severe as Omar was, he accepted their pardon with great pleasure, and congratulated himself that there was so much truth and honor under his government, and among the Bedouins.

For Leisure Moments.

Lawyers' mouths are like turnpike gates—never opened except for pay.

A gentleman the other evening objected to playing cards with a lady, because, he said, she had such a 'winning way' about her.

A little girl, the daughter of a baker, being asked at school what bread was made of, promptly answered, 'Flour and alum.'

True charity is never lost. It may be of no service to those it is bestowed upon, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

After quoting John Locke, that a blind man took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet, a witty fellow says that a hoop skirt hanging out of a shop door, always reminds him of a peal of a belle!

THROWING ONE'S SELF ABOUT.—An instance of this proceeding was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head and then pitched her voice.

Charles Mackay, the New York correspondent of the London Times, has been elected a member of the Historical Society of Denmark, at a session presided over by the king in person, 'in consideration of his eminence as a poet and a historical writer.'

At the second private ball of the Empress Eugenie, her majesty wore a white dress of a light texture, trimmed with a deep lace flounce, and wore flowers wreathed in the hair, the whole kept together by means of a diamond comb. Her majesty did not dance.

EPITAPH ON A TAILOR.

'To man nor woman, boy nor maid,
Death ne'er has proved a jailor;
But wouldst thou know who here is laid,
Why, reader, 'tis a tailor!
And tho' 'tis strange with death to jeer,
Deny the truth who can,
If, when eight more are buried here,
We'll say—'Here lies a man!'

A NEAPOLITAN BRIGAND STORY.—'If you are not tired of brigand stories I will give you another, the scene of which was also near Eboli,' writes the Times' correspondent from Naples. 'There were laborers engaged in some kind of occupation not far from a large fountain in that neighborhood, who fill up the intervals between work and their devotions with a little brigandage on their own account. When a carriage appeared the *zuppa* or the trowel was abandoned, and then muskets were taken up from under the sod. The travellers were rifled, a horse or a man shot, as the case might require, and then these industrious fellows resumed their ordinary labors. This had gone on for some time, and no one could trace out the guilty parties. As for the *padrone* he could answer for his men as being always occupied. One of the band, however, who divided the affections of a woman with another man who was not of the band, murdered his rival, one fine evening, and the woman was arrested. Under menace of being shot she gave the names of the murderer and his accomplices. She betrayed six of the latter. A week after she was again arrested, and then sentenced to be shot if she did not also betray the *capo*. Agreed. In the dark of the evening she goes to her trysting place, followed by Carbineers, mounts a tree and gives a whistle. Immediately the ground rises not far off, and the *capo* emerges from his subterranean hiding-place, which has been ingeniously covered over with boughs of trees, leaves, and sods. The woman descends, and it is necessary to say that the ardor of their embraces was cooled by the rush of the Carbineers, who arrested both. These are true stories, and a hundred others might be repeated which would beat Mrs. Radcliffe out of the field.

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LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

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

Table with columns for 'WHEAT', 'BACON', 'LARD', 'CHINESE', 'PETROLEUM'. Includes prices for various grades and types.

There has been no perceptible improvement in the tone of our Provision Market this week.

Beef—The business this week has been limited, and Stocks are on the increase.

For Pork there is a moderate demand, and the price is steady.

Bacon is going freely into consumption, and prices are fully supported.

First quality of Butter sells readily at full prices, but all other sorts meet little or no attention.

Tallow lower and dull. Linseed cake very quiet.

Cheese—Stocks are not large, and prices may fairly be expected to keep up.

In our Corn Market the transactions have been of an unimportant character.

Petroleum—The Market is still slack. We quote American crude £17 to £17 10s.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Flour—Market remains dull and unchanged. No. 1 superfine \$4 30 to \$4 35. Wheat—Upper Canada Spring ex-cars at 90c to 95c—dull.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, March 5. Flour—Receipts 17,702 bbls. Market dull and nominally lower. Sales 4,000 bbls at \$6 90 to \$7 20 for superfine State.

Traffic for week ending 27th February, 1863, \$71,376 17. Corresponding week last year. 47,705 54 1/2.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. Traffic for week ending February 21, 1863, \$77,109 09. Corresponding week, 1862, 73,737 19.

Increase, \$ 3,371 90. Compy's freight included in above, Nil. Do. do. corres. week, '62, \$213 29.

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