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HON. GEORGE E. CARTIER, M.P.P.
FOR MONTREAL CITY.

The prominent position occupied by Mr. Cartier for six years as a Cabinet Minister, four years as Premier of the Provincial Government, and since May, 1862, as leader of the Lower Canada Opposition in the House of Assembly, will recommend his portrait to public notice, and this biographical sketch to all readers who care to be instructed in the history of Canada; for this eminent representative of Franco-Canadian interests made his advent as a politician at a critical juncture in Provincial events, namely, in the agitation immediately antecedent to the rebellion of 1837 and 1838.

George Etienne Cartier was born on the 6th of September, 1814, at St. Antoine, on

the Chambly river, in the county of Vercheres, Lower Canada. The descendants of the nephews of Jacques Cartier, the famous sea Captain of St. Malo, France, and navigating pioneer of the French colonists in Canada, settled and have long resided in Vercheres; consequently it may be fairly presumed that the late Prime Minister in the Cabinet which was known as the Cartier-Macdonald government is descended from the stock of the first European explorer of the waters of the St. Lawrence. The grandfather of the eminent gentleman, whose memoir we are about to write, was Jacques Cartier, an enterprising and successful merchant. He was one of the first representatives of the county of Vercheres after the concession of representative government by the Imperial Act of 1791, but the county was then named Surrey.

George Etienne Cartier was educated at the College of St. Sulpice in the city of Montreal, an institution founded in 1773 by the Seminary of Montreal, which is an Ecclesiastical corporation possessing large revenues derived from real estate within and around that beautiful, wealthy, widely and rapidly expanding city—the commercial and financial emporium to the growth and wealth of which all Canada West is contributing. At St. Sulpice he went through a regular College course of education for eight years under the ecclesiastics of the establishment.

On leaving College he studied law in the office of the late Mr. E. E. Rodier, a leading member of the Montreal bar and at one time a member of Assembly. In 1835, Mr. Cartier commenced practice in Montreal. By energy, assiduity, severe and continuous labor, he succeeded in becoming the central figure and worker in an extensive professional practice. But though

beginning in 1835 he did not rise high in his profession until a disturbing, stormy interval, that of the rebellion of 1837-1838, had come and passed away. In Mr. Lindsey's Life and Times of William Lyon MacKenzie, a list of Lower Canadians, for whose apprehension rewards were offered, includes the name of E. E. Rodier, with whom the subject of this memoir studied law; but not Mr. Cartier's own name. Yet it has been frequently stated that he was one of the 'exiles' who for a time absented themselves from Canada. When he had become Prime Minister and Attorney General, and Mr. William Lyon MacKenzie had returned from 'exile' and was a member of the House of Assembly, sitting in Opposition, he sometimes reminded that minister of the difference of price at which their heads were once

officially valued in the Governor General's proclamation; Mr. MacKenzie's head at four thousand dollars, Mr. Cartier's at only four hundred.

In 1848 Mr. Cartier was first elected to Parliament, succeeding the Hon. Mr. Leslie in the county of Vercheres, who had been appointed a crown member of the Legislative Council—the Canadian House of Lords. Mr. Cartier continued, by several renewals to be member for that county until 1861, when, at the general election, he contested the east section of Montreal city with Mr. Dorion, leader of the extreme democratic or red French party, and defeated him. He had contested Montreal in 1857, unsuccessfully, while being elected at the same time for Vercheres, his supposed object being to split a sufficiency of votes to defeat the Hon.

Luther Holton, in which effort of partizan strategy he succeeded.

Mr. Cartier's connection with official political life dates from January 25th, 1856. He was made Provincial Secretary in the ministry of Sir Allan MacNab and Sir Etienne Tache. Then when Sir Allan had retired, and the Cabinet had become the Tache-Macdonald ministry, Mr. Cartier on 24th May, 1856, succeeded Mr. Drummond as Attorney General East. In November, 1857, he took the leadership of the Lower Canada section of the government, Mr. John A. Macdonald taking the office of Premier, and their Cabinet being termed the Macdonald-Cartier ministry. On the 5th of August, 1858, the Brown-Dorion ministry having held office two days and been jostled or 'jockeyed' out of it by means which were certainly not constitu-

tional, nor consistent with that responsible representative government, to obtain which 'liberals' and 'reformers' had rebelled in 1837, the cabinet was reconstructed on its return to office, as the Cartier-Macdonald ministry. That lasted until the adverse vote on the Militia bill, led by Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, 26th May, 1862.

In 1858 Mr. Cartier visited England and was the guest of Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle. On the arrival of the Prince of Wales in the St. Lawrence in July, 1860, this gentleman who is at once poet and politician, and can sing as well as make a speech, led off one of his songs on board the royal flag ship, the chorus of which was given with fine effect by all hands, the Prince included—a song smooth in versification, simple, sweet, and set to good music—'La Claire Fontaine.' The man who can find delight in composing the words and music and in singing such a song as that, has something in him more exalted than the abilities requisite to lead and plot in the tricks and traps of political party faction.

Mr. Cartier assisted to carry bills for making the Legislative Council elective; for secularizing the Clergy Reserves in Canada West, and for extinguishing the Seigneurial Tenures in Canada East. In 1856 he framed and carried a measure for the establishment of three Normal schools in the Lower Province; and in the next year the Laval Normal school at Quebec, the Jacques-Cartier and McGill Normal schools at Montreal, were in practical operation. In 1857 he introduced and carried a measure to provide for the codification of the procedure and civil laws of Lower Canada. In the same session he framed and carried a bill to change the system of judicial centralization, which in that long ex-



HON. GEORGE E. CARTIER, M. P. P.

tended country, had led to much inconvenience and hardship. The administration of justice in criminal cases, and in all civil matters where the amount involved was over fifty pounds was confined to seven places—Quebec, Montreal, Three Rivers, St. Francis, Aylmer, Sherbrooke, and Gaspé, in a country of seven or eight hundred miles in length. Thirteen new judicial districts were established, in which new court houses and gaols have been built or contracted for.

In the same session, after the feudal tenures commutation bill had passed, Mr. Cartier introduced the French civil law into the townships of Lower Canada, its operation having previously been confined to the Seigniories. In the session of 1860 he carried the act for dividing Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto cities into electoral divisions. That measure has to a degree, if not wholly obviated the collision and rioting of adverse mobs at elections. The municipal act under which Lower Canada now improves was also introduced and carried into practical effect by the Cartier-Macdonald ministry.

Mr. Cartier is rather slight in figure; has much vivacity in his gesture when speaking; speaks English fluently as well as French; and enunciates his French clearly. By following political life he has neglected his profession, and ceased to reap its emoluments, at least while he held office. He is hospitable, social, and a true friend to those with whom he is intimate. Accusations of 'corruption' for party objects were unsparingly charged against the Cartier-Macdonald ministry, but they who know the two gentlemen from whom the ministry was named believe them to have been incapable of personally sharing in any sordid irregularities. Mr. Cartier occasionally indulges in satire, and invective, to a degree which makes his opponents unhappy, but he does not cherish his hostilities beyond the passing hour.

At the beginning of the present April 1863, when the Hon. George Brown returned to the House of Assembly after an absence of two sessions, Mr. Cartier was one of the first to cross the floor, shake hands and say welcome. Yet had either gentleman been as obdurately confirmed in hostility to the other as Mr. Brown's newspaper continues to be unrelenting to the memory of the Cartier-Macdonald ministry, it is hardly possible to conceive that they could have crossed the house in exchange of personal courtesies. But neither Mr. Cartier nor Mr. Brown are so destitute of the graceful amenities of gentlemen as might be inferred from their speeches in former years and their present newspapers; for the late premier is also a journalist; one of the French journals published at Montreal being reputedly his property.

Mr. Cartier is married to a most amiable French Canadian lady, and is father of a young and interesting family.

Here, so far as the personality of this gentleman is concerned we might conclude, but in connection with a memoir of his life it is not inappropriate to introduce remarks on the political grievances which agitated Lower and Upper Canada immediately preceding the rebellion of 1837. We prefer to let some eminent Englishmen describe the grievances, and first Mr. Stanley, now Earl of Derby and leader of the great conservative party in England.

On May 2nd, 1828, Mr. Stanley in the House of Commons in a debate on Canadian grievances said: 'The Legislative Council of Canada is the institution which especially requires revision, and alteration. They have acted as patry and impotent screens for the protection of the Governor. In all instances they have been opposed to the people. They were placed as a substitute for an aristocracy, without possessing any of the qualifications of an aristocracy, according to our notions of that body in England—imposing salutary checks and exercising judicious vigilance over the councils of the country.'

'The Legislative Council are ranged on the side of the government to oppress the people. They have been the root of all the evils which have disturbed Canada for the last ten or fifteen years. These complaints are not of squabbles which have sprung up in a moment, but are evils of long standing.'

And again, June 5th, 1829, Mr. Stanley said in the House of Commons: 'The Legislative Council is the cause of most of the evils, by constantly acting as the mere creature of the Governor for the time being.—From the year 1820 to the present time, the Legislative Council have agreed to, or refused their consent to bills according to the varying pleasure of each successive Governor.'

And again in speaking of the United States, Mr. Stanley when Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1833, said: 'He would

refer the House to what had passed in America. After all the quarrels and bloody wars which were founded in justice on the one hand and oppression on the other, that people had risen into independence; and from the subsequent course pursued our friendship had been continued with the United States; and every Englishman who now visited that country was received with the utmost kindness and hospitality. He trusted if ever the situation of the Canadians was such as to separate from this government—that before that event took place such a course of conciliatory measures would be adopted as would keep up a lasting friendship between the two countries. America complained that it was taxed, and oppressively taxed, without having a voice in the imposition of the taxes; that it was compelled to obey laws in the framing of which it had no share whatever; that it was, in fact, so shackled and oppressed that it had no appeal but to force to assert its independence. It did appeal, and justice being on its side, appealed successfully.' That was the Mr. Stanley who in 1863 is the Earl of Derby.

Mr. Labouchere in the House of Commons, February 18, 1832, said: 'Where society is constituted as in Canada, any attempt on the part of the government to appoint the Legislative Council is the merest delusion. I have ever been of opinion that the only way in which you can give to that body the weight and respectability which they ought to possess is by introducing the principle of election.' That was the Mr. Labouchere who was subsequently Colonial Secretary of State and who now, 1863, sits in the House of Peers, as Lord Taunton.

'When Mr. Cartier was a law student,' says Mr. Morgan in his sketches of celebrated Canadians, 'there was in the abuses of the ruling oligarchy and especially the systematic proscription of his race, enough to fire the generous enthusiasm of every lover of justice and hater of misrule. Politics had for young Cartier already a deep interest. The star of the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau was then in the ascendant. He was the leader both in and out of the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, and of the French Canadians, who formed four-fifths of the population. The country was mocked with the form of constitutional government, while it was denied the substance. It had a Legislative Assembly elected by the people; but that body had no control over the executive officers by whom the government was administered. The hostile majority which it permanently presented to the government was powerless to effect any change in the Administration.—The Legislative Council, whose members were appointed by the Crown upon recommendations presented by the Governor-in-Chief, was the prop of the irresponsible oligarchy. It constantly threw out bills passed by the representatives of the people, or so mutilated them under pretence of amendments as to destroy their purport.—The collision thus brought about between the two Houses became chronic. The Legislative Assembly complained to the Imperial government of the Legislative Council; and the latter replied by a counter resolution, in which the Governor sometimes joined. The Imperial government was deceived into the belief that this mode of governing was necessary to the preservation of British supremacy.'

No redress came though a Committee of the Commons of which Mr. Stanley (Earl of Derby) was a member reported in favour of a remedy. Mr. Papineau, himself, his friends now confess, had but a faint idea of the true remedy. He did not, like Mr. Baldwin in Upper Canada see that the whole difficulty was traceable to the irresponsibility of the executive. The famous ninety-two resolutions passed by the Lower Canada House of Assembly in 1834, and which embody all the grievances real and imaginary under which the country was suffering, never allude to the real source of all the evils then existing except to object in two lines to 'The vicious composition and the irresponsibility of the Legislative Council, the members of which whether lawyers or not were judges of appeal.'

Papineau who at first set out as an advocate of British as opposed to French ideas of government, became in time soured by long years of fruitless effort to secure a reformed administration, and by degrees went on to prefer American institutions to British.

There began the sedition, the treason, the rebellion. The Assembly refused year after year to vote the supplies. The imperial Legislature passed resolutions of coercion, suspending the constitution and giving the Governor power to rule by martial law.

NOTICE.

The public will please beware of a smooth-faced young man calling himself T. Dodd, as we understand from letters in our possession, that he has been canvassing for the 'Canadian Illustrated News.' Dodd canvassed a few days for us in Toronto, and not liking the gentleman's manner of doing business we discharged him. Without our knowledge or consent he has taken money from people in the country, representing himself sometimes as an agent, and at other times proprietor of the 'Canadian Illustrated News.'

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W. A. FERGUSON.

Hamilton, April 7th, 1863.

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, MAY 2, 1863.

SOMETHING OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

In every branch of the human race there is a pride of country, which, though doubtless serving some good purpose, is the parent of much foolish gasconade and bluster. Nearly all men are more or less blinded by this national prejudice, and what is quite as bad, cannot tolerate it in any one else, their own countrymen of course excepted. Sturdy John Bull, with his immovable self-sufficiency, who has never for a moment doubted that his country is the greatest in the world—its soldiers the bravest—its statesmen the wisest, and its literature the grandest—is quite amazed at the foolish pride of the Frenchman, over *la belle France*, while the Frenchman on his part is not slow to return this uncharitableness. It may seem unfair then to throw stones at our neighbors on account of a folly of which all are guilty, in nearly an equal degree. But there is something so peculiar in the manifestation of this national pride by Americans that it involuntarily provokes remark. As a matter of personal preference we would rather listen to the gasconade of an American than to that of any other countrymen; there is something so broad and sweeping in it as to make it quite refreshing. He throws his whole soul into the business with the same resistless energy with which he builds his high-pressure steamboats, or presses his claims for office. In listening to any other man vaunting the greatness of his country, one is troubled with the painful conviction that the deluded mortal actually believes what he says. With the American, however, the case is different, he seems to assume that the matter in hand is 'blowing,' and is understood as such by all concerned, he is therefore free from all the petty restraints of conventional propriety, and so excites merriment rather than contempt. You have no doubt laughed at Mr. TODDLES doing the drunk man; now to see a man of such respectable appearance *actually* drunk might excite either your pity or disgust, certainly not your laughter; but you have a tacit understanding with TODDLES that he is only *acting* the part, your merriment, therefore, has free scope. Just so it is with the American. When the moment of action comes he usually 'simmers down,' and does pretty much as what any other rational creature

would do, under the circumstances. When Mason and Slidell were lying in Fort Warren, no one who put the least faith in the swagger of American orators and newspapers, could have believed it possible that they would have been given up. Yet when EARL RUSSELL's demand for them had to be acted upon, it was at once complied with, as a matter of justice, reserving only the privilege of blustering about the gross injustice of making the demand at all.

At the present time we are having some very interesting samples of this national infirmity. EARL RUSSELL has written a very sensible letter to the owners of the *Peterhoff*—lately captured by United States cruisers—intimating that those who embark in rash adventures must abide the consequences. Some vigorous steps have also been taken to prevent the building of Confederate privateers in British ports. Hereupon Brother Jonathan becomes immeasurably jubilant, but not at all surprised, not he, indeed. He has been long aware that the immense power of the 'great Republic' with 'the best Government the world ever saw,' at its head, would sooner or later bring the British Government to its senses, and here is the evidence of it. Our shrewd brother is not weak enough to believe that a regard for justice, or international law, had anything to do with the conduct of that government in either of the cases named. His love of the highfalutin furnishes a far readier explanation than this, and so, for the moment, he accepts it.

There is another portion of the *PETERHOFF* case which does not furnish Jonathan with so much cause of elation as EARL RUSSELL's letter, but is equally available for the exercise of his peculiar talent. HER MAJESTY'S mails found on board of that vessel have been given up unopened, by the Washington authorities. 'Humiliation of the country!' shout loud-mouthed orators, 'another concession to British arrogance!' yell irresponsible editors by the score. 'Goodness gracious what a dust we do raise.' Now, there is perhaps not one of these indignant editors and orators but would have acted precisely as the Washington Cabinet have, had they been required to deal with the question; but what of that; isn't this a land of free speech? And what is the use of good lungs and a ready pen if one can't 'blow'?

In conclusion, dear Jonathan, we have no hope of being able to induce you to mend your manners. But we shall do all we can to make our people understand your peculiar ways, to make them extend every possible indulgence to your besetting infirmity, to teach them that you are not the most dangerous when most noisy, and that notwithstanding an unruly tongue you have many excellent qualities, which in calmer times will not fail to assert their supremacy.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.—Parts 1 and 2. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: A. S. Irving.

It may be thought too early in the day to write an impartial history of the present Rebellion in the United States, and in some measure this is true. But it is not too early to place on record the facts and incidents of that extraordinary struggle; these are now fresh in the public mind, and their vivid and minute delineation must form the prominent point with authors who seek present popularity. Futuro historians may be more impartial and philosophic, but not likely to be so graphic and interesting.

The first part contains a sketch of the 'formation of the Confederacy of the States—the formation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States and establishment of the National Government.' With wood-cut portraits of eminent British and American statesmen and generals, a fac simile of the Declaration of Independence, and of the signatures appended thereto. The illustrations are numerous, artistic, and well executed.

The second part deals with the operations at Fort Sumter, and contains portraits of Presidents Lincoln and Davis, Gen. Scott, and many of the leaders of both sections.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)
SCENES AND REMINISCENCES OF
VENICE.

"There is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces."
ROBERTSON'S ITALY.

So much has been written of Italy, and so much is being daily written, that I am almost afraid to attempt an addition to the already overflowing stock of travelers' sketches. Yet though the path is so well beaten, there still lingers a taste and desire for anything connected with that classic and beautiful land. I have, with the hope that my reminiscences may prove interesting if not instructive, labored to describe some of the scenes and places which I visited during a sojourn under the bright skies of fair Italy. Being a Canadian I naturally felt a degree of enthusiasm in visiting the now quiet scenes of the mighty dead.

Venice, after Rome, is perhaps the most interesting city in Italy; it is one of these magic names which seizes upon our imagination, not only by the splendor of her historical souvenirs and her art, but more so by the mysterious poetry of a past, replete with gayeties, with courtesans, with license and dark dramas. Venice has experienced fortune and misfortune to the fullest extent. From the very pinnacle of greatness she has fallen to the lowest depths of national misery. Yet Venice remains to-day, as she has always been, a city different from all others, and perhaps the strangest in the world; with her foundation in the sea, she knows neither noise nor dust; canals are her streets, and gondolas are the carriages and omnibuses of the Venitians. The gondola is described by a French writer as 'the most charming of human inventions, satisfying at the same time the double purpose of repose and movement,' but its gloomy color cannot fail to sadden the visitor, and one can scarcely compare it to anything but a hearse, which comparison in the days of ancient Venice would, no doubt, have been just.

I arrived by rail at Venice late at night and soon found myself seated in a gondola

"And gliding up her streets as in a dream,"

was not long in arriving at my hotel. The intense silence which prevailed reminded me of fallen Venice. Not a sound could be heard but the dipping of the oars in the quiet waters and the cries of the gondoliers at the turns of the canals. Now was my dream realized and I was in the poetic and historic Venice, feeling much as Byron has beautifully described in *Childe Harold*:

"I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart.
Rising like water-columbs from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Rattliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel and a show."

The Square of San Marco is generally the first place visited by the foreigner. This ancient forum of Venice, now that her political life is gone, is nothing more than one immense saloon, where the citizens and foreigners assemble to while away the evenings in eating ice creams, and in conversation; some times indeed it resembles a ball-room in the open air, its many gay and brilliantly lighted cafes adding not a little to the pleasant scene. This Piazza is a large oblong area of about 560 feet by 230, and is surrounded on three sides by elegant buildings, with a beautiful construction of arcades around three sides of the square. At the eastern end of the square stands the Metropolitan Church of San Marco, which adds much to the beauty of the place by its singular oriental appearance. In the place of St. Mark stands the campanile or bell-tower, 316 feet in height, from the top of which may be had a fine view of Venice and her lord, the Adriatic.

Adjoining the Square of St. Mark is the Piazzetta, extending from the Piazza to the water's edge, having on the one side the Ducal Palace and upon the other the Palace of the Emperor of Austria. In the Piazzetta stand two celebrated columns of granite which were erected in 1,170. One is surmounted by a statue of St. Theodore, the first patron of the Republic, having for a pedestal a crocodile. Upon the other is the Winged Lion of Venice. Between these columns was the place of execution for criminals, and to them, by order of the Council of Ten, were hanged by the feet the bodies of State criminals. An interesting little spectacle may be witnessed upon the Piazzetta every afternoon at 2 o'clock, a flock of pigeons being fed by public charity. This usage was commenced in the time of the Republic, at the expense of the government. The motives for so doing are not

well known, and form the subject of much controversy.

PALAZZO DUCALE.

This ancient palace of the Doges and of aristocratic Venice, is a building of a most singular and original style, more oriental than western in its appearance. To it there seems to be attached a fatal destiny; the Doge Marino Faliero, who commenced the building, was beheaded, and its architect, Calendario, was hung up; a conspirator.—Within the walls of this palace some of the darkest tragedies the world has ever known have been enacted, and many a dark crime which never saw the light. This is perhaps the most historical building in Venice, with which is connected both her glory and her shame. But let us pass within. Ascending the grand stair-case from the court we are upon the spot where the Doge Faliero was executed; passing on we come to the door of the anti-chamber of the Council Hall of the Ten; to the left of this door may be seen a small opening in the wall, formerly marked by the head of a lion shaped in marble; this was the famous lion's mouth, the fatal receptacle of secret denunciations, which were the death warrants of those denounced. The chamber of the Council of the Ten, and that of the Council of Three, are next visited; and here the historical souvenirs of Venice flow in upon the mind of the visitor, telling him of cruelty, tyranny and oppression, and painting pictures in his imagination too vivid for description. A word concerning the origin of these dread Councils may not be without interest.

After the death of the doge Michieli II., an annual Council was created consisting of four hundred and eighty members (pregadi) to share with the doge the sovereign power. This Council encroaching upon the rights of the people gave rise to much discontent, and to escape a threatening danger the aristocratic power had recourse to an institution which completely changed the political constitution of Venice—namely: the creation of the Council of Ten, which was invested with sovereign powers. Established at first for a limited period, it soon (in 1352) declared itself permanent, and continued for nearly five hundred years. After the execution of the doge Marino Faliero (in 1355,) the Grand Council, alarmed by the authority assumed by the Ten, tried, but without effect, to do away with it. Then the Council of Ten, to concentrate and to render still more mysterious its power, chose from its own body that terrible triumvirate, the Council of Three, which institution continued until the downfall of the Republic. The despotism of the Three was felt by all, and particularly by the patricians, the doge, and even the Council of the Ten themselves. It is said that one of the councilors was banished, and at another time one of them was strangled by order of his colleagues. The government of Venice had become a terror; the names of the Three being known only to the Ten.

The hall of the Grand Council and other chambers of interest are next visited when the visitor descends to the prisons in the under part of the palace, which is indeed

"A palace and a prison on each hand."

Few can conceive a more dreadful place of punishment than one of these horrible dens must have been, entirely without the light of day, and almost without air to breathe, and in size more resembling the lair of a wild beast than the dwelling of man. Near these cells is shown the spot upon which the unfortunate prisoners were executed. There they died, as much denied the pleasant sunlight in their agony as they were justice from their fellow mortals. Adjoining this place a small door opens on the canal through which the dead bodies were conveyed to the gondola, which bore them to their last resting-place in the quiet waters of the Lagoons. A few steps from this spot is one of the most interesting monuments of Venice, the 'Bridge of Sighs,' which has been immortalized by Byron. The Bridge of Sighs served as a passage between the Ducal Palace and the prisons situated on the other side of the canal. But now let us take a gondola and continue our sight-seeing. The very conveyance, from its novelty to the visitor, has its charm. Leaving the Piazzetta, the first tour will be that of the

GRAND CANAL.

upon which stand so many palaces of interest. The first thing which attracts the attention is the Dogana, or Custom House, which, from its position, presents a very picturesque appearance, adjoining which is the Church of Santa Maria della Salute.—Passing many old and time-honored palaces we soon come to the new bridge over the canal, not far from which is the Accademia della Belle Arti, the Academy of Fine Arts.

It is situated in the ancient Convento della Carita, and contains some of the finest paintings in Italy. The most of the paintings are by Venetian artists, and a visit well repays the amateur. A little farther up the canal is the

PALAZZO FOSCARI,

with which Byron's Foscari has made us all acquainted, and to which the sufferings of its unfortunate owners have attached a peculiar interest. Not far from the palace of the Foscari, upon one of the small canals is the

HOUSE OF OMBELLO.

The building is completely modern, having been re-built, but at one corner of the exterior is a life-size statue of the Moor of Venice. The charm which Shakspeare has lent to the old habitation has thrown some of its lustre over the modern one upon the same site. Returning to the Grand Canal, and continuing our course, passing palace after palace, each telling a tale of past greatness, we soon come to the

RIALTO.

with which Shakspeare has made us familiar, and Shylock in the 'Merchant of Venice' is vividly brought to our memory. And here, too, remorseless time has wrought changes. This beautiful marble structure, once the resort of fashion, has now become a vegetable market.

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me—"

I doubt very much whether Shylock would take so much to heart an insult on the Rialto at the present day. The result of the tour of the Grand Canal affords much to occupy the visitor, but it is impossible in a short sketch to mention everything; let it suffice, therefore, to touch upon those things best known and most interesting. In Venice, as in all Italian cities, the Churches are amongst the places most worthy of a visit.

The Metropolitan Church of San Marco, is the first which attracts the attention, not less on account of its singular appearance than by its historical interest. Its mosque-like appearance and curious combination of gothic and oriental styles of architecture very much add to its beauty. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, said to be in imitation of St. Sophia's at Constantinople, and is very rich in beautiful marble and mosaics. The historical connection of St. Mark's with the past glory of Venice does not fail to make a visit to this Church interesting, and the story of the Brides of Venice lends an additional charm to these old walls.—The celebrated bronze horses still deck the brow of St. Marks:

"Before St. Mark still glow the studs of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not bridled?"

St. Mark's was built about the year 977 upon the site of a former church which had been destroyed by fire. The Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo may be called the Westminster of Venice, for here sleep her heroes, and her statesmen. This Church possesses many beautiful works of art, both in sculpture and painting, which it is not possible to notice in this rapid sketch, and which the visitor may spend hours in inspecting. As there are about sixty churches and chapels in Venice, it is evident that I cannot give a description or even mention the name of each. The following are the principal and most interesting: Santa Maria della Salute, S. Sebastiano, S. Lorenzo, Il Redentore, S. Giorgio Maggiore, and the Gesuiti. All of these Churches possess much which interests the visitor.

Of the numerous excursions which may be made to the islands, none will better repay the excursionist than a visit to the Island of San Lazzaro, about one mile from Venice. It is the property of a body of Armenian monks, who established a monastery there in 1717. A visit to this monastery has a peculiar interest to the British traveler, from its intimate connection with Byron. It was here that he studied the Armenian language, and many little mementoes of him are kindly shown to the visitor. In this monastery there is a printing establishment in which are printed religious works in over thirty different languages.

But I must hasten this notice to a close, as space will not permit me to touch upon the many wonders and beauties of this strange city. Beautiful as Venice may seem by day to the enthusiastic admirer, it is doubly so when viewed by moonlight. Nothing can be more delightful than a sail through Venice upon a bright moonlight night; then Venice seems to assume her former beauty and bedeck herself as when she was the bride of the sea, and her ancient palaces seem to assume their past grandeur; for the ravages of time and misfortune are

hidden in the moonlight. The stillness which prevails cannot fail to strike you with a slight tinge of melancholy, for—

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier."

The brilliantly lighted Square of St. Mark, with the beautiful buildings which surround it, add much to the beauty of Venice by night.

Of the people of Venice I will say but little; that they are suffering under the bitter yoke of tyranny is known to all.—But the Venitians have thoughts of freedom; oppression has not strangled every hope within their bosoms; they have not forgotten the valor of their fathers, and are daily reminded that—

An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt."

During my stay in Venice, the Emperor arrived from Vienna. I had heard of his intended visit, and very naturally expected some little commotion and evidences of welcome, but in this I was disappointed; and I soon learned the position which the Emperor held in the estimation of his Venetian subjects, and his reception was this time nothing cooler than usual. He comes and goes without any commotion.—There are no shouts of joy, no gay and happy faces, no illuminations such as greet Victor Emanuel upon his visits to Naples.—The foreign potentate passes quietly through the city in his gondola, but no joyous welcome meets his ear. The Government may order illuminations, but Venice sees nothing more than a glare of light in the Square of St. Mark, paid for by the Government. An Austrian band may attract a crowd, but it is composed of Austrian or other foreigners; but few Italians can be seen. The name of Victor Emanuel is mentioned with an enthusiasm truly characteristic of the excitable Italians. That the Venitians detest their government does not admit of a doubt; and we have good reason to believe that Venice shall yet shake off her fetters, and the Lion of St. Mark shall yet look down upon a free people. CABOTTAN.

A CURIOUS TRICK.—A fashionable-looking lady, not long ago, drove up in a handsome private carriage to a well-known lunatic asylum, situated a few miles from Paris, and requested to see the proprietor. Her wish being acceded to, she informed the doctor that she desired to place her husband under his care, to see if a cruel mania under which he labored, namely, that he had lost a large quantity of jewels, could not be removed.—After some hesitation, the doctor consented, and the lady, on receiving his assurance, drove directly to the first jeweller's in Paris, and selected jewels to the value of several hundred pounds. Requesting one of the shopmen to go with her in her carriage to procure the money for the goods she had taken, she drove with him to the insane asylum, and arriving there he was shown into a room. The lady then sought the doctor, told him of the arrival of her husband, and getting into her carriage again, drove rapidly away. The poor fellow, after waiting and waiting, grew impatient, and violently rang the bell. The doctor made his appearance, and the young man, commencing eagerly to inquire after the lady and his jewels, was forced into a straight jacket, the malady complained of, as the doctor imagined, making its appearance. He was confined several days, before the lady's ruse was discovered.

A Gossip explains the appearance in a Highland costume of the little son of the Prince of Prussia at the royal marriage on the following grounds: It seems the little fellow was to have figured it in a miniature Prussian uniform, but that his uncles, Princes Arthur and Leopold, not satisfied that their junior should be rigged out in so manly a style, took the opportunity, when the attendant's back was turned, of cutting off the tails of their little nephew's tunic; whereupon it became necessary to lend him a costume on the spur of the moment, and one of Prince Leopold's Highland suits was pitched upon.

The same person tells a good story of the honor paid by Prince Alfred's brother middies to their royal messmate, apropos of his election as King of Greece. Hearing a great row in the young gentleman's berth, on board the Royal George, the Captain, on enquiring the cause, found the mess had determined to crown the Prince. So they had got the ship's carpenter or armorer to make a tin crown, with which the Prince was formally invested, a purser's dip being first stuck on each point of the circlet and lighted—a very fitting coronation for a monarch of 'Grease.'



MAPLE SUGAR MAKING IN CANADA.

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING IN CANADA.

Sweet juices of trees; Milk and honey of the Jews; Wild honey of John the Baptist; Sweet juiced trees in Britain; Sugar after the time of the Crusades; the Sugar-planting and Mississippi Scheme of John Law in France, its grandeur of conception and practical success in Louisiana; Beet root Sugar and Napoleon's Berlin Decrees; First record of Maple Sugar making in North America; Season and circumstances favorable to the manufacture; Manner of obtaining the sap; Boiling the sap; Symptoms of being converted to Sugar; It is eaten to correct the excessive use of animal food; Produce of the trees.

THE juice of many kinds of vegetables owes its sweetness to the presence of sugar. This substance has, from an early period of the world's history been used in some form or other as an article of food; indeed the practice of sweetening food is more ancient than the knowledge of sugar. 'The ancients used honey for the purpose,' say the historians, but what kind of honey? Herodotus mentions honey 'made by the hands of man.' The promise of a land flowing with milk and honey, by turns allured or pacified, or disturbed the allegiance and religion of the hungry Jews. The literal meaning of the phrase 'milk and honey' having been, probably, that the land bore a variety of plants from which sugar exuded resembling the honey of bees; those plants in turn being agreeable food for milk-giving cattle.

Dioscorides, an author of the first century of the christian era, refers to a kind of honey provided by canes growing in India. But such canes grew also in the country conquered by the Jews, called the 'Promised land,' before they got it; afterwards Palestine, and since and after the advent of the Saviour, the Holy Land. The ears of corn plucked by Jesus and his disciples and eaten, were doubtless ears of maize, the green stalks of which also contain sugar, or the substance resembling 'wild honey.' John the Baptist lived on the fruit of the locust tree and on wild honey—the sugary juices of the many plants growing in the wilderness, or wild woods and open country where he travelled, preached and baptised.

Historical writers relate that sugar was not known in Northern Europe until after the Crusades, meaning that the Crusaders brought home a knowledge of it from the Holy Land, in the twelfth century. Perhaps so, but the sweet juices of the birch and sycamore, the tender young briar and maple must have been known to the earliest inhabitants of the woodlands of the North, and, for want of another name, may have been called honey, because the secretions and excretions of bees with which they were familiar were so termed.

The sugar-cane was introduced into Cypress from Asia, land of the Jews, as well as land of the Hindoos, about the year 1148. It was also about that time transplanted to Madeira, and from thence, in 1506, to the West Indies. The conversion of the forests on the Mississippi into the sugar plantations of Louisiana was due to John Law, a native of Scotland but resident in France. His great 'Mississippi scheme,' in which so many of the people of France ruined themselves like the people of other countries when smitten with visions of sudden wealth, by purchasing the script of joint stock shares in hope of selling it an hour or a day after at one hundred or five hundred per cent premium, was in itself a wise, sound, noble scheme of colonization. The trade of the Mississippi river and Gulf of Mexico, the growth and wealth of the American Gulf States up to the period of their war upon the Federal Union in 1861, is proof that John Law had not exaggerated the sugar-producing capacity of these regions when he organized the company which was to colonize, and which did colonize Louisiana; that joint stock company, known as the Mississippi scheme, about which historico-politico-economic writers are still blundering and moralizing.

Up to the close of the seventeenth century syrup and honey were used by the poorer classes in Germany for sugar; and it was not until tea and coffee had come into general use that sugar was regarded as one of the necessities of life. In the year 1747, Margraf, a German chemist, discovered that cane sugar existed ready formed in the roots of many plants, especially in beet-root, but nearly half a century elapsed before any attempt was made to establish a factory of beet-root sugar.

The first energetic impulse that was given to the manufacture was by Napoleon Bou-

pate, who anxious to ruin the colonial trade of Great Britain, ordered the blockade of the continent, in the Berlin Decrees, see Notes on the war of 1812 in the Canadian Illustrated News of April 25, 1863. And in order to supply the demand for sugar which formed so important a part of British commerce, he offered premiums for the best methods of separating sugar from beet root. The chemists of France exerted themselves with their accustomed method and skill.— Extensive experiments were made on the cultivation of the beet-root, and the best methods of obtaining its juice and extracting the sugar from it. Factories were soon at work and the first sample of French beet-root sugar was conveyed at once to the Emperor, who receiving it with joy, placed it under a glass case as one of the choicest ornaments of the drawing room. Little did that despot and assassin of nations dream that he was augmenting the colonial wealth of Great Britain. The machinery invented in France was transferred to the British West India Islands, and in connection with slave labour made the fortunes of the merchant princes of Bristol, Liverpool, London and Glasgow.

Several varieties of the maple tree contain a sweet juice in their stems of the specific gravity of 1,003 to 1,006, distilled water being the standard 1,000. The variety *Acer saccharinum* is the most abundant in juice.

In Canada and Northern United States the maple abounds in the natural forests, and the manufacture of sugar from its sap is a regular branch of industry. The earliest notice recorded, or now obtainable of sugar made from the maple tree is found in a paper, No. 364 of the Philosophical transactions, dated 1720, entitled 'An account of the method of making sugar from the juice of the maple tree in New England, by Paul Dudley.' It may have been made long before then; but that record at least proves that Macpherson, in the Annals of Commerce, was inaccurate in assigning the first attempt at maple sugar making to about the year 1752. Yet even after the latter date it was carried on in a very limited way. The difficulty in the revolted American colonies of procuring supplies of West India sugar during the revolutionary war, contributed to the importance of the maple tree. There was also the convenient circumstance that the last week or two of February, all March and a week or two in April, is the

season of bright, vivifying sunshine by day and suddenly chilling frosts at night, giving the requisite conditions for the generation, circulation and contraction of the juices in the trees, while the influence of the sun on the masses of snow in those months rendered locomotion and operations of war impracticable; or in years of peace rendered the labors of the farm least urgent.

There having been, in the revolutionary years, a scarcity of employment, many of the farmers of Canada and Nova Scotia, and the United Empire Loyalists who fled from the rebel colonies of New England, resorted to the forest to manufacture maple sugar for their own use and for sale at Quebec and Halifax, from whence it was conveyed to supply the wants of some of the revolted colonies, but as contraband of war.

About 1790 the manufacture was much attended to in the middle States of the American Union, and refined maple sugar was sold in Philadelphia which was pronounced equal to loaf sugar made from West India Muscovado.

The sap is obtained by boring holes in the trunk of the tree in a direction inclining upwards with an auger about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, the depth of the holes being such that they may penetrate about half an inch into the alburnum or white bark, as the sap is found to flow more freely at that depth than at any other. The south side is considered best for boring the holes, of which two or three at a height of eighteen or twenty inches from the ground, are said to be sufficient for an ordinary tree. Tubes made from the elder tree or sumach are inserted in the holes so as to project a few inches from the trunk, their outer ends being cut to form small troughs along which the sap trickles into receptacles placed beneath them.

The time for collecting the sap extends about six weeks, but its tendency to fermentation demands that it should be boiled, some say every second day, others on the evening of the day when it is collected.— The syrup is boiled to almost one-third of its original bulk, the scum which rises being removed. White of egg is sometimes used as a clarifier, and occasionally a little butter or fat is thrown in during the last boiling.— The molasses are separated in an imperfect manner by filtration.

The operation of boiling is primitive yet

picturesque. In the day, while the sap is being collected to the kettles, fire-wood is cut and carried. (See pictorial illustration.) Forked stakes are set up and crossed and a pole of sufficient strength laid across their upper angles, or, as in the picture, from one tree to another. On this the kettle or kettles are suspended. The attendants include all the mirthful, joyous children; the cheerful old folk, if such there be, and the young men and maidens. As they stir up the fire at night, the blazing pile sheds around a glowing brilliancy with many fantastic shadows. As the pots boil the long handled ladles are employed to stir and preserve the liquid from flowing over. Fresh supplies may be added to reduce the temperature, but that is a questionable remedy. Rather let care be taken not to make the fire burn too fiercely. When the liquor begins to thicken it is carried to the sugar boiler, a large vessel proper for the purpose. It must be attentively guarded, to be skimmed, and not to boil over. When thickened to near the sugaring point, that is ascertained by dropping a little into cold water. The vessel in which it boils becomes full of yellow froth that dimples and rises in large bubbles from beneath. These throw out puffs of steam, and when the molasses is in that state it is nearly converted into sugar.—Those who pay great attention, freeing it from scum, and understand the precise sugaring point, will produce an article little if at all inferior to Muscovado.—(Mrs. Moodie.)

It is often adulterated with flour which thickens and renders it heavy. It is very hard and requires to be scraped with a knife when used for tea. The French Canadians say it possesses medicinal qualities for which they eat it in large lumps; the 'down-east' Yankee, tall young man and tall young girl, convert it into lolly-pops and carry it in their pockets, eating at church, or at market, or at courtship, or wherever they go. It may possibly act as a corrective to the vast quantities of fat pork which they consume, as it possesses a greater degree of acidity than West India sugar.—(Lambert.)

The production of maple sugar amounted in 1836, to about 25,000 hundred weight annually in Canada, (this must be an imaginary estimate.) A plantation of maple is termed 'suegarai,' and is considered very valuable; the sugar sells at from 3d to 6d per lb. (It is retailed on Quebec streets at 4d.) A moderate tree is said to yield from twenty to thirty gallons of the sap, from which may be extracted five or six pounds of sugar. Nor is sugar the only product to be obtained from this valuable tree. Strong and excellent vinegar is made from it, as well as good wine; and with the addition of hops, sound and pleasant beer may be had at a trifling expense.—(H. Murray.)

It is a very remarkable fact that the trees, after having been tapped for six or seven successive years, yield more sap than they do on being first wounded. This sap, however, is not so rich as that which the trees distil for the first time; but from its coming in an increased portion, as much sugar is generally produced from a single tree on the fifth or sixth year of its being tapped as on the first.

Mr. Weld, writing in 1800, related that, Dr. Nooth, of Quebec, who was at the head of the General Hospital in Canada, had made a variety of experiments upon the manufacture of maple sugar. He has granulated and also refined it so as to render it equal to the best lump sugar that is made in England. To convince the Canadians also, who are as incredulous on some points as they are credulous on others, that it was really maple sugar that they saw thus refined, he has contrived to have large lumps, exhibiting the sugar in its different stages toward refinement, the lower part of the lumps being left hard, similar to the common cakes, the middle part granulated, and the upper part refined. Some attempts have been made to establish a refinery of sugar at Quebec, but they have never succeeded, as the persons by whom they were made were adventurers who had not sufficient capital for such an undertaking.

But now, 1863, and for several years past a sugar refinery, that of Messrs. Redpath & Son, large in its operations, and of noble proportions in its structure, has existed in Montreal. It stands at Gabriel's Locks, near the mouth of the Lachine Canal.

The situation of the maple grove, whether exposed to the south and the noonday sun, or to the north wind; or, if hidden from the sun by the thickets of other trees, are conditions affecting the yield of sap. Change of weather also has its influence. Some seasons the trees run freely five or six weeks, while in others they may give their sap indifferently for only half of that time. All those diversities of circumstance put together, reduce the average quantity of sugar ob-

tained in one season, from one tree, to about two-and-a-half or three pounds weight. To tap eight hundred trees is a good enterprise; but many sugar makers have each two or three thousand trees yielding sugar.

A. S.
MAPLE SUGAR, 1863.—The report from the district of Quebec in the last week of April, published in *La Canadien* says they enjoy a temperature more like May than April, and that the sugar harvest will be more abundant than was expected.

The *Huntingdon Journal* of the same date speaking for the frontier districts in the upper parts of Canada East says: 'The season has not been a favorable one for this branch of domestic manufacture. The yield will hardly be on an average of previous years. The breaking up of winter has been too rapid, and not enough of frosty nights. During the present week we have had several hard frosts, but the season is now too far advanced to expect that much more sugar will be made.'

WATER CRESSES IN CANADA.

'THE man is a patriot who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.' Is he? What then was Thomas Lee and John Walmsley, of the Great Western Railway, who have made the 'Nasturtium officinale,' grow in the county of Oxford, Upper Canada, where none grew before?—these men sowing the plants, as if they were the sons of fate sowing the whirlwind; they standing on the fleet and fiery engine of the 'Day Express West,' or the 'Number Ten Freight,' flying at thirty miles an hour, fast, faster, whirling, darting through the air, the men halting not to do it, nor loitering to think of doing it—to plant daintily, or finish off tidily these watery beds of their 'Nasturtium officinale' or 'Lepidium Salivum'—but watching the propitious moment, the second, the very instant of destiny as the train shoots through the woods towards London in the west, they throw into the cold springs at four miles beyond Ingersol fragments of the plant they carry; Tom throws Jack throws; each contributes to Canada and fate one little piece. The pieces alight fairly in the calcareous springs, the water of which is to them the bosom of mother nature, and they grow and flourish, and though only two years ago the plants are this day when I write after eating of the leaves, April 27th, 1863, widely spread, beautiful to be seen, delicious to the taste and healthful to the physical system of man, woman and child. What did Tom Lee and Jack Walmsley throw and sow so soon to grow and yield abundantly? They threw into the cold springs of calcareous water the cuttings of water cresses.

The general good health of London, the great Metropolis, which, in the rate of mortality compares so favorably with many smaller towns, is attributable to the free use, first, of animal food, and second, of the vegetable correctives derived at a cheap price from the boundless supplies of the metropolitan markets. In the year 1840, the statistics of London showed that in one market, that of Farringdon street, the wholesale price of water-cresses sold there to retailers was, annually, £30,000 sterling.—That, however, was the principal London depot for that article. Taking the entire supply of the metropolis, the wholesale value was probably £35,000 a year. Divided into pennyworths for sale by street hawkers twice a day in every street, in every coffee house, eating house and tavern; sold by all the green grocers, and introduced to almost every breakfast table and tea table twice a day, the ultimate price paid for that indispensable anti-scorbutic, dietetic corrective of the stomach was at least three times the wholesale price, or £105,000.

Three-quarters of a million of people have been added to the great metropolis since then. Railways now supply water-cresses from greater distances and in greater abundance. In my travels on an agricultural survey of Buckinghamshire, Berks, Wilts and Hampshire, where the cresses are chiefly cultivated in the pellucid springs issuing from below the chalk ridges, all impregnated with lime, the natural food of the water-cress family of plants, I found the artificial water-courses, in the water-cress meadows, rented at £8 to £12 per statute acre per annum.—The product of those meadows was carried to London, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty miles in four-horse wagons, and the wholesale price obtained in London was trebled before the pennyworths of the plant were purchased for breakfast. Yet even then, the pennyworth of metropolitan London was about double the size of five cents' worth now sold in the market of little London in Canada West. While in Hamilton the delicious luxury is so little known, or appreciated that it is seldom seen in the market; and if found

growing in any of the water springs which nature has provided for it so abundantly at the bottoms of the limestone ridges, and you take home a handful at night it is probable that the sweet freshness is dissipated by the treasure being put away to dry till the morning.

In the preceding article on maple sugar, it was remarked that it is consumed largely in Lower Canada and the eastern United States as a corrective by the inhabitants who there make pork an article of diet two or three times a day. The maple abounds also through Upper Canada, and the sugar may be obtained in quantities sufficient for the uses of commerce, were refineries erected for its manufacture. But in course of time, the maple forests will diminish before the axe, the spade, the plough and the harrow. Larger proportions of animal food will still be prepared and still eaten by the increasing flourishing population. Be it known, then, that to save families, hundreds of thousands of them from sickness incident to the free use of a flesh diet, the water-cress plant may be cultivated to any extent in the delicious, gushing, healthful springs of all the limestone regions of Canada. A. S.

QUANTITY OF GARDEN SEEDS TO PLANT.
Asparagus—One ounce produces 1,000 plants; requires a seed bed of about twelve square feet.

Asparagus Roots—One thousand, bed four feet wide and 225 feet long.

Beans, English Dwarf—One quart plants from 100 to 150 feet of row.

Beans, Pole, (larger)—One quart plants 100 hills.

Beans, Pole, (smaller)—One quart plants 300 hills, or 250 feet of row.

Beets—Ten pounds to the acre; one ounce plants 150 feet of row.

Broccoli—One ounce plants 2,500 or 3,000 plants, requiring 40 square feet of ground.

Cabbage—Early sorts the same as Broccoli; the latter require 60 feet of ground.

Cauliflower—The same as late cabbage.

Carrot—Three or four pounds to the acre; one ounce to 150 feet of row.

Celery—One ounce gives 7,000 or 8,000 plants; requiring 80 feet of ground.

Cucumber—One ounce for 150 hills.

Egg Plant—One ounce gives 2,000 plants.

Leek—One ounce gives 7,000 plants; requiring 60 feet of ground.

Lettuce—One ounce gives 7000 plants; requiring seed bed of 120 feet.

Melon—One ounce gives 7,000 plants; requiring seed bed of 120 feet.

Nasturtiums—One ounce sows 26 feet of row.

Onion—Four or five pounds to the acre of bulbs; one ounce seed sows 200 feet of row.

OUR ANCESTORS.—Every man has two parents, four grand-parents, eight great-grand-parents, sixteen great-great-grand-parents, &c. If we reckon thirty years to a generation, and carry on the above series to the time of the Norman conquest, it will be found that each one of us must have had at that period no less than 32,000,000 of ancestors. Now, making all allowance for the crossing of genealogical lines, and consequently for the same person being in many of the intersections, still there will remain a number sufficient at that period to cover the whole Norman and Anglo-Saxon race. Whatever, therefore, was then noble, or pious, or princely, or even kingly, stands somewhere in the line of ancestry of the most ignoble and vulgar among us. Each man of the present day may be almost certain of having had, not only earls (and it may be bishops,) but even crowned heads for progenitors. And so also may we be almost assured that the highest families of that period have now lineal representatives in persons so low in the social scale that all the sounding lines of heraldry would fail to fathom their obscurity. In less than a thousand years, the blood of Victoria inevitably mingles with that of some of the most ignoble of the earth. Carry the calculation further back, and we soon pass beyond any population that ever existed on our globe. A thousand years from the present time brings the number up to 1,024,000,000. Two or three centuries more carries it beyond a thousand billions, and long before we arrive at the period of our world's creation, it would have reached a number surpassing all powers of easy enumeration. It is a consequence, too, of the same view, that a thousand years hence, each man who has now an ordinary family of children, will probably have a representative some way of his blood in each of 30,000,000 of persons; and that these will be of all conditions, high and low, rich and poor, unless, as may be the case, some system of social philosophy may long before have swept all distinctions from our world.

THE GRAVE.

The grave is a common theme. Our minds often revert to it against our will. There is something connected with the "narrow house" which leads us into superstitious feelings, from the contemplation of which we naturally shrink. Death is a subject upon which we try to avoid reflection. We throw ourselves upon the gayeties of life, by which to rid ourselves of these thoughts. While we are reveling in this little whirlpool of mirth, the last 'great change' creeps silently upon us, and we who have whirled away an existence,

'Sleep where all must sleep.'

There is something possessing the mind while bending over the grave of a dear friend which is melancholy, yet impressive. In memory, childhood is brought before us. We dwell upon the days we have spent in life's green spring with the object which now lies cold in death. Youth, with its joys and its sorrows, comes fitting before the imagination—its hopes and its fears are mirrored from the heart—its happy days are memory's treasures. But now how changed the picture! the sepulchre of a friend is before us,—with him 'life's fitful fever' is over; we stand above his 'lifeless clay,' and shed the tear of friendship that it may mingle with his cold ashes. The friend with whom you have wandered 'o'er life's bleak waste' lies low beneath the very spot where you are standing. Pause and reflect. How fleeting is life—its joys how transient. Pale manhood chases the fleeing phantom of youth to the shades of old age, when earth gathers them to her bosom, the car of time rolls on its deep tumultuous tread, and they are lost in oblivion. The changes of time, how marked! Where are the orators of Rome, whose eloquence astonished the world? Cicero, Demosthenes, Cæsar?—the night winds whistle through the lonely aisles where their bones repose. Where now are the patriots who fought in the American revolution? Washington, Lafayette?—the battle cry has died away—the weapons of war have been laid aside—those that wielded them are powerless,—the multitude of the past sleep in the grave. With them the contention of life has ceased—no earthly resentments work within the cold hearts which no longer beat with animated life—with death ceases every envious feeling.

There is nothing which so tends to humble the proud spirit as the thought that the splendor of earth must go down with us to the grave—there is nothing which so blunts the sense of false pride as the reflection that we are all destined to meet a common end. The magnificence of earthly grandeur may follow the mighty of earth to the grave, and there may be something in all this pomp and splendor to lighten the remorse of the proud spirit,—it may show a cold respect of the living for the dead—but it fails to remove one pang from the heart of the true mourner. When the turf shall have covered the last remains, pride and pomp are forgotten, the 'last lingering remembrance' is severed, and the lowly form is left to moulder in the dust.

Is there not something in these reflections which impresses one deeply with the thought that earthly honors are but frail? Should we not all bow in reverential awe before the majesty of the grave, where the poor of the earth 'sleep as soundly as the king and monarch?' Here is no distinction; high sounding titles fall from the possessor; earthly grandeur sinks into the gulf of oblivion; its devouring waves sweep over all; no foot-prints are left upon the sand of time—the dead are all booked for eternity.

From the contemplation of these sad thoughts we shrink, for they impress one deeply of the mutability of earthly acquirements. We know not when we are to leave the alluring scenes of life.

MEN OF QUEBEC, AND VIEWS IN THE CITY IN 1761.

QUEBEC fell to the British forces by the victory of Wolfe on Abram's Plains 13th September 1759. A series of pictures painted soon after, have lately been reproduced, of which four have been engraved and are here published. They are:

No. 1. A view of the Bishop's House and the Ruins as they then appeared in going up the Hill from the Lower Town to the Upper Town.

No. 2. A view of the Bishop's House and the Ruins as they then appeared in going down the Hill from the Upper to the Lower Town.

No. 3. A view of the Jesuit's College and Church.

No. 4. A general view of Quebec from Point Levis.

In the originals the orthography of the position from which the last named picture was sketched is Point 'Levy.' It is still frequently written 'Levi;' but the history of the time when France surrendered the colony to Britain presents the reader frequently with the name of General De Levis. French Canadians have of late reverted to that orthography. It being correct as regards the distinguished general from whom the locality derives its name, it should be adopted in spelling the name of the locality. Therefore we have printed it Point Levis. The pronunciation being French remains 'Levi.'

The original pictures were inscribed to Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, whose name as commander of the fleet is closely allied with that of General Wolfe, chief of the land forces. It was the cannon of the fleet that bombarded the city and laid the building in ruins in the vicinity of the Bishop's palace.

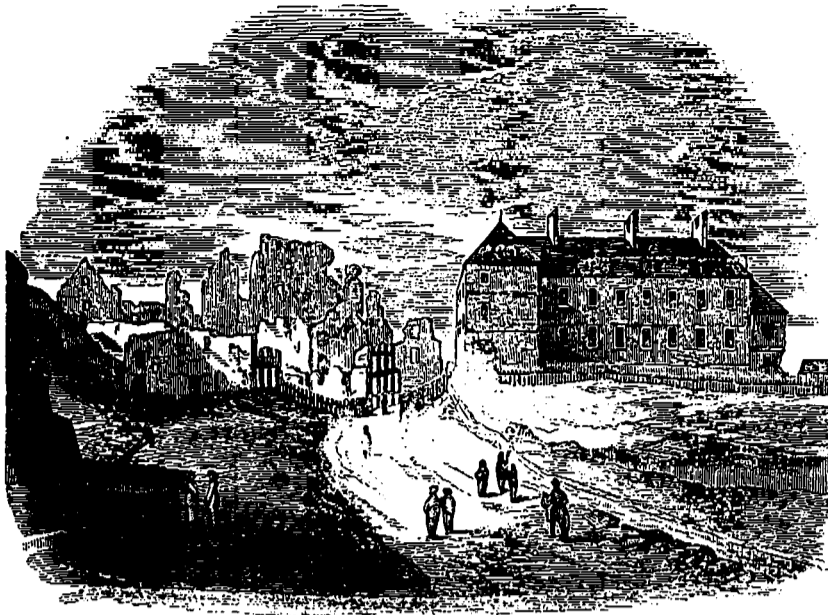
SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS.

Admiral Saunders was a lieutenant under the celebrated Lord Anson in those voyages round the world whose history, now that they are more than a hundred years old, possesses all the charms of romance, freshness and reality. He was celebrated for his personal bravery, and for his gallant defence of the 'Yarmouth' when commanding that ship in 1747. The Secretary of State, Mr. Pitt, the elder (afterwards Earl of Chatham) was sagacious or singularly fortunate in his selection of officers to command. He gave the Quebec army to young James Wolfe; and the fleet, the finest and best equipped that Great Britain had known, to the adventurous, chivalrous Charles Saunders. The resolute and gallant resistance of the French garrison, the ingenuity and heroism of Gen. Montcalm, that noble, great and good commander who but briefly survived the loss of the battle, all contribute to make the time and the events memorable. Saunders was one of the few fortunate heroes who beginning at the bottom of his profession from mere love of the life of a sailor rose to its highest honors. In 1760 he was made Lieutenant-General of Marines; in 1765 a Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1766 First Lord of the Admiralty. He was also a member of Parliament, and died in 1775.

GENERAL DE LEVIS.

Marshal, the Duke de Levis, although only a chevalier, when fighting under the orders of Montcalm, was a fine specimen of French chivalry. His name being still attached to Canadian localities, and his fame yet surviving in history are facts which demand that we give him prominence in these brief glimpses of old Quebec. He was born in 1720, in Languedoc in France. He commanded the right division in the battle where the British under Abernomy was defeated, called by the French historians the battle of Corillon, by the English Ticonderago. He held a command also at Montmorenci with Montcalm, where the French defeated Wolfe's attempt to gain the fortified camp that covered Quebec. He was at Montreal when the first battle of Quebec was fought, and therefore could not, when Montcalm fell, take command of the broken French army. French Canadians still fondly believe that had De Levis been there another condition of fortune and destiny would have attended Canada. They say, for want of De Levis to command, the army fell into confusion and the English gained a victory.

At the second battle of Quebec which took place at St. Foye, a few miles west of the city, and where De Levis had gathered the remnant of the French army, with the ostensible purpose of wresting the city and citadel from General Murray he obtained a temporary advantage; but this 'victory,' though much extolled, was wanting in that material advantage, the surrender of the



VIEW OF BISHOP'S HOUSE.

enemy. Murray was the enemy and continued to hold the city.

De Levis was near Quebec until the spring of 1760, when, on reinforcements for the garrison arriving from England, he hastily retreated upon Montreal. There he would have held out to the very last, but the Governor, the Marquis De Vaudreuil was more prudent and capitulated. De Levis returned to France and was employed in other wars. In 1783 he was created a Marshal, and in the next year a Duke and Peer of France. He died in 1787.

ADMIRAL CHARLES HOLMES.

This English naval commander fought many gallant battles, and served his country for a lengthened time before he gained a flag. In 1759 he was appointed to the fleet destined against Canada in connection with Admiral Saunders. In 1760 he commanded the West India fleet, and died at Jamaica in 1761.

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS.

This eminent naval officer took part in the first battle of Quebec, and was despatched with news of the surrender of the city to the King. On that occasion he was knighted in reward for the important news. He died in 1787.

GENERAL GEORGE TOWNSEND.

On the fall of Wolfe this officer took command. He had left the luxuries of a Court life beseeching the government of the day for active employment in any capacity. In the reign of George II. he fought at the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, Culloden and Laffeldt. He conducted the British army within the walls of Quebec, and was chiefly instrumental in obtaining the surrender of De Ramsay, who was in command of the French troops. He immediately left for England, and would have been succeeded in command by General Monckton, next in seniority, but that officer having been severely

wounded in the battle of the 13th of September, General Murray took command. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1767, and died 14th September, 1807.

HON. ROBERT MONCKTON.

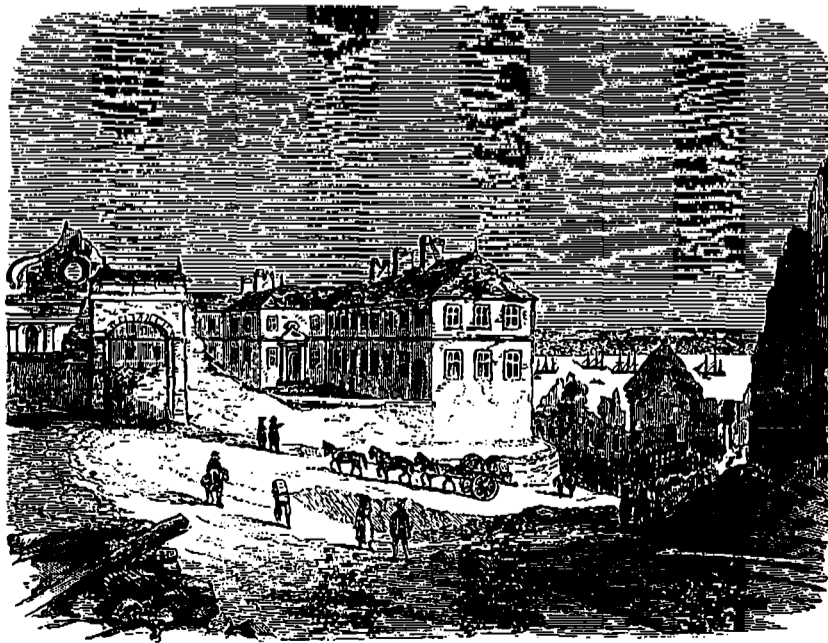
This distinguished officer led one of the divisions and was wounded in the battle on the Plains. He proceeded to the British colony of New York to enjoy the more genial climate during winter. He did not return to Canada, but became governor and commander of New York, and was subsequently governor of Berwick and Holy Island. He died 3rd May 1782.

HON. JAMES MURRAY.

Of all the men who have served and fought for Canada no one deserves more highly to be remembered, or is more entitled to our esteem than that brave and valorous general. But for him and his judicious, manly, and exemplary conduct Great Britain would not so easily have obtained possession of Canada. (Morgan.) General Murray was a son of the fourth Lord Elibank. He early entered into the service of his country, and served for some time on the Continent of Europe. On the expedition being fitted out for the conquest of Canada he was included in it and led a brigade in the battle on the Plains of Abram.

On the taking of Quebec, Wolfe being dead, Monckton wounded and the Marquis Townsend having to depart for England the command of the city and forces was judiciously entrusted to General Murray. He accordingly assumed the charge and did everything possible for the defence of the city against the expected attack of General De Levis. Twelve redoubts and outposts were erected around Quebec, and he laid in an ample supply of provisions for the ensuing winter. These were all prudent and necessary measures. All his vigilance and discretion were required to preserve the city.

The first days of spring brought De Levis and his army, consisting of 12,000 men,



VIEW OF BISHOP'S HOUSE AND THE RUINS.

while that of Murray amounted to only 3,500, two-thirds of whom had been enfeebled with disease. But the chivalrous spirit of the latter did not shrink from such a superior force. On the 24th of April, 1760, he sallied forth from the battlements of the city of Quebec to offer the enemy battle. De Levis was encamped and taken by surprise, but he speedily formed his men in column and a general action took place, now known as the 'Second Battle of Quebec.'

This contest was even more fiercely maintained than the first, and the raking fire kept up by the superior force of the French army under the able leadership of De Levis produced such telling effect that Murray ordered a retreat, carrying with him all his wounded to the number of 700, but leaving his guns behind. He was much censured for sacrificing his men and attacking such a largely superior force, and has therefore been denominated rash and hot-headed; but whoever surveys that record of our history calmly and dispassionately, cannot but admire his brave and intrepid conduct. He did more than might have been expected, for he left eighteen hundred of the enemy dead on the field, with only a loss of about three hundred dead of his own men, exclusively of the seven hundred wounded as already mentioned.

After that action, however, he had a greater care entrusted to him. He had within the walls all his wounded and but a very small force to defend the city; with a formidable foe on the outside battering at the walls to compel him to surrender. Yet he lost not his self possession, but as gallantly and devotedly as before took all precautions to defend and secure the city. That was his sole object and success awaited him. Reinforcements arrived from England and the French precipitately retreated.

The pictorial illustrations on the pages before the reader represent some of the streets as seen at that time. The present Parliament buildings, erected in 1859 for a Post-office, stand on a portion of the ground where the ruins are seen beside the Bishop's House.

The Jesuit College of illustration No. 3 may be still traced at the west end of St. Anne street. It is now a military barrack; the Church has been removed.

On the 14th of June 1760 Gen. Murray proceeded from Quebec to Montreal to join Lord Amherst with the main army from the British frontiers of New York and Pennsylvania, there to force the remnant of the French to capitulate, and sever the connection of France and Canada forever.

In the memoir of Mr. George Etienne Cartier, on other pages of this issue, the chief grievances of the French Canadians as they arose under British rule are stated in words candidly admitted by English statesmen. But it needs no pressure on credulity, it is in nowise inconsistent with a sound judgment resting on many analogies to affirm that had a British protestant population been conquered by French Roman Catholics their grievances would have been overwhelming, terrible, perpetual; they would not have been redressed as the complaints of the French have been. Indeed the ship of State from being slightly out of trim before the Union of 1840, has taken a lurch to the other side which threatens disaster, unless it be soon corrected by Lower Canadian forbearance which if manifested would be both prudence and gratitude.

When General Murray returned from Montreal to the seat of authority at Quebec, he was appointed the first British Governor General of the Province, which high office he held until 1767. During his administration the form of government and laws of the new colony were promulgated. Much dissatisfaction arose among the French people, as was natural, and as would have arisen had Moses or Lycurgus, or an angel from Heaven laid down laws in any way differing from those of the race that felt itself to be humiliated. Difficulty of government is one of the penalties of conquest everywhere, as the French find at Algiers, where the conquered race is permitted to have no rights, no privileges, and as they will find in Mexico, should the fortune of war give them a seat of government there.

Nevertheless, General Murray won the esteem of the whole Franco-Canadian people, but lost that of a part of his own countrymen because he determined to yield to their prejudices. He left for England on leave of absence, but on arriving there was appointed to other services.

The following, although not directly relating to Canada, is too good to be passed, now that it lies directly in our way:

General Murray was distinguished for his gallant though unsuccessful defence of the

Island of Minorca, in 1781, against the Duke de Crillon, who was at the head of a large French and Spanish force. De Crillon despairing of success endeavored to corrupt the gallant soldier and true man, Murray, and offered him one million sterling for the surrender of the fortress. Indignant at the attempt, General Murray immediately addressed the following letter to the Duke :

GENERAL MURRAY TO THE DUKE DE CRILLON.

'When your ancestor was desired by his sovereign to assassinate the Duke of Guise, he returned the answer which you should have thought of when you attempted to assassinate the character of a man whose birth is as illustrious as your own, or that of the Duke of Guise. I can have no further communication with you but in arms. If you have any humanity pray send clothing for your unfortunate prisoners in my possession ; leave it at a distance to be taken up for them, because I will admit of no contact for the future, but such as is hostile to the most inveterate degree.'

To that the Duke replied :

'Your letter restores each of us to our places ; it confirms in me the high opinion which I have always had of you. I accept your last proposal with pleasure.'

General Murray died in 1794 and was interred in Westminster Abbey. His body having been opened to be embalmed, several bullets were found in it, which, says Haydyn, in his Book of Dignities, he had received in the wars of Germany and America.

GEN. SIMON FRASER AND THE HIGHLANDERS.

In one or more of these pictures of old Quebec the figures of Highland pipers and soldiers will be discerned. General Simon Fraser was the son of the thirteenth Lord Lovat, who was beheaded on Tower Hill, London, in 1747, for his participation in the Scotch rising of 1745. General Fraser in his early days had been himself an adherent of Prince Charles Edward, but subsequently obtaining a free pardon and the Seventy-Eighth Regiment, or Fraser's Highlanders, having been formed he became their Lieut. Colonel bringing with him into the regiment seven hundred of his clan. They served at Louisburg, Cape Breton, at Montmorenci below Quebec, and on Abram's Plains on the 13th of September, 1759, where their bravery and gallantry were conspicuous ; indeed the victory achieved for Britain on the Plains of Abram was vigorously aided by the hardy Highlanders led on by Simon Fraser. In 1762 they were engaged in Portugal. In the recent wars in India, beginning with the Sepoy mutiny of 1857, the 78th Highlanders acted a distinguished part. General Fraser died in 1782.

MAJOR GENERAL PRIDEAUX.

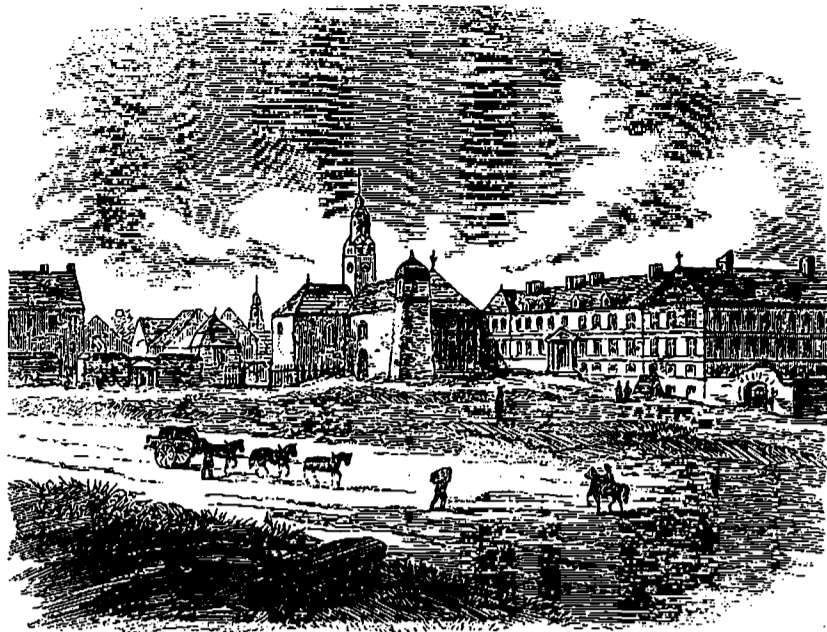
When the Campaign of 1759 was resolved on in England, Mr. Pitt selected general officers to attack Canada at four separate parts. Amherst was to have the general command and assault, Montreal by way of Lake Champlain and the river Richelieu ; Wolfe was to enter by the broad St. Lawrence and take Quebec ; Stanwix to conquer and occupy French posts by way of Pittsburgh and Lake Erie ; and to Prideaux was entrusted the important command to reduce Fort Niagara, then one of the most formidable in the country. In selecting those four officers, all but one of a young age, Pitt was influenced by no feeling but his sense of the fitness of each for the command and service entrusted to him. He did not err in his judgment. But Wolfe died before Quebec and Prideaux before Niagara. He was born in 1718, was descended from an old Devonshire family ; entered the 1st Foot Guards, (the Grenadier Guards, 1863, stationed at Montreal) and was present in the battle of Dittengen. The campaign was opened by his assault on Fort Niagara 7th July, 1759. He had formed a plan of operations and was busy in the trenches carrying them into effect, when on the 19th he was killed by the bursting of a cohorn. The command then devolved on Sir William Johnson who following out the plans of his predecessor the Fort capitulated.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL STANWIX.

John Stanwix was one of the general officers selected by Pitt. He entered the army in 1706, and served in it thirty-nine years before he obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Prior to embarking for America he was made Major-General. To him was entrusted the conquest of the French posts from Pittsburgh to Lake Erie, in which he greatly distinguished himself. He lost his life in 1766 on his voyage from Ireland to England.

GENERAL LORD AMHERST.

The town of Amherstburg, in the county



VIEW OF THE JESUIT'S CHURCH AND COLLEGE.

of Essex, Canada West, facing the Detroit river, and one or two other places retain the name of this eminent soldier-statesman. Jeffery Lord Amherst was the Commander-in-Chief of the army of America, appointed by Pitt. He was born in Kent, England, January 29, 1717. He was in several battles in the different wars previous to 1759. He sailed from Portsmouth on the 16th of March in that year in command of the troops destined for the siege of Louisburg. On the 26th of July he captured the place, and without further difficulty took possession of Cape Breton. Then he succeeded Abercromby in command of the army of North America. Gen. Amherst having transferred his head-quarters from New York to Albany, he successively took Ticonderago, and Crown Point, and in 1760 advanced against Canada, embarking on Lake Ontario, and proceeded down the St. Lawrence. On the 8th of September the Marquis de Vaudreuil capitulated surrendering Montreal and all other places within the government of Canada. He continued in the command of America until the latter part of 1763 when he returned to England. After various important services he was in 1793 a second time appointed to command the army of Great Britain ; but in 1795 he was superseded to make way for the king's second son, the Duke of York, then in his 31st year, who had seen no service but the disasters in Holland. The government on that occasion offered him an earldom and the rank of field-marshal both of which he at that time rejected ; the rank of field-marshal, however, he accepted in 1796. He died at his seat in Kent in 1798, aged 80 years.

MONTCALM.

Louis Joseph De St. Veran, Marquis of Montcalm, who made the resolute resistance to the British under Wolfe was born near Nimes in France, 1712. He entered the army at the age of 14, served in Italy and in

Germany, and was in 1756 appointed to command the French troops in Canada. In some future number of this journal his portrait will be published, with a memoir in full.

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES WOLFE.

As of Montcalm, so of Wolfe ; his portrait and a memoir will be given in a future issue. We cannot here enter upon the wide inquiry to which the extraordinary accusations against Wolfe by a French historian at Quebec invites us in respect of his alleged devastation of the country and massacre of unarmed people. The charge is a distempered dream.

James Wolfe was born at Westerham, county of Kent, England, 15th January, 1726. He fell in his 34th year. His body was conveyed to England and interred at Greenwich. In 1760 a monument was erected in his native parish ; a public monument was voted by the House of Commons and erected in Westminster Abbey ; a marble statue was voted by the House of Assembly of Massachusetts (which may inform the writer in Harper's Monthly Magazine for May, 1863, that 'ever aggressive and ever insolent England' undertook the conquest of Canada to gratify the colonies of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, and that Massachusetts, recorded its gratification in marble statuary.) A monument was erected by Lower Canada on the spot where he fell ; and on its demolition another still standing, also at different times defaced, was raised by Sir Benjamin D'Urban and other military officers.

SOCIETY GETTING TO BE DRAMATIC.—Private theatricals, says an English paper, seem to be gaining ground in England, and bid fair to react favorably upon the public stage, and to raise the intellectual tone, and improve the amusements of English society.



VIEW OF QUEBEC FROM POINT LEVY.

WRECK OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

NEARLY TWO HUNDRED LIVES SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN LOST.

The Canadian steamer Anglo-Saxon is lost on the coast of Newfoundland. On Monday, at noon, in a fog, she struck the shore, and in an hour sank below the rails. The purser, and others, did not leave the wreck until three hours afterwards. It is impossible to tell how many lives were lost by the accident, but there is reason to fear that it was not far from two hundred. The following despatches show 133 saved, and it is known that the vessel sailed with a large number of emigrants on board, who, together with the ordinary passengers and crew, could not have numbered less than 400.

The following are the only despatches received up to the time of going to press.

CAPE RACE, April 27.

To Messrs. Edmonstone, Allan & Co., Montreal :—

The Anglo Saxon, during a dense fog at noon to-day struck four miles east of Cape Race and got broadside to the rocks. During the time she was afloat seventy people were landed. She keeled to port in an hour and sank below the rails. Three boats on the port side got away. Captain Crawford, with number two boat and twenty-three people arrived here. Hon. John Young and family are supposed to be in the missing boats. Captain Burgess was drowned. Officers all missing, and the decks broken up. At four o'clock we left the wreck, when all had disappeared. The people are all here.

(Signed) WM. JENKINS purser.

ST. JOHN, N. F., April 28.

The steamer Dauntless, at 9 a.m., on Tuesday, picked up two of the Anglo-Saxon's boats, containing ninety people. The following list of passengers are reported in the Dauntless:—Hon. John Young, lady and seven children and one servant ; Miss Hope, Miss Bertram, Mrs. Capt. Stoddard, Mr. Green, mail officer, Mr. Towers, Rev. Mr. Eaton, Captain Cassidy, Mrs. Jackson and child, Mrs. Wm. Wright, John Martin, James Kirkwood and sister, Mrs. Eliza James, Catherine Cameron, Mary Ann Thomas, Mary Ann Adams, Edward Moir, or Mans, Thomas Caldwell, Mr. Hoare, first officer, Robert Allen, third officer, Mr. Scott, fourth officer, James Henderson, fourth engineer, Charles Canon, fifth engineer.

The steamer Bloodhound has gone to Cape Race for the people there.

A large proportion of the passengers on board the Anglo Saxon seem to have been emigrants. We might become prosy and moralize, but such a perpetration is little less than profane. In the deep, the appalling uncertainty of the fate of some that may or may not be saved, the affrightened mind seeks expression in some thing else than common phrases. By accident we fall upon Byron :

'There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'er-crowded with their crews,
She gave a hee! and then a lurch to port,
And going down head foremost sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave,
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave.
And the sea yawned around her like a hell
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy
And strives to strangle him before he die.
And first one universal shriek was heard,
Louder than lond ocean—like a crash
Of echoing thunder, and all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows—but at intervals there gushed
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony !

NOTE.—The Canadian Illustrated News of 9th May will contain full and exact pictorial illustrations of the ship and the boats, to obtain which we have made special arrangements.

DEATH OF JUDGE CONNOR, D.C.L.

DR. SKEFFINGTON CONNOR died suddenly at Toronto on the morning of Wednesday, 29th April. The general esteem in which the deceased Judge was held, the brevity of time since his elevation to the Bench, and suddenness of his death, all combine to inspire sorrow. A portrait of Dr. Connor will be published in the Canadian Illustrated News of next week, until which number a biographical memoir is also reserved.

Original Poetry.

SUNSET.

BY PAMELIA S. VINING.

The glorious sun behind the western hills
Slowly in gorgeous majesty retires,
Flooding the founts and forests, fields and rills,
With the reflection of his golden fires.
How beautiful all, how calm, how still!
You star that trembles on the hill,
You crescent moon that raises high
Her beaming horns upon the sky,
Seen bending down a loving glance,
From the unclouded skies,
On the green earth that far away
In solemn beauty lies;
And, like sweet Friendship in affection's hour,
Grow brighter still the more the shadows lower.

Agricultural and Horticultural.

It is said that if bones are heaped, covered with saw-dust and the pile frequently saturated with water, they will, in a short time become perfectly decomposed, and rendered available as manure. The saw-dust, too, will be reduced into a rich compost.

THREE or four feathers from a hen's wing, says a writer in the N. E. Farmer, or cotton batting on split sticks, dipped in spirits of turpentine and placed in the hill so as to extend over the vines, will keep away yellow striped bugs. The dipping should be repeated as often as the turpentine loses its strength, and after every shower. This plan has succeeded with the writer much better than boxes five inches high covered with millinet, which make the vines run up tall, so they do not grow as well as when open to the rain and air.

A CORRESPONDENT tells the Rochester Union how to destroy Caterpillars on trees. He says:—'Take a small augur, say $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to $\frac{3}{4}$, according to the size of your trees, bore a hole in the trunk of the tree, and fill with flour of sulphur, then plug up the hole with a soft wood plug. The sulphur circulates through the pores by means of the sap, into the leaves—the caterpillars eat the leaves, which causes almost instant death. I have tried the above remedy, and have seen it tried more than a hundred times, and never knew it to fail in a single instance.'

DRAINING.—The great advantage of land drainage, apart from that circulation of the feeding agent through the soil which it promotes, depends no doubt on the immediate penetration of the spring and summer showers, and their conveyance to the atmospheric temperature into the soil and sub-soil, which, without some such agency would retain the winter season for the roots of plants, while their leaves and stems were rejoicing in the summer sun and air. This influence is hardly injured by any merely surface cooling which evaporation may produce, and the probability that drained land experiences, during summer, even more of this surface cooling than land that is undrained, is thus no difficulty in the way of our understanding the immense influence of land drainage on fertility.—[Gardiner's Chronicle.

BUILDING HIGH STABLES. That is, high between floor. Most stables are built low 'because they are warmer.' But such people forget that warmth is obtained at the sacrifice of the health of the animal and pure air. Shut a man up in a tight, small box; the air may be warm, but it will soon lay him out dead and cold if he continues to breathe it. If stables are tight, they should have high ceilings; if they are not tight, but open to the admission of air from all directions, they are equally faulty. A stable should be carefully ventilated, and one of the cheapest modes is to build a high one.

LIME.—Lime will descend as far as the earth is pulverized; and it should, therefore, be placed on the top of the ground. When land has been limited for a number of years, sub-soil plowing is as good as a new coat of lime, as it brings it up again to the surface. Eighteen per cent. of the leaves and bark of the apple tree is lime, which shows that apple-orchards consume a vast amount of this mineral, and unless it is often replaced, the orchards must suffer for the want of it.

INSECTS—CHERMES.—The currant is subject to a curl or thickening of the leaf in spring, produced by a minute insect called Chermes. I have found that by applying air-slaked lime around the bushes early in the spring, I have entirely succeeded in keeping off this pest. I have also for some years applied spent tan bark around the gooseberry, (Houghton's Seedling,) with marked effect, in staying the ravages of the gooseberry worm.—[Cor. N. E. Farmer.

The following, by a correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator, is worth a trial by all peach-growers:—'Procure your trees grafted upon the wild plum stock. The trees partake of the nature of the plum, being hardy, and will never winter-kill, and putting out late in the spring, will never be injured by the frost, and it is a certain preventive against the workings of the peach-grub, while the natural lifetime of a tree is beyond that of our own; so you may depend upon peaches every year, and for a long period of time without the destructive and discouraging influence attending the growth of the common peach. They can be obtained for from fifty to seventy-five cents per tree, and you had better pay five times that amount than not obtain them, and be certain of peaches every year. Try it, and our word for it, you will be satisfied with the result.'

FOR THE CURCULIO.—A writer in the New York Observer gives the following receipt for a wash, which he says is a superior mode of preventing their ravages. The following are the directions for preparing the wash:

Take one pound of whale oil soap; add four ounces of sulphur; mix thoroughly and dissolve in two gallons of water. To one half-peck of quick-lime add four gallons of water and stir well together. When fully settled, pour off the transparent lime water and add it to the soap and sulphur mixture; add to the same, also, four gallons of tolerably strong tobacco water. Apply this mixture, when thus incorporated, to your plumb or other trees with a garden syringe, so that the foliage will be well drenched. If no rains succeed for three weeks, one application will be sufficient; should frequent rains occur, the mixture should be again applied until the stone of the fruit becomes hardened, when the season of the curculio's ravages is past.

Whale oil soap is made in the oil bleacheries, and is a combination of soda, or potash, used in the process, with the dirtiest impurities of the oil. It is now found for sale at agricultural warehouses and at druggists. It is valuable, when dissolved alone in water, as a wash for shrubbery in a garden that is infested with lice and insects. It is a little caustic, and should not be applied too strong. One pound to twelve or sixteen gallons of water is about right.

FORMATION OF A HOT-BED.

Taking into account the rapidity with which the summer succeeds spring, and how tardy the event of spring seems to be, any means by which we can advance vegetation a step should be adopted, if not involving an undue expenditure. The hot-bed is a simple and economical method of promoting the early vegetation of choice seeds of esculents, &c., so that by the time the severe frosts have disappeared, we may transfer to the garden our plants partly established. The flower garden may be spared a small corner of the hot-bed, also for the raising of a few of the choice annuals.

The expense of constructing or getting up this hot-bed frame is not overwhelming, though plans have been proposed to cheapen the luxury still more. A frame of three lights or sashes will be found sufficient for a small garden. It is formed of a frame or box about six feet wide by twelve feet long, with sloping sides and a higher board at the back, which is to be placed at the north, with cross bars, to be fastened by hooks and staples, as this proves the most convenient method of removal; these cross bars support the sashes. The sashes are generally glazed with six or eight inch glass. Any person may thus compute the probable cost of such a frame in his own vicinity, requiring boards for the frame, cross bars, and three sashes six feet long by three feet eight inches wide, allowing four inches for each sash to rest, and the cross bars.

The material to create the bottom heat is the next consideration. This must be long stable litter, which if of the right quality, may be mixed with a portion of leaves from the woods. The litter should be laid in a heap for some days before use, in order to allow it to commence heating. About four wagon loads will be sufficient. The ground for the frame having been selected, sheltered if possible on the north, and well exposed on the south-east, throw out a shallow trench and lay the soil taken out in a ridge along the margin of the intended bed; this forms a sort of base to prevent the litter from being scattered about. Then shake the litter regularly in layers, beating it gently with the back of the fork as you proceed, to consolidate it; if leaves are used, then lay in alternate layers; too great a layer of leaves would prevent fermentation going on as rapidly as desirable. The heap should have a gentle slope from back to front, and should be, when formed, about three and a half or four

feet high at the back, and three in front; it will gradually subside. On this heap lay the frame; the manure should be allowed to extend about a foot beyond the frame on all sides. Keep the sashes close, and covered with mats for two or three days, till the heat raises, and when fully up, cover with six inches of light loam and leaf mold of the richest quality, which should be carefully selected.

When the heat comes up, a little air is required, and space to permit the escape of steam, by tilting up the sash. In a few days the heat will moderate, when seeds may be sown, either in small compartments in the top dressing of soil, or in boxes or pans, slightly 'plunged,' as we term it, in the bed. The only danger is from the generation of too violent a heat, and the prevalence of steam from the fermenting materials. Tan bark has been successfully used to cover with, as this keeps the steam from rising; this cannot be employed where seeds are sown in rows, without the use of boxes or pans. We sincerely hope that even one individual may be benefited by the details of what is to many a thrice told tale.—Country Gentleman.

Useful Information.

THE QUEEN BEE.

The following account of the Queen Bee we take from the 'New American Cyclopaedia.' It is both interesting and instructive:

'The queen bee is the largest, being eight and a half lines in length, the males being seven, and the workers six; her abdomen is longer in proportion, and has two ovaria of considerable size; her wings are so short as hardly to reach beyond the third ring, and her color is of a deeper yellow. She is easily recognized by the slowness of her march, by her size, and by the respect and attentions paid to her; she lives in the interior of the hive, and seldom departs from it unless for the purpose of being impregnated or to lead out a new swarm; if she be removed from the hive the whole swarm will follow her. The queen governs the whole colony, and is in fact its mother, she being the only breeder out of twenty or thirty thousand bees; on this account she is much loved, respected and obeyed with all the external marks of affection and devotion which human subjects could give to a beloved monarch.

The eggs and larva of the royal family do not differ in appearance from those of the workers; but the young are carefully nursed, and fed to repletion with a more stimulating kind of food, which causes them to grow so rapidly that in five days the larva is prepared to spin its web, and on the sixteenth day becomes a perfect queen. But, as only one queen can reign in the hive, the young ones are kept close prisoners, and carefully guarded against the queen mother, as long as there is any prospect of her leading another swarm from the hive; if a new swarm is not to be sent off, the workers allow the approach of the old queen to the royal cells and she immediately commences the destruction of the royal brood by stinging them, one after the other, while they remain in the cells. Huber observes that the royal larva is open behind, and he believes this to be a provision of nature to enable the queen to destroy the young, which, in the ordinary cocoon, would be safe against her sting.—When the old queen departs with a swarm, a young one is liberated, who immediately seeks the destruction of her sisters, but is prevented by the guards; if she depart with a swarm, a second queen is liberated and so on, until further swarming is impossible from the diminution of numbers or the coldness of the weather; then the reigning queen is allowed to kill all her sisters. If two queens should happen to come out at the same time, they instantly commence a mortal combat, and the survivor is recognized as the sovereign; the other bees favor the battle, form a ring, and excite the combatants, exactly as in a human prize fight.

Experiments amply prove that on the loss of the queen the hive is thrown into the greatest confusion; the quietude which commences in one part is speedily communicated to the whole; the bees rush from the hive, and seek the queen in all directions; after some hours all becomes quiet again and the labors are resumed. If there be no eggs nor brood in the combs the bees seem to lose their faculties; they cease to labor and collect food, and the whole community soon dies. But if there be brood in the combs the labors continue as follows:—having selected a grub, not more than three days old, the workers sacrifice three contiguous cells, that the cell of the grub may be made into a royal cell; they supply it with the peculiar stimulating jelly reserved for the queens, and at the end of the usual

sixteen days the larva of a worker is metamorphosed into a queen. This fact, which rests on undisputable authority, is certainly a most remarkable natural provision for the preservation of the lives of the colony.—While a hive remains without a queen swarming can never take place, however crowded it may be. The possibility of changing the worker into a queen is taken advantage of in the formation of artificial swarms, by which the amount of honey may be indefinitely increased. In a well proportioned hive, containing twenty thousand bees, there would be nineteen thousand four hundred and ninety-nine workers, five hundred males and one queen.

PHENOMENA OF GLASS.—That glass resists the actions of most acids science has proved—its weight is not diminished by use or age. It is more capable than other substances of receiving the highest degree of polish; if melted several times over, and properly cooled down in the furnace, presenting a polish which almost rivals the diamond in brilliancy.

If it be made into a phial, with the bottom much thicker than the sides, and suddenly cooled in the open air, instead of being tempered in the usual manner, the result on its susceptibility to fracture is most extraordinary. It will bear a heavy blow, or severe pressure, from any blunt instrument, uninjured; but if any hard and angular substance—even so small as a grain of flint, or sharp sand—be dropped into a phial, the bottom will crack all round, and fall off. A small fragment of diamond has been seen to pass through the thick bottom with apparently as little resistance as if it fell through the web of a spider. Instances have occurred in which one of these phials have been struck by a mallet, with a force sufficient to drive a nail into some descriptions of wood, without causing a fracture; while a small fragment of flint, dropped gently into the phial, has cracked the glass to pieces.

A piece of white-hot metal being dropped into cold water, and taking the form of a rounded lump elongated by a tail, is termed a cracker. The round part will bear a heavy blow without fracture; but if the least particle of the tail be broken off, the whole flies into innumerable fragments, as fine as powder.

If this glass-drop be placed into a wine-bottle filled with water, and a small portion of the tail broken off, by the aid of a long pair of nippers, the concussion by the explosion (for it is almost similar to an explosion) is so violent as to break the bottle and scatter the water in every direction. All these curious results are owing to a peculiar inequality of the glass, which arises from the sudden cooling to which it is subjected.

A LIFE-WORK COMPLETED.—Letters have just been received from Rev. Dr. Goodell, of Constantinople, stating that the great work of his life—the translation of the word of God into Armeno-Turkish, and its thorough revision and preparation for publication—has been completed. Dr. Goodell left this country as a missionary to the Turkish empire in 1822. It was soon found indispensable to the prosecution of his work, that the Bible should be given to the people in their several languages; and to him was assigned the labor of its translation for the use of the Armenian population. It was judged best to employ the Armenian character and the Turkish dialect, which is the common dialect of the Armenians in Turkey, and hence the name of Armeno-Turkish. Dr. Goodell accomplished the entire work alone, translating the Scriptures out of the original Hebrew and Greek, and completing the Old Testament Nov. 6, 1841, and the New Testament about two years later. The day on which he completed the first translation, he wrote to his former instructor, John Adams, LL.D., of Phillips Academy, (father of the Rev. Dr. Wm. Adams, New York): 'Thus have I been permitted, by the goodness of God, to dig a well, in this distant land, of which millions may drink; or, as brother Temple would express it, to throw wide open the gates of the New Jerusalem for all this immense population.'

After making use of this translation for a time, it was deemed best that it should have a thorough revision, and for many years Dr. G. has been devoting himself mainly to this important work, carefully examining every sentence and word in the sacred volume, and endeavoring to express the simple mind of the Spirit in the language of the people for whom the translation is designed. This work is now completed, and it will remain not only as a monument to the accurate scholarship, the sound critical judgment, the Scriptural piety, and the life-long perseverance of the translator, but as the lamp of divine truth in the Turkish Empire, until the languages employed shall cease to be spoken.—[N. Y. Observer.

EOLA.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]

The inn at which they stopped had been previously prepared for their reception by the direction of Sir George. He told the landlord to hold himself in readiness, until further orders, to receive into his house, at any hour of the night, two men and a young lady, and have a comfortable sleeping apartment especially prepared for the latter. In giving these instructions the haughty baronet condescended to offer no explanation relative to the unusual circumstance attached to them. The man kept a public inn for any traveller to sleep at if he chose, and it was, Sir George thought, no business of his to inquire into the history of all who came to him; if he unexpectedly got customers that paid better than anybody else, he ought to think himself lucky, and ask no questions.

Whether mine host acquiesced in this opinion or not, we leave our readers to decide; but we can confidently assert that if he did ask questions they were not answered.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

On first finding herself alone in a strange burst, Eola could not restrain a passionate burst of tears.

It seemed so hard to be thus torn from kind friends, and precipitated amidst enemies and strangers, that even her sanguine bosom felt unable to bear up against such a misfortune. And when she reflected how great would be the sorrow of her amiable protectors, and how dreadful that of Elwyn, her own grief was increased threefold.

It was a long time ere she could sufficiently compose her troubled ideas to resume the fortitude which had before brought her tranquillity. It came at last however; hope once more raised itself amid the darkness of despair, and the young girl grew more calm. With the sweet anticipation of a speedy rescue from her trials by the hand of Elwyn she eventually sank into slumber, and dreamed that the longed-for aid had come.

She still occupied the old arm-chair. How long she slept she could not tell, but it was not still quite dark when she was aroused by the grating of a key in the lock of the door. With a moan of disappointment at being awakened from her pleasing visions to drear reality, Eola started from her recumbent position, and looked tremblingly about her.

On the opening of the door, a young woman appeared, bearing in her hands a small waiter with some breakfast for Eola, and a candle.

She exhibited much surprise on finding Eola sitting on the easy chair, and kindly inquired why she had not gone to bed.

'I don't know,' returned the young girl, in her usual sweet voice; 'I suppose I fell asleep unawares. What time is it?'

'About half-past five, miss, I think,' replied the attendant, who was the landlord's daughter. 'Here's some nice hot tea, and some eggs and bacon for your breakfast; and I was told to ask you to get dressed as soon as possible; but as you haven't been to bed, you won't have the trouble.'

So saying, the girl set down the tray on a table near the captive, and retreated.

In spite of all her troubles, Eola was not insensible to the demands of hunger; and not being romantic enough to refuse her food on account of sentiment, she gladly partook of the comfortable meal prepared for her.

There was one circumstance throughout this adventure that puzzled her, which was the gipsy's unwonted liberality. He appeared quite wealthy in all his arrangements, and the young girl was at a loss to account for it.

'But perhaps he's been luckier since I left them, and made his fortune,' she thought.

She had just finished her breakfast when Ralph made his appearance, carrying on his arm a dark merino dress that he had purchased of the landlord's daughter for Eola, who, at his desire, hurried to assume it, putting it on over her gay evening dress to save time, the gipsy being afraid of losing the train, and impatient to be going.

As they descended the narrow stairs, and traversed the little passage leading to the door, on their way to the carriage waiting to carry them to the railway station, Ralph kept a firm hold of Eola's hand. Not until they were safely seated in the train did he appear at ease; for he had confidently anticipated an attempt at escape on the part of his lovely captive at this period of their journey.

The young girl, however, had perceived the utter improbability of such a proceeding resulting in benefit to herself. She doubted whether her story would be believed, and

moreover, as we have already seen, relied with confidence on the hope of being released by her lover. She therefore refrained from incensing Ralph by making any rash and hopeless effort to escape.

As long as they were in England, she felt sure of being able by some means to compass her deliverance, and she did not think it likely that the gipsies would leave the country on her account.

Ralph continued to maintain a stern silence.

He was amazed and delighted by the sudden docility and resignation of the young girl, but, thinking that any advance to familiarity on his part might weaken the impression his threats had evidently made on her mind, he was rigidly determined to keep his former resolve of giving her no encouragement to talk, or renew her prayers for release.

The railway journey to Europe was made without an incident worth note, except that, true to his master's instructions, the disguised servant, who for the time had been re-christened 'Joe,' lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself into Eola's favor. At nearly every station where the train stopped, he offered to go to procure her refreshment, and once purchased her an illustrated paper on his own account. Accordingly, as the subtle contriver of the plot had prognosticated, the forlorn captive soon began to feel even thankful to the strange gipsy—as she believed him to be—and finally conceived the notion of trying to enlist the sympathies in her behalf, to effect her object of communicating with Elwyn, should she fail to accomplish it by any other means.

But the admiral, in adding this contrivance to his scheme, had unfortunately for himself, like a great many more too clever diplomatists, over his mark, as will hereafter appear. For Joe, though a devoted servant, and generally ready to serve his master's interests before any other persons, even his own, had a remarkably soft heart where a female was concerned, though this failing had never shown itself so strongly as in the present instance; and from pretending a partiality for the charming young grandchild of his master, he imperceptibly began to entertain one in reality, and that of the most honestly affectionate kind. We do not mean that the soft-hearted fellow was fool enough to fall in love with the baronet's grand daughter—such a thing never entered his honest head; but he felt that devotion, that affectionate respect for her, which the bewitching beauty of such a guileless creature was calculated to inspire in the bosom of a rough but good natured man. This stage of regard on Joe's part was not, however, attained suddenly, or at first sight.

His first sentiment was compassion for the sorrow of the 'poor little mite,' as he styled her; his next, wonder at the admiral's cruelty to such a gentle thing; then, compunction at being a party in the plot that was making her so miserable; and so the good work went on in his mind, till at the journey's end he was in a perfect state of perplexity, wavering between the conflicting emotions of what he thought might be his duty to Sir George, and what he knew to be the dictates of his conscience. He dared not betray his master's confidence, and yet it was dreadfully hard to deceive that of the poor, artless little captive. So Joe was perfectly wretched. And when, on reaching Truro, Eola put her little hand in his to be assisted from the train, he mentally pronounced himself a villain, and blushed so intensely through all the walnut stain on his face, that had the young girl seen it she would have been frightened.

Here they were met by Linda Shore. She was not greatly altered since Eola had last seen her. Except that a few gray hairs were scattered throughout her sable tresses, and her former insolent expression of countenance had deepened into a still more forbidding cast, she was in appearance the same haughty, handsome woman as in former days. She evinced neither surprise nor affection, nor even common civility towards the returned runaway, but, merely favoring her with one of her sarcastic speeches, turned away to converse with her brother.

Eola, on her side, did not volunteer any gratuitous remarks, though she could not help feeling disgusted at the heartless woman's indifference; for she had at least anticipated that Linda would have sought to know something of Zerneen, her child, if she felt no interest in the fate of Eola herself.

But Linda was not so wholly interested in the matter as she appeared: she was reserving her curiosity relative to her lost daughter till a more favorable time. The feeling that she experienced regarding Zerneen was very little stronger than curiosity. She had had other little ones since the disappearance

of her eldest born, and these had blunted what little sorrow or regret she might possibly have cherished at first on the flight of their unfortunate sister.

On reaching a little cottage in the outskirts of the town, which Ralph said was his destination, Eola encountered the old woman, his mother, who was looking more skinny, haggard, and witch-like than ever.

Eola, who still entertained the fear of her childish days in the presence of this old woman, was glad enough to be allowed to take the seat the gipsy placed for her near Joe, in order to be as far as possible away from her. The hag, who was no more overburdened with regard for Ewald's child than her daughter, eyed, in malicious silence, the fair girl's improved form and features, after coldly saluting her.

Ralph and Joe presently quitted the cottage to purchase something for the supper, the former bidding Linda, in a whisper, take care of the prisoner; and so the three strangely-united females were left alone.—Eola then, at Linda's request—and in consideration of the solitude she might, as a mother, be expected to feel—told her and the old woman all she knew of Zerneen's fate, but without informing them how she had obtained the knowledge, or commenting on it in any manner. Linda and her mother stared at each other, on hearing of the mock marriage, in dumb surprise. It seemed to them that Zerneen's dishonor by the same hand that had caused the destruction of Eola's gentle mother, was a judgment on them for their cruelty to the latter and her offspring. But like all guilty people under similar circumstances, they, by tacit consent, forbore to mention their thoughts aloud, or to acknowledge their error even to each other.

'Well, as she's made her bed, so she must lie,' said the hardened Linda, sententiously. 'I am not responsible for a wicked girl's misfortunes; simply because she happens to belong to me. I have enough to do to look after the other brats, without troubling my head about her.'

And so the affair was dismissed, as far as the mother was concerned; but the more humane uncle was not so easily satisfied on hearing of his niece's unhappy history, and neither did he intend to acquiesce in her loss thus quietly. Her shameful betrayal only added another incentive to his fierce thirst for revenge on the heartless nobleman; and, as soon as the present work was over, he was determined to carry out his vengeance, in spite of all past failures.

His first plan, however, was to demand from Lord Ewald on account of Zerneen, and to snatch the poor girl, if possible, from her guilty life; for of course he imagined that she was still living under the roof of her destroyer.

Ralph and his relatives made several indirect attempts to draw from Eola a narration of her own adventures since she left them; but she did not, or would not understand them, and, following the gipsy's own tactics, maintained a determined silence during the whole time she was in his presence.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A week elapsed after the arrival of the trio at the cottage without Eola being able to put into execution her project of writing to Elwyn.

Her uncongenial friends, or rather enemies, had not yet condescended to give her any explanation of why she had been brought to that out-of-the-way place, and what further they purposed doing with her; and the young girl was therefore left to wonder in ignorance.

Her every action was so closely watched, and her every movement regarded with such a jealous scrutiny by Ralph, who seldom left her side during the day, and slept in the little room close to her own every night, that she almost began to despair of ever being able to defeat his vigilance.

The cottage, a very humble one, was situated in an isolated position, far away from any other habitation. It was very seldom that any foot passengers passed it, and no other person but Joe, who lodged away somewhere in the town, ever came to visit at it.

Joe became kinder and kinder to Eola every time he saw her, and the forlorn girl eagerly accepted his slightest tokens of regard as one more step toward the realization of her hopes; for she now saw that it was through Joe alone that she could ever accomplish her design.

But Joe himself was anything but satisfied with his own conduct; his conscience had by this time become a perfect scourge, and the more Eola appeared anxious to confide in him, the more he dreaded the thought of

her doing so. While he was merely a passive accomplice in the plot against her happiness, the error did not appear so deep; but when he should actually take an active part in the affair, by destroying the poor girl's letter to her lover, according to the admiral's design, she felt that he would then be a blackguard indeed.

'Now, what shall I do?' reflected Joe, on the morning of the third day after that of the journey, as he wended his way along the road leading from his lodging to the cottage. 'There is the baronet; I'm bound to serve his interests. I've been with him near upon ten years, and I've never deceived him once in anything he set me on. But then there's that poor little chick down there at the cottage, with her pale, sweet face, and pretty, soft eyes. Dash it all! I'm a regular fool when I think of her. And only yesterday says she, "Joe, you're my only friend here; you are kind, though you daren't help me, and I'm very thankful for all you do for me; but I shall never be happy again till I get away from here."

'Pretty dear! and then she shook hands with me—oh! dash it again—I say! what a beast I am!

'And yet what can I do?

'I can't go to the baronet and confess what a soft-hearted goose I am; he would think me a fool. Then, again, I daren't betray him; and then, again, how can I be such a brute as to deceive that poor child?

By this time Joe had reached the cottage, and was made more miserable still by the warm beam of pleasure that lighted up Eola's face as he entered.

He felt as if he were the greatest culprit in existence.

Eola was astonished, after Joe had been there a little while, to see Ralph get up and leave the room. Linda and the old woman were also out of the way. The young girl's heart beat so fast with joy and hope that she could scarcely command her voice sufficiently to speak calmly to Joe, in whom she was at length about to place the dreaded confidence.

'Joe,' she said, in an agitated whisper, and drawing her seat a trifle closer to his side.

'Oh lor!' thought Joe, what a miserable feeling of dismay; 'it's coming at last.'

'You have been very kind to me, Joe, since we left London,' continued Eola willingly.

'Oh, no, I haven't, miss—not a bit, quickly rejoined the self-arraigned culprit, as if such an avowal as this in part allayed his pangs of remorse.

'Yes, you have, Joe,' said the young girl, conclusively.

'No, I haven't,' reiterated Joe, in stern rectitude.

'Hush! speak lower; they will hear.—Now, Joe, I'm going to say something to you.'

Joe groaned in bitter anguish of spirit.

'You must first promise me, that if you refuse the request I have to make, you will at least not betray me.'

Joe hesitated—looked bewildered.

'Do promise, Joe;' and the pretty pleader's little white hand was laid, in the enthusiasm of her supplication, on his broad shoulder.

'Well, well, I promise,' stammered the poor fellow.

'Then I want you to help me to escape from these people. I don't want much from you: I only want you to post a letter for me to a gentleman who, I think, will rescue me. You will not compromise yourself a bit by so doing, as they will never know who it was that did it, and you shall be handsomely rewarded, if I escape, for your kindness.—Now, Joe, will you do it?'

The man hesitated in answering, partly in accordance with his orders not to seem too eager to assist the young girl, and partly from real indecision and shame.

Eola evidently thought that he hung back from the task, and, resolving to try a last appeal to his feelings, she said—

'Joe, if you loved any body could you bear them to be carried away from you for ever, and never to see them again?'

Joe confessed he couldn't.

'Well, then, don't you think that those who love me are very anxious and miserable at my loss?'

'Then would it not be generous to try to restore the lost one?'

Joe thought it would.

'And now, Joe, in pity to a poor unhappy girl, grant my request. It will not hurt you to do me this small favor. Do—do assist me.'

And Joe was fairly conquered, and acquiesced; and before he left the cottage that evening a little note occupied his waistcoat pocket, addressed to Mr. Jameson, at Stockwell, but containing a few fond, hurried lines to Eswald, which Eola had contrived during the day to scribble with a pencil on the old fly-leaf of a dilapidated book she had found in her bed-room. The pencil was borrowed from Joe, an envelope likewise, which he had accidentally (?) placed in his pocket with some old papers that very morning. How lucky!

Ralph understood perfectly well what made his artless prisoner so happy that evening; she was thinking how well she had managed her scheme, how soon Elwyn would learn where she was, and how quickly he would fly to rescue her from her cruel bondage.

Meanwhile Joe's feelings assumed a form the reverse of happy.

With Eola's letter in his hand, he stood outside the post-office door, a prey to the most bewildering thoughts. His devotion to the baronet and his pity for the young girl were so equally balanced, that he knew not whom to decide on serving. As we have said before, he was an old and favored servant, and greatly in his master's confidence. He did not know, however, entirely the nature of the relationship existing between Eola and Sir George. He had been given to understand by the latter, that she was the offspring of a son of his, who had married imprudently when very young, and gone away with his wife to America; that they had then been quite lost sight of by the admiral, who had heard nothing of their fate, until by accident he discovered that they were both dead, and had left a daughter, who had been brought up out of compassion by some travelling actors, from whom she had run away when very young; that she had unexpectedly been at length found by the baronet living with some people at Stockwell as a governess, or something of the kind, and betrothed to a man whom he hated, and to separate her from whom he had adopted the strong measures in which Joe had been appointed to assist.

Such was the plausible story that had been concocted by Sir George Shipton to satisfy the curiosity of his servant, who, though he had his own private ideas on the matter, did not, of course, openly appear to doubt his master's tale.

He had never heard before that the baronet had been married, and it did seem rather strange now to learn that he had not only had a wife, but a son and a grandchild.

Well, as Joe stood outside the post-office with Eola's letter in his hand, it seemed as if two distinct inner voices were talking alternately to him.

'You have been in the baronet's service nearly ten years,' said the first voice; 'and have ever served him faithfully, and would you deceive him now?'

'Think of that poor child,' said the second voice, pathetically. 'If the admiral don't like her lover, she does, and it will certainly break her heart to lose him. The admiral's never seen the lover nor the girl either, and what can he know of one or the other?'

'If you betray your master's confidence, Joe, you are a villain,' cried, in stern accents, voice No. 1.

'If you break that poor child's heart, Joe, you are a shameless, cowardly brute,' loudly opposed No. 2.

'Do your master's bidding this time, Joe, and trust to fortune for an opportunity of serving the girl at a future time, when you clearly know how matters stand. You are not sure yet whether you would be helping her to misery or happiness in restoring her to that lover of hers; he may be a scamp after all.'

Thus spoke reasonably enough, voice No. 1.

'How will you be able to look her in the face to-morrow, you brute, if you destroy her letter?' cried No. 2; and the letter was positively half way in the box; but—

'Pause, madman!' roared No. 1; and a frantic jerk fetched it back again, and precipitated it on the dirty pavement.

The struggle was over; No. 1 had gained the day. Joe vigorously tore up the letter, scattering the fragments on the ground; and soon the simple lines, on which were built the bright hopes of the young Eola's trustful heart, were trodden down, and buried out of sight beneath the slimy mud of the street.

The next morning Sir George received the intelligence of this occurrence at his chambers.

Two days after he was at Truro, where he had an interview with Ralph Leighton at his hotel, heard with pleasure of Eola's resigned demeanour, and arranged the remainder of his plot.

CHAPTER L.

It is needless to say how Sir George Shipton burned with anxiety to see his beautiful grandchild, but this was not his intention for a few days. He must give her time to become low-spirited at the non-appearance of Elwyn Eswald, ere he attempted to practise on her confidence himself.

Night and day since the dispatch of her letter to her beloved Elwyn, the young girl had been in a whirl of alternate hopes, fears, and wonderment. She knew that he must be in London, for she felt confident Mrs. Jameson would have sent immediate intelligence of her abduction to him in Italy, and that he would have hastened to England instantly. Then, if he were in London, her letter should have reached him the day after it was posted, and he would have made his appearance, at latest, on the following day. And now three days had elapsed, and still no deliverer had arrived.

'What could be the matter? Was Elwyn ill? Had anything worse happened to him?'

The dreadful idea sent a sudden rush of blood to the poor girl's face, and caused her to tremble from head to foot with dire apprehension.

'But, no; it was foolish to imagine such things as these, for, of course, Mrs. Jameson would have communicated it to her by some means, had any misfortune chanced to her betrothed.'

'Could her letter have miscarried? Ah! that was feasible enough! She would write another.'

It will be seen that she never once doubted Joe's fidelity. Her nature was so unsuspecting, and her own heart so pure, that it was hard to make it question the truth of another's.

Had she been less trusting, she would have learned to suspect something wrong from the unusual life which her gipsy-friends were leading (for she had never known them to live in a cottage before,) and the obstinate silence they preserved relative to their motives for having made her return to them; as she could clearly see that, so far from being of service, she was only a burden to them.

Another letter was written to Elwyn, and intrusted to Joe, who, after another struggle with his two voices, consigned it to the same fate as the former one had met with.

Two more days passed away, and still no Elwyn came. Eola was now thoroughly despairing. Hope had held out bravely hitherto, but now it deserted her all at once, and the blackness of despair seemed all the more horrible from the contrast it presented to her late bright faith. The heart that had previously beat so high with sweet anticipation became faint and undefined alarm, and the anxious eyes that had sparkled in wistful expectation gradually ceased their watchfulness from the little cottage casement, and relapsed into an expression of dull, sorrowful listlessness, which nothing seemed to arouse.

The gipsy, as his captive became more unhappy, increased his vigilance, and she was thus deprived of her vaguest hopes.

She began to believe now that something terrible must have happened to have prevented Elwyn's arrival; but happily this inconstancy—which at such a time would probably have entered most other women's minds—never mingled its poison with the guileless feelings of the young gipsy girl.

On the third morning after the second letter had been written, Eola, unable longer to maintain even a show of composure or indifference, flung herself at Ralph's feet, and, in a wild passion of sobs and tears, implored his mercy, and her restoration to her friends. The gipsy had expected this appeal to his feelings, and had built, as it were, a wall round his heart to protect it from the attack. Stern and unmoved, to all appearance, he stood while the poor girl, in frantic grief, which increased in violence at almost every sentence, wildly besought him to restore her to happiness, or to explain why he had snatched her from it. Crying, almost screaming, she threw her arms around his knees, and, convulsed with agony, poured forth her piteous prayers.

The gipsy coldly replied that her entreaties were useless, and endeavored to free himself from her grasp.

But fiercely she clung in utter desperation to his knees, begging and entreating, till her frantic strength had quite exhausted itself, and then, pale, powerless, and suffering, she sank moaning and quivering on the floor.

The gipsy gladly hurried from the distressing scene, and, dispatching his mother to the wretched girl's assistance, started off in search of the baronet.

CHAPTER LI.

In the afternoon of the same day, as Eola

was sitting dejectedly at the window of her little bed-room, her head resting in the deepest despondency on her hand, and her tearful eyes sadly fixed on the dull country around, vainly striving to concoct some plan of escape from her cruel captivity, and half-distracted with apprehension concerning her beloved Elwyn, she suddenly perceived, at the top of a gentle eminence, a long way down the road, a solitary horseman, approaching in a direct line to the cottage.

Her eyes remained fixed upon this object with an involuntary earnestness. It was not on account of the unusual circumstance of seeing an equestrian pass that way, nor because she had any defined notion that his appearance would at all concern her, for she had been so often disappointed, that she now abandoned hope; yet she could not withdraw her ardent gaze, even when the stranger approached near enough to perceive that she was looking at him.

At length he was within a few yards of her.

He was a fine, handsome, sunburnt-looking man of about fifty years of age, or a little older, perhaps; and the reader will doubtless, from this description, recognise Sir George Shipton.

Immediately on perceiving the figure of the young girl at the little casement, when at a considerable distance from the spot, he had become so agitated as to be obliged to pull up his horse into a quiet walk, in order to calm his feelings before approaching near. Few persons under similar circumstances could have controlled their emotion. It was indeed an event to the baronet, who had long ceased to believe that he had a single natural tie on earth, to be thus on the eve of seeing a grand-child; and yet compelled to meet her as an utter stranger.

The poor girl was looking frightfully pale and wretched. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her beautiful golden locks falling in neglected confusion round her brow and neck, their glittering threads lighted up with the last rays of a setting sun that half-enveloped the little form, looked strange and unearthly in contrast to the marble whiteness of the statue-like face, which, propped up by one pretty hand, was just visible above the window sill.

With a violent effort to control his emotion, the baronet stopped his horse right in front of the cottage.

'Anybody at home, there?' he cried, reaching out his riding whip, and giving a thump on the door.

Ralph had not yet returned home; Linda was washing in a little yard at the back of the house, and the old woman was the only person now, except Eola, in-doors, and she forthwith sallied out to inquire the horseman's business.

He inquired the road to some place a short way off. The hag directed him with a cunning leer, for of course she knew it was all a ruse.

The stranger then, without daring to glance up at the casement a few feet above him, against which that young sorrowful face was so eagerly pressed, asked the old woman to give him a glass of water.

'We haven't any in-doors, sir; but I won't be a minute getting it from the well,' she said, slyly.

The gentleman thanked her; said he was sorry to give her so much trouble, but that he was very thirsty, having ridden a long distance, and very hard.

But no sooner had the old woman disappeared, than he looked up at the window where Eola was sitting, and made a sign for her to open it.

Now Ralph (and this Sir George knew) had securely nailed the window down, in case the young girl should be daring enough to try to effect her escape through it; but there was a little pane of glass near the top that opened on a hinge.

This, with trembling hands, she unfastened, and in a piteous tone informed the stranger that she could not open the rest of the window, and that she was a prisoner against her will.

'Hush! poor child, not so loud,' said Sir George, in a whisper. 'I have heard about you, and am come purposely to see you, to effect your rescue. Not another word at present—the old woman is coming. Read that.'

While speaking, the baronet had been trying to the top of his whip a small slip of paper, and, standing upright in his stirrups, he managed to hold it up on a level with the open pane.

Eola, almost breathless with fear and joy, tremulously disengaged it from the whip, and with a softly-murmured blessing on the generous stranger, closed the aperture.

(To be continued.)

REGRETS OF LIFE.

There are also many enjoyments given us by our fellow-men which we know must soon cease, but which we may be very sorry should be over for us. We need not dwell either on the very highest or the lowest of these, for, as we have said, we do not know but what, in some form or other, the highest may re-appear in some new shape. The highest of all is the pleasure of tranquil love, and tranquil love may endure beyond this world, as we see it enduring undiminished in this world. The delights, too, of spiritual and intellectual communion may not only be continued, but increased. There is no reason why the soul, wherever it may be, should not float on the wings of a common ecstasy, or be fired by the spark of a new thought flashing from mind to mind. The lower of these pleasures are too physical, and too much bound up with particular states of the body, to permit us to fancy, without irreverence, that they might be prolonged. It is a great pleasure, if you like it, to go with an old steady friend for a quiet day's punting on the Thames, but it is an unambitious and a sublimary pleasure.—But there are pleasures arising from social intercourse which are high enough to satisfy our better nature, and yet are obviously and completely terrestrial. There is, for example, the pleasure of all those gatherings of men and women where some food is offered to the mind and some attempt is made to instruct, elevate, or enliven. Small dinners, or evening assemblages of a few intimate friends who speak out and do not dress, or groups of smokers on a fine morning with the prospect of an idle day, are all true, natural, and most legitimate sources of innocent and considerable pleasure. When we think how very pleasant it is to have worked hard a whole day, to have been separated from friends by distance or occupation, to have exhausted mind and body without exhausting them to faintness, and then, when the evening falls and lamps are lit, and dinner has given the restoration and excitement for which it was designed, to converse freely with men and women whom we like or quietly love, and who do not bore us, or bring in quotations, or wish to explain things, or obtrude personal recollections, but who will talk freely, without shyness, bitterness, or a wish to shine—we may well own that such meetings are among the pearls of life.

There are, too, great parts of human life and noble achievements of the human mind which belong essentially to this world, and as to which it yet seems to us a pity that they must soon altogether cease so far as we are concerned. Humor, for example, is altogether mundane. We cannot separate the notion of humor from the mingled skein of terrestrial affairs, from the contrast which man's aspirations and his attainments present, and from his curious position in a world where he is at once so near to the wild beast and the angel. If things were all straight, there would be no humor, and the true humorist is the man who sees the riddle of existence, but who hides this perception beneath the veil of a sense of the comic and the ludicrous. It is to be presumed, from the great bulk of religious literature, that every one regrets the existence of the mystery of the universe, and that every one is certain of discovering it hereafter. We must, therefore, take it for granted that humor must come to an end with life. Any one, however, who reflects how large a place the creations of humor have filled in the sources of his intellectual enjoyment, and how very dull all productions are, such as dictionaries, sermons, and philanthropic lectures, from which humor is very properly excluded, will own that leaving humor behind him is like leaving that which has been the salt of his reading and thought for many years. It is absurd to exaggerate the importance of humor. Men have something to do in the world besides brooding over the puzzle of their existence until they end by laughing at it; and the greatest things that have been done and said on this earth have been done and said by men who have had remarkably little humor in them. Perhaps Shakespeare's is the only intellect of the first order of which we can distinctly say that humor was prominent in its manifestation.—The region of spiritual thought, too, lies far above humor. It lies in the sphere of revelation, and humor lives in the sphere of partial obscurity. But still humor is dear to most men as the face of nature, and the impressiveness of hoary antiquity, and the cheerful intercourse of friends are dear to them. They might do without any or all of these things. They might still lead a life here which would be a net unfitting prelude to a life hereafter; but as they have them, and have learned to prize them, they cannot but mourn that they should pass away.

DOGS.

Here are four dogs with as varied visages as one might wish to see, moreover contained in a picture which is a tolerably fair representative of French painting of canine character. With us Landseer, 'the Shakespeare of dogs,' has set the practice of representing animals with dramatic action or incident, making something like a story of more or less appropriateness out of the subject of such works,—we may instance 'Suspense,' where the motive is concentrated on the expression of a single hound, and 'Jack in Office,' where a humorous scene is rendered by many curs.

For the most part, with the French the custom is different; they more frequently depict animals in a group, without any special action or connecting link, as in the example before us, wherein any one or two of the subjects might be taken from the picture without the removal thereof affecting the spectator's interest in the others. In

short the English have carried their love and use of dogs even into art, and have made the representation of them a branch of painting which, in the hands of some of our great artists, is not much inferior to any other class or object of study. The French have not reached this point yet, but only combine without composing their groups of animals. Of course there are exceptions to this in many notable pictures; but we speak of the general rule.

The animals before us are good examples of contrasted character. They are the property of the Emperor of the French, and the picture from which our engraving is taken was exhibited in the great Parisian Exhibition of 1855. The artist is a well-known and admirable animal painter, who has chosen for his model the broad and vigorous style of Syders—refining upon it, rather than

the somewhat less striking system of execution in which Landseer delights. The French name their dogs in a classical fashion, rejoicing in such titles as Castor, Alexandre, Nicanor, or Caton, rather than Growler, Snapper, &c., which obtain with us, both in dogs and gunboats.

L. L.

NATIONAL PECULIARITIES OF LADIES.—

One day the Fairy Blue descended upon earth with the courteous intention of distributing to all her daughters, inhabitants of different lands, the treasures and favours she brought with her. Her dwarf, Amaranth, sounded his horn, and immediately a young girl of each nation presented herself at the foot of the throne of Fairy Blue. The good Fairy Blue said to all her friends: 'I desire that none of you shall have to complain of the gift I am about to make you. It is not in my power to give each of you the same thing; but such uniformity in my largesses, should that deprive them of all merit?' As time is precious to the fairies, they say but little. Fairy Blue here finished her speech, and commenced the distribution of her gifts. She gave to the young girl who represented the Castles hair so black and so long that she could make a mantilla of it. To the Italian girl, she gave eyes, sparkling and brilliant as an eruption of Vesuvius at midnight. To the Turkish, an embonpoint round as the moon, and soft as an eider-down. To the English, an aurora-borealis, to tint her cheeks, her lips, her shoulders. To the German, such teeth as she had herself, and what is not worth less than pretty teeth, but which has its price, a feeling heart, and one profoundly disposed to love. To the Russian girl she gave the distinction of a queen. Then, passing to detail, she placed gaiety upon the lips of a Neapolitan girl, wit in the head of an Irish, good sense into the heart of a Flemish; and when she had no more to give she prepared to take her flight.

'And I?' said the Parisian girl, retaining her by her tunic. 'I had forgotten you.'—'Entirely forgotten, madam?' 'You were too near me, and I did not perceive you.—But what can I do now? The bag of gifts is exhausted.' The fairy reflected an instant, then, calling by a sign her charming obliged ones, she said to them: 'You are good, since you are beautiful; it is for you to repair a very grave wrong I have committed. In my distribution I have forgotten your sister from Paris. Let each of you, I

pray, detach a portion of the present I have made to her, and so gratify our Parisian.—You will lose little, and repair much.' How refuse a fairy, and above all the Fairy Blue? With the grace which happy people have always, these ladies, in turn, approached the Parisian, and threw her, in passing, one a little of her beautiful black locks, another a little of the rose of her complexion, this some rays of her gaiety, that what she could of her sensibility. And it was thus that the Parisian, at first very poor, very obscure, and very down-hearted, found herself in an instant, by this act of sharing, much richer and better endowed than any of her companions.

'Where do you hail from?' queried a Yankee of a traveler. 'Where do you rain from?' 'Don't rain at all,' said the astonished Jonathan. 'Neither do I hail—so mind your own business.'

IN THAT CASE, QUITE ANOTHER THING.—Bishop Burnet, at one of his visitations, when the name of a very old clergyman was called over (of whom a private complaint had been made that the parish could not endure him, he gave such bad sermons,) gravely chided the poor parson—"I am told, Mr. —, that your parish is very well satisfied with you in many respects; but they are much discontented with your sermons. Now there is no excuse for this; for, instead of preaching extempore, as I am told you sometimes do, or giving them your own compositions, you have only to preach good printed sermons, and they will have no cause of complaint." "May it please your lordship," replied the clergyman, "you have been wholly misinformed. I have long been in the habit of preaching printed sermons, and those I have preferred are your lordship's."

In first love men take the soul long before the body; at a later date they take the body before the soul, and at times they do not take the soul at all.

WESLEY AND WELLESLEY.

'It is not generally known, perhaps, that Wesley and Wellesley were originally the same name, and that the ancestors of John Wesley, and of Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, were of the same family.—Is it not surprising that offshoots from the same stock, however distant from each other they may have been transplanted, should grow up to be of the same nature as the parent tree, and bring forth fruits like unto each other. It was so with the Wesleys and the Wellesleys. If we look at the characters of the two men just named, we shall find a remarkable similarity between them;—the same strong family features in each;—perfect simplicity, unwearied diligence and application, the strictest attention to discipline and order, and the most indomitable energy and perseverance. In personal appearance, also, they were very much alike.

In considering the character of each we can well believe that had Wesley been the

military cadet, and Wellesley the student of divinity at Oxford, history would still, most likely, read precisely as it now does; and that the establishment of Methodism, and the victory of Waterloo, would stand, as now, recorded facts, with only the names of the two great actors reversed. There were strong features of resemblance between the two families, through several generations. A rich vein of poetical and musical talent ran through both. The poetical genius of the Wesley family is well known. The old rector of Epworth, and all his sons, were poets; and Charles Wesley's son was a famous organist and composer of music. (By the way, we are told that he—the son of Charles, and nephew of John Wesley—changed his religion and became a Roman Catholic.) In the other family, the Earl of Mornington, the Duke's father, was a poet and a phy-



DOGS.—By L. G. JARDIN.

Gleanings.

A bad-tempered judge was annoyed by an old gentleman who had a very chronic cough and after repeatedly desiring the crier to keep the court quiet, at length told the offending gentleman that he would fine him £100 if he did not cease coughing; when he was met with the reply—"I will give your lordship £200 if you will stop it for me."

THE ORIGIN OF PIN MONEY.—When pins were first invented and brought into use, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, they were a New Year's gift very acceptable to ladies; and money given for the purchase of them was called 'pin money,' an expression which has been extended to a sum of money secured by a husband on his marriage for the private expenses of his wife. Pins made of metal, in their present form, must have been in use some time previous to 1543, in which year a statute was passed (35 Hen. VIII. c. 6) entitled 'An Acte for the true making of Pynces,' in which it was enacted that the price charged should not exceed 6s. 8d. a thousand. Pins were previously made of boxwood, bone and silver, for the richer classes; those used by the poor were of common wood—in fact, sewers.—Book of Days.

DIGGING FOR MONEY.—'What are you digging there for?' said an idle fellow to a steady laborer who was at work on a piece of waste land. 'I am digging for money.' The news fled—the idlers collected. 'We are told you are digging for money.' 'Well, I ain't digging for anything else.' 'Have you had any luck?' 'First-rate luck; pays well. You had better take hold.' All doffed their coats and laid on most vigorously for a while. After throwing out some cartloads, the question arose—"When did you get any money last?" 'Saturday night.' 'Why, how much did you get?' 'Eighteen shillings.' 'Why, that's rather small.' 'It's pretty well. Three shillings a day is the regular price for digging all over this 'ere district.'

LITTLE MISCHIEFS.—Little lies are seeds of great ones—little cruelties are germs of great ones—little treacheries are like small holes in raiment, the beginnings of large ones—little dishonesties are like the drops that work through the vent of the levee.—A drop is an engineer; it tunnels away for its fellows; and they, rushing, prepare for all behind them.

PURE ENGLISH.—It may be a question whether pure English should not be classed amongst the dead languages. Certain it is that we see and hear very little of it, and that what there is has slight appreciation. Yet it is a standing remark that 'every one writes well now-a-days.' Not so; but few, passing few, read critically. Few bear in mind the standards of English excellence, Addison, Middleton, Swift, Defoe. The only anchorage we have popularly left to pure English is the Bible, and our early divines derived their language from it as well as their truths, not in servile imitations of quaint forms of speech, but in the adoption of the simplicities of expression, great thoughts in brief words. But now there are two distinct languages heard from the pulpit, one drawn from the well pure and undefiled, the other in the following sermon, the Latinised, Frenchified, Americanised, slangified tongue of the day. Fluency is all that is necessary; let the thing flow easily and rapidly, and there is no scrutiny, no analysis. It passes with all the adulterations, perhaps preferred by force of custom to the genuine thing.

A NEW RAILWAY BRAKE.—After the last meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a model of a railway brake was exhibited by Mr. W. G. Creamer, of New York. This plan was stated to embrace—first, an arrangement of compensating, or balanced brakes, actuated by one lever, and distributing the pressure equally on all the wheels, with a small expenditure of power; secondly, an attachment of reserved power to the brakes of every carriage, in combination with a non-elastic signal rope, so as to enable the driver instantly to apply every brake in case of danger; or, on the separation of the train, or any part being thrown from the line, the brakes would apply themselves automatically, as each carriage was entirely independent of all the others, and the brakes were available wherever they were placed in the train.

VERY SENSIBLE.—It was remarked by an intelligent old farmer, 'I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy, than the ignorance of the man; for the one or the other I am compelled to be.'

TRY IT.—The easiest and best way to expand the chest, is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

THE memory of good and worthy actions gives a quicker relish to the soul than ever it could possibly take in the highest enjoyments of youth.

sician of no mean talent. Many stories might be told to prove similarity of character between the old Methodist and the Iron Duke. On one occasion when the latter was conducting some friends through the rooms of Apsley House, they noticed that his place of sleeping was upon the small iron camp bedstead that he had used in his campaigns. One of the friends remarked that there was scarcely room enough for a man to turn round. 'Turn round' said the Duke, 'when a man feels like turning round, it is time for him to get up.' Compare this with the following. In May, 1776, an order was made in the House of Lords, 'That the commissioners of his Majesty's excise to write circular letters to all such persons whom they have reason to suspect to have plate, as also to those who have not paid regularly the duty on the same.' In consequence of this order, the accountant general for household plate sent a copy of it to John Wesley. The answer was as follows: 'Sir, I have two silver teaspoons in London, and two at Bristol: this is all the plate which I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many round me want bread. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY.'

Reverse their circumstances and conditions, and we may be almost certain that the old itinerant, as Duke, would have contented himself with the iron camp-bedstead; and the Duke as itinerant preacher, with the 'two silver teaspoons in London, and two at Bristol.'—[Lutheran and Missionary.

HAPPINESS.—Now, let us tell you a secret, a secret worth learning. This looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what we know of it, we would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true happiness is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives; the boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice, while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.

In a family, it is often the stranger that detects whose is that subtle influence, whose that silent persuasiveness of character, whose that unobtrusive power, which moulds and governs the whole domestic circle.

