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## THE SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF CANADA.

The Honorable ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, Speaker of the Legislative Council, was born at Hedon, Yorkshire, England, on the 9th of March, 1822. His father was a medical gentleman, who emigrated to Canada in 1824, and settled in Montreal. There he practised his profession for a period of eight years. In 1836 he removed with his family to Upper Canada, and settled in Kingston.

Alexander, the subject of this memoir, was then a lad aged 14 years. He was sent to the Granwar School under the head mastership of Mr. George Baxter, whose proficiency as a classical scholar and successful teacher, was well known in Kingston. After the usual course of study, and having passed a very creditable examination, he was admitted as a law student, and articled to the late Henry Cassady, Esq., barrister-at-law, who enjoyed a very extensive practice and stood deservedly high in his profession. On the death of Mr. Cassady in 1839, young Campbell was articled to the Hon. John A. Macdonald, late Attorney General, Canada West, and being admitted to the bar in 1843, then formed a copartnership with Mr. Macdonald, which continued up to 1848, when a separation took place. Mr. Campbell's position at the bar was then thoroughly established. His reputation as a nisi prius lawyer, as a special pleader, and in Chambers, was second to none at the Kingston bar, and excelled by few in the Province.

His political career may be said to have commenced in January, 1858, when he offered himself as a candidate to represent the Electoral Division of Cataraqui in the Legislative Council. His address to the electors appeared in the Kingston News, and was the subject of the following editorial remarks:

'We are glad of the opportunity thus afforded us of congratulating the Division upon



HON. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF CANADA.

the prospect of sending to the Upper House a gentleman whose acquirements, natural ability, and general unexceptionable deportment, with the credit to their judgment and good sense in selecting him, and who will, if elected, add to the dignity and usefulness of the House. Mr. Campbell's political principles are known to the great body of the people in the Division, although he has not exhibited himself as a stump orator on every available occasion, in order to acquire vulgar notoriety, as is frequently the case

with those who seek popularity among the masses. As a Conservative of 'broad principles,' as a professional man of unsullied honor, as a private gentleman of unblemished character, his popularity with the people among whom he has lived and acted, is but the natural result of his upright and consistent conduct.'

The election took place in the fall of 1858, and Mr. Campbell was elected by the large majority of 1100. He took his seat in the Legislative Council in the session of 1859,

and by his sound judgment, legal knowledge, administrative abilities and debating powers, very soon acquired great influence. In the session of 1863 he was unanimously elected Speaker, a post which he fills with credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the Council, as has been frequently expressed by honorable gentlemen on both sides. The dissolution of parliament, which followed the defeat of the Sandfield Macdonald-Scotte ministry, in May, 1863, creates a vacancy as well in the Speakership of the Legislative Council as in that of the House of Assembly. Mr. Campbell will therefore only have enjoyed the honor of the chair for one short session, and when Parliament meets, in a few days, must give way to some gentleman from Lower Canada.

Mr. Campbell is a man of great talent and ability, a fluent speaker and good debater. He stands high in the estimation of the Conservative party, and is destined to occupy a prominent position, if not the lead, in some future government. His political career has been free from inconsistencies, and his adhesion to any ministry must prove a tower of strength.

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## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, AUGUST 8, 1863.

**BULWARKS OF LIBERTY.**

Magna Charta in 1215; the Petition of Right, 1626, Habeas Corpus in 1679; and the Bill of Rights, 1689; these are the more prominent of the bulwarks of public liberty in Great Britain and the colonies. These too, were the foundation of political freedom in the United States of America. But to preserve liberty in permanence it has been necessary, in Britain and in Canada, to suspend some of the popular rights implied in Habeas Corpus for a time; and that necessity is present in the American Republic now. Let us briefly glance at the several Acts referred to.

The Great Charter, commonly known by its Latin name, Magna Charta, limited the power of the King over the property of the feudal lords and the ecclesiastical corporations. The charter was signed at Runnymede on the banks of the Thames, near the royal castle of Windsor, 5th of June, 1215, John being then King of England. 'What was unwillingly granted could scarcely be expected would be religiously observed.' Yet it was never suffered to wholly lapse. 'All that has since been obtained,' says Hallam, 'is little more than confirmation or commentary; and if every subsequent law were to be swept away there would still remain the bold features that distinguished a free from a despotic monarchy.' Sir James Macintosh said that, 'to have produced the Great Charter, to have preserved it, to have matured it, constitute the immortal claim of England on the esteem of mankind.'

After the Great Charter, the Petition of Right, became one of the landmarks which have guided the progress of public liberty. It originated thus:—

In the first parliament of Charles I., which was in 1626, the House of Commons refused to grant supplies until certain rights and privileges of the people, which they alleged had been violated, should have been solemnly recognised by a legislative enactment. With that view they framed a petition to the King, in which, after reciting various statutes by which their rights and privileges were recognised, they prayed the King—'that no man be compelled to make, or yield, any gift, loan, benevolence, tax, or

any such like charge, without common consent by act of parliament; that none be called to make answer for refusal so to do; that freemen be imprisoned or detained only by the law of the land, or by due process of law, and not by the King's special command, without any charge; that persons be not compelled to receive soldiers or mariners into their houses against the laws and customs of the realm, and that commissions for proceeding by martial law be revoked.' All which they prayed as their rights and liberties, according to the laws and statutes of the realm.

To that petition the King at first sent an evasive answer, thus: 'the King willeth that right be done, according to the laws and customs of the realm, and that the statutes be put in due execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrongs or oppressions contrary to their just rights and liberties, to the preservation whereof he holds himself in conscience obliged as of his own prerogative.'

That answer being rejected as unsatisfactory, the King at last pronounced the formal words of unqualified assent: 'Let right be done as it is desired.' Notwithstanding this, the ministers of the crown caused the petition to be printed and circulated with the first insufficient answer.

When the writ of Habeas Corpus is spoken of without farther explanation, it signifies the Act passed in 1679, the 31st year of Charles II. It is a writ at common law used for various purposes, such as the removal of a prisoner from one gaol to another; or to be tried in one court instead of another.

But the great writ of Habeas Corpus is that which, in cases of alleged illegal confinement, is directed to the person who detains another; and the purport of the writ is a command to such person to produce the body of the prisoner, and to state the day and the cause of his caption and detention; and farther, to submit to and receive whatsoever the judge or court awarding the writ shall direct.

The old writ, *de homine replegiando*, was issued for the purpose of replevying a man out of custody, in the same manner as chattels taken in distress may be replevied upon giving security to the Sheriff, that the man should be forthcoming to answer any charge against him. And if the prisoner was removed out of the Sheriff's jurisdiction the Sheriff might make his return accordingly, and therefore a process issued to imprison the party withholding the prisoner, until the latter was produced. From the many exceptions, however, with which the writ was granted, especially in causes where the Crown was concerned, it was a very insufficient remedy. The decision of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench in the reign of James I., and first year of Charles I., that they could not, upon a Habeas Corpus, bail or deliver a prisoner, though committed without any cause assigned, in cases where he was committed by the special command of the king, or by the Lords of the Privy Council, caused the Parliamentary inquiry which was followed by the Petition of Right, which recites this judgment, and enacts, as we have just related, that no freeman shall be so imprisoned or detained.

The court, however, and the judges still endeavored to uphold the prerogative of the Crown, and consequently the Statute 16 Charles I. c. 10, was extorted by the Parliament, which enacted that, any person imprisoned by the king himself, or his Privy Council, or any members thereof, should have the writ of Habeas Corpus granted to him, upon demand or motion made to the Court of King's Bench or Common Pleas; which should thereupon within three Court days, after the return of the writ, examine and determine the legality of the commitment, and do justice in delivering, bailing, or remanding the prisoner.

Still, however, new devices were made use of to prevent the due execution of this enactment, and eventually the Statute 31 Charles II. was passed in 1679, which is called the Habeas Corpus Act, and is frequently spoken of as another Magna Charta. By this Statute the methods of obtaining the writ are plainly pointed out, and so long as it remains in force no British subject can be long detained in prison, except in those cases where the law requires and justifies a detainer. And lest this statute should be evaded by demanding unreasonable bail or sureties for the prisoner's appearance, it was declared by the I William and Mary in 1689, commonly called the Bill of Rights, that excessive bail shall not be required.

The Bill of Rights, after declaring the late King James II, to have done various acts, which it enumerated, utterly and directly contrary to the known Laws and Statutes and freedom of this realm, and to have abdicated the Government, proceeds to enact as follows:

1st. That the pretended power of suspending of laws, by regal authority, without consent of parliament, is illegal.

2d. That the pretended power of dispensing with laws, or the execution of laws by regal authority, as it hath been assumed, and exercised of late, is illegal.

3d. That the Commission for creating the late Court of Commissioners for ecclesiastical causes, and all other Commissions and Courts of like nature, are illegal and pernicious.

4th. That levying taxes for the use of the Crown, by pretence of prerogative, without grant of Parliament, for longer time, or in other manner, than the same is or shall be granted, is illegal.

5th. That it is the right of the subject to petition the King, and all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning are illegal.

6th. That the raising or keeping a standing army within the Kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with consent of Parliament, is against law.

7th. That the subjects, which are protestants, may have arms for their defence, suitable to their condition, and as allowed by law.

8th. That election of members of Parliament ought to be free.

9th. That the freedom of speech and debates or proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of Parliament.

10th. That excessive bail ought not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

11th. That jurors ought to be duly empanelled and returned, and jurors which pass upon men in trials for high treason ought to be freeholders.

12th. That all grants and promises of fines and forfeitures of particular persons, before conviction, are illegal and void.

13th. And that for redress of all grievances, and for the amending, strengthening, and preserving of the laws, parliaments ought to be held frequently.

It is added that the lords and commons do claim, demand, and insist upon all and singular the premises as their undoubted rights and liberties; and that no declarations, judgments, doings, or proceedings, to the prejudice of the people in any of the said premises ought, in anywise, to be drawn hereafter into consequence or example.

A suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act is effected by an act of parliament, authorising the crown, for a limited period, to imprison suspected persons without giving any reason for so doing. But it has been customary to pass Acts of Indemnity subsequently for the protection of those who have acted under the suspension.

The Habeas Corpus Act of 1679 has been re-enacted or adopted, if not in terms yet in substance, in most of the American States; and the New York revised Statutes, Vol.

II. p. 561, provide for relief under the writ *de homine replegiando*, in favor of fugitives from service in any other State; but this provision has been held to be contrary to the constitution and laws of the United States, and void in respect to slaves being fugitives from States where slavery is lawful.

It has been customary, in times of danger, to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act. One class of writers has held that these are the times when the Statute is most necessary; for, say they, 'the Habeas Corpus is the protection of the innocent, not the defence of the guilty.'

On the other hand, if political agitation reaches that extremity when one step more would be rebellion, as in England and Scotland in 1817-19, and in Ireland unhappily too often, public liberty and safety have been preserved from revolution and anarchy by the precautionary suspension of Habeas Corpus. It was held to be prudent under such circumstances for executive authority to assume the power of imprisoning dangerous persons without trial.

If that were excusable in case of political agitation only, how much more is it necessary, imperative and unquestionable, when a country is invaded as Canada was in 1812 and '14; or in a state of insurrection as in 1837 and '38; or when a nation is convulsed in civil war as that of the United States is in 1863? To reserve for executive government the power of arresting traitors, or persons suspected of treason, and of holding them in custody until political exigencies admit of formal trial, is one of the bulwarks of liberty and of national stability. The newspapers, or public men of Canada, who have railed at the American government for suspending Habeas Corpus, and who have comforted and caressed fugitive traitors in this country, thereby the more pointedly affronting and exasperating the American people and government against Britain and Canada, have been blindly—we trust it was blindly and not wickedly with open eyes, hastening onward that time of peril to our political existence, when suspension of Habeas Corpus will become a necessity in this land of present happiness, peace and prosperity.

**THE PEACE OF CANADA.**

The following resolutions were presented to the House of Representatives by Mr. Vallandigham, in 1862. [For Mr. Vallandigham's treason in 1863, see page 152.]

'Whereas, The Secretary of the Navy has reported to this House, that Capt. Chas. Wilkes, in command of the San Jacinto, an armed public vessel of the United States, did, on the 8th November, 1861, on the high seas, intercept the Trent, a British mail steamer, and forcibly remove therefrom James M. Mason and John Slidell, disloyal citizens, leading conspirators, rebel enemies and dangerous men, who, with their suite, were on their way to Europe to promote the cause of the insurrection, claiming to be Ambassadors of the seceded, Confederate States; and

'Whereas, The Secretary of the Navy has further reported to this House that the prompt and decisive action of Capt. Wilkes on this occasion merited and received the emphatic approval of the Department, and moreover, in a public letter has thanked Captain Wilkes for this act; and

'Whereas, This House on the first day of the session did propose to render the thanks of Congress to Captain Wilkes, for his brave, adroit and patriotic conduct in the arrest of the traitors, James M. Mason and John Slidell; and

'Whereas, Further, on the same day, this House did request the President to confine the said James M. Mason and John Slidell in the cells of convicted felons until certain military officers of the United States, captured and held by the so-called Confederate States, should be treated as prisoners of war; therefore, be it

'Resolved, As the sense of this House, that it is the duty of the President of the United States to now firmly maintain the stand thus taken, approving and adopting the act of Captain Wilkes, in spite of any measure or demand of the British Government; and that this House pledges its full support to him, in upholding now the honor and vindicating the course of the Government and people of the United States against a foreign power.'

## Poetry.

## THE TEMPERANCE LIFE BOAT.

Not upon the stormy ocean  
Is our noble life-boat found,  
But amid the rocks and breakers  
That overspread the solid ground.

Not alone, our aim to rescue  
Men from an untimely grave,  
But from depths of hopeless misery  
Erring ones we seek to save.

Back intemperance's snging billows,  
Sweep across these lovely plains  
Desolating cot and palace,  
Causing bitter tears and pains.

See our friends and neighbors sinking  
In the dark and turbid stream,  
Haste! oh, hasten to their rescue  
While of hope there's yet a gleam.

Quickly launch the Temperance Life-Boat,  
Manned by noble hearts and brave,  
Speed it o'er the fiery billows,  
Snatch them from a drunkard's grave.

Do! despair not, shipwrecked brother,  
There is succor near at hand,  
In the Total Abstinence Life-Boat  
We will bear you safe to land. P. J. O.

## THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

## CHAPTER I.

HOW THE NEW SURGEON CAME TO THE VILLAGE OF EBURY TO SETTLE, AND OF ANOTHER STRANGE PERSON.

A powerful sensation was created one day in the village of Ebury, by a report that somebody had taken the long-inhabited house, which was situate in the centre of the street.

Who could have hired it? the whole village were asking, one of another. Those cousins of the Smiths? or the people who had come on a visit to the Hall, and professed to like Ebury so well? No, none of these; it was a stranger from London, quite unknown to everybody: for there soon appeared a shining zinc plate on the newly finished oak door bearing in large, to-be-read-at-a-great-distance-off-letters, 'Mr. Gervase Castonel. Consulting Surgeon.'

Ebury was in an ecstasy. A fashionable doctor was what the place wanted above all things; as to Winton, he was nothing but an apothecary, old now, and stupid. Only three days before (so the tale went round the whist tables), when he was called in to Mrs. Major Acre, an elderly dowager, he had the insolence to tell her he could do her little good; that if she would eat less and walk more, she would not want a doctor. They had put up with Winton, especially when he had his young and agreeable partner, a gentleman of fortune and position, who had joined him some time before. But this gentleman's wife had fallen into ill health, which had caused him to quit Ebury, and seek a warmer climate. Mr. Gervase Castonel arrived, and took possession of his residence. You all know how fond we are apt to be of fresh faces, but you cannot know how rapturously fond Ebury at once grew of his.—And yet, to a dispassionate observer, it was not a prepossessing face; it was silent, pale, and unfathomable, with a gray, impenetrable eye that disliked to look at you, and dark hair. They tried to guess his age: some said five-and-twenty, some thirty; it is most probable he was near the latter, a small-made man, of middle height.

Poor Mr. Winton! he had attended Ebury and the country round for forty years, walking unostentatiously on his two legs, and never, unless the distance was really beyond them, using a horse or carriage, and then it was borrowed or hired. But he had to witness the debut of Mr. Castonel in a stylish cab with a tiger behind it; both of the newest London importation; Mr. Castonel's arms being emblazoned on the cab, and Mr. Castonel's taste on the boy's dress. He never stirred a professional yard without this cab; did a patient at the next door call him in, the cab took him there. Generally the boy would be hoisted up, holding on by the back straps, after the approved manner of tigers; sometimes, when it was Mr. Castonel's pleasure not to drive himself, he sat by his master's side and took the reins. Mr. Castonel had a habit of sitting very back in his cab, and the lad also, so that when its head was up they were invisible; and in this way the cab would go dashing at a fierce rate up and down the street. Until Ebury became familiar with this peculiarity, it was the cause of no end of terror; the pedestrians believing that the spirited horse, without the guide, was making for their unfortunate bodies. Two of these horses were possessed by Mr. Castonel, fine, valuable animals, and

one or other was always to be seen, with the cab behind him. Sure never did a stranger fall into so extensive a practice (to judge by appearances), as did Mr. Gervase Castonel.

The first patient he was summoned to was Mrs. Major Acre. It may be observed that a family in Ebury wrote a note of invitation to Mrs. Major Acre and omitted the 'Major.' She at once returned the letter, with an intimation that Mrs. Major Acre declined acquaintance with them: so we will take care not to fall under a similar calamity. Mr. Castonel was called in to Mrs. Major Acre, and she was charmed with him. He sympathized so feelingly with her ailments, but assured her that in a little time, under his treatment, she would not have a symptom left. That horrid Winton, she imparted to him, had told her she wanted nothing but walking and fasting. Oh, as to Winton, Mr. Castonel rejoined, with a contemptuous curl of his wire-drawn, impenetrable lips, what could be expected of an apothecary?—He (Mr. Castonel) hoped soon to leave no patients at the mercy of him. And this was repeated by Mrs. Major Acre wherever she went: and she took care to go every where to land the praises of the consulting surgeon: so that people almost longed for a tender fit of sickness, that they might put themselves under the bland and fostering care of Mr. Castonel.

Nor was there only one house taken, nor only one stranger who had come to settle in Ebury. At the same time a lady, attended by one female servant,—a young and handsome lady, it was said, became the tenant of Beech Lodge. Her name no one knew, her business was no one's business. She lived secluded—declined visitors, and rarely if ever stirred out. It was not until sometime afterward that it was found that she was an acquaintance—a family connection, he carelessly observed—of the new surgeon. Gossip kept a sharp scrutiny on the couple, but even gossip could make nothing out. The new come lady was circumspect—rather haughtily so, however; and except the fact of her seclusion, which was highly censurable in such a place as Ebury, she gave no offence. Gossip would have grown tired of her, and turned its attention to some one else, and did when any one else came, but in default of new matter, the mysterious lady at Beech Lodge gave rise to the most earnest conjecture, and served as a standing dish at Ebury tea-tables.

## CHAPTER II.

ABOUT THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE NEW SURGEON TO THE OLD SURGEON'S NIECE.

Time goes on with us all, and it did with Ebury. In six months not a single patient remained with Mr. Winton; all had flown to Mr. Gervase Castonel: for that gentleman, in spite of his glaring zinc plate, proved to be a general practitioner. We must except one or two intimate friends of Mr. Winton's; and we must except the poor, those who could not pay. Mr. Castonel had made an ostentatious announcement that he should give advice gratis from nine to ten o'clock on Tuesdays and Fridays, but the few poor who accepted the invitation found him so repellent and unsympathizing, that they were thankful to return to kind old Mr. Winton, who had not only attended them without charge at their own homes, but had done much toward supplying their bodily wants. Mr. Winton had been neglectful of gain; perhaps his having no family rendered him so. He had never married, he and his sister having always lived together: but just before her death, a niece, Caroline Hall, then left an orphan, came home to them. To describe his affection for this girl would be impossible: it may be questioned if Caroline returned it as it deserved—but when is the love of the aged for the young ever repaid in kind? The pleasure and delights of visiting filled her heart, and her uncle's home and society were only regarded as things to be escaped from. Was he yet awake to this? There was something worse for him to awake to, by-and-by, something as yet he suspected not. He was much changed: had been changing ever since the establishment in Ebury of Mr. Castonel: his face had acquired a gray cast like his hair, his merry tongue was hushed, and people said he looked as if his heart were breaking. It is hard to bear ingratitude—ingratitude from those with whom we have lived for sixty years. It was not for the value of the practice; no, no; he had that which would last him his life, and leave something behind him: but it was the unkindness that was telling upon Mr. Winton, the desertion of him for a stranger, one in reality less skilled than he was.

Frances Chavasse stood in her mother's drawing-room, and, with her, the daughter of the Rector of Ebury, the Reverend Christopher Leicester. Ellen Leicester had come in after dinner to spend the afternoon; for

Ebury, though it called itself an aristocratic place, usually dined in the middle of the day. They were both lovely girls, about nineteen, though unlike in feature as in disposition. They were called the beauties of Ebury. Caroline Hall got classed with them also, but it arose from her constantly associating with them, not from her good looks. She was two or three years older, had a sallow face with dark hair, and lively, pleasant dark eyes. An absurd story had gone abroad, but died away again, that Mr. Castonel, upon being asked which of the three was most to his taste, replied that only one of them was, but he'd marry the three, for all that.

The two young ladies were talking eagerly, for Mrs. Major Acre had just paid them a visit, and disclosed a piece of intelligence which completely astounded her hearers—that Miss Hall was about to be married to Mr. Castonel.

'It is impossible that it can be true,' Mrs. Chavasse and her daughter had exclaimed in the same quick, positive, eager tone, for they were the counterpart of each other in manner. 'Old Winton hates Mr. Castonel like poison.'

'I know he does. And I was told it was for that very reason Mr. Castonel is bent upon having her,' said Mrs. Major; 'that he may mortify the old apothecary, and take from him the only treasure he has left—Caroline.'

'Oh, that's Ebury gossip,' decided Mrs. Chavasse. 'A well-established man like Mr. Castonel will take care to marry according to his fancy, not to gratify pique. Mr. Winton will never give his consent.'

'He has given it,' answered the major's widow. 'Caroline's will is law, there. I wish she may find it so in her new home.'

'Well,' added Mrs. Chavasse, dubiously, 'I don't know that Mr. Castonel is altogether the man I should choose to give a daughter to. Such curious things are said of him—about that mysterious person, you know.'

'Grapes are sour,' thought Mrs. Major Acre to herself. 'And now I have told you the news, I must go,' she said, rising. 'Good-by to you all. My compliments at the parsonage, my dear Miss Ellen.'

Mrs. Chavasse went out with the lady, and it happened that immediately afterward Caroline Hall entered. Ellen and Frances regarded her with a curiosity they had never yet manifested, and Frances spoke impulsively.

'How sly you are over it, Caroline! Now, don't go to deny it, or you'll put me in a temper. We know all about it, just as much as yourself. If you chose to keep it from others, you might have told Ellen and me.'

'How could I tell you what I did not know myself?'

'Nay, Caroline, you must have known it,' interposed the sweet, gentle voice of Ellen Leicester.

'I did not know I was going to be married. You might have seen there was'—she hesitated and blushed—'an attachment between myself and Mr. Castonel, if your eyes had been open.'

'I declare I never saw any thing that could cause me to think he was attached to you,' abruptly uttered Miss Chavasse, looking at her.

'Nor I,' repeated Ellen Leicester. And the young ladies spoke truly.

'I may have seen you talking together in evening society, perhaps even gone the length of a little dash of flirtation,' said Miss Chavasse. 'But what has that to do with marriage? Everybody flirts. I shall have a dozen flirtations before I settle down to marry.'

'That all depends upon the disposition,' returned Miss Hall. 'You may, but Ellen Leicester never will.'

'Ellen dare not,' laughed Frances. 'She would draw down the old walls of the parsonage about her ears if she committed so heinous a sin. But I must return to what I said, Caroline Hall, that it was unfriendly not to let us know it.'

'The puzzle is, how you know it now,' observed Caroline. 'The interview, when Mr. Castonel asked my uncle for me, only took place last night, and I have not spoken of it to any one.'

'Oh, news travels fast enough in Ebury,' answered Frances, carelessly. 'If I were to cut my finger now, every house would know it before to-night. Mr. Winton may have mentioned it.'

'I am quite sure that it has not passed his lips.'

'Then the report must have come from Mr. Castonel?' exclaimed Frances. 'How very strange!'

'My uncle is not well to-day,' added Miss Hall, 'and has seen no one. He has got a great fire made up in the drawing-room, and is stewing himself close to it. The room's as hot as an oven.'

'A fire, this weather?' repeated Frances. 'What is the matter with him?'

'Nothing particular that I know of. He sits and sighs, and never speaks. He only spoke once between breakfast and dinner: and that was to ask me if I felt Mr. Castonel was a man calculated to make me happy. Of course he is.'

'Caroline,' whispered Miss Leicester, 'do you not fear it is your marriage that is preying on his spirits?'

'I know it is. He would not consent for a long while. The interview was anything but agreeable. He and Mr. Castonel were together at first, and then I was called in. At last he gave it. But he does not like Mr. Castonel. I suppose from his having taken his practice from him.'

'A very good reason too,' said Miss Chavasse, bluntly.

'Oh, I don't know,' carelessly returned Caroline. 'It is all luck in this world. If people persist in sending for Gervase, he can't refuse to go. My uncle is old now.'

Ellen Leicester looked up, reproach seated in her deep blue eyes. But Caroline Hall resumed:

'It is more than dislike that he has taken to Mr. Castonel; it is prejudice. He cried like a child after Gervase was gone, saying he would rather I had chosen any one else in the world; he had rather I had kept single for life, than marry Mr. Castonel. And Muff says she heard him sobbing and growning on his pillow all night long.'

'And oh, Caroline,' exclaimed Ellen Leicester, in a shocked, hushed tone, 'can you think of marrying him now?'

'My uncle has consented,' said Caroline, evasively.

'Yes; but in what way? If you have any spark of dutiful feeling, you will now prove your gratitude to your uncle for all his love and care of you.'

'Prove it, how?'

'By giving up Mr. Castonel.'

Caroline Hall turned and looked at her, then spoke impressively, 'It is easy to talk, Ellen Leicester, but when the time comes for you to love, and should be unacceptable to your parents, you will then understand how impossible is what you ask of me. That calamity may come.'

'Never,' was the almost scornful reply of Miss Leicester. 'My father and mother's wishes will ever be first with me.'

'I tell you, you know nothing about it,' repeated Caroline. 'Remember my words hereafter.'

'Do not cavil about what you will never agree upon,' interrupted Miss Chavasse.—'When is the wedding to be, Caroline?'

'I suppose almost immediately. So Mr. Castonel wishes.'

'He is not so great a favorite in the place as he was when he first came. People also say that he is a general admirer. So take care Caroline.'

'I know few people with whom he is not a favorite,' retorted Caroline, warmly. 'My uncle is one; Mr. Leicester, I believe, is another. Are there any more?'

'You need not take me up so sharply,' laughed Frances. 'I only repeated what I have heard. Take your things off, Caroline and remain to tea.'

Caroline Hall hesitated. 'My uncle is so lonely.' Still, she added after a pause, 'I can do him no good, and as to trying to raise his spirits, it is a hopeless task. Yes, I will stay, Frances.'

She was glad to accept any excuse to get away from the home she had so little inclination for, utterly regardless of the lonely hours of the poor old man. Frances, careless and pleased, hastened to help off with her things. But Ellen Leicester, more considerate, painfully reproached her in her heart of hearts.

Mr. Castonel found his way that evening to the house of Mr. Chavasse. Soon after he came, Mrs. Chavasse, who was in her garden, saw the rector pass. She went to the gate, and leaned over it to shake hands with him.

'Have you heard the news?' she asked being one who was ever ready to retail gossip. 'Caroline Hall is going to be married.'

'Indeed!' he answered, in an accent of surprise. 'I have been much at Mr. Winton's lately, and have heard nothing of it.'

'She marries Mr. Castonel.'

There was a pause. The clergyman seemed as if unable to comprehend the words.—'Mrs. Chavasse, I hope you are under a mistake,' he said at last. 'I think you are.'

'No; it was all settled yesterday with old Winninton. Caroline told me so herself; she and Mr. Castonel are both here now.'

'I am grieved to hear it! Mr. Castonel is not the man I would give a child to.'

'That's just what I said. Will you walk in?'

'Not now. I will call for Ellen by-and-by.'

'Not before nine,' said Mrs. Chavasse.

There were those in Ebury who had called Mr. Castonel an attractive man, but I think it would have puzzled them to tell in what his attractions lay. He was by no means good-looking; though perhaps not what could be called plain; one peculiarity of his, was that he hated music; and in society he was silent, rather than otherwise. Yet he generally found favor with the ladies; they are pretty certain to like one who has the reputation of being a general admirer.—Had a stranger that evening, been present in the drawing-room of Mrs. Chavasse, he would not have suspected Mr. Castonel was on the point of marriage with Miss Hall, for his gallant attentions to Frances Chavasse and Ellen Leicester—his evident admiration for both, were inconsistently apparent—especially considering the presence of Caroline. What she thought, it is impossible to say.—She left early, and Mr. Castonel attended her as far as her home.

Mr. Leicester had taken his way to the house of Mr. Winninton. The surgeon was cowering over the fire, as Caroline had described. He shook hands with Mr. Leicester without rising, and pointed in silence to a chair. He looked very ill; scarcely able to speak.

'I have heard some tidings about Caroline' began the rector.

Mr. Winninton groaned. 'Oh, my friend, my pastor,' he said, 'I have need of strong consolation under this affliction.'

'You disapprove, no doubt, of Mr. Castonel?'

'Disapprove!' he repeated, roused to energy; 'believe me, I would rather Caroline went before me, than leave her the wife of Gervase Castonel.'

'Then why have you consented?'

'I had no help for it,' he sadly uttered.—'They were before me, in this room both of them, and they told me they only cared for each other. Mr. Castonel informed me that if I refused my consent it was of little consequence, for he should take her without it. She is infatuated with him; and how and where they can have met so frequently, as it appears they have done, is a wonder to me. Oh, he is of mean, dishonorable spirit! And I have my doubts about his liking her, liking her, even.'

'Then why should he seek to marry her?' cried the rector, in surprise.

'I know not. I have been thinking about it all night and all day, and can come to no conclusion. Save one,' he added, dropping his voice, 'which is firm upon me, and will not leave me: the conviction that he will not treat her well. Would you,' he asked, suddenly looking up, 'would you give him Ellen?'

'No,' most emphatically replied Mr. Leicester. 'I believe him to be a bad, immoral man. My calling takes me continually amongst the poor, and I can tell you Mr. Castonel is much more warmly welcomed by the daughters than the parents. But nothing tangible has hitherto been brought against him. He is a deep man.'

'His covert behaviour as to Caroline proves his depth. What about that strange person who followed him to Ebury, and took the little lodge? You know what I mean.'

'I can learn nothing of her,' answered Mr. Leicester. 'She lives on, there, with that female attendant. I called once, but she told me she must beg to decline my visits, as she wished to live in strict retirement. I suppose I should not have seen her at all, but the other person was out, and she came to the door.'

'I met her once,' said Mr. Winninton.—'She is very handsome.'

'Too handsome and too young to be living in so mysterious a way,' remarked the rector, significantly. 'She has evidently been reared as a gentlewoman; her accent and manner are perfectly lady like and refined. Did you mention her to Mr. Castonel?'

'I did. And he answered in an indifferent, haughty manner, that the lady was a connection of his own family, who chose,

for reasons of her own, good and upright, though they were kept secret, to pass her days just now in retirement. He added, that her character was unimpeachable, and no one, to him, should dare impugn it.—What could I answer?'

'Very true. And it may be as he says; though the circumstances wear so suspicious an appearance.'

'Oh, that he had never come to Ebury!' exclaimed the surgeon, clasping his hands with emotion. 'Not for the injury he has done to me professionally; and I believe striven to do, for there was room for us both; I have forgiven him this with all my heart, as it becomes a Christian near the grave to do. But my conviction tells me he is a bad man, a mysterious man—yes, my friend, I repeat it, a mysterious man—I feel him to be so, though it is as uncertain I cannot explain; and I feel that he will assure Caroline's misery instead of happiness.'

Still, unless he is attached to her, I do not see why he should wed her,' repeated the rector. 'She has no fortune to tempt his cupidity.'

'Nor do I see it,' replied Mr. Winninton. 'But it is so.'

throughout Ebury. An upright, portly, kindly-looking woman, of four or five-and-twenty, with an auburn 'front,' whose curls were always scrupulously smooth. She had for many years held the important situation of housekeeper at the Hall: but changes had occurred there, as they do in many places. On the death of Mr. Winninton's sister, she had accepted the post of housekeeper to him, and had been there ever since. Hannah, a damsel of twenty, being under her.

'Well, was it the baker?' she demanded, as Hannah returned to the kitchen.

'No, ma'am. It was another wedding present for Miss Caroline, with Mrs. Major Acre's compliments. I took it up to her: she's in the drawing-room with Mr. Castonel.'

'Ah!' groaned the housekeeper. 'Look at the dust on those glasses, Hannah. I thought you said you had wiped them.'

'And what harm, ma'am, either?' returned Hannah, who understood very well the nature of the groan. 'She'll be his wife to-morrow.'

'Who said there was harm?' sharply retorted Mrs. Muff. 'Only—my poor master! he is so lonely, and it is the last evening she'll be here. Where are you running off

'I'll do what I can, sir,' she said. 'But when Miss Caroline has left here, that will be but little.'

'You can go where she goes, Muff.'

'Perhaps not, sir.'

'Perhaps yes. Will you promise to do so if you can—if any possible way is open? Promise me,' he added, eagerly and feverishly.

'Well, sir,' she answered, to humor him, 'if it shall be agreeable to all parties, yes, I will.'

'And you will shield her from him, as far as you can?'

'Yes,' repeated the housekeeper, most imperfectly understanding what Caroline was to be shielded from.

'Now, Mrs. Muff,' he concluded, in a solemn tone, 'that's a death bargain. Remember it.'

'You don't seem well, sir,' was Mrs. Muff's rejoinder. 'Shall I call Miss Caroline to you?'

'No,' he sadly answered. 'Let her be.'

She was in the drawing-room with Mr. Castonel, as had been stated; laughing, talking, joking, unmindful of her fond uncle, who was dying underneath. Her dress was a cool summer muslin, very pretty, with its open sleeves, her dark hair was worn in bands, and her dark eyes were animated. She began showing him some of the presents she had received that day, and slipped a bracelet on her arm to display it.

'That is an elegant bracelet,' observed Mr. Castonel. 'Who is it from?'

'Ellen Leicester.'

'Oh,' he hastily rejoined, 'I heard it said to-day that she is not going to church with you—that the parson's starch will not let her.'

'It is true,' said Caroline. 'I did not tell you of it, Gervase, because I thought it might annoy you, as it had done me.'

'Annoy me! Oh dear no. Let me hear what his objections were: what he said.'

'I only gathered the substance of them from Mrs. Leicester. You know my uncle does not approve our union, though he did give his consent. So on that score, I believe, Mr. Leicester declined to allow Ellen to be one of my bridesmaids—that he would not directly sanction what he was pleased to call an undutiful measure.'

'I wonder he condescends to marry us,' remarked Mr. Castonel, with that peculiar sneer, cunning and malignant, on his face, which even Caroline disliked to see.

'That he could not refuse. It is in his line of duty. Ellen is so vexed. We three had always promised each other that the two left would be bridesmaids to whichever was married first, I, Ellen, and Frances Chavasse.'

Mr. Castonel laughed, a strange, ringing laugh, as if something amused him much; and Caroline looked at him with surprise.

The wedding-day dawned, not too promisingly. In the first place, the fine, brilliant weather had suddenly changed, and the day rose pouring wet. In the second, Mr. Winninton, who, however, had never intended to go to church with them, was too ill to rise. Miss Chavasse was bridesmaid, and by half-past ten, Gervase Castonel and Caroline Hall had been united for better, for worse, until death did them part. Next came the breakfast, the Rev. Mr. Leicester, who had officiated, declining to go and partake of it, and then the bride and bridegroom started off in a carriage-of-four to spend a short honeymoon. Before they returned, Mr. Winninton was dead.

A very singular remark was made by Mr. Castonel, on his return, when he was informed of his former rival's death. It was the tiger, John, who mentioned it.

'Dead, is he!' said Mr. Castonel thoughtfully. 'I did not want him to die—just yet.'

What did he mean by 'just yet?'

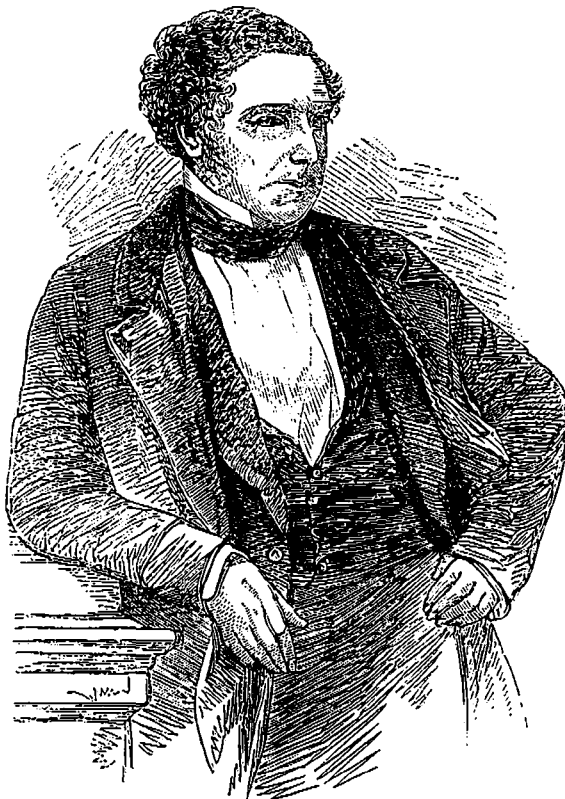
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

A GLANCE AT THE VICTORIA BRIDGE AND THE MEN WHO BUILT IT.—By Charles Legge, Esq., Civil Engineer. Published by John Lovell, Montreal.

We give on this page a portrait of Robert Stephenson the eminent Civil Engineer, son of the still more eminent George Stephenson, projector, constructor, and father-in-science of the locomotive engine and railway system.

Too much has been claimed for Robert Stephenson as the originator of iron tubular bridges in general, and in particular of that at Montreal. Mr. William Fairbairn of Manchester, and one of his assistants, Mr. Edwin Clarke, were practically the originators of tubular bridges. Mr. Fairbairn wrote to the present Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News in 1860, saying: 'I thank you for taking care of my reputation in Canada on the subject of tubular bridges.' Then he



ROBERT STEPHENSON, CIVIL ENGINEER.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Mr. Leicester sat there an hour, and then proceeded to visit some cottages. On his return, he cut across the fields, a near way for he found it was getting dusk, and close upon the time he intended to call for Ellen. As he passed the corner of Beech Wood, a retired spot just there, near to the pretty, but very small lodge originally built for a game-keeper, who should he suddenly encounter but its present inmate the lady he and Mr. Winninton had been speaking of. Her arm was within Mr. Castonel's and she was talking rapidly, in a tone as it seemed, of remonstrance. The gentlemen bowed as they passed each other; both coldly; and had Mr. Leicester turned to scan the doctor's face, he would have seen on it a sneer of malignant triumph.

'I never saw a case more open to suspicion in my life,' muttered the clergyman to himself. 'And he just came from the presence of his wife, that is to be!'

#### CHAPTER III.

OF THE OLD MAN'S PRESENTMENTS, AND OF SOME MYSTERIOUS REMARKS OF THE YOUNGER MAN.

'Come, Hannah, look alive,' cried Mrs. Muff, some two months subsequent to the above details; wash those decanters first: there's one short, but I'll see to that. Now, you need not touch the knives: Jem will clean them all in the morning. Do as I bid you, and then get-out and dust the best china.'

'There's the door bell,' said Hannah.

'Go and answer it, and don't be an hour over it. I dare say it's the man with the potted meats. Tell him the rolls must be here in the morning by ten o'clock.'

A most valuable personage was Mrs. Muff in her vocation, and highly respected

to, now? I told you to finish the decanters.'

'Master called out for some coal as I passed the parlor,' answered Hannah. 'The puzzle to me is, how he can bear a fire this sultry August weather.'

'Ah, child, you'll come to the end of many puzzles before you arrive at my years. Master's old and chilly, and breaking up as fast as he can break. I'll take the coal in myself.'

Mr. Winninton did not look up, as the housekeeper put the coal on. But afterwards, when she was busy at the sideboard, he called out in a sudden, quick tone—'Mrs. Muff.'

'Sir?' she answered.

'What are you doing there?'

'I am changing the sherry wine, sir, into the odd decanter. We want this one to put ready with the others.'

'For the show to-morrow?' he went on.

'To be sure, sir. For nothing else.'

'Ah, Muff, put every thing in order,' he continued. 'Don't let it be said that I opposed any of their wishes; an old man like I am, whom they would be glad to see out of the world. And you need not trouble yourself to put things up afterwards: they will be wanted again.'

'For what purpose, sir?' she inquired.

'For the funeral.'

Mrs. Muff, as she said afterwards, was struck all of a heap. And Mr. Winninton resumed:

'After a wedding comes a burying. She is beginning the cares of life, and I am giving them up forever. And some thing tells me she will have her share of them. I shall not be here to stand by her, Muff, so you must.'

The housekeeper trembled as she heard these words. He had a queer look on his face that she did not like.

gave a brief narrative of what Robert Stephenson had proposed, and what he, Mr. Fairbairn, had effected. We may find room for that letter in a subsequent issue in connection with a comprehensive history of Canadian engineering, and a memoir of Mr. T. C. Keefer; both, with numerous pictorial illustrations, now being prepared for early publication in this paper.

Here, it may be remarked, that the present writer was present at the earliest and at most of the experiments made at Manchester by Mr. Fairbairn and assistants, in testing the strength of different structural combinations of iron, preparatory to the building of the Conway and Menai Tubular Bridges. Mr. Stephenson did nothing more than ultimately approve what Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Edwin Clarke, had, without his assistance or presence, demonstrated and decided upon as best.

At Montreal Mr. Stephenson was chiefly indebted to the surveys and plans of Mr. T. C. Keefer, and in the last weeks of his life admitted that fact, in expressing a desire that justice should be done to the Canadian engineer. Mr. Fairbairn, we regret to have observed, ignores Edwin Clarke, much in the same way as Mr. Stephenson had ignored Mr. Fairbairn. The present writer is not influenced in favor of one or the other; but having been the first literary writer in point of time to give a popular description of the first tubular bridges, those over Conway and Menai Straits in England, before either were built, while they were only seen in models and on paper, and that description having been reprinted in every country and language of the world having any expression in literature, the subject has to him become one of peculiar interest, and all persons related to the progressive development of those structures engage notice and impel him to collect and balance the contradictory evidence, bearing on their real or alleged performances.

The reputation of Robert Stephenson stands sufficiently high to allow justice to be done to others. As preliminary to what is to follow in a future issue, selections are made in the present from a well written work by Charles Legge, entitled, 'A Glance at the Victoria Bridge and the Men who built it.' We have said it is well written, it is more,—it is eloquent and graphic. But it omits all reference to the original designers, and constructors of these bridges, whom we have just named. The chapter selected from the work is that entitled

#### THE STEPHENSONS.

The nineteenth century of the Christian Era dawned upon the world with the star of Napoleon in the ascendant. The devastations which marked the pathway of 'the man of destiny' had spread over the fairest portions of the civilized world, with the exception of those inhabited by the Anglo-saxon race; and even there, the paralyzing influences of war were felt. The arts, manufactures, and commerce had received blows from which they did not recover for many years. The reaping-hook and the weaving-loom were exchanged for the sword and the bayonet. 'The nation of shopkeepers' were, almost to a man, banded together with the stern resolve to hurl back the invader, and stem the torrent of conquest, pillage and blood, which so nearly brought the human race under the iron heel of this despot; and when providence at last smiled on the heroic efforts of those brave islanders, permitting them to bind the tyrant, Prometheus-like, to the rock in the ocean, they were enabled to start again in the race of human progress, and resolutely embarked in those schemes and enterprises which have resulted so largely in the welfare and happiness of man.

But while emperors, kings, and generals were dividing the world, as it were, among them, and sacrificing thousands, to their insatiable lust of dominion and power, doing deeds, for the perpetuation of their names and dynasties, which caused humanity to weep, little did they think that the 9th day of June, 1781, had ushered into the world an infant, before the splendor of whose subsequent achievements their brightest deeds would pale, and whose name would be embalmed in the hearts of millions, ages after their memories and crimes had faded from the historic page. Little did the people of Britain imagine, that the four bare walls and clay floor of a miserable hovel, in an obscure colliery village in the North of England, contained a child whose future was to be so closely allied with the empire's welfare and glory, and by the force of whose genius she was afterwards to be indebted for the foremost place in the march of civilization and wealth. Little did Mabel, the mother of George Stephenson, think, as she held her half-starved child to her bosom, and endeavored to still his cries with the miserable

pillance their scanty means afforded, that he would in turn give food and prosperity to nations, and stand foremost as one of the greatest human benefactors the world ever produced.

We see him subsequently advancing through the period of childhood and boyhood up to the age of eighteen, at which time he was unable to read or write his own name. So severe had been the struggle for mere existence, that the situation of herd-boy to a poor widow was eagerly petitioned for, and the salary of two-pence per diem thought handsome remuneration. To be stationary in life was not in accordance with the boy's feelings, and he soon found promotion to the responsible position of guiding the plough-horse and officiating as general assistant on the neighboring farms, in hoeing turnips, and performing other light field work, for which he received the munificent sum of four-pence a day. Strongly impressed, however, that employment in this rural field of labor, honorable and useful as it undoubtedly was, did not offer the proper scope for his longing mind, we next find the ambitious boy at work with his father and brothers in the colliery, and rapidly rising from six-pence, eight-pence, a shilling, and at last as fireman, on his own account, to two shillings per day; and hear him, on the receipt of the first week's pay of twelve shillings, giving utterance to the joyous exclamation, 'I am now a made man for life!' This extraordinary piece of luck, instead of causing him to rest on his laurels, apparently exercised the contrary effect, proving but a stimulant to increased exertions, and resulted in the expenditure of three-pence a week as tuition-fees, to Robert Cowens, for the privilege of being initiated into the mysteries of the English alphabet and the construction of 'pot-hooks.' To the reflective mind, what an interesting sight is this, of a strong healthy lad, destined in a few years to revolutionize the commerce of the world, striving, by the dim light of a coal fire, after the severe labors of the day, when his companions were either seeking repose or engaging in such amusements as their condition in life afforded, to see him, under almost insuperable difficulties, laboring so earnestly in the acquisition of the most rudimentary learning, that he might be able to become more thoroughly acquainted with the construction and working of the steam-engine, and proud, at the age of nineteen, to write his own name.

The thirst for knowledge in a case like this, was not easily assuaged, and we are not therefore surprised to learn, that, during the next winter, the services of Andrew Robertson, a 'Scotch Dominie,' and probably more advanced in the walks of learning than his predecessor, Cowens, were put in requisition, and under his supervision young Stephenson mastered the intricacies of common arithmetic.

This small stock of learning was increased by practice, and as fast as opportunity would permit. Having qualified himself for the place of brakeman, he was employed in that capacity in a colliery till 1812, when he was thirty-one years of age, never receiving wages higher than about one pound per week. His earnings were increased, however, by mending shoes for his fellow-workmen and by cleaning clocks. No mean motive prompted the extra effort to increase his income: he had formed an attachment for a respectable young woman, named Fanny Henderson, a person of excellent character, to whom he was united about the year 1802. It is related of the future great engineer, that, during the halcyon days of courtship, he had the privilege of exhibiting his mechanical ability in re-soling fair Fanny's shoes, and, lover-like, carrying them about in his pocket on the Sunday afternoon pulling them out occasionally and gazing exultingly on the capital job he had made. Out of his first cobbling earnings he saved a guinea, and told a friend 'he was now a rich man.'

Well does America's most eloquent statesman, Honorable Edward Everett, remark: 'He said truly, he was rich in his joyous spirit and resolute will, rich in his industrious and temperate habits, and rich in his love for a virtuous young woman, worthy even of him.'

But this happiness was of brief duration: two short years saw those beautiful blue eyes closed in death, leaving to the sorrowing boy-widower, and the world, a precious legacy in the infant Robert Stephenson.—The wife's great mission in life had been accomplished. It was not for her to tread its rugged paths in company with the noble-hearted husband, to cheer and aid him in his troubled moments and exult in his success. Hers was not the task of training up the youthful Robert to follow in his father's footsteps, and eventually to see him as illustrious. But could her pure spirit have look-

ed down from its home on high, it would have witnessed that love still unchanged, and her vacant place for seventeen long years unoccupied. It would have seen her beloved boy the admiration of the world, and, on the completion of his last and greatest earthly work, entombed amongst England's mighty dead; mourned over by all, from the Queen on the throne to the humblest artisan in the land.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### CONFLICT WITH THE INDIANS, ON THE ISLANDS OF GEORGIAN BAY, LAKE HURON.

A special artist of the Canadian Illustrated News, has supplied reliable sketches of some leading incidents in the conflict which for the present has subsided, with the disappearance or death of Mr. Gibbard the Government superintendent of Lake Huron Fisheries.

To begin at the beginning of this dispute is to go back to the various treaties between Britain and the United States, which affected the boundaries of Canada and the rights of the Indians. Space does not at present admit of that, but a narrative of the events which occurred on the 24th of July, 1863, is submitted, together with that of Mr. Blain, on the part of the Indians:

On the morning of Thursday, six special constables left by train on the Northern Railway, under command of Sergeant Major Cummins, of the Toronto Police Force, and detective Colgan of the County Police, for the purpose of proceeding to the Manitoulin Islands, to endeavour to arrest the aiders and abettors of the Indian revolt in those Islands. When the train on the Northern reached Barrie six constables belonging to that town were added to the party, and on reaching Collingwood they were joined by Mr. William Gibbard, J. P., Government Inspector of Fisheries in Lakes Huron and Superior; Mr. Dudgeon, High Constable of Collingwood, and six constables. The party now numbered in all twenty-two men, all well armed with revolvers. Mr. Gibbard assumed the command, and they embarked the same afternoon on board the steamer Ploughboy for Manitoulin. On the way up the lake, the steamer called at Owen Sound, and then proceeded to Lonely Island, reaching that place about four o'clock the following morning. Opposite the Island the steamer hove to, and a boat went ashore, having on board Mr. Gibbard and four men. They landed on the Island for the purpose of learning the state of affairs at Manitoulin, Mr. Gibbard being of opinion that some of the Indians who had been engaged in the outrage, and against whom he had warrants of arrest, might be on the Island. On making a search however, he found that such was not the case, and he and his men returned to the steamer, which immediately set sail for Manitoulin, which was reached about twelve o'clock in the forenoon of Friday. There is no wharf at the place, and arrangements were at once made to land in boats. All the men of the party looked well to the priming of their pistols, as a contest with the Indians, who had assembled in great numbers on a bluff in view of the landing place, seemed probable. Mr. Gibbard and Sergeant Major Cummins went ashore in the boat, and others followed in their wake.—On reaching the shore they found about three hundred Indians and one hundred squaws assembled on the bluff above mentioned, one of the former carrying a black flag. Mr. Gibbard and the others proceeded at once to the house of the Rev. Mr. Shoeney, Roman Catholic Priest, about half a mile from the landing place. Messrs. Gibbard and Cummins entered the house, where they stayed sometime, and in the meantime the Indians surrounded the house and were violent in their demonstrations.

When Mr. Gibbard came out he stood a few minutes on the steps, and then ordered his men to arrest a chief whose name we did not learn. Sergeant Major Cummins took hold of the Indian pointed out, and as the others of the tribe began to gather round, evidently by their gestures intending to rescue their chief, Constable Colgan drew his revolver and said he would shoot the first man who interfered. The Indians previous to this had picked up billets of wood and staves from the wood pile, and showed every intention of attacking the constables if they attempted to make any arrests. The sight of Colgan's pistol and his determined attitude had the effect of stopping any warlike demonstration for a few minutes, but an Indian, more determined than the rest, rushed forward with uplifted bludgeon and threatened Cummins' life if he did not let the Chief go.

The others quickly gathered round, and hemmed in Cummins and his prisoner, and the Indian above alluded to was about to bring down his bludgeon on Cummins' head when Daniel Callaghan, one of the Toronto 'specials,' placed the muzzle of his pistol to the ear of the Indian, and threatened to pull the trigger if he attempted to strike. The Indian, thinking 'discretion the better part of valour,' lowered his weapon and left the crowd, and the Chief was quickly handcuffed by Colgan, Cummins, and Callaghan.

At this time, Rev. Mr. Shoeney interfered and commenced inciting the Indians to violence, when Mr. Gibbard at once ordered him into custody. Constable Rogers, of Barrie, obeyed the order, and was proceeding to handcuff him, when a cry was raised, 'Don't handcuff the priest; don't handcuff a clergyman.' The constable, at Mr. Gibbard's order, desisted from attempting to handcuff Father Shoeney, who was conveyed towards the landing place by Constable Rogers and Bishop, of Barrie, the other constables following in the rear with the other prisoner. The Indians quickly armed themselves with billets of wood, and rushed down to the landing place, and also took up positions in the woods on each side of the narrow road, vowing vengeance on the heads of Mr. Gibbard and his men. One of the Indians rushed forward and pulled the revolver out of Constable Rogers' hand, but after a great struggle it was got back. A hand to hand fight took place, and at the edge of the water the Indians crowded round the constables, to prevent them embarking on board the boats with the prisoners, and in the struggle which ensued Constable Ryan, of Toronto, was pushed into the water up to the neck. He speedily got to dry land again. The Indian chief now began to struggle with his captors, and succeeded in getting his hands out of the handcuffs, and the Indians making a great rush upon the constables, overpowered them with numbers, over fifty of them being at this time present, and rescued him from the constables. The school bell was then rung, the black flag was again hoisted, and the 'war-whoop' sounded by the Indians, and members of the tribe came running to the place from all points of the compass. In a very few minutes between two and three hundred Indians had assembled on the beach, and Mr. Gibbard was promptly informed that if he attempted to take Father Shoeney from the Island, the life of every man of his party would be sacrificed.

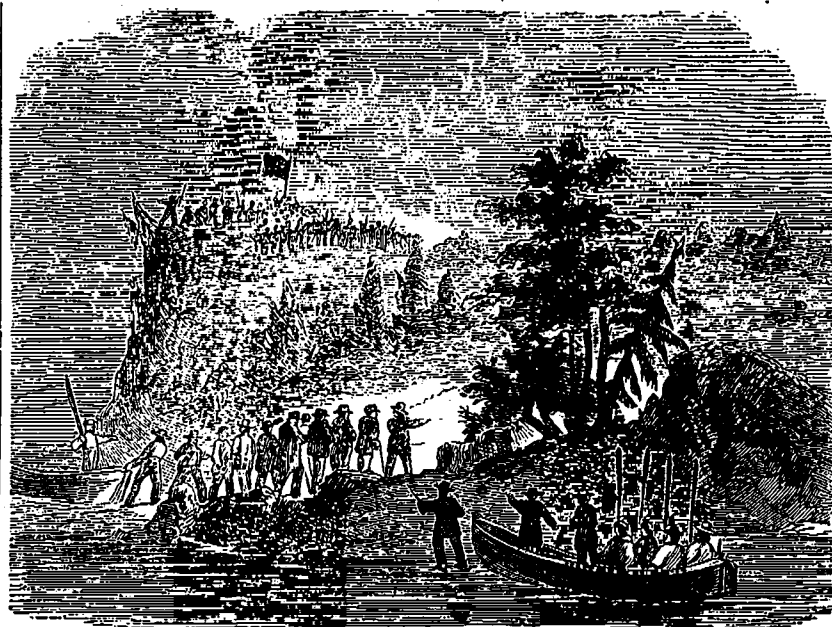
The Indians showed that they were determined to carry their threat into execution, and Mr. Gibbard, Mr. Dudgeon, of Barrie, and Sergeant Major Cummins consulted what was best to be done. Their party only numbered twenty-two, while the Indians were at least ten to one, and Mr. Dudgeon gave it as his opinion, from a long acquaintance with the Indian character, that if they attempted to carry off their prisoners, not a single man of their party would leave the Island alive. The Indians then, on Mr. Gibbard's suggestion, agreed to certain conditions, the principal of which was that the parties against whom he had warrants should meet him at Shebanwanong, as the steamer came down the lake, and proceed with him to Quebec, and have the grievances they complained of redressed. This matter having been settled, the party embarked in their boats, leaving the prisoners behind them, and went on board the Ploughboy, which set sail for Shebanwanong. After stopping at that place to leave the mails, the steamer proceeded to Little Current, where Mr. Gibbard had a conference with Mr. Proulx, brother of the late Father Proulx, one of the persons who had been driven from the Manitoulin Island. The steamer next sailed for Bruce Mines, where the constables landed, headed by Mr. Gibbard, and succeeded in arresting Sawamackoo, who acted as one of the ring-leaders of the gang who had driven Mr. Proulx from the Island. He was taken on board the steamer and conveyed to Sault Ste. Marie.

On his arrival on Saturday, the Court was opened, Hon. Judge Prince occupying the bench. The prisoner was placed at the bar, and after Mr. Gibbard had given some evidence, the prisoner was remanded to gaol till Monday. Mr. David Blain, barrister, Toronto, who happened to be on a visit to the Sault, was retained for the defence. On Monday the prisoner was again brought before the Court and committed to take his trial at the Assizes, which commence on the 10th of August. He was, however, admitted to bail, himself in \$100, and two sureties in \$100 each.

Father Kohler, who had been an active participant in the outrages at Manitoulin, was also at the Sault, but he was not taken into custody.

The Ploughboy left on its return at one o'clock on Monday, having on board Mr. Gibbard and his party. Father Kohler, the

Indian Sawamackoo, Mr. D. Blain, and a number of tourists, ladies and gentlemen. On reaching Bruce Mines, Mr. Gibbard, detective Colgan, two American ladies, and two young Englishmen, went ashore for the purpose of procuring some specimens of copper ore, and then returned to the vessel, which left for Little Current, which was reached at an early hour on Tuesday morning. Shebanwanong was next touched at about four in the morning, and at this place the Indian and Father Kohler left the steamer. Before the vessel reached the port, Mr. Gibbard had been observed walking on the deck; but as he was not seen afterwards, it was thought he had returned to his berth, and no notice was taken of his absence till the breakfast bell rang. The party assembled for breakfast, and the Captain, being surprised at Mr. Gibbard's absence, went up to his room and was greatly astonished to find no one in it. A search was at once made throughout the vessel for the missing man; no trace of him could be found, but his cap was discovered lying on the lower deck. The greatest consternation prevailed among the passengers, many of whom declared that the Indian must have killed him while walking on the lower deck, and thrown the body overboard in the darkness. Capt. Smith, a magistrate, called a meeting of the passengers, and four or five of them declared in the most positive terms that they saw the Indian near Mr. Gibbard while he was walking on the lower deck of the steamer before he arrived at Shebanwanong. A portion of Mr. Gibbard's clothes and his boots were found in his berth, and he had on a pair of slippers. The steamer reached Collingwood on Tuesday evening, and information of the occurrence was given to the Mayor, Mr. McWatt, brother-in-law of Mr. Gibbard, who telegraphed early yesterday morning to Mr. McNab, county Attorney, and to Hon. Mr. McDougall, Commissioner of Crown Lands, for instructions. It was almost impossible for Mr. Gibbard to have stumbled overboard into the lake, and as he was in his usual good spirits, there is not the slightest likelihood that he committed suicide. That the Indian Sawamackoo perpetrated the murder many people believe, having for his object the putting out of the way the principal witness at his trial, and of one who has been a terror to him and his brethren since they broke the laws of the country. Some persons are of opinion that Mr. Gibbard may have gone on shore at Shebanwanong, and that the boat left without him, but this idea is an unlikely one. Detective Colgan and his party reached Toronto on July 30th. Sergeant Major Cummins remained at Collingwood to assist in instituting inquiries into this very mysterious disappearance. Meanwhile the public will await with anxiety the steps to be taken by the Government under the very peculiar circumstances of the case.



MR. GIBBARD WITH THE CONSTABLES.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MR. BLAIN'S NARRATIVE; THE TROUBLES ON THE MANITOULIN.

As the Waquimakong difficulty had created some interest, and as I suppose the public would like to hear the Indians' story, I thought it advisable to put the whole facts, so far as I know them, in possession of the public. I appeared for the Indian arrested at Bruce Mines, and, of course, as in duty bound, spared no pains to collect such evidence as would enable me to obtain his discharge. And while endeavouring to obtain the information required I heard both sides of the question. In justification of the course pursued by the Indians, they contend that the fishery in dispute on the south side of Lonely Island, (for the difficulty which led to the arrest of the Indian has arisen chiefly out of this fishery) was never ceded nor surrendered by them to the Government. The Indians hold their lands as tenants in common, and it is stated that the signatures of all the parties who are as such interested, were not obtained. Admitting, however, that the Chief has authority to negotiate and conclude a treaty for his tribe, there are many Chiefs among the Manitoulin Indians, and the signatures of all were not obtained to the treaty, and, therefore, as the Indians contend, there has not been a legal surrender of all their interest in the islands. Then it is said that such of them as did sign were by the Government agents unduly and im-

properly influenced in different ways. They say also that when the Government were in treaty with the Indians, the latter never intended to include the Lonely Island or the fishery in dispute.

Presuming, however, that the island has been properly ceded, they say they understood while the negotiations were going on, that the effect of the cession was not that the whites should drive them off the island, but that the Government should protect them in their possessions against intruders.

I have been informed, but whether correctly or not, the document itself must testify, that there is not the signature of one single Waquimakong Indian Chief to the treaty. If such be the case, surely the Indians were doing nothing illegal in asserting their rights to the fishery. This, then, is the real difficulty with the Indians—they believe that the island has never been ceded to the government. Let us, however, admit that the island has been properly ceded and that the government have a strict legal right to dictate any terms they please, and with this data, coupled with the evidence adduced before the magistrates, consider whether the Indians have been fairly dealt with or not.

Mr. Gibbard, (whose mysterious disappearance has raised a good deal of sympathy for him, and silenced the voices of many who would otherwise have spoken freely their minds,) as Government Agent, is, ac-

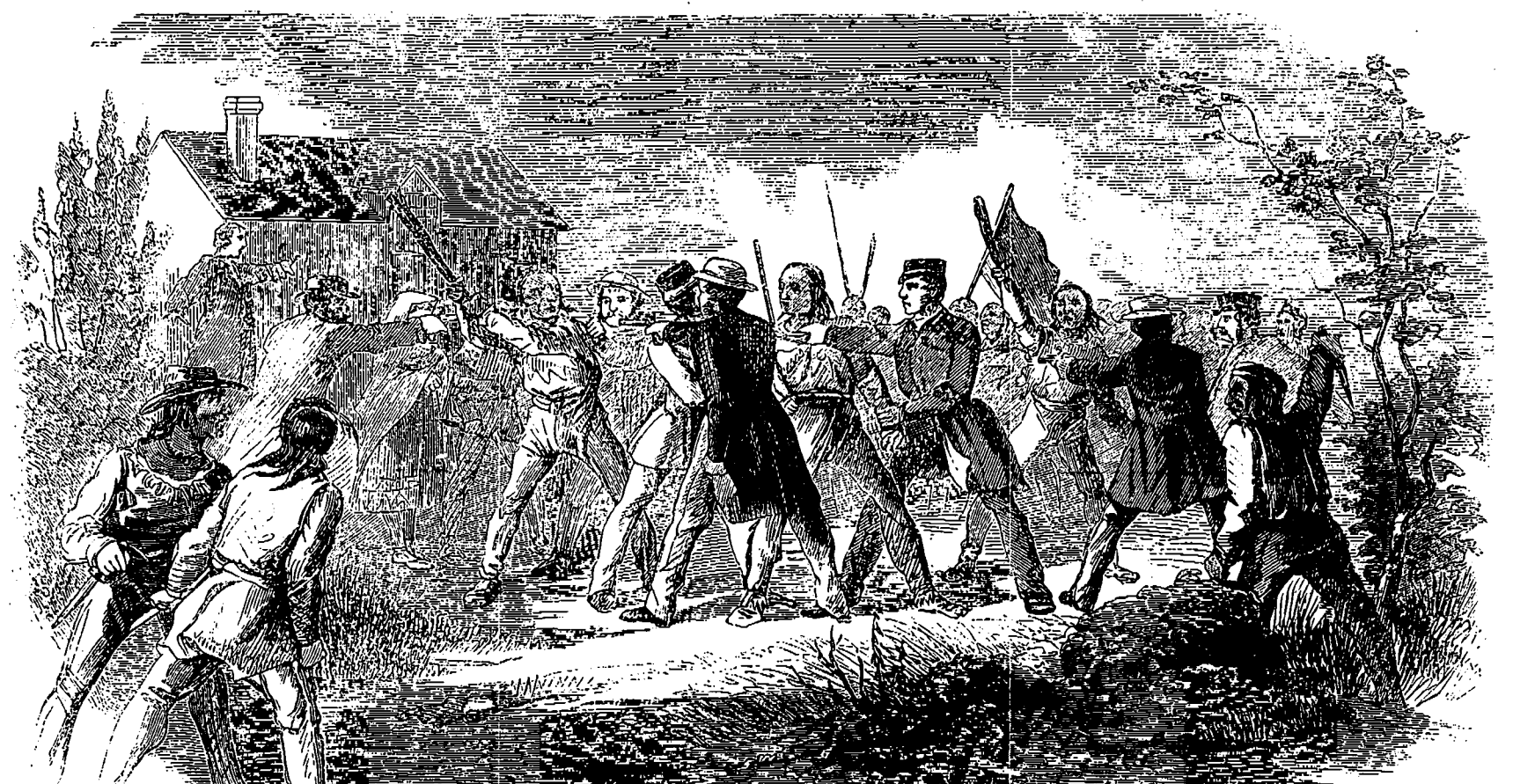
ording to the Indians' view, responsible for the whole trouble. Mr. Gibbard, they say, was of a quick temper and unbending will, and with these qualities was singularly incapacitated for dealing with the Indians. He got into difficulty with them—the breach was widened at every meeting, till finally he threatened to run a line dividing the island, or a part of it, in the face of all opposition, and boldly stated that he would clear the way for the compass with his revolver. He insisted upon carrying every thing with a high hand, and the Indians, thinking he acted on his own responsibility without the sanction or approval of the government, asked to see his instructions before they would submit. This, which certainly was a reasonable request, he most positively refused, and the Indians were thus confirmed in their belief. It is not difficult to understand how the Indians would resist the acts of a man who was personally obnoxious to them, when they supposed he acted without any legal authority, opposed himself to their wishes, and endeavoured to extend the arm of the law to sanction his conduct.

An instance was related by Mr. Gibbard before the magistrates, which shows how he acted towards the Indians on that occasion. When the Indians were all assembled together at his request, discussing with him their rights, a dispute arose, and Mr. Gibbard fearing difficulties, ordered them to disperse, to which they paid no attention. He then, as magistrate for the district of Algoma, read the Riot Act. How far the Indians comprehended the meaning of such a proceeding, would be very difficult to conceive from what I saw of them. I should fancy he might as well have read 'Dixie,' for few of them can understand the most ordinary discourse in English; but, notwithstanding that, the whole of the Indians might be tried, and, if convicted, the penalty under the statute would be death.

The Indians seem to have had some difficulty among themselves, which resulted in the removal of Mr. Proulx—first, as some say, to Lonely Island, from the village of Waquimakong, and finally to Shebanwanong, beyond the limits of the Indian territory altogether.

Here, then, is the position in which the parties stood when the license which has created so much difficulty was granted.

Mr. Gibbard, knowing the quarrel between the Indians and Proulx, took the latter by the hand, gave him a license to the fishery on the south side of Lonely Island, and, as Overseer of Fisheries and Magistrate of the District of Algoma, insisted on keeping him in the exclusive enjoyment of the fishery. This may seem to be of little consequence, but when its effects upon the Indians are considered, the transaction assumes another shape. The Waquimakong Indians, as is



THE CONSTABLES ATTEMPT TO ARREST THE INDIAN CHIEFS.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

stated, not by the Indians or their friends, but by men of respectability who know their circumstances, live for about five months in the year exclusively on fish. Sometimes they have to resort to the use of slippery elm bark and buds of trees. The fisheries thus leased by Mr. Gibbard to Mr. Proulx for \$4 per annum, (namely, the sum) was the only fishery, as I am assured by Father Kohler, on which the Waquimasing Indians, 700 in number, had to depend, and the inevitable consequence of keeping Mr. Proulx in the exclusive enjoyment of the fishery would have been to starve the whole of the Indians who remained on the island.

I think very many whites might have been decoyed into the same mistake as the Indians made. They believed themselves to be the owners of the fishery, and removed Mr. Proulx; then, at a time when open hostility was declared between Mr. Gibbard and the Indians. Mr. Gibbard, on the twenty-sixth of June last, gave the license to Mr. Proulx for the express purpose, as he stated in his examination, of placing him under the protection of the laws. What could have been Mr. Gibbard's motive it is difficult to comprehend. Certainly it layed him open to the suspicion that he intended rather to furnish the Indians than benefit the government, seeing that the license was issued for \$4.

The whole question is one of title. Is the fishery the property of the Indians or not? If of the Indians, they have only done that which the law will warrant every man in doing, in protecting his property against intruders. If the property in the fisheries be ceded to the government, the Indians are not aware of the fact, they say. I took this ground before the magistrates. But they

were of opinion that the production of the license granted by Mr. Proulx raised a presumption that the Crown was entitled to the property, and that in the absence of the proof to the contrary, they should order the Indian to be committed, which they did.

The arrest of the Indian and all the other proceedings seemed to be in perfect keeping with Mr. Gibbard's conduct in other matters. As magistrate for the District of Albany he took the deposition of Mr. Proulx, the licensee, and issued a warrant to the constables, directing them to bring before him, as magistrate of the Co. of Simcoe, the Indians then named, some 20 or 40 in number; then he went to the constable to make the arrest under this warrant. The warrant was issued on an alleged breach of the fishery Act, but the Act authorized no such proceeding. He, how-

ever, arrested the Indian on it, and carried him to Sault Ste. Marie, where he called together the magistrates of the place and stated the offence to be that contained in the warrant. I insisted that the magistrates had no power to inquire into the person's conduct which formed the subject of complaint, and that the warrant was void on the face of it. The magistrates agreed with me, and would have set the prisoner at liberty, had Mr. Gibbard not laid further information, which went to show that the prisoner was guilty of three or four indictable offences, one being the refusal to disperse after the Riot Act was read. He was ordered to be committed to stand his trial. I then offered bail, which Col. Prince, under the circumstances, agreed to take at the reduced sum of \$100 by the prisoner, and by two sureties of \$50 each.

It is to be hoped that the Government will not be too hasty in this matter, but endeavor to settle it without bloodshed. There is no

desire on the part of the Indians, so far as I could discover, to violate the law—no desire to claim a right to which they do not consider themselves entitled. They believe themselves to be the just owners of the Island and fishery, and insist upon their privilege of fishing, and upon their right to retain possession and exclude intruders.

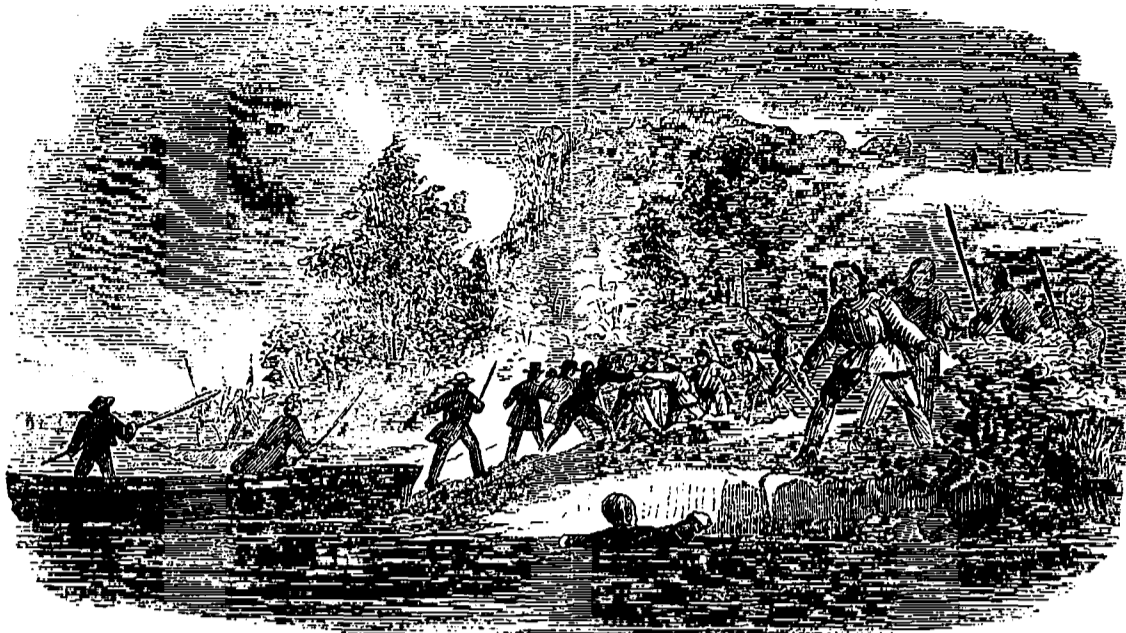
I have no doubt that the whole difficulty could be avoided, and an amicable settlement made with the Indians, by any gentleman who would explain to them their position, and treat with them in a spirit of peace.

Of Mr. Gibbard's mysterious disappearance little can be said beyond what has already appeared in the papers. I assisted Captain Smith in the enquiry, and heard all the evidence. We were both careful to ask all such questions as would lead us to discover when and how he left the boat. The mate, who had charge of the Ploughboy, stated that he had a conversation with him

to her husband the change in him from the time the expedition proved a failure. Some of the witnesses say he walked the deck that morning in a state of abstraction, would occasionally come up, speak a few words, break off in the middle of a sentence, and walk away again, then turn and talk over some other topic. One witness stated that after we left Little Current he was standing on the upper deck, near the stern, looking at the wake of the boat, and drew the witness's attention to its appearance, remarking that it looked beautiful in the morning. Some suppose that he may have turned giddy while thus gazing at the water and fallen overboard. If this be so he may have reached the shore, as he was a good swimmer, and the channel narrow, varying from half a mile to two or three boat lengths. I think he disappeared from the boat between Little Current and Shebawannong. When we came to the latter place, about 5 o'clock a.m., I arose and went on shore and spoke to the

interpreter and Father Kohler. I wondered why Mr. Gibbard did not appear, as he had stated while at the Sault, that the Indians had agreed to meet him at this place and proceed to Toronto or Quebec and settle the matter with the government. I expected him to appear here, and might have seriously considered why he did not, had I not been informed by the interpreter, when I enquired why the Indians did not appear, that the understanding between Mr. Gibbard and himself was, that he was to summon the parties required at a time and place to be fixed by Mr. Gibbard in a letter to him. I then took it for granted that Mr. Gibbard had arrived and was asleep. There are several vague suspicions about his disappearance, none of which I think entitled to much weight.—[Since the foregoing was written the body of Mr. Gibbard has been found.]

D. BLAIN.



CONSTABLES RETREATING FROM THE ISLAND.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



BATTLE GROUND ON THE THAMES, CANADA WEST, OCTOBER, 1813.

SEE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, VOL. II., No. 14.

### Fragments from 'Fun.'

Our veteran friend 'Punch' has now a lively rival in 'Fun.' The following selections are from some of its recent issues:—

**THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.**—Has she much tin?

**A FAIR RACE.**—The Saxon race.

**STATIONARY WARE.**—A Chancery suit.

**WHEN** is a cabman like a carpenter's implement? When he's a screw-driver.

**'MERSEY ON ME'** exclaimed a witty Lancashire witch, when she fell into the river at Liverpool.

**A SPORTING LAWYER.**—A well-known Old Bailey barrister has lately bought a race-horse, and intends to enter him, next year, at Ascot, for the 'Trial Stakes.'

**A COOL THING FOR THE WARM WEATHER.**—Running into the Bank of England and inquiring if they can oblige you with change for sixpence.

**'CUTE GUESS.**—Jones: 'Congratulate me my boy. I've been a father since yesterday.' Smith: 'Ah! Is it a boy?' Jones: 'No.' Smith: 'Then it's a girl.' Jones: 'Why, who told you?'

**SLOW SUICIDE.**—A person of the name of William, of Potsdam, is trying to commit slow suicide by means of Prussic acid. A great many people are interested in the result. (The King, Frederic William. Is that the man?—Ed. C. I. N.)

**PERSON.**—The name by which a governess is known in 'genteel' families. Locke, in his work on the 'Understanding,' defines 'person' to be 'a thinking, intelligent being,' so that on this understanding we may consider the name appropriate.

**SHIP NEWS.**—A bark was spoken off the Dogger Bank last week. Mr. Frank Buckland has started to investigate the matter in the interests of the canine species. Whatever his decision may be, the scientific world will, no doubt, bow-wow to such an authority.

**PERAMBULATOR.**—A horrible instrument of torture, invented for the purpose of baking children in the sunshine, and, at the same time, scraping the limbs of pedestrians to serve as a relish. As employed by nursery-maids, the perambulator is also used for sporting purposes, being trundled along at a slow progress along the pavement, and then backed to run against everybody.

**THE PAGES OF 'FUN.'**—Printers' devils.

**POLITICAL ECONOMY.**—Squandering the nation's money.

**RAILWAY ECONOMICS.**—A 'break' in time saves a smash.

**A MAN** who builds a house is a builder; does it follow, then, that he who razes one is a razor?

**CAUTION TO OBSERVANT DEBTORS.**—Don't allow even your attention to be arrested.

**'IF NOT, WINE NOT?'**—In what should you sing the praises of wine? In staves, of course.

**DISTRESS IN LONDON.**—(Week of the dog show.)—Taking the present week with the corresponding ten weeks of the last ten years, an unusually large number of persons have 'gone to the dogs.'

**METEOROLOGICAL AND ASTRONOLOGICAL NOTICES.**—We have received information from a most reliable source that the clerk of the weather is very hard up, and intends shortly to raise the wind in order to take the benefit of the act. About this time thunder may be expected; if it don't come, never mind; an orange will always supply you with a peck. The best instrument to play on a dark night is a light guitar. Celestial Smash: The break of day.

**NEGRO.**—The cause of a great difficulty, out of which it is not easy to find an egress. A shade of color produces a distinction in the races of mankind without there being a shade of difference in any other respect between them. Both races would seem to have had the same beginning, but whilst white passes on to the winning-post, the black ends at the whipping-post, and this makes all the difference. The poor nigger is generally treated in a niggardly manner, but, nature having liberally supplied him with blacking, and mankind always giving him hard rubs, he may yet turn out a highly-polished member of society.

**GOING WITH THE TIMES.**—An illustrious party did us the honor of visiting the Fun office this morning, and followed with much interest all the processes by which this journal is prepared for publication. The process of punning, by which the number of forms of expression is multiplied so as to enable

several meanings to be taken at the same time, our celebrated 'Ha! ha! Ho! ho! machine, and our illustrated joke factory especially attracted attention. Our illustrious party stopped till the moment of publication, and then, graciously accepting a copy, departed in high glee, highly gratified with everything in general and our publisher in particular, &c., &c. [No, Mr. Publisher. We don't believe anything of the kind. 'No admission except on business.'—Ed. Fun.]

**HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.**—The Court Journal, on the strength of its name, sets up to be so very aristocratic that we are compelled at times to remind the half-dozen people who are its readers that the court referred to is the back one where the pump is. We find the following refined criticism on Mr. Stansfeld, the new Lord of the Admiralty, in its columns of last week:—'He has got a new suit of clothes in which to sit upon the Treasury Bench, and his hair is parted down the middle with even greater exactitude and neatness than before.' We should think the butler, who generally edits the paper, must have been engaged in bottle-washing, when the scullion managed to slip in this exquisite bit of polish. Mr. Binns must be more attentive in future.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.**—The art of making faces. It is not generally known that the first professor of photography was a clown in the Christmas pantomime, who, using his red-hot poker in a scene where there was 'real water,' produced a remarkable phiz. The scientific world gave the subject immediate attention, and within the last ten years photographers have been making pictures like anything. The first thing necessary is to get a negative, which you can easily do by submitting a person to the solar light for a few minutes, and asking him to lend you a solar-ray sovereign. Be careful to return the silver you may have used for the purpose, otherwise the individual you have 'posed' will go away with a very bad impression.

**THE GARDEN.**—Fancy Gardening: When the hot weather commences, lay flat on your back in a shady spot, and fancy you've been hard at work, then fancy you want some beer; at this point we advise you to return to the hard realities of life, and imbibe. Weeds: the best way to get rid of weeds is this: if good, smoke them yourself; if bad, give them to your friends, for the same purpose. The Queen of Spades: A gardener's wife. Housemaid's Horticulture: Making beds. The only way we know to cultivate an acquaintance properly, is to stake him down carefully to the garden walk, and pass a garden roller, one weighing about ten tons is best, over the back of his head. After this you will have no trouble with him. How to tell a Prickly Pear: Get several tortoises and a couple of hedgehogs. Place them in a row, and sit on them two at a time. By this means you will at once be able to detect the prickly pair. Dew: To discover of what this is composed, the most certain method is to go to law, and wait till your lawyer sends in his bill, when you will at once perceive what's due.

**NEWSPAPER.**—That which the public take in every day, and which occasionally returns the compliment by taking in the public. The evening newspaper records the occurrences of the day, the daily journals the occurrences of yesterday, and the later the date of publication, the earlier is the news of which the publication is the relater. The public prints are principally regarded as the organs of public opinion, and for that reason there is a great deal of turning round. The opinions are expressed in long leaders, of which the majority are often small heeders, and a newspaper we find one used to be generally preserved till the middle-aged gentleman finds he has got an old file. The evening newspaper is chiefly patronised by the retired citizen, who likes to enjoy his snooze after dinner.

**ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Chuckit: A good modeller should always have a cast in his eye; it saves trouble.—Snuffles: Of course a tailor must be a very so-so kind of man.—Jin-go-brawl: No; the paddy-fields in India are not cultivated by Irishmen. The mistake had evidently arisen from your reading of the ryots there.—Bobby: No; we never met a policeman who had 'conscientious scruples' against taking an oath.—Dips: The night of the bath is generally Saturday night. Shakspeare was fond of washing; this we know from his celebrated soliloquy, 'Tubby or not tubby.'—Mopsandrooms: Gold is found in quartz, and very often afterwards lost in pints.—Schafskopf: The Prussian constitution is not strong; but who can wonder at it when the diet is so very weak? A Hackett: There is no Shakspearian play called 'Tight as a drum.' You must have been told to get 'Titus Andronicus.'

**BROTHERS-IN-LAW.**—The judges.

**NOT AMISS.**—A rich and lovely widow.

**A WELL-READ SOLDIER.**—Private Information.

**STANDING SAM.**—Mr. S. Phelps, waiting for a 'first appearance' at the Lyceum Theatre.

**HINTS TO THE TAILOR.**—If you lose the thread of your discourse, it will become a tangible skein.—Yours is really the goose that will lay you the golden eggs.—You will never come to want while you can cut your cabbage.

**PIE IN PIES.**—Frank Buckland warns the eaters of rook pies that there are other grains than those of powder employed to kill the young birds—and not without cause!—Poisoned wheat has been the destruction of many rooks, and, as the grain goes against the birds, the birds might go against the grain if you eat them. Perhaps the surest way of escaping the danger will be to avoid eating any birds that have cereal crops.

**MAXIMS.**—The man who lives longest in the memory of his friends is apt to die deeply in their debt. The retentive faculty of unsatisfied creditors exceeds the recollection of the 'oldest inhabitant.' The ways of the world occupy the greater portion of the human existence. The ways of wisdom are seldom practical, reviewing steps which cannot be retraced. If wisdom were prospective, we should not regard the past with regret. The 'flowers of speech' transcend the 'flowers of loveliness,' inasmuch as they do not incur the expense of the 'latest novelties' in female fashions.

**METEOROLOGICAL AND ASTRONOLOGICAL NOTICES.**—Moon in perry-gee: heavenly bodies take to their legs. Grand cydereal effect.—The light of other days has fled. Yes; and what's more, we don't know where it is gone to; we have, however, in the interests of science, turned the police on at the Mayne to look for it.—The chief food of the boy at the Gnaw is cork soles, though when questioned by your nautical contributor, he acknowledged having a nice place in calm weather, and that altogether his affairs were going on swimmingly.—Caution: Visitors to Greenwich Observatory are requested not to take sights at the Sun. He don't like it.

**THE GARDEN.**—Oats, generally pronounced 'wuts,' are easily obtained from anybody by asking 'Wut's that?' Wine from Nettles: This is a very delicious beverage. Send your youngest son—if under six years of age so much the better—into the garden, and bid him gather a large bunch of nettles, holding them very tight; he will probably sting himself, and return to you giving out a very refreshing whine.—Highland attendants are usually known as gilly-flowers.—To naval gardeners we can say this, that their chief care should be to mind their 'elms.—If you keep cocks and hens, never mind about feeding them, but send them into the garden, where they can find their own grub.

### THE TRIAL OF MR. VALLANDIGHAM

See page 146.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial, May 9.)

The trial of Mr. Vallandigham having been concluded, it will not be improper now to publish the charges and specifications against him.

#### CHARGE.

Publicly expressing, in violation of general orders No 38, from headquarters, department of the Ohio, his sympathies for those in arms against the government of the United States, declaring disloyal sentiments and opinions, with the object and purpose of weakening the power of the government in its efforts to repress an unlawful rebellion.

#### SPECIFICATION.

In this, that the said Clement L. Vallandigham, a citizen of the state of Ohio, on or about the 1st day of May, 1863, at Mount Vernon, Knox County, Ohio did publicly address a large meeting of the citizens, and did utter sentiments, in words or in effect as follows, declaring the present war 'a wicked, cruel, and unnecessary war,' 'a war not being waged for the preservation of the Union,' 'a war for the purpose of crushing out liberty and erecting a despotism,' 'a war for the freedom of the blacks, and the enslavement of the whites,' stating that 'if the administration had so wished, the war could have been honourably terminated months ago;' that 'peace might have been honourably obtained by listening to the proposed inter-mediation of France;' that 'propositions by which the Southern states could be won back and the South guaranteed their rights under the constitution, had been rejected the day before the late battle at Fredericksburg, by Lincoln and his minions,' meaning thereby the President of the United States and those under him in authority. Charging 'that the

government of the United States were about to appoint military marshals in every district to restrain the people of their liberties, to deprive them of their rights and privileges.' Characterising general order No. 38, from headquarters department of the Ohio, as a 'base usurpation of arbitrary authority' inviting his hearers to resist the same by saying, 'the sooner the people inform the minions of usurped power that they will not submit to such restrictions upon their liberties the better;' declaring 'that he was at all times and upon all occasions resolved to do what he could to defeat the attempts now being made to build up a monarchy upon the ruins of our free government;' asserting 'that he firmly believed, as he said six months ago, that the men in power are attempting to establish a despotism in this country more cruel and more oppressive than ever existed before.'

All of which opinions and sentiments he well knew did aid, comfort, and encourage those in arms against the government, and could but induce in his hearers a distrust of their own government, and sympathy for those in arms against it, and a disposition to resist the laws of the land.

J. M. CUSTE,  
Captain in 11th Infantry, Judge Advocate,  
Department of the Ohio.

#### MR. VALLANDIGHAM'S PROTEST.

Arrested without process of law, without warrant from any judicial officer, and now in military custody, I have been served with a charge and specifications as from a court martial or military commission. I am not either in the land or naval service of the United States, and, therefore, am not tryable for any cause by any such court, but am subject, by the express terms of the constitution, to arrest only by due process of law, or warrant issued by some officer of a court of competent jurisdiction for trial of citizens. I am subject to indictment and trial on presentment of a grand jury, and am entitled to a speedy trial, to be confronted with witnesses, and to compulsory process for witnesses in my behalf, and am entitled to counsel. All these I demand, as my right, as a citizen of the United States, under the constitution of the United States. But the alleged offence itself is not known to the constitution, nor to any law thereof. It is words spoken to the people of Ohio in an open public political meeting, lawfully and peacefully assembled under the constitution, and upon full notice. It is the words of a citizen, of the public policy, of the public servants of the people, by which policy it was alleged that the welfare of the country was not promoted. It was an appeal to the people to change that policy, not by force, but by the elections and the ballot-box. It is not pretended that I counselled disobedience to the constitution, or resistance to the law or lawful authority. I have never done this. I have nothing further to submit.

(Signed) C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.  
May 7, 1863.

The Judge Advocate simply remarked that the accused had the privilege of counsel and of witnesses. It did not become him to enter into any discussion as to the jurisdiction of the court. That the case has been referred to it was sufficient.

#### GENERAL BURNSIDE'S COMMUNICATION TO THE COURT.

An application for a writ of habeas corpus in the case of Vallandigham was argued before the United States Circuit Court at Cincinnati on the 11th. General Burnside addressed a long communication to the court, of which the following is a synopsis:—'He will use all his power to suppress sedition in the army, and without doing so there can be no discipline and no success. If an enemy were to distribute tracts in the army, to create sedition, he would be hung as soon as found guilty, and one of our own public men should not be allowed to do it with impunity. In a crisis like the present, public men should not encourage sedition, nor aid in the organization of secret societies to destroy the government. In his department, men should not do this. He will enforce order No. 38, and leave the consequences to God. No power can inaugurate war or peace but the United States government, and it must be sustained, and will be in this department; and he adds too, that all honest men will agree with him. Let the people change the administration at a proper time and in a constitutional manner, but not create sedition in the field can fully appreciate the importance of arrests for encouraging the enemy. The soldiers are sacrificing all upon the altar of liberty and country. It is folly to talk of laying down our arms now. No man proposes to do so unless he likewise intends to sacrifice the country.'



## Poetry.

## TO MY HUSBAND.

[A Wife sings sometimes very sweetly.—Eds. Home Journal.] [The song of a loved and loving wife is the sweetest music out of heaven.—Ed. C. I. N.]

The love I gave in gushful pride,  
Was all such love could be;  
But now, my fond and faithful heart,  
Knows no life but in thee!

I sit long, dreary hours alone,  
And sit thy coming feet,  
Till my heart grows so still and cold  
That scarce a pulse can beat.

'Tis long since I, as priestess first,  
Lit up thine altar fire,  
Barns it not brightly now as then?  
Did e'er my spirit tire?

## A LOCK OF HAIR.

Only a lock of hair, tied with a silken string,  
Carefully kept for years, like a miser's pile of gold;  
Little to prize in the keeping of such a simple thing,  
But for a darling head long lost in the days of old.

Only a lock of hair. Ah, well, it were better to have  
Even one little tress safe from the spoiler's hand,  
Than, with the light of her love down in the darkling  
grave,  
Lonely to wander around a desolate, weary land.

Only a lock of hair. Yet something to look at and kiss:  
Something to keep in mind what never can be again:  
Something to tell of days unshadowed by anguish like  
this:  
Something to bring soft thoughts to a saddened and  
weary brain.

## LORDS OF THE MANOR OF THE NORTH POLE.

## NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY.

The 'Lords of the Manor of the North Pole' is a name quizzically conferred on the new Hudson's Bay Company, of which the last three or four mails from England have brought intelligence at once exciting and conflicting. We may explain what the designation means as regards the new Company. In England many old estates were held as copyhold from the Lord of the Manor; the copyholder having all the rights of a landlord, except a right to appropriate minerals which might be hidden in the earth, or the fish of the rivers, or wild beasts of the forest or field. The Lord of the Manor also in many cases reserved certain magisterial or judicial rights, which were dealt with by his deputies in Manorial courts. The Acts for the 'enfranchisement of copyholds' were framed to enable copyholders to purchase the reserved rights of the Lords of the Manor, similarly to the purchase three years ago of the feudal rights of the Lords of the Manor of Lower Canada.

The new Hudson's Bay Company, it seems, are to reserve all the rights of the old company to the fur trade, and to minerals, and fisheries, consequently to the exclusive rights of granting leases to hunters, fishers, and miners. This equivocal privilege in name of Industrial Progress has led to their being satirically termed Lords of the Manor of the North Pole.

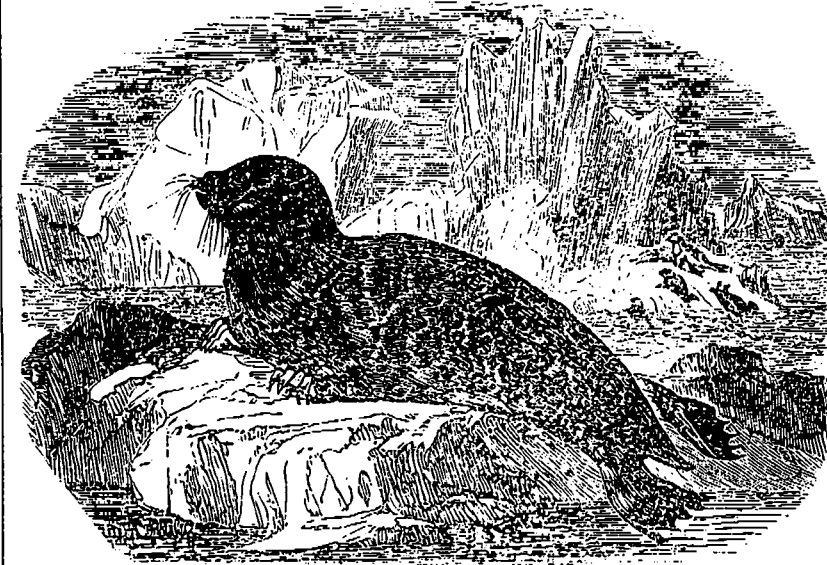
One of their privileges comprehends the seal fisheries; we therefore as an item in North-western Natural History, give some notes descriptive of seals. And first of the scanty population of the northern sea-coast, the Esquimaux.

The Esquimaux alone, of all the American tribes, extend across the entire continent. They occupy 5,400 miles of coast, and they are all alike in language, appearance, employment, and habits. An Esquimaux from Alaska, an Esquimaux from Labrador, and an Esquimaux from Greenland, if they should chance to meet in an Esquimaux village in the western coast of Baslin's Bay, would each find himself perfectly at home, and competent, without initiation or instruction, to enter into all the pursuits of the settlement. No estimate can be made of the number of these people. Probably it is not very great; for as they derive their subsistence mainly from the sea, their settlements are never found more than 100 miles inland, and seldom a tenth part of that distance. Considering, however, the immense extent of coast along which their settlements are scattered, it is probable that the Esqui-

maux are more numerous than any other North American tribe has ever been.

An Esquimaux is, in appearance, merely a short, fat Indian. His hair is coal black, coarse and long; he pulls out his beard by the roots; his cheek-bones are high and his cheeks plump; his face is broad, round and flat, the nose being half buried by the protruding cheeks; his eyes are small, black and dull; his mouth is little and round, the under lip being somewhat thicker than the other; his hands and feet are small and soft; his legs are thick and clumsy; he has a tendency to corpulence; his forehead is low and retreating; and he stands about five feet in his seal-skin boots. Unlike the Indians of milder latitudes, his good humor is imperturbable. He never fights, never quarrels, and seldom steals.

The travelers who have described the sufferings of the 'poor Esquimaux' from cold have not lived in Canada, else they would have learned that the cold months are our delight, the season of renovated health, of much out-of-door industry which cannot be accomplished at other times; the season of traveling to the music of the merry sleigh bells, the time of the year of social joy. The winter of 1862-63 was so mild in Canada West as to have been at Hamilton a nuisance.



THE SEAL: PHOCA OF THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

SKETCHED FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The degrees of cold which give industrial life to Canada are those ranging from zero to the coldest. When a storm accompanies the excessive cold; or if people have not a sufficiency of food or of warmth, then there is suffering indeed; there is anguish and death. And that is a fate to which we fear, and say it with dreadful apprehension, many of those unemployed factory operatives of Britain are being consigned by heartless speculators who induce them to come here without any provision being made for their sustenance. Already in this summer of 1863, they have been starving in the streets of Toronto and Hamilton, and are now following American agents into the States, where their necessities compel them to enlist in the army. In England they had at least the Poor Law between them and death. Here there is nothing between them and death but the hazards of pestilence and battle in the armies of Virginia and the Mississippi. The Esquimaux of the North Pole are happier far than they. With these casual remarks we revert to the 'Lords of the Manor of the North Pole'; and for the present confine remarks on natural history to

## THE SEAL.

Of all creatures the seal is one of the most curious and interesting. He has been called the connecting link between the fish and the beast; and, physically, he may be. But he is more intelligent, and more human, than any animal except the dog, and seems to have nothing in common with the fish except a fondness for their flesh. His life appears to be one of constant happiness. He is ever at play, tumbling about on the ice, treading water with his body peering five feet out of the sea, and looking about with so intelligent an expression of countenance,

that the hunter hesitates to fire, and feels, when he has killed one, like a murderer.

Linnæus united the seals under the genus phoca; but later naturalists have recognized in them a group of marine quadrupeds, composed of several natural genera, which differ exceedingly in their dentition, as well as in external characters. The form of the body bears a general resemblance to that of a fish, and the short limbs are chiefly enveloped in the common integument, the part appearing externally serving the purpose of a fin or paddle; these flippers have five toes provided with nails and united by a membrane. The tail is very short and rudimentary. The eye is large, the nostrils open or close at the will of the animal, and the external ear, when it exists, is very small. The upper lip is provided with strong whiskers. The interior structure of the seal is precisely similar to that of land quadrupeds; the atmospheric respiration is indispensable to their existence, although they are capable of remaining a long time under water.

The seals live in herds more or less numerous, along the shores of the sea, and are fond of sunning themselves upon the sea-beaches, rocks, or ice-banks. Upon uninhabited coasts, they bring forth and suckle their young, and exhibit the most tender solicitude for their welfare. They are easily tamed, become strongly attached to their keepers, recognize them at a distance, and seem to be endowed with an unusual portion

and black; the tail woolly. Three other species of seals inhabit the Greenland seas—*P. Greenlandica*, *P. hispida*, and *P. barbata*. The latter attains the length of ten feet.

It is very probable that others inhabit our coast; but the species of seal, in general, are not well understood. The hooded seal (*Stenmatopus cristatus*) is remarkable for a globular sac, susceptible of inflation, which is situated upon the summit of the head of the males. It grows to the length of seven or eight feet, and inhabits the seas about Greenland and Newfoundland. Some years since, an individual, probably a wanderer, was taken in Long Island Sound. The sea-elephant (*Macrorhinus proboscidea*), next to the cetacea, is one of the largest of the mammalia, attaining the length of twenty-five or thirty feet. It inhabits the Antarctic seas, and is found upon the southern coasts of Australasia, Juan Fernandez, and the neighboring parts of South America. It is remarkable for the faculty which the males possess of elongating the upper lip into a sort of proboscis: this power is only exerted at times. The canine teeth form stout tusks. The voice of these animals resembles the lowing of cattle. The sea-bear (*Arcetophalus ursinus*), so named from the fur and shape of the head, inhabits the coasts of the North Pacific, and is also said to be found in the southern hemisphere. It grows to the length of five or six feet, and has small external ears. The membrane of the hinder feet is prolonged into as many lobes as there are toes; and the fore feet are placed very far back. The color of the fur is brown, and when old takes a grayish tint. The sea-lion (*Ptychynchus leoninus*) grows to the length of from six to ten feet, and is said to inhabit both the northern and southern coasts of the Pacific. The color is yellowish-brown, and the males have a large mane upon their necks, which partly covers their head and shoulders. The nails of the fore feet are very small, and in part wanting. The voice of the males is very powerful.

## THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.

BY MISS THACKERAY.  
Daughter of the great English Novelist.

CHAPTER IV.  
(CONTINUED.)

I don't offer any excuse for Elizabeth. She was worried, and vexed, and tried beyond her powers of endurance, and she grew more wayward, more provoking every day. It is very easy to be good-natured, good-tempered, thankful and happy, when you are in the country you love, among your own people, living your own life. But if you are suddenly transplanted, made to live some one else's life, expected to see with another man's eyes, to forget your own identity almost, all that happens is, that you do not do as you were expected. Sometimes it is a sheer impossibility. What is that rare proverb about the shoe? Cinderella slipped it on in an instant; but you know her poor sisters cut off their toes and heels, and could not screw their feet in though they tried ever so. Well, they did their best; but Elly did not try at all, and that is why she was to blame. She was a spoiled child, both by good and ill fortune. Sometimes, when she sat sulking, her mother used to look wondering at her with her black eyes, without saying a word. Did it ever occur to her that this was her work; that Elizabeth might have been happy now, honored, prosperous, well loved, but for a little lie that had been told—but for a little barrier which had been thrown, one summer's day, between her and John Dampier? Caroline had long ceased to feel remorse—she used to say to herself that it would be much better for Elizabeth to marry Anthony, she would make anybody else miserable with her wayward temper. Anthony was so obtuse, that Elizabeth's fancies would not try him in the least. Mrs. Gilmour chose to term obtuseness a certain chivalrous devotion which the young man felt for her daughter. She thought him dull and slow, and so he was; but at the same time there were gleams of shrewdness which came quite unexpectedly, you knew not whence; there was a certain reticence and good sense of which people had no idea. Anthony knew much more about her and about his father than they knew about him. Every day he was learning to read the world. Elly had taught him a great deal, and he in return was her friend always.

Elly went out into the courtyard after dinner and Anthony followed her—one little cousin had hold of each of his hands. If the little girls had not been little French Protestant girls, Elizabeth would have been very fond of them, for she loved children; but when they ran up to her, she motioned them away impatiently, and Anthony told them to

go and run round the garden. Elizabeth was sitting on a tub which had been overturned, and resting her pretty dishevelled head wearily against the wall. Anthony looked at her for a minute.

'Why do you never wear nice dresses now,' said he at last, 'but this ugly old one always?'

'Is it not all vanity and corruption?' said Elizabeth, with a sneer; 'how can you ask such a question? Everything that is pretty is vanity. Your aunt and my mother only like ugly things. They would like to put out my eyes because they don't squint; to cut off my hair because it is pretty.'

'Your hair! It is not at all pretty like that,' said Anthony; 'it is all rough like mine.'

Elizabeth laughed, and blushed very sweetly. 'What is the use, who cares?'

'There are a good many people coming to-night,' said Anthony. 'It is our turn to receive the prayer-meeting. Why should you not smooth your curls and change your dress?'

'And do you remember what happened once, when I did dress, and make myself look nice?' said Elizabeth, flushing up, and then beginning to laugh.

Anthony looked grave and puzzled; for Elizabeth had caused quite a scandal in the community on that occasion. No wonder the old ladies in their old dowdy bonnets, the young ones in their ill-made woollen dresses, the preacher preaching against the vanities of the world, had all been shocked and outraged, when, after the sermon had begun, the door opened, and Elizabeth appeared in the celebrated pink silk dress, with flowers in her hair, with white lace falling from her shoulders, a bouquet, a gold fan, and glittering bracelets. Mme. Jacob's head nearly shook off with horror. The word was with the Pasteur Boulot, who did not conceal his opinion, and whose strictures introduced into the sermon were enough to make a less hardened sinner quake in her shoes. Many of the great leaders of the Protestant world in Paris had been present on that occasion.—Some would not speak to her, some did speak very plainly. Elizabeth took it all as a sort of triumph, bent her head, smiled, fanned herself, and when ordered out of the room at last by her mother, left it with a splendid courtesy to the Rev. M. Boulot, and thanked him for his beautiful and improving discourse. And then, when she was upstairs in her own room again, where she had been decking herself for the last hour—the tallow candle was still sputtering on the table—her clothes all lying about the room—she locked the door, tore off her ornaments, her shining dress, and flung herself down on the floor, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. 'Oh, I want to go! I want to go! Oh, take me away!' she prayed and sobbed. 'Oh, what harm is there in a pink gown more than a black one! Oh, why does not John Dampier come and fetch me? Oh, what dolts, what idiots, these people are! What a heart-broken girl I am! Poor Elly, poor Elly, poor, poor girl!' said she, pitying herself, and stroking her tear-stained cheeks. And so she went on, until she had nearly worn herself out, poor child. She really was almost heart-broken. This uncongenial atmosphere seemed to freeze and chill her best impulses. I cannot help being sorry for her, and sympathizing with her against that rigid community down below, and yet, after all, there was scarcely one of the people whom she so scorned who was not a better Christian than poor Elizabeth, more self-denying, more scrupulous, more patient in effort, more diligent—not one of them that did not lead a more useful life than hers. As was in vain that her mother had offered her classes in the schools, humble neighbors to visit, sick people to tend. 'Leave me alone,' the girl would say. 'You know how I hate all that cant.' Mme. Tournour herself spent her whole days doing good, patronizing the poor, lecturing the wicked, dosing the sick, superintending countless charitable committees. Her name was on all the committees, her decisions were deferred to, her wishes consulted. She did not once regret the step she had taken; she was a clever, ambitious, active-minded woman; she found herself busy, virtuous, and respected; what more could she desire? Her daughter's unhappiness did not give her any very great concern. 'It would go off in time,' she said.—But days went by, and Elly was only more hopeless, more heart-broken; black lines came under the blue eyes; from being a stout, hearty girl, she grew thin and languid. Seeing her day by day, they none of them noticed that she was looking ill, except Anthony, who often imagined a change would do her good; only how was this to be managed? He could only think of one way.—

He was thinking of it, as he followed her out into the courtyard to-day. The sun was low in the west, the long shadows of the streams flickered across the stones. Say what he would, the blue gown, the wall, the yellow hair, made up a pretty little piece of coloring. With all her faults, Anthony loved Elly better than any other human being, and would have given his life to make her happy.

'I cannot bear to see you so unhappy,' said he, in French, speaking very simply, in his usual voice. 'Elizabeth, why don't you do as your mother has done, and marry a French pasteur, who has loved you ever since the day he first saw you? You should do as you liked, and leave this house, where you are so miserable, and get away from Aunt Rose, who is so ill-natured. I would not propose such a scheme if I saw a chance for something better; but anything would be an improvement on the life you are leading here. It is wicked and profitless, and you are killing yourself and wasting your best days. You are not taking up your cross with joy and with courage, dear Elizabeth. Perhaps by starting afresh ———.' His voice failed him, but his eyes spoke and finished the sentence.

This was Anthony's scheme. Elly opened her round eyes, and looked at him all amazed and wondering. A year ago it would have been very different, and so she thought as she scanned him. A year ago she would have scorned the poor fellow, laughed at him, tossed her head, and turned away. But was this the Elly of a year ago? This unhappy, broken-spirited girl, with dimmed beauty, dulled spirits, in all her ways so softened, saddened, silenced. It was almost another person than the Elizabeth Gilmore of former times, who spoke, and said, still looking at him steadfastly, 'Thank you, Anthony; I will think about it, and tell you to-morrow what—what I think.'

Anthony blushed, and faltered a few unintelligible words, and turned away abruptly, as he saw Madame Jacob coming towards them. As for Elly she stood quite still, and perfectly cool, and rather bewildered, only somewhat surprised at herself. 'Can that kind fellow be the boy I used to laugh at so often? Shall I take him at his word? Why not—?'

But Madame Jacob's long nose came and put an end to her wonderings. This lady did not at all approve of gossiping; she stepped up with an inquiring sniff, turned round to look after Anthony, and then said rather viciously, 'Our Christian brothers and sisters will assemble shortly for their pious Wednesday meetings. It is not by exchanging idle words with my nephew that you will best prepare your mind for the exercises of this evening. Retire to your own room, and see if it is possible to compose yourself to a fitter frame of mind. Tou-Tou, Lou-Lou, my children, what are you about?'

'I am gathering pretty flowers, mamma,' shouted Lou-Lou.

'I am picking up stones for my little basket,' said Tou-Tou, coming to the railing.

'I will allow four minutes,' said their mother, looking at her watch. 'Then you will come to me, both of you, in my room, and apply yourselves to something more profitable than filling your little baskets.—Elizabeth, do you mean to obey me?'

Very much to Madame Jacob's surprise, Elizabeth walked quietly before her into the house without saying one word. The truth was, she was pre-occupied with other things, and forgot to be rebellious. She was not even rebellious in her heart when she was up stairs sitting by the bed side, and puzzling her brains over Anthony's scheme. It seemed a relief certainly to turn from the horrible monotony of her daily life, and to think of his kindness. He was very rough, very uncouth, very young, but he was shrewd and kind, and faithful; more tolerant than his father, perhaps because he felt less keenly;—not sensitive like him, but more patient; dull over things which are learned by books, but quick at learning other not less useful things which belong to the experience of daily life. When Elly came down into the refectoire where they were all assembled, her mother was surprised to see that she had dressed herself, not in the objectionable pink silk, but in a soft gray stuff gown; all her yellow hair was smooth and shining, and a little locket hung round her neck tied with a blue ribbon. The little bit of color seemed reflected somehow in her eyes. They looked blue to-night, as they used to look once when she was happy. Madame Tournour was quite delighted, and came up and kissed her, and said, 'Elly, this is how I like to see you.'

Madame Jacob tossed her head, and gave

a rough pull at the ends of the ribbon.— 'This was quite unnecessary,' said she.

'Ah!' cried Elly, 'you have hurt me.'

'Is not that the locket Miss Dampier gave you?' said Madame Tournour. 'You had best put such things away in your drawer another time. But it is time for you to take your place.'

A number of straw chairs were ranged along the room, with a row of seats behind, for the pasteurs who were to address the meeting.

The people began to arrive very punctually: One or two grand-looking French ladies in cashmeres, a good many limp ones, a stray man or two, two English clergymen in white neckcloths, and five or six Englishwomen in fold bonnets. A little whispering and chattering went on among the young French girls, who arrived guarded by their mothers. The way in which French mothers look after their daughters, tie their bonnet-strings, pin their collars, carry their books and shawls, &c., and sit beside them, and always answer for them if they are spoken to, is very curious. Now and then, however, they relax a little, and allow a little whispering with young companions. There was a low murmur and a slight bustle as four pasteurs of unequal heights walked in and placed themselves in the reserved seats. M. Stephen Tournour followed and took his place. With what kind, steadfast glances he greeted his audience! Even Elizabeth could not resist the charm of his manner, and she admired and respected him, much as she disliked the exercise of the evening.

His face lit up with Christian fervor, his eyes shone and gleamed with kindness, his voice, when he began to speak, thrilled with earnestness and sincerity. There was at times a wonderful power about the frail little man, the power which is won in many a desperate secret struggle, the power which comes from a whole life of deep feeling and honest endeavor. No wonder that Stephen Tournour, who had so often wrestled with the angel and overcome his own passionate spirit, should have influence over others less strong, less impetuous than his own. Elly could not but admire him and love him; many of his followers worshipped him with the most affecting devotion; Anthony, his son, loved him too, and would have died for him in a quiet way, but he did not blindly believe in his father.

But listen! What a host of eloquent words, of tender thoughts, come alive from his lips to-night. What reverent faith, what charity, what fervor! The people's eyes were fixed upon his kind, eloquent face, and their hearts all beat in sympathy with his own.

One or two of the Englishwomen began to cry. One French lady was swaying herself backwards and forwards in rapt attention: the two clergymen sat wondering in their white neckcloths. What would they give to preach such sermons? and the voice went on uttering, entreating, encouraging, rising and sinking, ringing with passionate cadence. It ceased at last, and the only sound in the room were a few sighs, and the suppressed sobs of one or two women. Elizabeth sighed among others, and sat very still with her hands clasped in her lap. For the first time in her life she was wondering whether she had not perhaps been in the wrong hitherto, and Tournour, and Madame Jacob, and all the rest in the right—and whether happiness was not the last thing to search for, and those things of which he had spoken, the first and best and only necessities. Alas! what strange chance was it that at that moment she raised her head, and looked up with her great blue eyes, and saw a strange familiar face under one of the dowdy English bonnets—a face thin, pinched, with a hooked nose, and sandy hair—that sent a little thrill to her heart, and made her cry out to herself eagerly, as a rush of old memories and hopes came over her, that happiness was sent into the world for a gracious purpose, and that love meant goodness and happiness to some-times. And, yes—no yes—that was Lady Dampier! and was John in Paris? perhaps, and Miss Dampier! and were the dear, dear old days come back?

After a few minutes the congregation began to sing a hymn, the English ladies joining in audibly with their queer accents. The melody swayed on, horribly out of the tune and out of time, in a wild sort of minor key. Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou sang, one on each side of their mother, exceedingly loud and shrill, and one of the clergymen attempted a second, after which the discordance reached its climax. Elly had laughed on one or two occasions, and indeed I do not wonder. To-day she scarcely heard the sound of the voices. Her heart was beating with hope, delight, wonder; her head was in a whirl, her whole frame trembling with excitement,

that grew every instant. Would M. Boulot's sermon never come to an end? Monsieur Bontemps' exposition, Monsieur de Marville's reports, go on forever and ever?

But at last it was over: a little rustling, a little pause, and all the voices beginning to murmur, and the chairs scraping, people rising, a little group forming round each favorite pasteur, hands outstretched, thanks uttered, people coming and going. With one bound Elly found herself standing by Lady Dampier, holding both her hands, almost crying with delight. The apathetic English lady was quite puzzled by the girl's exaggerated expressions. She cared very little for Elly Gilmore herself; she liked her very well, but she could not understand her extraordinary warmth of greeting. However, she was carried away by her feelings to the extent of saying, 'You must come and see us to-morrow. We are only passing through Paris on our way to Schlangenbad for Lactitia; she has been sadly out of health and spirits lately, poor dear. We are at the Hotel du Louvre. You must come and lunch with us. Ah! here is your mother. How do you do, dear Madame Tournour? What a privilege it has been! What a treat! Mossu Tournour has given us to-night. I have been quite delighted, I assure you,' said her ladyship, bent on being gracious.

Mme. Tournour made the most courteous of salutations. 'I am glad you came, since it was so,' said she.

'I want you to let Elly come and see me,' continued Lady Dampier; 'to come to lunch; I should be so glad if you would accompany her. I would offer to take her to the play, but I suppose you do not approve of such things any more.'

'My life is so taken up with other more serious duties,' said Mme. Tournour, with a faint, superior smile, 'that I have little time for mere worldly amusements. I cannot say that I desire them for my daughter.'

'Oh, of course,' said Lady Dampier. 'I, myself—but it is only en passant, as we are all going on to Schlangenbad in two days. It is really quite delightful to find you settled here so nicely. What a privilege it must be to be so constantly in Mossu Tournour's society.'

Madame Tournour gave a bland assenting smile, and turned to speak to several people who were standing near. 'Monsieur de Marville, are you going? Thanks, I will be at the committee on Thursday without fail. Monsieur Boulot, you must remain a few minutes; I want to consult you about that case in which la Comtesse de Glaris takes so deep an interest. Lady Macduff has also written to me to ask my husband's interest for her. Ah, Lady Sophia! how glad I am you have returned: is Lady Matilda better?'

'Well, I'll wish you good-by Madame Tournour,' said Lady Dampier, rather impressed, and not much caring to stand by quite unnoticed while all these greetings were going on. 'You will let Elly come to-morrow?'

'Certainly,' said Mme. Tournour. 'You will understand how it is that I do not call. My days are much occupied. I have little time for mere visits of pleasure and ceremony. Monsieur Bontemps, one word—'

TO BE CONTINUED.

ACTING WORDS.—A favorite amusement for small select parties is Acting Words. The company divides itself into two sets, each one choosing some word for the opposing party to guess. For instance, one set takes the word 'looking-glass.' It is first announced to be a compound word of three syllables—to be acted in two parts—first part two syllables, second, one. The performers then come in, and in all manner of positions and with great intentness keep looking at everybody and everything. The third syllable is then performed by each person bearing a tumbler, or any other glass dish. If the company have not guessed it by this time, the whole word is acted, say by making your toilette before a looking-glass, changing the position of the looking-glass, or something of that kind. The other party then retire, and choose a word, say carpet, tree-toad, lamp-black, chair-man, head-dress, etc., etc. If far fetched, all the better and merrier. With a little ingenuity this play can be made very interesting. It is generally performed in pantomime, but speaking is also allowed, and can thus be made quite a dramatic exercise.

PROGRESS.—The world brings it all right at last; for the man whose name was a scoffing and a by-word with the fathers, the children go half around the globe for marble white enough to make a monument. The pendulum swings the other way, and we do more than justice to the martyrs that our fathers made.

# Agricultural.

## ROTATION OF CROPS.

There are various arguments for the practice of raising different kinds of crops in succession upon the same piece of land, now common in older parts of this country. These are based both upon practice and theory; the former being to most of us the more conclusive. Long ago it was discovered that much land would bear a good crop of grain only once in two or three years without manure, and that to secure a crop, it was necessary to plough or otherwise work over the land in the mean time. This system of fallowing necessarily left the land half the time with no crop upon it, and the farmer depended for a crop upon the decomposition wrought in the soil by the action of the elements, aided by his own labor in overturning and pulverising it. When it was discovered that a crop of roots could be raised between the crops of grain, and the effect of fallowing still be realized, the roots were regarded as clear gain, and the whole system of farming was changed. Now, on all these lands where farmers are obliged to be economical of fertility, some system of alteration or variation is employed. It is enough for most farmers to know by experience that—whether they depend on the fertility of the soil alone, on the green manure which they plough in, or on the dung of cattle which they apply—they realize by this means a much better return for the time, labor and available fertility expended.

Some plants seem very rapidly to exhaust fertility, so far as they alone are concerned; and the theory of many is, that the exhaustion results from their appropriating the most available supplies of certain substances, or have the ability to collect them more easily. Thus turnips, though they remove from the soil a comparatively small quantity of the phosphates, yet an abundant supply in a very available form promotes their growth and increases the yield, in an entirely disproportionate degree. And wheat and other small grains demand a proportion of available nitrogen, greater than other crops which remove more from the field. The benefit of an alternation or rotation of crops being a recognized fact, and it being also true that, under certain ill-judged modes of farming, land became unaccountably sick of certain crops which before grew well, M. Decondolle proposed a theory which met the case, and was almost universally received. It was that the roots of the crops throw off or excrete substances in the soil, and that these substances, while injurious to the plant which throws them off, are food for other kinds of plants.

Almost all plants have their natural enemies, parasitic plants, like smut, rust, etc., or insects which live upon them—and when a plant grows several years in the same soil, it becomes more and more a prey to these and perhaps subject to other diseases having similar but not so obvious causes.

When the full value of manure is realized practice has demonstrated that crops must follow each other in the order of their dissimilarity—for instance: grain, roots, grass, leguminous plants; oil plants, and commercial plants raised for the plants itself. The longer the time intervening between two crops of the same plant the better. Rotations are usually short in this country, and the land manured but once. In other countries, rotations continued throughout ten or twelve years are not uncommon. One reason for this is, that in our markets there is not a demand for so many products, though this evil is rapidly diminishing. Different soils and different markets make different crops profitable.

**NEW FLAX.**—We have examined a splendid specimen of new flax, grown by Mr. Robert Watson, of Whitby. The stalk averages between three and four feet in length, and will prove of a quality equal, if not superior, to that grown in Ireland, or any other flax-growing country. The ear, even at present, is large and heavy, and the crop promises to be most abundant. The quantity of seed expected may be safely estimated at twenty bushels per acre; and the quantity of fibre, when properly prepared for market, not less than 500 lbs. The seed is now worth \$1.50 per bushel of 50 lbs, making the yield \$30 per acre. The fibre is worth \$10 per cwt., which would yield \$50, making in all per acre \$80. These facts should be most encouraging for the farmers of Canada, to devote their earnest attention to such a productive field for the development of their skill and industry, as the cultivation of flax would undoubtedly prove. We are indebted to Mr. John A. Donaldson, of Weston, for information on this subject, on whose authority we have to state that a more beautiful

field of flax has never come under his observation in any country. We shall be happy to afford all interested an opportunity of examining a fine specimen now in our office.—Toronto Leader.

**GRAIN CUTTING.**—The proper time to cut grain crops is when the berry is just out of the milk, or as soon as it is hard enough to bear moderate pressure of the thumb nail without breaking. This is usually about ten days before maturity. If harvesting be delayed until the kernels are ripe, there is loss in the weight of the grain, and much waste by its shelling out upon the ground. Fields have sometimes borne a good crop with no other seeding than that received from what had been scattered during the previous harvest.

A recent number of an agricultural journal gives an account of an experiment made some years ago with a crop of fifty acres of wheat. The bulk of it was cut as here recommended and weighed 62½ lbs. to the bushel. The remainder gathered when fully ripe, gave only 58 lbs. per bushel. On the whole amount 1,200 bushels, there was a gain of 5,400 lbs., or about 90 bushels in bulk and the quality of flour was superior.—Perth Standard, Lanark County, July, 29.

The North Ontario Advocate, speaking of the crops in that section of the country, says—The other day we had an opportunity for taking a glance at the crops in the townships of Brock, Scott and Uxbridge, and we may safely say that a more pleasing prospect for a bountiful harvest has not been witnessed for many a day. There seems to be a considerable quantity of wheat and barley sown, but not so many oats and peas as formerly. We noticed some fields were infested, more or less, with smut; although there are no complaints about grub or insects. Haying has been commenced generally, and some fall wheat will be ready for cutting in ten days from this date.—July 26.

**THE WEATHER.**—Finer weather weather than that which this neighbourhood has enjoyed during the past week could not be wished for. There has been one or two moderate showers, just sufficient to allay the dust. The hay harvest is pretty well advanced; and the yield is represented as more than an average one.—[Perth Standard July, 29.

**WHITTY FLAX OUTDOSE.**—We have received a sample of flax from Col. Mitchell, grown upon his farm in Esquesing, which surpasses in quality any that we have yet seen. It is four feet in length and of clear, good stock, and the crop is so large that Col. Mitchell believes it will realize \$10 to the acre for the seed alone. He says that the crop in his neighbourhood is excellent, promising a large yield. We are glad to find that our farmers are giving increased attention to the growing of flax, for which the soil and climate of a great part of Canada are so well adapted. It is almost certain to prove highly remunerative.—Leader.

**THE CROPS.**—The cutting of hay has been going on in this vicinity for several days past the meadows yielding an average crop. Farmers inform us that though the midge and fly have made their appearance in some parts of the county, the wheat will yield a three-fourth crop. All other kinds of grain will yield an extra crop. Old residents say they never saw them look better. This is indeed gratifying, and we hope soon to hear no more about 'hard times.' From all parts of the Province, and the United States, the same cheering intelligence reaches us.—Dundas Courier; Central Canada.

**THE HARVESTING** has commenced. The fall wheat is the finest we have had for many years, but the spring wheat in some places has suffered from the midge. Altogether, however, the prospect is very good, and farmers are in high spirits. The weather is beautiful for harvesting.—Peterboro' Review July 31.

Business prospects are very good. Enormous quantities of lumber are being sent off every day by the Port Hope and Peterboro' Railroad, and the high price of lumber, with the reduced rate of discount, has contributed largely to the advantage of our manufacturers of sawed lumber, who are doing better than they have done for years. The prospect of a fine crop enhances the expectation of a good fall business; and people generally are well pleased with the business prospect before them.—Ibid.

The seed wheat fair in connection with the County of Wellington and Township of Guelph Societies, will be held in Guelph on the 28th of August.

**THE CROPS.**—We have most gratifying intelligence from the various sections of the country, of the thriving state of the crops.—The harvest prospect exceeds any known in the country for many years. If the crops are got safely housed the quantity and quality will be unexcelled. The breadth of wheat

sown, we believe, surpasses that of former years, and though there is a small insect now and then, it does comparatively little harm. It is on the outside of the berry, and when developed takes wings and flies away. This was the case last year. The hay crop is very heavy, and in many places is in the barn. In fact, green crops of all kinds as well as cereals are excellent. The absence of spring frost will make the harvest early, and increases the chance of little or no damage by the autumn frosts, which used to do much damage in times past.—Owen Sound Advertiser.

**THE CROPS.**—Farmers in this section of the country continue to represent the harvest prospects as highly encouraging, and all are sanguine that their labors will be rewarded with a bountiful yield. The wheat crops never looked better, and all other cereals promise equally well. The midge, which has done some little damage in a few localities in the west, has not, we believe, made its appearance hereabouts, and there is now nothing to fear from this pest. The potatoes look well notwithstanding the scarcity of rain, and there is no doubt that the crop will be a good one. The accounts from abroad are equally encouraging. For the first time in seventeen years the potato crop of Ireland has escaped the blight, and there is every reason to hope that the yield of this important product will be an abundant one. In England all the crops promise well, and from all parts of Great Britain the reports are highly satisfactory.—Kingston Daily News.

## INFORMATION ABOUT WOOL.

A convention of wool growers was lately held at Cleveland, Ohio, and was very largely attended. The principal topic discussed was whether shearing should be done before or after washing. After a careful consideration of the question, it was resolved that the practice of washing sheep be abolished, because:

1st. It permits of early shearing, which secures a greater quantity of wool, a longer staple, and a better condition of sheep and ewes, through the year.

2nd. Of the exposure to contagious diseases, such as scab, foot-rot, &c., in places frequented by different flocks to be washed.

3rd. It is an expensive, unpleasant job, and unhealthy both for man and sheep.

4th. That the manufacturer must cleanse the wool at all events, and he can do it cheaper than the grower.

5th. That it is to the interest of the wool growers to put their unwashed wool in as good condition as possible, by keeping their yards well littered, and by throwing away all filth that can be separated from the wool.

6th. Some lots of wool are more gross and gummy than others, therefore no rate of deduction could be agreed upon, suitable to all grades and classes, but that each lot should be bought upon its own merits for quality and condition.

7th. As generally practised, washing is little or no improvement to the fleece.

## EXHIBITIONS TO TAKE PLACE THIS AUTUMN.

### PROVINCIAL AND STATE.

Upper Canada, at Kingston, September 21 to 25.

Lower Canada, at Montreal, September 15 to 18.

New York, at Utica, September 15 to 18.

Ohio, at September 15 to 18.

### COUNTY AND TOWNSHIP.

Lanark county, at Almonte, September 15.

Wentworth and Hamilton, at Hamilton, October 14 and 15.

Toronto and West Riding York, at Toronto, October 6, 7 and 8.

Durham West, at Newcastle, October 8 and 9.

**GOLD IN LOWER CANADA.**—We were yesterday shown some specimens from the gold regions of the Chaudiere, of a most respectable nugget character, one piece weighing four ounces and a half, and another three and a half. Dr. Reed, in whose possession these specimens of the precious metal were, informs us that over ten thousand dollars worth of gold has been taken during the present year from the property of George Desbarats, Esq., alone. We hear also that much larger nuggets than we saw have been found. One of these valuable lumps, weighing some ounces over a pound, is said to be in possession of an individual who, doubting his own right of possession, the gold having been found on private property, does not choose to acknowledge the fact. This region is likely to become celebrated as a gold field.—Quebec Chronicle.

## EDITOR'S NOTES.

**ELLA.**—You could be advised on the matter you write about with more advantage in a private interview than through the columns of a newspaper. We refer to the proposed book, and modes and places of publication.

**PAMELIA S. VINING.**—The poem is received. It comes like the fragrance of fresh flowers; like the riches of ripe fruit; like the news of the golden mines; like the voices of the reapers in harvest; like the music of birds and of happy children. It comes to be welcomed as tidings from a far country—and the country is indeed afar off—it is the land of poetry and of dreams.

**EMME MANSFIELD.**—Your tale is received. It is well written as before, but—what about that 'horrid Miss Brown?' Is not the portrature too real? So like an amiable class of persons as to be assumed for some one who does not deserve to reproach! If you think proper to confide real name and address, or an address for a letter to reach you, further explanations may be made.

'Starry Heavens,' 'Forget me Not,' 'I'm Watching the Waves,' 'Dellwa,' received. If Dellwa sends his address, a private letter will apologise and explain. The address as formerly given has been mislaid.

**Alex. Durie.**—The sketch and descriptive article are received. In the absence of the proprietors the Editor thanks you heartily.

## MENTAL EXERCISES.

FLEXWICK, July 24th, 1863.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 10, 9, 6, 10, 7, 5, 6, 11 is the name of a vessel on Lake Ontario.  
" 20, 5, 6, 11 is the name of a kind of liquor.  
" 15, 13, 13, 1, 10 is to be found in nearly every garden.  
" 17, 8, 8, 18 is something sailors cannot do without on ships at sea.  
" 17, 8, 3, 4, 11, 11 is something drank instead of tea.  
" 12, 13, 14, 15, 2, 19, 18 is a town in Scotland.  
My whole is the name of a hotel, and the name of the village wherein located.  
Yours truly,  
G. W. W.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 33 letters.  
My 16, 20, 26, 6, 31, 2 is a city in Italy.  
" 31, 12, 17, 8, 30, 13 is a town in Italy.  
" 3, 7, 11, 15, 21, 20 is a duchy in Italy.  
" 24, 20, 14, 11, 22, 26, 29, 2 is a kingdom in Italy.  
" 24, 9, 21, 16, 2, 14, 21, 26, 7 is a republic in Italy.  
" 13, 30, 15, 9, 8, 32, 7 is a province in Italy.  
" 27, 9, 14, 11, 4, 10, 29, 20 is an island belonging to Italy.  
" 7, 14, 5, 20, 26, 11, 13 is a cape in Italy.  
" 27, 13, 1, 29, 31, 24, 18, 19, 22, 31 is a mountain in Italy.  
" 21, 2, 5, 33, 14, 8, 13 is a gulf in Italy.  
" 18, 9, 21, 23, 2, 14, 25, 20 is a lake in Italy.  
" 18, 20, 27, 30, 25, 12, 5, 29, 7, 10, 15 is a bay in Italy.  
" 2, 11, 22, 12, 16, is a river in Italy.  
My whole is a place well known in Hamilton.  
ADAM —,

HAMILTON, C. W.

**PROBLEM BY 'B. S.' OF CANFIELD, LAST WEEK.**  
ANSWER.—\$8,740 oldest.  
7,429 next.  
6,460 next.  
6,256 youngest.

## ANSWER TO B. S. OF CANFIELD.

J. J. M., says: The answer to enigma in last week's issue, by B. S., is 'Canadian Illustrated News.' There are four errors in it. In first query 23 should be 2, 8; in fourth, 44 and 5, should be 14 and 15; in last, 28 should be 2, 8.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA, NO. 111.

I am composed of 68 letters.  
My 45, 65, 35, 7, 17, 57, 49, 39, 37 is a county in Canada.  
" 34, 14, 47, 55, 15, 25, 59, 9, 30, 40 is a city in the United States.  
" 5, 32, 2, 20, 50, 28, 48 is a river in France.  
" 13, 66, 22, 12, 64, 1, 12, 68, 60 is a county in Ireland.  
" 3, 8, 19, 21, 51, 23, 43, 53 is a province in France.  
" 27, 67, 11, 31, 61, 36 is a lake in Switzerland.  
" 24, 64, 52, 62, 4, 6, 26 is a city in Prussia.  
" 41, 58, 33, 16, 46, 54 is a river in Austria.  
" 18, 29, 44, 63 is an island off Scottish coast.  
My whole is a well known quotation.  
J. J. M.  
The letters of six other correspondents remain over until next week.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 31ST JULY, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries) and Amount.

Corresponding week last year. \$43,371 93 1/2 vs 37,775 81 1/2

Increase. \$5,596 11 3/4

AUDIT, OFFICE, Hamilton, 1st Aug. 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURNS OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 25TH, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount.

Total. \$74,374 10 vs 62,633 35

Corresponding week, 1862. Increase \$11,740 75

MONTREAL, July 31st, 1863. JOSEPH BILLOTT.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT. LIVERPOOL, July 18, 1863.

Large table listing various commodities like Pork, Bacon, Middles, etc. with prices in s. d. s. d.

PETROLEUM.

Table listing petroleum products like American Crude, Canadian, etc. with prices.

TORONTO MARKETS.

The market was sparingly supplied with grain which sold freely at 80c to 85c for inferior, and 85c to 91c per bushel for good Spring wheat in scanty supply at 75c to 80c on the street, but 85c per bushel was offered for prime car loads. Rye, none offering. Barley nominal at 45c to 50c per bushel. Pease scarce at 50c to 51c per bushel. Oats—None on the market, but are worth 44c to 47c per bushel. Potatoes—New sell readily at 50c to 60c per bushel, and are well supplied. Eggs 12c to 17c per dozen. Chickens scarce at 30c to 40c the pair. Ducks at 40c to 50c the pair. Hay \$9 per ton. Straw \$8 per ton. Hides \$5 per cwt. Calfskins 8c to 9c per lb. Pelts 40c each. Lambskins 60c each. Wool sells at 37c to 38c per lb.

Remittances.

M. H., Lindsay; G. J. D., Drummondville; J. W. C., Port Burwell; W. L. C., A. J. C., W. S., Mrs. B. P., Mrs. D. P., W. H. S., S. B. B., J. O., J. P., Port Rowan; Mrs. C. A. V., J. H., W. H., Port Royal; J. T., J. M., A. L. M., H. R., Rowan Mills; D. L., Houghton Centre; C. D. Shannonville; J. H., Kingston; A. S. I., Toronto; T. M., Peterboro; W. A. O., St. Johns; C. F. Milton; H. L. K., Walsingham; P. McD. Kippin; C. & Co., St. Catharines; F. M., Port Colborne;

Those who want friends to whom to open their griefs, are cannibals of their own hearts.—Lord Bacon.

The following quotation from the Bible indicates that the ancients were not without knowledge of the existence of oil springs: 'He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and he made him search honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock.'

The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or rusty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power.—ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, HAMILTON, C. W. WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Proprietor.

THE subscriber having leased the premises known as the International Hotel, King street East, has had the whole building refitted and furnished at considerable expense, the result of which is that he is now enabled to offer to the travelling public accommodation and conveniences surpassed by no other hotel in the Province. His long experience in the business of hotel keeping will, he trusts, secure to him a share of that patronage which he has enjoyed for so many years.

The locality of the International Hotel—situated in the centre of the business portion of the city—is of itself a flattering recommendation, and in conjunction with other more substantial advantages which the Proprietor has introduced, will earn for this Hotel, the subscriber hopes, the favor and good will of the business community.

The large dining-room of the Hotel—one of the most commodious rooms in the city—will still be open for Dinner Parties, Concerts, and other social entertainments. Its ample rooms, for commercial travellers, are by far the best in the city.

In connection with the Hotel will be kept an extensive LIVERY ESTABLISHMENT, where Horses and Buggies can be had at all times, and at reasonable rate of remuneration.

The International Hotel will be the depot for Stages to Caledonia, Port Dover, Dundas, Guelph and other places.

An Omnibus will run regularly to the Station, connecting with trains east and west.

WM. RICHARDSON, Proprietor. Hamilton, July 27, 1863.

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In Canada and the United States, and are now prepared to furnish

WOOD CUTS Of Portraits, Buildings, Machinery, Scenery, &c., for Circulars, Bills, Cards, Books, &c., of a BETTER CLASS, and at from Twenty-Five to Fifty pr. cent less than the usual Prices charged in the Province. Make arrangements with us to send a Special Artist to sketch; or send ambrotype or sketch of whatever is to be engraved, stating size required, and we will quote price at once.

FERGUSON & GREGORY, Canadian Illustrated News, Hamilton, C. W.

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

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IF YOU WANT A FIRST-RATE AS WELL AS A CHEAP ARTICLE IN BOOTS AND SHOES, FOR SPRING, GO TO

W. M. SERVOS' NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE, 48 King Street, Hamilton. Two doors East of Wood & Leggat's and three doors West of McGivern & Co.'s. Wm. Servos begs to inform his numerous friends and the public generally that he has just received a choice selection of

Boots and Shoes for the Spring Trade Selected from the most eminent manufacturers in the Province, as they have all been purchased for Cash, he is determined to

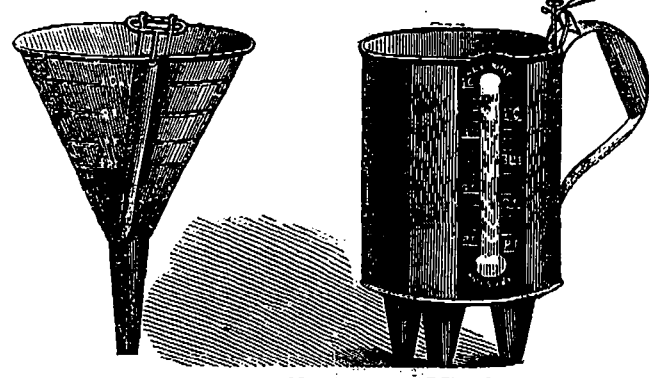
SELL AT THE LOWEST REMUNERATING PROFITS. And flatters himself he CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD by any House in Hamilton. His stock is all new, and the greatest attention has been paid in selecting the Newest and most Fashionable styles.

Work of every description made to order, on the shortest notice, and entire satisfaction guaranteed, or the money returned. One trial is earnestly solicited. W. M. SERVOS. Hamilton, May, 1863. 26

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC. MRS. JOHN E. MURPHY would respectfully inform her friends and the public, that she is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for instruction on the Piano Forte, at her residence, Mulberry street, between Park and MacNab. References given if required. Hamilton, June 20th, 1863. 6

ELLIS' HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS, - - - CANADA SIDE, NEXT DOOR TO BARNETT'S MUSEUM. Board, - - - \$1.00 per Day. Meals at all hours. Carriages in attendance at the door. Good stabling. W. F. ELLIS, PROPRIETOR.

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BROOKES' FUNNEL MEASURE.

The engravings show an ingenious apparatus for Measuring Liquids, lately patented by Mr. THOMAS BROOKES. Fig. 1, on right, is a gallon measure with three legs, two being portable, the third forming the spout; a piece of glass with figures on either side shows the quantity of liquid contained, while the small handle at the top, by being pressed, opens a valve at the bottom which allows it to pass through. Fig. 2, on left, is the same kind of apparatus, the valve being opened by pulling the handle. By this contrivance the merchant may possess a Measure and Funnel combined which will save him considerable expense and no end of trouble and annoyance. The articles may be obtained from Mr. THOMAS BROOKES, 27 King street, Toronto, and from his authorized Agents. Toronto, May 30, 1863.

JOHN M'INTYRE, MERCHANT TAILOR, AND OUTFITTER. GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS MADE TO ORDER. Perfect fit and entire satisfaction warranted. The Latest Patterns of French, English and German Cloths always on hand. Hughson st., Opposite Times Office, HAMILTON, C. W.

ESTABLISHED 1818. SAVAGE & LYMAN, Manufacturers and Importers of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE, and Cathedral Block, Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Cases, Fans, Dressing Cases, Papier-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c. Montreal, January 24, 1863.

NATIONAL HOTEL, DRUMMONDVILLE, NIAGARA FALLS, C. W. ARTHUR L. FLEMING, PROPRIETOR. The above establishment has been lately renovated throughout, and is a very desirable Hotel for tourists, wishing to stay a few days at the Falls, being within five minutes walk thereof. Wine, Liquors and Cigars of the best brand, always kept in the bar, and the Hotel furnished with the best and most comfortable beds. Board \$1.00 per day, Drummondville, June 30th, 1863.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL, GEORGE GORDON, PROPRIETOR. Bridgewater Street, CHIPPAWA, C. W. Good stabling attached to the premises.

R. W. ANDERSON, (FROM NOTMAN'S MONTREAL) PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST, 45 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W. FIRST-CLASS Cartes-de-visite equal to any in Upper Canada, \$3.00 per dozen. Private Residences, Churches and Public Buildings Photographed in any part of the country. Rooms, First Floor. Old likenesses sent from the country, copied for the Album, and promptly returned at a very moderate charge. Toronto, May 30, 1863.

H. & R. YOUNG, PLUMBERS Gas Fitters and Bell Hangers, MANUFACTURERS OF Gas Fixtures, Brass Work, GAS & STEAM FITTINGS, Importers of Coal Oil Lamps, and sole agents for the English Patent FUMIVORE COAL OIL LAMP. Rock Oil delivered at any place in the City. KING STREET WEST, Opposite American Hotel.

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JOHN GREGORY & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN KEROSENE, PENNSYLVANIA AND CANADIAN COAL OILS LAMPS, WICKS, SHADES, CHIMNEYS, &c. &c. No. 35, St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL.

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