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MR. G. H. M.
JOHNSON,

THE MOHAWK
INDIAN CHIEF.

We give on this page a portrait of Chief Johnson of the Mohawk nation—one of the six in the far-famed confederacy of the Six Nations, or Iroquois—as they were called by the French. Mr. Johnson resides in the township of Onondaga, in the county of Brant, between the village of Middleport and the Tuscarora church. Though quite a young man yet, comparatively speaking, he has attained to a leading position among his people. He has a good education and is well informed generally; and if our recollection of what we have been told be not at fault, has had the benefit of a collegiate course in Toronto. He acts in the capacity of interpreter for the Rev. Mr. Elliot, Church of England missionary to the Indians on the lower settlements of the Grand River. In all important affairs, such as transactions with the government, and the like, he is now the principal medium of



GEORGE H. M. JOHNSON, MOHAWK INDIAN CHIEF, AS HE APPEARED AT THE BRANTFORD REVIEW.

communication between the whites and the Indians.

Though all but a very few of the Indians live on what is, from here, the otherside of the river, Mr. Johnson remains on this side, probably as we suppose, for convenience to the church, which was built long ago, when the Indians largely occupied the north or left bank of the river, as well as the opposite one. The Tuscarora church, if we mistake not, is of older date than any in Hamilton. It was built by the Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts.

The Mohawks and the Tuscaroras are, for the most part, with but few if any exceptions, converted to Christianity, to its outward forms, at all events. And so likewise are some of the Oneidas and Onondagas. But the major portion of these two nations last mentioned, and all but a very few of the Senecas and Cayugas, still hold resolutely to the belief of their forefathers.

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FERGUSON & GREGORY.

Hamilton, July 1st, 1863.

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HAMILTON, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

FERGUSON & GREGORY, Proprietors.

THE MEANING OF THE WAR.

An attempt to anticipate the verdict which philosophic history will give, in the case of the present American war, may seem presumptuous, while the pelting of its pitiless storm is still carrying destruction through the length and breadth of a continent.

Yet the distinctive features of that contest are so broadly marked, so clearly defined, as to leave the task, in our humble opinion, a comparatively easy one.

The struggle, as a tangible reality, no doubt took the world by surprise. But it was by no means an unforeseen struggle. To attentive thinkers it has long been pre-figured by the condition of things in the United States. Its imminent probability has long given a depth to the forebodings of the eminent statesmen of the Union; on the confines of a material prosperity peculiarly brilliant. They saw it coming in imperfect yet dark and hideous outline. When would be the time of its birth or what the specific form it would assume, were open questions. But that it would have birth in some form, seemed inevitable. And why? Because simply, men saw within one political system the active development of two social systems essentially antagonistic in their natures. The one, with many imperfections in its practice,—holding up progress and civilisation as the ideal to which it aspired. The other, with perchance some rays of light to illumine its otherwise unmitigated darkness, glorying in retrogression and barbarism. It was impossible that these systems could remain in contact without coming to blows.

The whole political history of the United States is little else than a record of efforts to avoid this struggle. At every turn the American people have been confronted by the same huge difficulty which has, at length, rent their nation asunder, probably never to be re-united. It confronted the 'fathers of the republic' even in drawing up the 'Declaration of Independence,' when, in order to prevent the secession of Georgia and South Carolina, Jefferson was compelled to expunge the clause condemning the slave trade.

It was present with the convention which framed the Constitution where Jefferson again attempted to set bounds to the barbarous system, by proposing the exclusion of slavery from any territory to be hereafter obtained by the United States. His resolution was defeated by a majority of but one.

The most important senatorial battle however, between the contending parties, was fought on what is popularly known as the "Missouri compromise." To understand the merits of this question it will be necessary to remember that in 1787 a law was passed which prohibited slavery in the United States territories lying north and west of the Ohio river. Missouri lay within this interdicted region, so by the terms of the law could not hold slaves. But as part of the territory of French Louisiana she already held them; and supported by the pro-slavery party, affirmed her right to be admitted to the Union as a slave State. The debate on the question was protracted and acrimonious. Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, with a prophetic truthfulness which at the time he could scarcely have realized, declared that "a fire had been kindled which all the waters of the ocean could not put out; which only seas of blood could extinguish." The affair

ended with the substantial triumph of the slavery party. Their opponents however obtaining in return a law prohibiting slavery in all the territories of the Union, lying north of the parallel 36° 30'—the Southern boundary of Missouri.

The same fatal spirit of compromise, which up to this time had characterized a section of the Northern people, the same flinching from the issue which was forcing itself upon them, was again manifested in the passage of the fugitive slave law of 1850. One of the vilest enactments that ever disgraced the statute book of a nation. But all their compromises, all the shufflings and quackeries of little politicians, were powerless to avert the coming struggle. The little cloud which scarcely disfigured the brightness of the morning sky that saw the nation's birth, had increased in size and deepened in hue until it spread over the land a dark and sullen gloom.

With the repeal of the Missouri compromise a few years ago and the substitution of "squatter sovereignty" in its place, the contest was transferred—say rather extended—to another field. The new law gave the people of the territories power to settle the question of slavery themselves, to adopt—on their admission to the Union as a State—either a slave or free constitution as they might elect. Kansas was the first to enjoy the blessings of the new doctrine, and in a way which few of our readers can have forgotten. In the determined efforts of either party to secure the new state to its side the first blood of the approaching struggle was spilt; the first fruits of a fast ripening harvest gathered. Passing from this to the election of Mr. Lincoln, merely noting the John Brown raid in the interlude, we come to the point at which the attempts of political quackery to solve the momentous question before it, fairly broke down. Its "platforms," its "conventions," and its "stump oratory," alas how miserably impotent in such a crisis.

All right thinking men must wish that the stern and bloody struggle which followed, and is now raging, could have been avoided. But seeing that it has been fairly entered upon, let us hope that its close will witness the accomplishment of its legitimate purpose, namely, the overthrow of slavery. But here let us guard our readers against misapprehension. We are not now arguing in favor of either North or South. We do not expect either of them to abolish slavery from any higher motive than that of necessity. But happily the teachings of this war must go far to convince the most stubborn that slavery is a political blunder, a non-paying, or rather, a losing speculation. This lesson once pressed home, will soon be followed by the conviction that it is also a moral crime. Moreover, it seems more than probable that both the belligerents will yet be driven to seek an alliance with the despised African race, the first condition of which will be its emancipation from bondage. Truly man's necessity is God's opportunity.

CIVILIZATION; WHAT IS IT, AND WHAT DOES IT DO?

We are in the habit of boasting of the civilization of the Nineteenth Century. We point to our railroads, canals, ships, and printing presses; our machines for manufactures of every description; our discoveries in almost every conceivable branch of art and science; we know the distance from the sun of all the planets, how large they are and how much they weigh; we know that earth, air, fire, and water are not elements, in fact we know so much, and can do so much that we really startle ourselves when we narrate our wonderful achievements. Then we point to all this, and we call it civilization. Undoubtedly we possess many advantages over those respectable but somewhat slow going people we call our ancestors. We have responsible government and railroads; free knowledge and phrenology; magna charta and magnetism; cheap testaments and cheap travelling; balloons and the ballot, and a large assortment of general civilized merchandise, 'too numerous to mention.'

But is this civilization? Let us look: We get gunpowder, printing and some other trifles from the Chinese. We get painting, poetry, sculpture, the alphabet, etcetera from the Greeks, and so on, with half-a-dozen other ancient nations. Then it follows that as we borrow civilization from them they were more civilized than we are? We can scarcely grant the inference.

But are we really any happier? Are the sufferings of the poor alleviated? Does life fly along more pleasantly with the great body of the people than it did in the days when Friar Bacon was dreaming out schemes for destroying dragons and building steamboats? We seriously doubt it. In other words, we believe that civilization does not of itself promote the happiness of the human race. There are more people pinched by want in Merrie England now than in the time of the Saxon kings. We read of a period when men might hang their jewels by the roadside, without fear of

their misappropriation; but that was long before railroads or the Reform Bill. And we are told of a young lady, lovely and bejeweled, who rode completely round the 'gim of the say' without encountering a single spoliator; but that was before the days of 'Peelers.' There are bad men in enlightened times and climes, as there were in the olden; there is suffering and want enough, God knows, even in such a plentiful land as ours; there are wars, and always will be; there are devilish inhuman men who trade upon the necessities of their fellows; and misery and famine stalk around us on every hand. In the face of all this, we build our self-laudatory altar, where we bow down and worship our great god—Civilization.

Alas! our enlightened ways are all at fault—our civilization goes for nothing. We must still trust to the kindlier instincts of the heart, common to humanity in all ages and in all places, to relieve the poor and do justice to the oppressed. We have made the world a machine shop; but have we given a crust of bread to the poor? We have bound the land in a net-work of railroads, and covered the sea with floating palaces; but are we any happier or any better than we were before? We have subjected the elements to our will and made them our slaves; we are the lordly masters of the world—

But we, who name ourselves its Sovereigns,
We—half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar—with our mixed essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
'Till our morality predominates,
And men are what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other?

THE GORE, KING STREET, HAMILTON.

The demand for last week's number of the "Illustrated News," the first of our enlarged sheet, and printed on our new Mammoth Press, has completely exhausted an extra large edition. At the request of numbers of our subscribers both old and new, we repeat in this issue the view of the Gore on King Street, which formed so attractive a feature in our last. As no letter-press description accompanied the picture then, a few words now may be appropriate.

It is to the liberality and foresight of the late George Hamilton, Esq., the former proprietor of a large portion of the ground upon which the city now stands, that Hamilton is indebted for the healthful luxury of this 'breathing place' in its business centre. The same gentleman also gave the space occupied by the old market, now the wood market, for the use of the citizens; and Prince's Square, formerly the Court House Square, and the site of the Gaol and Court House, for county purposes. It was Mr. Hamilton's proposition to Mr. Hughson, then the owner of the land along the north side of King street, that they should each give a portion of ground, sufficient to form a long rectangular open space in what was expected to be the central part of the town. Mr. Hamilton's part of the agreement was fulfilled, but Mr. Hughson's was not, and in this way the Gore came to be left in its present shape.—Had the original design been fully adhered to, the north side of King Street, east from James street, would have been parallel to the South side, leaving a long open space with four square corners, of an exact and symmetrical outline. However much it may be regretted that such was not the case, the citizens of Hamilton, both in time present and to come, may well be thankful for the space that is left, where the free air of Heaven gets some room to play in amongst them; and which adds so much, as now improved and ornamented, to the effective appearance of the city.

Previous to 1860, the year of the Prince's visit, the Gore was vacant, with nothing but its greater width to distinguish it. But in that year, by the liberal private efforts of the citizens, aided by the joint action of the Council and the Water Works Commissioners, the existing improvements were effected. The iron railing and the arrangement of the walks and spaces were designed by Mr. Haskins, the City Engineer. The large fountain in the centre, as also the smaller one to the eastward, opposite to the Wesleyan Female College, are from designs by Mr. Robb, C. E. The drinking fountain at the west end, surmounted by three splendid gas lamps, is a present to the city from Archibald Kerr, Esq., for long a resident here, now a few years since returned to Scotland.

On the right hand side, south-east corner of King and James Street, stands the extensive wholesale grocery establishment of Brown, Gillespie and Co., (formerly W. P. McLaren & Co). Next to this is the Bank of British North America, a very handsome and substantial stone structure; and the wholesale warehouse of Kerr, Brown & Co. At

the Hughson street corner, with a narrow shrubbery in front, may be seen the Gore Bank, a fine cut stone building, of design and appearance appropriate to its uses. In the next block eastwards is the wholesale drug and medicine warehouse of John Winer & Co, the most extensive business concern in that line in the city. Further on yet, with a flagstaff on each end, is the large dry goods establishment of D. McInness & Co., the most elegant and costly building, for the purposes of a wholesale warehouse, in all Canada; in all British America, we suppose. Beyond that may be seen what is now the Wesleyan Female College, originally intended for a hotel, a large brick building with an elegant five story front, into the construction of which iron largely enters, giving it a very light and graceful appearance.

On the left hand side, north-east corner of King and James Street are the dry goods, clothing and millinery stores of Lawson, Brothers, a firm for fifteen years or more established in their present location, and doing a very large business. White's block, a fine new building with a cut stone front, in which is the office of the "Canadian Illustrated News," is conspicuous in the row along the north side of the Gore. In the distance is seen the lesser fountain, about opposite to the Wesleyan Female College.

For the information of strangers and those who have never visited Hamilton, it may be proper to add, that in our picture the spectator is supposed to be standing a little to the left hand of the drinking fountain, looking eastwards down King street.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.
The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees, a century old;
And the wind goes chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.
The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures
The birds go feeding at will.
The children have gone and left them,
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are falling,
As she harkens to the well-known tone
That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.
She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.
Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.
And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.
And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.
Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold;
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim nor old.
They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.
He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.
Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unscorn, mystical road,
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."
Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back;
And the flowers of a vanished spring-time,
Will bloom in the spirit's track.
One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlived time.
But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there,
We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west;
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.
And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's House in the skies.

'SMALL, BUT GOLDEN GRAINS.'

Despair has ruined some, but presumption ruins multitudes.
Cheap is the service of virtue, and yet how dearly we pay for vice!
Counsels given in wine seldom prosper.
Navy cannot see; ignorance cannot judge.
Give your tongue more holidays than your hands or eyes.
Jests, like sweetmeats, have often sour sauce.
A vain hope flatters the heart of a fool.
Many talk like philosophers and yet live like fools.
Follow the wise few rather than the vulgar many.
Cheerfulness is medicine for the mind.
Catch not at the shadow and lose the substance.
Fortune and futurity are not to be guessed at.
Imitate a good man, but never counterfeit him.
Begin nothing until you have considered how it is to be finished.
Equity is the bond of human society.
Unseasonable wit is the child of folly.
A flow of words is no proof of wisdom.
Speech is the picture of the mind.
He who does not honor his wife dishonors himself.
Better to slip with the foot than the tongue.
Past labor is present delight.
A thousand probabilities will not make one truth.
One to-day is worth two to-morrows.
We disjoin the mind, then the body.
Self-love is the only flatterer of poverty:
Gigantic self-love accompanies dwarfish ability.
Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.
Everybody is innocent in some corner of the mind, and has faith in something.
Virtue is made for difficulties, and grows stronger and brighter for such trials.
He who turns spy for pleasure, would not hesitate to be hangman for business.
Mortal things fade, immortal things spring more freshly with every step to the tomb.
Let your wit be your friend, your mind your companion, and your tongue your servant.
The pen in the hand that knows how to use it, is the most powerful weapon in the world.
By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior.
Take your place modestly at life's banquet, says Knebel, and ask for nothing not in the bill.
The passion for acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense, corrupts the purest souls.
As the organ of speech supposes the organ of hearing, so the instinct of complaint supposes the sentiment of compassion.
Half the secrets in the world are disclosed in order that those who possess them may let their friends know that they hold them.
A poet says that the wind kisses the waves. That we suppose, is the celebrated 'kiss for a blow,' about which we have heard so much.
Bulwer calls a newspaper 'the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come to drink.'
Years are the sum of hours. Vain is it at wide intervals to say, 'I'll save this year,' if at each narrow interval you do not say, 'I'll save this hour.'
Lord Bacon beautifully said, 'If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.'
Passionate wooing is like summer dust, it lies on the ground a little while, and then a slight wind comes, and away it is gone. Men who love well do not speak flippantly. Their affection borrows some inspiration from religion.
Talkers will refrain from evil speaking when listeners refrain from evil hearing.
For a dead opportunity there is no resurrection.
The things that are really for us, naturally gravitate to us.
Submission to unnecessary evils is cowardice or laziness.
A noble thought embodied in fit words, walks the earth a living being.
The most important trust which God has given to any one is himself.
To some natures all feeling is passion, and gratitude the greatest.
The poor are oftener prayed for than helped. The reason is, we believe, that air is cheaper than bullion.
A man cannot burrow in his counting-room for ten or twenty of the best years of his life, and come out as much of a man and as little of a mole as when he went in.
A horse is neither better or worse for his trappings.
Every fool can find faults that a great many wise men cannot mend.
The dinner over, away go the guests.
Accusing is proving, when malice and power sit judge.
Little and often fills the purse.
Eagles fly alone, but sheep flock together.
All are not saints who go to church.
He that will not look before him, will have to look behind him.

EDITOR'S TABLE TALK.

It is an extraordinary fact, that it is the very rich and the very poor who pay the highest prices for all that they use or consume. The careful middle classes are they who get most value for their money. My Lord Rent-roll, with his thousands or tens of thousands a-year, can scarcely eat or drink a shilling's worth that does not cost him a guinea. On the other hand, the poor, and those who live from hand to mouth, are generally but ill-judging purchasers; and, as a rule, have the luck of getting the worst quality of everything at an outrageous price. At times when comfortable dwellings, suitable for well-to-do people, can be had at an annual rental of perhaps six per cent on their cost, the miserable tenements of the poor are rented at ten, twenty, or even thirty per cent. At the other end of the scale again, the superb mansions of the very wealthy, completed with all their surroundings at a vast expense, are but little superior, in point of comfort, to dwellings costing only a tenth as much. Think over the instances you know or have read of, and then say if it is not always the very rich and very poor who are most fleeced and cheated.

WHAT an encroaching, domineering set we civilized nations, (as we call ourselves,) really are! We would not let the Red Indian alone here in the New World, where he had for centuries lived in his own rightful home; but we had to cross the sea and push him back by degrees towards the Rocky Mountains. As the Indian required an extravagantly large space of ground to maintain himself in, and as portions of the old world have become so over peopled, it was not so very unreasonable, after all, that we should insist upon more room when we were pinched for room ourselves, and when there was so much to spare in America. But what do we want in China and Japan? We cannot emigrate there; these countries are so thickly peopled that one European would have to displace three natives to make the room he wants for himself. Between outside pressure and internal strife, China is so racked that it no longer repulses us, but asks us to "go in," in more senses than one. The Japanese beg, as the greatest favor we can bestow, that we would go away and leave them alone. No one pretends that they threaten aggression on any shores not their own. Yet simple and apparently reasonable as their request seems, it is almost, nay, we may say altogether certain, that "modern civilization" will not grant it.

How the poets and moralists of the olden time loved to prate of the wickedness, the snares, and the temptations of the city, and the delightful innocence and simplicity of the country! Perhaps it was so in their days; though we very much doubt even that. But however it may have been in Arcadia, or among the village swains and shepherdesses of a former time, it is certain that in our days the country cannot successfully maintain the truth of its stereotyped claim to superior morality, on the average. Who is not sensible of countless restraints upon wilful and wayward transgression, which the society of the city imposes upon its members under certain penalties, well enough known though incapable of specific description—restraints which in the country scarcely operate, being loosened or dissolved, so to speak, by the distribution of fewer people over a larger space? Does not the experience of many a family teach that the small village has its own peculiar dangers and temptations, more extensively ruinous in some respects than those of the great city? Still another question: Of the depraved youth of both sexes, to be found in the cities, what a majority there is amongst them who must blame the village, and not the city, for their first false step, for the beginning of their downward course? Think over those queries, ye who have the charge of youth, and soo if there be not reason to fear that there is a grievous mistake current among respectable religious people on this subject.

HOW AND WHEN TO STOOP.

Benjamin Franklin, when a young man, visited the Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather. When the interview was ended, the reverend gentleman showed him, by a back way, out of the house. As they proceeded along a narrow passage, the doctor said to the lad, 'Stoop! stoop!' Not immediately comprehending the meaning of the advice, he took another step, and brought his head pretty violently against a beam that projected over the passage. 'My lad,' said the divine, 'you are young, and the world is before you; learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will save yourself many a hard thump.'

Not an easy science to learn, is it? the science of stooping gracefully and at the right time. When a man stands before you in a passion, fuming and foaming, although you know that he is both unreasonable and wrong, it is folly to stand as straight, and stamp as hard, and talk as loud as he does. This places two temporary madmen face to face. Stoop as you would if a tornado were passing. It is no disgrace to stoop before a heavy wind. The reed bends to the wind, while the unyielding oak is torn up by the roots. It is just as sound philosophy to echo back the bellows of a mad bull, as it is to respond in kind to the ravings of a mad man, or—pardon me ladies!—of a mad woman. Stoop! gracefully, deferentially, and amid the pauses of the wind, throw in the still small voice, the 'soft and gentle words which turn away wrath.'

When reproved for an error you have committed, for a wrong you have perpetrated, for a neglect chargeable against you, stoop! Do not justify or palliate a palpable fault. This only intensifies and aggravates the wrong. This excites direr indignation. Stoop. If you say, mildly, 'I know I was wrong; forgive me;' you have stolen away all your complainant's thunder. I have seen this tried with the happiest effect.

LADY IMPROVERS.—A French correspondent notices a new academy in Paris:—"They have lately come to the decision that all elegant dames ought to wear their hair in the form of a *corlogan* descending to the waist, bound in the middle with pink, green, and blue ribbons, and curled at the extremity in five of those long curls which we call "corkscrews" in France. It may look pretty enough, but how can those ladies who are not blessed with an abundant hirsute crop manage the matter? Let me also whisper, as in duty bound, that the hoops are worn two ways—some are round, others oblong. Some dancing belles present to the admiring gaze a perfect circle—a geometrical figure, which the ancients regarded as the ideal of beauty. Others seem to walk beside their dress, and suggest the impertinent question which Beau Brummel once put to a duke, "Do you call this thing a coat?"

DEATH OF THE TUTOR.

From Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Professor at the Breakfast Table."

The natural end of a tutor is to perish by starvation. It is only a question of time, just as with the burning of college libraries. These all burn up sooner or later, provided they are not housed in brick or stone and iron. I don't mean that you will see in the registry of deaths that this or that particular tutor died of well-marked, uncomplicated starvation. They may, even, in extreme cases, be carried off by a thin, watery kind of apoplexy, which sounds very well in the returns, but means little to those who know that it is only debility settling on the head. Generally, however, they fade away under various pretexts—calling it dyspepsia, consumption, and so on, to put a decent appearance upon the case, and keep up the credit of the family and the institution where they have passed through the successive stages of inanition.

In some cases it takes a great many years to kill a tutor by the process in question. You see, they do get food and clothes and fuel, in appreciable quantities, such as they are. You will even notice rows of books in their rooms, and a picture or two—things that look as if they had surplus money; but these superfluities are the water of crystallization to scholars, and you can never get them away till the poor fellows effloresce into dust. Do not be deceived. The tutor breakfasts on coffee made of beans, adulcerated with milk watered to the verge of transparency; his mutton is tough and elastic, up to the moment when it becomes tired out and tasteless; his coal is a sullen, sulphurous, anthracite, which rusts into ashes, rather than burns, in the shallow grate; his flimsy broadcloth is too thin for Winter and too thick for Summer. The greedy lungs of fifty hot-blooded boys suck the oxygen from the air he breathes in his recitation room. In short, he undergoes a process of gentle and gradual starvation.

The mother of little Iris was not called Electra, like hers

of the old story, neither was her grandfather Oceanus. Her blood name, which she gave away with her heart to the Latin tutor, was a plain old English one, and her water name was Hannah, beautiful as recalling the mother of Samuel, and admirable as reading equally well from the initial letter forward as from the terminal letter backward. The poor lady, seated with her companion at the chess-board of matrimony, had but just pushed forward her one little white pawn upon an empty square, when the Black Knight, that cares nothing for castles or kings or queens, swooped down upon her, and swept her from the larger board of life.

The old Latin tutor put a modest blue stone at the head of his late companion, with her name and age and *Eheu!* upon it—a smaller one at her feet, with initials; and left her by herself, to be rained and snowed on—which is a hard thing to do for those whom we have cherished tenderly.

About the time that the lichens, falling on the stone like drops of water, had spread into fair, round rosettes, the tutor had starved into a slight cough. Then he began to draw the buckle of his black pantaloons a little tighter, and took in another reef in his never ample waistcoat. His temples got a little hollow, and the contrasts of color in his cheeks more vivid than of old. After awhile his walks fatigued him, and he was tired and breathed hard after going up a flight or two of stairs. Then came on other marks of inward trouble and general waste, which he spoke of to his physician as peculiar, and doubtless owing to accidental causes; to all which the doctor listened with deference, as if it had been the old story that in one in five or six of mankind in temperate climates tells, or has told for him, as if it were something new. As the doctor went out, he said to himself—'On the rail at last. Accommodation train.—A good many stops, but will get to the station by and by.' So the doctor wrote a recipe with the astrological sign of Jupiter before it (just as your own physician does, inestimable reader, as you will see, if you look at his next prescription), and departed, saying he would look in occasionally.

After this, the Latin tutor began the usual course of getting better, until he got so much better that his face was very sharp, and when he smiled, three crescent lines showed at each side of his lips, and when he spoke it was in a muffled whisper, and the white of his eyes glistened as pearly as the purest porcelain—so much better that he hoped—by spring—he—might be able—to attend—to his class again. But he was recommended not to expose himself, and so kept his chamber, and occasionally, not having anything to do, his bed. The unmarried sister with whom he lived took care of him; and the child, now old enough to be manageable, and even useful in trifling offices, sat in the chamber, or played about.

Things could not go on so forever, of course. One morning his face was sunken, and his hands very, very cold. He was better, he whispered, but sadly and faintly. After a while he grew restless, and seemed a little wandering. His mind ran on his classics, and fell back on the Latin grammar.

'Iris,' he said, '*filiola mea.*' The child knew this meant my dear little daughter, as well as if it had been English.—'Rainbow'—for he would translate her name at times, 'come to me'—'*veni.*' and his lips went on automatically, and murmured—'*vel venito.*' The child came and sat by his bedside, and took his hand, which she could not warm, but shot its rays of cold all through her slender frame. But there she sat, looking steadily at him. Presently he opened his lips feebly, and whispered, '*Moribundus.*' She did not know what that meant, but she saw that there was something new and sad. So she began to cry; but presently remembering an old book that seemed to comfort him at times, got up and brought a Bible, in the Latin version, called the Vulgate. Open it, he said—'I will read—'*segnis irritant*—don't put the light out—ah! *haret lateri*—I am going—*vale, vale, vale*—good-by, good-by—the Lord take care of my child—*Domine audi—vel audito?*' His face whitened suddenly, and he lay still, with open eyes and mouth. He had taken his last degree.



VIEW OF THE ISLAND ORLEANS, NEAR QUEBEC.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ISLE OF ORLEANS.

BY N. H. BOWEN, ESQ.

(CONTINUED.)

The group of houses at the South-west end of the Island is situated within the Fief Beaulieu in the parish of St. Pierre. This Fief was originally granted to Sieur Jacques Gourdeau de Beaulieu on the 1st of March, 1652, and consisted of 40 arpents in width, traversing the Island.

This gentleman, who married Eleanore de Grandmaison, widow by her first marriage of M. Francois de Chavigny de Berchereau, lived in a long, low stone house to the left on the first plateau of land, (see sketch); he was cruelly murdered by one of his valets, and his house burnt to cover the crime, in the month of May, 1863. This valet, having been tried and convicted, was first publicly whipped, and then shot on the 8th June of the same year; The solid stone walls of the house having been but little damaged by

the fire, the house was soon rebuilt, and exists to the present day, occupied by M. Francis Gourdeau, a direct descendant of the original owner, and Francois Goudreau, the respected superintendent of Pilots for and below the port and harbor of Quebec.

It may be interesting here to note that Eleanore de Grandmaison, who married: first, Francois de Chavigny de Bouchereau, second, Jacques Gourdeau de Beaulieu, and third, Jacques Cailhaut. Sieur de la Tesserie is one of the ancestors of the distinguished Canadian families of la Gorgendiere, Rigaud de Vaudreuil and Tascheron: she died in 1672, at the age of 70 years, leaving behind her a numerous progeny.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTE ON THE ABOVE BY THE ILLUSTRATOR.

Referring to our sketch, it will be seen that a verandah has been constructed in front of the dwelling; this addition did not, in all probability, exist during the days of its early inmates, for the feature is new in the farm houses of the

French Lower Canadian peasantry, whose contented dispositions tend to preserve the connection between the past and the present; for it is only in the immediate vicinity of a city, or under peculiar circumstances that improvement becomes visible—even there it is only a departure from the ways of their ancestors to copy those of strangers. They see verandahs on the houses of their neighbors, so they too must have them. With the exception of the verandah, however, the dwelling is probably exactly similar to what it was 200 years ago.

Another curious circumstance connected with the building before us, is, that the chimneys at each end of the roof are false; they are only imitation ones, made of wood and fastened on the outside; they are shingled similarly to the roof itself, the chimney in the middle being the only serviceable one in the house.

Sometimes the old habitations around Quebec have pieces of wood, (short poles) of the same height as the chimney, fastened on the gable tops, instead of the mock chimneys described, indeed, this is most frequently the case.

MR. H. DENMAN THOMPSON.

We publish in this week's issue the portrait of a rising young Actor, Mr. H. Denman Thompson. The subject of our notice is so well known in "this Canada of ours," where for the last 10 years, with but an interval of a few months, he has passed through the varying experiences of an actor's life, that a short sketch of his career may not be uninteresting to our readers. In Girard, Erie County, Pennsylvania, A. D. 1833, Mr. T. made his *debut* on the broad stage of life. There he resided with his parents till he was 13 years of age, when he was removed to Keene, New Hampshire, where he completed his education. In 1852, we find him occupying the situation of book-keeper in his uncle's wholesale store at Lowell, Mass. It was during his stay in this celebrated town of spindles, looms, and factory girls, that our hero made his first appearance on the boards as Orasman, in the Military drama of the "French Spy." In 1854, he was engaged by the veteran John Nickinson, as member of the stock company of the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, and from that time on he kept mounting the ladder step by step to his present high position in the *corps dramatique*.

The respect and confidence in which he was held, cannot better be exemplified than in the following conversation, which the writer of this sketch was fortunate enough to overhear some few years ago, between "old" John Nickinson, as he was familiarly called in Toronto, and the business agent of a celebrated Actor who was then performing at the Lyceum. "Among the many good traits," says Mr. N., "of his, (Thompson's,) character, there is one which, 'in my position as manager, I value more than all others, and that is, he has never, since he became a member of my Company, failed me a single night.'" This was but the simple truth, told by one of the best Actors and Managers in America. Mr. T. continued at the Royal Lyceum, under the successive managements of Mr. Marlowe, Miss DeCourcy, Messrs. C. T. Smith, Little and Fleming, and Henry Linden, until the spring of last year, when desirous of seeing something of the old country, he started on the 20th April for England, and appeared for a few nights in London. Thence he proceeded to Edinburgh and Glasgow, playing short engagements in both places, with flattering success. In the Fall of the same year he returned to Toronto, and played a "star" engagement of two weeks under Mr. Linden, appearing in his favourite characters of "Salem Scudder" in "the Octoroon," "Myles Na Coppaleen" in the "Colleen Bawn," and in Falconer's Drama, "The Peep o' Day," at that time so popular in London. His opening night was a perfect ovation; and during his engagement the Theatre was crowded in every part.

Mr. Thompson's range of character embraces the rollicking Irishman, in which he is very fine, the real live Yankee, with his genuine down-east mannerisms and dialect, so effective on the stage when rendered with proper spirit yet without ridiculous exaggeration, and the Negro, and in fact all the parts usually falling under what in stage parlance is called "low," and "eccentric" comedy. And a special charm of his acting is, that he "does" these characters without stooping to the vulgarities so freely resorted to for the sake of momentary applause by artists of inferior

resources. His humour is quaint and spontaneous; and the entire absence of apparent effort in his performance gives his audience a most favorable impression of power in reserve.

Few actors are more popular among their brethren of the profession than Mr. Thompson, and none upon the stage bear a more amiable character. Naturally of a quiet and benevolent disposition, he has the good word of every one to whom he is known.

We are happy to award to Mr. Thompson the notice he merits, from the fact that we regard him as a Canadian to all intents and purposes. Though born over the border, he adopted Canada as his home at an early age; and may be looked upon as one of ourselves, and fully naturalized. His artistic education has been a home process mainly, and the result is highly satisfactory. The culture of *all* the liberal arts is necessary if we would assert our position in the civilization of the world; and we hail with pleasure every commendable instance of progress in any walk hitherto but little tried in Canada.

hangs darkly over all. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and it is impossible that one can fully express the trials of his own lot, or that another can entirely understand them. Hence we are all inclined to over-estimate our own labors and to under-value those of others. It is particularly true that those who are only conversant with manual labor, commonly look with envy upon all persons engaged in literary pursuits; who, they imagine, are but obliged to toil lightly in the "rose gardens" of life, while they bear the heat and burden of the harvest-field. The sturdy farmer wishes that his neighbor who "makes stories for a living," were obliged to throw down his quill, and swing the scythe or wield the hoe for a week or so, and "guesses" that he would then find out what it is to work. The tired operative, constantly surrounded by the clatter of spindles, thinks of the studious repose of the poet's study as something quite paradisaical. Such persons have no definite idea of the life they criticize.

The pen becomes as heavy as the worn fingers that hold it, as the tools of the laborer, and the sound of its dull scratching as it races over unending foolscap, is hardly as musical to accustomed ears as the songs of birds. To be obliged to write carelessly and gaily when the heart is oppressed with some great sorrow, or disturbed by dark misgivings and vague, uncertain anguish, such as visit all alike—to write from necessity, pressed by the iron hand of circumstances, when the whole world of thought and fancy will not yield one new idea or fresh illustration, and when haunted by the humiliating conviction of how far our best productions fall below that high and inaccessible ideal which never folds 'its wings of morning light' within our reach—to write on, when 'all foredone' with care and anxiety, mind and body crave only repose—oh, this is torture, far surpassing any bodily agony.—And we speak within the truth when we say that those sad experiences are those of nearly every author, though the proud selfishness peculiar to genius, prompts him to conceal his inner life with care.

There is nothing in modern literature more touching than the sad story of the gifted and unfortunate Laman Blanchard, who was obliged to write an article for some periodical while his beloved wife lay dead in the house, and who, driven to madness by this cruel necessity, laid violent hands upon his own life, and went down to a suicide's unhonored grave. Hood, whose exquisitely humorous poems have delighted many readers on both sides of the Atlantic, often wrote when depressed by sickness and low spirits: the quaint and genial Charles Lamb penned many of his daintily finished and mirthful sketches while his present life was shadowed by the "blackness of darkness" falling both from the awful past and the dreaded future. Many another such instance might be given; indeed, we are accustomed to look upon excessive mirth, in verse or prose, as employed to hide some consuming grief, just as a river throws up flashing spray when tortured and broken by jagged rocks.

We have been led to these remarks, by reflections on the many books and periodicals annually issued from the press

in this country, of which the poorest and most obscure costs more toil and wearing thought and wasting of the midnight gaslight, or tallow dip, as the case may be, than the world can well believe. The tiniest bark on the broad sea of literature, is laden with hopes as large and ventures as rich as the most gallant ship that sails thereon—as the rude fishing-smack, filled with mackerel or cod, is to its sailor-owner—as the stately East Indiaman, loaded with silks and gems, is to the merchant. Jack Smith may expend more thought and care on his political treatise than Junius employed on his magnificent letters that set all England to wondering. We do not intend that any one should infer from this that Jack's productions are to be as highly esteemed as those of a really superior mind; only that every work that speaks of thoughtful patient toil, should

(Continued on page 240.)



MR. H. DENMAN THOMPSON.

Mr. Thompson makes his first appearance in Hamilton in the Theatre Royal, on Monday evening, 5th inst., in the celebrated play of the "Colleen Bawn."

A FEW WORDS ON AUTHORSHIP.

Every profession and occupation of life has its own peculiar hardships and vexations; "upon all conditions presses down one impartial law." Man must eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, and though the primal curse falls with less weight upon some than upon others, yet its shadow

THREE MAIDENS MARRIED.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF A SILLY MOTHER'S DISPLAY, AND HOW THE SURGEON, THIS TIME, MAKES A GRAND WEDDING.

One Saturday afternoon, in September, the Reverend Mr. Leicester sent for his curate. It was to inform him that he found himself unable to preach on the morrow, as had been his intention.

'Are you worse?' inquired Mr. Hurst.

'A little thing upsets me now, and I have heard some news to-day, which, whether true or not, will take me days to get over, for it has brought back to me too forcibly, one who is gone. Who is that?' quickly added the rector, as a shout was heard outside the window.

'It is only Arthur Chavasse. I met him at the gate, and he ran in with me.'

'Let him come in, let him come in,' cried Mr. Leicester, eagerly. 'He can tell me if it be true.' Mr. Hurst called to him.

'How are you, sir?' said Arthur, holding out his hand, 'and how is Mrs. Leicester?'

The rector shook his head. 'As well, my boy, as we can expect to be on this side the grave. Arthur, when you shall be as I am, health and strength gone, there is only one thing will give you comfort.'

'And what's that, sir?' asked Arthur, fearlessly.

'The remembrance of a well-spent life: a conscience that says you have done good in it, not evil. Good to your fellow-creatures, for Christ's sake who did so much for you.'

'But are we to have no play?' inquired Arthur, whose ideas of 'doing good,' like those of too many others, savored but of gloom.

'Ay, play; play, my boy, while you may; youth is the season for it. But in the midst of it, love your fellow-creatures; be ever ready to do them a kindness; should any fancied injury rise up in your heart, whispering you to return evil for evil, oh! yield not to the impulse. You will be thankful for it when your days are all numbered.'

'Yes, sir. There's a boy outside has gone off with my cricket-bat. It's Tom Chewton. I was going after him to give him a drubbing. Perhaps I had better make him hand over the bat, and leave the drubbing out?'

'Certainly,' replied Mr. Leicester, while the curate turned away his head to hide a smile. 'Arthur, I have heard to-day that you are going to lose your sister Frances.'

'To lose her!' echoed the boy. 'Oh yes, I know what you mean. And I am sure it's true, although Mrs. Frances is so sly over it, else why should she be having such heaps of new clothes? I said to her the other day, 'I reckon I shall get some rides inside the cab now, instead of behind it,' and she turned scarlet and threw a cushion at me.'

'It is really so, then! that she marries Mr. Castonel?'

'He has been making love to her this year past, only they did it on the sly,' continued Arthur. 'I saw. She's always interfering with us boys: we shall have twice the fun when she's gone. Where's Mr. Hurst?'

'Take this, Arthur,' cried the rector, handing him a fine pear which was on the table. 'Good-by, my lad.'

'Thank you, sir. Good-by. I'll leave out Tom Chewton's drubbing.'

Arthur ran out. Mr. Hurst stood at the end of the path, against the iron railings. 'Isn't this a stunning pear? I—Why what's the matter, sir?'

'A spasm,' gasped the curate. 'Run off to your playfollows, Arthur.'

'Will you eat this pear, sir?' said the boy, gazing with concern at his white face. 'It may do you good. I have only taken one bite out of it.'

'No, no, my lad. Eat it yourself and run away.'

Arthur did as he was bid, and the miserable clergyman, feeling himself what he was, a duped, dragged his footsteps towards his house. The sun shone brilliantly, but the heart's sunshine had gone out from him forever.

The news took Ebury by surprise. What! marry Frances Chavasse, the early friend of his two first wives! Some of them remembered the nonsensical declaration attributed to Mr. Castonel when he first came to Ebury—that only one of the three young ladies was to his taste, but he would marry them all. The 'one' being generally supposed to indicate Ellen Leicester.

The preparations, commenced for the marriage, were on an extensive scale. The tiger flew one day into the kitchen at his master's with the news that there was a new chariot in the course of construction, and that he was no longer to be a despised tiger in buttons, but a footman in a splendid livery.

'A pretty footman you will make!' was the slighting response of the housekeeper, whilst Hannah suspended her ironing in admiration.

'And the new coachman's to be under me,' he continued, dancing round in a circle three feet wide. 'Of course I shall have the upper hand of him. So don't you go for to disparage me before him, Madam Muff, if you please.'

'Did master say he was to be under you?' inquired Hannah.

'It's to be such a gorgeous livery,' the tiger went on, evading the question, 'ivory and gold, or pink and amber, one o' them two, with spangled vest to match. And there's going to be a new lady's-maid, Mrs. Muff, over you.'

'John! uttered the housekeeper, in a tone of warning.

'She's hired o' purpose,' persisted the tiger, dodging out of Mrs. Muff's way, and improving upon his invention. 'And the house is to be gutted of this precious shabby old furniture, and ban new put in from cellar to garret. The beds is to be of silk, and the tables of ivory, and the walls is to be gilded, and one o' the rooms is to have a glass floor; that Miss Chavasse may see her feet in it. I know what—if master is determined to have, he's paying for her.'

He dodged away, for Mrs. Muff's countenance was growing ominous. But setting aside a few inaccuracies, inventions, and embellishments of his own, the tiger's information was, on the whole, correct; and Mrs. Chavasse and her daughter were lifted out of their common sphere into one that savored not of sober reality. They revelled in the fine clothes making for Frances, in the luxurious establishment preparing to receive her, in the wondering admiration of Ebury; and they revelled in the triumph over Mrs. Leicester. If her daughter had once been preferred to Frances, their turn had come now: there had been no costly furniture, or painted carriages, or superfluity of servants prepared for Ellen.

These preparations, in all their magnitude, burst, without warning, upon the astonished senses of Mr. Chavasse. He turned all over in a cold perspiration, and went storming into the presence of his wife and daughter. Mrs. Chavasse always, as she expressed it, 'managed' her husband, consequently had taken her own time for telling him; but it happened that he heard the news from another quarter. We include more particularly now to the pomp and show contemplated for the wedding-day; it was that raised the ire of Mr. Chavasse.

'What a couple of born idiots you must be! I have been told Frances is going to have four bridesmaids.'

'Well?'

'And a thundering heap of noise and parade: horses and carriages, and servants and favors—'

'Now don't put yourself out,' equably interposed Mrs. Chavasse.

'And not satisfied with all that, you are going to have flowers strewn up the churchyard path for her to walk upon! And his voice almost rose to a scream. 'Hadn't you better have a carpet laid down along the street?'

'I did think of that,' was Mrs. Chavasse's cool reply.

'Goodness be gracious to me! The place will think I have turned fool, to suffer it.'

'Let them,' said Mrs. Chavasse. 'Her wedding does not come every day.'

'I had a misgiving that something was going on, I declare I had, when you huddled me into asking Lord Eastberry to give her away,' continued Mr. Chavasse, rubbing his heated face. 'I wish I hadn't. What a fool he'll think me! A land-steward's daughter marrying a country surgeon, and coming out in this style! It's disgusting.'

'My dear, you'll make yourself ill. Speak lower. Frances, this is the wrong pattern.'

'And that's not the worst of it. Mrs. Chavasse, listen, for I will be heard. It is perfectly barbarous to enact all this in the eyes of the rector and Mrs. Leicester. I shall never be able to look them in the face again.'

'You'll get over that.'

'Any one but you would have a woman's feelings on the matter. I tell you it is nothing less than a direct insult to them—a wicked triumph over their dead child. You ought to shrink from it, Frances, if your mother does not.'

But poor Mr. Chavasse could get no satisfaction from either though he nearly talked himself into a fever. Mrs. Chavasse always had been mistress, and always would be. Everybody, save Mrs. Chavasse herself, thought and knew that what she was doing was ridiculous and absurd. Even Mr. Castonel, dreaded the display. But nothing stopped Mrs. Chavasse, and the wedding-day rose in triumph. It was a sunny day in December, less cold than is usual: but Ebury was in too much excitement to think of cold. Never had such a wedding been seen there. You might have walked on the people's heads all round the church, and in the church and in the church you could not have walked at all. When the crowd saw the flowers on the narrow path between the graves—lovely flowers from the gardens of Eastberry—they asked each other what could possess Mrs. Chavasse.

The bridal procession started. The quiet carriage of the dean of a neighboring cathedral city led the way. He was an easy, good-natured dean, loving good cheer, even when it came in the shape of a wedding breakfast, and Mrs. Chavasse had manoeuvred to get him to officiate, 'to meet the Earl of Eastberry,' so his carriage headed the van. But, ah reader! whose equipage is this which follows? It is new and handsome, the harness of its fine horses glitters with ornaments, the purple-and-dab liveries of its servants look wonderful in the sun. Mr. Castonel's arms are on its panels, and Mr. Castonel himself, impervious as ever to the general eye, sits inside it. Behind—can it be? yes, it is our old friend the tiger, a really good-looking youth in his new appurtenances: his dignity, however, is somewhat marred by the familiar nods and winks he bestows upon his friends in the crowd. Now comes the fashionable carriage of the Earl of Eastberry with its showy emblazonments and its prancing steeds. The bride sits in it, with her vanity, and her beauty, and her rich attire; the earl, (as good-natured a man as the dean) is opposite to her, lounging carelessly; Mrs. Chavasse puffed up with pride looks out on all sides, demanding the admiration of the spectators; and Mr. Chavasse sits with a red face, and does not dare to look at all, for he is thoroughly ashamed of the whole affair, and of the string of carriages yet to come.

The intention of Mr. and Mrs. Leicester to leave home for the day had been frustrated, for the rector had slipped down some stairs the previous night and injured his ankle. They sat at home in all their misery, listening to the gay show outside, and to the wedding-bells. The remembrance of their lost child was wringing their hearts; her loving childhood, her endearing manners, her extreme beauty, her disobedience, and her melancholy death. Verily this pomp and pageantry was to them an insult, as Mr. Chavasse had said; an inexcusable and bitter mockery. It was Ellen's husband that was being made happy with another; it was Ellen's early friend who was now to usurp her place. Oh, Mrs. Chavasse! did it never once occur to you, that day, to read a lesson from the past? You sit by your child's side, swelling with folly and exultation, but did no warning, no shadow fall upon you? Already had Mr. Castonel wedded two flowers as fair as she, and where are they? No, no; the imagination of Mrs. Chavasse, at its widest range, never extended to so dreadful a fate for Frances.

'What with weddings and burials, he has played a tolerable part at this church,' observed one of the mob, gazing after Mr. Castonel.

Yes he had; but he made the marriage responses as clearly and firmly as though he had never made them to others, then lying within a few yards of him. He knelt there, and vowed to love and cherish her, and when the links were fastened he led her out through the admiring crowd, over the crushed flowers, to the new carriage. John, not a whit less vain, just then, than his new mistress, held the door open, and Frances entered it. She could not have told whether her pride was greater at taking her seat, for the first time, in a chariot of her own, or during the few minutes that she had occupied the coroneted carriage of the Earl of Eastberry.

More pomp, more display, more vanity at the breakfast, where Frances sat on the right hand of Lord Eastberry, and Mrs. Chavasse on that of the dean, and then the new carriage drew up again, with four horses and two postboys, and Hannah, instead of John, seated behind it. A little delay, to the intense gratification of the assembled mob, and Mr. and Mrs. Castonel came out and entered it to be conveyed on the first stage of their honeymoon. A singular circumstance occurred as they were whirled along. Leaving over a roadside gate, and looking openly at the chariot, watching for it, with a scornful triumph on her handsome face, stood the strange lady who inhabited the lodge. She waved her hand at Mr. Castonel, and the latter, with a sudden rush of red to his impassive countenance, leaned back in the carriage. Frances did not speak; she saw it; but the time had scarcely come for her to inquire particulars about his mysterious relation. Ere Mr. Castonel had well recovered his equanimity, they flew by another gate, and there, peeping only, and concealing herself as much as possible, rose the pale, sad face of Mary Shipley. Mr. Castonel drew back again. Frances spoke now.

'Gervase! Mary Shipley was hiding herself at that gate; peeping at us. How strange! Did you see her?'

'My dearest, no. I see but you. You are mine now, Frances, forever.'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BETRAYED GIRL FINDS ASSISTANCE FOR REVENGE UPON HER WRONGER.

'Did you see the grand marriage to-day, Mary?' inquired Dame Vaughan of Mary Shipley.

Mary whose eyes bore the mark of recent tears, looked up from her sewing work, and nodded assent.

'How proud Miss Frances looked, to be sure,' continued the old woman; 'sitting up in her grand carriage. I wonder she ain't afraid. Two wives a dyin' afore the year's out, and here's a third to go.'

'She looked very happy,' said Mary, with a sigh.

'Happy! That's now. They all looked happy when they were first married; but wait—she'll see her trouble too. What have you been crying for, I wonder?'

'I saw some of poor babe's things when I opened yonder chest of drawers.'

'Ah! there's more of his work. Well, it'll all be found out some day, for all he's such a fine gentleman.'

'He's a perjured wretch!' cried Mary. 'God's curse'll follow him.'

'I'd make him pay for his wickedness to me, if I was in your place, Mary; that's what I would,' exclaimed the dame. 'If he'd only a knowed that I overheard him promise to marry you, then I'd ha' been sure he sent poison to the babe. He's none too good to do it. That's the way, in my opinion, he served his wives. There's been no good in Ebury since he came here, and there can't be none till he goes away.'

Mary shuddered. For had she not told Mr. Castonel that she had a witness to his conditional promise. And did she not remember his words: 'As long as the child is alive you have a tie on me, which I cannot break.' But what evidence?

'I wish I knew,' she murmured.

'That's just what I wish,' said the dame. 'If I could only get at the rights of it, and may-be I can too. There's them behind that intends to look in it.'

Mary was interested at this.

'Who?' she asked.

'A gentleman, and he is a gentleman too, and gave me a half-crown.' And the old woman triumphantly exhibited the silver.

Mary looked her astonishment.

'I'll tell you,' continued the other. 'Don't you remember my telling you, nigh a year ago, about a strange gentleman that was staying at the Three Pigeons? I did some charring for Mr. Jenks then, and I saw him.'

'Yes.'

'Well, he's come back. I saw him to-day, and he asked after you.'

'After me?'

'Yes. He says he wants to inquire about the way your little one died; and he is coming here this very night. I expect him any moment.'

'I can't see him, dame,' said Mary, 'and then father wouldn't like it.'

'Best see him,' persisted the old woman.

'But what good will it do?'

'You don't know what might come of it.'

Mary looked into the fire, and thought, while the old woman bustled about. Just then there was a rap at the cottage door.

'Here I am, dame,' said a voice, as the door was opened and the stranger shook the snow from his hat—'here I am, white as a plum-cake.'

'Lor! so you be. It's a snowing finely, sir. Give me your hat, and take a seat. This be Mary Shipley, sir, as you were asking about.'

'Mary,' said the stranger, 'I must see you alone for a few minutes.'

'You can say any thing before the dame, sir,' replied Mary.

'A very nice old woman, indeed,' responded the other, 'but I have reasons of my own for the request. You're not afraid of me, I hope.'

'No, sir; but—'

'Pray go to—go anywhere,' cried he to the dame. 'You'll know all, Mrs. Vaughan, some day, but not now.'

The dame said that she'd slip into a neighbor's and after seeing that old Shipley, who was bed-ridden, was asleep, she put on her shawl and bonnet, and went out.

A long conversation ensued between the parties present. He obtained from her the whole details of her child's sickness and death; but she would not admit that Mr. Castonel was the father. The information gained appeared to be satisfactory on the whole; and the stranger left the place before Mrs. Vaughan returned. As he was going, Mary Shipley put a question.

'You aren't a detective policeman, sir—are you?'

'No, my dear; but no detective policeman can work up a case half so certainly, as a resolute and determined man, who has a purpose.'

He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes.

When the pirate promises musses and wax, the vessel is in a bad plight.

Worth has been underrated ever since wealth was overvalued.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

There is something in the progress of successive ages, very analogous to the links of a chain. Occasionally we come in contact with an individual still living, and are startled to find ourselves in the presence of an extinct age. When Thomas Moore met old Mrs. Pizzi, two years before her death in 1821, he appeared to be brought eye to eye with the great spirits of the eighteenth century. 'Faces of other times,' he writes in his Diary, 'seemed to crowd over her as she sat—the Johnsons, Reynolds, &c. But the venerable lady may be regarded as a link between this very day and the days of Hogarth; for the illustrious painter of social life in the reigns of the first and second Georges introduced her portrait, when she was fourteen years of age, into one of his pictures; and in some of her later letters she alludes (in no very complimentary terms, for she was the highest of High Tories,) to the noble lord who at this moment occupies the post of Foreign Secretary. She was born before the death of Pope, yet she lived to read the poetry of Byron and Moore. She was fifty years of age at the time of the French Revolution; yet she saw the introduction of gas-lamps and steamboats. Had she survived eight or nine years longer, she might have ridden in an omnibus, and might have been helped across the road by a policeman. Yet she was eight years younger than Mrs. Garrick, who was married to the famous actor as far back as 1749, and survived him forty-three years: nor did she die until 1822, when sitting in her arm-chair, she was quietly withdrawn from her mortal existence at the age of ninety-eight.

One of the most remarkable connecting links between the present and the past was Samuel Rogers, who lived until the close of 1855, yet who once went with a young literary friend to the house of Dr. Johnson in Bolt-court, with a view to consult him about their writings. They were at the very door, when terror took possession of their souls, and they fled from the tremendous deity within. Rogers, however, must often have seen the Leviathan rolling about among the human billows of Fleet-street; and he shook hands, when he was a youth, with the Doctor's special horror, Jack Wilkes. Walter Savage Landor, who was nine years old when Johnson died in 1784, is still spared to us. Had he ever seen the great dictator of letters, he would probably recollect him. The time has not long gone by, when it was no uncommon thing to meet with men who could speak of Johnson from personal remembrance; yet Johnson had been touched for the king's evil by Queen Anne. The writer has known two men, one of whom had conversed with the lexicographer, while the other had only seen him in the streets. The former, at the time of the interview, was a studious youth, preparing himself for a literary career, in which he afterwards acquired some name. He had gone into a bookseller's shop to inquire for some classical author, and found Johnson sitting there. The latter, seeing the young man poring over a Greek or Latin book, asked to look at it, questioned him about his studies, and received such satisfactory answers that he returned the volume with the impressive sentence, uttered in his most dignified and yet blindest manner: 'You may go on, sir; you may go on.' The youth thus magnificently ordained, as it were, *ex cathedra*, was James Borden, subsequently author of a Life of John Kemble, and of a novel which attracted attention, called *The Man of Two Lives*. He survived until 1839, and prolonged to that late period something of the Johnsonian manner, though softened with greater amiability. His deportment and mode of delivery were at once formal and suave. He was fond of the Johnsonian 'sir,' and his respectful politeness in addressing ladies was altogether that of the old school. Like Johnson, Borden loved nothing better than to 'fold his legs and have his talk out,' and being a man of large reading and cultivated mind, his conversation was well worth listening to.

Borden reminds one of the Kembles, of whom he was a devoted friend; and they suggest another curious link with a bygone age. Thomas Warton, in some prefatory observations to his edition of *Comus*, speaks of Mrs. Siddons. So, we have that actress directly associated with the men who gathered about Johnson; yet the brother of Mrs. Siddons—Charles Kemble—did not finally leave the stage until 1840, though he made his first appearance in London in 1794.

It does not always require extraordinary longevity to connect a man with two distinct epochs; but where any one has lived far beyond the natural term of human existence, the interlinking is, of course, all the more remarkable. That wonderful old man, Henry Jenkins, died on the 6th of December, 1670, at the prodigious, but doubtful age of one hundred and sixty-nine. If he were born in the reign of Henry the Seventh, he must have died in the reign of Charles the Second. His youth was passed in the days when the world was yet unshaken by the thunders of Luther and his fellow-reformers; yet he may have lived to find Protestantism an old-established institution. He saw the rise of the Church of England under Henry the Eighth, its temporary extinction in an ocean of blood during the reign of Mary, its re-establishment under Elizabeth, its steady progress under James, its explosion into jarring schisms and sects in the stormy days of Charles the First, its destruction under the Commonwealth, its restoration with the restored monarchy. He could speak, in the early years of Charles the Second's reign, of the times when poor Englishmen were relieved at convent-doors by abbots. When first he drew breath, the discovery of the New World was still the newest wonder in men's mouths; and before he drew his latest breath, the Pilgrim Fathers had for some years planted another England beyond the waves of the Atlantic. He beheld the whole progress of Puritanism, from its infancy, as a persecuted sect to the days of its ascendancy, and of its subsequent fall to the level of barely tolerated dissent. According to tradition, he lived for more than a hundred years before the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, and could tell stories of the battle of Flodden Field, 'where the Scots were beat, with the death of their king; yet he endured for nearly seventy years after the fusion. When he was a boy, arrows were still used in warfare; he escorted a horse-load of arrows from Flodden Field; but for years before his death gunpowder blasted arrows into disuse and oblivion. He was between thirty and forty when the monasteries were dissolved; yet in his distant Yorkshire home he must have heard of the Great Fire of London.

Little more than two years ago, our young Prince of Wales shook hands with a man who stood in the rebel ranks against

his (the prince's) great-grandfather; a man who had been born a colonial subject of England, and who had lived for eighty years as a citizen of the republic he had helped to establish. The old hero died a few months later, but remained long enough in this world to witness the commencement of the dissolution of his nation. It must have seemed to the prince as if he were contemplating a piece of history done in flesh and blood. To a Frenchman there must be something equally interesting in the annual gathering on the emperor's fête-day of the remnant of the original Imperial Guard; a handful of war-worn veterans, scarred even as their flags are tattered by the hurricane of battles that have long been history; a feeble company, dwindling year by year, and annually recording their own mortality in their closer ranks. It is sad to think of the days (now not far distant) when that impressive troop will sink to six—to three—to one. What will that one man do when he represents the redoubtable Guard? Will he appear as usual in the old costume on the 15th of August, and parody that tragic epigram of the sole survivor of a French regiment sent on some desperate service, who, returning to his commanding officer, reported himself in these words: 'I am the regiment?' Will that Last Man of the Napoleonic military world, drink to his ghostly comrades on the other side of death, as the last of the crew of roysters in the German ballad drank to his—'and never again drank he? Or, when all the feasting is over in that gay Paris which must be so strange and new to him—when the last illumination lamp is extinguished, and the last gas eagle flares coarsely in the white air of dawn—will he go home to his lodging, and quietly give up his spirit in a fume of charcoal, unable to bear another solitary 15th?

The Bonaparte period, however, is still sufficiently near to leave us several remaining links with it. An English Field Marshal yet lives who entered the army two years before the demolition of Robespierre in France; the commission of Lord Combermere dating from 1791. The Peninsular and Oriental Company have on board one of their vessels a man who fought under Nelson at Copenhagen and Trafalgar. He was only a boy at that time; but I have known a person, (not very long dead) who was an able-bodied sailor at that battle of the Nile, which was fought in 1798. As a man, he has seen *L'Orient* blow up, and the Danish capital surrender; had sailed with 'Tommy Trowbridge; and might as far as his age went, have been concerned in the Mutiny at the Nore. He was still a vigorous old fellow in 1855, and wanted to join the fleet under Lyons, and have a turn at the Russians. Mr. T. P. Cooke, who still lives a prosperous gentleman, served under Nelson in his Majesty's ship *Racee*, at the battle of St. Vincent's.

We all know the story of Richard Cromwell, who visiting the House of Lords in 1705, and being asked by some one, who did not know who he was, if he had ever seen or heard the like, replied, 'Never, since I sat in that chair,' pointing to the throne. What a dramatic bringing together of two totally distinct eras! The Commonwealth and the reign of Anne—grim iron-clad Puritanism, and the silken world of fops and belles—the literature of Milton, and that of Addison—all meeting for a moment within the circle of one little speech! Richard Cromwell did not die until 1712, and might have read of Sir Roger de Coverley, in the pages of the Spectator on the days of their publication.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

WINDSOR PARK: AND THE FOREST.—Messrs. Longman and Co., have announced as preparing for publication, an elaborate work on 'The History of Windsor Great Park and Windsor Forest,' by William Menzies, Resident Deputy Surveyor; to be illustrated with photographs by the Earl of Caithness, and by Mr. Bambridge, of Windsor. The purpose is to give an account of the park and forest, which shall not only be interesting, but also of practical utility to persons engaged in the management of timber. The several plantations will be described, and their history traced with an exactness which would probably be impossible of attainment for any other estate in England. The researches, which have furnished accurate data for the prospective valuation of growing timber, were conducted in the chief libraries, and in the Land Revenue Record Office. Thus, a series of plantations from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the present day, have been identified and measured; and the age and size of each, with their contents and numbers per acre, will be given in a tabular form—a large map being annexed. The researches into the purely arboricultural history of Windsor, were materially aided by Lord Macaulay; and many curious and interesting facts, hitherto unknown, illustrating the history of the picturesque old parklands, were brought to light. The establishment of Norfolk and Flemish farms under George III., which gave a great impulse to the improving of farming land in the raising of green crops, draining, liming, and keeping clean; the report made by Mr. Kent to the king, on a system of grazing by a mixed stock of deer, cattle, and horses—a system which experience has shown to be the best; the definition of property, and the settlement of complicated rights previous to the disafforesting or inclosing of Windsor Forest; and other matters of history and experience, will be treated. An account will be given of the geology of the Great park, interesting and important as leading to a knowledge of the water-bearing strata, and of the probable capacity of the ground for yielding a supply; in preparing which the author was aided by Mr. Waterhouse, of the British Museum. He has also spoken of the great stones resembling those of Stonehenge, which are to be found in Bagshot sands.—*Telegraph*.

THE EYE OF A MURDERED MAN PHOTOGRAPHED.—A Mr. Herke, of German Township, Ind., with his two children, were recently murdered. The *Evansville Journal* says an attempt has been made to find a clue to the murderer by means of photography, with partial success. Here is the extraordinary statement which it makes:

'We believe it is one of Mrs. Southworth's stories that represents a murderer as being convicted by a photograph of his victim's eyes, upon the retina of which was pictured the features of the assassin. Similar experiments, we are informed, have been made in France with great success,

and mysterious murders unravelled through the instrumentality of Daguerre's wonderful art. Notwithstanding we had heard of these strange things, we were still under the impression that 'dead men tell no tales,' until a recent experiment has shaken our faith and almost convinced us that though dead, men may yet speak.

'On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Adams, a photographer of this city, at the solicitation of some gentlemen who had read of similar experiments in France took his instruments and visited the scene of the late murder in German Township. This was some 30 hours after the murdered man had breathed his last. There was a great deal of dust flying and a great crowd collected, which materially interfered with the experiment, but notwithstanding these unfavorable circumstances, Mr. Adams succeeded in taking a tolerably fair 'negative.' Upon this he has been experimenting, and yesterday we were called on to witness the result of his experiments.

'He had taken an ambrotype picture of the eye of the deceased, and then rubbing out everything but a single object, apparently in the centre of the eye, this was placed under an ordinary magnifying glass. At the first glance the object appeared blurred and indistinct, but getting the proper focus, the outlines of a human face were at once distinguishable. The image was apparently the face of a man with unusually prominent cheek bones, long nose and rather broad forehead. A black moustache was plainly seen, and also the direction of the eyes, which seemed to be looking at some object sideways. One of the eyes was as clearly seen as the eyes in a common ambrotype or ferrotype. Some who examined the image, thought the man of which it seemed to be a resemblance had a Roman nose, and also had on a cap.

'Mr. Adams is continuing his experiments, but whether he will succeed in making any clearer developments remains to be seen. His labors thus far are abundantly rewarded by the success which has attended his efforts, as it seems to us he has demonstrated that an object was pictured upon the eye of Mr. Herke at the time of his death, and that the object was a human face.'

SPENCER WOOD.

THE RESIDENCE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

Spencer Wood, near Quebec, is situated between the Saint Lewis road and the river Saint Lawrence. The Saint Lewis road is one of the most fashionable outside of the city walls; the numerous residences bordering on it have each a small flower garden or a cluster of lilac or other trees in front, so that the "coup d'oeil" is extremely rural. The adjoining grounds however, partake of a far different, though not less interesting character, they are the memorable plains of Abraham. Looking towards our tin-roofed city we find that it is completely hidden by a long grey stone wall, high and massive, overtopped only by the tall poplars growing on the ramparts of the Esplanade, extending from this is a glacis, on which the remains of old French embankments are still to be seen, they are grown over with grass and look like a row of green mounds.

It was along this road the gallant French General, Montcalm, was led from the fatal field beyond, and close to it his brave young opponent closed his eyes in death, in the very dawn of Fame, a monumental column, is erected over a granite boulder consecrated by his blood in the moment of victory.

A little further on is Wolfe's hill, the route by which the British reached the battle field. This hill descends partly through an avenue of trees to the cove or bay in which they landed, known to this day as Wolfe's Cove. The country now becomes more park-like in the appearance, the fine old trees scattered over the surface are each of them an object worthy of contemplation; in the shade of their lofty and graceful forms, lie some of the "cottage houses" of our leading citizens.

At last we come to Spencer Wood. The trees border on the roadside and the Avenues run through them, one leading to the grounds facing the river, the other to the gardens &c., in the rear of them. These Avenues are gravelled and at night are lighted by means of lamps. At the gate of the principal one is a picturesque lodge for the keeper—on the other, are guard houses; one near the residence of his Excellency.

The gubernatorial edifice is a long, two-story building built of red brick. It is composed of three parts,—that in the middle projecting from the others. A white and green veranda extends from one end to the other. In front of this is a lawn dotted with a few magnificent specimens of maple, elm and oak. It terminates on the brow of a precipice, overlooking Wolfe's Cove, and the lumberyards of the St. Lawrence. Along this precipice and on each side of the house the trees are closer than in front, and round one or two of the shadiest, seats have been constructed.

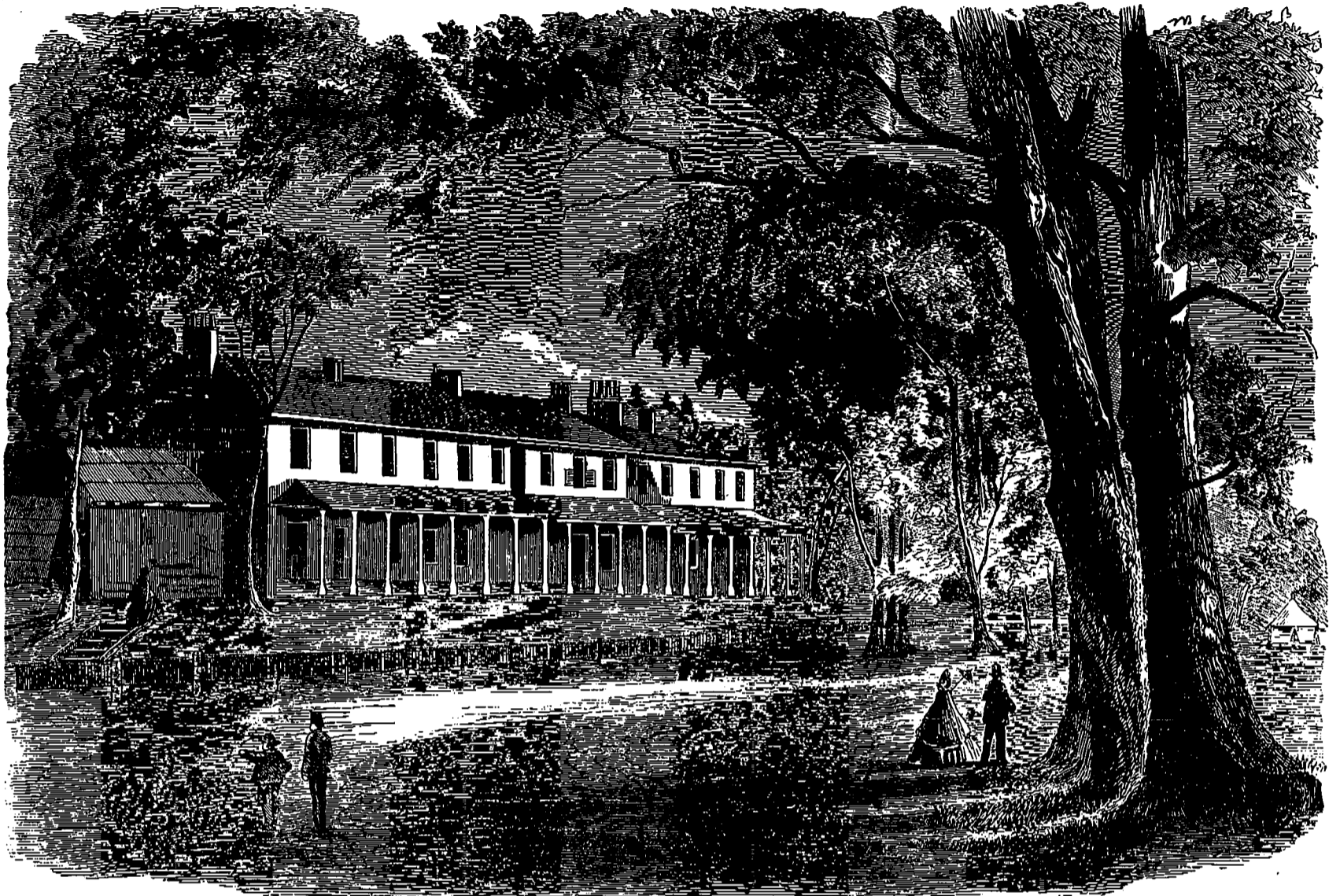
A few paces from a pathway, leading under the branches of this almost wood, is a circular space surrounded by an under growth of foliage. In the centre of it is a gymnastic contrivance for performing what is called the 'giant's step.'

We would that time and space permitted a longer description of the grounds we have just sketched, that we could lead our readers through the gardens attached and furnish a view or two from the summer house on the brink of the precipice mentioned, but this cannot be at present; in conclusion however we will add that Spencer Wood is so called after the Spencer Family in whose possession the Estate once was—and that in addition to our present Governor, Lord Elgin and Sir Edmund Head have both made it their home in times gone by.

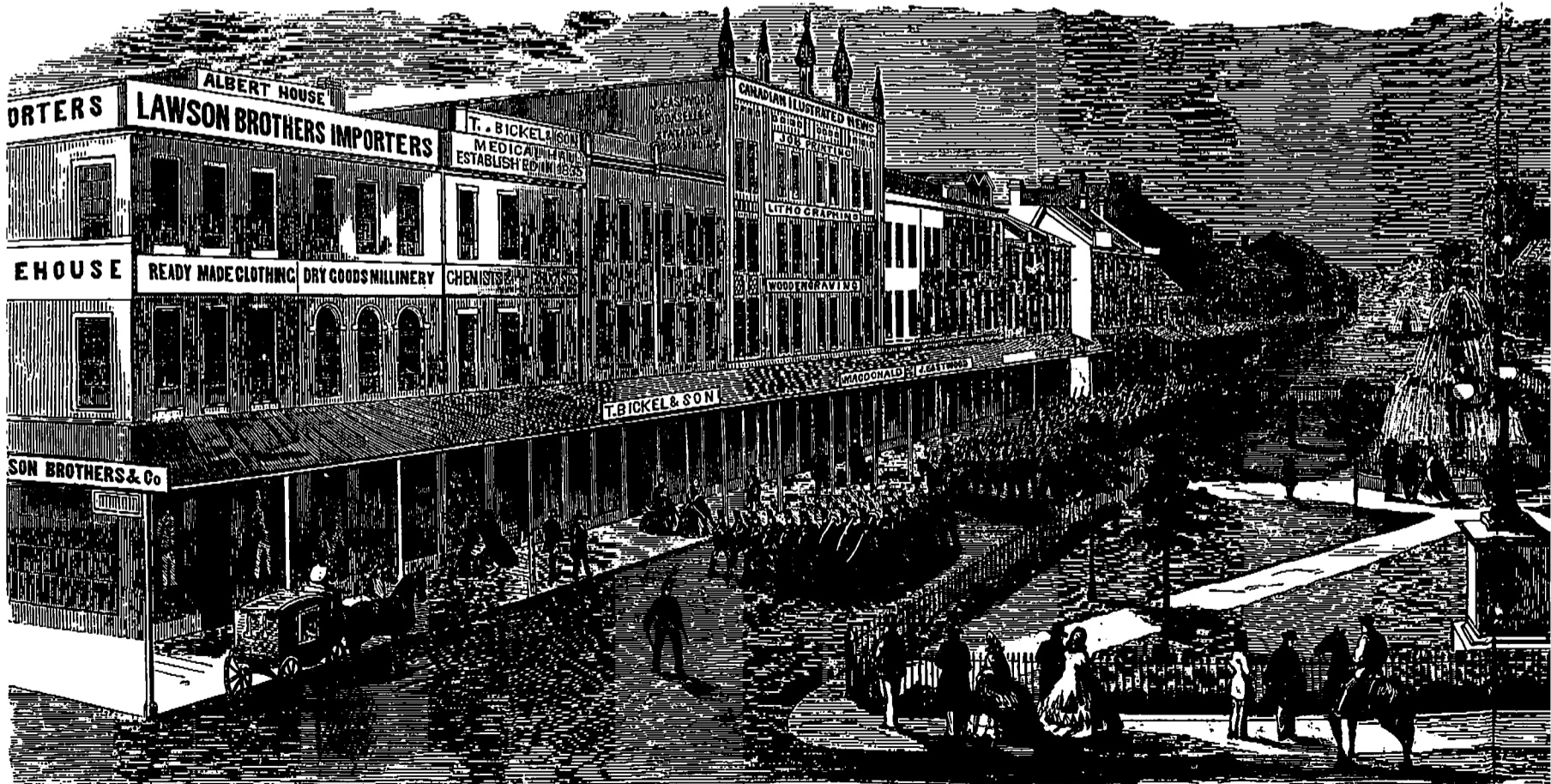
be leniently judged and sparingly criticised. The pearl fisher, and he who spends his life in the lead mines, differ only in the value of that which they bring forth from the depths of the earth and water; they are alike in the early wasting away caused by unnatural labors, and in the little

sympathy bestowed on them by those to whose pleasure they minister. Dure we say both are a type of the author, who, even when praised most abundantly, rarely finds that loving, appreciative sympathy which would be infinitely more precious.

CHAPPED HANDS.—The following is said to be a sure recipe for chapped hands:—Dissolve three cents' worth of clarified beeswax in three cents' worth of pure sweet oil, by heating over a moderate fire. Apply at night, before retiring.



SPENCER WOOD, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL, QUEBEC.

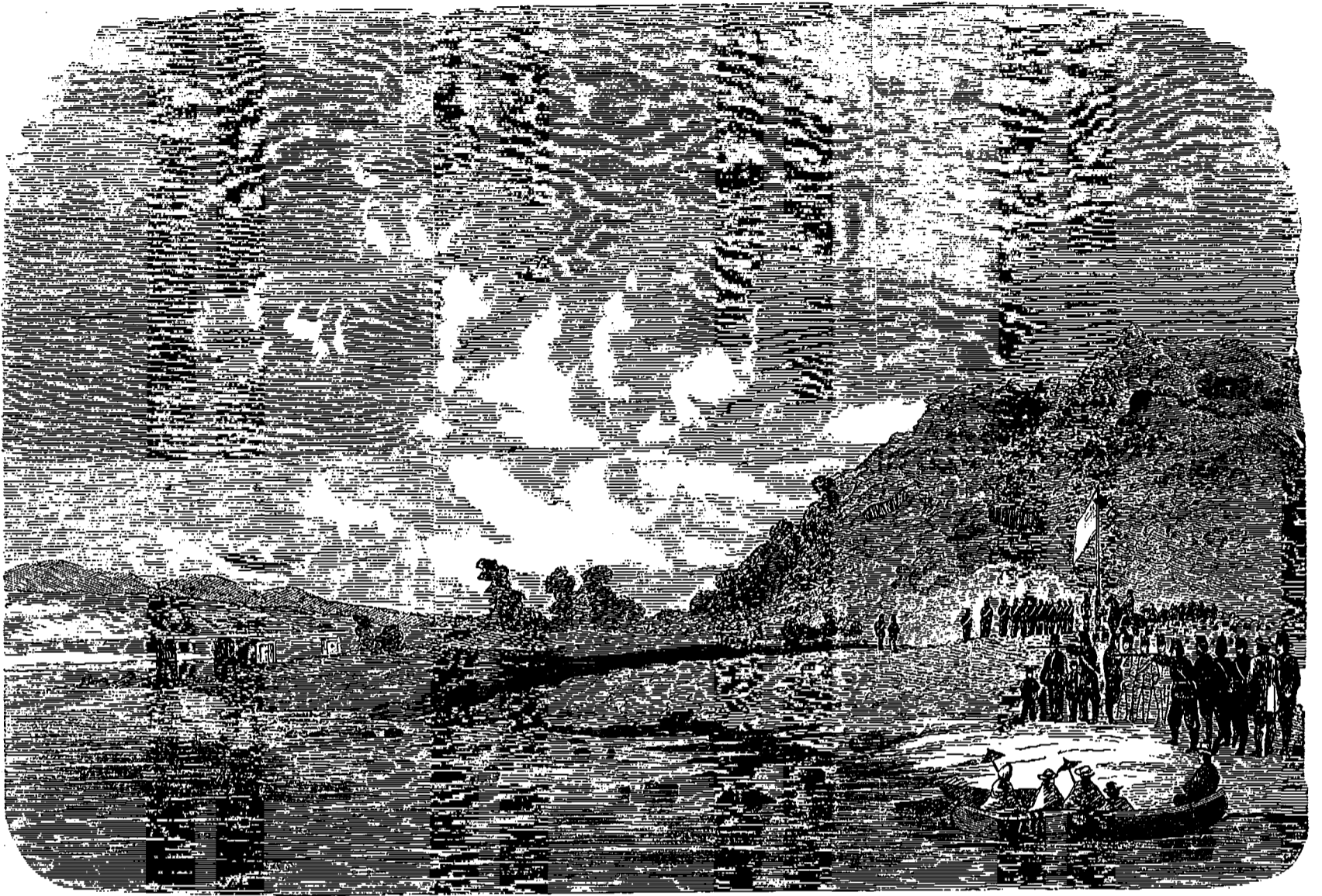


THE HAMILTON

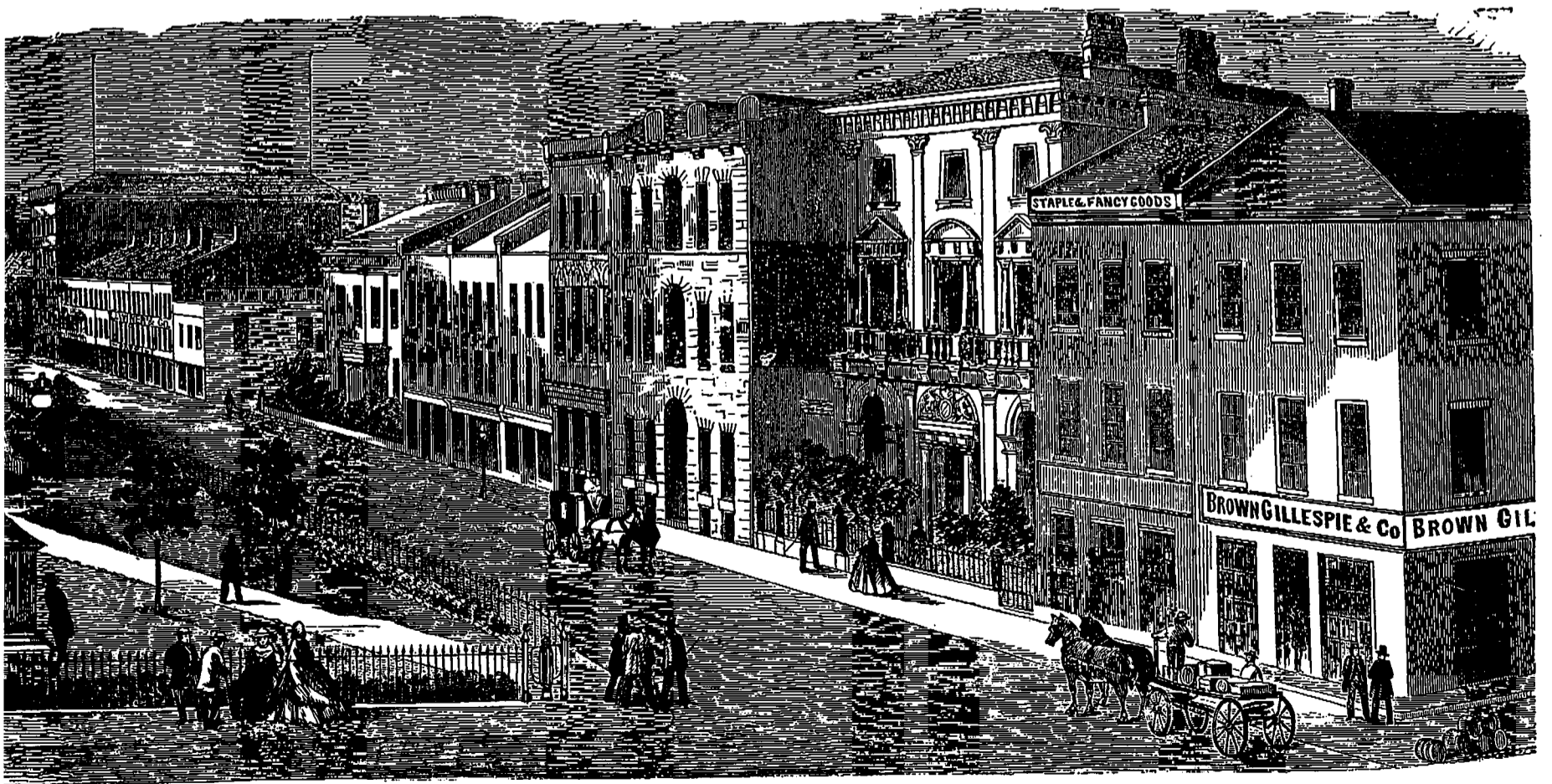
—MODERN ECONOMY OF TIME.—The *Scientific American* says:—
Cotton.—One man can spin more cotton-yarn now than four hundred men could have done in the same time in 1769, when Arkwright, the best cotton-spinner, took out his first patent.

Flour.—One man can make as much flour in a day now as a hundred and fifty could a century ago.
Lace.—One woman can make now as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago.
Sugar.—It now requires as many days to refine sugar as it did months thirty years ago.

Looking-Glasses.—It once required six months to put quicksilver on a glass; now it needs only forty minutes.
Engines.—The engine of a first-rate iron-clad frigate will perform as much work in a day as forty-two thousand horses.



RIFLE SHOOTING AT QUEBEC, ON THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS



ON GORE. (SEE PAGE 234.)

REMINISCENCES OF A GOVERNESS.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN YAMACRAW.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL, OF KINGSTON, C. W.

The following strange incidents were related to me as facts, and I have woven with the material thus furnished a short tale for the amusement of those persons who believe in the supernatural, for whom a ghost story possesses peculiar attractions.

In the fall of the year 1839, having obtained a situation as governess in a lady's family residing in the state of Georgia, I bade adieu for an indefinite period to my northern home, and embarked at New York in one of the Savannah steamers. It was about the end of October, but as frost had already made its appearance, destroying the miasma so often fatal to the emigrant, no danger was apprehended from proceeding south at this early season. After a three day's passage, which I by no means enjoyed, for sickness confined me to my state-room all the time, the steamer ascending the low waters of the Savannah river landed the passengers on a wharf below the bluff on which the city is situated. What a contrast did this land of glittering sunshine present to my northern home! which before I left was beginning to wear a dreary aspect. Savannah was one of the finest of the southern cities. From its situation it possesses no beauty of scenery. In the background the eye rests on an unbroken line of dense forest, and the view from the bluff overhanging the river is uninteresting—nothing is to be seen but the low marshy lands through which the Savannah winds its sluggish way. Still the city itself possesses many attractions for the stranger's eye, its broad streets with their magnificent avenues of flowering trees forming an agreeable shade, while their rich fragrance floats on the summer night air. Its modern palaces with their broad ascent of marble steps, on each side of which bloomed, even at this late season, fragrant flowers. But above all its numerous squares so picturesque in their appearance, shadowed by the catalpa, the pride of China, and other majestic trees, 'the growth of ages,' beneath whose shades upon the verdant grass might be seen groups of merry children with their dusky nurses or mammas. All was strange to my eye—it seemed as if I had entered a new world; the colored population so numerous, the women with their bright fantastic looking head-gears, the ebony-faced children lightly clad, their woolly pates uncovered, their merry faces so void of care ever seeming on the broad grin, as if to display the intense whiteness of their teeth, contrasting so strangely with their black, shining faces.—The white population themselves—the aristocratic southerners—so different in their manners, customs, and appearance from their northern countrymen, all impressed me forcibly with the recollection that I was in a land of strangers, but a land replete with interest and pleasure.

My home in Savannah was situated in Yamacraw, the oldest and now suburban part of the city. It was a large antique mansion built somewhat in the Tudor style of architecture. It boasted, however, one modern improvement—one of those broad latticed verandahs which are attached to almost every southern dwelling, and which form such a pleasant retreat in the heat of summer. The house stood in an isolated locality—a lawn with broad gravelled walks separated it in front from the adjacent buildings. On each side was a small garden surrounded by high walls and filled with rare plants, orange and fig trees. At the back, and connecting these gardens, was a paved yard containing the small cabins belonging to the colored servants of the family.

Having now described their residence, I must next introduce the lady and her family, with whom my lot was for the present cast. Mrs. Hamilton was a widow in the decline of life, possessing much amiability of character. During her husband's lifetime she had enjoyed considerable wealth, but her means were now limited. She had one child, a little girl of ten summers. Besides this young pupil there was another whose education it was my duty to finish—Mrs. Hamilton's orphan niece, Cornelia Lincoln. This young girl was singularly attractive, with an expression of innocent gayety playing over her features, and a graceful sportiveness of manner.

The first day in my new home passed pleasantly, and it was not till a late hour I thought of retiring for the night.—The house, I have already said, was large, so large that only part of it was occupied by Mrs. Hamilton and her small family. Some of the rooms were unfurnished and shut up. The chamber appropriated to me was situated in the second story, opening on the broad staircase leading up from the hall.—The bed rooms of the other inmates were separated from mine by a long passage. Like all the other apartments in this ancient building, it was spacious, and in the dim light of a small lamp it now wore a gloomy look which impressed me unpleasantly. The furniture was rich but old-fashioned. I would have preferred a smaller and more cheerful room, such as I had usually occupied. Tired and sleepy, I was soon in bed and buried in deep repose. How long I had slept, I do not know, when I awoke suddenly. What roused me from such sound sleep I cannot tell, for at that moment a profound silence reigned in the dwelling. Soon, however, there broke startlingly on the stillness of night the loud rattling of a carriage. Some vehicle was evidently driving up the gravelled walk leading to the house. Wondering who this late visitor could be, I sprang out of bed and approached the window which looked out upon the lawn. The moon was high in the cloudless heavens, pouring down a refulgent light.—Every object without was distinctly visible, but no carriage was to be seen. Surprised at this circumstance, for I had certainly heard the sound of wheels, I stood looking down upon the front entrance, wondering where the carriage had gone to, when another sound struck upon my ear. A loud knocking was heard at the hall door, and shortly afterwards steps sounded in the hall below. Some persons had evidently arrived, whether expected or not by the family I could not say. For more than an hour an unusual bustle prevailed in the mansion. At length all was quiet, and once more sleep sealed my eye-lids. It was late next morning when I again awoke. Fearing that I should keep the family waiting for breakfast, I made a hasty toilet and descended to the dining-room. Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Lincoln had not yet made their appearance. An elderly woman was busy arranging upon the table the covered dishes which a mulatto girl carried from a kitchen in the yard.

'You were disturbed last night, Madam Flora,' I observed carelessly, but at the same time desirous to know who the guests were that arrived so late. Madam Flora turned her black orbs on me in surprise.

'Me no disturb Missus, bless de Lor! Me always sleep sound as one big 'possum, so me do!

'You were not then called up to wait on the visitors?'

'Maum Flora's eyes dilated with still greater surprise.

'No visitor cum las' night, Miss Hamilton. Expec' none.'

But some did certainly arrive. I persisted I heard a carriage drive to the door, and the noise of persons moving about the house.

'Praps missis was dreamin'. It's only fancy, dat's sartin'. Here cum Miss Cornely, she say de same.'

Miss Lincoln now entered the room. She accented me courteously, and hoped I had rested well. It occurred to me afterwards that there was a peculiar expression in her eye as she asked me this question. I slept very well I replied, though I was for a short time disturbed by the arrival of your visitors. I again hazarded this observation, thinking that the colored servant might be ignorant of the fact to which I alluded. There was a broad grin on Maum Flora's face as she looked at Miss Lincoln, listening for her answer. Cornelia's countenance expressed no surprise—there was, however, an incipient smile playing about her rosy mouth, as she quietly observed that no person had arrived during the night. She then hastily changed the conversation. I was silent for very astonishment. I began to question the evidence of my own senses. Could I have been dreaming and only fancied what had occurred? But this thought only flashed across my mind. I instantly dismissed it as absurd. The events of the night were too distinctly remembered to be ascribed to my imagination only. The mystery enshrouding them I could not penetrate. Still, they were not the less real on that account. At the time I never thought of supernatural causes. I had been taught from childhood to put no faith in the appearance of ghostly visitants. I ridiculed the belief in such stories. The only possible solution of this strange affair was that Mrs. Hamilton and her niece, from some inexplicable reason, had probably again departed before daylight. Having come to this conclusion, I dismissed the subject from my mind. After breakfast my duties of governess commenced, and I was introduced to the school room. It was in the third story, over my bed-room, at the head of the long flight of steps leading from the hall. My pupils were busily engaged with their studies. Cornelia was writing a French exercise. Frances was conning a difficult lesson in geography. Not being particularly occupied, I was standing near the window looking out upon the square opposite, where a group of colored girls were seen laughing and chattering round the public pump. Suddenly, the noise of steps quickly ascending the stairs, attracted my attention. Expecting to see Mrs. Hamilton, I looked towards the school-room door in time to catch a glimpse of a female figure turning hastily away. From the momentary view I saw it was not Mrs. Hamilton; for the dress was of some light hue, and that lady always wore mourning. The person, whoever it was, did not descend the stairs. Steps were heard retreating along the passage outside. Cornelia was so deeply engaged with her exercise that she did not seem to notice what had occurred. The attention of Frances was, however, attracted. She looked up eagerly, and her eyes assumed a wondering expression as she observed the figure that had glanced in upon us, then instantly disappeared. 'Who was that?' she asked, looking from me to her cousin.

Cornelia raised her eyes inquiringly. She had evidently seen or heard nothing.

'Who was that lady that came to the door and ran away again?' asked Frances.

'Lady?' repeated Cornelia. 'It was one of the servants, I suppose.'

'It was no servant, persisted Frances. It was some lady. I must run and ask mamma.'

I watched Cornelia's face. It wore a singular expression. She rose suddenly and left the room, saying she would enquire. Again came back to me the recollection of the events of the preceding night. Perhaps this was one of the nocturnal visitors concealed in the house.

Miss Lincoln soon returned. Your mamma says you are a silly child to mistake Christine for a lady, she observed with a constrained smile. Christine was the only person who came up stairs since breakfast.

'I do not think it was Christine: the dress was not like hers,' said Frances, thoughtfully. 'Perhaps it was the veiled lady cousin George saw coming down stairs and going out in the dusk one evening last summer.'

Cornelia took no notice of the child's observation, but again applied herself to her studies.

'There must be some person hiding in the rooms so long shut up,' resumed Frances, 'and I mean to look some day. I'll find out the strange lady, she added,' with a determined shake of her little head.

'Nonsense, child!' and Cornelia laughed as she glanced at me, as if to find out what I thought of the matter. I remained silent, deeply impressed with the conviction that strangers were hidden in the house. Wherefore, I could not imagine; but that was no affair of mine. Some weeks passed away and gradually the remembrance of these rather strange events faded from my mind. I found my residence with Mrs. Hamilton's family very pleasant. I was treated with much kindness and made to feel quite at home. We lived very retired; still time passed agreeably. The evenings were enlivened with music, reading, and conversation. One night for the first time since my arrival in Savannah, I found myself alone. Mrs. Hamilton and Cornelia were spending the evening at a friend's house. I had not been invited. After Frances had retired to bed I went into the drawing-room and amused myself for some time at the piano. There was no light in the room except the glimmer of the stars from the unclouded sky. One window at the side looked into the garden. Through the now leafless branches of some fig-trees, the bright Southern star Canopus was seen to glitter.—It cannot be seen in Northern latitudes;—and wishing to view it more distinctly, I approached the window. I stood for some minutes admiring it as it twinkled in the dark vault above, when suddenly I felt as if a cold current of air had rushed into the room. I shivered and a strange unaccountable feeling of dread oppressed me. I turned from the window intending to go into an adjoining room

where a fire was burning brightly, when at a little distance from me I perceived the shadowy form of a female. She was dressed in a sack in the old-fashioned style—her head was bent down, her arms folded. The face was indistinct in the starlight, but the outline of the figure was plainly visible. She stood between me and the door of the new apartment. Horror froze my blood. Still I retained sufficient consciousness to know that I must get out of the room away from that unearthly, impalpable form. I moved towards the door opening into the hall, still keeping my eyes as if spell-bound upon the phantom. The agony of terror I endured in the few moments before I gained the hall is indescribable. It was lighted, and the girl Christine was in waiting, reclining half asleep on the lower step of the stairs. I threw myself beside her and for some time remained in a half senseless state, incapable of moving or thinking. Gradually I recovered my self-possession, and taking a lamp from the hall table, I retired to my own room. I tried to reason with myself that what I had seen was merely the effect of imagination. I laughed at my fright and ridiculed the idea of any supernatural appearance. I would not credit the evidence of my own eyes, and at last succeeded in dispelling the sudden terror that had seized upon me. Then taking up an amusing book I sat for some time reading, before retiring to bed. I heard the door bell ring and Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Lincoln return home. Shortly afterwards they retired for the night. It was about half an hour later that the clock in the hall below struck the hour of midnight. I was preparing to go to bed, combing my hair before the antique mirror, when a heavy step ascending the stairs made me pause to listen. I wondered who it could be, for the doors below were all shut and the servants locked out for the night—they always slept in the cabins in the yard—before Mrs. Hamilton retired to her chamber. Step after step was ascended with a heavy tread until my door was reached. Then there was a pause, and three knocks sounded distinctly. Feeling no alarm, for it occurred to me that one of the servants might have remained in the house unobserved asleep in some corner, and perhaps now wanted me to go down and let her out, I opened the door, but instead of the dusky form of Flora or Chloe, as I had expected, no person was to be seen. Seizing my lamp, I went out into the passage and surveyed the broad staircase below and above me. No human being was visible. I shut the door rather nervously, and tried to persuade myself that rats had produced the noise that disturbed me. Soon again the tread was heard upon the stairs. This time it was more measured—there was no mistaking it for the step of anything but a human being. Again it reached my door and paused. Again the knocks sounded—this time they were louder. But I did not again venture to answer the summons. Without extinguishing my light, without even undressing, I sprang into bed, and like a frightened child covered my head with the bed clothes. I shivered with terror. Again came the recollection of the shadowy figure seen in the drawing-room, and the conviction forced itself upon my mind that it was not conjured up by a nervous fancy. How a dread of the supernatural overwhelms weak mortality! The strongest minds cannot resist its power, the most indomitable will yields to its influence.—Here was I for the first time in my life giving way to superstitious terror. The remembrance too, of what had occurred the first night I slept in this old mansion, swept back upon me fearfully distinct. Again I seemed to hear the unearthly sound of those carriage-wheels; again I fancied that steps sounded through the hall and passages. That I was in a haunted house I could no longer doubt. Thus does a belief in the supernatural often force itself upon those minds least prone to superstition, by the occurrence of such events as cannot possibly be ascribed to any human agency. How the night passed I know not; glad was I to see the first streak of dawn stealing through my chamber window. I went down to breakfast determined to leave Mrs. Hamilton's, to give up my situation. I felt that I could no longer live in a house haunted by such ghostly visitants. My haggard looks attracted Mrs. Hamilton's observation. I said I had slept but little and had been disturbed in the night. With a faint smile Cornelia asked if I had been again kept awake by the arrival of visitors. Mrs. Hamilton gave her a reproving look as she inquired what had disturbed me. I related the two incidents that had filled me with such indescribable terror. She listened gravely, and to my surprise, observed that such occurrences were not new in that dwelling. Noises were heard that were unaccountable, and forms, certainly not of this world, sometimes seen. I looked at her in amazement as she so quietly made these observations.

'You will get used to it, as we have, Miss Grey,' said Cornelia, laughing at my horrified look. 'These supernatural visitants really do us no harm.'

'Except,' I observed, 'to frighten one almost to death. I never could endure it. I regret it very much, but I fear I shall be obliged to leave sooner than I intended. The idea of sleeping another night in this haunted mansion is fearful.'

'It is perhaps because you are alone that you feel so timid, Miss Grey,' observed Mrs. Hamilton, who evidently did not like to hear of my leaving them. 'If you wish, Cornelia shall share your room during the rest of your stay with us. Cornelia is very courageous—and I have become so accustomed to the ghosts,' interrupted Cornelia, laughing, 'I do not mind their antics in the least. They really are quite harmless.'

With this arrangement I was satisfied, the companionship of the gay young girl would indeed be pleasant in my lonely chamber. I hoped I should be able to listen unmoved to all nocturnal noises.

That night as I went upstairs to my room my nervous fears returned in spite of myself. The gloom which pervaded the large hall which the dim lamp light only partially illumined, was in itself sufficient to produce unpleasant impressions, and to make the timid and nervous conjure up ghostly forms flitting through the darkness. I had suffered so much the preceding night; I dreaded a repetition of the sounds that had so disturbed me. Cornelia had ordered a fire to be made in my apartment, and now on entering it I was agreeably surprised to find a bright blaze, giving the room an appearance of cheerfulness, which for the time seemed to dispel my nervous fears. As it was yet early, I seated myself in an easy chair near the fire before retiring to bed. Cornelia placed herself on a low ottoman on the other side of the old-fashioned grate. Both of us were anxious to renew

the conversation of the breakfast table, and the subject was soon introduced.

'You remember, Miss Grey, the first night you spent here you were disturbed by hearing a carriage drive up to the door. Every stranger who sleeps in this house is sure to hear the rattling of those spectral carriage wheels, and the bustle attending the late arrival of those phantom guests.'

'Yes, I remember that circumstance well, and also the surprise I felt when the next morning you denied that any persons had arrived during the night. Afterwards on the appearance of that lady apparition which so astonished Frances, I really supposed that she was one of them, and that you, for some reason I could not understand, were concealing the fact.'

Cornelia laughed. 'You were then for a time spared the unpleasant knowledge that the house is haunted. Fortunately these sights and sounds are not of constant occurrence. It is only at stated periods that our ghostly friends visit us. For my part I have never heard any of the fearful noises which disturb others. It may be that my sleep is too sound, or perhaps I am not a ghost-seer. You are one of those favored persons, Miss Grey,' added Cornelia, archly.

'I would rather not be so highly favored,' I replied; 'then after a short pause, I inquired if she knew to whom the house had belonged before it came into Mrs. Hamilton's possession.'

'To a person by the name of Acton. He was, I have heard, a very wicked man, guilty of murder and other crimes. It is, I suppose, his spirit which haunts this abode—the scene of his former wickedness.'

'But the lady whom I have seen, who is she?'

'Ah! there is a dark story connected with her,' replied Cornelia, gravely. 'She was, it is said, lured from her home by the villain Acton. Her husband pursued her and was murdered in this very house. Aunt Hamilton has more than once been startled by a wild shriek ringing through the dwelling in the dead silence of night. That part of the performance you have not yet heard, neither have you seen the lady ghost moving stealthily about your bed-room, as aunt has. She has not invaded the sanctity of your apartment yet, but she will be sure to do it one of these nights.'

'I trust I shall be sound asleep during her visit.'

'How can you speak so lightly of these dreadful realities?' I asked, shuddering.

'Well, perhaps it is wrong, but most people you know treat such stories as absurdities.'

'Your aunt does not.'

'No, like you, she has had some experience in these matters. She thinks that the unseen spiritual world is nearer to us mortals than many persons are willing to allow, and aunt Hamilton is a strong-minded woman.'

'That is evident, from her continuing to reside in a house frequented by such unwelcome visitors.'

'For a long time she would not credit the stories she heard about it,' continued Miss Lincoln, 'but experience at length convinced her that they were strange and unaccountable facts. She would gladly leave this residence, but her income is so limited she cannot well incur the expense of hiring another house. This is her own. Besides if she left it it would soon be tenanted and given up to decay. The name it bears would prevent any person renting it.'

'The clock in the hall below now struck twelve. We had better prepare for bed before the ghosts commence their perambulation,' observed Cornelia, smiling. 'I should not like to hear old Acton's heavy tread upon the stairs, or his three knocks at our door.'

'Horror!' arrested the words of the young girl. At this moment in a remote corner of the room faint steps were heard, then a dark shadow flitted through the chamber, vanishing as suddenly as it had appeared. Never shall I forget the look of terror in Cornelia's blanched face as she turned towards me and sank almost fainting in my arms. Immovable we sat for some minutes watching breathlessly for the re-appearance of that impalpable, but indistinct outline.'

'What was it? what could it be?' broke faintly from Cornelia's pallid lips when she had recovered a little.

'I do not know; there was no form visible, it was all shadowy; undefined, yet fearful. And the steps did you not hear them?'

'Yes, distinctly.'

'Really, Miss Grey, I do not wonder at your unwillingness to remain in a house haunted by such apparitions. Oh! let us go to bed at once. I must try to get asleep or I shall die of fright before morning.'

The gay spirits of the young girl were completely subdued. She was pale and trembling violently. I remained for some time awake unable to compose myself to sleep. Before long Cornelia lost all consciousness in deep repose. I had extinguished the lamp, but the fire gave out sufficient light to render the different objects in the room partly visible. The account Miss Lincoln had given of the former owner of this haunted mansion, filled my mind, and fancy pictured the wretched victim of his seductive arts, whose spirit I had more than once seen, and whose spectral form I feared might be even now hovering near me. The pulsations of my heart awakened at this thought, and shuddering I closed my eyes, determined not to open them again till the broad light of day had chased the darkness of night from my apartment. At length a welcome drowsiness descended upon me, and blessing Somnus for his gift, I fell into a sound sleep which lasted until morning. The next night, and for several successive nights, even for some weeks, I was not disturbed by any nocturnal noises. Whether this was owing to the resolution Cornelia and I formed of retiring to bed and being fast asleep before the 'witching hour,' or whether the ghosts had for a time abandoned their midnight haunts, I will not pretend to say; but so it happened. However, this pleasant state of things was not destined to continue. I was to be more strongly convinced of our nearness to the spiritual world, to have my belief in supernatural appearances more fully confirmed. One night I felt unusually restless, and, notwithstanding all my efforts I could not compose myself to sleep. The clock struck eleven. I became alarmed and tried hard to induce the sleepy god to shed his benign influence over me; but in vain. Another hour passed. I was still wakeful. Again the clock was heard. I counted the strokes—twelve was no mistake: 'it was the witching hour of night.' My very nervousness now prevented me sleeping. I lay awake listening for the slightest noise. At came at length, that dreaded visitant! Was it a presentiment that had made me so nervous? The poet says, 'coming events throw their shadows before.' The noise that first broke the death-like

silence was the moving the handle of my door as if some one was trying to enter. The door creaked—it had certainly opened. My very heart stood still. Who was this midnight visitor? Terror answered that question. The room was perfectly dark. I could see nothing; but I felt that impalpable presence as it neared my bed. Cornelia slept undisturbed beside me. What would I not have given to have awoke her; but I could neither speak nor move. I felt paralyzed. That my unearthly visitant was a female, I did not doubt; for I distinctly heard the rustling of her dress. Now she had reached my bed. She stood beside me. Perhaps she was going to speak. The agony of terror I endured is indescribable. Human nature could no longer sustain this contact with the supernatural. I sank into insensibility. Whether this state of unconsciousness lasted long I never knew. As my senses returned, I became gradually conscious that some tremendous noise was proceeding from the passage outside my chamber door. It seemed as if a scuffle were going on between two men of herculean strength. This was the thought that first occurred as I became capable of entertaining any idea; but then there soon flashed upon me the recollection that two weak women, Mrs. Hamilton and myself with Cornelia and Frances, were the only inmates of the dwelling. The struggle—for so I must term it—shook the building and seemed to burst open my door. It soon ceased, however, and all was again silent as the grave. This time Cornelia awoke, roused I supposed by the loud noise. Glad was I to hear the sound of a human voice.

Really Aunt Hamilton should not remain any longer in this haunted house, exclaimed Miss Lincoln, as she shivered with terror. No person but herself would have the courage to do so.

I said nothing; but I determined that no one should induce me to pass another night under that roof, and I kept my resolution. The next day I left Mrs. Hamilton's family with regret; for I had become much attached to both my pupils. Shortly afterwards, as the summer was approaching, I returned to New York, carrying with me pleasing reminiscences of Savannah and the never-to-be-forgotten remembrance of the Haunted House in Yamacraw.

THE BRITISH LION.

Here is the article, contributed to the *Times* of the 28th ult., and reference to which was made in certain extracts in the 'Model Lion,' that we copied into last week's *Albion*.

No animal has been more hardly used than the British Lion. His tail and mane and whiskers have been so pulled, he has been so poked up, made to rear and roar, to lash his sides or lie down with the lamb, as the occasion might require, by every common-place poet, orator, painter, and sculptor, that it is difficult to believe the beast more heroic than his showman. Vulgar art has thrust its head into his mouth so often that one can hardly believe his being approached with reverence by art of a worthier order.

But of all British lions Nelson's British lion seemed the most ill-fated. To be quartered at the base of that Trafalgar-Square column might have been thought bad enough. To be so long waited for made matters worse, to be squabbed over Session after Session in the House of Commons aggravated even the misery of being waited for. We are afraid to look back to the time when the hapless animal was first planned, or to guess how many generations of the famous 'man and boy' have passed away since the pedestals were first raised for his reception. It is a sorry back even to the year when Lord John Manners, weary of delay, commissioned the greatest of animal painters, Sir Edwin Landseer, to design the lion in question. The wisdom of this commission was contested. It was true that Sir Edwin had vanquished every animal he had encountered. His chief triumph, however, among wild things had been over the red deer. Of lions and such fierce felines the only trial he had made was in his picture of Van-Amburgh, painted for the Duke of Wellington, and in his Dead Lion, stretched, quant and ghastly among the desert sands. Then Sir Edwin's weapon was the pencil, not the modelling-tool, and his field of fight was not the clay, but the canvas.

The greatest men in the arts had been great both as painters and sculptors; but they belonged to times when the division of labor was unknown, and had received an education which brought the practice of all arts alike within the grasp of hand and mind.

Even to those who looked at the commission from a more hopeful point of view, who had the fullest confidence in the power of Sir Edwin Landseer to master lions as well as stags, and so wield the modelling stick after a while as consummately as the camel hair pencil, this essay in a new material of a great artist no longer in the fulness of health and strength was a matter of anxiety. The lions did not appear. Parliament waxed impatient, and took to chaffing and baiting Mr. Cowper on the subject. Mr. Cowper explained that Sir Edwin was studying lions at the Zoological-gardens, and people said such study ought to have preceded, not followed the commission. Every one who knew Sir Edwin knows how sensitive he is to opinion, and his friends felt that this sort of thing was not likely to improve his lion. We were told, however, that the work was going steadily on in one of the many rooms included under the roof of Baron Marochetti's enormous studio. The place had been chosen rather for the benefit of clay than of counsel or co-operation; for Baron Marochetti held himself studiously aloof, and never even entered the room in which Sir Edwin was at work alone, for months, as long as daylight lasted. At last it was whispered that the British lion was done, and within the last eight or ten days some friends and critics have been admitted to the studio where the design has been modelled. A slight variation in treatment will enable the artist to adapt this one design to his four pedestals. The completed statue is not much above the size of a large full grown lion, as we know the King of beasts in confinement. Probably it is not a bit larger than a magnificent specimen of *Felis Leo* in the natural state. The action is the simplest, but grandest; one natural to the animal and right royal, as the action of

the lion at the feet of Nelson should be. He is couchant, with his massive arms extended straight before him; his huge head, calm in the consciousness of might, erect and watchful, but with no anger nor defiance, except that which is inseparable from such strength.

The modelling of the head will at once strike every one who sees this noble design. Into this Sir Edwin has thrown all his unequalled power as a master of animal physiognomy, and his rapid pencil never rendered the subtle curvatures of bony and muscular surface, the delicacies of light and shadow, and the secrets of expression with more consummate skill on the canvas than they are here given by modelling tool and hand together in the clay. The difficulties of the mane and the shaggy fringe which extends along the fore part of the animal have been managed with great judgment. They are treated in broad and simple masses, with no abuse of the opportunity which such a fell of hair affords for tricky display.

Altogether, we are at a loss to find a parallel for this lion of Sir Edwin Landseer's in any monumental lion now extant. Looking first to ancient works, its naturalism takes it out of the pale of comparison with the Egyptian lions of the Campidoglio or the lions of the Assyrian friezes. The great lion of Cnidos, now in the British Museum, is in too fragmentary a state for fair judgment. Among modern lions that of Canova is immeasurably inferior. Thorwaldsen's lion, erected near Lucerne as the well imaged monument of the Swiss Guards who fell in defence of Louis XVI., derives so much of its effect from the site and the subject commemorated, and is treated so entirely in subordination to the ideal aim of the monument that we can hardly measure the noble animal, wounded and dying, but defending its banner to the last, with Sir Edwin's lion, in the full mastery of its calm and watchful strength, thoroughly naturalistic in its points, from greatest to smallest, with only so much modification as is necessary to fit natural forms for monumental purposes.

The lion which Sir Edwin has completed will not be the actual one cast in bronze for the pedestals of Trafalgar-Square. The actual lions of the monument will be 20 feet long, instead of between six and seven, with all their other dimensions enlarged in proportion. The huge model of one of these 20-foot lions is now being built up to scale in clay, and when it is completed Sir Edwin will have an opportunity of re-studying his design in the size in which it is to be executed, and of making any modifications in his first model that the enlargement may render necessary. This done with one lion, a slight turn of the head, the movement of a limb, or the shifting of a paw, will give variety and life to the group, still preserving that harmony of action and character required for so large a monument. The different points of view from which the four lions will appear when looked at in combination would of themselves give a great variety of effect even to the same design four times repeated without variation.

In the same studio with this grand finished model are disposed about the walls two sketches in oil and four in crayon, life-size, of lions—the fruits, we presume, of that study in the Zoological-gardens which was laughed at in the House of Commons. The laughers should see in those sketches the result of the labors they thought it good taste to deride. But, looking from them to the model, we do not feel that Sir Edwin's power has been crippled by an unfamiliar material. Long known as the greatest of animal painters,—and, indeed, if Rembrandt had not painted his lion hunts and wolf hunts, the greatest painter of animals known to the art,—Sir Edwin Landseer, will, if the finished monument carry out the qualities of his design, be entitled to the praise of having given to the world one of the grandest examples of animal sculpture, and at the same time the only worthy conception of that much abused but still noble quadruped, the British Lion.

PICTURES.

Everybody loves pictures. The child steals into the library and ransacks shelf after shelf to find illustrations, and the old man whose hair is whitened with the winters and summers of many well-spent years, with his eyes upon heaven, and his heart already there, can read with more comfort 'the good news of the Kingdom' when the picture Bible is lying upon his knee. In every family, pictures are an institution. We have scarcely ever been in a house high or low, but something hung upon the walls that might be called a picture.—Sometimes it has been a work of art, and sometimes it has been nothing but a wood-cut from a paper, or a home-made charcoal sketch. The log-cabin of the pioneer is ornamented with 'Mary,' and 'William,' painted like the rainbow, and the palaces of our cities owe much of their splendor to the lights and shadows which have been fixed upon the canvas and made immortal; but the pictures of the cabin tell us as plainly as the paintings of the palace, that all men have more or less want for the works of the artist.

'Pictures are very good for children,' say the old folks, 'and so we take a picture paper.' So they are, dear old friends; but we have often been somewhat amused to see how, when the paper has arrived, you insisted upon opening it yourself—of course it was only to help the children—and when they crowded around to see the cuts, you wiped your glasses, and while you explained to them the different pictures, you gazed upon them with delight quite as intense as theirs. Old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, all love pictures.—It is because they give a bodily form of an idea, one that we can see and touch. The artist goes into the world of thought, and unlike other men, is not blindfolded; he sees a thousand different forms of beauty, selects here one and there another, and then brings them out of the darkness into the world of sense, where his fellow-men can see and enjoy that which but for him would have remained forever in the unseen world of thought.

THE NEW CANADIAN SILKWORM.

While the cotton-spinners of England have been searching for new cotton-fields and for cotton-substitutes, a corresponding inquiry, dating farther back, has been on foot with a view to supply the increased and increasing demands of the silk manufacturers of southern Europe. They want additional supplies of silk or of silk substitutes, and it is gratifying to know that their demands are more likely to be answered than those of the cotton-spinners. No satisfactory substitute for cotton has as yet shown itself, but certainly there are other insects besides the old silkworm of China which are capable of supplying silk. A year or two ago there was described in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS an insect, then new to European industry. Ailanthe silkworm, which has been successfully introduced to France and Italy, and is now produced in sufficient quantity for actual manufacture in those countries. Not only so; it has also become a favourite pet in the green-houses and gardens of England. We have now another silkinsect to bring forward—one that promises to be of even higher importance, inasmuch as the yield of silk is greater and the insect itself is perfectly hardy, for it comes to us not from the sunny lands of the East, but from the great Canadian forest, where it is annually exposed to a polar winter.

In various parts of the north American continent there are native species of moths which produce cocoons capable of yielding to the manufacturer different kinds of silk. The most promising of all these moths is the *Attacus* cecropia, or as it used to be called in Linnæan times *St. rnia* cecropia. This is one of the largest and most handsome of moths, it measures from six to seven inches from tip to tip of wing when expanded, being, in fact, more like a bat in size than a moth. It appears to be generally distributed throughout Canada, from Montreal westward to the shores of Lake Erie. In the central part of Upper Canada it is not very common; but further west, and especially in the extreme south-western part of the province, it is reported to be more prevalent. Like other nocturnal species, the perfect insect or moth is apt to escape observation; but the large brown cocoons are frequently met with by the farmers, who find them attached to the twigs of their orchard trees and bushes and the suckers of trees, where it is partially protected from the severity of the winter blast.

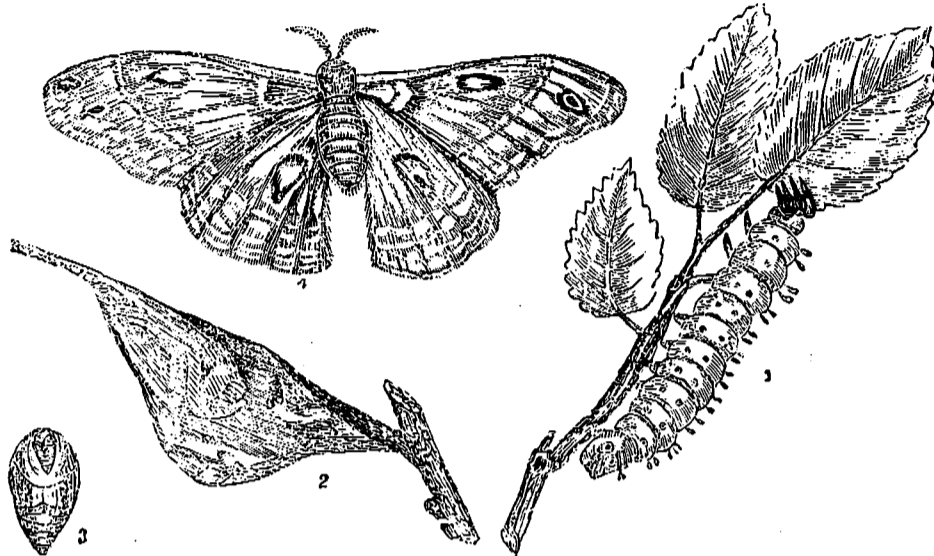
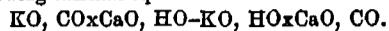
In the month of June, when the orchard trees have expanded their leaves, the moth emerges from the cocoon and deposits her dusky eggs. These are soon hatched, and the caterpillars produced from them continue to feed during the summer. In August they leave their feeding-trees and seek low bushes, to which they attach their cocoons.

The cocoon which affords the silk consists of two parts. There is first the outer covering, in which the silk threads are firmly glued together into a parchment-like membrane; and secondly, the inner one, which is loose and thready.

The chief obstacle in rendering the Canadian cecropia cocoons available to the purposes of manufacture has been found in the difficulty of unwinding the cocoons; in fact, it has been thought that they could be of no use whatever. Some writers have stated, indeed, that the inner cocoons could be unwound in a single thread and spun in the manner of the old silkworm of China, which has hitherto yielded the silk of southern Europe; but such statements seem to have been made without due consideration. To unwind the cecropia cocoon, like that of the Chinese silkworm, is simply impossible. The Canadian cocoons rather resemble in their character those of the Ailanthe silkworm, which appears to have not yet yielded to the same kind of treatment in unwinding as the common silkworm, but requires to be heckled out and spun like vegetable fibres, or in the same manner as what is technically called 'spun silk.'

Before spinning the cecropia silk requires a preliminary process for separating the parchment-like membrane into its constituent fibres. Many experiments as to the best mode of effecting this have undertaken by Mrs. Lawson, of Kingston, in Canada, the lady who has sent this moth to Europe; and the conclusion arrived at is, that the simplest and most effective mode of separating the fibres is to act upon the cocoons by means of a weak solution of caustic potash. A somewhat similar process is believed to have been suggested by Mr. Cottle, of Woodstock, a good many years ago, in a Canadian publication. The potash solution soon disintegrates the substance by which the threads of the cocoon are glued together, and thus permits

them to separate freely. Two or three days soaking is required to bring the threads into a state fit for spinning, but, by boiling or by using a stronger solution, the process is quickened, at the expense, however, of the strength of the fibre. Instead of using pure caustic potash, which is expensive, it will answer equally well to employ a lye made by soaking wood-ashes in water, and adding to the solution so formed a quantity of slaked lime. The carbonate of potash extracted by the water from the wood-ashes is converted by the lime into caustic potash, according to the following familiar equation:—



THE CANADIAN SILKWORM.

The presence of the lime carbonate does not affect the process, which, however, has to be carried out with judgment and care, as the fibre is apt to be deteriorated by the action of the alkali if it is allowed to go too far. By the means explained above, both the inside cocoon and its outside parchment covering are capable of being converted into silk, which is easily unwound when still wet. It will be seen, from the enormous size of the cocoons, that the produce must be very great.

Cultivators of the Ailanthe silkworm might probably apply with success the same process for disintegrating the papyry Ailanthe cocoons, and thus rendering them more manageable in the manufacturer's hands. Professor Carnel of Pisa has sent living Ailanthe cocoons to Canada, where they will probably succeed well in the hands of the Botanical Society of Canada, who have undertaken their manage-

bring, there is a large and not unimportant portion of the community who find their pleasures beyond the range of such sordid thoughts. Surely the amateur silk-growers or silk-fanciers of England—those incipient naturalists who are taking their first lesson in physiology in watching the wonderful processes of insect metamorphosis—will be interested in hearing of a genuine silkworm which is a giant beside the old ones, and which can be reared successfully without engaging in those troublesome hunts after mulberry-leaves which so often bring grief to our young friends. The Canadian silkworm requires only plum-leaves, apple-leaves, or cherry-leaves, such as grow in every garden.

Although the Canadian cecropia is spoken of as new to industry—as an insect, indeed, that has not yet become available for manufacturing purposes—the species itself is as old as Linnæus; nor is it now brought before the world for the first time as a promising workman seeking for leave to toil in the silk factory. Moses Batram reared the cecropia in confinement so long ago as the year 1767, at Philadelphia, U.S. M. Audouin also received some cocoons from America, and reared the moths successfully in France about forty years ago. Further, the Rea. S. Pulein made silk stockings from cecropia silk, and published his observations in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society of London, at the still earlier date of 1759. But no effectual attempts have hitherto been made to employ it in actual manufacture. Now that a stimulus has been given to silk culture, and that the manufacturers of France and Italy are fully alive to the importance of seeking sources of

silk beyond the old silkworm, now so liable to disease, we may hope for better results.—(*London Illustrated News*.)

THE CANADIAN PORCUPINE.

The Canadian porcupine is a sluggish and unsightly animal. It is not furnished with the long quills of the common porcupine, but with sharp spines, through which hair is thickly intermingled. The body is thick, very broad, cylindrical, and clumsy, and the back much curled. The head is strong, snout thick, ears short, and round tongue bristled with spine scales. On each fore foot there are four toes, and on each hind foot five toes, all the toes being armed with powerful nails. This species feeds principally on grain, fruits, roots, and the bark of trees—digs holes in the earth, or nestles in the hollows of trees. In color, this porcupine may be described as black. He is provided by Nature with a means of defence which to it are as useful as

would be the fleetness of the deer. By its power of erecting its quills at pleasure it forms a battery against which all the attacks of the lynx, the wolverine, the cougar, and even the grizzly bear, are utterly ineffective. For the purpose of obtaining its food it is furnished with very long claws, by means of which it readily climbs trees, and seldom comes down until it has eaten the bark from top to bottom. It prefers young trees to old, and devours to such a degree that one porcupine has been known to ruin a hundred trees in one winter, eating the inner part of the rind of every one before it, except the old ones. The porcupine is considerable of an enemy to the agriculturist, destroying his fruits, and causing the death of trees, by tearing off the bark, of which he eats the inner portion. It also feeds on roots, and other vegetable substances, and burrows in the ground.



CANADIAN PORCUPINE.

ment; but the experiment of treating the Ailanthe cocoons with potash has not yet been tried, the cocoons being too frequently sacrificed to laboratory experiments.

Thus we have detailed all the essential facts that are known in the history of the Canadian silkworm, its habits, and the mode of rendering its silk available. The silk itself is very remarkable for tenacity, being much stronger than ordinary silk; and no doubt its introduction to Southern Europe will be beneficial to an important branch of industry. In this utilitarian age we are always apt to judge of a novelty by its commercial value; and this one obviously has that kind of value. But while to the commercial man the value of a thing is just the money it will

calls on sister Smith so often, innocently forgetting all the while that it takes a rogue to catch a rogue.—It is amusing to hear a man who made his first ten thousand by a mere accident in speculation, now whine over the want of business tact in the young men of the present day.—It is amusing to hear a hardened politician, whose political conscience is so tough that you can make no impression whatever upon it with the sharpest axe of honor that can be found, sigh with pious horror over the want of principle in those who oppose his political creed.—It is amusing to hear a man who has just brains help society along, often prate about the weakness of woman's mind. You can see at once how strong his own must be, but cannot help wishing he had a little more power of discernment, that would enable him 'to see himself as others see him.'

AMUSING THINGS WE MEET IN MANKIND.

—It is amusing to hear a gray-headed old man, who amassed a fortune in his younger days by keeping a tipping shop, now say he would, had he the power, imprison any man on whose premises a drop of the poison could be found.—It is amusing to hear an old deacon, who has the faculty to pile up his wood for market, so that seven feet will measure a cord, propose to expel a young grocer from the church because he sold him thirty-one ounces of sugar for two pounds.—It is amusing to hear a member of the church, who in youth, sowed his wild oats by the bushel, propose that the church investigate the circumstances under which brother Jones

MAPLE AT AUTUMN.

"Burning, yet not consum'd." Oh, wondrous tree!
Hath Frost thy veins with fires of fever fed?
Or Hectic mark'd thee for its ministry?
The blood of martyrdom is on thy head.

And mournful garb, methinks might fit thee best;
Yet dost thou choose to flaunt in rich array,
More than when Spring thy budding beauties drest,
Or all thy pampor'd leaves at Summer's day,

Each with a pearl drop hoarded daintily,
Did to the idle breeze exulting boast
Its wealth would last forever.—Gorgeous Tree!
Proud of thy beauty and the admiring host.

Lo! Winter's poverty is at the door,
While thou dost lavish charms that may return no more.

WEEKLY NEWS SUMMARY.

The *British Colonist*, (Victoria, Vancouver Island,) demands the establishment there of a branch mint. The mint at New Westminster, it says, does not meet the wants of those who make Victoria their rendezvous after successful "operations." That is good news, surely, to hear that gold is being obtained so fast that two mints instead of one are required. The fact appears to be, that British Columbia is a large country; and a proper local distribution of such convenient institutions as mints and the like appears to be desirable to save laborious and expensive transport and travelling.

The *Colonist* does not seem to view with much favour the new monied corporation, which has bought out the Hudson's Bay Company. It says the improvements which the new company promises are desirable; but deprecates the idea of such corporate rights as those of exclusive trade and uncontrolled disposal of land. Restraints which the progress of the country was fast rendering it impossible for the old company to maintain, will certainly not be submitted to, if imposed by the new one, which can hope to succeed only by adopting itself to the wants of the time. The *Colonist* fears that "a huge fraud" is in contemplation, but acknowledges that more precise information is required before pronouncing definitely upon the merits of a scheme, in the result of which the Pacific side of British America is so seriously interested.

ENGLAND.

The retirement of Sir James Hudson from the diplomatic mission to Turin, gives rise to much sharp discussion in the English papers. It is contended that Sir James' retirement was voluntary in appearance only, having been forced upon him by governmental 'management,' and that the proper attitude of England on the Italian question has been compromised. Note well the news from that quarter now for a while.

The cottage of the Dairyman's Daughter, Arrotton, Isle of Wight, is advertised for sale.

A handsome monument is to be erected to Lord Clyde.

Hotels on the American plan, mostly built and managed by Companies, under the Limited Liability Act, are now all the rage in England, especially at the watering-places, and such like fashionable resorts.

Sixty odd of the Florida's crew are stated to have arrived at Liverpool from Brest in a state of great destitution. This is strange. We thought the Florida had taken spoil of value enough to pay all her men and a good deal left over.

Wheat is a good crop this year in England; on an average it is estimated to be equal to 50 bushels per acre on heavy soils, and 42 on lighter land.

The importation of Flour into England is very much less in 1863 than in 1862.

It is stated on good authority that of the total quantity of spirits distilled in Ireland and Scotland, one fourth is by illicit distillation, and escapes paying duty.

CANADIAN.

Tom Thumb and Mrs. Lavinia his wife, with Com. Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren, are now in Quebec, exhibiting themselves to the "natives" and to all and sundries in the ancient capital.

The Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, 'Succoth,' celebrated, we believe both in Hamilton and Toronto, commenced Sunday evening last. It continues eight days, but only the two first and the two last days are observed as full holidays.

Mr. Foley has definitely and formally returned to the ministerial ranks.

Mr. Raymond, the opposition candidate, has been elected for St. Hyacinthe by a majority of 350 over Mr. Papineau, Ministerialist.

The defalcation of Mr. Synnors, late Grand Trunk agent at Point Levi, originally rumoured to be for an immense sum, is now ascertained to be not more than \$1000.

There have been great prairie fires and extensive losses of hay in the Red River country.

The news from the gold mines on the Saskatchewan are highly encouraging.

Mr. Matthew Howles, tinsmith in the Great Western Railway Shop here, exhibited in our office the other day, a snuff-box made from one half of a clam shell found in Burlington Bay, mounted with brass, which is so well and so highly finished as to be mistaken for gold, even by metropolitan journalists and other knowing ones. One of the neatest things we have seen for a while.

He also set upon our table for our admiration, a japanned tin spoon stand, which for perfection of workmanship and elegance of design, beats anything of that kind we have ever seen. It is a perfect gem in tin work.

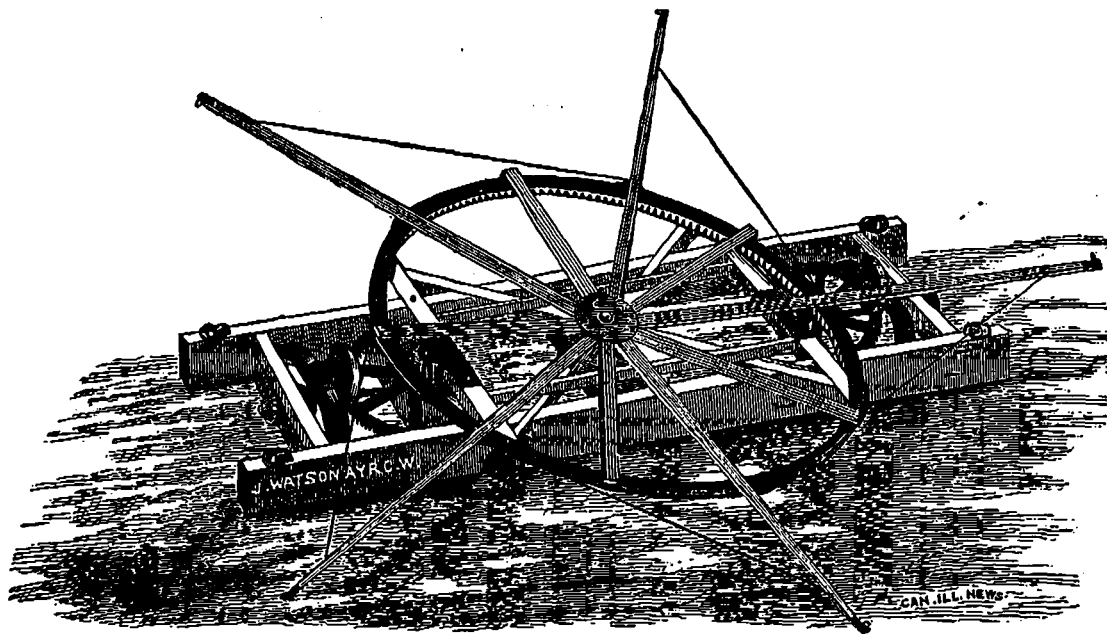
These articles were exhibited at the Show last week in Kingston, but did not get there in time to compete for any prize. The Show had commenced, we may say, before it was suggested to Mr Howles to send them down.

A hasty man never wants woe.

A needy man's budget is always full of schemes.

The friar preached against stealing when he had a pudding in his sleeves.

If you would know a bad husband, look at his wife's countenance,

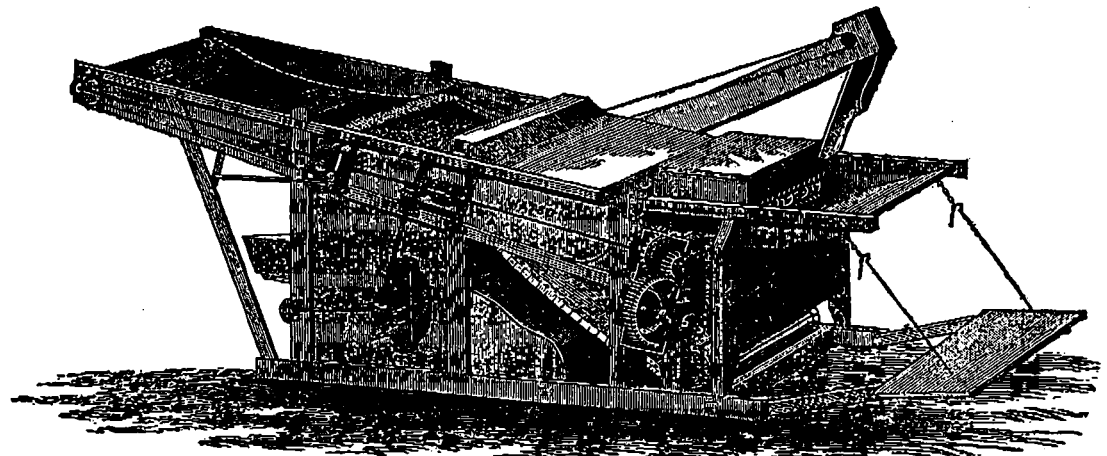


PITT'S HORSE POWER WITH WATSON'S IMPROVEMENT.

We give here a cut of an improved thrashing machine, designed and manufactured at the establishment of John Watson, Esq., at Ayr, C. W. Mr. Watson has carried on the Foundry and Agricultural Implement Manufacturing business there now for some twenty years or so, and being a man of enterprise and management, his establishment is now among the leading ones in its line in the western part of the Province. He makes a splendid combined reaper and mower, of which over sixty were sold this season. For eight years past, Mr. W. has been at work at improvements in the construction of the Separating Thrashing Machine. He offers one now which he claims will thrash and clean faster than any other in the Province. For durability,

ease of draught, and general efficiency, he claims that his machine cannot be surpassed; and in this he is backed by the testimony of those who have tried and proved it.

His Horse power (Pitt's patent, with his own improvement) is celebrated for simplicity, ease of draught and effective power, and is a strong and durable article, warranted of sufficient strength for the power at which it is rated. This power is universally admitted by threshers to be the best that is made. Mr. W. supplies them for 8 or 10 horse power, and with lever boxes or draw rods to suit purchasers. It is well adapted for driving any kind of Machinery, but is designed particularly for Thrashing Machines.



IMPROVED EIGHT OR TEN HORSE SEPARATOR.

THE KING AND THE SOLDIER.—Frederick of Prussia had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the royal guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to spy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high. He accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he immediately consented. 'But unless you can speak German, the king will not give you so much.' 'Oh, be jabbers!' said the Irishman, 'sure it's I that don't know a word of German.' 'But,' said the sergeant, 'three words will be sufficient, and these you can learn in a short time. The king knows every man in the guards. As soon as he sees you he will ride up and ask you how old you are; you will say 'twenty-seven'; next, how long you have been in the service? you must reply, 'three weeks'; finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations? you answer, 'both.' Pat soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks he passed before the king in review. His majesty rode up to him. Paddy stepped forward with 'present arms.' 'How old are you?' said the king.—'Three weeks,' said the Irishman. 'How long have you been in the service?' asked his majesty. 'Twenty-seven years.' 'Am I or you a fool?' roared the king. 'Both,' replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guard-room, but pardoned by the king after he understood the facts of the case.

AMUSEMENT FOR LADIES.—Angling is now one of the most fashionable amusements for ladies. The Princess of Wales is frequently to be seen, rod in hand, on the banks of the Dee or its tributaries. Lady Caroline Gordon Lennox recently went fishing on the Spey, and met with remarkable success, taking two grilse of eight and eight and a half pounds; and a day or two after, her ladyship caught a salmon weighing some eighteen pounds.

IN BRITAIN the average of life exceeds that in France by 11 years.

THE DOUBLE EDUCATION OF MAN,

Henry Ward Beecher said in a late sermon: There is a double education going on under many circumstances. You will find many worldly and bad men worship a great deal; and for this reason: that it is possible for a man to worship and be a villain. A man may educate his conscience and not be a good man. There is no trouble in a man's being very devout, and yet being a scoundrel. A bandit will not hesitate to stiletto you and rob you, who would not pass by a pool with an image of the virgin Mary beside it, without stopping to cross himself. It is quite possible for pride and selfishness and worldly feelings to be developed along with conscience. But where conscience is so educated that it teaches a man what is right everywhere and under all circumstances, where conscience is so educated that it comes to have a fine edge, where conscience becomes operative in every part of a man's life, then these lower faculties cannot bear sway in his mind.

JACK FROST.

There is a mellow ring in this "elegant extract," which betrays the mellow days of autumn.

"Mr. Jack Frost does but kiss the chaste face of nature, and behold! how she blushes in the maple, the woodbine, and oak, and turns all manner of colors in the beech, the linden, the chestnut and the elm. How beautiful she looks in her heightened color! But her brilliant complexion is, alas! but a hectic—an evidence of frailty—a precursor of speedy decay. Consumption imparts this glorious and exquisite loveliness to her countenance, but the expression is not of this world; it is celestial, the ushering in of the indescribable future."

"The beauty of the world is most ravishing, when first touched by the magical finger of the frost, which is at once the death-stroke of the foliage, and a cause of its dying-dolphin splendors. Thus the sun sheds a lustre over creation, filling the universe with a flood of light and beauty, as if to indemnify mankind for the privations of both during the approaching night. So nature dresses herself in her wonderful beauty, as a parting pledge of her love, and as a memorial for us to take and to cherish during the sombre days of the coming winter, when no flowers can blossom, no verdure quicken."

SELECTED POETRY.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

[The following admirable lines by an American lady, a member of the Society of Friends, lately appeared in the *Times*. We are told that the poem was found in the cottage of a tippling gardener of the United States, and that it not only won him from the noisy taproom to his own domestic hearth, but that the judicious distribution of it was the means of much good.—*English paper*.]

You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and hearth,
To bear in all your after life a fond and faithful part;
And tell me have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me, when you were sunk in woe?
No, I would rather share your tear than any other's glee—
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me;
You make a palace of my shed, this rough hewn bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry, O Parent of the poor, look down from Heaven on him:
Behold him toil from day to day exhausting strength and soul;
O! look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him whole.
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm here the wretched feel no wrong;
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for attire more gay, if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not;
But I would ask some share of hours which you on clubs bestow,
Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not something know?
Subtract from meetings amongst men, each eve, an hour for me,
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be;
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when you're away;
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, when you stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be, o'en of your studious hours,
And teachers of those little ones you call our cottage flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and good.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

[Daughter of the Great English Novelist.]

CONTINUED.

FLAG HOTEL, Boatstown, November 16th.

'MY DEAR JACK,—I had great doubts about communicating your letter to Elizabeth. It seemed to me that the path you had determined upon was one full of thorns and difficulties, for her; for you, and for my niece Letitia. But Elly is of far too affectionate a nature ever to give up caring for any of her friends. Let me assure you that her feelings are now only those of friendly regard and deep interest in your welfare. When I mentioned to her the contents of your letter (I think it best to speak plainly,) she said, with her eyes full of tears, that she did not want to marry you—that she felt you were bound to return to Letitia. She had been much affected by discovering the enclosed little note from your cousin. I must say that the part which concerns you interested me much, more so than her letter to her old friend. But she was evidently preoccupied at the time, and Elly, far from feeling neglected, actually cried, actually began to cry, she was so touched by this somewhat singular discovery. Girl's tears are easily dried. If it lies in my power she shall yet be made happy.

There is nothing now, as you see, that need prevent you fulfilling your engagements. You are all very good children, on the whole, and I trust that your troubles are but fleeting clouds that will soon pass away. That you and Letitia may enjoy all prosperity, is the sincere hope and desire of your affectionate old aunt,

J. M. DAMPIER.'

Miss Dampier having determined that she had written a perfectly impartial letter, put it up in an envelope, rang the bell, and desired a waiter to post it.

Number twenty-three's bell rang at the same moment; so did number fifteen; immediately after a number of people poured in by the eleven o'clock train; the waiter flung the letter down on his pantry table, and rushed off to attend to half-a-dozen things at once, of which posting the note was not one.

About three o'clock that afternoon Miss Dampier, in her close bonnet, was standing in the passage talking to a tall young man with a black waistcoat and wide-awake.

'What are you going to do?' he said. 'Couldn't we go for a drive somewhere?'

'I have ordered a carriage at three, said Miss Dampier, smiling. 'We are going up on the hills.' You might come too, if you liked it.' And when the carriage drove up to the door, there he was, waiting to hand her in.

He had always, until he saw her, imagined Elly a flirting person, quite different from the tall young lady in the broad hat, with the long cloak falling from her shoulders, who was prepared to accompany them. She had gone away a little, and his aunt sent him to fetch her. She was standing against the railing, looking out at the sea, with her sad eyes. There was the lawn, there was the sea, there was Elly. A pretty young lady always makes a pretty picture; but out of doors in the sunshine, she looks a prettier young lady than anywhere else, thought Mr. Will, as Elizabeth walked across the grass. He was not alone in his opinion; more than one person looked up as she passed. He began to think that far from doing a foolish thing, his aunt had shown her usual good sense in taking such good care of this sad, charming, beautiful young woman. It was no use trying to think ill of her. With such a face as hers she has a right to fall in love with anybody she pleases, he thought; and so, as they were walking towards the carriage, Will Dampier, thinking that this was a good opportunity for a little confidential communication, said, somewhat in his professional manner, 'You seem out of spirits, Miss Gilmour. I hope that you do not regret your decision of this morning.'

'Yes, I do regret it,' said poor Elly, and two great tears came dribbling down her cheeks. 'Do you think that when a girl gives up what she likes best in the world, she is not sorry? I am horribly sorry.'

Will was very much puzzled how to answer this unexpected confidence. He said, looking rather foolish, 'One is so apt to ask unnecessary questions. But, take my word for it, you have done quite right, and some day you will be more glad than you are now.'

I must confess that my heroine here got exceedingly cross.

'Ah, that is what people say who do not know of what they are talking. What business of yours is my poor, unlucky, bruised and broken fancy?' she said. 'Ah! why were you ever told? What is it to you?'

All the way she sat silent and dull, staring at the landscape as they went along; suffering, in truth, poor child, more than either of her companions could tell: saying good-bye to the dearest hope of her youth, tearing herself away from the familiar and well-loved dreams. Dreams, do I say? They had been the Realities to her, poor child, for many a day. And the realities had seemed to be the dreams. They drove along a straight road, and came at last to some delightful fresh downs, with the sea sparkling in the distance, and a sort of autumnal glow on the hills all about. The breeze came in fresh gusts, the carriage jogged on, still up hill, and Will Dampier walked alongside, well pleased with the entertainment, and making endless jokes at his aunt. She rather liked being laughed at; but Elly never looked up once, or heeded what they said. They were going towards a brown church that was standing on the top of a hill. It must have been built by the Danes a thousand years ago. There it stood, looking out at the sea, brown, grim, solitary, with its graveyard on the hillside. Trees were clustering down in a valley below; but here, up above, it was all bleak, bare, and solitary, only tinted and painted by the brown and purple sunshine.

They stopped the carriage a little way off, and got out and passed through a gate, and walked up the hill-top. Elly went first, Will followed, and Miss Dampier came slowly after. As Elly reached the top of the hill she turned round, and stood against the landscape, like a picture with a background, and looked back and said—

'Do you hear?'

The organ inside the church was playing a chant, and presently some voices began chanting to the playing of the organ. Elly went across the graveyard, and leaned against the porch, listening. Five minutes went by; her anger was melting away. It was exquisitely clear, peaceful and tranquil here, up on this hill where the dead people were lying among the grass and daisies. All the bitterness went away out of her heart, somehow, in the golden glow. She said to herself that she felt now, suddenly, for the first time, as if she could bury her fancy and leave it behind her in this quiet place. As the chant went on, her whole heart uttered in harmony with it, though her lips were silent. She did not say to herself, what a small thing it was that had troubled her: what vast combinations were here to make her happy; hills, vales, light, with its wondrous refractions, harmony, color; the great ocean, the great world, rolling on amid the greater worlds beyond.

But she felt it somehow. The voices ceased, and all was very silent.

'Oh, give thanks,' the Psalm began again; and Elly felt that she could indeed give thanks for mercies that were more than she had ever deserved. When she was at home with her mother she thought—just now the thought of returning there scarce gave her a pang—she should remember to-day all the good hopes, good prayers and aspirations which had come to her in this peaceful graveyard up among the hills. She had been selfish, discontented, ungrateful, all her life, angry and chafed but an hour ago, and here was peace, hers for the moment, here was tranquil happiness.—The mad, rash delight she had felt when she had been with John Dampier was nothing compared to this great natural peace and calm. A sort of veil seemed lifted from her eyes, and she felt, for the first time, that she could be happy though what she had wished for most was never to be hers—that there was other happiness than that which she had once fancied part of life itself. Did she ever regret the decision she had made? Did she ever see occasion to think differently from this? If, in after times, she may have felt a little sad, a little lonely now and then, if she may have thought with a moment's regret of those days that are now already past and over forever, still she knew she had done rightly when she determined to bury the past, with all kindness, with reverent hands. Somehow, in some strange and mysterious manner, the bitterness of her silly troubles had left her—left her a better girl than she had been ever before. She was more good, more happy, more old, more wise, now, and in truth, there was kindness in store for her; there were suns yet to shine, friendly words to be spoken, troubles yet to be endured, other than those sentimental griefs which had racked her youth so fiercely.

While they were all on the hill-top, the steamer came into the port earlier than on the day when Will Dampier arrived. One of the passengers walked up to the hotel and desired the waiter to show him Miss Dampier's room. It was empty, of course; chairs pushed about, windows open, work and books on the table. The paper was lying on the floor,—the passengers noticed that a corner had been torn off; a little box was open on the table, a ruby ring glittering in the tray. 'How careless,' he thought, and then went an flung himself into a great arm-chair.

So! she had been here a minute ago. There was a glove lying on a chair; there were writing materials on a side-table—a blotting-book open, pens with the ink scarcely dry; and in this room, in this place he was going to decide his fate—rightly or wrongly he could not tell. Letitia is a cold-blooded little creature, he kept saying to himself: this girl, with all her faults, with all her impulses, has a heart to break or to mend. My mother will learn too late, that I cannot submit to such dictation. By Jove, what a letter it is. He pulled it out of his pocket, read it once more, and

crumpled it up and threw it into the fire-place. It was certainly not a very wise composition—long, vicious, wry tails and flourishes. 'John, words cannot,' &c. 'What Lady Tomsey,' &c. 'How horror-struck Major Potterton,' &c.; and finally concluded with a command that he should instantly return to Schlangenbad; or, failing this, an announcement that she should immediately join him, wherever he might be.

So Sir John, in a rage, packed up and came off to Boatstown—his mother can follow him or not, as she chooses; and here is walking up and down the room, while Elly, driving over the hills, is saying farewell, farewell, good-by, to her old love forever.

As Miss Dampier said, he could not have really cared for anybody; for, by some strange contradiction, now that the die is cast, now that after all these long doubts and mistrusts he had made up his mind, somehow new doubts arise. He wonders whether he and Elly will be happy together? He pictures stormy scenes; he intuitively shrinks from the idea of her unconventionalities, her eagerness, her enthusiasm. He is a man who likes a quiet life, who would appreciate a sober, happy home—a gentle, equitable companion, to greet him quietly, to care for his tastes and his ways, to sympathize, to befriend him. Whereas now it is he who will have to study his companion all the rest of his life; if he thwarts her she will fall ill of sorrow, if he satisfies her she will ask more and more, if he neglect her—being busy, or weary, or what not—she will die of grief, if he wants sympathy and common sense she will adore him. Poor Elly! it is hard upon her that he should make such a bugbear of her poor little love. His courage is oozing out of his finger-ends. He is in a rage with her, and with himself, and with his mother, and with his aunt. He and everybody else are in a league to behave as badly as possible. He will try and do his duty, he thinks, for all that, for my hero is an honest-hearted man, though a weak one. It is not Lady Dampier's letter that shall influence him one way or another; if Elly is breaking her heart to have him, and if Letty doesn't care one way or the other, as is likely enough, well then he will marry Elizabeth, he cries, with a stout desperation, and he dashes up and down the room in a fury.

And just at this minute the waiter comes in, and says Miss Dampier has gone out for a drive, and will not be back for some time. Mr. Dampier is staying in the house, but he has gone out with her, and who shall he say? And Sir John, looking up, gives his name and says he will wait.

Upon which the waiter suddenly remembers the letter he left in his pantry, and feeling rather guilty, proposes to fetch it. And by this time Elly, and Will, and Miss Dampier have got into the carriage again and are driving home-wards.

There was a certain humility about Elly, with all her ill-humors and varieties, which seemed to sweeten her whole nature. Will Dampier, who was rather angry with her for her peevishness, could not help forgiving her, when, as he helped her out of the carriage in the courtyard, she said,—

'I don't quite know how to say it—but I was very rude just now. I was very unhappy, and I hope you will forgive me,' and she looked up. The light from the hills was still in her face.

'It was I who was rude,' says Will, good-naturedly holding out his hand; and of course he forgave her.

The band was playing, the garden was full of people; but Aunt Jenny was cold, and glad to get home. The ladies went up stairs; Will remained down below, strolling up and down in the garden with the rest of the people; but at five o'clock the indefatigable bell began to ring once more; the afternoon boat was getting up its steam, and making its preparations to cross over to the other side.

Will met a friend of his, who was going over in it, and he walked down with him to see him off. He went on board with him, shook hands, and turned to come away. At that minute some one happened to look round, and Will, to his immense surprise, recognized his cousin. That was John; those were his mutton-chop whiskers; there was no doubt about it.

He sprang forward and called him by name, 'John,' he said, 'you here?'

'Well!' said John, smiling a little, 'why not me, as well as you? are you coming across?'

'Are you going across?' said Will, doubtfully.

'Yes,' the other answered; 'I came over on business; don't say any thing of my having been here. Pray remember this. I have a particular reason.'

'I shall say nothing,' said Will. 'I am glad you are going, John,' he added, stupidly. 'I think I know your reason—a very nice, pretty reason too.'

'So those women have been telling you all about my private affairs,' said Sir John, speaking quick, and looking very black.

'Your mother told me first,' Will said. 'I saw her the other day. For all sakes I am glad you are giving up all thoughts of Elly Gilmour.'

'Are you?' said John, dryly. They waited for a minute in awkward silence, but as they were shaking hands and saying 'Good-by,' suddenly John melted, and said, 'Look here, Will, I should like to see her once more. Could you manage this for me? I don't want her to know, you know; but could you bring her to the end of the pier? I am going back to Letty, as you see, so I don't think she need object.'

Will nodded, and went up the ladder and turned towards the house without a word, walking quickly and hurrying along. The band in the garden burst out into a pretty melancholy dance tune. The sun went down peg by peg into the sea; the steamer still whistled and puffed as it got up its steam.

Elly was sitting alone. She had lighted a candle, and was writing home. Her hat was lying on a chair beside her. The music had set her dreaming; her thoughts were far away, in the dismal old home again, with Françoise, and Anthony, and the rest of them. She was beginning to live the new life she had been picturing to herself; trying to

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imagine herself good and contented in the baneful old home; it seemed almost endurable just at this minute, when suddenly the door burst open, and Will Daupier came in with his hat on.

'I want you to come out with me,' he said. 'I want you to come and see the boat off. There's no time to lose.'

'Thank you,' said Elly, 'but I'm busy.'

'It won't take you five minutes,' he said. She laughed. 'I am lazy, and rather tired.'

Will could not give up. He persisted: he knew he had a knack of persuading his old women at home; he tried it on Miss Gilmour.

'I see you have not forgiven me,' he said; you won't trust yourself with me.'

'Yes,' indeed, said Elly; 'I am only lazy.'

The time was going. He looked at his watch; there were but five minutes—but five minutes for John to take leave of his love of many a year; but five minutes and it would be too late. He grew impatient.

'Pray, come,' he said. 'I shall look upon it as a sign that you have forgiven me. Will you do me this favor—will you come? I assure you I shall not be ungrateful.'

Elly thought it odd, and still hesitated; but it seemed unkind to refuse. She got up, fetched her hat and cloak, and in a minute he was hurrying her along across the lawn, along the side of the dock, out to the pier's end.

They were only just in time. You are very mysterious, said Elly. 'Why do you care so much to see the boat go out? How chilly it is. Are you not glad to be here on this side of the water? Ah, how soon will it be time for me to go back?'

Will did not answer, he was so busy watching the people moving about on board. Puff! puff! Cannot you imagine the great boat passing close at their feet, going out in the night into the open sea; the streaks of light in the west; Elly, with flushed, rosy-red cheeks, like the sunset, standing under the light-house, and talking in her gentle voice, and looking out, saying it would be fine to-morrow?

(FO BE CONTINUED.)

A NOVEL STEAM ENGINE.

On Thursday, the 17th inst., we examined an exceedingly novel and useful steam engine, which has recently been invented by J. B. Root, of this city. As respects its arrangement and object this engine is entirely new to us, and it achieves most excellent results. In the small space afforded in 18 inches by 10, and 12 inches high, an engine is placed which has a combined piston area equal in an ordinary engine to the power of 22,9785 horses; in practice these figures will doubtless be increased. The machine is not a rotary engine, although it is quite as compact and much more simple than even one of that class. The space is not purposely contracted, nor are the steam ports narrow and crooked, or the motions of the machine cramped to save room; but it is afforded all the space necessary for its perfect operation. The stroke of the pistons is very short, being only 2½ inches; but even with this disadvantage no appreciable labor or disturbance is visible on the main shaft. The pistons are rectangular in shape, and are hung directly on the crank pin; they are two in number, and exert a continuous and steady pressure, when under steam, upon the main shaft. All the movements are in right lines, and no shock or jar is visible as the pistons change the direction of their motion. There is but one valve to these two engines, which is perfectly balanced. It is circular in form, and has an epicycloidal movement over the valve face, and admits of any amount of lap on the steam or exhaust side without choking or compression; in brief, the induction and eduction are completely under control, from the fact that the exhaust and steam openings of the valve are independent of each other, and the time of their operation is readily controlled. This machine is in fact a twin engine (if we may use such an expression without violating good grammar), having two pistons sliding in one case, which are connected directly to the crank without the intervention of any rod, link, toggle, or mechanical agency of any kind whatsoever. The motion is as regular and free as can be, and the simplicity of its construction is beautiful to the engineer. It can be instantly reversed. A stout man may almost carry a 10-horse engine under his arm. The range of uses to which this engine may be put is very wide, and it is in our opinion one of the most ingenious applications of steam we have ever seen. One of them of the size first-mentioned is now driving a large machine shop in Twenty-eighth street, and another is at work drilling armor plates for the *Dunderberg*; the engine, drill and machine are carried about by a man and two boys with all ease. We hope shortly to be able to present an engraving of this engine in full.

Here is a specimen of paradox that may amuse the young folks. There is one way in which 45 may be deducted from 45 and 45 will be the remainder. Look: Put all the numerals down in reverse order. Then put them down underneath, in their order and subtract. The sum of all three of the lines will be the same, viz: 45. Thus:

9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	—45
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—45
8	6	4	1	9	7	5	3		2—45

READY REPORT.—Among the attractions made of tin given to the pastor of one of the Connecticut churches, the other day, on the occasion of his 'tin wedding,' (tenth anniversary,) was a huge tin pen, nearly eight feet long, with nibs capacious enough to hold nearly a pint of ink. The donor wittily said, as he held up his literary and theological club:—'I did not give you this long pen to write any longer sermons.—"I hope," was the quick reply, "that they may be long enough to reach you, my friend." The giver acknowledged that he was vanquished by the first scratch of the new pen.

MANAGEMENT OF SHEEP IN SPRING AND SUMMER.—As sheep have been brought safely through the winter, they should not be allowed to suffer for want of care in spring and summer. Mutton is scarce and dear, and wool will undoubtedly command a remunerating price; there is therefore every incentive to encourage the farmer to take care of his flock.—

Except in a few instances, the wintering of sheep has not been brought to proper perfection in Michigan, the general-ity of flocks being supported through the winter on hay. The sheep is fond of nutritious food, and eating dry hay or straw, or any other sapsless provender, is apt to cause constipation and to produce which is in Scotland called 'pining,' and attacks them in seasons of great drought and scarcity. The sheep afflicted with this malady separate from the flock and retire to some lonely place, where they pine away and die. The animals, when suffering from this malady, wear an aspect of despondency and sometimes utter plaintive moans. This disease is considered to arise from disorganization of the blood, caused by a want of nutritious food during a protracted winter, a very dry summer, or a rainless autumn.—From want of nutritious food and sufficient shelter in winter, sheep fall away in condition, the wool ceases to grow, and the flock makes a poor appearance and yield of wool at shearing time. The sudden change from dry hay to rich grass has generally on unfavorable effect on sheep, and it very often causes diarrhoea, which retards the growth and wastes the strength of the animals that suffer from it.

The 'fly,' that well known tormenter of the sheep, is sometimes so troublesome that whole flocks are disturbed by its attacks, and being prevented from feeding quietly, are injured in condition and all improvement retarded.

If the injury done by the fly were confined to the annoyance and worrying of the flocks, the result would not be so bad as it really is; but unfortunately this troublesome insect deposits its eggs on such parts of the sheep as are likely to afford a safe lurking place for the noxious brood of maggots which they give birth to. Sickly sheep are generally selected by the fly as its victims, especially those which have been attacked by diarrhoea, as in these animals a considerable portion of the wool is soiled and clogged from the effects of the disease. In order to remove the lurking places of these pests the sheep should be carefully tagged early in the spring, washed with a solution of tobacco and some spirits of turpentine at shearing time, and closely examined at various times during the season.

Sometimes the attacks of the fly form a sore on the poll or other parts of the sheep; in this case a bit of adhesive plaster, formed of tar and beeswax, should be applied to the wound, and this will effectually ward off the enemy. Mr. Hogg, the celebrated 'Ettrick Shepherd,' says that he found the coarsest kind of fish oil an excellent antidote for the fly. He says that he happened to be assisting in sorting a flock of the Cheviot breed, and many of their heads were wounded by flies. The shepherds were accustomed to smear the heads of the sheep with tar; he advised them to try coarse whale oil, and the result was most satisfactory. Ewes and lambs require constant care and a plentiful supply of suitable pasture. If they are neglected in spring and summer, both will suffer damage that cannot afterwards be repaired.

HOW TO SHEAR SHEEP.—Have a stool just knee-high to the operator, 18 inches square, of soft wood planed smooth, or covered—a dry goods box that height will answer. Place your right foot on the stool, set your sheep so that his back will rest against your right thigh, with your right arm forward of his fore-legs; commence at the brisket, with your shears across the sheep, shear the belly quite down, trimming the tags, &c. The belly wool must be laid aside to be done up with the fleeces—that done, place your left foot on the stool, with the left side of the sheep resting on your left leg, back to you; commence at the point of the right shoulder, and with a curve backwards, open the wool with the shears to the back of the neck, nearly, and ending at the back of the right ear. Shear the shoulder and the neck lengthwise, and forward to the under side of the neck. As the operation progresses, turn the sheep gradually to the right, till the back rests on your thigh, with the right side to you, shear around the neck, (lengthwise,) and down on the left leg and shoulder, (the neck being the first finished,) then downward along the side, hind leg, and hump, then lengthwise upward and backward till the backbone or spine is passed a little. Now gather the fleece, holding it against the back and unshorn side, turn the sheep on his launch bones, as on a pivot, to the right, place your right foot on the stool, resting the left side of the sheep against you, with its back on your right thigh, shear down the right thigh and hump, which finishes the operation. In this way you roll the sheep out of his fleece, rolling the sheep to the right and the fleece to the left. I think there are important advantages in this method. Sheep require an easy position, or they will be restless and often unmanageable. No position is more uncomfortable to a sheep than flat on his side, and none easier than the sitting posture—though kept on end during the whole shearing. The position is changed often enough to keep the sheep from being restless; for you are turning him nearly all the time to the right—he wants no holding, his feet or legs should never be touched, and he will scarcely ever move them—if he does, he cannot touch the fleece—that is all the time out of the way of his feet, to the left. If handled gently, and not kept too long on the stool, he seems to enjoy the luxury of being divested of his fleece in warm weather. The lower point of the shears should be levelled a little, so that they will run easily over the skin without catching, and the wool should never be pulled, for the skin is raised with it. To smooth wrinkles, draw the skin with the left hand. Gentleness will make the sheep lie quiet. Finally, why not suppose this the ancient mode of shearing? I never was so fully convinced of the aptness and force of the passage (as a sheep before her shearers is dumb,) than when watching the motions of Mr. B., while shearing our sheep.—S. S. Bates, in *Rural New Yorker*.

SET OUT A FEW MORE FRUIT TREES.—Yes, set out a cherry tree by the gate near the road, and another at the end of the house to partially shade the sitting-room from the hot sun.—The cherry, when well trained, forms a regular, symmetrical tree, ornamental at least when covered with a pro-

fusion of snow white bloom, or bending beneath its load of dark red fruit. Set a pear tree in the nook by the shed, and one at each end of the carriage-house. They will injure nothing, and the rich soil will cause them to grow rapidly. Now put out a few peach trees along the garden border where the shade will scarcely injure the vegetables; or a few trees may be set compactly 15 feet apart, and the space they would shade be used for raspberries and blackberries.

There is the lane, too, leading to the pasture, which might well have a row of apple or pear trees upon each side, which will injure the adjacent fields far less than the returns they should give. The road sides, also, can be set with apple trees yielding winter fruit. Such single rows of trees usually give better returns than the same number of trees in an orchard. Again, there is the south side of the barn, shed and hovel, yes, and the tight fence upon the north side of the garden, which might be covered with grape vines and yield many bushels of fruit.

Now, reader, look about your buildings, around the yards, along the fences, etc., and see if there is not room for a few more trees. Then go to the nearest nurseryman, if he is an honest, careful grower, and select four trees, have them taken up with all the roots, take them home without exposure to the sun, and set at once in large broad holes, spreading out the roots and fibres in their natural position. If the soil is not rich, add a little old manure or ground bones at the time of setting, and hopefully await the result of your expenditures in time and money.

IMMENSE STRAWBERRY CROP.—A single fact relating to the strawberry crop of the past season will doubtless astonish many of our readers. A prominent fruit-grower of Western New York, from a single patch of sixteen acres, sent to market thirteen hundred bushels of strawberries. The entire crop was sold at an average price of one shilling per quart, realizing the snug sum of five thousand two hundred dollars, as the product of sixteen acres of ground. This may be taken as an instance of the profitableness of thoroughly scientific fruit growing.

A HINT TO BUTCHERS.—A correspondent of an English journal describes and recommends a new method of slaughtering cattle for the market, which is now practiced with success by some English butchers. The object of the new practice is to prevent the draining from the vessels of all the juices which constitute blood, which are entirely lost in the ordinary method. This object is accomplished by the admission of air into the thorax of the animal by means of puncturing between the ribs, by which process the lungs are collapsed, and cannot be again inflated. Simultaneously with this puncturing, the butcher, by means of a short, stiff knife, severs the spinal marrow, at the junction of the skull with the first joint of the neck, an operation producing instantaneous paralysis and almost immediate death. These operations secure the sudden stoppage of breathing and the immediate suspension of the circulation of the blood, by which all the venous or carbonated blood is prevented from entering the lungs, and is drained off from the carcass, while the arterial blood and sanguineous lymph are retained. This, it is said, renders the flesh more succulent and nutritious than when it is completely drained of the fluids named, as in the ordinary way. It is asserted that meat so prepared sets sooner and keeps longer, besides being richer in flavor than that prepared by the ordinary mode.

PRINCE ALBERT'S SARCOPHAGUS.—The block of granite which is to form the sarcophagus to be placed in the mausoleum recently erected at Frogmore, in which are to be deposited the remains of the late Prince Consort, is thus described:—'The block of immense size, being nine feet eight inches long, seven feet four inches broad, and three feet four inches thick, and weighs eighteen tons. It was got out of Cairngall quarry (on the estate of Mr. W. Hutchinson,) leased by Mr. McDonald, Aberdeen. For more than a year the quarry has been worked with a view to obtaining a block of sufficient dimensions, but only quite recently was it seen that the object could be attained. It has now, however, been so most satisfactorily. The stone, which is of a bluish shade, is a very beautiful specimen of Cairngall granite, and quite complete and sound. The stone is to be polished on each side, and when finished, will have a very massive and elegant appearance. The difficulty of transporting this immense block was very great. Having been placed on a substantial low wagon, sixteen powerful horses were required to drag it from Cairngall to Peterhead.'

THE DECOY WHICH MAKES YOUNG MEN DRUNKARDS.

Go with us to a public house where, where a number of young men are assembled. All is life and gaiety. A few among them may be young and timid. They approach the counter, and wine, rum, brandy are called for. One or two may stand back and say, 'No, gentlemen, we don't drink any, please excuse us.' Immediately the res turn, and begin to taunt their friends who refuse to drink, saying they are afraid of getting 'tight,' of the 'old man,' and some may whisper audibly, 'Well, they are mean fellows—they are afraid they will have to spend a cent! Here, you see, two very sensitive nerves are touched—Courage and Cleverness. Their bosoms swell with pride, and rather than bear these flings of their companions, they step up to the counter, and so join in the revelry.—The ice is now broken, the first act in the great drama performed. Others follow in natural order, until the individual who refused to drink at first, reels along the public street without shame. Such is the manner in which thousands of our promising young men are led away by a false ambition; and thousands more will follow in their path, unless they learn the meaning of courage.

Two weazels found an egg. 'Let us not fight for it,' said the elder weazel, 'but enter into partnership.'

Commercial.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

A. R. MACPHERSON & CO.'S REGISTERED PRICE CURRENT.

Table listing various commodities like Beef, Pork, Bacon, Hams, etc. with prices in Liverpool, Sept. 25th, 1863.

PETROLEUM.

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

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Table showing traffic for week ending 25th Sept., 1863, and corresponding week of last year.

AUDIT OFFICE, Hamilton, 26th Sept. 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Table showing return of traffic for the week ending Sept. 19th, 1863.

MONTREAL, Sept. 25th, 1863.

Remittances.

List of names and locations for remittances, including J. D., D. C., Wallace Town, etc.

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL.

Advertisement for North American Hotel, near G.W.R. Depot, Mt. Brydges.

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Look out for imposters, and dealers in bogus machines, who will not only tell you the bogus are quite equal to the Genuine, but superior, and that it is your duty to buy home manufactures. But if you want a Machine that will prove truly reliable, and really worth what you pay for it, buy the Genuine Singer, and you will not be disappointed.

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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. His sample rooms, for commercial travellers, are by far the best in the city.

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