

# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. II—No. 27.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 21, 1863.

[83 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
SINGLE COPIES 7 CENTS.

BRIGADE MAJOR  
JAMES MOFFAT, OF  
LONDON, C.W.

We present on this page a portrait of Brigade Major Moffat, as the second of the series promised to our readers and the public. This officer is now in his forty-third year, having been born in 1820, in the Old Burgh of Lanark, Scotland, a place so intimately associated with the name of Sir William Wallace, the renowned patriot chief, and near which are the romantic Falls of Clyde, on which so many travellers have gazed with delight. Mr. Moffat, in the spring of 1841, emigrated to the State of New York, where he resided for about three years; thence he removed to Toronto, and after some two years and a half finally settled in London, where he has resided up to the present time. He was extensively engaged in business till 1860, when he retired to enjoy the fruits of his industry. During the nine years immediately prior to that date, he had a seat at the municipal board, first as Councilman and then as Alderman; in that year he was elected Mayor, a



BRIGADE MAJOR JAMES MOFFAT.

ed by the Government, those in any degree acquainted with military affairs will at once conjecture that the Captain had many difficulties to struggle with; but they were all happily surmounted by his perseverance and the co-operation of a few others, who aided him in the undertaking. In 1861 he obtained the commission; the request was eventually commissioned by the Government. His connection with this Company, usually numbering about fifty men, was unbroken till he was elevated to his present military position. As it was necessary then that a company should be uniformed and inspected before they could be accepted of the Province. On the expiration of his term of office, he withdrew from the Council altogether.

In 1856, the commencement of the Volunteer movement, Mr. Moffat was unanimously requested by the Highland Rifle Company of London, to accept its Captaincy, and on complying with the year memorable for the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the city over which he presided, as well as to other localities in [Continued on page 349]

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Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1863.

H. GREGORY & Co.

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## THE CANADIAN

## Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

H. GREGORY & Co. Proprietors.

## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

The exuberant fancy of the Orientals has in all times found expression in poetry—sometimes extravagant to the very verge of the ridiculous, but always fervidly imaginative, and sometimes combining the most exalted feelings with the most elegant modes of expression.

This poetical temperament finds its way into the ordinary affairs of life. A spark is 'the son of the burning coal,' and where a practical and unimaginative Anglo-Saxon would be content with saying that a traveler's footmarks were effaced, the child of the desert says that 'the south wind and the north wind have woven the twisted sand to efface the marks of his footsteps.' Their proverbs, of which they have many, combine poetry with religion: 'Are not all things vain which come not from God; and will not all honors decay but those which he confers?' is a saying on every tongue; and those disposed to gravity remark that 'he who exerciseth his memory is an Imam.' We familiarly and somewhat coarsely liken a man halting between two opinions to a jackass between two bundles of hay: the Oriental represents him as 'hanging suspended between heaven and earth like King Trisancu, when the Brahmans said rise and the Gods of Swerga said fall.' Humor enters into their expressions to a great extent, for the grave Asiatic has a quick souse of the ridiculous. One whom we would designate a stupid ass is there 'as foolish as a jackass's grandfather,' a hunchback is 'deformed as the dun camel of Aod,' and a person who has too high an opinion of his own abilities is made to say, 'When the people cry aloud 'Who is the man to deliver us?' I believe that they call upon me, and I disgrace not the trust by cowardice or folly.' A disappointed man requires to be 'left solitary, like a sick camel snared with pitch;' and an Arabian Silenus says, 'suffer me while I live to drench my head with wine, lest I be thirsty in a future state.' As an excuse for giving himself up to sensual enjoyment he says that 'too much wisdom is folly; for time will produce events thou canst not foretell, and he to whom thou givest no message will bring thee unexpected news.' This is somewhat cumbersome in expression, and we find rather more truth than wit in it. In fact Eastern writers are apt to sacrifice their poetry to heavy truisms, much as Shakespeare is sometimes carried away in his happiest moments by the apparently irresistible temptation of a poor pun. We hardly need to be told that 'experience has taught me the events of to day and of yesterday; but as to to-morrow I am blind.' The following sounds rather

Milesian, but it requires its oracular gravity to make it irresistible: 'Half of man is his tongue, and the other half is his heart; the rest is only an image of flesh and blood.' Coleridge (we think) tells a story of a man with a magnificent forehead and a serenely intellectual countenance, who disenchanted his admirers by crying on the entrance of the dumplings, 'Them's the jockeys for me!' such people are not confined to the west, for an Arabian writer says, 'How many n. en dost thou see whose abundant merit, is admired; but when they open their lips behold they are as stupid as a jackass's grandfather.'

But it is in the higher branches of poetry that the Orientals display the most genius; and it is but natural that the warm children of those sunny climes, whose history reaches back till through fable and myth it touches on the very verge of the creation of man, should embody his dreams in metaphor and images of loftiest fancy. The Bible is a book of Hebrew poetry beside which all other poetry is tame; but it is unnecessary to quote illustrations therefrom in the present sketch.

Of course Eros is the inspirer of the best poetry in the East as elsewhere. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? 'Fine sentiments in prose,' we are told, 'are like gems scattered at random; but when confined in poetical measure they resemble bracelets and strings of pearl;' and the hot-blooded lover of course lays his strings of pearls at the luscious-stained feet of his heart's idol: 'Musk,' he says, 'is diffused from her raiment as the odor of the clove gilliflower is blended with the eastern gale.' Disappointment cannot dishearten him, for his 'love blazes like the balava fire under water.' And if she grows pale and warm under adverse fate he likens her to 'the Madhavi creeper whose leaves are wasted by the sultry gale, but even thus transformed she is lovely, and charms my eyes.' He tells her that his heart is consumed by love, 'as the wood Sami becomes pregnant with celestial fire.' Then he vows constancy, and says, 'the passions of men for common objects of affection are soon abated; but from the love of thee how can my heart be released?' Perchance his wooing does not prosper, and then he wanders out into the night and tells the object of his adoration that 'often has the night drawn her skirt around me to make trial of my constancy. And I said to her (when she seemed to extend her sides, to draw on her unwieldy length, and to advance slowly with her breast) 'dispel thy gloom, oh! tedious night, that the morn may rise; although my sorrows are so great that the morning light will not give me more comfort than thy shades. Oh, hideous night! a night in which the stars are prevented from rising, as if they were fettered to a rock with strong bands!' He draws many images from the starry night: 'The pleiads appeared in the heavens like a silken robe cunningly decked with gems;' and one in sorrow says, 'The gloom of my soul is like a night which the tempest hath shut in from gazing at the stars.'

We close our quotations with two selections from a battle scene that we believe can hardly be surpassed in literature for expressive power. How suggestive is 'Death the mother of vultures has been here!' And the heart-broken fugitive from the lost battle cries, 'I have seen death stumble like a blind camel; but he whom death strikes falls, and he whom she misses grows old ever to decrepitude.'

## THEATRE ROYAL, HAMILTON.

The Lessee Mr. Richardson continues unsparing in his efforts to make this place of amusement, acceptable to the lovers of the drama.

On Saturday evening Miss Cushman terminated her engagement by a brilliant repetition of Lucretia Borgia. Of her acting in this place we have already spoken, and can now endorse all that we then said of it. The scene in which she pleads with her husband Duke D'Este (Warwick) for the life of Genarro was given with a power well calculated to move and thrill the deepest sensibilities of our nature. Now imperiously demanding his release, and failing thus to move her obdurate and jealous lord, beseeching, imploring that he may be saved, with all the tender pathos of a mother's love. Compelled at last to pour out the poisoned potion for a son whom she dare not own and who knows her not, she nevertheless triumphs by an expedient which may be dramatically questionable, but which quite accords with the sympathies of the audience. The terrible interest of the scene is worthy the genius of Victor Hugo, and lost nothing of its tragic power at the hands of Miss Cushman and Mr. Warwick. Mr. Marble's Genarro was much superior to anything else we have seen him attempt.

Mr. Daly as Jeppo was eminently natural and withal irresistibly comic, which indeed he invariably is. He is a most pleasing and promising actor.

On Monday evening the new star of the company, M. Placide, made her first bow. A general favorite she promises to become. Of pleasing appearance with a clear, silvery voice, and evidently carefully educated for her profession. We have but one fault to find; some of the actors of the subordinate characters are frequently very deficient in getting off their parts. It cannot be necessary to tell the Manager that the sound of the prompter's voice breaks the charms of any play, no matter how well it may be rendered in all other respects. Let us hope that the actor alluded to will take the friendly hint.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK; A tale of Cashel, by Mrs. J. Sadleir, author of 'The Blakes and Finngaus,' 'New Lights,' 'Bessy Conway,' 'Elinor Preston,' 'Confederate Chieftains,' 'Old and New,' &c., &c. D. and S. Sadlier & Co., New York, Boston and Montreal.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of this tale, in very neat book form, from the publishers. It has already appeared as a serial in the New York Tablet. This is really an excellent work of fiction, with, we doubt not, a large amount of fact for a foundation. Both the construction of the story, and the style in which it is told, are good. Considered as a work of art, and from a Roman Catholic point of view, it approaches much nearer than is commonly seen to being 'unexceptionable'—a term, by the way, frequently enough applied where but little deserved.

THE AMERICAN ODD-FELLOW, for November, 1863. Published by John W. Orr, P. G. P., New York.

A very neat and well-conducted little serial. Its typographical appearance is really a pattern to the craft, and quite refreshing to the eye to look at.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for October, 1863. Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

We have received from the publishers the above number of the Westminster. Quite an interesting number it is too. We need scarcely remind our readers that when we bear testimony in favor of the 'Westminster,' and while according to it the praise which its marked ability deserves, it is always with certain reservations, having reference to its attitude of antagonism towards Christianity. The articles on Mexico and on Poland are especially interesting at this time. The contents are:

The French Conquest of Mexico, Romola, Miracles, Gervinus on Shakspeare, The Treaty of Vienna, Poland, Wit and Humor, The Critical Character, Victor Hugo, Mackay's Tubingen School, Contemporary Literature.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for October, 1863: Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

This number of the 'Edinburgh' has been received. The last article, one of about nineteen pages, on 'The Colonial Episcopate,' will be of particular interest in Canada. The contents are:

Queensland, Grovovius' Medieval Rome, Cadastral Survey of Great Britain, MacKnight's Life of Lord Bolingbroke, Austin on Jurisprudence, The Royal Academy, Chinchona Cultivation in India, Phillimore's Reign of George III., Tara, a Mahratta Tale, The Colonial Episcopate.

## USEFUL INFORMATION.

Health is impaired, and even life sometimes, by using imperfect, unripe, musty, or decaying articles of food. The same money's worth of a smaller amount of food is more nutritious, more healthful and more invigorating than a much larger amount of what is of an inferior quality.—Therefore get good food and keep it good until used. Remember that.

Fresh meats should be kept in a cool place, but not freezing or in actual contact with ice.

Flour and meal should be kept in a cool, dry place, with the space of an inch or more between the floor and the bottom of the barrel.

SUGARS.—Havana sugar is seldom clean, hence not so good sugar as that from Brazil, Porto Rico, and Santa Cruz; loaf, crushed, and granulated sugar have most sweetness, and go further than brown.

Butter for winter use should be made in mid-autumn. Lard that is hard and white, and from hogs under a year old, is best.

Cheese soft between the fingers is richest and best. Keep it tied in a bag in a cool, dry place. Wipe off the mould with a dry cloth.

Rice, large, clean and fresh-looking is best.

Sago, small and white, called 'Pearl,' is best.

Coffee and tea should be kept in close canisters and by themselves. Purchase the former green; roast and grind for each day's use.

Apples, oranges and lemons kept longest wrapped close in paper, and kept in a cool, dry place. Thaw frozen apples in cold water.

Bread and cake should be kept in a dry, cool place, in a wooden box, aired in the sun every day or two.

All strong-odored food should be kept by itself where it cannot scent the house.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE KISS YOU GAVE AT PARTING.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON.

You ask me what star shone in glorious gleams  
In the gloom that hung over life's billow—  
You ask me what thought came last before dreams,  
When nightly my head pressed the pillow—  
'Twas the sweet, gentle love-light, that beamed from the  
depths

Of thine eyes, while the pearl-tears were starting—  
'Twas how tenderly, fondly you pressed to my lips  
The kiss, that you gave me at parting.

You ask me what forms from the caves of the night  
Came up in fair visions before me—  
You ask me what hopes shone like angels of light,  
In their brightness came up and stood o'er me.  
'Twas the form of the maiden my bosom holds dear,  
The cause of my heart's wild, sweet smarting—  
The hopes, that buoyed up from the dell of despair,  
Was the vow that you pledged at parting.

You ask me what hand lured me on to the goal,  
Which I saw in the coal-pictures burning—  
You ask me what fancies flew back to my soul,  
When thoughts of my home were returning—  
'Twas the hand that in mine so fondly was pressed,  
Of moon's dear o'er the coals darting—  
And the sweet happy fancy that came with the rest  
Was the kiss that you gave me at parting.

BIRMBROOK, Oct. 23rd, 1863.

## THE POLISH QUESTION.

(From the Westminster Review.)

THE Polish question is indeed a striking example of the effects of a breach of international right silently concurred in by all the Powers of Europe. For nearly a hundred years it has been the standing difficulty of statesmen, the terror of sovereigns, and the hope of all the enemies of peace. Before it was first raised by the partition, there had been no sensible alteration of territory in Europe for three centuries: since that time not one century has yet passed, and Europe has not once been free for fifteen years together from convulsions, more or less directly traceable to the partition, which have changed her very face and disturbed her internal organization. With an almost inconceivable blindness, the protectors of the 'order' of 1815, instead of closing up the hideous wound that exposed the European body politic weak and defenceless to the attack of its Muscovite enemy, left open the sore to spread the seeds of chronic disease by corrupting the universal feeling of right and belief in the principles of civilization. And when the partitioning Powers, in defiance of the express stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna, not only neglected to apply to the evil they had committed the weak and inefficient remedies which they were solemnly bound to use, but did their best to turn them into poisons, Europe, as if under a heavy retribution, whose weight she felt powerless to shake off, remained passive and silent in presence of an ever-recurring and aggravated wrong. How infinitely stronger was the case of the Poles, goaded into revolution by the flagrant violation of all their rights and the barbarous tyranny of the monster who was their viceroy, than that of the dissatisfied, but neither insulted nor persecuted Belgians in 1830—and how miserably inefficient were the feeble remonstrances of France and England in the former case, as compared with the firm yet peaceful attitude of all the Powers in the latter! Our government alone seemed to have some consciousness of its duty, and protested with irresistible logic both against Russia's repeated violations of the Treaty of Vienna and monstrous doctrine that the revolution which was the consequence of those violations relieved her from her obligations to Europe under the Treaty. But these isolated protests were of no avail. Prussia, still basely sacrificing her independence to the alliance of Russia, established a cordon of troops on her frontier; and Austria, who secretly favoured the Poles, was deterred from openly pronouncing in their favor by the evident hesitation of France and England. Blocked in by enemies who surrounded her on every side, and shut out from every kind of support, Poland fell once more a victim to the fears and the political blindness of Europe. But her misfortunes, far from crushing her, inspired her with a new life. Without the constitution and the national institutions guaranteed to her by the Treaty of Vienna, oppressed and insulted by the Russianising policy of the Czars and the Germanisation of their allies, she still kept alive the flame of nationality, and eagerly watched for an opportunity to strike another blow for her independence. The opportunity was not long in coming. The absorption of Cracow by Austria—a violation of international right which was perfectly consistent with the conduct pursued by the partitioning Powers towards Poland since 1772, but which now for the first time roused the indignation of Europe—was the prelude to a European revolution in which the Poles of Prussia and Austria took part. Again they failed; but this time they had no claim, as insurgents, on the aid of Europe, as they were quite unable to oppose anything like effectual resistance to the governments against which they had risen, and Russian Poland lay paralyzed beneath the iron arm of Nicholas. In the present insurrection the case is far different. It has now lasted as long as that of 1830, and is daily increasing in strength. It is the united work of all classes of the population; it embraces the whole of ancient Poland; in a word, it exhibits all the signs of a national rising. An opportunity is now offered to Europe not only to 'prevent bloodshed' and to 'preserve social order,' as in the case of Belgium, but to vindicate the sacredness of treaties and restore the balance of power. Those who object that the restoration of Poland would not achieve the last of these objects because it would give France an ally in the north, seem to forget that there is but one alterna-

tive. The choice is between an alliance of France with a free constitutional Poland or with a despotic and aggressive Russia. Already does rumor speak of the latter as impending over the head of liberal Europe. And after all, if Europe will adhere to the duties traced out for her by her own written law, where is the danger of this Franco-Polish alliance? A Poland freed by Napoleon may indeed be tied by links of gratitude to his policy; but a Poland resuscitated under the protection of united Europe will have no motive for joining herself in a monstrous union with an aggressor and a despot. Nor does she claim or desire anything more than this protection. Her national government repudiates all foreign intervention; it asks only for a recognition by Europe of the same belligerent rights as those she has hitherto extended to every insurgent nation; to the Greeks in 1826, to the Belgians in 1830, and to the Confederate States of America since the beginning of the present civil war. And if we look at the fact that before the Treaty of Vienna the position of Poland in the international law of Europe was that of an independent nation, and that the arrangements of the Treaty which altered that position have been completely destroyed and have proved impracticable, we cannot but acknowledge that it is the duty of Europe to reconsider the position she made for Poland in 1815, and to settle its future fate in such a manner as to prevent its being a source of constant disturbance in consequence of the misgovernment and bad faith of the three Powers who by the Treaty were made its sovereigns. For it cannot be too often repeated that the right of Europe to interfere is not confined to the Congress kingdom. The articles of the Treaty we have already quoted show clearly that the administration of the Polish provinces divided among the three Powers was as much a matter of European arrangement as that of the kingdom; and that the only right enjoyed by the three partitioning Powers over their Polish possessions is derived from the Treaty of Vienna.\* This right, one at least of the Powers in question has forfeited by her persistent non-fulfilment of the conditions attached to it. The conduct of Russia with regard to the Polish articles of the Treaty of Vienna presents the grossest and most indefensible instance of that offence against the society of nations, whose necessary punishment we alluded to at the beginning of this article. 'It has been,' said our veteran statesman and diplomatist in his place in Parliament in 1861, 'the greatest violation of a treaty that has ever taken place in the history of the world.' Unless, therefore, treaties are henceforward to be mere declarations of an intention to confer certain benefits during pleasure, this violation for nearly half a century of the greatest of European treaties with impunity must be put a stop to. There can be no more dignified and effectual means of doing this than the declaration by Europe of her withdrawal of the rights she gave to Russia over Poland in 1815. Such a course could not deprive Europe of her right to interfere in Poland; on the contrary, it would make that right only the stronger, for it would make it dependent, not on the title-deed of the Treaty of Poland of 1815, but on that of the lawfully independent Poland of 1782. Further, it would be both the reason and the explanation of the recognition of the Poles as belligerents, who will then be entitled to fight, not for the restricted rights under the Treaty, but for their full rights as a lawfully independent nation. The objections which have been urged against this recognition are easily shown to be futile. It has been said that, unless an insurgent country is sufficiently strong to have reasonable hopes of success, its recognition as a belligerent would be useless and even mischievous; that the Poles have no regular army, and do not occupy any towns; and that therefore they can have no claim to such a recognition. The principle is, no doubt, a sound one; but it will be difficult to support the inference which is drawn from it.

The true measure of the strength of an insurrection obviously consists in the difficulties it has overcome and the advance it has made towards success. In 1830 Poland had one of the finest regular armies in Europe, and was in full possession of all her towns; yet she failed, after an insurrection which lasted only nine months—a period during which the present rising has steadily increased in force and extent. And if we look at the strength which the Confederates of America have put forward during their insurrection, which nevertheless was considered sufficiently great to justify their recognition by Europe as belligerents, we shall find that their efforts have been as nothing compared with those of the Poles. The Confederates, rich, free, and prosperous, began the struggle with their own ground for a disputed question of Federal rights; the Poles, ground down by a despotism without parallel, impoverished by excessive taxation, and watched by the most elaborate system of espionage in the world, rose against their oppressors, unarmed and surrounded by enemies, for the holy cause of independence and freedom. The Confederates are defending themselves against an invader from without; the Poles are making desperate efforts to expel the oppressor within. And on which side has been the balance of success? The vast armies of the South, fighting for a point of law, are yielding; the half-starved and ill-armed insurgents, fighting for their homes and all that is most dear to them, are disputing, step by step, every inch of their country with the enemy, defeating his troops, counter-checking his manœuvres, and superseding his government by their own. By their strength, therefore, at least as much as by the justice of their cause and the barbarity of their opponents, and as a logical consequence of Russia's rejection of the propositions of the Powers, have the Poles a right to claim from Europe recognition as belligerents. Nor would this recognition be a mere barren advantage to the insurgents. Besides opening to them all the markets

\* See Lord Palmerston's Despatches to Lord Hoytesbury, March 22, 1831, and March 12, 1832.

† The rumored grant of a Constitution to Russia and Poland was so glaringly improbable that none but those who were totally ignorant of the real state of those countries gave it any credit. It has already been denied by the official organs of the Russian Government.

of Europe for the purchase of materials of war, it would, combined with the declaration of their right to independence, cause an open breach between Russia and the Powers making the declaration. From the consequences of such a breach England and France would have nothing to fear; and the effect of this decisive step on their part would be to give Austria an opportunity of practically proving her liberal professions by making Galicia an independent State, and thereby obtaining that influence in Germany and over her own motley territories which she covets so much. It would practically throw back Russia into Asia, and thus put an end to those dangerous schemes of Pan-Slavism which threaten the disruption of Austria and Turkey, and the consequent enslavement of Eastern and Central Europe. It would dissipate the dangers of a European war by establishing a principle of common and peaceful action against Russia. Finally, it would introduce the reign of peace and order in Europe, by showing the determination of the Powers to prove that right is stronger than might, and that neither the integrity of nations nor the faith of treaties shall in future be violated with impunity.

## THE CLOSE OF THE RUSSIAN FESTIVITIES IN NEW YORK.

(From the New York Herald.)

At last we can announce the close of the Russian *fetes*, or farces. Glad as we are that all the fuss and parade is over, we cannot allow the occasion to pass without a few sensible words in regard to those who have made themselves so entirely ridiculous during these farcical performances. The great Napoleon, when confined upon the Island of St. Helena, uttered the memorable proverb that if you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar beneath. Napoleon never said anything more true, and we have found it so during our recent experience in entertaining the officers of the Russian fleet now in our harbor.

Upon the arrival of the Russian fleet in our harbor we were seized with a Russian mania. Our citizen soldiers paraded the streets, muddied their trousers, to show themselves to the Russians, and were quietly ignored at the Russian dinner. This dinner was got up lavishly—although lard and tallow and train oil would have done as well as game, and pastry, and champagne—but the speeches were exceedingly farcical, especially in those portions which essayed to draw a comparison between the Emperor Alexander and President Lincoln. Then came the ball, which was, as we predicted, a farce and a failure. So ends the history of the Russian festivities; and what have we gained by them? Is it the sympathy of the Russian Czar? We had that before, in a diplomatic way, and it really amounts to nothing. Russia sends her navy here to keep it safe in the event of a war with France; but we doubt if she would send it here if we needed it to aid us in fighting England. Her navy, in fact, is not worth the sending. One of our Ironsides could blow it out of water, with all the barbarians on board, in a couple of hours. How else can Russian sympathy avail us? What assistance is her barbarian legation or her barbarian diplomacy to a people able to take care of themselves? If she has any sympathy to spare let her expend it upon the Poles, who have groaned for half a century under her iron yoke, and have been deprived of all their natural and national rights, except the right of being sent to Siberia. For free America to become cheek by jowl with such a despotism is contrary to all the traditions, all the sentiments and all the principles of this republic. We may have forgotten this during our recent excitement. Let us remember it now.

A CUTE LAWYER.—A gentleman, on dying, left all his estates to a monastery, on condition that, on the return of his only son, who was then abroad the worthy fathers should give him whatever they should choose. When the son came home he went to the monastery, and received but a small share, the monks choosing to keep the greater part to themselves. A barrister, to whom he happened to mention the case, advised him to sue the monastery, and promised to gain his cause. The gentleman followed his adviser. 'The testator,' said the ingenious barrister, 'has left his son that share of the estate which the monks should choose; these are the express words of the will. Now, it is plain what they have chosen, by what they keep for themselves. My client, then, stands upon the words of the will. Let us have,' said he, 'the part they have chosen, and I am satisfied. And he gained the suit.'

No mode of payment can be fair which overlooks the previous training of the workman. Sir Joshua Reynolds was once asked by a person for whom he had painted a small picture how he could charge so much for a work which only employed him for five days? 'Five days!' replied Sir Joshua, 'why I have expended the work of thirty-five years upon it.'

John Reeve was once accosted by a man, with a bottle of gin in his hand, 'Pray, sir, is this the way to the poor house?' John gave him a look of clerical dignity, and pointing to the bottle, said, 'No, sir, but that is.'

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

There is a young woman in Nova Scotia, seventeen years of age, who is seven feet two inches in height. She measures forty-three inches round the waist, thirty-three inches from her armpit to the tip of her fingers, weighs 274 pounds and has a foot thirteen inches long. She is good looking, quite social, although diffident, not being accustomed to see the public, and her name is Anna Swan.

'A gentleman in our office,' remarks Dr. Eddy, 'the other day stated that he had a system by which he could remember things almost *ad infinitum*. We like to hear him, for he talks heartily. By and by he started and walked along nearly to the stair-door, when suddenly he returned, and with sanguiferous hue said, 'I forgot my hat!'

'In short, ladies and gentlemen,' said a speaker, in a husky voice, and perspiring freely, 'I can only say that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotions of my heart.' The newspapers printed the speech leaving the 'n' out of the 'window.'

We have found somewhere an entirely new reading of Shakespeare, and herewith present a part of the 'crooked-back tyrant's' first soliloquy, slightly Teutonized, for the especial consideration of oratorical Strobel:

'Now ish de vinter mit mine dishcontent,  
Made funny by mine leetle son Shake,  
Vot I ish yumpin up and down on  
My knee mit—Dunder and blitzen!  
Catorine, here! take the shild, kwick!  
I dinks I go and shango de log  
Von mine breeches.'

The man who now-n-days will write,  
And not prepay his letter,  
Is worsor than the heathen are,  
What don't know any better.  
And if you take a fine-tooth comb,  
And rake down all creation,  
You could't find a moneer man  
In this ore mighty nation.'

#### SPRING.

THE original of the engraving of "Spring," which will be found in the present number of our paper is the work of Mr. Hill and was lately exhibited by that gentleman at the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, at Suffolk street, London.

The best shots among the English riflemen are said to be blue eyed men, from which it is inferred that blue-eyes are superior to black eyes in practical usefulness.

IMMIGRATION.—One hundred and sixty thousand immigrants have landed at New York during the present year, the greater part being attracted by the high wages consequent on the war, and by the wise policy of giving land free to all willing to cultivate.

A pipe-smoking employee in the store of the Pennsylvania Oil Company, at Milwaukee, recently exploded a cask of benzine, and the explosion and the fire that ensued caused a loss of \$40,000.

#### FEARFUL SOUNDS IN THE DARK.

In the dark our ears become preternaturally vigilant. Blind people hear better than those who see, and most of us hear many sounds in the night that would make no impression on our tympanums by daylight. The worst of it is that in the absence of the assuring light we are apt to attribute every noise to the worst possible cause that the imagination can assign for it. We ought to trust in the care of a watchful providence as implicitly at midnight as at midday—but we don't. The great volume of sound comprised in the voices of the day having spent itself, and comparative silence having succeeded, the occasional voices of the night are heard with wonderful distinctness. Discarding obvious probabilities, the timid, trembling in their beds, construct out of the slenderest possibilities theories of appalling horror. If a stair creaks, as stairs, for some weird purpose of their own will creak at the witching hour, it is a burglarious foot ascending; if a rat is plying his dental saw behind the surface, it is a 'robber effecting an entrance'; if the wind whis-

An intelligent gentleman who has recently visited Washington, says that he found the question 'who is to be the next President?' mingling itself more or less, with nearly all public questions. 'Its shadow,' said he, 'is everywhere.'

The New York hotels now charge \$3 50 per diem. 'Cheap undertakers' in London agree to bury children for three shillings—75 cents—price of coffin included.

WINE, WINE, MIGHTY WINE!—'They tell me wine gives strength,' said Fox one day, 'and yet I, who have just drunk three bottles, cannot keep myself on my legs!'

An exchange says:—'The Astor House Dinner to the Russian officers was, it is said, strictly a private affair. Only one reporter was admitted, but all the papers, of course, published an account of the affair. There were 200 persons at the table and fifty waiters—all alike—except the officers—dressed in black coats, white waistcoats, neck ties, &c. J. T. Brady presided. Ladies in full dress were admitted as spectators. New York ideas of privacy are peculiar.'

Bishop Colenso is now styled the present Banquo of the English Church.

If you would learn to bow, watch a mean man when he talks to a man of wealth. A narrow-minded man can no more stand upright in the presence of a money bag than he can throw a somersault over the moon.

Bar-soap should be piled up with spaces between them in a dry cellar, having the air all around it to dry in for months before using; the drier the less waste.

Cranberries kept covered with water will keep for months in a cellar.

Potatoes spread over a dry floor will not sprout. If they do, cut off the sprout often. If frozen, thaw them in hot water and cook at once. By peeling off the skin after they are cooked, the most nutritious and healthy part is saved.

Corned beef should be put in boiling water, and boil steadily for several hours.

Hominy or 'samp,' should steep in warm water all night and boil all next day in an earthen jar surrounded with water.



SPRING.

A BUTTON-HOLE MACHINE.—After much time, and a great expense, a machine for sewing button-holes has at length been produced. One thousand button-holes can be made per day on this machine, a sufficient attestation of its value to manufacturers and others.

The Montauk nation of Indians, once one of the most powerful in America, has dwindled down to five persons. Their present King is Sylvester Pharo. His subjects are Elisha, Bill, Dave and Stephen. King Pharo does not keep a standing army, declaring that the revenues of his kingdom will not admit of it.

The Archbishop of Utrecht was shot some weeks ago at his own house near Bois le Duc. He will give no information tending to the discovery of the shooter—a kind of secrecy which causes some comment.

Pride in a beauty is like a flaw in a diamond.

bles through a keyhole, it is a thief's signal; if a sash rattles, it is somebody 'trying' the shutters or the handle of the door. Furniture, especially old furniture, has a way of making queer little cracking noises in the night as if it were stretching its limbs after being relieved of its daily burden, and 'somebody in the room' is the illogical inference from the premises. Then to the superstitious the howl of disconsolate curs, that are as much afraid of the dark as children, is full of melancholy bodings, and there are other nocturnal 'acoustic effects' of various kinds that seem to the overstrung sense like the echoes of yawning graves and things of that kind. We say nothing of those hairy devils, the cats, whose wails and yells are worthy of pandemonium itself. How pleasantly the rooster's cheerful 'larum' breaks in upon all these earstabbing nuisances, and how delightful the first gleam of dawn, that brings with it a sense of safety and sleep, the offspring of tranquility.

But, after all, the voices of the night are most saddening to the lonely watcher who fears neither ghosts nor burglars.

If that watcher be a woman waiting for her truant lord, how every footstep that passes the door seems to tread upon her heart. All the neighboring husbands—and some of them are wild ones—have gone home, but yet he comes not. Where is he? In a drinking saloon? In a gambling house? or in some other place yet more horrible for a true, loving wife to think of? What cares she for robbers? what can they steal of any value to one from whom a husband has already stolen peace and hope. What is life to the outraged and forsaken, that she should fear the midnight assassin!

To the tender watcher in the sick-room, where life and death contend for husband, child or parent, brother, sister or dear friend, the night is inexpressibly terrible. The fitful breath, the fluttering pulse, felt so often with trembling fingers, the dismal ticking of the time-piece that seems beating 'funeral marches to the grave'—what sensations they create. Well says the inspired writer, 'Sorrow endureth for a night; joy cometh with the morning.'

sion of Major from the Government of the day, in accordance with the standing order which raises a Captain to a Major, after a term of five years' continuous service. In the same year he was nominated by the government as one of six to undergo a course of musketry instruction with Her Majesty's 47th Regiment, stationed at St. Helen's Island, Montreal, under Captain Newman of that regiment, as temporary substitute for Captain Lacy, who by imperative duty elsewhere was prevented from imparting the instructions as was originally designed. However, he, with his five companions, was on the same occasion examined by Captain Lacy and obtained, along with the rest, a first-class certificate pronouncing him qualified to teach the Volunteers. The certificate was ratified by the Government, and his Excellency Governor Head published a general order complimenting him and his associates in drill. The understanding, we believe, was that so soon as they obtained their certificate, these gentlemen should commence to instruct Volunteers; but from some cause or other the Musketry Instructors were never called upon to discharge their functions. Had the original intention been carried out, Major Moffat would have been Military Instructor for the 8th Military District, for that district had been assigned him. In November, 1862, he was appointed Brigade Major for the 9th Military District, embracing the counties of Kent, Essex and Lambton. On his appointment he immediately entered on the duties of his situation, and opened an office in Chatham. When he first visited his district, he found only one troop of Volunteers in existence—a cavalry troop of thirty men. Since that period, ten companies have been recognised and accepted by Government, numbering 580 men, officers included. In addition to these eleven other companies have been offered to Government, amounting in all, officers as well as men, to 605; and these are now waiting official recognition, that they may be joined to the regular Volunteer force of the country. Thus 1,218 Volunteers have been enrolled by Major Moffat since he was designated to the military district under his superintendence. He has every reason, on this account, to speak in the most decided terms of the patriotic spirit manifested by the inhabitants of the three counties, and it must be no less satisfactory to the country at large. It is pleasing to learn that everywhere the Major has met with the warmest reception, and that he could not have desired a more efficient promptitude than has been shown to assist him in his responsible duties. The spirit of the people was manifestly ripe for the Volunteer movement, and no sooner was an effort made to enlist those who were ready to enter the service than it was responded to with zeal and alacrity. It will be recollected that two companies belonging to the Ninth District, the one from Windsor, the other from Chatham, were in attendance, at their own cost, at the Bradford Review, and had the honor of being highly commended for their bearing and proficiency; a fact creditable alike to the Brigade Major and to the officers subject to his authority. The writer of these lines may be permitted to add, from personal knowledge of Major Moffat, that along with an intelligent mind, he has always manifested an honesty, an energy and a decision of character that must tend to render him a valuable officer in his country's service. Major Moffat, we may mention, by the way, stands within a dot of five feet ten inches in height, and is quite a fine looking man, with a good military appearance.

The poorer classes of women in England, as late as the beginning of the present century, were employed in many towns in carrying bricks and mortar on their heads to the masons at work, on even the highest buildings. Women stripped from shoulder to loins may even now be seen picking up lumps of coal from the Tyne mud, when the water is low, much to the offence of strangers, if not the people of Newcastle.

England is done with the Ionian Islands. The Parliament has voted, almost unanimously, the annexation of the Seven Islands to the Kingdom of Greece, there being only three dissentients.

The last idea of Paris is a plan in alto-relievo of the whole of Europe, not in maps or models, but actually raised out of the ground. A garden is to be set aside for the modeller, who, taking Mount Blanc, fifteen feet high, as his *point de depart*, is to raise in just proportion around it the rest of the mountains of Europe, pour the seas into their proper places, and intersect the whole with roads, canals, railways and telegraphs. A steam engine is to act the part of the moon, and regulate the tides. It will be a geographical garden, where "he who runs may read."

Stewart of New York has black silks for sale at only twelve dollars per yard!

The English troop-ship Silver Eagle, from Shanghai for Woolwich, was boarded by a rebel privateer near St. Helena. The officer demanded to see the ship's papers. Captain Longman, of the Silver Eagle, refused to show them, and suddenly pointing to two hundred British marines, who were armed and drawn up for the occasion, told the rebel officer to help himself, if he wanted anything. He cleared out on the double quick.

THE RUSSIAN FESTIVITIES.

From the New York World.

The brilliant succession of courtesies with which our municipal authorities and citizens have welcomed this first visit of a Russian fleet to our port, closed with the ball of which our columns this morning presents so life-like a picture. We shall perhaps venture on an act of questionable taste in asking whether the occasion, the guests, and the domestic circumstances of the entertainers justified these demonstrative hospitalities. We are a nation smitten with the heaviest calamity which the chastening hand of Providence can inflict or permit. A family in affliction may certainly treat its guests with kindness and consideration; but does it accord with *les bienséances* to entertain them, under such circumstances, with a round of showy and expensive gayeties? Does it not rather savour of unseemly levity to indulge in all this meretricious parade when the destroyer has brought desolation to our firesides and the thunder-clouds of war darken the whole land? We feel the difficulty of alluding to this subject in fit terms while the guests are still within our doors. The faults of taste are not on their side; they have accepted with decorous cordiality such hospitalities as we have chosen to offer them. Even if their sense of fitness has been shocked, they could not without churlishness (being our guests) refuse to partake of such viands as we set before them. It would be an unpardonable rudeness to discuss in their presence their title to this extraordinary consideration; and Admiral Lisovski, with admirable sense and modesty, precluded such discussions, at the very beginning of these demonstrations, by interpreting them as courtesies to his nation and not to the *personnel* of his fleet. It is only because these festivities have, or may be supposed to have, a political significance, and are consequently liable to prejudicial misconstruction, that we venture upon the delicate task of appreciating their true significance; a task on which we enter (we scarce need say) with the most kindly and respectful feelings to Admiral Lisovski and the officers of his squadron. If your cook has served up what passes for woodcock, there is no indecency in honestly telling your guests that it is only quail.

Our Russian friends must understand that we Americans are probably the most excitable and the least self-contained people in the world. The philosophic De Tocqueville regarded this emotional peculiarity as one of the effects of our democratic institutions, and explained it very much as he did the habitual inflation of our orators and the spasmodic exaggeration which affects our literature. We should rather seek its explanation in the physical and climatic influences which have operated so great a change in the ethnological type with which we set out on this continent. The Englishman, constantly enveloped in an atmosphere of great humility, is stout and rotund, with the phlegmatic temper which suits with such a figure. But Americans are cast by Providence on the broadest part of a continent, where the prevailing winds are from the west, sweeping over the vast expanse of land that stretches from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. We are desiccated by these dry westerly winds. We lose the fullness and rotundity of the Englishman; we become lean, lank, wiry, eager, restless, constantly craving for excitement. We consume large quantities of stimulating animal food; we are addicted to tobacco, strong coffee and tea, and alcoholic liquors; all of which, in the profusion with which our whole population use them in this land of abundance, increase the restlessness induced by the dryness of our atmosphere. Add to these physical causes the incentives to ambition supplied by eager competition for wealth and office, where wealth and office are within the reach of our whole population, and there is nothing enigmatical in the vehemence and extravagance with which we give chase, to every passing occasion for excitement. A higher intellectual and social culture may partially restrain this tendency but probably nothing will ever eradicate it.

When the boy Iulus, in the *Æneid*, is mounted with his young companions, on prancing steeds, he sends up a fervent wish that a lion, or at least a foaming boar, would descend from the mountains and cross their path, that they might enjoy the exhilaration of the chase. He did not intend it as a great compliment to the animals; for he would have run down one with the same zest as the other. The wish of Iulus resembles the habitual mood of the Americans. We give a rapturous welcome alike to lion and boar—to the heir of the British throne, and to hideous little Japanese 'Tommy.' We got fuddled with hospitable folly over Charles Dickens, and he showed his sense of the compliment by going home and satirizing us like a snob in his 'American Notes.' We run mad with frothy excitement over Kossuth; bought his ridiculous Hungarian scrip; gave him what he called 'material aid'; were ready, for the moment, to cut loose from the counsels of Washington and intervene against Russia and Austria; but the effervescence of that foolish delirium subsided while Kossuth was still among us, and he was compelled to skulk out of the country under the disguise of an assumed name. Facts like these are of constant occurrence in our history; and if our present guests understood them, they would feel no undue elation (as we believe they do not) at this parade of disproportionate attentions.

Disproportionate, certainly—as Admiral Lisovski took the first opportunity to intimate to us—if meant for him personally; and misplaced at this time, if they could possibly be intended as a demonstration in the face of Europe, of friendship to the Russian nation. Most assuredly we do not intend to say to Europe that we regard our contest with the South as resembling that of Russia against Poland! No! We are fighting against the dismemberment of a nation; Russia was a party to the dismemberment of the nation that is now struggling to break her shackles.

The partition and appropriation of Poland was the greatest crime in modern history, and is so regarded by all liberal men in Europe. May the day be far distant when Americans, especially, shall cease to revere the memory of Kosciuszko! No! we are *not* saying to Europe, by these ill-timed festivities, that we consider our war identical in principle with that which Russia is waging against Poland; we are merely making one of those thoughtless and shallow demonstrations which have grown with us into a habit,

and in which we indulge more for morbid self-gratification than either to honor our guests or to declare our sentiments. Whether we consider our own domestic circumstances or the present domestic circumstances of Russia, we are constrained to think that this is an American custom which, in this case at least, were more honored in the breach than in the observance.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

EDITED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE ONTARIO CHESS CLUB, OF HAMILTON.

Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Illustrated Canadian News.

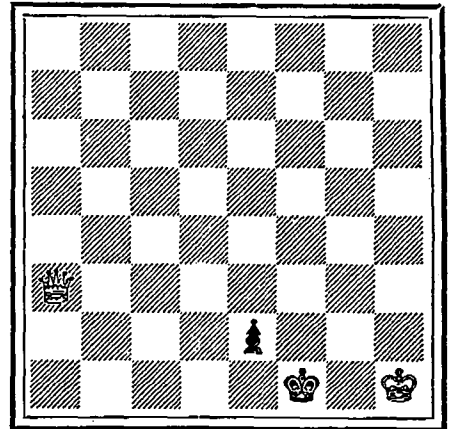
PROBLEM NO. 5.

An error unfortunately occurred in setting up this position. The Bishop on Q B 7 should have been a *White* instead of a *Black* one. We withhold the solution until next week.

PROBLEM No. 6.

By SAMUEL LLOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in five moves.

(From the London Era.)

The following two interesting games are a good specimen of the Kieseritzky defence to the King's Bishop's Gambit. They were played between Mr. Paulson and some skilful German Amateurs.—The attack and defence in both games were conducted with great spirit and dash. Mr. Paulson's play, as usual, calling of high commendation.

GAME I.

King's Bishop's Gambit.

- |                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| White—Amateurs.       | Black—Mr. P.       |
| 1. P to K 4           | 1. P to K 4        |
| 2. P to K B 4         | 2. P takes P       |
| 3. B to B 4           | 3. P to Q Kt 4 (a) |
| 4. B takes K B P (ch) | 4. K takes B       |
| 5. Q to R 5 (ch)      | 5. P to Kt 3       |
| 6. Q to Q 5 (ch)      | 6. K to Kt 2       |
| 7. Q takes R          | 7. Q Kt to B 3 (b) |
| 8. K Kt to B 3        | 8. B to B 4        |
| 9. P to Q Kt 4        | 9. B to Kt 3       |
| 10. B to Kt 2 (ch)    | 10. Kt to B 3.     |
| 11. P to K 5          | 11. Kt to K 5      |
| 12. P to K 6 (ch) (c) | 12. Kt to B 3 (d)  |
| 13. Kt to K 5         | 13. Q to K 2       |
| 14. K to Q sq         | 14. Q takes P      |
| 15. R to K sq         | 15. Q to Q 3       |
| 16. Kt takes Kt       | 16. P takes Kt     |
| 17. B to K 5 (e)      | 17. Q takes B (f)  |
| 18. R takes Q         | 18. B to Kt 5 (ch) |
| 19. K to K sq         | 19. R takes Q      |
| 20. P to B 3          | 20. P to B 6       |
| 21. P takes P         | 21. B takes P      |
| 22. P to Q 4          | 22. P to Q R 4     |
| 23. Kt to Q 2         | 23. B to Q 4       |
| 24. P to Q R 4        | 24. R P takes P    |

And White resigns.

[a] A move first indicated by Kieseritzky.  
[b] This is Black's best move; it keeps the adverse Queen confined for a long time.

[c] This was premature; White should first have played P to Q 3, forcing the Kt to move, when the advance of the K's P would then have been much more effective.

[d] A resource that would not have been available had the Kt been attacked, as we indicated in the previous note.

[e] A bad move which loses a piece. The game, however, could not have been saved.

[f] Mr. Paulson does not fail to take prompt advantage of his adversary's weak play.

GAME II.

King's Bishop's Gambit.

- |                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| White (Mr. P.)        | Black (Amateurs.)      |
| 1. P to K 4           | 1. P to K 4            |
| 2. P to K B 4         | 2. P takes P           |
| 3. B to B 4           | 3. P to Q Kt 4         |
| 4. B to Kt 3          | 4. P to Q R 4          |
| 5. B Kt to B 3        | 5. P to R 5            |
| 6. B takes P [ch] [a] | 6. K takes B           |
| 7. Q to R 5 [ch]      | 7. P to Kt 3 [b]       |
| 8. Q to Q 5 [ch]      | 8. K to Kt 2           |
| 9. Q takes R          | 9. Q to R 5 [ch]       |
| 10. K to Q sq [c]     | 10. P to B 7           |
| 11. K Kt to K 2       | 11. Q takes P          |
| 12. K R to Kt sq      | 12. Q takes R P        |
| 13. Q takes Kt        | 13. P to B 4           |
| 14. Q takes B         | 14. B to B 4           |
| 15. Q takes Q P [ch]  | 15. Kt to K 2          |
| 16. P to Q 4          | 16. Q takes R [ch] [d] |
| 17. Kt takes Q        | 17. P to B 7           |
| 18. B to R 6 [ch]     |                        |

And Black resigns.

[a] By this ingenious manoeuvre White obtains a superior game.

[b] Black had no better move; for if K to K 2, White would reply with Q to K 5 [ch], and then Q to Q 5 [ch], leading to the same result.

[c] We should have preferred playing the K to B sq.

[d] An oversight, we suppose, which loses the game inevitably.

## THE ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.

'We had a voyage of eleven days. But to me an immense amount of experience was crowded into that brief period. The fine exhilaration of the start,—the breeze gradually increasing to a gale; then horrible sea-sickness, home-sickness, love-sickness; after which, the weather which sailors love, games, gaiety, and flirtation. There is no such social freedom to be enjoyed anywhere as on board an ocean steamer. The breaking up of old associations, the opening of a fresh existence, the necessity of new relationships,—this fuses the crust of conventionality, quickens the springs of life, and renders character sympathetic and fluent. The past is easily put away; we become plastic to new influences; we are delighted at the discovery of unexpected affinities, and astonished to find in ourselves so much wit, eloquence, and fine susceptibility, which we did not before dream we possessed.

'This freedom is especially provocative of flirtation. We see each fair brow touched with a halo whose colors are the reflection of our own beautiful dreams. Loveliness is tenfold more lovely, bathed in this atmosphere of romance; and manhood is invested with ideal graces. The love within us rushes, with swift, sweet heart-beats, to meet the love responsive in some other. Don't think I am now artfully preparing your mind to excuse what I am about to confess. Take these things into consideration, if you will; then think as you please of the weakness and wild impulse with which I fell in love with—

'We will call her Flora. The most superb, captivating creature that ever ensnared the hearts of the sons of Adam. A fine olive complexion; magnificent dark auburn hair; eyes full of fire and softness; lips that could pout or smile with incomparable fascination; a figure of surprising symmetry, just voluptuous enough. But after all, her great power lay in her freedom from all affectation and conventionality,—in her spontaneity, her free, sparkling, and vivacious manners. She was the most daring and dazzling of women, without ever appearing immodest or repulsive. She walked with such proud, secure steps over the commonly accepted barriers of social intercourse, that even those who blamed her and pretended to be shocked were compelled to admire. She was the belle, the Juno, of the saloon, the supreme ornament of the upper deck. Just twenty,—not without wit and culture,—full of poetry and enthusiasm. Do you blame me?

'Not a whit, I said; 'but for Margaret!—

'Ah, Margaret!' said Westwood, with a sigh. 'But, you see, I had given her up. And when one love is lost, there sink such awful chasms into the soul, that though they cannot be filled, we must at least bridge them over with a new affection. The number of marriages built in this way, upon false foundations of hollowness and despair, is incomputable. We talk of jilted lovers and disappointed girls marrying 'out of spite.' No doubt such petty feeling hurries forward many premature matches. But it is the heart, left shaken, unsupported, wretchedly sinking, which reaches out its feelers for sympathy, catches at the first penetrable point, and clings like a helpless vine to the sunny-sided wall of the nearest consolation. If you wish to marry a girl and can't, and are weak enough to desire her still, this is what you should do: get some capable man to jilt her. Then seize your chance. All the affections which have gone out to him, unmet, ready to droop, quivering with the painful, hungry instinct to grasp some object, may possibly lay hold of you. Let the world sneer; but God pity such natures, which lack the faith and fortitude to live and die true to their best love!

'Out of my own mouth do I condemn myself? Very well, I condemn myself; *peccavi!* If I had ever loved Margaret, then I did not love Flora.' The same heart cannot find its counterpart indifferently in two such opposites. What charmed me in one was her purity, softness, and depth of soul. What fascinated me in the other was her bloom, beauty, and passion. Which was the true sympathy?

'I did not stop to ask that question when it was most important that it should be seriously considered. I rushed into the crowd of competitors for Flora's smiles, and distanced them all. I was pleased and proud that she took no pains to conceal her preference for me. We played chess; we read poetry out of the same book; we ate at the same table; we sat and watched the sea together, for hours, in those clear, bright days; we promenaded the deck at sunset, her hand upon my arm, her lips forever turning up tenderly towards me, her eyes pouring their passion into me. Then those glorious nights, when the ocean was a vast, wild, fluctuating stream, flashing and sparkling about the ship, spanned with a quivering bridge of splendor on one side, and rolling off into awful darkness and mystery on the other; when the moon seemed swinging among the shrouds like a ball of white fire; when the few ships went by like silent ghosts; and Flora and I, in a long trance of happiness, kept the deck, heedless of the throng of promenaders, forgetful of the past, reckless of the future, aware only of our own romance, and the richness of the present hour.

'Joseph, my travelling-companion, looked on, and wrote letters. He showed me one of these, addressed to a friend of Margaret's. In it he extolled Flora's beauty, piquancy, and supremacy; related how she made all the women jealous and all the men mad; and hinted at my triumph. I knew that that letter would meet Margaret's eyes, and was vain enough to be pleased.

'At last, one morning, at daybreak, I went on deck, and saw the shores of England. Only a few days before, we had left America behind us, brown and leafless, just emerging from the long gloom of winter; and now the slopes of another world arose green and inviting in the flush of spring. There was a bracing breeze; the dingy waters of the Mersey rolled up in wreaths of beauty; the fleets of ships, steamers, sloops, lighters, pilot-boats, bounding over the waves, meeting, tacking, plunging, swaying gracefully under the full-swinging canvas, presented a picture of wonderful animation; and the mingling hues of sunshine and mist hung over all. I paced the deck, solemnly joyful, swift thoughts pulsing through me of a dim far-off Margaret, of a near radiant Flora, of hope and happiness superior to fate. It was one of those times when the excited soul transfigures the world, and we marvel how we could ever succumb to a transient sorrow while the whole universe blooms, and an infinite future waits to open for us its door of wonder and joy.

'In this state of mind I was joined by Flora. She laid her hand on my arm, and we walked up and down together. She was serious, almost sad, and she viewed the English hills with a pensiveness which became her better than mirth.

'So,' she sighed, 'all our little romances come to an end?' 'Not so,' I said; 'or if one romance ends, it is to give place to another, still truer and sweeter. Our lives may be all a succession of romances, if we will make them so. I think now I will never doubt the future; for I find, that, when I have given up my dearest hopes, my best-beloved friends, and accepted the gloomy belief that all life besides is barren,—then comes some new experience, filling my empty cup with a still more delicious wine.'

'Don't vex me with your philosophy!' said Flora. 'I don't know anything about it. All I know is this present,—this sky, this earth, this sea, and the joy between, which I can't give up quite so easily as you can, with your beautiful theory, that something better awaits you.'

'I have told you,' I replied,—for I had been quite frank with her,—how I left America,—what a blank life was to me then; and did I not turn my back upon all that to meet face to face the greatest happiness which I have ever yet known? Ought not this to give me faith in the divinity that shapes our ends?'

'And so,' she answered, 'when I have lost you, I shall have the satisfaction of thinking that you are enjoying some still more exquisite consolation for the slight pang you may have felt at parting from me! Your philosophy will make it easy for you to say, "Good-bye! it was a pretty romance; I go to find prettier ones still;" and then forget me altogether!'

'And you,' I said, 'will that be easy for you?' 'Yes,' she cried, with spirit,—'anything is easy to a proud impetuous woman, who finds that the brief romance of a ten-days' acquaintance has already become tiresome to the second party. I am glad I have enjoyed what I have; that is so much gain, of which you cannot rob me; and now I can say good-bye as coolly as you, or I can die of shame, or I can at once walk over this single rail into the water, and quench this little candle, and so an end!'

'She sprang upon a bench, and I swear to you, I thought she was going down! I was so excited by this passionate demonstration, that I should certainly have gone over with her, and felt perfectly content to die in her arms,—at least until I began to realize what a very disagreeable bath we had chosen to drown in.

'I drew her away; I walked up and down with that superb creature panting and palpitating almost upon my heart; I poured into her ear I know not what extravagant vows; and before the slow handed sailors had fastened their cable to the buoy in the channel, we had knotted a more subtle and difficult noose, not to be so easily undone!

'Now see what strange, variable fools we are! Months of tender intercourse had failed to bring about anything like a positive engagement between Margaret and myself; and here behold me irrevocably pledged to Flora, after a brief ten-days' acquaintance!

'Six mortal hours were exhausted in making the steamer fast,—in sending off her Majesty's mails, of which the cockney speaks with a tone of reverence altogether disgusting to us free-minded Yankees,—and in entertaining the custom-house inspectors, who paid a long and tedious visit to the saloon and our luggage. Then we were suffered to land, and enter the noisy, solid streets of Liverpool, amid the donkeys and beggars and quaint scenes which strike the American so oddly upon the first visit. All this delay, the weariness and impatience, the contrast between the morning and the hard, grim reality of mid-day, brought me down from my elevation. I felt alarmed to think of what had passed. I seemed to have been doing some wild, unadvised act in a fit of intoxication. Margaret came up before me, sad, silent, reproachful; and as I gazed upon Flora's bedimmed face, I wondered how I had been so charmed.

'We took the first train for London, where we arrived at midnight. Two weeks in that vast Babel; then, ho! for Paris! Twelve hours by rail and steamer carried us out of John Bull's dominions into the brilliant metropolis of his French neighbor. Joseph accompanied us, and wrote letters home, filled with gossip which I knew, or hoped, would make Margaret writhe. I had not found it so easy to forget her as I had supposed it would be. Flora's power over me was sovereign; but when I was weary of the dazzle and whirl of the life she led me; when I looked into the depths of my heart, and saw what the thin film of passion and pleasure concealed, in those serious moments that would come, and my soul put stern questions to me; then, Sir, then, Margaret had her revenge.

'A month, crowded and glittering with novelty and incident, preceded our departure for Switzerland. I accompanied Flora's party; Joseph remained behind. We left Paris about the middle of June, and returned in September. I have no words to speak of that era in my life. I saw, enjoyed, suffered, learned so much! Flora was always glad, magnificent, irresistible. But, as I knew her longer, my moments of misgiving became more frequent and profound. If I had aspired to nothing higher than a life of sensuous delights, she would have been all I could wish. But—

'We were to spend the winter in Italy. Meanwhile, we had another month in Paris. Here I had found Joseph again, who troubled me a good deal with certain rumors he had received concerning Margaret. According to these, she had been in feeble health ever since we left, and her increasing delicacy was beginning to alarm her friends.

'But,' added another of Joseph's correspondents, 'don't let Westwood flatter himself that he is the cause, for she is cured of him; and there is talk of an engagement between her and a handsome young clergyman, who is both eloquent and fascinating.'

'This bit of gossip made me very bitter and angry. "Forget me so soon?" I said; "and receive the attentions of another man?" You see how consistent I was, to condemn her for the very fault I had myself been so eager to commit. Well, the round of rides, excursions, soirees, visits to the opéras and theatres, walks on the Boulevards, and in the galleries of the Louvre, ended at last. The evening before we were to set out for the South of France, I was at my lodgings, unpacking and repacking the luggage which I had left in Joseph's care during my absence among the Alps; I was melancholy, dissatisfied with the dissipation which had exhausted my time and energies, and thinking of Margaret.

I had not preserved a single memento of her; and now I wished I had one, if only a withered leaf, or a line of her writing. In this mood, I chanced to cast my eye upon a stray glove, in the bottom of my trunk. I snatched at it eagerly, and, in the impulse of the moment—before I reflected that I was wronging Flora—pressed it to my lips. Yes, I found the place where it had been mended, the spot Margaret's fingers had touched, and gave it a kiss for every stitch. Then, incensed at myself, I flung it from me, and hurried from the room. I walked towards the Place de la Concorde where the brilliant lamps burned like a constellation. I strolled through the Elysian fields, and watched the lights of the carriages swaying like fire-flies up the long avenue; stopped at the concert gardens, and listened to the glorified girls singing under rosy and golden pavilions the last songs of the season; wandered about the fountains, by the gardens of the Tuileries, where the trees stood so shadowy and still, and the statues gleamed so pale; along the quays of the Seine, where the waves rolled so dark below, trying to settle my thoughts, to master myself, to put Margaret from me.

'Weary at length, I returned to my chamber, seated myself composedly, and looked down at the glove which lay where I had thrown it, upon the polished floor. Mechanically I stooped and took up a bit of folded paper. It was written upon; I unrolled it, and read. It was as if I had opened the record of doom! Had the apparition of Margaret herself risen suddenly before me, I could not have been more astounded. It was a note from her—and such a note! full of love, suffering, and humility—poured out of a heart so deep and tender and true, that the shallowness of my own seemed utterly contemptible, in comparison with it. I cannot tell you what was written, but it was more than even my most cruel and exacting pride could have asked. It was what would once have made me wild with joy, now it almost maddened me with despair. I, who had often talked fine philosophy to others, had not a grain of that article left to physic my own malady. But one course seemed plain before me, and that was, to go quietly and drown myself in the Seine, which I had seen flowing so swift and dark under the bridges, an hour ago, when I stood and mused upon the tragical corpses its solemn flood had swallowed.

'I am a little given to superstition, and the mystery of the note excited me. I have no doubt but there was some subtle connection between it and the near presence of Margaret's spirit, of which I had that night been conscious. But the note had reached me by no supernatural method, as I was at first half inclined to believe. It was, probably, the touch, the atmosphere, the ineffably fine influence which surrounded it, which had penetrated my unconscious perceptions, and brought her near. The paper, the glove, were full of Margaret; full of something besides what we vaguely call mental associations; full of emanations of the very love and suffering which she had breathed into the writing.

'How the note came there upon the floor was a riddle which I was too much bewildered to explain by any natural means. Joseph, who burst in upon me, in my extremity of pain and difficulty, solved it at once. It had fallen out of the glove, where it had lain folded, silent, unnoticed, during all this intervening period of folly and vexation of soul. Margaret had done her duty, in time; I had only myself to blame for the tangle in which I now found myself. I was thinking of Flora, upon the deck of the steamer, when, in a moment of chagrin, she had been so near throwing herself over; wondering to what fate her passion and impetuosity would hurry her now, if she knew; cursing myself for my weakness and peridy; while Joseph kept asking me what I intended to do.

'Do? do? I said, furiously.—'I shall kill you, that is what I shall do, if you drive me mad with questions which neither angels nor fiends can answer!'

'I know what you will do,' said Joseph; 'you will go home and marry Margaret.'

'You can have no conception of the effect of these words—Go home and marry Margaret! I shook as I have seen men shake with the ague. All that might have been—what might be still—the happiness cast away, and perhaps yet within my reach—the temptation of the Devil, who appealed to my cowardice, to fly from Flora, break my vows, risk my honor and her life, for Margaret—all this rushed through me tumultuously. At length I said:

'No, Joseph; I shall do no such thing. I can never be worthy of Margaret; it will be only by fasting and prayer that I can make myself worthy of Flora.'

'Will you start for Italy in the morning?' he asked pitilessly.

'For Italy in the morning? I groaned. Meet Flora, travel with her, play the hypocrite, with smiles on my lips and hell in my heart—or thunderstrike her at once with the truth; what was I to do? To some men the question would, perhaps, have presented few difficulties. But for me, Sir, who am not quite devoid of conscience, whatever you may think—let me tell you, I'd rather hang by sharp hooks over a roasting fire than be again suspended as I was betwixt two such alternatives, and feel the torture of both?'

'Having driven Joseph away, I locked myself into my room, and suffered the torments of the damned in as quiet a manner as possible, until morning. Then Joseph returned, and looked at me with dismay.

'For Heaven's sake!' he said, 'you ought not to let this thing kill you,—and it will, if you keep on.'

'So much the better,' I said, 'if it kills nobody but me. But don't be alarmed. Keep perfectly cool, and attend to the commission I am going to trust to you. I can't see Flora this morning; I must gain a little time. Go to the station of the Lyons railway, where I have engaged to meet her party; say to her that I am detained, but that I will join her on the journey. Give her no time to question you, and be sure that she does not stay behind.'

'I'll manage it; trust me!' said Joseph. And off he started. At the end of two hours, which seemed twenty, he burst into my room, crying—

'Good news! she is gone! I told her you had lost your passport, and would have to get another from our minister.'

'What?' I exclaimed, 'you lied to her?' 'Oh! there was no other way!' said Joseph ingeniously—'she is so sharp! They're to wait for you at Marseilles. But I'll manage that, too. On their arrival at the Hotel d'Orléans, they'll find a telegraphic dispatch from me. I wager a hat, they'll leave in the first steamer for Naples. Then you can follow at your leisure.'

'Thank you, Joseph.'

'I felt relieved. Then came a reaction. The next day I was attacked by fever. I know not how long I struggled against it, but it mastered me. The last things I remember were the visits of friends, the strange talk of a French physician, whispers and consultations, which I knew were about me, yet took no interest in—and at length Joseph rushing to my bedside, in a flutter of agitation, and gasping—

'Flora!'

'What of Flora? I demanded.

'I telegraphed, but she wouldn't go; she has come back; she is here!'

'I was sinking back into the stupor from which I had been roused, when I heard a rustling which seemed afar off, yet was in my chamber; then a vision appeared to my sickened sight—a face which I dimly thought I had seen before; a flood of curls and a rain of kisses showering upon me; sobs and devouring caresses; Flora's voice calling me by passionate names; and I lying so passive, faintly struggling to remember, until my soul sank whirling in darkness, and I knew no more.

'One morning, I cannot tell you how long after, I awoke and found myself in a strange-looking room, filled with strange objects, not the least strange of which was the thing that seemed myself. At first I looked with vague and motionless curiosity out of the Lethe from which my mind slowly emerged; painless, and at peace; listlessly questioning whether I was alive or dead—whether the limp weight lying in bed there was my body—the meaning of the silence and the closed curtains. Then, with a succession of painful flashes, as if the pole of an electric battery had been applied to my brain, memory returned—Margaret, Flora, Paris, delirium. I next remember hearing myself groan aloud; then seeing Joseph at my side. I tried to speak, but could not. Upon my pillow was a glove, and he placed it against my cheek. An indescribable, excruciating thrill shot through me; still I could not speak. After that, came a relapse. Like Mrs. Browning's poet, I lay

'Twixt gloom and gleam  
With Death and Life at each extreme.'

'But one morning I was better. I could talk. Joseph bent over me, weeping for joy.

'The danger is past? he said. 'The doctors say you will get well.'

'Have I been so ill, then?'

'Ill?' echoed Joseph. 'Nobody thought you could live. We all gave you up, except her; and she—'

'She? I said: 'is she here?'

'From the moment of her arrival,' replied Joseph, 'she has never left you. Oh, if you don't thank God for her,—he lowered his voice—and live all the rest of your life just to reward her, you are the most ungrateful wretch! You would certainly have died but for her. She has scarcely slept, till this morning, when they said you would recover.'

'Joseph paused. Every word he spoke went down like a weight of lead into my soul. I had, indeed, been conscious of a tender hand soothing my pillow, of a lovely form sitting through my dreams, of a breath and magnetic touch of love infusing warm, sweet life into me; but it had always seemed Margaret, never Flora.

'The glove?' I asked.

'Here it is,' said Joseph. 'In your delirium you demanded it; you would not be without it; you caressed it, and addressed to it the tenderest apostrophes.'

'And Flora—she heard?'

'Flora?' repeated Joseph. 'Don't you know—haven't you any idea—what has happened? It has been terrible!'

'Tell me at once!' I said. 'Keep nothing back.'

'Immediately on her return from Marseilles—you remember that?'

'Yes; yes! go on!'

'She established herself here. Nobody could come between her and you; and a brave, true girl, she proved herself. Oh, but she was wild about you! She offered the doctors extravagant sums—she would have bribed Heaven itself, if she could—not to let you die. But there came a time, one night, when you were raving about Margaret; I tell you, it was terrible! She would have the truth, and so I told her; everything, from the beginning. It makes me shudder now to think of it; it struck her so like death!'

'What did she say? what did she do?'

'She didn't say much; 'Oh, my God! my God!' something like that. The next morning she showed me a letter which she had written to Margaret.'

'To Margaret?' I started up, but fell back again, helpless, with a groan.

'Yes,' said Joseph; 'and it was a letter worthy of the noblest woman. I wrote another, for I thought Margaret ought to know everything. It might save her life, and yours, too. In the meantime, I had got worse news from her still—that her health continued to decline, and that her physician saw no hope for her except in a voyage to Italy. But that she resolutely refused to undertake, until she got those letters. You know the rest.'

'The rest? I said, as a horrible suspicion flashed upon me.

'You told me something terrible had happened.'

'Yes—to Flora. But you have heard the worst. She is gone; she is by this time in Rome.'

'Flora gone? But you said she was here.'

'She? So she is! But did you think I meant Flora? I supposed you knew. Not Flora—but Margaret! Margaret!' shrieked out, 'Margaret? That's the last I remember; at least, the last I can tell. She was there—I was in her arms—she had crossed the sea, not to save her own life, but mine. And Flora had gone, and my dreams were true; and the breath and magnetic touch of love, which infused warm, sweet life into me, and seemed not Flora's, but Margaret's, were no illusion, and—what more can I tell?'

'From the moment of receiving those letters, Margaret's energies were roused, and she had begun to regain her health. There is no such potent medicine as hope and love. It had saved her, and it saved me. My recovery was sure and speedy. The happiness which had seemed too great, too dear to be ever possible, was now mine. She was with me again, all my own! Only the convalescent, who feels the glow of love quicken the pure pulses of returning health, knows what perfect bliss is.'

'As soon as I was strong enough to travel, we set out for Italy, the faithful Joseph accompanying us. We enjoyed Florence, its palaces and galleries of art, the quaint old churches, about which the religious sentiment of ages seems

to hang like an atmosphere, the morning and evening clamor of musical bells, the Arno, and the olive-crowned Tuscan hills, all so delightful to the senses and the soul. After Florence, Naples, with its beautiful, dangerous, volcanic environs, where the ancients aptly located their heaven and hell, and where a luxurious, passionate people absorbs into its blood the spirit of the soil, and the fire and languor of the clime. From Naples to Rome, where we saw St. Peter's, that bubble on the surface of the globe, which the next earthquake may burst, the Vatican, with its marvels of statuary, the ruined temples of the old gods and heroes, the Campagna, the Pope, and—Flora. We had but a glimpse of her. It was one night, at the Colosseum. We had been musing about that vast and solemn pile by the moonlight, which silvered it over with indescribable beauty, and at last, accompanied by our guides, bearing torches, we ascended through dark and broken passages to the upper benches of the amphitheatre. As we were passing along one side, we saw picturesquely moving through the shadows of the opposite walls, with the immense arena between, the red-flaring torches and half-illuminated figures of another party of visitors. I don't know whether it was instinct, or acuteness of vision, that suggested Flora; but, with a sudden leap of the heart, I felt that she was there. We descended, and passed out under the dark arches of the stupendous ruin. The other visitors walked a little in advance of us—two of the number lingering behind their companions; and certain words of tenderness and passion we heard, which strangely brought to my mind those nights on the ocean-steamers.

'What is the matter with you?' said Margaret, looking in my face.

'Hush!' I whispered; 'there—that woman—is Flora!'

'She clung to me—I drew her closer, as we paused; and the happy couple went on, over the ancient Forum, by the silent columns of the ruined temples, and disappeared from sight upon the summit of the Capitoline Hill.

'A few months later, we heard of the marriage of Flora to an English baronet; she is now *my Lady*, and I must do her the justice to say that I never knew a woman better fitted to bear that title. As for Margaret, if you will return with me to my home on the Hudson, after we have finished our hunt after those Western lands, you shall see her, together with the loveliest pair of children that ever made two proud parents happy.

'And here,' added Westwood, 'we have arrived at the end of our day's journey; we have had the Romance of the Glove, and now—let's have some supper.'

#### A MINNESOTA WEDDING.

In the semi-rural district of Winona, on the Minnesota side of the Mississippi River, lives, among several other people, a jolly good fellow of a justice of the peace, whose ideas of matters are much like the current of the deep river. Once started in a deep river, it is hard to turn them. On a Fair day last week, after the 10 x 12 law-dispensary had been swept, after the chairs had been set in a short row against the side of the office, and sundry whipped quids of tobacco, and sundry mutilated cigar stubbs had been kicked under the stove, there was a wooden step on the stairs and a vigorous knock at the door.

'Come in,' said the justice, as he settled into a legal look so befitting a man of law duly elected to dispense the favors of the blind goddess.

A stout woman entered. She had on a short woolen dress, wooden-soled shoes, sported red cheeks, black hair, and eyes that snapped like the lock of a shot gun. In a Portuguese accent, and in the worst possible English, she said:

'You law man?'

'Yes, madam; be seated.'

'Want paper. Want paper to take man!'

Just then a stout French half-bred entered the room. He was unable to speak a half-dozen words, and looked either scared or bashful. The judge saw at once that there was a marriage to come off, and said to the woman who stood with compressed lips watching the justice and the door:

'Want paper to take this man?'

'Yes—want paper. Me teach him. [Nice woman, thought the justice.] He no good man. Me take him so quick as can.'

'All right, my covies—fix you in the jerk of a lamb's tail,' said the justice as he turned to the man and said:

'You know this woman. Can you take her?'

The man shook his head and muttered unintelligible words.

'Ah, I see. Can't talk English. Well, never mind.'

He ran into the street, invited a few friends up stairs, and on returning with them, said to the woman:

'You want to take this man for better or for worse?'

'Yes, me want to take him. Me pay.'

'All right.' Then turning to the man who stood trembling:

'You take this woman for better or for worse, and promise to keep her?' &c., &c.

'Umph!' and several nods of the head.'

'Then, in the name of law, and by virtue of the authority in me vested, I pronounce you man and wife; and he stepped forward, before the woman would say a word, and kissed her red lips.

Slap came her hand on his face, and she clutched his hair. The new husband jumped in to take the woman away, and to protect her as the justice supposed, when in self-preservation he hit him a rap on the nose. The woman pitched into the new husband, who in turn pitched into her, and for about five minutes there was a general hussling and a display of legs, garters, and things, decidedly astonishing.

At last the parties were separated, when the man and woman took another turn at each other, the blood and hair flying in all directions. Down came the stove, over went the table, clatter went the chairs, and into the street like a mad man went the justice, with a black eye, and the bosom of his shirt looking like a warranty deed covered with red seals.

A crowd rushed up stairs and found the man and woman lying on the floor, hugging each other like young bruisers, their arms and legs mixed up worse than tomato vines—the man under.

The newly married couple were separated, when through the aid of two interpreters it was discovered that the night before, the parties, occupying adjoining shanties in the lower part of the town, had got in a quarrel over a stove pipe, which was claimed by both, and from words they

came to blows. Each party had hastened to the justice's office in the morning for a warrant for the other, with the result as stated above. The last news from there was that the parties had gone in search of another justice to marry them, while the general cause of their terrible squabble was 'setting up the boys' and bathing his lunged eye in camphor and whiskey.

#### ANECDOTE OF MR. LAYARD.

AUSTIN HENRY LAYARD found himself wandering about, on one occasion, somewhere near Bokhara, in the upper provinces of India, and here his funds ran short. He called on a merchant and requested him to advance him some money.

'Can't do it,' was the reply, 'as many fellows have imposed on me with fictitious drafts; I've been too often taken in and done for.'

'Oh, well!' said Mr. Layard, 'as you please. I have money at my banker's in London; and I will come and breakfast with you to-morrow.'

'Do so; I shall be happy to see you at breakfast.'

Next morning who should walk into this merchant's compound but a Persian gentleman, in full Oriental costume.

'I have come to breakfast with you as I promised.'

'What?' said the merchant, 'I don't recollect having seen you before.'

'Oh, yes, you have! You saw me yesterday, and I said I should return this morning.'

'You're Mr. Layard, are you?' he inquired, considerably astonished.

'Yes.'

'After breakfast, and when the traveller had told him his plans and aroused the interest of his host in the discoveries he expected to make among the mounds around Mosul, in the plain of Shinar, where the ruins of ancient Nineveh are supposed to be, the merchant said:

'I'll advance you money; five hundred pounds if you like. How much do you want?'

'Oh! I don't want as much as that! Give me five pounds.'

'Yes.'

So he got the five sovereigns, put them in the sole of his shoe as the safest place while travelling; and, having mounted his horse, rode away. On his journey down to Assyria he had to pass through the territories of the hostile Khan, who had already taken away the lives of several Englishmen, and was now trying to get hold of our traveller, now roaming through his dominions. Mr. Layard knew this, and one day, when drawing near his enemies, he waited till the hour of twilight, when they were all in their tents at the forenoon meal, when, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the midst of the hostile encampment, rushed into the chief's tent, and plunged his hand into a bowl of salt, which he immediately put to his mouth, exclaiming—

'Now I am safe!'

'Well,' said the chief, 'you are safe.'

He admired the boldness and dexterity of the Englishman, but above all the faith thus reposed in the covenant of salt. Having tasted the chief's salt he had now a claim not only to his hospitality, but on his protection, and he was safely escorted on his way to the scene of his future discoveries.

THE CARELESS GIRL.—The careless girl is always unfortunate. If she goes into the kitchen to assist about the work she splashes the water upon the wall; drops oil on the floor; spills fat in the fire; scorches her clothes; burns her cakes; breaks the crockery; or cuts her fingers with the carving-knife. If directed to sweep the keeping-room she overturns a lamp, or brushes off a table cover, and sends Bibles and hymn books sprawling on the floor. Or, if passing through the parlor, she swings her dress against the centre-table and brushes off costly books, bruising the fancy binding, and soiling their gilt edges. Everywhere she goes something is found in ruin. The trouble is she does not think, she does not observe; or else her thoughts and observations are on something besides what is before her. She does not mind what she is doing; she does not look to see what she steps on, whether her hands have firm hold on the article she takes up. If she passes through a door she does not mind whether it was open on a warm summer's day, she will close it; but if she finds it carefully shut on a freezing day in midwinter she will leave it wide open.

By indulging such habits as these an amiable girl, who may otherwise be beloved, becomes the dread of all her acquaintances.

The *National Intelligencer* says, it is stated semi-officially that the Government enters upon the third year of the war with a debt of twelve hundred and twenty-two millions, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

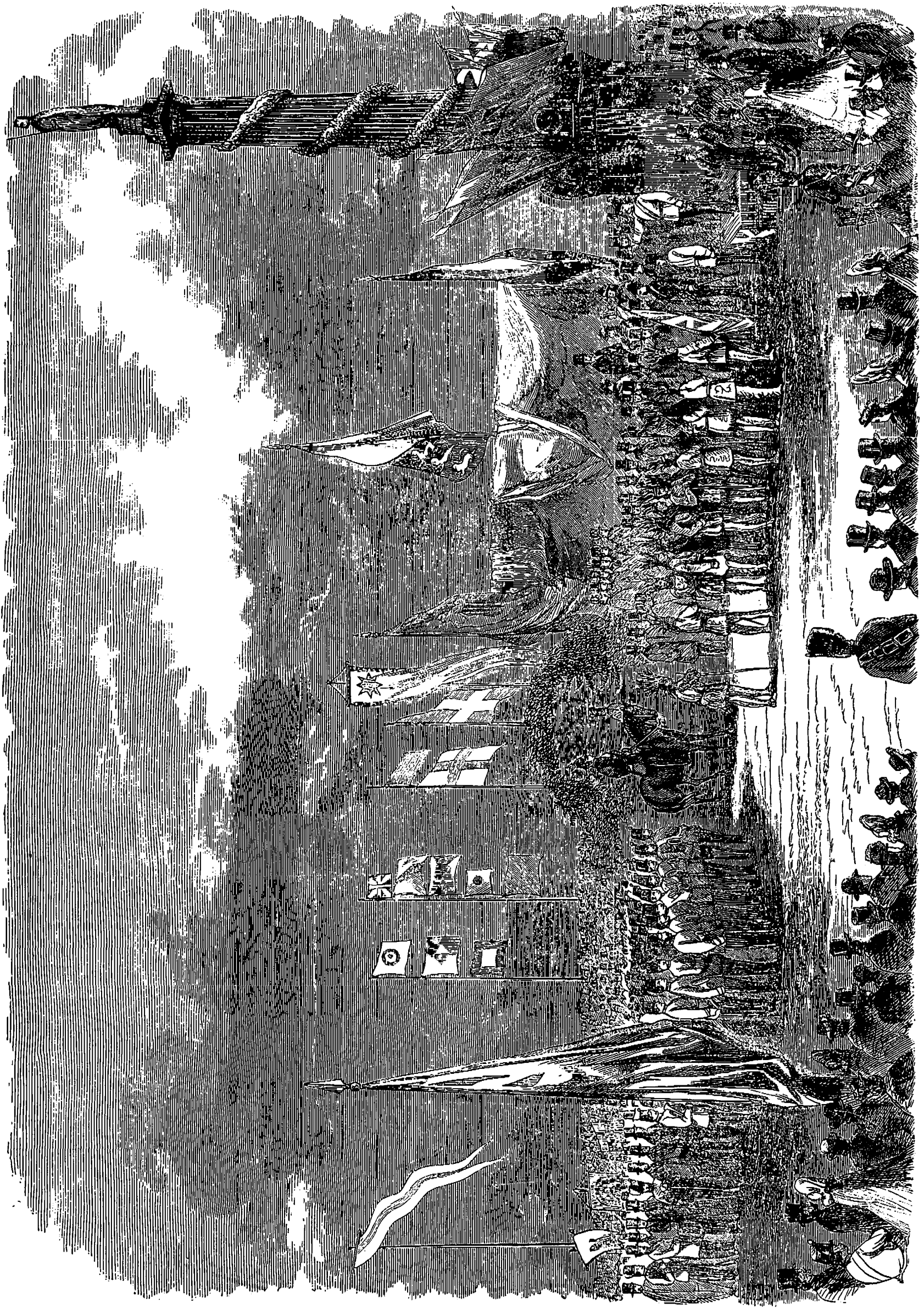
A London professor lectured recently on adulterations of food. He handed round coffee, which was pronounced excellent, then told the audience that they had been regaled with a mixture of bullock's blood, chicory, sheep's liver, dried, and old coffee-grouts. He gave them capital porter too, made of spirits of wine, gum arabic and burnt sugar.

A certain duke had a son, a student at college, and at the distribution of the prizes this son returned home without a single one, at which the duke was very angry. 'Go, sir,' said he to him, 'go to bed—go lock yourself up in your room, and bring me the key.'

What is the difference between three-cent pieces and three-cent-pieces, say three of each? Answer—Six cents.

Nearly a hundred thousand majority in Ohio go for the war. But how many of them will go to the war? asks Prentice.

The Russian sailors are plundered without mercy by the sharpers in New York. Confederate money, even is given them in change.



INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT TO THE FALLEN BRAVE OF 1760.—SEE PAGE 358.



Four bushels of double apples—two on a stem—grew this season on a tree in Lenox, Mass.

Mr. George Peabody has endowed Yale College with a new geological cabinet, at a cost of \$25,000.

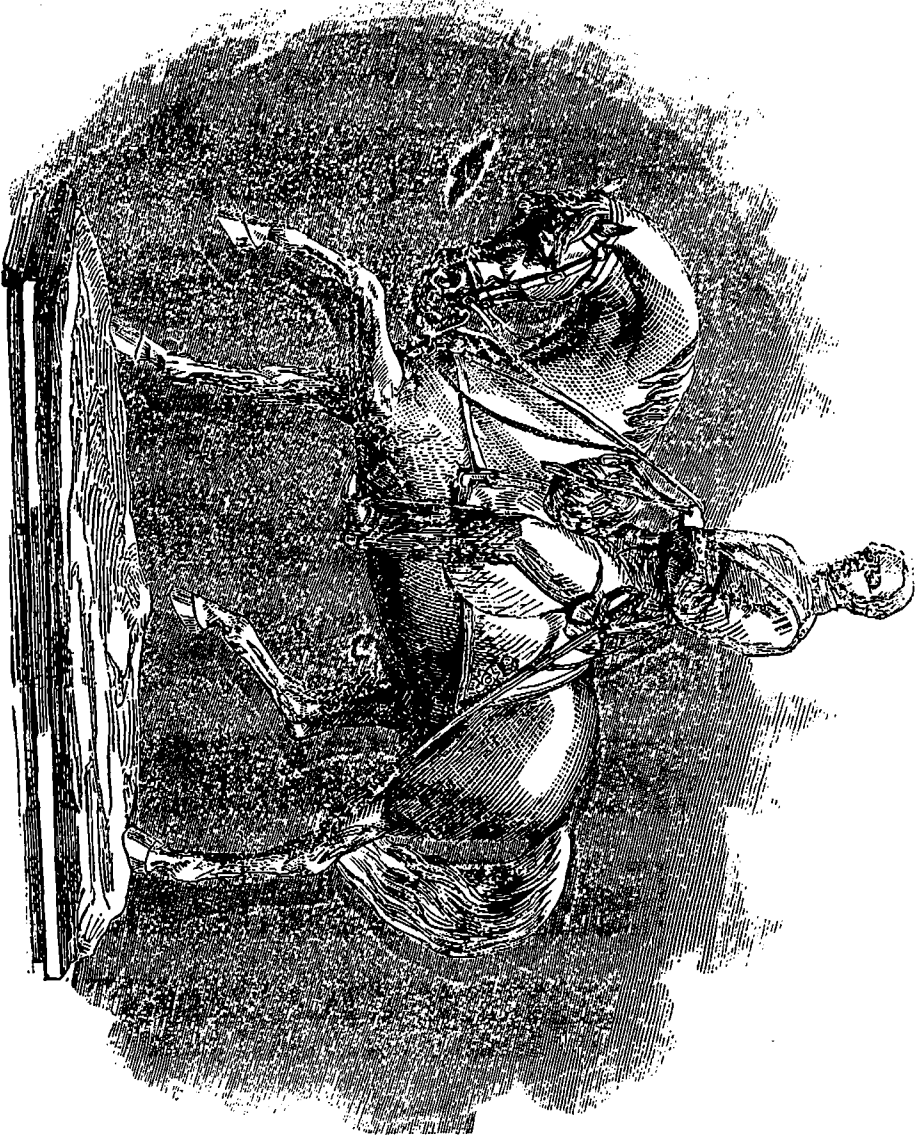
The American army has already expended one hundred million dollars worth of clothes and wants more.

Corn to the height of sixteen feet four inches has been raised at South Newwalk, Ct., from seed brought from the West Indies.

The body of a guide, lost in 1844, has been found in the crevice of a glacier near Mont Blanc, in a perfect state of preservation.

The work is progressing rapidly on the Parliamentary Buildings at Ottawa; there being upwards of 800 men employed upon them now.

On Resolution Island, southwest of the Cape of Good Hope, fossil shell fish and whales have been discovered on a mountain 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

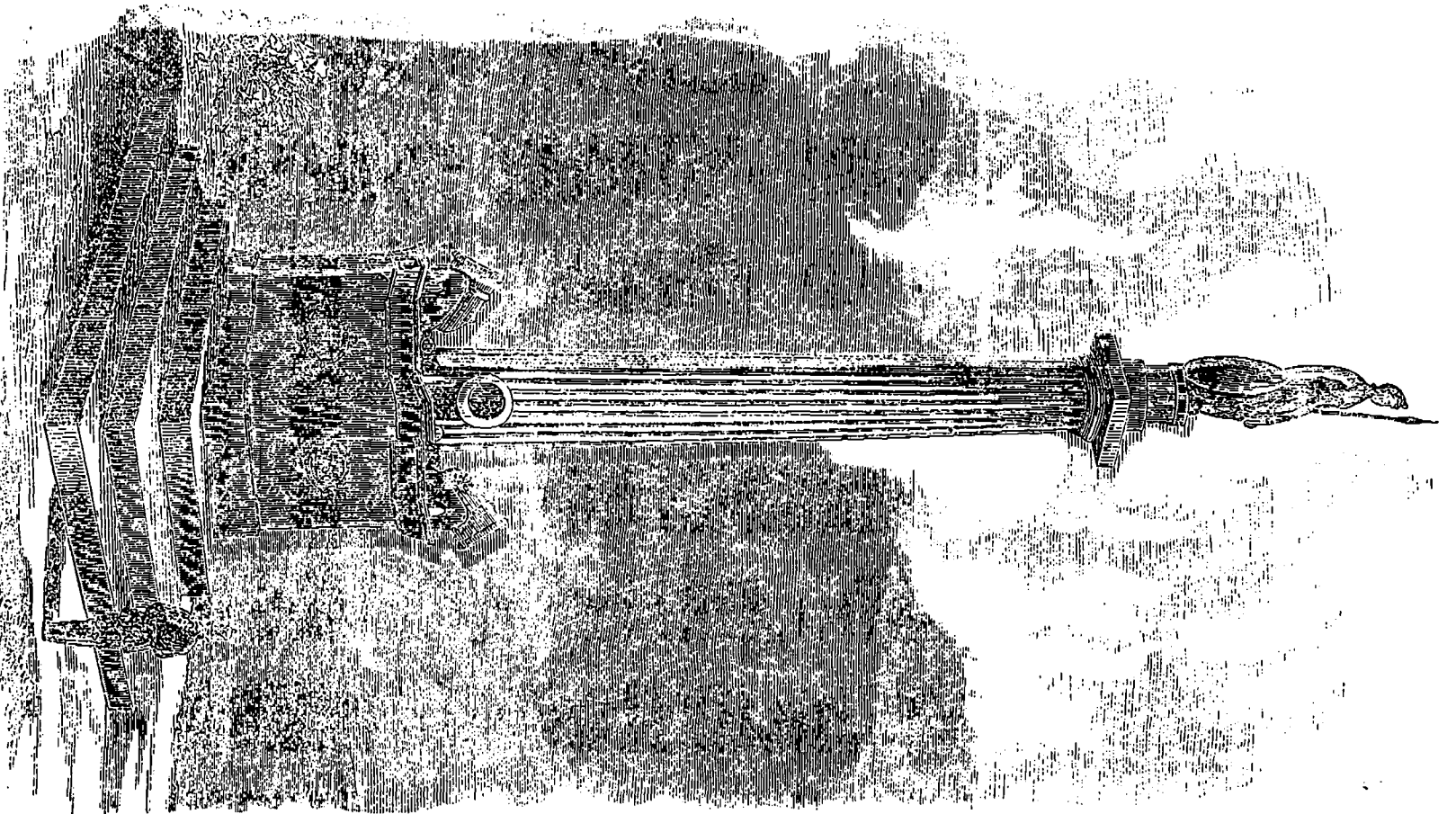


EQUESTRIAN STATUETTE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

**SLAVER STATUETTE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.**

The statuette of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, exhibited by Mr Harry Emanuel is a very spirited and artistic work, and has been produced in oxidized silver so as to give greater effect to the work of the artist. The Prince is represented as Colonel of the 100th (Royal Canadian) Regiment, acknowledging a salute bareheaded, and with his hat in his hand. His carriage is at the same time giving the

ground in a very spirited and free manner; indeed, there is much force and fire in the horse, whilst the pose of the Prince is graceful and his seat sound and horsemanlike.—When one considers how many unsuccessful equestrian statues are before the public, how King William sits on his horseback at Dublin, Peter the Great at Moscow, and George IV. at Trafalgar-square—spectacles of ineptness and awkwardness much to be regretted—we may well congratulate the artist, Mr. Marshall Wood, on the success and beauty of his performance.



MONUMENT ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE PATIENT SLAVE OF 1750.—See Page 353.

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone,  
Something unaccomplished still,  
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,  
At the threshold, near the gates,  
With its menace or its prayer,  
Like a mendicant it waits :

Waits, and will not go away,—  
Waits and will not be gainsaid,  
By the cares of yesterday  
Each to-day is heavier made.

Fill at length it is, or seems,  
Greater than our strength can bear,—  
As the burden of our dreams,  
Pressing on us everywhere ;

And we stand from day to day  
Like the dwarfs of time gone by,  
Who, as Northern legends say,  
On their shoulders hold the sky.

—[Atlantic Monthly.

WHAT IS THE USE?

What is the use of trimming a lamp,  
If you never intend to light it?  
What is the use of grappling a wrong,  
If you never intend to fight it?

What is the use of removing your hat,  
If you do not intend to tarry?  
What is the use of wooing a maid,  
If you never intend to marry?

What is the use of buying a coat,  
If you never intend to wear it?  
What is the use of a house for two,  
If you never intend to share it?

What is the use of gathering gold,  
If you never intend to keep it?  
What is the use of planting a field,  
If you never intend to reap it?

What is the use of buying a book,  
If you never intend to read it?  
What is the use of a cradle to you,  
If you never intend to need it?

ON ENGLISH SYNONYMES.

(WORDS OF NEARLY THE SAME MEANING.)

ABANDONED, PROFLIGATE, REPROBATE, DESPERATE, HOPELESS, DEPRAVED, CORRUPT.

ABASE, HUMBLE, DISHONOR, DEGRADE, DEBASE, DISGRACE, SHAME.

Noah Webster gives the following definitions :

**Abandoned**, wholly forsaken or deserted ; given up as to a vice ; hence extremely wicked, or seeming without restraint ; irreclaimably wicked.

**Profligate**: Latin, *profligatus, profligo*, to rout, to ruin ; *pro* and *fligo*, to drive or dash. The word then signifies dashed, broken, or ruined in morals.

**An abandoned man**, a wretch who has lost all regard to good principles, virtue or decency.

**Reprobate**: Latin, *reprobatus, reprobo*, to disallow ; *re* and *probo*, to prove. A person abandoned to sin, one lost to virtue and religion.

**Desperate**: Latin, *desperatus*, from *despero*, to despair ; without hope ; abandoned to despair.

**Hopeless**, destitute of hope, having no expectation of that which is desirable, despairing.

**Depraved**: Latin, *depravo ; de* and *pravus*. Crooked, perverse, wicked ; made bad or worse, vitiated, tainted, corrupted : in manners, morals, government, laws, in heart, mind, will, understanding, taste, principles, &c.

**Corrupted**: Latin, *corruptus*, from *currumpo, con* and *rumpo* for *rupo*, to break. Literally broken, separated, or dissolved ; changed from a sound to a putrid, or putrescent state.

**Abase**: French, *abaisser*, from *bas*, low, or the bottom.—Latin and Greek, *basis*. To lower or depress. To cast down ; reduce low ; applied to the passions, to rank, office, and condition in life.

**Humble**: French, *humble* ; Latin, *humilis*, supposed to be from *humus*, the earth or its root. To bring down ; to reduce to a low state. To crush, to break, to subdue. To mortify or make ashamed ; to make lowly in mind ; to abase the pride of ; to reduce arrogance and self dependence ; to afflict one's self for sin.

**Dishonor**: *dis* and *honor*, to disgrace, to bring reproach or shame on ; to stain the character of ; to lessen reputation.—The duellist dishonors himself to maintain his honor.

**Disgrace**: *dis* and *grace*, to put out of favor ; as, 'The minister was disgraced.' To bring a reproach on ; to dishonor as an agent. 'Men are apt to take pleasure in disgracing an enemy and his performances.'

**Degrade**: French, *degrader* ; Latin, *de* and *gradus*, a step or degree. To reduce from a higher to a lower rank or degree ; to deprive one of any office or dignity, by which he loses rank in society ; to strip a nobleman, an archbishop, or a general officer.

To reduce in estimation, to lessen the value of, to lower, to sink.

**Debase**: *de* and *base*, to reduce from a higher to a lower state of respectability or quality. 'Intemperance and debauchery debase men almost to a level with beasts.' To lower or degrade, to make mean or despicable.

**Shame**, to make ashamed, to excite a consciousness of guilt, or of doing something derogatory to reputation ; to blush.

Crabb gives :

**Profligate**: in Latin, *profligatus*, participle of *profligo*, compounded of the intensive *pro* and *fligo*, to dash or beat ; signifies completely ruined and lost to everything. **Abandoned** signifies given up to one's lusts and vicious indulgences.—**Reprobate**, *v.* to reprove, signifies one thoroughly rejected.

A **profligate** man has lost all by his vices, consequently to his vices alone he looks for the regaining of those goods of fortune which he has squandered ; as he has nothing to lose and everything to gain in his own estimation, by pursuing the course of his vices, he surpasses all others in his unprincipled conduct. 'Aged wisdom can check the most forward and abash the most profligate.'—Blair. An **abandoned** man is altogether **abandoned** to his passions which, by having the entire sway over him, naturally impel him to every excess. To be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only show you arrogant but **abandoned**.—Hughes. The **reprobate** man is one who has been reprov'd until he becomes insensible to reproof, and is given up to the malignity of his own passions.

'And here let those who boast in mortal things,  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,  
And strength, and art, are easily outdone  
By REPROBATE SPIRITS.'—MILTON.

The **profligate** man is the greatest enemy to society ; the **abandoned** man is a still greater enemy to himself ; the **profligate** man lives upon the public, whom he plunders or defrauds ; the **abandoned** man lives for the indulgence of his own unbridled passions ; the **reprobate** man is little better than an outcast both by God and man ; unprincipled debtors, gamblers, sharpers, swindlers and the like, are **profligate** characters ; drunkards, spendthrifts, seducers, and debauchees of all descriptions are **abandoned** characters. Although the **profligate** and **abandoned** are commonly the same persons, yet the young are in general **abandoned**, and those more huck-noyed in vice are **profligate** ; none can be **reprobate**, but those who have been long inured to **profligate** courses.

**Desperate, Hopeless.**

**Desperate** is applicable to persons or things ; **hopeless** to things only ; a person makes a **desperate** effort, he undertakes a **hopeless** task. **Desperate**, when applied to things, expresses more than **hopeless** ; the latter marks the absence of hope as to the attainment of good, the former marks the absence of good as to the removal of an evil. A person who is in a **desperate** condition is overwhelmed with actual trouble for the present, and the prospects of its continuance for the future ; he whose case is **hopeless** is without the prospects of effecting the end he has in view ; gamblers are frequently brought into desperate situations when burst of everything that might possibly serve to lighten the burdens of their misfortunes ;

'Before the ships a desperate stand they made,  
And fir'd the troops, and call'd the gods to aid.'—POPE.

It is a **hopeless** undertaking to endeavor to reclaim men who have plunged themselves deep into the labyrinths of vice :

The Eneans wish in vain their wanted chief,  
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief.—Dryden,

**Depraved, corrupted.**

We say a **depraved** taste and **depraved** humors in regard to the body. A **depraved** taste loathes common food, and longs for that which is unnatural and hurtful. **Corruption** is the natural process by which material substances are disorganized. A judgment not sound or right is **depraved** ; a judgment debased by that which is vicious is **corrupted**. What is **depraved** requires to be reformed ; what is **corrupted** requires to be purified. 'Manners,' says Cicero, 'are corrupted and **depraved** by the love of riches.' Port Royal says that God has given up infidels to the wandering of a **depraved** and **corrupted** mind. That which is **depraved** is more or less open ; that which is **corrupt** is more or less disguised in its operations, but fatal in its effects, the former sweeps away everything before it like a torrent ; the latter infuses itself into the moral frame like a slow poison.

That is a **depraved** state of morals in which the gross vices are openly practised in defiance of all decorum ; that is a **corrupt** state of society in which vice has secretly insinuated itself into all the principles and habits of men, and concealed its deformity under the fair semblance of virtue and honor.

The manners of savages are most likely to be **depraved** ; those of civilized nations to be **corrupt**.

It is clear that **depraved** is best applied to those objects to which common usage has annexed the epithets of right, regular, fine, &c. ; and **corrupted** to those which may be characterized by the epithets of sound, pure, innocent, and good. Hence we say a **depraved** mind, and a **corrupted** heart ; **depraved** principle and **corrupted** sentiment or feeling ; a **depraved** character, a **corrupt** example, a **corrupt** influence.

**Depraved** is used for man in his moral capacity ; **corrupted** for man in a political capacity. We speak of a **depraved** man, but a **corrupt** government. 'The depravity of mankind is so easily discoverable that nothing but the desert or the cell can exclude it from notice.'—Johnson. 'Every government, say the politicians, is perpetually degenerating towards **corruption**.'—Johnson.

**Abase, Humble, dishonor, degrade.**

Trusler gives :

To **humble** is to lower the merit, or dignity of a person in the eyes of the world, with mortification. Persenna, the protector of the Tarquins, **humbled** in pride before the Senate of Rome, on asking to treat with him by an ambassador.

To **abase** is to **humble** still more. 'He that **humbleth** himself,' says our blessed Saviour, 'shall be exalted ; and he that exalteth himself shall be **abased**.'

To **dishonor** is to lessen our own character, or treat those with indignity who are entitled to our respect. He who does a disgraceful act **dishonoreth** himself. 'He who **dishonoreth** his parents shall be cut off.'

To **degrade** is to take from a man his office, his title, his degree. Clergymen for immoral acts are liable to be **degraded** from their office. Officers are sometimes **degraded** and put into the ranks. In an early reign, a Duke of Bedford was **degraded** by Parliament, and his title taken from him, merely because he had not sufficient estate to support it.

It is right to **humble** ourselves before those who have raised us ; be assured such an act will not **abase** us, but do us credit.

Vices **dishonor** mankind and put them on a level with the

brutes. The first punishment of an ennobled criminal is to **degrade** him.

**Abasement** is the passage downwards ; and, as Christianity maintains, may be meritorious ; it may be a voluntary stooping, a conquest over haughtiness, arrogance, pride. **Abasement**, applied to the condition of men, means **degradation**.—But there are those who bear **abasement**, so as to make it a reproach to the degrader.—Taylor.

Crabb says :

**Abase, humble, degrade, disgrace, debase.**

To **abase** expresses the strongest degree of self humiliation, from the French *abaisser*, to bring down or make low, which is compounded of the intensive syllable *a* or *ad*, and *baisser*, from *bas* low, in Latin *lasis*, the base, which is the lowest part of a column ; to **humble**, in French *humilier*, from the Latin *humilis*, humble, and *tramas* the ground, naturally marks a prostration to the ground, and figuratively a lowering of the thoughts and feelings.

To **degrade** signifies to lower in the estimation of others. It supposes already a state of elevation, either in outward circumstances or in public opinion ; **disgrace** is compounded of the privative *dis* and the noun *gracia* or favor. To **disgrace** properly implies to put out of favor, which is always attended more or less with circumstances of ignominy, and reflects contempt on the object. **Debase** is compounded of the intensive syllable *de* and the adjective *base*, signifying to make very base or low.

The modest man **debases** himself by not insisting on the distinctions to which he may be justly entitled. The penitent man **humbles** himself by confessing his errors. The man of rank **degrades** himself by a too familiar deportment with his inferiors ; he **disgraces** himself by his meanness and irregularities, and **debases** his character by his vices.

We can never be **abased** by abusing ourselves, but we may be **humbled** by unseasonable humiliations, or improper concessions ; we may be **degraded** by descending from our rank, and **disgraced** by the exposure of our unworthy actions.

The great and good man may be **abased** and **humbled**, but never **degraded** or **disgraced** ; his glory follows him in his **abasement** or **humiliation** ; his greatness protects him from **degradation**, and his virtue shields him from **disgrace**.

'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,  
Amid life's pains, **abasements** emptiness,  
The soul can comfort.'—YOUNG.

'My soul is justly **humbled** in the dust.'—Rowe.

It is necessary to **abase** those who will exult themselves ; to **humble** those who have lofty opinions of themselves. 'If the mind be curbed and **humbled** too much in children ; if their spirits be **abased** and broken much by too strict a hand over them, they lose all their vigor and industry.'—Locke.

Those who act inconsistently with their own rank and station are frequently **degraded** ; but it is more common for others to be unjustly **degraded** through the envy and ill will of their inferiors. It is very disingenuous to level the best of mankind with the worst, and for the faults of particulars to **degrade** the whole species.—Hughes.

Folly and wickedness bring disgrace on courts, where the contrary ought to be found.

'You'd think no fools **disgraced** the former reign,  
Did not some grave examples still remain.'—POPE.

The misuse of things for inferior purposes **debases** their value. 'It is a kind of taking God's name in vain, to **debase** religion with such frivolous disputes.'—Hooker.

Of all these terms **degrade** and **disgrace** are the most nearly allied to each other ; but the former has most regard to the external rank and condition, the latter to the moral estimation and character. Whatever is low and mean is **degrading** for those who are not of mean condition ; whatever is immoral is **disgraceful** to all, but most so to those who ought to know better. It is **degrading** for a nobleman to associate with prize fighters and jockies ; it is **disgraceful** for him to countenance a violation of the laws, which he is bound to protect ; it is **degrading** for a clergyman to take part in the ordinary pleasures and occupations of mankind in general ; it is **disgraceful** for him to indulge in any levities. Domitian **degraded** himself by the amusement which he chose of catching flies ; he **disgraced** himself by the cruelty which he mixed with his meanness. King John of England **degraded** himself by his mean compliances to the Pope and the barons, and **disgraced** himself by many acts of injustice and cruelty.

The higher the rank of the individual the greater his **degradation** ; the higher his character or the more sacred his office, the greater his **disgrace**, if he act inconsistently with its dignity ; but these terms are not confined to any rank of life ; there is that which is **degrading** and **disgraceful** for every person however low his station ; when a man forfeits that which he owes to himself, and sacrifices his independence to his vices, he **degrades** himself. When a hero is to be pulled down and **degraded**, it is best done in doggerel.—Addison.

So deplorable is the **degradation** of our nature, that whereas before we bore the image of God, we now only retain the image of men.—South.

He who forfeits the good opinion of those who know him is **disgraced**, and he who fails to bestow on an object the favor or esteem which it is entitled to **disgraces** it. 'We may not so in any one kind admire her, that we **disgrace** her in any other ; but let all her ways be according unto their place and degree, adored.'—Hooker.

But although the term **disgrace**, when generally applied, is always taken in a bad sense, yet in regard to individuals it may be taken in an indifferent sense ; it is possible to be **disgraced**, or to lose the favor of a patron, through his caprice, without any fault on the part of the **disgraced** person. Philips died honored and lamented, before any part of his reputation had withered, and before his patron, St. John, had **disgraced** him. Men are very liable to err in their judgments on what is **degrading** and **disgraceful** ; but all who are anxious to uphold the station and character in which they have been placed, may simply observe this rule, that nothing can be so **degrading** as the violation of truth and sincerity, and nothing so **disgraceful** as a breach of moral rectitude or propriety.

Those terms may be employed with a similar distinction with regard to things ; a thing is **degraded** which falls any degree in the scale of general estimation.

'All higher knowledge in her presence, falls  
Degraded.'—Milton.

A thing is *disgraced* when it becomes or is made less lovely and desirable than it was.

'And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,  
Poor knotty burs and thorns disgrace the ground.'—Dryden.  
*Dishonor, disgrace, shame.*

*Dishonor* implies the state of being without honor, or the thing which does away honor; *disgrace* signifies the state of disgrace, or that which causes the disgrace, (see preceding group); *shame* denotes either the feeling of being ashamed, or that which causes this feeling.

*Disgrace* is more than *dishonor*, and less than *shame*. The *disgrace* applicable to those who are not sensible of the *dishonor*, and the *shame* for those who are not sensible of the *disgrace*. The tender mind is alive to *dishonor*; those who yield to their passions, or are hardened in their vicious courses, are alike insensible to *disgrace* or *shame*. *Dishonor* is seldom the consequence of any offence, or offered with any intention of punishing; it lies mostly in the consciousness of the individual. *Disgrace* and *shame* are the direct consequences of misconduct; but the former applies to circumstances of less importance than the latter; consequently the feeling of being in *disgrace* is not so strong as that of *shame*.

A citizen feels it a *dishonor* not to be chosen to those offices of trust and honor for which he considers himself eligible. It is a *disgrace* to a schoolboy to be placed the lowest in his class, which is heightened into a *shame* if it brings him into punishment.

The fear of *dishonor* acts as a laudable stimulus to the discharge of one's duty; the fear of *disgrace* or *shame* serves to prevent the commission of vices or crimes. A soldier feels it a *dishonor* not to be placed at the post of danger; but he is not always sufficiently alive to the *disgrace* of being punished, nor is he deterred from his irregularities by the open *shame* to which he is sometimes put in the presence of his fellow soldier.

As epithets, these terms likewise rise in sense, and are distinguished by other characteristics. A *dishonorable* action is that which violates the principles of honor. A *disgraceful* action is that which reflects *disgrace*. A *shameful* action is that of which one ought to be fully ashamed; it is very *dishonorable* for a man not to keep his word, or for a soldier not to maintain his post. It is very *disgraceful* for a gentleman to associate with those who are his inferiors in station and education. It is very *shameful* for a gentleman to use his rank and influence over the lower orders only to mislead them from their duty.

A person is likewise said to be *dishonorable* who is disposed to bring *dishonor* upon himself; but things only are *disgraceful* or *shameful*. A *dishonorable* man renders himself an outcast among his equals; he must then descend to his inferiors, among whom he may become familiar with the *disgraceful* and the *shameful*; men of cultivation are alive to what is *dishonorable*; men of all stations are alive to that which is for them *disgraceful*, or to that which is in itself *shameful*. The sense of what is *dishonorable* is to the superior or what the sense of the *disgraceful* is to the inferior; but the sense of what is *shameful* is independent of rank or station, and forms a part of that moral sense which is inherent in the breast of every rational creature. Whoever, therefore, cherishes in himself a lively sense of what is *dishonorable* or *disgraceful* is tolerably secure of never committing anything that is *shameful*.

STUDENT.

#### MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER AT EXETER HALL.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 20, the eminent pulpit and platform orator, Mr. Ward Beecher, made his first appearance before a London audience at Exeter Hall under the joint auspices of the Emancipation Society and the London Corresponding Society on American Affairs. The admission was free, with the exception of a certain number of reserved seats at the front, purchaseable at 1s. each. Comparatively few took advantage of this privilege, but very soon after six o'clock the body of the hall and the galleries were filled to their utmost capacity, and outside in the Strand and Burleigh Street (says the *Times* reporter) a crowd sufficient to have filled the hall over and over again knocked vainly at the doors. So thick was the press here that the hero of the evening only obtained an entrance by mounting on the shoulders of a strong posse of policemen, who carried him through insafety. Some active Southern sympathizers in the course of the day had posted placards about the neighbourhood of the Strand, containing extracts from Mr. Beecher's speeches not very complimentary to Great Britain, and it was expected that the proceedings would not pass off with complete harmony, but though the audience was not entirely unanimous, the Northerners were in such an overwhelming majority as to make any attempt at organized opposition, if it had ever been projected, utterly hopeless. The dissentients were few, and though every man was a Stentor, and hissed and groaned for a hundred, they were thoroughly shouted down by the enthusiasm of Mr. Beecher's admirers. We give the following extracts from his speech:

#### WHY THE AMERICANS ARE AT WAR.

We believe that this war is a test of our institutions. We believe it to be a life and death struggle between two principles—liberty and slavery. We believe ours to be the cause of the common people all the world over. We are firmly persuaded that every struggling nationality on the face of the globe will be stronger if we conquer, and that every oppressed people will be weaker if we are pushed to the wall. (Cheers.) Every sober American regards the present contest as a phase of that glorious struggle which has been going on in every nation for years between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, between liberty and despotism, freedom and bondage. It bears with it the whole future condition of our vast continent, its laws, its policy, its very fall and standing. In view of all these tremendous realities we have laid all that we have—our children, our wealth, our national strength upon the altar of our country, believing it to be better that all the North

possesses should perish, than that we should betray this hope of the oppressed—this Western civilization. (Cheers.) And if on our side we are willing to do all this, shall we say, 'Let a stop be put to the contest for the sake of these slaveholders, and that it may enable them to lord it over 4,000,000 of men with impunity?' ('No, no.') If the love of liberty lives as it once lived in England—if you are really successors of those renowned names which reflect so much honor upon our country, you will understand our firm and unalterable determination to fight this battle through at all hazards and at every cost. (Cheers.)

#### BRITISH HORROR OF THIS WAR.

But I hear a loud protest against all war. There is a small band in your land and mine which is opposed to war under any circumstances, and although I cannot accept their judgment, I bow with profound respect to their consistency. But putting those aside, I regard this British horror of war as something wonderful. It is a phenomenon of itself. On what shores, let me ask, have not the prows of your ships clashed? What land is there with a name and a people where your banner has not waved above your soldiers? When the great resurrection reveille sounds, it will muster men who have fought in your ranks from every clime under heaven. 'But,' it is said, 'this is a war against your own blood. How long, let me ask, is it since you poured troops into Canada and caused all your dockyards to work night and day to avenge against your own blood the taking of two men out of the Trent?' (Cheers.) Old England ashamed of a war of principle! She gained her glory in such contests. (Cheers.) Old England ashamed of a war of principle! Your national ensign symbolizes your history—the cross on the field of blood—and will you tell us, who are your descendants, and who inherit your ideas and your pluck, that we must not fight in such a cause as that which I stand here to advocate? (Cheers.)

#### THE AMERICANS AND THE RUSSIANS.

A gentleman asked me to say a word about the Russians, and as this is a little private and confidential meeting, I do not mind telling you that the whole affair, so far as relates to the Russian officers in New York, is simply a little piece of coquetry. But you will say, 'Is it not an indecent thing for America, now that Russia is engaged in suppressing the liberties of Poland, to make believe to flirt with her?' (Hear.) I think it is. (Cheers.) And now you know precisely how we felt when you flirted with Mr. Mason at your Lord Mayor's banquet. (Cheers and laughter.)

#### THE AMERICANS AND THE BRITISH.

I maintain that all sorts of alliances with Continental nations as against America are monstrous, and that all flirtations of America with Paudours and whiskered foreigners are equally to be deprecated. Since I have come hither, since you have told me the truth, since I am permitted to bear back the assurance that popular sympathy in England is with us, since I have such significant facts to refer to as the detention of those rams in Liverpool (cheers) and such words as those spoken by Earl Russell at Blairgowrie, and those spoken also by the Attorney General to recall, I feel that I have that to bear with me which will come home warm and sweet to the American heart. (Cheers.) One in civilization, one in religion, one in substantial feeling, let us be one in national policy, one in every enterprise for the furtherance of the Gospel and for the happiness of mankind. (Loud cheers.)

At the conclusion of the lecture the following resolution was carried, on the motion of Professor Newman, seconded by the Rev. Newman Hall, and supported by Mr. George Thompson.

'That this meeting desires to present its most cordial thanks to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for the admirable address which he has delivered this evening, and to express its hearty sympathy with his reprobation of the slaveholders' rebellion, his vindication of the rights of a free Government, and his aspirations for peace and friendship between the English people and their American brethren; and as this meeting recognizes in Mr. Beecher one of the early pioneers of negro emancipation, as well as one of the most eloquent and successful of the champions of that great cause, it rejoices in this opportunity of congratulating him on the triumph with which the labors of himself and his associates have been crowned in the anti-slavery policy of President Lincoln and his Cabinet.'

Only one dissentient hand was raised against it, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

#### INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

MUCH of the eloquence attributed to our North American Indians is spurious; or, rather, it loses its distinctive characteristics by the process of translation. But a truly characteristic and genuine specimen is reserved in the address of Red Eagle to General Jackson. Red Eagle was a Creek and half-breed. His father was a Scotchman named Chas. Weatherford. Among the whites he went by the name of Wheateford. Red Eagle, at the battle of Fort Mimms, led the Indian army, and exhibited all the sanguinary ferocity of a madman, sparing none and drenching his arms in blood wherever he went. From the date of this battle he commanded the entire Creek army and fought in all the battle-fields of Alabama. The opening and closing scenes of the war were in strange contrast. The battle of the Horse-Shoe terminated the contest. Of twelve hundred warriors, not more than twenty escaped, and nearly six hundred were left dead on the field. This was an awful retaliation. During the war, four thousand Indians were killed. It is a little surprising that though great inducements were offered by the army under command of General Jackson for the capture of Red Eagle, he always contrived to escape detection; and when at last taken he had voluntarily and alone entered the camp of the commander to ask for peace. His speech on that occasion is one of the most eloquent in the history of oratory.

'Once,' remarked Red Eagle, 'I could animate my war-

rriors to the battle. But I cannot animate the dead. My warriors no longer hear my voice. Their homes are Talladega, Tallahatchee, Emuklaw and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. While there was a chance for success, I never left my post, nor supplicated peace for my nation or myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country I look back with the deepest sorrow, and I wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend against the Georgian army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river and fought them on the other. But your people have destroyed my nation. General Jackson, you are a brave man; I am another. I do not fear to die, but rely on your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered and a helpless people, but those to which they ought to accede. Whatever they may be it would now be folly to oppose them. If they oppose, you shall find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who hold out can only be influenced by a mean spirit of revenge. To this they must not and shall not sacrifice the last remnant of their country.'

The speech was no less worthy of admiration than the bold step of appearing before General Jackson in person, who, it was told him, had fixed a price upon his head. The hair breadth escapes of Red Eagle, during the war, are some of them of thrilling interest. At one time, when hotly pursued, he leaped from a bluff a hundred feet high, into the river, on horseback. His affair in love, too, with a white woman, whom he subsequently married, abounded in romance. Red Eagle had been liberally educated, and was a man of large and intelligent views.

#### JOKER'S BUDGET.

ABOUT A PIG.—Patrick, the widow Malony tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?

'Yes, yer honor.'

'What have you done with it?'

'Killed it and ate it, yer honor.'

'Oh, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig, on the judgment-day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?'

'Did you say the pig would be there, yer rivinence?'

'To be sure I did?'

'Well, thin, yer rivinence, I'll say, Mrs. Malony, there's yer pig.'

Fog is mistily defined as the visible capital of an invisible column.

A LITTLE girl about six years old was walking with her uncle one day, and her uncle said:

'Millie, did you ever hear of Curry the calf weaner?'

'No, uncle.'

'There was a man named Curry so ugly that he followed calf weaning for a living. When the calf was with the cow he would look under the other side, and as soon as the calf saw him it would run off, and never suck again.'

'Uncle, I think you would wean 'em pretty quick.'

PRENTICE says girls will differ. One of them lately broke her neck in trying to escape being kissed, and a great many of them are ready to break their necks to get kissed.

A SENSIBLE writer advises those who would enjoy good eating to keep good tempered; 'for,' says he, 'an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrella.'

A MAN from the country whose wife had eloped and carried off a feather bed, was in St. Louis in search of them—not that he cared for his wife, 'but for the feathers,' said he, 'them is worth 68 cents per pound.'

ARISTOCRACY.—Mock aristocracy, like mock virtue, cannot be too sincerely despised or too severely condemned. It is becoming the bane of society in Upper Canada, making its foolish women especially a 'laughing stock' for those persons who know what aristocracy is and ought to be. In short the folly infects every city, town and village in the Province, and the sooner it is exterminated the better it will be for all parties. One of the *parvenu* ladies of a certain village, who would be wonderfully aristocratic in all her domestic concerns, was visiting, a few days since, at Major G.'s, when after tea the following conversation occurred between the Major's old fashioned lady and the 'top not' in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the table:

'Why, Mrs. G——, you surely do not allow your hired girl to eat with you at the table—it's horrible?'

'Most certainly I do. You know that this has ever been my custom. It was so when you worked for me, don't you recollect?'

'This was a cooler to silk and satin greatness, or as the boys call it 'coddish aristocracy.'

A REASON FOR MARRYING.—'How could you do so imprudent a thing?' said a curate to a very poor Taffy. 'What reason could you have for marrying a girl as completely in poverty as yourself, and both without the slightest prospect of provision?' 'Why, sir,' replied the Benedict, 'we had a very good reason. We had a blanket a-piece, and as the cold weather was coming, we thought that putting them together would be warmer.'—*Welsh paper.*

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests, who is often a little absent minded, observed, gravely, 'I have often remarked that there have been more women than men married this year.'

At a public meeting in a country town, an eloquent advocate of popular education thus delivered himself;—'Mr. President, I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of education; for had it not been for education, I should be as ignorant as you are, Mr. President.'

An Irish girl, writing from Buffalo to her mother at home, says: 'The Yankee girls are like the old horses at home—high in bone, but low in flesh, and the color of a duck's foot.'

A YOUNG lady being asked by a politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

## THE SHAWLS OF CASHMERE.

It has been found next to impossible to obtain correct information respecting the number of shawls produced, or of the looms employed, in Cashmere, because, under an ignorant and jealous government, persons are afraid to speak what they think, or to disclose what they know. In the age of the Mogul emperors, there are said to have been forty thousand looms at work in the whole valley, and of these, a majority were to be found in the capital. Upon an average, five shawls issue annually from each loom, so that the entire number formerly manufactured amounted to two hundred thousand in the year. Owing to a variety of causes, among which the principal is the diminution of that class of persons who could afford to pay so large a sum for a single article of dress or ornament, there has been a great falling off in the shawl-trade. The last computation of Cashmere looms made them amount to sixteen thousand, which sent into the market eighty thousand shawls, of which the far greater number were exported. But to what countries? Certainly not to Europe. Neither do they find their way into India, though a very superior article, which pays an *ad valorem* duty of twenty per cent. finds its way to Calcutta, where it commonly sells for three hundred pounds. Gholab Singh therefore obtains from each shawl of this class a duty of sixty pounds sterling, which, if the trade were extensive, would render him one of the richest princes in the east. Even the dancing girls of Northern India often possess shawls valued at a hundred pounds; and the ladies of the harems in Western Asia twist round their heads or waists shawls worth six times that sum. The young wife of a Turkish pacha used to pride herself on a scarf of extraordinary richness and beauty, said to have cost her husband seven hundred pounds sterling. It had a border at either end eighteen inches deep, displaying a parterre of the most splendid flowers—roses, anemones, narcissuses, tulips—as fresh and gorgeous of hue as those which drooped or nodded in his own gardens in the valley of the Sweet Waters. When she wore it round her waist, allowing the borders to depend down her left side, each fold was so disposed as to exhibit in succession a rose, a tulip, and a narcissus, enveloped in a galaxy of buds, especially of the moss rose, which seemed to project from the surface of the fabric, fresh and steeped in the dews of morning. The wild and froward beauty who owned it sometimes took it from her waist, and twisted it round the head of a favourite, in order to behold the splendour of the flowers set off by contrast with his black beard. Along the sides of the scarf ran a border of about four or five inches in depth, resembling in richness of colours the most gorgeous painted windows in an old cathedral; and through what may be called the field, there ran long stems or wreaths of fanciful blossoms, fading away towards the centre into an opal tinge, which surrounded, like a halo, the circle of a damask rose. It may well be doubted whether the shawls manufactured for the Russian and Persian ambassadors, which cost twelve thousand rupees, exceeded in magnificence and lowliness that of the Turkish lady we have described. To suggest more completely the ideas of a garden, parts of the scarf had been steeped in one perfume, and parts in another, so that, as she moved along, the scent of jasmines, roses, or violets fell upon the senses alternately.

WHAT musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it?—Fiddle D. D.

WHAT word is there of five letters from which if you take two six still remain?—Sixty.

WHY should Africa rightly be considered to rank as first of the continents?—Because it bears the palm.

THE day on which indolent men work and fools reform, is—to-morrow.

HE whose soul does not sing, need not try to do it with his throat.

THE way European affairs are stirred up—With Poles.

SO necessary is fun to the mind, that a philosopher says, if you should build schools without playgrounds, nobody would get beyond short division in a life-time.

AN Irishman asked how they made ice-cream. 'Sure,' answered his companion, 'they bake it in cowd ovens.'

BEWARE of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion.

HANDEL required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food. Among other stories told of this great musician, it is said that whenever he dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered 'dinner for three,' and on receiving in answer to his question, 'Ish the digner retty?' 'As soon as the company come?' he said *constrepilo*, 'Den pring up te tinner *prestissimo*, I am de gombaury.'

WHAT kind of a fever have those who wish to get their names in print?—Type-us fever.

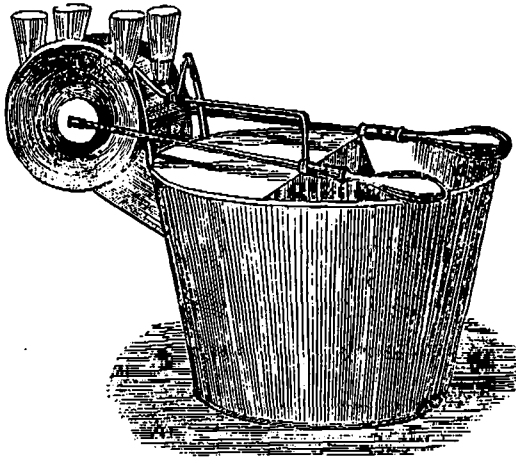
WHAT is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers? The street door.

A PROMISING young man may do very well, perhaps—a paying one much better.

A MAN so intoxicated that he can't hold up his head is a tip-top fellow.

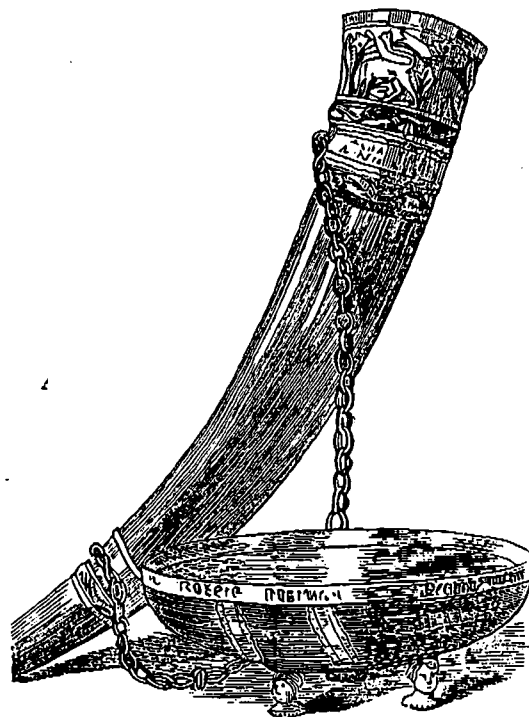
A MACHINE has been invented which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

A young medical student at Paris has made the discovery that gangrene is the result of a deficiency of oxygen. In two cases where mortification had set in, it was arrested by the use of this gas and the parts restored to a healthy condition. If this thing be true, the sooner our army surgeons are posted on it, the better for our brave wounded men.



## A NEW MILKING MACHINE.

We seem quickly to be losing the poetry of rustic life. The mower is no longer required at the scythe, nor the reaper at the sickle; that bent figure at the barn-door swinging to the music of the flail is gone; the whistle of the ploughboy is gradually dying in the distance; and now we are called upon to dismiss the ruddy milk-maid. A machine has been invented for milking cows, an illustration of which we give above. The teats of the cow just drop into four elastic tubes placed under them, in communication with an exhaust apparatus and a reservoir. The quick movement of two handles creates a vacuum, and the udder is instantaneously emptied of its contents in four continuous streams. While the operation is distressingly practical, it is very cleanly, and, we believe, agreeable to the cow. The milk is with drawn at the rate of a gallon per minute. The patent of the "cow-milker" has been sold to Watkins and Keene, of Birmingham, for £5,000 and a royalty to the original inventors; and it is stated that the firm have already received orders sufficient to cover the expenses of the patent, and that the machine is rapidly being adopted by all the great dairymen throughout the country. A prize medal and honourable mention have been awarded to the patent milking apparatus.



## OLD ENGLISH DRINKING VESSELS.

The Anglo-Saxons are unquestionable huge drinkers as well as feeders; and as they esteemed the indulgence highly, so they labored to ornament their drinking-vessels with all the skill in working the precious metals for which they were so famous. But the primitive drinking-cup was the simple horn of the bullock, which, when it had supplied the rude warriors of the North with the wherewithal to satisfy their hunger, furnished them with a convenient utensil for the gratification of their thirst. And as it had served these human savages, as well as the Homeric heroes before them, so the horn was retained as an appendage of the Anglo-Saxon dinner-table until after the Conquest. It is true that other drinking-vessels had been creeping into use, suggested no doubt, by the ornamentation with which the Anglo-Saxon artificers had enriched the simple cup of the Danes, as well as by their mastery in working the precious metals before alluded to.

Drinking-horns are represented on the Bayeux tapestry, and in the magnificent collection of antiquities in the British Museum there is a spacious specimen of one belonging to so recent a date as the sixteenth century. If any of our

readers have seen an old-fashioned Scotch mull they will form a sufficient idea of this vessel from which our forefathers quaffed 'their good old wine.'

The horn in the British Museum is formed of the small tusk of an elephant, carved with rude figures of that animal, unicorns, lions, and crocodiles. It is mounted with silver; a small tube, ending in a silver cup, issues from the jaws of a pike whose head and shoulders inclose the mouth of the vessel, on which the following legend is engraved:—

Drink you this and think no scorn  
All though the cup be much like horn.

As there is progress in all things and men are rarely satisfied to let well alone, the horn was not long before it had rivals. The commonest of these was the Mazer-bowl, a utensil which, with its cover on, resembles two saucers placed together rim to rim, with a topknot on the upper one. It was usually made of maple wood, from which it is supposed to have derived its name—maeser being Dutch for maple. Of this shape was the early and famous wassail bowl. When these bowls, which in process of time were made of costlier materials than maple, were large they were lifted to the mouth with both hands, when small, in the palm of one hand. But, though neither could be as convenient as the drinking-horn, our ancestors were much attached to their mazers, and incurred considerable expense in embellishing them, in embossing legends admatory of peace and good fellowship on the metal rim or on the cover, or in engraving on the bottom a cross or the image of a saint. Spenser, in 'The Shepherd's Calendar' thus describes a vessel of this kind:—

A mazer ywrought of the maple warre,  
Wherin is enchas'd many a fyre sight  
Of bears and tygers, that maken liers warre;  
And over them spread a goodly wild vine,  
Entrailed with wanton vry treine.

Thereby is a lambe in the wolves jawes;  
But see, how fast runneth the shepherd swain  
To save the innocant from the heastes' pawes,  
And here with his sheep hook hath him slain.  
Toll us, such a cup hast thou ever seen?  
Well moughte it bescome any harvest queene.

The Mazer continued in use to the seventeenth century, when it was still a favourite with the humbler classes. But on the tables of the rich it had given place to new inventions.

The Hanap, a cup raised on a stem, with or without a cover, had long come into fashion. This was a very elegant vessel, and without the cup somewhat in the shape of a chalice. There is a remarkably fine specimen of it belonging to the sixteenth century in the collection of plate appertaining to Winchester College. Besides the Hanap a sort of mug or cup, called the Godet, had also come into vogue; then there were the Juste, used in monasteries to measure a prescribed allowance of wine; the Barrel, the Tankard, the "standing-nut," or mounted shell of the cocoon, and the Grype, or Griffin's Egg, probably the egg of the ostrich or emu. These vessels, except, of course, the nut and the egg, were ordinarily of silver, and sometimes of ivory but rarely of gold, and still more rarely of glass, which did not obtain for drinking-cups until the close of the fifteenth century. They were for the most part embossed or enamelled with the armorial bearings of their owners, parcel gilt—i.e., where part of the work is gilt and part left plain or unglazed, set with jewels and elaborately designed with dances of men and women, with dogs, hearts, roses, and trefoils.

Spices and peppers should be ground fine, and kept in tin cans in a dry place.—A good nutmeg bleeds at the puncture of a pin. Cayenne pepper is better for all purposes of health than black.

Beans, white, are the cheapest and most nutritious of all articles of food in this country.

The best mealy potatoes sink in strong salt water.

Hot drinks are best at meals; the less of any fluid the better. Any thing cold arrests digestion on the instant.

The *Stauben Courier* says that a man walked forty miles to claim exemption from the draft, on the ground of inability to endure long marches and the hardships of camp life.

THE MEAT PIE.—All learned toxicologists and chemists appear to have forgotten the important fact that if a meat pie is made without a hole in the crust to let out certain emanations from the meat, colic, vomiting, and other symptoms of slight poisoning will occur. I have known two instances of large parties being affected in this manner from eating meat pies that had no hole in them.

We like fine writing when it is properly applied, so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence:—'As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear—the winged lightnings leap from the heavens when thunderbolts are loosed—so does a little boy run when a big dog is after him.'

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.—A couple not one hundred miles from Manchester, carried on their courtship in rather a novel manner. A young man had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer; but from certain ideas of wealth, a match was opposed by the father. The consequence was that the young man was forbidden to visit his employer's house. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the innocent bearer of their correspondence. The lady pinned a letter inside the lining of the old man's cloak every day, and when the father went into the counting-house, and threw off his cloak, the lover took out the lady's epistle, read it, and sent the reply back in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful.

Last year 268 suits were commenced in one of the English divorce courts, 204 of them for dissolution of marriage, and not more judicial separation.

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

**STEWED APPLES.**—Make a clear syrup of half a pound of sugar to one pint of water. Skim it; peel and core the apples without injuring the shape. Let them be in cold water till the syrup is ready, to which add the juice of a lemon, and the peel cut very fine. Stew the apples in the syrup till quite done. Quarters of oranges may be boiled in the same syrup instead of apples.

**To WASH WOOLEN GOODS.**—Prepare in your tub some soft water as warm as you can bear your hand in, put your soap in the water, wash the flannels clean in this, have in another tub or a pail some more hot water, (if there should be no suds left in the last water after wringing put in a little soap,) wring quick, shake well and dry. You must never put soap on your clothes, or apply cold water, as this is the cause of the flannel falling. White goods will do well to have the last water blue. Ironing, too, falls, if any soap be left in them then.

A piece of candle may be made to burn all night in a sick room or elsewhere where a dull light is wished, by putting finely powdered salt on the candle until it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night from a small piece of candle.

**HOME-MADE YEAST.**—Take a handful of loose hops, (a pinch only of pressed ones,) and tie in a bit of muslin; boil twenty minutes in two quarts of water; take them out and throw in four sliced potatoes, and boil until soft; strain all through a sieve, and add a half teacup of salt, and the same of brown sugar; scald these, and let it stand until lukewarm; add suffi-

cient yeast to raise it. When quite light, or when it ceases to bubble up, put it in a jug or covered jar, set in a cool place, and it will keep good a fortnight in hot weather, and a month or more in cold.

**CORNEB BEEF.**—To eight pounds of beef add as much cold water as will cover it; then put in one pint of rock salt and one teaspoonful of saltpetre dissolved in a teacup of warm water. It will be ready for use in four or five days.

**CORNSTARCH CAKE.**—One cup of sweet milk, two cups of of sugar, the whites of six eggs, one cup of molasses, one cup of cornstarch, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one and a half teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of butter.

**COUGHS AND COLDS.**—Take two ounces of squills, one pint of good vinegar, and a good proportion of loaf sugar, enough to sweeten the mixture. Soak all together for 24 hours, cold; and then boil down to half the quantity.

**ANOTHER.**—Boil together liquorice, flax seed, and honey, of each 4 lb, and add two ounces of syrup of squills, (from the druggists,) to the mixture as soon as taken from the fire.

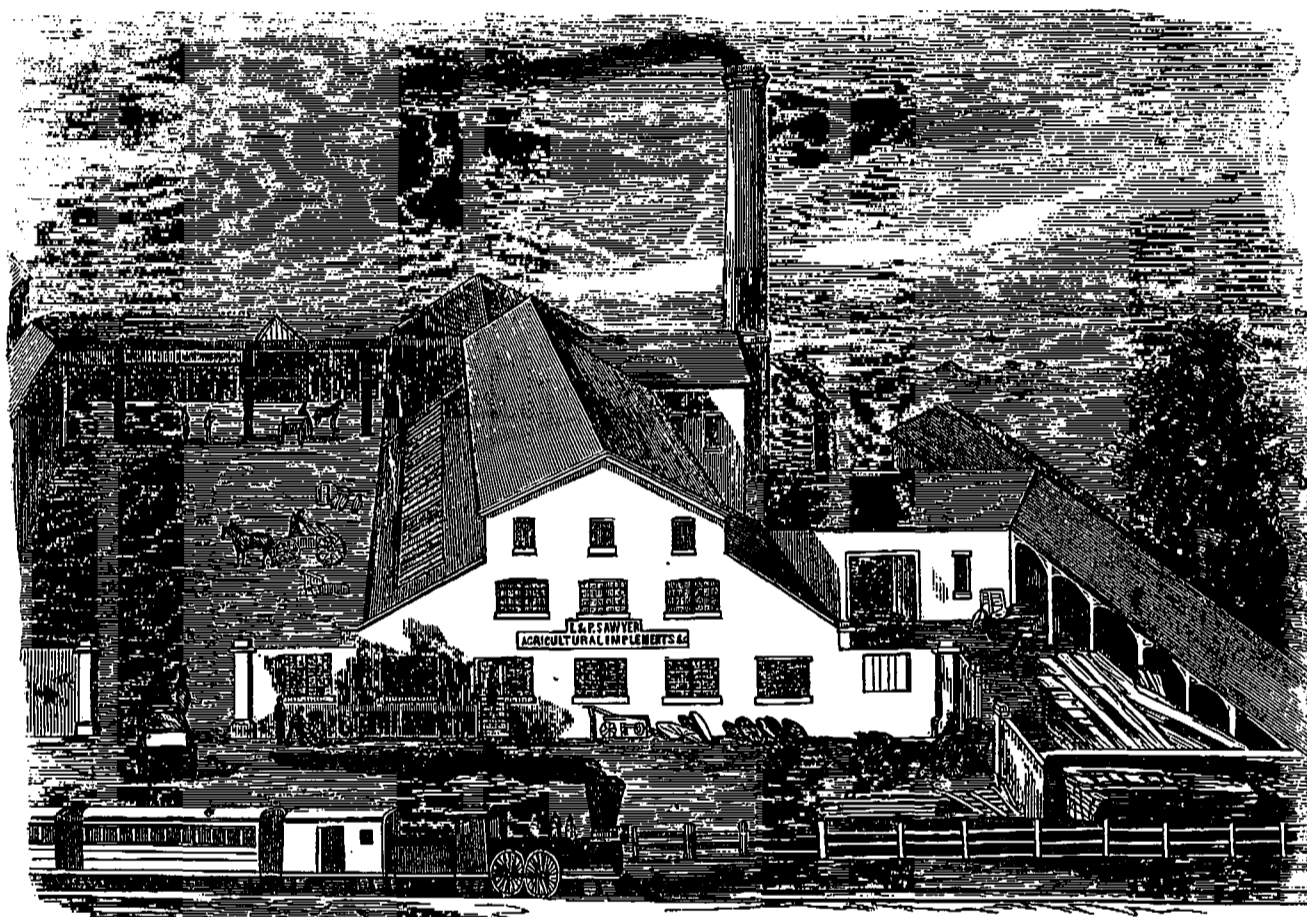
All meats should be cut up as fine as a pea, most especially for children. The same amount of stomach-power expended on such a small amount of food, as to be digested perfectly without its being felt to be a labor, namely, without any appreciable discomfort in any part of the body, gives more nutriment, strength, and vigor to the system than a larger amount, which is felt to require an effort, giving nausea, fullness, acidity, wind, etc.

The Congress of German dentists have decided that sugar and tobacco are not injurious to the teeth.

An interesting archæological discovery has just been made at Ornoloc, near Usat-les-Baines (Ariège.) On taking down a bell to make certain repairs in the steeple of the church, it was found to bear the date of 1079, and must consequently be one of the oldest bells in Christendom.

**THE Czars, of Cracow,** states that the Prussian Government has just confiscated at Thorn four steamers laden with gunpowder and saltpetre. It was subsequently ascertained that these munitions were destined for Russia, and the Berlin Cabinet immediately ordered the restitution of all that had been confiscated, and even undertook the expenses of the restitution.

**THE ANNEXATION OF MEXICO OPPOSED.**—The Paris correspondence of the *London News* says that M. Guerault, deputy for Paris, takes notice, in the *Opinion Nationale*, of the rumored intention to annex Mexico to France, and opposes the project most vehemently. He says that instead of the 30,000 French troops which now occupy but a small part of Mexico, at least 100,000 would be required to hold the country permanently.



AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT MANUFACTORY OF MESSRS. L. & P. SAWYER, HAMILTON, C. W.

## CANADIAN MANUFACTURES.

The engraving on this page is a representation of the agricultural implement manufactory of Messrs. L. & P. Sawyer, situated at the foot of Wellington street, in this city. It was formerly conducted by Messrs. McQuestin & Co.; but has been in the hands of the present proprietors about six years. It is said to be the largest establishment of the kind in Canada.

The principal building is a stone structure one hundred and sixty feet long, eighty feet wide and three stories high. The wood-work department and the machine shop are both included in one room eighty feet square. Here the wood-work of the implements is made, and the iron portion of the machinery finished. The moulding shop in the rear is of the same size. In the rear of the moulding shop, is a frame building ninety feet square, the lower story of which is used as a finishing shop, the second story for storage, and the third for patterns. The blacksmith shop in the east wing of the building is forty feet square, with a pattern shop of the same dimensions adjoining. The engine is of twenty-five horse power, and was built by the proprietors themselves. Formerly stoves in large quantities were manufactured by Messrs. Sawyer, but they have now almost entirely abandoned this branch of business. All kinds of general machinery and agricultural implements are also

made here. Messrs. Sawyer now confine themselves chiefly to the construction of threshing machines, mowing and reaping machines, straw cutters, fanning mills and the more costly articles used on the farm. At this establishment Ball's celebrated combined mower and reaper is manufactured in great numbers. It is generally considered to be the best machine of the kind yet constructed; it is simpler in construction, more durable or less liable to get out of order, and does its work better than any other in use.

The distinguishing feature of this machine is a flexible, folding cutting-bar, which adapts itself to uneven surfaces, and cuts on hill sides as easily as on a level. It is also useful in fields where there are ditches, as the operator may work lengthwise or across the furrows. The bar is made of steel, and the guards of wrought iron, inlaid with steel. The machine has two driving-wheels, so that the knife, is always in motion, even while turning in either direction. It is worked very easily, one span of horses being able to work it all day. It is capable of cutting from ten to fifteen acres of grass in a day, and from twelve to twenty acres of grain. We are informed that at nine different trials with a variety of other combined instruments of the same kind, Ball's were decided by competent judges to be the best.

Thirty men receive constant employment at the establishment, whose aggregate wages amount to ten thousand dollars a year. The capital employed, including the value of

the buildings, &c., is estimated at about thirty thousand dollars, and the total value of the annual product at about the same sum. The implements made here are quite as good as any made in the United States, and with a duty of 20 per cent in favor of the Canadian manufacturer, it is quite easy to understand why the importation of agricultural implements has diminished, and the home demand been supplied by our own manufacturers.

About one hundred tons of Scotch pig iron, a large quantity of wrought iron, and sixty thousand feet of lumber, are used annually by Messrs. Sawyer & Co., in the manufacture of agricultural implements. We were also shown some iron, which is largely used by Messrs. Sawyer, peculiarly adapted for castings for such work, as it has greater tenacity, probably, than any other iron known. A large pig of the best Scotch iron was easily broken by a single blow from an ordinary sledge, while repeated blows were required to break a much smaller pig of this metal. It is obtained at Salisbury, Conn. We are informed that the United States Government has purchased all the iron of this description in the market for the manufacture of guns, for which it is peculiarly adapted. When their supply of this iron is exhausted Messrs. Sawyer will use Canadian iron for their castings, which is nearly, if not quite as good as the Salisbury iron.

## INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT TO THE FALLEN BRAVE OF 1760.

### PREFATORY.

SCARCELY has a quarter of a century elapsed since the language and manners of France were dominant in the city of Quebec; the British emigrant might then have walked from the landing place to the last house in its principal thoroughfare without meeting a single person familiar with the English tongue; but now there is scarcely a village in the vicinity where that language is not spoken, more or less. The customs of France are fast disappearing and those of England are being adopted in their stead; even unto thought, that indelible element that has for such a length of time marked the distinction of the races, is gradually becoming submerged through British influence. True, here and there the red cap of liberty may still be seen, or the tricolor of France may flaunt for awhile, but their virtue has departed in this portion of Her Majesty's dominions, and the very men who are most prominent in such demonstrations feel that courtesy alone sanctions the display; that neither merit nor applause is to be gained by the mockery, and that the hearts of their compatriots are enshrined in that standard under which they have grown and prospered. Should this state of affairs continue—and there is no reason to believe to the contrary—the day may not be far distant when the sacred page of history, and a few grey-headed old men, now in the vigor of manhood will alone bear testimony to the existence of the French element in Canada.

In great national or political changes, circumstances having generally arisen to perpetuate the memory of the preceding period. Sometimes to individual genius has this distinction been accorded, as in the cases of Scott, Moore, and Ainsworth, whose destinies were to unfold the native beauties of their respective countries, ere destroyed by the encroachments of modern prosperity—to people afresh glens that have now become so many arteries of commerce, to bring back the floods of melody that enriched the age of chivalry and song, or to raise once more 'the wassail bowl,' and bid the future sip of the mirth and jollity that cheered their ancestors amid the gloom and superstition of their period upon earth. Sometimes it devolves upon nations to register the state from which they have just emerged—witness the sepulchre of the victims of the reign of terror in Paris; and sometimes the work has rested with communities. The heroic struggles of the French *Vendees*, for instance, threw a halo of glory round the descending fleur de lis of Bourbon, that it had never acquired even in the greatest brilliancy of its fame; but it is unnecessary to illustrate farther the assertion we have made; the last blaze of the dying embers is invariably the brightest—before death the events of a lifetime are crowded into a moment—just such a moment we regard that of the inauguration of the monument to the fallen brave. We look upon the structure as a tombstone erected by the descendants of the early Canadian French to the illustrious career of their forefathers, a career which terminated sadly but gloriously on that very spot. For though a special action only is supposed to be commemorated, yet so intimately is it linked with preceding events that the French Canadian population of the Lower Province have given it the much more appropriate title of *Le Monument Francais*.

But while we characterize the proceedings of the 19th of October last as essentially French, it must nevertheless be remembered that the remains of our own brave troops are mingled with theirs, and that moreover the occasion has been made one on which to bury the prejudice of creed and race, and to give utterance to the most fervent expressions of loyalty.

We now give a brief sketch from that portion of our history chiefly connected with the demonstration on hand.

[ 1760. ]

General Murray having taken up his quarters in the city of Quebec, he compelled the inhabitants to surrender all arms and munitions of war in their possession, and at the same time to take oath of allegiance to the British Crown. Meantime the women and children, who had taken refuge in the adjoining woods during the siege, returned to their former dwellings within the walls. The garrison was employed in felling timber, in strengthening and repairing the fortifications, and in out-post and other military duty.—What strange scenes greet the imagination in contemplating the condition of the British troops during their first winter in Canada; everything around them was foreign. The Royal Standard, flapping in the frozen atmosphere, alone reminded them of the happy homes they had left. How drearily must have lagged the nights and days—how wonderingly must the poor fellows have gazed on the fierce drifts that ever and anon swept over the white surface, carrying the snow into every crevice of their habitations, and powdering the great grey walls with which they were surrounded. How sadly must they have consigned the emaciated victims of sickness to their last resting place, for scrofula struck down fully a third of the gallant inmates during that wretched time.—When the warm breath of spring unlocked the ice-bound streams,—when the bright sunshine sparkled like diamonds on the frosted bastions, and myriads of tiny globules dripped merrily to the coming gladness—how earnestly, how hopefully was that vessel looked for which was then speeding from well-known verdure, clad isles, bearing to the stern guardians of their honor a precious freight of tear, blotted missives, full of soft and gentle words of love and encouragement. Alas, how few were there destined to realize the all-engrossing wishes of their hearts. Peace, the gentle goddess who had rested during the whole winter on the wearied arms of England, was suddenly startled by the sound of De Levi's bugle call; her presence had only brought a lull in the storm of strife; the battle clouds were again to envelope the place in a red glare, and the hot breath of war to roll over the fair scene, ere it passed forever into the keeping of its brave defenders. More and more confirmed became the rumors of a last and desperate struggle between the conquerors and the conquered. Finally the outposts were withdrawn and the city prepared for the besiegement. The wretched inhabitants were ordered to leave the place once more, and to take with them all the food, raiment, and personal effects they could carry. A pitiful sight it must have been to witness the aged and feeble shivering on the cold plains, exposed to the chilling blast, and scarcely knowing where to bend their steps.

In the meantime De Levi, at the head of the French troops and the militia of Canada, was fast wending his way to the

scene of action. The road to Quebec was then but partially formed, so that dense woods obstructed their march and added considerably to the fatigue of the journey. Nor was this all: they had chosen for their undertaking one of the most trying seasons of the year. Those only who are acquainted with the month of April in Lower Canada, can form a just conception of the severity of their sufferings. When the spring sun melts the surface of the snow, which is then at its deepest; the succeeding frost of night covers the thaw with ice, so that when morning returns everything looks and feels as if encased in glass; on this shiny covering it is so slippery that the snow shoe is perfectly useless, and the crust is so thin that the traveller sinks knee deep into the soft wet material beneath. Fancy then an army of 12,000 men tramping through a surface such as this—one day drenched with heavy rains, the next coated with ice and stiff with cold. It is impossible at this time to conceive the miseries they must have endured; therefore equally impossible is it to render justice to their courage and devotion. At last they found themselves in front of their old quarters, the ramparts of Quebec, but scarcely had they obtained a glimpse of them when they encountered the English General at the head of his little band of red coats. They accordingly ranged themselves in battle array, their lines three deep, and in the intervals of the regulars were posted the militia, whom we are told were so badly off for weapons of defence, that they were obliged to strap butcher's knives to the barrels of their firelocks. In point of numbers they possessed four times the strength of their enemy.

The English were a gaunt, ghostly-looking set—one half of whom had volunteered from beds of sickness. Among them were the Fraser Highlanders; they wore the kilt, and each man carried a broad sword, of which weapons the natives stood in much respect and not a little awe. The year before had inspired them with a perfect horror of these ferocious animals of tartan, who they said, knew no mercy and would take no quarter. With regard to the others, they wore the ordinary uniform of the day—loose, wide-sleeved, broad-tailed red coats, turned up with deep facings; they also wore white waistcoats, knee breeches, black gaiters, and three-cornered hats. For arms they carried the ponderous brown-bess' with heavy flint locks, substantial fixtures, and fiercely large bayonets.

With the exception of the guards who were stationed within the town, the entire garrison was on the field. Then commenced that red day's work to which everything had hitherto been tending.

We shall pass over the details of the various military movements of this action, and content ourselves with the sad result. The British, overpowered by numerical superiority, and reduced to almost one-half of their numbers, withdrew from the field of fight; to have remained would have been to place the fortress in the hands of the French, for none would have been left to defend it. During this day the militia of the country, especially those of Montreal, distinguished themselves greatly by their undaunted courage. When the British artillery opened fire upon them they crouched to the ground, but no sooner had the shot passed over them than up they were again, pouring in a deadly fire upon the gunners.

The appearance of the field after the battle was one of inexpressible horror; the long red streams of blood contrasted fearfully with the white snow; and strewn over the entire surface—here in groups, there in lines—were the bodies of upwards of 3,000 brave fellows, some of them gasping in the last effort of life, the rest stretched stiff and cold beside them. But to conclude, the French being left in possession of the field, their wounded were conveyed to the general hospital hard by, and then arose a scene unparalleled in civilized warfare. The Indians, who up to this time had been little more than spectators, had now resolved to reap the harvest of the slain. See in yonder distant part of the fatal ground are their dark and demon-like forms, moving hurriedly through the groups of the fallen. They are destroying the helpless wounded and mutilating the sacred dead; hear their exultant yells as the scalping knife fairly streams with its red prey. 'Help, mercy, pity,' shriek the wretched victims of their fury. But there is neither mercy nor pity in the savage breast. The stone walls of the city alone bound their vengeance, and the wall of despair is at last hushed in the stillness of death. In vain did De Levi endeavor to avert the destiny of his noble and helpless opponents. The dictates of humanity were drowned amid the yells of the infuriated denizens of the forest. Thus ended the second battle on the heights of Abraham, on the 28th of April, 1760.

The French kept possession of the Plains—they kept it in the hope that succor might arrive from 'La Belle France,' and thus enable them to complete their undertaking; but as we have already remarked, aid was also on its way from England; and it was clearly evident that on the first arrival, depended the fate of one of the two contending powers. At last, topsails appeared over the point of land opposite the city. The vessel rounded into the harbor, and sailed majestically past the bristling batteries above her; but not a symbol of nationality had shewed itself as yet. The suspense of all was wrought to the highest pitch of excitement—the besiegers declaring her to belong to them and the English more than half inclined to believe it.

At last the color shot to the mizen peak and spread its ample folds upon the azure sky—it was the ensign of Britain; and then a royal salute thundered from her ports, which was answered by a like number of guns from the Citadel. As for the poor garrison, they were wild with delight—they could do nothing but gaze on the vessel for some time after her arrival. And when, at last, they gave way to their enthusiasm, they crowded on the walls opposite the French, and capered and hooted like madmen—the officers even, joining in the mirth, waved their hats defiantly at the enemy, and exhibited the most unbounded joy.

Such was the first arrival from sea, after Quebec had become an English port.

Now that we have given the leading incidents of the stirring times of a hundred years ago, we will turn once more to the subject of our illustrations, beginning with

### THE MONUMENT:

#### ITS HISTORY AND SITE.

On the 5th of June, 1854, a number of workmen engaged in excavating the ground near St. Foy's toll-gate, observed that with almost every spadeful of earth, they brought to light fragments of the human frame. On closer inspection,

the truth revealed itself—they were standing among the glorious dead of 1760—the dried relics of mortality they had piled up on the roadside, like so many pieces of wood, was the self same material that moved in life and strength a hundred years back.

The discovery was no sooner made than it attracted the attention and curiosity of all—the rusty flint locks, military buttons, broken swords, &c., were all of them carefully examined. That a desperate struggle had taken place on that spot was evident, and further, it was equally certain that the greater part of the remains were of French origin.

At about that time the Society of St. John the Baptist busily employed in preparing for the observance of the 24th of that month—the national festival of the French Canadians—and the discovery we have mentioned, added considerably to the enthusiasm of the moment. The sight touched their national pride, (till then all but dormant,) to the very quick, and with true French sentiment they resolved to raise a stately mausoleum to the remains; but reflecting at the same time that their fellow subjects of British origin shared in the interest of the occasion, they, with a courtesy characteristic of that most courteous nation from whom they derive their existence, extended to them the right hand of friendship, proposing that the erection should be common to both races as was the glory it commemorated. The co-operation of the British party being thus secured, the undertaking progressed with rapid strides.

We must not, however, rob the St. John the Baptist Society of the laurels they have so deservedly earned. They did, we might almost say, everything. With them did the idea originate; by them was it carried out; theirs was the labor, theirs ought to be the reward. We honor them for the nobility of their purpose, and can assure them that we shall ever regard the monument in question as a convincing proof that we have in our midst a moral and high-minded people, keenly alive to affectionate remembrance, and the pulsations of patriotism and honor.

The first ceremony connected with the subject on hand, was

#### THE INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS.

This took place on the 24th of June of the same year. On this day there was a general gathering of the various societies—religious, civil, national, and social, of Quebec; and a magnificent funeral car was constructed, in which were placed the sacred relics. This car was highly and skillfully decorated. At the four corners drooped the oldest and most honored colors in the possession of the townspeople round the body were ranged with a military procession. A number of stout old muskets of the olden time, had been put in the highest order, the bayonets shining like new silver, and over each hung a wreath of victory. The effect of this against the sable back-ground, was, as may be easily imagined, a decided success. Besides there was a large historical painting, in a massive frame, richly gilt, and glowing under the solar rays as if almost on fire. The subject of the painting was the battle itself. In the centre stood the windmill near which were posted the British,—distinguished not only by their red coats, but by their dogged and inflexible bearing. The procession having formed on the esplanade, proceeded with due solemnity to the French Cathedral, where a *Requiem* was chanted, after which it pursued its course through St. John's Street to the site of the present monument, where Sir E. P. Tache delivered a most touching and eloquent oration, and thus concluded the ceremonies of that day. But another and grander demonstration still, was already on foot, namely, the ceremony of

#### LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

This occurred in July of the following year. The local papers of that date represent it as most successful. The weather was all that could be desired. The ladies came out in all their grace and beauty, and the street leading to the place of interest resembled a pavilion in the profusion of its decorations. To add to the *eclat* of the day there happened to be in port at that time a French ship of war, the crew of which turned out on the occasion, forming a most appropriate addition to the procession and at the same time, a special attraction to the people, who of course, were everywhere, *en masse*. The troops in garrison swelled the already enormous train of rejoicers, and the Loretto Indians contributed their mite in the shape of 30 or 40 of the most warlike of their tribe. On arriving at the ground, the prodigious multitude was addressed by the Hon. P. Chauveau, who acquitted himself in a manner worthy the fame he had already acquired. A collection of the current coin of the Province having then been placed within a cavity prepared for its reception and the stone lowered over it, His Excellency, Sir Edmund Head, terminated the proceedings by giving three knocks with a silver hammer, which ceremony was repeated by Capt. DeBelveze, and the foundation stone was declared laid. At this moment a loud roar of artillery burst upon the air. This was followed by a brisk reply from the little frigate in the river. Then came the long, loud, rattling '*feu de joie*' of the infantry, and scarcely had the smoke and noise died away than three rapturous cheers arose from the thousands of bystanders around.

The monument which has since been erected, and of which we furnish a drawing, consists of a fluted column, standing on an octagonal base, from four sides of which are ornamental projections, surmounted by ordnance. The other sides contain the names of the generals commanding the English and French armies, a picture of the windmill in bas relief and an inscription by the St. John the Baptist Society. On the summit of the column stands a pedestal on which rests the statute of Bellona, presented by Prince Napoleon.

The site of the monument overlooks the great valley of the St. Charles, in which the little river appears like a winding streak of silver. The distant forest over-topped by the blue mountains and presenting here and there verdant openings, showing the bright and peaceful homes of the rural population of this section of the country, is an exceedingly beautiful picture. Looking towards the east, (from the subject of our sketch,) we have a distant view of the harbor, and a glimpse of the parish of St. Roche, the glittering tin roofs of which are so marked a feature in the attractive appearance of Quebec.

In our next we will give an account of the celebration of the 19th of October last, together with several concluding sketches.

EDITORIAL SUMMARY.

CANADIAN.

A young man named James Scott, for some years employed as clerk in Thornton's drug store, Dundas, committed suicide on the 12th inst., by swallowing twenty grains of morphine. The deceased was about twenty-seven years of age, a Scotchman by birth, and a brother of the editor of the Paris Star. He had been for some time labouring under a depression of spirits, caused by close confinement, deep study, and disappointment in love.

As a port of shipment of grain, Montreal stands next to New York, being ahead of Philadelphia, Boston and Quebec, all put together.

Between three and four o'clock, on the 13th instant, Mr. John Addison [of the firm of Sharp and Addison, Hamilton,] was putting some walnut planks through a circular saw of large dimensions, which was running with great velocity. A stranger at the other side took hold of a board to pull it through, but not drawing it clear away from the saw, it was again caught by the revolving machine, and hurried with tremendous force against the left side of Mr. Addison, knocking him insensible. He was at once removed to his residence and medical assistance promptly obtained, but without avail. He expired at 11 o'clock.

It is stated that arrangements are being made for all the volunteer companies to be inspected in detail by an officer of Her Majesty's forces, and that those companies who do not pass a good inspection will be struck off the strength of the force.

Mr. Richards, on behalf of the Government, obtained a verdict at the present Assizes against the Toronto Roads Company—Mr. James Beatty's Company—for the sum of \$400,000. Mr. Beatty allowed the verdict to be taken without opposition.

The Quebec Daily News says, that the friends and admirers of the Hon. T. D. McGee, are about to erect for him a suitable mansion and appurtenances at Montreal.

A movement has been set on foot in St. Catharines to collect contributions for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Hon. W. H. Merritt.

The Hon. Mr. Foley has commenced the practice of law in London, in company with Mr. William Eccles, late of Toronto.

During the present year 120,000,000 feet of lumber have been manufactured on the Ottawa, and 13,000,000 by one firm on the River Trent. The total product of the Ottawa Valley is estimated at 150,000,000 feet. Nearly all of this has been marketed at good prices, and also a considerable amount that was held over from last year. Nearly all the manufacturers are enlarging their operations for the ensuing year.

Upwards of 90,000 acres of government lands in the County of Grey are advertised for sale at the office of the crown lands agent, Durham, on the 20th January next.

UNITED STATES.

The Washington Republican of the 17th inst., declares that it is expected that Generals Meade and Lee will have a battle ere the end of the present week, and the impression is confirmed somewhat, as we learn directly from the front to-day. It is understood that General Meade not only advances to the Rapidan, but that he is to cross it before the close of the week, and obtain battle if possible.

A Folly Island letter of the 14th, to the Tribune says matters remain pretty much in the same state as they were at last advices. The bombardment of Sumter is still continued at intervals, our batteries being occupied principally in returning the fire of Moultrie and the works on Sullivan's Island.

A despatch to the Times of the 6th says, although the enemy expose some infantry, it is believed that there is now only a strong picket line on the Rapidan, and that Lee's army has fallen back to some other position. But few camp fires can be seen at the side of the river, and some of their infantry, brought to the front yesterday, had their knapsacks on, and were otherwise equipped, as if ready for a march.

The Post's Washington correspondent [18th] says: There is some dispute here over an amusing question, and it is this, "Does General Meade desire to advance upon the enemy?" It is claimed by some of his friends that he does desire to push on at once, but that Gen. Halleck is opposed to it. Halleck and Gen. Meade are agreed that no further advance shall be made this winter, but that the President insists upon more fighting before the winter compels the army to cease its operations until next spring. It is a singular condition of things that at least four different men have the reputation of being opposed to the further prosecution of the war. I feel very certain of two things, that Gen. Halleck is not eager for another battle on the southern side of the Rapidan, and that Gen. Meade is. The General was urged to go to Gettysburg, but he has refused peremptorily and has gone back to fight. If the enemy affords him anything like a fair field, and will stand up for battle, he will try the hazard. Gen. Meade is a prudent General—too cautious at times,—but even he is convinced that it is in his power to beat the army under Gen. Lee.

350 paroled men have arrived at Annapolis from Richmond. They are in a wretched condition; six of them died on the way up. The Christian commission is administering to their relief.

The New York Herald describes Johnson's Island as being "a quarter of a mile broad and a mile long."

We suppose the 'high latitude' of the island has diminished its length, while its breadth remains as great as if it were on the equator.

The Tribune says that a fleet, almost large enough to blockade Great Britain, is vainly cruising the ocean in search of the Alabama.

It is estimated that the Russian ball in New York cost the neat little sum of \$1,340,000.

It has just been discovered that a man in the Maryland State Prison whose term had expired twelve years ago. He has served nineteen years on a sentence of a little less than seven years.

The Star of the 13th says the latest information from East Tennessee is that Longstreet is moving in that direction, and that some skirmishing has already occurred between Burnside's outposts and the outposts of Longstreet's advance.

The exact position of Burnside's outposts is not known.

From St. Louis (18th) we learn that the telegraph has been extended to Fort Smith. Gen. McNeil has issued an order that all molestations of the telegraph shall be regarded as the work of bushwhackers, and for every cutting of the wires a guerrilla prisoner shall be hung. Our forces occupy Walden, about forty miles south of Fort Smith. Our scouting parties have captured a rebel major, two captains, and quite a number of prisoners, together with a portion of Cooper's train, laden with commissary stores and ammunition. At last accounts, Cooper was flying rapidly towards Red River.

A telegram dated Nov. 16, from the headquarters of the army of Tennessee, states that Major-General Sherman was in Gen. Thomas' headquarters, having made a junction with his entire corps, with the right wing of Gen. Grant's army at Chattanooga.

EUROPEAN.

A poor woman in England has been sentenced to fourteen days imprisonment for stealing a turnip to satisfy the pangs of hunger. She had undergone five days imprisonment previous to the trial.

Among the new companies which have been announced is the National Steam Navigation Company, of London and Liverpool, with a capital of two millions sterling. The object is to accelerate the substitution of powerful screw steamers for sailing vessels in American and other trades. The first steps will be to establish lines from Liverpool and London to New York, of steamers of large size and capacity for freight and passengers. Three new steamers have been provisionally purchased, and contracts made for others of 3,500 tons each.

La France notices with regret England's and Austria's want of decision with regard to Poland. France, it continues, has clearly defined her views, and for the efficacious form of united action, she wants England and Austria to come to an understanding.

It is said that Marshal Neil will go to St. Petersburg on an extraordinary expedition, during the absence of the Duke of Montebello. This is presumed to be a last attempt, on the part of Napoleon, to persuade the Czar Alexander to grant the Poles the concessions which the diplomacy of Europe has hitherto failed to obtain.

A Stockholm journal reports a recent speech of the King of Denmark, in which he declared his readiness, in case of his State being overpowered by Germany, to start a Republic, to consist of the Danish Isles. The King said: 'I will descend from the throne to proclaim a Republic. I am convinced that no people in Europe is more fitted for the Republican sceptre than my dear Danish people.'

SELECT DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL.

J. B. SMITH, Bay Street, corner of Market Street. Terms for the lower branches, \$3.00 per quarter, \$1.00 per month, 25 cents weekly. For the higher branches and extra attention, \$4.00 per quarter, \$1.50 per month, 37 1/2 cents weekly.

N. B.—The above arrangement to take effect from January 1st, 1864. All pupils entering before that time will be charged the lower rates. Private lessons given if required, at 50 cents per lesson. October 24, 1863. c22

R. W. ANDERSON, (FROM NORMAN'S MONTREAL) PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,

45 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, C. W. FIRST-CLASS Cartes-de-visite equal to any in Upper Canada, \$3.00 per dozen. Private Residences, Churches and Public Buildings Photographed in any part of the country. Rooms, First Floor.

Old likenesses sent from the country, copied for the Album, and promptly returned at a very moderate charge. Toronto, May 30, 1863.

THE EVENING "TIMES"

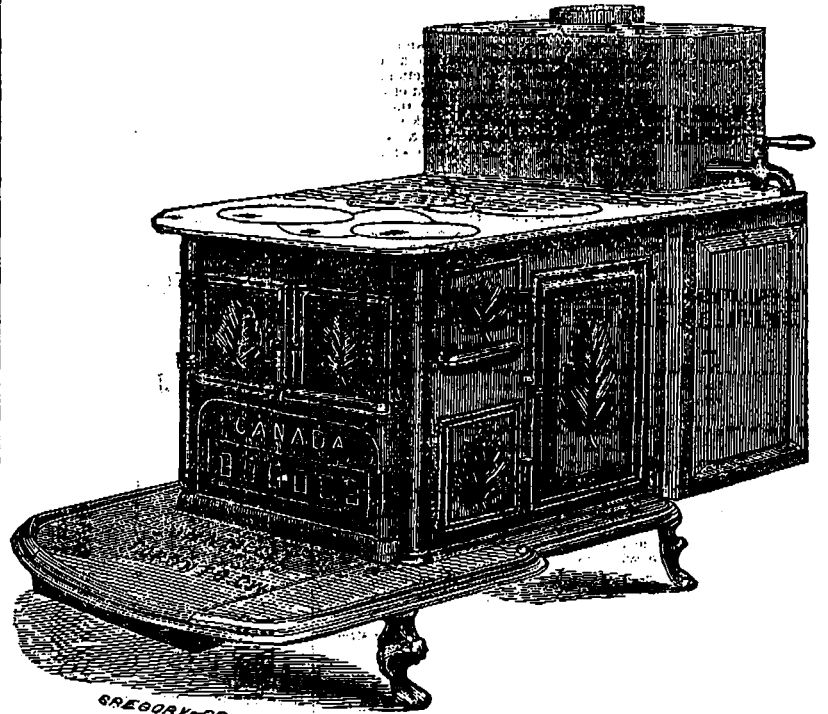
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The Canada is Warranted.

TORONTO, November, 1863.

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Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TRAFFIC FOR WEEK ENDING 13TH NOV., 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, Mails and Sundries, Corresponding Week of last year) and Amount (\$22,272 56, 37,234 49, 1,668 92, \$61,276 97, 69,443 11).

Decrease.....\$8166 13

JAMES CHARLTON.

AGENT OFFICE, HAMILTON, } Nov. 14, 1863.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

RETURN OF TRAFFIC, FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 7TH, 1863.

Table with 2 columns: Item (Passengers, Mails and Sundries, Freight and Live Stock) and Amount (\$28,019 45, 2,800 00, 61,446 67).

Total.....\$95,266 12

Corresponding week, 1862..... 89,622 53

Decrease.....\$4,256 41

JOSEPH HICKSON.

MONTREAL, Nov. 13, 1863.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

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

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 17th, 18 3.

Table with 3 columns: Item (Beef, Prime mutton, Pork, Bacon, etc.), Unit (per cwt, per tierce, etc.), and Price (e.g., 75 0 a 82 6).

PETROLEUM.

Table with 2 columns: Item (American Crude, Canadian, American Refined, etc.) and Price (£16 a 17, £10 a 11, etc.).

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SAVAGE & LYMAN.

Manufacturers and Importers of

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Superior plated goods, fine Cutlery, Telescopes, Canes, Fans, Dressing Cases, Papier-Mache and Military Goods, Moderator Lamps, &c. Montreal, January 24, 1863.

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