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SIR JOHN BEVERLY ROBINSON, BART., PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF ERROR AND APPEAL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

**SIR JOHN BEVERLY ROBINSON,
BART.**

The subject of our present notice was the son of Christopher Robinson, Esq., a British Officer who served in the Revolutionary War of the United States, and afterwards resided in New Brunswick.

He was born at Berthier, Lower Canada, 26th July, 1791, and received a Grammar School education at Cornwall from the present Bishop Strachan. He entered as a law student, and whilst in that capacity served as Clerk of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada. On being admitted to the Bar, he attained the distinguished position of Attorney General for Upper Canada, at the early age of 21.

He belonged to one of the few families who, having fought under the British flag during the American War of Independence, took up their residence in Upper Canada. The loyalty, as he expressed it, of the U. E. Loyalists was of no doubtful origin. He did not depend upon any hereditary claim to superior loyalty, for when the war of 1812 broke out, he was one of a company of 100 volunteers, who followed Sir Isaac Brock in the expedition which led to the capture of Detroit.

He was raised to the Baronetcy in 1854, and created Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford in 1855.

He sat about 18 years in the Legislature, serving about an equal time in each House.

During the term of his political career he was identified with the party known as the 'Family Compact,' and of course was strenuously opposed to Responsible Government.

In 1829 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, a position which he filled with great ability until last year, when he was appointed President of the Court of Error and Appeal.

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EMIGRATION.

If Canada is to become a populous and powerful nation in a few years, as we are apt to believe, in our more hopeful moods, it must be chiefly by emigration. It would be a long time, indeed, before the natural increase of our population would penetrate and remove those vast forests, which everywhere fringe the tract brought under cultivation by the heroic struggles of the backwoodsman. Many generations would succeed each other before our rich deposits of mineral wealth were developed, if the overflowings of European population did not do a share of the work. Every judicious step then for promoting emigration deserves encouragement, but unfortunately every step in this direction, is not judicious. Accustomed to rush into extremes in other matters, it is not to be wondered at if we occasionally do so in this, and as there seems some prospect of our doing so at present, it would not be amiss calmly to consider the responsibility we thereby incur.

An association, it seems, has been formed in England for the purpose of encouraging emigration to the Colonies, whereupon some of our contemporaries strongly urge the Government and people of Canada to exert their influence in securing as much as possible of the intended emigration for this country. Now, if there is nothing within the scope of this undertaking but the mere emigration of these suffering families, it is

only an arrangement for changing the locality of the distress. If these unwilling idlers—or any considerable proportion of them—were placed upon our shores to-morrow we could not give them employment, without seriously reducing the means of our present working population, or making inroads upon the substance of our capitalists. There have been for some years past—and still are—unemployed men in all our towns and cities, unable to obtain work; while the remuneration for the labor which has been employed in all, or nearly all, branches, has considerably declined, how then are the new-comers to obtain employment, our fields of industry of course are not exhausted, in fact scarcely entered upon, but capital is just as necessary to labour as natural resources are, and of this unfortunately we have but a limited supply. A country has at any time but a certain sum—which has been called its wages fund—out of which its labour can be remunerated. If the number dependent on this fund increases more rapidly than the fund itself, either the surplus number of labourers must be without employment, or the proportion received by each will be lessened. In plainer terms, wages will fall. One of these results is precisely what would take place if any considerable augmentation were made to our present working population. Is this state of things desirable? It will not seem so to any man of true patriotism or of true humanity, for let us not forget, that in speaking of our working population—that is those working for hire—we are speaking of nine-tenths of our people, and that any prosperity obtained by the sacrifice of their comforts, is not national prosperity, but only the temporary enrichment of the few, and the impoverishment of the many. But there is another consideration to be noticed in this connection, the stream of emigration flows towards this country, instead of from it, only because we can offer to the emigrant a greater share of the comforts of life than he can obtain in his native country. So soon as we fail to do this, immigration will stop; our reputation as a desirable place for settlement will fall, and it may take many years to raise it. Let us be quite sure then that in exerting our influence to promote emigration, we can honestly offer the immigrant a comfortable home.

But there are the backwoods, it is replied, is there any glut of the labour market there? None certainly; and if the present scheme would effect the settlement of these wild lands, it could scarcely be carried to excess. But here the old difficulty meets us; a life in the bush requires capital to begin with. Where is the capital to come from? Some think the Government should supply it; but the Government can only do so by diverting it from some other channel where it is equally required. Government is not a self-sustaining source of wealth, it can only make use of amounts of capital as the country can spare. There is yet another argument to be noticed. It is said that labour is scarce in the agricultural districts. On this point we have no very definite information, nor do we think those who assert it have. We know of men, who, in the autumn of the present year, offered their services to farmers for no other remuneration than their board and lodging, and could not obtain employment even on these terms. These may have been exceptional cases; but it is difficult to believe that any great scarcity of labour can exist in the agricultural districts, while there is a surplus of it in our towns and cities. Farmers, of course, experience some inconvenience for want of 'hands' at harvest time, and this they must continue to experience, unless we have a sufficient number of men ready to serve them at these times, who, from want of employment, will be a burden on the community for the remainder of the year.

The kind of immigration which Can-

ada requires at present is men of moderate capital. To these she offers a field unsurpassed by any country in the world. If farmers, there is abundance of cleared land to be had on easy terms, and a ready market for their products; if manufacturers, they have an excellent opportunity of turning a moderate income into an independent fortune. In this branch of industry we are yet mainly dependent for our supply on foreign production. We want more manufacturers in textile fabrics, iron work, pottery, glassware, leather, &c. We have abundance of raw material for all these, and an extensive market as well, and only require the capital in order to commence their manufacture on a large scale. Let us secure that, and laborers will follow it in abundance, without any spasmodic efforts on our part to increase them.

AMERICAN WAR.

The road to Richmond is a hard one to travel for the Northern army. Checks, defeats, retreats, meet them at every turn, and when they do appear to those at a distance from the scene of operations to have gained an advantage, it is soon found to be more imaginary than real. The soldiers are brave and enduring, but they have no one to lead them—no one in whom they can place confidence. They are often led to slaughter, but never to victory. It is impossible that the spirits of men, however courageous, can always be proof against such misfortunes. Sink they must, and the numerous desertions from the army may be regarded not as an unwillingness to fight, but as an aversion to be set out as targets for the enemy's bullets.

The fight at Fredericksburg is quite in keeping with the other doings of the Federal generals. They determine to capture the city. Bridges are thrown across the Rappahannock, and because they meet with little opposition, they suppose that the enemy, afraid to meet them, has retired. Experience might have taught them before this time, that if the passage of the river was not opposed, it was because nothing could be gained by it. Well, after having opened a terrific fire upon the city, levelling many of its houses with the ground, they take possession of it, but soon find that they have gained nothing, and now seem to think themselves fortunate in being permitted to return unmolested.

A correspondent of the 'Tribune,' gives a graphic description of the wreck and ruin which they brought upon the city.

I have just returned, he says, from this once quiet and attractive city, now a deserted, ruined, demolished town, a heap of smouldering ruins and falling dwellings, which have for weeks been tenantless. Who would recognize it to-night? The heavens are red with the flames of the old mansions; the atmosphere is full of the smoke from the smouldering embers. The desolating blasts of war prayed and sought for, have at last been visited upon her. What she chose, rather than surrender, has been her portion.

But upon entering Fredericksburg and groping through streets choked with burning timber and the mangled bodies of those who stayed until it was too late to flee into the mountains, allow me to return to this side of the Rappahannock, and review the events of the past few days.

The evening of the day upon which the struggle was to commence approached. The cold, from which the troops had been suffering for the past few days, had made the roads hard and firm, so that transportation of all kinds could be easily moved.

It was originally designed to throw across the river five bridges, but late in the afternoon the order was changed to three. The points selected were the old pontoon crossing of the Gen. McDowell, a few rods above the Lacey House, the old ferry below the Railroad Bridge, and a spot about one mile and a half south of the railroad. The distance from the first to the third bridge, or rather from the right to the left, is two miles.

Capt. Brainard, who held command of the bridge on the right, succeeded in completing it to within twenty feet of the opposite shore, when, just as he was having the last boats moved to their places, a murderous volley

from 200 to 300 sharpshooters, concealed in the houses, was poured upon his men. Twenty of his best men were wounded at the first fire—himself, severely, among the number.

The volley from the sharpshooters was fired at precisely half-past five, upon a signal from two guns placed upon the hills below Fredericksburg. The instant the rebels opened this battery and the sharpshooters fired upon the engineers, a tremendous fire from twenty batteries, comprising one hundred and twenty pieces, placed in commanding positions, from Falmouth on the right to half a mile below the city on the left, was poured direct upon Fredericksburg! This order to shell the city never would have been given had not the rebels themselves used the brick and stone dwelling houses on the banks of the river for fortresses for their sharpshooters. The moment this stream of shell from all the batteries in the field fell upon the city, the rebels, by hundreds and thousands, could be seen flying from the dwellings in every direction.

Upon the first slight cessation of the bombardment, and as the smoke and fog lifted, women and children were heard screaming and begging to be brought to this side of the river, and one poor woman was seen wringing her hands and crying, 'Oh, my God! oh, my God! Save my child, it is burning to death.' A shell had exploded in the house and the building was in flames. In a short time other dwellings were on fire, and the scene then became one no pen can describe, no artist picture.

The Rebels, behind their intrenchments on the hills, remained as quiet as the grave. Not a shot had they fired since the signal guns at daylight. Reports ran through the camps that they had fallen back to the second range of hills, and would not offer battle until we had moved upon their own ground.

Gen. Sumner's Division was drawn up in battle line awaiting the order to cross the river. Gen. Howard had been given the place of honor, and was to have the advance. Gen. Dana's old brigade, now commanded by Col. Hall, was to be the first to cross the river. Determined that the bridge should be laid and Gen. Howard's Division over the river before sunset, these brave soldiers sprang into the boats, and under the sharpshooters, with our own shell falling by hundreds all around them, effected a landing on the opposite side, drove the riflemen from their hiding-places, killed and wounded fifteen, and took fifty prisoners. The moment the boats touched shore a shot went up from the cannoniers at our guns, from the soldiers drawn out in line of battle from line and staff officers gathered by hundreds to witness the crossing, and from all spectators of whatever rank or class, that almost drowned the roar of artillery. At this moment Gen. Sumner and his staff came riding up, and seeing what had been accomplished, ordered a band near him to strike up Dixie. The leader said he could not play Dixie, but would give him Yankee Doodle, and the band were about placing their instruments to their mouths, when a round shot from the enemy's battery, which had remained silent all day, fell plump in their midst, and with it fell all the brave band upon their bellies, as if each had been struck on the head with the shot. Discovering however in a moment that they were not hit, they sprang to their feet, dropped their instruments, and ran.

General Burnside, having got his army across the river, drew it up in order of battle in the streets of Fredericksburg, and marched it against the enemies works. All attempts to carry them proved unavailing; and at length convinced that the task was beyond his strength, determined to recross. They are now said to be out of danger, having the Rappahannock between them and the enemy. The withdrawal of the troops is thus described:

The movement commenced at dark on Monday night. All the sick and wounded were removed during the day to hospital tents this side. Burnside inspected the position of the troops at p. m. The withdrawal of our forces had been determined on at a council of all the corps commanders during the day. The undertaking was regarded as perilous, but if successful would rescue the army from another battle which would accomplish little except the destruction of valuable lives. The troops had received no intimation of the intention to retreat, and had laid down on their arms for the night, when the order was given to fall in. The troops supposed it was for a night assault on the enemy's works, and were not undeceived until they found themselves on the pontoons, crossing the stream. The bridges were covered with earth to deaden the sound of artillery.

Gleanings.

TASTE AND COMFORT.—It is certainly very interesting to observe how people differ in matters of taste, order, and comfort, in the common habits of life. Some with very little to do with will arrange things about their house with admirable taste and order, so as to make matters cheerful and comfortable. There is a place for everything, and everything is in its proper place. While others with much more ample means, for the want of a little taste and order, never keep their homes in anything like a neat and cheerful place to live in.

Now and then you will find a little cottage by the wayside, with the vines clambering over the door, and everything about so neat, orderly and inviting, that at a single glance we are assured that if matters are arranged with corresponding taste it must certainly be the home of peaceful joy and contentment. How tastefully everything is arranged by some master-hand who has an eye for the beautiful and home comforts of life. The door-yard fence may be rough and unpainted, yet every picket is in its proper place; the gates swing upon two hinges, and shut with ease. The walks up to the doorway are gravelled, and neatly bordered with grass. The little plot of ground in front of the cottage is artistically laid out, and rare and beautiful flowers are blooming upon every side. Go inside, and we will venture to say, that you will not have to wait half an hour for the members of the family to change untidy dresses for better ones before they can see them. They are ready to be seen at all times. Neither will you find everything in utter confusion; children on the table with a 'hammer and looking-glass'; the dog comfortably sleeping on the best bed; or things at odds and ends generally. No; everything is as neat as a pin; and by the good taste and order they display, they draw happiness from the very resources which many others despise. They multiply their means for comfort by the way they use them. The best people like to visit them, and always experience much pleasure in their company. How differently everything contrasts with the very next house you come to, which may be large and even costly of itself, but devoid of the surroundings which denote the existence of taste and order in the arrangements of the inmates. Quite likely the yard is ornamented with a zig-zag rail-fence, and sundry carts and piles of lumber, while getting in and out at the front door, is a thing not to be thought of. Not a shade tree or flower ornaments the ground round about; and, as far as taste or beauty is concerned in the surrounding arrangements, they might as well live in the midst of the desert. We need no better index to the inside of a house, or a taste of the inmates, than a single glance at the surroundings outside. When you see everything neatly arranged in the front yard, and flower beds giving evidence of care and labor, you may rely upon the internal affairs being what they should be. Some people are so worldly-minded and grasping in their dispositions, that to spend a dollar, or a few hours' time, in beautifying their homes, and making things look cheerful and really comfortable about them, would be in their eyes a great piece of folly. So they go on, hoarding up the things that may fall to ashes in their hands, and denying themselves of the pleasures that arise from a love of the beautiful. What is true of people in their household arrangements will also hold good in matters of dress and deportment. Some will array themselves in costly apparel, and yet make a most ridiculous appearance for not having the auxiliary of taste to arrange their dress in a becoming manner. Everything about them, no matter how costly or beautiful, appears fussy and out of place; while others with one half of the cost will always look neat and becoming. Taste is apparent in almost all the affairs of life; that is, we either see it predominating, or the lack of it is manifest at once. While one will have a taste for a certain line of business, and will succeed in it, another would fail in it, because he is not fitted for it. All men are not mechanics, farmers, or lawyers, but their tastes for the different pursuits varying, each one thus becomes enabled to follow out his desires; hence we see so many different occupations in life, all promising success if rightly pursued. No man should enter any business for which he has not a taste, that will enable him to follow out all the different principles of his calling with a certainty of success. Thus we find that taste occupies a very important position in the affairs of life, and enables one to make fruitful of good a condition which to others would be barren of comfort; and to draw happiness from resources, which by many would be neglected or despised. Let all then endeavor to make

the most of what we have, and see how the sum of their enjoyment will be increased thereby.

MONARCHS OUT OF BUSINESS.—The 'Times' correspondent, writing from Athens on the subject of the recent quiet revolution in Greece, says:—

The most extraordinary part of the affair is that not a voice seems to be heard from any of his late subjects for King Otho. We hear of none of his diplomatic agents abroad resigning their posts, or refusing to continue in them at the instance of a new Government. Not the worst of the Italian Princes who are now in exile but had some one to fight for them or to share their banishment, while not a blow has been struck for King Otho. He could not trust the crew of his own vessel, named after his Queen, and it was an English ship that conveyed him to Venice. Venice seems to become the favorite resort of dethroned princes. If Venice is destined to see another Carnival, we may yet witness a repetition of the scene at the hostelry as recorded in the adventures of Candide—The number is the same, and the adventures are not dissimilar. There are 'Henri Cinq,' the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Parma, the Duke of Modena, the King of Naples, and last, not least, King Otho.—Candide and Martin expressed their astonishment at hearing the six gentlemen they met at table addressed as 'Sire,' and asked if it were a Carnival pleasantry. The master of Cacambo, speaking very seriously, said:—

'I am not joking. My name is Achmet III. I was the great Sultan for many years. I dethroned my brother. My nephew dethroned me. My Viziers had their heads cut off. I am lodged in the old Seraglio.—My nephew, Sultan Mahmoud, permits me to travel now and then for my health, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice.'

A young man sitting next to Achmet said:—

'My name is Ivan. I was Emperor of all the Russias. I was dethroned while yet in the cradle. My father and mother were shut up. I was brought up in prison. I am sometimes permitted to travel in company with my guardians, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice.'

The third said:—

'I am Charles Edward, King of England. My father transferred to me his right to the kingdom. I fought in defence of it. They tore out the hearts of 890 of my partisans. I was put into prison. I am going to Rome on a visit to the King, my father, who, like me and my grandfather, was dethroned, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice.'

The fourth said:—

'I am the King of the Poles. The chances of war deprived me of my hereditary States. My father experienced the same reverses. I am resigned to the will of Providence, like Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and King Charles Edward, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice.'

It now remains for the sixth to speak:—

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am not so great as you are; but, nevertheless, I have been a king, like others. I am Theodore. The Corsicans chose me for their sovereign. They called me "Majesty," and now they scarcely call me "Sir." I coined money; and I have not now a farthing. I have had two Secretaries of State; and I have not now a valet. I was on the throne, and I have been in prison for debt in London, and I fear I shall be treated the same way here, though, like your Majesties, I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice.'

The other five kings heard his history with noble compassion. Each of them gave him twenty sequins to buy clothes. Candide gave him a diamond worth 2,000 sequins.—'Who is this man,' said the five kings, 'who is able to give a hundred times more than we can? Are you also a king, sir?' 'No, gentlemen,' said Candide, 'and I have no desire to be one.' When they were rising from table there arrived at the same hostelry four Seneo Highnesses who had also lost their States by the chances of war, and who were also coming to spend the Carnival at Venice, but Candide took no notice of them.

A PIG WITH TALENTS.—The Rev. J. G. Wood, in his Animal Traits and Characteristics, thus glorifies one:—

'A curious animal is a pig, gentlemen! Very curious, too; a great deal more sensible than people give him credit for. I had a pig aboard my ship that was too knowing by half. All hands were fond of him, and there was not one on board that would have seen him injured. There was a dog on board, too, and the pig and he were capital friends; they ate out of the same plate,

walked about the decks together, and would lie down side by side, under the butwarks, in the sun. The only thing they ever quarrelled about was lodging. The dog, you see, sir, had got a kennel for himself: the pig had nothing of the sort. We did not think he needed one; but he had his own notions upon that matter. Why should Toby be better housed of a night than he? Well, sir, he had somehow got into his head that possession is nine parts of the law; and though Toby tried to show him the rights of the question, he was so pig-headed that he either would not or could not understand. So every night it came to be 'catch as catch can.' If the dog had got in first, he would show his teeth, and the other had to lie under the boat, or to find the softest plank where he could; if the pig was found in possession, the dog could not turn him out, but looked out for his revenge next time.

One evening, gentlemen, it had been blowing hard all day, and I had just ordered close-roofed top-sails, for the gale was increasing, and there was a good deal of sea running, and it was coming on to be wet. In short, I said to myself, as I called down the companion-ladder, for the boy to bring up my pea-jacket, 'We are going to have a dirty night.' The pig was slipping and tumbling about the deck, for the ship lay over so much with the breeze, being close hauled, that he could not keep his hoofs. At last he thought he would go and secure his berth for the night, though it wanted a good bit to dusk. But, lo and behold! Toby had been of the same mind, and there he was safely housed. 'Umph, umph?' says piggy, as he turned and looked up at the black sky to windward; but Toby did not offer to move. At last the pig seemed to give it up, and took a turn or two, as if he was making up his mind which was the warmest corner. Presently he trudges off to the lee scuppers, where the tin plate was lying that they ate their cold 'tatoes off. Pig takes up the plate in his mouth and carries it to the part of the deck where the dog could see it, but some way from the kennel, then turning his tail towards the dog he began to act as if he was eating out of the plate, making it rattle, and munching with his mouth pretty loud. 'What?' thinks Toby, 'has piggy got victuals there?' and he pricked up his ears and looked towards the place, making a little whining. 'Clamp clamp,' goes the pig, taking not the least notice of the dog; and down goes his mouth to the plate again. Toby couldn't stand that any longer; victuals, and he not there! Out he runs, and comes up in front of the pig with his mouth watering, and pushes his cold nose into the empty plate. Like a shot, gentlemen, the pig turned tail, and was snug in the kennel before Toby well knew whether there was any meat or not in the plate.'

BE A WHOLE MAN.—We are not sent here to do merely some one thing which we can scarcely suppose that we shall be required to do again, when, crossing the Styx, we find ourselves in eternity. Whether I am a painter, a sculptor, a poet, a romance writer, an essayist, a politician, a lawyer, a merchant, a hatter, a tailor, a mechanic, at factory or loom, it is certainly much for me in this life to do the thing I profess to do as well as I can. But when I have done that, and that thing alone, nothing more, where is my profit in the life to come? I do not believe that I shall be asked to paint pictures, carve statues, write odes, trade at Exchange, make hats or coats, or manufacture pins and prints when I am in the Eupyrean.

Whether I be the grandest genius on earth in a single thing, and that single thing earthy, or the poor peasant, who, behind his plough, whistles for the want of thought, I strongly suspect it will be all one when I pass to the competitive examination yonder! On the other side of the grave a Ruffalle's occupation may be gone as well as a ploughman's.

This world is a school for the education not of a faculty, but of a man. Just as in the body, if I resolve to be a rower, the chances are that I shall have, indeed, strong arms, but weak legs, and be stricken with blindness from the glare of the water; so in the mind, if I care but for one exercise, and do not consult the health of the mind altogether, I may, like George Morland, be a wonderful painter of pigs and pigsties, but in all else, as a human being, be below contempt, an ignoramus and a drunkard.

We are not fragments, we are wholes; we are not types of single qualities, we are realities of mixed, various, countless combinations.

Therefore I say to each man, 'As far as

you can, partly for excellence in your special mental calling, principally completion of your end in existence, strive, while improving your own talent, to enrich your whole capital as Man. It is in this way that you escape from that wretched narrow-mindedness which is the characteristic of every one who cultivates his speciality alone.

A BOLD MARINER.—Every one has heard of the little fishing smacks employed in cruising along the coast of Scotland; which carry herring and other fish to Leith, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, worked by three or four hardy sailors, and generally commanded by an individual having no other knowledge of navigation than that which enables him to keep his dead reckoning, and to take the sun with his quadrant at noon-day. A man who owned and commanded one of these coasting vessels had been in the habit of seeing the West India ships load and unload in several ports of Scotland; and having learned that sugar was a very profitable cargo, he determined, by way of speculation, on making a trip to St. Vincent, and returning to the Scotch market with a few hogsheds of that commodity. The natives were perfectly astonished—they had never heard of such a feat before; and they deemed it quite impossible that a mere fishing smack, worked by only four men, and commanded by an ignorant master, should plough the boisterous billows of the Atlantic, and reach the West Indies in safety; yet so it was. The hardy Scotchman freighted his vessel and made sail, crossed the Bay of Biscay in a gale, got into the trades, and scudded along before the wind at the rate of seven knots an hour, trusting to his dead reckoning all the way. He spoke no vessel during the whole voyage, and never once saw land until the morning of the thirty-fifth day, when he descried St. Vincent right ahead; and setting his gaff-top-sail, he ran down under a light breeze, along the windward coast of the island, and came to anchor about eleven o'clock.

ELEPHANTS LOVE TO BE FED.—A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris, anxious to discharge his duty, was extremely vigilant, every time he mounted guard near the elephants, to prevent the spectators from supplying them with casual food. This conduct was not much calculated to procure him the friendship of those sagacious animals. The female in particular beheld him with a very jealous eye, and had several times endeavored to correct his officious interference, by besprinkling him with water from her trunk. One day, when a great number of people were collected to view these noble quadrupeds, the opportunity seemed convenient for receiving, unnoticed, a small piece of bread; but the rigorous sentinel happened then to be on duty.—The female, however, placed herself before him, watched all his gestures, and the moment he opened his mouth to give the usual admonitions to the spectators, discharged a stream of water full in his face. A general laugh ensued, and the sentinel having wiped himself, stood a little on one side, and continued his vigilance. Soon after he had occasion to repeat his charge to the company, not to give anything to the elephants; but no sooner had he uttered the words, than the female laid hold of the musket, twisted it around her trunk, trod it under foot, and did not restore it till she had twisted it into the form of a cork-screw. Whether this put a stop to his officiousness we are not informed; but it probably taught him more caution in coming within the reach of an animal whose natural appetites he was disposed unnecessarily to control.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.—Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars: In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it must certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental power in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen the most or read the most, who can do this; such an one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it a man that can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy had the pre-eminence, not because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.

WINTER SCENE.

The winter scene which we present on this page, is not one which any gentleman would frame for the decoration of his drawing room, nor any lady weep romantic tears over, but the readers of Charles Lamb will not object to it, and every traveler through Canada—especially at this season—will recognize in it a decidedly characteristic scene. It has also the value of being a scene 'from real life,' having been taken by 'the machine that can't lie.' We can remember the time, in Canada, when the pig was a gentleman at large, a kind of porcine 'diner out,' or in other words, was left pretty much to shift for himself, to find his own provender and shelter, and do battle as best he might against the constant persecutions of all the unprincipled curs of the neighborhood. This

by furnishing the settler and the lumberman with a cheap and wholesome article of food.

The pork trade of Canada has been rapidly increasing for the last few years. Since the commencement of the American war, however, the price has very much declined owing to the closing of the Southern market, but this cause is only temporary; with its removal we may expect a still further increase. We are glad to know that large capitalists from the United States are looking towards Canada as a favorable field for investment in this trade. Already we hear of a large building at the east end of our city being taken for the purpose of pork packing by an eminent capitalist from Chicago.

Bishop Colenso's book was out of print on the day of its issue.

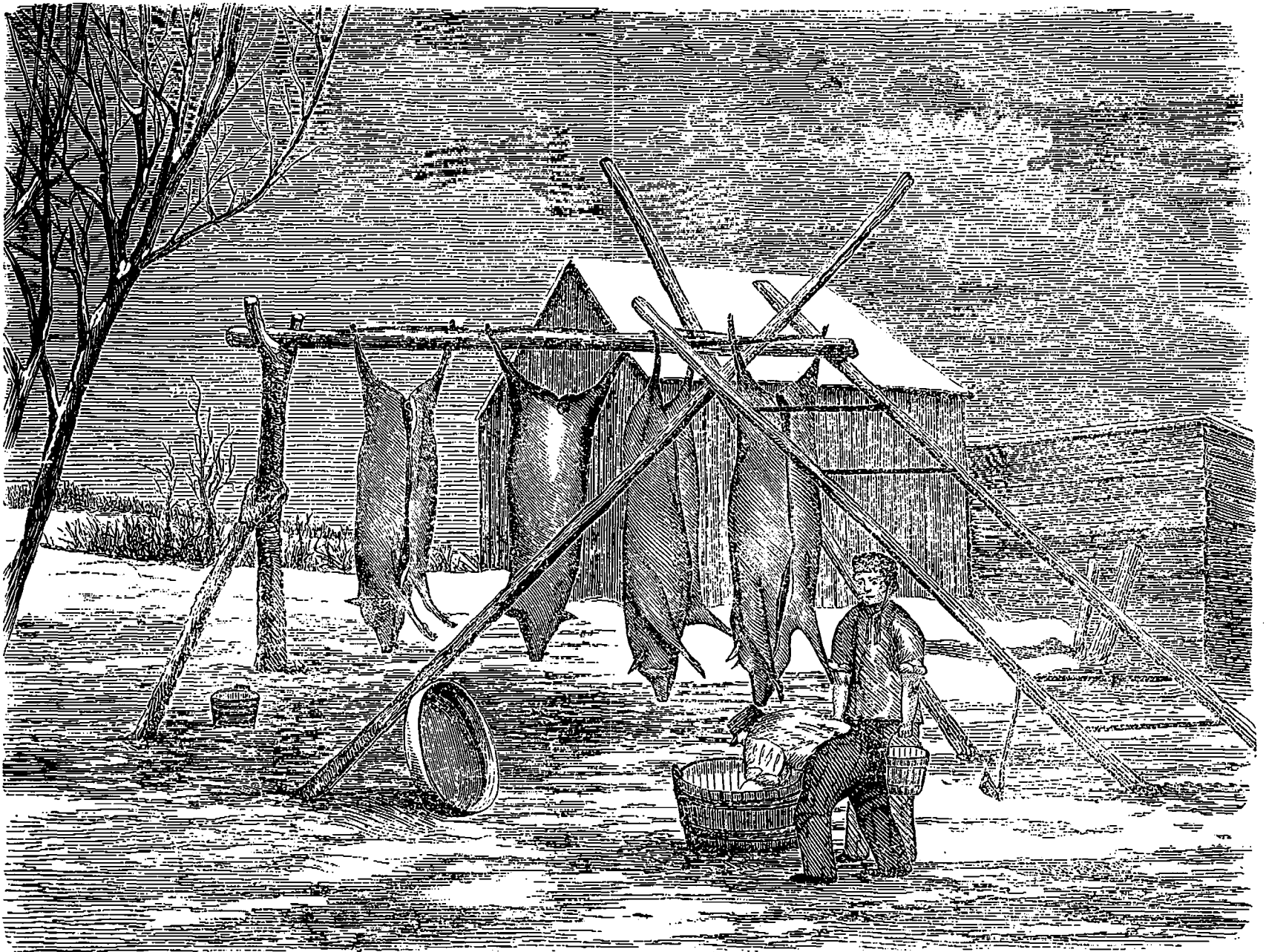
for instance, that 'they are under woman's control,' and they will bristle up indignantly, as though it were an insult to their manhood. They are docile enough, so long as there is no appearance of control; but once show them the reins of government, and they will resist you with all the obstinacy of their nature.

The woman who would live in harmony with her spouse, must study his nature and disposition. She must not cross his temper, nor assume authority, and presume to dictate, for there is nothing that so exasperates the spirit of a man that is a man, as any attempt to trespass upon his prerogative. She must gracefully concede his lordship, and pay it all due respect and reverence; then, if she possess the magnet of his affections, she may lead him whichever way she wills. Woman's power lies in her affections; and love, when judiciously exercised, the husband cannot resist—except perchance he partake of the nature of the bear, and is impervious to the influence of the tender passion.

bined with something more substantial.—Depend upon it, wholesome food and a well-ordered house lie at the foundation of domestic felicity. Show me the man that can be ill-natured when he comes home to a cheerful fireside, where the smiling wife awaits his arrival, with gown and slippers and a comfortable supper, and I will show you a genuine specimen of a bear!

Another hint I would suggest to wives, is that they look well to the condition of their husband's shirt buttons: No man can keep his temper over a buttonless shirt; he can bear the loss of fortune with a better grace than the loss of a shirt button. Why, I have seen dignified clergymen fly into such a passion over the loss of a button, as quite effectually to convince one of their infirmities as mortals; so slight a thing may disturb the equilibrium of a great man for a whole day.

Men cannot bear petty vexations and inconveniences; they have not patience and endurance; therefore I would counsel all wedded ladies, who would live in comfort with their lords, to avoid unnecessary occa-



WINTER SCENE IN THE COUNTRY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

was no doubt the way to develop his ingenuity and self-reliance, but was by no means the way to make good pork, as our farmers finally discovered. The efforts of Agricultural Associations have no doubt done much to improve the sanitary condition of the porker. He is no longer regarded as the outcast of the farm yard, but as a valuable addition to the farmer's stock, and is treated accordingly. For this increased attention he on his part gratefully yields an increased profit to his owner when brought to the condition in which our engraving represents him. The pig is a most important 'institution' in various ways. He promotes the amenities of social life in the backwoods by bringing neighbors together at his death, and contributes largely to the work of clearing the bush

CONCERNING HUSBANDS.

Though I cannot boast that interesting possession—a husband—and must, therefore, speak from observation rather than experience, yet I trust a few hints, suggested by the study of the habits and characteristics of husbands generally, may not be wholly inappropriate.

In my wanderings up and down the world, I have encountered a great variety of curious specimens, which have interested me not a little in a zoological point of view. I have observed that husbands, in the main, are very harmless animals, if properly managed.—There is, perhaps, no animal in existence that requires so much skill and tact in the management as a husband; for these 'lords of creation' become quite obstreperous and unmanageable as soon as they begin to suspect any design to control them. They have a particular aversion to the sway of woman—that is when it becomes apparent. Intimate,

Another chief requisite in the management of a husband, is a genial, cheerful, nature, for if he has not sunshine in his home, he will be a gloomy fellow, cross and surly beyond endurance. In order to make him a pleasing object of contemplation or companionship, he must be kept in good humor by the enlivening influence of a cheerful home.

His physical wants must also be studied. One of the best recipes for a good-natured husband is palatable, digestible food; sour nature is oftentimes the result of bad digestion. Keep the digestive apparatus in a healthy condition, and you may be pretty sure of a pleasant face and a kindly greeting. Give a man a miserable breakfast, and you will be quite sure to have a miserable companion for the day. It is most astonishing how much cheer there is in a good cup of coffee and a nice bit of toast! A man may live on love for a time, but he soon finds it rather an insipid article of diet, if not com-

sions of imitation and dissatisfaction.—JEAN, Home Journal.

A PRINTER'S BLUNDER.—Speaking of excess of the press, Mr. Pycroft relates in his 'Ways and Words of Men of Letters,' a conversation he had with a printer. 'Really,' said the printer, 'gentlemen should not place such confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that I've utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint.' 'Indeed, and what was the unhappy line?' 'Why, sir, the poet intended to say—'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire;' instead of which we made him say—'See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire.' Of course the reviewers made the most of a blunder so entertaining to their readers, and the poor gentleman was never heard of more in the field of literature.'

The cost of the Lord Mayor's banquet is estimated at between £2,500 and £3,000.

Gossip.

ONE OF THE IDEES NAPOLEONIENNES.

Napoleon at St. Helena conceived the idea of an United Italy. He maintained that she would eventually become a greater maritime power than France, and that Rome was the most fit of all Italian cities to be her capital. 'Opinions,' he said, 'are divided as to the place which would be the most fitting capital of Italy. Some mention Venice, because the first want of Italy is to be a maritime power. * * * * * Others are led by history and by ancient memories to Rome. They say that Rome is more central; that it is within the range of the three great islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica; that it is convenient for Naples, the largest population of Italy; that it is at a proper distance from all points of the frontier that can be attacked; that, whether the enemy presented himself on the French frontier, the Swiss frontier, or the Austrian frontier, Rome is at a distance of from 120 to 140 French leagues; that, were the boundary of the Alps forced, Rome is protected by the boundary of the Po, and finally, by the boundary of the Apennines; that France and Spain are great maritime powers, although they have not their capitals at a port; that Rome, near the coast of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, is in a position rapidly and economically to provide, by the Adriatic and through Ancona and Venice, for the defence of the frontier of the Isonzo and the Adige; that by the Tiber, Genoa, and Villa-Franca, she could provide for the needs of the Var and the Cottian Alps; that she is happily situated for harassing, by the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, the flanks of any army that should pass the Po and engage in the Apennines without being mistress of the sea; that from Rome the supplies which a great capital contains could be transported upon Naples and Tarento, so as to recover them from a victorious enemy; that, in fine, Rome exists; that she offers many more resources for the wants of a great capital than any city in the world; and that, above all, she has in her favor the magic and the nobleness of her name. We also think that, though she may not have all the desirable qualities, Rome is beyond contradiction the capital which the Italians will one day choose.' 'The nephew of mine Uncle,' has noted well the words of his great relative. He also sees clearly that the young Italian nation, with the seven-hilled city as her capital, would speedily rival France in power and prestige, and that were he to loose his hold on Rome his influence in Italy would soon become a mere *nomini's umbra*—therefore is it, that a feeble old Pope is upheld as a temporal tyrant by the soldiers of France—therefore is it, that the Roman people must groan beneath the cruel despotism of priestly rule, with the knowledge, which is an added wrong, that their brethren enjoy the glorious boon of constitutional freedom. But such a state of things cannot last long. Garibaldi's war cry of 'Rome or death' has found a stern response in the hearts of Italian men, and perhaps it may soon be mingled with the elder battle shout of *Popolo! Popolo! muoiano i tiranni!* in the streets of the city of Rienzi.

ODDITIES OF LITERATURE.

No man likes to read metaphysics after dinner. The mental digestion of a tough subject, and the bodily digestion of a tough beefsteak, are not actions that proceed in harmony together. Perhaps a German philosopher might relish a discourse of Schellings on 'The solution of the Cosmological Idea of the Totality of the Division of a Whole given in Intuition,' after a hearty meal of Sauer Kraut, Bologna Sausage and beer; but an ordinary mortal would certainly prefer some 'trifle light as air' to amuse him as he lay on the sofa, and

if a lover of the soothing weed, puffed his pipe in calm content. Belonging to the class of books which we may style pleasant reading after dinner, is a beautifully printed little volume, lately published in England, and quaintly entitled 'OF ANAGRAMS.' A Monograph treating of their history from the earliest ages to the present time, with an introduction, containing numerous specimens of Macaronic poetry, Punning mottoes, Rhopalic, Shaped, Equivoical, Lyon and Echo Verses, Alliteration, Acrostics, Lipograms, Chronograms, Logograms, Palindromes, Bontes Rhymes. By H. B. Wheatly.

In selecting some of the good things from Mr. Wheatly's book, we shall avail ourselves of the added specimens of a clever writer in *McMillan's Magazine*.

Here is a verse of Macaronic poetry: 'Patres Conscripti took a boat and went to Phillippi;

Boatum upsettum est magno cum graudine venti.

Omnes drowunderunt qui swim away no potnerunt;

Trumpeter unus erat qui coatum scarlet habebat.

Et magnum periwig tied about with the tail of a dead pig.'

The best of Punning Mottoes is that of the old family of the Keiths, Baris Marechal of Scotland. '*Aiunt, Quid aiunt, Aiunt,*' 'They say: What say they? Let them say.'

A curious acrostic:—
When the Italians, out of the Piedmontese States, did not dare as yet openly to shout for Victor Emmanuel and Italian unity, they managed to do so by the most patriotic of acrostics. *Viva Verdi.* *Verdi* letter for word, stood for *Vittore Emanuele Re D'Italia*.

Can you make a rhyme to the word *Timbuctoo*? It's a puzzler, is it not? An ingenious individual has managed to do it, though.

'I would I were a cassowary,
On the plains of Tambuctoo;
Then I would eat a missionary,
Head, legs, and arms, and hymn-book too.'

A Palindrome is a word or sentence which may be read backwards, letter by letter or sound by sound, for instance:—what did Adam say when he first saw Eve? He bowed and said, 'Madam, I'm Adam.'

An anagram may be broadly defined as any re-arrangement of all the component letters of one or more given words. The following are good samples:—

Revolution: Love to ruin.
Radical Reform: Rare mad frolic.
Spanish marriages: Rash games in Paris.
Potentates: Ten Tea-Pots.
Grinotic: Inner Coil.
Elegant: Neat Leg.
Impatient: Time in a Pet.
Lawyers: Sly ware.
Old England: Golden Land.
Parishioners: I hire parsons.

Horatio Nelson: *Honor est a Nilo* (Honor is from the Nile). This celebrated anagram, put in circulation when the news of the victory of the Nile arrived in England, was the work of a clergyman—the Rev. William Holden, Rector of Chatteris. It suggests the important question how far it is lawful, in quest of an anagram, to burst the bounds of the language of the original. I have my doubts; but it is evident that a vast extension would be given to the powers of the anagrammatist if he had the run of all the Indo-European languages.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington: Let well-foil'd Gaul secure thy renown.

Florence Nightingale: Flit on cheering angel.

Notes and Queries: Enquiries on Dates.
James Watt: A steam wit.

Robert Burns: Burst reborn: for poetry burst forth afresh in Burns, as if reborn after the long death of the eighteenth century.

Thomas Carlyle. This name is rich in anagrams—thus: Cry shame to all, or Amos thy recall, or Mercy, lash a lot: or, A lot cry 'Lash me.'

Jeremy Bentham: The body of Jeremy Bentham never was buried. By his own directions it was kept above ground—a wax facsimile of his face and head being fitted on to his skeleton, and his own silver hair and the hat and clothes he usually wore being placed on the figure, so as to make an exact representation of him sitting in his chair as when alive. Perhaps his notion was that his school would last, and that he should be wheeled in to preside at their annual meetings in that ghastly form. At all events, the figure was long kept by the late Dr. Southwood Smith, and is now in one of the London museums. No one can look at it without disgust at such an exhibition—the too literal fulfilment of the senile whim of a really great and worthy man. His very name contains the punishment of the whinn, Jeer my bent hum.

Viscount Palmerston: Sit upon realms, Count. This is general, for the Viscount's whole career; but no psalm-tunes, Victor, is particular, and expresses the tenor of his views on Italian politics at present.

James Boswell. Among all Boswell's stories of Johnson none is better than that of the bow Johnson made to the Archbishop. Never was such a bow in the world. It was a combination into one tremendous, indescribable gesture of every style and mode of ceremonious flexure possible to the human body, short of actual prostration; and Boswell records it with infinite gusto, and as it were stands by, that you may enjoy the full view of it. Of course he does; his name destined him to do it: See Sam, I'll bow.

Richard Cobden: Rich con:n, bedad.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS—what delightful associations cluster round the name—'tis radiant with bright memories, glad hopes, and kindly thoughts. The spirit of the time sheds a ray of other-worldliness on human hearts and causes the charities of earth to bloom. Thick, indeed, must be the cold rime of selfishness that has eunerated the soul of him who feels not the generous warmth of its presence. We lack those beautiful emblems always associated with Christmas in the fatherland, the glistening holly with its lustrous coral berries—the silvery mistletoe bough to kiss fair maidens under; and we have the fair maidens with lips as ripe and tempting as the comely daisies of England. We can gather round the hearth and watch the Yule log sparkle and blaze, till our faces glow with good humor, and our hearts with blythe, joyous, feelings in sympathy with its genial brightness. We have Santa Claus for our children—roast beef and plum pudding, fat turkeys, and mince pies, and plenty of jolly good ale. 'There is no reason why we should not be 'gay and festive cusses.' We cannot bear the hymns of the Waits sung in the solemn midnight, but we can join with Dickens in a cheerful carol, and bid the bells

'Send their loud notes, where, round the hearth the scattered children meet,
And wait, as in the olden days, their earliest chime to greet;
Re-echo through the brightened room, blend with each loving tone—
Wake in each heart a joy as great, as pure as childhood's own.'

Grief may throw a shadow on our merriment, and musing sadly we may think of loved ones who never more will share our Christmas joys, but

'—they do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us although they change.'

In the old phrase, so full of joyous meaning, we wish our readers a merry Christmas, for we will not gossip with them again till after that

'Glorious time of great Too Much!
Too much heat and too much noise;
Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much ev'rything but—thinking.'

A WORD ABOUT DREAMS.

Dreams are the accompaniment of both idleness and work. They 'come through the multitude of business,' and occupy the lazy brain; they are associated with the sluggish and the enthusiast; they are honored as channels of supernatural advice, and blamed as the offspring of sheer sensuality. We dream with our eyes open as well as shut—by day as well as by night. But the phenomena of dreams have defied scien-

tific experiments and metaphysical enquiries. Now and then it seems as if some law were discovered, but the investigator is soon baulked. You fancy you can account for a dream, but you can't make one. It may be sometimes analysed, but I believe has never been composed. You do not know how it will turn out. Impress your mind strongly with this and that set of ideas, and lo! the whole slips out of the place were you put it, and another occupies your sleeping thoughts. You can't cook a dream. The skilful speaker can count, with tolerable certainty, upon producing an impression something like that which he wishes upon the waking mind; but when we sleep, we move out of the reach of his persuasive machinery. But although we cannot construct a dream, or order it beforehand, it may sometimes be directed while in progress with ludicrous effect. Many accounts are published of the way in which the thoughts of a dreamer, once fairly committed to dream may be affected. He is played with helplessly. An encyclopædia will give anecdotes and references to books about dreaming, in which most absurd results have been obtained by dictating to the sleeper. A man has been made to dive from his bed under the persuasion that he was in the water, and being pursued by a shark. But this sleeping obedience is happily rare. With far the most of us—indeed, with very few exceptions,—the land of dreams is a strange independent land, and our sleeping life unaccountably cut off from our waking one.

Words may waken, but they seldom influence us. We hear, and do not understand; there is a break between the minds of the speaker and the sleeper; the sounds are not interpreted by the brain. This is the more curious, as many persons talk in their sleep, the tongue obeys the thought, although the ear will not convey it, except, as I have said, in very rare instances. Perhaps the most curious thing connected with dreams is that experience does not correct them. People who, when their eyes are open, go about quietly on the face of the earth ordering their carriages, paying their cabfare, or trudging in the dust, fly in their dreams. Some people lead not only a distinct but a continued life in their dreams.—They take the thread up, for several consecutive nights, with a consciousness that they are dreaming. Most dreams, however, are distinct. They may be repeated, but are without connection.

The most frequently remarked characteristic of dreams is the long series of incidents which are got through in a short time. We do a deliberate dream in several acts, and find we have been asleep for only five minutes. But this is one of the most easily explained phenomena. In dreams we lose our measure of time; while awake we are called to a sense of its passage by the sun the clock, the appetite, the routine of the day; yet with all these checks and reminders we sometimes even find that hours slip by almost without notice; on the other hand, while we are waiting, counting the moments. Time drags along as if he meant to stop, and yet he moves on, as we say, equally, whether we notice his progress or not. The clock strikes with a steady pulse, though sometimes it seems in a fever—sometimes in a fit. At any rate we have a fixed standard to correct the calculation of our waking time; but in dreams the standard itself is visionary. We measure the succession of fleeting thought by a test which is purely fanciful, and thus can shorten or lengthen the dream without violence to our senses.—You can think of heaps of things in two minutes—of the sun's rising and setting, for instance. Do that in a dream, and you have 'a day,' with its proportionate number and succession of incidents.

There is only one thing more I must notice before I go on to say why I mainly took up my pen to write about dreams. There are few who have not found themselves, in dreams, uncomfortably scant of clothing.—Probably the Lord Chancellor has dreamt of sitting on the woolsock in his shirt. This comes of undressing before going to bed.—The touch of the sheets suggest that we are unclothed, in fact, they are only remaining tests of the outer world. We move about in our dreams, and the bed-clothes hint that our own are put off.

I will not, however, dwell over our sleeping dreams; but I must say, by the way, that I pity the man who does not know when he is 'dropping off.' The consciousness of standing on the threshold of sleep when you are at liberty to indulge in it, is delicious.—You are awake and not awake. The dream god has his hand upon you, though he has not yet led you away. You feel his magic presence, and the gentle dissolution of your waking thoughts under his touch. To you

it is a private setting of the day. The sun goes his own road and at his own time, but you sink in a twilight of your own. You do not really 'fall' off, nor is it a steady descending slide into the night; the border land is broken, and you don't reach the level plain of sleep without some retrospective glimpses of the weary track along which you have passed. I pity the man who tumbles into his bed and sprawls away into a dream before the bed-curtains have done swinging at the shock of his plunge. No, it is better far to wait a minute at the palace-gate and let the proper ministers close your eyes and carry you in with irresistible but kindly touch.

A man who bursts into the mysterious land, like a mad bull through a hedge, with asnores for a bellow, deserves to have a nightmare let loose at him, and be ridden out of the place of dreams with a shriek. Mind, I don't mean to advocate a passage to sleep which has to be assisted by mental arithmetic, the conception of a wind-mill, or the fixing of the mind's eye upon some endless procession of sheep. This is distressing. No, given a natural proclivity, let me neither fall headlong from day to night, nor attempt to help the busy ministers of dreamland. Let me lie down—feel them gather round me—lift me up and float me off with their own considerate inimitable skill.

There is another faculty, which, next to that of tracing one's own progress to sleep proper, is much abused, but graceful, and, under some circumstances, wholesome. I refer to day-dreaming—not going to sleep by day, but dreaming with your eyes open. Of course, if deeply indulged, this enervates the brain, but, to an over-worked or tired one, it is refreshing. It is like sleep without the stifling embrace of the blankets and the feather-bed. It is like dreaming without danger of a sudden apparition, or that spell-bound helplessness, which is the paralysis of dream life, when you cannot stir, and yet feel the breath of the unseen terror behind you.

Now, day-dreaming is free from these possibilities: you sit apart, and let the thinking apparatus play, like a fountain, by itself. You don't tax or catechise it,—you turn the peg and see what it will do.—You have no more idea of what is coming than your shoe has. You watch with something like the interest of an old bird on a

bough might feel in the frolics of its full-feathered young, and yet you can recall the whole brood with a 'cluck.' Now, I mean to say that this day-dreaming is sometimes desirable and healthy. We thus occasionally come across thoughts which we could never start by deliberate hunting. We air the mind; we get out of the little world in which we commonly move, and go back to it refreshed.—Once a Week.

The Government has appointed Mr. M. U. Dorval of L'Industrie to survey the lands on the Matawin, which had been explored by the Revs. Messrs. Brassard and Provost. Mr. Dorval started last week with six others to carry out his mission.

PUBLIC MONUMENTS.

THE desire to live in the memory of future generations is no ignoble ambition. It quickens the lagging energies of the student as he toils over the midnight lamp; it cheers the mariner as he guides his frail bark in search of shores unknown; it invigorates the weary traveller in his journey over the trackless waste, and gives courage to him who fights in freedom's cause, as he rushes on to death or victory. It would have been well for the world had its influence cheered those only in search for what might benefit and

cities into a heap of smoking ruins, and made children fatherless. Wolfe though a victor had nothing of the tyrant in his nature, and it is said, that had it been in his power to choose, he would much rather have immortalized his name in verse than as the captor of Quebec. His youth, his talents, the difficult, daring and successful enterprise in which he lost his life are not to be so readily forgotten, view in whatever light we choose the nature of the quarrel.

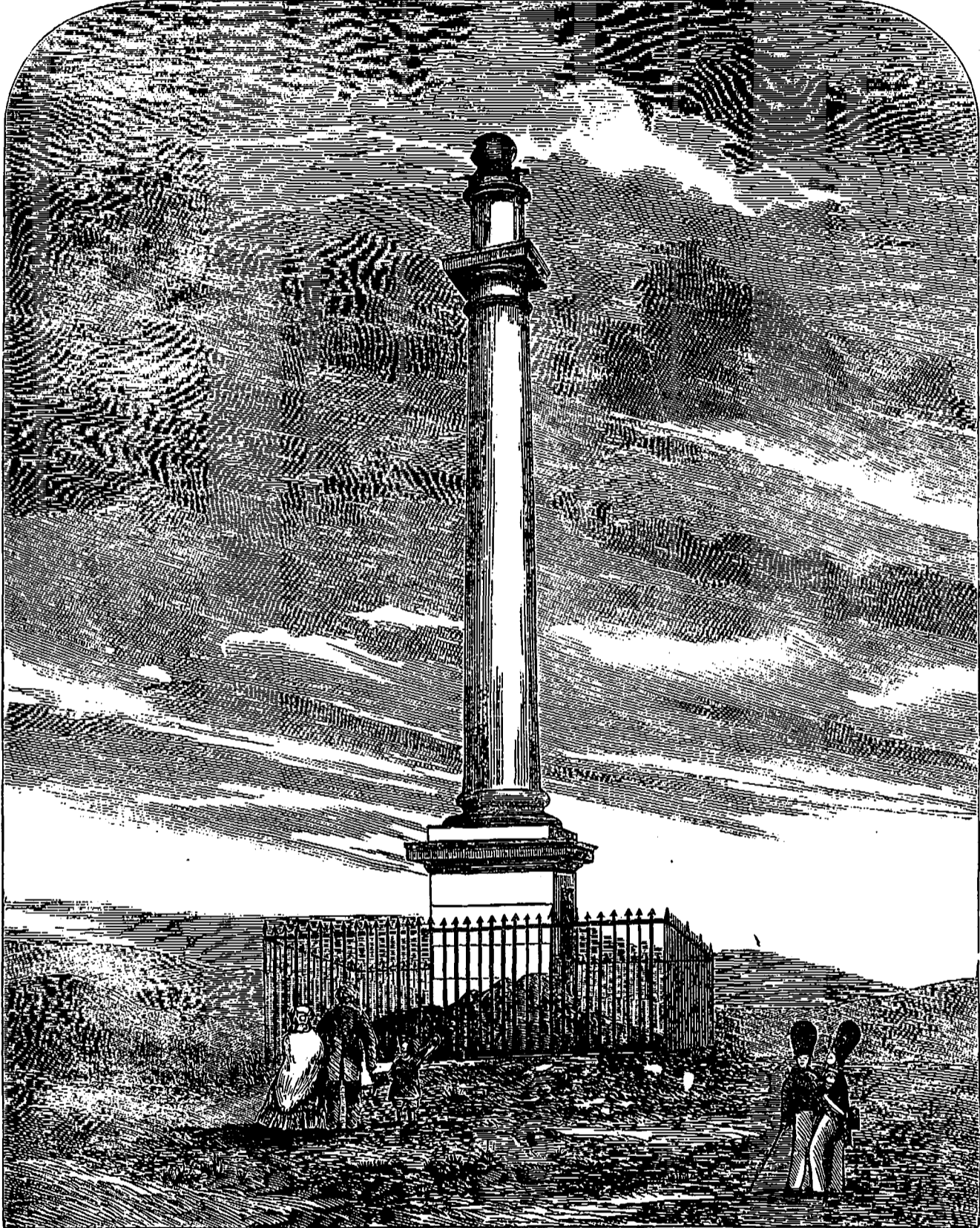
The story of the capture of Quebec which has made familiar the name of Wolfe is too well known, that we need only relate

amounting to 8000, were safely conveyed in these vessels to the Isle of Orleans.

The Marquis de Montcalm, commander of the French forces, and an able General, made vigorous preparations for the defence of the city. His force consisted of about 13,000 men, ranged from the River St. Lawrence to the Falls of Montmorenci, and ready to oppose the landing of the English.

The strength of De Montcalm's defences was proved by an unsuccessful attempt made by Monckton, who occupied Point Levi, to bombard the capital; and again by the failure of an attack, led by

Wolfe on the works at Montmorenci, when he was repulsed with considerable loss.—Wolfe began to despair of being able to reduce Quebec during that campaign and expressed his fears in his dispatches to his government. For some time he was prostrated by a violent fever, but so soon as he had partially recovered, he held a council of war and determined to act on the bold suggestion of General Townshend and attempt to gain the heights of Abraham. Operations were immediately commenced with a secrecy and presence of mind, rarely equalled. He deceived them by still appearing to direct his attention to the Montmorenci entrenchments and at nightfall on the 12th of September, 1759, having embarked his troops in two divisions the boats were pulled up the river with muffled oars, and they were landed in safety at a place now called Wolfe's Cove. But a new difficulty here presented itself—the ascent was so precipitous that Wolfe is said to have doubted its being practicable. He made the attempt however and the soldiers led by Frazer's Highlanders, and assisted by shrubs and roots of trees, growing among the rocks, succeeded in reaching the summit, where they were speedily drawn up in regular order.—De Montcalm displeased with him



WOLFE'S MONUMENT ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM NEAR QUEBEC.

bless mankind; but men whose only claim to remembrance, was the tyranny and cruelty that had marked their every step, have had their names handed down from generation to generation; and even yet there are to be found those who applaud such acts and hold them up to the admiration of their fellow men. By conquerors the world has been led captive; kings and nations have vied with each other to do them honor, and monuments have been raised over their last resting place, when the only thing that could with truth be said of them, was that they laid waste fertile fields, turned

the facts, and briefly:

The war between the French and English in North America, had, previous to the call of the elder Pitt to the head of His Majesty's councils, been rather to the advantage of the former. He soon however brought about a change. To General Wolfe, who was then only thirty three years of age, he assigned the difficult task of reducing Quebec. The naval forces destined for its reduction comprised twenty sail of the line, two ships of fifty guns, twelve frigates and fourteen vessels, under the command of Admiral Saunders. Wolfe and his men,

self at finding his vigilance had failed to guard this pass, lost his usual prudence and resolved to meet the British on the plains of Abraham.

The eagle eye of Wolfe took in at a glance all the details of his position. He knew that retreat was next to impossible, and therefore used every precaution. The action was commenced by the French. They kept up a fire as they advanced upon the English; but the latter reserved their shot till their opponents were within forty yards. They then followed up one deadly volley by charging with the bayonet. Wolfe,

though severely wounded, still pressed forward, and both commanders were ever to be found where the battle raged the fiercest. Almost at the same moment both these commanders fell. A ball entered the breast of Wolfe. He reeled, and leaning his head against the shoulder of one of his officers said, 'support me,' let not my soldiers see me drop! He was carried to the rear; but ere his eyes were closed in death, he heard the cry, 'They run!' 'Who run?' he enquired. 'The French,' was the answer. Then, having given some orders, he said that he died happy, and expired. On the 18th Quebec was captured, and the British took possession, which they have ever since retained. For this the memory of Wolfe is still held in remembrance, and the monument which is presented in the engraving, marks the spot where he fought and fell.

HOME NEWS.

EXECUTION OF COOK AT WOODSTOCK.—Yesterday, in front of the gaol at Woodstock, Thomas Cook suffered the extreme penalty of the law, for the murder of his wife at Inneskip, in July last. The murder was committed under very aggravating circumstances, as will be remembered. For some time past, Cook appeared resigned to his fate, and received the spiritual services of the Rev. D. McDermid, and also the Christian counsel of the Rev. William Berridge, of Woodstock, the latter gentleman taking a most active part in ministering to the spiritual consolation of the wretched man. The hardened heart of Cook relented under the ministrations of the clergymen who laboured for his religious welfare, and he freely confessed his guilt, acknowledging the justice of his sentence, and expressed his readiness to suffer death. He manifested, in general, a deep contrition, and developed a measure of religious fortitude, not to be looked for in one previously so little instruct-

distinct recollection of the commission of the crime—but he had no intention to murder Bridget, nor would he if he had been in his sober senses. He had an aversion to the penitentiary, as he was blind and could not see to read, and rather than risk the chance of relapsing into his former careless and sinful life, he chose rather to go to the scaffold with his present feeling. He would not see his children who lived in the immediate neighborhood.

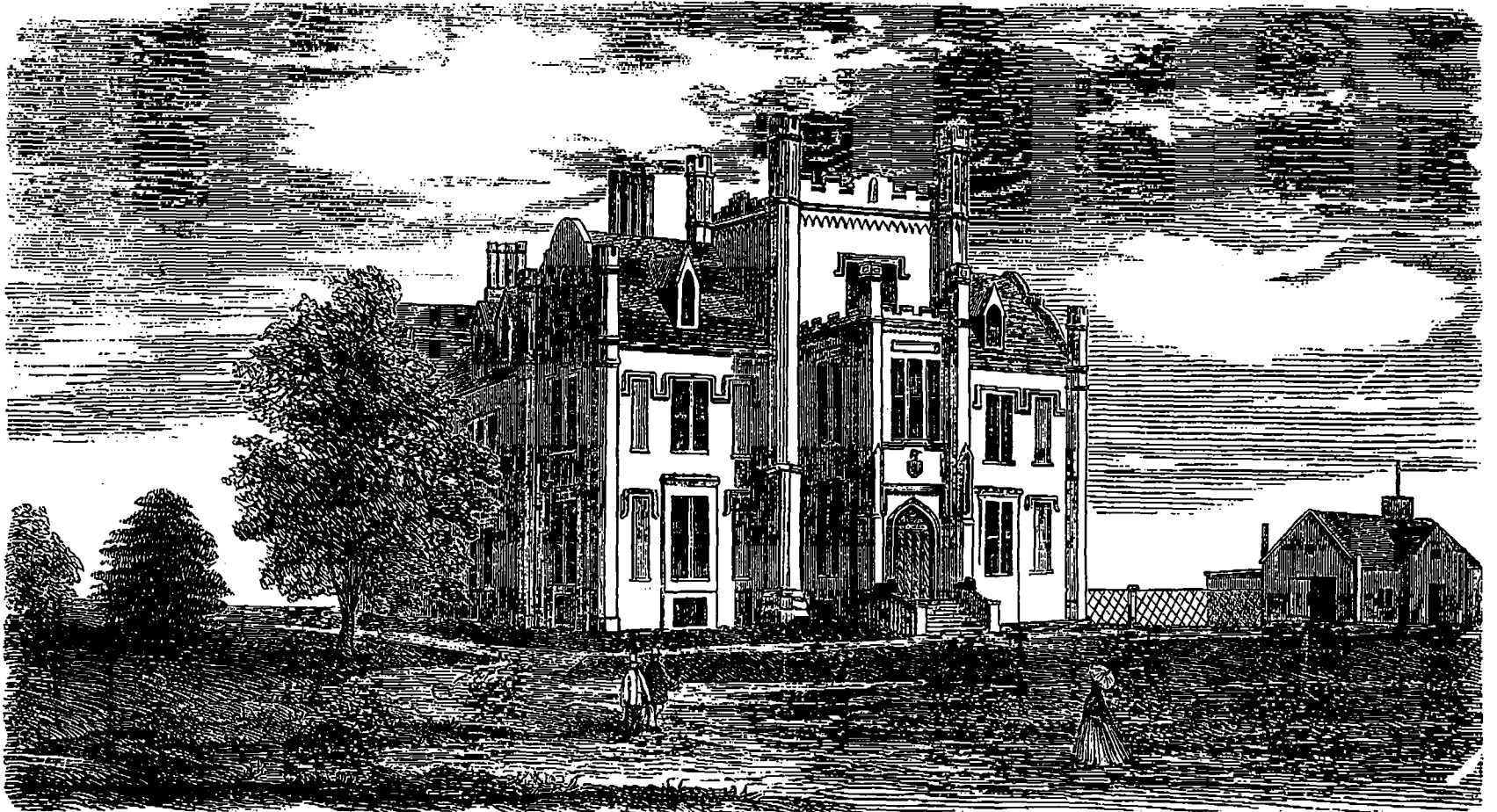
A letter to the 'Canadien' from Ste Anne des Monts, says that the bark Amaranth, Captain McCabe, from Quebec for Cor., with a cargo of timber, was wrecked off Cap-Chatte. Eleven seamen assisted by the 'habitants' escaped to shore; but the Captain was drowned. About the same time, the schooner Belinda, Captain Bourdage, of Bonaventure, was also wrecked, and seven persons lost their lives; among whom were a Mrs. McKenzie, her son, and two daughters.

At a late meeting of the Kingston City

At the Post Office in Hamilton, American quarters are now taken at 23 cents, and half-dollars at 46 cents. The action of the Banks necessitates this step, and unless the present flood of American silver soon subsides, merchants generally will be compelled in self-defence to adopt a similar measure.

Canadian Bonds will be due at the Bank of England on the 1st of January next, to the amount of £300,000.

Alexander McLachlan, Esq., who is now lecturing in Scotland, on Canada as a field for emigration, has been entertained to a public supper by the inhabitants of Johnstone, his native town, and presented with a silver-mounted malacca walking stick, bearing the following inscription:—Presented to Alexander McLachlan, Esq., Poet, by a few of his friends at a public supper given to him in Johnstone, his native town, as a mark of respect, and as a memorial of his visit to this country from Canada.



TRAFALGAR CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF N. G. REYNOLDS, ESQ., AT WHITBY.

PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

Trafalgar Castle, the residence of N. G. REYNOLD'S, ESQ., is one of the finest in the Province. It is situated close by the thriving town of Whitby, and commands a fine view of the lake and surrounding country. It is built in the Elizabethan style, well finished in the interior, and the grounds tastefully laid out. Our country can boast as yet of few such evidences of taste, nor can it be expected that very many have the means thus to gratify it, even where it may exist. In time, however, we doubt not that many such will be found scattered over our fertile and prosperous country.

COPPER MINING UPON LAKE SUPERIOR.—Aside from parties in our lake cities who are engaged in the Lake Superior trade, comparatively little is known of that region and the wonderful progress that has been made in the last few years. The population of the copper and iron districts is now estimated at 20,000, while in 1850 it was only 2131. The copper mines of Cornwall, England, in 1771, produced 3448 tons, which amount increased till in 1860, when it reached 13,212 tons. The Lake Superior mines produced, in 1846, only 20 tons, but the production has advanced so rapidly that last year it amounted to 7,450. Thus these mines now yield more than half as much as the Cornish mines, which are the most productive in the world.

ed morally or religiously. At no part of the trying ordeal did Cook's manhood forsake him. He stepped from the prison on the way to the gallows with surprising firmness. On reaching the scaffold, the condemned man was placed at once on the drop, the rope adjusted about his neck, and all was ready for the fatal fall. Cook remained for a moment in prayer, when, at a given signal, the bolt was drawn, and with the swiftness of thought the unhappy man fell through the trap. The fall was a very long one, the rope being nine feet four inches in length. It was now that the unlooked for and terrible scene which sickened all who beheld it, took place. The fall being so great and the man's body being in a diseased condition, the vertebrae and muscles connecting the head with the shoulders gave way, and, terrible to relate, the head rolled off, while the body fell with a heavy plunge into the interior of the scaffold! The crowd, seeing the body disappear from their view, and the rope swaying to and fro, at once supposed that some catastrophe had occurred, but it was not for a few moments that the real nature of the horror became known—When it was known that the man whom they had but a minute before seen alive on the scaffold, was now a mangled and headless corpse, a thrill of horror seemed to settle upon all. For a few minutes the body lay as it fell, the authorities apparently shrinking from the task of touching the murderer's remains. He acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and he ought to suffer for the crime he had committed while in a state of intoxication—he had but an in-

Council, it was resolved,—That an appropriation of £500 be now made for the erection of the necessary buildings for the holding of the next Provincial Exhibition, pursuant to the pledge given to the delegates at Toronto, and that the following gentlemen be a special local committee, viz., His Worship the Mayor, Messrs. Creighton, Davidson, Baker and the mover.

The London Canadian News says that Mr. Crawford, M. P., Mr. George Grenfell Glyn, M. P., Mr. Beason, Mr. Watkin, and Mr. William Chapman, had a lengthened and exceedingly interesting interview with the Duke of Newcastle, at the Colonial office, on Friday last, with reference to the opening up of telegraphic and postal communication across British North America to British Columbia and Vancouver's Island.

The ice on the Ottawa and its tributaries is fast making. Horses are now crossing at this place and at the Calumette, (although a team got in in crossing at the latter place); the fort Coulongo is also passable. The roads are generally good, and we may say winter operations have fairly commenced. Much timber is already laid up, and some drawn out to the river. Pontiac Pioneer.

L'Odre says it is rumoured that the number of School Inspectors for Lower Canada will be reduced to five or six, who will receive an increased salary and be charged with the more frequent inspection of the schools. This retrenchment is expected to effect a yearly saving of \$12,000 which will be applied to the Education Fund.

THE ALABAMA AGAIN.—The Alabama has turned up in the West Indies. She has been at her old game—burning and destroying merchant vessels, and landing their crews on the first opportunity. Her last exploits are the destruction of the ship Levi Starbuck, on November 8th. The crews of these vessels were landed at a port in the Island of Martinique, one of the West India group, on the 17th ult. The celebrated San Jacinto, the Federal war cruiser, was close on her heels, and blockaded her at Martinique on the same day. The next day, the 18th, at midnight, the Alabama gave her pursuer the slip, and escaped to sea. The rapid exit of the Confederate vessel may be traced to two causes; first, it was just as well for her to get out of the clutches of the Federal vessel as early as possible; and second, under the new regulation, the Confederate and Federal ships of war are not allowed to remain in a British port more than twenty-four hours. After the Alabama had slipped off, the San Jacinto stayed at Martinique till the 22nd. Where the redoubtable Alabama will reappear is a problem for the knowing ones to solve.—Perhaps she has gone to look after some of the California steamers.

A celebrated Cambridge scholar, an admirer of the Greek poets, has ordered in his will, that after death his body shall be dissected and his skin be taken off and tanned in such a manner as to convert it into a parchment, on which the Iliad of Homer shall then be copied, the singular MS. to be deposited in the British Museum!

SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL.

THE CHEMISTRY OF OPIUM—This is the subject of a paper in the new number of the Journal of the Chemical Society, by Prof. Anderson, of Glasgow.

From opium are now obtained nine well determined substances, viz: Morphine, Codeine, Papaverine, Narcotine, Thebaine, Narcine, Meconine, Meconic acid, Theobalastic acid and three doubtful, viz: Psueda-morphine, Porphyroxine, and Opianine.

The chemical history of opium begins in 1803, when Desrone discovered a substance in it now said to have been Narcotine. In 1826 Dublane discovered Meconine, the other substances were afterwards discovered by Cowrie, Pelletier and others. In 1850 Prof. Anderson took up the study. For the interesting results of his investigations we refer to the paper in the 'Journal' itself. It contains an account of new processes for obtaining the interesting substances already named. The Professor concludes by admitting, that notwithstanding the mass of facts now accumulated, our knowledge of the Opium constituents is far from complete, and that there is abundant scope for further investigation.

IRON-LINED BARRELS FOR KEROSENE OIL.—A lot of kerosene oil in iron-lined barrels, was stored in a building lately burned in Boston. Some of the oil was saved. The wood was completely burned, leaving the iron-lining and oil highly heated but not ignited.—This test is important to Insurance companies and oil dealers, showing how little danger is to be apprehended from fire when the oil is properly refined and placed in suitable barrels.

WHITWORTH'S GUNS.—At the recent experiments at Shoeburyness, Mr. Whitworth with his new gun and shell succeeded in penetrating a target composed of five-inch armour plate, a teak backing 18 inches thick, with another backing of five-eighths thickness of iron. The shell burst after penetrating the target. In a letter to the 'Times' subsequent to these experiments Mr. Whitworth declares his ability to destroy the rudders of ships, and to penetrate a considerable thickness of armour plate under water.

IRON CLAD NAVIES.—Mr. Donald McKay, the American shipbuilder, furnishes to the Boston Commercial Bulletin an interesting account of the iron-clad vessels of England and France. France has 10 iron cased floating batteries, 4 large iron frigates, and 2 rams, and has on the stocks 10 iron frigates and 4 batteries, which can be completed in one year, if necessary. The English have 6 iron frigates, but are building 7 iron ships, and are casing 5 or 6 ships with iron. Mr. McKay thinks these French and English ships altogether superior to the American Monitors, which he says cannot live in a heavy seaway, and a heavy frigate would run them down. Mr. McKay says:

If we compare with these immense fleets the iron-cased navy of the United States impartially, we have to acknowledge that in case of a war with either of the above powers we should have to keep entirely on the defensive, to submit to a disgraceful blockade, and to leave our merchant ships all over the globe to the mercy of our enemy. All the Monitors which we are building by the dozen are very well to defend our harbours, but they are entirely unfit to break a blockade or to act on the high seas; for to say that these vessels are good sea-boats, or suitable for men to live in, is simply ridiculous, in which statement I shall be upheld by all experienced sailors and shipbuilders of any note. With their very light draught of water these Monitors never can obtain a high degree of speed, and if ever they should fall in with any of the large frigates in deep water they will be terribly handled, and in all probability run down. Do not

think that this could not be done because the Merrimac failed in her attempt to run down the Monitor. She struck with a speed of three to four knots, or even not as much as that, but a mass of 6,000 or 9,000 tons in weight driven at a speed of 12 to 14 knots would give a different result. Of all the iron-cased ships that we have, the only one that might successfully cope with the large English frigates is the Ironsides, built in Philadelphia. She is well planned, and her practical construction very well executed, but her speed is too low to use the good points of the vessel to advantage, and the way of fastening her plates will not stand the test of a heavy cannonade; for in the experiments made in England with armour plates, similarly fastened by screw bolts screwed in from the inside, the bolts broke off short on the inside of the plate whenever a heavy shot struck the plate near such bolts.

It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Webb has got a contract for building an iron-cased ship on his own plans. He certainly will produce something able to compete with any European frigate. In conclusion, Mr. McKay suggests the construction for the Northern navy of 20 to 30 fast iron-cased shell-proof corvettes, of about 10 to 12 heavy guns each, and of a moderate draught of water, with high speed; and about 20 to 30 50-gun frigates, not cased, for foreign service, and as many sloops of 14 to 24 guns, of the highest speed obtainable, so that they may be enabled to strike unexpected blows and to evade their iron-cased adversaries, which will never obtain the same high speed at sea as can be given to them.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

CHARLES SCRIBNER of New York is about to issue a new work, entitled 'Imperial Courts' of England, France, Russia, Prussia, Sardinia, and Austria, richly illustrated with portraits of Imperial Sovereigns and their Cabinet Ministers, with biographical sketches by William Cullen Bryant, edited by W. H. Bidwell. The illustrations will consist of forty-two steel plate portraits by John Sartain and George E. Perine.

THE same publisher announces as a 'Gift Book for the Season,' an elegantly illustrated edition of Timothy Titcomb's 'Bitter Sweet.' This work has already reached the sixteenth edition. The present edition will contain some beautiful specimens of art from the pencil of E. J. Whitney, and will be printed on superior paper.

THE SIEGE OF RICHMOND, a narrative of the military operations of General McClellan during the months of May and June, 1862, by Joel Cook. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Childs. The author devotes a chapter to 'Encampments and Marches,' one to the 'Incidents of a Siege,' and tells of Sunday in Camp, how the soldiers are fed and clothed, and many other things which must be interesting at this time.

MESSRS HARPER & BROS., announce the following new books: 'Haraszthy's Wine Making,' etc. Grape Culture and Wine Making; being the official report of the Commissioner appointed to investigate the Agriculture of Europe, with special reference to the products of California. Maps and illustrations.

MODERN WAR; ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE. Illustrated from celebrated campaigns and battles. With maps and diagrams, by Emeric Szabad, Captain U. S. A.

BUTTERFIELD'S OUTPOST DUTY.—Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry. With rules for health maxims for soldiers and duties of officers, by Daniel Butterfield, Brigadier General, U. S. A.

FOR LADIES.

THE EMPRESS EUGENE'S NEWEST BONNET.—The Paris correspondent of the 'Queen,' writes: 'The most distinguished article of dress will be the bonnet invented expressly for the Empress, the elegant simplicity of which pleases her much. It is of black velvet, with a small round curtain of black velvet also, with a 'torsade' of 'poucau' velvet in the form of a diadem in the inside. So far there is nothing extraordinary in it—the novelty consists in the edge of the bonnet, round which there is a band of sable, very fine and very dark, which produces an exceedingly good effect on ac-

count of its originality. With a black velvet dress and a mantle trimmed with fur, the bonnet bordered with fur completes the most distinguished toilet.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS ABOUT SMALL WAISTS.—From a letter written by a Lady to the 'Ladies' Own Journal,' of Edinburgh, we extract the following: 'In the first place, in order to comply with the fashion, the waist need not be so excessively and absurdly small as some think necessary. The waist of a young lady of five feet six inches need not measure less than eighteen inches. If my suggestions are attended to it will have the 'appearance' of being smaller. One great error which is committed in fitting on a corset is in not allowing sufficient freedom across the chest and across the lower part of the stays below the waist; and another is (whatever 'Medicus' may say to the contrary) in dispensing with the shoulder straps, and in not making them sufficiently firm in texture. My experience tells me that stays, if properly stiffened and furnished with shoulder straps, and made quite easy across the chest and round the hips, are, so far from being injurious, positively beneficial. By preserving the upright position of the body they prevent the pressure of the lower ribs on the digestive organs, which is always the result of a stooping posture after meals. The shoulder straps expand the chest if no pressure is permitted on the front part of the chest, and, in conjunction with the stiffening, afford the support required without that pressure on the digestive organs, which must always be produced, when no shoulder straps are worn, by leaning on the back and fore part of the stays. Without shoulder straps the shoulders invariably fall forward, and cause contracted chests and pulmonary complaints; while the flimsy materials of which the stays are constructed get out of shape, and, by allowing the wearer to sit in a crooked position, produce curvature of the spine and all its attendant evils. It is well known that the ladies of the last century wore very stiff stays with shoulder straps, and we know that spinal distortion was not nearly so common as it is now. Small waists were then small indeed; but owing to the freedom allowed over the chest, and the duty of supporting the body being taken off the lower part by the stiffening and the straps, the physique of the ladies of those times was superior to our own. If there is so great a mortality among our female population as anti-corset writers attribute to tight lacing, let them compare the mode of living of our fashionable belles with those of the last century, and I think they will find ample cause for it without imputing all the blame to the corset. My daughters, whom I have brought up under my own eye, have most elegant figures and slender waists, and enjoy perfect health—indisputably proving that my plan is a successful one—and, having thus proved it myself, I come forward to offer the above advice to those who have the care of young ladies and the responsibility of their future health and happiness. I may add that, by making the corset easy across the chest, the waist will appear more slender by contrast. I knew a young lady of fifteen, who was staying with me, complain of pain in the chest and shortness of breath. I suspected the reason, and found that the stays she wore were actually tighter round the chest, under the arms, than at the waist. On suggesting this to her she said her mother always had them made so; as, having no shoulder straps, they afforded no support. Nothing can be more hurtful than this; and besides, when the upper part of the stays are laced so tightly, the waist does not look nearly so small as it otherwise would.

FOR LEISURE MOMENTS.

TRUST is a good motto for a Christian; 'trust not,' is a good one for a tailor.

SLANDER is as much more accumulative than a snowball as it is blacker.

DOCTORS should dearly love our good mother earth, for she kindly hides their evil work.

IT is a paradox that loose habits generally stick tighter to a fellow than any other kind.

WHATEVER promises a man may make before marriage, the marriage license is a receipt in full.

PEOPLE who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk.

LOOK not mournfully into the past—it cannot return—wisely improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

A WESTERN paper announced the illness of its editor, piously adding: 'All good paying subscribers are requested to mention

him in their prayers.' The others need not, 'as the prayers of the wicked avail nothing,' according to good authority.

A COUNTRYMAN, while passing through one of our streets, saw an elegant equipage passing. After gazing in wild amazement, first on the handsome driver, then on the gentleman with folded arms and white cravat, he asked, 'which one owns the team.'

TRUE love is based on a sound personal esteem, not on a gay and dashing freak of imagination. True love is the ripe fruit only of an imagination for another's excellent qualifications, and once established lasts forever, amid storms or sunshine, joys and sorrows augmented by the one, perhaps, but never diminished by the other. That is just the difference, and it will pay you to remember it.

THE CITY OF MOSCOW.—The city of Moscow, rendered famous by Napoleon's celebrated expedition, was built in the 12th century, and now contains 400,000 inhabitants. It is situated in a great valley, and the houses are mostly built of wood, with roofs of sheet iron. In the centre of the city stands the walled hill of Kremlin, which is surrounded by a brick wall 50 to 70 feet high, and a mile and a half in circumference. Within these limits are several public buildings. The popular opinion that the Kremlin is a palace, is erroneous. It is simply, as its name signifies, a walled enclosure, and was built as a defence against domestic insurrection. It could no more be blown up by powder than could a great hill. In the church which stands within its limits, is a bell weighing 140,000 lbs, but this is eclipsed by the great bell which stands at the foot of the tower. This is 19 feet high, 65 feet in circumference, 18 inches thick, and weighs 400,000 pounds avoirdupois. A large piece has been broken out of it, and it is sometimes used as a chapel. Around the city stretches a public garden or Boulevard, and outside of this wall of turf 30 or 40 feet in height. Three hundred churches, each with five or six domes, are scattered throughout the city. The domes are pear-shaped, and are surmounted by a spire and a cross, with the crescent beneath it. They are painted sometimes brown, and often a bright, blue color, with large spangles of gold. As there are from 1,500 to 2,000 domes in the city, the effect when the sun is shining upon them, is extremely brilliant. About nine-tenths of the city was burnt by the Russians, when they evacuated it in 1812.

THE ARAB'S GIFT.—A poor Arab was travelling in the desert, when he met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Accustomed as he was to brackish wells, to his simple mind it appeared that such water as this was worthy of a monarch; and, filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the Caliph himself. The poor man travelled a considerable distance before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The Caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered that some of the water be poured into a cup, drank it, thanked the Arab with a smile, and ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but to the surprise of all, the Caliph forbade them to touch even a single drop. After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence, with a light and joyful heart, the Caliph turned to his courtiers, and thus explained the motives of his conduct: 'During the travels of the Arab,' said he, 'the water in his leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that if I suffered another to partake of it he would not have concealed his disgust; and, therefore, I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded.'

MESSRS WIXENS, of Baltimore, projectors of the cigar-shaped steamers, are building in England a boat of the same species seven hundred feet long. The first boat, which was an experiment, lies at the dock in Baltimore. They propose to throw the Great Eastern, with her scores of stockholders into the shade, by a single effort of individual enterprise. The boat will be propelled by two screws, one forward and the other aft. The Messrs. Wixens are secessionists, and very wealthy mechanics. One of them was arrested at the beginning of the war, in connection with a steam gun project he had on hand, and a writer in the 'Scientific American' says they are spending their money in the English workshops on account of the hostility they have met with in the United States. It was rumored at one time that their experimental steamer was to be used as a ram for the rebel service. Perhaps the mammoth vessel is intended for that use.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

The detective smiled. When men are as high in the police force as he, they have learned to give every word its due significance. 'I did not say a clue to the thief, Colonel: I said a clue to the mystery.'

'Where's the difference?' 'Pardon me, it is indisputably perceptible. That the bracelet is gone, is a palpable fact: but by whose hands it went, is as yet a mystery.'

'What do you suspect?' 'I suspect that Miss Seaton knows how it went.'

There was a silence of surprise; on Lady Sarah's part, of indignation.

'Is it possible that you suspect her?' entered Colonel Hope.

'No,' said the officer, 'I do not suspect herself: she appears not to be a suspicious person in any way: but I believe she knows who the delinquent is, and that fear, or some other motive, keeps her silent. Is she on familiar terms with any of the servants?'

'But you cannot know what you are saying!' interrupted Lady Sarah. Familiar with the servants! Miss Seaton is a gentlewoman, and has always moved in high society. Her family is little inferior to mine; and better—better than the Colonel's, concluded her ladyship, determined to speak out.

'Madam,' said the officer, 'you must be aware that in an investigation of this nature, we are compelled to put questions which we do not expect to be answered in the affirmative. So we come to the question—who could it have been?'

'May I inquire why you suspect Miss Seaton?' coldly demanded Lady Sarah.

'Entirely from her manner; from the agitation she displays.'

'Most young ladies, particularly in our class of life, would betray agitation at being brought face to face with a police-officer,' urged Lady Sarah.

'My Lady,' he returned, 'we are keen, experienced men; and we should not be fit for the office we hold if we were not. We generally do find lady witnesses betray uneasiness when first exposed to our questions, but in a very short time, often in a few moments, it wears off, and they grow gradually easy. It was not so with Miss Seaton. Her agitation, excessive at first, increased visibly, and it ended as you saw. I did not think it the agitation of guilt, but I did think it that of conscious fear. And look at the related facts: that she laid the bracelets there, never left them, no one came in, and yet the most valuable one vanished. We have many extraordinary tales brought before us, but not quite so extraordinary as that.'

The Colonel nodded approbation; Lady Sarah began to feel uncomfortable.

'I should like to know whether any one called whilst you were at dinner,' mused the officer. 'Can I see the man who attends to the hall-door?'

'Thomas attends to that,' said the Colonel, ringing the bell. 'There is a side-door, but that is only for the servants and trades-people.'

'I heard Thomas say that Sir George

Danvers called while we were at dinner,' observed Lady Sarah. 'No one else. And Sir George did not go up-stairs.'

The detective smiled. 'If he had, my lady, it would have made the case no clearer.'

'No,' laughed Lady Sarah, 'poor old Sir George would be puzzled what to do with a diamond bracelet.'

'Will you tell me,' said the officer, wheeling sharply round upon Thomas when he

ing eaten his bread for five years, to turn round upon the house and its master at last, and act the part of a deceitful, conniving wretch, and let in that swindler ———

'He is not a swindler, sir,' interrupted Thomas.

'Oh! no, not a swindler,' roared the Colonel, 'he only steals diamond bracelets.'

'No more than I steal 'em, sir,' again spoke Thomas. 'He's not capable, sir. It was Mr. Gerard.'

'But, as Thomas says, he is no swindler,' remarked Lady Sarah; 'he is not the thief. You may go, Thomas.'

'No, sir,' stormed the Colonel; 'fetch Miss Seaton here first. I'll come to the bottom of this. If he has done it, Lady Sarah, I will bring him to trial; though he is Gerard Hope.'

Alice came back, leaning on the arm of Lady Francis Cheuevix; the latter having been dying with curiosity to come in before.

'So the mystery is out, ma'am,' began the Colonel to Miss Seaton: 'it appears this gentleman was right, and that somebody did come in; and that somebody the rebellious Gerard Hope.'

Alice was prepared for this, for Thomas had told her Mr. Gerard's visit was known; and she was not so agitated as before. It was the fear of its being found out, the having to conceal it, which had troubled her.

'It is not possible that Gerard can have taken the bracelet,' uttered Lady Sarah.

'No, it is not possible,' replied Alice. 'And that is why I was unwilling to mention his having come up.'

'What did he come for?' thundered the Colonel.

'It was not an intentional visit. I believe he only followed the impulse of the moment. He saw me at the front-window, and Thomas, it appears, was at the door, and he ran up.'

'I think you might have said so, Alice,' observed Lady Sarah, in a stiff tone.

'Knowing he had been forbidden the house, I did not wish to bring him under the Colonel's displeasure,' was all the excuse Alice could offer. 'It was not my place to inform against him.'

'I presume he approached sufficiently near the bracelets to touch them, had he wished?' observed the officer, who of course had now made up his mind upon the business—and upon the thief.

'Yes,' returned Alice, wishing she could have said no.

'Did you notice the bracelet there, after he was gone?'

'I cannot say I did. I followed him from the room when he left, and then I went into the front-room, so that I had no opportunity of observing.'

'The doubt is solved,' was the mental comment of the detective officer.

The Colonel, hot and hasty, sent several servants various ways in search of Gerard Hope, and he was speedily found and brought. A tall and powerful young man, very good-looking.

[PXCII.]



A MATTER OF OPINION.

Diana. "Yes dear—I must say that I think a Girl never looks so well as she does in her Riding Habit!"



BURGLARS.—"Yes, there are two of 'em if not three, by the Footsteps, and one of 'em is Blowing into the Keyhole now."

entered, 'who it was that called here yesterday evening, while your master was at dinner? I do not mean Sir George Danvers; the other one.'

Thomas visibly hesitated: and that was sufficient for the lynx-eyed officer. 'Nobody called but Sir George, sir,' he presently said.

The detective stood before the man, staring him full in the face with a look of amusement. 'Think again, my man,' quoth he. 'Take your time. There was some one else.'

The Colonel fell into an explosion: reproaching the unfortunate Thomas with hav-

The Colonel was struck speechless; his rage vanished, and down he sat in a chair, staring at Thomas. Lady Sarah colored with surprise.

'Now, my man,' cried the officer, 'why could you not have said it was Mr. Gerard?'

'Because Mr. Gerard asked me not to say he had been, sir; he is not friendly here, just now; and I promised him I would not. And I'm sorry to have had to break my word.'

'Who is Mr. Gerard, pray?'

'He is my nephew,' interposed the checkmated Colonel, Gerard Hope.

'Take him into custody, officer,' was the Colonel's impetuous command.

'Hands off, Mr. Officer—if you are an officer,' cried Gerard, in the first shock of the surprise, as he glanced at the gentlemanly appearance of the other, who wore plain clothes, 'you shall not touch me, unless you can show legal authority. This is a shameful trick, Colonel—excuse me—but as I owe nothing to you, I do not see that you have any such power over me.'

The group would have made a fine study: especially Gerard, his head thrown back in defiance, and looking angrily at every body.

'Did you hear me?' cried the Colonel. 'I must do my duty,' said the police-officer, approaching Gerard. 'And for authority—you need not suppose I should act, if without it.'

'Allow me to understand first,' remarked Gerard, haughtily eluding the officer. 'Which is it for? What is the sum total?' 'Two hundred and fifty pounds,' growled the Colonel. 'But if you are thinking to compromise it in that way, young sir, you will find yourself mistaken.'

'Oh! no fear,' retorted Gerard; 'I have not two hundred and fifty pence. Let me see: it must be Dobbs's. A hundred and sixty—how on earth do they slide the expenses up? I did it, sir, to oblige a friend.'

'The deuce you did!' echoed the Colonel, who but little understood the speech, except the last sentence. 'If ever I saw such a cool villain in all my experience!'

'He was awfully hard up,' went on Gerard, 'as bad as I am now; and I did it. I don't deny having done such things on my own account, but from this particular one I did not benefit a shilling.'

His cool assurance and his words, struck them with consternation.

'Dobbs said he'd take care I should be put to no inconvenience—and this comes of it! That's trusting your friends. He vowed to me, this very week, that he had provided for the bill.'

'He thinks it is only an affair of debt!' screamed Lady Frances Chenevix. 'O Gerard! what a relief! we thought you were confessing.'

'You are not arrested for debt, sir,' cried the officer, 'but for felony.'

'For felony!' uttered Gerard Hope. 'Oh! indeed! Could you not make it murder?' he added, sarcastically.

'Off with him to Marlborough street, officer,' cried the exasperated Colonel, 'and I'll come with you and prefer the charge. He scoffs at it, does he?'

'Yes, that I do,' answered Gerard; 'for whatever pitfalls I may have got into, in the way of carelessness, I have not gone into crime.'

'You are accused, sir, said the officer, 'of stealing a diamond bracelet.'

'Hey!' uttered Gerard, a flash of intelligence rising to his face, as he glanced at Alice. 'I might have guessed it was the bracelet affair, if I had had my recollection about me.'

'Oh! ho,' triumphed the Colonel, in sneering jocularity, 'so you expected it was the bracelet, did you? We shall have it all out presently.'

'I heard of the bracelet's disappearance,' said Mr. Hope. 'I met Miss Seaton when she was out this morning, and she told me it was gone.'

'Better make no admissions,' whispered the officer in his ear. 'They may be used against you.'

'Whatever admissions I may make, you are at liberty to use them, for they are truth,' haughtily returned Gerard. 'Is it possible that you do suspect me of taking the bracelet, or is this a joke?'

'Allow me to explain,' panted Alice, stepping forward. 'I—I—did not accuse you, Mr. Hope; I would not have mentioned your name in connection with it, because I am sure you are innocent; but when it was discovered that you had been here, I could not deny it.'

'The charging me with having taken it is absurdly preposterous,' exclaimed Gerard, looking first at his uncle, and then at the officer. 'Who accuses me?'

'I do,' said the Colonel.

'Then I am very sorry it is not somebody else, instead of you sir.'

'Explain. Why?'

'Because they should get a kindly horse-whipping.'

'Gerard,' interrupted Lady Sarah, 'do not treat it in that light way. If you did take it, say so, and you shall be forgiven. I am sure you must have been put to it terribly hard; only confess it, and the matter shall be hushed up.'

'No it shan't, my lady,' cried the Colonel. 'I will not have him encouraged—I mean, felony compounded.'

'It shall,' returned Lady Sarah, 'it shall indeed. The bracelet was mine, and I have a right to do as I please. Believe me, Gerard, I will put up with the loss without a murmur; only confess, and let the worry be done with.'

Gerard Hope looked at her: little trace of shame was there in his countenance. 'Lady Sarah,' he asked in a deep tone, 'can

you indeed deem me capable of taking your bracelet?'

'The bracelet was there, sir, and it went; and you can't deny it,' uttered the Colonel.

'It was there, fast enough,' answered Gerard. 'I held it in my hand two or three minutes, and was talking to Miss Seaton about it. I was wishing it was mine, and saying what I should do with it.'

'O Mr. Hope! pray say no more,' involuntarily interrupted Alice. 'You will make appearances worse.'

'What do you want to screen him for?' impetuously broke forth the Colonel, turning upon Alice. 'Let him say what he was going to say.'

'I do not know why I should not say it,' Gerard Hope answered, in, it must be thought, a spirit of bravado or recklessness, which he disdained to check. 'I said I should spout it.'

'You'll send off to every pawnshop in the metropolis, before the night's over, Mr. Officer,' cried the choking Colonel, breathless with rage. 'This beats brass.'

'But I did not take it any the more for having said that,' put in Gerard, in a graver tone. 'The remark might have been made by any one from a duke downwards, if reduced to his last shifts, as I am. I said if it were mine: I did not say I would steal to do it. Nor did I.'

'I saw him put it down again,' said Alice Seaton, in a calm, steady voice.

'Allow me to speak a word, Colonel,' resumed Lady Sarah, interrupting something her husband was about to say. 'Gerard—I cannot believe you guilty; but consider the circumstances. The bracelet was there: you acknowledge it; Miss Seaton left the apartment when you did, and went into the front-room: yet when I came up from dinner, it was there no longer.'

The Colonel would speak. 'So it lies between you and Miss Seaton,' he put in. 'Perhaps you would like to make believe she appropriated it.'

'No,' answered Gerard, with a flashing eye. 'She can not be doubted. I would rather take the guilt upon myself, than allow her to be suspected. Believe me, Lady Sarah, we are both innocent.'

'The bracelet could not have gone without hands to take it, Gerard,' replied Lady Sarah. 'How else do you account for its disappearance?'

'I believe there must be some misapprehension, some great mistake in the affair altogether, Lady Sarah. It appears incomprehensible now, but it will be unravelled.'

'Ay, and in double-quick time,' wrathfully exclaimed the Colonel. 'You must think you are talking to a pack of idiots, Master Gerard. Here the bracelet was spread temptingly out on a table, you went into the room, being hard up for money, fingered it, wished for it, and both you and the bracelet disappeared. Sir, turning sharply round to the officer—'did a clearer case ever go before a jury?'

Gerard Hope bit his lip. 'Be more just, Colonel,' said he. 'Your own brother's son steal a bracelet!'

'And I am happy my brother's not alive to know it,' rejoined the Colonel, in an obstinate tone. 'Take him in hand, Mr. Officer: we'll go to Marlborough street. I'll just change my coat and—'

'No, no, you will not,' cried Lady Sarah, laying hold of the dressing-gown and the Colonel in it; 'you shall not go nor Gerard either. Whether he is guilty or not, it must not be brought against him publicly. He bears your name, Colonel, and so do I, and it would reflect disgrace on us all.'

'Perhaps you are made of money, my lady. If so, you may put up with the loss of a two-hundred-and-fifty-guinea bracelet. I don't choose to do so.'

'Then, Colonel, you will; and you must.' 'Sir,' added Lady Sarah to the detective, 'we are obliged to you for your attendance and advice, but it turns out to be a family affair, as you perceive, and we must decline to prosecute. Besides, Mr. Hope may not be guilty.'

Alice rose and stood before Colonel Hope. 'Sir, if this charge were preferred against your nephew; if it came to trial, I think it would kill me. You know my unfortunate state of health; the agitation, the excitement of appearing to give evidence would be—I cannot continue; I cannot speak of it without terror; I pray you, for my sake, do not prosecute Mr. Hope.'

The Colonel was about to storm forth an answer, but her white face, her heaving throat, had some effect even on him. 'He is so doggedly obstinate, Miss Seaton. If he would but confess, and tell where it is, perhaps I'd let him off.'

Alice thought somebody else was obstinate. 'I do not believe he has anything to confess,' she deliberately said; 'I truly believe that he has not. He could not have taken it, unseen by me; and when we quitted the room, I feel sure the bracelet was left in it.'

'It was left in it, so help me Heaven!' uttered Gerard.

'And now I have got to speak,' added Frances Chenevix. 'Colonel, if you wish to press the charge against Gerard, I would go before the magistrates, and proclaim myself the thief. I vow and protest I would, just to save him; and you and Lady Sarah could not prosecute me you know.'

'You do well to stand up for him!' retorted the Colonel. 'You would not be quite so ready to do it, though, my Lady Fanny, if you know something I could tell you.'

'Oh! yes I should,' returned the young lady, with a vivid blush.

The Colonel, beset on all sides, had no choice but to submit; but he did so with an ill-grace, and dashed out of the room with the officer, as fiercely as if he had been charging an enemy at full tilt. 'The sentimental apes these women make of themselves!' cried he, in his polite way, when he had got him in private. 'Is it not a clear case of guilt?'

'In my private opinion, it certainly is,' was the reply; though he carries it off with a high hand. I suppose, Colonel, you still wish the bracelet to be searched for?'

'Search in and out, and high and low; search everywhere. The rascal! to dare even to enter my house in secret!'

'May I inquire if the previous breach, with your nephew, had to do with money affairs?'

'No,' said the Colonel, turning more crusty at the thoughts called up. 'I fixed upon a wife for him, and he wouldn't have her; so I turned him out of doors and stopped his allowance.'

'Oh!' was the only comment of the police-officer.

It was in the following week, and Saturday night. Thomas, without his hat, was standing at Colonel Hope's door, chatting to an acquaintance, when he perceived Gerard come tearing up the street. Thomas's friend backed against the rails and the spikes, and Thomas himself stood with the door in his hand, ready to touch his hair to Mr. Gerard, as he passed. Instead of passing, however, Gerard cleared the steps at a bound, pulled Thomas with himself inside, shut the door, and double-locked it.

Thomas was surprised in all ways. Not only at Mr. Hope's coming in at all, for the Colonel had again harshly forbidden the house to him and the servants to admit him, but at the suddenness and strangeness of the action.

'Cleverly done,' quoth Gerard, when he could get his breath. 'I saw a shark after me, Thomas, and had to make a bolt for it. Your having been at the door saved me.'

Thomas turned pale. 'Mr. Gerard, you have locked it, and I'll put up the chain, if you order me, but I'm afraid it's going again the law to keep out them detectives by force of arms.'

'What's the man's head running on now?' returned Gerard. 'There are no detectives after me; it was only a seedy sheriff's officer. Psha, Thomas! there's no worse crime attaching to me than a suspicion of a slight debt.'

'I'm sure I trust not, sir; only master will have his own way.'

'Is he at home?'

'He is gone to the opera with my lady.—The young ladies are up stairs alone. Miss Seaton has been ill, sir, ever since the bother, and Lady Frances is staying at home with her.'

'I'll go up and see them. If they are at the opera, we shall be snug and safe.'

'O Mr. Gerard! had you better go up, do you think?' the man ventured to remark.—'If the Colonel should come to hear of it—'

'How can he? You are not going to tell him, and I am sure they will not. Besides, there's no help for it; I can't go out again, for hours. And Thomas, if any demon should knock and ask for me, I am gone to—'an evening party up at Putney; went out, you know, by the side door.'

Thomas watched him run up the stairs, and shook his head. 'One can't help liking him, with it all; though where could the bracelet have gone to, if he did not take it?'

The drawing-rooms were empty, and Gerard made his way to a small room that Lady Sarah called her 'boudoir.' There

they were: Alice buried in the pillows of an invalid chair, and Lady Frances careering about the room, apparently practicing some new dancing step. She did not see him.—Gerard danced up to her, and took her hand, and joined in it.

'Oh!' she cried, with a little scream of surprise, 'you! Well I have staid at home to some purpose. But how could you think of entering within these sacred and forbidden walls? Do you forget that the Colonel threatens us with the terrors of the law, if we suffer it? You are a bold man, Gerard.'

'When the cat's away, the mice can play,' cried Gerard, treating them to a *pas seul*.

'Mr. Hope!' remonstrated Alice, lifting her feeble voice, 'how can you indulge these spirits, while things are so miserable?'

'Sighing and groaning won't make them light,' he answered, sitting down on a sofa near to Alice. 'Here's a seat for you, Fanny; come along,' he added, pulling Frances to his side. 'First and foremost, has anything come to light about that mysterious bracelet?'

'Not yet,' sighed Alice. 'But I have no rest; I am in hourly fear of it.'

'Fear!' uttered Gerard in astonishment.

Alice winced, and leaned her head upon her hand: she spoke in a low tone.

'You must understand what I mean, Mr. Hope. The affair has been productive of so much pain and annoyance to me, that I wish it could be ignored forever.'

'Though it left me under a cloud,' said Gerard. 'You must pardon me if I cannot agree with you. My constant hope is, that it may all come to daylight; I assure you I have especially mentioned it in my prayers.'

'Pray don't, Mr. Hope!' reproved Alice.

'I'm sure I have cause to mention it, for it is sending me into exile; that, and other things.'

'It is the guilty only who flee, not the innocent,' said Frances. 'You don't mean what you say, Gerard.'

'Don't! There's a certain boat advertised to steam from London-bridge wharf to-morrow, wind and weather permitting, and it steams me with it. I am compelled to fly my country.'

'Be serious, and say what you mean.'

'Seriously, then, I am over head and ears in debt. You know my uncle stopped my allowance in the spring, and sent me—metaphorically—to the dogs. It got wind; ill-news always does; I had a few liabilities, and they have all come down upon me. But for this confounded bracelet affair, there's no doubt the Colonel would have settled them; rather than let the name of Hope be daintily banded by the public, he would have expended his ire in growls, and then gone and done it. But that is over now; and I go to take up my abode in some renowned colony for desolate English, beyond the pale of British lock-ups. Boulogne, or Calais, or Dippe, or Brussels; I shall see: and there I may be kept for years.'

Neither of the young ladies answered immediately; they saw the facts were serious, and that Gerard was only making light of it before them.

'How shall you live?' questioned Alice. 'You must live there as well as here: you can not starve.'

'I shall just escape the starving. I have got a trifle; enough to swear by, and keep me on potatoes and salt. Don't you envy me my prospects?'

'When do you suppose you may return?' inquired Lady Frances. 'I ask it seriously, Gerard.'

'I know no more than you, Fanny. I have no expectations but from the Colonel. Should he never relent, I am caged there for good.'

'And so you have ventured here to toll us this, and bid us good-by?'

'No! I never thought of venturing here: how could I tell that the bashaw would be at the opera? A shark set on me in the street, and I had to run for my life. Thomas happened to be conveniently at the door, and I rushed in and saved myself.'

'A shark!' uttered Alice, in dismay, who in her experience had taken the words literally—'a shark in the street!' Lady Frances Chenevix laughed.

'One with sharp eyes and a hooked nose, Alice, speeding after me on two legs, with a polite invitation from one of the law lords. He is watching outside now.'

'How shall you get away?' exclaimed Frances.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Foreign News.

ENGLAND.—Platers in iron ship building yards at Liverpool are earning from £4 to £5 a week.

The public bounty is now regularly flowing in to the Mansion house fund to the amount of from £3,000 to £4,000 a day.

The Prince and Princess Royal of Prussia have forwarded 2,000 florins for the monument to Prince Albert.

The manufacture of postage stamps costs £27,000 a year, and the produce sells for £2,700,000.

During one week of the late boisterous weather no fewer than 182 wrecks were reported at Lloyd's.

There is a rumor of Earl Russell's resignation, which, after the publication of his extraordinary despatch to Denmark, is not an improbable contingency.

The number of wrecks reported for the past week amounted to 70, making a total for the present year of 1,626.

Messrs. Jones and Quiggin, of Liverpool, will shortly launch a steamer of 250 tons burden, built of steel plates only 3-16th of an inch in thickness.

The London 'Mechanics' Magazine' states that 'excellent paper is now made in Europe from the leaves of Indian Corn.

The will of the Rev. Edward Brown of Lydon, Rutlandshire, was proved in London last week at £400,000 personality.

The runaway Prince of Hohenlohe, son-in-law of the Elector of Hesse, has left debts amounting to £114,000.

A circular has recently been issued from the Horse Guards calling upon commanding officers to forward a descriptive return to the services, &c., of their Regimental Sergeant-Majors.

The steamship Antonia, which has been plying between Bristol and Glasgow for several years, has been sold to the Confederate Government.

On Wednesday morning, as Mr. John Ackerson Erredge, editor of the 'Brighton Observer,' was talking with the proprietor of that journal in the office, he fell suddenly, and in the course of two or three minutes expired.

The Emperor of the French has sent, as a present to the Queen, a pair of beautiful white cows and a bull, of the African breed, from Algiers.

The London 'Morning Advertiser' of the 20th ult., says: It is stated on reliable authority that Mrs. Edwin James is about to return from New York to this country, to sue for a divorce in Westminster Hall against her husband, the late Mr. Edwin James, Q.C.

SCOTLAND.—A legacy of £1,000 has been left to the London Missionary Society, by the late William Gibson, of Duloch, Fifeshire, Scotland.

A meeting of ministers and elders of the Free Church was held on Wednesday at the close of the Commission, when the Rev. Robert McLeod of Snizort was unanimously appointed Moderator-elect of the ensuing General Assembly.

A young English lady has gone to Scotland and is begging hard to be made a doctor. When an old Scottish laird sent his son to England to practice medicine, he said, 'Go my son and avenge the battle of Pinkie.'

the entrance of women into any calling or profession. We think it is in the nature of things that of all the professions or callings in the world the medical profession is the most eminently unfit for women.

This poor poet, (the late James McFarlane,) has left a widow, together with one child, wholly unprovided for. She is a sensible, well-conducted person; and we are happy to learn that a few gentlemen, who were kind to the poet during his last and best days, have associated themselves into a small committee, for the purpose of raising a fund for the relief of his humble and desolate home.

On Thursday last the 'Comet,' belonging to the Isle of Whithorn, with about sixty tons of coal on board, put into the harbor of Garliestown in consequence of a head wind. Next day, as the tide was flowing, five men were engaged in docking the vessel, when a person standing on the quay observed that she was about to heel over.

He forthwith gave an alarm, and four out of the five, by means of this timely warning, succeeded in keeping clear; the fifth, a man named William Loch, a laborer, residing in Garliestown, was not so fortunate, his movements having been impeded by the soft adhesive sludge on which he was standing; he was caught by the hull of the vessel as it went over, the bulwarks resting on his loins, leaving his head, arms, and the upper part of his body free.

In a few minutes, all the seamen, carpenters, and able-bodied men residing in the Garliestown were upon the spot, and every effort was made, by means of blocks and wedges and ropes, to lift the vessel a few inches and rescue poor Loch from her tenacious grasp.

All these, alas, were in vain, and by the time the salt water had reached the prostrate prisoner, it was evident that his fate was sealed. The scene which ensued was truly pitiable and most heart-rending; it was witnessed by a large number of spectators, among whom there was hardly a dry eye, and who were hushed into solemn silence by the sad and impressive event.

At this period the Rev. Thomas Young, of the Congregational Church, walked into the water beside the drowning man, engaged in prayer, and drew his attention to thoughts befitting the sudden and inevitable change awaiting him.

His last words to his companions were, 'Oh, take off my vest and cover my head, so that I may not see the water.' An effort was made to do this, but the garment could not be removed, and his face was covered with a napkin just as the tide was rising around him.

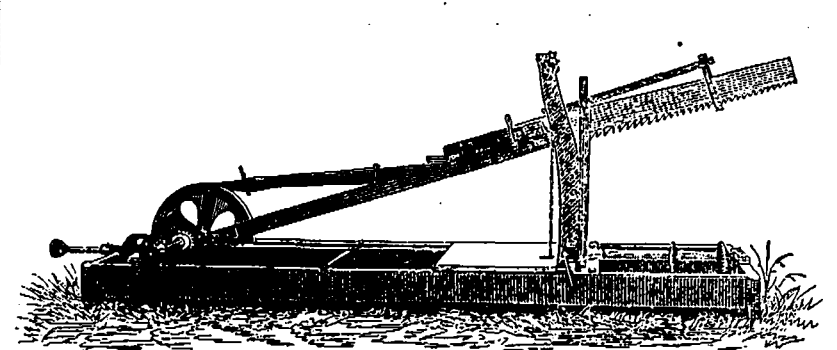
In the course of a few minutes after this the cold green waves covered the body, and the sorrowing crowd dispersed, their sorrow being the deeper because they were obliged to look on the fatal flow of the tide with helpless glances.

IRELAND.—A Dublin dentist, Brophy, has left a surgeon, Fleming, £50, to cut his head off before interment, so as to ease the deceased's mind about being buried alive.

The subscriptions for the O'Connell statue in Ireland now amount to £2820.

The Rev. Hugh Hanna of Belfast has received a threatening letter, in reference to his speech against Popery at the Botanic Gardens. The letter is signed by 'A Prophet,' and concludes:—'I again caution you against deviating from the above subject or if it is known the result will prove fatal, on your part it may shorten your days sooner than you imagine, it will come on you unknown, you certainly will fall and it will prove disgraceful to your profession and also caution them.'

The 'Belfast News letter' furnishes a rather singular explanation of Commodore Wilkes' antipathy to England. It says that Wilkes was the commander of the United States expedition, fitted some years ago, in common with similar expeditions by England to Russia, to discover the North-West Passage.



NOXON'S PATENT SELF-ACTING SAWING MACHINE.

THESE Machines are Warranted capable of cutting Sixty Cords of Wood per day. By an ingenious contrivance in the Machinery, the saw raises itself to admit the movement of the log for the next cut. Very little exertion is required on the part of the man attending the Machine, the entire movement being regulated by a bar which a child can move.

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ly enough exposed Wilkes' ignorance. He showed that his conclusions could not be depended upon—that they were, in fact, often nothing else than fictitious. Hence, it is added, the bitter antagonism of Wilkes, and his desire to insult the British flag.

The jury impanelled to inquire into the death of private Edward McEgion, of the 47th Regiment, Montreal, have returned a verdict of wilful murder against Owen Thornton and Daniel Daly. The former is implicated in consequence of having aided the escape of the latter.

Commercial.

MARKETS—MONTREAL.

Flour steady; No. 1, \$1 50; other grades in proportion. Wheat firm; Upper Canada spring 93c a 95c, ex cars; white, \$1 04 a \$1 05c. Peas, 70c per 66 lbs. Ashes drooping. Butter steady. Pork must be specially quoted; to push sales, mess would only realize an outside price, while prime mess and prime would only command \$7, at the same time higher prices are got for retail lots; in ordinary transactions it would be fair to quote mess \$10; prime mess and prime \$8.

NEW YORK.

Flour.—Receipts 26,549 bbls; market 5c better, with fair demand; sales 13,000 bbls at \$5 75 a \$5 95 for superfine State; \$6 15 a \$6 35c for extra State; \$5 80c a \$6 for superfine Western. Canadian flour 5 cents better; sales 6000 bbls at \$6 20 a \$6 40 for common; \$6 55 a \$8 25 for good to choice extra. Rye flour steady at \$4 50 a \$5 50.

GRAIN.—Receipts of wheat 39,137 bush; market 1c better, with good demand; sales 50,000 bush at \$1 21 a \$1 30 for Chicago Spring; \$1 26 a \$1 34 for Milwaukee Club; \$1 35 for Canada club. Rye firm, at 85c for Western; 95c for State. Barley nominal, at \$1 25 a \$1 45. Corn.—Receipts 62,824 bush; market a shade firmer; sales 80,000 bush at 86c a 87c for shipping mixed Western. Oats active, at 68c a 70c for common to prime.

PROVISIONS.—Pork quiet; sales 200 bbls at \$14 for mess; \$11 62c a \$11 75c for prime. Beef quiet. Cut meats unchanged.

MONTREAL IMPORTS.—The value of goods imported into Montreal during Nov. 1861, was \$1,172,226; during the same month in 1862, \$1,639,761, showing an increase in value of \$467,535. The duty collected in 1861, was \$113,814; in 1862, \$206,425, showing an increase of \$92,610. The following are some of the articles upon which an increase has taken place:—

Table with 3 columns: Item, 1861, 1862. Coffee, value, \$ 7,753, \$15,733. Dried fruit and nuts, 5,297, 15,413. Woollens, 29,682, 76,315. Cottons, 45,507, 163,741.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for Week ending 12th Dec. 1862, \$61,996 48 1/2. Corresponding week last year \$52,800 40.

Increase, \$9,196 08 1/2.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for the week ending Dec. 6th, 1862, \$104,906 47. Corresponding week last year, \$ 98,195 34.

Increase, \$ 6,801 13.

Amount of Company's freight, included in above, Nil. do. corresponding week, '61 \$650 00.

The Toronto merchants have followed the recommendation of the Board of Trade so that American silver is to be taken at 4 per cent. discount.



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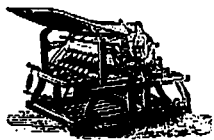
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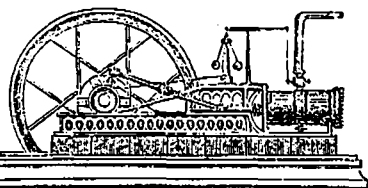
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