

give, will be bestowed upon your dear mother. So far as human power can prevent it, she will not have a wish ungratified."

"If she should even now be dead! Oh, Isabel, if she should!" exclaimed Ellen, unheeding all I had been saying, and springing suddenly to her feet, as the awful idea flashed across her mind.

"But she is not; why should you think so? Be calm; Mr. Arundel would not deceive you."

"He would, he would; believing so best to prepare me for the truth: I see it all—she is gone! Oh, mother, mother!" and sinking in utter despair upon her seat, she wept piteously, while I, unable to comfort, and feeling it better to let her grief have way, and reserve all attempts at consolation until the first violence was past, knelt silently beside her, my arm around her waist.

(To be continued.)

SCENIC GLIMPSES OF CANADA.

ON the 3rd of August, 1492, three "crazy, ill-conditioned vessels" left the shores of Spain; and after many difficulties, in repressing an enraged, disappointed, and mutinous crew, their brave commander, on the 12th of October, set foot on the soil of America.

The natives flocked to the shore, gazing with admiration upon the white skins and rich dresses of Columbus and his followers. But the vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to "move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied by lightning and smoke," struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

In July, 1860, the future King of England set sail, also with three vessels, and before the ensuing October will, it is hoped, have landed safely on the shores of Canada; opened the Victoria Tubular Bridge at Montreal; trod the heights of Abraham, scaled by the intrepid Wolfe; "run" the wild and furious rapids of the St. Lawrence; glided between its soft and beautiful thousand islands; stood and gazed with wondering eyes upon the rushing waters of the mighty Niagara; penetrated into the vaulted, sombre forests of the Far West; and after a pleasant summer excursion, returned once more to the kingdom one day to be his own.

Many of our readers are probably familiar with the Britannia Tubular Bridge which spans the

Menai. That across the noble St. Lawrence is constructed upon the same plan, but on a far bolder and more gigantic scale. It was designed by the

spanning a river two miles in width, giving safe passage to hundreds of tons on its riveted floor, and permitting ships of large tonnage to sail beneath it, is an achievement still more remarkable for the New World, and is worthy of the young giant rising in the West.

It was always foreseen that the most formidable enemy with which the structure would have to contend would be ice, which in spring rushes down the river in vast masses, apparently irresistible. The piers, therefore, have been designed to resist enormous pressure, greater, in fact, than any that has been known to exist in the severest seasons.

It must have been an interesting sight to witness the laying of the foundation stone of the second pier by Lord Elgin, when Governor-General of Canada. Upon the stony bed of the mighty St. Lawrence, sixteen feet below the surface of the river, a large group of persons stood dry-shod, protected from the rushing torrent which swept round them, by the massive sides of a gigantic coffer-dam; to the joints and beams of which clung workmen and spectators, waving their hats, and vociferously cheering an occasion fraught with such important consequences to the future welfare and prosperity of Canada.

An uninterrupted communication being thus made practicable across the St. Lawrence, the traffic of the North American colonies will be brought—not, as heretofore, dependent on the seasons, but at all times—into direct and easy access with

all the ports on the Atlantic, from Halifax to Boston and New York, and consequently—through these ports—nearer to Europe. The cost of this vast enterprise is estimated at £1,400,000.

The town honoured by the presence of this magnificent structure presents a somewhat singular appearance. The roofs of most of the houses, and all the domes and spires being covered with tin, the sun shining on them at different angles, causes beautifully diffused degrees of gleaming brilliancy; and notwithstanding its walls of glaring white limestone, its narrow streets and plain architecture of the stone houses remind one forcibly of Aberdeen.

The illustration which accompanies this article, represents a view in the bay of Gaspé. The singular rock seen in the engraving is pierced by the action of the waves into arches, and resembles the round gateway of an ancient fortress, surviving the destruction which has overwhelmed the neighbouring works.

(To be continued.)



CANADIAN ROCK, BAY OF GASPE.

late Mr. Stephenson, whose shrewd perceptions at once recognised the incalculable advantages to be derived from such a work, and whose scientific mind devised the means for its execution.

It rests on twenty-four piers with spaces for navigation, exclusive of the two abutments, whence the tubes spring on either side. The centre span is 330 feet, and each of the others 220 feet wide. The length of the bridge is 10,284 feet, or about fifty yards less than two English miles. The clear distance between the under surface of the centre tube and the average summer level of the river, is sixty feet, diminishing towards one side. 210,000 tons of stone have been used in the construction of these piers, and 10,400 tons of iron in the tube, girders, &c. The expenditure has averaged £250,000 annually.

The Colossus of Rhodes, under which sailed the pigmy shallows of former ages, was esteemed a wonder of the Old World. But an iron bridge



remains an inmate of his house, and I shall hold him responsible that the claim is not outraged."

"Oh, indeed! you talk very grandly! Upon the faith of my sister's introduction, I have hitherto gone upon the presumption that you are a gentleman (though, of course, she may have been deceived as well as myself), and should very much like to know what possible bond can exist between you and that miss—Miss anything, that you should be so ready to defend her."

"Were Miss Neville a perfect stranger, whom I had never seen until this moment, I should feel it my duty to protect her, so far as I was able, against injustice and insult; but being—"

"Oh! let her go. Say no more, Margaret. For my sake, look over her conduct, and let her go in peace. If Major Somerset"—casting a languishing glance towards him—"feels himself bound by his vows of chivalry, to defend all our sex, I am sure he has my full pardon, and yours too. We must only hope his next championship may be better deserved. But now, if Miss Bell, or whatever her name is, will finish her songs, nothing more need be known of this *fracas*, and to-morrow she can go; so, if you will give me your arm through this crowd, Major Somerset, to reach some quieter spot, we will retire from the scene of war."

"I should be most happy to be useful to you, Miss Lawson, were not my first and urgent duty here," replied the major; "but you will find numberless cavaliers within the reach of a glance, who will feel honoured by being allowed to attend you. In the meantime you are in your sister's house, and Miss Neville is leaving it."

"Not without my permission, I think," said Mrs. Elliot.

"Even so, madam."

"No, no; I shall not allow it."

"You will find it difficult to prevent it. Miss Neville is not a friendless being, whom you can oppress with impunity, but—"

"Oh! of course not, if she has Major Somerset's protection!" sneered the hostess.

"Your insinuations do your mind infinitely more discredit, madam, than their falsity can do Miss Neville injury. As the friend of her mother, I should consider it my bounden duty to defend her when thus assailed; but as one who hopes ere long to claim a still dearer title, I feel it not only a duty, but a privilege to do so."

"Dearest title! oh! cruel, cruel man," cried Miss Lawson, "after all your attentions, and hints, and glances, and—oh! oh! oh!"

"Were there the slightest grounds for saying I had made you the victim of either the one or the other, I should indeed (knowing so well that my affections were irretrievably placed here), deserve all your reproaches; but your conscience, at a cooler moment, will, I am sure, acquit me of everything but a *want* of empressment which I could not feign. This interview, however, has lasted too long already; permit me to wish you a good evening, Mrs. Elliot. There (taking out a card) is my mother, Lady Anne Somerset's address. In half an hour Miss Neville will be under her protection, and I ready to offer any explanation Mr. Elliot may think fit to demand. Good night, Miss Lawson. Now"—turning to me—"where shall I wait till you have put on a cloak and bonnet? My mother will send her maid to-morrow to collect your wardrobe."

And drawing my arm still more closely within his own, and silencing all my attempts to speak or remonstrate, Major Somerset led me from the room I had entered under such different auspices two hours before, leaving my quondam mistress and her sister speechless with astonishment and rage.

## CHAPTER LII.

How fair  
That spacious brow and shining hair,  
Those lips no painter's art could reach,  
Those glistening eyes whose light is speech,  
That slender form of stately mien;  
That softest cheek, as crystal sheen,  
Whose hue was of such tender rose,  
As sunlight flings on fallen snows.

S. M.

AND thus, without an effort of my own, I left Mrs. Elliot's.

Under less urgent circumstances, I do not think that, anxious as I was to go, I should have retired thus abruptly from my post, but I was so heart-weary of the place and people, so insulted and confounded by the hints and innuendoes which had been heaped upon me, so very glad to see *him* again, and, for awhile, at least, resign myself to the strange and delicious feeling of being cared for, deprived, as it were, of a voice in my own destiny, that I made

no demur, said, and objected to nothing, but suffered myself to be borne along by circumstances.

But this supineness lasted no longer than the blaze of chandeliers, the buzz of voices bewildered me. In the comparatively quiet hall, my senses returned, and I felt how impossible it would be to go thus unknown, and at such an untimely hour, to Lady Anne Somerset. Although the removal of Mr. Meredith's persecution rendered it less imperatively needful that I should remain concealed, there were yet many reasons why it would be better that Mr. Cunningham should not be able to trace me; and knowing that it was impossible for me to explain to her ladyship the cause of my flight from Ellerslie, or why I refused to return there, or suffer my residence to be known, I felt that I could not, ought not, to present myself to her.

I resolved, therefore, to go to Mary, and to claim from her that home and protection which I knew she would so readily accord.

But it was one thing to determine, another to carry out the determination.

As I expected, Major Somerset was vehement against the proposal, combating all my arguments with unwearied pertinacity, assuring me over and over again, that his mother knew all about everything, and would receive me with open arms; that no questions I did not choose to answer should be asked, and that if I feared Mr. Cunningham, Lady Anne would take me abroad. To all these persuasions, which my heart seconded so strongly, I could oppose nothing but my sense of right, my instinct of propriety; and to these at last the major yielded, comforting himself, however, with certain *sotto voce* exclamations, indicative of future proceedings and compensations.

"And now," I said, with burning cheeks, for my heart was beating wildly, and a strange happiness was glowing in every pulse, "you must leave me; to-morrow—"

"To-night, if you please, fair lady. Surely you do not think I have rescued you from those tender-hearted creatures up-stairs, to abandon you to the mercy of Heaven knows who, in the streets! No; you have carried *your* way so far, now I must have *mine*. You shall go to this paragon of a Mary, but I shall go too, to deliver you up, and get her promise that when I go to-morrow, I shall not find you flown, after the manner of your former treatment. Ah, Isa, hardest of hearts! when do you expect to be forgiven for that treachery? But here is the vehicle, and, lest Jehu should mistake his way, I shall sit beside him and assist his labours."

And laughing gaily, his whole countenance brightened with a joyous smile, he placed me in the coach, threw a golden *douceur* to the two obsequious footmen, and then once more peeping in, to see if I were comfortable, exclaimed—

"Ah, Isabel! what happiness this is! I feel as if I must do something desperate, by way of keeping down the excitement."

Contrary to my expectations, I found Mary up, and, as usual, was received with open arms. John and M. de Coutance were there also, for the generous-hearted Frenchman was about to leave England in order to prosecute some inquiries in Paris relative to the family matters which had made him an exile, and was spending his last evening with those for whom, however lowly in rank, he had formed the sincerest friendship.

It was not without considerable embarrassment, of course, that I introduced Major Somerset to my kind friends; but the high breeding of M. de Coutance, and the genuine politeness of my hosts, precluded the utterance of a single word which could add to the awkwardness of my position; and the soldier, already prepared to honour those of whom, in the brief moments we had passed together, I had spoken in terms of such warm gratitude, received the courtesies offered to him in a manner that won all their hearts.

The party, however, soon broke up, for the Frenchman and John, Nature's true gentlemen, felt that Mary and I would be better pleased to be alone.

Speedily, then, both took leave; and, as the former bowed low over my hand, he said, in accents of deep emotion—

"Adieu, mademoiselle; we are part now, nevare parehaps to see each odare more. I pray all de holy saints to keep you happee, and dey sall. De goot GOD nevare bestow chagrin and tears for evare. Non, you shall see ma prophesie happen true; and years far to look, de pauvre old musicien sall know of you, and des bonnes fortunes dat de holy Queen of Heaven sall present you, and dat brave soldat, and dat you are happee. Adieu! adieu! la dee! I sall forget you nevare."

(To be continued.)

## "FOR MY SAKE."

Love one another as I have loved you.—ST. JOHN.

Mr mother, on her dying bed,

Said solemnly to me,

"Give to thy brothers love like that  
Ye *all* have had from me."

And since her spirit passed to dwell

In the dear home above,

I've cherished for her sons almost  
A mother's yearning love.

Year after year I toiled for them,

And hoped, and wept, and prayed;

In weariness and painfulness

My mother I obeyed.

Oh! child of God, a mother's love

Is but a feeble sign

Of that pure flame which glows for thee

Within the Heart Divine.

And when the Saviour's parting words,

With yearning soul He spake,

"My children, love each other well,

And do it for my sake!"

Who took the blessed duty up,

With all its grief and care,

Resolved, for *Jesus' sake*, to love

His brethren everywhere—

Who giveth all his life and strength

That duty to fulfil;

His bless'd memorial shall be,

"He did *The Master's will*."

## SCENIC GLIMPSSES OF CANADA.

(Concluded from page 205.)

THOUGH no longer enjoying the honour of being the seat of government, Montreal, from its population of 60,000 inhabitants, may well be considered as the capital of Canada. Its French origin contrasts strongly with the occupation of the town by the English—the streets presenting a strange medley of Jesuit seminaries, and convents of the Grey Sisters; priests in long black dresses; native carters in woollen nightcaps and coloured sashes; and bar-risters pleading in the French language. Here are Manchester goods, in stores kept by bustling Yankees; there, soldiers lounging about in the scarlet and rifle uniforms of England. Presbyterian tunes sound from plain, unadorned churches; and the public vehicles partake equally of the fashions of Lisbon and Long-acre. The Jesuits are the superiors of nearly the whole of Montreal, and the revenues they derive from it are enormous.

The might and majesty of the lordly St. Lawrence are displayed to the greatest advantage below Quebec, where, after passing the Isle of Orleans, it expands to the width of nearly thirty miles, Cape Torment rising on the north to the height of nearly 2,000 feet above the water.

Not far from Quebec, the Montmorenci, rushing through a rocky gorge, falls into the St. Lawrence over a perpendicular rock 250 feet high. Above and below this extraordinary fall the banks are high, but gently sloping. At this spot, however, a huge pit has been scooped out, the sides of which are nearly perpendicular and where the water falls quite vertical.

It is here that the celebrated ice-cone is formed from the freezing of the spray, down the steep sides of which parties slide in winter. In 1829 it grew to the height of 126 feet, thus serving as an annual illustration of the formation of glaciers.

From these falls to Quebec, during the season, the trackless path over the frozen snow is as full of life as the gardens at Kew, or the Crystal Palace on a sunny day in June.

Bright eyes beaming from rosy cheeks, and half buried in furs anxiously watch for a capsise, and laugh merrily as the mixed tenants of some sleigh are seen rolling one over another in most ludicrous confusion.

The sun shines brightly, the sleigh bells ring cheerily; all is jollity and fun, and a misanthrope would be as much out of his element in a picnic to Montmorenci as a polar bear in a ballet.

A magnificent suspension bridge spans the river immediately over these falls.

On the heights of Abraham, not far distant, stands a monument to Wolfe, who, in the face of frightful difficulties scaled these lofty cliffs and reached their summit only to receive his death wound. It is simply surmounted with a helmet and sword, and inscribed:—

"Here died Wolfe, victorious."

On this same battle-field fell two chieftains, the bravest of the brave—Wolfe, in the arms of victory; Montcalm, in defence of his country and her honour.



To their joint memory another column was raised during the Governor-Generalship of the Earl of Dalhousie, one on which an Englishman may gaze with pride, and a Frenchman without a blush. The following words form part of the inscription:—"Military prowess gave them a common death, history a common fame, posterity a common monument."

Deouching into the St. Lawrence, below Quebec, is the river Saguenay, unrivalled in interest and magnificence of scenery throughout Canada. For about fifty miles from its mouth, the shores tower up in perpendicular cliffs, from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet in height, giving an air of strange, wild grandeur to the scene, while the depth of water is so great that large ships may sail close under the rocks, so that those on board can look up to their summits beetling above them, and broken into a variety of fantastic shapes representing faces and figures of hideous grotesqueness, or battle-mented ruins of a past world.

By moonlight, especially, must its savage aspect be one of unearthly grandeur, travellers having agreed that the moon in England, compared with the American luminary, "looks like a dab of red putty stuck on a wall;" certainly, her mountain plains and ocean boundaries are there infinitely more perceptible through a telescope than in England.

For soft and beautiful scenery nothing can exceed the novelty presented by a broad expanse of river, dotted everywhere with isles of every conceivable size and picturesque form, covered with graceful feathery trees, some so small as scarcely to afford resting-ground to the wild fowl which inhabit these regions; others large, and bearing a hundred varieties of trees and shrubs growing out of their grey lichen-covered rocks, now clustering together and leaving passages so narrow that the steamer, barbarously disturbing with her paddles their delicate shadows, can scarcely force her way between them; then separating to a distance, and allowing fine broad, lake-like expanses of clear water to appear. More than one thousand of these islands have been counted, but the actual number has as yet baffled every effort to ascertain it.

In nothing is the love of fatherland more strongly exemplified than in naming new settlements after the Old World's cherished homes. How many a poor emigrant has felt his eyes brim with tears, on

coming to a milestone inscribed, "30 miles to London!"

One of the largest commercial towns in the interior is thus named. It is the chief town of the county of Middlesex; contains fourteen thousand inhabitants; has a river Thames flowing through it, and a Westminster on the opposite bank; while over

clinging fondness for home associations thus shown by the self-exiled forger after life's bare sustenance.

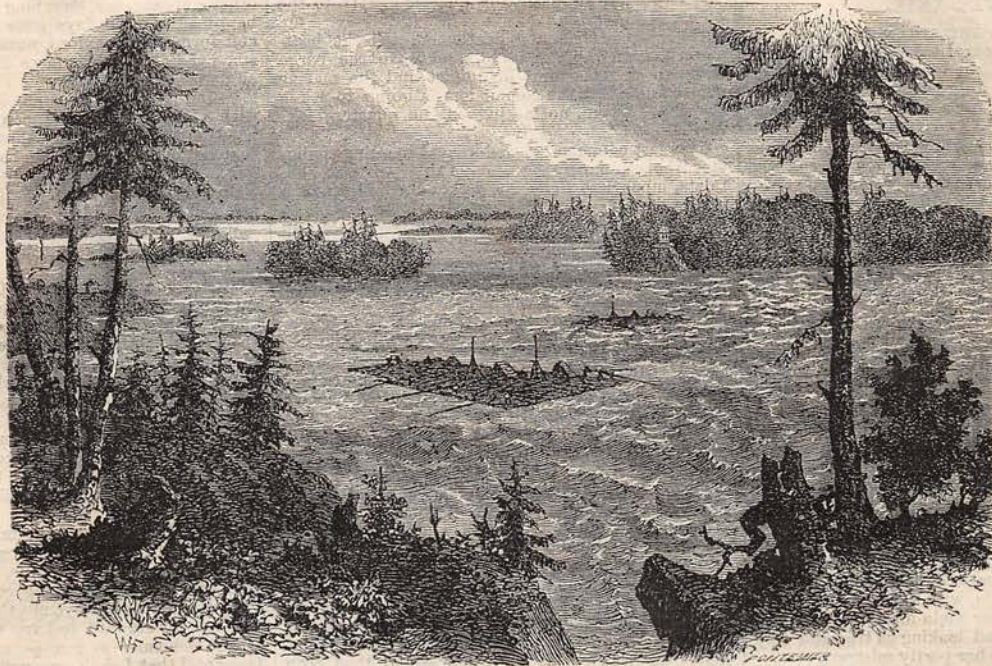
The young ladies of Canada are celebrated not less for their beauty, than for the irresistible fascination and witchery of their manners. Unaffected and elegant, they dress in exquisite taste, and with a grace peculiarly their own. They are educated in convents; go into society at a very early age; are seldom deeply read; and few play anything more than modern dance music. Dancing, indeed, is a passion with the fair Canadians; so much so, that the young mother continues not unfrequently to attend the same dancing classes with her children.

The Canadian Constitution is as nearly a transcript of our own as anything can be; but it is not our purpose to risk wearying our readers with political statements, further than to add, that when it is remembered that Canada is entirely exempt from direct taxation, and enjoys the protection of England for her commerce, it is impossible to predict too brilliant a future for her rapidly-increasing population.

Should a high and independent destiny be reserved for her, should she determine to march alone, our children may live to see—  
 "All that else the years will show,  
 The poet-forms of stronger hours;  
 The vast Republics that may grow,  
 The Federations and the Powers;  
 "Titanic forces taking birth  
 In divers seasons, divers climes.  
 For we are ancients of the earth,  
 And in the morning of the times."

Very erroneous ideas prevail in England on the subject of the Canadian climate, many imagining that skating and sleighing form the favourite summer diversions of the inhabitants. Instead of which, that portion of the country nearest to the mouth of the St. Lawrence has a summer nearly equalling in heat those of tropical climates. If the thermometer stands at 35° below zero in January, it marks 90° in the shade in June.

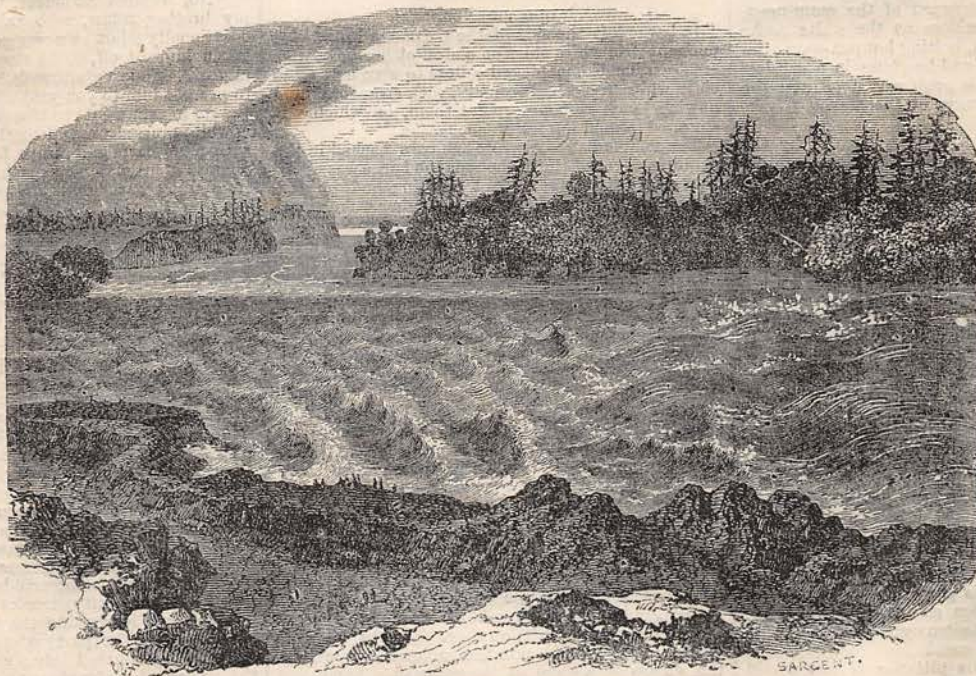
The Prince's visit could not have been better timed than at the present season, autumn in Canada being by far the pleasantest portion of the year. The rapidity with which spring follows upon winter, robs that country of those charms which, until this year, have never failed to attend that delightful season in "Merrie England."



JUNCTION OF THE RIVERS OTTAWA AND ST. LAWRENCE, CANADA.

the river are thrown bridges with appropriate names.

Woodstock, also, is the county town of Oxford. It is a rural, straggling place, standing on undu-



THE RAPIDS OF LONG-SAULT, CANADA.

lating ground, containing many gentlemen's houses, and greatly resembling its English namesake of Blenheim celebrity.

Notwithstanding the occasional loss of poetical Indian names, such as Hochelaga, where Montreal now stands; Stadacona, in place of Quebec, and others, there is something infinitely pleasing in the



The next thing to do is gently to raise the paper with the specimens out of the water, placing it in a slanting position for a few moments, so as to allow the superabundant water to run off. The weed is then ready to be pressed. To form this press, three pieces of board or pasteboard are necessary. Lay on the first board, two sheets of blotting-paper, and place your specimens upon it. Straight and smoothly over them, put a piece of soft muslin; then some more blotting-paper; place another board on the top of that. The blotting-paper and muslin should be carefully removed and dried every day, and then replaced, and the specimens that are sufficiently dried can be taken away.

You can either gum the specimens in your album, or fix them in — by cutting four slits in the page and inserting each corner.

There is another way of preserving seaweed, and that is (after cleaning and pressing it) to brush the coarser kind of weed over with spirits of turpentine, in which two or three small lumps of gum mastic have been dissolved. In order to dissolve the gum, shake it in the turpentine, place it in a warm place, but do not leave the turpentine near the fire, as it sometimes ignites, or catches fire of itself (so to speak), owing to its own combustible properties.

Never fail to write down the date of the time when, and name of the place where, the specimens were found. Happy married couples gaze on these mementoes of their courting days with a pleasure it is difficult to describe.

**SCENIC GLIMPSES OF CANADA.**

In continuing our Scenic Glimpses of Canada, we offer to the notice of our readers a view on the St. Lawrence, at the point of junction with the St. Maurice, and a view on the river St. Francis. The first is chiefly interesting on account of the town known as the Three Rivers, or Trois Rivières, which derives its name from two islands at the mouth of the St. Maurice, which divides it into three channels. This town is one of the oldest in Canada, and was formerly of considerable importance. The rise of Quebec and Montreal has absorbed its trade, and left it but the shadow of its former self. It still sends two members to the House of Assembly, and is the seat of the courts of justice for the district. Our second view is an excellent representation of river scenery in Canada, of which it is thoroughly characteristic. The rivers and lakes of Canada are among its

most remarkable and interesting features. In Upper Canada the table land is covered with forests, interspersed with ravines, swamps, and torrents, and abounds with immense lakes. In Lower Canada the lakes and rivers cover an estimated surface of more than 3,000 square miles. These natural highways are of vast importance in a great

A perfectly good understanding subsists between the French and Anglo-Saxon residents, notwithstanding those distinctive nationalities which they still preserve. By all classes of the community the visit of the Prince of Wales is regarded with pleasure; and while it affords temporary gratification, it is calculated to unite still closer the ties which

bind the colonies to the mother country, and to increase the loyal and devoted attachment of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects.

For further details respecting the present condition of Canada we must refer our readers to articles which have previously appeared in our journal, especially noticing that gigantic work of engineering skill — of which we recently gave an engraving — the Tubular Bridge over the St. Lawrence.

**CAPTAIN BRAND;**

OR,

The Pirate Schooner.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

**CHAPTER XXXI.**  
THE COMMANDER OF THE "ROSALIE."

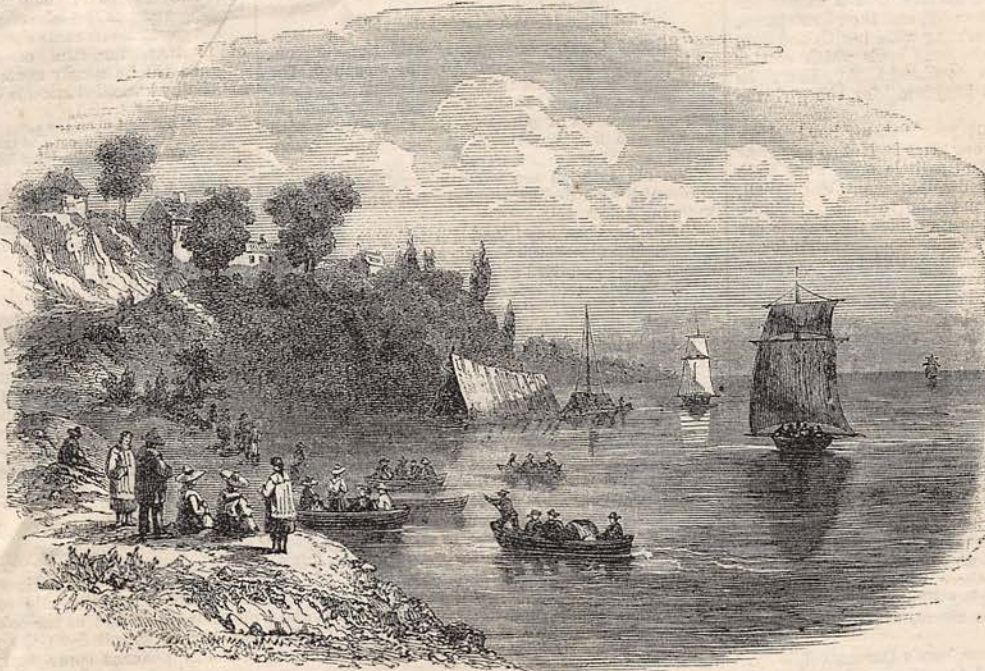
"THE Rosalie's gig coming alongside, sir," reported the quarter-master to the officer of the watch.

"Very well. A boatswain's mate and two side-boys. Mr. Rat, have the barge manned and send her on shore for the commodore. Mr. Martin, tell the boatswain to call all hands furl awnings."

While these orders were being executed, the whistles ringing through the ships, the sailors lining the white hammocks, stowed in a double line, fore and aft, around the nettings of the frigate, in readiness to cast off the stops and laces and let fall the awnings, the officer on deck stood near the gangway. At the same time there tripped up the accommodation ladder, lightly touching the snowy man-ropes, a young fellow of about one-and-twenty, dressed in undress frock-coat, one epaulet, smooth white trousers, and shoes. Catching up his sword in his left hand as he reached the upper grating of the ladder, he took off his blue, gold-banded cap, and half bounded, with a springy step, on to the frigate's deck.

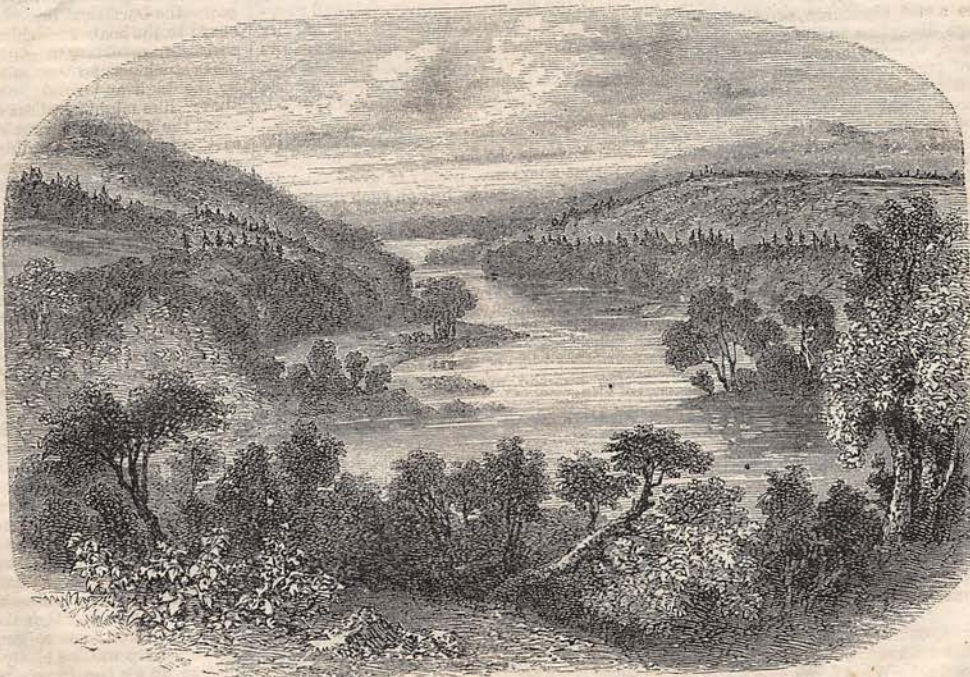
Observe him well, young ladies, as he stands there; for of all the scarlet or blue jackets, on whose arm you have leaned and looked up at with

your soft violet, blue, or dark eyes, you never saw a young fellow that you would sooner give those eyes, or those warm hearts too, throbbing under your bodices, or who would drive you wilder to possess him, than the gallant young sailor standing on the Monongahela's deck. Ay, observe him well,



THE THREE RIVERS, CANADA.

commercial country. But the long and severe winters of Canada interfere considerably with its prosperity, as the rivers are all frozen, and the ground is covered four or five feet with snow. The changes in the climate are very remarkable, so that Quebec is said to have the summer of Paris



THE RIVER ST. FRANCIS, CANADA.

and the winter of St. Petersburg. Most of the population of Lower Canada are the descendants of French emigrants, who established themselves in the colony before 1757. The British residents consist almost exclusively of those who have settled in Canada since the period named above,