

the mail conductor were with the baggagemen. The latter jumped over the baggage he had piled up ready for delivery, and escaped with but slight injury, while the three others went down, but miraculously enough were not much hurt. The engineer and fireman went under the ice with the locomotive, and their bodies have not yet been recovered.

The excitement in the city, directly the news spread, was intense. Hundreds swarmed towards the Great Western depot, and streamed along the lines to the fatal spot. There the scene presented was such as to baffle description. Large locomotive lamps were speedily brought; fires were kindled, and a lurid glare was thrown over the shattered remnants. Special trains were despatched to the bridge to bring home the wounded. It was no easy task to descend the steep slope to the canal. Ropes were lowered and ladders attached to them, on which the dead and wounded from the car which stood endways were first drawn up. Then the bottom of the car which had partly sunk through the ice was hewn away with axes, and the unfortunate passengers, some sadly mutilated and even cut in pieces, and all saturated with water, were taken out. Many worked with energy and vigor; but who was that noble fellow that everyone must have seen, stripped to his shirt sleeves, standing up to his middle in the freezing water; who, himself a host, did more than all the rest? We watched him long from the height above, as he hewed away the fragments and extricated the bodies. If ever man deserved a reward, it is he.

As soon as the dead were drawn up the slope they were either put in the cars for conveyance to Hamilton, or were laid in a small house near the bridge, or on the ice, as shown in the photograph. It is said that of one family in the cars, consisting of a father, mother and four children, only one of the children escaped. One of these little ones, a girl, about four years of age, was brought into the house alluded to when we were there. The poor little creature was

smiling prettily, as if she had been sleeping and dreaming of sweet things when the accident occurred, and had been launched into the long sleep of death before the dream had vanished from her mind.

At the railway depot, when the sufferers were brought in, crowds assembled anxious to hear who was dead, and to know if any of their friends were there.

The corpses were taken into one of the large baggage rooms, where Coroners Bull and Roseburgh proceeded to have them examined, and, when possible, identified. We give below the list as complete as possible.

The mails, of course, have been delayed. Half the bridge is destroyed, and freight traffic must suffer interruption until it is restored, before which, we should imagine, some weeks will elapse. Arrangements have been made for the interchange of passengers.

As soon as intelligence of the catastrophe reached the city, Major Booker and Captain Macdonald's companies of volunteers marched to the scene. They did so, and every credit is due to them for their conduct. The pressure of the crowd had all but forced in the strong doors of the depot when the artillery company arrived. They formed a cordon around the room, which was respected. The Rifles marched on to the bridge. But few at a time were admitted to view the bodies. On entering, the first we remarked was that of poor Donald Stuart. Several of those who have sat in the city council with this estimable man were around him, and in tears. This is stronger evidence of his worth than anything we could say. Next lay the Brantford contractor, Mr. Russell, on whose person was money to the amount of several thousand dollars. In the row opposite was Samuel Zimmerman, to whom railways have at length proved fatal; and near him two children, aged one and three, respectively, and her who seemed to be their mother.