

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Dec. 23, 1871.

We have nothing startling here at present. So near on Christmas and New Year's holidays, business is flat, nothing but festivities of a social kind will take place for the next few weeks.

A Newcastle owner of a race-horse has just named him "Sir Charles Dilke," by "High Treason," out of "Remedy," by the "Cure," out of "Young Madcap."

There is a good story going about the London clubs to the following effect:—One of the most Gradgrindlike members of the Cabinet, happening to visit a public department a few seconds after the nominal hour for the commencement of business, entered the first room in a long passage, and there beheld a well-dressed youth, who, with his back to the fire, was calmly perusing a morning paper. "Alone?" enquired the Minister. "Ya-as," replied the sole tenant of the office. "Not much to do, I suppose? Plenty of time to read the papers, I see." "Ya-as, plenty—I can always do my work here in twenty minutes." "Oh, you can, can you? Has Mr. — come?" naming the head of the department. "I believe not," replied the newspaper student. "Which is his room, may I ask?" pursued the Minister. "Last on the right along the passage," answered the youth. Thither the Minister repaired, and when the head of the department arrived, the latter was, after the first greetings, informed that it was clear there was ample room for a reduction of the clerical staff. The departmental head protested that he really had not men enough to get through the work. "Oh," quoth the economist, "I know better than that. Why, not ten minutes ago one of them told me he had plenty of time to read the papers, and could get through his work here in twenty minutes." The Under Secretary protested that no clerk in the place could say so truly. "Then come and see him," said the Minister. As they went along the passage they met the youth in question. "Did you not tell me, sir," demanded the right hon. gentleman, "that you had plenty of time to read the papers?" "I did," was the reply. "And that you could do all your work here in twenty minutes?" "Yes." "There," said the Minister, triumphantly, "it is clear your staff must be reduced, Mr. —." "But," stammered the head of the department, "I do not know this gentleman; he is not a clerk here." "Clerk here!" replied the youth, in an injured tone, "I should think not, indeed; I come once a week in the mornings to wind and regulate the clocks. I'm no clerk." And he stalked off in dudgeon, leaving the economical Cabinet Minister to enjoy the joke as he might.

January 2nd, 1872.

We are again in the midst of excitement here. The following challenge has been sent from America to row for the Championship of the World:—

NEW YORK, December 9, 1871.

Editor of the Newcastle Chronicle.

DEAR SIR,—The recent four-oared race on the Tyne having settled the question of the Championship of England in favour of the crew composed of J. Taylor, J. H. Sadler, R. Bagnall, and T. Winship, I hereby challenge said four to row three others and myself a race of four, five, or six miles, straight away or with a turn, for the sum of five hundred pounds (£500) a-side. The race to take place in this country, at either Saratoga, Springfield, or on the Hudson River, as they may prefer, some time during the month of August, 1872; a sufficient sum of money to be allowed the visiting crew to defray travelling expenses. If this challenge is not accepted by Mr. Taylor and his contrerers, it is open to any other four now organized, or which may hereafter be formed. I will also match John Biglin and myself to row a pair-oared race for two hundred and fifty pounds (£250) a-side, five miles, against any two men in Great Britain; the race to take place on the same day or the day following that upon which the four-oared match is decided. Should these matches be made, a series of international regattas, for valuable prizes, similar to those which took place at Halifax, Saratoga, and Longueuil this year, will be arranged to take place during their stay, thus rendering their visit both pleasant and profitable. The treatment received by them and others who have already paid us a visit for a like purpose is a sufficient guarantee that the acceptors will be cordially received and meet with fair play.—Hoping that a prompt and favourable reply may be received, I remain, yours respectfully,

BERNARD BIGLIN.

P.S.—I can be addressed in care of the *New York Clipper* Office.

The famous "Adelaide school" were not slow in taking up the gauntlet so boldly thrown down, and the following letter has been despatched to New York in response to the challenge:—

ADELAIDE HOTEL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, }
December 27, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Having seen your challenge in the columns of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, I hasten to reply.

I (Mr. Wm. Blakey) will match four men to row a straight-away four-oared race of four miles or thereabouts against Mr. Bernard Biglin's crew, or against any other four in the world; but I feel called upon to make a stipulation as to the scene of action. The Tyne champion crews have twice crossed the Atlantic to give the oarsmen of the New World the satisfaction of a trial, and they think that it is now time for some reciprocity to be shown. If you and your crew will do us the honour of visiting us on Tyneside, we can ensure your receiving the warmest hospitality, a clear course and honourable treatment with regard to the race, and a "good time" whether you win or lose. I offer you the same amount of expenses as was allowed our crews, viz., £200; and I am

willing, in addition, to time the match so that you may have the benefit of attending the Thames, the Tyne, the North of England, Leeds, Nottingham, and other regattas, where substantial prizes are offered for competition. Upon the terms above indicated I will make a match, that is: A crew to be named by me shall row your crew for a stake of £500 a-side, a straight-away race upon the Tyne championship course, from the High Level Bridge to Lemington Point, about four and a quarter miles, your crew being allowed £200 expenses for crossing the Atlantic to row upon our home water.

Should you determine to accept these conditions, you may draw out articles and forward to me, or in the same manner as your letter just received. If they are approved of I will sign them, and the match will be ratified. Trusting to hear from you at your earliest convenience,

I remain, yours truly,

WILLIAM BLAKEY.

Mr. Bernard Biglin, New York.

Thereupon the Newcastle Chronicle remarks:—

"We thoroughly endorse Mr. Blakey's stipulation about the proposed match being brought off upon the Tyne. Although no names are mentioned, it is, of course, understood that the present champions, the Taylor-Winship crew, will do battle in Mr. B.'s nomination, and three members of that four are occupied in business, and are moreover married men with families depending upon them. The loss of time and risk of the long journey to America is no light matter to such men, and we are hopeful that our cousins across the water will recognize this fact, and will not demand of our crew that they shall cross the sea a third time in order to make good their title to the championship. That the championship four have the courage and confidence to make the trip again, we have not the smallest doubt, but their friends and supporters have a very natural desire to witness such a contest as would issue from the match proposed, and we trust an arrangement will be made by which it shall take place on the home water. One of the best four-mile courses in the world is to be found upon the Tyne, and the strict enforcement of the conservancy regulations carried out by Mr. Superintendent Stephens ensures a clear track throughout to all comers. Of the hospitality of the town James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., can speak, and altogether we see no reason why Mr. Biglin should not bring his crew across, and give the British public their first view of American professional rowing."

The champion course on the Tyne, is that shewn on plan in the *Canadian Illustrated News* of Nov. 25th, 1871, from the High Level Bridge to Lemington Point. It is anticipated the Biglin crew will come over, so that the Tynesiders may have a chance of seeing their style of rowing.

Lord Lurgan's celebrated greyhound, Master McGrath, is dead. This well-known greyhound has won the Waterloo Cup three times, and was, according to the latest information, in grand form for the ensuing meeting at Altcar, where, it is anticipated, he would again repeat his former victories. After having won on the last occasion he was sent to Windsor for the inspection of Her Majesty. The death of Master McGrath will have an important effect on the result of the Waterloo Cup of 1872. This dog was completely worshipped in Ireland.

Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co. are very busy making guns for the Turkish Government, of very large calibre.

R. E.

PITT AND CANNING.

When some one asked Mr. Freere about Pitt's supposed frigidity of disposition, he replied with warmth, "No one who really knew Pitt intimately would have called him cold. A man who is Prime Minister at 25 cannot carry his heart on his sleeve, and be hail, fellow! well met with every Jack, Tom, and Harry. Pitt's manner, by nature as well as by habit and necessity, was in public always dignified, reserved and imperious; but he had very warm feelings, and had it not been for the obligations of the official position which lay on him almost throughout his whole life I believe he might have had nearly as many personal friends as Fox." Whether this be generally true or not, there can be no doubt that Pitt had the warmest personal regard for Canning. Ten years his senior, the grave statesman allows his young and brilliant subordinate to let his fancy revel in the political sallies of the Anti-Jacobin. When a few years afterwards Canning was going to be married, Mr. Freere tells us that Pitt took as much interest in the match as if Canning had been his only child. In a worldly point of view it was a good alliance for Canning, whose fortune was not adequate to the political position Pitt would have liked him to hold, and he made old Dundas think almost as much about it as if it had been some important party combination. In 1800, Freere writing to his brother Bartholomew, whose name was judiciously shortened into "Bartle," and who was private secretary to Lord Minto on his mission to Vienna in 1799, says of the marriage:—Canning was married last Tuesday. He dined with me, and was launched into futurity at about half after seven by the Rev. W. Leigh with great composure. Many years after, in 1844, Mr. Freere had much more to tell of the same event. "I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning, and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, dined with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part near what was then Swallow street, a fellow drew up against the wall to avoid being run over, and peering into the coach recognized Pitt and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite to him. The fellow exclaimed, 'What! Billy Pitt, and with a parson, too!' I said, 'He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately,' which was rather impudent of me; but Pitt was rather much absorbed, I believe, in thinking of the marriage to be angry. After the ceremony he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness, and Canning whispered to sign without waiting for him. He regarded the marriage as the one thing needed to give Canning the position necessary to lead a party, and this was the cause of his anxiety about it, which I would not have believed had I not witnessed it, though I knew how warm was the regard he had for Canning. Had Canning been Pitt's own son, I do not think Pitt could have been more interested in all that related to this marriage." How strange all this sounds nowadays. The marriage at half-past 7, the dinner before, the hackney coach in which the Prime Minister of England, with the clergyman in full canonicals, nearly runs over a foot passen-

ger in Swallow Street, somewhere on the line of modern Regent Street, on the way to Brook Street, the rude recognition of the "fellow," and Freere's allusion to Tyburn—all these belong to a bygone and long forgotten time. Then it would seem that marriages were far more private and unceremonious than they now are, when grand carriage after grand carriage drives up to St. George's in haste lest 12 o'clock should have struck and the bride be given away before all the world can be witnesses; and when the one clergyman in full canonicals, who suggested a Tyburn tippet rather than a wedding knot, is succeeded by a Bishop, and at least two assisting clergyman for fear that one ecclesiastic alone should be unequal to perform the ceremony. Three things now-a-days add fresh terrors to matrimony—the wedding presents, the wedding breakfasts, and the herd of idle and often noisy spectators. Our fathers were wiser, and escaped all of them by being married quietly after dinner and driving off in the dark to the country.

THE NEW CITY HALL, VIENNA.

For many years past the want has been felt by the people of Vienna of larger accommodation for the transaction of the municipal business. The City Council, after much deliberation, recently resolved upon erecting a new City Hall, and without losing more time, offered three premiums for the best plans for the proposed building. The competition was not confined to German architects, and the inducements offered being large, plans were received from every quarter of the world. France, Italy, England and America, all contributed, and when the competition closed the Building Committee found that they had to adjudicate on no fewer than 63 plans. After much hesitation that of Friedrich Schmidt, the celebrated Viennese architect, was accepted. A better man to direct the building of the new Hall could hardly have been found. Schmidt had already given eminent proofs of his ability, and had earned distinction by his restoration of the Vienna Cathedral and of the upper part of the Stephansturm in the same city.

Already before the architects' competition was opened the City Fathers had taken into consideration the question of site. Several were proposed but none proved to be suitable. In fact the only available place in the whole city where full justice could be done to a handsome edifice was the *glacis* or esplanade, at that time reserved for military purposes. The question of site was thus left in abeyance until the close of the competition, when the City Council, taking into consideration the beauty of Schmidt's design, ventured to petition the Emperor to grant them the much-coveted esplanade; and His Majesty, after inspecting the plans for the new building, was graciously pleased to accede to their demands. Work was immediately commenced under Schmidt's direction, and it is confidently expected that the edifice, when completed, will form one of the finest architectural monuments to be met with in Europe.

WHAT RAILWAY DUST IS COMPOSED OF.

Mr. Joseph Sidebotham has made a microscopical examination of dust blown into a railway carriage near Birmingham. He says: I spread a paper on the seat of the carriage, near the open window, and collected the dust that fell upon it. A rough examination of this, with two thirds power, showed a large portion of fragments of iron, and, on applying a soft iron needle, I found that many of them were highly magnetic. They were mostly long, thin, and straight, the largest being about 1-150th of an inch, and, under the power used, had the appearance of a quantity of old nails. I then, with a magnet, separated the iron from the other particles.

The weight, altogether, of the dust collected was 5-7 grains, and the portion of those particles composed wholly, or in part of iron was 2-9 grains, or more than one half. The iron thus separated consisted chiefly of fused particles of dross or burned iron, like 'clinkers,' many were more or less spherical, like those brought to our notice by Mr. Dancer, from the flue of a furnace, but none so smooth; they were all more or less covered with spikes and excrescences, some having long tails, like the old 'Prince Rupert's drops;' there were also many small, angular particles like cast iron, having crystalline structure.

The other portion of the dust consisted largely of cinders, some very bright angular fragments of glass or quartz, a few bits of yellow metal, opaque, white, and spherical bodies, grains of sand, a few bits of coal, etc.

After the examination of this dust, I could easily understand why it had produced such irritation; the number of angular, pointed, and spiked pieces of iron, and the *Scoria*, or clinkers, being quite sufficient to account for the unpleasant effect.

I think it probable that the magnetic strips of iron are laminae from the rails and tires of the wheels, and the other iron particles portions of fused metal; either from the coal or from the furnace bars. The large portion of iron found in the dust is probably owing to the metal being heavier than the ordinary dust, and accumulating in cuttings such as those between the two stations named.

If I had to travel much by railway through that district, I should like to wear magnetic railway spectacles, and a magnetic respirator in dry weather.

THE GULLY IN BALDWIN'S IRON MINE, HULL.

In connection with the illustration which appears in this issue of the Hull Mines near the capital on the north side of the Ottawa, we copy the following from *The Iron Age*, published in New York:

Between fifty and sixty miles north of the St. Lawrence River, in a line almost straight from Ogdensburg, in the State of New York, stands the City of Ottawa, on the river of that name. This city, which has a population of about 25,000 souls, is the capital of the Dominion of Canada. Its appearance reminds one of the city of Nashville, and the topography of the surrounding country resembles that of the eastern part of the State of Tennessee. The river Ottawa is the most majestic of the inland rivers of Canada, draining, with its tributaries, some of which are four hundred miles in length, an immense area of territory, and it is the great highway of the vast pine lumber trade of the country. Its waters flow into those of the St. Lawrence at points near the city of