Huron Signal.

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VOLUME V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1852. NUMBER XLII.

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☞ Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

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WHERE she intends to carry on the above business. Dresses made in the very latest fashions.
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FASHIONABLE TAILOR, one door West of W. E. Grace's Store, West Street Goderich.
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WANTED.

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(Near the Market Square,)
BY MESSRS. JOHN & ROBT. DONOGH.

GOOD Accommodations for Travellers, and an attentive Hostler at all times, to take charge of Teams.
Goderich, Dec. 6, 1850. 43—tf

WASHINGTON
Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co.,
CAPITAL $1,000,000.

EZRA HOPKINS, Hamilton, Agent for the Counties of Waterloo and Huron.
August 27, 1850. 3v15

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MR. T. N. MOLESWORTH,

CIVIL ENGINEER and Provincial Land Surveyor, Goderich.
April 30, 1851. v4n11

DR. HYNDMAN,

QUICK'S TAVERN, London Road.
May 1851. v4n12

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AUCTIONEER, is prepared to attend Public Sales in any part of the United Counties, on moderate terms.
Stratford, May 1850. v4-n14

PETER BUCHANAN, TAILOR.

NEXT door to H. B. O'Connor's Store, West Street, Goderich. Clothes made and repaired, and cutting done on the shortest notice, and most liberal terms.
December 3rd, 1851. v4n42

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(LATE HOPE, BIRRELL & Co.,)

GROCERS, Wine Merchants, Fruiterers and Oilmen, No. 17 Dundas Street, London, C. W.
February 25th 1852. v5-n5

ROWLAND WILLIAMS,

AUCTIONEER, is prepared to attend Sales in any part of the United Counties, on the most liberal terms. Apply at the First Division Court office, or at his house, East Street, Goderich.

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January 6, 1852. v4n47.

JOB PRINTING of every description, neatly and promptly executed at this office.
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BROKER AND GENERAL AGENT.

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NOTARY PUBLIC, ACCOUNTANT AND CONVEYANCER.
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INSURANCE effected on Houses, Shipping and Goods.

All kinds of Deeds correctly drawn; and Books and Accounts adjusted.

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July 22, 1852. v5n26

J. DENISON,
CIVIL ENGINEER, &c.
GODERICH, C. W.
Aug. 25th, 1852. v5n31

WILLIAM HODGINS,
ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER
Office 27, Dundas Street,
LONDON, C. W.
August 16th, 1852. v5n30

HORACE HORTON,
[Market-square, Goderich.]

AGENT for the Provincial Mutual and General Insurance Office, Toronto.—Also Agent for the St. Lawrence County Mutual, Ogdensburg, New York. Local Agent for Samuel Moulson's Old Rochester Nursery. July 1850. 22

Poetry.

FOR THE HURON SIGNAL

THE HURON TRACT.

Time's not remote when Indians wild,
And savage beasts, alone did roam
The forest-aisles, where Culture's child
Late years hath formed his smiling home
In the Huron Tract.

Of magic change the restless hand
Hath wrought, and still is busy, here:
Where giant trees of erst did stand
Now cheerful homesteads oft appear
In the Huron Tract.

Arcadian cabins meet the eye
And woodland openings much adorn,
Where arborary columns lie
Of all their leafy glories shorn
In the Huron Tract—

The woodman's axe doth loudly ring,
And high and bright the log-fires burn,
In "lots" where honest toil doth sing
Of plenty as his just return
In the Huron Tract.

No cupboard bare the hungry mocks,
But plenty ever crowns the board;
Our almoner—free nature—stocks
Our homes 'til overflows the hoard
In the Huron Tract—

Where once was tangled underwood
Now smiling emerald meadows spread;
Where once the fruitless waste has stood
Broad fields of grain abundance shed
In the Huron Tract.

In liquid crystal of the streams
The finny tribes, abundant, sport,
And wild fowl, too, whose plumage gleams
Upon the wave, there much resort
In the Huron Tract.

'Neath leafy arches of the wood,
Where odour-breathing flowrets rise,
The antler'd herds all seek their food,
And hunters seek them to surprise
In the Huron Tract,—

The glow of health paint Beauty's cheek
Beneath our bright and glorious sky,
Where colour, to my heart, doth speak
Of the sparkling sapphire of her eye
In the Huron Tract—

The Thistle, Rose and Shamrock here
Have offsets in luxuriant life,
Where hearts with loyalty sincere
Will ever beat—in calm or strife
In the Huron Tract—

Here, not the least of social gems
That stud the fertile happy land,
Whose pow'r the tide of ign'rance stems,
Behold the lowly schoolhouse stand
In the Huron Tract!

Here, too, the heavenpointing spire
The traveller's eye will frequent greet,
From temples where religious choir
To God forth breathes an off'ring sweet
In the Huron Tract—

Where Maitland's silver waters meet
Lake Huron's bright and broad expanse,
Crowning a southern bank—its seat—
An embryo city feasts the glance
In the Huron Tract—

Not keenness needs the mental sight
To view our future rich and great,
For earnest gives the present bright
A happy climax doth await
The Huron Tract.

W. R. BENNETT.

Goderich, Nov. 8th, 1852.

From the Christian Guardian.

THE STRANGER.

BY R. E.

He's a stranger, meet him cooly;
Be an iceberg on the sea;
Where h's little bark so lowly,
Wanders on its lonely way.

He's a stranger, should he sigh,
Knit thy brow, and frown him back.
Fill thy tongue with prophecy,
Till he writhes upon the rack.

He's a stranger, what to thee,
If his cheeks looks dark and wan?
Pass him by in apathy;—
See the alien, not the man.

He's a stranger, from his eye
Scalding tears are falling fast:
Hide thy face; and they shall dry
When his agony is past.

He's a stranger, wound and crush him;
Scorn, accuse, and cast him out,
True he's helpless; for this crime
Tread him down, and raise the shout!

He's a stranger, barb your arrows;
Dip them in your poisoned bowl.
When ye see his mortal throes,
Quench the hope that's in his soul.

He's a stranger, should you hear
Wailing in his cheerless home,
Think of some lost spirit there,
Wrap'd in shadows of the tomb.

He's a stranger, let him die;
Death, with such, doth make his mirth;
Let him in his coffin lie!
Scarcely covered over with earth.

Ye, who know the stranger's heart!
Ye, who fear the stranger's God!
Ye will act a nobler part,
While he passes 'neath the rod.

'Mid the multitude alone!
Know ye not the strangers voice?—
Hath no echo of its own;
Earth to him is empty space.

Treat him kindly:—gentle words
Come like angel forms to greet him.
O what bliss the thought affords,—
Some are happy still to meet him.

If he find a home of love;
If he hears thee softly speak,
Angels whispers from above
Seem upon his ear to break.

Then his plastic spirit springs
Upward in its g'rious aim;
Spreads the tissue of its wing-;
Revels in the light of fame.

AGRICULTURE.

ECONOMIC HARVESTING.

The very general interest that the experimental trials of reaping machines have created in the public mind, has brought forth numerous statement in newspapers of the expence of harvesting in different districts by different methods. Among others, we have in the "Scotish" a letter from a Fifshire farmer, stating his reason for allowing Bell's reaping machine to fall into disuse on farm. We have not the paper beside us but can recollect that he estimates the expense of reaping with the machine at 6s. per acre; but, as this was only the standing corn on his farm, he had to shear the heavier part of it at a much higher figure. Latterly, however, he has had his corn cut with the scythe, by an Aberdeenshire contractor, at a lower average, the contractors objecting to cut the heavy without the light part of the crop.

The Aberdeenshire scythe has long allowed to be a most efficient instrument, especially in the hands of an Aberdeensire man, and, from the letter we have mentioned above, it would appear still to be considered a more economical instrument than Bell's reaping machine as the latter does not take up the lodged heavy crop nearly so well. The average price of reaping our oat crops in this part of the country cannot be stated higher than 5s 6d. per acre, and, we believe had we the inclination to collect statistics on the subject, 5s. would be nearer the real price. So far as we have yet seen of the success of the machines, no real advantage can therefore be gained to this part of the country, either in cheapening the labour, or in bringing the ripened crops speedily into the stack.

In no other part of Scotland is the same amount of labour performed by the same hands as in Aberdeen and Banffshire, and that arises in a great measure, from the manner in which harvest hands are fed. In many parts of the south of Scotland, the shearers are put upon a miserable allowance of bread and beer, of very inferior quality, and whether they have animal spirit to work or not, they must do only what they are able. In this district, on the contrary; they have an abundance of good well prepared nutritious food allowed them. No weight or measure is ever resorted to, every one being allowed to take what nature demands. The beer is also bottled and brought to the field in drinking condition, or spirits or water fare allowed instead. The effects of such judicious dietary are best illustrated by a simple statement of the amount of work that is performed per day by men and women so fed. Twenty acres is allowed as an average quantity for one scythe in an ordinary season. Exceptions arise from the crop coming forward to harvest all at once in which case time is not generally allowed for one scythe to do so much. If, on the other hand, one field succeeds another, in ripening slowly one scythe often does much more; but, unless in the latter case, if weather permits the whole is often in the stack yard, and covered by thack and rape in four weeks and often somewhat sooner.

An exceedingly good illustration of these facts occured under our own notice this harvest, on the estate of Auchry, the property of, and farmed by, James Lumsden Esq. Mr. Lumsden has two farms in his own possession—the farms of Sealscrook and the farm of Everton of Auchry, on each of which he had in crop eighty acres, and so had on each farm the usual strength of four scythes. The crop was an excellent one; a good deal of it was lodged, and was not so speedily taken up as the standing grain, yet some fields of eleven acres, having a little lying corn here and there in them were taken up by four scythes in one day, and the work was well done. The whole of Mr. Lumsden's crop was in the barnyard in sixteen days from the commencement of the cutting! An extra scythe for one day, or part of a day, was all the extra assistance they had during the whole harvest.

The cutting was performed in very short time, but the carrying could not have been accomplished so soon under the ordinary mode of stacking. Mr. Lumsden builds all his crop upon frames of eighteen or twenty feet high, in the form of a hay or bean stack, with sufficient room for air to pass along the centre, and so can lead his corn in safety any dry day after it is cut. In late harvests, he has a great advantage and this year, although very early, much damage has been done to really good grain, by the long exposure to the weather that has been occasioned by our equinoctial storms.—*Banffshire Journal.*

THE COPPER MINES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—An old copper mine of extraordinary richness has recently been discovered on what is called the Hill Vein, in the lake superior country. Certain circumstances, recently brought to light by its discovery, indicate that it was worked long before the discovery of America by Columbus. The richness of the mine may be imagined from the fact that Mr Menbledaum, the manager, in causing it to be explored, had a mass of copper, which weighed 2,890 pounds, removed from the surface of the vein. There is certainly much mystery connected with these ancient traces of mining operations, discovered from time to time, in the copper region of Lake Superior.

Literature.

HALLOW EVE.

THE THREE DAMSELS.

'Come hither, my beautiful Jean, and my fairy Lilias,' said the venerable Countess of Moray to her laughing grand daughters—'come hither, my children and spend your Halloween with me. It is true that I have not prepared the charms of the night, nor am I ready to join you in the incantations of the season, but I have a tale that may suit it well; and you will not like it the less because the gray hairs tells you with her own lips the story of her day, when her locks were as bright as the berry, and her eyes as beaming as your own.'

'That, in truth, shall we not, noble granddam,' said the sparkling Lilias; 'but, yet I would have the charms of Halloween. Ah, little canst thou dream how dear this night is to the expecting maiden! Let us perform the rites of the even, and to-morrow, granddam, thy tale shall find us most attentive listners.'

'Ah, true Scots!' said the Countess, 'thus clinging to the wonderful and seeking to peep into eternity; but try not the charm, my children, if you love me. Alas! I think not of it without tears and sorrow unspoken of until now; for the fate of a friend, near to my early youth, gushes into my bosom. Sit, my children and my story will repay you for this loss of your time; me it will also please to speak of the things gone by; and if I can convince you of the folly of these superstitions, I shall have more than gained my purpose. Will you my children listen?'

'What is there we can refuse you, noble granddam?' said the lovely Jean, burying her locks amidst the snowy curls of the venerable Countess. Speak on, then; you have made us listeners already, and hark! wind, and rain, and snow—a goodly night for the tale. Tell on, dear granddam; the fire is bright, the lamp is clear, and we are seated gravely: our thoughts composed to attention; now for thy wondrous tale!'

'It was on this very eve, many years since, my children,' began the noble lady to her auditors, 'that three lovely daughters of a noble house assembled together in a dreary wood to try the charms of the night, which, if successful, were to give to their earnest sight the phantom form of the lover who was after to become their husband.—Their powerful curiosity had stifled their fear (for they were as timid as beautiful) on their setting out on this expedition; but, on finding themselves alone in the dark and melancholy wood, some touches of cowardice and compunction assailed them together, and they determined by a somewhat holy beginning, to santify the purpose which had brought them hither. They were too young to laugh at this mock compact between God and the devil, and, therefore, when Catharine the eldest sister, began, in an audible voice, to recite the prayer against witchcraft, the others joined in it most devoutly. Now, then, fortified against evil their courage rose with every additional sentence; and when the soft voice of young Agnes, the loveliest and youngest of the three, steadily responded the 'Amen,' they were as courageous as necessary, and no longer fearful of the power of the evil one. I know not, my children, all the forms used upon this occasion; but Catharine after repeating certain words in a formal voice; advanced before her sisters, and quietly placed upon the ground her offering to the shade she had invoked, as by this conduct towards it she was to judge of her future prospects. It was a beautiful rose tree she had chosen, and the flowers were full and many; and the sisters were contemplating from a little distance the richness of their hue, when they were startled by the clashing of arms, and the loud outcries of men in fierce contention, breaking upon the stillness of the night. For a moment they hesitated whether to fly or remain concealed, when their doubts were removed by the approach of a stern and stately Highland chief, who brandishing his broad sword, swept on towards the rose tree as if he would annihilate from the earth its frail and fragile beauty. Suddenly he paused—his arm was no longer raised to destroy—the weapon drooped gently down beside the tree, and they saw his blue eye look mildly and kindly on the flowers, as, bending down to gather them he faded from their sight in the action. Catharine was by no means displeased with her fortune; and the appearance of her handsome bridegroom gave courage to the other two to hasten the coming of theirs. Marian, the second sister, removed the roses, placed a lily bough in its stead, and then with a beating heart and wandering eye, repeated the charm. Again the silence was broken, as the quick but steady stamp of a warrior's horse struck upon the ear, and the shade of a noble chevalier dismounting from his phantom steed advanced slowly, very slowly, towards the lily; his face was beautiful but sad; and they saw a tear fall upon the flower as he pressed it to his lips, and deposited it gently in his bosom. He too had faded like a dream when the beautiful Agnes advanced to perform her part in the witcheries of the night. She trembled, but she would not recede, and faintly repeated the charm hung her white handkerchief on the branches of a distant tree. This time there was no sound, but a dread and solemn silence ushered in her unexpected fate.—From the wood came a long and sable procession of horse and foot following a coffin, and was steadily borne towards them, many were the ghastly attendants supporting the pall, and many were the shadowy mourners who followed. Agnes watched with breathless attention the march of the phantom dead: they advanced slowly and steadily till they came under the tree where her white offering fluttered lightly in the air; it was seen suspended a moment above them, then dropped amidst the cavalcade, and Agnes beheld the pale fingers of the chief mourner clutch at the offering as it fell.

'Days, weeks, months, passed away, and still found Agnes drooping over her blighted hopes, and expecting the death of which the omens of the forest had assured her; but still she died not, and was every succeeding month astonished that she yet lived. She now began to doubt the truth of the omen, more especially as the highlander had not married her sister, who was betrothed to, and about to become the wife of a favorite of the king, who had earnestly sought her hand; and as was soon told her by a noble lover, and of her sovereign's blood, she listened to with pleasure. Walter was now her all, and the omen of the forest was forgotten.

'The marriage of Catharine was appointed to take place at a country residence of her affianced husband, and Agnes, with her betrothed, was invited to be present.—Marian, too, was there, and no happiness could have been more complete than that of the bridal party; but a dark night set upon this brilliant morning; ere they could reach the church which was to be the scene of their union, the Highlanders had descended in force from their mountains, and assailed the unarmed guests. 'The Camerons have come!' cried the shrieking maidens, and flew in all directions from their sight. The bridegroom fell in the conflict, and the bride, as she rushed to the side of her dying husband, was clasped in the arms of the insolent chief, and borne away to his bridal bed in the Highlands. Marian escaped in the tumult, and Walter preserved his adored by the effect of his desperate valor, cutting with his sword a passage through his foes, and encouraging the armed men who came to their assistance to drive the invaders from their hold. They were successful; and silence, though accompanied with sorrow, again reigned in the halls of the young and hapless bridegroom.

'But the greatest evil resulting from this cruel inroad, was the sad effect it had upon the mind of Agnes. Her belief in the omens of the forest again returned; her confidence in her prospects was shaken; and with the same feeling which bids the giddy wretch throw himself at once from the precipice over which he fears he shall fall, she determined to hasten the destiny which she now firmly believed to await her. Convinced, by the fate of her sister, of the certain fulfilment of her own, she resolved to spare her anguish of beholding her expire; and for this purpose suddenly broke off all communication with him, and refused to admit him into her presence. Walter's hope still struggled with his despair; he made some earnest appeals to her tenderness, her reason, her gratitude. Agnes was deaf to all; she believed herself destined to fall an early victim to death, and that that bridegroom would snatch her from an earthly one even at the altar's foot. Walter, heart-broken, retired from his home, and joining the cavalier army of the king, sought in the tumult of a military life, forgetfulness of the wound calmer days had given. In the intervals of his visits to his family, Marian became interested in his welfare: she saw him frequently, spoke to him of Agnes, soothed his sufferings by her compassion, and gratified his pride by her admiration. He had no thought for any other; and though he had loved not Marian yet she became his trusted friend, his companion, and, finally, his wife. It was her will not his; and what woman ever failed in her determination over the mind of man! They wedded, and were wretched. The heart of Walter had not been interested, and the temper of Marian was not such as to acquire its delicate proference. She became jealous, irritable and perverse, and soon taught her hapless husband the difference between herself and the gentle Agnes. Such a course could have but one termination; stretched at length on that sick bed which was to be her last, she sent to desire the attendance of her youngest sister.—Agnes obeyed the mandate, but only arrived in time to meet the funeral procession which conducted the hapless Marian to an early grave. The widower instantly recognised, from a distance, his young heart's love, and rapidly flew to meet her, and as she shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for his loss, he took the white hankerchief which she held and tenderly dried them away. O! at that moment, how deeply Agnes sighed;—She beheld in this scene the fulfilment of the omen, and wept to think she had thus wasted some of the best years of her life and trifled with her lover's happiness and her own. 'Ah, silly delusion! (she exclaimed in bitterness of heart,) of what hast thou not bereaved me!' After the period of mourning had expired, she gave her hand to Walter, and endeavoured in making his days tranquil, to forget the felicity she had lost.'

'But they wedded, granddam dear,' said the beautiful Lilias, laughing; 'what more would the people have had?'—'Youth, and its love, and its hopes, and all its bright and gracious feeling,' said the venerable Countess *they* had all fled with time, and nothing but their remembrance remained with Agnes and her Walter which made their lot more bitter. He was, at their wedlock past even manhood's prime; she was no longer young; and though they were not wretched yet they were not happy; and it was only in their descendants they looked for felicity. Agnes has found it truly, but for Walter———.'

'Granddam, is it your tale you tell, and your Grandsire's. I am certain by the tears which roll down your face,' replied Lilias. 'Ah! I will wait Heaven's own good time for a husband, and try these charms no more. Kiss me, noble Granddam: your Lilias will never forget the tale of Halloween.' The bright maiden threw herself into the arms of her venerable ancestress, and at that moment it was scarcely possible to decide which was the nobler object, the damsel in the glory of her brilliant youth, or the Countess in the calmness of majestic age.

POOR THOMAS GRAY, THE INVENTOR OF RAILROADS.

A thoughtful man once visited one of those tramways in the north of England, which connect the mouth of a colliery with a wharf at which coals were shipped; and after watching the passing trains for some time, he turned to the engineer of the line, and said "Why are not these tramroads laid dawn all over England, so as to supersede our common roads, and steam-engines employed to convey goods along them, so as to supersede horsepower?" The engineer looked at the questioner out of the corner of his eye, and, said "Just propose that to the nation, sir, and see what you will get by it! Why, sir, you will be worried to death for your pains." The conversation on this topic terminated; but Thomas Gray, the thoughtful man, did not allow the theme to escape him. Tram roads, locomotive steam-engines and the superceding of horsepower, engrossed his meditations.—"It was his thought by day it was his dream by night. He talked of it until his friend voted him an intolerable bore. He wrote of it till the reviewers deemed him mad!" The system of coaches and canals was, in his estimation unworthy the age. His far reaching anticipation shawdowed forth the path which others have since trodden, where they have realized profits, achieved fame, and by means of which an inestimable boon has been conferred on the nation and the world.

In 1820 Mr. Gray published a work, in which he propounded a "general iron railroad, or steam conveyance, to supercede the necessity of horses in all public vehicles, and he maintained its "vast superiority over all the present pitiful methods of conveyance by turn pike roads, canals, and coasting traders."—to great was the merit of this work, that despite the opposition which attended any innovation on the coaching system, it ultimately passed through five editions. The author declared, concerning those who refused to further his scheme;—"Eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not;" while, in full assurance of the ultimate success of his project, he inscribed the following couplets on the plate which illustrated his volume:—

"No speed with this, can fastest horse compare
No weight like this, canal or vessel bear,
As this will commerce every day promote,
To this let sons of commerce grant their vote."

To readers, thirty years after the publication of Mr. Gray's suggestions were doubtless surprising. After proposing that his plan should be first attempted between the towns of Manchester and Liverpool, he thus decribed the beneficial result. The convenience, and economy in the transport of goods bought by merchants at the various markets, and the "despatch in forwarding bales and packages to the outports, cannot fail to strike the merchant and manufacturer as points of the first importance. Nothing for example," said he, "would be so likely to raise the ports of Hull, Liverpool, and Bristol to an unprecedented pitch of prosperity, as the establishment of railways to these ports, thereby rendering the communication from the east to the west seas, and all intermediate places, rapid cheap, and effectual. Any one at all conversant with commerce must feel the vast importance of such an undertaking, in forwarding the produce of America, Brazils, the East and West Indies, &c. from Liverpool and Bristol *vid* Hull, to the opposite shores of Germany and Holland; and *vice versa*, the produce of the Baltic, *via* Hull, to Liverpool, and Bristol." He proceeded to show, that by the establishment of morning and evening "mail steam carriages the inland communications would be greatly improved, and the postal conveyance materially aided by the rapidity of transit and the diminution of cost.

After propounding his theory, Mr. Gray most strenuously advocated its practical application. He visited Brussel, and, hearing their a proposal to construct a canal, he urged the superior advantages of a railway. From Belgium he proceeded to Manchester, and laid his scheme before the capitalists of that city; but the men who passed their lives among the marvels of machinery, and owed their fortunes to steam could not appreciate the project. They listened graciously, and, with a smile somewhat akin to pity, dismissed him as an incorrigible visionary. He petitioned Lord Sidmouth, giving reasons for the adoption of his plan, which he thought would be attractive to the statesman. Double or treble the amount of taxes, he said, then levied upon horses or carriages might be received from the transport of vehicles and their contents on a "general iron railway," while the cost to individual would be considerably diminished. He subsequently made application to the Government the Board of Agriculture, and the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, for their assistance; and in 1827, Mr. Hume presented a petition from him to the House of Commons. The only result of these and other efforts was, that many thought him a knave, and others, who were charitable inclined, pronounced him a simpleton. To appropriated the idea of Mr. Macaulay they "were fools then as they are fools now fools who laughed at the canals; fools who thought they evinced their wisdom by doubting what they could not understand."

Still Thomas Gray persevered; his mind was absorbed in the anticipation of the great and beneficial changes which his scheme would produce. He talked of enormous fortunes realized, of coaches annihilated, of one great general system of iron roads—and he was laughed at, but not laughed down. He continued to talk, to memorialise and to fill the pages of magazines, till the public mind was "wearied and worried," and doubtless not a few wished that railways were established, if it were only that they might be freed from his uneasiness importunities.

A few years passed away, and the idea supposed to be born of a disorderly imagination became a great reality, and Thomas Gray found his reward *only in himself*. In rememberance of his indefatigable and protracted efforts and the invaluable blessings which they had materially tended to confer on society, an attempt was subsequently made to give him some pecuniary acknowledgement of national gratitude, but it was unsuccessful. Few men in modern times have served their generation more effectually, and yet received so little compensation in the way of thanks or emolument, as Thomas Gray. "He died steeped to the lips in poverty!"—*Our iron Roads, by F. S Williams.*

IMPORTANT INVENTION.

Particulars have been published from the last Sydney papers of a new propeller which has been tried on a steamer at that port with great success. It is a substitute for the ordinary screw propeller, and is constructed on the principle of the weapon called the "bomareng," used by the natives to kill game. The experiment was made with a screw steamer called the *Keera*, and the speed attained, although the instrument was imperfect, owing to its being temporary fixed on a boat not constructed for it, was greater than had before been accomplished in those waters, a measured distance having been performed at the rate of twelve knots an hour against a rather strong head wind and tide. The strokes of the piston were at one time 62 per minute, while the English screw had very rarely work'd up to 50. One important fact in connection with the invention is that it creates little disturbance in the water, and would consequently be as well adapted for canal boats as for ocean steamers. A vast number of persons assembled to see the trial, and at its conclusion Sir Thomas Mitchell remarked: "This day's excursion satisfies me that the weapon of the simple aborigines of Australia has led to the determination, mathematically, of the true form according to which alone it will be found possible, on the screw principle, to attain high speed on water by the power of steam."

SHIP CANAL SURVEYED.—The Engineers Capt. Canfield and Judge Burt, completed their surveys for the location of this work last week, and returned to Detroit, where the plans of the survey will be made out for the use of the General Government and the State, in accordance with the provisions of the Act for the construction of the canal. The ground has been found quite as favorable for the easy and speedy construction of this work as was expected. In order to present the precise situation of the shores above and below the rapids, and the intermediate ground, several routes have been surveyed, which will enable the Legislature, and parties proposing to interest themselves in its construction to have a perfect understanding of the whole subject. The length of canal on the longest line of survey, from the outer extremity of piers, above and below, will be about thirty feet less than a mile; the shortest [illegible] The longest route is considered as offering the greatest advantages, for while the additional expense would be but a trifle, and will not in the least delay the work, the longest route would carry the canal "at the head" into much stiller water in the bay above the rapids, offering an easier and more safe enterance for vessels, and at the same time it would be more protected from the heavy currents of ice that sweep down in spring the docks and shore at the termination of the shortest route.