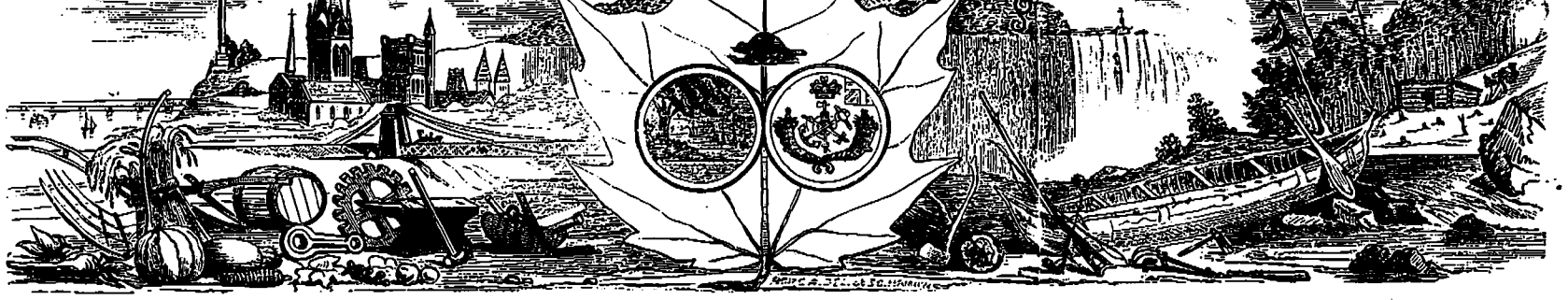


THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS



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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

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HON. JOHN A. MACDONALD, M. P. P.—[SEE PAGE 272.]

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NOTICE.

The public will please beware of a smooth-faced young man calling himself T. Dodd, as we understand from letters in our possession, that he has been canvassing for the 'Canadian Illustrated News.' Dodd canvassed a few days for us in Toronto, and not liking the gentleman's manner of doing business we discharged him. Without our knowledge or consent he has taken money from people in the country, representing himself sometimes as an agent, and at other times proprietor of the 'Canadian Illustrated News.'

NOTICE TO CANVASSERS.

ALL parties heretofore canvassing for the *Canadian Illustrated News*, will please call at the office and settle up. The public are cautioned against subscribing, or paying money to any one for said paper, unless the name of the party soliciting such subscription appear in the paper as Agent, or have the written authority of the undersigned that he is a properly authorized Agent.

W. A. FERGUSON.

Hamilton, April 7th, 1863.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, APRIL 18, 1863.

OUR PUBLIC ROADS.

The press has at various times given admission to complaints about the condition of those roads for the privilege of travelling on which the public is called to pay tolls, yet the evil is growing instead of diminishing, and complaints grow more and more loud. As these roads form the principal lines of communication in the most settled parts of the Province, the public cannot avoid them, but are compelled to travel on them in whatever state they may be. These roads were originally built by the Province at a very heavy expense, and were afterwards sold by the government to joint stock companies at a price far below their cost. The condition of this sale was, that the roads should be kept in repair and that the companies should take a certain amount of toll to reimburse themselves. The Act which regulates this matter is like many other of our Provincial statutes, very loosely worded, and its provisions very inadequate to secure the accomplishment of the object in view.

When a road can be certified by twelve freeholders to be so out of repair that it retards travel and is dangerous to the traveller, then, and not until then, a petition may be presented to the County Judge, praying him to call upon the County Engineer to examine the road, and if it is as represented in the petition, to notify the company that it must be repaired within a given period, and if this is not done the said Engineer may warn the company not to collect tolls until the repairs are completed. Attempts have been made to get this provision of the act amended, and to authorize the Engineer to put a stop to the collection of tolls immediately the road is in bad condition, as the company would then be compelled to keep the road in good repair.

This reasonable proposition could not be carried through Parliament, owing to the political influence exercised by the Road Companies. The owners of these roads show a great want of sagacity in allowing them to get so out of repair as is frequently the case, for it is much more expensive to renew a macadamized road than to keep it in good condition. The principle on which this kind of road is constructed is, that its shape should be such that all water should run off its surface into ditches at the side, and not permeate the structure of the road; every rut, therefore, or hollow in which water can lodge and gradually soak into the road, injures it by keeping it soft, and every vehicle which passes over it in that state cuts more and more deeply into it, and the mischief rapidly increases. In Europe the plan adopted for keeping macadamized roads in repair keeps in view the principle in which they are constructed. No ruts are allowed to form, and no hollow or inequalities to remain after they are discovered by the lodging of water in them, but immediately stone is laid in them, perhaps only one or two shovelful, broken fine, which is speedily incorporated with the road, and prevents the injurious effect which a pool of water, ever so shallow, would produce. The comfort to be travelling public is very great, as you

have only small patches of fresh broken stone to pass over instead of miles continuously, after having for months ground and jolted through the same distance of ruts.

The large size of the broken stone laid on the roads in this neighborhood is another reason why they get so speedily out of repair. When the stone is broken to a proper size, (that is, will pass in any direction through a two inch ring,) the pressure of loads passing over it packs it, but when it is too large the wheels spread the pieces out on each side, thus forming the commencement of a rut.

Another cause of the bad condition of our roads, is the practice of carrying very heavy loads on wheels with narrow tires.—It is not an uncommon occurrence to see a string of eight or ten waggons loaded with lumber or fire-wood, each weighing from two to three tons, the tires of the wheels only two inches wide, and cutting into the wet road, and making the ruts deeper as the teams follow each other. The weight of draft would be less to the horses, and not only less injurious but perhaps beneficial, if tires four inches wide were used, as instead of cutting into the road they would compress it and act in some measure as rollers. The law as it is at present, enables the road companies to guard against this evil, as they can charge a half-penny on every 100 lbs over two tons, (including the weight of the wagon,) see Sec. 75, Chap. 49, Consolidated Statutes U. C. By charging the extra toll in all cases where the tire is narrow, and remitting it where wide (say four inches,) the use of narrow tire would be soon abandoned by the teamsters from saw-mills, at all events, and it is their loads which do the most injury to the roads, as they often reach as high as three tons and a half, including the wagon.

Section 76 enacts that on loads carrying masts, spars, square or round timber, 50 cents extra shall be charged over two tons, if the wheels have five inch tires, and one dollar if under that width. How these loads could be weighed however, considering their length, it is difficult to understand. There is one part of the law regarding these Companies which we believe has never been enforced. It is enacted Section 114, That accounts shall be rendered annually in January to the Municipality through which the road passes, giving an account of the Revenue, cost of repairs, dividends, &c., for the past year, and Sections 115 and 116 require proper books to be kept by these Companies, and gives the Municipality authority to appoint persons to examine such accounts, and Section 117 requires the company to afford information to the person appointed for the purpose; and lastly, Sections 118 and 119 entitle the Municipality to purchase the road at the end of twenty-one years at the then current value of the stock, and if that is disputed, to have arbitrators appointed to decide that value. If these enactments were enforced by the Municipal Authorities, we should have the satisfaction of knowing what is expended on these roads, and how much the companies make, while the roads are not paid for, and we believe also that this supervision would wake up the proprietors, and compel them to keep the roads in better order.

BRAZILIAN FORESTS.—When we look at the beautiful rosewoods, I think we have hardly begun to see the specimens of the Brazilian forests. Ere long the railroads into the interior, which have been chartered, will bring to the seacoast those giants of the forest. I have been surprised, again and again, in looking at those beautiful trees, which are of the 'sensitive plant' character. When the sun goes down they fold their leaves and slumber, and are not aroused until by the morning sun and singing birds. I observed in some portions of the interior that rosewood was used for very common purposes. In Christian ox-carts the spokes would be made of rosewood. And I use the term Christian ox-carts in distinction from Roman ox-carts, where the axle and wheel turned together. Rosewood is used in carts made like our own. The teeth of cog wheels are often made of it. A gentleman showed me in his sugar-house a beam nearly forty feet in length, and three or four in diameter, which he told me was a violet-colored rosewood. He took me then to his pig-pen, and—would you believe it, ladies?—his pig-pen was made out of rose-wood! I would not have you understand that it looked like the legs of a piano-forte. Nothing of the kind; for when left rough and exposed to the weather, it becomes as plebeian in its appearance as our own aristocrat, the black walnut of the Mississippi. When I returned, I brought with me a box of mosaic, made up of perhaps a hundred pieces of Brazilian wood, from the purest white to ebony black.—J. O. Fletcher.

Summary of News.

CANADIAN.

CANADIAN FLAX is now worth in England £30 sterling a ton. Here is a chance for our farmers.

THE REV. MR. CAUCHEY is holding a series of successful meetings in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Quebec.

THE bill to prevent the execution of the death penalty in public passed the Lower House on Wednesday by a vote of 61 to 51. It has yet to pass the Upper House.

THE Kingston News states that, 'at a meeting of the Kingston Mechanics' Division No. 374, held on Monday evening last, at the Sons of Temperance Hall, the Hon. John A. Macdonald was unanimously elected Worthy Patriarch of the Division for the next term of office. The hon. gentleman will be installed into office on Saturday evening next.'

THE proclamation reimposing tolls on the canals is prepared, and will be now issued. On the Welland canal there will be no alteration in the tariff of charges imposed in 1859, except in the article of wheat, which will be reduced 5 cent per ton. On the St. Lawrence canals the rates will be equalized up and down, and a new classification made. As compared with the tariff of 1859, there will be an average reduction in rates of about twenty per cent.

SUFFERING AMONGST CATTLE.—A Napanee paper states that in the northern parts of that and the adjoining counties great suffering is being experienced amongst all kinds of cattle, in consequence of the want of fodder. Hundreds of cattle have already died of starvation, and thousands are so weak that if winter weather continues much longer they must perish, as there is no feed left to sustain them.

A BILL has been introduced into the Assembly which proposes to give municipalities absolute power to prohibit the liquor traffic, and to enable two or more adjoining municipalities to come to a mutual agreement to prohibit, in which case neither is to have power to repeal without the consent of the other. It also makes tavern-keepers responsible for the consequences, if they sell to a drunkard after his friends have forbidden them to do so. Its provisions for punishing offenders seem to be quite sufficient.

AMERICAN.

It is stated that the choice of the Republican party for President in 1864 lies between Secretaries Seward and Chase, now of President Lincoln's cabinet.

THE export of American specie since July 1st, amounts to \$44,326,000, being an increase of \$35,793,000 over the corresponding period of last year.

DURING the first three weeks of January the sum of \$4,376,780 in gold dust was shipped from San Francisco, of which nearly \$3,000,000 were sent to England.

It is said that the recent order in regard to the granting of passports to foreign travelers, by the State Department, will be applied to those who go to Canada from the States which have not filled their quota under the last call for troops. New York is among the delinquents. If the law is rigidly enforced, citizens of this State, liable to draft, cannot go to Canada without executing a bond to furnish a substitute, or pay three hundred dollars in case he is drafted in his absence.

AN unsuccessful attempt was made upon the Charleston forts on the 7th instant, by the Federal iron-clads. The engagement is described as 'terrific.' The monitors were hit from fifty to sixty times each, except the Keokuk, which received about ninety shots, and was penetrated at the water-mark no less than nineteen times. She was kept afloat till next morning, when she sunk on the bar, her colors flying and all on board saved. The Ironsides was hit about sixty times, but not damaged. There are eleven large holes in the side of Fort Sumter, apparently running through the wall. The entire firing amounted to only one hundred and fifty rounds. Our entire casualties, says the New York Tribune, amounted to thirteen, of whom but two or three were killed.

THE New York Herald's account says a rumor was in circulation, both at Port Royal and at Charleston bar, that our troops were rapidly gaining the rear of the city of Charleston.

It is said, by people from Dixie, that there is a large quantity of cotton hidden away by the country people, and as soon as the Government gets possession, much of the cotton which has been reported burned by the rebel Government, will come forth.

THE capture of the whole Federal garrison at Washington, N. C., is reported,—2,000 in number, including sick and wounded.

It is stated that an engagement near Suffolk is not improbable, and the result of the Confederates in such an event is regarded as certain.

EUROPEAN.

LONDON, April 2d.—Parliament is not in session, and political news generally unimportant.

It is reported that the Polish insurgent leaders are disbanding their forces and giving up the contest.

THE Cunard Steamship Company had announced their intention of running fortnightly an independent line of screw steamships to New York, commencing on the 16th instant.

THE Great Ship Company had entered a protest with the British Postmaster General against the renewal of the subsidy to the Galway Line of steamers.

THE Greeks seem at length to be in a fair way of getting a King. The National Assembly have elected Prince William of Denmark, or as he is better known, Prince William of Glucksburg, brother of the Princess of Wales, to the vacant throne. He will, probably, accept it.

THE London Morning Post regards the position of affairs as hopeful for the Confederates at home and abroad, and candidly expresses the hope that before a year their struggle will be crowned with success. It had been positively denied that the Confederates intended to seek any further loan in Europe.

THE London Times says, the latest American advices make it evident that the choice henceforth for the South is between victory and extermination, and for the North between peace and ruin.

BRAIN WORK.—No man after middle age, it he hopes to keep his mind clear, should think of working his brain after dinner, a season which should be given up to enjoyment. The immediate result of post-prandial labor is always inferior to that produced by the vigorous brain of the morning. When mental labor has become a habit, however, we know how weak are the words of warning to make a sufferer desist; and we are reminded of the answer made by Sir Walter Scott to his physicians, who in his last illness foresaw that his mind would break down unless he desisted from brain-work. "As for bidding me not work," said he, sadly, "Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and then say, 'Now don't boil.'" It must not be supposed, that we wish to depreciate even severe mental labor; on the contrary, a well organized brain demands exercise, and like the blacksmith's arms, flourishes on it. We believe that pleasurable productive brain-work can be carried on to an almost limitless extent without injury. A poet in the full swing of his fancy, a philosopher working out some scheme for the benefit of humanity, refreshes rather than weakens his brain. It will be found that the great majority of those who have gained high honors in our universities have also distinguished themselves greatly in after-life. It is the hard thankless taskwork which tears and frets the fine gray matter of the cerebrum; it is the strain and anxiety which accompanies the working-out of great monetary transactions which produces that silent and terrible *ramollissement* which gradually saps the mind of the strong man, and reduces him to the condition of an imbecile.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

GHOSTS.—The *Lancet* states that there has lately been exhibited in London, an admirable illustration of what science can do when it condescends to take the field against Imposture. It forms the subject of a lecture at the Polytechnic Institution, in the course of which is displayed a most ingenious contrivance wherewith any amount of very highly-finished ghosts can be procured to order. These Mr. Pepper, the lecturer, raises by the aid of strong light, a mirror, a few leuses, and some smoke. Even an audience such as in *Æsop's* time preferred the imitation of a pig to the genuine squeak of a pinched porker, could not refuse the merit of superior ghost-making to the scientific device at the "Polytechnic," which will do more to upset the lingering faith in the foolish and wicked superstitions about ghosts than a considerable amount of reasoning or argument.

Joseph Lyght, King street, Hamilton, has received the "Scientific American" for the present week.

Original Poetry.

GO, DREAM NO MORE.

BY PAMELIA S. VINING.

Go, dream no more of a sun-bright sky
With never a cloud to dim!
Thou hast seen the storm in its robes of night,
Thou hast felt the rush of the whirlwind's might,
Thou hast shrunk from the lightning's arrowy flight
When the Spirit of Storms went by!

Go, dream no more of a crystal sea
Where never a tempest sweeps!
For thy riven bark on a surf-beat shore,
Where the wild winds shriek and the billows roar,
A shattered wreck to be launched no more,
Will mock at thy dream and thee!

Go, dream no more of a fadeless flower
With never a cankering blight!
For the queenliest rose in thy garden-bed,
The pride of the morn, ere the noon is fled,
With the worm at its heart, withers cold and dead
In the Spoiler's fearful power!

Go, dream no more! for the cloud will rise
And the tempest will sweep the sea;
Yet grieve not thou, for beyond the strife,
The storm and the gloom with which earth is rife,
Gleam out the light of immortal life?
And the glow of unchanging skies!

JOURNEY IN A BALLOON SIX MILES HIGH.

BY JAMES GLAISHER, F. R. S., ETC.

When it is intended to ascend five or six miles high, the balloon is but little more than one-half full; because gas expands to double its bulk at three and three-quarters miles high, and to three times its bulk at five or six miles; to fill the balloon before starting would therefore be to waste gas, and possibly annoy the occupants of the car by its escape from expansion at the neck of the balloon.

The processes of expansion and contraction are constantly going on, and vary with every variation in the height of the balloon. On passing from a cloudy state of the sky to a clear one, it is necessary to go through the clouds, during which time the cordage and the balloon become bedewed with moisture, so increasing its load; but on breaking into bright sunshine, the expansion, from the sun shining on the balloon, causes it to rise rapidly; two agencies being at work, viz: increase of heat and loss of weight by evaporation. But in passing from bright sunshine into cloud, the gas becomes contracted by loss of heat, and the balloon every instant absorbs moisture and so increases its load; both causes combining to make the balloon descend with great rapidity.

Moreover, this continual variation in the expansion or contraction of the gas causes perpetual changes in the shape and course of the balloon, and so necessitates the constant attention, skill and judgment of the aeronaut.

In the case of the extreme high ascents, the operations were performed where no eye but mine could witness them.

At the same time, a journey through the air, reaching to the height of five or six miles, is of so rare an occurrence, the position so novel, the phenomena which present themselves so peculiar, that nothing short of personal experience could give a correct knowledge of them, that I propose to give a descriptive account of a journey through the air, blending the experiences of the several ascents I have made somewhat together.

BEFORE LEAVING THE EARTH.

Imagine the balloon somewhat more than half inflated, eager for flight, with only one link connecting it with the earth, viz: a rope attached to an instrument called a liberating iron or catch.

When all the ballast, instruments, and everything else are placed in the car, with the grapnel attached outside, so as to be readily detached, and these amount to 4,000 pounds, the balloon is brought to a nice and even balance, so that the addition of 20 pounds would prevent it from rising, but if removed would give it the required ascending power.

When all is ready, Mr. Coxwell, with his hand upon the catch, looks up at the sky, and is apparently staring at vacancy; but he is not. If the sky be partially cloudy, he watches till he is midway between the cloud that has passed and that which is coming, so that he may have a clear sky, and at least see the earth beneath, and avoid, if possible, passing through a cloud, though it may be cloudy all round; for the cloud which preceded will always precede, and that which follows will always follow. Nor is that all, he knows that in every wind, how strong soever it may be, there are periods of calm,

and if he can start in one of them he avoids much rotary motion; so he waits for an opportune moment for a fair start, to combine these two states together, if possible.

THE DEPARTURE.

When the sun shines, the wind lulls, and the balloon stands proudly erect; the favorable moment arrives; the catch is pulled, and we are free. We are free, but not only so, we are in profound repose; no matter how violent soever the wind may be, no matter how agitated the balloon may have been swaying to and fro, now on this side, now on that, with sudden and violent action, notwithstanding all the efforts of the many individuals who were struggling to hold it; all agitation in a moment ceases, and we are in perfect stillness, without any sense of motion whatever, and this continues throughout our entire flight.

Once away, we are both immediately at work; we have but little time for graceful acknowledgements to cheering friends. Mr. Coxwell proceeds to put the car in order, and accordingly looks to it, to his balloon, and to the course we are taking; and I must get my instruments in order. Without delay, therefore, at once place them in their situations, adjust them, and take a reading as soon as possible.

In a few minutes we are from 1,000 to 2,000 feet high; Mr. Coxwell looks intently upward, to see how the huge folds of the balloon fill into the netting. If we have started from a town, its busy hum attracts our attention, and a glance shows us the many upturned faces in every street, and the town itself, which looks like an engineer's model in motion; and the now fast fading cheers of our assembled friends next attract our attention, and another glance shows us the quickly diminishing forms of the objects we so recently left.

On approaching the clouds, Mr. Coxwell recommends me to take a farewell peep at the earth; and as I do this, the clouds receive us, at first in a light gauze of vapor, and then in their chilly embrace, where I examine their structure, note the temperature of the dew-point particularly. Shortly it becomes lighter, the light gradually increasing, till it is succeeded by a flood of light, at first striking, then dazzling; and we pass out of a dense cloud, to where the clouds open out in bold and fantastic shapes, showing us light and shade and spectral scenes, embellished with prismatic colors, disporting themselves around us in wild grandeur, till at length we break out into brilliant sunshine, and the clouds roll away into a perfect sea of vapor, obscuring the earth entirely; then in the line from the sun passing us, we see the shadow of the balloon and car and ourselves upon the clouds, very large and distinct, with encircling ovals of rainbow tints; forming altogether a wonderful scene—a wonderful contrast to that of their lower surface.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

When approaching the height of three miles, Mr. Coxwell directs my attention to the fact, that the balloon is full, and the gas is issuing from the safety-valve. He then directs my attention to the fit and proportions of the netting. I find the gas, which was before cloudy and opaque, is clear and transparent, so that I can look right up the balloon, and see the meshes of the net-work showing through it; the upper valve, with its springs and line, reaching to the car, and the geometrical form of the balloon itself. — Nor is this an idle examination.

I have already said, that in passing through the cloud, the netting would gather moisture, augmenting the weight of the balloon; if this should not all have evaporated, the net-work would have become frozen, and be as wire-rope; so that, if the diamond shape of the netting when under tension, and the form of the crown of the balloon, be not symmetrical, the weight might not be equally distributed, and there would be danger of it cutting the balloon. A sense of security, therefore, follows such an examination.

THREE MILES HIGH.

A stream of gas now continually issues from the neck, which is very capacious, being fully two square feet in area, which is always left open; and after a time I see Mr. Coxwell, whose eye has been continually watching the balloon, pass his fingers over the valve-line, as if in readiness to pull the cord. I look inquiringly at him. He says, I have decided to open the large upper valve, and carefully explains why. "The tension," he says, "on the balloon is not greater than it would bear in a warm stratum of air with safety; but now that we are three miles up with a chilled balloon, it is better to allow some to escape at the top, as well as a good deal at the bottom.

FOUR MILES HIGH.

We are now far beyond the reach of all ordinary sounds from the earth. A sea of clouds is below us, so dense that it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we have passed through them. Up to this time little or no inconvenience is met with; but on passing above four miles, much personal discomfort is experienced; respiration becomes difficult; the beating of the heart at times is audible; the hands and lips become blue, at higher elevations, the face also; and it requires the exercise of a strong will to make and record observations.

FIVE MILES HIGH.

Before getting to our highest point, Mr. Coxwell counts the number of his sand-bags, and calculates how much higher we can go, with respect to the reserve of ballast necessary to regulate the descent.

Then I feel a vibration in the car, and, on turning round, see Mr. Coxwell in the act of lowering down the grapnel; then looking up at the balloon; then scanning the horizon, and weighing apparently in his mind some distant clouds, through which we are likely to pass in going down.

A glance suffices to show that his mind is made up how much higher it is prudent to rise, and how much ballast it is expedient to preserve.

SIX MILES HIGH.

The balloon is now lingering, as it were, under the deep blue vault of space, hesitating whether to mount higher, or begin its descent without further warning. We now hold consultation, and then look around, giving silent scope to those emotions of the soul which are naturally called forth by such a wide-spread range of creation.

Our course is now about to change, but here I interpose with "No, no; stop! not yet; let us remain so long, that the instruments are certain to take up their true readings, so that no doubt can rest upon the observations here. When I am satisfied, I will say, pull."

THE HIGHEST POINT.

Then, in silence, for here we respire with difficulty, and talk but little; in the centre of this immense space; in solitude, without a single object to interrupt the view for 200 miles or more all round; abstracted from the earth; upheld by an invisible medium; our mouth so dry that we cannot eat; a white sea below us; so far below, we see few, if any irregularities. I watch the instruments, but forcibly impelled again, look round from the centre of this immense vacuity, whose bounding line is 1,500 miles, including an area of 130,000 square miles.

BEGINNING OF THE DESCENT.

When I find that no further changes are proceeding, I wave my hand and say, "Pull." A deep resonant sound is heard over head; a second pull is followed by a second report that rings as with shrill accompaniment down the very sides of the balloon. It is the working of the valve which causes a loud booming noise, as from a sounding-board, as the springs force the shutters back.

But this sound in that solitary region, amid a silence so profound that no silence on earth is equal to it; a drum-like sound meeting the ear from above, from whence we usually do not hear sounds, strikes one forcibly. It is, however, one sound only; there is no reverberation, no reflection; and this is characteristic of all sounds in the balloon, one clear sound, continuing during its own vibrations, then gone in a moment. No sound ever reaches the ear a second time. But though the sound from the closing of the valve in those silent regions is striking, it is also cheering, it is reassuring, it proves all to be right; that the balloon is sound, and that the colder regions have not frozen tight the outlet for gas.

We have descended a mile or more, and our feelings improve with the increase of air and warmth. But silence reigns supreme. Mr. Coxwell turns his back upon me, scanning the distant cloud-scape, speculating as to when and where we shall break through, and catch sight of the earth.

On nearing the clouds we observe the counterpart of our own balloon reflected upon them, at first small in size, momentarily increasing. This spectral balloon is charming to look upon, and presents itself under a variety of aspects, which are magnified or diminished by the relative distance of our balloon from the clouds, and by its position in relation to the sun, which produces the shadow. At midday, it is deep down, almost underneath; but it is more grandly defined towards evening, when the golden and ruby tints of the declining sun impart a gorgeous coloring to cloud-land. You may then see the spectre balloon magnified

upon the distant cloud-tops, surrounded with three beautiful circles of rainbow tints.—Language fails utterly to describe these illuminated photographs, which spring up with matchless truthfulness and choice decoration.

Just before we enter the clouds, Mr. Coxwell having made all preparations for the descent, succinctly enjoins me to be ready to put up the instruments, lest, when we lose the powerful rays of the sun, and absorb the moisture of the lower clouds, we should approach the earth with too great rapidity.

We now near the confines of the clouds, see the spectral balloon approaching us, nearly as large as our own, and just then dip swiftly into the thickest of them. We experience a decided chill, and hear the rustling of the collapsing balloon, which is now but one-third full; but cannot see it, so dense is the mass of vapor; one, two, three, four or more minutes pass, and we are still in the cloud; how thick it must be, considering the rapidity of the descent.

Presently we pass below, and the earth is visible. There is a high road intersecting green pastures; a piece of water like polished steel. An open country lies before us; a shout comes up and announces that we are seen, and all goes well, save the rapidity of the descent, caused by the thick clouds through which we have just passed, shutting us out from the sun's rays, and loading us with moisture. Mr. Coxwell counteracts this by means of the ballast, and streams out one bag, which appears to fly up instead of falling down; now another, and another he casts forth, but still it goes up, till the wayward balloon is reduced within the bounds of moderation. Mr. Coxwell exultingly exclaims, "I have it now under perfect control, with sand enough, and to spare."

Glad to find the balloon checked, with the prospect of an easy descent, I read the several instruments as quickly as I can, noticing at the same time the landscape below, charming in its constant variation, rich with its mounds of green foliage, fields of various shades of green, intersected by roads, rivers, rivulets, etc.; and all this is seen with a distinctness superior to that on the earth; the line of sight is through a purer and less dense medium, everything seems clearer though smaller. At the height of four miles over Birmingham, both Mr. Coxwell and myself distinguished readily the New Street Station, and the several streets in the town, with the naked eye. After descending slowly for a little time, Mr. Coxwell selects a spot for our descent, distant then two or three miles.—The current near the earth, which is often stronger than the upper, wafts us merrily in that direction.

NEARING THE EARTH.

We are but a few hundred feet from the earth, when Mr. Coxwell requests me to put up the instruments, and he will keep on that level till I am ready. He throws out a little more sand, and I pack up the instruments in their wadded cases. Mr. Coxwell's eye is on the balloon—the course it is taking with respect to the inclination of its descent on the spot where he has chosen to land.—Shortly he calls out, "Are you all right?" "All right," I respond. "Look out, then, and hold fast by the ropes, the grapnel will stop us in the large meadow, with the hedge-row in front."

AT ANCHOR.

Sure enough the grapnel catches in the hedge, and once again we are connected with the earth by one link. The valve line is drawn, and a little gas is allowed to escape. The sheep, which have been watching the descending balloon, huddle together and run away; and the cattle, becoming very frightened, place their tails horizontal, and wildly scamper off in all directions.

ON THE EARTH.

Villagers break through the hedges on all sides, and we are soon surrounded by an agricultural crowd, some of whom take hold of the rope attached to the grapnel, and, as directed, pull us down, or hold it whilst we float to the centre of a field. The valve is again opened, gas is allowed to escape by degrees nothing is allowed to be touched till the reduced buoyancy of the balloon permits the removal of the instruments.—The car is gradually lightened, till finally we step out, when a group of friends from among the gentry draw up near us; and although some few may question whether we belong to this planet, or are just imported from another, all doubt on the subject is soon set at rest, and we are greeted with a hearty welcome from all when we tell our story—how that we have traveled the realms of space, not for the purposes of pleasure, not from motives of curiosity, but for the advancement of science and the good of mankind.



AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane;
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown piece, he'd naething else beside,
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, 'Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?'

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was a gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!'

O sair, sair, did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I ghang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.

THE CONTINUATION.

The wintry days grew lang, my tears they were a' spent;
May be it was despair I fancied was content.
They said my cheek was wan; I cou'dna look to see—
For, oh! the wee bit glass, my Jamie gaid it me.

My father he was sad, my mother dull and wae;
But that which griev'd me maist, it was Auld Robin Gray;
Though ne'er a word he said, his cheek said mair than a',
It wasted like a brae o'er which the torrents fa'.

He gaed into his bed—nae physic wad he take;
And oft he moan'd and said 'It's better for her sake.'
At length he look'd upon me, and call'd me his 'ain dear,'
And beckon'd round the neighbors, as if his hour drew near.

'I've wrong'd her sair,' he said, 'but ken't the truth o'er late;
It's grief for that alone that hastens now my date;
But a' is for the best, since death will shortly free
A young and faithful heart that was ill matched wi' me.

'I loo'd, and sought to win her for mony a lang day;
I had her parents' favor, but still she said me nay;
I knew na Jamie's luv; and oh! it's sair to tell—
To force her to be mine, I steal'd her cow myself!

'O what cared I for Crummie! I thought of naught but thee,
I thought it was the cow stood 'twixt my luv and me.
While she maintain'd ye a' was you not heard to say,
That you would never marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

'But sickness in the house, and hunger at the door,
My bairn gied me her hand, although her heart was sore.
I saw her heart was sore—why did I take her hand?
That was a sinfu' deed! to blast a bonnie land.

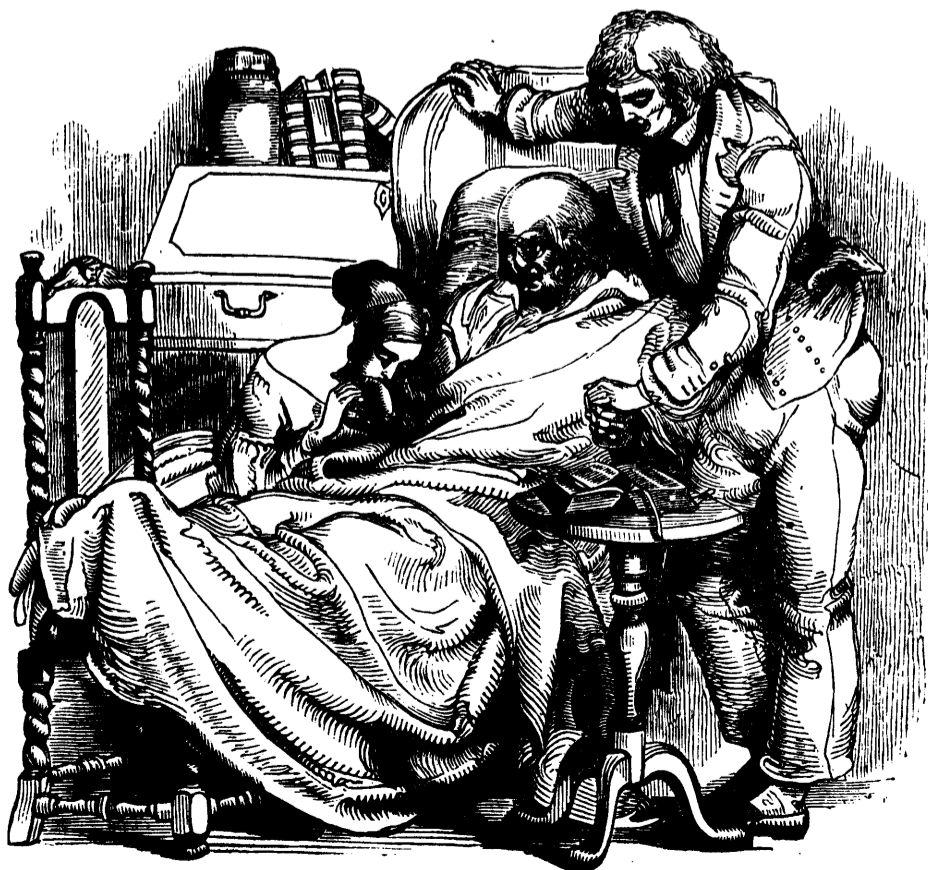
'It was na very lang ere a' did come to light;
For Jamie he came back, and Jenny's cheek grew white.
My spouse's cheek grew white, but true she was to me;
Jenny! I saw it a'—and oh, I'm glad to dee!

'Is Jamie come?' he said, and Jamie by us stood—
'Ye loo each other weel—oh, let me do some good!
I gie you a', young man—my houses, cattle, kine,
And the dear wife hersel, that ne'er should hae been mine.'

We kiss'd his clay-cold hands—a smile came o'er his face;
'He's pardon'd,' Jamie said, 'before the throne o' grace.
Oh, Jenny! see that smile—forgi'en I'm sure is he,
Wha could withstand temptation when hoping to win thee?'

The days at first were dowie; but what was sad and sair,
While tears were in my ee, I kent mysel nae mair;
For, oh! my heart was light as ony bird that flew,
And, wae as a' thing was, it had a kindly hue.

But sweeter shines the sun than e'er he shone before,
For now I'm Jamie's wife, and what need I say more?
We hae a wee bit bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
And Jamie, oh! he loo's me up to my heart's desire.



NOTES ON RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

Carriage of grain over Canadian territory; What is an Elevator? Description of those at Hamilton and Toronto; How they were built; How they lift grain; How they distribute it to the storage bins; How they lift it again and weigh it, and pour it into ships; Mr. Shedden; Railway Managers; Mr. Brydges; Mr. Swinyard; What Mr. Swinyard was in England; Their Portraits on the next two pages.

What benefit can it be to Canada to have the produce of the Western States passing over its territory? That question was asked and answered in a Toronto daily paper two weeks ago, by a writer who seemed to have travelled some, and travelled far for an argument. He sought to prove that the carriage of American produce is not a benefit to Canada, by referring to the large British and Oriental traffic which passes by railway over the Isthmus of Suez. Since that railway was opened, towns have not arisen in the sandy Desert! The burning Sahara is not covered with harvests of wheat; ergo, American traffic, crossing Canadian territory, does not add to the wealth of the Province, nor assist in the subjugation of the forest, nor enlarge the number and growth of towns through which the lines of railway are laid. If the Oriental traveller of Toronto had explored along the Grand Trunk, the Buffalo and Lake Huron, or the Toronto Northern line, but especially the Great Western, he would have found within the country the illustrations appropriate to itself. From seventy-five to eighty per cent of the gross earnings of one of those lines is derived from American traffic, coming in at one terminus, going out at the other. Without that carrying trade the line could not be maintained open to confer its advantages on Canada. What these are, their diversity, multiplicity and magnitude will be the theme of other literary articles. In the present I am confined to a description of the mechanism used in transferring grain from railway cars to stores, or to ships, or from ships to railway cars.

That dull, blind, seemingly meaningless structure, seen in two engravings in this number, though containing within its walls an invention several years old, has not yet obtained a happy generic nor specific name. The building is called, for want of a true appellation, an elevator; but it is a granary, a store-house, and contains three elevators. By extending its length along the wharf, and prolonging the wharf to accommodate several vessels at once, the one structure might contain any other number of elevators. The two shown in the engravings are copies of each other; one being the property of the Great Western Railway Company at Hamilton, built in the spring of 1862, the other the property of Messrs. Shedden & Co., at Toronto, begun in the latter part of 1862, and finished in March, 1863. The storage capacity, of each, is equal to two hundred thousand bushels of wheat; and its power of delivery into the vessel lying along side is twelve thousand bushels an hour, at sixty pounds to the bushel. But practically its delivery is limited to the capacity of the vessel to receive, and of the men on board to spread the grain and trim the ship.

There is one building at Chicago, on Lake Michigan, (into which city—the marvellous growth of but yesterday—thirteen railroads gather in the produce of the Western States, and fleets convey it eastward by lake and river,) which will have storage capacity, report says, for one-and-a-half millions of bushels. One at Milwaukee, in the State of Wisconsin, burst its sides last year, its precious contents falling into Michigan lake. The predecessor of that at Hamilton, Canada West, was burned in January, 1862, by means unknown, and its contents lost. Those casualties have led to the newer structures being more massively built, and differently arranged in their internal compartments. Not having had an opportunity of examining that at Toronto, but being an occasional visitor to the structure which is shown in the Hamilton picture in this day's paper, I will attempt to carry the reader's ideas with me in describing it.

The view includes an extensive range of sheds and storehouses, all filled with barrelled flour, awaiting the opening of navigation. The spectator is standing on the wharf which abuts into Burlington Bay at an angle perpendicular to the long line of wharf, and is looking south-west by west.

A smaller structure containing an elevator, but with no storage space, is shown at the east end of the picture. This has a power of delivering three thousand bushels an hour from a railway car under the archway on the left side, to a vessel afloat at the wharf on

the right side, our faces being towards the west.

The structure containing the three elevators to be described, is one hundred feet long from east to west, and eighty feet wide. From the level of the wharf and railway it is about one hundred feet high. The beginning of the work at Hamilton, as afterwards at Toronto, was to drive piles to obtain a foundation. The professional pile driver, with his assistants, also steam engine and appliances, came from Buffalo, in the State of New York. He had been employed on several sections of the Great Western Railway, and on the Detroit and Milwaukee line in Michigan. He contracted to drive, at a given price, per foot. The piles were driven from fifteen to twenty feet down, side by side, to furnish beds for four longitudinal and several transverse walls; and outside the main fabric for the foundations of the engine house at the east end, and for the apparatus by which cars are weighed with their loads at the west end, and again weighed without their loads, on coming out at the east.

Excavations were made to lay a water tank sufficiently deep to obtain water for the engine from the lake in all conditions of frost. The two weighing scales were likewise laid below the level of the roadway.—There were also four excavations made to receive, what seemed to be iron tanks, but which were hoppers or bins to receive grain. These are made of iron plates, and are about five feet deep, slanting on the sides, four feet wide, and eight or ten long. A railway car when its sliding sides are opened, pours its grain into this bin, from whence it is elevated by the lifters a height of eighty-eight feet, right up into that narrow and highest section of the building which the outside spectator sees rising above the first sloping roof. From that highest elevation it is distributed as we shall presently see, into one or other of thirty-three bins for storage; or into the shipping bin.

The stone walls, broad and massive were raised to about three feet above the arches which cover the iron tanks just named; and about four feet above the railroad level.—While foundations were in that manner obtained in the alluvial sand by the lake shore, and built upon by arches and solid masonry, squared logs of the best white oak were prepared, fourteen inches on the side, two side pieces to stand as pillars upright, fifteen feet above the walls, giving an elevation of twenty feet from the roadway, but I write from memory, were mortised and tenoned into a cross head of the same dimensions.—Longitudinal beams of like size were laid along the walls. These were mortised; and, on the uprights bearing aloft the cross heads being raised, the lower ends which were cut with tenons were let into their places, and driven home from above if necessary.—Slanting stays were inserted into places made for them into the upper angles. So that when a row of ten of such massive upright frames was completed, in succession from the west to the east end, and four rows standing side by side; massive beams stretching lengthways and crossways over each two or three of the frames, and binding them by iron bolting together, the whole formed a perspective like the aisles of a Cathedral.

Then began the building of the sides, and of transverse partitions to form thirty-three compartments in the interior for storage bins, of which that reserved for the stair-case counts for one. The timber used was pine, the boards twelve inches broad by two thick. They were laid flat; one on another, and nailed together, and as that wall rose it was at short intervals bolted by rods running across the interior. And so were the several bins bolted. These are not all of one size, but some which I saw measured, were nine feet by eleven and fifty feet deep. The sloping bottoms of the bins were formed by the second plank leaving a margin of two inches, and the third, and others in succession the same until they receded to the desired width. As the fabric ascended the boards were narrowed from twelve to nine inches; and nearer the top the partitions of the bins contracted to six inches. The object in building external and internal walls by laying board on board was not alone for strength, but to present resistance to the progress of fire should such again unhappily occur.

In the lower department the steam engine, a condenser, stands within stone and brick walls of its own. It is thirty-five horse power, and works all the elevators with 10 lbs of steam, so the attendant informed me. He speaks of it and another engine of which he has charge, and of all the machinery, as if they knew him and felt his tenderness. One is inclined to think that even a steam engine may become a pet.—Indeed there is no doubt of it, after listening to some of the engine drivers on the road;

Sam Jackson for instance, who charms such a listener as I with a recital of the happy days he had on such and such an engine.—Ah! she was a sweet thing!

The horizontal shaft from the fly-wheel of the engine connects with a drum on which is a coil of two inch cable used to draw in the loaded cars, or carry them out when empty. But the main business is to give motion to the elevators. For that purpose it turns a pulley of sixty-nine inches diameter; and over that pulley works a gutta percha belt twenty-two inches broad, and a quarter of an inch thick. The belt occupies a corner of the stair-case and at the height of ninety feet besides round a pulley forty-two inches in diameter. That pulley gives motion to a horizontal shaft extending along the centre of the building, above the level of the mouths of all the bins. And now we see why that additional elevation is required as the spectator sees it rising above the sloping roof of the main structure. Our feet being on level with that upper lying shaft, we see three clusters of spouts, each spout twelve inches in width; each open at the top end; each numbered to correspond with the number of the bin to which it is a conductor.—There are eleven spouts in two of the groups and ten in the third. They slant away at various angles to the open mouths of the different bins according as these are near or distant. They are arranged in a semicircle, like gaping, hungry, birds aloft in a nest, whose diameter is seven or eight feet.—Another spout above them like a mother bird looks down with open mouth. It is attached to the distributing cylinder; and by an easy touch of a lever discharges the grain received from that cylinder into any one, but only one at a time, of the spouts which form the first group, that nearest the head of the staircase, the group of No. 1 Elevator; namely, spouts 1, 2, 3, 12, 13, 15, 16, 29, 30 and 31. If the staircase had been a bin, it, according to the order of the numbers on the ground floor, where they run in even lines from east to west, would have been 14.

The elevator, of which this building has three, is a gutta percha belt two feet broad, winding around a pulley or drum in one of the low tanks under the stone arches, into which the sliding sides of the railway cars allow the grain to pour down. To the gutta percha belt a series of buckets are attached, at distances of twenty-four inches the one from the other. They are twenty-two inches in length across the belt, and seven inches in diameter, made of strong block tin. Three of them if quite full hold one bushel of wheat, but they are not always worked full. The lifting is done with such celerity that four thousand bushels are elevated by one of them in the hour. At the loftiest point, just under the upper roof of the building the rapidly travelling belt on turning on its pulley empties the buckets into the discharging cylinder, and it, by a short iron funnel pours the grain into one of the open mouthed spouts already described, which slanting to the left, to the right, or nearly right down, or rearward, or forward, conveys the wheat, or peas, or barley, or rye, or oats, to its own bin. A hand valve is pushed across its mouth when full.

On the ground floor are conducting spouts from the bottom of each bin to one or other of the lowest tanks. So, when an order comes that the grain in such or such bin is to be shipped, a lever, moved by a man's hand, withdraws a valve and the grain pours down into the same receptacle which at first received it from the railway cars. Then the elevator goes to work again, and lifts the wheat to the distributing cylinder under the roof. This time it does not pour into any of the open spouts as numbered; but into one somewhat larger, marked S. B., which leads to the shipping bin. If it were desired, the three elevators might at one time lift to their respective distributing cylinders; when these would pour into the one shipping bin. That receptacle holds seven thousand bushels.

To see how it works we descend to the weighing room, under the level of the bins. The attendant there has two levers, one at his left hand, the other at his right while facing the weighing beam on which he has placed weights for five hundred bushels of wheat, at 60 lbs a bushel. By moving the lever on his left he opens a valve at bottom of the shipping bin, that of seven thousand bushels, which allows a descent of grain into the weighing bin, the bottom of which is the scale in connection with that beam now before us. The attendant knows when five hundred bushels have nearly descended and becomes watchful, at the instant indicated by the beam he gives the left hand lever a jerk, which shuts off the supply; and with the right hand lever opens the valve of the weighing bin, by which the

grain pours into an iron movable spout on the outside of the building and descends into the hold of the ship.

In the office beside the shipping weigher is an indicator to register the number of times the weighing bin is emptied. It resembles a time-piece; the index jumps forward to a new figure on the mechanism within receiving a jerk. It receives that from a tin cone which is six inches wide at the mouth, eight or nine inches deep, narrowed to a point in which is a hole with a cord through it not quite a quarter of an inch thick. The cord connects with the mechanism of the indicator, and is suspended in the bin, remaining there when the grain pours in. The valve being opened at bottom, the grain pours out and forms a deepening eddy, which draws down the cone until it is left bare and springs back. Then the tin by its jerk on the cord registers that motion on the face of the indicator.

Other minor appliances are observed as we walk or creep and grope about, such as a 'clutch' to lay hold of or quit hold of the pinion on the lying shaft aloft in the top of the house, to throw the elevator out of motion or into motion, the operating hand being far below. Also, there are bell-wires to call attention from the base to the top, and speaking tubes to convey sounds which going in as whispers issue out as words.

THE TORONTO ELEVATOR.

The want of an elevator in Toronto had been long felt, and the construction of one often spoken of. But it was not until Mr. Brydges, who had done so much to give life and large traffic to the Great Western, had assumed command of the Grand Trunk that the desirable result was realized. Mr. Brydges, had the advantage of being materially assisted by Mr. Shedden, a gentleman eminent alike for energy, and for the sagacity which controls the elements of business with a concentrative force of intellect akin to genius, if indeed it be not genius itself. It was begun in the fall of 1862. I give an outline of what was done to obtain a site for the structure:

First, a wharf had to be built extending five hundred feet into the bay. For that purpose cribs eighteen feet long by twenty-four wide, and fifteen feet apart were constructed and filled with heavy stones.—These are expected to be proof against the most violent storms of Lake Ontario. At the end of the wharf the foundation for a shed was laid, into which fifteen thousand barrels of flour may be stored.—The length of the shed is a hundred and seventy, the width twenty-four feet. Some twenty feet from the end of the shed began the foundation for the elevator. More than four hundred piles were driven through the sand and gravel down to the solid rock on which to rest the structure. That foundation was a hundred feet long, by eighty-eight wide. From the water to the eaves of the roof the height is sixty feet; and to the top of the upper ridge, immediately under which are the elevating and distributing cylinders, the entire altitude is somewhat over a hundred feet.

The superstructure is supported upon one hundred beams of oak, vertically and horizontally bound together; the single beams fifteen inches on the side, and the upright pillars, each consisting of two of those massive shafts keyed into one, their stubborn strength such as may endure for ages. The pillars are divided into four rows between which two railway tracks are laid. Here cars may be unloaded on each track. The number of bins is forty-three and the whole have a storage capacity of 200,000 bushels. The cost of the structure was \$60,000. It was constructed under the immediate inspection of Mr. John Taylor, who superintended the erection of the Great Western elevator at Hamilton.

The machinery at Toronto is not materially different, if in any way different from that at Hamilton. In both cases it was made by Mr. Gartshore of Dundas, the millwright work of erection being executed by Mr. Thomas Lawrie. Mr. Murison of Hamilton was the contractor for the structure at that place. Mr. Shedden for that at Toronto.

MR. BRYDGES.

We publish portraits of Mr. Brydges, General Manager of the Grand Trunk, and of Mr. Thomas Swinyard his successor in the management of the Great Western. Of the former little can be said that is new; and if we repeat what is old and well known it is to tell that he is almost matchless in energy, of the largest business capacity, far reaching sagacity, and of devotion to the interests which he represents amounting to an enthusiasm that would encounter martyrdom rather than not achieve success.

The selection of able men with whom Mr. Brydges surrounded himself in the

management of the Great Western, was in itself proof of his sagacity. His heads of departments were representative men. Some of these he has carried with him into the establishment of the Grand Trunk, the management of which he assumed at the beginning of the year 1862. In connection with the elevators it should be recorded that Mr. Reid, Engineer of the Great Western, a gentleman standing in his profession second to none, designed plans and specifications for both of those shown in the illustrations.

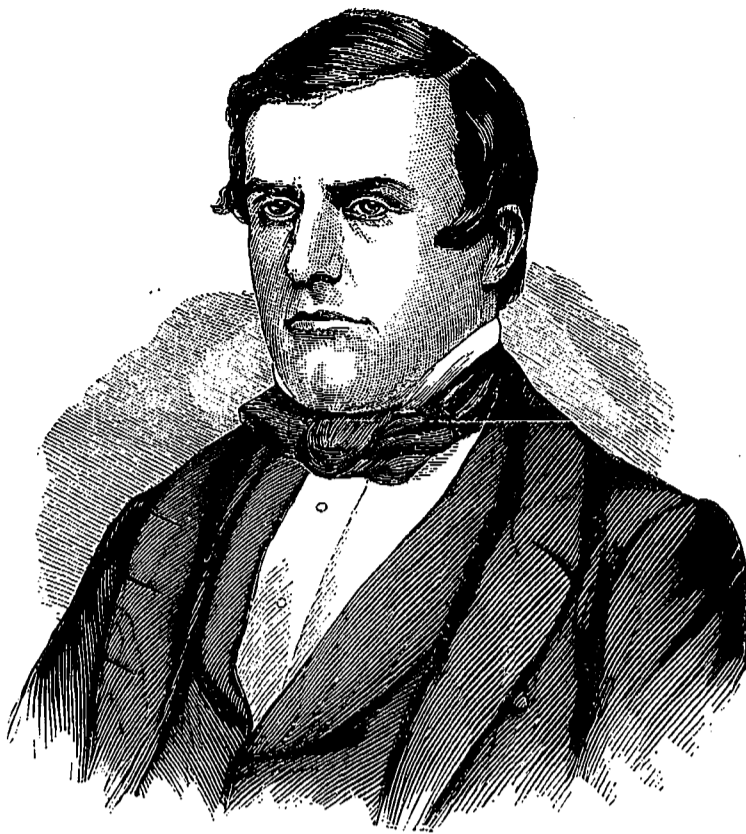
MR. SWINYARD.

Mr. Thomas Swinyard, who succeeded Mr. Brydges as chief of the Great Western Railway of Canada, was trained to official business in the establishment of the London and North Western Company of England. In July, 1847, he was apprenticed to that company; his immediate superior being Mr. Edwin Watkin who after leaving the North Western acquired reputation as manager of a railway under difficulties, the Manchester and Lincolnshire. Mr. Watkin has more recently become the principal director in England of the Grand Trunk of Canada.

After two or three years of probation under Mr. Watkin, Mr. Swinyard was selected as confidential secretary by Captain Huish, formerly of the Royal Engineers, subsequently the practical genius who may be said to have organized and ripened into a science the railway management of England, of Europe, of the world. The London and North Western was part by part the parent of systematic railway management. Captain Huish was its guiding spirit. I write this from recollection of what I knew in London; not from anything told me in Canada.

Under the training of that distinguished chief, Mr. Swinyard gained such executive knowledge, that with tact and ability, he was entrusted with the highest duties appertaining to the office. On the retirement of Captain Huish from the management, Mr. Swinyard became chief assistant to his successor, Mr. Cawkwell, by whom he was constantly employed on missions requiring not only great experience but a quick and discerning judgment. From time to time he was required to act as secretary to various committees of the Board; the goods and general traffic committees; also to the English and Scotch committee representing the west coast route between London and Aberdeen; and subsequently to the English and Irish Association of Railways and Steamboat Companies, in which capacity difficulties and differences of no ordinary character were invariably overcome and reconciled by his energy and judgment. That committee is still in operation, and the English and Irish public derive great advantages from the leading and active part taken by Mr. Swinyard in its organization.

He originated one of the most useful and successful institutions, judging by its results to the London and North Western Company,



C. J. BRYDGES, ESQ., GENERAL MANAGER, GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

namely, the officers' committee, at which the heads of departments meet periodically to discuss and arrange minor points incidental to the working of the railway. It is not, therefore, matter of surprise that, endowed with those abilities which so well qualify him for a railway manager, Mr. Swinyard should have received several tempting offers of appointments from English companies, as well as from an Indian and from a Brazilian company: but it was not until the vacancy, created by the retirement of Mr. Brydges, offered him promotion, that he thought of changing his position. He offered himself a candidate for the management of the Great Western of Canada, and the English shareholders having the testimonials before them, did not hesitate to appoint Mr. Swinyard to the place. He left England for Canada on the 16th of August, 1862, arrived here in due time and assumed the chief command, Mr. Reynolds, the financial director, having acted in the vacant interval.

WESTERN STATES AND CANADA.

IN 1825, the formation of the Welland canal was urged by powerful argument, which however was in main part speculative and prophetic; among others by Bishop Strachan of Toronto. How grandly the crush of traffic on that canal, and on all the canals and railways of Canada realize his words in this year 1863. He said:

'No work in Europe will bear comparison with it in usefulness. In touching upon the mighty results which must soon follow its completion the truth will assume the appearance of the most extravagant exaggeration to those who do not make themselves acquainted with the singular geographical position of North America. The great inland seas above the Falls of Niagara containing more than half the fresh water upon this planet, bounded by upwards of four hundred thousand square miles of as fertile land as can be found on the globe, and extending in

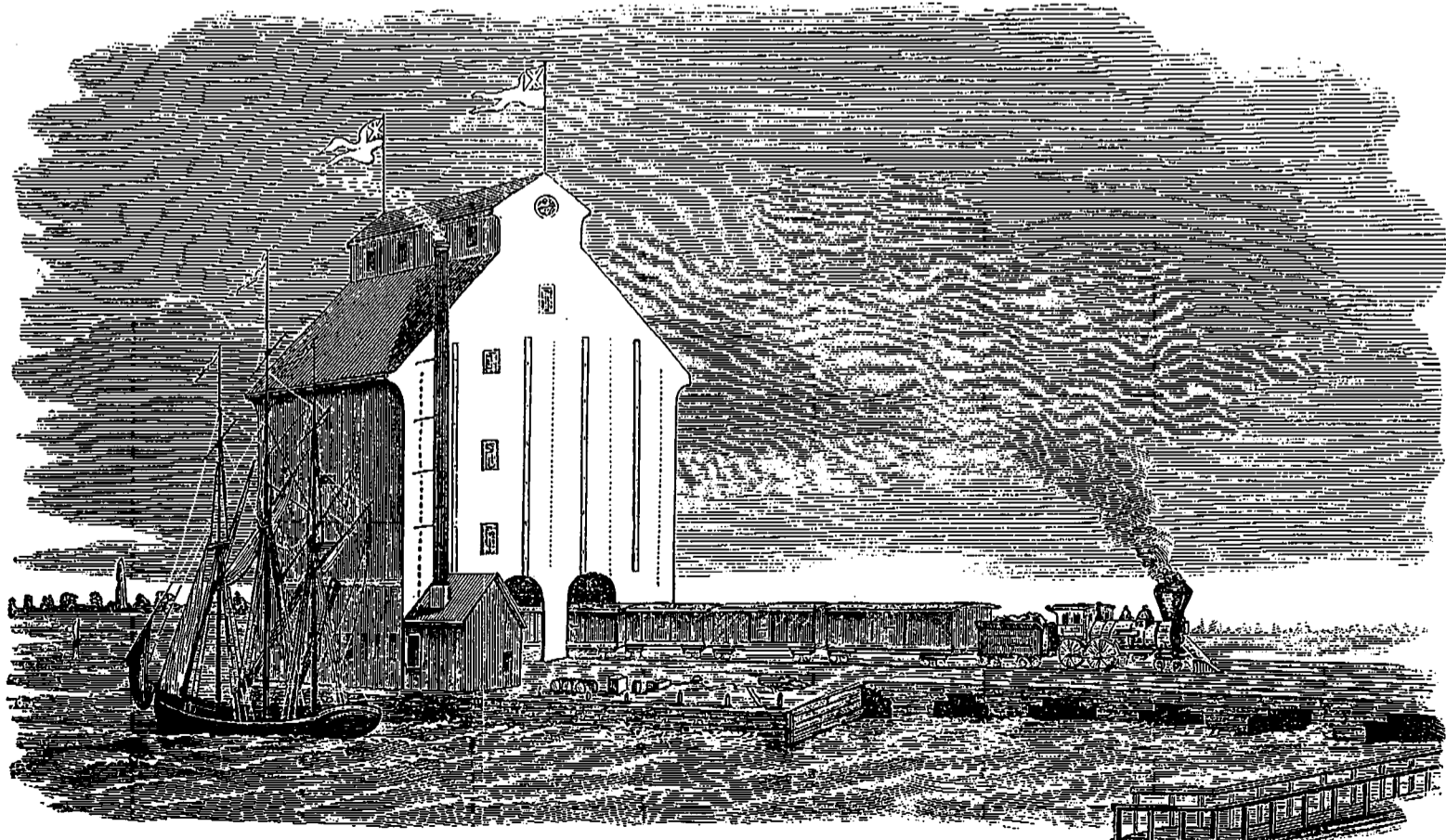
length of coast five thousand miles; these seas affording the most beautiful and commodious means of internal communication ever beheld on a scale which human science and human labor, or the treasures of a world cannot rival, can be approached by ships only through the Welland Canal, with which in point of usefulness no other work of the kind in Europe or Asia, ancient or modern, will bear any comparison.'

That was the prospect described in 1825. And now, at the opening of lake navigation, in the week ending 18th April, 1863, how grandly is the prospectus of the Welland canal realized! On Wednesday of this week, April 15th, in the House of Assembly, on the motion of Mr. Robinson, member for Toronto, a committee was appointed to inquire into the feasibility of constructing a canal to connect the Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, and all the waters westward with Lake Ontario at Toronto. Another committee is collecting information on the proposed Ottawa canal, by which Mr. Shanly proposes to reach Lake Huron. (See article on page 273, 'Mouth of Rideau river.')

The Western States of America, though feeding the largest numerical forces ever seen under arms, and the hordes of non-producers indirectly related to the armies and navy of the Union, are yet overflowing with wheat, corn, and provisions, seeking for a market in Europe at prices not enhanced by the exigencies of war. In all former history of nations three dread visitants went hand in hand—war, famine, pestilence,—but the illimitable agricultural resources of America pour forth stores to supplement the deficiencies of other nations, after covering the States and cities of the Union with abundance. The first and greatest obstacle in the way of the Western States is the insufficiency of the Welland canal to carry their produce over the Niagara Isthmus in Canada, from Lake Erie to Ontario, by which to reach the St. Lawrence canals to Montreal, and so down to the sea.

The legislature of the State of Illinois, on the 14th of February, 1863, passed a joint resolution, which was on the same day duly approved by the Governor creating a commission to be composed of five citizens of Illinois, to be appointed by the Governor, with full power and authority on behalf of the State, to petition or to proceed personally to the Provincial government of Canada, and if deemed advisable, to the government of Great Britain, for the purpose of presenting to those governments statistics of the trade and productions of the North-Western States of the American Union, which are seeking enlarged and cheaper outlets to the tide water, by way of the lakes and rivers, and new or enlarged canals of Canada.

The Illinois committee, in their memorial to the Governor General of Canada, dated Chicago, March 10, 1863, state that from actual experience, derived from shipments



GRAIN ELEVATOR OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, TORONTO.—[SEE PAGE 269.]

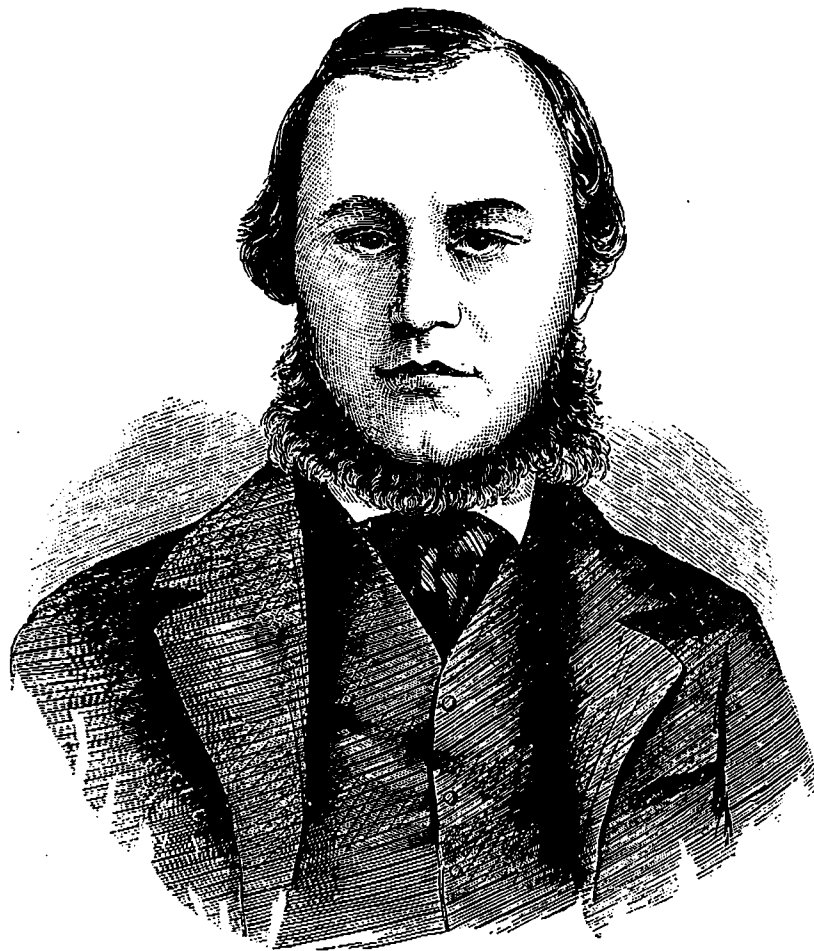
of Indian corn from Chicago to Liverpool, it is shown that the freight charges (by way of canals to New York and Boston,) often cover seven-eighths of the value of a bushel of corn at Liverpool. More than one-half of the cost of wheat is also often consumed by the present very inadequate means of transportation. And they add, that 'the European customers for our breadstuffs determine their price in all of our markets. The surplus of grain derived from the North-West is from fifty to sixty millions of bushels beyond the demand of the Eastern States, and when the surplus is carried to their markets the foreign quotations establish the value of the entire harvest.'

The erection of grain elevators to facilitate carriage and storage at the railways, and the operations of shipping from the railway wharves, is the beginning of a Canada carrying trade vaster in magnitude than the world has yet beheld. The productive resources of Canada will grow with it. Let the Americans of the West cease to talk of hostilities with us, and assist by their capital in constructing larger canals, as English capitalists have aided in constructing their western railways. The St. Lawrence and the Lakes, the Great Western Railway, the Grand Trunk, the Northern, the Buffalo and Lake Huron, and assistant branches possess carrying capacities boundless now, illimitable in the future. A. S.

HUMAN REMAINS DISCOVERED AT POMPEII.—Galvani, publishes the following curious story:

A very interesting discovery has just been made by M. Florelli, the inspector of excavations at Pompeii. While digging at the depth of from eight to ten feet, the pickaxe struck into a little mass of coins and jewels. M. Florelli then continued the excavation with the greatest care, removing the earth grain by grain, and, after some hours labor, was rewarded by the discovery in the hardened ashes of the perfect mould of a man in a lying posture, the skin of whom had dried up, but the skeleton remained intact. M. Florelli caused plaster-of-paris to be poured into the form of the Pompeian, and the casting succeeded perfectly with the exception of two fragments of an arm and a leg, where the mould was incomplete. The cast of the man is of the greatest precision; the moustache, the hair, the folds of the dress and the sandals are admirably defined.'

A FLYING SPANIARD.—An apparatus for flying in the air has been invented by a farm laborer, residing near Malaga. It consists of fans attached to the heels, and large wings extending from the shoulders to the waist and moved by the hands. The inventor had already risen to the height of 200 yards, moving about in all directions.



T. SWINYARD, ESQ., GENERAL MANAGER, GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MAGNITUDE OF WAVES.—The velocity of waves has relation to their magnitude. Some large waves proceed at the rate of from 30 to 40 miles an hour. It is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave; but in fact the form only advances, while the substance, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place, according to the laws of the pendulum. A wave of water in this respect is exactly imitated by the wave running along a stretched rope when one end of it is shaken; or by the mimic waves of the theatres, which are generally the undulations of long pieces of carpet, moved by attendants. But when a wave reaches a shallow bank or beach, the water becomes really progressive, because then, as it cannot sink directly downwards, it falls over and forwards to its level. So awful is the spectacle of a storm

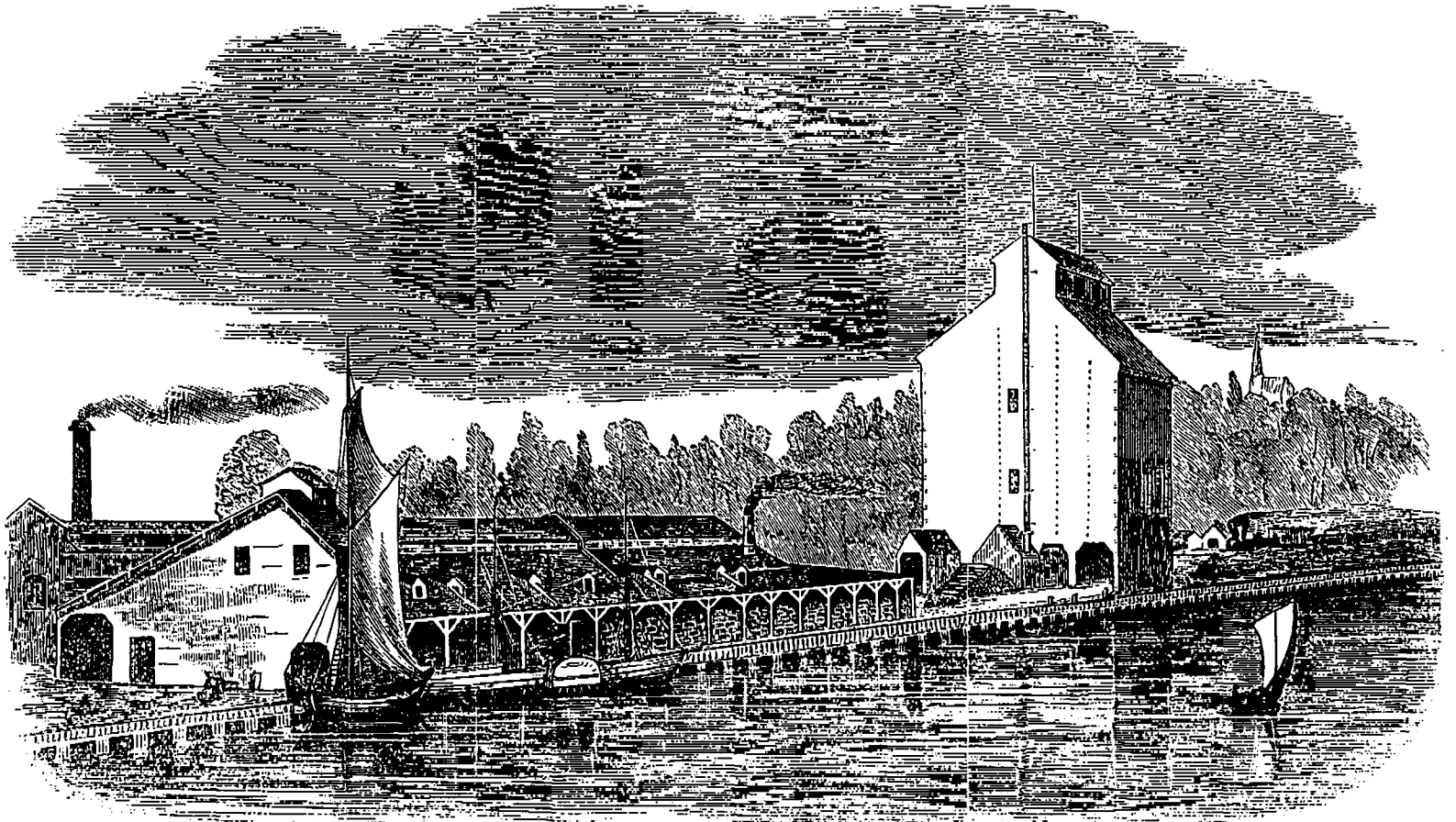
at sea, that it is generally viewed through a medium which biasses the judgment, and lofty as waves really are, imagination makes them loftier still. No wave rises more than ten feet above the ordinary level, which with the ten feet that its surface afterwards descends below this, gives twenty feet for the whole height from the bottom of any water valley to the summit. This proposition is easily proved by trying the height upon a ship's mast at which the horizon is always in sight over the tops of the waves, allowance being made for accidental inclinations of the vessel, and for her sinking in the water too much below the water-line at the instant when she reaches the bottom of the hollow between two waves. The spray of the sea, driven along by the violence of the wind, is of course much higher than the summit of the liquid wave; and a wave coming against

an obstacle may dash to almost any elevation above it. At the Eddystone Lighthouse, when a surge reaches it which has been growing under a storm all the way across the Atlantic, it dashes even over the lantern at the summit.

WHO CUT OFF THE HEAD OF CHARLES I? One historical problem, as dark as the Icon Basilike, or the Iron Mask, is the question—Who cut off the head of Charles I.? A letter has been discovered at the Record-office which is supposed to set it at rest.—This letter is dated St. Michael's Town, in Barbadoes, Sept. 30, (no year,) and is written by Jo. Neuington, to Mr. James Drawater, merchant, at Mr. Jo. Lindrepps's at the Bunch of Grapes, in Ship's-yard, by Temple-bar. The long-buried secret is disclosed in the following paragraph:—'All the matters I can write from hence is of one Hugh Peachell who hath been in this island almost 20 years, and lived with many persons of good esteem, and now last with Colonel Barwick. It was observed that he gained much money, yet none thrived less than he, and falling sick about three weeks past, was much troubled in his conscience, but would not utter himself to any but a minister, who, being sent for, he did acknowledge himself the person that cut off the head of King Charles, for which he had £100; and, with much seeming penitence, and receiving such comfort as the divine, one Parson Lashley, an eminent man, could afford him, he died in a quarter of an hour afterwards.'

EARTHQUAKE UNDER THE TROPICS.—The impression which the first earthquake makes upon us, even if it is unaccompanied by subterranean noise, is an inexpressibly powerful and quite peculiar one. What moves us so powerfully is, the disappointment of our inherent faith in the repose and immutability of the firm, solid earth. A moment destroys the illusions of a life. We are undeceived as to the repose of the earth, and feel transported within the sphere of destroying unknown powers. We scarcely trust the ground on which we stand; the strangeness of the occurrence produces the same anxious uneasiness in animals. Pigs and dogs especially are overpowered by it; the crocodiles of the Orinoco, generally as dumb as our little lizards, leave the agitated bed of the river and rush howling into the forests. To man, an earthquake appears as something omnipresent, unbounded. We can escape from an active eruption, or from a lava-stream flowing towards our dwelling; but during an earthquake, wherever one flies seems the hearth of destruction.

Four bas-reliefs, of colossal dimensions, have been brought to light in the course of the excavations in the ruins of Babylon.



GRAIN ELEVATORS OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 269.]

HON. JOHN A. MACDONALD,
M.P.P. FOR THE CITY OF KINGSTON.

THE space at our disposal is far from sufficient for even a mere catalogue of the official acts of this eminent statesman. Yet an outline of his political life is presented which cannot fail to be interesting to Canadians, whether they be his faithful friends, or bitter opponents. Like all political men of self-reliant individuality, and of great talents, in all countries, he is lauded by many and traduced by some.

The Honorable John Alexander Macdonald, member of the Provincial Parliament for Kingston, is the eldest son of the late Hugh Macdonald of that city. His father, a member of a respectable family in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, came to Canada in the year 1820, when this son, born in 1814, was about six years of age. Mr. Macdonald entered into business with success. He sent John Alexander to the Kingston Royal Grammar School, then taught by Dr. Wilson, a fellow of Oxford, and subsequently by Mr. Baxter. At this school, as many of the other pupils testify, the youthful Macdonald gave early evidence of the high ability which, in his riper years, has done him so much honor. He was a good mathematical and classical scholar; and early acquired a stock of general knowledge by reading, which a retentive memory and a sound practical judgment rendered serviceable.

When fifteen years of age he commenced to study law under Mr. George Mackenzie, a barrister of large practice in Kingston, and when little over twenty-one was called to the bar. Mr. Mackenzie having died shortly before, the young barrister succeeded at once to a practice which soon became one of the largest in the Province, and which after some years he carried on in partnership with that eminent lawyer, and estimable gentleman, the Honorable Alexander Campbell, now Speaker of the Legislative Council, and member in that Chamber for Cataract Division.

In 1839, the services of Mr. Macdonald were engaged in defence of Von Schultz, an American sympathiser with the rebels of Canada, whose life was forfeited to the laws of the country he had invaded and outraged. The advocate's able defence of that unhappy person was taken by the public as a promise of future eminence at the bar. His good-natured and affable manners made him a favorite with the legal profession, as well as the public. His knowledge of law, and his shrewd common sense, became daily more popularly known and better appreciated. He was retained on one side or the other in all cases of importance, while many public institutions had the benefit of his counsel. In connection with his practice at the bar, may be named his services to the Trust and Loan Company of Upper Canada, which owes much of its resources to his exertions. In 1839, he was appointed Solicitor to the Commercial Bank of the Midland District, an office which he still retains.

Mr. Macdonald turned his attention to politics in early years. In 1844 he was returned to the second Parliament of United Canada. His election afforded proof of the high estimation in which he was then, as he is still, in 1863, held by the citizens of Kingston. As soon as he became a candidate his election was regarded as a certainty; his return hailed with enthusiasm. The year in which he entered Parliament was one of great political excitement. In 1843 the reform ministry, charged with the duty of carrying out responsible government, and consolidating the new constitution, found in Sir Charles Metcalfe, the Governor General, an able but to the new constitution a hostile representative of imperial authority. He thwarted his Executive Council in the personality of public appointments; they retired from office. A political interregnum followed, and

the country was divided into two parties, one of which stood for the Governor General, the other for his late advisers. The views of responsible government entertained by the reformers of that period have subsequently prevailed, and are now accepted as constitutional and just. At the time, however, many able politicians and sound-minded men doubted their applicability to a subordinate government and to a public officer responsible, not to the province, but to the crown. Among the moderate conservatives who sympathized with Sir Charles Metcalfe was Mr. John A. Macdonald.

The new Parliament met at Montreal on the 28th November, 1844. The Conservative Ministers who had replaced the Reformers of the previous year obtained a triumph on a party vote for the Speaker's chair. Their candidate, Sir Allan MacNab, was elected by a majority of three. Mr. Baldwin, then the Reform leader, whose name and memory stand illustriously prominent in Canadian history, made a motion which was accepted by the Ministry as one of want of confidence. A long debate followed, but the motion was finally rejected by a majority of six. The general election had resulted in the return of a large ministerial majority for Upper Canada, showing that in that section of the Province Sir Charles Metcalfe's policy was approved; or at least not so much disliked as the rising dominancy of the French Canadians in Lower Canada was dreaded. With the Conservative ministry and Upper Canada majority, a large proportion of the Lower Canadian British sympathized and acted; but the French, headed by Mr. Lafontaine, took side almost to a man with the Upper Canada minority. A stormy session ensued. Mr. Macdonald gave proof of his good taste, his parliamentary shrewdness, by speaking seldom. A young member is not the less esteemed because he does not present himself often to the notice of the house.

On 21st May, 1847, Mr. Macdonald was appointed to the office of receiver-general with a seat in the Cabinet of Mr. Draper, then head of the government. His colleagues were Messrs. Daly, William Morris, D. B. Papineau, Cayley, Badgley, and J. H. Cameron. He did not hold that office long, exchanging it for the commissionership of Crown Lands. In no office of Canadian executive government are the duties so perplexing as those relating to Crown Lands. Numerous cases of more or less difficulty are always arising, or coming up from the past and demanding investigation and decision. It was said at the time that none of his predecessors had ever disposed of them with such promptitude and sagacity as he.

Great changes had taken place since Mr. Macdonald was first elected to parliament though the years were few. Sir Charles Metcalfe had gone, ennobled as Lord Metcalfe, but worn out with disease and political disquiet. Lord Cathcart, who succeeded him had also gone away, and the Earl of Elgin had come.

Lord Elgin first met the Canadian parliament on the 4th of June, 1847. During the session which terminated on the 28th of July the ministry was several times defeated, and on the 6th of December parliament was dissolved. Great exertions were made by the reform party to gain a majority in Upper Canada. The French remained as before opposed to an alliance with the Upper Canada Conservatives, and these had lost considerably their hold on the people since the former election.

The new parliament met on the 25th of February, 1848. The strength of the ministry was at once tested. Mr. Cayley moved and Colonel Prince seconded that Sir Allan MacNab be elected speaker. Mr. Lafontaine moved and Mr. Baldwin seconded that Mr. Morin be elected speaker; and that motion was carried by a large majority. The Governor addressed the two Houses on the 26th; and stormy debates at once arose. Sir

Allan MacNab was the recognized leader of opposition; but Mr. Macdonald, whose parliamentary reputation had risen to fame, was the real leader of the conservative party. Between 1848 and 1854, he led and enunciated the sentiments of that opposition.

The session of 1849, is specially prominent in the history of the Province. A Ministerial measure to compensate persons for losses sustained in the rebellion of 1837 and '38, many of them rebels who had narrowly escaped trial and execution for high treason, caused great excitement throughout the country. A large majority in the House of Assembly, voted in its favor.—Petitions, many in number, earnest and fervent in prayer, besought the Governor to refer the bill to the imperial government for the decision of the Crown; but Lord Elgin, after misleading the opponents of the measure with a promise that he would refer it, gave it the royal assent on his own responsibility. A furious mob threatened the ministerial members, pursued his lordship, who fled from the city a fugitive, and concluded by a general riot. In the midst of the commotion the Parliament House was fired and burned; for which misdeed Parliament has not again assembled in Montreal.

The excitement that followed the enactment of the rebellion compensation bill was boundless, and many who had in the rebellion taken up arms for the crown were disgusted to a degree that they openly talked of the peaceful annexation of the Province to the United States. Mr. Macdonald ably but temperately opposed that bill; yet he allowed no political anger to alienate his fidelity to British connection. Opposed to the Government he contented himself with constitutional opposition to its measures.

After the burning of the Parliament House at Montreal, the seat of Government was removed to Toronto. There the Lafontaine-Baldwin ministry broke up, Mr. Baldwin having resigned on the Court of Chancery question. Mr. Hincks was placed at the head of the new cabinet; and that met with the same resolute opposition as its predecessor. But they were not conservatives alone who opposed Mr. Hincks. A large section of reformers, headed by Mr. George Brown of Toronto, who was elected to Parliament in 1851, denounced him with bitterness equal to that of the conservatives. Mr. Hincks, however, passed triumphantly through the sessions of 1852 and 1853, which were held at Quebec; but early in 1854 it became evident that the conservative opposition, with that of Mr. Brown, was telling against the Ministry.

The Hincks government had promised to settle the questions of Clergy Reserves in Upper Canada, and the Seigniorial tenures of the Lower Province, but from session to session postponed the introduction of bills for that object. They were attacked both by those who desired these questions settled and by those who did not. An adverse vote was taken on the address in answer to the Governor's speech; and Lord Elgin, instead of inviting other advisers to his counsels, prorogued Parliament preparatory to a dissolution. It was then that the Speaker of the House of Assembly, the present Prime Minister, administered that rebuke to the Governor for his questionable conduct, which we quoted in a memoir of Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, published in Number 12 of the Canadian Illustrated News, January 13, 1863.

Preparations for a general election were made by all parties. The Ministerialists in Upper Canada maintained that if the Reformers deserted the Cabinet they would lose the Lower Canadian alliance and groan under a conservative domination. Mr. Brown and his section of Upper Canadian reformers maintained that it was the duty of reformers, irrespective of consequences, to put down 'corruptiousists' who had broken faith with the people, and who, by pandering to the Roman Catholic hierarchy had been false to the Protestant religion. The elements of religious discord became largely mixed up with the election. The Roman Catholic riots which had taken place in Montreal and Quebec in 1853, did much to embitter the agitation. The Conservatives in Upper Canada took advantage of Mr. Brown's anti-Roman Catholic agitation. Their candidates were numerous returned. In Lower Canada also, an active opposition resulted in the return of French members, 'Rouges,' and others opposed to the Hincks administration. Mr. Macdonald was returned triumphantly for Kingston.

The new Parliament met at Quebec on the 5th of September, 1854. In the course of a few days Mr. Hincks resigned, and Sir Allan MacNab became the head of a coalition of Tories and Radicals. In that manner was formed the Cabinet of which Mr.

Macdonald took the office of Attorney General West and the leadership of the House of Assembly, which with various changes in its personality and a brief resignation from power in August, 1858, lasted until the 29th of May, 1862.

From its commencement that Cabinet was assailed with political bitterness and its members with personal calumny. Extreme Tories not admitting that the secularization of the Clergy Reserves was a necessary concession to popular demands denounced the alliance of Sir Allan MacNab and Mr. Macdonald, with the supporters of secularization, such as Mr. Ross and Mr. Spence.—Extreme Radicals, hating the very name of Tory or Conservative, declared they would not parley with that party nor accept from them measures of any quality or kind. Yet the coalition met with a large amount of support. Moderate men of both parties saw that a ministry was desirable which would dispose forever of questions which rightly or wrongly had been the cause of bitter antipathies, and of agitations detrimental to the well-being of the Province.—Wise measures were the result of moderate legislation, and with these the name of Mr. John Alexander Macdonald will ever be associated in the history of Canada.

On the 17th of October, 1854, Mr. Macdonald introduced the bill which finally secularized the Clergy Reserves, and declared that there was, in future, to be no 'connection in Canada between Church and State.' Such was and still is the common phrase, but no Churches have at any time ceased, and no Church ever will omit to bring its influence to bear on executive Government. Therefore, the connection of Church and State continues. To abolish endowments does not separate Church and State. The bill became law, but in one of its provisions was strongly opposed. When the Imperial Parliament, in 1853, conceded power to the Legislature of Canada to deal as it deemed expedient with the Clergy Reserves, it added a proviso that the rights of incumbents should be respected. To this the Reformers, had they exclusively, been dealing with the question, must have yielded. But it occurred to Mr. Macdonald that it would be well to commute the claims of incumbents. To effect this the consent of religious bodies and of individuals became necessary. Then again Mr. Brown interposed, alleging that commutation to be the beginning of a new endowment, which, in fact it was.

While Upper Canada had been agitated by the question of Clergy Reserves, Lower Canada was distracted about the continuance of the feudal land tenure. To establish an aristocracy in Canada the French Kings had, on the early settlement of the country, granted large tracts of land to cadets of ancient families of France. The annual charges due to the Seigniors were never high, but on the transfer of lands the payments to be made were a hindrance and a burden. The repression of industry, through monopolies, held by some of these feudal chiefs, were also a grievance. Mr. Macdonald, with his colleague, Mr. Cartier, head of the Lower Canada section of the ministry, succeeded in settling that disturbing subject.

To give a full narrative of the acts of the Cartier-Macdonald administration, and all the incidents of party warfare, would be to write a great volume. They retired from office 27th May, 1862, on an adverse vote from the opposition, led by Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, member for Cornwall, on the question of organizing a Militia Force for the defence of the Province.

In 1862 Mr. John Alexander Macdonald visited England, and was for a time at Clumber Park, Nottinghamshire, the guest of the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for the Colonies. He was offered the high position of Governor of Australia, but declined to renounce his connection with Canada. On his return in February, 1863, he was warmly received by personal and political friends; and to him the leadership of the Conservative party was at once conceded. On the evening of 7th of the present month, Mr. Macdonald was entertained at a public festival by his constituents at Kingston. His speech on the occasion was like all his orations, an outflow of natural wit and scholastic eloquence, pleasing to his friends and not satisfactory to opponents.

MANNERS.—Manners are of more importance than laws; upon them, in a great measure, the law depends. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe in. They give the whole form and color to our lives. According to the quality they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

MOUTH OF THE RIDEAU RIVER.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS AGO.

The engraving on this page represents the mouth of the Rideau river where it plunges into the deep bosom of the Ottawa, seen as it was about twenty-five years ago. How marvellous the change since then! Yet the scenery of the Ottawa, two or three miles above this point, and on the eastern shore where the Gattineau pours down from regions as yet unexplored by man, but bringing with it from the forests within the axeman's reach, vast quantities of lumber; the views from beyond the Ottawa, which include the Rideau Falls as seen here; the precipitous rocks, above which stands the city and the new government buildings rising grandly over rocks and city—all the natural scenery remains the same as at the date of the picture, wild, picturesque, grand, sublime. In majesty of volume the falls of the Ottawa, on the western limits of the city, and these falls of the Rideau on the eastern limits, are exceeded by Niagara plunging over the fracture of the continent; but in variety, in glorious profusion of natural scenery, mingled and adorned with that perfection of picturesque beauty—hives of human industry—the vicinity of Ottawa is matchless.

What will it be five-and-twenty years hence? Long before that future day, perchance soon, the Ottawa and Huron canal—favorite scheme of Mr. Walter Shanly—will be realized. The railways will not then carry less of the produce of Western America than now; they will be crowded to their utmost capacity, even with freight cars built on the new principle of Mr. Samuel Sharp of the Great Western, sixteen wheels to each, and each carrying a gross weight of forty instead of ten tons, with less wear and tear than that of the common cars of the present time; but the wheat of the prolific Western and North-western States, bordering on the upper lakes, will be conveyed to the localities of illimitable water power, and of cheap flour-barrels, and converted to flour to be shipped for the ocean passage from Montreal. In facilities for commerce; for safety in military defence; as a key wherewith to bind with other links of international friendship the good fellowship of Britain our mother country, and Canada and the American States, no project has been brought before the public more rich in beneficial promises, all practicable and attainable, than the Ottawa and Lake Huron canal, as surveyed by Mr. Walter Shanly.

What will then be the aspect of Ottawa scenery as common sense will delight to behold it, covered with the motion and bustle, and wealth of human industry? Let us briefly glance at what it has become since the date of the picture under the reader's eye.

The Rideau canal had just been completed, connecting the Ottawa navigation from Montreal with Kingston city, at the east end of Lake Ontario, to obviate the St. Lawrence rapids, then deemed to be insurmountable, but now surmounted by a series of canals greatly exceeding in capacity that of the Rideau. Bytown, called the city of Ottawa by act of Parliament in 1854, was only a cluster of huts used by the Royal Sappers and Miners in constructing the canal about the year 1832. It was named in honor of Colonel By of the Royal Engineers, who directed the works. The suburb of Ottawa city, situated about one mile east of the corporation limits, near the falls seen in the picture, is called New Edinburgh, and the village on the opposite side of Ottawa river, is named Hull, both built in competition with Bytown. But Hull is the oldest. It was a lumber and saw-mill station, originated by the father of the Ottawa raft trade, Mr. Wright, an immigrant from the State of Vermont.

New Edinburgh was built by the Hon. Thomas Mackay; whose family residence, the Castle, stands conspicuously on the lofty eminence. Saw mills, flour mills, barrel stave factories, workshops for the manufacture of household furniture wholesale; cooperages and various works allied to these cover the banks of Ottawa river, beyond at Hull, and easterly at New Edinburgh, with the life of industry. That industry is productive of wealth by assistance of water power far exceeding what may be estimated from the limited population; yet that is, for the city and the villages, including the lumberers and raftsmen in the forest on the river, who derive their supplies from the city and occasionally reside there, nearly sixteen thousand.

The mouth of the Rideau at the confluence with the Ottawa is distant north-west from Montreal 126 miles; from Quebec 296; north-east from Kingston 95; East from Toronto 233; from New York 450; from Boston 485; and inland northerly from St. Lawrence river at Prescott 60 miles. Large quantities of sawn timber go annually to the United States. The demand was considerably restricted by the war in 1861 and '62, but is reviving. Seven miles distant from the city of Ottawa, on the Lower Canada bank of the river, are the Hull Iron Works. The rocks there are the commencement of eight hundred miles of iron ore, supposed to be from a thousand to fifteen thousand feet in thickness, and running backward in the region of Hudson's Bay, several hundred miles. That mass of iron ore is equal to any in the world in richness, and of a magnitude exceeding the area of Great Britain and Ireland.

As these remarks are being written, English newspapers bring intelligence that iron plates for the armor of ships of War made in France have been tested at Portsmouth and found impenetrable to cannon balls of highest velocity, while the best English iron plates were penetrated.

The very existence of the British Empire depends on an early reversal of that difference. Why is the iron of France superior? Because it is smelted with charcoal. Canada can supply charcoal on a scale of abundance commensurate with its boundless treasures of iron ore.

A. S.

MOUTH OF THE RIDEAU RIVER FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS AGO.



SISTER'S CHOICE OF A WIFE.—Such appears to have been the case with the 'Prince of Wales.' The Court Journal says; 'It may be interesting to state that the Prince of Wales first met the Princess at the Prince Karle Hotel, Heidelberg, the interview being arranged by the Princess Royal, who had heard so much that was good and to admire of the character and the person of the Princess Alexandra, that the Princess Royal deemed the match likely to be a happy one for her brother.'

E-O-L-A.

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]

'Loved! ay, loved, proud baronet,' returned the other, with a scornful laugh. 'I had already contracted the accursed habit which has blasted my life, and, in its indulgence, strove sometimes to stifle the feelings that were maddening me; but drink, instead of deadening, only seemed to maintain and increase my frantic passion. I have kissed the ground on which her foot had trod! I kissed the tiny sole of her embroidered slipper! Oh, your love was nothing in comparison with mine. It burned my very soul, it scorched my heart, till its blood hissed and boiled, till it coursed through my veins like molten lead. Often, often have I wondered that my form did not perish, crumbling into ashes, as the spark that had kindled into flames broke from its narrow cell. Your love! Again I say your love was nothing in comparison with mine. How I have gnashed my teeth when I have seen you wandering together on that moonlit piazza at Seville—your eyes gazing into her dark fiery orbs with all the placid joy of possession, while I would have sacrificed half a lifetime to have gained their favouring glance. Oh, how I have watched, and chafed, and hated! I loved you—you know I did—when we first left England together; but when you met with her—when that wild whirlpool of passion took possession of my soul, a demon entered with it. I hated you. How I hated, it would curdle your blood to hear. Though thirty-three long years have passed away since then, I shiver as I think of the frightful intensity of my mad dislike. Yet you never guessed it—you never dreamed of it. I have approached you with smiles upon my face, when there have been the dark thoughts of the murderer in my heart. I have waited on you like a slave, when my soul has been thirsting for your life. I have come before you when you have been reclining on your velvet cushions, your beautiful wife at your feet, your white hand toying amid her night-black tresses, and your laughing eyes drinking in the sweet nectar-like breathings of her pure soul! I have stood before you then, and bowed, and smiled, and humbled myself.—Oh, the depth of my duplicity! I must not linger on the theme. It stirs too deeply the old, fierce passions of my nature.'

The miserable, guilt-stained man paused from his wild outpouring of vice-nurtured feelings, to apply his lips once more to the fiery incentive to his ravings. The baronet had sunk upon a chair, and was leaning his head against the blackened wall in silent agony, the hot, blinding tears coursing down his cheeks, his frame quivering with the harrowing emotions called up with such remorseless vividness by his unpitied foe, and his whole attitude that of a being steeped to the very dregs in the bitterest sorrow.

CHAPTER XLII.

Richard Wingfield thus continued his terrible confession to the man he had so greatly wronged:—

'Soon after the birth of your child you took Inez to Madrid for a short time, leaving me behind at Seville. It was one or two nights before you went that I appropriated that ring—the night of the French countess's masquerade.

You fancied you had lost it at the masquerade, and I gladly encouraged the supposition, rejoicing in the success of my villainy.

'I will pass on to the time when you received your recall to your ship—to the time when you came to me with bursting heart and distracted brain, and asked my advice concerning the disposal of your two idols. You know what immediately followed: you entrusted her and your babe to me—to my care—mine! Oh, fool! blind fool! you did not see the serpent-glitter in my eyes as I received the fainting Inez from your arms.

'Stop—stop! mad man! villain! pause one moment, I command you,' shrieked the unfortunate baronet.

'No, no,' went on the other, 'I dare not pause now, or the spell will break, and I shall not tell you more. The worst is to come.

'You saw us depart, as you thought, for England. I took your treasures to Paris.—Inez thought she was in England; how was she to know better? She was ignorant of either language; I was a subtle actor, and could speak both.

'I took apartments in the Rue de la Paix, and Inez thought she had reached her destination.

'She wondered at my remaining with her, as it had been arranged that I should see her

safe in comfortable apartments, and immediately proceed to rejoin you: but I persuaded her that I had better remain near her the first night in her new home, as both she and her Spanish attendant were such utter strangers to English ways.

'I had resolved that Inez should be mine, the first night of our arrival in a strange land—'

'Hold! hold! For pity's sake, let my heart rest one moment from this torture,' expostulated the horrified admiral, in accents of the wildest sorrow.

The wretch complied with his distracted visitor's wish, and then, with an appearance of satanic pleasure in the suffering he inflicted, went on.

'Her babe and attendant had retired to rest, and she was sitting before her toilet gazing on a miniature likeness of yourself, when I stole like a thief into the apartment. Her long, black, glossy hair was loosened from its golden fillet, and fell round her form in unfettered loveliness; her splendid eyes were fixed on the locket in her white hand, with an expression of pensive sorrow that seemed to enhance, if it was possible to do so, her almost unearthly beauty. You know that after the birth of her child, she was accustomed, on retiring to rest, to take a kind of medicinal draught. The glass containing it had been placed by her thoughtful Mazzetta on a table beside her couch. I managed, unperceived, to drop into it the drug which I carried on my person in readiness, and then concealed myself in a large recess occupying one end of the apartment, and before which was drawn a heavy damask curtain. My unsuspecting victim sat worshipping her brilliant plaything for quite another half-hour. At length she arose, secured her chamber door, and prepared for her innocent rest. I saw her drink the vile drug I had prepared for her. I saw her fall back in forced drowsiness on the luxurious pillows, her jet black hair falling in lovely confusion over her shoulders—'

'Villain! fiend!' shrieked the agonised listener to these heartless disclosures, springing to his feet, and wildly shaking his clenched fist in the reciter's face. 'Oh! has heaven—has earth no punishment for such deeds as yours?'

'Your promise—your promise, sir baronet,' cried the base wretch, with a grin. 'Your word—your honor!'

'Oh, yes; you are safe from my vengeance now, villain that you are!' returned the admiral, hoarse with contending emotions. 'Oh! if I had not given my word!'

'You would have heard nothing,' coolly rejoined Wingfield. 'But let me proceed.'

'You can tell what followed.'

Again the wretch paused, and glanced uneasily at his auditor. He half feared his just vengeance, in spite of the solemn promise given. But a long, long moan, in which Admiral Shipton seemed to breathe the very acme of human suffering, was all the sound he uttered.

Once more the half-drunken criminal went on.

'I will not, for I cannot paint to you Inez's fearful distraction, on awakening to her misery and dishonour.

'I see her now, with her long raven hair, all tangled and dishevelled, floating round her slender form to the very ground. I hear her ravings, as she called madly on you and Heaven to avenge her wrongs, as she denounced herself unworthy ever again to rest upon your bosom. Oh, it was then that I began to realise what my short-lived pleasure had cost! I had not reckoned on its being thus fatal. She destroyed herself. I saw her no more till I gazed on her lifeless body at the Morgue. She had drowned herself and her sorrows in the muddy waters of the Seine. But her blood will be on my hands. She was no suicide. No, she was murdered; and I—I am her murderer! How beautiful, even in death, appeared her statue-like form! Death had no horrors in her. She looked, in all her cold, quiet beauty, like some fair angel from a celestial world.

'And I was left alone; left with her child—Inez's child. I sent back to her own sunny land the Spanish nurse. I told her some lies—I scarce remember what, now; but she departed quietly; and I came to England with her child. I lived in disguise for many months, the member of a gipsy band. I roamed over the country with them, joining in their robberies, and aiding in their pursuits as one of them. At last, however, I grew sick of their strange life, and left them, bequeathing to them, as a legacy, the little, fairy-like child of Inez. I felt that I could not longer keep her near me: daily and hourly she grew more and more like her murdered mother; and her very caresses

were daggers to my heart. Her beauty was of that same rare character as her mother's: her form, her hair, her eyes, her every action seemed a *fac-simile* of those of the dead Inez.'

'I left her in the gipsies' tent; they were enraptured at the gift, for her talents and beauty promised to be a fortune to them. I bargained with them to bring up the child in the belief that it was an orphan, and that they had maintained it out of charity. This they gladly assented to, on the condition that I should never reclaim it. I then left their tent, and was absent from them for many years.

'When I re-visited them, Eola had grown into a beautiful, fairy-like creature, almost on the verge of womanhood. I never saw her again. I married and settled down here in London. When I once more encountered my gipsy friends, Eola was no more. She died of a broken heart. Like her mother, she had found a shield for shame in an early grave. She also left a daughter, whom I have seen but once.'

'What!' exclaimed the baronet; 'a daughter, did you say? a child of my child? Where is she? Oh, perhaps her fate has been the same as that of her unhappy mother! Tell me of her, if you can.'

'When I saw her last, she was a pretty, delicate thing, with golden hair and blue eyes, perfection in form and manner, and the star of the tent. I have only heard vaguely of her sudden disappearance, but I can refer you to one who can, perhaps, give you certain information, and maybe assist you in discovering her, if you feel inclined to do so. But I warn you against asking this person any questions foreign to the subject in hand, for they will not be well received. He is in London at present in concealment, on account of some little affair of a few nights ago. Before I conduct you to him, you must again promise, on your word as a gentleman, not to place him in danger by betraying his hiding-place.'

'I am not a detective officer,' drily responded Sir George; but I will give you the desired promise.'

'Now, if you are ready, I will take you to him, and then my part in this affair is over, and I ask nothing but to be left alone—I was going to say in peace, but that for me is a thing long past. Let us go.'

The widely differing pair now left the room together, and descending the dark staircase, proceeded to the baronet's cab, into which they entered and drove off.

Through York Street, across the Broadway, along Tothill Street, over Westminster Bridge, through the New Cut, across Blackfriars Road, and to the mouth of a low, filthy alley, at the back of New Gravel Lane.

At the entrance of the passage before-mentioned the cab stopped, the admiral followed his shabby escort through the serpentine windings of the dismal courts, till he paused before a low, ill-looking building, of that ambiguous character which defies the novice to guess whether it be a shop, a private habitation or pot-house.

It was in appearance like hundreds of other dens in this great metropolis, where crime and misery abound, and where vice appears to find protection.

The lower part of the building to which Wingfield conducted the amazed admiral, and to reach which they had to descend two or three damp stone steps, seemed to be a kind of reception-room for houseless mendicants and street-hawkers. At one end of the long room was a kind of bar, behind which stood the landlord.

Wingfield exchanged a few words with the man at the bar, and then, passing with the baronet through this beautiful retreat, led the way to a room above.

Beckoning to an individual, Wingfield retreated to the window, leaving the baronet to gaze in haughty silence at the different objects of curiosity in this, to him, barbarous domicile.

The man whom Wingfield had singled out to speak with was a tall dark, sunburnt personage, attired in a smock frock and corduroy trousers. His age might have been forty; and he was still possessed of a large share of good looks. His black eyes gleamed from under his knitted brows with a savage lustre, and a firm, almost deadly look about the well-formed mouth, spoke him a man of no ordinary passions. Our readers will guess who he is, and we may as well introduce him at once as our old acquaintance the gipsy robber, once the fond-hearted lover of the youthful dancing girl, but now the confirmed criminal, the attempted murderer.

The first question asked was by Ralph.

'Nothing has been reported yet, then he inquired, in a low tone.

'You must be crazy, Ralph,' said Wingfield, 'to keep on with that tom-foolery for ever. You'll swing for it one day, if you don't mind.'

'I vowed over my Eola's lifeless form, when, wasted and faded, it lay cold upon my bosom, to avenge her wrongs, to punish her destroyer, and I will do it in spite of every obstacle!'

Vain man! thus to raise up his puny arm against the voice of the Great Disposer of events! It is written, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.'

But Ralph Leighton had never heard or read those sacred words, or his vow might have taken a less positive form.

'I have brought some one to see you, Ralph' (and the speaker lowered his tone to one of deep awe). 'After thirty-three years he has come. I thought the grave had given up its dead. You know who I mean? The father of your lost love.'

The gipsy started, and turned pale.

'And have you told him of the child—Eswald's child?'

'Yes, and he has come to you to know its fate. Give her up to him, Ralph, if you do know where she is (for, in spite of your assertions, I believe you have hidden her somewhere). He is a lone, old man; his trials have been sore enough, give him his grand-child, and let his last days be happier. I hate him because I injured him; but I can't forget that I liked him once; I would give him his only tie on earth.'

There was a feeling in the guilty man's words that belied his heartless exterior.—It was the frail blossom of an awakening remorse. Might it strengthen and open in a genial flower? Alas for the uncertain tenor of human life; such heaven-born plants are too often nipped in the bud. A late attempt at repentance is too often a futile one.

'I am ignorant of her fate,' said the gipsy, in answer to Wingfield's touching appeal.

'But you so hated her father that I thought you might have sent her somewhere to be out of your sight.'

'I did not hate her mother, Richard, and for her sake I tried to love the child. I have not deserted her; did not Zerneen go as well? and you know I could have no interest in getting rid of her. But tell me, how did the baronet find you out?'

'I haven't asked him yet. But he's getting impatient; and see, he's coming to join us.'

'I cannot stay in this vile place a minute longer,' said Sir George, as he approached the two men. 'Can I speak with your friend in the open air?'

'I am sorry to say, Sir George Shipton, that my friend does not know so much about the individual of whom you are in search as I thought he did. He is as ignorant as I am of the fate of the unfortunate child.'

An expression of keen disappointment, slightly mingled with disgust, stole over the baronet's fine features.

'Is this indeed the case?' he demanded, turning to Ralph. 'I would give a fortune to obtain a clue to the missing one. If money is any temptation to you, you shall have a handsome reward if you will but restore to me the lost child of Eola.'

'If you were to offer me a kingdom I could not comply with your wish. I am ignorant of the girl's fate.'

'Well, will you give me all the particulars you can recollect relative to her flight?'

'I am quite willing to tell you all I know about her.'

'And her mother—will you tell me of her?'

'Oh, yes; I will speak to you of her! my lost one. Baronet, I may be a great rascal; but I loved your child with an affection worthy of a better man, and which might, in time, have made me one. I protected her childhood, watched over her youth, cherished her as the one great hope of my existence, and—and, I lost her at the last.'

There was a touching pathos in the sinful man's simple words that—bad, erring, fallen as he was—carried with it conviction of his sincerity as to that one redeeming passage of his dark life.

The baronet felt for him; for he, too, had loved and lost.

'Well, come to me at my own residence this evening,' he replied.

'Then you can tell me all you know of my ill-fated child, and her hapless offspring—Here is my address.'

The admiral pressed a piece of gold into the gipsy's hand, and turned to depart, followed by his escort, who saw him to the entrance of the court.

'I'm going back again to have a little more talk with Ralph,' he said, as the baronet entered his vehicle. 'So, sir, I wish you good-bye—an eternal one. We shall not meet again.'

That same night the wretched Wingfield was launched into eternity!

He died a frightful death.

He had fallen into the fire while in a state of intoxication, and was burnt to death ere aid could reach him.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It was with an anxiety which might well have been expected that Sir George Shipton that evening awaited the arrival of his strange visitor. The gipsy kept his appointment, though it was at a somewhat advanced hour that he arrived.

According to his promise, he faithfully recounted all he had known of the baronet's unfortunate daughter; and all the circumstances connected with the early childhood and mysterious flight of her offspring. Sir George's indignation at the cruel fate of the former, and at the profligate betrayer's shameful indifference to it, was only equalled in bitterness by the sorrow and anxiety he felt relative to that of his lost grandchild. Perhaps, had he not been so friendless and so alone in the world, this tie would not have appeared so worthy of his pursuit; but when the heart has long ceased to feel the comfort of kindred ties, there is a novelty in the sudden knowledge that it is still bound by blood to another of the human race, which, even where affection is the minor spur, incites it to pursue its claim.

But, apart from these feelings, the baronet experienced a deep yearning for the sole remaining link that he now learned still existed, or was believed to exist, between him and humanity. The child of his child, whatever might have been the circumstances attending her birth, was still his flesh and blood in part; and the deep love that, had the mother lived, would still have been cherished for her, yet remained in his bosom, ready to be lavished on her gentle offspring.

Ralph's very description of the lost one charmed and fascinated his fancy. The pretty, aerial form; the soft, blue eyes; the bright-colored locks; the free, wild, artless disposition—all seemed so lovable and so bewitching, that he felt his interest in the search of this lost treasure increased tenfold by the picture imagination gave of it.

Sir George was no mad-brained enthusiast—no helpless day-dreamer; he was a practical man—a man who had lived long in the world, and believed in the every-day world's common and recognised ways and means of doing business.

He did not intend to sit helplessly down in his easy chair, and sigh, and fret, and apostrophise over the object he wanted to find, expecting that some magic would be wrought for his especial benefit to restore her to him, without any active exertions on his own part. He was not romantic enough for such a line of conduct.

'How, then, did he propose acting?'

He intended to advertise for her. He purposed, on the following morning, to have inserted in the most unromantic papers, a notice to this effect:—

'EOLA.—If this should meet the eye of a young girl of that name, who, about four years ago, deserted her friends in the neighborhood of Croydon, (supposed to have been accompanied by another child, a year or two older than herself,) she is earnestly implored, by one who wishes her well, and has a claim of relationship on her, to communicate without delay, with Mr. M——, solicitor, Lincoln's Inn. N.B.—Any person who can give information, however slight, relative to her fate, will be liberally rewarded by applying as above.'

'And now, my friend, what can I do for you?' asked the baronet, after communicating to the gipsy the manner in which he intended to act for the discovery of Eola.

'Nothing,' was the firm reply, in the proud, cold tone, usually marking Ralph's gloomy speech.

'Oh, nonsense!' rejoined the would-be benefactor, impatiently; 'I am resolved to make you some acknowledgment for your conduct in this affair. Say, what shall it be? What particular desire have you in this world that you would like to achieve?'

A derisive smile curled the gipsy's handsome lip.

'None that I require your help to accomplish,' he replied, sternly.

'Well, have your own way,' rejoined the admiral, slightly piqued by the man's evident independence. 'I would assist you if you would let me; but never mind.'

'I thank you, Sir George, for your intended generosity as deeply as though I had profited by it; but I have merely done my duty in giving you the slight clue I possessed to your grandchild's fate; yet I candidly tell you I did it for her sake more than yours. I loved the child, in spite of all my roughness—I loved her for her mother.'

'I have but one request to make—but one favor to crave in return for the information I have given you; and that is, that you will allow me to look once—only once—on your Eola when she is found, which God grant she may be.'

'Willingly, most willingly, my good friend; but now—'

The baronet was about to reiterate his generous offers, but the gipsy interrupted him.

'I know what you are going to say,' he remarked, 'but I have named my reward—the only one I will accept; and I will hear of no other. Here is an address where you may safely send a line to me when you want to; and now, Sir George, I will wish you good-bye, and success in your search.'

In another minute the gipsy was gone, and the baronet alone with his reflections.

On reaching Drury Lane, which he had occasion to pass on his way home, Ralph found the people just coming out of the theatre. It was a great pantomime night, and shoals of richly-dressed ladies and children were flocking from the doors to their carriages, in eager haste to escape the cold, damp air.

But the gipsy did not linger to feast his eyes on the wealth and beauty around, and was somewhat rudely pushing his way through the gay mass, when a group of persons crossed his path that rather interested him. They were four in number—a gentleman of middle age, a lady a trifle younger, and two girls, who were laughing and talking in a subdued tone about the performance they had just witnessed.

They were evidently seeking for a cab, and, unable to procure one at the entrance, were going to try farther on.

Two of the ladies' faces were shrouded in the hoods of their opera-cloaks, but the third, one of the younger ones, was covered only by a lace handkerchief, below which peeped a profusion of glistening curls, that fluttered and glittered in the gaslight like threads of gold.

These first attracted the gipsy's notice, not from the notion that they were in any way connected with the lost girl (that seemed so improbable), but from a kind of fond association which they awakened in his mind.

'Here is a cab at last,' cried the gentleman of the party. 'Now, ladies,' and he assisted the two foremost into the vehicle, the fair girl with the lace handkerchief on her head standing a little back.

'Now, Miss Leighton.'

The name caused the gipsy, who was close behind them to make a sudden dart forward: at the same moment a slight cry broke from the fair girl's lips, and with a frantic rush she flung herself into the arms of the gentleman, who, in a bewildered manner, consigned her to the cab, at a loss to understand the cause of her abrupt terror. Following her in, he closed the door.

For a second, while the driver was receiving his instructions, a dark countenance hovered at the opposite window, and then disappeared.

Short as had been the glimpse the gipsy obtained of that fair young face, it was quite sufficient to disclose who was the owner. He was on the right track at last. It was Eola.

Had he seen her features among a million of human countenances, he would have recognized them. Indeed, she was but slightly altered in appearance since the memorable night of her flight with Zerneen from Croydon Fair. In stature she was taller, of course; but her young, innocent face had undergone very little change, and, to any one as well acquainted with it as Ralph had been, was easily recognizable.

For a minute he stood irresolute, undecided how to act—whether to follow Eola, to return to the baronet, or to proceed on his way home. But he had heard the address given to the driver, and was satisfied on that point; therefore, to follow her home was an unnecessary trouble: the lateness of the hour, and the baronet's probable retirement for the night, were rather against his notion of returning to the chambers. Moreover, a pardonable ambition to be able to give more than a mere vague report of the lost child, which was at present all he could render, decided him on continuing his return to New Gravel Lane, purposing to devise some scheme to obtain the knowledge he sought of the little runaway on the follow-

ing day, and to communicate with Sir George Shipton under any circumstances afterwards.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Mr. Jamieson, her daughter, and Eola, were on a Christmas visit at the house of a brother-in-law of the former, a gentleman residing at Stockwell, when the sudden encounter with Ralph Leighton at the doors of the theatre took place.

The morning after the encounter, the family were seated round their breakfast-table in a cheerful room overlooking a neat lawn at the back of the house. Mr. Jamieson's wife, being rather delicate in health, was not of the party, but two pretty little girls, aged respectively six and eight (his children,) were stationed one on each side of Eola, to whom they appeared to be affectionately attached.

No one would have believed, seeing her thus tranquilly situated, that she had ever danced on a tight-rope at a fair, figured on one at Vauxhall and Manchester, or that that graceful figure had ever worn the garb of a nobleman's page. Perhaps one of the most remarkable circumstances in the young girl's history was the simplicity, innocence, and artlessness which, in spite of all the dangers and trials of her past life, she had retained both in mind and person. True, she was little more than a child now, and, therefore, when living amid scenes of temptation and folly, she must have been too young and too innocent to comprehend the evil attached to them.

And thus we find her, after a few weeks' sojourn in refined society, the ornament of a quiet family, in the house of a respectable London merchant.

It may here be mentioned that Elwyn, without entering into detail, had informed the Jamiesons that Eola was a young lady who, during her infancy, had been thrown, by some mysterious and unknown means, into the hands of a gipsy tribe; that in later years he had become acquainted with her, and had been enabled to rescue her, with some difficulty, from a most unpleasant position; that she was without friends, or, if she possessed any, her fate was unknown to them; and that there was but slight hope that she would ever be enabled to discover them.

Thus, without departing from the truth—a course from which his honorable nature would have revolted—Elwyn had given a satisfactory explanation of matters, yet contrived to throw a veil over the more disagreeable portions of the subject.

'It was a queer start, your meeting with that fellow last night, Miss Leighton,' remarked the merchant, suddenly, glancing up from his newspaper at Eola.

'Yes, it was a funny adventure,' responded the young girl, rather confusedly, and visibly shuddering; for she imagined Ralph was on her track to force her back to rejoin his vagrant people.

'But don't be frightened, dear Miss Leighton,' said little Jessie Jamieson, squeezing Eola's hand in her taper fingers. 'Papa won't let these naughty people run away with you again—will you, papa?'

'Decidedly not, my wise little daughter,' rejoined the parent, buttering a slice of dry toast as coolly as if the matter in question were a mere childish fancy; and so it appeared to his business head. The idea of gipsies trying to carry off a young lady from Stockwell! The notion was ridiculous.

'But you know, brother, those people are so desperate,' remarked Mrs. Jamieson, quietly. 'Certainly, Eola must not walk out any more alone with the children.'

'Nonsense, Jenny. Do you really suppose, now, that any gipsy on the face of the earth would attempt to capture a young lady in such places as the Clapham Road, or Kennington Park, in broad daylight, with crowds of people round her? You're as fanciful as little Jennie here.'

'Well, uncle,' put in Miss Jamieson, a sprightly looking girl, with dark hair and eyes, and fat, rosy cheeks, 'well uncle, such things have been done, you know.'

'Yes, in novels, Maggie; but certainly not elsewhere. And now I must be off; the bus will be by the end of the road in three minutes: so good morning, ladies—good morning, papa's rosebuds. Papa's going to get penicils for his little children again! And with a fond good-bye kiss to each of his little daughters, the prosperous merchant hurried off to his day's business.

Of course, the ladies lingered over the breakfast-table to discuss further the late event, while the children scampered off to have their half-hour's play before going to the school-room.

[To be continued.]

For Leisure Moments.

TALENT and virtue are less frequently hereditary than the gout.

ENVY is unquestionably a high compliment, but a most ungracious one.

THERE'S nothing agrees worse than a proud mind and a beggar's purse.

THE evils from which a morbid man suffers most are those that don't happen.

THERE are many graceless preachers on grace—many uncharitable ones on charity.

THE guilty man is doomed to carry and lodge his fiercest accuser in his own bosom.

BE not the slave of authority; if you think anything of yourself, think for yourself.

EVEN those who drink and smoke at the expense of others do so still more at their own.

A cross husband and father at the head of the table makes the best dinner unpalatable and indigestible.

LOVE, justice, and fortune are said to have no eyes; but all three make men open their eyes pretty wide sometimes.

WE are acquainted with a monster in human form who says that the only time when a woman does not exaggerate is when she's telling of her own age.

THE civilized was the natural state, so long as man continued in communion with God. The savage state was the awful consequence of deserting God.

It would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults, without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.

THE memory of good and worthy actions gives a quicker relish to the soul than ever it could possibly take in the highest enjoyment of youth.

BOYS that are philosophers at six years of age are generally blockheads at twenty-one. By forcing children you get so much into their heads that they become cracked in order to hold it.

A fellow was one day boasting of his pedigree, when a wag who was present remarked, very sentimentally, "Ah! I have no doubt. That reminds me of a remark made by Lord Bacon, that they who derive their worth from their ancestors resemble potatoes, the most valuable part of which is underground."

Two members of the general court were recently conversing sagely upon the subject of voting, when one of them inquired; "Well, now, what is a man going to do when he don't know anything about the matter?" "Well," replied the other, "I have got two rules about them; when anything comes up, I keep my eyes peeled and vote as somebody else does who I believe is honest, or else I vote against it. I believe, as a general thing, the safest way is to vote against everything."

BULWER says that poverty is only an idea in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants; his income is ten thousand, and by habit he spends twelve or fifteen thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not run in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are people, of course, who are wealthy, and enjoy their wealth, but there are thousands upon thousands with princely incomes who never knew a moment's peace, because they live above their means; there is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.

Notices to Correspondents.

Mrs. J. L., Port Sarnia.—We published fashion plates of J. F. Kidner, Hamilton, in our last week's issue; the articles mentioned in your letter can be obtained there.

Miss Jessie D., Toronto.—Yes; from personal inspection we pronounce J. F. Kidner's bonnets the finest we ever saw. The styles, we are confident, are the latest, as Mrs. Kidner has just returned from England and Paris.

J. G. T., Brantford.—Too late for this week.

M. Houb, Montreal.—Your paper leaves our office regularly.

Miss Y., Guelph.—Address J. F. Kidner, Hamilton, for those articles.

W. J. B., Brampton.—Yours received. Good. We will commence with them next week.

A. G. M., St. Johns.—Back numbers sent.

T. W., Springfield.—Have sent you a copy. Parties getting up clubs of ten receive one copy free.

J. J. M., Hamilton.—Send along enigmas. We shall give your suggestions our consideration.

J. C. M., Quebec.—Cash received. Club papers sent to their respective addresses. Thanks for your efforts in getting up the club. Your paper forwarded with the others.

T. McM., London.—Club papers sent. Go a-head, you will make a good thing of it.

Commercial.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending 10th April, 1863, \$22,210 05 Corresponding week last year. 51,654 11

Increase, \$14,332 06

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Traffic for week ending April 4, 1863, \$79,974 72 Corresponding week, 1862. 85,018 41

Decrease, \$ 5,043 69

HAMILTON MARKETS.

HAMILTON, April 16, 1863.

GRAIN—Fall wheat sold at 88 to 92c per bush; spring brought 78 to 82c per bush, with a light delivery at that figure. Barley sold steady at 90 to 95c per bush for common, and 100c per bush for seed. Peas 52 to 56c per bush. Oats 42 to 45c per bush.

PROVISIONS—Pork, very little offered at \$3.75 to 4.50 per hundred. Fresh Butter brought 20 to 23c per lb; tub do 14 to 15c per lb. Fowls of all kinds are very scarce.

HAY—In good supply at \$10 to 20 per ton. Straw brought \$10 to 11 per ton.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 16, 1863.

FLOUR—Receipts 6,687 barrels. Market dull and drooping; sales 7,000 barrels at \$6 15 to 6.45 for super State, \$6.75 to 6.95 for extra State; \$7.00 to 7.10 for choice do.; \$6.10 to 6.35 for super Western; \$6.75 to 7.20 for common to medium extra Western; \$7.20 to 7.30 for common to good shipping brands extra Round Hooped Ohio. Canadian dull and drooping; sales 350 bbls at \$6.80 to 7.00 for common; \$7.05 to 8.25 for good to choice extra.

WHEAT—Receipts none. Market dull and entirely nominal at \$1.40 to 1.65 for spring; \$1.68 to 1.74 for winter Red and amber Western.

RYE—Nominal at \$1.05 to 1.09. BARLEY—Nominal at \$1.45 to 1.60.

CORN—Receipts 768 bush. Market dull and declining; sales 40,000 bush at 83 to 90c for sound mixed Western; 81 to 87c for unsound.

OATS—Quiet, at 85 to 87½c for Canada, Western and State.

THE Montreal Gazette announces the death on the 12th inst., at Vaudreuil, of the Hon. Mr. Harwood, member of the Legislative Council for the Rigaud division. An Englishman by birth, Mr. Harwood, during many years' residence in this country, has identified himself as an active man of business, landed proprietor and country gentleman, and later, as a legislator with the great interests of his adopted country. In politics he was a moderate conservative.

He was a member of the Special Council for Lower Canada during the suspension of the Constitution, of the Legislative Assembly, and later of the Legislative Council of the United Province. In all the relations of life he seems to have earned the respect of men, and his loss will be very widely regretted.

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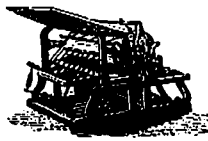
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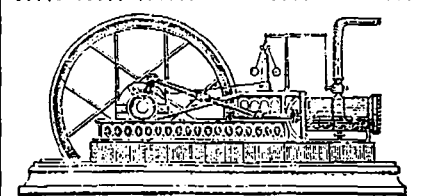
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