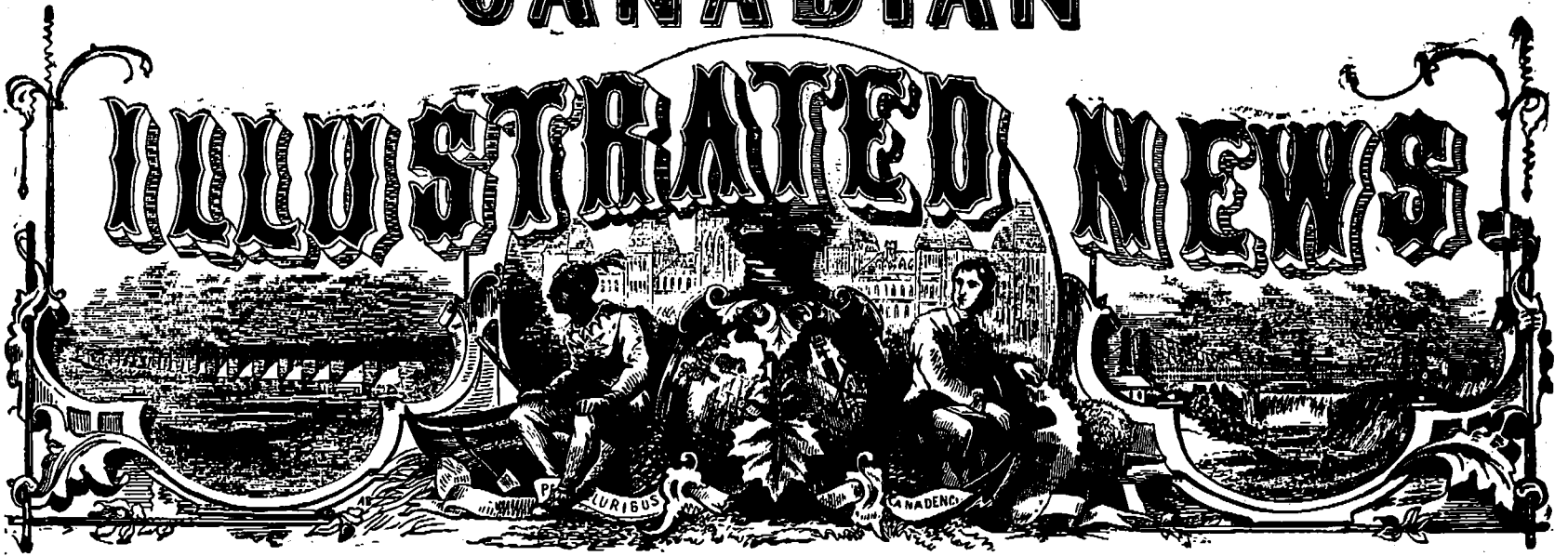


CANADIAN

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R. N. RICE, ESQ.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

In other columns of this days paper articles will be found treating of Railways. We here offer a brief Memoir of the General Superintendent of the Michigan Central, a line which from the closing to the opening of navigation sends two-thirds of its traffic through Canada, and in all season a large proportion of its passengers and freight.

The unobtrusive walks of business life not unfrequently present instances of rapid development, of high attainment, and of resistless energy, which do not suffer in comparison with the more ambitious and demonstrative successes of the Bar the Forum or field of War. Such an instance is furnished in this sketch.

Mr. Rice, whose portrait is before the reader, was born in Boston, on the 30th of May, 1814. He received his education in that city, and very early began to fit himself for commercial pursuits. He commenced mercantile business upon coming of age, and prosecuted it until the year 1844, when he entered the employment of the Fitchburg Railway, in which he continued until Sept. 1846; then, he joined the Michigan Central Railway Company as Cashier at Detroit, in Nov. 1846; and the best mode of referring to the manner in which he acquitted himself of his trust, is to state the fact that he has since held every general office in the immediate management of the road, culminating his career, by unanimous election as General Superintendent of one of the most important Railways in the Union, and one which under his management has no superior.

It is needless to say that to attain and sustain himself in this position, Mr. Rice has unwearied industry, indomitable energy, and the highest order of executive and administrative talent. These follow by necessary implication in the minds of all persons familiar with the management of Railways.

With these Mr. Rice unites qualities of highest benevolence, widest liberality, most frank, cordial, and popular manners. He possesses the quality of being able to give a denial, which his firmness and judgment often require him to do, in a manner which softens the offence and reconciles the object of it.



R. N. RICE Esq., GENERAL MANAGER MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

To a character of the most stainless rectitude and morality Mr. Rice unites the highest order of social qualities and faculties of wit, and colloquial advantages, which gild and enrich the circle of private life, during those short and rare periods which a sleepless and inflexible industry permit him to enjoy.

He is an attached and affectionate husband, a faithful and generous son, a firm and devoted friend, never happier than when surrounded by the objects of his love and esteem.

Many pages might be well filled with details and with generalities which would serve more fully to illustrate the qualities of the man, by which he has secured high success; but the limits of this brief notice will not permit dilation beyond a bare reference to those characteristics and facts, which are intended to give to the public the merest outline by which they may judge of the man, so thoroughly and widely known to the parties interested in the great enterprise, the daily administration of which rests upon his shoulders.

The following is an extract from the last yearly report of the Michigan Central, written by the President of the Company, Mr. Brooks of Boston. It should be suggestive in Canada, where competition is at present ruinous without advantage to any of the lines competing one against the other or to any interest in the Province:

"Since the present number of trunk lines to the West have been in use, the business of the country drained by them has so largely increased, that all can command a fair traffic without resorting to that fierce competition, which is always more potent to degrade the rates and destroy the profits than to change the course of the traffic, and we trust the large volume of business destined to pass over these various lines may be hereafter conducted upon more legitimate business principles than governed it when all were in strife over the smaller quantity of past years. No well informed authority regards the magnitude of the business as other than fully sufficient, if properly conducted, to be largely remunerative to all the capital employed, and no sound reason exists why they should not hereafter be permanently prosperous."

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Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1864.

H. GREGORY & Co.

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

H. GREGORY & Co., Proprietors.

THE GULF IN 1864.

Early in the year 1757, while the city of Boston was still the capital of the British Colony of Massachusetts, a devout deacon of one of the churches startled his household when at family prayers by the unusual nature and fervency of one of his petitions. He was a member of the Governor General's Court, and had that day taken oath not to reveal a certain secret which the Governor, the Hon. Mr. Shirley, had communicated to his council of advisers. The secret was, that war having been in operation ten months between Great Britain and France, an expedition would be fitted out from the New England Colonies, to sail from the harbor of Boston, with a view to surprise and capture the Castle of Louisburg, in the island of Cape Breton, then a French Colony. The deacon, in praying for success, disclosed the secret to his family, and they to the Colonists of New England, and the latter to the French. Notwithstanding the premature publication of the project it ripened into a great occurrence which is now history. The event is one hundred and seven years old, yet strange as the relationship seems, the womb of Time, in 1864, may give birth to other events, to diplomatic complications, perchance to war which will be the legitimate offspring or logical sequences of that expedition of 1757.

The French claimed, by right of discovery, all the region from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Lake Superior, and as far West and North beyond Superior as they might penetrate. Britain claimed, also in right of discovery, the whole country of the Atlantic from Nova Scotia to the borders of the Spanish settlements of Florida. The French also held possession of the Mississippi. The famous Mississippi scheme of John Law, which had been used in Paris for the purposes of gambling and fraud, was in itself a sound project of colonization, apart from the one bad element which bears its abhorrent fruit this day—negro slavery, civil war.

Cape Breton, so called by the early French Colonists from Brittany, is an island varying from twenty to fifty miles wide. It is separated from Nova Scotia by the narrow channel of Canso. Newfoundland, then as now belonging to England, stands opposite at the distance of thirty leagues; the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence lying between them. The great fisheries on the Banks of Newfoundland might be pre-

dicted, menaced, or destroyed by the power which held Cape Breton. By the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Cape Breton having been held for a time by England, was ceded to France, and Nova Scotia to England. France immediately commenced to fortify the Cape, by building the Castle of Louisburg. This was a walled town with gates, ditch and drawbridge. The ramparts of massive stone were from thirty to thirty-six feet high. The ditch, eighty feet wide, made a circuit of two and a-half miles. These were strengthened with fortifications at every point where an enemy could approach. There was one portion, however, on the sea side where there was no wall, the water being shallow vessels could not approach, but an island lying beyond it was strongly fortified. The whole mounted about one hundred heavy cannon.

War was declared by France on the 18th of May, 1756, and by Britain two weeks later. The French at Louisburg taking advantage of their earlier intelligence of war attacked Nova Scotia at once. A feeble fort in the Strait of Canso being surprised, fell without resistance and the garrison was captured. The only other English fort, one on the Bay of Fundy, would have fallen also but for the timely relief given by Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts.

It became a settled idea with the authorities of the New England Colonies that Louisburg must be captured in order to maintain open navigation with the Mother Country, which had so often, so well, so maternally and seasonably befriended and succoured them in their troubles with Indians on the one hand and French on the other. The safety of the great fisheries also demanded from them that effort. The general idea was to take the Castle and town by regular siege. The purpose of Governor Shirley was to take it by surprise. It was his plan of surprise that the deacon disclosed prematurely in his prayers for success. The military and naval operations, which were ultimately successful, may be read in the many Colonial histories now accessible. Our more immediate object in this article is to reach the subjects of of the fisheries and of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. The abrogation of which is now, in 1864, demanded by some of the States bordering on Canada and on New Brunswick.

On the part of British North America, it has been alleged that the Treaty of Reciprocity in the matter of the fisheries has given more to the United States than they have conceded in return. Wherever the balance of advantages may lie, the Treaty has so far been productive of international harmony, or at least it has been the concomitant of peace. The embers of future trouble smoulder in the direction of Cape Breton. The desire to possess the northern fisheries influenced more than anything else the policy of the Thirteen Colonies. It moulded and directed their warlike expeditions. Though that against Louisburg went forth under the banners of "Christ our Leader," and Boston preachers of peace and love accompanied it singing psalms, and carrying hammers to demolish the images of Romish saints in the French churches of Louisburg, the intended exploit was essentially secular and commercial. The sack and plunder of the town had been held out as inducement to New England volunteers who could not be reached by the religious sentiment. The destruction of Popish churches was held out as an inducement to Iconoclasts, and Muscular Christians. Sir William Pepperill led that extraordinary combination of mechanics, farmers, and fishermen; and well leader and led knew that the real object was not to reduce a stronghold of Roman Catholicism, but to capture a Castle and fortified harbor from whence issued armed cruisers, disturbing them in those fishings which through the merchants of Boston found their profitable markets in the Catholic countries of Europe.

They were not fighting for a French walled town which was of little intrinsic value when they had got it, but for the undisturbed use of the richest fisheries in the world, extending from Hudson's Bay to the Bay of Fundy, embracing ten thousand miles of cloven and indented sea line, with banks larger than European kingdoms, bays and rivers innumerable, and which were annually replenished by the natural laws of the Creator with fish of many varieties, tempting to the

instincts of commerce. Of these were whales, seals, cod, halibut, haddock, pollock, shad, mackerel, herring and capelin, besides myriads of smaller fish.

These treasures of the deep were what the New England Colonists fought for when they reduced the Castle of Louisburg. Over those fisheries the diplomatists of the States have kept a watchful eye ever since the revolutionary war of 1775—81, which gave them nationality.

"Daniel Webster," we quote an American writer, "knew what he was talking about, when at the risk of a war with Great Britain he declared his intention to protect the people of Gloucester and Cape Cod in the use of these Fisheries, hook and line, bob and sinker! He knew, as we all know now, that the commercial interests of this country, of Maine and New England more especially, rested primarily on the use of these invaluable Fisheries."

By the declaration of independence and revolutionary war, the New Englanders separated themselves from the Territories to which the Northern Fisheries belonged. They drove into exile large bodies of United Empire Loyalists who had refused to wage war against Britain, that Mother country whose arms had been repeatedly engaged on land and sea to secure to New England colonies safety and sea-going privileges against the French; Those exiles carried energy, enterprise and industrial life into the lands whose shores extend into the great fishery waters. By all the rights of nations, rights of nature, rights of treaties and international law, the Fisheries now belong to Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, except so far as other nations have been permitted by treaty to enter upon those waters. France has a sea-going population of from twelve to fifteen thousand men employed on the North American seas. In all the vicissitudes of domestic government, of the old Bourbon era, of Revolution, Reign of Terror, Directory, Empire, war, five and twenty years of war, restored Bourbons, "Three Days" of 1830, limited Kingship of the Orleansists, revolution and Republic of 1849, and now in the iron-handed Empire of Louis Napoleon, France has not ceased to send forth her fishery fleets to North American waters. In all the transformations of her political systems, bounties to the Fisheries have entered into her national economy. In all her diplomatic relations with Great Britain, affecting fishery rights, the aim of France, at nursing a hardy sea-going population for her navy, has been steady and true to that cardinal point.

The lines of British colonial occupation on the territories claiming, by natural and national law, the fisheries affected by the Reciprocity Treaty, extend from the Moravian settlements on the coast of Labrador to Quebec, and from Quebec all round Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to the St. Croix, including the Magdalens and the great islands of Anticosta, Prince Edward and Newfoundland. The right to the Fisheries around those shores was enjoyed exclusively by the British American colonists, except such privateers as were held by subjects of France, until 1854. American politicians did not attempt to dispute those British colonial rights on any question of law; but American citizens invaded the in-shore fisheries. Armed vessels of Britain were sent to drive them off, and United States men-of-war steamed down to know the reason why. And then came spicy diplomatic notes and strong probabilities of a dead lock or of a war. The dead lock and the war were averted by the Treaty of Reciprocity, by which Americans were permitted to use the fisheries as their own.

If they abrogate the treaty of 1854, are they willing to retire within their own salt-water boundaries? If not willing, what then?

The Island of Prince Edward, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and New Brunswick, have each a company of naval volunteers. If Lower Canada has provided any such force, it is of the modest dimensions which the public eye cannot discern. The great lakes and the St. Lawrence down to Montreal—two thousand miles of Canadian shores—with about four thousand lake and river sailors, engineers and firemen have yielded—how many? Only fifty-five at Burlington Bay and fifty-five at Toronto. Both of those companies were put in uniform in 1863, and drilled at the cost of their officers. The Canadian government has re-imbursed the Toronto Captain for his expenditure. It has not done the same, nor paid anything to the Hamilton naval volunteers. Rightly or wrongly the officers of the latter believe that the reason of this preference is, that the Toronto Captain is a political supporter of the Ministry of Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald, while the Burlington Bay Captain has been politically an adherent of the party now in opposition. It is further stated that the fault in the one case, the merit in the other, lies with the respective city members. The Toronto members have obtained payment for their naval volunteers, the Hamilton member has not done the same for the sailors of Burlington Bay. The first are in most part city clerks, or young men whose aquatic experi-

once does not go beyond a row boat on Toronto Bay, or the adventures of a pleasure yacht. The latter are by profession sailors. At the grand military review at Toronto, we were witness to the manly appearance, the steady evolutions and sailorly aspect of the naval company of that place, and could have believed they had come newly ashore from a man-of-war, unless informed to the contrary. The Burlington Bay Brigade are not only like sailors in uniform, discipline and evolutions, but they are to a man the sons of breeze, and gale, and storm, practical hands in navigation or marine, firemen and engineers. Their commander, Captain Harbottle, expended over \$500 on their uniform in 1863, besides he and the other officers giving their own time to the organization during winter, and paying for a drill master. All that the Canadian government did was to send them fifty-five rifles from Quebec, the property of the British nation, not of Canada.

Incidentally last week, allusion was made in these pages to the misapplication of extra duties on teas and sugars in 1862 by a combination of importing merchants, or by a singular coincidence of commercial instincts. If some member of either House, when Parliament meets, should move for and obtain a return of all teas and sugars which entered the Province between the 31st of May and 9th of June, 1862, it will be discovered that a much larger amount of public revenue went into private pockets than would have paid handsomely for the Militia, military and naval.

It may be objected that Upper Canada has no immediate in the Gulf and Newfoundland Fisheries. But the treaty of 1854, while giving the advantages of free fishing to the United States, confers on Upper Canada advantages purchased from the States by the concession of free fishing.

Mr. Gerritt Smith, an American gentleman of mark, has recently said: "I hope my country will not be guilty of the illiberality and unsound political economy of refusing to exchange natural productions with any country. The complaint is, that Canada sells too much to us. But if she be profited by selling to us, so are we by buying of her. If the lumberman in Maine cannot get as much for his lumber under the Reciprocity Treaty, there is, nevertheless, a full equivalent in the fact that the builder in Ohio buys his lumber far cheaper because of that Treaty. Is it a gain to sell dear, so is it also a gain to buy cheap. We have now free access to the vast and rich forests of Canada. What a folly to cut ourselves off from this advantage for the miserable reason that Canada enjoys a corresponding advantage; that while we reap the profit of buying her lumber, she reaps the profit of selling it to us. But it is held that the price of our wheat, as well as our lumber, is reduced by the Canadian competition. Can it, however, make any material difference to our farmers whether Canada wheat goes to Liverpool by the St. Lawrence, or by New York and Boston? Both our country and Canada grow a surplus of wheat; and hence, in the case of both the price is regulated by the foreign market."

In Canada we have also complaints against the reciprocal interchange of commodities across the frontier.

The moral, if there be a moral deducible from anything said, and it is but incidentally touched, about the naval volunteers of Upper Canada, one hundred and ten in all, only one half of them drilled and clothed in uniform by the Government, and they not practical sailors, the moral is this, that a million and a quarter of people inhabiting Upper Canada should contentedly admit the United States with hook and line, bob and sinker, to Gaspe Bay, or anywhere else, to take as many fish as may take their bait; and in return ask for the prolongation of the Treaty, and such amicable relations as will make Canadian naval volunteers unnecessary.

A CENTURY OF INVENTIONS.

But one step from the sublime to the ridiculous! If so, how many steps from the ridiculous to the sublime? James Hargreaves, a Lancashire weaver, saw a maiden rise from her spinning wheel and slap a young man's face who had been impertinent. The wheel was over-turned; the revolving spindle, which before was horizontal, now pointed vertically, and the vertically set wheel revolved horizontally. A thought—a sudden inspiration, and Hargreaves conceived that if a band from a wheel could turn one vertical spindles it might turn ten or twelve, or a hundred, but he was content with an inventive dream of turning twelve. He made the machine from that first idea, and named it the Spinning Jenny.

That occurred in 1764, this time one hundred years. To no mortal man can a centenary celebration be more justly due than to the originator of that spinning machinery, which was the initial movement in a social and commercial revolution, surpassing in its realities all the fictions of magic that were ever imagined.

In another article touching the Gulf fisheries, the warlike expedition from Massachusetts against Louisburg in 1757-8, is mentioned. Looking at the evil passions manifested in the internecine war now devastating the North American Republic, it might be inferred that there had been no step in human progress in the one hundred and seven years intervening between the war against the French in Cape Breton in behalf of free fishing, and the war against the Southern Confederacy in behalf of free cotton field labor. Yet the hundred years from the mechanical inspiration of James Hargreaves to the present time, have been emphatically the century of inventions. But, again, of inventions and discoveries: have they not seemed as if only one step to exalted morality and social beneficence, or to diabolical destruction? Such is the terrible confession of fact. But, on the contrary side, the side of Heaven, man has been abundantly endowed with reason to discern between the step heavenward, and the step diabolical.

While Hargreaves was being stoned out of Lancashire to his refuge in Derbyshire for having made one machine spin as much cotton weft as twelve women did before, Richard Arkwright was devising his plan of spinning with rollers, a pair of fast going rollers drawing the thread from a pair of slower motion. And while working at his invention in the cellar of Smalley the Preston publican, the election came on at which the inventor, as a born freeman was entitled to vote, but could not for want of other clothing than the rags to which he was reduced by reason of time lost on his unperfected machine.

Then again was seen the ludicrous within a step of the sublime. Mrs. Arkwright, finding her husband in Smalley's cellar chased him forth to the street, her weapon of offence a three-footed stool. In that dilemma the inventor was offered a new coat to go to the hustings if he would promise to vote for the Earl of Derby's relative, General Burgoyne, which he did, and in consequence was better clothed. Then he perfected his machine and aided in clothing the human race. He, too, was driven to Derbyshire. At one of the factories established there the boy Samuel Slater, son of a farmer, was apprenticed. Samuel Slater broke the law prohibiting any drawing of cotton-spinning machinery or skilled cotton worker going out of the kingdom. He clandestinely went to America, and became the father of cotton spinning at Pawtucket for the whole United States. But one whom we have just named went to America before him. The Earl of Derby's influence obtained the appointment to military command of the member for Preston, he from whom Arkwright obtained a garment for his vote. General Burgoyne went to America and succumbed to ill-fortune; he surrendered his army, while Arkwright went ahead spinning and weaving, and left behind him at death several cotton-mills, landed estates, and seven hundred thousand pounds sterling in money.

Not so fortunate was Samuel Crompton, yet his invention, which combined the spindles of Hargreaves and rollers of Arkwright, in the machine called the "mule," was more valuable than either of the others by itself. He was mowing one hot day of July near Hall-i-th-wood, his humble residence. He threw down his scythe, went home scratching his towzy head, crying aloud "aw ha' it; aw got it!"—the step ludicrous. Then after being shut up in his garret for a time he came forth—the step sublime—with the machine perfected. In 1860, the wealthy cotton-spinners built a monument to him in the town of Bolton, and gave his son, an old man, a small pension.

Following Crompton's time came the long strike of mule-spinners, and Mr. Roberts, once a hedger, ditcher and quarryman, who, as he told the present writer, had made and mended his own shoes; he, when a member of the great machine-making firm of Sharp, Roberts & Co., of Manchester, invented the self-acting mule. And that is a name of reproach, by the way, given to worthy John Fielden, of Todmorden, by Quaker John Bright, because the great firm of the Todmorden Fieldens would not work in harness with the Manchester Anti-Corn-law League. Yes, John Bright's greatest success in witticism was that of calling John Fielden, "The Self-Acting Mule."

To what would a history of the century of inventions lead? To the grandest volume written since the New Tes-

tament. In 1764, James Hargreaves gave out the psalm, and the genius of civilization has sung it ever since. Steam engines, Electric Telegraphs, Ocean-going ships of five thousand horse power, and railways achieving conquests over space which all the horses of the world could not accomplish, and the marvellous skill which is constructing machines to make machinery—a genius more god-like than human; these, despite of evil devices, moral obliquities, passions and crimes leading to war, have taken up the anthem of which Hargreaves gave the first line, and are ever proclaiming onward. Even in Canada, from end to end, careering on railways through primeval forests, constructing rolling mills for railways at Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton, and spanning mightiest rivers and torrents on flying bridges; these, the voices of genius, are singing the anthem, onward! upward! forward, Canada!

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

BY W. B., MONTREAL.

TOBOGANING.

For some reason or other, this fine Canadian amusement of Toboganing seems to have been out of fashion these past few years; we don't know Toboganing as much as we used to, and I think it a great pity, for it is one of the healthiest and most agreeable of our winter sports, and being peculiarly Canadian—like snow-shoeing—it ought to be more in vogue in Canada. I was very glad lately to see that a Toboganing Club in connection with snow-shoeing has been started in Kingston—a capital idea—and I hope my Kingston friends will meet very often for the snow-shoe tramp, and enliven their fine hill of Fort Henry with their Toboganing parties; and I also hope that the excellent example set by Kingston may find imitators in our other Canadian cities and towns. In Canada we have so many opportunities for the thorough enjoyment of both of these sports, that it is to be regretted we do not oftener avail ourselves of them. The Tobogan is an Indian invention. It is made of two thin pieces of wood, from five to eight feet long, by about one or two feet broad, turned up in front. There are two small round poles run down the sides of the sled to strengthen it, and cross pieces here and there to give it still greater strength. Originally it was used by the Indians to drag home the animals or game they killed; but the pale-face uses it more for amusement than anything else, though in some of our deer-hunting forays in winter, when a party of us would go off for a week's camp, we found it a very convenient and expeditious substitute for a sleigh, also a capital thing to pack our guns, &c., on when not using them. The beauty of the Tobogan for such a purpose will be evident to any one, when you think of the way it can be pulled, laden, over cañoes and ditches, over lumps and stumps, and—unlike any other kind of sleigh—without upsetting.

The Tobogan is drawn by a line fastened to the bow, and is steered down a hill by the pilot, who sits at the stern, using his hands, or what is much better and more pleasant, two conical sticks about a foot long, one for each side. You grasp a stick firmly in each hand—sitting tailor style—if you want your sleigh to go to the right, press or drag the stick in your right hand along the ground, and *vice versa*. It requires a little practice to steer a Tobogan properly, and I've seen many amateurs who thought it was an easy thing, send their sleighs hump up against some fence or into some snow-drift, which is fun, if you are going as fast as a good Tobogan on a good hill will generally go. The novice finds he can't keep his sleigh from wiggling this way or that way, or taking frantic spins to the "right-about, three-quarters face," as our drill sergeant used to say when we were learning our facings, and sending the occupants of the Tobogan highly into graceful attitudes, making them perform a series of gymnastics utterly incomprehensible. So, my friend, if you ever act as a pilot on a Tobogan, observe the *medio tutissimuss ibis* (steer a middle course); keep your sled well in the centre of the road, don't be trying experiments of swerving or wriggling your sled—unless you'r alone—and when you have to turn to one side or the other do it gradually. If you ever hope to pilot the ladies, please learn to guide yourself first, and then never dare to make your appearance on the hill without some one or more of our Canadian lassies, who are the best girls in the world. If you have ever seen any amateur pilot on a Tobogan, you have doubtless seen an upset. When the sleigh once gets well started, it is almost impossible for him to stop it till it gets to the bottom of the hill, unless he upsets or rolls off. The latter is very jolly at any time; it causes such a delightful jumble of male and female, coats and crinolines, squalls and squeals. Bye the bye, if ever any of your lady Toboganists wear those horrid "clouds," or veils, or masks, or whatever you call them, that hide their faces from tantalized Young Canada, beseech them to tear up the speckled

abominations or only use them when we can't see them, or else we'll shave off our whiskers, and those who hav'n't got whiskers will never let "the anticipated" grow. But I'm afraid, after all, we'd get the worst of that bargain ourselves.

There are a few celebrated Toboganing hills in Canada that some of us have seen, and others have heard of. The magnificent ice-cone of Montmorenci Falls, below Quebec, has been universally admired; the fine hill of *Cote des Neiges*, at Montreal; the hill that runs from Fort Henry, Kingston, and others with which we are not personally so well acquainted. But we are not in want of the hills in Canada for good Toboganing, and I hope the sport will be more patronized in future. A good hill should not have too much snow—that impedes speed; nor too much ice, for that inconveniently accelerates and wears out the bottom of the sleigh.

What I call a fine sight on a winter night is, when the moon is full and clear, the weather not too cold, just bracing, and one of these hills enlivened by Toboganing parties. One must be very sullen if he cannot enjoy it, and it is strange how you feel inclined to shout and give vent to a good hearty yell now and then when you're on top of the hill—you don't feel so much inclined to do it on a plain or level. A good shout is a great relief to human nature, I think, and so is all the grand fun and sport of Toboganing. None of your hypocritical affectation of pleasure here, but the real genuine thing, and no mistake. So try Toboganing, my friend, and if you don't like it, if you find you dislike it, I implore you to look well to your morals. Perhaps you can't see the point of that. If you are fond of Toboganing, you will; if you are not, I don't care much whether you do or not.—[See the pictorial illustration on another page, from a sketch by Mr. Elliott, of Montreal.]

Pretty and Pretty Good.

In the arctic regions when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse at more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

Oh! whistle daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow; I never whistled in my life and I cannot whistle now. Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man; I never whistled in my life, but I'll whistle if I can.

The latest wrinkle in this age of novelties, is a new fashioned tea and coffee cup, invented for the benefit of gentlemen with heavy moustaches. It is contrived in such a manner that the most savage-phizzed military man may imbibe without immersing the delight of his sweetheart in the drink.

Rev. Wm. Jay was once preaching at Woton, when he noticed some of his congregation asleep. Pausing, he said, 'I have heard that the miller can sleep while the mill is going, but if it stops it awakens him. I'll try this method,' and so sat down. He had soon an aroused audience.

A FEW WORDS TO A FATHER.—Take your son for a companion whenever you conveniently can; it will relieve the already over-burdened, anxious mother of so much care. It will gratify the boy; it will please the mother; it certainly ought to be pleasure to you. What mother's eye would not brighten when her child is kindly cared for? And when his eye kindles, his heart beats, and his tongue prattles faster and faster with the idea of 'going with his father,' does she not share her little boy's happiness? and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so just, and yet too often so extraordinary? It will keep him and you out of places, society and temptations into which separately you might enter. It will establish confidence, sympathy, esteem, and love between you. It will give you abundant and very favorable opportunity to impart instruction, to infuse and cultivate noble principles, and to develop and strengthen a true manhood. It will enable him to 'see the world,' and to enjoy a certain liberty which may prevent that future licentiousness which so often results from a sudden freedom from long restraint.

HOW IT HAPPENS.—One fruitful source of discontent and one great bar of enjoyment in this world, is the practice of comparing one's life with the life of others, utterly ignoring the fact that every person has an *inner* as well as an *outer* life, or, in the old-fashioned words of the Bible, 'that every heart knoweth its own bitterness.' How often is the remark made by superficial observers, 'How happy such and such persons must be! if I were only *they*!' when; ten to one, these very persons, oblivious of their wealth and position, are weary and heart-sore with the din and battle of life.

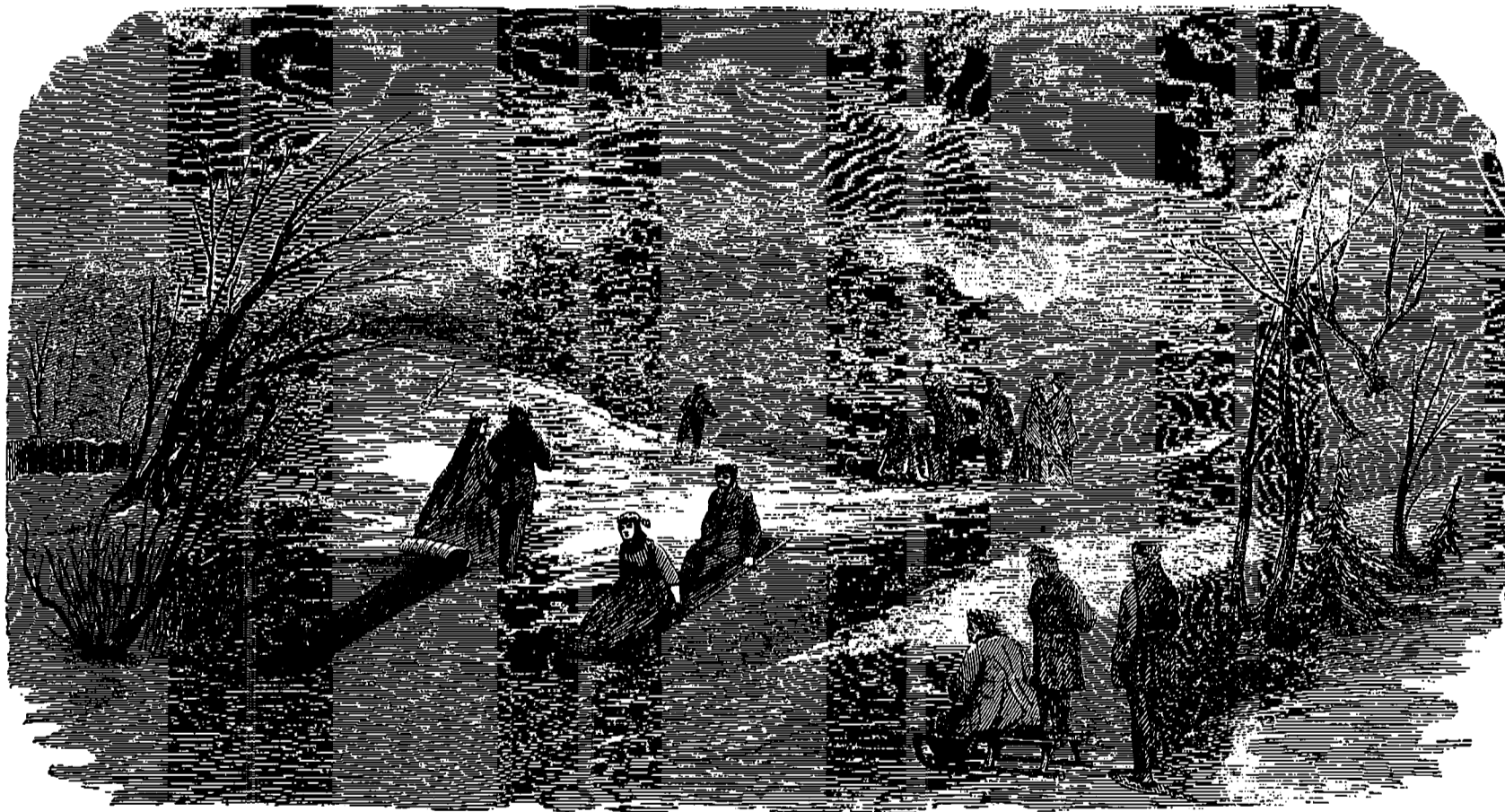
GOOD NIGHT, SWEET BABE, GOOD NIGHT.—

Sleep, sleep, my darling babe,
Thy mother's watching o'er thee;
Sleep, sleep, in slumbers sweet,
The angels hover near thee.
O'er one so pure Heaven sheds its light;
Good night, sweet babe, good night.

Sleep, sleep, my darling babe,
Fear not, for naught shall harm thee;
Sleep, sleep, in slumber sweet,
Thy mother's blessing's on thee.
May God protect thee with His might;
Good night, sweet babe, good night.

THE DARKENED CAGE.—It is a curious fact, that while some birds refuse to sing when the cage is darkened, others have softer, sweeter notes of song. And so it is in human existence. When the soul of one comes under 'the shadow of a great affliction,' it has no longer the voice of melody. The resources and the heart of joy are gone. But another sits in shadow and sends up to God the purest tones of music—the loftiest strains of praise from the chastened spirit. It was thus with David, whose harpings are never so heavenly as when they rise from the depths of his sorrow. It is not strange that those are dumb when 'the days of darkness come,' whose song of delight lived only in the glare of earth's fitful transient splendor.

A remarkable case of tetanus occurred the other day at Berlin. The wife of a respectable tradesman had been laying for three days in her coffin, when arising from her protracted slumber, she softly stole into an adjoining room, in which her husband was sitting with his children. The lady is said to be doing well, and will probably recover.



WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA; TOBOGANING AT MONTREAL.

CAREER OF A PRINTER.

On Tuesday night John Creighton, Esq., Mayor of Kingston, signalized his election for the second time to the office of chief magistrate by a dinner to the members and officers of the corporation and a number of private guests. Among the company was Hon. A. Campbell, M. L. C., Mr. Wm. Ferguson, M. P. P., Mr. A. J. Macdonald, Recorder of Kingston.

In returning thanks to a toast, the mayor said: When he (the mayor) came to Kingston he was a little boy not more than five years old, [a little brat, as Dr. Barker would say] and the place was at that time very small, there not being half a dozen stone or brick houses in the city, with no macadamised or paved streets; and he thought, when he compared the present condition of the town with what it was then, we would have no reason to complain. His Worship sketched the career of several Kingston printers who were his fellow apprentices, and all of whom now occupied honorable positions in society. One of them was the Rev. Mr. Lovell, now a prominent minister of the Methodist Church, and the others the present proprietor of the Daily News and his brother, the late Mr. Samuel Rowlands, with whose ability as a writer all present were no doubt acquainted.

'POOR AS CHURCH MICE.'—At Buckland Brewer, during a recent thanksgiving service, the church was decorated with sheaves of corn and evergreens, and it was thought to be so tasteful that the decorations should remain until Christmas and then the corn be distributed to the poor. When the sheaves were taken down, however, they were minus of every grain of corn. The church mice, whose poverty is proverbial, had regaled themselves with the luxury provided, and growing bold as they were well fed, made their nests snugly enough in the folds of the altar cloth. But after the days of feasting the time of mourning began; the little vermin found themselves reduced to the normal condition of church mice once more, and they set to work to devour the altar cloth which had offered them protection.

A sea captain says the Gulf Stream is approaching near the Nova Scotian coast every year, and he predicts warmer winters there and in New England in consequence.

A Dutchman's soliloquy, on the fickleness of his lady love, is thus reported:—'She loves Shon Mickle so petter as I, because he has got couple tollers more as I has.'

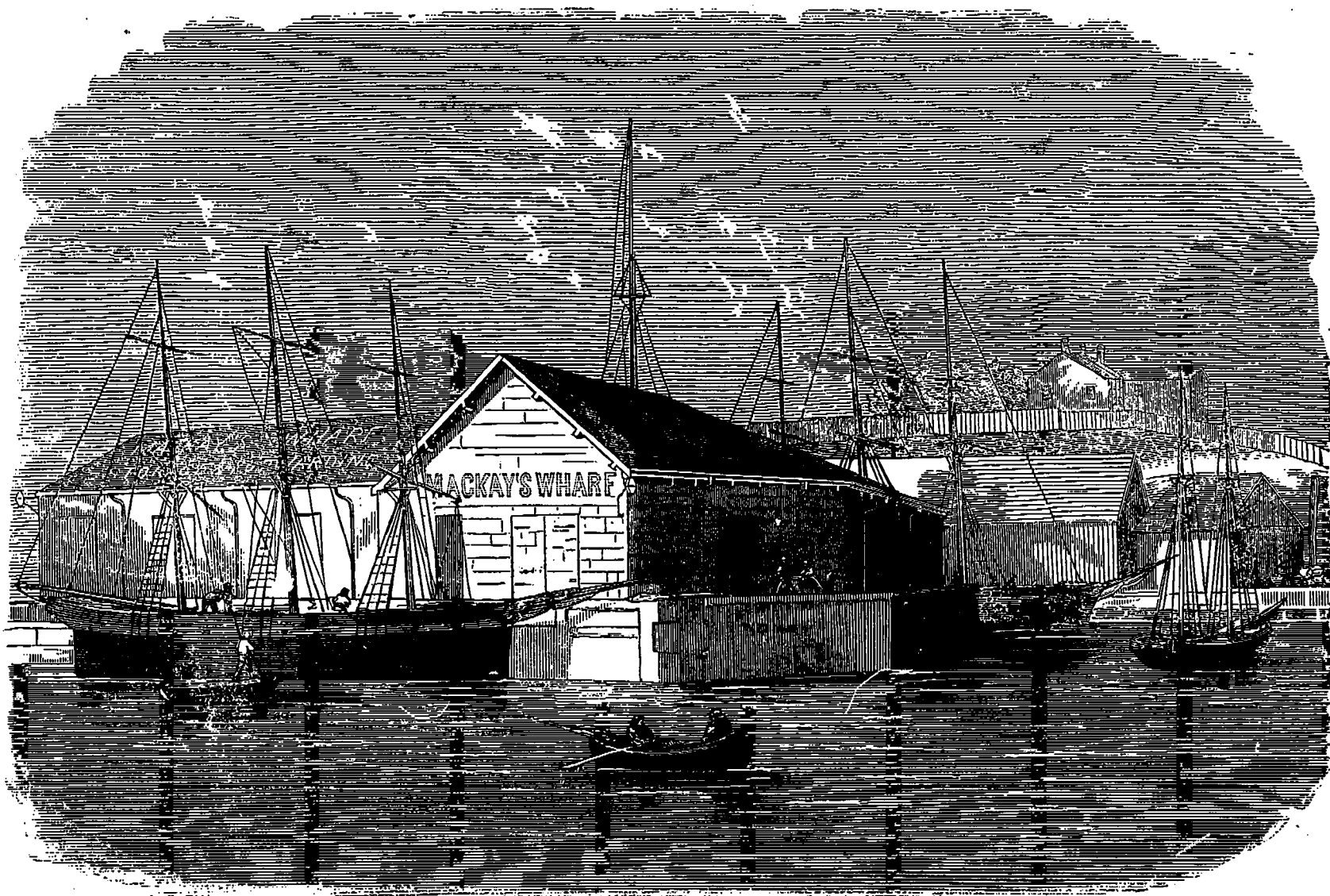
Geo. Francis Train, in a recent speech, delivered somewhere in Nebraska, candidly alluded to himself as 'the best played-out man in the country.'

CHOPPING ACCIDENT.—The Perth Reformer learns that on Tuesday last, as two young lads, sons of Mr. Statin, Logan, were engaged in chopping, one of them, a boy of 10 or 11 years, came too near the axe of the other, which falling, completely severed all the toes from one foot. He was brought to town and placed under the care of Dr. Hornibrook, who re-amputated the toes close to the foot, and the little fellow is doing well. He is not expected to be permanently crippled.

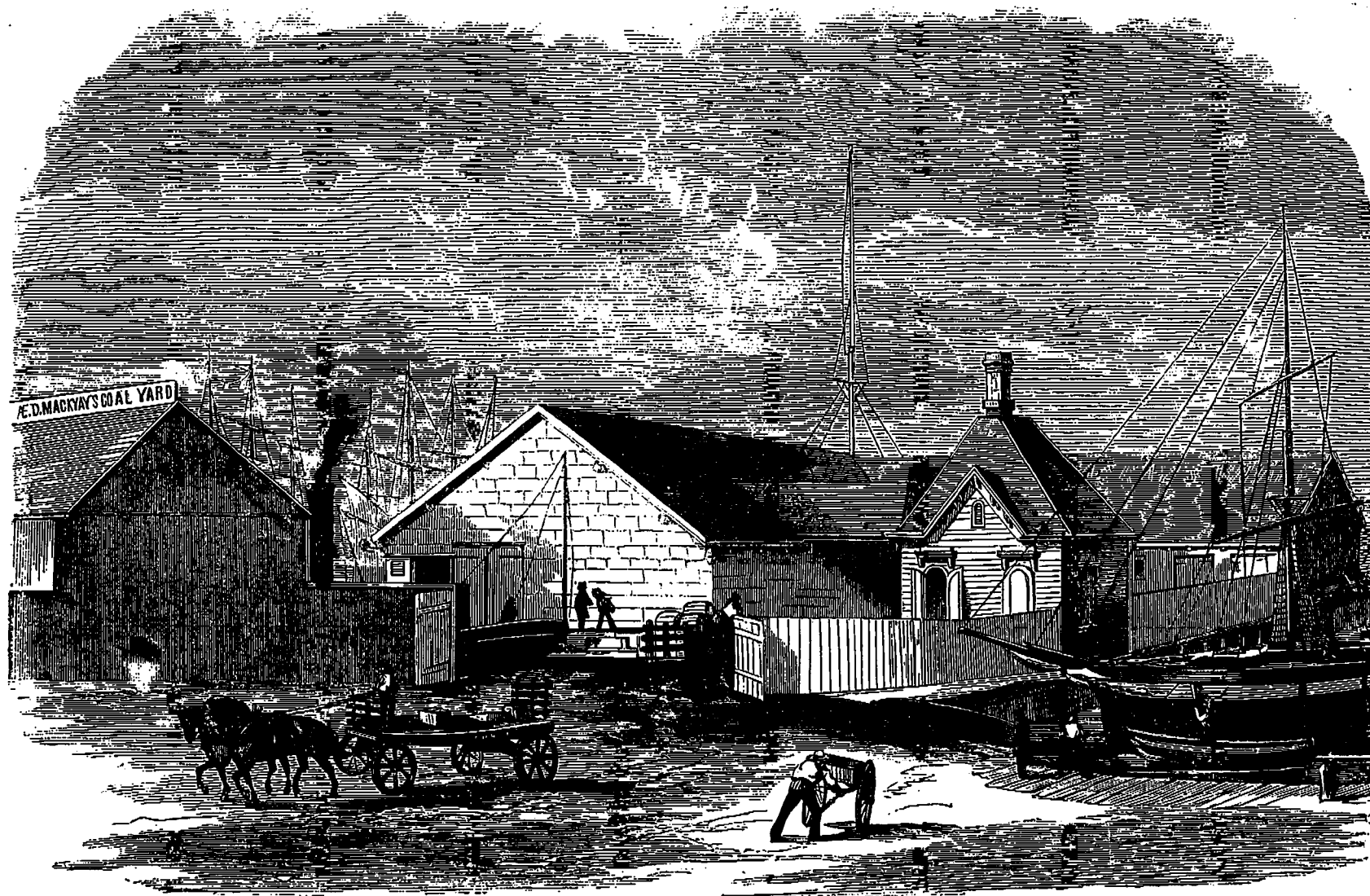
PERSONAL.—Mrs. Morrison, late Charlotte Nickleson, the most accomplished actress Canada possesses, is now playing in Montreal. She appeared last week at the Garrison theatrics as Clara Douglas, in Bulwer's play, 'Money.'

MARKETS.—Few farmers can afford to hold their produce for a higher market after a good price is offered. Prices are usually higher in spring, but corn and all grain shrink from loss of water, from the ravages of vermin, and from actual waste, enough to make the gain very little.—

The Paris Presse computes the population of the globe at one thousand millions, speaking three thousand and sixty-four languages, and having eleven hundred different forms of religion.



MACKAY'S WHARF AND FIREPROOF WAREHOUSES, HAMILTON, C. W. 1st VIEW—See page 171.



MACKAY'S WHARF AND FIREPROOF WAREHOUSES HAMILTON, C. W., 2nd VIEW—See page 171.

Original Poetry.

I WILL DARE ALL AND ATTAIN ALL.

Composed on reading the resolve of a young man, on entering college.

BY A. M. G.

All will I dare and all attain,
And mount the rocky steep of fame,
Around my brow its glory twine
And make its brilliant lustre mine.
I care not what obstructs my way,
And those who strive my course to stay
Can never quench ambition's flame,
But bind it closer round my brain.

I'll fearless dare, and all attain,
And win the laurel wreath of fame,
I seek to gain the deathless crown,
Of honors bright and high renown.

I know the way is steep and high,
Yet still will I its height defy,
Upward and onward firm and true,
Steadfastly my steps pursue.

I'll boldly dare to win the prize,
And those who dare or pose, despise.
In triumph pass nor will I stop,
Until I reach the mountain top.

With untiring zeal press to the goal,
My name among the great to seal,
Dauntless I'll the heights ascend,
And reach fame's towering height at last.

THE MYSTERY OF REDFIELD HALL.

BY MRS M. L. DAYNE.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

One evening she sent word by one of the Hall servants, that she would like very much to see me. It was not late and she extreme urgency of the message decided me to go at once. I told Maud where I was going, and requested her if I should be detained beyond a certain hour, to send a servant for me.

I had often spoken to her of my interest in Jessie, but when once I hinted my suspicions, that Norman had trifled with her affections, Maud's indignant doubt and refusal of the charge silenced me.

I found the young girl pacing her room in a storm of grief and despair. As soon as I entered she threw herself at my feet.

'Oh, Miss Alice!' she said wildly, 'help me! tell what I shall do?'

'Why, Jessie, child! what is the matter?' I asked astonished, at her manner, for she was in a paroxysm of tears, 'you are ill and suffering, what can I do for you?'

'Oh, Miss Alice, it is about your sister, about him, Norman Sunderland!'

It was coming as I feared, but how different.

'Yes!' she went on wringing her small, wasted hands, through which the blue veins shone with sickening distinctness; 'I must tell you now before it is too late, I must save your beautiful, innocent sister from a dreadful fate; Norman Sunderland is a villain! a traitor to his kindred! and a deceiver! and I, Miss Alice, I—oh God! am his wife!'

I started as if a shot had penetrated my heart, and catching her hands in mine, held her while I looked into her face, pale but beautiful, and said:

'You, Jessie, the Postmaster's daughter, you his wife, you Norman Sunderland's wedded wife, and the mistress of Redfield!'

'Aye,' she replied sadly, 'I am his wedded wife, but the mistress of Redfield, never!'

'And my sister Maud?' I groaned sadly.

'She must be saved!' Jessie said, 'It is for this I broke a solemn vow, braved his terrible anger, and exposed the man I love better than life, better I fear than God.'

'And yet he is false,' I said, cruelly probing a wound.

'He knows,' she continued, unheeding my words, 'that he cannot defy the laws here, to effect his crime; he must fly from the country and take Maud with him. I fear he has prevailed on her to consent, by such specious reasons as I know too well are at his command, and they only wait a suitable chance to effect it.'

I started to my feet, in a sudden agony of suspense and shame. 'To-night, Jessie,' I cried wildly, 'will they attempt to accomplish it to-night; Oh, my poor misguided sister!'

'I think it will not come so soon, Miss Alice, but perhaps you had better return; I will accompany you and we will take Rover for protection.'

'But you will have to return alone, Jessie, will that be safe, even with a good dog like Rover?'

'I do not care for myself, I only wish I was in my grave I would be, but for the thoughts of my poor father, he does not know how I have deceived, and betrayed the trust he put in me.'

'I can take you a nearer road,' she said, as we started homeward, 'it is directly across the fields, and through the edge of that slip of woods; we are quite safe with Rover from the Gipsies encamped there.'

'Gipsies! how my heart beat at the word. We could see their camp fires, as we gained the outskirts of the wood, and it was something more than curiosity that led me to cast aside fear and creep noiselessly to within a few feet of the group, while Jessie walked on to prevent the dog from betraying our vicinity.'

There were a great many men and women of the tribe, assembled around large fires, cooking their evening meal, while others stood aloof, leaning against trees, or playing with children tawny and ragged, while a few of the most important-looking, were gathered about a tall, majestic woman, in scarlet drapery that hung in graceful festoons about her large, well-shaped limbs, while a tinsel crown with innumerable shining bells, rested on her forehead, and confined the masses of her dusky hair. She leaned in a graceful, picturesque attitude, on a rifle she held clasped in her large symmetrical hands, and talked earnestly to her followers. I recognized her instantly, but I could not understand one word of the discourse. It was a foreign tongue, and an unknown one to me. One figure of the group attracted my attention, and I tried to define where and when I had become familiar with it; but I could not remember. It was a female evidently young, but her back was towards me. At last she turned, the fire-light shone full on her face, and for the first time, since that dreadful night of Mrs. Sunderland's death, I saw Lola.

When I overtook Jessie, we continued our walk in silence. The sky had overclouded, and a light rain was falling, causing us to hurry our steps, till the lights from the Hall gleamed full upon us. Then Jessie was about to return, but I insisted on her spending the night, assuring her she would see no one but the house-keeper and myself. I wanted to talk with her further, and it was no fit night for her to return home, where she would not be missed till morning.

I prevailed on her at last, and entering a side-door, hastily conducted her to Mrs. Grant's own room, who took willing charge of the hapless girl.

It was a brief reprieve to see Maud engaged in reading to Mr. Sunderland, in the library, while Norman quarreled with Clarence over a game of chess. Sitting by our reserved, melancholy guardian, Maud in her silver tunic, with white rosebuds in her golden hair, looked like an angel of beauty and goodness.

They were safe there for the present—she was safe till I could conduct Mr. Sunderland to Jessie, and there tell him the whole story, and secure his aid to save Maud from certain ruin.

When I entered the library Norman rose and gave me his place at the board. I sat down and commenced arranging the men. Clarence looked at my hand and for the first time missed the Turquoise ring.

'What has become of it?' he whispered, 'are you sorry that you entered into the compact and discard the seal?'

'It is a weird thing,' I said, assuming a lightness I did not feel, 'and I am afraid of it; you must give me another in its place, that has no Sybillic associations.'

'I will, dearest,' whispered Clarence, leaning over to take one of my men, 'and it shall be of the purest virgin gold, and the seal of a compact to last while life does. Oh, Alice! your love has made me so happy.'

These were sweet words to me; but when I looked up to see if they were overheard, I met the eyes of Norman fixed with a baleful light. I shuddered, for I feared him; I had not disguised my suspicions from him, and always shunned any approach to familiarity since that night, when I witnessed his meeting with the Gipsy Sybil, and learned to distrust him. Now my dislike was deepened into positive hatred, when I reflected that she who was his lawful wife, was a hidden guest in the house of which she should be mistress. Perhaps he read my thoughts, for he left the room a few minutes after, nor did he return again that evening.

That night when we knelt in family devotion my heart went up in family prayer for the suffering and erring beneath that roof, and for light to dispel the mystery, which seemed to envelope us like a cloud. I felt my sister's hand tremble as I clasped it in mine, and when we rose I saw that her face was bathed in tears. I told her I was not going to retire for a little and asked her not to wait for me.

She came and kissed me good-night, with unusual tenderness, and then pressed her lips to our guardian's brow, as was our custom each night. Now she lingered, smoothing his grey hair, with her childish fingers.

'You are a good girl,' he said, kindly, 'good children both of you, and a great comfort to me in my sad old age, and I am poor company to any one.'

We both disclaimed this, and then Maud went out, but her steps were languid and I wondered what made her unhappy.

When she was gone, I told Mr. Sunderland all I had to say in as brief a manner as possible and then led him to the presence of Norman's wronged and deserted wife.

Mr. Sunderland's grief turned to the sternest indignation when he heard her story, of all she had suffered and endured in silence, and secret; of the deep and specious art, by which he had won her to consent to a secret marriage, which she knew to be legal, and by her prodical of her marriage certificate, dispelling any vestige of doubt which might have lingered.

The unfortunate father seemed overcome by the treachery of his oldest son; he groaned and wept aloud in bitterness, till Jessie forgetting her own sorrow, knelt and implored him to be calm, but his only answer was:

'It is right! it is just! but my punishment is more than I can bear. Oh, Youba! even your vengeance might be satisfied now.'

At that moment I heard the quick, gravelly sound of distant carriage wheels, and like a flash the truth struck me. I ran to my own room, Maud was not there; I looked in the closet, her clothes were gone. On the dressing table lay a note directed to me in her hand-writing, but I never read it. Like some one suddenly beruht, I flew to Mr. Sunderland and gasped forth:

'They are gone—quick, quick, and we can save her yet!'

Mr. Sunderland sprang down the stairs to interrogate the servants. They knew nothing of it, but on examination the fleetest horses in the stable were gone, and a light, covered carriage with them. The driver must have been a stranger.

It was the work of a moment for Mr. Sunderland to spring on a saddled horse, and accompanied by his trusty groom, ride after the fugitives, while we returned to the house, a melancholy, helpless group to wait in breathless silence their return.

Twenty minutes passed, perhaps more, we listened with sense fearfully strained, for the sound of returning wheels, when there rang out, clear and distinct, the sharp crack of a rifle followed by a cry of anguish.

We ran out into the open space in front of the house, Mrs. Grant, Jessie and I, and could hear distinctly the sound of voices and the tramp of returning feet, mixed with the grating of carriage wheels. A servant preceded us with a lantern, and we met the returning party with a fearful presentiment of evil.

They came near, and the man held up his lantern, we could see by its light, three men bearing a form on a litter, hastily constructed, from the carriage seats, a fourth, mortally wounded.

With one quick spring, Jessie passed me, and reached the litter, compelling them to pause a moment, while she bent over the wounded man in tearless agony. Then they passed on to the Hall.

Within the carriage lay my sister Maud! white and insensible; I was glad at that moment that she was so.

Norman was carried up stairs and laid on his bed; the blood oozed slowly from a deep wound in his breast, and his eyes were closed as if he were insensible. A doctor was sent for, though we all knew he was dying then. Clarence and Mr. Sunderland did all they could to ease his suffering, but he only groaned and turned away from them. I stood

near gazing on him in silent fear, while Mrs. Grant was trying to restore my unconscious sister, and we all waited anxiously for the doctor from Redfield.

Jessie supported him on her arm, but he had not spoken to or recognized her, and the unfortunate girl looked the picture of anguish and unspeakable grief.

Just then a step sounded on the stairs. We were all glad to hear it, and looked eagerly to see the doctor enter; but instead, the tall, dark figure of the Gipsy Sybil crossed the room, and with a gesture of malediction stooped beside the dying man. He turned his head—a dark gleam of fury shot into his fading eyes, and fired his sallow cheeks, and in a voice of concentrated bitterness and reproach, he ejaculated the simple word.

'Mother!'

'Aye, Norman! curse me if you will I did it,' answered the woman, slowly, 'but it was not intended for you, my boy, my own child, if you are his too. No! it was for his traitor heart, that has wronged me and perjured himself; if was to settle at last, all those long years that he has made me suffer and wander, an exile and an outcast, while another held my place; and now he has murdered you!'

Mr. Sunderland stood up with a face pale as death, but set with determination; he faced the Gipsy woman as she finished speaking.

'Yuba,' he said in a gentle but firm tone, 'this must end. You have haunted me like an avenging spirit long enough! You killed by the wicked emissaries and cruel arts, gentlest creature that ever lived, and if I did bring you to punishment, it was because I knew it too late to save her. You have made the life of my eldest son a curse to me, and to himself, and brought him to a violent and bloody death. You have tried by some evil, unknown means to ruin her child, and now your power over me ends. Norman by his sinful complication with you has lost his life, but Clarence is spared, though it be to scorn his father. That I have wronged you, I admit, but I did it innocently. I believed you dead when I married again. You left my protection voluntarily, and gave the boy to my sole charge, by never claiming him. When I discovered that you still lived I would not abandon the gentle being who had linked her fate to mine, knowing the whole story of my lawless youth, she cared for and loved your child, till your spirit reproduced in him, scorned and spurned her tenderness. I have been sufficiently punished for that one dark page of my life, and the power of your whole tribe cannot affect me further. I warn you, Yuba, to follow me no longer, the law has power to free me, and to it I shall apply.'

The dying man stirred uneasily.

'Husu!' he said, 'it is coming now, I am punished, mother!' he cried fiercely, 'It was your fault; you told me what I was, and taught me to hate him—you followed me from place to place, urging me to deeds of violence and sin. You sent Lola with the poisoned draught for her who never harmed you, and your wicked arts would have destroyed Clarence. Beware of the ring! Is—' here his voice failed him, he sank back on Jessie's arm—he looked at her intently a moment, through his white lips crept the solitary word 'forgive,' and all that was left of Norman Sunderland, was dust and ashes.

Year has passed away; a year of sad, monotonous life to the family at Redfield Hall. The thin, fragile, spirit-like being, that flits like a shadow through its gloomy portals, is my once gay and beautiful sister Maud. No Catholic could be more sincere, or frequent in her devotions than she; the sick and poor have learned to bless her as a patron saint. She says she has done with the things of this world, but Clarence and I, talking it over, hope to see the shadow yet lifted from her life. We have sold Redfield and are going to live a season in London, before we settle down in a new home. Mr. Sunderland goes with us; he is the same as ever, but will be happier in his old age, if the constant care of three children, Maud, Clarence and I, can make him so. There is a great preparation at Redfield for a bridal, but it will be a solemn affair, but perhaps more lasting in its happiness.

The Bishop came down in his canonical robes to marry us, and the church at Redfield was beautifully dressed in evergreens. Maud and Jessie were my bridesmaids, very sad ones, but I have long lived in a sad atmosphere. It shall be different now. The Bishop was just about to pronounce the word that made us one, and Clarence was fumbling in his pocket for the ring, when like a flash something dropped on the Holy Book, and my staring eyes were riveted on the Turquoise ring. I turned to see who had placed it there, and saw a dusky form retreat through the church door. It was not Yuba, she had died a violent death, but I saw for an instant, two gleaming, half-shut eyes glancing hatred and defiance at me. It was Lola, and I never say her again.

I know not if the good man was troubled at the weird thing, but his hand trembled so that it roled from the book to the floor, where it lay beneath the feet of Clarence. When the ceremony was over and we turned to go, he accidentally set his foot on it, and crushed it to a thousand atoms.

Was it some deadly poison, or weird enchantment or unholy agency; but a dark spot on the floor as if it were burned remains to this day. We do not often speak of it now, in our happy home, for we would banish such gloomy reminiscences, and the spell is forever broken. Only a dark and mysterious memory like the recall of a troubled dream, remains of the Turquoise ring. How it had been rescued from the dark waters, I could only guess. Either Yuba or Lola had witnessed my attempt to bury it in the depths.

Redfield Hall is a desolation now. The rocks sit in its deserted rooms, and the silence, and gloom of decay mark all things. Upon one corner of its lonely site, is a grave overrun with weeds, which climb rank and noisome over the tall, white shaft at its head, and here a boned figure often sits. It is Jessie Sunderland, to whom Redfield Hall belongs, but who will never cross its threshold, or claim the gloomy inheritance.

Over our happy home in Wales—our old home repurchased—Mrs. Grant presides. Mr. Sunderland is happier now that the dark shadow is lifted from his life, and very pious. Maud is persistently religious, and new scenes and old ones restored may yet effect change in her life. I sometimes wonder if I am too happy in my home; and my husband; but I will not darken the present by evil anticipation for the future. The mystery and gloom, and unhappiness of a portion of my life, passed out of existence, with the fatal Turquoise ring.

[CONCLUDED.]

Original Story.

RACHEL RAY.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Samuel Prong was a little man, over thirty, with scanty light brown hair, with a small rather upturned nose, with eyes by no means deficient in light and expressive, but with a mean mouth. His forehead was good, and had it not been for his mouth, his face would have been expression of intellect and of some firmness. But there was about his lips an assumption of character and dignity which his countenance and body generally failed to maintain; and there was something in the carriage of his head, in the occasional projection of his chin which was intended to add to his dignity, but which did I think, only make the failure more palpable. He was a devout good man; not self-indulgent; perhaps not more self-ambitious than it becomes a man to be; sincere, hard-working, sufficiently intelligent, true in most things to the instincts of his calling, but deficient in one vital qualification for a clergyman of the Church of England—he was not a gentleman. May I not call it a necessary qualification for a clergyman of any church? He was not a gentleman. I do not mean to say that he was a thief or a liar, nor do I mean hereby to complain that he picked his teeth with a fork and misplaced his 'irs.' I am by no means prepared to define what I do mean, thinking however, that most men and most women will understand me. Nor do I speak of this deficiency in his clerical aptitudes as being injurious to him simply, or even chiefly, among folk who are themselves gentle, but that his efficiency for clerical purposes was marred altogether, among high and low, by his misfortune in this respect. It is not the owner of a good coat that sees and admires its beauty. It is not even they who have good coats themselves who recognize the article on the back of another. They who have not good coats themselves have the keenest eyes for the coat of their better-clad neighbors. As it is with coats, so it is with that which we call gentility. It is caught at a word, it is seen at a glance, it is appreciated unconsciously at a touch by those who have none of it themselves. It is the greatest of all aids to the doctor, the lawyer the member of Parliament—though in that position a man may perhaps prosper without it—and to the statesman, but to the clergyman it is a vital necessity. Now Mr. Prong was not a gentleman.

Mrs. Prime told her tale to Mr. Prong as Mrs. Ray had told hers to Mr. Comfort. It need not be told again here. I fear that she made the most of her sister's imprudence, but she did not do so with intentional injustice. She declared her conviction that Rachel might still be made to go in a straight course if only she could be guided by a hand sufficiently strict and armed with absolute power. Then she went on to tell Mr. Prong how Mrs. Ray had gone off to Mr. Comfort as she herself had come to him. It was hard—was it not?—for poor Rachel that the story of her few minutes' whispering under the elm-tree should thus be bruited about among the ecclesiastical councillors of the locality. Mr. Prong sat with patient face and with mild demeanor while the simple story of Rachel's conduct was being told; but when to this was added the inquiry of Mr. Comfort's advice, the mouth assumed the would-be grandeur the chin came out, and to any one less infatuated than Mrs. Prime it would have been apparent that the purse was not made of silk, but that a coarser material had come to hand in the manufacture.

'What shall the sheep do,' said Mr. Prong, 'when the shepherd slumbers in the folds? Then he shook his head and puckered up his mouth.

'Ah!' said Mrs. Prime, 'it is well for the sheep that there are still left a few who do not run from their work, even in the heat of the noonday sun.

Mr. Prong closed his eyes and bowed his head, and then reassumed that peculiarly disagreeable look about his mouth by which he thought to assert his dignity, intending thereby to signify that he would willingly reject the compliment as unnecessary, were he not forced to accept it as being true. He knew himself to be a shepherd who did not fear the noonday heat, but he was wrong in this, that he suspected all other shepherds of stinting their work. It appeared to him that no sheep could nibble his grass in wholesome content unless some shepherd were at work at him constantly with his crook. It was for the shepherd, as he thought, to know what tufts of grass were rank, and in what spots the herbage might be bitten down to the bare ground. A shepherd who would allow his flock to feed at large under his eye, merely watching his fences and folding his ewes and lambs at night, was a truant who feared the noonday sun. Such a one had Mr. Comfort become, and therefore Mr. Prong despised him in his heart. All sheep will not endure such ardent shepherding as that practised by Mr. Prong, and therefore he was driven to seek out for himself a peculiar flock. These to him were the elect of Baslehurst, and of his elect Mrs. Prime was the most elect. Now this fault is not uncommon among young ardent, clergymen.

I will not repeat the conversation that took place between the two, because they used holy words and spoke on holy subjects. In doing so they were both sincere, and not as regards their language, fairly subject to ridicule. In their judgment I think they were defective. He sustained Mrs. Prime in her resolution to quit the cottage unless she could induce her mother to put a stop to that great iniquity of the brewery. 'The Tappitts,' he said, 'were worldly people—very worldly people; utterly unfit to be the associates of the sister of his friend. As to the 'young man,' he thought that nothing farther should be said at present, but that Rachel should be closely watched—very closely watched.' Mrs. Prime asked him to call upon her mother and explain his views but he declined to do this. 'He would have been most willing—so willing! but he could not force himself where he was unwelcome! Mrs. Prime was, if necessary, to quit the cottage, and take up her temporary residence with Miss Pucker; but Mr. Prong was inclined to think knowing something of Mrs. Ray's customary softness of character, that if Mrs. Prime were firm things would not be driven to such a push as that. Mrs. Prime said that she would be firm and she looked as though she intended to keep her word.

Mr. Prong's manner, as he bade adieu to his favourite sheep, was certainly of a nature to justify that rumor to which allusion has been made. He pressed Mrs. Primes hand very closely, and invoked a blessing on her head in a warm whisper. But such signs among such people do not bear the meaning which they have in the outer world.—These people are demonstrative and unctuous, whereas the outer world is reticent and dry. They are perhaps too free, with their love, but the fault is better than that other, fault of no love at all. Mr. Prong was a little free with his love, but Mrs. Prime took it all in good part, and answered him with an equal fervour.

'If I can help you, dear friend!—and he still held her hand in his—come to me always. You never can come too often.'

'You can help me, and I will come always,' she said, returning his pressure with mutual warmth. But there was no touch of earthly affection in her pressure; and if there was any in his at its close, there had at any rate, been none at its commencement.

While Mrs. Prime was thus employed, Rachel and her mother became warm upon the subject of the dress, and when the younger widow returned home to the cottage the elder widow was actually engaged in Baslehurst on the purchase of trappings and vanities. Her little hoard was opened, and some pretty piece of muslin was purchased, by aid of which, with the needful ribbons, Rachel might be made, not fit indeed, for Mrs. Butler Cornbury's carriage—no such august fitness was at all contemplated by herself—but nice and tidy, so that her presence might not be a disgrace. And it was pretty to see how Mrs. Ray reveled in these little gauds for her daughter now that the barrier of her religious awe was broken down, and that the waters of the world had made their way in upon her. She still had a feeling that she was being drowned, but she confessed that such drowning was very pleasant. She almost felt that such drowning was good for her. At any rate, it had been ordered by Mr. Comfort, and if things went astray Mr. Comfort must bear the blame. When the bright muslin was laid out on the counter before her, she looked at it with a pleased eye and touched it with a willing hand. She held the ribbon against the muslin, leaning her head on one side and enjoyed herself. Now and again she would turn her face upon Rachel's figure, and she would almost indulge a wish that this young man might like her child in the new dress. Ah! that was surely wicked. But if so, how wicked are most mothers in this Christian land!

The morning had gone very comfortably with them during Dorothea's absence. Mrs. Prime had hardly taken her departure before a note from Mrs. Butler Cornbury, confirming Mr. Comfort's offer as to the carriage. 'Oh, papa, what have you done? she had said when her father first told her. 'Now I must stay there all night, for of course she'll want to go on to the last dance!' But like her father she was good-natured, and therefore though she would hardly have chosen the task, she resolved when her first groans were over, to do it well. She wrote a kind note, saying how happy she should be, naming her hour and saying that Rachel should name the hour for her return.

'It will be very nice,' said Rachel rejoicing more than she should have done in thinking of the comfortable grandeur of Mrs. Butler Cornbury's carriage.

'And are you determined? Mrs. Prime asked her mother that evening—

'It is to late too go back now, Dorothea,' said Mrs. Ray, almost crying.

'Then I can not remain in the house,' said Dorothea. 'I shall go to Miss Pucker's, but not till that morning; so that if you think better of it all may be prevented yet.'

But Mrs. Ray would not think better of it, and it was thus that the preparations were made for Mrs. Tappitt's—ball. The word 'party' had now been dropped by common consent throughout Baslehurst.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ACCOUNT OF MRS. TAPPITT'S BALL—COMMENCED.

Mrs. Butler Cornbury was a very pretty woman. She possessed that peculiar prettiness which is so often seen in England, and which is rarely seen any where else. She was bright, well-featured, with speaking lustrous eyes with perfect complexion, and full bust, with head of glorious shape and figure like a Juno, and yet with all her beauty, she hid ever about her an air of homeliness which made the sweetness of her womanhood almost more attractive than the loveliness of her personal charms. I have seen in Italy and in America women perhaps as beautiful as any that I have seen in England, but in neither country does it seem that such beauty is intended for domestic use. In Italy the beauty is soft, and of the flesh. In America it is hard and of the mind. Here it is of the heart, I think, and as such, it is the happiest of the three. I do not say that Mrs. Butler Cornbury was a good woman of very strong feeling, but her strongest feelings were home feeling. She is going to Mrs. Tappitt's party because it might serve her husband's purposes; she is going to burden herself with Rachel Ray because her father had asked her; and her greatest ambition was to improve the worldly position of the Squires of Cornbury Grange. She was already calculating whether it might not some day be brought about that her little Butler should sit in Parliament for his county.

At nine o'clock exactly on that much to be remembered Tuesday, the Cornbury carriage stopped at the gate of the cottage at Bragg's End, and Rachel ready dressed blushing nervous, but yet happy, came out, and mounting on to the step was almost fearful to take her share of the seat. Make yourself comfortable, my dear, said Mrs. Butler Cornbury; 'you can't crush me. Or, rather, I always make myself crushable on such occasions as this. I suppose we are going to have a great crowd? Rachel merely said that she did not know. She supposed there would be a good many persons. Then she tried to thank Mrs. Cornbury for being so good to her, and of course broke down. 'I'm delighted—quite delighted,' said Mrs. Cornbury. 'It's so good of you to come with me. Now that I don't dance myself there's nothing I like so much as taking out girls that do.'

'And don't you dance at all?'

'I stand up for a quadrille sometimes. When a woman has five children, I don't think she ought to do more than that.'

'Oh, I shall not do more than that, Mrs. Cornbury.'

'You mean to say you don't waltz?'

'Mamma never said any thing about it, but I'm sure she would not like it, Besides—'

'Well—'

'I don't think I know how. I did learn once, when I was very little, but I've forgotten.'

It will soon come again to you, if you like to try. I was very fond of waltzing before I was married. And this was the daughter of Mr. Comfort, the clergyman who preached with such strenuous eloquence against worldly vanities! Even Rachel was a little puzzled, and was almost afraid that her head was sinking beneath the waters.

There was a great fuss made when Mrs. Butler Cornbury's carriage drove up to the brewery door, and Rachel almost felt that she could have made her way up to the drawing-room more comfortably under Mrs. Rule's mild protection.

All the servants seemed to rush at her, and when she found herself in the hall and was conducted into some inner room, she was not allowed to shake herself into shape without the aid of a maid-servant. Mrs. Cornbury, who took every thing as a matter of course, and was ready in a minute, had turned the maid over to the young lady with a kind idea that the young lady's toilet was more important than that of the married woman. Rachel was losing her head, and knew that she was doing so. When she was again taken into the hall she hardly remembered where she was, and when Mrs. Cornbury took her by the arm and began to walk up stairs with her, her strongest feeling was a wish that she was at home again. On the first landing—for the dancing-room was up stairs—they encountered Mr. Tappitt, conspicuous in a blue satin waistcoat; and on the second landing they found Mrs. Tappitt, magnificent in a green Irish poplin. 'Oh, Mrs. Cornbury, we are so delighted. The Miss Fawcetts are here; they are just come. How kind of you to bring Rachel Ray. How do you do, Rachel?' Then Mrs. Cornbury moved on easily into the drawing-room, and Rachel still found herself carried with her. She was half afraid that she ought to have slunk away from her magnificent chaperon as soon as she was conveyed safely within the house, and that she was encroaching as she thus went on; but still she could not find the moment in which to take herself off. In the drawing-room—the room from which the carpets had been taken—they were at once encountered by the Tappitt girls, with whom the Fawcett girls on the present occasion were so intermingled that Rachel hardly knew who was who. Mrs. Butler Cornbury was soon surrounded, and a cluster of words went on. Rachel was in the middle of the 'ray' and some voices were addressed also to her; but her presence of mind was gone, and she never could remember what she said on that occasion.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BALL CONTINUED.

There had already been a dance—the commencing operation of the night's work—a thin quadrille, in which the early comers had taken part without much animation, and to which they had been driven up unwillingly. At its close the Fawcett girls had come in, as had now Mrs. Cornbury, so that it may be said that the evening was beginning again. What had been as yet done was but the tuning of the fiddles before the commencement of the opera. No one likes to be in at the tuning, but there are those who are unable to avoid this annoyance. As it was Rachel, under Mrs. Cornbury's care, had been brought upon the scene just at the right moment. As soon as the great cluster had ceased, she found herself taken by the hand by Cherry, and led a little on one side. 'You must have a card, you know,' said Cherry, handing her a ticket on which was printed the dances as they were to succeed each other. 'That first one is over. Such a dull thing. I danced with Adolphus Griggs, just because I couldn't escape him for one quadrille.' Rachel took the card, but never having seen such a thing before, did not in the least understand its object. As you get engaged for the dances, you must put down their names in this way, you see—and Cherry showed her card, which already bore the designations of several cavaliers, scribbled in hieroglyphics which were intelligible to herself. 'Haven't you got a pencil? Well, you can come to me. I have got one hanging here, you know.' Rachel was beginning to understand, and to think that she should not have very much need for the pencil, when Mrs. Cornbury returned to her, bringing a young man in her wake. 'I want to introduce my cousin to you, Walter Cornbury,' said she. Mrs. Cornbury was a woman who knew her duty as a chaperon and who would not neglect it. 'He waltzes delightfully,' said Mrs. Cornbury, whispering, 'and you needn't be afraid of being a little astray with him at first. He always does what I tell him.' Then the introduction was made; but Rachel had no opportunity of repeating her fears, or of saying again that she had better not waltz. What to say to Mr. Walter Cornbury she hardly knew; but before she had really said any thing he had pricked her down for two dances—for the first waltz, which was just going to begin, and some not long future quadrille. 'She is very pretty and I want to be kind to her.' 'I'll take her in hand and pull her through,' said Walter. 'What a tribe of people they've got here haven't they? Yes, and you must stand up with them all. Every time you stand up may be as good as a vote.' 'Oh,' said Walter, 'I'm not particular; I'll dance as long as they keep the house open.' Then he went back to Rachel, who had already been at work with Cherry's pencil.

'If there isn't Rachel Ray going to waltz with Walter Cornbury,' said Augusta to her mother. Augusta had just refused the odious Griggs, and was about to stand up with a clerk in the brewery, who was almost as odious.

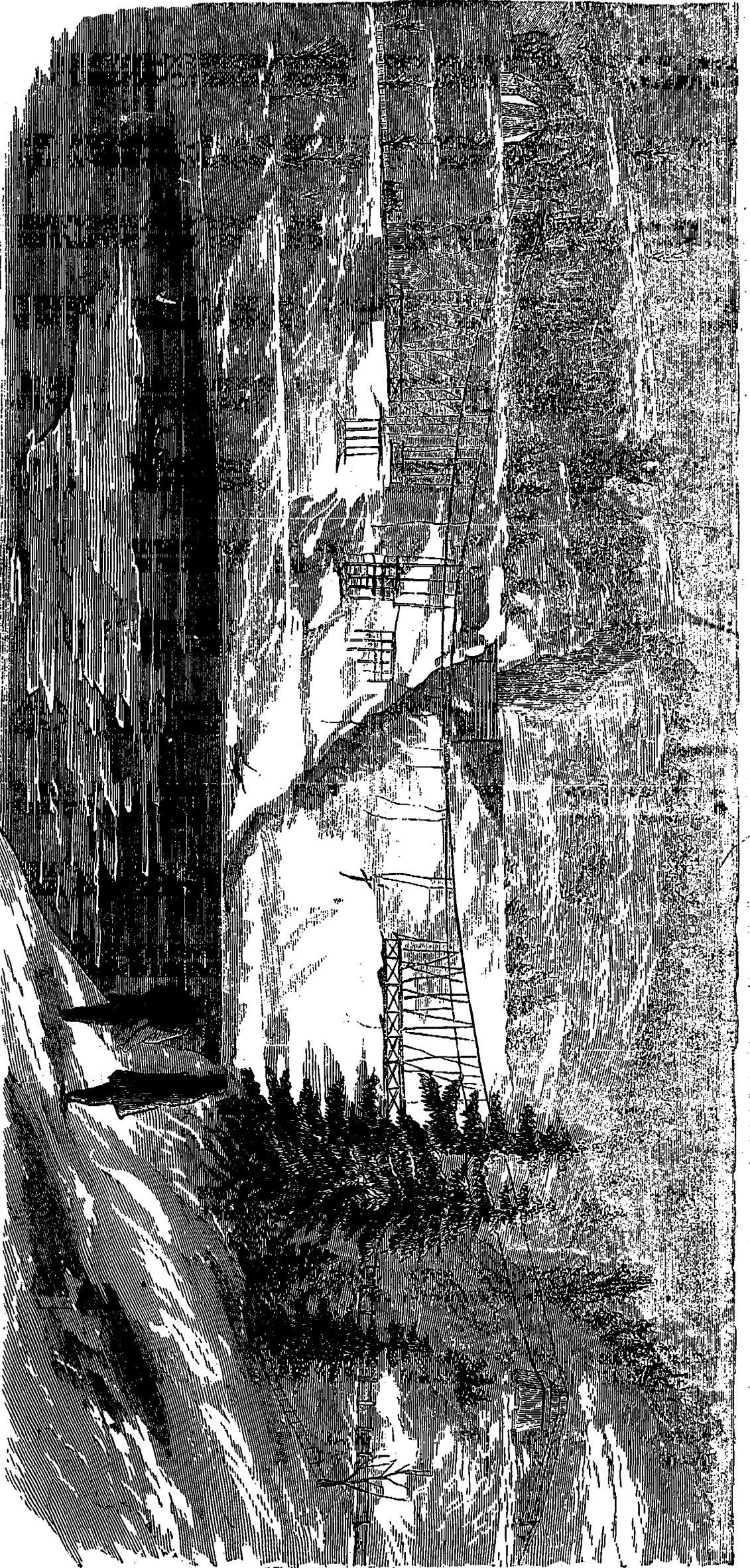
'It's because she came in the carriage,' said Mrs. Tappitt; 'but I don't think she can waltz.' Then she hurried off to welcome other comers.

Rachel had hardly been left alone for a minute, and had been so much bewildered by the lights, and crowd, and strangeness of every thing around her, that she had been unable to turn her thoughts to the one subject on which during the last week her mind had rested constantly. She had not even looked round the room for Luke Rowan. She had just seen Mary Rowan in the crowd, but had not spoken to her. She had only known her from the manner in which Cherry Tappitt had spoken to her, and it must be explained that Rachel had not seen young Rowan since that parting under the elm-trees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEORGETOWN BRIDGE 120 FEET HIGH—APPALLING ACCIDENT—RAILWAY CARS GOING OVER ON FEBRUARY, 1864





QUEENSTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA TORRENT—THE DISASTER OF 1st FEBRUARY 1864.

FALL OF QUEENSTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

On this page is a view of the wreck of the Suspension Bridge, as sketched a few days after its fall. Its position is six miles lower on the Niagara side of the river than the magnificent viaduct which connects the Canada Great Western, with the New York Central Railway. That which fell stretched between Queenston in Canada, and Lewiston in the State of New York. Its length was eight hundred its breadth twenty feet. The Bridge was suspended from ten cables, five on each side, which passed over towers of stone work. Each cable was twelve hundred and forty feet long, and composed of seventy-two Number Ten wires, around which was wrapped small wire, three times boiled in lino-oil to be annealed, and to gain a coating proof against weather. The suspenders were composed of eight wires each, and were four and a half feet apart. The bridge was two hundred feet above the water surface.

During the month of January, 1864, the lower portion of the Niagara, where the water is nearly quiescent, was frozen over. The torrent brought down floating ice, which being carried under the frozen roof of the river, wedged it up.

The wedging and piling up continued until a barrier sixty feet high stretched from shore to shore at a short distance above the bridge. It was feared that, when the barrier yielded the descending masses would sweep away the side stays, or 'guy,' which steadied the bridge against high winds. For safety they were removed. That precaution exposed the bridge to ruin.

The descending ice wedged the barrier higher and still higher until it cracked and roared with the voice of thunder. It gave way, and wharves and warehouses were hurled through the torrents to Lake Ontario with it. Then in the night of the 31st January, the wind blew a gale, and the bridge heaved and wavered, and at last fell about nine o'clock on the morning of the 1st of February.

ACCIDENT ON THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

When a public hear of railway accidents they are ready to go to blame the 'management,' and if the event is on the Grand Trunk, it is snatched up by certain newspapers as available capital in the politics of party conflict. To be near railway men for a time, say a long time, one might form a frightful estimate of cases-

proprietors which were very nearly occurring, but by some fortunate chance did not; the danger having arisen from causes lying wholly out of the control or knowledge of the 'management.'

The awful event which happened at the Georgetown Bridge on Tuesday, 9th inst., is one of those clearly traceable to foolhardy neglect of wholesome rules laid down by the managing directors of the Grand Trunk Company. The cars will be gathered from the report of the *Coroner's Inquest*, held on the bodies of three men who were dashed to pieces by the fall of two cars over a bridge one hundred and twenty-five feet high.

On news of the calamity reaching this office, Mr. Gregory proceeded to Georgetown, involving an absence of two days. He sketched the bridge and wreck of the cars from the ice on the Credit river. The picture has been engraved by the expeditious staff of this office, and is printed in this issue.

One of the cars which went over the bridge contained carcasses of dead hogs. These were lying scattered amid the splinters of timbers, iron springs, and wheels; and it was from under them that the mutilated body of the conductor was taken. His head was severed from the neck just under his beard and whiskers. The bodies of the two brakemen were locked together in each other's arms.

Georgetown is thirty miles west of Toronto, and the bridge is a mile east of the village.

THE EVIDENCES AND VERDICT.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, an Inquest was opened at the station house, Georgetown, by Coroner James Barber, to inquire into the melancholy affair. The jury empaneled, after having been duly sworn, viewed the bodies of the three unfortunate victims, name Robert Kennedy, James Walsh, and Richard Crookham, and then proceeded with the enquiry.

Robert Thompson sworn, said—I am an engine driver on the Grand Trunk Railway; I have served in that capacity a number of years; I was the driver of the engine drawing the train which met with the accident on the morning of Tuesday, the 9th instant; when the train passed the Georgetown station, everything was apparently right, and the train running order; we stopped at Georgetown for orders, and at that time the conductor and the two brakemen were in the van; after receiving orders, I saw the conductor put his head out of the van,

and heard the station agent say it was all right, that the road was clear, and for us to go on; the conductor then motioned me in the usual way to move on, which motion I acknowledged by whistling, and I at once got the train under motion; and moved onward slowly; to the west of Georgetown, that is before we reached it, and as we were coming down that is called the 'Acton Grade,' I was one of the brakemen run along the top of the train after passing Georgetown, however I did not see anything of either of them; when [CONTINUED ON PAGE 175.]

LITERARY NOTICES.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for January. American reprint, by Leonard Scott & Co., of New York.

The publishers did not present this number of Blackwood, nor have they lately forwarded their reprints of English Reviews. The price of Blackwood is twenty-five cents.—This number would be cheap at any price. 'The European Crisis' is a narrative of current history worthy of the great, the serious theme. It is not, as the political essays of this Magazine sometimes are, distorted in the interest of the Tory party in Britain. It is national in spirit, impartial, instructive. The reader is not made happy by what it reveals; but it impels him to think, and furnishes matter for thought.

The opening article is a review of 'Captain Speke's Journal of the discovery of the source of the Nile.' What a subject! The river of the cradle of Moses traced for the first time to its uppermost fountains, and these named after the illustrious lady on the British Throne. Thus there is a direct line, three thousand years by measurement of time, two thousand five hundred miles by measurement of geographical space, between Pharaoh's Daughter and Queen Victoria.

'The Mind and Body,' a poem by Bulwer Lytton; the Perpetual Curate, a continued tale by Mrs. Oliphant; Winchester and Commoners; 'Letters from Poland,' and 'Tony Butler,' Part IV., are the other articles.

Incidentally in Tony Butler an official portraiture of Lord Palmerston is graphically, though briefly, sketched. Butler is the son of the poor widow of an Irish officer who had served and died in India. Mother and son reside in the north of Ireland, near Coleraine, and near Lyle Abbey, the lordly residence of Sir A. Lyle, a retired Indian nabob. Young Butler has spent most of his time in the great man's house, and is accomplished in all the Irish gentlemanly qualities, except such as might have been got in the common country schools. So far as the story has gone, he seems likely to become involved with the Irish Brigade of 1860, in Italy. Meanwhile he has gone to London to solicit a Government situation from Sir Harry Elphinstone, Secretary of State, who, in early life, was an associate of Colonel Butler, Tony's father. The Hon. Mr. Skeffington, private Secretary of the great Secretary was well sketched in a previous number. The scene in which the present Prime Minister appears is thus wrought out. It may be entitled

LORD PALMERSTON IN DOWNING STREET.

Day followed day, and Tony Butler heard nothing from the minister. He went down each morning to Downing Street, and interrogated the austere doorkeeper, till at length there grew up between that grim official and himself a state of feeling little short of hatred.

'No letter?' would say Tony.
'Look in the rack,' was the answer.
'Is this sort of thing usual?'
'What sort of thing?'
'The getting no reply for a week or eight days?'
'I should say it is usual with certain people?'
'What do you mean by certain people?'
'Well, the people that don't have answers to their letters, nor ain't likely to have them.'

'Might I ask you another question?' said Tony, lowering his voice, and fixing a very quiet but steady look on the other.

'Yes if it is a short one.'

'It is a very short one. Has no one ever kicked you for your impertinence?'

'Kicked me—kicked me, sir?' cried the other, while his face became purple with passion.

'Yes,' resumed Tony, mildly; 'for let me mention it to you in confidence, it's the last thing I mean to do before I leave London.'

'Well, see about this, sir, at once,' cried the porter, who rushed through the inner door, and tore up-stairs like a madman. Tony meanwhile brushed some dust off his coat with a stray clothes-brush near, and was turning to leave the spot, when Skeffington came hurriedly towards him, trying to smother a fit of laughter that would not be repressed.

'What's all this, Butler?' said he. 'Here's the whole office in commotion. Willis is up with the chief clerk, and old Baynes telling them that you drew a revolver, and threatened his life, and swore if you hadn't an answer to-morrow at twelve, you'd blow Sir Harry's brains out.'

'It's somewhat exaggerated. I had no revolver, and never had one. I don't intend any violence beyond kicking that fellow, and I'll not do even that if he can manage to be commonly civil.'

'The Chief wishes to see this gentleman up-stairs for a moment,' said a pale, sickly youth to Skeffington.

'Don't get flurried. Be cool, Butler, and say nothing that can irritate—mind that,' whispered Skeffington.

Butler was introduced into a spacious room, partly office, partly library, at the fireplace of which stood two men, a short and a shorter. They were wonderfully alike in external, being each heavy-looking, white-complexioned, serious men, with a sort of dreary severity of aspect, as if the spirit of domination had already begun to weigh down even themselves.

'We have been informed,' began the shorter of the two, in a slow, deliberate voice, 'that you have grossly outraged one of the inferior officers of this department; and although the case is one that demands, and shall have, the attention of the police authorities, we have sent for you—Mr. Brand and I—to express our indignation,—eh Brand?' added he in a whisper.

'Certainly, our indignation,' chimed in the other.
'And aware, as we are,' resumed the Chief, 'that you are an applicant for employment under this department, to

convey to you the assurance that such conduct as you have been guilty of, totally debars you—excludes you—'

'Yes, excludes you,' chimed in Brand.
'From the most remote prospect of an appointment,' said the first taking up a book, and throwing it down with a slap on the table, as though the more emphatically to confirm his words.

'Who are you, may I ask, who pronounce so finally on my prospects?' cried Tony.

'Who are we, who are we? said the Chief, in horror at the query. 'Will you tell him, Mr. Brand?'

The other was, however, ringing violently at the bell, and did not hear the question.

'Have you sent to Scotland Yard?' asked he of the servant who came to his summons. 'Tell Willis to be ready to accompany the officer, and make his charge.'

'The gentleman asks who we are,' said Baynes, with a feeble laugh.

'I ask in no sort of disrespect to you,' said Butler, 'but simply to learn in what capacity I am to regard you. Are you magistrates?' Is this a court?'

'No, sir we are not magistrates,' said Brand, 'we are Heads of Departments—departments which we will take care do not include within their limits persons of your habits and pursuits.'

'You can know very little about my habits or pursuits. I promised your hall porter I'd kick him, and I do 't suspect that either you or your little friend there would risk any interference to protect him.'

'My lord!' said a messenger, in a voice of almost tremulous terror, while he flung open both inner and outer door for the great man's approach. The person who entered with a quick active step, was an elderly man white whiskered and white haired, but his figure well set up, and his hat rakishly placed a very little on one side; his features were acute, and betokened promptitude and decision, blended with a sort of jocular humour about the mouth, as though even state affairs did not entirely indispose a man to a jest.

'Don't send that bag off to night, Baynes, till I come down,' said he hurriedly; and if any telegrams arrive, send them over to the House. What's this policeman doing at the door?—who is refractory?'

'This—young man,' he paused, for he had almost said gentleman—'has just threatened an old and respectable servant of the office with personal chastisement, my Lord.'

'Declared he'd break every bone in his body,' chimed in Brand.

'Who-e body?' asked his Lordship.
Willis's, my Lord—the hall porter—a man if I mistake not, appointed by your Lordship.'

'I said, I'd kick him,' said Tony, calmly.

'Kick Willis?' said my Lord, with a forced gravity, which could not however suppress a laughing twinkle of his keen grey eyes—'kick Willis?'

'Yes, my Lord: he does not attempt to deny it.'

'What's your name, sir?' asked my Lord.

'Butler,' was the brief reply.

'The son of—no, not son—but relative of Sir Omerod's?' asked his Lordship again.

'His nephew.'

'Why, Sir Harry Elphinstone has asked me for something for you, I don't see what I can do for you. It would be an admirable thing to have some one to kick the porters; but we haven't thought of such an appointment,—eh, Baynes? Willis, the very first; most impudent dog. We want a messenger for Bucharest, Brand don't we?'

'No, my Lord; you filled it this morning—gave it to Mr. Beed.'

'Cancel Beed, then, and appoint Butler.'

'Mr. Beed has gone, my Lord—started with the Vienna bag.'

'Make Butler supernumerary.'

'There are four already, my Lord.'

'I don't care if there were forty, Mr. Brand! Go and pass your examination, young gentleman, and thank Sir Harry Elphinstone, for this nomination is at his request. I am only sorry you did not kick Willis.' And with this parting speech he turned away, and hopped down stairs to his brougham, with the light step of a man of thirty.

Scarcely was the door closed, when Baynes and Brand retired into a window recess, conversing in lowest whispers, and with much head shaking. To what frightful condition the country must come—any country must come—when administered by men of such levity—who make sport of its interests, and a practical joke of its patronage—was the theme over which they now mourned in common.

'Are you going to make a minute of this appointment, Brand?' asked Baynes. 'I declare I'd not do it.'

The other pursed up his lips and leaned his head on one side, as though to imply that such a course would be a bold one.

'Will you put his name on your list?'

'I don't know,' muttered the other. 'I suspect we can do it better. Where have you been educated, Mr. Butler?'

'At home principally.'

'Never at any public school?'

'Never, except you call a village school a public one.'

Brand's eyes glistened, and Baynes's returned the sparkle.

'Are you proficient in French?'

'Far from it. I could spell out a fable, or a page of 'Telemachus,' and even that would push me hard.'

'Do you write a good hand?'

'Its legible, but it's no beauty.'

'And your arithmetic?'

'Pretty much like my French—the less said about it the better.'

'I think that will do, Brand, whispered Baynes.

The other nodded, and muttered, 'of course; and it is the best way to do it.'

'These are the points, Mr. Butler,' he continued, giving him a printed paper, 'on which you will have to satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners; they are, as you see, not very numerous nor very difficult. A certificate as to general conduct and character—British subject—some knowledge of foreign languages—the first four rules of arithmetic—and that you are able to write—'

'Thank Heaven, there is one thing I can do, and if you ask the Commissioners to take a cast across country, I'll promise them a breather.'

Tony never noticed, nor had he noticed, had he cared for the grave austerity of the heads of departments at this outburst of enthusiasm. He was too full of his own happiness, and to eager to share it with his mother.

As he gained the street, Skeffington passed his arm through his, and walking along with him, offered him his cordial congratulations, and gave him many wise and prudent counsels, though unfortunately, from the state of ignorance of Tony's mind, these latter were lamentably unprofitable.

It was of the Office that he warned him—of its tempers its caprices, its rancours, and its jealousies, till lost in the maze of his confusion, poor Tony began to regard it as a beast of ill-omened and savage passions—a great monster, in fact, who lived on the bones and flesh of ardent and high-hearted youths, drying up the spring of their existence, exhausting their brains out of mere malevolence. Out of all the farrago that he listened to, all that he could collect was, 'that he was one of the fellows that the chief always hated and invariably crushed.' Why destiny should have marked him out for such odium—why was he born to be strangled by red tape, Tony could not guess, nor, to say truth did he trouble himself to inquire; but, resisting a pressing invitation to dine with Skeffington at his club, he hastened to his room to write his good news to his mother.

'Thank my of good fortune dearest little mother,' he wrote. 'I have got a place, and such a place! You'd fancy it was made for me, for I have neither to talk, nor to think, nor to read, nor to write—all my requirements are joints that will bear bumping and a head that will stand the racket of railroad and steamboat without any sense of confusion, beyond what nature implanted there. Was he not a wise minister who named me to a post where bones are better than brains, and a good digestion superior to intellect? I am to be a messenger—a Foreign Service Messenger is the grand title—a creature to go over the whole globe with a white leather bag or two, full of mischief, or gossip as it may be, and whose whole care is to consist in keeping his time and being never out of health.'

THE CANADIAN PATRIOT, No. 2, for February. Montreal printed and published by J. Willett at the office of J. C. Becket, Great St. James Street.

The second number of this new monthly serial has come to hand, but not the first. The address to advertisers informs us of its contents. It says: 'The 'Canadian Patriot' presents considerable advantages as it is the only avowed organ of the Temperance and Prohibition Reformation in circulation over Canada. Occupying the ground of the late 'Temperance Advocate,' which for the last twenty-nine years obtained a very large patronage throughout the Province, it will find its way into the homes of many hundreds of the most thrifty and substantial families throughout the country. Its articles on the Ethical, Economical, Political and Ameliorative aspects of social science, also on Manufactures, &c., will command for the Magazine a wide circulation amongst all classes of the community.—It must be evident that periodicals which find their way into the family circle, and there occupy the leisure hours, and help to constitute the inner life of the homes of the people are the very best mediums for advertising.'

A commercial traveller, John Burns by name, has been lecturing in England. The 'Canadian Patriot' reprints one of the lectures from which we make an extract:

THE SUCCESSFUL COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

Even his horse and trap (when he travels with these appendages) have a sort of indiosyncrasy about them; and, as they dash by you, you say, 'There's a traveller's turn out!' You are right, but ask how you know? and I defy you to answer. There is no mistaking himself, or anything in the retinue of that compound of business and pleasure—of blunt 'off-handed-ism' and polished etiquette—the successful commercial traveller. It is known that he is clever, and strongly suspected that he is not far behind Lavater as a physiognomist; able at times to calculate the extent of a coming order by the elevation or depression of a customer's eyebrow, the tone of his voice, the glance of his eye, or the curl of his lip. Indeed, orders have been booked from these data, even while the tongue of the customer was uttering a denial. It is generally known that he has a guinea a day for his travelling expenses, with a salary, varying according to circumstances, from nothing up to £1000 or more per annum. He is considered very well paid; but few consider how the commercial and mercantile interests of the country are indebted to his cleverness, energy, perseverance, intelligence, untiring industry, and business tact. He is the *stoker* of the trade engine. That red-faced, middle-aged gentleman that you see, followed by the leather named individual, 'Boots,' was, some twenty years ago, clerk in a sinking firm, where orders came in as slowly as the friends in adversity. The warehouse was crammed, and every shelf groaning with piles of dead stock; merchant creditors pouring in bills for the price of raw material; the factory stopped, and the hands idle and starving; ruin and bankruptcy looming in the future, the proprietors all but despairing. In this emergency that red-faced gentleman (now fair, fat, and forty)—then pale, thin and twenty) was sent out, to try and push trade, to get orders as a commercial traveller.

'Ho came; he sold, he conquered.'

He came, and he coaxed, wheedled, laughed, teased, persuaded, reasoned, or bamboozled the shopkeepers out of orders. In a short time his goods were to be seen in the windows of the principal shops in the line throughout England, Scotland and Wales. The trade had them and should push them. Their very numbers made them popular, fashionable, and 'the rage.' Orders and cash rolled home like the congratulations of a child of fortune. The stock became 'small by degrees, and beautifully less.' The bills were met, and fresh orders for raw material given and supplied; and the waters of the Mersey groaned beneath the burden

of newly freighted ships. The factory-wheels once more spun merrily round, and the spiders no longer used their mimic webs as shrouds for the corpse of trade. The chimneys again sent their smoky wreaths in curling garlands of triumph to the sky. The busy hum of industry was again heard as the music of plenty. The hands were employed and their families fed. The firm prospered. The proprietors are now millionaires, members of Parliament, mayors, with 'Sir' added to their names as a handle to lift them higher. Bravo, traveller! bravo!!

Well, and *he!* Aye, what of *him?* you ask. Why, he had his salary raised, and there he is, a successful traveller. What! a traveller still! no more. No! how could he be more? Was it not the fashion of the class twenty years ago, as it is still, to eat, drink and sleep in houses where wine and strong drinks are sold, and where it is fashionable to use them; to become hard drinkers, free livers, good fellows, and victims at the Juggernaut shrine of 'Good Company,' 'The Commercial Room,' and 'The Bottle.' 'No more?' why he is one of the most fortunate men of his class. He will tell you himself that he is almost the only one left of a number of contemporaries who started about the same time as he did. Of course he does not include the few temperance men, or the easy-going, early-to-bed and early-to-rise chaps, who, to his surprise have by some unaccountable means or other, generally contrived to edge themselves into business for themselves, or into partnerships with their employers; he means the clever, right sort of travellers; the active, talented, liberal, good-hearted fellows, who were always 'Good Company.' Of these he can count you numbers in the grave; some, as honest as the sun, in prison for debt or embezzlement; some in hospitals or unions; some traceless; all steady, healthy, and happy men *at first*. Many of noble heads and warm hearts, of high hope and impassioned vigor, high-souled purposes and glorious aims; all gone, all withered and blighted, not by the visitation of God, not by the cold withering hand of time; would that it were. Oh death and ruin! throw aside your meaningless insignia of scythe, hour-glass, and cypress, and substitute in their stead, 'Good Company,' 'The Commercial Room,' and 'The Bottle!'

Twenty years in a 'Commercial room!' why I was not there more than one third of that time, and yet my recollection of it is a register of ruin and shame; a prison register; a register of death. I was long enough there to become acquainted with its usages; to see many fortunes made and squandered, many hopes blighted, many bottles emptied, and many early graves filled. I have seen drunkards, and sceptics, and infidels, made there; I have heard Voltaire, Rousseau, and Paine quoted and extolled there; I have seen the seeds of speculation and embezzlement sown there; and I have seen the grave of the suicide dug there; and this in a room frequented by a class of men who, apart from evil influences, are as steady, intelligent, generous, and useful a class of men as England can boast. And why is this, but because the room is a *drinking room!*—Let me adduce one or two of the many cases of ruin that came under my own observation.

THE SUICIDE.

The newspapers themselves afford sufficient evidence of the ruinous style of living. It is unfortunately nothing new to see a paragraph headed 'Awful Suicide of a Commercial Traveller through Drinking,' or 'Embezzlement by a Commercial Traveller.' Cases of the latter description are of too frequent occurrence to attract much attention, and are almost invariably caused by the habits of intemperance and extravagance engendered and fostered at 'The Commercial Room.' I have no need, however, to refer to the newspapers. I speak from personal experience. I was a very short time travelling when I became acquainted with a young man of extraordinary talents, good heart and steady habits. He was, however, 'Good Company,' and he liked 'Good Company.' He had not the most distant fear of becoming a drunkard; (what young man ever has at first) but, from taking his glass in 'moderation,' he gradually became fond and fonder of it, till at length it became a necessity. After a night's excitement, he felt the want of the stimulus the next day. He lived an artificial life, keeping awake by drink or excitement, and sleeping by opiates. The dreadful truth broke tardily on his conviction that he was becoming what he most dreaded—a drunkard. He wished to become an abstainer, but his being so he feared, would be an evidence of his weakness to others, and he had not the moral courage to avert the danger by confessing it. How he struggled! I have seen that fine young fellow shed tears like a child, as he thought of the chains that were every day fastening more firmly upon him. What resolutions he formed! but they were on the sandy foundation of his own strength, and crumbled with the first blast of temptation. His mornings were spent in bitter agony of spirit, and through the dreary day he yearned for the night when he might partially dispel his sorrows in the social circle. At length he ceased to struggle: he felt the Philistine of evil habit upon him; but his hair was cut; his moral strength was gone. Of course his nerves were shattered, his business neglected, and he himself involved in debt and difficulty. Drink he would have, and to obtain it he embezzled some of the firm's money. He had still some faint hope of being able to reform and adjust matters before detection; but it was too late; evil habits had sealed the tomb of hope. Let me be brief. To escape exposure he cut his throat; rushed into the presence of an unpropitiated God, dripping in the blood of the suicide. Now, bring that bleeding corpse into the presence of his former gay companions. Now, gay fellows, look at *that!* 'Good Company,' look at it! Try now, if your best song, your merriest jest, your loudest laugh, or your strongest glass, can charm him back to life, and restore him to the arms of a broken-hearted mother! You have kind generous dispositions; you would not hurt a worm in your path; yet, I tell you, you have murdered that fine young man, as you are murdering yourselves!—no, not you but those infernal agencies, company and drink. 'Good Company' kept him in 'The Commercial Room,' till he was murdered with 'The Bottle.' The razor was only an accessory after the fact.

Original Poetry.

(For the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

DEATH SONG OF KING REYNER LODBROG.

BY A. S. W.

"Regner Lodbrog, a Scandinavian Warrior, after a career of conquest was taken prisoner by Ella, King of Northumbria, and cast into a dungeon, where he died of starvation; or where, as ancient writers figuratively express, he was devoured by snakes." So, far the author of the verses. We may add this remark;

The god Wodin, whose Sabbath of warrior worship was our Wednesday, is supposed to have been faithfully served by Lodbrog. This warrior died glorying in the blood, conquest, plunder, vengeance of his professional life in full hope of Wodin's Paradise. He had a faith, to him sacred as that of a Christian, but how awfully different, whose works through life have been social utilities, charity and mercy. He died in it as the man of the world of this day might die, glorying in financial and mercantile fraud, if there was a Paradise for the souls of the New York Wall Street; the Liverpool Flugs; the London Chapel Court; or the Paris Bourse, and for thousands of other varieties of civilized sinners now defacing the fair face of creation less honestly, though professedly as Christians, than did old Lodbrog, servant of Wodin and of Thr.

We fought with swords! when in the East
Our youthful warriors spread a feast—
A feast of blood of those we slew—
For ravenous wolves and eagles too:
One awful wound the Ocean seem'd:
The blood from Vultures, talons stream'd—
The blood of thousands on the main—
The blood of those our swords had slain.

We fought with swords! in that great fight
When Heling warriors felt our might:
Then thousands entered Odin's Hall
For fell their bravest, noblest all!
Thence ploughed our ships the Baltic's waves:
To Isers' banks sped Regner's Braves,
Where lances reeking red with gore,
The armor of our foemen tore.

We fought with swords! on that great day
Wherein ten thousand warriors lay
Rolling in blood, aye, blood and gore—
Biting the dust on Britain's shore:
There arrows flew in showers—and force—
Searching for helmets through to pierce:
Our swords a dew of blood distill'd
Blood of our foes in battle killed.

We fought with swords! in early life
Young men should rush to fields of strife:
Man should attack or man resist—
In bravely doing which consist
The soldier's greatness and renown;
For grimmost smile or mildest frown
Of dauntless warrior, wins the hand
Of fairest maiden in the land.

We fought with swords! but now too late
I know that men are driven by fate:
Fow can avert her stern decrees
The workings of the destinies.
Could I have thought my closing day
Reserv'd for Ella-King a prey!
Northumbria off with gore we've smear'd:
The bravest of his bravest we spear'd.

We fought with swords! O pure delight
Odin's abode opens to my sight!
Lio will a banquet me prepare:
The palace of the god's I'll share:
There, in the skulls of those we slew,
We'll quaff the wine of ruddy hue,
A bravo man never shrinks from death,
But calmly yields his latest breath.

We fought with swords! did my sons know
The tortures I do undergo—
That now a viper gnaws my heart:
That snakes pierce through my inmost part:
Would they not wage the cruelist war
'Gainst Ella from their mountains far,
And tell to worlds the tidings true
That Regner's blood yet runs anew.

We fought with swords! in flaming rage
Those valiant youths a war will wage,
Nor cease, but fight in every clime
Till they avenge those wrongs of mine.
I gave a mother to my sons
And in their veins her hot blood runs!
Their thirst for fierce revenge will ne'er be quenched
Till, in King Ella's blood, Norse plumes be drench'd.

We fought with swords! while yet a boy
My true delight, my greatest joy
Was, in the blood of foes, to taint
My lance's steel with gory paint.
I thought I ne'er could meet the King
Who could to thraldom Regner bring:
Yet though he now in bondage lies—
In bondage triumphing he dies!

We fought with swords! the highest seat
For me is placed at Odin's feet!
We fought with swords! we'll quaff the wine
Prepared for warriors divine!
We fought with swords! Odin sends thence
A goddess to conduct me hence!
We fought with swords! I laughing die—
I haste to meet the gods on high!

Hamilton, 16th January, 1864.

CITY OF HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.

On another page we give two views of Mackay's wharf, situated on Burlington Bay, at the foot of James street, in the City of Hamilton. The views possess nothing remarkable as pictures, but, for business purposes, the wharf is more commodious than any other in the Province, while the city itself commercially and financially occupies a position in the eyes of British creditors which involves the good name and credit of all Canada. It is proposed to legalize the extension of the city's debt over a space of thirty years, from 1863 to 1893, with a rising rate of interest of four per cent., five per cent, and six per cent, and with a sinking fund to extinguish the principal. Should that proposal be made legal by act of the Provincial Parliament in the coming session, Hamilton city will advance in prosperity largely and rapidly. If that, or some such arrangement be not made, retrogression and decay may take the place of progress.

The proposal of extended time is equitable both to the future inhabitants and creditors. To the inhabitants, because a portion of the debt was incurred in giving the city its magnificent system of water works and other permanent improvements which future generations will enjoy equally, indeed more beneficially than the present. To the creditors the proposition is not unfair. They entered upon the hazard for the sake of high interest, and circumstances which neither they nor any one in Hamilton foresaw, interrupted the progress of the city. Competing railroads carried traffic elsewhere than to the wharves on Burlington Bay, and railroads, in which the city invested largely, were not completed, while those which were completed have not always yielded dividends. Bad harvests and commercial prostration depressed the whole Province, and, with other causes equally beyond human control, reduced the population of the city from 25,000 to 17,000. At the lowest point one-third of the dwelling houses were empty; and two-thirds of other rateable property yielded no revenue whatever. Now, February, 1864, the population is about 23,000. Were the city debt settled in such form as to give confidence to capitalists, many buildings would be at once erected, and new manufactories planted and extended. The security for the city debt would then become more valuable and reliable. Without such an act for equitable settlement, the security vanishes in the migration of capital and population to other localities.

Hamilton occupies a plateau two miles wide, between the Bay and the elevated table land called the Mountain. It became a military post in 1813, but attracted small attention as a settlement until several years after. So recently as 1850, but fourteen years ago, the population was under 11,000. It reached its highest point in 1857 and 1858. The assessed annual value of property was one million of dollars in 1857. In 1861 it had fallen to half of that amount.

Twenty churches, some of them elegant; the Central School, of noble aspect, on elevated ground, with thirteen hundred scholars; six District Schools, and the Wesleyan Female College, a structure of grand proportions, ample accommodations, directed by able teachers, as are all the other schools; wide streets; spacious Wholesale Warehouses, gathering into their great capacities, goods from Canadian manufactories, Europe and the United States, and direct from the West Indies, East Indies and China; and distributing these in wholesale quantities to all parts of the Province, and frequently far beyond it; Mechanics' Institute; Public Library; a Theatre; a Crystal Palace, for Provincial Exhibitions, inhabited at present by the Royal Artillery, and other large buildings occupied by the Rifle Brigade, both of Her Majesty's forces; the suburban mansions of the wealthiest merchants, some on the mountain's brow, some at the foot on the gentle slope, and standing within their flowery gardens, with conservatories flowery through all the winter,—these are the most prominent of the objects which engage the eye and the mind of the visitor.

There are five or six Banking houses also, and a spacious Market Place, to which farmers bring produce from long distances inland.

And the Great Western Railway, its continuous current of traffic through and through between the Eastern and Western American States; the spacious Depot, machine shops and new rolling mills, are at once eminent in the present, and full of promise of future prosperity.

The Wharves and the Shipping Trade, and the great timber rafting, to float to Quebec the timber brought to Hamilton from the far West by railway, are sights to see when navigation is open. Of the wharfingers and forwarders we may only now mention the gentleman who had courage, in face of the city's difficulties, to build a very extensive and costly range of wharves and warehouses, for bonded goods and free. Aeneas Donald Mackay is a native of Golspie, Sutherlandshire. He came to Canada in 1849 from Scotland, and for some years sailed on the Canadian Lakes, and was afterwards clerk to a firm which occupied the water shore where his premises now stand. These were built in 1862 and 1863, and stand in deep water to admit ocean-going vessels on three sides, and in a basin behind them. They are fire proof, and are conveniently divided into various compartments for the storage of bonded goods. cargoes are delivered without exposure to weather. No accidental spark from steamship alongside can touch combustible matter. The business of ocean forwarders is comparatively new in Hamilton. In 1863 Mr. Mackay sent threshing machinery and wheeled carriages, which were manufactured in that city, to the East Indies, Ceylon and Australia. He is also a coal merchant. He is one of those, and there are many in Canada, whose enterprise, business integrity and personal honour, confer reputation on a whole community.

DETROIT RIVER; FISHING ON THE ICE.

The river which rolls silently, grandly, between the city of Detroit and the Essex shore of Canada, is twelve hundred and seventy yards wide at the narrowest part, immediately in front of the town of Windsor and the terminus of the Great Western Railroad. It is not frozen every winter, but was suddenly packed with floating ice, and closed by the imperious frost which set in on the night of the 31st December 1863, and continued during the early days of January 1864. The powerful Railway ferryboats, Union and Windsor, ploughed, and crushed, and tore, or grinded a passage from the Great Western of Canada to the wharf of the Detroit and Milwaukee Line, and the Michigan Southern whose termini run to adjoining premises. The Michigan Central traffic passing to the Great Western, crossed off the ice by sleighs, as did also the ordinary passengers between the Canada and Michigan shores. The extraor-

inary passengers, British carters from this side and American sledadders from that, escaped, slipped, skated, slid, broke through the ice and got out again at points above the town or below as convenience, or fortune, or fright, or night, cowardice or courage permitted. The fisherman represented in the picture is spearing white-fish by torch light. But his performance is not peculiar to any one river, or one kind of fish. It is a winter enterprise all over Canada.

The Detroit river, we may inform remote readers, is the same which become Niagara, and afterwards the St. Lawrence. It carries a great shipping traffic in the months between April and December. Railroads of the western States carry an amazing amount of produce to points on Lake Michigan, much of it shipped in passage to Atlantic cities by way of Detroit river. A large railroad freight also passes through Michigan State to Detroit city part of which crosses to Canada, by Great Western and Grand Trunk, Buffalo and Lake Huron lines.

The following extract will show the change in western traffic within a brief space of time:

RAILROAD BUSINESS AT CHICAGO.—Fourteen years ago the first railway train ran out of Chicago. Now there are ninety trains leaving the city daily. The total number of cars in these trains is one thousand four hundred and thirty-two freight, and one hundred and sixty three passenger cars. Placing these out trains all in one line, adding the length of engine and tender of each train, the total length of all the trains leaving the city daily is twenty-five miles and twelve rods; a very respectable day's journey for a man to drive from one end of the train to the other. The incoming trains average the same length, and about the same business. This then would make upwards of fifty miles of trains required to transact the daily railroad business of Chicago. The *Tribune* says:—

Allowing ten tons to be a load for a freight car, and thirty passengers to a coach, there are moved by railroad to and from the city, nine thousand seven hundred and eighty passengers, and twenty eight thousand six hundred forty tons of freight! Suppose we imaginarily banish railroads, and set ourselves back fifteen years, when there were no railroad in this section, and when freight and passengers were moved by teams. One ton is considered a load for two horses over a country road, and three persons for a traveling team of two horses. At this rate it would require six thousand five hundred and twenty horses to move the passengers, and fourteen thousand three hundred and twenty to move the freight, and twenty thousand eight hundred and four horses to move the passengers and freight that arrive and depart daily by railroad, and at less than one-tenth the rate of locomotive speed. What a spectacle would eleven thousand teamsters present, hitching up and starting off with their eleven thousand teams! Yet this

business is all done so systematically—trains arriving and leaving with clock-work regularity—that few except passengers and railroad men take any notice of the movement of trains.

Two of those great lines are the Michigan Southern, and the Michigan Central. We give the portrait of the General Manager of the Central on the front page. In No 1, Vol, III, the portrait and memoir of Mr. W. K. Muir, of the Detroit and Milwaukee line were published, with an account of the road. We shall give a description of the Michigan Central in an early issue. Our account of the Buffalo and Lake Huron line stands over for the present.

RECIPROCIITY.—THE DETROIT BOARD OF TRADE.

The Board of Trade of the city of Detroit met on Monday morning to resume the consideration of certain resolutions adverse to the Reciprocity Treaty, presented at a previous meeting.

Mr. R. Hawley offered the following as a substitute for the resolution presented:—

tion, as well as by the other ties of relationship, language and religion, we should ever cherish and manifest those fraternal feelings which we hope sooner or later will prevail in the world.

Mr. Hawley, in supporting the resolutions, presented a number of forcible arguments, in favour of the continuance of the Reciprocity Treaty.

The Board adjourned till Tuesday morning then to resume the discussion.

At an adjourned meeting on Tuesday morning, further discussion took place, without any decision being arrived at. Another meeting was appointed for Wednesday.

Mr. Hawley is a gentleman of high intellectual attainments, one in whom great and good principles would at any time outweigh trading jealousies, or petty personal interests.

AN 'INFALLIBLE RECIPE FOR FROST BITES.'—A correspondent informs us that raw cotton and castor oil have restored frost-bitten limbs when amputation was thought to be necessary to preserve life. He adds that the cure is infallible.

THE INDIANS.

The Indians are the original spears of fish, as they may now be seen on the ice of the Grand River: and having named that locality we may reprint the letter of Chief Johnson which lately appeared in the *Brantford Courier*:—

Sir,—In your paper of the 23rd inst., there is a report of a Missionary Meeting held by the Wesleyan Methodists at Cainsville. In it the Rev. Mr. German is reported to have said that prior to 1822 there was not a converted Mohawk to be found until Mr. Torry succeeded in winning over the Chief. I would take the liberty of correcting the Rev. gentleman, and of telling him that he has, in making that statement, made a very great mistake. It is well known that the majority of the Mohawks, and many of the Six Nations, were converted to Christianity through the instrumentality of the Church of England Missionaries, long before the American War of Independence. Even so far back as the reign of the good Queen Anne, there was a large number of Christian Indians belonging to the Mohawk and other Tribes, who devoutly attended at the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and for their use Her Majesty sent as a present a valuable service of Communion Plate, which bears on it the date of the year 1712. This Communion Service we have still in safe keeping, and regular use; and we prize it not only as a token of Her Majesty's good will, but also as a proof that many of our ancestors had in those times been converted to 'the truth.'

I would also beg to state that, as I am an old man, I can myself well recollect many of my Mohawk brethren who were truly Christian men long before Mr. Torry or Mr. German came near the Indians. Perhaps Mr. German meant to say that 'none became Methodists until the year 1822.' If so, it would been well if he had expressed himself more clearly. I think he would hardly venture to state that none are truly converted but those who embrace Methodism.

I am, Sir, your ob'dt serv't
JOHN S. JOHNSON, SR.
Mohawk Chief



WINTER FISHING IN CANADA.

Whereas.—The Board of Trade of the city of Detroit have had the Reciprocity Treaty under consideration for several weeks past, therefore,

Resolved.—That they are of opinion that the operation of said treaty is beneficial to to the United States as well as to Canada and the other British Provinces of North America, and that they see no reason to desire its abrogation.

Resolved.—That they believe further, that if the respective Governments interested would inaugurate a system of moderate duties on manufactured goods, it would impart additional force and efficiency to the treaty itself.

Resolved.—That inasmuch as we are united geographically, and by numerous lines of railway intercommunica-

THE COAL TRADE CUT OFF.—The Oswego "Palladium" of the 16th makes the following statement:— "One of our coal merchants informs us that he received notice yesterday from a government officer, forbidding any other exportation of coal to Canada. The trade in this line heretofore has been immense, supplying a pressing want of our Provincial neighbors, and constituting a profitable business to several extensive dealers on this side. The sudden embargo is not understood. What does it mean?"

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.



SELF-ACTING WATER ELEVATOR.

The utility of a device which can enable an animal, by slightly depressing the platform on which it approaches, to draw up from a well a plentiful supply of drink, is too obvious to require remark. The labor of pumping a sufficient quantity daily to supply a large amount of stock is very considerable, and may frequently prevent the location of wells in many pastures, where, with a self-acting device for raising the fluid by the weight of the animals themselves, such supplies of water would be highly serviceable.

The accompanying cut graphically delineates the general arrangement of a self-acting water elevator for this purpose, and its operation will be readily understood from a brief description.

The bucket, B, steadied by light guides, r r, is suspended by the rope, a, which latter is coiled on the large wheel, A. On the same shaft with A are mounted on smaller pulleys, C C, on which ropes are coiled, which are attached to one edge of the platform, P. The opposite edge of this platform is hinged, so that it may rise and fall, to some extent, and the weight of the bucket is sufficient, by its descent, to raise the platform when unloaded, but when a large animal steps on P its weight is sufficient to revolve the wheel and raise the bucket, bringing up considerably more water than it can consume, and keeping the trough always full and running over, unless sheep, or other very light animals are supplied in addition.

The coiled spring, a, is provided as represented to check the ascent of the bucket, which might otherwise rise too suddenly against the frame F, under the violent and irregular movement of heavy cattle. It is well also to place elastic material, such as turf, old straw, brushwood, or the like, under the platform, with a view partially to

check its descent. We have represented the device in its simplest form, a small spout, d, being permanently open to admit the entrance and escape of the water, the flow being inward to fill the bucket when at the bottom, and outward into the spout, S, leading to the trough, T, when at the top of the well; but this arrangement allows the vigorous escape of the water through all the intermediate heights, so that much is necessarily lost; and Mr. Ayres' invention provides a self-acting faucet, (not represented) which is always open when at either the top or the bottom, but which remains closed in moving through the intermediate points. For this purpose the pipe, d, is made very short, or removed altogether, and a lever hung on a pin by its side, so that when freely suspended it will assume a nearly horizontal position, so as to stand across the mouth of the opening, and check the escape. This lever, pivoted in the middle, has affixed to one extremity a buoy of wood or cork, so that on dashing into the water in its descent, it will be raised at that end and uncovering the aperture will allow the bucket to be filled. The other extremity of the lever comes into play when the bucket is raised to the full height required, as it then comes into contact with a fixed pin on the framing, and inclining the lever to the same extent as at the bottom, uncovers the orifice to allow the free discharge. By this simple device all the ends to be desired are effectually attained, so far as certainty of action by the weight of heavy animals can do this; and it will be seen on a little further thought, that even an animal too light to raise the full bucket, will, by inducing a considerable pull on the bucket, and by consequently raising it a trifle in the water, induce the contents to escape freely through the open hole until it becomes light enough to rise rapidly on the top.

EMPLOYMENT FOR OLD BACHELORS—An old bachelor writes to the *Rural New Yorker* to know how to get rid of bed bugs. A lady contributor to the paper replies as follows: 'I know a sure way to get rid of bed bugs. Take a straw and tickle their ears; this makes them open their mouths, and then have a little kerosine oil ready to put in. This will fix them, and I don't know of any better employment for an old bachelor.'

'Is your father at home?' inquired a man of a little girl who admitted him. 'Is your name Bill?' she asked. 'Some people call me so,' replied he. 'Then he is not at home; for I heard him tell John, that if any *bill* came, to say he was not at home.'

A SOAP CHAPTER.

A correspondent writes:—Will you please publish the inclosed recipes, and oblige one who hates humbug. They are sold through the country for five dollars:

TO MAKE WASHING SOAP.—One gallon soft water; 2 lbs. hard soap, made of palm or olive oil and soda ash; 4 oz. sal soda; 2 oz. borax. Put all in a clean kettle, bring to a gentle boiling, and in ten minutes put in three tablespoonfuls of burning fluid and two of hartshorn. Simmer till well blended, then pour off.

TO MAKE TOILET OR SHAVING SOAP.—One gallon water; 4 lbs. hard soap, as above; 2 oz. borax; 2 oz. sal soda. Color with a teaspoonful of Chinese vermilion, dissolved in two teaspoonfuls of warm water. Streak through the mould, while warm, stirring in flavoring, also, at the same time.

TO MAKE TRANSPARENT SOAP.—Shave very fine the soap used. Use the same soap as above.—Colgate & Co.'s Opodeldoc soap for the white, and common bar and chemical soap for the fine and transparent. Put best alcohol in a vessel deep enough to be safe on the stove. When it begins to simmer, put in the soap shavings; 1 lb. of soap to 1 pint of alcohol, is all the soap the alcohol will cut; pour off as soon as dissolved. Keep from fire. If it should take fire smother out.

FRIENDLY NOTICES OF THIS JOURNAL.

The Editors of papers with whom we exchange, and all other friends are respectfully invited to notice the announcement on the last page of this issue. Thanks are due and hereby given for friendly remarks on the last number of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, to *Montreal Minerve*; *London Prototype*; *London Advertiser*; *Whitby Gazette*; *Hamilton Times*; *Markham Economist*; *Guelph Herald*; *Port Hope Guide*; *New York Tablet*. and *Preston Der Brobacher*. Some of these were exceedingly generous.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mr. JACKSON.—Sorry we cannot treat with you, the M. S. awaits your order.

PAMELIA S. VINING.—The leaves and flowers of June would not be more welcome than is your poetry. On one matter you name the Editor is powerless. When the changes indicated on our last page are made something may be done.

This Number has been delayed two days over the usual time of publication, in order to announce the intended removal of the office to Toronto, the arrangements not having been earlier completed.

THE £40,000 LEGACY TO MR. DISRAELI.—The will of Mrs. Wiliams of Tor-Mohun, Devon, widow of Lieutenant-Colonel James Brydges Wiliams (Royal Cornwall Militia), was proved in the London Court on the 11th inst., by the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, the surviving executor, the personality being sworn under £40,000. The testatrix, after leaving legacies to the amount of £6000, has bequeathed the remainder of her property to Mr. Disraeli, pressed in these words:—'In testimony of my affection to the noble and admiration of his efforts to vindicate the race of Israel. With my views he is acquainted, will no doubt endeavour to accomplish them,' and, 'her, has expressed her wish that he should obtain permission of her majesty to use the surname and arms of the family of Lara and Mendez de Costa, in addition to or pre-ferent to that of Disraeli.'—*Edinburgh Witness*

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

EDITED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE ONTARIO CHESS CLUB, OF HAMILTON.

Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Illustrated Canadian News.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. P. B. SEAFORTH.—Our Club would have given a cordial welcome to any of your players had they come down to take a part in our Tournament. The Problem was duly received some time ago, and appears below; accept our thanks for this as well as other matter so kindly furnished. Problem No. 15, cannot be solved as you propose if Black plays 2. R takes Kt.

A. J. C. CONROD.—'May your shadow never grow less.' Are glad to learn that your exertions to enlist an interest in the game in your Town, have been so successful.

G. G. ST. CATHERINES.—Many thanks for those positions; they shall have our early attention.

PROBLEM No. 14.—Solutions received from T. P. B., Seaforth; and A. H., Barrie.

PROBLEM No. 15.—Solutions received from G. G., St. Catharines; Brampton Chess Club; A. H., Barrie; C. W., London, and Alma, Brantford.

We notice with pleasure, that a Chess Club has been organized at Cobourg. The following gentlemen are the office-bearers for the current year; President, R. D. Chatterton, Esq; Vice-Presidents A. S. Wallace, Esq. and N. W. Powell, Esq. M. D.; Corresponding Secretary, A. J. Cox, Esq; Recording Secretary and Treasurer J. F. Haydon, Esq. We wish the young Club every success.

The annual Tournament of the Ontario Chess Club commenced on the evening of Friday the 5th inst. There were fourteen entries for the first prize, and eight for the second. Considerable interest is manifested as to the result.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 14.

- | | |
|---------------|------------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| 1. R to Q B 4 | K takes R (best) |
| 2. K takes P | K to B 6 |
| 3. R to R 2 | K moves. |
| 4. K mates. | |

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 15.

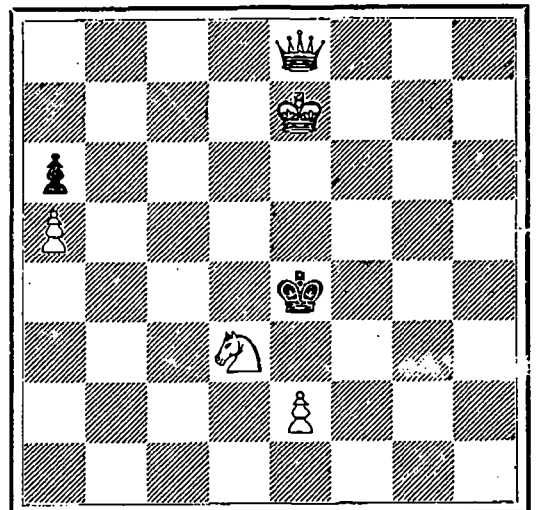
- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| 1. Q to K 7 | K takes Kt or (a) |
| 2. Kt to K B 7 (ch) | K moves. |
| 3. Q mates. | |
| (a) 1. | R takes Kt at R 6 |
| 2. Kt to K Kt 6 (ch) | Any move. |
| 3. Q or B mates. | |

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA No. 5.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| 1. P to Q R 6 (ch) | } K moves. |
| 2. B to Q Kt 6 (ch) | |
| 3. P to K B 8 becoming Kt mate. | |

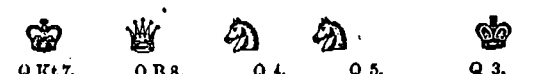
PROBLEM No. 16.

BY ONE OR THE EDMONDVILLE CHESS CLUB.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 6.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.
Game between two members of the Ontario Chess Club.
SCOTCH GAMBIT.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| <i>White Mr. W.</i> | <i>Black Mr. C.</i> |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3. P to Q 4 | 3. P takes P |
| 4. B to Q B 4 | 4. B to Q B 4 |
| 5. P to Q B 3 | 5. P takes P |
| 6. Kt takes P | 6. K Kt to B 3 |
| 7. B to K Kt 5 | 7. B to K 2 |
| 8. Castles | 8. P to K R 3 |
| 9. B to K R 4 | 9. P to K Kt 4 |
| 10. Q to K Kt 3 | 10. P to Q 3 |
| 11. Q R to Q Kt 3 | 11. R to K R 2 |
| 12. K R to Q sq | 12. K Kt to Q 2 |
| 13. K Kt to Q 4 | 13. Kt to Q R 4 |
| 14. Q to Q R 4 | 14. Kt takes B |
| 15. Q takes Kt | 15. Kt to Q Kt 3 |
| 16. Q to Q 3 | 16. K R to R sq |
| 17. P to K B 4 | 17. P to K B 3 |
| 18. P takes P | 18. R P takes P |
| 19. P to K 5 | 19. R to K R 3 |
| 20. P takes B P | 20. B takes P |
| 21. Q R to K sq (ch) | 21. K to B 2 |
| 22. Q to K 3 | 22. K to Kt 2 |
| 23. Kt to K 4 | 23. Kt to Q 4 |
| 24. Q to Q 2 | 24. K to Kt 3 |
| 25. Kt takes B | 25. Kt takes Kt |
| 26. Kt to K 6 | 26. B takes Kt |
| 27. R takes B | 27. K to R 4 |
| 28. Q to Q sq (ch) | 28. Kt to Kt 5 |
| 29. P to K R 3 | 29. R takes R |
| 30. Q takes Kt (ch) | 30. K to Kt 3 |
| 31. Q takes R (ch) | 31. K to Kt 2 |

and White mates in three moves.

LOUIS OLIVIER GAMACHE.

THE PIRATE ORBESOR OF ANTICOSTI.

A True Story Translated from the French of M. M. Fabbe
J. B. Farland.

BY G. C. G. QUEBEC.

[CONCLUDED.]

This open admission satisfied every one in Rimouski,—none could now deny that the sorcerer of Anticosti was on intimate terms with his Satanic Majesty.

From time to time Gamache was in the habit of visiting the Mountaineer Indians of the North Shore, for the purposes of trade. As will be seen this traffic was by no means free from danger. The company occupying the King's Posts pretended to the exclusive privilege of the fur-trade on that side of the river, and in their treatment of intruders on their usurped domain, they exercised their authority with a high hand. Gamache brought up under English colors, declared himself opposed to every thing like monopoly and in his trim and fast sailing craft, he soon became the champion of Free Trade; scouting subterfuge he made no secret of his doings, offering his effects for sale, under the very noses of the officials of the company, laughing at their menaces, and when their strength was not double his own, setting their threats at defiance. In this line of conduct he was always certain of finding defenders amongst the various Indian tribes inhabiting that portion of the country.

On one occasion his schooner lay in the port of Mingan, surrounded by a circle of Mountaineer canoes, briskly engaged in traffic, when a distant sail appeared to be rapidly approaching. The keen eye of the old sea-wolf, recognized it in a moment to be an armed vessel, one that he had evaded on several former occasions, so turning to the Indians he said, "My friends, to-morrow at an early hour we will resume our business, at present I see I must give yonder gentlemen a lesson in sailing,—good bye,—but do not go too far out of the way."

The anchor is weighed, and whilst the enemy speeds rapidly towards him the fleet of canoes disappear and Gamache's schooner glides swiftly out of port, with every stitch of canvas set. On comes the cruiser sanguine of success, but she had reckoned without the skilled pilot before her, one who knew well how to preserve the advantage of a start.

Night came on, more and more indistinct became the vessels, till at last they appeared like shadows upon the water. "Now is the time" said Gamache to his companion, "stir up the fire in the galley, that the scoundrels may see our whereabouts,"—"good,"—"now then to give them a jack o' lantern run." Fastening together several ends of deal in form of a raft he plunged the lighted brands from the fire into a barrel of tar, which he fixed firmly to the raft and lowered into the water.

"Now then, hand in the rope boy, and let her drift." "Whilst they amuse themselves running after it, we'll take a tack or two and get back to Mingan,"—"with all their craft they'll never think of looking for us there."

Great was the disappointment of the officers of the cruiser, when after a long chase, they only came upon a fire, nourished apparently by the surrounding waters. Still they continued their search, tacking to the south, but with the only result of persuading the sailors that the pursued had escaped under the guise of a jack o'lantern.

Great also was the surprise of the officials at Mingan, when the following morning they perceived Gamache's schooner, anchored quietly in the place it had occupied a few hours previous, and around it a triple ring of Mountaineer canoes.

But whilst Gamache, thus threw himself on the generosity of the Indians, in general, there were nevertheless occasions on which he was obliged to be on his guard concerning individuals of the tribe.

One day he was alone, quite alone in his establishment, when a canoe, hitherto hidden by the rocks, made its appearance upon the beach. An enormous and powerfully made Indian, armed to the teeth got out of it, and proceeded with a firm step towards the house; by his side hung an empty bottle and as the man was evidently under the influence of liquor it was probable he intended using physical means to get it replenished.

Gamache saw this, but as he was past the age of combat, his safety necessarily consisted in securing himself against attack. The plan was soon taken,—the enemy had to be kept from the premises, he accordingly stationed himself on the threshold, a carbine in hand and two or three guns beside him. In a loud and imperative tone of voice he called out, "Stop!—I command you,"—but the stranger continued advancing in apparent unconcern,—one step more and you're a dead man," roared Gamache. The step was taken, but before the Indian had time to make a second ball had been sent through his leg and he fell to the ground. Gamache was instantly beside him, and having taken away his arms, he lifted him upon his back, carried him into his house, washed and bandaged the wound and laid him upon a mattress. When the servants, who had been absent during this scene returned, they were surprised to find their master waiting most assiduously on a sick man.

As soon as the Mountaineer's wound had healed and he was able to return to his people, his host informed him that it was time to depart; he accordingly led him to the beach,— "There," said he, "is your canoe and there are some provisions for you, but take a word with you, rum bottle that you are, if ever you let it be known that Gamache lives alone, never show your face here again, for rest assured if you do I'll send a ball through your head with the same certainty that I did through your hide."

The lesson had effect not only upon him, but also upon other ramblers of his tribe.

The rough reception given to this Indian was, however, an exceptional case; for generally speaking Gamache was most hospitable in his entertainment of strangers, especially where he had no reason to suspect them of ill intentions. Sometimes said he, "I have had hearty laughs at the expense of those who allowed themselves to be frightened by the reputation I had acquired." The following may serve as an instance.

During a fearful tempest, when the waters raged furiously in the gulf, a young pilot unable to sustain their violence was compelled to seek shelter in Gamache Bay. He had heard the reports in circulation concerning this redoubtable individual and despair alone prompted him to venture near

the tiger's den. Gamache then upon the beach perceiving his perilous situation, called to him to approach. This display of confidence was more to his advantage than any show of fear could have been.

The pilot having placed his boat in safety, advanced trembling towards the house. "You are welcome," said Gamache, extending his hand, "I am glad to see you for I have not heard any news for some time,"—"Come in, let's have a chat while the good woman gets supper ready."

On entering the young man perceived that the walls of the habitation were garnished with fire arms, and the sight chilled him to the very heart. Oh! how he longed to be back in his boat; tossed and buffeted by ever so tremendous a sea, but alas, every possibility of return had vanished.

Supper over, he told the funniest stories he could think of, and the evening passed as pleasantly as could be under the existing circumstances. Having received the thanks of the host, he arose to depart, intending to pass the remainder of the night in his boat. "No! no, my friend," said Gamache, "you shall not leave this, the sea is yet too heavy without and the night is cold and damp, you cannot leave the bay and most certainly you shall not sleep in your boat, I've a snug little corner up stairs for you and to-morrow morning, if you are alive, you will be able to leave in comfort."

It was impossible to reject this offer without giving offence to the man who had received him with so much hospitality; there was nothing for it, but to remain; accordingly they ascended to the attics by means of a steep flight of steps on the outside of the house. Gamache pointing to a bed, said, "there, sleep as soundly and as long as you can, the bed is soft with the down and plumage of game, for I've a sure hand and never miss a shot." On retiring he closed the outside door securely, so that escape by this means was out of the question. The traveller alarmed by this precaution tried to keep awake till the moment of danger should arrive,—his prayers were much longer this night than usual,—alas! to die so young and so suddenly. Who would take care of his poor mother, now that age and feebleness was upon her.

Without undressing he threw himself upon the bed, resolved not to close an eye that night, but at last he succumbed to the fatigue and weariness he had experienced during the day, and in a few moments he was sound asleep.

But even in his sleep did terror haunt him. He dreamed that he was surrounded by a thousand perils. At one time he thought he had escaped from the cave of a tremendous giant, but oh! he was followed,—followed with fearful rapidity; still he managed to out-strip his tormentor,—at last he reached his boat, his sails were set and he was safe. At that moment a thundering blow on the partition, aroused him to the reality of his position,—before him stood Gamache, with lantern in one hand and a loaded fire-arm in the other. The tales he had heard were true then, too true. "What, awake already, but what makes you so pale," said Gamache. "Ah, I'll warrant me you've been told that Gamache kills all his guests, prepare then for the moment is at hand; he raised the gun and hung it upon two nails in the partition, then drawing from his pocket a flask of spirits and a tumbler, he drained a glass to the health of the affrighted man and invited him to return the compliment. "Come take a good pull at it you'll sleep the better for it, and if Gamache comes to attack you defend yourself,—see there's a gun I have brought you." "Well, well, comrade," said the master of the house to his guest the following morning "You were a little frightened last night," "I saw this and thought I might as well give you a good start at once." "You know me now and should you ever hear the timid say that Gamache kills his visitors, tell them they lie. The Devil is never as black as he is painted."

We had arrived at the same conclusion on leaving Gamache to return to our vessel. Since then I have never seen the sorcerer of Anticosti. In the month of September, alone unattended and unseen. For several weeks nobody had visited his establishment and when they did, before them lay the corpse of the once brave and independent Louis Olivier Gamache.

CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

In a review of the commerce of Toronto during 1863, by the conductors of the *Globe* newspaper, we find the following relating to Railways:—We freely accept what is said of the Managers of the Great Western, and of the Northern, but dissent from the strictures on the Grand Trunk and on through traffic. Without the through traffic none of those roads, certainly neither the Grand Trunk nor Great Western, could be kept open. If closed, what would become of local traffic?

The year has been a moderately prosperous one for Canadian Railways, and especially for those centering in Toronto. The increase in earnings which we have noted in each successive review continues, and though the progress is slow the roads are gradually developing a traffic which must eventually yield a good return, with economy in management. The through freight business, though no doubt largely increasing the receipts, has yielded no profit. The rates were ruinously low, and their division between other roads or lake craft, has left those of our roads engaged in the business but a very small proportion. The year has been remarkable for a great reduction in rates of fare for passenger traffic, from all competing points, but unlike the freight business the policy has been attended with the best results. The low rates have induced increased travel, and better profits have unquestionably been made out of this source of revenue than ever before. The local traffic along all the lines has continued to increase, and would grow still more rapidly did the roads generally adopt a system tending to develop and encourage it. There is no source of revenue more profitable or satisfactory, and none which demands more attention, both on the score of policy and because the public money of the Province is largely invested in these roads.

These remarks apply with great force to the Grand Trunk, which, though essentially a Provincial undertaking, has, during the year, been so conducted as to seriously interfere with the internal commerce of the country.

Those who had closely watched the management of the Great Western road, by Mr. Brydges were under the impression that he, of all men, would encourage the de-

velopment of local business, and that he would so frame his freight tariff that a show of fairness would be evinced to all sections of the Province. Perhaps such may be his eventual intention, so soon as he succeeds in getting competing routes under his own control—for it is said he is still aiming at the amalgamation attempted in 1862—but in the meantime a great public work is prostituted either to public ambition, or to a policy destructive of one of its own and the country's interests. We hope that another year will show some improvement in this respect; at any rate, that the road will not have another such year of hard usage without some return.

We append a statement of the monthly receipts of the Grand Trunk road, by which it will be seen that a very considerable addition has been made. We fear that the working expenses, though no doubt reduced to the lowest practicable point, are still very large in proportion to the earnings, and from a knowledge of the rates at which a great bulk of the traffic was carried, we are persuaded that the per centage of expense to receipts is larger than ever before on this or any other Canadian or even American road.

January	\$ 412,796.44
February	338,080.99
March	346,381.55
April	324,114.18
May	344,953.68
June	363,151.10
July	341,605.04
August	320,484.64
September	385,471.48
October	412,577.54
November	436,513.76
December	434,014.42
Total	\$4,453,147.72
Total for 1862	3,975,071.00

Increase last year. \$ 478,076.72

The Great Western Railway has been forced into a competing business, and the year's profits are no doubt materially lessened thereby. The table which we present below indicates a fair increase in receipts, which we hope is not overbalanced in losses by low rates and American currency. The road has been managed with very general satisfaction to the people along its line, and the local traffic has been well provided for. Mr. Swinyard is constant in his endeavours to increase the efficiency and lessen the expenses of the Company; and for a stranger in the country, his management for the year reflects much credit on him.

The following is a return of the monthly traffic receipts by the Great Western Railway for the year just closed:—

MONTHS.	1863.	1862.
January	\$ 283,561	\$ 250,130
February	282,026	204,635
March	308,069	228,948
April	254,382	221,235
May	206,668	193,652
June	195,695	176,233
July	187,489	181,950
August	176,876	176,245
September	254,517	240,049
October	288,681	280,354
November	256,813	274,866
December	268,268	257,759
Total	\$2,953,051	\$2,686,060

This shows a gain of \$266,990 in the year. There was an increase every month except November, when the loss was \$18,000. The largest gain was in March, when the excess over the same month in the previous year was \$79,000.

The figures which we present below in relation to the Northern Railway do not indicate much increase in extent of traffic, but we are quite certain that there is a greater proportion of profit in the amount earned than in the other roads. Indeed, the Northern has reached a point in the economy of its expenditure which we believe is not attained by any other road on the continent. We are informed that the average working expenses last year was only some 52½ per cent on the receipts, a proportion that is far below any return ever yet made by an American Railway. The expenses in 1862 were 75 1-5 per cent, showing the marked decrease of 22 7-10 per cent. This is a most gratifying result, far more so than a large increase in the receipts, with a still larger proportion of expenses. Mr. McGrath and Mr. Cumberland have accomplished this too without impairing in the slightest degree the efficiency of the road; nay, it has never been more useful and popular amongst its customers than it is now, and we think its Superintendents are entitled to more than usual credit for their management. It is a significant fact that this increased profit is the direct result of a decrease in through business, and an increase in the local traffic, as the following will show:—

Tons of local freight carried in 1863	145,994
" " " " " " " " " " " "	109,337
Increase, local, 1863	36,657
Tons of through freight carried in 1862	65,008
" " " " " " " " " " " "	11,313
Decrease, through, 1863	43,694

The number of passengers carried in 1863 was 107,832 against 95,303, in 1862, showing a gain of 12,529.

The following is a return of the monthly traffic receipts of the Northern Railway for the year 1863:—

January	\$ 23,173.55
February	37,281.23
March	35,593.33
April	38,318.06
May	49,530.96
June	45,048.25
July	37,729.29
August	25,003.99
September	31,026.22
October	39,041.89
November	29,164.47
December	24,725.25
Total	\$406,616.45
Gross earnings, 1862	406,238.02
Increase, 1862	\$ 378.43

Canadian Illustrated News Company.

REMOVAL OF THE
PRINCIPAL OFFICES OF THE ESTABLISHMENT TO THE
CITY OF TORONTO.

The *Canadian Illustrated News*, from its commencement in November, 1862, until February, 1864, has passed through a succession of difficulties never encountered by any journal in Canada—never probably by any in the world. Were the obstacles which have been met, and now overcome, related in detail, the narrative would read like a romance contrived to deter all reasoning beings from engaging in such another enterprise. If any adventurous dreamer do make the trial and survive it, he will feel as having been in the river, in the rapids, bound hand and foot, the vortex of annihilation not far away; crowds on the shore calling come this way, go that way, yet throwing no safety line to the struggler.

A company can overcome obstacles by which single individuals are discomfited. The *Canadian Illustrated News Company* have undertaken the publication of this journal and the development of the extensive and varied branches of business which are accumulating around it. Until now the paper has been printed and issued in Hamilton, a city whose local advantages and patronage are not lightly esteemed. But the circulation and character of such a paper demand that it should at once become metropolitan. It will, therefore, after the present number, be printed and published at Toronto, the capital of Canada West, an interregnum of three or four weeks being requisite to remove the artistic, the engraving and printing establishment.

Henceforth *The Canadian Illustrated News*, in its pictorial, illustrations and descriptive letter-press, assumes the position and functions of the representative newspaper of British North America, disturbing none of the existing journals, but making its passage through the vast territories to be described and illustrated, as the assistant and friendly companion of them all. To depict scenery that is ever changing with the seasons and with the traveller's locomotion, and give human interest to the wild, the grand, the beautiful, the industrial, the utilitarian, by retrieving from obscurity or oblivion the portraits of notable persons, the form and semblance of historical and current events, these are the functions of *The Canadian Illustrated News*.

It will unfold to far-away strangers, though they should never cross boundary line or distant ocean to come hither, territories so vast in area and so diversified in elements of interest that to explore them in person would consume years, or a lifetime. The stranger may remain at home, and yet form fair conceptions of this marvellous North America. And to the inhabitants dwelling here, but most of them knowing little of the country beyond their own localities, this paper will be a panoramic exhibition, a guide to those who travel, a topographical instructor to those who do not incur the toil and hazard of long journeys.

If, on its peaceful path, it meets Party Strife, the politician, and Angry Controversy, the theologian, it will go over the stile and avoid them. It will assemble the little children of the villages, the townships and the towns, make holiday in the woods; make pictures of birds, insects plants and flowers. It will live for a time with bears, wolves, buffaloes, and hunt with the Red Indians. It will become a Farmer, a Canadian Agriculturist. It will explore with the geologists; survey with the surveyors, and give the world portraits, tidings and pictures of pioneering engineers.

It will traverse the far North-West country among the upper fountains of the lakes, the cradle land of the great rivers, the land of the upheavals and earthquakes of the olden time; and will read and depict geology in the ancient ocean bottoms—now the mountain tops. It will take rivers when they are infant streamlets; run with them down the grassy slopes, the eagles above, the deer below; through the forests; into the lakes. Then, issuing forth in augmented volume, they will wander by devious courses around the mountains, in the deep sylvan solitudes, where, in the future time, ships will carry merchandise; and where now the fertility of the soil invites the white man's axe an dplough, and potatoes and wheat, but which he has not yet hewed out his forest pathway. They will go on together, the great rivers and the growing journal, giving the world pleasing views of the busy hives of Canadian industry. In the marts of commerce, the banks, the exchanges, the storied warehouses, the city mansions and palaces, rivaling the merchant princeliness of old Europe. In the

Crowds of the market places and the elegant emporia of retail traders. In the assemblies of intellectual enjoyment. In the congregations of the devout; in cathedrals and churches. In the courts of justice, bar and bench, triers and tried. In the colleges and universities; the chambers of legislation, the halls of executive government; and all between these and the shanty in the clearing where lies the foundation of the whole political fabric, the freeman's vote; and from the shanty backward to the trapper, the hunter, the Red Indian, the Hudson's Bay Highlander, and the wild chase, in all, the *Canadian Illustrated News* will find variety, beauty and utility of subject, life and soul for its pictures.

On the long, slow, up-towing canals, or short, sharp, swift descent of the rapids, the steamers dashing hither and thither among islands of instant death, where the imminence of danger is the safeguard of the ship; there will this artistic paper take wing and depict the going and the coming of the river steamers; the navigated palaces; the grand, the beautiful scenery on shore, the enchantment of the thousand islands, and the happy time of the long summer days.

Down by the deep, the solemn Saguenay, whose barrier rocks are sixteen hundred feet high, and water deeper than plummet line can tell; down by the sounding sea, on the summer-cooling coasts of Labrador among the icebergs and seals, to depict the wonders of the deep for the aquaria of science, or the caves of the minerals for the utilities of industry, there will the summer tourist find the *Canadian Illustrated News*.

At the depot, on the cars, on the railroad—away! Away on the railroad trains, careering, roaring, snorting through the long, deep, dark forest to emerge on the farm-field open plain; to scour over the plain, darting past the eyes of blue-eyed shanty children winking in the sun; crossing the broad river by flying viaduct; over-vaulting the ravine, and landing at the depots desired, to make pictures of—Provincial Shows, American State Fairs, Provincial Parliaments, and Military tournaments, happily sham battles in Canada, but a transcendancy of carnage, and of devastating war among our neighbours, the distracted American States.

And may it be the crowning honor of this journal to be an efficient and recognized agent of international amity, subduing antipathies, displacing estrangements, knowing no politics, but the promotion of native industry, the safety of the Provinces, the integrity of the British Empire.

In general literature, science, rural economy, morals, poetry, amusing and instructive tales, and histories, this paper will go on, ever advancing, ever improving. And so also in the increasing number of engravings given in each of its issues.

It will be emphatically the Family Newspaper of Canada, and of British North America. The *Canadian Illustrated News Company* appeal to the patriotism, and generous sympathies of the Provinces for support.

TO INVENTORS.

The Company address themselves to Inventors, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Engineers, Chemists, and all who may be interested in patents, whether Canadian, British, American or European. Inventors can obtain at the office of the *Canadian Illustrated News* all necessary instructions how to secure Letters Patent for their inventions. They can be professionally assisted in getting their patents by application to this office. Until the issue of the next number of this paper continue to address to the office at Hamilton, C. W.

TO ADVERTISERS.

No such other paper for pictorial advertisements exists in British North America as this. Every kind of business announcement intended to reach mercantile offices, retail stores, and family circles, throughout Upper and Lower Canada, should be inserted in the *Canadian Illustrated News*. Send advertisements at once, to be in time for No. 1. of the new series of the paper. Makers of Agricultural Implements; Blacksmiths; Iron Founders; Steam Engine Makers; Threshing Machine Makers; Millwrights; Coach and Sleigh, and Cutter Builders; Builders of Boats, Canoes, and Lake and Ocean-going Craft; Manufacturers of Textile Fabrics; Tanners and Leather dealers; Flour Merchants; Shipping Agents and Forwarders: All these and every other Craftsman, Manufacturer, and Trader will find the *Canadian Illustrated News* the ready means of communicating with their customers, and an effective current of publicity by which to make themselves and the products of their workshops known in quarters where they would never else be heard of.

Terms of Advertising, ten cents per line, the first insertion; five cents per line afterwards. For Illustrated advertisements a special agreement can be made through agents, or at this office.

WOOD ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING. BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

The *Canadian Illustrated News Company* are now in a position to execute

WOOD ENGRAVINGS!

Of every description, such as Portraits, Illustrations for Books, cuts of Manufactories, Buildings, Machinery, &c., in a style not to be surpassed in the world. They have in their employment the first designers and engravers of the day; and the facilities at their command enable them to turn out work of a superior description. Bill-Heads, Cheques, Society Seals, &c., also executed in a workman-like manner.

IN LITHOGRAPHING

They are prepared to fill orders at short notice for Portraits, Maps, Plans, Views of Buildings, Drawings of Machinery, Illuminated Designs, Show Cards, Title Pages, Diplomas, Certificates, Cheques, Notes, Drafts, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Business and Visiting Cards, Labels of every description, for Brewers, Druggists, Tobacco Manufacturers, &c., &c.

JOB PRINTING.

The Company are prepared to execute every description of Book and Job Printing promptly and at low prices, and all orders in any of these branches of business will be executed at Hamilton until after the next issue of the paper.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

If you have sympathy with our past struggles, and which of you have not had troubles to overcome in your farms stores, offices, and buffetings with the world; if you can sympathize with those who have struggled through this paper to plant in Canada the art of picture sketching and engraving, and to elevate the intellectual reputation of the Province, be as patriots; put trust in our promise of future excellence. The new series commencing at Toronto will realize that promise. Let each renew the subscription that has expired, and persuade a neighbour to subscribe. By these you infuse in us hope, energy, life. What of you in Canada have not relations in the old country, or in the American States, or in the Lower Provinces? Send the *Canadian Illustrated News* to them, and show what this country is. And you the young of Canadian birth, who have no relations elsewhere, be proud of the land you live in. Save up the numbers of this journal. When you are married and have children, how your hearts will thrill with joy to hear the little prattlers, as they turn over the leaves to look at the pictures, tell one another that this thing happened or that other when father was a boy, and ma' only a little girl, and our great town was only a log shanty in the woods, and the church was the stump of a tree.

TO NEWS AGENTS.

Make an effort to extend your own local connections by planting, by cultivating in your town and townships the *Canadian Illustrated News*. It is the Family Paper that will always be in request, and the more sought for the better it is known. Send your orders, enlarged by new subscriptions if possible. The best show card is the paper itself. Exhibit the engravings of last number and of the present.

PRICE OF THE PAPER.

Great expense must be incurred to ensure excellence and ever changing variety of pictorial illustrations. A journal of highest artistic and literary qualities, such as the Company will henceforth produce, cannot be furnished at the price before charged. The price will now, be \$4, per annum, with a liberal allowance in favour of clubs, and agents. The price of single copies and other details to be announced in No 1 of the new series. Until current subscriptions expire old readers will receive their paper at the former price.

FRIENDLY EDITORS.

Be gracious, give a generous publicity to this announcement. None can so well appreciate what the tear and wear of establishing an expensive newspaper is, so well as they whose bodies and souls are being grinded in the same mill.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF CANADA.

In the first number, new series, the *Canadian Illustrated News Company* will commence a Pictorial History of Canada; written especially for this journal, much of it from original documentary authority, not hitherto used. It will begin with the earliest Canadian Historic period, and continue until it overtakes the passing events of the day of publication. It will be diffusely, beautifully, and graphically illustrated by portraits and pictures specially prepared by the best artists whom publishing enterprise can engage. This splendidly illustrated History, apart from the other attractions of the paper, should alone induce a large influx of subscriptions for the *Canadian Illustrated News*.