

MARY VAUGHAN returned from her morning walk, and went into her father's study as usual, to see that he was comfortable. And, as usual, Mr. Vaughan's gray head was raised when he heard her step in the room, and he said, with a little smile: 'Well, my girl, what news from the village?'

'I don't think there is any news in the village, but there is something going on at the old hall.'

'Decay and overgrowth. Anything else?'

'Nay, papa; if what I suppose be true, decay and overgrowth will soon give place to repairs and gardening. I do believe the old place is let.'

'I daresay you may have heard some one talk about it. I have heard many people, in the course of the last fifteen years, talk of taking Fernley Hall. It is a very attractive place from a distance, but no one likes it on examination. Tenants are not inclined to rebuild another man's house, and it would require little short of rebuilding to make it habitable. Colonel Fernley neglected the old place shamefully, as he neglected other things it was his duty to care for and cherish.'

'But, papa, said Mary, 'I really do think the place is let now. As I was passing along the fence by the shrubbery, I heard people walking inside, and some one said: "Very well, Mr. Burrows. I like the place well enough to agree to the terms. Next Monday, then, I shall send in a builder to make an estimate of the necessary repairs, and he shall set his men to work immediately. This is March; by the end of June, I shall hope to move in." Then I heard Burrows mumble some reply; and the next minute, just as I was passing the little gate in the fence, it opened from within, and Burrows came out with a gentleman. He was a stout, middle-aged man, with a heavy, respectable face, a gold-headed cane, fine white linen, and a new coat. In short, papa, he is my ideal of a millionaire.'

'Millionaires often do very extravagant things; and so a millionaire may hire Fernley Hall and rebuild it; but if he is a man of sense, he will think better of it after next Monday.'

Mary Vaughan and all the village of Fernley were aware, as the old ballads say, of a builder in a gig on the following Monday. He drove through the village, and put up at the Black Horse, and proceeded thence, without loss of time, to the house of Mr. Burrows, who accompanied him to the old hall, whence the builder did not return for three hours, when he went back to the Black Horse, ordered his gig, drank a glass of ale, and drove away. He would have gone without telling anything of what the whole village was burning to know, if the landlord, John Brown, had not ventured to say as he stood in the door: 'I hope, sir, you'll be going to set the old hall to rights?'

'I'll try what I can do. I shall put some workmen in directly. Can I have a bed here occasionally?'

'Ay, sir, that can be. What's the name of the gentleman as is coming to live here?'

'Fielding—Dr. Fielding. Good-morning, landlord. Stand clear, boy.'

From that time, chaos seemed to have come again in Fernley Hall and its grounds. All through March and April, bricklayers, carpenters, and gardeners were swarming about the old place, plastering, hammering, digging and cutting down all day long. They were kept pretty busy at the work by Mr. Burrows and the builder; and by the time the "flowery May" had smiled away half her reign, old Fernley Hall began to smile too, under the influence of fresh order and array. There was every prospect that the leafy month of June would see it a habitable and inhabited dwelling of genteel, if not of aristocratic pretensions.

Mr. Vaughan the curate, and his daughter, took cognizance of all that was going on, and were as much interested in the matter as it was natural they should be. For it is an important thing to a country clergyman and his family whether the great house of the parish be inhabited, and by whom, especially when there are no educated persons in their immediate neighbourhood.

One evening, about the middle of June, Mary Vaughan had tempted her father away from his study, to take a walk with her.

'Which way we go to, Mary? he inquired as they stepped into the road.

'Why, papa, I want you to go and see the improvements in the grounds at the hall. Mr. Burrows has given me the key of the little gate in the fence, so that we can let ourselves in, and walk there as long as we like.'

Mr. Vaughan made no reply, but drew his daughter's arm within his, and turned towards the old hall. Arrived at the gate in the fence—well known to Mr. Vaughan of old—Mary took the key from her pocket, and fitted it in the lock. In another minute, they were sheltered from the dazzling sun, beneath the overhanging greenery within the enclosure.

'How delicious!' exclaimed Mary, and immediately taking off her bonnet, she seemed to be at home in that woodland. It was part of a large plantation or shrubbery, which used to be called the Wilderness, because the old occupiers had left it to nature, that it might snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

'Do you remember this place, Mary?' asked her father, looking about with a countenance where curiosity strove with sadness.

'Very well, indeed, papa. You know I was ten years old when the Fernleys went away; I am twenty-five now. Everything looks much as it did then.'

'That is because you have grown as well as the trees. I am very glad the people who have had the management of the repairs, have had the taste to leave this Wilderness untouched.'

'Dr. Fielding gave special orders that they were not to lop a bough or disturb a weed here, except on the path.'

'I am happy to hear it, my dear,' said Mr. Vaughan, began to walk along the path mechanically, with his eyes roaming right and left among the trees and underwood.

His daughter followed him in silence, for she had an intuitive feeling that her father's heart was full of the thoughts and feelings of by-gone years, suggested by the place in which they walked. She remembered when she, a little child, filled her pinafore with primroses and bluebells which grew under those very trees, while he walked slowly beside a lady there. How sweet and kind that lady was! How graceful and how fair! Yet here was almost the saddest of Mary Vaughan could remember; and the thought of Miss Fernley always made her sorrowful.

She wondered now, how in her childish years she had thought it so fine a thing to be a grown woman and Colonel Fernley's daughter—so ride on horseback and drive in an elegant carriage!

Mary kept pace with her father, and thought of Grace Fernley. 'I remember her as well as if she had never gone away. Either the future or the past is written on every face; says the thoughtful German. On hers both the past and the future must have been legible to my father, for I am sure he loved her. Yes; the regrets of the past, and the apprehensions of the future, were in the soft radiance of those blue eyes as she used to look at him when they talked to-

gether here. I suppose he knew then that she was going to be married. Mr. Burrows says she was as much sold as any other part of the property, to pay her father's debts, and to keep the old hall in the family. And this is the result. For fifteen years, Colonel Fernley has never been near the place, but has been living a dissipated life abroad; his daughter, who married to save him, as he called it, has been living in poverty no one knows where. At this point of her mourning, Mary Vaughan ventured a question to her father.

'Papa, do you think we shall ever hear of Mr. Robertson again?'

Mr. Vaughan paused, and then replied slowly: 'Yes, my dear, I have reason to think we shall.'

'Oh, papa, do you really? May I ask what reason you have?'

'Merely this, my child: she told me, before she went away, that she would come back to Fernley, though it were only to die here.'

'She loved this place very much?'

'It would seem so, since she made so great a sacrifice to retain it in her family.'

'Then Mr. Burrows and every one else is right—Miss Fernley did not love her husband when she married him? Papa, surely that is a great crime in any woman—a double crime in one who was born so noble and so wise, and had every advantage of moral training? It is an unpardonable crime in a woman to marry one man when she loves another!' exclaimed Mary indignantly, perhaps, that she had never thought of the conduct of Miss Fernley in that light before. She had been accustomed to reverence and to pity her.

Mr. Vaughan looked up at his child for a moment in some surprise, and then said solemnly: 'Do you remember who it was that said: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her?" You know not that fellow-creature's temptation, and should beslow to measure her guilt. Do not fall into that grievous sin—the pride of virtue.'

'Oh, papa, how good you are! You, whom she has caused to suffer so—'

'Hush, my child; the past is past.'

'Not all past! it darkens your present; will, perhaps, spread a darker gloom over your future; for you, father, are of those whose affections change not. Father, I am a woman now; no more a child. I cannot see you unhappy without thinking why you are so.'

She put her arm through his, and looked fondly into his face. It was very pale. It might be only the green shade of the trees that made him look so wan; but his eyes were closed as if in agony, and Mary whispered tenderly: 'Have I hurt you by touching on the subject? Ah, forgive me, dear father. I have spoken rashly—cruelly. I did not know that—lean on me, dear father. She looked about for a resting-place, for he seemed to be fainting, and she could not support his weight. She drew him as well as she could to the root of an old tree, which formed a sort of seat; he sank down, and reclined there motionless. There was something in his aspect which frightened his daughter, and she ran hurriedly towards the house in search of assistance.

The workmen had all left the premises, and the stillness of sunset lay on the lawn and front of the house as she emerged from the shrubbery and looked eagerly around. No one was to be seen; and she was about to return, when the splashing of the fountain in the centre of the lawn reminded her, that if she could carry some water with her, she might restore her father so as to enable him to walk home without help. Then she recollected a report that she had heard in the village that morning—some people of Dr. Fielding's household, a housekeeper and some other servants, had arrived, and were already setting the rooms in order. She looked along the line of windows, that glittered so clean and new in the sunlight, but saw no human being. She hastened round to the well-remembered servants' entrance, and quickened her step as she heard voices. Two young women sat by an open window on the ground-floor drinking tea; they ceased talking, and stared at her.

'Can you give me some hartsorn, and a jug to carry some water? A gentleman has fallen ill, fainted in the shrubbery.'

They both jumped up, as if willing to lend aid, but looked stupid.

'Give me that jug,' said Mary, pointing to one on the table. 'I will fetch some water from the fountain, and one of you can bring some hartsorn, if you have any. Is there a man in the house?'

'No; there's only us and Mrs. Smith the housekeeper; she keeps doctor's stuff. I'll just run and tell her, and she'll come with the hartsorn, and bring the gentleman to.'

Mary hurried to the fountain, and was soon beside her father with the water: she found him in the same position. Her anxiety gave place to alarm, when she found that he did not stir when she sprinkled water on his face and chafed his hands. His appearance was corpse-like, and poor Mary trembled as she looked on that beloved face.

'Father, father!' she cried, 'open your eyes; give me one look!'

She heard footsteps behind her, and saw one of the damsels to whom she had just spoken carrying a basket, and accompanied by an older woman. 'Quick! quick!' she cried in a nervous whisper; 'he has been long insensible.'

'Don't be alarmed, my dear young lady,' said the housekeeper in a calm kind voice; 'I daresay he will be better presently. Ann, come and help me to lay him flat on the ground.' And she knelt down, and put her hands on his shoulders. At this moment Mr. Vaughan opened his eyes for an instant, and started the housekeeper so much, that though upon all ordinary occasions she was the calmest and most mechanical creature in the world, she uttered a slight cry, and started back in considerable agitation.

'He do look terribly deathlike, indeed, miss,' said Ann to Miss Vaughan in a frightened whisper, when they had assisted Mrs. Smith to place him at full length on the ground. 'It's a most like laying out a corpse.'

Mary shuddered; and with the housekeeper's help, took her father's head upon her lap, and began to loosen his neckcloth and bathe his temples. In the meantime, good Mrs. Smith took restoratives from her basket, and poured brandy down his throat, and applied hartsorn to his nostrils. In a minute or two the patient heaved a sigh.

'He's coming to, poor gentleman,' said Ann; 'but he'll never be able to walk this day. Does he live far off, miss?'

'We live at the other end of the village. Do you think my father will be able to walk so far?'

Inquired Mary, appealing to the elder of the two women, whose quiet decisive movements had already inspired her with respect.

'No; he cannot walk home. I will go and inquire for a carriage of some sort.'

'Is that you, Mary?' said Mr. Vaughan faintly, opening his eyes and closing them once more. 'Where am I?—what has happened?'

'You are in the grounds of Fernley Hall, father. You have fainted, and I was obliged to go for assistance. Do you feel better now?'

'Yes, my dear. Who was that with you just now?'

'Only some kind women who happened to be at the hall, and who came at once to help me. One of them is beside you now.'

Mr. Vaughan opened his eyes, and after gazing at Ann vacantly for a moment, closed them again: 'Is no one else with you, my dear child?'

'Yes, an elderly person—Dr. Fielding's housekeeper has been here. She has gone now to find a carriage to convey you home.'

'Has no one else been here—no one but strangers?'

'No, papa. You must ask no more questions now,' she added, as she saw him looking eagerly about as if in search of some one.

Ann presently produced a little more brandy, which she insisted on Mr. Vaughan's swallowing. 'Mrs. Smith had ordered her to give it, and she dare not disobey. Mrs. Smith was so particular.' That done, Ann took up her position, basket in hand, beside the father and daughter, until some one came. Such having been her orders from the housekeeper.

Mr. Vaughan still remained with closed eyes, resting his head on Mrs. Smith's lap; Mary watched him in silence, and thought of many things—of the uncertainty of life; of her father's sadness, and his love for her; of her mother, who had died before she could remember, and who might have been the sunshine of his days had she lived. Then she thought of the old dwellers at Fernley Hall—the gay dashing colonel and his lovely daughter. They were exiled, and new people were come to fill their places. Then she thought of Grace Fernley's marriage—a marriage without love, that could not come to good. The recollection of all she had noted in childhood, and tried to forget for so many years, combined with her father's sudden indisposition when she had spoken of Miss Fernley and her marriage, to make her feel sure that it was a secret but strong love for that lady which had weighed so heavily on him all these years—which had kept him a curate in the old place, when he might have had good livings elsewhere. 'He will not leave Fernley, I know,' she said to herself; 'and he has told me the reason now. He expects that one day Grace Fernley will come back to the hall, or, if not there, to the village—perhaps worn by sorrow and sickness, perhaps in want. Ah! I have never been able to make him forget her. I shall be worse than useless to him then. I had better think of the situation Dr. Fielding offered me as governess to his daughters.'

Just then the sound of wheels was heard on the pathway, and presently a man appeared drawing an old garden-chair.

Mrs. Smith could not come back herself, but sent me with this to carry home the poor sick gentleman. Why, it's Mr. Vaughan! Why didn't she tell me that, and I'd have come quicker.'

'Mrs. Smith's like me,' said Ann, with a toss of her head; 'we come from London, where people don't know everybody's name they chance to meet.'

'Ah, to be sure, ye're all new to our place. Can he help himself at all, think ye, Miss Vaughan?'

'Yes, Barnes—thank you,' said Mr. Vaughan feebly. 'If you will lend me your arm, I can get up; but I fear you must draw me home in that chair.'

Mary's support on one side, and Barnes's strong arm on the other, were sufficient to place Mr. Vaughan in the little vehicle; and followed by Ann, who seemed to enjoy the adventure, they proceeded to the gate by which Mr. Vaughan and Mary had entered the grounds of Fernley Hall. The latter dismissed Ann with thanks and a little money; and then walked home beset by the chair, with a full heart and mind, and a clouded brow.

'What's come to you, too, Miss Mary?' asked their old servant, some time after they had returned. 'You look as if you had had an upset too. Where have you been this evening?'

'Only into the grounds of the old hall, Deborah.'

'Ha! it's ill walking on bad folks' land.'

'Do you call the Fernleys bad folks, Deborah?'

'Ay, that do I—chick and child. What's bad, if it's not bad to drink and swear, and let a goodly estate go to the dogs, and then take rent for it from a retired doctor? What's bad, if it's not bad for a young lady to break a good man's heart—to love one and marry another? But it's no use talking, child. What's done cannot be undone, and the least said is the soonest mended. We're none of us too good, and had each best mind our own business. By the same token, I'll go and mind mine. Somebody's been tapping twice at the back-door.'

Mary lingered in the kitchen, with the intention of inciting Deborah to talk more freely about Miss Fernley, or rather Mrs. Robertson; but having Deborah return along with some one, Miss Vaughan slipped away to her own room, being in no mood to listen to the grievances of some poor villager; and she had given orders to Deborah not to disturb her father unnecessarily that evening. He was lying on the sofa in his study, reading or musing, and had wished to be left alone.

The person who accompanied Deborah was Dr. Fielding's new housekeeper, and Deborah treated her with the respect due to her office and respectable appearance.

'Thank you, ma'am; master's pretty tolerable again now. We are much obliged to you for your kindness. I should have done just as you did; there's nothing like a little brandy in such cases. His pulse is too low; he reads and thinks too much; and he's very sad and melancholy, poor gentleman.'

'His daughter!'

'Oh, she's a very good daughter, but she isn't a wife; and he wants a wife—some one nearer his own age. Miss Mary is a lively girl, and living here, moping away all her days in this village where she has no companions, is spoiling her temper. She wants a change.'

'Dr. Fielding has grown sons and daughters.'

'Well, that's good hearing; but they may not think a poor curate's daughter good enough company for them especially if they are not real gentry.'

'But they are,' interrupted Mrs. Smith, smiling a little. 'I have brought a note from Dr. Fielding to Mr. Vaughan: it only requires "Yes" or "No" in answer. I should be glad to have it to-night, if Mr. Vaughan is well enough to read my master's note.'

'I will go and see,' replied Deborah graciously; for she liked Mrs. Smith's appearance, and thought it would be a pleasant thing to be on good terms again with the housekeeper at the hall.

'You may show the housekeeper—Mrs. Smith, is that her name?—in here,' said Mr. Vaughan. 'I should like to thank her for her attention to me. Bring in some cake and wine presently, and candles. I can scarcely see to read this note.'

Mrs. Smith still stood near the door of the little study after Deborah had closed it behind her. Mr. Vaughan rose from the sofa, and said kindly: 'Take a seat, Mrs. Smith; I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you for—'

He paused in surprise; for she stepped quickly across the room to him when she found they were alone, and took his hand in hers.

'You do not know me yet, old friend? Suffering has changed me more than you.'

There was something in her voice which awoke an echo in his heart. He trembled, and drew her towards the window, that he might see her face. The lingering twilight, as she removed her bonnet, showed a face that still retained traces of beauty, but so completely mixed with those of time and sorrow, that the expression must have been greatly changed. A few marks of the small-pox, some faint lines on the brow, a pale complexion, mild yet firm eyes, hair sprinkled with gray and neatly braided under a widow's cap: such were the specialties of a portrait on which Mr. Vaughan gazed with a bewildered look.

'You do not know me, I see,' she said, turning away; 'and if you do not know me, no one else here will.'

'Stay yet a moment—look at me once more.'

She looked him steadily in the face, with head erect, as in the days of old. Ah! he knows her now. His eye brightens, his cheek is flushed, and his voice is choked with emotion as he speaks once more.

'It is it—it is Grace Fernley! Merciful Father! this is—this is—this is—'

He covered his face with his hands, and she saw the tears trickle through his thin fingers. She remained motionless, and watched him. Presently he looked up at her, and said gravely: 'Why have you come to me?'

'I came to ask forgiveness, Vaughan.'

'I loved you, Grace: there is no need to ask forgiveness of me.' The gentle tenderness of his tone was indescribable.

At these words her pride and strength broke down; she sank on the nearest chair, and burst into tears. He drew a seat beside her, and whispered words of consolation in her ear. After a time, she recovered, and looking hastily round the room, as if she feared intrusion said: 'Do not let any one see me; I would not be known. But I must speak longer with you this night.'

'I will see to it,' and he left the room, and returned with some wine, having taken it from Deborah, and told her not to interrupt him, and to tell his daughter that he was engaged upon business of importance. When he was seated beside his visitor, again, she began in a low broken voice, which grew steadier as she proceeded.

'You remember as well as I do the day of my ill-starred, wicked marriage; when I promised to love and honour a creature whom I despised, to gratify a vile pride of race.'

'And, as you thought then, to save your father from ruin, and preserve him in honourable condition for life?'

'True, I did think that; but I was blinded by ambition and a cold heart. I had no excuse; for you were not near to love and guide me—you, who were truly all a woman could desire in a husband? I married Glasville Robertson, and you have been well avenged. For seven years I bore the burden: at the end of that time, I escaped from him.'

'So I heard. You had no children?'

'No; God be thanked! I left him to his luxury and his infamy: he was in Paris. I fled to England—to Scotland, and strove to earn my bread.'

'Why did you not come to me—to Fernley?'

'I dared not; I was too wretched. Besides, I was still young, and you might have felt your old love revive. I was married—blighted—unfit for you and your child.'

'But why not go to your father?'

'Ah, you do not know that worst, cruellest affliction. I could not live with him. His house was no fitting home for any but women lost to all self-respect. I had tried my utmost before to win him from his vices; at that time he was at his worst—and I avoided him. I took the name I now bear, and got employment as governess—companion—housekeeper, in various families. My husband sought for me in vain. A year ago, he died. I heard that my father was in England searching for me—seeking for the pittance that fell to me after his debts were paid from my husband's estate. I saw him. I will not attempt to describe that interview; but you can imagine it, when you remember what my father was when angry, and that the wicked always feel contempt for each other when they have been unsuccessful. A few months later, he wrote to inform me that he had at length found a purchaser for Fernley Hall.'

'Is it sold?' asked Mr. Vaughan.

'Yes, my friend,' she replied sadly; 'it is now Dr. Fielding's property. It is a just punishment to me. I committed a crime to retain possession of the old place, and, by a strange but intelligible decree of Providence, I have come to serve in the house where I was formerly mistress. They are good people, those Fieldings, and will bring a blessing with them to the place. If it please God, I will work a while, and then die as I hoped to die—in Fernley, in the old hall.'

'No; in this personage, Grace.'

'Hush, Frank Vaughan, that cannot be. My heart is swollen with bursting now at your kindness, at my own unworthiness. Henceforth we must be strangers. Mary will not know in Mrs. Smith the former Miss Fernley; no one in

the place will know me. We shall meet in the church on Sundays, and you will pray for me.'

'And may we not meet elsewhere?'

'No. But there is a service, pressing and immediate. I would ask of you this night, if we part, for the sake of old times, go and see him laid decently in the earth? There is money, for he died penniless; and unless the body be obtained by his friends, it will be buried by the parish in which he died. He has no friends save myself and you.'

'I will go to-morrow. Give me the address.'

'It is written in the letter which you have not yet opened. All particulars are given there. Good night; I must not stay.'

'Not stay! Who has a better right to stay in my house?'

'Your daughter. For her sake we must be as strangers.'

'But she may not always remain with me. She wearies of this dull household; she may marry.'

Mrs. Smith took his hand, and said affectionately: 'It is a sore struggle, as you know, to do right sometimes. I would gladly pass the last years of life with you; but for Mary's sake, and for your own fame's sake, I will not come to you now. When she marries, or leaves you, I will come and be your housekeeper—your nurse—your wife—if you please; and I will then declare myself the last of the house of Fernley.'

Two years afterwards, the bells of Fernley church rang joyfully. Dr. Fielding's eldest son married Mary, the handsome daughter of the curate. Mr. Vaughan himself performed the ceremony; and after the bride and bridegroom had departed, and the wedding-guests had gone to the hall to dance and make merry, he remained alone in his little study to compose his mind after the emotions of the day.

He had not been alone more than an hour, when 'Mrs. Smith from the hall' stepped into his apartment and said: 'Do not disturb yourself; Deborah knows all. I have come to fulfil my promise.'

The good curate smiled. 'Mary prepared me for this. She is most anxious that you should be known for what you are. Again there will be a marriage of old people—but when you smile and are happy, you don't look old, Grace—that shall not be unwise nor ridiculous. We will go to London together, and return man and wife. As Mary may one day be mistress of Fernley Hall, you may draw your last breath where you drew your first.'

'And my old age, thanks to your goodness, will be more blessed than my youth.'

WHY THE MILITIA DEPARTMENT IS SO BADLY MANAGED.

WE are glad to see the *Globe* indulging in the following plain talk, and trust it may lead to some reformation, not in John A.'s imbibing habits, for that is hopeless, but in the management of the Department. It is too bad that the fate of our country should lie in the hands of tipplers like McGee and John A.

Anxious to maintain public confidence, we have hitherto refrained from commenting upon the glaring inefficiency of the administration of military affairs. We begin to think that we have committed an error in so doing. The silence of the press has been misconstrued, and blundering and delay continue to mark every branch of military administration. We hoped that the loud complaints of all classes of volunteers would have penetrated the doors of the Cabinet, and that we should have had reform long ere this.

We thought that the imminent danger in which the country stands at the present moment would have aroused the Minister of Militia to pay some slight attention to duties upon which the lives and fortunes of thousands of our best citizens depend. We have been entirely disappointed in this hope. The most ordinary and simple affairs remain unattended to. When Mr. Macdonald is applied to he throws the burden of responsibility upon the Adjutant-General, and it is reported that the Adjutant-General declares, in his turn, that he cannot obtain the assent of Mr. Macdonald to the simplest proceeding, and that he is tired of a position in which he can do nothing efficiently. Colonel McDougall is a stranger in the country, comparatively; and were it otherwise, he would still require the fiat of the Minister of Militia upon all important acts. We do not like to touch the point too closely, but it is a fact that, if a Fenian raid were to occur to-morrow, and Col. McDougall applied to the chief of his department for instructions, he might, we may say he would, almost certainly find him unfit to pass judgment upon the most trifling matter. We but repeat what every one already knows, that while the Fenians were in possession of a portion of our territory last June, Mr. Macdonald was not in a condition to attend to his duty, and the scenes in the House during the last two weeks indicate that his habits have not improved since that time. Our Ottawa correspondent telegraphed yesterday evening that the members of the Ministry, delighted at having got through the session with no other serious than their Josiah, Mr. Galt, were about to disperse to various parts of the country on pleasure trips. If they will send Mr. John A. Macdonald to Saguenay and stay at home themselves, they may meet the crisis adequately, although of that we are not sure. But if Mr. Macdonald is left to his own devices during the next few weeks, what will be the result? A paralysed military administration, and failure in every department of the service.

Instead of departing on summer trips, we would fain learn that every member of the Cabinet had resolved to remain at Ottawa to give aid to their colleagues especially charged with military duty, and not leave till the volunteer force was thoroughly and efficiently prepared for action. Let them not leave us at the mercy of a man whose habits render him notoriously untrustworthy.

An English paper states that the regiments which were under orders, in the usual form of service, to leave Canada for service in the West Indies and other points have been ordered to remain in this Province for the present.

The mortality returns of England for 1864 show that in that year 28 of the men who died and 79 of the women had reached one hundred years of age or upwards, one woman dying at 107 and one man at 109. Of these 98 very aged people London had 32.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued on Wednesday, 15th, by the Governor. After giving his sanction to a large number of Bills, he said:—

Hon. Gentlemen of the Legislative Council, Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:—

I have much pleasure in releasing you from further attendance in Parliament, and I observe with satisfaction the large amount of important business, both public and private, which you have transacted during the session. The completion of the Code of Civil Procedure in Lower Canada, is a permanent memorial of the ability and industry of

THE CANADIAN GLEANER.
Published every Friday morning, at \$1 a year in advance. Single copies, 24 each. For sale at the office, and by all the principal booksellers in the city. The terms are unusually favourable.

ROBERT SELLAR,
Proprietor.

THE 'CLEANER' JOB OFFICE.
All descriptions of Job Work executed at the Glasgow Office neatly and at moderate prices. Lay blanks, Municipal and School Commissioners' notices, printed correctly and in good style. Auction and Horse Bills done with despatch. Cards, and all kinds of fancy printing, tastefully executed, and at lower prices than those of the city.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

THE CANADIAN GLEANER.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1896.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.
Most unexpectedly, Napoleon has received Prussia's refusal of the territory on the south of the Rhine, quietly. He says he made the demand in order to satisfy public opinion in France on the subject of the rectification of the frontier. He deemed it a just demand, but at the same time acknowledged the force of the argument used by the Prussian Cabinet in the reply of refusal. He said that the relations existing at present between France and Prussia should not be disturbed in any case, and hoped Prussia would not overstep the line.

It was expected that peace would be ratified between Prussia and Austria daily. Hanover, Hesse, and several smaller states, are to be annexed to Prussia.

It is rumoured in Paris that the Italian Government will soon treat directly with the Pope for the cession of his temporal dominions, and the establishment of Rome as the capital of Italy.

The Empress of Mexico was still staying in Paris. She was urging Napoleon to make a final effort to suppress the Republicans.

There is no English news of importance. The Atlantic telegraph continues to work satisfactorily.

In New York the cholera has fallen off, but in other cities it continues to increase. In St. Louis last week there were 532 deaths from it, and in Cincinnati on Saturday last 69 and on Sunday 54. In Chicago it also exists, but not in a virulent form. In New Orleans the deaths from it average 30 a day.

NEW REGISTRY LAW.
A PROCLAMATION in last Gazette directs that from and after the 1st October next, there shall be imposed and collected on each deed, instrument, or document, registered in any registry office in Lower Canada, and on every search made in any such registry office on or after said day, the following duties respectively, that is to say: On every will, mortgage, marriage contract, or donation—30c; on every deed or instrument affecting or evidencing the sale, exchange, hypothecation, or mortgage of real property for a sum or consideration exceeding in value \$400—30c; on every other deed or instrument, 15c; on every search, with or without certificate, 5c. And until further orders the above duties shall, in all the registration counties, or registration divisions of Canada, be paid in money, and the amount of such duties received by every registrar respectively, shall be by him accounted for and paid over to the Receiver-General immediately after the close of every third month, to be reckoned from the said 1st day of October next.

These new duties go to form a fund to provide the necessary maps, books, and inspection requisite on changing the present system of registration. Just now every mortgage, donation deed, &c., is registered under the name of the owner of the land; under the new law they will be registered against the property. The benefits of the new system are apparent. A man who wants to find out whether a certain farm is clear or not, will not have to ask a search for all the items under its owner's name (who may possess half a dozen farms) but will simply ask for a search with regard to lot No. —. The result will be a saving of time and money, while there can be no mistake as to the accuracy of the search. That this plan of registration by lots, instead of by names, was not adopted long ago is strange.

MAXIMILIAN SNUBBED.
THE so-called Emperor of Mexico is hard pushed at present by his rebellious subjects, who are gradually driving back his troops and re-establishing the rule of the Republic. Among other towns thus lost to Max. is the seaport of Matamoros. When he heard the Republicans had got it, he issued a proclamation declaring the said port to be blockaded and closed to commerce. As soon as the news arrived at Washington, President Johnson issued a proclamation, which after some saucy allusions to a "foreign military intervention" and to the man "who asserts himself to be Emperor in Mexico," and after quoting the decree, says:

And, whereas the decree thus recited, by declaring a belligerent blockade, unsupported by competent military or naval force, is in violation of the neutral rights of the United States, as defined by the law of nations, as well as of the treaties existing between the United States of America and the aforesaid United States of Mexico.

Now, therefore, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare that the aforesaid decree is held and will be held by the United States to be null and void against the government and citizens of the United States, and that any attempt which shall be made to enforce the same against the government or citizens of the United States, will be disallowed.

According to the custom of Imperial nations, Max. should at once declare war against the States for this insult, but as he has enough to do to keep himself in his rickety throne he will have to put it off. It is time this sham of an Emperor in Mexico was played out.

THE NEW TARIFF.
It is now known that the duties on all Dry Goods are reduced on an average 10 per cent. while those on Groceries are somewhat increased. The reduction on Dry Goods will have some effect in increasing the amount of smuggling between this and the States.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS.
The annual report of the Jail Inspectors for last year is before us. From it we learn that there were confined in 1895, in

Lower Canada.....	7193
Upper Canada.....	5535

Who were divided thus according to nationalities:

LOWER CANADA.	
Canadians.....	3295
English.....	437
Irish.....	2917
Scotch.....	217
United States.....	192
Other Countries.....	144

UPPER CANADA.	
Canadians.....	2107
English.....	672
Irish.....	2478
Scotch.....	424
United States.....	592
Other Countries.....	199

According to creed:

LOWER CANADA.	
Roman Catholics.....	5511
Church of England.....	1144
" " Scotland.....	340
Methodists.....	95
Other denominations.....	102

UPPER CANADA.	
Roman Catholics.....	2456
Church of England.....	1872
" " Scotland.....	417
Other Presbyterians.....	423
Methodists.....	847
Other denominations.....	506

We confess we are surprised at these figures for we did not suppose that crime was so much more prevalent in Lower than in Upper Canada. The proportion of Catholics to Protestants among the prisoners, only bears out what has been observed in other countries. According to last census there were in both Canadas:

Protestants.....	1,305,890
Roman Catholics.....	1,200,865

Majority of Protestants..... 105,025

No. of Catholic Prisoners..... 7967

" " Protestant "..... 5446

Majority of Catholic prisoners..... 2521

That is, although there are 105,025 fewer Catholics in Canada than Protestants, yet the former have nearly half as many again of their number inmates of prisons than the latter. "By their fruits ye will know them."

Of the prisoners 3272 were classed by the jailers as temperate in their habits, and 5725 as intemperate. If the truth was known we suspect very few of the 3272 would be found to be total abstainers. To keep them, it cost the country \$140,072. 3850 could neither read nor write.

Of the Beauharnois gaol one of the Inspectors says:

I visited this gaol on the 5th July. It was in a clean and orderly condition. There being no enclosed yard to this Gaol the prisoners are not admitted out of their day rooms for hard labour or exercise, nor is any kind of labour found for them within the wall that I am aware of. I found that sufficient strictness had not been observed in the treatment of the prisoners. For instance, smoking and playing at chequers were considered only necessary indulgences to enable the prisoner to pass through his imprisonment without discontent. Others convicted of the crime of embezzlement and allowed to receive subsistence and bedding from without. There was no improper motive I am sure in acting thus, but there certainly was an ignorance of duty. There were seven prisoners, all males. The diet costs but nine cents per head daily.

The weather continues broken, and most unfavourable for harvesting.

There will be public worship in the Canada Presbyterian Church on Sabbath first, at half past 6 p.m.

A new Company of Volunteers is gazetted for the village of St. Jean Chrysostome. To be Captain, Donald Alexander Livingstone; Lieutenant, James Stewart; Ensign, John Lett.

The Volunteers of this County are still unpaid for their services of last June. It is thro' no fault of the officers, for the pay-lists were forwarded to the Department over two months ago. That such a state of things should exist is a foul disgrace. If the Government wished to discourage Volunteering they could not pursue a better course.

The following officers from this District took certificates at the late examination: 1st class—Capt. Blackwood, Rockburn; Capt. Hall, Huntingdon; Capt. Johnston, Hinchinbrooke; Lieut. Cairns, Durham; 2nd class—Lieut. Park, Beauharnois; Lieut. Campbell, Huntingdon; Ensign McDonald, Huntingdon, and Ensign Adams, Huntingdon.

The Secretary of the Godmanchester Council has received, thro' the hands of Mr. Somerville, a cheque for \$427, being the amount of interest due on the township's share of the Seigneurial money. Had the present Mayor and Secretary walked in the footsteps of their predecessors, they would each have had a couple of pleasure-trips, at the expense of the rate-payers, to the seat of Government to draw it. We do not suppose, however, that the rate-payers will find fault with them.

MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE.
MONTREAL, Aug. 20. PREPARING.
The Militia authorities are working day and night in forwarding the necessities for the Volunteers. Large quantities of ammunition and arms have been sent West. Brooch-loaders are on the way from England. They were ordered by the Atlantic telegraph as soon as the money was voted. Should the Volunteers be called out in Lower Canada, the Commissariat Department of the Regulars will supply them. Although there should be no danger, it is likely the Volunteers will be equipped out for eight days, and get a dollar a day with rations, &c.

Through the suggestions of the volunteer officers in not sending any money, some of the troops have not yet been paid since they were at the front.

The Montreal Cavalry, some of whom were

out with you during last scare, are about to get brooch-loaders and new saddlery.

A MOST UNPOPULAR APPOINTMENT.
The appointment of ex-Sheriff Delisle to be Collector of Customs is most unpopular with nearly every one who has to deal there. Although Mr. Lewis has been in the Custom House for 25 years, and proved to be a most efficient officer, and although nearly the whole of the wholesale merchants petitioned Government for his appointment, yet Mr. Cartier put him aside to make way for his bosom friend Mr. Delisle, who knows nothing about commerce. The Gazette's only excuse for his appointment is that he was unjustly (?) dismissed by the previous Government. As to his abilities for the office not a word is said. It is a wretched system this pitching into important offices men merely for their political services. The Hon. John Rose, I suspect, will find that he has imperilled his seat by his voting for the new Tariff, and for not insisting on the appointment of Mr. Lewis, as desired by nearly the whole of his constituents, but I suppose, he expects that Confederation will make things easy.

A SHARP THIEF.
For sometime numerous valises, carpet-bags, &c., have disappeared from the cars at the station and elsewhere. A Detective thought he would find out the rascal or rascals, so lay down in a car pretending to be asleep. Shortly afterwards a man walked up, and took away his carpet bag, but the sleeper with one eye open, caught him, and on his being searched a bottle of chloroform was found on him, with which he used to send travellers to the land of dreams, whilst he walked off with their baggage. He will be kept out of this evil practice for six months to come.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.
I fear, if the feeling of the Montreal people is to be depended on, to press the Imperial Government on this question, little will be done. They are so mixed up with the Roman Catholics in business and socially that the majority feel perfectly indifferent on such questions. With the exception of the *Daily Witness*, no paper has taken up the matter with boldness. The Protestants outside of this city will have to do the chief work. You will find at next election nearly all prominent Protestants voting for the Government.

THE SCOTTISH GAMES.
The of the Caledonian Society were attended by over 2,500 people. The usual games of quoits, putting the stone, racing, tossing the caber, and dancing took place. Some of the Jack-tars of H. M. war-ship created great amusement by climbing a greasy pole, and dancing a sailor's hornpipe. The following will give an idea of how they can leap in Montreal:

Running Long Leap (members only): 1st prize, J. Moffatt, 15ft. 10in.; 2nd do, J. Lawson, 15ft. 5in.; 3rd do, A. B. 15ft. 7in.

Running Long Leap: 1st prize, T. Russell, 18ft.; 2nd do, R. Thompson, 17ft. 1in.

Pole High Leap: 1st prize, T. Russell, 9ft. 1in.; 2nd do, J. Moffatt, 9ft.

Tossing the Caber: 1st prize, J. Ingalls, 38ft. 2in.; 2nd do, J. Russell, 28ft.

MISCELLANEOUS.
The Transcript asserts that the practice of the Post Office refusing to take pennies for one cent is illegal, and quotes Chap. 17, Sec. 9, Consolidated Statutes to prove it.

Up to a certain period discount is allowed on water rates, so during the last three days \$80,000 were paid in. The total revenue is \$210,000.

Two boys and a man were drowned last week. Money is scarce. Galt's Bank Scheme and repeal of the Usury Laws are blamed for it.

The imports continue to be very much larger than last year. The houses are now showing off their Fall goods and buyers are coming in.

A coloured man, whose spouse is French, was charged with locking her up when he went out, and when he returned finding her on the steps speaking to another man, savagely assaulting her. He was fined \$20 and costs.

A painter fell from the roof of a house and was killed.

Burials last week: Protestants, 13; Roman Catholics, 91.

LATEST FROM OTTAWA.
In the order in Council, which has been passed providing pensions and allowances for Volunteers, the English scale of pensions has been adopted for commissioned officers, while for non-commissioned officers and men 50 per cent more than the English rate is allowed. Special cases, I understand, will be specially provided for.

The Government has decided upon making an allowance of £100 to the widow of the late Ensign McCallum over and above her regular pension.

It is known that a large number of converted Buffords were ordered some time ago for the use of the Militia of this country, but as some delay will inevitably occur in procuring these, a Sub Committee of the Executive Council, consisting of the Hon. Messrs. Blair, McDougall and Cockburn were appointed to collect samples of all the best breech-loading and revolving rifles which can be obtained on this side of the Atlantic with the object of ascertaining which would be the most serviceable weapon to place in the hands of our volunteers on the frontier. A trial was accordingly held to-day in the neighborhood of the city, two or three of the best shots in the city joining in it. I am informed that the result was most conclusive in favour of one particular weapon, a breech-loader, but not a revolver. With the rifle in question twelve shots were fired in one minute, an accurate aim being kept, every shot hitting the target, and a sufficient supply for present purposes is to be procured at once. A further trial, however, is to be held by a Board of regular officers, and the Government is on the alert to collect such further information with regard to improved weapons as it may be possible to obtain.

Applications for the purchase of the interest-bearing debentures continue to come in rapidly. The amounts now applied for have a much wider range than I reported before. They come from all parts of the country, and show that a large amount of money has been looked up in places where its existence was not suspected.

The excitement which has prevailed in the West with regard to rumours of Fenian movements is considered to be wholly groundless. The Government is furnished with full information upon the subject and although no apprehensions are entertained of any serious demonstration at present, measures have been taken to the entire satisfaction of the Military authorities with the view of meeting any danger that may arise with the utmost promptness. 10,000 troops can be concentrated at any point on the frontier at a few hours' notice. Arrangements have been made to ensure an efficient commissariat, and a medical depot has also been organized.

A place of property in St. Paul, Minn., formerly owned by Capt. Moffitt, of the privateer Florida, and confiscated by the United States Government, was sold on Thursday for \$3,000.

THE FENIANS.
Buffalo, Aug. 21.—The Fenian picnic to-day called together a large number of persons, estimated at fifteen to twenty thousand. At three o'clock the sham fight commenced, descriptive of the Limestone Bridge affair, which made considerable fun. Soon after a meeting was organized, and A. Sherwood, of this city, chosen chairman. Gen. O'Neill addressed the meeting at some length in an impassioned style. He was followed by the Hon. A. M. Clapp and Charles Macomber, of this city. The whole affair was orderly. There was no hint given of any proposed hostilities, and no one here believes a raid on Canada is intended, at least for some time, if at all.

A Chicago dispatch says: There is great excitement among the Fenians here, and a movement of some kind is evidently underway, although everything is kept profoundly secret. Some mysterious picnics and pleasure gatherings are announced in this vicinity. Three hundred Fenians left Louisville last night to attend one of their picnics, and on the same train there were 30 cases of rifles. Companies A and D of the 18th Fenian Regiment leave Louisville for Chicago to-night; also, 200 Fenians from Nashville, each one carrying a four shooter by way of provision. 200 Fenians also passed through Nashville yesterday from Memphis, on their way to attend the Chicago picnic.

A Fenian mass meeting is announced to take place at Framingham, Massachusetts, on the 25th inst., and to be addressed by Senator Wilson, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, Gen. N. P. Banks, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations, and President Roberts.

New York, Aug. 18.—The Express says that President Roberts has called a Fenian Congress at Troy, September 4th. Official reports of the late Fenian fiasco in Canada will be submitted. It is also stated that a vessel, purchased months ago by O'Mahony for a privateer, and still lying at the Atlantic Dock, is claimed by Stephens, and that if he persists in the claim an attachment will be procured against him by prominent Fenians of Brooklyn.

A CANADIAN, who was formerly a Lieutenant in a Volunteer Company, and who now resides in the States, writes home as follows:—

"I suppose you have thoroughly got over the 'Fenian scare' by this time, but I hope the authorities are on their guard. You are going to catch it this fall you may depend upon it, and it will be ten times worse than it was in the spring, for they are now getting themselves much more thoroughly armed, and going about it more secretly than before, but they still have their drill-rooms, and drill regularly. I will be much surprised if there is not some pretty hard fighting this fall. All the volunteers ought to be armed immediately with breech-loading rifles, as it takes some little time to get men into the way of handling them, and if in the excitement of the moment—and which is very likely to happen—they should be hastily put into their hands just before an action, they would be found almost useless. The Fenians know well the value of the breech-loading rifle, and—taking a lesson from the tremendous effects of that weapon in the late war in Austria, and knowing well that England is generally slow to move, and that it will become little time before Canada is armed with such rifles—are now using every exertion, and you may depend upon it before two or three months are over, they will try it again. I have been in the very heart of Fenians for the last three months, and I speak from what I have seen. Use all the influence you can to wake up the Government. I will be in Baltimore in a short time and will, of course, look out for them. I was going over during the last excitement to join my company, and had sent my trunk on ahead, but fortunately the thing was about saving in before I was quite ready."

The Hamilton Spectator has been permitted to make the following extract from a letter received from a Canadian living in Indiana. He says:—"Speaker Colfax, in his speech here the other day, said that it was the intention of the Government to let the Fenians have their own way next time. They (the Fenians) are more active than ever, and it is fully believed here that this winter will see Canada in their possession. You seem to think in Canada that the trouble is over; far from it, the real danger is now. Fenianism is now become part of the Yankee politics of the day; Democrats and Republicans are loud in their praise of the organization."

FENIANS AND THEIR SYMPATHIZERS.
On Wednesday week the Fenians of Chicago had a picnic, at which some 15,000 persons were present. The Governor of the State, Oglesby, Gen. Logan, the man who hopes to be his successor, and Colfax, Speaker of Congress, were present. We are sorry to say that all these men, two occupying responsible positions and one aspiring to such, spoke violently against Britain and said much to encourage the Fenians. Governor Oglesby spoke first. After dwelling on the fact that they had no kings, queens, or aristocrats in the States, and telling of a visit he made ten years ago to Ireland, he said:—

If I could do anything to help the Irishmen to regain their liberty, so help me God I'd do it, if it cost me both my arms. I know the British Government don't like it, but I please them now about as well as they pleased me when they struck hands with Jeff. Davis to destroy our free Government. So I say, and I want the report to be written down, and printed, and I want to be held responsible for it—I say to you, Fenians, go in and win your independence if you can, and my heart is with you. [Wild cheering.] Aye, while I live, as Governor or citizen, I will pay them back so help me God! The main object I had in coming here was to say that although I am not a Fenian, nor never shall be, I say to you go on! Go on! Assert the rights of Ireland and conquer their redemption with the bright lakes of Killarney on the Giant's Causeway, and as God's my judge I'll help you. I tell you I am, in solemn earnest, and I am in favor of universal liberty for black men and for white men in America and in Ireland now and forever. [Great and continued applause.]

Such language would become a madman better than the Governor of a State. Speaker Colfax was more guarded in his utterance, but still he said much to make the Fenians believe they were in the right in disturbing the peace of Canada and the mother-country. He said:—

I am here to respond to the noble resolutions you sent me. I will very briefly review the course of the British Government toward us during our late severe and perilous struggle. That Government made haste to recognize the Rebels as belligerents, and to provision the pirate rams they had built and sent forth to devastate our peaceful commerce. When we asked England at the close of the war to repair the grievous wrongs she had done, she kicked our Minister out of her ante-chamber. Between nations the civil rule is better than the golden. Whatsoever

England has done to us we ought to do to her until she repents. When her hour of trial came, and the Queen begged the President to issue a proclamation, he should have taken her own proclamation and said: "Here are rebels fighting for their liberty, as our forefathers rebelled and fought for theirs. It's a fair fight. The rebels are clearly belligerents; let the fight go on." I confess I was utterly humiliated when I read the proclamation that Mr. Johnson saw fit to issue, instead of such an one as he should have issued. Why should not Ireland be free? She once had a Parliament of her own, and ought to have one now. The House of Representatives directed the release of the Fenian prisoners held by the President of the United States, but I grieve to say that until this time the President has failed to show even courteous respect to the order of the representatives of the people of the United States, and the brave Gen. O'Neill is here to-day under the bonds of the President, to answer his accusers at the close of this month for loving liberty for Irishmen. The Congress had been wholly upon the side of Ireland's independence, and my whole heart is with you. Soon may we have another Irish Parliament on Dublin Green. [Long continued applause.]

Gen. Logan, who came on to the platform clad in Fenian uniform, wound up. He said:—

So far as Fenianism is concerned, I know nothing of it; but so far as your struggle for Irish independence is concerned, you have my whole heart on your side. [Great cheering.] My father was born in County Monaghan, Ireland, and struggled long for Irish freedom. He taught me the lesson, and I learned it well—the lesson of undying patriotism that swears eternal enmity to all oppressors. [Great cheering.] So, then, when you ask the true American whether he is in favour of Irish liberty and opposed to British oppression, he lays his hand upon his heart and swears before high Heaven eternal fidelity to Irish independence. [Loud cheering.] The neutrality of England during our war, our Governor and our Speaker Colfax, have well said, is good neutrality toward England now. If the Irish patriots want vessels and munitions of war, they shall have them. We ain't afraid of England; why should we be? The United States is a man, a man big enough and stout enough to take care of himself, and needn't be afraid of a woman. [Great cheering.] Whenever the time comes that Ireland has a chance to be free, it will not be Irishmen alone who will spring to fight for her freedom. We tell Mr. Johnson, you may put your foot on the necks of Irishmen now, but Irishmen shall have their turn by and by. The President encouraged the poor servant girls and day laborers to give half of all their earnings to buy arms and equipments and put troops in the field, only that he might confiscate these arms, and imprison these patriot leaders. Now, do you want any more of that sort of help? ["No, no, no."] Well, then, you had better give Andy Johnson and his Copperhead and Rebel confederates a wide berth, and keep company with those who do stand by you and don't betray you in the hour of your extremity. The time will come to try again, and I hope to God it will come soon. Go in and win. Fight for Irish liberty as you fought for the American Government, and you will win. [Great cheering.]

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF LAST MONTH BETWEEN THE ITALIANS AND AUSTRIANS.
A CORRESPONDENT who was on board the Italian ship Re di Portogallo, which bore a most honourable part in the engagement, gives the following account of the battle:—

"The enemy's fleet approached in three lines, and its appearance was very formidable. It consisted of seven ironclads, one wooden ship of the line, five wooden frigates, two corvettes, and twelve gunboats carrying six guns each. Our fleet was certainly the strongest had they all come into action. The wind was high and there was a considerable sea on, the wind being directly in favour of the Austrians, who approached at great speed, led by their Admiral in the ship of the line Kaiser. We were in line, abreast of each other, but, owing to the roughness of the weather, we could not keep as near to each other as we otherwise should have done, and the Kaiser sailed through us, exchanging broadsides as he passed with the Re di Portogallo. Half of his fleet followed him, and then doubling upon us, placed us between two fires; the whole of their fleet, in fact, attacking our six ships, for the rest of our fleet was for a considerable time unable to render us any effective assistance, and the strong head wind retarded their progress in our direction.

"I can say but little from my personal experience of the doings of the other ships, for all my attention was required for ourselves. We were attacked by the Kaiser and two ironclads. The noise was terrific. The thunder of the guns, the crashing of shot against our iron sides, the bursting of shells were deafening. Again and again the ironclads rammed us, the shock each time shaking every one who was not holding on by something fairly off his legs. We in turn performed the same manoeuvre, but in both cases from want of sufficient impetus, and from the strength of the vessels, struck without result. It was soon evident that the cannon on either side were not sufficiently powerful to send either shot or shell through each other's armour. Although the plates were cracked, and in some cases completely smashed, the backing kept the balls from passing through; and now we aimed as well as we could, for the vessel was rolling a good deal, at the enemy's portholes. Broadside after broadside we exchanged, passing and repassing each other so closely that the muzzles of the guns almost touched each other. Numbers of our men were killed, and several shells coming in at our portholes burst inside and committed terrible havoc. The scene was terrific. The noise, the smoke, the repeated shocks as the vessels struck each other, made one hardly conscious of what we were doing; but the men still fought their guns nobly, and after any shell burst among us a cry of 'Viva il Re, Viva Italia!' broke out, even from those wounded from its explosion. At last the Kaiser, which until now had poured its shot into us with little return upon our part, for the ironclads had fully occupied our attention, bore rather upon our bow; in an instant our captain, the Cavaliere Ribotti, ordered every gun which could be brought to bear to be poured into her, and then putting the helm up, we ran stem on to her, and then putting the broadside she gave us as we came on, glancing like hail from our own covering. We backed off, and in an instant could see the damage we had done. One of the masts had gone by the board, and the vessel seemed rapidly settling in the water; all was confusion, men were lowering her boats, while some of the guns still kept up their fire. Whether she sank or no, I cannot tell you, although it is generally reported that she went down very shortly afterwards, and that out of her crew of 1200, only 300 men were saved. Soon afterwards, a shout from the enemy's ships told us of some disaster to one of our vessels, and now I could see that the Re d'Italia was fast settling down. She had with our vessel stood the brunt of the attack, and had been set upon by three ironclads of the enemy. For some time she had resisted nobly their assault,

although over and over again struck by their shells, she always managed to turn aside a little so as to evade the full force of the blow. But at last, while one charged her at the side another struck her upon the rudder, which was carried away, and the vessel had no longer power of steering. She was now struck fairly stem on by one of the rams, and a large hole was knocked in her side, through which the water rushed in a torrent, and in three minutes afterwards she, too, sank. Soon after there was a cry that the Palestro was on fire. It was too true; a shell had penetrated to her coal bunkers, and exploding there, had set them on fire. Still she fought on. The Governor which had now come up, with many others of the fleet, went to her succour; but Lieutenant Capellini, who commanded her, and her crew refused to leave her, and in a few minutes she blew up with a tremendous explosion which shook every ship to its centre. In the meantime two of the enemy's gun-boats were also sunk. Still the fight raged. The frigate Garibaldi came up to our assistance, and diverted the attention of one of our opponents. It was useful, for the fatigue of working the guns, the confusion, and the tremendous shocks had nearly exhausted our men. The San Martino, the Maria Pia, and the Principe di Carignano all performed prodigies of valour, being attacked each by two ships of the enemy at once. The combat now lasted two hours, when the remaining portion of our fleet approached—until now only the two squadrons of ironclads having been engaged with the Austrians. Upon their approach the enemy gradually drew off, and our ships being in no condition to follow, they were allowed to do so without molestation, and we took our way back to this port to rest. The greatest blow is thrown by the whole fleet upon Admiral Persano, who allowed himself to be completely out-manoeuvred, so that although our fleet was numerically the strongest, he yet so managed it that only a portion was engaged, and it was only owing to the fact that these were all ironclads that they were not destroyed, the enemy being two to one against them. The Admiral, too, who carried his flag, and was considered the most formidable vessel of the whole fleet, hardly took any part in the conflict.

A HALF-FOUGHT BATTLE.
EARLY on the morning of Sunday, 29th July, a fierce battle began between the Austrians and Prussians. It raged furiously until noon, when it was suddenly stopped by the news that peace had been concluded by their respective Governments. A correspondent thus tells how the battle ceased: Time was getting on, and before the front attack was developed, the sun, standing high up in the heavens and directly south, showed that mid-day had arrived. In a few minutes an Austrian officer came out on the Blumencamp position with a flag of truce, and advanced towards the Prussian lines. He was met by a Prussian officer, to whom he reported that an armistice had been agreed upon, to date from mid-day, and that it was already past the hour. In a few minutes the signal to cease firing was sounded along the Prussian ranks, and the combat was broken off. The sudden silence was curious and abrupt; there were none of the dropping shots or single occasional reports in which a cannonade generally dies away; in a moment the roar of the artillery and the patter of small arms ceased, and a curious hush of conversation rose from the astonished soldiers.

The Austrians lost in the combat between 500 and 600 men, of whom 100 were taken prisoners, and over 300 were wounded. The Prussian loss is reported to be only 100 killed and wounded.

To speculate on what would have been generally unprofitable, especially so in war; but as the Austrians fully acknowledge that they were only saved by a lucky fortune from a terrible disaster, it may not be too much for impartial observers to believe that the action was virtually gained by the Prussians, and that if it had continued all the Austrian artillery must have been taken, and probably the greater part of their infantry engaged.

The number of men engaged on each side was about equal.

Then occurred a curious scene. The men of Rose's Prussian Brigade, who had been planted across the Presburg road, and a few hours before had been standing ready, rifle in hand, to fire upon the retreating Austrian battalions, were surrounded by groups of those very Austrian soldiers whom they had been waiting to destroy. The men of the two nations mingled together, exchanged tobacco, drank out of each other's flasks, talked and laughed over the war in groups, equally composed of blue and white uniforms, cooked their rations at the same fires, and to bed in night Austrian and Prussian battalions will lie down bivouacked close together, without fear of one another, and in perfect security.

Had the battle continued the Prussians would have crossed the river and marched upon Vienna. Though not a great battle, the events depending upon it made it most important.

DEATH OF WILLIAM MORRISON, Esq.
WILLIAM MORRISON, Esq., the discoverer of the source of the Mississippi, died last week at one of his residences on Morrison's Island, between Sorel and Berthier, in the 82nd year of his age, deeply and deservedly regretted by all who knew him.

His mortal remains were interred on the 16th inst., in the Protestant burying ground at Sorel, in the presence of a large concourse of relatives, friends, and acquaintances, who accompanied the funeral cortege from Berthier, where the funeral services were performed in the Episcopal Church. The following brief and imperfect account of some incidents of his career is of general interest.

The name of William Morrison is identical with the rise and progress of the fur trade in Minnesota. He was born in Montreal, C. E. in 1785. In 1802 he commenced his apprenticeship with the X. Y. Fur Company at Fort du Lac, and was soon after admitted as a partner. During the years 1803-15, he explored the entire region of the North-West, and wintered at many important geographical points. In 1816 he took charge of John J. Astor's business, and remained with him until 1826, when he retired and came to Canada, and has since lived at Berthier. By an Indian wife he had two sons—the eldest of whom has passed a great portion of his life among the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, in Oregon and California, and accompanied Colonel Fremont in his expedition. The other son is registrar of deeds at Sorel. Superior. Some years after the death of this lady, he married Miss Anne Kisson, of Sorel, also deceased, and by whom he had four daughters, all of whom survive their parents. William Morrison was even popular among all the Indian tribes, and among them his influence was very great. Eventually as his life has been, that which most of all will immortalize his name is the fact of his being the first white man who discovered the sources of the Mississippi River. This honour has been generally awarded to Schoolcraft; but there are living (or were very recently) witnesses of the justness of Mr. Morrison's claim. The following copy of a letter, which the late Mr. Morrison addressed to the Historical Society of Minnesota, so clearly

sets forth his claim as to leave no doubt of his title to the last of this great discovery. viz.: "I left Old Grand Portage in 1802, and landed at Leech Lake in September. In October I went and wintered on one of the Crow Wing streams, near its source. Our Indians were Pillagers. In 1803-4 I wintered at Rice Lake. I passed by Red Cedar Lake (now Cass Lake) and followed up the Mississippi to Cross Lake. Then followed the Mississippi up to near Elk Lake (now Itasca,) the source of the great Mississippi, the portage we made to get to Rice Lake, that empties itself into the Red River, which I visited in 1804; and if the late General Pike did not lay it down as such, when he came to Leech Lake, it is because he did not happen to meet me. I was at an outpost that winter. The late General Pike laid down on his map Cass Lake as the head of the Mississippi River. I did not trace any vestige of white men before Itasca Lake. In 1811-12, I again went the same route and down Rice River to the Plains. Then I overtook a gentleman with an outfit from Leekina, M. Otepe, with whom I parted only at Fond-du-Lac. He took the south toward Mackinac, and I took the north to head-quarters, which had been changed to Fort William from Old Grand Portage. This, I expect, will explain that I visited in 1804 and in 1811-12, Itasca and five small streams that empty into that lake.

By way of explanation why the late General Pike in 1805, who had orders to trace the Mississippi to its source, failed to do so, I must say he was stopped at the little below Swan River [what is now called Pike's Rapids or Block House] by the road, and had to proceed on foot to Leech Lake. He had to learn there where the source of the Mississippi was. He went to Cass Lake and could proceed no further. He had been told that I knew the source, but could not see me, being out on an outpost. This want of information made him commit the error. Some person, not knowing better, told him there was no river above Cass Lake. Cass Lake receives the waters of Cross Lake, and Cross Lake receives that of Itasca Lake. There are five small streams that empty into Itasca Lake. They are short and will soon lose themselves in swamps. Rice River is a short portage and is called the heights of land, which is the dividing ridge between the Mississippi and the waters that empty into Red River and Hudson Bay. No white man can claim the discovery of the Mississippi before me, for I was the first who saw the source."

It is manifest by this that neither Schoolcraft nor Nicollet are the first discoverers of the Mississippi. Mr. Morrison, like hosts of other, did much to develop the vast resources of the Far West.

CANADA.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—On Wednesday afternoon a young man named James Dunn, was in a field near Amherstburg, in company with his father and two young men named Boyle when a shower came up and the party sought refuge under a tree; but scarcely had they done so when the tree was struck by lightning which passed partly down its trunk and glanced off striking Mr. Dunn on the head and instantly killing him. Two others of the party received severe shocks, but they have now fully recovered. —*Essex Record.*

The *Arnprior Times*, referring to the Plumbago mines recently discovered in that vicinity says:—We have seen lately with pleased astonishment Mr. Pearce's Plumbago Mill in operation, some 12 or 13 miles back in the rugged wilds of Leech Lake. The mill was then crushing and preparing for market the crude ore, there lying piled at its door to the amount of it was said of 800 tons. From what we saw, we should imagine that the Company (Goehner Plumbago Co.) which Mr. Pearce represents must have already paid out about \$30,000 in the enterprise.

The Hon. J. G. Currie has resigned his position as member for the Niagara Division, giving as his reason that having opposed Confederation he could not consent to sit as a life member in the Legislative Council of the British American Confederation.

Mr. W. S. Hunter, of Stanstead, is making the necessary arrangements for the erection of a cheese factory of sufficient extent to work up the milk of one thousand cows. It will be erected on a lot owned by Mr. Hunter, a mile and a half from Stanstead.

We regret to learn the death of Benjamin Delisle, in the 77th year of his age. He was a man well known and respected in this community. He served with distinction as an officer in the Royal Canadian Fencible Regiment during the war of 1812, and took part in the memorable battle of Chateaugay on the 26th of October, 1813, under that distinguished officer, the late Colonel De Salaberry. He was then detailed by Colonel De Salaberry to convey 158 prisoners of war, taken at that engagement, to Quebec, among whom was the late General Winfield Scott, of the United States army. He was awarded for his services by receiving a medal, and was retained on half-pay after the war. He subsequently held, until very recently, the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the 11th Battalion of Infantry in the Montreal Militia, which he had brought up to a very efficient state of organization. —*Montreal Free Press.*

THE DEFENCE OF THE LAKES.—We have seen lately with pleased astonishment Mr. Pearce's Plumbago Mill in operation, some 12 or 13 miles back in the rugged wilds of Leech Lake. The mill was then crushing and preparing for market the crude ore, there lying piled at its door to the amount of it was said of 800 tons. From what we saw, we should imagine that the Company (Goehner Plumbago Co.) which Mr. Pearce represents must have already paid out about \$30,000 in the enterprise.

The Hon. J. G. Currie has resigned his position as member for the Niagara Division, giving as his reason that having opposed Confederation he could not consent to sit as a life member in the Legislative Council of the British American Confederation.

Mr. W. S. Hunter, of Stanstead, is making the necessary arrangements for the erection of a cheese factory of sufficient extent to work up the milk of one thousand cows. It will be erected on a lot owned by Mr. Hunter, a mile and a half from Stanstead.

We regret to learn the death of Benjamin Delisle, in the 77th year of his age. He was a man well known and respected in this community. He served with distinction as an officer in the Royal Canadian Fencible Regiment during the war of 1812, and took part in the memorable battle of Chateaugay on the 26th of October, 1813, under that distinguished officer, the late Colonel De Salaberry. He was then detailed by Colonel De Salaberry to convey 158 prisoners of war, taken at that engagement, to Quebec, among whom was the late General Winfield Scott, of the United States army. He was awarded for his services by receiving a medal, and was retained on half-pay after the war. He subsequently held, until very recently, the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the 11th Battalion of Infantry in the Montreal Militia, which he had brought up to a very efficient state of organization. —*Montreal Free Press.*

newed will be kept more faithfully than the original obligation, in a Parliament which will certainly not, to say the least, be more favourably inclined to the passage of such a measure. It is already fixed that Mr. Cartier is to be the Lieutenant-Governor of Lower Canada, and does he believe that the new position will give him greater powers than he now possesses? Or does he simply mean to renew his solemn pledge, for the purpose of averting any opposition on the part of the British population of Lower Canada to his appointment? —*Montreal Herald.*

SCOTLAND.

The first contract for the Callander and Oban Railway, for a distance of about 20 miles, was let by the directors at their meeting this week.

LAURENCE'S HIRING.—The annual shearer's hiring market was held on the Tower Knowe on Thursday, 2nd inst. The now almost universal use of reaping machines has considerably reduced the number of shepherds for service, and those present yesterday were principally bandsters, who got from 18s. to 20s. a-week with rations, the larger proportion being engaged at the lower quotation. The hired shepherds engaged accepted 17s. to 18s., and scythemen 20s. to 21s., in all cases with rations.

A TOWNSMAN DISTINGUISHING HIMSELF IN CANADA.—Half a century ago a well-known townsman, named Fletcher, carried on the baking business in Dalrymple Street, Greenock, where he continued his business. His son became the captain of the Fire Brigade in Montreal, and while in that office displayed abilities which commended him to a good position in the regular army, becoming an officer in the 100th Regiment. He now occupies the position of Lieutenant Colonel in the Canadian Volunteer Militia, and is President of the Frontier Rifle Association, Canada East. On the 26th June last that association held their annual shooting match at Huntingdon. At a meeting which followed "The health of the Governor General Commander in Chief" being disposed of, "The health of Lieutenant Colonel Fletcher" was drunk with great enthusiasm. The gallant Lieutenant Colonel was then presented with a very valuable service of silver plate by the members as an expression of gratitude for being the originator and promoter of the association and for the incalculable benefits he had conferred upon the community generally. —*North British Daily Mail.*

DUMFRIES.—On the morning of Monday, 30th July, the town bells sent forth a ringing peal in commemoration of the laying of the Atlantic cable, and in honour of a worthy townsman, Captain Anderson, commander of the Great Eastern, who, it may not be interesting to know, was once an apprentice in a newspaper office in Dumfries. In the evening about forty gentlemen, presided over by Provost Turner, went down to dinner in the King's Arms Hotel, when appropriate toasts were proposed and warmly received.

SCOTCH FARMERS IN SOUTH AMERICA.—In the some that straitened circumstances of farmers at home—with high rents for their farms and low rates for their produce—it is all the more gratifying to notice the success which has crowned the efforts of those who have carried their capital and enterprise to a foreign shore. The districts of Monte Video and Buenos Ayres in South America, have for some time been the favourite resort of farmers and others from this neighbourhood; and from all accounts that have been received of their success in the Pampas are well worthy of the attention of farmers in general, and especially of sheep farmers, which extend westward from the sea, and particularly the rich alluvial lands on the banks of the Parana and Uruguay, seem to be the favourite localities with those who have emigrated from this quarter and become in a great measure the pioneers of civilization in those regions. Besides making the most of the plants and animals indigenous to the soil, not a few of those who have emigrated are exerting themselves to improve the character of their produce both cereal and animal, especially the breed of sheep. Amongst the latest of those who have devoted themselves with praise worthy zeal to this task is Mr. Peter Donholm, a native of Dunbar. It is somewhere about twelve years since Mr. Donholm emigrated to Buenos Ayres and during that time his energy and perseverance have been well rewarded. Devoting himself principally to sheep farming he has succeeded in it far beyond his expectations and he is now the owner of at least 20,000 sheep. The sheep in the district, however, are still generally of a somewhat rough nature—short and coarse of the wool, and altogether standing much in need of improvement. A month or two ago Mr. Donholm returned on a visit to this place and as he was anxious to carry back with him a selection of rams from a good stock he selected twenty-two from the flock of Mr. Stevenson, of the Halls farm near Dunbar, which were bought at the rate of £12 each. With these as a stock to breed from he hopes to make a great improvement both in the quantity and quality of the wool of his flock in the course of a few years. —*Scotian.*

IRELAND.

Lord James Butler, the new Steward at Dublin Castle, is a dayman. His carts with his Lordship's name daily emblazoned, are to be seen in Dublin, supplying customers with milk; but he won't serve any one who will not buy at least four quarts daily.

A Dublin paper says:—An old woman, a Mrs. Phillips, has just died in the immediate vicinity of Castlemead, at the very advanced age of 100 years. Her husband was killed by the insurgents of '98, so that she had been a widow for the long period of sixty-eight years.

A mysterious affair was investigated at Landcaster on Monday. A woman was found dead in the house in which she and her son resided, and the circumstances were such that the police have thought themselves justified in arresting the son on suspicion of having caused his mother's death.

CONFESSION OF MURDER BY A FENIAN.—A man named Kearney has given himself up to the Dublin police as the murderer of Clarke, in February last, on the banks of the Royal Canal, near Dublin. He alleges that he was told off along with some other Fenians to assassinate Clarke, who was suspected of being an informer. Kearney declares that he fired the fatal shot.

A Dublin telegram states that an extensive discovery of Fenian ammunition has been made in Limerick. 6000 rounds of ball-cartridge, and a large quantity of powder, bullets, and materials for making cartridges, were found.

The Government is allowing a number of the Fenian prisoners to leave this country for America. They have to pledge themselves, however, not to return.

A French journal tells of the vengeance of an owl after a young lad had killed its young. It watched faithfully for him during five days, and finally seeing him approach, pounced upon him and with a stroke of the claw, tore out his left eye.

ENGLAND.

EXTRAORDINARY VITALITY OF SEED PEAS.—Three years ago Mr. John Hill, tailor, of Dulverton, Somerset, received from his sister, who resides at Pontypool in Wales, three single peas, taken from a bottle found buried in an old ruin near that town. The bottle contained a parchment, from which it appeared that it had been deposited there 200 years before. Mr. Hill planted the peas, and in his garden plot the produce may now be seen, a most luxuriant crop of gigantic peas, the stalks much above the usual height, and covered with very light green semi-transparent pods of enormous dimensions, one of which measures 5½ inches in length and 3 in circumference, another being 7 inches long and 1½ wide. —*Ticton Gazette.*

In a match against time, Topley, a pedestrian, walked eight miles in 59 minutes 39 seconds. He won the wager, £100, with 21 seconds to spare.

Mr. Carrick, the coroner for East Cumberland, held an inquest at Carlisle on the body of a little girl named Rachel Macmillan, whose father is a travelling tinker, and who, while drinking himself, had thoughtlessly given her a drink of raw whisky. This threw her into convulsions, and although promptly attended by a medical man, she died on the following day. The jury returned a verdict of "accidental death," and at their request the coroner gave a most severe reprimand to the heedless father.

DISSEMINATION.—A return has been issued showing that up to the end of the year 1865 there were in England eight distillers from grain and other materials; in Scotland, 108 from malt only, and eight from grain and other materials; and in Ireland, two from malt only, and twenty one from grain and other materials. In England the quantity of spirits from malt and grain upon which duty was paid for consumption, was 9,182,396 proof gallons; in Scotland, 7,378,931 gallons; and in Ireland, 5,258,232 gallons. The rate of duty per proof gallon was 10s.; and the amount of duty paid in England, £4,591,202; in Scotland, £3,659,466; and in Ireland, £2,629,117.

THE CHOLERA IN LONDON.—In the last week of July there were 904 deaths by cholera, 349 by diarrhoea—making an aggregate of 1253 deaths. The epidemic takes the form of diarrhoea chiefly in young children. Thus, 309 of the 349 deaths from diarrhoea last week were children of five years of age, including 244 infants. The greater part of this slaughter in seven days took place within a limited portion of the London area—containing about a seventh part of the population of London, and on one-fourteenth of its area. The mortality is overwhelming in some of the districts. In Poplar alone 145 and in Bow 108 people died last week, including Dr. Ansell, the meritorious health officer, and Mr. Cooley, clerk to the Board of Works, whose name figures on the placards. People are falling ill every hour. You see them of all ages—children and adults lying about their beds like people under the influence of deadly poison, some acutely suffering, nearly all conscious of their fate, and of all that is going on around them. Here the doctor is drawn in by the husband to see his wife who has been attacked. The husband dies in spasms. Here is an old woman seated, dead, with eyes wide open. There lies a fine four-year-old child, the curly head drooping in death; but his mother says his pulse is strong, and he takes what she gives him. An elder brother just recovered is running about. Several wards of the London Hospital are full of patients—many of them very young children in all stages of the disease, some dying, some well again and playing. The medical men have no rest, and with the health-officers, are nobly doing their duty. Brave men ready to lay down their lives for their patients. The people themselves are most patient, most willing to help each other. The women always in front, and none shrinking from danger. There is no desertion of children, husbands, wives, fathers, or mothers, from fear. In midst of this scene the authorities have been to some extent paralysed. In the cholera wards of the London Hospital, in a scene of suffering and death sufficient to try the stoutest heart, a lady volunteer nurse has passed her time since the beginning of the epidemic, moving from bed to bed in ceaseless efforts to comfort and relieve. So very youthful and so very fair is this devoted girl, that it is difficult to control a feeling of pain at her presence under such circumstances. But she offered her help at a time when, from the sudden onset of the disease, such assistance was urgently required, and nobly she has followed her self-sought duty. Wherever the need is greatest and the work is hardest, there she is to be seen toiling until her limbs almost refuse to sustain her. And the effect of the fair young creature's presence has been that the nurses have been encouraged by her never-failing energy and cheeriness, so that dread of the disease has been lost in efforts to combat it. This is an instance of devotion which it would be an insult to praise—it need only be recorded. —*Lancet.*

UNITED STATES.

Union refugees from New-Orleans state that the Rebels have appointed a committee to notify Union citizens to leave the city, and in proof thereof, exhibit the following notice: "Mr. — Sir: You are hereby notified to leave this city within seventy-two hours. Your presence cannot be longer tolerated in this community. By order of the committee."

The military have arrested a planter near Vicksburg, Miss., for beating three colored women to death in one day, who shot the husband of one of them, who interfered to save her life. Numerous citizens prominently featured to any amount, which was refused.

The fetters which confined John Brown at Harper's Ferry are on exhibition at Fitchburg, Mass., having been taken from the former place by an army Chaplain.

Ex-Major Henry Funk of Muscatine, Iowa, was recently seized by the Austrian authorities while travelling and impressed into the ranks of the Army.

A Herald's special dated Chicago Aug. 19th, says: A terrible railroad accident occurred this morning at Holmesville about forty miles from this city on the Michigan Southern Railroad. The regular passenger train consisting of three sleeping cars and three passenger coaches shortly after leaving Laporte, Ind., was thrown off the track by a cow which in some curious manner was caught between the sleeping car. The train was running at about twenty-eight miles an hour at the time. The three sleeping cars and all the passenger coaches were hurled down an embankment one hundred and forty feet. One of the sleeping cars rolled over three times and finally came right side up at the bottom. Twenty-three persons were injured but none stricken to any extent. At the time of the accident one of the cars was thrown against a telegraph pole severing the wire, so that it was some time before medical assistance could be got from Laporte.

In Oberlin, Iowa, recently, the friends of a gentleman and lady who had mutually pledged their troth, were invited to see them made one.

The clergyman came, and the people came, the bride was ready and the bridegroom was there; but, discovering just before the knot was tied that there was a mortgage on the lady's property, refused to be united to her.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Paris has been again attacked with cholera, but only to a very slight degree. The press has received orders to be silent on the subject, and the alarm has consequently been much greater than it need have been, seeing how little ground there has been for alarm. But the leading medical journals of that city state that its sanitary condition has materially improved during the last few days, and the *Gazette Hebdomadaire de Médecine* states that the cases of cholera have dropped within seven days from 116 to 68.

THE HONOUR OF THE FLAG.—According to the *Gazette of Trieste*, the prisoners arrived in that city relate the following:—While the iron-clad frigate *Re d'Italia* was sinking, two Austrian officers jumped into a boat and rowed towards the stern of the frigate in order to seize the Italian flag which was flying there. But an Italian officer laid hold of it, although he could see the ship was on the point of sinking, and, after firing a revolver at the Austrians, went down, preferring to perish with the vessel, rather than deliver up the flag to the enemy."

The Prince of Hohenzollern who was wounded at Sadowa is having a silver plated false leg.

Marshal Benedek, after the battle of Sadowa said to the correspondents of the newspapers, "You may tell all. There is no way of palliating this misfortune. An honourable leader takes all the fault upon himself. I am responsible for all that has happened."

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND A CHOLERA PATIENT.—At the late visit of the Empress to the cholera hospital at Amiens, Her Majesty approached the bedside of a patient named Demontier, a workman, and spoke some consoling words to him, which seemed to revive him, and for some days the medical attendants had hopes of saving him, but he had not strength, and has just succumbed. Before his death he called the *Seur de Charité Marie-Joseph* to his bedside and taking from under his pillow a purse, put it into her hand, saying, "Ma seur, here are 90 francs—all I possess in the world; if I do not recover, send them to the good Empress, and let her give it to the poor, or to the little orphans of her son, in remembrance of the gratitude of poor Demontier." The sister has just fulfilled the wishes of the dying workman.

A FEMALE SOLDIER.—There is an affecting episode connected with the battle of Custoza. A surgeon of the Italian army discovered among the Bersaglieri, in the midst of dead and wounded, a young corporal, who still breathed in spite of three wounds, one in the arm, one in the right leg, and one in the neck. While attending to the wounds the surgeon found that his patient was a woman. Her name was Hermenia Marcelli, a young girl of 20. A few days before the Garibaldian Volunteers commenced the campaign Hermenia's brother was taken ill, and she resolved to join the Volunteers in his stead. She had her hair cut, and put on her brother's uniform, and was taken for him by the regiment. Only four hours had elapsed after her installation in the regiment when it came into contact with the enemy at Custoza, and Hermenia fell upon the field, severely wounded. When the surgeon made the discovery he ordered the warrior girl to be conveyed back to Florence, and in that city she died from her wounds.

The Empress of Austria, has been very active in visiting the hospitals and seeing to the comfort of the wounded. The following is a translation of a letter which a lady, placed in Her Majesty's suite under the title of "Reader to the Empress," has just written to an old blind gipsy woman living in a remote part of Hungary.

"Good Woman,—Her Majesty the Empress and Queen of Hungary went recently to see the wounded soldiers in the hospitals of Vienna, and amongst them found your son, with a serious fracture of the right thigh declared the arm must be amputated, but your son would not consent. Her Majesty used such persuasion with him that at last he consented to have it done next day. The Empress came again on that next day, but the arm was not yet amputated, and the medical man declared that if any more hours passed your son would be lost. He consented, but begged the Empress might be present at the operation, which would give him full courage to bear it. Her Majesty was not able to refuse the request, so she remained until he was put under the influence of a narcotic, and until the surgeons declared all had gone on well, and was sitting on his bed when he awoke. Her Majesty then promised him that he should be moved to her own hospital at Luxembourg after a fortnight. As there are only officers there, he will have the best attendance. When he is quite well he will go home to you, and as he is not able to earn anything, Her Majesty wishes to provide for him as long as he lives. The Empress asked him if he had a family, he answered that he had only an old blind mother, whom he loved with all his heart. Her Majesty was pleased with this expression of feeling, and as she knows that you cannot write, she sends you ten florins to pay for the writing of a letter, because your son is very anxious to hear something from you. Send very soon a letter under cover to me, and I will present it to Her Majesty, who will deliver it to your son. Do not be anxious; your son has everything he wants."

The conversion to Catholicism of Mr. Charles Homans, one of the poets, was announced many years ago. The Paris correspondent of the *London Guardian* states that Mr. Homans has recently returned to the English Church and adds:—"When he first went over to Rome Mr. Homans exhibited all the fervor of a new convert. He spent at least ten years in Rome during which he published a few years ago, Catholic Italy and her Sanctuaries. He began a careful investigation of the monuments of Rome beginning with those of the classical and Pagan period and then proceeding to the catacombs and early Christian monuments. He entered on the latter field of study with the fullest persuasion that what he found there would only strengthen and deepen his already strong and fervent attachment to the Roman system. The result of patient long continued and earnest investigation has in a striking manner led him to the directly opposite conclusion. Mr. Homans is I believe at present engaged on a work in which he will fully set forth the conclusions he has arrived at and his grounds for them. Meanwhile I am permitted to offer you for publication a letter addressed by him to a friend on the subject in which he states briefly the motives which have actuated his conduct. The contents, I think, scarcely be otherwise than as interesting to English church-men. They are as follows:—

"Rev. and Dear Sir:—In reference to the step I have lately taken in leaving the communion of the Roman Catholic Church, it has seemed to me that, as in regard to such solemn questions the experiences of every mind may be worthy of attention, a simple statement of my

motives may not be uninteresting. Having been induced, during the many years spent by me at Rome, to examine into the evidences of Christian antiquity in the range of catacomb monuments, and having approached that study with a strong sense of the value of these primitive records as the incontestable and pure expression of the mind of the ancient Church, I have been finally led to see that between the picture of a past reality there presented and the actual religious practice of Rome exists an opposition affecting essentials—an irreconcilable, in short, which I believe no amount of ingenious oration, nor argumentation or sophistry, can either explain or harmonize. Without entering into controversy, for which I have neither taste nor vocation, I may indicate two points especially which I believe to be condemned in their Roman Catholic acceptance, by the testimony of those ancient monuments—the idea of an absolute earthly headship to which all rights and prerogatives, converge in the successor of St. Peter; and the worship, under whatever modification, of creatures, implying, of course, that so prominent in the Roman system, of which the Blessed Virgin is the object—totally wanting the support, and repugnant to the sense, of the evidences deducible from the range of catacomb art and epigraphy.

"I must own that other considerations, for instance, in regard to the Papacy as an institution of government, spiritual and temporal, and the principles lately avowed by it, in a manner so emphatic; have had their weight with me in leading to a decision so important; but it is, above all, that body of monumental proofs so strikingly illustrative of the past, and which Rome herself is so wisely careful to preserve and studiously to investigate, that has so influenced me as to cause my abandonment of a religious profession in which I no longer found peace of mind or intellectual satisfaction. Not the less do I still appreciate and value much that is beautiful, holy, and useful in the system I have thus declared myself against, and I must continue to believe that Rome has a great task assigned to her for the furtherance of Christian civilization. Much, however, that presents itself to the attention, in the course of a long residence at that centre, leads—at least has led me—to the painful conviction that it is rather the zeal for the interests of a potent system than a pure uncomprohending love of truth, by which her ecclesiastical policy is animated, though assuredly many pure and truth-loving minds are, perhaps ever will be, found among her adherents.

CHARLES J. HEMANS."

MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET PRICES.

FOR MARKET DAY, AUG. 21, 1866.

Flour, country, per quintal, 17 0 to 17 6
Oatmeal, do do 12 6 to 13 0
Indian Meal, do do 8 6 to 9 0
Peas, per minot, 4 6 to 5 0
Ons, per do, 2 5 to 2 6
Buckwheat, per minot, 4 6 to 5 0
Turkeys, (old) per couple, 8 0 to 10 0
Ducks, do do 2 6 to 3 0
Chickens, do do 1 6 to 2 6
Fowls, do do 3 0 to 3 6
Butter, fresh, per lb., 1 2 to 1 3
Do, salt, do do 11 to 10
Eggs, fresh, per doz., 0 9 to 0 10
Potatoes, per bag, 4 0 to 0 0
Beef, per 100 lbs., \$ 5 50 to \$ 6 00
Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs., \$ 9 00 to \$ 9 50

MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET.

August 21.—Extra Cattle, none in market. First quality of Cattle, \$7.50; Second and Third, \$6.50 to \$5.50. Milch Cows, \$20.00 to \$25.00; Extra, \$35.00 to \$40.00 each. Sheep, \$3.00 to \$5.00; extra, \$6.00 to \$8.00. Lambs, \$2.00 to \$3.00. Hogs, live-weight, \$7.00 to \$7.25. Hides, 7c to 7½c per lb. Pelts, lamb and clipped 50c to 60c each. Tallow, 6c to 6c per lb.

Greenbacks are worth 67 to 67½ cents in bills, and 70 cents in silver. Gold, 147½.

FARM FOR SALE.

A GOOD high lying farm, in the township of Godmanchester, in the fourth range, Lot 25, containing 110 acres of land, over 60 are cleared, the remainder being in standing bush. There are 35 or 40 acres of pasture, 18 or 20 acres of plowed land, and about 10 acres of meadow. There is an excellent spring of water about the center of the farm. Said property is about 3 miles north-west of Huntingdon, and about a mile from the Plank Road leading to Fort Lewis, where two steamers call. There is a good frame house, 24 x 30, and kitchen, a frame barn, 30 x 40, also a log barn. Stables, sheds, and other buildings. Also an Orchard of about 60 trees. 27 On the farm of said Lot there are 10 or 15 acres on which the chief timber is CEDAR, suitable for fencing and other purposes.

For further particulars apply to the proprietor on the premises, or if by letter addressed to Huntingdon P. O., which shall receive prompt attention.

W. M. CLYDE.

August 21, 1866.

WILLIAM McCLEAN,
Grocer, Tea, Wine & Spirit Merchant,
KING STREET.

BEGS to inform his customers and the public that he has just received a fresh supply of Groceries, Liquors & Wines.

Altho' the late duties imposed upon Liquors, &c., has caused a considerable rise in price, he is still prepared (as he has always done) to sell his liquors pure and unadulterated, as cheap, if not cheaper than any other dealer in the district.

WILLIAM McCLEAN,
Grocery, nearly opposite Court House,
Huntingdon, August 3, 1866.

Union House,
FORMERLY Roberts House, S. W. Hatch, Proprietor, Chateaugay, N. Y.

This House has been newly fitted up and re-furnished throughout. Carriages in waiting at the Depot, and Guests carried to and from the House free of charge.

Parties conveyed to Chateaugay Lake, and other places of resort on reasonable terms.

ST. LAWRENCE NAVIGATION CO.

THE new and splendid Upper-Cabin Steamer
"L. RENAUD,"
CAPT. RANKIN,

has now been placed on the route between Montreal and Cornwall, leaving Chateaugay every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at one o'clock p.m., and Lachine on arrival of the 5 p.m. train from Bonaventure station, calling at Beauharnois, St. Timothy, Valleyfield, Coteau Landing, Port Lewis, St. Anicet, Lancaster, Summerstown or Renbush's Wharf, St. Regis and Cornwall. Returning will leave Port Lewis on MONDAY and THURSDAY MORNINGS on arrival of the stage from Huntingdon.

For freight or passage apply on board, or at the office.

JOHN McARTIN,
Agent,
67 Common Street.
Montreal, July 9, 1866.

NOTICE.

THIRD & KNOX

Will dispose of \$30,000 worth of Dry Goods, Groceries, and other merchandise, for the benefit of the public, for two weeks only, at cost and under.

Underrated are the prices during the Sale, for Cash only, or Produce at cash prices:

50 pieces Thomas Hoyle & Sons' best Prints for 7½d per yard, former price 1s 3d.
100 pieces Grey Cottons for 3d and 6d per yard, worth 9d and 1s 1d.
100 pieces Dundas Cotton Yarn at 12s 6d per bundle.
100 pieces Summer Mixed Tweeds 1s per yard, worth 1s 8d.
1000 Fancy Dress Patterns at half price.
1000 Muslin Dresses at less than half price.
60 Men's Mixed Tweed Coats at 5s each.
115 pairs Men's Linen Pants 3s 1½d per pair, worth 4s 6d.
200 pairs Women's Boots (all sizes) 5s, worth 7s 6d.
400 Summer Shawls at 1s 10d each, worth 10s.
A large lot of Mantles at less than half price.
300 Ladies' Bonnets to be given away for nothing.
150 Gent's Felt Hats at 2s 1½d each, worth 3s 6d.
24 pieces Twilled Linen for gents' pants for 1s 3d, worth 1s 8d.
An immense stock of Cotton Hosiery, greatly underrated in price.

GROCERIES.

30 barrels Redpath's bright refined Sugar at 6½d per lb.
10 boxes Smoking Tobacco at 6d per lb.
10 boxes best Plug Tobacco at 1s 3d per lb.
20 boxes Liverpool Soap at 9d per lb.
6 boxes Currants (good quality) 3d per lb.
10 barrels best Kerosene Oil at 2s 6d per gallon.
8 boxes good Tea at 2s 3d per lb, worth 3s 9d.
4 barrels Molasses at 2s 3d per gallon.
6 barrels New York Syrup at 2s 3d per gallon.
6 barrels best Golden Syrup at 2s 3d per gallon.
6 barrels Herring at 7s 6d per barrel.
200 Butter Timmots at 1s 6d, worth 1s 10d.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that the sale will only last for two weeks, as one of the firm will leave for Europe after the sale is over to arrange for the shipment of Produce, such as Oats, Peas, Barley, &c., &c., every year. We have taken a great interest in the welfare of this country and have gone to a good deal of expense and trouble to find a market for the products of this part. We have been the only extensive buyers of Wood this season for cash, and have already shipped 15,000 lbs., and intend to ship the balance we have on hand when time will permit, so we would advise all the farmers to bring forward the balance they have on hand, as we will not buy for cash at our present prices after we ship what we have on hand.

LIST OF CASH PRICES FOR PRODUCE.

30 to 32 cents in cash for good clean Wool.
17 to 20 cents per lb in cash for good Butter in Timmots.
12 cents per dozen for fresh Eggs.
The farmers can now see at a glance who are the storekeepers that have done good to the County in regard to lowering the price of goods, and finding a cash market for their produce.

THIRD & KNOX.

P. S.—McKenzie's celebrated No. 1 Family Flour at \$3.75 per 100 lbs.

A Saving of 20 Cents on each Dollar!

FURNITURE!

Furniture for the Counties!
Furniture for the Towns!
Furniture for the Villages!
Furniture for the Farmers!
Furniture for the People!

FURNITURE

FOR THE
MILLION
AT THE
**FURNITURE STORE AND
CABINET-FACTORY OF
J.W. KILGOUR,**
CORNER OF
**Richardson & Ellice Streets,
BEAUHARNOIS, C.E.**

FURNITURE OF EVERY STYLE.
FURNITURE " " DESIGN.
FURNITURE " " QUALITY.
FURNITURE " " ALL KINDS.
AND
ALL FURNITURE CHEAP!

A HINT TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

WHEN called upon by the necessities of the day on which you transfer your care into the hands of another, purchase a FURNITURE, in accordance with the long-established custom, and wishing to do so satisfactorily to pocket and person, call at J. W. KILGOUR, BEAUHARNOIS, where Parlor Furniture, Bed-room Sets, Dining-room Sets, and House Furniture of every description may be had at a saving of 20 cents on each dollar expended.

A FRIENDLY WARNING TO BACHELORS.

If you, my young friend, contemplate entering the state of felicity termed the matrimonial, and have not counted the cost of House Furnishing, nor can count the cost of the articles you require, call upon J. W. KILGOUR. He will assist you, determining what Furniture you want, and what the cost of your anticipated change will be. His prices defy competition and his Furniture gives entire satisfaction.

A FEW WORDS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Remember the words of the poet, "We're all growing old together." Your Bureaus, Bedsteads, Washstands, Looking Glasses, Tables, Chairs, Sofas, Lounges, What-Nots, Ottomans, Stools, Cupboards, all your Furniture, are growing old, becoming shabby, old-fashioned, and ugly. They want replacing from newer styles, richer designs, and you can afford now to have a better quality, but you are afraid of the Furniture Man. Get fear rid of! Call upon every body's friend and your friend, J. W. KILGOUR, BEAUHARNOIS. He has that assortment you read about, and his prices are 20 cents saved on every dollar spent.

HIS ASSORTMENT COMPRISES
the Latest, Newest, Richest, Neatest, and Cheapest of Sofas, Bureaus, Side Bureaus, Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads, Washstands, Looking Glasses, Cupboards, &c. J. W. KILGOUR has Clocks and Fancy Time Keepers purchased before the close of the Reciprocity Treaty, which he will dispose of at the

CHEAP OLD RATES.
Save 20 per cent by Purchasing from
J. W. KILGOUR,
Beauharnois, C. E.
Beauharnois, August 17, 1866.

CHOLERA.

DR. HAMIL'S remedies for the cure of Cholera with full directions for use, complete for 75c. Orders from the country attended to on receipt.

DISINFECTANTS.—Chloride of Lime, Copperas, Condy's, Burnett's, & Bird's best English Camphor, &c.

CONCENTRATED LYE.—This article will also find a powerful disinfectant in the proportion of one pound to ten gallons of water, especially for cesspools and drains.

GLASGOW DRUG HALL,
(OPPOSITE THE "WITNESS" OFFICE.)
269 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

