

JUST received per Steamer St Francis to Port Lewis thence to Huntingdon.



New Fancy Dress Goods. New Fancy English Prints. New Boots and Shoes of every description. New styles of Gentlemen's Felt Hats. New styles of English, Irish, Scotch, and Canadian Tweeds. New Patterns of Flannels for Gentlemen's Shirts, &c. Case of Gentlemen's Blk. Lustrous Coats, to be sold at almost cost. 1 Case of Gentlemen's Linen Coats, to be sold at almost cost. 1 Case of Gentlemen's Fine Flannel Shirts. 1 Case of Gentlemen's Overall which will be sold at prices to suit the views of intending purchasers. 2 Cases containing Hosiery, Gloves, Parasols, Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, Ear Rings, Brooches, Corsets, Fans, Bracelets, Fringes, Ladies' Belts, White Linen Handkerchiefs, &c. Also, a choice stock of Fresh Groceries, comprising finely flavored Japan Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Layer Raisins, Currants, HERRINGS, Salmon, Lobsters, Tobacco, Choice Family Flour, &c., &c. Also, an extensive stock of Hardware and Crockery, &c., &c., which will be sold at a small advance on cost. The highest price paid for Eggs, Butter, Wool, and other merchantable produce. The above arrivals are well worthy of inspection, having been carefully selected and purchased very cheap, which enables us to give decided bargains to the public.

WILLIAM THIRD & COMPANY. Victoria Block, formerly Victoria Square. Huntingdon, 22d July.

POST OFFICE, Huntingdon. Money Orders to the United States.

ARRANGEMENTS having been completed between the Post Office Departments of Canada and the United States, with regard to the exchange of money orders between the two countries, on and after the 2nd of August next orders will be issued and paid at this office to and from any point in the United States. WM. MARSHALL, Post Master.

GEORGE Q. O'NEILL, DEALER IN CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES & MEDICINES.

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Fruit, Flour, Salt, Fish, Tobacco, Notions, Garden Seeds, &c. Customers will find an extensive assortment of the finest New Crop Teas and, also, owing to the large increase of his Tea Business he is now enabled to sell finer Teas at the old prices and in original packages. Produce taken in exchange for Goods. Best House in Huntingdon for Tea.—Public Opinion. GEO. Q. O'NEILL.

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE WEST END HOUSE. Of a large and complete stock of SEASONABLE GOODS, comprising Prints, Oxford & Regatta Shirts, ready-made Shirts, Cottons in Horrocks's and other standard makes, Linen Dress Goods, Black and colored Grenadines, Muslins, Black and colored Lustrous, Tweeds, Corsets, Cotton Underskirts, &c. Silk, Zanecla and Cotton Umbrellas and Parasols, a great variety of Linen, Straw and Felt Hats, all colors; also, Wall Papers and Window Shades.

SPECIALITIES. Best French Kid Gloves in 1 and 2 buttons, Gents and Ladies' Windsor Scarfs and Bows, Beaded and Plain Ties and Cluny Laces, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Stamped Braiding and Embroidery Sets, Sewing, Braids and Puffs, Jet Necklets, &c., &c. Particular attention always given to.

BOOTS AND SHOES. A new stock of the Best just received. Buttoned Boots Always in Stock.

FRESH GROCERIES, including Beef and Pork Hams, Lemons, Dates, Figs, Cocoa, Chocolate, Java Coffee, Fresh Teas, Bright Sugars, and a variety of Mackinnon's Biscuits. An inspection respectfully solicited. JOHN GILMORE. Huntingdon, June 4.

FOR SALE.—That old established business stand in the Village of Huntingdon, for many years occupied by the subscriber and since 1870 by Mr. George Hall. Its central position and the prospect of a Railroad Depot being at no distant date within a short distance of the village must make it desirable to a business man who, with a little taste, can make the premises the most attractive of any village property in the Province. Besides the store-house which has a number of conveniences, there is a dwelling-house and extensive outbuildings, a large garden stocked with choice fruit trees, &c. The property is one acre in superficies, fronting on Chateaugay street, being lots Nos. 16 and 26 in the village book. For particulars apply to Alex. Anderson, Esq., Valleyfield; Andrew Somerville, Esq., Registrar, Huntingdon, or to the subscriber on the premises. JOHN MORRISON, C. C. C. Huntingdon, July 29.

CHEESE.—Public notice is hereby given that the Cheese at the Huntingdon Factory will from this date be sold at 11 cents per lb. until further notice. Wm. HASSAS, Jr., Secretary.

CANADA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1845. Assets, including Capital Stock, \$2 million dollars. Cash income about \$10,000 per week. Sums assured over \$11,000,000. Over \$300,000 have been paid to the representatives of deceased policy-holders since the formation of the Company. The following are among the advantages offered: Low Rates of Premium. Canadian management and Canadian investments. Undoubted security. Policies non-forfeitable. Policies indispensible after 5 years in force. Policies issued on the Profit System receive three-fourths of the profits of the Company. Policies purchased or loans granted thereon. Premiums may be paid yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, and 30 days of grace allowed for payments of all premiums. Tables of rates for the various systems of Assurance may be obtained at any of the Company's offices or agencies. A. G. RAMSAY, Managing Director & Secretary. R. HILLS, Assistant Secretary. Office in Montreal—190 St. James-st. R. POWELL, General Agent. JAMES TULLY, Agent, Huntingdon. J. BREARDNER, Agent, Atholstan.

FRONTIER TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT. J. NEVILLE. YOUNG MEN go to Neville's for a fashionable fit. Elderly Men go to Neville's for a comfortable suit. MY WORK will be done so that I won't be afraid of showing you again. Fashions always on hand. Reasonable rates. J. NEVILLE, foreman to W. Walsh.

The Canadian Gleamer

NO. 512. HUNTINGDON, Q., THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1875. \$1.50 A-YEAR.

THE ST LAWRENCE BELOW QUEBEC.—No. III.

My stay in Quebec being limited to the interval between the sailing of the two boats and less than a day, I had determined that, whatever else I should see, I should do full justice to the Citadel and to the scene of Wolfe's victory.

Quebec is the only specimen we have on this continent of a fortified city. The Citadel, which crowns the summit of the rock on which the city is built, is merely the centre, the kernel, of an elaborate system of walls and batteries which extend far on every hand. Every piece of rising ground has been seized upon by the engineers to strengthen the line of defence and make it more difficult to approach the city. The city itself is consequently a queer jumble of houses and ramparts, shops and cannon. Where you least expect it you stumble on a row of mortars, and peering above you will be seen the muzzles of cannon. The rampart, or wall, which surrounds the city proper is an exceedingly massive work, and being of such a thickness that it is hardly likely to be ever entirely removed. It is, of course, a great obstruction to free intercourse, a large portion of the city lying beyond it. Something has been done towards removing the gates, and it is plain that the wall will have to be levelled ultimately in many places to meet the requirements of the citizens. One of the gates, St John's, is such a massive, handsome structure, that you cannot help wishing that it, at least, might be spared as a memento, but I understand it is doomed.

In approaching the entrance to the Citadel, I was struck by the ingenuity exercised to make it impossible for an enemy to draw near—the long curved lines of solid masonry through which they would have to pass exposed to volleys of grape and musketry. The Citadel itself I take to be a masterpiece of engineering art before the period when cannon were produced which made nothing of stone walls. The sides facing the land, are an intricate labyrinth of ditches and walls, every device being adopted which would place an enemy at a disadvantage and increase the power of the garrison. On entering the Citadel, I was surprised at its small extent, I having supposed it to contain numerous buildings with an ample parade ground. On the contrary the space enclosed is inconsiderable. At one end are the quarters of the men, which form part of the bastions and are therefore bomb-proof. The men seemed satisfied with their rather gloomy lodgings, though they admitted they were close on hot days. On the side next the river there are no dwellings, but on the other two are the officers' quarters, the Governor's residence, hospital, theatre, and store-houses. The Governor's residence is similar to the officers' quarters, and is a plain barrack looking building. The batteries and magazines are of prodigious strength, the walls being 5½ feet thick.

Walking around the rampart, you realize how completely Nature has given this height a command over the surrounding country. There is not a point on which its guns could not be levelled, and with a faithful garrison and adequate armament it is inconceivable how it could be captured. The highest part is next the river, called the Governor's platform. Of late years it has not been pleasant for our Governor-Generals to go to Spencer Wood, and Lord Dufferin, when in Quebec, took up his abode here. On this short promenade, the Governor's platform, I was told he would sit for hours, and indeed, nowhere can a finer prospect be had. Sheer down the cliff, 380 feet, are to be seen the Allan liners at their wharf, then the noble river dotted with shipping, and rising boldly on the other bank Point Levi, which is almost a city in extent. Looking downwards, the St Lawrence is seen to increase in volume, its rapidly expanding waters embracing the Isle of Orleans, and to the left comes a variegated expanse of city and rural life—streets melting into country, the fast coloring crops succeeding the rows of red-and-white dwellings, until, in the far distance, rise the blue hills of the Laurentian range. I presume there are spots in the world, where even wider landscapes meet the view, but I doubt if one so diversified, such a picturesque mingling of the evidences of the busy industry of town and city with the beauties of Nature—of plain and hill and water—is to be happened upon elsewhere. Certainly it was the finest, the most inspiring prospect that ever met my eyes.

Walking to the rear of the Citadel, its western end, I saw, for the first time, the Plain of Abraham, a narrow field, gently sloping downwards from the Citadel, with three Martello towers across it in the foreground, and a big, heavy-looking building planted in its middle. The Citadel is now the property of the Dominion and is occupied by two companies of artillerymen—180 men. They are en-

listed for 1 year with the privilege of re-engaging. Half are French and half English. No difficulty has been found in getting men, for there are always more applications than vacancies, which speaks ill for the prosperity of Quebec, the pay being small and the duties arduous. The pay is 50 cents, less their board, which gives 25 cents clear. Of the English, most are old soldiers. They are drilled by sergeants sent from England and every pains is taken to make them competent artillerymen. A wooden pavilion is being erected at one corner, so that they can be exercised at the guns in winter. The most of the cannon in the fort are 32 and 68 pounders old pattern, with a score of Armstrong 100-pounders. I was told the Armstrong guns are condemned, having been superseded by a new pattern which are also muzzle-loaders. In practice it was found that, in heavy guns, the discharging soon rendered useless the breech-loading apparatus. Of military stores of every kind the Citadel contains an enormous quantity.

Leaving it, I resolutely bent my steps toward that part of the plain which was the scene of Wolfe's victory. The day was distressingly warm, but I was determined I would not forego my visit. Turning into the St Lewis road a sharp walk brought me to the point desired. For several miles above Quebec the north bank of the St Lawrence gradually increases in height until it culminates in the cape on which the Citadel is erected. The face of this river bank is a steep, rocky one, but on scrambling up it, you emerge on a fine plain, which I should judge is not much over half a mile wide, and that portion not now enclosed not over a mile long. This plain, which swells gently upwards until the Citadel is reached, is the Plain, or Height, of Abraham. It is a fine grassy field, on which a herd of cows were grazing, and a part of it is prepared for that cruel amusement of gamblers and loafers—horseracing. In its centre, has been built the new city prison. No stranger can visit the ground without feeling that the race-course and the jail are desecrations of a spot so dear to every true Briton, or help wishing that the plain had been converted into a public park, so that future generations might be able to trace the course of that eventful conflict. Surely in a land so ample as ours, that field might have been spared from encroachment, on which our birth as a British dependency took place?

Well we must take it, now, as we find it. The only indication of the contest is a short pillar on the spot where Wolfe died. I was tired with my walk, and for lack of better, sat down on a stone beneath its shadow. Straggling away on one side was the St Lewis road with its traffic and its rows of gentlemen's houses, behind me were the cattle nipping the sweet white clover which the late rain had brought forth, a prisoner watched me from behind his bars, and a duck nestled her brood at my feet. But my thoughts were not of the present. They wandered back to that September morning so long ago, when, in the enclosure I gazed upon, lay dying a gallant young gentleman in scarlet, with the shouts of victory ringing in his ears. Ah, how a hero's fame is allowed to perish; how few care about that romantic episode in our history; how dishonored this memorial, embedded in weeds and with its ignoble surroundings. And here, while my mind and heart are full of the subject, let me recite the glorious story of Wolfe's victory and death. It is now over a century ago, in 1759, that Wolfe was sent to capture Quebec. He landed his force on the Isle of Orleans, and spent all the summer endeavoring to force the enemy to fight him on the open field. Standing on the defensive, the French, from behind their earthworks, kept him at bay for a considerable circle around the city. From the heights of Levi he bombarded and destroyed the city, but the army under Montcalm was intact. In the height of his perplexity, at his inability to force his way through the enemy's lines or draw him out to the open field, Wolfe fell sick of a fever. Let it be remembered he was only in early manhood, a man of 33 years, who, with a weak constitution and many disadvantages, had fought his way up to be a general. While slowly recovering, his thoughts turned to the enterprise on which he was engaged and he perceived that, in a few weeks, if not successful, he would have to withdraw lest he be frozen in. In July he had tried the enemy in front and had been repulsed; he now resolved he would assault them in rear. Tho' scarcely able to move, he began his preparations. No citadel then crowned the rocky height, there was a castle, but its cannon had no longer command of the river, and the British ships sailed up and down with little risk. To mask his design, Wolfe ordered that manifestations be made from Orleans as if it were intended to renew the attack at the old place, but all the

time he was moving men up the river to assault from above. Montcalm was not blind to his danger in that direction. He sent a strong detachment, under Bougainville, to guard the line of the St Lawrence above Quebec, and held himself ready, at the first alarm, to march from his headquarters at Beauport, with the main body in that direction. The cry of alarm had been so often repeated, that Bougainville and his subordinates grew careless. They had so often expected, every dark night, that the British would try to land, that they had begun to grow easy in their belief they would never attempt it. On the evening of the 11th September the word was given in the British camp, and after dark the first division entered the boats. The arrangement was that they were to drop down with the tide and land at what is now called Wolfe's Cove. Silently the boats drifted down and across the river towards the designated point. Weak as he was, Wolfe was in one of the boats, and while floating in mid-stream he gave the highest proof of that equable temper which has always been united with military genius. No worry distracted his mind in that anxious moment, he had done all that man could do and calmly awaited the result. The tedium of the hour he relieved by reciting to those around him Gray's Elegy, one of whose noble lines, "The path of glory leads but to the grave," he was to illustrate in a few hours by his own sad fate. His declaration, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec," proved that he combined the spirit of a scholar with that of a soldier. It was high midnight before the boats reached the bank. Part of them, by the force of the current, were swept below the narrow path which winds up it, but those boats were filled with Highlanders, and to them the slaty cliff was no great impediment, and up it they quickly scrambled. The sentry, at the foot of the path, was soon silenced, and the guard at the head of it were surprised—their officer being asleep. The boats were speedily emptied and the men hurried up the bank, and so all night boats kept coming, and going and the transportation of the army went on. The French, by this time, knew what was going on, but, strange to say, made no attack. Owing to the steepness of the ascent it was found impossible to take up cannon, but one small field gun was partly dragged partly carried up by the sailors. At four o'clock, when daylight began to break, the bulk of the force were on the ground, and by 8 Wolfe had them in battle array. His disposition of his little army (428 by the regimental rolls) was very simple. Leaving a strong guard at the landing place, he marched the men a short distance towards the city, and then formed them in line across the plain, one wing resting on the St Lawrence and the other on the edge of the field before it sloped towards the Charles River. Here he awaited the coming of the enemy.

Montcalm had been apprised at daylight of the landing of the British within his lines. He at once ordered all under arms and proceeded towards where Wolfe lay. The march from Beauport was not a long one, and soon the British saw issuing from St John and St Lewis's gates the French army. They deployed at once, forming a line across the field, like Wolfe's, but being more numerous their line was longer, and reached entirely across the peninsula. The plain is now, save where built upon, bare, but in those days it was covered with clumps of brush-wood, similar to what still fringes it on the St Lawrence side. Under this cover, the French skirmishers and their Indian allies crept towards the British line, pouring a deadly fire into their ranks. It was here the admirable command and discipline of Wolfe was shown. His men stood to their positions, though every minute some of their number was shot by the unseen enemy.

Montcalm had decided on at once giving battle, and his plan was to make his chief attack on that portion of Wolfe's line which was nearest the St Lawrence. He had at least 7,000 men, but the majority were militia, and his army, as a whole, was inferior to Wolfe's save in number and in artillery. Seeing the impending charge, Wolfe, who knew well by his experience at Falkirk and Culloden how to receive the assault of irregular troops, walked along his line, exhorting his soldiers to acquit themselves like Britons, to stand firm, and not fire until the French were within 40 paces. The order was that each man should put an extra bullet in his musket. Animated by the example and words of their general, the men stood as if on parade. Presently the fire of the French sharpshooters lulled, and their drums were heard beating the charge. In Montcalm, Wolfe had a foe man worthy of him. That chivalrous soldier was seen riding about, getting his men in order, and then directed the charge. The French came on with spirit, shouting and firing as they

advanced. The British line never wavered. Gaps were made here and there as a soldier fell, but the men closed up, and made no sign. Not until the French were within the prescribed 40 paces, did Wolfe give the word, and then a solid volley was poured into the French ranks. The havoc it made was dreadful. With old soldiers, the survivors would have persisted in the charge, but these were chiefly irregulars and the sudden carnage appalled them. They wavered, and in a minute were in confusion, running back towards the city wall. Montcalm did all man could to rally them, and, while so engaged, fell mortally wounded. The whole British line was now advancing, a moving wall, belching forth volleys of musketry. The French officers found it impossible to reform their men, who, were slinking off in small parties, and in a few minutes the whole were panic-stricken and making for the city gates or their camp across the St Charles. Seeing this, the British broke their ranks and engaged promiscuously in pursuit, their bayonets doing fatal work on the flying enemy. The French lost 1500 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, the regulars suffering most, they having stood their ground longest; the British had 61 killed and 600 wounded. The Highlanders lost most heavily, they having sustained most damage in the morning from the skirmishers and having gone too far in the pursuit.

Dearly bought, however, to Britain was this decisive victory. By it King George gained Canada, but he lost his foremost general. The battle did not last 15 minutes, but before its close, Wolfe was no more. When the French advance was begun, he had been struck on the wrist by a bullet. Winding his handkerchief around it he continued with his men, and after the fatal volley which shattered the French line, he exhorted them to advance steadily without breaking rank. While thus engaged, he was hit again, this time by a ball from the French fortifications. Wrapping his sash around him to conceal his injury, he still kept his position, when a third bullet, from the same quarter, came and struck him on the breast. But his presence of mind did not desert him in that awful moment. Knowing what a disastrous effect it would have on his army if they saw his fate, he whispered to the grenadier next him, "Support me, that my brave fellows may not see me fall." He felt, however, that his wound was deadly, and allowed himself to be carried to a hollow near by. He lay for a few moments unconscious, when he suddenly heard the shout that ran along the line, "They fly, they fly." "Who fly?" he asked. A soldier, halting in the pursuit to take a last look of his beloved general, answered, the French. With duty ever uppermost in mind, he told one of his attendants to go and order Col. Burton to march down to the bridge at the River Charles and cut off the retreat of the French. Having given this, his last order, he turned quietly and said, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace." He was dead. At the head of that column which tells "Here Wolfe died victorious" there is, in bronze, an antique helmet and sword. In all the long line of heroic Greeks, no purer spirit, no nobler soldier can be found than Wolfe. They left not his body to Canada. They took it to England to lay beside that of his father, who had been a faithful servant of his country like himself, but his memory is forever associated with our Dominion. If our youth are ever to be stirred by the spirit of patriotism, his example will be their guide and their inspiration, and they shall resolve that what he purchased by his blood they will not barter at the polls or in Parliament. The highest tribute to his memory and the men he commanded was paid by his gallant adversary. The night after the battle, Montcalm lay dying in the Ursuline nunnery. To those around his bed he said, "Since it is my misfortune to be discomfited and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation to me to have been vanquished by so brave an enemy." On the monument at Durham Terrace (an obelisk too short to be imposing) the names of the two brave men are carved and thus, most properly, commemorates both.

But I could not linger all day on that memorable battlefield, reviving old memories, conjuring back the shadows of the grenadiers in their high-peaked hats, watching the dogged discipline of the English regiments, hearing the roll of their drums as they passed the word of command, and the shrill pibrochs that came from the Highland ranks, glorious in tartan and floating plaid, or, in fancy, see clustering under the gray walls the motley French army, with the officers, several of whom had graced the Court of Louis, resplendent in the dashing costume of the period, I was wearied with wandering so long under a sun which seemed to melt whatever it touched, so plucking a blossom from the

wild vetches that grow around the monument, I turned reluctantly and with many a backward look, towards the city.

This letter is already too long, yet I will venture to add another paragraph to it regarding a question which rose repeatedly in my mind while viewing the fortifications, and that was, What is the Dominion going to do with them? There they are, miles of expensive cut-stone wall, excavation, and earth-mound. In a temperate climate they would stand for centuries with little care; with our severe winters, they are perishable structures. Everywhere, altho' the date is so recent when they were handed over by the British Government in good condition, you see need for the repairing hand of the mason or laborer. If the fortifications are to be maintained, a regular and heavy charge upon the public chest is indispensable. This is not all. The progress of military science has rendered the Citadel vulnerable from distances never dreamt of by those who built it. To meet this, the British Government caused to be designed and constructed three forts on the heights of Point Levi, which would prevent the bombardment of the Citadel by an invading army. I saw them only from a distance, three detached mounds, for they are earthworks of the modern kind. To keep them from heaving and falling in every spring, heavy cost has to be gone to. They are still unarmed. To supply them with the Citadel with cannon of latest design—those iron monsters which can only be worked by hydraulic power, weighing from 50 to 80 tons and sending missiles weighing eight hundredweight five miles—would take as much money as would enlarge the St Lawrence canal. And, then, such is the rapid progress in the art of destruction, the works with their armament might have to be reconstructed in other ten years. Thus it is seen, that to maintain those Quebec fortifications in an efficient state a lavish and constant drain on the exchequer is unavoidable. I merely suggest the difficulty here, and do not enter into its deliberation. It is evident that, before many years, it will be a serious consideration for our Dominion Parliament to decide, what is to be done with the fortifications abandoned by the Imperial Government to our care.

Of what more I saw in Quebec, I will endeavor to tell in another and final letter, in next week's Gleamer.

EVENING SONG.

Close, little weary eyes,
The day at last is over,
To-night no more surprise
Shall they discover.
Nor bird nor butterfly,
Nor unfamiliar flower;
Nor picture in the sky,
Nor fairy in the bower.
Rest, little weary feet,
The woods are dark and lonely;
The little birds rest sweet,
The owl is watching only;
No butterfly is seen,
Nor daisy in the meadow;
Their gold and white and green
Are turned to purple shadow.
Fold, little busy hands,
Day is the time for doing;
The boats lie on the sands,
The mill-wheels are not going.
Within the darksome mine
Hushed are the spade and hammer;
The cattle rest supine,
The cock withholds his clamor.
Still, little restless heart,
Be still until the morrow;
Till then thou hast no part
In either joy or sorrow.
To new and joyous day,
Shall little birds awake thee;
Again to work and play,
With strength renewed betake thee.

The Laramie Sentinel, one of the early advocates of women suffrage in Wyoming Territory, tells of the practical workings of the system in a recent issue. It says: "To us the novelty has worn off, and we have had time to coolly estimate the results. There are those here who can remember the condition of things here six or seven years ago, and can compare them with the present, and though we might differ somewhat as to the causes which have produced this change for the better, yet we shall be able to agree upon a few facts. We never had a term of court here held in a decent and comfortable place, with its proceedings marked throughout by decency and decorum, and divested of everything pertaining to levity and blackguardism, till our ladies were summoned to attend and participate in it. We never had a Grand Jury here who boldly and unflinchingly took hold to investigate offences against decency and morality, and hunt out and bring offenders to punishment, till we had a Grand Jury composed largely of ladies. We had had several terms of court, but had scarcely been able to convict or punish a single criminal for any crime, however heinous, through the medium of these courts, till we got juries composed largely of women. We did not have a single election here without drunkenness, rowdiness, quarreling, fighting, and bloodshed, until our wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters were allowed to accompany us to the polls. We well remember the time when many a man stayed away from the polls, losing his right of citizenship rather than encounter the danger and rowdiness which must meet in order to exercise it. But all this is changed. Our elections go off as quietly as any other social gathering, no matter how heated a political campaign may be, or how important the issues at stake. And we all point with pride to the result, whether or not we agree as to the cause which has produced it.

FOUNDER REMEDY.—A correspondent of the Agriculturalist says—"As soon as the horse is found to be stiff, swab the legs and feet with hot water—so hot that the hand cannot bear to touch it, but not so hot as to scald. After a short time the legs should be rubbed dry, and the horse gently exercised. I have never known this remedy to fail."

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ROBERT SELLAR, Proprietor.



The Canadian Gleaner.

HUNTINGDON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1875.

On Monday evening Montreal was the scene of a disgraceful riot—happily on a small scale. At the late session of the Local House, power was given to the Montreal Council to enact a by-law making vaccination compulsory. Considering how long Montreal has been a centre for that loathsome disease, infecting the surrounding country and entailing heavy loss in life and much misery both within and without its bounds, it is evident that decisive steps to stamp it out are called for. A very large section of the French Canadians unhappily have a strong prejudice against vaccination, and when they heard of the proposed by-law they gathered in force on Monday evening to overawe the Council. The members of the Council were evidently afraid of the mob and acted in a cowardly manner—throwing up the by-law for the time being and adjourning. Before the City Hall a large crowd had collected who sent showers of stones through the windows, one of which struck an Alderman on the face, while a pen was knocked out of the hand of the Chairman by another. After the Council had dispersed, the mob went to the drug-store of Dr Laroque, who has been active in favor of the by-law. His windows and part of his stock were destroyed by stones. The city is of course responsible for the damage. The disturbance is deplorable in every sense, more particularly as indicating the ignorance of the lower classes of Montreal.

A VERY remarkable trial has just been held in Salt Lake City. In 1857 a party of emigrants were passing through Utah on their way to California. Those emigrants came from Arkansas, and against the people of that section the Mormons had a grudge owing to one of their leaders having been murdered there. While going quietly on their way, the emigrants were attacked at Beaver Meadow by Indians, whom they resisted and held at bay for two days. Their wagons they drew into a circle, in the centre of which they placed their wives and children, while they fired from behind the cover of their wagons. On the third day, a Mormon Bishop, Lee, came to the emigrants and told them if they would give up their arms, they (the Mormons) would guarantee that they would be allowed to go on their journey without further molestation from the Indians. Glad to get out of their difficult position, the emigrants, never suspecting treachery, agreed. No sooner, however, had they given up their rifles, than the Indians swooped down on them and shot or tomahawked every adult, 120 in all. The children of tender years, some 18, were alone spared. At the trial just concluded, Lee was indicted for murder, and it was proved that the Indians were led by Mormons dressed for the occasion, that Mormons stood looking on while the massacre took place, and that the booty was shared by them with the Indians, they also taking the children, whom they brought up in their abominable faith. Altho' all this and much more was proved, the jury could not agree and were discharged. The reason of the jury's conduct is easily explained; half of them were Mormons. At the trial, Mormon witnesses prevaricated and professed ignorance. Their administration of justice may be of such a nature that it cannot be helped, but to outsiders it seems strange that the American Government has not, long ago, punished the actors in so awful a crime.

MR DISRAELI, in that mysterious manner which is his most striking characteristic, informed those around the dinner-table of the Mayor of London, that "the colonial empire would be developed and consolidated." This is an end which all parties who are loyal to the crown ardently desire, but how it is to be attained we are unable to conjecture. Every plan so far proposed involves drawbacks which would more than counterbalance the advantages promised. If Mr Disraeli can devise an unobjectionable scheme to unite the colonies with the mother-country, so that they would be a unit in war and peace, it will be heartily welcomed. We fear, however, that he is raising hopes impossible of realization, and that no basis of federal union can be proposed which would be mutually acceptable to Britain and her dependencies. For instance, Britain would never submit her foreign policy to a colonial veto, and yet it would be unfair to ask us to bear a share of the burden of a war with some European power in whose declaration we had no voice. On the other hand it would be nearly as hard to expect the people of the United Kingdom to almost

ruin themselves in taking up a quarrel with our neighbors in which we gave the provocation. The old colonial arrangement had this great advantage, that if our scope in self-government was limited to local matters, the British authorities assumed all responsibility for our defence. With the introduction of Confederation, which, as we contended at the time, was a loosening of the bonds that united us, we suspect the moral sentiment, the filial affection of our people, is the only dependence for co-operation in time of trouble.

On the 22nd of last month the British House of Commons was the scene of an unprecedented incident. As our readers are aware, particularly those who read the story Ship Ahoj which appeared in these columns, an agitation has been in progress in the Old Country against those villainous shippers who deliberately send unseaworthy vessels on voyages in the expectation that they will founder and that they will pocket the insurance money. The leader in the agitation is Mr Plimsoll. Early in the session Mr Disraeli asked that the matter be left in the hands of the Government, and that they would pass a bill to stop the practices complained of. On the day mentioned Mr Disraeli rose and coolly informed the House that, owing to press of business, the Government had resolved on dropping the bill. On this Mr Plimsoll rose to speak. We copy the statement of the London correspondent of the N. Y. Times, who apparently was an eye witness:

"A glance at Mr Plimsoll's face was enough to show that he was laboring under great excitement. Ordinarily a rather purple-faced man, he was ashy pale, his lips quivered, and his voice struggled with emotion as he said: 'Sir I earnestly entreat the right honorable gentleman at the head of the Government not to consign some thousands of living human beings to a miserable death.' He spoke amid a hush of perfect stillness, and a kind of thrill went through the assembly, although it is usually one of the coolest and most phlegmatic in the world. But the effect of this solemn and pathetic appeal was irresistible. As Mr Plimsoll went on to speak of the 'ship owners of murderous tendencies outside of the House,' and their confederates within, he became more and more excited. He shouted, or rather shrieked, rolled his head, and flung his arms about in the wildest way. He referred to a decision which has just been given by a Scotch Judge, strongly condemning the condition in which ships were sent to sea, and quoted the statement of the Secretary of 'Lloyd's,' that he did not know of a single worn-out ship that had been broken up voluntarily by the owners. 'Ships,' he went on, 'pass from hand to hand until they are bought up by reckless speculators, and then they are sent to sea with precious human lives. No fewer than 2,653 out of 5,000 ships on Lloyd's register have gone off on ships and forfeited their position; and what are the consequences? Why, continually, every Winter hundreds and hundreds of brave men are sent to death, and their wives made widows and their children fatherless, so that a few speculative scoundrels, in whose hearts there is neither the love of God nor fear of man, may make unhalloved gains.' There were loud and significant cheers as he uttered these last words. If he had stopped here he would have had the House altogether with him, but unfortunately, as he was growing continually more excited, as could be gathered from the increasing violence and gustiness of his manner, and soon lost control over himself, and probably even a consciousness of where he was. When checked by the Speaker, who told him he was going beyond the limits of a motion for adjournment, he gave notice of a question to be put to the President of the Board of Trade, whether Edward Bates, the owner of four vessels lost with eighty-seven lives, in 1874, and two others abandoned at sea, was the member for Plymouth? 'And, Sir,' he went on, 'I shall ask some questions about other members, too. I am determined to unmask the villains who send these sailors to death,' and as he did so he shook his clenched fist in the air. There was a great uproar at this, and as soon as he could make himself heard, the Speaker, who remained wonderfully quiet and collected, said he hoped the word 'villain' was not applied to any member of the House; but Mr Plimsoll blantly replied that it was, and that he could not and would not withdraw it."

Mr Disraeli moved that the Speaker reprimand Mr Plimsoll. After some debate, which made evident that Mr Plimsoll had many sympathisers, the motion was postponed for a week, when Mr Plimsoll apologised for his epithets, but reasserted the truth of his statements. This equivocal apology was accepted by the House. The incident has had a good effect for the cause which Mr Plimsoll has at heart. The bill abandoned by the Government was re-introduced and passed, and next session a more thorough measure will be adopted. The philanthropic feeling of the nation has been stirred to its depths, and Poor Jack hereafter, when he goes to sea, will not do so in a floating coffin. It is worth relating that Mr Bates, the member accused of having lost six ships, informed the House that it was unfortunately true, but that their fate was to be ascribed to Providence!

A MEETING of the shareholders of Jacques Cartier Bank took place in Montreal on Tuesday to receive the report of Mr Barbeau, who had been appointed to examine the books. His statement revealed an extraordinary state of affairs, the accounts having been manipulated for a long time back so as to mislead the stockholders and the public. The entire capital of the bank has been lost, unless some large advances to contractors of the Colonization Railroad and others can be recovered. The amount of bills in circulation was given as \$190,000. A committee was appointed to see what should be done—to raise new capital and resume business, wind up, or amalgamate with another bank. If

they lived in the Old Country the Directors and Cashier would be criminally prosecuted.

THE election case for Montreal West was closed, the Judge taking it en delibere. On Monday the case for Montreal Centre was called, when Mr Devlin's lawyers raised the point that the court was not a legally constituted one, as it sat in vacation. Judge McKay overruled the objection and Devlin was called as the first witness. He refused to be sworn, alleging the court was illegal and had no right to exercise judicial functions. On his persisting in his course, the Judge committed him to jail until such time as he was willing to be sworn. On Tuesday application was made to Chief Justice Dorian for his release on a writ of Habeas corpus. After hearing both sides, his Honor said he would give his decision yesterday afternoon.

CHATEAUGUAY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society held last month a competition of farms. The following is the award of the Judges:—
First prize, James Cottingham.....\$50
Second prize, Charles McDonald..... 40
Third prize, Pierre Lefebvre..... 30
Extra prize for the best Flower Garden. 5
Fourth prize, Honore Legault..... 20

The Secretary of the Huntingdon Academy informs us that he has received from the Marriage License Fund \$500 for the benefit of the Institution.

ST ANDREW'S CHURCH.—The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed last Sabbath in the above place, when 186 partook of it, being the largest number that ever communicated at one communion in St Andrew's Church.

J. M. Bourdon, of Dundee village, made the discovery on Monday morning, the 2nd inst., that some one had been in his store, as he missed some money from a drawer; but he did not say anything as he expected they would come back. While he was at dinner on the Tuesday following, more money disappeared. He suspected a boy by the name of Napoleon Nerault, who, along with another boy, Galerinau, were sitting on the steps of the store when he went to dinner. Mr Bourdon went for the Nerault boy, when he confessed and handed over what money he and the other boy had, together with some articles they had purloined with his money, amounting in all to about \$21.50. The Nerault boy was brought before Justices Baker and Bannon, and committed to Beaucharnois jail to await further proceedings. The other boy made tracks for the States. Nerault aged 16; Galerinau, 12.—Com.

PROTESTANT BOARD OF SCHOOL EXAMINERS OF MONTREAL.—At the quarterly meeting of this Board, held on Tuesday, the 3rd inst., all the candidates received diplomas, viz:—Model—John Keith Austin, Ormstown, Elementary—1st class, Lavinia C. Cairns, Elgin; Flora Cook, Ormstown; Janet Elders, Elgin; Christina Ann Ford, Huntingdon; Ellen Gamble, Franklin; Elizabeth Margaret Gardner, Dewittville; Maria W. Greer, Ormstown; Frances Hall, Franklin; Isabella McDonald, Howick; Anne Jane McDowell, Havelock; Jessie McEwen, North Georgetown; Mary Jane McGrath, Howick; Ellen Jane McHardy, Franklin Centre.

WEATHER REPORT.			
	Temperature	Wind,	Moisture in Rain
	Highest	Lowest	24 hours
4 August...	60	58	0.00
5 " " " " " " " "	75	60	0.00
6 " " " " " " " "	83	54	16
7 " " " " " " " "	75	64	45
8 " " " " " " " "	74	60	60
9 " " " " " " " "	80	57	58
10 " " " " " " " "	83	58	34

—0.22

FRANCIS W. SHERRIFF, M.D., Huntingdon.

THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL.

DUBLIN, Aug 5.—The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Daniel O'Connell began here to-day, and will continue three days. This morning a solemn religious ceremonial was held in the Cathedral, at which Cardinal Cullen officiated assisted by the Irish and other Catholic prelates. Dr Croke, the new Archbishop of Cashel, preached on "O'Connell, the Liberator." Four Archbishops, forty Bishops, and 500 priests participated in the ceremonies, which were very impressive. The Cathedral was densely crowded. The music arranged for the occasion was magnificent. Dr Croke, in the course of his sermon, said the Irish people were being educated under a State system which, if not all they could desire, was in many respects useful. "The foreign church," he added, "has been humbled. The rights of the occupiers of the soil have to some extent been recognized, and we are fast working ourselves into a position of equality and independence which every subject should occupy under the protection of what I am not afraid to designate as the best balanced constitution in the world."

The houses are decorated with banners, garlands, and mottoes. There is a great display of green. The following members of Parliament attend as representatives of the Catholic Union: Messrs Edmund Dease, John George MacCarthy, Arthur John Moore, Keyes O'Clery, Miles William O'Reilly, and Patrick James Smyth. The distinguished guests who have arrived to participate in the celebration are the Bishops of Basle and Nantes, Prince Edward Radziwill, of Posen, and Dr Lingens, members of the German Parliament; Revs. Rinaldi and Vautry, of Rome; Dr Beck, the Pope's Chamberlain, and M. Fallette, a member of the Swiss Parliament. Illness in the family of Lord O'Hagan may prevent him from delivering the centenary oration to-morrow in Sackville street, in which case it will be published and distributed. It is estimated that 10,000 strangers arrived in the city yesterday to attend the celebration. The Centenary concerts were given in Exhibition Palace this afternoon and evening, and were attended by vast numbers of people. The city is brilliantly illuminated to-night, and the streets are filled with gay and animated throngs. Everything has passed off quietly.

DUBLIN, Aug. 6.—The O'Connell centenary celebration is continued to-day. The ceremonies began this morning with a grand procession through the various streets.

The numerous organizations, civic and military, which were to take part in the procession began to assemble at an early

hour this morning on St Stephen's green and vicinity. There was much delay, owing to the vast numbers, in forming the line, and the procession did not begin to move until long after 10 A.M., the appointed hour. The line of March was around Morrison square, through Leicester and Nassau streets, College green, past the City Hall, up Cork Hill, through Thomas and James streets, Stevens lane, along the quays, through Chapel street, Dorset street, and Connor's row, to the site of the national monument to O'Connell on Sackville street. The route was five miles in length, and the procession extended over the entire distance. It is estimated that there were nearly 40,000 people in line. The houses and sidewalks along the route were crowded with dense masses of spectators. There was great cheering as the procession marched past O'Connell's house and the City Hall, where the great liberator delivered his first oration against the Union. The members of the Fenian Amnesty Association marched with a banner at their head hung with chains. Their flags were draped with crape, and other emblems of mourning were displayed. Their appearance attracted general attention, but the demonstration caused no disorder during the progress of the procession. Dr Isaac Butt and other Home Rule members of Parliament marched with the association.

In Sackville street, as the divisions of the procession, with bands playing, arrived and took up their positions, the scene was grand and stirring. Long before all had arrived the commemorative ceremonies began at the site of the monument. Lord O'Hagan, who was to have delivered the oration of the day, was not able to be present, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin came forward to read it to the assembled multitude. At the moment he appeared there was great uproar and confusion. The Fenian amnesty men had moved up to the front of the platform, and, as the Lord Mayor began to speak, they shook the chains of their banner in his face, and drowned his voice with shouts of "No Whiggery!" and loud and long-continued cries for Dr Butt. The Mayor made a second attempt to read the speech, but finding it impossible to make himself heard, withdrew from the platform, and proceeded to his carriage under the protection of the Police.

Dr Butt, in response to repeated calls, came forward, and made a speech, reviewing the career of O'Connell, and thanking the people for their praiseworthy conduct during the day. He was most enthusiastically cheered.

Speeches were made by Mr O'Connor Power, member of Parliament for Mayo County, and Mr Sullivan, member for Louth. Mr O'Connor Power, in his speech in referring to Lord O'Hagan, declared it was an insult to the memory of O'Connell to invite a pensioner of the Government to the platform on such an occasion. O'Connell should be honored as a nationalist and emancipator of Ireland.

The proceedings were then brought to a close, and the vast assemblage peaceably dispersed. With the exception of the scene in front of the platform, there was no serious disturbance throughout the day.

A grand banquet, at which the Lord Mayor presided, was given at the Exhibition Palace this evening. The proceedings were marked by no incident of interest until one of the regular toasts, viz., "The Legislative Independence of Ireland" was called. This the Lord Mayor announced, and read on Charles Gavran Duffy to respond. Mr Duffy, on rising, was greeted with tremendous uproar and shouts for Butt. For 20 minutes there was a scene of wild disorder. The Mayor made repeated attempts to gain a hearing, but in vain, and vacated the chair. Dr Butt then rose and began to speak, when the gas was extinguished and the company dispersed in great confusion before the series of regular toasts was finished.

The sermon delivered by Dr Croke yesterday is much admired for its eloquence, but is sharply criticised by Liberal Catholics for drawing anew an Ultramontane line which virtually excludes Liberals from the Church. The Dublin Mail says nine parts of the discourse were devoted to the Church and one to O'Connell.

[The New York Times in commenting on the Dublin celebration says: English critics of O'Connell have claimed that he taught the Irish people to seek the redress of grievances by legal agitation, that 'he taught them, in spite of themselves, to go for relief to the English Parliament, and thus he did more even than the authors of the Union to make the two nations politically one.' It would seem as if the Fenian party in Ireland were pretty much of the same mind as the above-quoted writer in the London Times, about the career of the Liberator. A delegation from those advocates of Irish rebellion violently interrupted the centennial celebration in Dublin last night, showing in a characteristic way their contempt for the law, for which they appear to think that O'Connell entertained a totally uncalculated respect. Nowhere but in Ireland could there have been brought together such a perplexing array of contradictions as have been grouped around this O'Connell celebration. An ecclesiastical party which has placed the anathema of an inflexible Pope on doctrines which tend to secure religious freedom, is the foremost in celebrating the memory of an advocate of liberty of conscience, and a party claiming to embody all that is vital in the Irish patriotism of the time, insults the memory of the foremost Irish patriot of the century. It only needed the practical exclusion from the ceremonies at Dublin of the Home Rule element among the Irish Protestants to make the middle complete. That requirement, we need hardly say, has been fulfilled.]

DUBLIN, Aug. 7.—This was the third and last day of the celebration of the O'Connell centenary. The festivities consisted in excursions, boat races on the Liffey, and athletic sports. This evening the Cantata of St Patrick at Tara will be given and there will be fireworks. An amnesty demonstration was made to-day in Glasnevin Cemetery, where O'Connell is buried. Forty thousand were present, including several members of Parliament. Resolutions were adopted in favor of Home Rule and amnesty for imprisoned Fenians.

A proclamation has been issued by the Lord Mayor prohibiting the proposed pyrotechnic display at the Phoenix Park to-night. The cause assigned for this is that information was received that a disturbance was intended. It seems that several Irishmen from England arrived here yesterday, armed with revolvers, and determined if a single shot should be fired during the procession to precipitate a general disturbance. This information was communicated con-

ditionally by Cardinal Cullen, who deemed it his duty to inform the Lord Mayor. An extra police force was provided to be present at the concert to-night lest disturbance should occur.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—The O'Connell centenary was celebrated in this city by a banquet last night at Cannon street hotel. The majority of men present were Home Rulers. Cardinal Manning ordered the Te Deum to be sung this evening in all the churches of the Archbishopric diocese for the blessings resulting from O'Connell's labors. There was a serious riot in Glasgow yesterday between Orangemen and Home Rulers during the O'Connell celebration. Five policemen were injured and fifty arrests made. Rioting was renewed to-night. Many fresh arrests were made in Glasgow last night in consequence of the renewal of disturbances. Several rioters and policemen were injured. The military are held in readiness to prevent further disorder.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—Special despatches to the Standard from Glasgow report that sixty rioters, many of whom were badly hurt, were brought before the magistrates yesterday morning and remanded to jail. Rioting broke out again in the suburbs on Monday, and the volunteers and regular troops were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, but the disturbance was quieted by the reading of the Riot Act. It is remarked that mobs of Catholics armed with hatchets, steel knuckles and knives are organized and acting under leaders. It is reported that several of the men in custody are Head Centres.

ROME, Aug. 5.—A pontifical high mass was celebrated to-day in the Church of the Irish College as a mark of sympathy with the O'Connell festival. In an oration on O'Connell by Professor Davitte, in the Church of St Agatha yesterday, O'Connell was claimed as a pioneer of the revival of Catholicism in England, and the discourse was Ultramontane and triumphant.

OTTAWA, Aug. 6.—The O'Connell centenary was celebrated in this city in an enthusiastic manner. Grand mass was held in the various churches, and Rev Dr O'Reilly, of Dublin, preached an eloquent sermon on the liberator in the Notre Dame Cathedral to about 5,000 persons. The city was filled with strangers from the adjoining counties, and everything passed off quietly.

MONTREAL, Aug. 6.—The O'Connell celebration in this city to-day was a grand success. About 10,000 persons were in the procession. A great number of business places were closed, and large crowds lined the streets through which the procession passed. No disturbance of any kind occurred.

QUEBEC, Aug. 6.—The O'Connell centenary was not celebrated here with that amount of enthusiasm expected. An excursion down the river as far as the Pillars this morning was attended by a limited number only of the patriot's admirers, while the concert in Victoria Hall to-night was a very tame affair, notwithstanding the attraction of an address from Stephen J. Meany.

TORONTO, Aug. 7.—Notwithstanding the declaration of the Committee of Arrangements here that they wished the Centennial celebration to be conducted on purely national grounds and apart from all sectarianism, it is a significant fact that the proceedings of yesterday were entirely under the direction of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. Some Protestants who were expected to deliver addresses at the Crystal Palace, and only one Protestant, Col. Higginbotham, M.P., spoke, and he evidently not relishing his position tried to acquit himself with as few words as possible. Archbishop Lynch, dressed in his purple robes and all the paraphernalia of his office, made a brief address, and at its close called for three cheers for almost everybody except Queen Victoria. The oration of Rev W. Pepper, the alleged Methodist minister, at the Music Hall in the evening, was replete with anti-British and inflammatory sentiments, which were received with loud demonstrations of approval by most of the audience, but have been the means of disgusting better-thinking citizens with his impudent audacity. He said that Ireland would never get rid of her troubles and have peace until the cruel British flag was torn down, and pointed to the American war for independence as an example for Irishmen. The streets were very orderly last night and but a few arrests were made.

NEWS BY ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

BERLIN, Aug. 4.—The Bishop of Paderborn, who was deposed from his functions by the Prussian law courts, and has since been interned in Wesel, has without permission quitted that town. On leaving he addressed a letter to the Governor of the district assigning as his reasons for his departure impaired health and his duties to his flock.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—A special dispatch to the Post from Berlin reports that the Bishop of Paderborn, who escaped from Wesel has arrived at Venloo, in Holland, and will go to Rome. It is rumored that he will receive a Cardinal's hat as a reward for his sufferings.

LONDON, Aug. 4.—Messrs Moody and Sankov sailed from Liverpool to-day for New York, in the steamship Spain. Friends came from all parts of the Kingdom to witness their departure and bid them farewell.

BERLIN, Aug. 5.—A water-spout burst over the town of Kirm, in Rhenish Prussia, inundating the place and doing great damage. A bridge and many houses were swept away, and thirteen persons were drowned.

CALCUTTA, Aug. 5.—Disastrous floods have occurred in the north-western provinces. Many of the dwellings of the natives have been destroyed, and it is feared that serious loss of life has occurred in the interior.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—Two more kegs of treasure have been recovered from the wreck of the steamer Schiller.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—Eighteen additional cotton mills involved in the Oldham strike have closed their doors, and the number of operatives idle is increased to 20,000.

LONDON, Aug. 4.—The annual banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London to her Majesty's Ministers took place to-night at the Mansion House, and was attended by the usual large and distinguished company. Mr Disraeli, responding to the toast to the Government, declared the country was prosperous and the people content. Alluding to foreign affairs, he said peace prevailed, and, in his opinion, it would continue to prevail. If the foreign relations of Great Britain were scrutinized, he believed it would be found that they had been conducted with prudence and firmness. The colonial empire would be developed and consolidated. Its interests and sympathies ought to be assim-

lated with those of the mother country, and ultimately prove a source, not of weakness, but of strength and splendor. Reviewing the work of the present session of Parliament, he adverted at some length to the incident of the Shipping bill. He stated that in proposing a new measure, the Government had been assisted, not coerced, by the opinion which he once before declared here that the people of Great Britain were better off than the nobility of other countries. The speech was received with enthusiastic cheers. Other members of the Cabinet spoke in a similar strain.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—The Secretary of the Universal Alliance says: According to accounts from Damascus to 23rd July, cholera was raging there; four hundred cases were reported daily, but the real number was concealed. The Christian quarter of the place was deserted; sudden deaths occur in the streets; there are no physicians, medicines or supplies for the sufferers. The disease is also bad at Antioch, Deir, Hems, Hama, Haurave, and Sahajjah and among the Druses. Mission schools are closed and the children have been dispersed.

MADRID, Aug. 10.—A decree will soon be published in the official Gazette ordering a levy of 100,000 additional men for the purpose of speedily ending the war.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—A despatch from Miranda, Spain, says all the Carlist villages on the Plain of Alva have submitted to the government of King Alfonso. The Carlist forces are concentrating in Navarre and on the frontier of Biscay. Don Carlos is at Estella. A despatch from Seo de Urgel says a breach, three metres in extent, was made to-day in Orlana by the Alfonsist batteries. Three new batteries will be opened to-morrow on the castle and citadel. Five thousand Carlists under General Doregray passed through Berga yesterday towards Organia, expecting to surprise the Alfonsist troops before Seo de Urgel, under General Martinez Campos, and intercept convoys. Some battalions of the Carlist Army of the North are advancing towards Seo de Urgel. The Carlist garrison at Seo de Urgel made a sortie to-day, but were promptly repulsed by the Alfonsists with the loss of a number killed and wounded.—The Post publishes the report of a serious scuffle between Russian and Prussian frontier guards at the Donbrowa on the boundary line between Russia and Prussia. The affair was provoked by the Russians, who trespassed on German territory. Several of the guards were wounded.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—The Mark Lane Express in its review of the corn trade the past week says: The weather, though broken, has been on the whole tolerably fine. The crops are progressing favorably, but it is unreasonable to expect the plenty or quality of last year after a nearly sunless July and such a heavy rainfall. So they have found in France as far as they have gone, and flour has risen four francs per sack in Paris. The bulk of our harvest is yet uncut. Some of our country markets have hesitated about submitting to any decline, though generally it reached one to two shillings per quarter. Large speculative purchases have been made in London on American account. The London market closed with an improved aspect and an upward tendency, which must be swayed entirely by the weather. There certainly seems quite as much chance of a rise as a fall.

CANADA.
KINGSTON, Aug. 7.—Augusta Politte, a bargeman, of Valleyfield, fell down the hold of the barge Montreal last evening and was killed.

A gentleman writing from St Malachi, county Dorchester, Q., under date of July 30, says that the greatest tornado ever known in that part of Canada passed over there. The hailstones that fell were about the size of eggs, covering the ground about four inches deep, and destroying the crops for five miles in length and one mile in breadth. The potatoes, oats, barley, peas, and hay are out of the earth. The sufferers are petitioning the Federal Government for assistance.

ALLANBURG, Ont., Aug. 6.—Walkden Mawdesley was found drowned before the lock here to-day. The body was left in the water, waiting a coroner's investigation. Deceased was formerly a school teacher and a merchant in this county, and was respected by the community at large before he gave way to strong drink, which has been his master for some years.

We understand, says the Napanee Beaver, that a mare valued at \$200, belonging to Mr F. Taylor, near Morven, was poisoned last Sunday by eating of the plant known as wild parsnip.

On Thursday last, says the Stratford Herald, a child of Mr Langley, who lives two miles from town, while playing in the yard, was attacked by a rooster and knocked down and spurred several times in the face and head before the mother could rescue it. A medical man, who was called in, found that one stroke of the spur had penetrated the brain. The little sufferer—eighteen months old—lingered in great agony until Saturday morning, when death came to its relief.

LUNDY'S LANE.—The York Pioneers of Toronto on Monday last celebrated the sixty-first anniversary of the Battle of Lundy's Lane by an excursion to Queenstown Heights, a historical locality memorable in the war of 1812, high above which towers the monument of the heroic Brock. Mr John Bright, who served at Detroit, Queenstown Heights, York and Lundy's Lane, was the only representative present of the Canadian veterans of that campaign, most of whom have gone to their rest.

The return of Landry, M. P. for Montague is to be contested on ground of undue clerical influence.

A horrible story comes from Ripon Township, on the Upper Gattineau, of three children of a settler destroyed by bears. The mother of the children sent two of them, little boys, out to gather some berries. They were absent so long that she sent a third little boy to look for them. He did not return, and when the father came home he started to look for them, supposing them to have gone astray in the woods. He found where they had been attacked and devoured by bears.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—A married woman named Laughlin, residing with her family in Nisouris was arrested a few days ago on a charge of Lunacy. She appears to labor under a delusion that some one is trying to kill her and her family, and to prevent such a tragedy she locked up the house and kept her husband and children indoors for three weeks, their only food being boiled wheat.

MATTHEW MORRISON: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

CHAPTER XXV.

It is a strange thing, and utterly unaccountable to a mind like mine—for I am no philosopher—that though so many years have elapsed since the evening on which that painful revelation was made to me, I am at this day perfectly familiar with the aspect of that apartment, which I then entered for the first and only time.

Nelly had also heard the sound of the milk-can, and had opened our door for our supply. I went softly through the lobby that my mother might not hear me, and shut to the door of my room upon me.

Oh, my blindness, my blindness! I had never known what Jennie Carruthers was to me till another had put forth a claim to her. My eyes were now opened, and I saw that since I first knew her character she had unconsciously influenced my every action, and had formed the standard by which I had judged all women.

But I felt I had reached an epoch in my personal history—life would have a different aspect to me for the future. Calmly and contentedly my days might yet glide on—and would, I doubted not, even at that moment—but their freshness and sunshine were gone never to return.

I had never concealed any feeling from my mother before, but I hesitated now. 'Am I late, mother?' I said, evasively; but I felt the blood mount up to my forehead beneath her searching eye.

'What is it, my dear?' she asked, in a troubled voice. I had never concealed any feeling from my mother before, but I hesitated now. 'Am I late, mother?' I said, evasively; but I felt the blood mount up to my forehead beneath her searching eye.

'Nelly says you have been an hour in your room, my dear. I knocked on your door, but I suppose you did not hear it; the tea is ready, Matthew.' But still her eyes continued anxiously to examine my face, as if to read there what had vexed me.

'Mother, I said, as composedly as I could, 'Jennie Carruthers is going to be married to an old sweetheart who has just arrived from America.'

I felt my mother start. 'Jennie Carruthers!' she exclaimed. Then her voice suddenly sinking, 'My poor laddie!' she added.

the high spirits of one who enjoys a rare holiday; they were infectious, and the old parlour now resounded with accents of mirth to which in past days it was wholly unaccustomed.

There was a change for the better already in Jennie. There was now a light in her eye and a faint dawn of color on her cheek, though as yet it was not stationary, but came and went as with breath.

How well her unwonted happiness and the bashful consciousness of a bride became Jennie! Her feelings were never obtrusive, but every look and word showed a heart now at ease.

I could not keep away from the girls, painful as it was to me to witness the preparations for their departure; besides, to have done so would have surprised and troubled them, and perhaps excited their suspicions.

There was nothing extreme about Jennie—nothing striking or brilliant; her present happiness was serene and sober, and therefore promised to be durable.

Jennie, I could observe, did not forget her mother's and Alison's wants when providing her own bridal wardrobe, and she even found time to make a little keepsake for me.

CHAPTER XXV. James Bethune was pressed for time, so it was arranged that they were to sail in a month, and from Leith, on account of Mrs Carruthers, whose helplessness made a long land journey undesirable.

My mother, just and worthy woman though she was, and highly appreciating Jennie, could not altogether forgive her for transferring another to me.

I let her have her own way, as it was evident it would be a gratification to her to make them aware that I might have been both placed a minister and a married man ere this if I had liked.

I could never get my mother to do justice to James Bethune's good qualities. I never knew her prejudiced against any human being before, and she nearly quarrelled with Miss Kemp for expressing a high opinion of him.

and her mother were to come to us, and the furniture was to be roused. So it was arranged by me, whom all consulted as the family friend.

CHAPTER XXVI.

They were married quietly one forenoon, Alison was bridesmaid, and I acted as best man. My mother, Miss Kemp, and a male friend of the bridegroom's, were all the company.

The old furniture, which had seemed decent and respectable when properly arranged, made but a shabby appearance at the sale.

I wandered up and down the parlor, indulging in melancholy thoughts. My footsteps echoed dully through the empty house. One heavy affliction had followed another, and like the wise king of Israel, I was ready to say of life and its changes 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'

At last the hour arrived—wind and tide were favorable for sailing. The helpless mother, less nervous than we feared, had been got safely on board, her son-in-law taking charge of her.

Leith Pier was a fatal spot to me. It was there I said farewell to Archie, and now from it I looked my last on the Carrutherses, as leaving their mother in the care of James Bethune, they ascended to the deck to wave another weeping adieu to us while the ship loosed from the pier and glided out into the Firth.

Such are some of the vicissitudes of an uneventful and retired life; all over, however, long ago. It has been a singular pleasure, though certainly not unmixed with pain, to retrace this my simple history.

CHAPTER XXVII. I am alone now; indeed, it is many years since my mother was taken home. We were never separate after I left Inverrun, except for the few weeks every summer which I spent with Adam Bowman.

My mother faded gradually. Her setting was calm and tranquil as her long life had been; she was even lifted above trouble on my account.

I was very lonely for a long time after my mother's death; I missed her cheerful, loving companionship. For though latterly so feeble as to be able only to move between her bed and the easy-chair in the parlor with my assistance and Nelly's she was ever youthful in spirit, thankful for every mercy, and full of sympathy for others. Tho

Kemps were truly kind to me when she was gone, but no one could fill her place. And ere long Mr Kemp went to his rest also, like a full sheaf of corn, rich in faith and good works, and his worthy little sister, now far up in years, was alone too.

We were like aunt and nephew, and when she died I was chief mourner at her funeral, and laid her head in the grave at her request, though not her heir. Many must still remember the little, kindly, eccentric old lady, whose benefactions, far and near, could not be fully hidden: every tale of distress and poverty met a ready response from her. I often visit the brother's and sister's graves in the Calton burying-ground, where my mother also lies.

I met Sarah in the street some years ago, and would have passed her by as a stranger, she was so altered; but she recognised and stopped me. She was a faded, shabbily-dressed, careworn woman, and the sight of me, and the thought of old times, made her cry piteously.

I have been looking over what I have written, and I fear that the latter part of it may create an impression on the reader's mind that I am an unhappy, hermit kind of man; and I confess this troubles me. I live, indeed, apart from the world—my usual walks are in its bypaths and solitary places—yet have I my own simple pleasures and little circle of friends.

No, I am not an unhappy man. I have had my trials, but I have had my blessings also. 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' I have seen the grave close over all my nearest and dearest; but what shall separate me from the love of Christ? No, not even death itself. There is a peace which the world cannot give, and thank God, which the world cannot take away; and He has given it to me.

I am getting on in my pilgrimage, being this day sixty years old. Nelly and I have dined together since my mother's death, and will till death takes one or other of us. May I be the one! My house is set in order; Nelly is comfortably provided for her life; and poor Sarah Braidfute and Adam Bowman's family are my heirs.

I generally am to be met daily in the streets and wynds of the old town; but occasionally I wander far out into the country to enjoy God's pure air and blessed sunshine among the quiet fields and hills. Tomorrow we propose to lock the door and take our summer journey—Nelly to visit her friends near 'one St. Mary's' loch, and I to occupy the little green-stained room which is called mine at the Caldees farm.

A VISIT TO THE EX-EMPRESS. COL. FORNEY, in one of his letters to the Philadelphia Press, describes a recent visit to the ex-Empress Eugenie. He says: 'You can walk from the station, if the weather is fine, to Camden House, the English residence of Eugenie, ex-Empress of the French; but as the day was gloomy we drove over in a fly, (cost two shillings), and reached the outer gate in about twenty minutes. As we were expected, we had not long to wait before our presentation. Camden House, the residence of her Majesty, was chosen after she had landed at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, on the 8th of September, 1870, having escaped from Paris in the midst of the revolution on the 4th of the same month. Her passage over the channel was in itself a romance. The mansion is of three stories, built of dark stone, beautifully inlaid with white, with two wings, and is handsomely located in a fine park. We were conducted from the ante-room into the drawing-room by a chamberlain, where the Empress received us, and I was immediately impressed by her exceeding grace and beauty. Time had dealt very gently with her. Born May 5, 1826, she is now in her fiftieth year, but does not look forty, and she seemed in brighter health and wore a brighter aspect than when I saw her in the Paris Palace of Industry on the 2d of July, 1867, when the Emperor Napoleon distributed the prizes to the successful competitors at the Universal Exposition of that year. Dressed in deep mourning, without the slightest ornament, and speaking English perfectly, she opened the conversation and asked questions without reserve in regard to our International Centennial Exhibition. I described the extent of Fairmount Park, the several groups of buildings now in course of construction, the amount of money raised, the action of the National Government, and the visit of the President of the United States. Here she quietly interrupted me by stating that she had read with great pleasure the statement of his visit, and of his satisfaction at the progress of the work. She seemed to be anxious to know whether

any of the French Princes had been invited, and when I told her Majesty that the President of the United States had simply invited existing Governments, and that none of the royal Princes of any country had been specially asked, she seemed to be relieved. To the question whether I thought the Prince Imperial would be well received, I ventured to express the opinion that his welcome would be most cordial, and that our people would feel in grateful remembrance that to the statesmanship and liberality of the First Napoleon we are indebted for the acquisition of the valuable territory of Louisiana, and that this, together with the recollection of French sympathy during our struggle for independence, was one of the most cherished of our national reminiscences. I ran over a list of the Governments that had made preparations to be present next year, and when I stated that the only exception was Russia, she was very anxious to know the reason, which I attempted cautiously to explain, expressing the belief that I had no doubt when Mr Boker reached St Petersburg the Russian Emperor would gladly enroll his country among the rest. Alluding to the subject of free trade, which she said she did not feel herself competent to discuss, she gracefully intimated that she thought some provision should be made by which the delicate fabrics of France might have a partial drawback, when sold in America, on account of the necessary deterioration of the goods from exposure to a sea voyage, and the changes constantly taking place in fashionable attire. The Prince Imperial was with his battery at the English military camp at Aldershot, and she regretted that he was not present, in order that he might participate in the conversation. Before retiring I expressed the hope that her Majesty would send us some token of the interest she manifested in the exhibition, to which she responded by saying, 'Ah! what have I to send? What can I send? I am here simply the tenant of another's house. All you see about me I have no control over.' But I am not without hope that the suggestion will bear good fruit; and on reviewing the request that she might consent to let her son come to America next year, she said: 'I fear that is impossible. I should like myself to be present in Philadelphia. I have always felt the greatest interest in the United States, but we are the creatures of circumstances. We cannot tell what may transpire to-day or to-morrow, or a few months hence'—evidently referring to political contingencies.

In reference to the accident to the Cunard steamer Scythia in the Irish Channel, about three miles off Baleycootyn, by a whale striking the propeller and breaking off one of the gigantic blades, our Cork correspondent states that those on board at first supposed that a sunken wreck had been struck. Soon, however, a whale 50 or 60 feet in length was seen to rise to the surface, quickly discoloring the water with its blood from the wound inflicted by the propeller. The steamer is detained at Queenstown.

Epps's Cocoa.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favorite. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle-street, and 170 Piccadilly. Works for Dietetic Preparations, Easton-road and Camden Town London.

THE PEOPLE'S LINE. EXCURSION OF THE SEASON ON THE NEW STEAMER ST. FRANCIS. SATURDAY, 14TH AUGUST, 1875.

FROM VALLEYFIELD TO DICKINSON'S LANDING, calling at intermediate Ports. Returning will run the LONG SAULT RAPIDS, giving excursionists an opportunity of viewing some rare and beautiful scenery, and also giving an opportunity to those desirous of attending the GREAT FOREPAUGH CIRCUS & MENAGERY which exhibits in Cornwall on that day. The best of music will be in attendance.

TENDERS WANTED.—Tenders will be received, in writing, up to the 14th instant, at 12 noon, for the providing of dinners at the approaching Show of the Horticultural Society No. 1, The Society will give the lessee the entire use of the Dining Hall for both days. No tender will be considered under \$40. Tenders to state charge for dinners to Judges and officials of the Society. Tenders to be left with Mr Daniel Boyd, Huntingdon.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND AMENDMENTS THERE TO. In the matter of CYRILLE GUIMOND, of the town of Beauharnois, merchant and trader, Insolvent.

THE UNDERSIGNED, D. A. ST. AMOURE, has been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month. D. A. ST. AMOURE, Assignee. Beauharnois, July 20, 1875.

WANTED.—An experienced teacher is wanted for the Protestant Dissident School, District No. 4, St. Anicet, holding a first class diploma. Salary \$160 per term of 10 months. Apply immediately to ALEX. EMMISON, Carletonville P. O., Que.

FARM FOR SALE.—100 acres being north half of Lot No. 5, second concession of Elgin. Seventy acres are under cultivation, the rest in corn and pasture. There is a house and new outbuildings thereon. For particulars apply to JAMES HAMILTON, Kelso.

The Howick Agricultural Implement Works. Second to none in the Dominion. The District is challenged to make Agricultural Implements that will sell cheaper or give better satisfaction than those manufactured by the Howick Agricultural Works. Owing to want of power I have never been able to supply the demand, but having about 12 months ago purchased a Steam Engine and extended the shops, I will be able to supply during the coming season Agricultural Implements of all kinds, and will cut on an average 25 to 40 cords of wood per day. Best agent for Matthew Moody's celebrated Mowing and Reaping Machines, and also for the Harvester, a machine that cannot be surpassed in America for cheapness, and for giving universal satisfaction. Intending purchasers are invited to inspect the Machines before purchasing elsewhere. Planning of all kinds done for farmers. Pairs having Reaping Machines to repair will find it to their advantage to give me a call, as I keep blacksmiths constantly employed. All orders and repairs will be punctually attended to and work warranted to give satisfaction, as none but first-class mechanics are employed.

Important to Merchants, Traders and Farmers. GREATER REDUCTION IN FREIGHT AND PASSENGER RATES BETWEEN MONTREAL AND CORNWALL AND INTERMEDIATE PORTS.

The magnificent new Steamer BOHEMIAN, has been placed upon this route and will carry freight and passengers at the following LOW RATES.

Table with columns FROM Cornwall, St Regis, etc. and TO Montreal. Rows for PASSENGERS, LIVE STOCK, GRAIN, etc.

Merchandise to all Ports, 5 Cents per 100 lbs. Other Freight low in proportion. This Beautiful Steamer for Speed and Accommodation cannot be surpassed. To prevent mistakes, please assign all Freight to Steamer 'BOHEMIAN.'

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BEAUHARNOIS. Insuring only Farm and Isolated property. PRESIDENT—Archibald Henderson, Esq.

The Trout River Carriage Shop. A. DALZELL, Proprietor. Having received the best of workmen I am now prepared to furnish the trade with all kinds of Open Buggies and Top Carriages of all styles. Also, Express and Lumber Wagons constantly on hand. Patent wheels used when ordered.

A. D. GIFFORD, Picture Frame Manufacturer. Frames made to order at prices to suit the times. Parties having Chromes to frame will find it to their advantage to call or write to the manufacturer at Covey Hill, P. Q.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND AMENDMENTS THERE TO. In the matter of CYRILLE GUIMOND, of the town of Beauharnois, merchant and trader, Insolvent.

THE Creditors of the above-named Insolvent are hereby notified that he has deposited in my office a Deed of Composition and Discharge, purporting to be executed by a majority in number of his Creditors, representing three-fourths in value of his liabilities, subject to be computed in ascertaining such proportion; and should no objection be made to said Deed of Composition and Discharge within three judicial days next ensuing the publication of this notice, said deed expiring on the 17th of August next, the undersigned Assignee will act upon said Deed of Composition and Discharge, according to its terms. D. A. ST. AMOURE, Assignee. Beauharnois, July 30, 1875.

MOWERS, HARVESTERS, HAY RAKES, &c. MATTHEW MOODY, Manufacturing, Terrebonne, P. Q., begs to offer to the farming community of the Dominion of Canada the following:—THE EAGLE MOWER. THE NEW MODEL BUCKEYE MOWER. THE WOODEN FRAME BUCKEYE MOWER, No. 2. THE SPRAGUE MOWER, (solid low figure), \$50. The celebrated DODGE'S Patent Self-Raking Mower and Mower combined. THE ITHACA RAKE. THE RAY STATE RAKE. THE ALBANY RAKE. It is also manufacturing for this season Potato Diggers. Has also on hand single and double Threshing Machines and Fanning Mills. Office in Montreal, 29 Foundling street. MATTHEW MOODY, Agricultural Implements Manufacturer, Terrebonne, P. Q.

Notice to Farmers.—The best Wool-market for the Counties of Huntingdon, Chateauguay and Beauharnois, is at the Valleyfield Mills, where they are continually manufacturing all kinds of Cloth, Flannel, Blankets and knitted goods, such as Cloths, Scarfs and Jackets of the best quality at lowest prices. Huntingdon, July 15. JAMES McCARTNEY.

INTIMATION.—Mr P. HAY, Sirk Dyer, Huntingdon, finding it necessary to remove to Cornwall, Ont., has commissioned Mr C. Lambie to take in order for him, where all work will be done the same as usual, and returned from Cornwall carriage paid. Howick, Sept. 24, 1874.