

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD AGAIN.

The partisans of Sir John A. Macdonald gave him a dinner at Ottawa on Thursday evening last, when he spoke in response to the toast of his health, for over three hours. He began as follows:—

Mr Mayor and gentlemen.—Can I believe my senses? Is it true, or is it a dream? Am I a defeated man, or am I a victorious Minister? (Cheers.) If I were to judge by your plaudits—and they say the world only applauds success—I might suppose I was at this moment leading a successful band of followers—a majority both in and out of Parliament. (Cheers and cries of "You are!") This assembly proves to me that the common saying that mankind only worships success is a falsehood. You are not here to wish me success. You are not here to wish me still further elevating me, who, by the force of circumstances, have attained, and are now occupying a high position in the country. You are following a fallen Ministry. (Cries of "Never!" and "No!") Aye, sir, it is too true. Your leaders have fallen, but your voice and the voice in this room, and the voice heard outside of this house, and the voice that are now ringing through the country, tell me that this fall is but the precursor of a second triumph. (Cheers.)

Sir John then went on to review his connection with public life, dwelling particularly on his Militia policy and his exertions to bring about Confederation. In speaking of the Red River, while he deplored the killing of Scott, he said a rebellion was never suppressed before with the loss of only one man. In closing his survey of the past he said:—

I admit we have committed errors, and I will say, like any honest man who looks back upon his past life, that there are many things I would have wished otherwise, and with the light of experience, I would have changed, but I will say this, whether we acted right or wrong, we were actuated by a desire to do the best according to our judgment, although it might afterwards prove to be an erring judgment. (Cheers.) We were obliged to leave the Government, forsooth, because we had given a contract, it was said, to Sir Hugh Allan to build the Pacific Railway. Now, I am not going to trouble you with a long speech on the subject. I spoke for five hours and a half on that subject. I hope you have read it. It will do you a great deal of good if you did, (laughter) and do no great harm if you didn't. That charge was made against myself and colleague, Sir George Cartier, who has gone to his reward—because, if ever an honest man gets his reward he will. (Enthusiastic cheering.) I will not trouble you with the thrice told McMullen tale, because you can read it in my speech or in the evidence, or in both if you are fond of light literature. (Laughter.) But, we are told in the first place, the Government sold the great Pacific Railway to the Yankees. Was not that the charge? (Cries of "Yes! Yes!") Didn't Goldwin Smith say that I was guilty of treason? Didn't the Globe bring out the charge that I had sold the Globe to Jay Cooke & Co.? (Cries of "Yes!") and it turned out that we had not sold them the contract, and it was because we had not that all this row was kicked up. (Cheers.) Why, had McMullen sitting on the left hand of the throne, cheek by jowl with Messrs Mackenzie and Blake. There he was ready to help them and perhaps he did, because there were some mysterious conversions and some greenbacks about. (Laughter.) It was simply because we were true to Canada and the Empire. (Cheers.) It was because we believed it to be a crime to have anything to do with the Americans, because I told them we could not have anything to do with them that they finding their expectations—aroused, I must say, by Sir Hugh Allan—disappointed, played the game of the Opposition and sold for a consideration those papers to Mr Huntington of which you have read and heard so much. If we had held out a flag to the Northern Pacific and those gentlemen, you would have a different account of us. The Government would have remained in power some years longer, but with the mark of treason upon their brow. (Cheers.) But that charge broke down, and we were told that we had sold the contract to Sir Hugh Allan. It so happened that by the course we took, Sir Hugh Allan was prevented from being a contractor at all. We granted the charter to a Railway Company, with a directorate of thirteen gentlemen, all having equal rank and station, Sir Hugh being one of them. We made provision that none of them should be a contractor, directly, on that road, and when that charter was granted, the youngest man of those thirteen had as much stock as Sir Hugh Allan and as much power and influence. When they said we sold the contract, it was an absurdity. Well that broke down, and the last thing that was said was "You took money for the elections." Gentlemen, I acknowledge the corn. (Laughter and cheers.) Money was raised largely and liberally on both sides. I said in my place in the House, in the presence of the gentlemen now forming the Government, and, therefore, I can now repeat it behind their backs, that I believe I could prove that they raised two dollars to our one. Sir John then referred to his proposal of a perambulating Commission, and continued, I said that more than once; I rubbed it in and got no response to the charge. They knew what I said was true, and they knew or believed I had proof of it. They did not know what proof I had, but their consciences told them they were guilty, and not one of them rose in his place to accept the challenge to appoint a commission. (Cheers.)

But it was said we ought not to have taken money from Sir Hugh Allan at all. Then, it must be said that the Central Committee should take no money from any of you. You are all Canadians, all have your political opinions and political interests. Many of you may desire, from personal objects, that one party should remain in power rather than another, and Sir Hugh Allan stood in that position. What right had I to refuse?

SIR HUGH'S MONEY.
more than that of any other of the thirteen gentlemen who became directors of the company? There is Mr McNamee, who has no doubt subscribed money. Was I to refuse his? Was I to refuse Mr Shanly's, or Mr Sandford Fleming's contributions? Both of them, as you all know, were connected with the Pacific Railway. Suppose Mr Fleming had chosen from personal or other motives, or from real belief that the late Government had the interests of the country more at heart or had more ability to conduct the affairs of the country than the incoming government, was his check of twenty,

twenty-five or one hundred thousand dollars to be rejected? Certainly not. But, it was said, the Premier of Canada ought not to have received this money, but it should have been received and distributed through a club. He then went over the old story about the Carlton and Reform Clubs, and continued: These charges against me were unjust. It was foul and unfair; it was striking below the belt. (Cheers.) This charge of spending money is brought against me. I believe George Brown has expended more than I did. He spent two or three fortunes in contesting Toronto. Once he carried it by mere force of money. It is said that he expended \$30,000. Once he was defeated and on the occasion he spent \$20,000. I can prove from what he told me himself, and I can produce witnesses to substantiate it, that his contest with Mr Gibbs cost him \$24,000. (Cheers.) I have spoken to you about the way in which the charges brought against us in Parliament failed. Then it may be said,

WHY DID YOU RESIGN?
Why didn't you fight it out? Well, gentlemen, I'll tell you. In the first place, I found too late that I had not a fair jury. It was a court that was packed. For the first time that I have ever known it in a country where British institutions prevail, or where the spirit of British justice exists, I had found that the men who were to try us, who had read that evidence and were to declare us guilty or not guilty, had signed a document to bring in a verdict of guilty. Gentlemen, does not your flesh creep when you hear that statement? when you hear that it is possible for a body of gentlemen, elected by the honest, law-abiding, straightforward people of Canada were so false to their principles, so false to their honor, so degraded from the lust of power that they would go round from man to man and say—"These gentlemen are going before you to be tried in a few weeks. Sign this paper that you will give a verdict of guilty." That was the court I had to meet, that was the jury I had to face before, and when I found that, and besides that not only had the jury been packed, but many had been approached by means most degrading to those who approached and those who were approached; when I found that those who had volunteered to support me in the morning had been sold before the afternoon, then I thought, as we were doomed, I had to consider my supporters, and I was not going to force a hopeless task on them, for there were many of them honest, straightforward men, who were willing to sink with me, and I was not willing to put them in a false position. (Cheers.) I was not willing to put the true men in a false position and let the false men place themselves in an elevated position, and so the Government resigned. How greedily our opponents grasped for office. They thought no more of pressing motions of censure. They thought no more of proceeding against the Government and purifying the atmosphere. They thought only of office and the gracious invitation of His Excellency to form a Ministry. (Cheers.) Well, gentlemen, they have formed a new Cabinet, and it is

A COALITION.
Aren't you horrified at the thought of coalition? (Laughter.) Well, I am not, and I am a strong party man, but I approve of coalition under certain circumstances. But I don't believe in this coalition. A dishonest coalition of men who sacrifice their principles, who swallow them for a common end. (Cheers.) We were charged with being a coalition when George Brown joined with me. When Mr Howland and Mr Macdougall were with me it was a coalition, and now what do you see? A coalition. (Hear, hear.) Look at Mr Cartwright. Look at Richard Scott. (Hisses.) Gentlemen, I say nothing about Scott, and I will tell you why. Because he, his policy and conduct will be indicated before you in your capacity as electors before long. But I shall say one or two words respecting my friend

MR CARTWRIGHT.
He is a Tory of the old Family Compact and a fossil—not like myself, a young Liberal Conservative, and considered an adventurer when I started in public life—but an old fossil. (Cheers.) Why, the old Family Compact tried to keep me down, but they couldn't. He stood by me through thick and thin, and voted with me right and wrong; and unless he did vote with me that way, I would not think him a strong party man. One day I made the great mistake—perhaps it was a mistake—of thinking Sir F. Hincks a better financier than himself. (Cheers and laughter.) I was so weak in my mind as to believe that for the good of this country, for the establishment of a good banking system, a good currency, a sound tariff, and a safe fiscal system, this country was in safer hands than in Mr Cartwright's. But from that moment this ardent soldier fled away. No longer could he support a Government which had such a Radical fellow in it as Sir Francis, and now you see the company which he has got into. All that I desire is, that the Government which has got him will make the most of him. I will tell you what the course of the Opposition is. You will find that they will conduct matters differently from the late Opposition. They will, in all cases, subordinate party to country. You will never find us opposing any measure in the interests of the country for the sake of opposition. You will find us supporting that Administration, when they deserve it, as if they were our brothers; but I don't believe we will be too often called upon to give them such support. I believe we must have Government by party, but the difference between us is, they say, "with the party, by the party, for the party." We say, "with the party, but for the country." (Cheers.) I again thank you from the bottom of my heart for the contenance you have given us in this day of our adversity. My advice to you is to organize. Sir Robert Peel said "Register! Register!" I say to you "Organize! Organize! Organize!" Form township associations and county associations, watch the assessor's rolls and the voters' lists; see that you are not defrauded of your votes. Do not suppose your name to be on it until you see it there. I believe the people of Ontario are decidedly in favor of the party of Union and Progress. (Cheers.) And they only want to be aroused by a little hint like that we got the other day to carry Ontario again, and again when they are aroused. I cannot last much longer. You will find young men of your party that you will be proud to follow with the same understanding constancy as you have followed me. But I will remain so long as I can be of any service. (Enthusiastic cheers.) At the meeting of our party at the resignation—and a more enthusiastic meeting I never saw; this meeting is not more so—attended by members of both Houses, I anxiously

asked them to allow me to retire. I thought they might choose some younger man, who had not accumulated on him by twenty years of success the enmity of twenty years. I thought some younger man might be chosen; but whether it was they did not wish to leave me when I was down, they chose me. (Cheers.) I was too much affected to decline, and I said I will serve you as long as you think I can be of any service. [Enthusiastic cheering.]

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HUNTINGDON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873

BEHAVING that there are many of our readers like ourselves who want to see what the Corruptionists have to say in their defence, we give considerable space to Sir John A. Macdonald's speech. It is better than that he made in Parliament, being more coherent and less abusive. It has, however, the same lack of dignity of tone, and leaves the impression more of a bar-room declamation, who is content to make any kind of points in favor of himself and against his opponents, than of an honest man who is anxious to satisfy the public of his innocence. He divides the people of Canada into two classes, Clear Grits and Conservatives, and has apparently no conception of that very large class who, like ourselves, care not for party triumphs, but are solely anxious to see the country properly governed. What does it matter to us what the Globe or Goldwin Smith said of him; what does it signify whether or not the Clear Grits spent at the elections two dollars to his one; whether McMullen sold the correspondence to Huntington; or whether a number of Sir John's own followers were bought over by greenbacks? These accusations are serious ones, worthy of investigation, but what have they to do with Sir John A. Macdonald's own conduct? The country says to him, you are accused of taking \$167,000 from Sir Hugh Allan to whom you granted the Pacific charter. Oh, replies Sir John, the evidence against me was stolen from a locked desk, sold to Huntington by McMullen, the prosecution instigated by Jay Cooke & Co., and the Clear Grits spent a great deal more money than I did at the elections. This is no answer to satisfy the country. How the evidence against him was procured or how the prosecution was begun, or whether his opponents are as black as himself, is nothing; these are irrelevant considerations. The point on which he has to give us information, is whether or not he took the money as alleged; this is the vital question, and this is exactly what he cannot deny. In his own tap-room phraseology, he says, "I acknowledge the corn." He took the \$167,000 from Allan and he gave him the charter. Here is evidence enough out of his own mouth to condemn him, and yet this man has his admirers and supporters and is re-chosen deliberately as the leader of the Conservative party in the Dominion. The fact suggests the thought whether Sir John's crime is exceptional, and whether it is not the natural outcome of a degraded moral sense in the public at large. Certainly, so long as such acts do not blast the reputation of our public men or decrease their following, they will be repeated often enough. Sir John's extenuation of his offence, that the money was given as a subscription by Sir Hugh Allan, is against the evidence of Allan himself, who, in his letters, declared he spent the money in order to get the Pacific charter and that he expected to be repouced. Apart from the conclusive evidence of Allan on this head, we have Macdonald's own telegraph to Cartier, giving him authority to promise the Presidency of the Pacific Company to Allan, in order to secure money for the elections. The quibbling about Allan having no more power at the Board than the youngest member of it, is beneath notice. Allan saw that the charter could be made a remunerative speculation to him if he got the Presidency, and in order to get it he was willing to pay what most men would consider a large fortune. How Allan was to make money out of the charter we can only conjecture, but certainly an avaricious and miserly business-man like him would not have given to the Government so large a sum unless he saw his way clear to repay himself with interest.

The loyal rant in Sir John's speech is what we have been accustomed to for the past ten years. He and his party, by their own account, are the only loyal men in the Dominion; Clear Grits and everybody else are traitors. The cry at one time did them good service; it deceived simple people and gained their support. It is not always that the fact is borne in mind, that the greatest villain makes the strongest pretensions to

honesty; the greatest liar to truth; the most immoral to piety. A truly loyal man has no need to parade his sentiments before the public, much less to decry the loyalty of his opponents. It is only the traitor who assumes a monopoly of that which he does not possess and boldly defames his fellow-men. Let the events of the past six years form a commentary on this claim of Sir John A. Macdonald's to extraordinary loyalty. Who was it that winked at Fenian movements both in the States and Canada? Who was it that lay incapable at the time of the raid in 1866 and caused the disaster at Ridgeway? Who was it that refused to hang the Fenians taken prisoners, or to ask indemnity and apology from the American Government for the losses and insults sustained? Who was it that pardoned Father McMahon and his fellows and set them at liberty? Who was it that connived at the rebellion at Red River, who treated with the emissaries of Riel, and sent to Rome for Bishop Taché to pacify them? To whose paltering was it owing that Scott was shot and that his murderers were never, during his tenure of power, called to account? And who was it, that gave the Americans territorial rights in Canada, sold our Fisheries and waived our sovereignty to the St. Lawrence? If to be truly loyal is to act as Sir John A. Macdonald has done during these few years, we pray he may have, as he pretends, a monopoly of the quality.

MORE than customary interest was felt in the proceedings before the Huntingdon Circuit Court owing to the cases before it arising out of the transactions of the gang of patent-right swindlers who visited the county a year ago. We made reference to their operations at the time, but will briefly recapitulate the main points. The gang comprised numerous members, who, so far as we could learn, came from the eastern States, and travelled along the frontier, operating on both sides. Those who came into Canada pretended that they wanted agents to sell a patent attachment for fastening on grindstones, which would render it possible to sharpen mowing-machine knives. The attachments were to be sold at \$3 a-piece, which would leave one dollar and a half to the agent. When they found a farmer who entertained their proposals, they produced a printed agreement, which they filled up and the farmer signed; the agreement being a mutual one, they binding themselves to supply the attachments at a certain figure and the farmer to pay the royalty or percentage stipulated. On the face of it, the transaction looked innocently enough and nothing could exceed the astonishment of those in this neighborhood, who agreed to be agents, to learn that the swindlers had pretended notes of theirs, for sums of \$120 to \$125, which they were endeavoring to get discounted. The headquarters of the gang was at Chateaugay and from there they paid frequent visits to this locality over after their character was known. We think now as then, that a mistake was made in not arresting them. They acted in the most defiant manner towards their victims and assured them they would be made to pay the notes when they came due. In their own hands of course the notes were worthless, so they transferred them to third parties, who, like the American Caldwell, affected to have become holders in good faith. These third parties sued on two of the notes, Stewart's and Sandilands', but the cases were postponed at the May court owing to the defendants asking for surety for costs, the plaintiffs residing in the States. This was effected by Leonard Bush undertaking the responsibility. The cases therefore were ready to be considered on their merits at the court of last week, when, owing to the illness of Mr Brossiot, of Beauharnois, who was lawyer for one of the notes, only Stewart's was decided. By reference to the evidence, it will be seen that the case broke down entirely and, to the satisfaction of everybody, Stewart came off clear. Those who timidly compounded with the rascals will now regret not having gone into court to maintain their rights. This is the second time this county has been victimized in a similar way, although in the first case the notes were properly signed, and not forgeries as in the present instance. The moral is, that farmers should attend to their legitimate duties and leave implement-selling to those who understand the business, and who are not to be deceived by wandering impostors who sell patent-rights for machines which either have no existence or are not worth manufacturing, promising profits which no article can afford. If Parliament would pass an act giving power to arrest such characters on suspicion and declaring notes so obtained null and void, there would be an end to this wretched swindling. In the Western States such laws are common.

The dreadful news from Cuba, of the massacre of part of the crew and passengers of the Virginius, has created a profound sensation, and the Americans are apparently unanimous in advocating retaliatory measures, if not the annexation of Cuba. Had the Spaniards rested content with the capture of the vessel and the shooting of the four leaders, they would have had the moral sympathy of the world on their side, for they would have been doing no more than a due regard for their own interests and the peace of their colony required; but this killing of ignorant sailors and passengers, who were no more, at best, than secondary agents in the attempt against the soverei-

gnty of Spain, is so cruel that the United States would be to blame if they allowed the offence to escape unpunished. The United States Government, in allowing the Virginius to aid the rebellion in Cuba, undoubtedly were in the wrong, but this awful crime of putting to death in cold blood unarmed men, who had no due idea of breaking international law, overshadows and conceals the lesser offence. President Grant is hurrying on military preparations, and daily come reports of monitors and men-of-war clearing the navy-yards ready for service. This is all Grant can do, he not having the same power as the Queen and her Executive to declare war. Congress meets on the first Monday in December and before it will come the whole case for decision. The war, should there be one, ought to be short and sharp, for Spain can make no adequate resistance at the present time. One untoward effect of the trouble, has been a rise in the price of gold, which, on some days, touched 110.

THERE is much agitation in France as to the choice of a ruler for the future. The Monarchists, apparently, have not given up all efforts, even after the extravagant demands of Chambord had been made public, and continue to act the part of obstructionists and peace-breakers. Gen. McMahon asks to be continued President for seven years, with certain extraordinary powers to enable him to keep France quiet, and this will probably be agreed to. If there is another civil war in France it will be begun this time, not by the Communists, but by the partisans of Chambord, or of the Orleans or Napoleon families.

CIRCUIT COURT, HUNTINGDON.

This Court sat here all day Thursday and Friday, His Honor, Mr Justice Belanger, presiding.

The cases of Gadoux vs. Lefebvre, Gold vs. Irwin, Carr vs. Gibson, and Sheets vs. Spencer et al. were continued to next term.

Black vs. Patterson, action for \$83; judgment for \$32.

Donohoe vs. Campbell, judgment for Donohoe.

Dalziel vs. Serier, judgment for Dalziel.

Dame J. Howard vs. Ed. Cody. Action for damages for cutting and carrying away timber from plaintiff's land. Case heard, and taken en délibéré.

McWilliams vs. the Corporation of the County of Huntingdon. This is an action to annul the County By-law establishing a bridge over the Chateaugay River between the Township of Elgin and Hinchinbrooke. Case heard and taken en délibéré, so that judgment will not be rendered until the 15th January.

Sparrow vs. Montgomery, motion by Montgomery to remove foreclosure and for leave to plead. Parties heard and the motion rejected, with costs.

Henry V. Caldwell et al. vs. John Stuart, action for the amount of a promissory note, said to have been made by Stuart, payable to B. C. Richardson or order, and by him endorsed to Caldwell et al. The plaintiffs, who reside in the State of New York, endeavored to prove that the note had been obtained from defendant by one Richardson, who obtained defendant's signature to an agreement to act as agent for the sale of a patent mowing machine knife grinder. That the portion of the agreement bearing Stuart's signature had been cut off from the agreement and transformed into the promissory note used on, and that Richardson had sold the note to plaintiffs, who bought the same before the note became due, in good faith, and in ignorance of the changes made, or the fraud practiced on defendant, and were therefore entitled to recover. We subjoin the evidence in this case:—

John Stewart, the defendant, sworn said:—The writing produced is not signed by me. I had some conversation with a man who called himself B. C. Richardson. I signed a document for B. C. Richardson. The paper was about an agency. I do not recollect what the paper was about. It was for selling a machine called the mow-grinder. I never promised to pay him a certain amount or anything. I swear positively that this is not my writing, or my signature. I never acknowledged that the said writing and signature were mine. I don't remember ever acknowledging to Alex. McNaughton that I wrote or signed said note. I caused a notice to be put in the papers regarding said note. I did so because I heard there was such a note against me. I don't know the name of the person who came to me with the note. I don't think it was the same person who came to me about said machine.

Cross-examined.—The parties who brought the note to me didn't show the note to me. He said he held a note of mine but would not show it to me, though I asked to see the same. This was during last winter. That was what induced me to publish the notice referred to in the paper.

Alexander McNaughton, of Godmanchester, Farmer, aged 62, being sworn said: I had no conversation with defendant about this action. He never acknowledged to me that he signed a document for B. C. Richardson.

Michael Carrigan, of Hinchinbrooke, Hotel keeper, aged 29 years, being sworn said: I know the defendant. Some time last winter, I think before Christmas, at the request of Mr Richardson, I went to defendant's house to ask about a note Richardson had of defendant's, and which Richardson wanted to sell to me, when defendant stated, in Richardson's presence, that he had never given any note to Richardson. The note was not shown to me or Mr Stewart.

Cross-examined.—Richardson claimed to have the note at the time we were at Defendant's.

John Oliver, of Godmanchester, Trader, aged 28 years, being sworn said: I know the defendant. I never had any conversation with defendant regarding this suit. The note shown to me to the best of my belief is not defendant's writing or signature. I don't think it is like Mr Stewart's writing. The name is not spelt as he spells it.

Cross-examined.—I have known the defendant for fifteen years. I have seen him sign his name different times during that period. I never saw him sign his name "Stewart," he spells it Stewart.

There were no witnesses called for the

defence, the counsel for Stewart contending no case had been made out against him. The Judge dismissed the action with costs, remarking that there was no evidence to show that Stewart had ever signed a note or that the note produced in Court was his. Mr Gibb, assisted by Mr MacLaren, appeared for Stewart; Mr Sexton for Caldwell et al.

A case of Bromley vs. Sandiland, similar in many respects to the last one, should have been tried, but as the Attorney for the plaintiff was too ill to attend the Court, it was put over till next term.

An accident of a serious nature took place in the Dewittville Grist Mill on Tuesday afternoon. A son of the owner of the mill, Mr McDonnell, a child of four years old, named Hugh, was playing in the mill, when he grasped the shaft which turns the smut machine, and which was going at the rate of 50 revolutions in a minute. Being somewhat claggy with old oil, the coat of the child adhered to it, got wound, and before it could give any alarm, was lifted off its feet and swung round by it. The shaft stands within 5 1/2 inches of a pillar, and through this narrow space the body of the poor child was forced at each revolution. No one was in the floor of the mill where the accident took place, at the time the boy got entangled, so it is not known how often he was whirled round. On the alarm being given the machinery was stopped, the child removed, and, before long, Dr Anderson of Durham and Drs Shirriff and Morrison of this village were in attendance. Wonderful to relate, though they found both thighs broken, and the chief bones in both arms likewise broken, they succeeded in dressing the wounds, and express a hope not only of the child's recovery but of the restoration of the use of his limbs as before. It is, however, too early to speak confidently of his recovery, for, after such injuries, it will be some time before he can be declared out of danger.

The Rev Mr Lochead will preach in St Andrew's on Sunday forenoon, at half-past ten, and at Port Lewis in the afternoon at half-past two.

A number of young men from this vicinity, who went across the lines to work in the woods for the winter, have returned, in consequence of the low wages offered—\$14 a-month instead of \$20.

To all appearance winter has set in, the weather for the past ten days having been unremittently cold and stormy. Friday was cold enough for January, the thermometer indicating 11 degrees above zero in the morning, while all Tuesday a very heavy snow-storm prevailed. There is now fully 8 inches of snow on the ground, and the sleighing is excellent. Steamers managed to get through the canals until Monday, when they may be said to have closed. The Bohemian went down on her last trip on Monday evening. The early closing of navigation causes much inconvenience and entails no inconsiderable loss to shippers of produce. To farmers, who are short of fodder, such a premature covering of the ground, will prove a serious drawback.

SUICIDE IN FRANKLIN.—A shocking case of suicide has occurred in Franklin, the victim being one of the oldest residents in the township, namely Amos Priest. Early on Monday morning, about half-past four, he rose, dressed, and after searching some time in a drawer, went out, remarking to Mrs Priest he would light the fire on his return. She supposed he went out to the barns, but not reappearing, she became alarmed, the more so that one of the children who went out to the yard said his father was not about the buildings. Finally two of his sons mere lads, apprehensive that some accident had happened, went in search of him, and easily tracked his course by his footsteps in the snow. The track led through the adjoining farms to the east, and on following the trail to the rear of Mr John Dickenson's lot, they were inexorably horrified to see their father hanging from a tree. He had taken a new halter rope with him, and apparently climbed up a tree and after fastening one end of it securely to himself and the other to a branch, jumped off, his feet being only some 24 inches from the ground. It was six o'clock when discovered, so that it must have hung for some time and was perfectly inanimate. They gave the alarm, and in presence of several people the body was cut down and removed to his late residence. On Tuesday Dr Anderson held an inquest, under a verdict of "death while laboring under temporary insanity" was returned. No evidence was elicited which threw any light on the cause of his melancholy fate. On Saturday he was at Franklin Centre, where he made some small purchases and appeared to be in his usual health and spirits. On Sunday evening he complained to his family of a pain in his head, but to his family of a pain in his head, but gave them no cause to suppose anything material was wrong. He was a man in the vigor of life, about 45 years of age, and leaves a wife and several children, none of whom are of age. The event has caused a profound sensation in the neighborhood.

We take the following items from the Malone Palladium of Thursday last:—

Work at the railroad shops in Malone has been reduced to nine hours, which is, of course, equivalent to a reduction of ten per cent. of the wages of the men.

A barn, cow-shed, horse-stable and several tons of hay, owned by Geo. Bracey, Chateaugay were burned last week Wednesday afternoon. Mr Bracey accused David Perham, a young man who had not been on good terms with him for several months of setting the fire, when he was assaulted and beaten by him. He made complaint before Justice McCoy, and on the examination it was sworn by Bracey that he saw Perham approach the barn and make a motion as if to strike a match, and that in a short time thereafter the building was in flames; by his wife that she saw Perham going away from the barn a few minutes before it burned; and by his sons that they had heard Perham threaten to do the deed. Perham, in default of bail, was committed to jail. Bracey is a poor man and can ill afford the loss occasioned by the burning; a subscription was taken up in the village Saturday, and a considerable amount realized for him.

Henry Day, deputy customs officer at Chateaugay, made a seizure Saturday last of eight head of cattle, alleged to have been smuggled by Norman Cook. The latter gentleman is said to feel that sorrows come "not by single spines, but in battalions."

Saturday morning last, at a little after two o'clock, Mr Oren Moses, who was sleeping in the room over his jewelry store in Malone, was awakened by the crash of

breaking glass down stairs. Hastily seizing a loaded pistol, he descended to the store, and saw a man at the window, clearing away the broken glass, as if preparing to enter. Advancing cautiously, when within less than ten feet of him, he discharged his pistol, taking care, however, not to wound him. At the report the burglar turned deliberately and walked down street, as those who saw him think, with the gait of a drunken man. Mr. Moses then returned to his room, and while dressing heard a noise at the door, indicating an attempt to break it in. Again descending, no one was to be seen. However, the night watchman at the depot had seen the burglar, and doubtless been seen in turn by him, for he gave the cry of "here's the thief—catch him!" and started to run. The watchman returned, "yes, you're the thief," and pursued him; but failed to overtake him. Some time during the night some one entered the millinery store of Mrs. Allison & Gray also, smashing the glass out of the door. However, no goods were taken, and the general belief is that the intruder intended an entrance to Thompson's jewelry store, which is adjoining to the shop. Saturday morning a man giving his name as William Johnson, a stranger in town, was arrested at the depot, on suspicion of being the burglar of the night before. He was examined Saturday and Monday before Justice Willard, and has been held for trial.

A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF SNOOKS.

Mr. Snooks happening into a certain place, where villainous and fermented liquors were necessarily dispensed, on a certain evening, and meeting with a certain company convivially inclined, by whom Snooks was welcomed into the circle, and as they were about to take a little "some thing," he was asked to join in. Snooks hem'd and haw'd just a little, and said he didn't mind if he did just take one drink, as he didn't feel very well. (Snooks never drinks unless when something is the matter) at the same time placing his hand upon the seat from whence the bad feeling had its starting point, which at times varies; the malady, thanks to a little "suntin'g," does not become chronic. A certain person, designated the "bar keep," was called and each one interrogated as to what he would have, there being a wonderful dissimilarity in tastes, although all asked for compounds of a stimulating nature. Once seated around the board, each one, of course, had to stand treat in his turn, as it would be mean not to ask the others after partaking at their expense. Snooks, of course, did not mean to indulge in over one glass, in order to prevent that bad feeling, but as it did not feel wholly eradicated, and being of a rather complying nature under certain circumstances, acceded to the request to "take just this time with me and then we'll go." But it was no go until all had their turn, and, by that time, so fascinating had become the cup and the bad feeling had so nearly succumbed, that Snooks became heedless of time and regardless of expense, and away went the hard earned dimes with a little regret as if they were to be had for the picking up, like pebbles from the brook edges. Who was fuller of conviviality when among his boon companions than Snooks, when all things went on smoothly, and just about this time it was all one to him how the world wagged; whether Sir John or Huntington county was on top, whether the Governor was "struck below the waist," or that woman he spoke about was going to come to grief, he was in for fun or contrariness just as the certain bump was affected, and it took but a very slight touch to turn the scale. In this kind of a state Snooks and his companions emerged from the refreshment room to wend their way to their several places of abode, and as we have nothing to do, at this time, with any of them save Snooks, we will keep sight of him for a while. Snooks did not have a great way to travel to get home. After parting with his friends, he wended his way to his own door, and, not having lost all caution, he took the pre-caution to walk in the middle of the road, as the side walk was not very safe in a dark night especially when there are so many openings for the unwary to stumble into. Snooks being alone, now began to think what kind of a reception he would receive from Mrs. Snooks, he having stayed out just a little longer than usual, and began to cast about for some excuse to make. "Well it wasn't my fault; they wouldn't let me go, and it isn't very often we meet, and I ain't very drunk; I don't believe anyone could tell I had been drinking." So he came to a stand to see if he could not stand still, but in spite of all he could do, one foot would pass over the other in some unaccountable manner, thus necessitating him to use all his agility to keep his equilibrium. Finding his efforts to stand perfectly fruitless, he exclaimed, "what do I care? I guess I'm my own boss, and its none of Mrs. Snooks's business. She hadn't better say anything to me. The idea (hic) (Snooks was not getting any more sober) of a woman bossing me (hic)—darn the (hic) ups—I won't stand it, no sir-ee; not by a jug-full." Snooks by this time came in sight of his dwelling and having worked himself until he stirred up the bump of his contrariness, he was in a fit mood to give free scope. Not seeing any light streaming from the windows, the blinds being down, he went on, "What does she care whether I'm cold, or hungry, or thirsty, or what becomes of me. There, she's gone to bed and is taking her comfort, and I'll bet, has locked all the doors, so I cannot get in without making noise enough, to waken up the neighborhood (hic). I've a good mind not to go in at all, but go and sleep in the outhouse and make her believe I couldn't wake her up. I'll try the door first." So he lifted the latch lightly and the door opened as if by magic, it seemed so easy. There was a bright light and Mrs. Snooks sitting knitting (her brows knitting too), the room was pleasantly warm and Snooks was fearful of a warm reception, so he commenced first. "I'd like to know what you went by sitting up to this time of night? (It was close on one.) I know it isn't for my sake; like if I didn't (hic) know enough to find my way in this house myself; besides wasting the light and wood in this manner, as if I didn't have to work to get these luxuries (hic), and you wasting them in this manner, making pretensions that you are so industrious, knitting a great deal (hic) no troubling; just took it up when you heard me coming. Most likely you have had some drifting company here, drinking up the tea which I have to provide; no wonder it gets done so quick (hic), but I'll tell you I ain't a going to allow things to be wasted in this way. That's just the long and the short of it. I ain't going to carry

in with a spoon and you throw out with a shovel." "See here, Snooks, I think you had better let up. I would like to know who wasted the most? Here I have been sitting up all alone, sir, waiting for you to come home, knitting the very fingers off me to keep your feet warm, and this is the abuse I get. The other night you came home and I had gone to bed, and you gave me fits for not sitting up until you came. I am sure I don't know how to manage in such a state of affairs." "I tell you, Mrs. Snooks, you ain't in any State of Affairs (hic), this is the Dominion of Canada and this here is my dwelling-place, and I ain't going to stand any more (hic) of your harangues. Do you hear that? Curious thing I can't have a little jolly (hic) time with my friends once in a long while, and just because I took a glass of beer at parting, I'm jawed to death when I come home; its enough to turn one from ever coming home at all." "I think you might as well stay, if you can't come home like other people and at reasonable hours, and without getting drunk and making a fool of yourself." "What do you say? (hic), that I'm drunk! If you say that I'm drunk, I say you don't know much. I guess I know what I drank, a couple of glasses of beer (hic); I'm sure that wouldn't make any body drunk. A body can't look at a drop with you but they're drunk; you're so smart." "I'm smart enough to know that you ain't sober, and I think you ought to know better than act so, and it is a heinous sin and shame for those who sell liquor to give it to people until they get them drunk. I'll bet if I had anything to do with the laws, I'd see whether they would give it to people in that way." "O yes, you'd be mighty smart (hic). What a pity you hadn't the trial to make the laws and govern this country! I'll tell you what, you can't govern your own household let alone a nation. Its easy enough (hic) to make laws, but putting them in force that's another thing. There is where the sticker comes in." "Of course, its because the law-makers are law-breakers as well!" "When I makes a law, Mrs. Snooks, I don't break it, but the worst is, I don't get the chance of making any for you make all the laws in this house, and you think I must live up to them; but I ain't going to stand it any (hic) longer, do you hear? I shall kick over the traces, do you hear?" "No use of yelling in that way, I ain't deaf, but I'll tell you I ain't going to sit up here all night worrying and you having a good time with your boon companions, spending time and money." "It ain't your money, I guess." "I'll just go too and see how you'll like that!" "I'd like to catch you come poking after me. I guess you'd find (hic) I wasn't Spriggs to start for home like a sheep, when he see'd his wife coming after him." "What wonderful thing would you do? If you have got so much spirit as that, I think you wouldn't be seen sitting around a tavern or grogery, drinking their stuff until you're drunk?" "I says I (hic) ain't drunk for the last time, and don't let me hear you whisper that again, madam, or I'll commit!" "You hadn't better commit any of your deeds here, and I think the best thing you can do is to go to bed." "I'll go to bed when I get ready, so you can go just when you have a mind to, for I shan't go to bed with one who is always jawing, growling (hic) and grumbling. No body can do anything to please you. A great deal of comfort I have with such a turndog as you." "I ain't going to be called Sturgeons and such names by you nor no one like you. I'll see if Grabb is going to be allowed to sell his detestable and abominable stuff to people and make them drunk and have them come home and abuse their wives and families in this way!" "What's (hic) blow em up! Blow em up! That's (hic) the hammer; pitch into the vendors and make them abdicate the ranch. Harrah for Mrs. Snooks, if she gets on she'll beat the Revenue Inspectors, constables and crown prosecutors. Say, will you want (hic) any security for costs? If you do, I go it. Who cares for expense?" "You're not fit for any body to speak to, you act like a fool." Mrs. Snooks retires. "Mrs. Snooks can go to bed by herself, for I'm blowed if I go." So saying Snooks blew out the lamp and lay down on the lounge, thinking to himself, no doubt, what a discomfort he was causing and what an ill-used person he was that he could not stay out a few minutes of an evening with a few friends and talk over the Pacific Scandal, &c., without getting a blowing-up and called drunk when he came home. I'll just let her know that I'll do as I please," he muttered, "I'm not going to be bossed in this way," &c. He fell asleep and snored loud enough to waken the seven sleepers. Some time before morning he woke up and wondered where he was. After fumbling about he began to find out his locality and also the cause of his being there. No mistaking the cause, indeed, from the feeling, and quietly pulling off his boots, he made for the water pail, which was no easy matter without stumbling over sundry chairs, shoes, &c., and making a great racket, but when the water is reached, a whole deluge of it is poured down into his stomach to quench the raging fire within that had been kindled by the poison imbued the evening before. He then went back to the lounge and sitting down meditated on past events, no doubt calling himself a fool and asking whether he hadn't better go to bed, it was somewhat chilly. After thinking the matter over a little, and a few more visits to the water pail, he concludes to go to bed with Mrs. Snooks, wondering how and when he got home [he always forgot when in such a state], but with the firm belief if he doesn't know how he will in the morning. With this consoling conclusion, he crept quietly into bed. Morning awoke and so did Mrs. Snooks, but not with much of a smile on her countenance as she thundered forth, "Ain't you getting to get up Snooks?" "He, poor man, quietly answered "No." "What's the reason?" "Timidly replied Snooks, "I don't feel very well." "Good enough for you; you had no business sitting up until all hours of the night and getting drunk and coming home and abusing your poor lonely wife as you did, calling me all the names you could think of and threatening me." "What's the use of telling such a story as that?" "You don't believe me. Well, then, just

remember if ever you abuse me in the same manner again, I'll see if their isn't some way of redress." "I wish you would redress yourself and stop your noise, for my head aches." "That will learn you to get drunk again." "I wasn't very drunk, I guess." "Oh no, you're never very drunk, and its wonderful how little it always takes to get you so! Only a couple of glasses of beer! But you needn't try to fool me, for I know better. You tell that tale so I won't think you spent much. Were I to ask you to get me something that is needed in the house, you would say you couldn't afford it, but you can afford to spend probably twice as much treating your friends, as you call them, and making yourself drunk, destroying your health, and spending your earnings on that which will bring ruin to you and your family. It is not only what you spent last night but here you are sick, and not able to do anything for this day at least, and may be for two or three days. By your little spree you may lose a good situation, and all, as you say, for a few hours enjoyment with friends—friends indeed, who will help you to drink your money and make yourself drunk, and have people telling how Snooks acted and what a fool he was when drunk. All this, and even those who gave you the liquor will make fun of you." "That I'll do this time." "Poor Snooks had the worst of it, and felt truly repentant, thinking to himself what a fool he had been, vowing never to commit the "same sin again," but no doubt, after a little, he may forget these vows and be led away as before. As Mrs. Snooks said, "See that you do as you say; be firm, Snooks; be firm. I have been fooled so often that I am doubtful of your firmness. You're easily led Snooks." "You know it, Mrs. Snooks."

COL. PHUNNY.

THE VIRGINIUS DIFFICULTY.
TRIAL AND SLAUGHTER OF THE CREW.
HAVANA, Nov. 14.—The trials of all the prisoners taken on board the Virginus have been concluded. Only eighteen will be saved from death. Of these several are engineers or firemen, who were ignorant of the destination of the expedition, and four of which will be set at liberty. The others will probably be condemned to the chain-gang.

NEWS BY ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Berlin, Nov. 14.—The German Government, to-day, made a further payment of \$3,000,000 for bonds of the United States funded loan.

London, Nov. 14.—The Dean of Westminster has been appointed to proceed to St. Petersburg to perform the Protestant marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia.

London, Nov. 14.—A dispatch from Cartagena reports that the cannonading continued all day yesterday, notwithstanding a violent storm. The city has received fresh supplies of provisions and ammunition. The British Consul is only representative of a foreign Government who remains in the place.

London, Nov. 15.—Intelligence has reached this city that a serious conflict, the cause of which is not stated, has occurred in Damascus. During the disorders the British flag was insulted. The Consul demanded reparation for the indignity, but it was refused.

London, Nov. 15.—A special dispatch from Berlin to the London Times says that, in consequence of the formation of fortified camps at Belfort, Besancon, and Verdun, Prussia will increase her military reserves.—The Federal Council has ordered the distribution among the States of the German Empire of another installment of the French war indemnity, amounting to 30,000,000 thalers.

London, Nov. 14.—Intelligence has been received here that a famine prevails in Greenland, caused by the failure of the fisheries. In one village alone 150 persons have starved to death.

London, Nov. 18.—Advices from Cape Coast Castle, Africa, October 27th, say the British troops moving against the Ashantees are now over 20 miles from Elmina, the scene of the recent war. The Ashantees have been defeated, losing very heavily in killed and wounded, and villages razed to the ground. They are now moving back toward Coomassie in dismay, and will probably rally on the banks of the Prah. The troops have been exposed to frightful mortality. Sir Garnet Wolseley started last night, 26th inst., with only 100 marines for the purpose of harassing the rear of the 40,000 Ashantees retreating on the Prah. The trader believe this movement a ruse to draw the British troops from Cape Coast Castle, while the Ashantees attack the British on the right flank. Sir Garnet is making great efforts to accomplish the great work which he has undertaken of a military advance from the Valley of the Volta to Coomassie. Captain Buller starts for Wasaw and is collecting troops there and at Dunga. Thus the natives are to be utilized, and I may add that the expedition thus far promises success.

Berlin, Nov. 17.—The German Government has addressed a remonstrance to France on account of a pastoral issued by the Bishop of Nancy ordering prayers for the recovery of Metz and Strasbourg.

Rome, Nov. 15.—The Italian Parliament was opened to-day by King Victor Emmanuel in person. In his speech from the Throne the King said he hoped for a continuance of the work of internal organization, and thus Italy might increase her prosperity amid order and safety, the two indispensable conditions of industry and progress. "It has been shown that Rome might become the capital without encroaching upon the liberties of the Pope or the exercise of his spiritual functions and relations to the Catholic world. We will respect his religious sentiments and his liberty, but will not permit attacks upon the nation or its institutions. Our relations with all foreign powers are friendly."

CANADA.

Quebec, Nov. 13.—The snow-storm lasted all day yesterday, the drifts being two to three feet deep in many places. To-day is fine and bright, and the sleighing is excellent.—Mlle. Marie Caron, daughter of His Honor Lieut. Governor Caron, was married yesterday to Wm. Sharples, Esq. The ceremony was performed by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec. The church was crowded.

A SANE OPINION.

An inoffensive old Scotch woman, whose upper story is slightly cracked, regularly visits the Police Court during the trials. This morning a member of the Bar met her at the door of the Court House, when she asked him if any executions had taken place to-day. He replied in the negative and added, "Why, mother, your regular attendance at court will soon qualify you to be a lawyer." The old lady opened her eyes very wide, held up her hands, and emphatically replied, "God forbid, for the del's in them all."—Montreal Witness.

Quebec, Nov. 10.—Hon Messrs Archambault, Robertson, and Chapleau arrived in town to-day to attend a meeting of the Executive Council, at which Hon Mr. Oimout and Attorney-General Irvine were also present. It was decided to call the Local Legislature for Thursday, December 4th, for the despatch of business.

UNITED STATES.

The Saginaw, Mich., Enterprise says applications are made to prominent lumbermen by laborers to go into the woods and work this winter for their board.

Some time ago reference was made by us to the spirited effort of an enterprising Scotch firm to establish a traffic in live cattle between New York and Glasgow. During the fine summer weather the chances of success were good; and although the profit was light, it was expected that, with increased facilities on shipboard, it would gradually grow heavier, and that it would finally pay well. Rough weather no sooner appeared than the trade had to be abandoned. While the last shipment was on the way to England, four steers broke loose, and were carried overboard. The loss to the company occasioned thereby was so great that there was no power of compensating for it. As a consequence, the trade has been abandoned, for the present at least.

There is a story that an accepted lover in Kentucky lately traded off his interest and good will in his lady-love to his rival for a few Berkshire hogs.

Five out of nine of the leading business houses in Manchester, Iowa, are managed by ladies. It is suggested that the name of the town be changed to Womanchester.

An Iowa burglar after packing up his plunder came across some liquor, and was found under the table the next morning, dead drunk.

A Minnesota bride, who didn't take kindly to a burlesque serenade, procured a kettle of hot water and told the minstrels to scatter or scald.

The amendment of the New York constitution by which it was designed to substitute an appointed for an elected judiciary was defeated at the late election. No full summary of the returns has yet appeared, but enough has been published to indicate that the vote for it was strongest in those sections where the evil tendencies of the present system have been most apparent.

In Kings county and New York county, including New York city and Brooklyn, where the people have had most reason to complain of the administration of the courts, there was a fuller vote on the question than elsewhere, but even in these places it was not full. In Queens county, Brooklyn, there was a majority of less than a thousand in favor of the change. In the country districts, where fairly honest men for the most part have been chosen, very little interest was taken in the matter, except by the class of politicians who charge themselves with seeing that the number of offices to be filled is not reduced. The indifference of the country people, therefore, deprives the cities of the power of securing a reform which was of great importance to them. New York was among the first States to set the example of making the judiciary elective; Connecticut had for some time before, and still retains, the system of electing judges by the legislature, but they had never before the adoption of the present constitution of New York been elected by the popular vote. The western States, which have adopted the same policy, have followed the New York experiment. It is reasonably sure that a time will come when all will abandon it, although it is hard to foretell what shameful outrages must occur before the people will be aroused to the necessity of the step. That a reform so excellent in every way has been delayed is a matter of regret.

Colonel Porter D. Tripp, who died at his home in Arlington, Mass., lately, brought home with him from the war a fine and favorite horse, for whom he bespoken of the family the utmost care and kind treatment during his natural life, and stipulates that after his decease the body shall be delivered to a skillful taxidermist, who shall cause the skin to be stuffed and handsomely mounted; also that this figure of the horse shall be enclosed in a large glass case and placed in one of the rooms of the house, where it may always be open to inspection. He bequeathed to his friend, the Hon J. S. Potter, a massive sentinal given him by the rebel General Barkeadele, when on his death-bed after one of the battles of the war.

A triple silver wedding was celebrated recently in Mansfield, O., in accordance with an agreement made by the three couples, who were married at the same time in Marion, O., twenty-five years before. Since then the friends have been widely separated, but, mindful of their mutual promises, they reunited at the homes of two of their number. It was learned, too, that the officiating clergymen and all the bridal attendants were living, but they were so scattered as to make a complete reunion impracticable.

A new sort of umbrella has been invented in England. A spring runs through the cane, and at the part where the tips of the ribs come, when the umbrella is closed, is a cap which fits down upon the ribs, and so holds the umbrella neatly and securely. The revolving principle has been introduced, so that the chances of tearing and breaking when coming into contact are greatly reduced.

WEATHER REPORT.

Temperature Wind, miles in Rain in Highest Lowest 24 hours inches

11 Nov. br. .36 24 0.00

12 " .30 24 0.00

13 " .22 20 0.00

14 " .22 11 0.00

15 " .24 15 0.00

16 " .25 22 0.00

17 " .27 22 0.00

1 1/2 inches of snow. 1 1/2 inches of snow.

FRANCIS W. SHERREY, M.D., Huntington.

DIED.

At Powersville, Hinchinbrooke, on the 16th November, Priscilla Johnson, wife of A. Montgomery, Esq., aged 39 years.

In the parish of St. Anicet, on the 17th October, Alexander Cameron, aged 80 years and 11 months. Deceased was a native of the parish of Kilmallie, Scotland.

At his residence Stirling, Ont., on the 16th inst., in the thirty-third year of his age, after a brief illness, Donald McDougall, Esq., formerly of Oranmore, Quebec, Miller and Merchant, and Beve of the Township of Hastings, Ont.

At Durham, Oranmore, on the 13th inst., in the fifth year of her age, after a protracted illness caused by paralysis, Agnes McDougall, wife of William McDougall, Esq. Mrs. McDougall was a sister of Donald McDougall, of Stirling, lately deceased.

Quebec, Nov. 10.—Hon Messrs Archambault, Robertson, and Chapleau arrived in town to-day to attend a meeting of the Executive Council, at which Hon Mr. Oimout and Attorney-General Irvine were also present. It was decided to call the Local Legislature for Thursday, December 4th, for the despatch of business.

BEAUHARNOIS MARKETS.

(By Telegraph to the Gleaner.)
Pears, per 70 pounds, 70 to 71 cents.
Barley, per 50 pounds, 75 to 80 cents.
Oats, per 40 pounds, 37 to 40 cents.
Butter, per pound, 20 to 22 cents.
Oatmeal, per 100lbs., \$2.25.

COLL. McFEE, Grain Buyer.

Huntingdon.—Greenbacks bought at 90 to 100 cents.

MONTREAL MONEY MARKET.

Stocks Bid Asked Sales

Montreal 175 176 1/2

Commerco 120 120 1/2

Merchants 110 111 1/2

Toronto Canadian 91 96 1/2

Ontario 181 184 1/2

Metropolitan 100 102

People's 104 105

Molson's 105 106

Union 101 103

City 91 92

Jacques Cartier 104 107

Exchange 100 101 1/2

Montreal Telegraph Co. 216 217

Gold in New York 91 92

Greenbacks bought at 91 92

do sold at 91

Silver bought at 8 per cent discount, Small Silver, 10.

LYSTER & PEASE, Bankers & Brokers, 92 St. Francois Xavier-st., Montreal. Post-office Box 9233.

MONTREAL PRODUCE MARKET.

(Corrected weekly by Messrs Shaw & McFee, Commission Merchants, 96 Foundling St., Montreal.)

Spring Wheat, per 60 lbs. \$1.25 @ \$0.00

Pears, per 66 lbs. 72 @ 74

Indian Corn, per 56 lbs. 50 @ 55

Barley, per 48 lbs. 1.00 @ 1.05

Oats, per 32 lbs. 37 @ 38

Strong Bakers' Flour, per barrel 6.00 @ 6.20

Country Flour, per 100 lbs 2.60 @ 2.80

Corn Meal, per 100lbs 1.30 @ 1.40

Oatmeal, per bbl. of 200 lbs. 4.90 @ 5.20

Lard, in tubs, per pound 9 @ 9 1/2

Choice Salt Butter, per pound 7 @ 7 1/2

Cheese, Dairy, per pound 22 @ 25

Cheese, Factory, 9 @ 10

White Beans, per bushel 1.40 @ 1.60

Eggs per dozen 20 @ 23

Dried Apples, per pound 8 @ 10

Goose, per pound 6 @ 7

Turkeys, 6 @ 8

Fowls, 6 @ 8

Dressed Hogs, per 100lbs. 6.00 @ 6.50

Potatoes, per bag 70 @ 80

Apples, per barrel 2.50 @ 3.00

MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET.

St. Gabriel. — Cattle—First Quality, \$7 to \$9.00 per 100lbs dressed weight; Second \$5 to \$6; Third, \$4 to \$5; Sheep 1st quality \$5 to \$6; 2nd quality, \$3 to \$4.50. Hogs \$4.75 to \$5.25 per 100lbs live-weight. Hides No 1 inspected \$9 to \$9.12 1/2 per 100 lbs; No 2 do, \$7.75 to \$8.12 1/2; No 3 do, \$6.50 to \$7. Pelts 90c to \$1.12 each. Calves 14c to 16c per lb. Tallow, rough, per lb, 4 1/2 to 5c.

COMFORTABLE Board can be furnished to two young men. Apply at the Telegraph Office, Huntington, Nov. 19th, 1873.

WANTED.

To borrow five hundred dollars for three years. Good security given. Apply to W. S. MACLAREN, Huntington, Nov. 19th, 1873.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that the Collection Roll for the School Municipality of the Township of Godmanchester, is now completed and is now deposited in the office of the undersigned. All parties whose names appear therein as liable for the payment of any assessment are hereby required to pay the amount thereof to the undersigned at his office in the County Building in the village of Huntington within twenty days from this day without further notice.

ROBT. HYNDMAN, Secretary-Treasurer School Commissioners Township of Godmanchester, Office of the School Commissioners of the Municipality of the Township of Godmanchester, Huntington, Nov. 19th, 1873.

STRAYED.

UPON the enclosure of the undersigned, three Calves. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away. ALEXANDER CURRIE, Newfoundland, Nov. 19th, 1873.

DIARIES! DIARIES!

POCKET DIARIES for 1874 now on sale at the Gleaner Book Store. As the assortment is small, early application is necessary.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned in returning his most sincere thanks to his numerous customers for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years, would also intimate to all those indebted to him to call and settle with him on or before the 30th inst, as it is his intention to leave home at that date. All accounts remaining unsettled at said date will be immediately placed in the hands of Messrs Robertson and Gibb, for collection.

JOSPH DURNIN, Atholston, Nov. 17th, 1873.

AUCTION SALE.

The subscriber has received instructions to sell by Public Auction at the residence of Rev. Dr. Clarke, the Manse, Durham, on Tuesday, 25th November, the following property: bureau, side-board, 1 centre table, 1 set hair-bottom chairs, 1 set cane-bottom chairs, 1 Boston rocker, 1 leather covered easy chair, 1 solid mahogany haircloth easy chair, 2 sofa lounges, 3 large mirrors, 1 piano, music stool and piano cover, rep. curtain shades with brass cornice and hook, 1 ottoman, 1 folding-table, 2 dressing tables; parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and bed-room carpets, window curtains, kitchen and hall chairs, 4 bedsteads and bedding, 4 cabinet wash stands and bed-room sets, 1 sewing machine Little Waver, 1 book-case, 1 secretary, 5 or 6 hundred choice books, silverware, cutlery, breakfast set, dinner set, and tea set, a large number of pictures, 1 cook stove, 1 double stove, 3 feet, 2 parlor stoves and pipes, kitchen and cooking utensils, and a quantity of potatoes. Also, 1 mare in colt, 2 cows, 1 calf, 1 buggy, 1 cutter and roben, 1 Scotch cart, 1 buggy harness silver mounted, almost new, 1 plow and harness almost new, and a quantity of hay & straw, which will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms—\$5 and under, cash; over \$5, 11 months credit. Sale at 9 o'clock.

JON TAYLOR, Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

IS hereby given to all concerned, that the notes of Mr. John Buckham's Auction Sale, become due on the 21st inst. The undersigned will be at the Post Office, Huntington, on Tuesday, the 25th inst., to collect the same.

JOHN BUCKHAM.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Original.
A STORY FOR AUTUMN EVENINGS.
CHAPTER FIRST.

It was a cool bleak evening in late autumn. The leaves rustled and shivered upon the trees, as if losing their hold of life, and the wind sighed through them with solemn, dirge-like music. The moon, nearly full, was encircled by a halo that, in its dim hazy outline, portended a storm, and the chill air gave one a foreboding of snow. It was a neat, well-ordered kitchen, where Lottie Lansing and Libbie Wynn sat and talked and dreamed, as only girls do, while that primitive sewing-machine, the needle, flew nimbly between their deft fingers.

"Allen certainly expects you to marry him," said Lottie, who sensible, and matter-of-fact, had little sympathy with romantic notions, or coquettish ways. "But I won't," replied Libbie, "for I am not fitted for a farmer's wife; never intend to settle down to any such business, Allen is very well, a good enough fellow, but what chance would any girl have who took him for a husband? He is poor, and to begin low and rise is not my motto. I want to see a home ready for me, and not have to slave all my life to get one, as most farmers' wives do who marry for love, and have to bear the heavy share of the work, and the hardest share as no other women in the world do. After a while the drudgery becomes a matter-of-course, and the husband looks upon his wife more as a servant to relieve him of the responsibility, than a woman who is his equal."

"True," replied Lottie, "there are such cases, but it is not necessarily so, and if you truly love Allen, as he does you, I am sure you would not feel so, but gladly share his labors, and at the same time I believe it possible for any woman so to elevate her calling and employment, whatever it may be, that she will not seem a drudge, but a queen, if her work is done, as it can be, with dignity and cheerfulness."

"Now, Lottie, don't preach, I'm tired of sermons," said wayward Libbie with a little graceful shrug of her shoulders.

"Oh! just to change the conversation, have you seen Mrs Homely's new silk since it was made up?"

"Yes, and I don't like yak lace. I wouldn't care so much about the lace, but she would not go to Madame Lamode to get it made for fear she would insist upon making it in the fashion, and actually has not a frill or a puff on the whole dress, and, what is more, I was up there the other Sunday afternoon and she had on that lovely imported silk in her own sitting room, with no company but her husband and children. I gave her a hint about it, and said that, in my opinion, such a dress was only fit to go to the city in, or to some party. If you had seen her flash out! She was 'down on me like a needle,' and said she considered her husband had a perfect right to see her in her best clothes, and that she enjoyed dressing to please him far more than for strangers who did not care a pin about her. She said 'Donald Homely bought her clothes and had the best right to see her wear them; that she despised any woman who decked herself in the gayest dress to please strangers' eyes and thought any dowdy faded wrapper good enough for husband or intimate friends.' Just fancy, Lottie, dressing up in state to receive your own husband, and expecting his admiration! I tell you, if I marry, I shall offend her seen in my petticoat and short gown, than anything else. If I have to stay at home from parties and promenade for the coming man, I think a little less may satisfy his Lordship than putting on my best dress to suit his fastidious taste."

"You don't know what you would do, dear," said Lottie the wise, and talking thus of the future, so dim, so brilliant to girlish eyes, so full of promise and joyous anticipation, that sees no cloud or sorrow on the road, they passed the long autumn evening, unheeded and unheeding the outer world.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Ten years passed away as years will, with storms and sunshine, gladness and sorrow. Once more the golden harvest was garnered, and the autumn evenings made the fireside the most pleasant shrine. The little village where our story is located had grown to a town, and the sewing machine and steam plow made work light, and pleasant for farmers and their wives. The town baker sent out every morning his freight of bread, the cooperative cooking establishment sent hot joints to every farmer's door, and although sleek, large-eyed cows, came home morning and evening to be milked, and were tied in their stalls for that purpose, the cow milkers brought to a perfection of working made this toil easy and simple, and the factories, for butter and cheese, rendered dairy work easy. The age of frilling had passed by. The woman who before spent every spare moment making over her one or two suits, in pitiful imitation of her city neighbour, had now time for culture and recreation. Flowers and music, with good pictures and literature, were seen in every house, and it was quite a usual thing for the best lecturers of the day to visit the neat little reading rooms that were the pride of the town. On the evening when our story re-opens, a prominent legislator was to address the assembled people, and, being a resident among them, the curiosity and interest was greater than usual. The Hon Allan Gophor was a farmer who had won honor and distinction in his life career, whose farm was noted for

being the first in any new improvement, and to whom all his neighbours looked up as the first man among them. He had made them proud of him in his parliamentary career, and, although never married, was worshipped as a star of the first magnitude by the belles of the little town. Lottie Lansing had long since married, and gladdens the home of a worthy farmer in the district, where she has become a model wife and mother, and a kind friend of the distressed and afflicted. The sensible idea of her girlhood, that did not expect too much, that did not cause her to ignore or despise little children as a burden to society, had given her a pleasant and practical view of life in its every aspect, and as a happy house mother she fulfils her mission and her children call her blessed.

Allan Gophor watched the lady, whom he had once thought to call his wife, as she entered the hall, with a prim mining step and fussy air, that seemed but affectation in a maiden of thirty, and felt at last that every emotion of love had died in his heart, and that he could forget the wrong Libbie Wynn had done him when she deliberately told him she "would not marry a farmer," and go back to the city, where a sweet girl lived, who had promised to be his wife, without one regretful thought for the lost love of his youth.

And while discoursing that evening on the social position of farmers and their wives, his voice rang out with deep pathos, and true feeling as he concluded with words of truth and tender meaning:—

"And now, my friends, I must bid you good bye. The duties and changes of life cause me to remove from your midst to the new home I have been making for myself in the city, where my work lies.

But you are the strength of society; your wives and daughters the mothers and sisters of those who will be the brightest ornaments of the coming age. With you the idea of marriage is entertained sacredly and reverently; there is not so much temptation or inclination for a union of expediency, and the fair girls who grow up around you, like woodland blossoms, are not ashamed to assist in household duties, or careless of the graces of the mind. The time when to marry a farmer was thought a descent in social position is past, some few may yet despise our calling but they are not of those who understand. The occupation given to the first man by the Great Creator is surely one that none need be ashamed of following, and the peaceful quiet lives you live are more conducive to purity and happiness of soul and body than any other earthly work can be. It has frequently been remarked to me that so few of the legislators of our country are farmers and that the doctor has to leave his patients, the lawyer his pleading and the merchant his store, to represent an agricultural population. But this, too, is among the things of the past. The generation now arriving at maturity are possessed of equal intelligence, equal culture, equal brains, and are able to compete with any other honorable calling for the places of responsibility and trust that the world gives only to those who are known by their polished manners and superior education.

I know there are many among you who, without the graces and refinement of life, have ever been noted for sound judgment, clear heads, and business habits, who think, though you may not utter the words. The soul-searching poet, Whittier, sings, of his pleading lover farmer:—

"You think because my life is rude
I take no note of sweetness;
I tell you, love has taught to do
With meanness, or unmeanness,
Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion,
When silken zone or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion."

And in your pleasant home lives, where are now enthroned the queens of your hearths, where the loving home mother grows dearer and nearer to the eyes that see no fading of cheek or lip, no lines of care on the once smooth brow, you live the truest life, the nearest to Heaven that mortals are permitted in this world, and of the true wife you all may say,

"Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our dooryards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air,
Is sweeter for her coming."

PILLAR DOLLARS—A TRUE TALE OF MARINE INSURANCE.

The following tale I venture to tell, as it was lately narrated to me by one who narrowly escaped a heavy loss by the detection and defeat of the nefarious scheme.

In one of the most mercantile of our Indian communities, Bombay, there resided, some years ago, a prosperous merchant of high repute for character as well as position. He was active in business, took care of the main chance, dealt upon the square, paid his way punctually, amassed capital, and was respected by all who knew him, as well as by all who did not. Having realized sufficient wealth, Mr Sterling (for so let us call him) thought fit to announce his intention to retire from busy life and to prepare for the change, he called in all his debts, and advertised the ready payment of all claims upon him; in short, he wound up his affairs in a manner worthy of his reputation; and as, at that time, the price of silver, as a merchandise, offered the largest prospect of profit, he resolved to embark to his utmost extent in speculating upon that pure-visaged metal. The Presidency was ransacked for his purchases, every available market was dealt with, and so great were his operations, that he created quite a little temporary monopoly in the article suited to his purposes.

It became now only necessary to export and sell it to the best advantage; and this was easily and readily accomplished. A

proper vessel was chartered, the glittering freight was estimated, the boxes full of dollars were weighed and embarked, and on the deck of the ship a sufficient number were miscellaneously opened and seen; so that everything was apparently as clear and straightforward as the most prudent insurers of the cargo could require. Captain Wave (we invent another name) was a man of known character, and to his charge the cargo was formally committed; and the worthy skipper, having the precious deposit carefully numbered and entered most particularly in his log-book, stowed the whole safely away, where neither land-rats nor water-rats could touch the treasure. The following day at noon, with a favourable breeze, the 'Lucky Pearl' sped on her course, and Mr Sterling was left for a season only to dream of the many pounds into which his dollars would be converted. It was to him a pleasing dream—according to the Irish superstition, a 'morning dream,' and therefore 'sure to come true.' Indeed, being amply insured, he had little to fear; but still, when one's argosies are afloat, the 'Merchant of Venice' teaches us what evils may befall them.

So it happened with the 'Lucky Pearl.' She had not sailed a week when she was assailed by a fearful tempest, called a typhoon, and wrecked on the Arab coast, breaching over, as the dejected captain piteously described it, broadside to, so close to the lee shore that the top of her mast could almost touch the low rock, as it was washed over by the furious sea. Of the crew, two or three were missing, supposed to be lost; he and the rest escaped from drowning by almost a miracle, and after encountering many difficulties and hardships, they arrived at Bombay, almost naked, to tell the melancholy tale.

It was no doubt, a sad misadventure. Mr Sterling lamented it greatly, and got up a subscription for the unfortunate captain and his surviving comrades, heading it with a munificent donation. In the usual routine of such transactions, the insurers were required to pay the loss; and the specification was so complete, and withal so minute, that it seemed a matter of a, b, c, to hand over the money, and let Mr Sterling depart in peace. But it is remarkable how a but often steps in to do the very reverse of an if, which we have a high authority for considering as 'your only peacemaker'; whereas the but seems to be but the beginning of your greatest disputes and differences. There happened to be among the insurers, one merchant who had extensive concerns with Lima and other Hispano-colonial ports in the Pacific Ocean, and was consequently aware that what are called pillar dollars, from being impressed with the arms of Castile, are held in higher estimation there, and exchange indeed for a much higher value than the dollars of any other coinage, country, or description. He knew with how much search and trouble he had been able to procure any important quantity of this specie to send round Cape Horn, at any time, to improve his Peruvian trading; and he felt some surprise at Mr Sterling's having succeeded in gathering together so vast a treasure as he appeared to have done from the specification in question. He reflected and the more he reflected and pondered, the stronger grew his doubts and misgivings. There ensued a delay—time for further inquiry: people do not like to part with their money under a cloud; it made a tremendous stir in the commercial world; and Mr Sterling was heard to designate the insurers as little better than a pack of swindlers, who repudiated a just obligation upon the groundless surmise of one of themselves. Frequent meetings took place, and examinations and re-examinations seemed to lead to no practical result.

On one of these occasions, it so happened that the captain of a Yankee bark, one Agamemnon Dodgson by name, was among the auditors, and heard the repeated evidence of Captain Wave relative to the wreck of the 'Lucky Pearl.' Foul play being once suspected, every part of the affair was sifted more and more sharply; but nothing distinct could be made manifest, nothing tangible against the wreck on the rocky shore of Arabia, and the disquisition of the 'Unlucky Pearl.' Captain Wave was too precise to admit of his account being controverted: he described the locality, familiar to other seamen, and laid down the spot on the map, within a yard almost of the exact longitude and latitude. None of this was lost upon the Yankee's listening ear. The story was so perfect that it immediately struck him as strange—'too good to be true'—probably untrue. So, without saying a word to anybody, Captain Agamemnon Dodgson boated out to his craft, and long before the morning watch was miles from the harbour, on his way to examine the desolate and fatal point on which lay the remains of the poor 'Lucky Pearl' and storm-engulfed wealth of the submerged pillar dollars. Perhaps there might be something to pick up; perhaps a discovery to 'smash all creation,' and by enriching him at one grand coup, send him along rejoicing to the land of the west.

Nor did his vaticination disappoint him. As sure as he arrived at the latitude and longitude described he caught a glimpse of the lost ship. There she lay, broadside to, as related, but partially recovered by wind and ebb tide, so that the lower side of her deck was barely under water. What a vision, what a haul, for our enterprising and sagacious navigator! The work was speedily set about; and in the course of twenty-four hours, every box was extricated from the wreck, and, together with other stores needful for the long voyage now in view, transferred to the American clipper. Every hand was promised rich reward, and the sun set upon as jovial a crew as ever sustained the glory of the Stripes and Stars on the boundless ocean. But (but again) before turning in for the night, the captain of the treasure cherished a fancy to have a glance at it, to satiate his rapacious sight. A box was brought into the cabin, and the lid broken open. Ah, ah! what dazzled his eyes? Sand and brickbats! Was this a sample of the whole? It was. So vanished the silver cloud on the New York horizon. Disappointed in the fruition of his hope, asperated and revengeful, but still possessed of the cunning of the serpent, our adventurer quietly steered his course back to Bombay, and anchored, almost unnoticed, where he had left not very many days before.

Meanwhile, the assurance case had approached a settlement, and there was no time to be wasted. His first and instant visit on shore was consequently to Mr Sterling, to whom he unceremoniously revealed the surprising secret of the brickbats, and produced a sea-soaked sample that would have done credit to Nineveh or Babylon. Indeed, no arrow-headed characters or

hieroglyphics ever caused a greater sensation. Though Mr Sterling could not decipher the inscription like a Lazard, he perfectly understood the meaning; and, to shorten our tale, after much haggling and angry debate, the Peuchum and Lockitt of the dollar cargo came to a rascally compromise, and agreed to divide the spoil 'as per invoice; Captain Agamemnon having sworn never to divulge the mystery to human being.

On their pillows that night, everything considered, the consolator solaced themselves somewhat satisfactorily, the one with the conclusion that it might have been better. And by morning this latter idea had swollen into a resolve, and the resolve into action. For a certain substantial bribe the insatiable Dodgson communicated to the insurers the information which saved them from the most adroit fraud which had been devised to plunder them; and Mr Sterling and Captain Wave were somewhat astonished to find themselves, within a few hours, fellow lodgers (though with more limited intercourse than had before existed between them) in the ugly gal, which has not a window open to the pleasant view of Elephant and its wonderful caves. Fine and imprisonment, degradation and ruin, terminated their vile career in the east, and sent them beggars to London to increase, for a brief season, the number of the convict scoundrels who infest that metropolis: now, chained together in penal servitude, they expiate their guilt, and will be seen among honest men no more.

As for their betrayer, with some pillar and many other dollars, he departed for the States, and reached his port and landed in the highest spirits. His wealth and patriotism made him to be spoken of for Congress, and he journeyed towards the far west, where he was informed of a constituency ready to elect him. Unfortunately, on his route he encountered another candidate, who was 'progressing' on the same errand; and they quarrelled, and a bowie knife ended his ignominious career.

Crime does not always meet its retribution in this world; but in this instance the end of all concerned was disastrous enough to satisfy even-handed justice, and to leave a striking warning and useful lesson.

THE NEW BOOTS.

It is a little singular how well a pair of boots can be made to fit at the store. You may not be able to get your foot only part way down the leg at the first trial, but that is because your stocking is hot, or you haven't started right; and the shoemaker suggests that you start again and stand up to it, and he throws in a little powder from a pepper-box to aid you. And so you stand up, and he pulls down your foot and partly trip yourself up, and your eyes stick out in an unpleasant manner, and every vein in your body appears to be on the point of bursting, and all the while that dealer stands around and eyes the operation as intently as if the whole affair was perfectly new and novel to him. When your foot has finally struck bottom there is a faint impression on your mind that you have stepped into an open stove; but he never saw a boot fit quite as good as that. You may suggest that your toe presses too hard against the front, or that some of the bones in the side of the foot are too much smashed, but he says that is always the way with a new boot, and that the trouble will entirely disappear in a few days. Then you take the old pair under your arm and start for home as animated as a relic of 1812, all the while feeling that the world will not look bright and happy to you again until you have brained that shoemaker. You limp down town the next day, and smile all the while with your mouth, while your eye looks as if you were walking over an oyster bed barfoot. When no one is looking, you kick against a post or some other obstruction, and show a fondness for stopping and resting against something that will sustain your weight. When you get home at night you go for those old boots with an eagerness that cannot be described, and the remarks you make upon learning that your wife has disposed of them to a widow woman in the suburbs, are calculated to immediately depopulate the earth of women and shoemakers generally.

STRANGE SCENE OF DEWASTATION IN IRELAND.

MR W. L. TRESCU, writing to the London Times to appeal to the charitable for aid for certain unfortunate families, gives this account of the bursting of an Irish bog. He says:—

"I have just returned from inspecting one of the most pitiful scenes of the sort it has been my fate to witness since I saw the remains of the village of Visp, in the Rhone Valley, Switzerland, after its destruction by flood some years ago.

The scene to which I refer as the result of the bursting of a bog, situated about three miles east of the town of Dunmore, in the northern part of Galway County. Heretofore this bog was connected with the Dunmore River, by a small stream called the Corrabell River, flowing through a continuation of pasture and tillage lands in its course. The level of the upper surface of the bog was formerly 260 feet above the sea, and that of the water at Dunmore 190 feet, showing a fall of 70 feet. Up to a fortnight ago this bog presented the usual appearance of most of our undrained bogs, i. e., its skirts, adjoining the arable land, consisting of high turf banks, its centre being exceedingly wet and spongy.

On the 1st of October the farmer occupying a farm on the Corrabell stream, near the bog, was digging his potatoes, when he suddenly observed a brown mass slowly approaching him. He left his spade in the ground and went for the neighbours. On his return the mass (which was the moving bog) had half covered his potato field, and completely hidden from sight his field of corn, with the exception of a few stools, situated on a knoll; they still remain an island in the middle of a scene of desolation. This was but the commencement; since then the bog has continued to advance in a rolling mass, continuing its course right down the Valley to Dunmore, burying in its way three farm houses and covering at least 180 acres of pasture and arable land to a depth in some places of six feet. The unfortunate occupants of the three farms have been turned, by this visitation of Providence, farmless and homeless, with their families on the world.

At Dunmore a small bridge has been removed, near the junction of the Corrabell stream with the Dunmore River, to afford relief to the lands up the valley, and a bog-land torrent is being discharged into the latter river. The worst may be said to be

over, but the discharging powers of that river will be materially affected by this influx of solid matter. The source of this disaster presented a wonderful appearance. The subsidence at the discharging point cannot be less than about 35 feet. The extent of the bog affected is most clearly defined by a series of black 'crevasses,' where the upper crust of the bog has, by the subsidence below, been torn asunder. The whole assumes the form of a crater half a mile in diameter.

"With considerable difficulty we piloted our way to the centre, where we found the brown liquid bog boiling out like a steam and feeding the moving mass in the valley below. At the point where the bog burst, the turf banks were forced right over the ground on either side, and assumed somewhat the appearance of 'moraines.'

"This and similar disasters to which this country is liable must be attributed to the absence of a complete and good system of drainage. A similar catastrophe occurred a couple of years ago, occasioned by the back-water of the River Suck, near Castlerea."

UNITED STATES.

In September, 1866, one Daniel McVeigh, "from Canada," came to this place intending to purchase land. He had about \$700 with him. He mysteriously disappeared a few days after his arrival. The skeleton of a man has recently been found in the vicinity of where he was last seen, the skull bone showing marks of violence. Certain peculiarities of the skeleton may possibly be remembered by his friends, if they could be found, which might lead to the positive identity of the remains; the identity of the remains positively established may lead to the disclosure of the murderer. Should this come to the notice of his friends, they will please correspond with T.G. Emsley, Mason City, Iowa.

The postmaster of Boston recently gave a lecture on the postal service, and illustrated the proverbial carelessness of letter writers by showing his audience 200 letters taken in the office the previous day, which were not properly prepaid or directed, and 250 postal cards with all sorts of messages on the backs, but not a sign of a direction on the face.

Long after the Ciceroian efforts of the antimonomist orators in the present campaign at the west are utterly forgotten, we shall be likely to find the following absurd verses cropping out in the miscellaneous department of almanacs, and in the factitious columns of newspapers:—

I want to be a granger,
And with the grangers stand;
A horny-headed farmer,
With a haystack in my hand.
Beneath the tall tomato tree
I'll swing the glittering hoe,
And smite the wild potato-bug
When skipping o'er the snow.
I've bought myself a Durham ram
And a gray alpaca cow,
A lock-stitch Osage orange hedge,
And a patent-leather plough.

The widow of the late Gen. Lee died recently in Virginia. The funeral took place in Lexington, the remains being placed in the chapel by the side of her husband and daughter, in obedience to her latest request. The services were very solemn, and all business was suspended in Lexington in honor to the widow of the Confederate chief.

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale, has found out Mr George A. Shaw of St. Louis, and in all probability will make him suffer for a crime which he no doubt supposed would never be discovered. Something more than a year ago Mr Shaw received a letter containing a check for a little over a hundred dollars, intended for another George A. Shaw residing in St. Louis—each being a stranger to the other. He got a friend to identify him to the cashier of the bank on which the check was drawn, and the money was readily paid over to him. The Shaw to whom the check was really sent supposed that it had fallen into the hands of some mail-robber, and thought no more about his loss until, the other day, he received a letter informing him that certain packages, about which he knew nothing, had been forwarded to his address. This suggested the possibility that the letter containing the check might have been received by the man to whom the packages were to be sent, and, putting the matter in charge of the police, he was rewarded by the speedy apprehension of the Shaw who was identified as the person to whom the check had been paid. The criminal naturally denies his guilt, but the proofs are overwhelming, and he will soon be given an opportunity to ponder over the curious fact, in the seclusion of a prison cell, that the very means which enabled him to commit a crime furnished the agency for its detection.

UNEXPECTED MARK OF GRATITUDE.—Patrick Murphy was taken from the Police Station to Keene, N. H., after a rather strange series of proceedings on his part. The Worcester Gazette says that he is an outlaw there, but went into the station of his own account, and told Marshal Washburn that he had broken jail at Keene, and that there was a reward offered for his capture. He said that he was almost sure to be captured, and remembering Mr Washburn's kindness to him while serving sentences at the House of Correction in Worcester, he had rather the Marshal would make the money out of his return to Keene than anybody else. Marshal Washburn was, of course, surprised, but on telegraphing to the officials at Keene he found that Murphy's story was a true one. He had escaped from their jail, with another man, while serving a sentence for horse-stealing, and a reward of \$100 was offered for the rearrest of the runaways. The man was taken back to his vacated cell by the New Hampshire officers, and the Marshal has a new idea of "honor among thieves."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A horse that has the heaves is past cure, because it is beyond human art to build up or restore broken-down lungs. Something may be done towards alleviating the animal's suffering, and that is all. One of our best authorities in veterinary science very truthfully remarks that "prevention is far more easy than a cure; in fact, the utmost which science can at present accomplish is to relieve the distress." To effect this, water should be given only at stated times, and never immediately before work. Four half pails may be allowed each twenty-four hours—one the first thing in the morning, another the last thing at night, and the other two at convenient times during the day. Into every drink of water it is like-

wise well to mingle half an ounce of dilute sulphuric acid. In addition to this, feed hay. Give no dry feed at any time.

It is unavoidable that in all large communities animal food of every description should be very dear, and it is natural that some artificial means for meeting the demand that occasions the high prices should be adopted. London has long suffered from an inadequate supply of meats, and in order to relieve the scarcity advantage has been taken to establish large breeding establishments of rabbits from which the markets are to be supplied. So far as can be ascertained, in this early stage of the enterprise, the scheme seems to be successful, and its promoters expect at an early day to be able to make an appreciable addition to the food of the metropolis. That a rabbit ragout is not the most unsavory dish in the world we have the unimpeachable testimony of Dr Doran, and another excellent English authority, Mrs Beeton, in her "Dictionary of Every-Day Cookery," gives no less than twelve appetizing recipes for preparing the rabbit for the table.

THE HORSE'S PETITION.—The following is "The Horse's Petition to his Driver," as published by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is the desire of the lady managers that all children should commit this pretty appeal to memory:—

Up the hill, whip me not;
Down the hill, hurry me not;
In the stable, forget me not;
Of hay and corn, rob me not;
With sponge and brush, neglect me not;
Of soft, dry bed, deprive me not;
If sick or cold, chill me not;
With bit or reins, jerk me not;
And when you are angry, strike me not.

One of the sensations in Paris just now is an eastern juggler who, with the assistance of a beautiful young lady, furnishes his audiences with a very wonderful illusion. The young lady, attired in a rich dress with flowing sleeves, stands on a dais resting on a broad square of Turkish carpet. Two supports are placed under her elbows and the juggler makes a series of strange passes over her with his wand, when she gradually closes her eyes and apparently falls asleep. Then the dais and one of the elbow-supports are removed, and the lithe and spirituelle figure is seen suspended in mid-air. "Capriciously still, like the lone albatross incubent on night," she does not remain stiffly poised in one position, but the juggler gives her body the most graceful and poetical attitudes, culminating at the close with a striking representation of an angel in flight. Great white wings are fixed to her shoulders, a golden trumpet is placed in her right hand, the lights in the theatre are turned low, a halo of pale gold streams upon the fair girl, and as the spectators gaze upon her glorified face a breathless silence falls upon them, and they watch the beautiful picture, as it fades away, with an emotion that is akin to awe.

Hon Alexander Mackenzie, the new Premier, was born at Dunkeld, Perthshire, Scotland. Mr Mackenzie has represented the County of Lambton, Ontario, since 1861; and was returned, under the dual system of representation, for the Local Legislature of Ontario from the riding of West Middlesex in 1871, when he was appointed a member of the Executive Council and Treasurer of Ontario, and held the office for a year. He declined a seat in the Canadian Cabinet in 1865; and has occupied the position of leader of the Ontario Opposition in the House of Commons since the Union. Several important public measures owe their existence to Mr Mackenzie. In 1863 he brought forward the Act amending the Assessment Act of Upper Canada; in 1866 the Act consolidating and amending the Acts relating to the assessment of property. Also, as Chairman of the Committee on Municipal and Assessment Laws (1866), Mr Mackenzie wrote and framed the greater part of the General Act on Municipal Corporations, &c. He is Major of the 27th "Lambton" Volunteer Infantry, President of the Isolated Risk Fire Ins Co., and Chairman of the Canadian Baptist Edifice Society.—Globe.

Fort Garry, Man., Nov. 10.—The Canadian party have gained their point. The Bills for the incorporation of Winnipeg and the re-distribution of seats, and the enlarging of the Province, have passed both Houses, and assent was given on Saturday last. The re-distribution will give eighteen English to six French.

SPLENDID BARGAINS
AT THE
GREAT CLEARING SALE
OF
NEW GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
WILLIAM THIRD & CO. beg to announce to the inhabitants of Huntington and surrounding country that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, they have concluded to sell off their whole and entire new stock of Goods at cost and under, so as to effect a speedy clearance.

Underneath are a list of the great reductions made, which will convince intending purchasers of the genuineness of the above facts:—

Best Coal Oil 35 cents per gallon, former price 50 cents.
Best Malt Vinegar 25 cents per gallon, former price 50 cents.
Best Golden Syrup 55 cents per gallon, former price 70 cents.
Best Japan Tea 60 cents per lb., former price 70 cents.
Best Refined Sugar 9 cents per lb., former price 12 cents.
Good Japan Tea 35 cents per lb., to 55 cents.
Best Layer Raisins 10 cents per lb., former price 12 cents.
Thos. Hoyle & Son's celebrated fast colour prints 12 cents, former price 16 and 17 cents.
Grey Cottons at 9 cents per yard, former price 12 cents.
Aberdeen Winecy 12 cents, former price 20 cents per yard.

Great Reductions in Boots and Shoes and Readymade Clothing.

Gentlemen's Fancy Flannel Shirts 75 cents, former price \$1.50.

Also, an immense quantity of other Goods too numerous to mention, at the same rate of discount. So now is the time to secure Great Bargains; namely, New General Merchandise at cost and under.

WILLIAM THIRD & CO.
P. S. Terms of the Sale will be for cash or Produce in Exchange at Cash Prices.
Huntingdon, October, 1873.

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Two Rooms in the Dunlop Block, admirably adapted for a resident Dentist; Rent Moderate. D. SHANKS.
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