

FURNITURE, FURNITURE.
THE undersigned would inform his many friends and the public generally that he keeps constantly on hand a
LARGE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF FURNITURE,
Comprising: Writing Desks, Folding-tables, Bedsteads, Kitchen Tables, Bureaus, different sizes, Common Wash Stands, Enclosed Wash Stands, Bedsteads, Lounges, Wooden Chairs, Cane-seated Chairs, Office Chairs, Children's High Chairs, Children's Low Chairs, Cane-seated and Wooden Rocking Chairs, Round and Oval Centre Tables, Cradles, Sidesboards, Sofas, Stands, &c.
Parties will find it to their advantage to call and examine the above stock before purchasing elsewhere.
A. HENDERSON.
Huntingdon, Dec. 6.



PIANOS AND ORGANS.
THE SMITH CANADIAN ORGAN COMPANY,
BROME, P. Q.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC.—In commencing the manufacture of Organs in the Province of Quebec, where little has hitherto been done towards the production of a first-class instrument, after careful consideration, we have decided that the only course which can lead to permanently successful results is the production of the very best instrument that can possibly be constructed. To a certain extent the time chosen for inaugurating such an enterprise is unfavorable, inasmuch as a number of extensive manufacturers in the United States (a good many of whom have gained an unenviable reputation) have turned their attention to the fabrication of a cheap instrument for the Canadian market. These they are sending here in large numbers and selling them at low prices in order to realize money upon them under the pretence that they are sacrificing them on account of the hard times. Their inferiority of workmanship fully warrants this reduction in price. There has been but little reduction in the price of skilled labor, and the value of first-class materials, instead of depreciating, has actually increased. Superior instruments cannot be made to compete with inferior ones in point of price, therefore the only course for us to pursue is to make the best instruments possible, and trust to the good judgment and discrimination of the public to decide between good and inferior work, and pay their verdict on our productions.
We pledge ourselves to use the best material that can be procured; that our work shall be executed in the most thorough and substantial manner, and that we will sell our instruments at as low a price as is consistent with a moderate profit. We are determined to give our customers instruments that will defy competition from American manufacturers. And while we do not feel like harping to the public on the old string of patronizing Home Industry we do feel that if they will carefully and impartially examine our work they will not hesitate to say that we are producing a first-class instrument.
FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.
Inspection solicited. Terms easy. Prices moderate.
T. K. MILNE,
Agent at Huntingdon for the District of Beauharnois

PIANOS! PIANOS!
I HAVE much pleasure in informing the inhabitants of this District that I have been appointed Agent by Mr. Joseph Gould of Montreal for the exclusive sale of the celebrated and reliable Pianos. Mr. Gould's reputation is so well known, as a man who sells nothing but the best, that parties wanting Pianos would do well to call at my rooms before purchasing elsewhere, where I keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best instruments.
Parties wanting Organ or Piano Stools and Instruction Books can be supplied by me as cheap as they can in Montreal.
T. K. MILNE,
Rooms Dominion Block, Huntingdon, Q.
P. S.—Having secured the services of a first-class workman I am now prepared to receive orders for Tuning and Repairing Pianos, Organs, or any other musical instrument.
Huntingdon, Sept. 26, 1876.

THE undersigned offers for sale his farm, being east half of Lot No. 43, in 5th and 6th ranges of the Township of Godmanchester, fronting Trout River. It contains 112 acres, 65 of which are in a good state of cultivation, the rest principally under bush, consisting of firewood, fencing and timber, and a quantity of pine. Also a good Dwelling House and out-buildings.
For further particulars see proprietor on the premises, or by letter address
JAMES DOWDIE,
Trout River Post-office, P. Q.

FUNERAL UNDERTAKING
WM. CLYDE & SON,
KING STREET, HUNTINGDON
have at their own shop made arrangements to promptly execute all orders in the above department. Their motto is cheapness, durability, and despatch. Prompt attention to letters and despatches. Also carpenter work in all its branches.

THE TWELFTH IN MONTREAL.
(From the Daily Herald of Friday.)
YESTERDAY morning the indications, although a peaceable result had been hoped for, were of a character most discouraging and disheartening to the order-loving citizens of Montreal, for it appeared to every one that as it were we were sitting on a powder magazine, which might at any moment explode and do an incalculable amount of injury. From an early hour the streets were lined with people, many of them strangers and roughs of the hardest description, most of them well provided with ammunition, and all of them ready for any emergency. Victoria square was densely packed with these Macabre-like individuals, who, to use an Americanism, were 'spooling for a fight'; and St. James street, in the vicinity of the Orange Hall was given up to an unprepossessing set of mortals as ever gathered together. Probably the streets were never before so thronged with an excited populace. Indeed, many people feared to pass up and down the streets, especially in view of the low mutterings as to what they intended to do in case of a row. These men, it must be stated, did not all belong to the one side, but the worst elements generally appeared to have deemed it a fitting opportunity to assert themselves at least by their presence. In view of possible contingencies, it was expected that the police authorities would have taken precautions to prevent these congregations, and that the orders of the police to 'move on' would have been everywhere heard and compliance everywhere insisted upon. But the contrary was the policy pursued.

The Orangemen, with a view to carry out their agreement, left their lodge room by twos and threes, and quietly proceeded to Knox Church to listen to the annual sermon. The congregation was but small, the majority of the brethren remaining outside in view of possible contingencies.
Rev. Charles A. Doudie, Deputy Grand Chaplain Supreme Grand Lodge of British America, and Grand Chaplain of Grand Lodge of the Province of Quebec, who officiated, wore the regalia of the Order, and a number of people in the body of the Church carried Orange lilies, several ladies being carried in sedan chairs. The sermon preached was Acts 24:0 and Acts 25:10-11, and was an able discourse.
Meanwhile, as if with the intention of meeting the Orangemen, a movement had been made up towards the church, by those

The Canadian Gleamer

NO. 605. HUNTINGDON, Q., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1877. \$1.50 A-YEAR

SPECIAL AND IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE GREAT ANNUAL CLEARING SALE
OF
NEW GENERAL MERCHANDISE
AT
WILLIAM THIRD & CO'S.
AT AND UNDER COST,

Has commenced and will be continued until the whole and entire stock is disposed of. Intending Purchasers are invited to call early and inspect the immense stock which is now being disposed of

At Astonishingly Low Prices!

WILLIAM THIRD & Co.

Huntingdon, July 5, 1877.

CHEAP FOR CASH!

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE

For sale at our Factory at Atholstan, cheap for Cash.

All are cordially invited to examine our stock and see for themselves.

PARTIES ABOUT TO BUILD OR BUILDING are requested to give us a call for Frames, Doors, Windows, Blinds, Flooring, Mouldings, &c., which we will furnish on reasonable terms.

BOYD & Co.

WOOL WANTED.

Cash paid for Wool at

W. W. DALGLISH'S.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

The House and Lot in the Village of Dewittville, at present occupied by Mr. James B. Gibson. The building is nearly new and in good order, and comprises a comfortable dwelling and good-sized store, with counters, shelving, &c. For terms and other particulars apply to GEORGE CHILDS & Co., Montreal, or to J. BEAUCHAMIN, Esq., Notary, Huntingdon.

FAIR FOR SALE.

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who had packed the streets. However, no collision occurred there, no ground of offence having been given. At the conclusion of the service a collection was taken up for the relief of the St. John sufferers, a liberal response being made to the appeal in their behalf.

The service over, each one made his way homeward or down town, but as the female portion of the community have often precipitated and brought on crises, which otherwise might not have occurred, so in this instance was the first difficulty due to one of them. Coming down Beaver Hall Hill a young lady carried an orange lily on her breast, to which persons on the street objected. They gathered round her and gesticulated wildly, some of them using remarks of a most insulting character to the female, whose companions in order to protect her hurried her into a store on Radegeuse street. Before, however, this was effected several blows were exchanged and one individual, dressed in gray clothes, who had acted as one of the woman's protectors, was compelled to take to his heels in the direction of Victoria Square, where he ran the risk of being very roughly handled but managed by dodging to avoid injury.

About half-past one the firing of pistols commenced resulting in the killing of one man, Hackett, and the wounding of several others among them one Maher, who had several fingers shot off; Giroux, the lacrosse player, badly wounded in the face and neck; Morrison, hurt about the head, and Charles Boon, shot in the neck and chin.

There are so many stories as to the shooting of Hackett, that we present to our readers several of them. One of them says that two women met in Victoria Square, in the neighborhood of Fortification Lane, one of them wearing an Orange lily. The other ordered her to take it out, which was refused, and a tussle ensued between them for the possession of the flower. Eventually a crowd gathered, when a man in light clothes interfered, but getting in danger rushed for Dunn's store into which he tried to enter but the door was locked. Several men ran up the steps to pull him down, when a shot was fired which was followed by several others, the unfortunate man Hackett falling down dead. Shots were fired about this time in several parts of Victoria Square and much excitement prevailed. It was during this same melee that the other parties who were wounded received their injuries. The police, who were not upon the square, were at once sent for, and coming down in force there was no further firing, a detachment being left to patrol the locality. Later on in the afternoon there was a smart shower of rain, which dispersed many of the people and no more difficulty of importance occurred, though there were several trifling altercations.

STATEMENTS BY ON-LOOKERS.

Mr. William Robb, City Auditor, said:—As I was passing through Victoria Square, about half-past one o'clock, I saw a large crowd of men rushing towards Clendinning's block. No emblems were worn by any one. I afterwards made particular enquiry on this point, and ascertained that none had been worn by any one. Several men set upon a young man and beat him severely. He got away, when one of them caught him by the tail of his coat and pummeled at him. Notwithstanding that, two or three others set upon him and then one fired a shot, which was followed by at least a dozen other shots in all directions. The shooting caused the crowd to disperse, and I saw the young man fall dead upon the pavement. As soon as he fell the crowd surrounded him. Two policemen (Souter and Crowe) then came up and took charge of the body until an express wagon came up and took the body away. The constables behaved very quietly, and did their best to disperse the crowd. I was led to understand that the shooting came down from Messrs Dunn's steps, and one man said he saw the smoke coming out of Messrs Dunn's doorway. A man named Giroux was shot in the cheek, and I think it is more than likely that others were injured, unless the shots were fired into the ground. Soon afterward Chief Penton came up with a body of police, and dispersed the crowd.

Francis Brazeau, storeman to Messrs McIntyre, French & Co., 15 Victoria Square, said about half-past one o'clock I saw a young man running along from Craig street. He fell somewhere in front of this store, but picked himself up again, and ran into Fortification Lane, where he was pushed about by the crowd. I saw him come back to the corner of this building with two young men holding him, and I think they must have got away safe. The crowd was too great for me to distinguish him. I then saw a tall, fair-haired man run up the steps of Messrs Robert Dunn & Co., next door, followed by a crowd. One of the crowd had a horse pistol in his hand. Immediately afterwards I heard a large number of shots fired, and fearing trouble I re-entered the store, and closed and fastened the outer door. This statement was substantially corroborated by the clerks of the firm.

Mr. Whitton, salesman to Messrs Robert Dunn & Co., and two other gentlemen of the firm gave the following account of what occurred. The mob had been gradually accumulating since ten o'clock, and by one o'clock hundreds of them were lying and lounging about inside the square. A short time afterwards while they were engaged at their duties a stoutly built young man of fair complexion, and attired in light grey clothes, ran up the steps followed by the mob, many of whom bore revolvers. He was apparently alone. One of his pursuers was beating him about the head with a stick and another struck him in the face with his clenched fist. The unfortunate young man endeavored to gain admittance through the inside glass door which had just been closed, and held up his hands partly for protection and partly in a manner as though begging for admittance. Directly afterwards a number of shots were fired. Several of the shots entered the building. The young man then turned and ran down the steps and disappeared follow-

ed by the crowd. Three shots struck the ceiling 80 feet from the door. Another evidently discharged from a horse pistol passed through the left hand panel of the door, which is composed of plate glass, and it would appear, passed straight through the store and struck the inside shutter of a window of the inside office, removing about two inches of paint. One half of the ball was found about 12 or 15 feet from the wall. It is about an ounce in weight, and is in the possession of one of the clerks. Mr. Whitton emphatically denies the truth of the rumor that shots were fired from the windows of the store of Messrs Dunn & Co., and that there was not a revolver about the store or in the possession of any of the employees.

Mr. Charles Boon, merchant tailor, St. Lawrence Main street, was going along Victoria Square, just previous to the occurrence. He states that he was going up Victoria Square, when he saw a large crowd following a young man whom he thought he knew. The young man ran along towards Fortification Lane, and was knocked down at the corner. Without the slightest provocation Mr. Boon was struck a severe blow across the small of the back and about the head, the latter causing him partially to lose consciousness. As he came to his senses he heard shots fired seven or eight times, one after the other. He was not on the ground more than a few minutes. He afterwards saw a man who had received a flesh wound across the back of one of his hands from one of the shots.

Mr. F. C. Henshaw, who proves to have been the fair young man dressed in light clothes, above referred to, gave the following account of his experience in the affair:—As well as I can recollect I was passing the corner of Fortification Lane and Victoria Square with two of my friends when I saw a young man lying on his face with a crowd of fellows around him, several of whom were kicking him as hard as they could. I said, in a quiet way, "For God's sake, let him up, you have nearly killed him." They took no heed of me, and I then pulled a fellow away who was kicking the prostrate man on the head. No sooner had I done this than they went for me. The young man appeared to get away. My object was then to fight my way out of the crowd. Thinking my best plan was to get into a doorway, I just put my head down and fought my way through the crowd into a doorway, when two shots were fired. Then I got into the porch and dragged my way up the steps. The other young man was pulled down the steps. I laid firm hold of the handle of the door, and thus prevented them from pulling me down also. After that a couple of shots were fired, and thinking that I also would be shot, I begged of those inside "for God's sake to let me in," but they would not. I saw two or three of them dodging among the piles of goods in order to evade the shots, but they made no attempt to let me in, although some persons among the crowd cried, "Let him in!" "Let him in!" I was all but exhausted when a stout built Frenchman, whom I believe is employed in Shaw's auction rooms, Craig street, came round and told the crowd who looked like going for me again, that I was shot, and that they had done enough to me. He then took me by the arm and led me around to Fortification Lane. I then proceeded to my father's office.

Mr. Henshaw, at the time of our reporter's visit, was suffering from a severe contusion of the left eye and of the mouth, and from bruises about the head and all over his body. Notwithstanding his injuries he was seen the same night in the uniform of the Montreal Garrison Artillery, of which he is an officer—ready for duty. He is the son of Mr. F. W. Henshaw, Commission Merchant, St. Sacrament street, who may well be proud of such a plucky son.

Edmond Giroux, assistant clerk at the Hay Market, Colliers street, was returning from dinner at his home in Bleury street when he saw a large crowd of several hundred people opposite the stores on the eastern side of Victoria Square. He was endeavoring to pass through the crowd in front of Messrs Dunn's store when a number of shots were fired, one of which struck his left cheek bone from behind and was embedded in the flesh in front. The ball was extracted by a physician, who is a relative of the injured man. A couple of small splinters of bone were removed with the ball. Mr. Giroux is progressing favorably and no serious consequences may be apprehended by his many friends. He is one of the most efficient members of the Shamrock Lacrosse club.

Mr. Dragan, one of the proprietors of the Union Hotel, Craig street, states that he was informed by a carter, whom he can point out, that he (the carter) saw a man whom he can again recognize, point a revolver and fire a shot into the face of the deceased man Hackett, and that he, the carter, was standing close by at the time.

A compositor who is employed in the Montreal Herald, states that he stood at the Victoria Square entrance on Craig street, directly opposite Ald. Clendinning's store. He saw a man who was being jostled by a crowd escape into Fortification Lane, followed by several excited men who gave him a striking proof of the eagerness of their pursuit every time they got within reach. He next saw a tall gentleman in his shirt sleeves helping either one or two young women into Messrs Dunn's store. The crash of the crowd took the reporter of the incidents of the affair into close proximity to the scene. Before the women could be got into the store he heard a pistol shot, which he believed was fired from the store, and directly noticed one of the men standing on the steps (this man proves to be the deceased) roll over and fall, and as the crowd opened out he saw two small revolvers lying on the sidewalk. The deceased raised himself up and was fired at again several times, after which he reeled over and fell. The pistols were picked up, he says, by two men, one dressed in a velvet coat and the other a man whose name he believes to be

Gleason. When the man in the velvet coat picked up the weapon, he turned deliberately round and fired another shot at the victim, who lay bleeding at his side in the throes of death. Immediately after this murderous act, the party states that another man, who, of all, must be a double-dyed villain, walked up to the body and deliberately kicked it. Dr. Ward, of Lagachetiere street, who was passing at the time, came up and found that the bullet had entered the head of the young man, just over the eye, and had penetrated to the distance of two or three inches, passing through the brain, and that death was probably instantaneous.

Mr. Leroux, an artist engaged on the Canadian Illustrated News, gives a most graphic statement of the affair. He was engaged in Victoria Square sketching the scenes that surrounded him, when the preliminaries to the sad affair happened, and hastened to obtain a closer view. He says that the deceased and another man stood on the steps when the firing commenced and immediately took part in it. Some went behind the deceased, and taking hold of his coat, pulled him down, and wrenching a pistol from his hand, discharged it deliberately at his head. The man who stood against the deceased on the upper steps descended, and kept up a continuous fire, he does not know whether at the deceased or into the crowd in front, until after the deceased fell. The crowd fell back abashed, and after some minutes Mr. Leroux went to the side of the deceased and raised him, but he was dead, and it is needless to say presented a most ghastly sight. In support of the last statement, it may be stated that Mr. Leroux' clothes where the deceased's head lay were saturated with blood.

An eye-witness, who is not connected with either party, gave the following account of the murder:—I was walking along Bonaventure street when I saw the crowd in Victoria Square rushing up towards Beaver Hall Hill. I went to see what was the matter, and found that the trouble was caused by an Orange lily having been torn from a woman. After that I went down to Victoria Square, and soon after saw a man rushing along, pursued by the crowd. He ran up the steps of Dunn's store, the glass door of which was quickly shut. I was but a few feet distant, directly behind Giroux. The person pursued turned about and fired point blank into the crowd. I saw Giroux move his head a little to one side. He had been wounded in the cheek. Every man in the crowd appeared to have a pistol or revolver of some kind. Three men rushed up the steps. Two came down again. The other seized Hackett, as I now know the pursued to be, by the neck, and a scuffle followed. Hackett's enemy was a little taller and evidently stronger than he, and succeeded in getting hold of the unfortunate man's pistol arm, of which Hackett could not therefore make use; although he exploded more than one chamber; I think the balls must have struck the steps. His opponent had his head—to use a boxing expression—in his hands, and in that position fired at him. It seemed to me as if during the fight the crowd blazed away at both the combatants, but I do not know where the bullets went. I saw a woman walking down the steps, but whence she came I do not know. She limped away as if she had been wounded in the leg. During the fight the two men had got down nearly to the foot of the stairs. Here the taller man fired a second shot at his victim, who was then quite powerless. The villain then dragged Hackett to the sidewalk, flung him down and aimed fire at him, saying out quite loud "Serve the d—n—right." He then disappeared amongst the crowd. I knew young Hackett well by sight, but I did not recognize him during the fight. The murderous attack seemed to last ten minutes, but I firmly believe it was all over in less than half a minute. I never in my life witnessed such a brutal scene and I hope I never shall.

THE DECEASED.

Thomas Lett Hackett was 22 years of age, and had been in the employ of Messrs John McKillop & Co., mercantile agents, and successors to Messrs Murray, Middlemiss & Co., for two years past. He had been previously employed by Messrs Dunn, Wiman & Co. Previous to entering the service of Messrs Dunn, Wiman & Co., he was in the employ of Messrs Murray, Middlemiss & Co., the predecessors of Messrs McKillop & Co. All who knew him testify to his unexceptional moral character, sterling integrity, inoffensive and quiet habits, and well-grounded religious convictions. He was an Irishman, a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks, a member of the Anglican Church and a regular attendant at Christ Church Cathedral. He was a native of Ottawa and the son of a Government employee. Both his parents are dead. It is stated that he was an Orangeman, but although he was known to be of strong Protestant convictions his connection with that body was not known to his friends. He left the office a few minutes before eleven with the intention of attending divine service in Knox church, but wore no emblems and it is said carried no firearms as he had frequently expressed a decided aversion to any such practice. He resided at Norwood, on the Back River, with Mr. John McLellan, a retired soap manufacturer, with whom he was distantly related. He was of a studious turn of mind and was not given to demonstrations of any kind.

An Ottawa special states that Thomas Lett Hackett was a brother of Mr. James Hackett, clerk in Messrs Pinhey, Christie & Hill's law office, and a cousin of the respected City Clerk, Mr. W. P. Lett. His mother, who has been dead some eight or ten years, formerly kept school. He was some time employed as telegraph operator in the Russell House. Some four or five years ago, Hackett left for Montreal, where he secured employment with Mr. McKillop. The deceased was well known in Ottawa, and is said to have borne a very high character. Mr. Hackett seems to have been a religious young man, having been, as we are informed by a city book-seller, a subscriber

for the past three years to a religious Sunday magazine, in fact was "a quiet, steady youth, a good young man in every respect."

OTHER INCIDENTS.

After the fatal affray in Victoria Square, Mr. John Kerry, President of St. George's Society; Mr. McLennan, President of St. Andrew's Society, and Mr. J. W. McMaster, President of Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, met His Worship the Mayor and the acting chairman and members of the Police committee in the superintendent's office. Mr. McLennan said the Presidents of the various national societies had induced the Orangemen to forego their procession, on the understanding that the City would protect them in what else they might do and preserve the peace of the city. The result had proved different, for, in consequence of the neglect of the authorities the city was that day controlled by a mob, and one life had been ruthlessly taken.

The Mayor said he could not do anything in the matter and denied that there was any danger. The city was quiet he said. Unable to get satisfaction, the Presidents withdrew and drew up a protest which was served on the Mayor. Subsequently His Worship drove down through the crowd on Victoria Square, and spoke to the men, advising them to go home quietly. Some faint cheers were given for him, but the crowd showed no signs of leaving. At 4 o'clock the Mayor at last ordered out the Volunteers, who promptly gathered at their respective armories. About five o'clock the police, who had arrived in larger numbers, turned out the motley crowd of roughs from Victoria Square, and closed the gates. The crowds about were also dispersed and by 6 o'clock all further danger was at an end.

Among those wounded were Mr. D. Morrison, assaulted; his younger brother, a Young Briton, received a flesh wound from a revolver shot, while a Young Briton named Roberts was also wounded by a revolver shot.

As previously stated, a large number of Orangemen, accompanied by the Orange Young Britons and their band, spent the day in Cornwall. They returned by the train reaching the St. Bonaventure station, at half-past nine, and by the thoughtful advice of Mr. Kirkham, left the train at the Tanter Junction, thereby avoiding a possible conflict at the depot, where a larger crowd of persons than is ordinarily the rule were congregated.

Shortly after 8 o'clock a row took place on St. Joseph street between several men on the occasion of the disturbances of the day. They severely pounded each other, but were fortunately separated in time to prevent serious consequences.

A half-witted lad known as "Cucoo," who frequents St. Ann's Market and earns his living by running messages for parties in that vicinity happened to let slip the words, "Orangemen have as much right to walk as anyone," in the presence of many of the butchers there who set upon him in the most cowardly manner and beat him severely.

At Point St. Charles there were evidences of the Catholics being ready for an assault on the Orange headquarters, when 200 Protestants assembled and by their firmness prevented any trouble.

An American gentleman states that many of the roughs on St. James street and Victoria Square on the Twelfth were imported from Plattsburg and Malone, N.Y., and are a type of the dangerous element which Americans have to contend against. In Pennsylvania similar characters composed the Molly Maguires, an organization recently put down by the authorities there with a strong hand.

A number of the city manufacturers wisely decided to notify their employees not to absent themselves from their work on the Twelfth under penalty of dismissal, as a measure serving alike their own interests and those of humanity. The majority of the employees in several of these establishments are Catholics, and in the majority of cases the men remained at work. However, certain restless spirits, both Catholic and Protestant, abstained from work, and consequently were next day discharged. In Mr. McDougall's foundry, Seigneurs street, three absentees themselves, two Catholics and one Protestant. In Messrs H. R. Ives & Co.'s large establishment 37 men absented themselves, thirty-five Catholics and two Protestants.

ACTION OF THE ORANGEMEN.

In the evening a largely attended mass meeting of Orangemen was held in the Hall, Mr. D. Grant, County Master, occupying the chair. Several resolutions were passed condemning the bad faith with which the Irish Catholics had kept the agreement resolved upon, as while they had turned out most of the Orangemen were at work. A Committee was appointed to look after Hackett and see about the attendance at his funeral. It was decided to found a new lodge to be named "Hackett" Lodge.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—
First.—Whereas the Orangemen of Montreal, with that Christian forbearance, so characteristic of the Orange Association, and at the earnest entreaty of the representatives of various national and benevolent societies of this city, determined to forego the celebration of this day by a public procession;

And Whereas, the aforesaid representatives pledged their word of honor that they would take such steps as would prevent any insults being offered to women or children going to or returning from church, and also to restrain their co-religionists from making any demonstration of an insulting or riotous character;

And, Whereas, the aforesaid representatives having failed to keep their word, so sacredly given, but, on the contrary, allowed the streets of the city to be monopolized by a rabble of disloyal and disorderly ruffians, organized for the special purpose of insulting and assaulting peaceable and loyal citizens, male and female, and, finally, committing the most dastardly and cruel murder ever perpetrated in the city;

We, the Orangemen of Montreal, declare that we can no longer place the slightest reliance upon any profession of peace and good-will that may at any future period be addressed to us, and that we shall take such measures as will effectually protect us from the assaults of such cowardly and blood-thirsty ruffians; and henceforth we shall not only claim, but exercise, the right to parade the streets of Montreal in the same manner as other societies. And, further, no threats of violence from enemies, or entreaties of false friends, shall ever influence our counsels in the future.

Second.—Whereas, the Orangemen of Montreal, in the exercise of their rights to

hold a procession to church, were threatened with violence and bloodshed by the members of a certain Roman Catholic Society, known as the Irish Catholic Union, and having made application to His Worship the Mayor, and several other magistrates, upon sworn affidavits, for civil and military protection;

And, Whereas, both Mayor and magistrates refused to grant such protection, and allowed a lawless rabble of ruffians to congregate in thousands in the streets and squares of the city, during the greater part of the day, menacing the lives of orderly and peaceable people, and endangering the peace of the city;

And, Whereas, no measures were taken to disperse these crowds, consequently, riot and murder resulted from want of proper measures being taken by the Mayor to preserve peace and order;

We therefore, hold the Mayor to be in the highest degree culpable of all the evils that have occurred, and morally guilty of the murder perpetrated in our midst.

THE DAY AFTER.

The city was very much excited all Saturday, and the Mayor's conduct was universally condemned. The St. George, St. Andrew, and Irish Protestant Benevolent Societies held crowded meetings of members, and unanimously voted to turn out and walk with the Orangemen in the funeral procession. The coroner's jury proceeded to take evidence, when two doctors testified that the head of Hackett bore the marks of many blows, apparently kicks or knocks from a hard substance, and that he had been twice shot at. The first bullet entered the forehead near the right eye causing death within a few minutes. The second shot was behind the left shoulder. Two Catholics were arrested. One, James Farrell, had the revolver of the deceased in his possession, which he said he had picked up after the murder, and Jack Sheehan, a notorious ruffian, for drawing a revolver on a Protestant on the Twelfth. In the afternoon the corpse of Hackett was laid out in Orange Hall, and viewed by thousands. All were surprised by his youthful look and the slenderness of his body. Mackenzie telegraphed from Ottawa to the Mayor, offering the services of the military at the funeral, but the Mayor refused the offer.

SUNDAY

was a stirring day with the Orangemen within a wide circle of Montreal. In the afternoon they met in Victoria Hall, this village, when it was unanimously agreed as many as possible should go to the funeral. A subscription to help to defray expenses was raised and teams to convey them to Port Lewis freely tendered.

THE FUNERAL.

From every quarter, Orangemen kept pouring into Montreal from an early hour. From Ottawa came 900, by the Grand Trunk 1500, while over 200 came from the Huntingdon District, and 80 from the Huntingdon lodge. No disturbance took place while moving into the city. In default of the Mayor's doing so, five magistrates called out the volunteers, who, to the number of 900, were under command of Col. Fletcher. At half-past two the procession formed opposite the Orange Hall, St. James street. First came the Young Britons and part of the Montreal Orangemen, next the Kingston and Belleville brethren, succeeded by the Hemmingford, Havlock, Franklin, and Huntingdon Orangemen, followed by the Brockville and Ottawa district brethren. The officers of the Grand and county lodges, including Mr. Breadner, walked before the hearse, which was drawn by 4 horses, and the same as used at Guelph's funeral. The coffin was wrapped in the Union Jack and rested upon and was covered with flowers, sent in by the ladies of the city. The members of Boyne lodge, to which deceased belonged, walked in front of the hearse, and the pall-bearers were prominent Orangemen, friends of deceased. The chief mourners were his brother and uncles. After them came St. George's Society, St. Andrew's, Irish Protestant, Caledonian, United Protestant Working Men, and finally the citizens. 5000 in all walked in procession. The sidewalks and windows were crowded with spectators, it being estimated 20,000 were looking on. As the procession moved past the corner of McGill and St. James streets, a gang of Catholic rowdies was met. When the Orangemen passed their expressions of disapproval and taunts amounted to nothing short of a threat or challenge. When the Orange flag went by the language was the coarsest it was possible to conceive. An American gentleman, who formerly did business on McGill street, informed a Herald reporter that the language fairly made his blood boil, and that he did not desire to foment a riot he should have knocked the fellow down. When the hearse was nearly opposite Mr. Morgan's store one of the roughs made a threatening move, but his intention being detected by the Orangemen passing at the time, it was frustrated. The cortege came to a sudden halt, the files of Orangemen divided and faced either side of the street, and, hastily feeling for their pistols, created a panic amongst the lookers-on. Things appeared to be dangerous for a moment. Quicker than it takes to relate, Col. Fletcher appeared at the head of a company of the Garrison Artillery with fixed bayonets, the Vics. at their rear in case of an emergency. The crowd rushed to and fro in the most frantic manner, but the danger was over, for the moment the rowdies saw the military approaching they took to their heels and disappeared down St. Antoine street. So threatening was the outlook that several ladies fainted at the thought of bloodshed. One woman was injured by the crush, and taken home. The band resumed their playing of the Dead March, and no further interruption was met. At Christ Church cathedral, the procession halted and opened, when the coffin was carried in, being received by Canon Baldwin and 11 other Episcopal clergymen, in their surplices. The cathedral was draped and the funeral service was very solemnly rendered, the congregation singing the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past." The service over, the coffin was replaced in the hearse, and the procession wended its mournful way to Mount Royal Cemetery. When the cortege reached the cemetery gates, the Orangemen opened out, and, bareheaded, allowed the hearse, the chief mourners, and the National Societies to pass through. As the hearse passed, the standard-bearers of the several lodges held their colors aloft at full arm's length, and dropped them gracefully and majestically over the hearse.

The Master of Boyne Lodge read the Orange burial service, and each Orangeman dropped his rosette on the coffin. The Rev. C. A. Doudiet, after prayer, addressed the Brethren in most appropriate terms. He spoke of the efforts of the Orangemen to

give no offence, how they waived their legal right to have a procession, and how dastardly they had been used, furnishing another instance of the Catholic rule that no faith is to be kept with heretics. In moving terms he alluded to Hackett's murder, declaring good would spring from it, and that a fuller measure of civil and religious liberty would be the result. He said:

"We would have healed the sore dissensions of the past, and how have we been met? Let the spirit of Thomas Lett Hackett answer from the grave where we have laid him? With a graver of steel let the occurrences of the last few days be written on the granite obelisk that will mark our brother's last resting place, that, in the days to come, our children may clearly understand the origin of the coming struggle for the equal rights of the Irish in this Empire, and which a certain dangerous class of men in this Province attempt to assail. If our legislators are wise in time that struggle may be a bloodless one, but if it is still to be the suicidal policy of protection to one party, and no protection to the other, let the consequences rest upon the head of those who choose to ignore the value set by true Britons on religious and civil liberty."

The anguish of the young brother of the deceased was most painful throughout the burial, and drew tears to every eye. It was now late in the day, and the procession hurriedly marched back to the city, the Orange fife and drum bands playing vigorously such tunes as the Protestant Boys, Boyne Water, and Rise Sons of William, rise. At the Orange Hall they broke up, the Grand Marshal advising them to go to their hotels quietly and to remember that they did not come to Montreal to walk the streets to show themselves, but to bury a brother, who had been foully murdered, and they had done it (applause), and done it well, and would always do it. (Renewed applause.) They had not come to intimidate any one, but to assert a right, and he could say, if ever they had to come to Montreal again for a similar purpose, woe to Montreal.

Many of the Orangemen returned home that night. The only trouble was at Point St. Charles, where a young Orangeman, named Wm. Elliott, who used to live near Durham, but is now a resident of Lennoxville, got separated from his friends and was set upon by a band of Catholics, cut by stones and shot in the back. He was taken to hospital. His wound is a bad one but not likely to be fatal. The Hemmingford Orangemen returned home that night; the Huntingdon brethren had to remain until Tuesday, when they came back by the St. Francis, being received at Port Lewis by the Brass Band.

Latest.—At the inquest on Tuesday a witness swore that after Hackett was dead, he saw a man standing over the body, reading some papers he had taken out of his pocket, when he exclaimed "He is a damned Orangeman." No clue has yet been found as to who fired the fatal shot. Elliott is not quite so well and may not recover, unless the bullet can be extracted.

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ROBERT SELLAR, Proprietor.



The Canadian Gleaner.

HUNTINGDON, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1877.

The facts connected with the tragedy in Montreal are very few. On the Tuesday evening before the Twelfth the Orangemen, at the unanimous and urgent solicitation of all the national societies and of the municipal authorities, consented to forego their expressed determination to walk, on the distinct understanding that they would not be insulted or menaced in any way in whatever else they might do. Among those who entered into this agreement, were the leading men of the Catholic Union, an association of bigoted and intolerant Catholics of the lower classes. On the forenoon of the Twelfth a fair proportion of the Orangemen met at their hall on St. James street, and, when the hour of service arrived, passed out in twos and threes to Knox church, where the Rev. Mr. Doudiet was to preach. The Orangemen did not go to church in a body, but passed along the sidewalk at intervals like other citizens, wearing no regalia or symbols. The service passed quietly, tho' there was a crowd gathered near it, overawed probably by a detachment of police. The church is near Beaver Hall Hill, and on Victoria Square, which is not far distant, from early in the forenoon the Catholics began to gather. Their tacit consent in choosing Victoria Square as their place of rendezvous, and its convenient situation for making an attack on the Orangemen at all the points they had to pass, indicate that the gathering on the Square was not accidental, but a part of a preconcerted plan, decided on by men of some judgment. This supposition is confirmed by the further fact that all on the Square had revolvers, which was singular, seeing so many are the poorest of the poor, and that there was some degree of organization among them. There were, it is estimated, two thousand Catholics assembled, waiting for their prey. Had the Orangemen given the slightest provocation, or had they even passed in a body so as to be identified, they would undoubtedly have been massacred. The intention apparently was to attack them as they left church, which was defeated by the

service closing earlier than expected. The Catholics held undisturbed possession of the Square, the authorities undoubtedly conniving with them. The police made no attempt to clear it, and tho' the purpose of the crowd was perfectly well known, the Mayor did not call out the Volunteers to guard against contingencies. Thus the forenoon passed, a mass of Catholics stationed in the chief centre of the city waiting to shed blood. Soon after one o'clock, a woman passed who happened to have an orange lily in a bouquet which she was carrying. She was set upon and was being grossly abused when a passer-by, Morrison, took her part. The woman's assailants turned upon him, and it was while they were beating him that poor Hackett, who was on his way back from church, came along. Altho' a slim young man, he ran at once to help Morrison, who got away. Hackett, however, was knocked down and a Catholic was kicking him on the head when a young man in light clothes, Henshaw, went to his rescue. He pulled the chief assailant away, enabling Hackett to get on his feet. The crowd then turned on both the young men, who ran up some steps to enter a store for shelter. The door was locked, when their assailants followed them, dragged them down, and shot Hackett dead on the spot. Henshaw, mainly through the presence of mind of a kind-hearted French Canadian named Duhamel, who declared he was mortally wounded and had enough of it, escaped. Altho' an Orangeman, Hackett wore no emblems, and it is not supposed his murderers knew who or what he was. They would have done the same to any one who interfered, like him, with their brutal amusements of assaulting the Protestants who passed. Even after the murder was known, the Mayor refused to disperse the crowd and no steps whatever were taken to secure the perpetrators of the crime. It was late in the afternoon, 5 o'clock, before the Square was cleared and the Volunteers, called out it is reported by the officers in command, placed under arms. The occurrence is another of the multiplied proofs that Catholics in authority are not to be depended upon to protect the lives and properties of Protestants. The Mayor undoubtedly sympathized with the crowd so far, that he would have liked to have seen the Orangemen get a good thrashing. Barney Devlin, Meany, Kirwan, Curran, and others who have influence over the class of men who filled the Square, were conspicuous by their absence, as were also the priests.

With this bare statement of facts we are reluctantly compelled to leave the subject until next week, there being no space at our disposal for the comments which we had prepared.

THE usual despatches from the seat of war were unable to give from want of room. In Asia Minor the Turks have victoriously encountered the enemy at every point and regained all the ground they lost. The Russians had to abandon the siege of Kars, and evacuated Bayazid. It is now believed they have left Turkish soil entirely. The sudden and complete collapse of the Russian efforts is inexplicable, and we will have to wait for fuller despatches to throw light upon its causes.

On the other hand, as if to compensate for their humiliation in the East, the Russians during the week have been highly successful in European Turkey. The town of Nickopolis, on the Danube, was assaulted and captured after a dreadful struggle. Its great value is that it enables the Russians to throw another pontoon bridge across the Danube, which is much needed in order to obtain supplies. A flying wing has crossed the Balkans and threatens Adrianople. The Turks say the pass won is of little value, because heavy artillery cannot be dragged through it. The Russians had an engagement on the south side of the Balkans, resulting, the Turks say, in their defeat and retreat, while the Russians claim a decisive victory. The Russians are concentrating their forces with all speed in Bulgaria and heavy fighting is inevitable.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

At a meeting held last evening (Wednesday) Mr. Andrew Somerville was elected Chairman and Mr. A. McCallum re-elected Secretary for the 23rd year.

HEMMINGFORD SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

The following persons have been appointed School Commissioners at Hemmingford: Matthew Brown, Wm. Reay, Thomas Kyle, Mr. Alex. Fiddes, and Wm. Glover, Chairman.

An inquest was held at Dundee, on the 15th inst., by John Davidson, deputy-coroner, on the body of Joseph Goyette, blacksmith, formerly of Dundee, but a resident of Port Covington, N.Y., for some years. The deceased, as has often been his custom, went down to the lake to fish on Saturday evening. His punt being found empty on Sunday morning, search was made, when the body was found. It is supposed he is another victim of the liquor traffic. Verdict, "accidental drowning."

On Wednesday, 11th, while a gang of ship laborers were passing the Quebec Barracks at Montreal, they insulted and threatened the sentry, who called out the guard. In a tussle with McKewen, one of the gang, he tried to wrest his rifle away, the sentry's bayonet entered his shoulder, killing him. Both Catholics. McKewen's father is a pensioner, and so far from blaming the sentry, said "Had I been on duty myself I would have done the same thing."

The Twelfth passed quietly in Ontario, the States, and Ireland. At Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, there was a riot. The Orangemen had a picnic and, on returning, went to their hall, where they were dismissed. On leaving, the mob began to throw stones, when the Orangemen fired a number of pistol shots, wounding two men and a boy. Order was restored by the magistrate. All the windows of the hall were broken.

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE ATHELSTAN CHURCH.

The new church, in course of erection by the Presbyterians of Athelstan, having become sufficiently advanced for the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, it was arranged that it should take place on Thursday last. The Twelfth of July was chosen purposely, in order that the Orangemen of the Huntingdon District might combine their celebration of the anniversary of the Victory of the Boyne with the interesting event. To give additional eclat to the occasion, Colonel Bowell, M.P., of Belleville, Ont., Grand Master and Sovereign of the Orange Association for British America, was invited to lay the stone, and consented to do so.

The weather proved to be favorable, the morning being bright and cool, a western breeze tempering the sun's rays. From an early hour a movement was to be noted on every road, and it was plain that the attendance was going to surpass that of any similar occasion ever known in the District.

Colonel Bowell arrived at Athelstan on Wednesday evening, and on Thursday morning drove down, accompanied by Mr. Breadner, Grand Master for Quebec, to Huntingdon, where he met the brethren of Nos 44 and 1454 in the Lodge Room of the former. During the course of the proceedings, the Grand Master announced to the Brethren the important ceremony in which they were that day to engage, in these words:

GRAND MASTER.—Brethren, we are now about to perform an interesting and important ceremony; the laying of the Corner Stone of a new Church. The eyes of the outside world will be upon us. It therefore behooves all to be circumspect in what we do, and implicitly obey the orders that may be given. The Grand Director of Ceremonies will now form the procession, which will be under his sole direction and control until its return to the Lodge Room.

The Lodge was then closed, and the Brethren, under the direction of Bro. Isaac Gardner, Grand Director of Ceremonies, formed on the front street, constituting one of the largest and most respectable processions ever made by them in this place. Headed by the Huntingdon Cornet Band, the procession passed through the chief streets of the village, and then took its way towards Athelstan. After passing the Methodist church there was a halt, owing to one of the wheels of the buggy in which Colonel Bowell and Mr. Breadner were seated sticking in its box. Another buggy was soon got and the array went on, being met at Athelstan by the Brethren of the other lodges in the Huntingdon District. The lodges present were as follows:

No 44, Huntingdon, Bro. Chas. Marshall, M.D., Master.
No 871, Gore, Hinchinbrook, Bro. Charles Coulter, Acting Master.
No 90, Franklin, Bro. Richard Waller, Master.
No 1447, Elgin, Bro. John S. Elder, Master.
No 1454, Ormstown, Bro. William Greer, Master.

The members of the two new lodges, Nos 1447 and 1454, presented a most creditable appearance, and, though not yet strong in numbers, are composed of men who will bring strength and add to the reputation of the Order. The Huntingdon lodge, No 44, is the strongest now in the county, if not in the Province, it having 125 members on its roll.

Arrived at the site of the new church, the next business of the day was dinner, for which the ladies of the Athelstan congregation had amply provided. The new church is being built at the east end of the village, opposite Mr. John Elder's, on a slightly rising piece of ground. It was begun in May and the stone-work is completed, reaching to the level of the body of the church. It consists of a basement, built of stone, with a ceiling 10 feet high, and the church proper, built of brick, the ceiling of which will be 20 feet high. The size of the building is 66 by 42 feet, with a tinned spire over 70 feet from the ground-level. The church will be the next largest Protestant place of worship in the county of Huntingdon, and, with end-gallery, will seat comfortably over 400. The architect is Mr. Robert Middlemiss, and the contractor Mr. Charles Levers, who is to receive \$6,500 for his work, which does not include heating apparatus or the seating of the basement, so that the total cost will not be less than \$7,000. Of this amount the congregation have subscribed close upon \$5,000, which redounds to their liberality. The mason-work has been done by Mr. Archd. Adams, senr., who has made a substantial job of it, and the brick-work has been begun. Mr. Levers is to have his contract completed by the 15th of February. The dinner was laid in the basement of the new church, along which five tables were stretched, seating 250. It was past 11 o'clock when the Orangemen reached the ground, and as they did so they filed into dinner. The arrangements for the accommodation of the crowd were very poor. There was only one way of ingress and egress provided to the basement, causing much delay in filling the tables and in letting those who had dined out. The result was that there was great crushing at the entrance, causing loss of temper and, it was reported, some injury to several ladies. Many who had come a distance got no dinner at all, and many went back to the village to try and get something to eat. No attempt had been made to provide seats in the grove, so that the ladies were kept standing during the length of a hot and dusty day. It was the same at the laying of the corner-stone, no provision whatever having been made in the way of stands or even to clear the space in front of building material, so as to enable those who attended to see the ceremony to which they had been invited. Of the extent of the crowd it is impossible to give an accurate estimate. It is believed that about 1,500 took dinner, which would indicate an attendance of, at least, 2,000. There were 225 Orangemen, but many more, who are not now in connection with any lodge, wore their colors. At the entrance to the grounds, an evergreen arch was erected.

At 2 o'clock the Orangemen proceeded back to the field at the butter factory, where they formed in procession in the following order:

Tyler, Bro. Archd. W. Cameron
Union Jack
Huntingdon Brass Band
Orange Brethren—two and two
Banner
Purple Brethren—two and two
Blue Banner
Officers of Lodges who are members of the District Lodge
Scarlet Banner
Scarlet Companions—two and two
Chaplain of) Grand Chaplain { Chaplain of
Private Lodge } Bro. J. J. Casey { Private Lodge
Grand Treasurer } Grand Master & Grand Secretary
Bro. J. Breadner } Sovereign { Bro. Jas. Barr
Two Brethren with Orange Rods

To those standing at the new church, the approach of the procession was heralded by the clouds of dust and the faint sounds of the music. The sun at the time was beating down his rays with great force from a clear sky, except that at the western horizon were gathering the clouds which ended in a shower a few hours after. Soon the front ranks of the procession, gay in their Orange scarfs and flaunting banners, and the shrill music of the fifes and drums, succeeded the more sonorous sounds of the brass band. The measured step of the tyler and the solidly figure of the Director of Ceremonies, mounted on a grey horse, were notable. On the head of the procession reaching the entrance to the grounds, it halted, and opened ranks, when, after some delay, the Grand Officers were seen walking up between them, the brethren saluting the Grand Master who had Bro. Breadner on his right, as he passed. The only regalia the Grand Master wore, was a collar rich with gold embroidery and a narrow orange ribbon; he carried a gavel in his right hand. The Grand Officers ascended to the platform where the corner-stone was to be laid, which was at the south-west corner of the building and in one of the buttresses. The Orangemen grouped themselves in front, as best they could, forming a promiscuous array, and for the crowd, few of them could see what was being done, and fewer still hear a single word. On the platform, beside the Grand Officers, were the following clergymen: Revs W. A. Johnston, J. S. Lochard, J. B. Muir, J. Patterson and J. Watson. The Brass Band played the National Anthem, when the Rev. J. Watson stepped forward and said he had been asked to give out, on this solemn and interesting occasion, the 24th version of the 102d Psalm, which he would call on Mr. Buchanan to lead. The Psalm having been sung to the tune of Old Hundred, Mr. Watson announced that Mr. Lochard would read the lesson, Isaiah 28: 16-19. The pastor of the congregation, the Rev. J. J. Casey, said the Rev. J. B. Muir would lead in prayer, which he did as follows:

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Almighty God, who art the Architect and Governor of the Universe, we desire, in the spirit of true devotion, humbly and reverently to adore Thy glorious name. We acknowledge that Thou hast a property in us and sovereignty over us, for Thou art the creator of our bodies and the Father of our spirits—the Dispenser of every blessing and the Disposer of every event. We give Thee hearty thanks for the rich heritage of temporal bounty Thou hast been pleased to bestow upon us and we pray that we may ever recognize Thy faithful care in all the pledges of Thy goodness. As the creatures of Thy hands and the subjects of Thy providence, we pray that we may ever look up unto Thee for the supply of all our wants, and especially for that grace which we need at all times. We bless Thee for the precious privileges of civil and religious liberty which we enjoy in this portion of the British Empire, and we pray that these may, ere long, be possessed by all men, and we beseech Thee that we may be enabled by Thy grace to hand them down unimpaired to those who are to succeed us. May we ever remember, that to whomsoever much has been given, of them shall much be required. Above all, our Heavenly Father, we praise Thee for the Gospel of Thy grace and love, which Thou hast provided for us through Jesus Christ our Lord. We thank Thee for its present benefits, and for its future and blissful prospects to all who accept of it. We rejoice, O God, that this gospel is glad tidings of great joy not only to us, but to all people. Let us beseech Thee, Thy way be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations. Bless all kings and rulers. May they exercise their authority in Thy fear, and may they more and more seek to promote Thy glory in the world. Do Thou, we humbly supplicate Thee, who art the giver of every good and perfect gift, pour Thy choicest favors upon the British empire, and upon Thy servant our Sovereign Lady the Queen. May she long away the sceptre over a free, a happy, because a religious people. Set around her throne at all times, and especially in these times of war and unrest among the European States, as her counsellors, able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness. Bless, we ask Thee, all the provinces and dependencies of the British crown. Bless our Dominion of Canada and the Governor-General thereof. Guide and sustain all our legislators and Judges in the faithful and impartial discharge of their important duties. Endue them with the wisdom that cometh from above, which is first pure, then peaceable.

With the richest measures of Thy Grace, bless the church universal. May peace be within her walls and prosperity within her palaces. May she, by the indwelling of Thy Spirit, put forth her beauty and her strength, so that she may be fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. Bless, we pray Thee, that branch of the church of Christ, with which we are more closely connected. May the success and progress which has in the past crowned the efforts of our Zion be largely increased in the future by the outpouring of Thy Spirit upon the ministers, missionaries and members of our united Israel. May, we earnestly entreat Thee, the Presbyterian church in Canada act worthy of her history and position, and be more and more an honored instrument in Thy hand of diffusing and defending the doctrines of our common salvation within our borders and in other lands. Bless the pastor and congregation in whose behalf we are present here to-day in such goodly numbers and in such interesting circumstances. Be with those who are here present on this occasion who have the honor and duty of laying the corner-stone of their new place of worship. May that stone remind us all of Jesus Christ, who is both the foundation and chief corner stone of His church, and we pray that He may be more and more unto His people, their support, their security and their centre of unity. We pray, O Lord, that when this sanctuary is completed and occupied as a place where Thou dost record

Thy name, that many may be turned unto Thee and that Thine own people may be more and more built up in their most holy faith. Prepare, we pray Thee, many souls in this church to be lively stones in the Temple above, where Thy glory shall shine forth in its brightness for ever and ever. And, Good Lord, may Thy blessing continue to follow us, and may Thy Spirit continue to guide us, until, having ended our labors and borne our crosses here below, we may, through Thy great mercy, enter upon the rest and joy of our Lord. And now unto the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the one only living and the true God, we unitedly ascribe, as is most justly due, all the glory and the power and the praise, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Col. Bowell, Grand Master, then read from the Orange ritual as follows:

BRETHREN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Asking the protection of the same Almighty power that guided the wise men of the East, we are here assembled to lay the foundation stone of this church, to be erected in honor of the Great Grand Master above, and to perpetuate the principles of our Loyal Protestant Order, but before performing that ceremony I feel it incumbent upon me to state that the Loyal Orange Association is formed by and composed of persons desirous of supporting, to the utmost of their power, the principles and practice of the Christian religion, to maintain the laws and Constitution of the country, afford assistance to distressed members of the Order, and otherwise promote such laudable and benevolent purposes as may tend to the due ordering of Religion and Christian Charity, and the supremacy of Law, Order, and Constitutional Freedom.

Its members associate in honor of King William III., Prince of Orange, whose name they bear and whose immortal memory they hold in reverence, tending as he did, under Divine Providence, to the overthrow of the most oppressive Bigotry, and the restoration of pure Religion and Liberty. They revere the memory of that immortal Prince, not only as a Patriot, a Constitutional Monarch and a Hero, but as a true Christian; and hope, in the adoption of his name, to emulate his virtues, by maintaining Religion without persecution, or trenching upon the rights of any.

The Orange Society lays no claim to exclusive Loyalty or exclusive Protestantism; but it admits no man within its pale whose principles are not Loyal, and whose creed is not Protestant.

Disclaiming an intolerant spirit, the Society demands, as an indispensable qualification, without which the greatest and the wealthiest may seek admission in vain, that the candidate shall be deemed incapable of persecuting or injuring any one on account of his religious opinions; the duty of every Orangeman being to aid and defend all loyal subjects, of every religious persuasion, in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights.

The Rules of the Society are open not only to members of the institution, but to the whole community. The Association is general, not confined to any particular place, person or nation, but extends itself wherever a Loyal Protestant Briton is to be found, to the remotest corners of the globe, for the establishment of Protestant Faith and British Liberty to the latest ages of posterity. Its whole institution is one neighborhood, within which every Orangeman is at home, in the farthest part of the world; and such is the mechanism of the Association, that while its operations are thus extended, its every movement is alike felt and answered in every part.

In short, the Orange Institution, like a glorious moral luminary, is intended to pour its radiance, not on one part only of the ample circumference of the British Dominions, but simultaneously on every portion, equally enlightening the whole periphery. In many quarters, where the true nature of the Orange Institution is not properly known, its designs and objects have been misunderstood, and by others misrepresented. From the name it bears—being connected in every one's mind with the history of parties in Ireland, some are apt to suppose that its sphere is necessarily confined to that country; not reflecting that an instrument which has been chiefly used there to suppress Rebellion, repel invasion, and secure Domestic Tranquillity, may be found equally efficacious by loyal men of all countries, in protecting their lives, liberties and properties. The Society is constituted upon the broadest principles of National Freedom. It takes its stand upon the glorious principles of the Revolution of 1688; it lays its foundation in the field of British Liberty, it disdains the badge of Faction, and knows no emblem save "The Altar and the Throne."

The Grand Chaplain, Bro. J. J. Casey, then said: Let us invoke the Divine Blessing upon the work in which we are now engaged, and read the following Prayer:

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to hear our prayers; and that Thou wouldst design to erect to Thy glory, and enable them to maintain those principles won by King William III., whose victory at the Boyne overthrew a system of Religion which was fast enveloping the world in religious darkness, and restored the pure religion of the Bible, which we have found a marvelous light—to the end—that Thy servants may be true and valiant defenders of the Queen, the Constitution and the Protestant Faith; grant, O Lord, that they may be dreaded foes to those who would injure them; and that should ruthless hands ever again be laid upon Thy holy Word, may the sword, drawn in its defence, be sheathed only in victory and mercy, through the Grace of Jesus Christ our Lord.

BRETHREN.—Amen.

The acting Grand Treasurer, Bro. Breadner, then read the record to be deposited in the stone, of which this is a copy:

HISTORICAL RECORD OF THE ATHELSTAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

This congregation began its career in the year of our Lord 1834. At that date the Presbytery of Montreal, in connection with the Church of Scotland, ordained and inducted to the pastoral charge of the united congregations of Huntingdon, Elgin, and Athelstan, the Rev. Montgomery Walker, who continued to discharge the duties of its pastor until the year 1844, when he went back to Scotland. He was succeeded in the pastorate by Rev. Alexander Wallace, a native of Glasgow, educated at Queen's College, Kingston, and who was ordained and inducted in 1845. Mr. Wallace continued to

minister to the wants of this congregation until the year 1868, when Huntington and Athelstan were separated. In 1868, Elgin and Athelstan were united and gave a call to the Rev. J. S. Lochead, who was inducted November 12, 1868, and continued to be pastor until July 10th, 1876. The congregation remained vacant until December 12th of the same year, when the Rev. John J. Casey, the present minister, was ordained and inducted.

In connection with this short account of the origin and progress of our congregation, we may here give a brief statement of the origin of the congregation worshipping in the same church and assisting in the erection of this edifice, but still under the pastoral care of the Rev. James Watson, M.A. At the time of the Disruption in the Church of Scotland a portion of the people in Huntington and Athelstan separated themselves, and, after seeking organization from the Free Church, for certain circumstances they ultimately applied to the Presbytery of Montreal in connection with the United Presbyterian Church in Canada. They were formally organized into a congregation by the late Dr. Wm. Taylor, of Montreal, who was sent up by his presbytery for the purpose. Some time subsequently Rev. P. D. Muir was settled as the first minister of the congregation, at that time designated the congregation of Huntington and St. Michael's. The Rev. James Watson was settled by induction as minister of the congregation on the 8th day of November, 1854, and is still its minister, although during the past year he has preached only at Huntington.

LIST OF OFFICE-BEARERS.
Rev. John Joseph Casey, Minister.
Elders—Alexander Lumsden, and Archibald Adams.
Trustees—Alexander Lumsden, James Johnston, and Samuel Brown.
Building Committee—Andrew Wilson, Chairman; R. C. Baird, Secretary; John Elder, John Cairns, D. C. Boyce, James Blair, and Thomas Terry.
Architect—Robert Middlemiss.
Builder—Charles Levers.

The Corner Stone was laid with Orange honors on the 12th of July, 1877, by Lieut.-Col. Mackenzie Bowell, M.P., Most Worshipful Grand Master and Sovereign of the Loyal Orange Association for British America, assisted by Rev. J. J. Casey, acting Grand Chaplain; Joshua Breadner, acting Grand Treasurer; James Barr, acting Grand Secretary, and Isaac Gardner, acting Grand Director of Ceremonies, and the officers and members of the Huntington District.

Along with this document: 50 cent piece, 25 cent, 20 cent, 10 cent, 5 cent and 1 cent, all of the coinage of the Dominion of Canada, and copies of the following papers: Presbyterian Record for July.
British American Presbyterian.
The Canadian Gleaner.
Montreal Witness.
"Star."
"Gazette."
Orange Sentinel, Toronto.
Constitution of Loyal Orange Association.
Report of Proceedings of G. L. of B. A.
" " " of Prov. G. L. of Quebec.

Having completed the reading of the document, Mr. Breadner deposited it along with the bottle in the stone. The builder, Mr. Charles Levers, presented a beautiful silver trowel to the Grand Master, on which this inscription was engraved:

CORNER-STONE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH ATHELSTAN,
laid by
LIEUT.-COL. MACKENZIE BOWELL, M.P.,
G.M. & S.O.A.B.A.,
12th July,
1877.

In receiving the trowel, the Grand Master said:

I accept this Trowel, and shall ever regard its Brightness as an emblem of Faith—its Point of Hope—and its Guard of Charity. It shall now be used spreading the mortar upon which this corner-stone is to rest, in the hope that the building about to be raised upon it may be one in which the truth of our holy religion may ever be held sacred.

Mr. A. Adams, senr., having spread the stone with mortar, the Grand Master touched the lime lightly with his trowel, when the stone, which was a very small one, was put in its place, the band playing the "Wandering Boy," a rather solemn piece of music. The stone being placed, the Grand Master gave it three taps with his gavel, saying: "I now declare this corner-stone duly laid in the name of the holy and undivided Trinity. Amen."

The acting Grand Secretary, Bro. James Barr, handed the plans and specifications to the Grand Master, who placed them in the hands of Mr. Levers with this injunction:

MASTER ARCHITECT.—The corner-stone of this church having been laid, I now present you with the plans and specifications in full confidence that as a faithful workman you may follow them in such a manner that the building may rise in order, harmony and beauty, so that when completed it may establish your reputation as a skillful builder and reflect credit upon those who have selected you to superintend its erection.

The acting Grand Chaplain, Bro. Casey, pronounced the benediction, and the ceremony ended. The band struck up the "Red, White and Blue," and the crowd moved towards the grove, where a platform had been erected.

The Rev. J. J. Casey moved, seconded by Mr. Breadner, that Julius Scrivner, Esq., M. P., take the chair, which was carried with applause.

The CHAIRMAN said he had great pleasure in being with them, for many reasons. Among them because it gave him an opportunity of meeting so many of his constituents, and not only them but also so many of the ladies. In canvassing and holding meetings members only saw those who had votes, but he knew no reason why the franchise should not be extended to the fairer portion of creation. (Applause and laughter.) He would say to the Orangemen, he was glad to meet them. He had been glad to meet them on previous similar occasions and hoped to meet them again. It gave

him pleasure to see them comprise such a large and intelligent body of men, and also that they had, that day, met not only to celebrate a day fraught with great memories to them, but to do good in another way—to afford to the ladies an opportunity of making a nice sum of money for a good object and aiding in laying the corner stone of an edifice to be dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. He desired to congratulate the congregations who were building it, on the prospect of having a church that would not only meet all their wants, but be an ornament. He liked to see good schools in every community, and after them good churches, both large and handsome. Wesley said he did not believe in the Devil having a monopoly of all the good tunes, and he (the Chairman) did not believe in all the best buildings being dedicated to secular purposes. While in favor of commodious and handsome churches, he never advised a congregation to undertake more than they were able to bear and to avoid having a heavy debt. From what he knew of the cost of the church the Athelstan congregations had undertaken and of their circumstances, he was free to say he did not think they had undertaken more than they can do. It was time for them to build a new church. Their old one had become too small and contrasted unfavorably with the fine houses which so many of the farmers now possessed. In speaking thus he did not refer slightly to the old building, which had intertwined with it many interesting associations, which appealed to the recollection of those who had so long worshipped the God of their fathers, from Sunday to Sunday, within its walls. Many before him had their children baptized there, perhaps saw their sons or daughters married, so that, however deficient, the old church must ever possess valued associations to them. Admitting all this, circumstances had rendered it high time they should set about doing what they had done so nobly. As the programme was a long one, he would say no more, but call on the

Rev. J. S. LOCHHEAD, of Valleyfield, who said he need hardly tell them he had great pleasure in being present. It was, indeed, a day of rejoicing to the members of the Athelstan congregation, and one to which they had long looked forward with hope. They were now fairly embarked in the noble undertaking of raising an edifice wherein they would hold communion with their God and Father. Altho' the amount required had not been all subscribed, yet it would be got. They would feel richer for what they had given, and would contribute again. They should have no anxiety as to the debt. The two Presbyterian congregations were united in building the church, and he hoped that, when it was opened, they would be united altogether and have become one congregation. He called upon them to stand by the Building Committee, and, instead of finding fault, encourage them by the prompt and pleasant way in which they contributed of their means. A year since he had ceased to be their pastor mainly in order to promote the union which was now about being consummated, and, after five months of a vacancy, they had placed over them a faithful servant of the Lord, and he was glad to know that a blessing had followed his labors. During his (the speaker's) incumbency, 115 had been added to the roll of members, altho' during the same period, many had been called away. He concluded by exhorting all to be faithful to God and to those principles of civil and religious liberty which have come down to us stained with the blood of men of whom the world was not worthy. (Applause.)

The Rev. JAMES WATSON said Mr. Lochead had gone of the field at Athelstan and had left abundant proof of his labors, and he was going as fast as he could, so that the two congregations might be united. The day reminded them of the great revolution in the British Empire by which the blessings of civil and religious liberty had been secured to every member of that Empire the right to worship God according to his own conscience. He trusted they would ever continue not only to maintain that right but to make a good use of it. The Orangemen had done so in one way that day by aiding in the raising of a building to the worship of Almighty God. He felt the extreme delight at the spirit in which the good work had been undertaken and would do his best to aid it on to successful completion. He had retired from the Athelstan charge because he wished to help on just such a work as they had seen that day so well begun. He believed Mr. Casey had been called not merely by the congregation but by Providence to be their pastor. (Applause.)

Dr. CAMERON, M.P.P., on coming forward was received with applause. He said, that after listening so long to such able addresses he felt it would be an infringement on his part to detain the audience for any length of time by his remarks. He desired to do little more than express his pleasure at being present with his friends and helping in forwarding them in their good work. That day, to his mind, would form a new era in the history of the place, and its great event recalled the past and foreshadowed the future, while they had set an example other localities might emulate. Not so very long ago had the corner stone of the old church been laid. Where were the men who took the lead in that? Many had gone to their rest, after serving their day and generation, leaving footprints behind them and lessons which had not been lost and were not forgotten. In that old church seed had been sown in rich soil, which was now bringing forth fruit. He hoped the future would be as satisfactory and that even greater things might be accomplished. When Time had set its mark of ruin and decay on the edifice whose corner stone they had that day laid, he trusted generations

yet unborn would thankfully remember the memories of those who raised it as they did those of the men of the past. As to the second object of their gathering that day, he would say very little, because he was not identified with the organization which celebrated the Battle of the Boyne. He could not speak of it as those do who know its history and principles. He believed, however, its principles were established on justice and its object was to promote the integrity of society; to conserve and build up rather than to destroy. Its principles, he understood, inculcated first loyalty to the Great Giver of the Universe, and, in the second place, loyalty to the Sovereign and to good equitable laws. These principles it ought to be every man's boast to maintain, and he had every confidence that, if occasion required, Orangemen would be true to their principles, that they would sooner sacrifice life than honor, and that they could say with truth of their principles there would, on their part, be "No Surrender." (Applause.)

The Rev. JAMES PATTERSON of Hemmingford declared the Presbytery of Montreal, within whose bounds they were met, were to be congratulated at the laying of the corner stone of such an edifice, and the congregation also at having such distinguished strangers with them to perform the ceremony. The day they were celebrating was one teeming with associations of the past and hopes as to the future, and he went on to dilate on the benefits of the civil and religious liberty which the victory of the Boyne had secured.

While the reverend gentleman was speaking, a shower of rain fell, which caused many to leave.

The Rev. J. B. MUIR expressed his pleasure at seeing so many of all the different denominations uniting in the day's proceedings. He had overheard one man say the corner stone had been laid to the glory of God and the glory of Old Ireland—(laughter)—and though he had used to be of the opinion that a Scotchman was the best specimen of a man there was in the world, after what he had seen that day he had come to think that an Irishman was as good if not better. (Applause and laughter.) He rejoiced at the prospects the two Athelstan congregations had before them of a church that would hold them all in comfort, and trusted that, as one of their old ministers had gone and the other was quickly going, they would speedily become one in theory as well as in reality and have years of peace and prosperity before them. He was glad indeed to see such union among all denominations as they witnessed that day, for it proved that, despite all their differences, blood was thicker than water, and that they were ready to stand by one another. He was sure that if any one assailed the rights in any way of one of their Protestant denominations, all the others would sympathize and unite, shoulder to shoulder, to obtain redress. (Applause.) If their liberties were assailed or any attempt made to draw down the grand old flag of the grand old Empire to which they belonged, there would be an advance along the whole line. The occasion brought before them the history of Presbyterianism. As an ism it had always gone in for cultivating the intellect as well as the heart and conscience, so that in Scotland the church and the school had gone together. The same policy had been followed in Ireland when Presbyterianism was planted there, and after such a policy had been followed for a long term of years, it was no wonder that Presbyterians, whether Scotchmen or Irish Scotchmen, were distinguished for their intelligence, integrity, and knowledge of the Word of God. He believed King William was in reality a Presbyterian, while he certainly was a good sound Calvinist. He it was who established the right of toleration, and vindicated it on the banks of the Boyne. That right they must maintain in this Province. In a country of mixed races, languages, and laws, he could have wished they had only had one language for the Dominion, and was sorry that, in the past, when it could have been done, the Government had not exercised a little Caesarism and made English, which was going to be the language of modern progress, the language of our courts and Parliament. He hoped the laws of all the Provinces would yet be the same and give the same liberty to all. The Orangemen of Montreal had just as good a right to have a procession as the Fete Dieu. (Great applause.) In Montreal not British soil as well as this, and why should the British flag not protect them there as well as here? As Presbyterians, an educated and intelligent people and a moral and religious people, they had a duty to perform in the face of a system which was seeking to curtail our rights. Are the inhabitants an intelligent people? If they were not as intelligent as they could wish them to be, it was not because of any want of capacity, for they were naturally a bright, kindly people, but because of the system they had been brought up under. He had read the Globe's editorials on the state of matters revealed by the Charlevoix election case, and how they argued that the remedy for the evils that existed must be left to public opinion. He wanted to know what public opinion could exist in parishes where few could read and fewer still could write or cipher? It was much to be regretted that Education had been left by the Act of Confederation to the Provinces, and not to the Dominion Parliament, for what was wanted to raise up the habitants was such a thorough non-sectarian system of education as would enable them to use the franchise intelligently. As a church, they had a sphere of usefulness open, and he was proud to say the Presbyterian church was doing more in the way of French Evangelization than all the other denominations united. It had between 40 and 50 workers in the field, who were meeting with encouraging success. Mr. Muir proceeded, in powerful language, to express his hopes of the different nationalities composing the Dominion becoming one people and be built up a grand nation under the old flag. England had moulded into one people the different races of which it had been composed, Celtic, Saxon, Norman, and British, and he did not see why the same should not be done in Canada. (Great applause.)

The CHAIRMAN said he had now the honor of introducing Colonel Bowell, with whom he had become acquainted on entering Parliament, and, with whom, though they did not now sit on the same side of the House, he had always maintained a close friendship. He was not only distinguished as the head of the Orange Order for British America, and a leading member of the Dominion Parliament, but as a journalist and prominent public man in Ontario, so that he might be regarded as a representative of that Province. As the people of Ontario were disposed to look down on Quebec as behind the age, he was pleased to have a gentleman like Colonel Bowell come and visit the County of Huntington, and see a part, at least, of the valleys of the Chateauguay and Trout River, and that he had as fine an agricultural country as any part of Ontario. He was glad also that he should have come to be brought face to face with so intelligent and respectable an assembly as was met that day.

COLONEL MACKENZIE BOWELL was received with rounds of applause. He said if he had won any distinction as a politician he had never won any as a platform speaker or orator. After some happy references to Mr. Muir's remarks about nationality and his being able, from his stalwart frame, to resist any attempt upon his rights, he went on to say that though they had heard a good deal about Irishmen and Scotchmen, no mention had been made of his country. A Scotchman might be good and an Irishman better, but an Englishman was as good as either of them. (Laughter and applause.) Altho' a part of his name was Scotch, he had not a particle of Scotch blood in his veins, while all his claim to be considered an Irishman was that his stepmother had come from Ireland. (Laughter.) He was an out-and-out Englishman. Whatever their nationality, they should be a united people for the perpetuation of Protestant principles. All Protestants ought to be brought within the organization of the Orange Society. Very few have a correct knowledge of the rise of the Orange Association, some asserting that it arose after the Battle of the Boyne, others after the Battle of the Diamond, while some traced it from the secret society formed by the 13 Prentice Boys of Derry by which they would know each other when fighting, and others again alleged it came into existence at Brandon, of which town the saying went that a Jew, Turk, or Gentile might dwell in it but not a Papist. They knew nothing about nationality in the Orange order, as was shown by their choice of Grand Masters. The first Grand Master was Ogle R. Gowan, an Irishman, who founded the Order in Canada; the next was Mr. Benjamin, an Englishman, who was succeeded by the Hon. John Hilliard Cameron, a Scotchman, while he (the speaker) the present occupant of the office, was an Englishman. In going through the Lodges he found they were composed of members of all nationalities. Of secret societies, the Oddfellows claim their origin to be as far back as the year 55; and possess a silver plate alleged to be engraved in the time of Nero. The Free Masons lay claim to an even earlier origin, the time of Solomon, some even asserting Adam was a Free Mason, tho' who initiated him they did not say. A German historian had minutely described the secret societies that had sprung up among the Protestants on the Continent to protect themselves against the persecutions of the Catholics. Touching on the times of Bloody Mary and the Gunpowder Plot, the Colonel came to speak of James II, who, on ascending the throne, took the oath to rule as a Protestant King, and, after getting into power, broke his oath by depriving clergymen of their places and instituting those Romishly inclined in their stead, and treating the army in the same way, so that the eyes of all were turned to William as their protector and the only one who could deliver them from the thralldom in which they were being engulfed. After deliberating on the invitation to come to England, William decided to do so. The elements baffled his approach to the English coast, James exclaiming that the very wind fought in his favor, but ultimately William landed, his flag bearing the inscription, "The liberties of England and the Protestant religion I will maintain." James fled and at the meeting of William with his English adherents, the first Orange organization was effected. They could still read the declaration drawn up by Bishop Burnet and he might also give them a list of the grand officers appointed. He would tell them their password, cautioning them that it would be of no use in trying to get into the Orange lodges now. Among the promoters of the society was Mr. Seymour, and his name was used as the password in such a way as asking "What did you say?" or "Did you see?" and the other would answer "I'll say no more," and so on. About a dozen branches of this society were established. As we approach the time of the Battle of the Diamond, life and property had become unsafe in Ireland, and Protestants were combining to protect themselves. A body of them thus assembled were induced, on the assurances of two priests, to lay down their arms, when they were assailed and killed, forming what is known as the Battle of the Diamond. This occurrence led to the formation of the first Orange lodge and the institution as it now exists. It lays no claim to exclusive loyalty yet claims to have added the cause of loyalty and Protestantism. The other day he had read in a certain Montreal paper an article condemning the Order. It admitted that, in Ireland, where Orangeism was strongest there was greatest peace and tranquility, yet while admitting that it went on to declare it was of no benefit and they did not want Orangeism in Canada. He would leave the writer to try and reconcile his two statements. As to the question of walking in procession in Montreal, with abstract or physical right to walk, he had no hesitation in saying he disapproved of the way in which the Montreal Orangemen had acted. They had no business to be blazoning about the streets and in the papers, in a city like Montreal, what they intended to do, but should have kept what transpired in their lodges to themselves, when, if they did agree to walk, they should have done so

and not have backed down from their resolution. He said in this case, as he did when the Prince of Wales went to visit Kingston. He took the position then that it was the duty of the Orangemen not to insist on turning out as an organization to receive the Prince, but to join in with their fellow-subjects and mingle with the crowd, but when the majority did decide to receive the Prince only as Orangemen he went in with them and was with them in maintaining the attitude they had assumed. It was always the case that the men who made most noise, were the first to cry pecavi when danger arose. The Orangemen of Montreal had not consulted their officers in the matter of procession, and if they had not taken the prominent stand they had done, he would have preferred no public demonstration, but when they had gone so far, they should have walked at all hazards. (Great applause.) It was not by braggadocio great ends were accomplished, and the motto of the Orange body was "Slow to take offence and offer none." When a position, after due consideration, was taken, not a man should have flinched from it.

[The rain at this juncture recommenced, more heavily than before, causing the audience to disperse, and there was a general movement of buggies homeward. The lodges moved away quietly. Despite the rain, Col. Bowell continued to speak, a small group of attentive listeners, chiefly under umbrellas, being grouped before him.]

COL. BOWELL.—For the benefit of those unacquainted with the Orange order or its principles "The General Declaration" of its principles:

"The Orange Institution is formed by persons desirous of supporting, to the utmost of their power, the principles and practice of the Christian religion, to maintain the laws and constitution of the country, afford assistance to distressed members of the Order, and otherwise promote such laudable and benevolent purposes as may tend to the due ordering of religion and Christian charity and the supremacy of law, order and constitutional freedom."

Such is the spirit of the Declaration of the Orange Society, and the qualifications essential for membership, as laid down in the Constitution, is that

"He should have a sincere love and veneration for his Almighty Maker, productive of those lively and happy fruits, all righteousness and obedience to His commands; a firm and steadfast faith in the Saviour of the world, convinced that He is the only Mediator between a sinful creature and an offended Creator. His disposition should be humane and compassionate and his behavior kind and conciliatory; he should be an enemy to savage brutality and every species of unchristian conduct; a lover of rational and improving society; faithfully regarding the Protestant religion and sincerely desirous to propagate its precepts, i.e., charity and goodwill to all men. Zealous in promoting the honor, happiness, and prosperity of his Queen and Country; heartily desirous of success in those pursuits, yet convinced that God alone can grant them. He should have an hatred of cursing and swearing, and of taking the name of God in vain; he should be a lover of peace, and a pacificator; he should be a friend to the poor, and a helper to the distressed; he should be a lover of his brethren, and a shun the society of all persons addicted to those shameful practices. Prudence should guide all his actions; temperance, sobriety, and honesty direct his conduct; and the laudable objects of the Association be the motives of his endeavors."

Nor is this all. Immediately after the initiation of every person into the Order, he is addressed by the Master in the following language:

"We receive you, dear brother, in the religious and loyal Association of Orangemen, tracing the history of a devoted servant of God, a true believer in His Son Jesus Christ, a faithful servant of our Queen, and a supporter of our Constitution. Keep thou firm in the Protestant Faith; make yourself a friend of all pious and peaceable men, avoiding strife and seeking benevolence; slow to take offence and offering none. In the name of the Brotherhood I bid you welcome, and I pray that you may long continue among them, a worthy Orangeman, fearing God, loving the brotherhood, honoring the Queen, and maintaining the law."

With such a record, they would see how grossly Orangemen had been misrepresented, and how unjust it was to look upon the Orange Society as either illiberal or intolerant. He was pleased to have paid his visit to Huntington, which he had been persuaded to do by his friend, the irrepressible Mr. Breadner. In coming here, he found that the people were like those in Ontario, and, when he looked at the Orangemen before him, he saw they were just such a body as he would meet in his own constituency. The people of Ontario discriminated between the inhabitants of the Eastern Townships and those of the rest of the Province of Quebec. They had no such feeling as to those in the Townships as spoken of by Mr. Scrivner, though he must admit they had a low estimate of the Catholic population. In travelling through Ireland he was able to point out from the railroad carriage the properties occupied by Protestant and Catholic landlords or tenants, from the marked difference in their appearance. It was the same in this Province, and you could tell, from the poor appearance of everything, when you were in a Catholic settlement. The cause was not to be ascribed to any inherent inferiority in the Catholic inhabitants of either Ireland or Quebec, but to the thralldom which keeps them down and enslaves their intellects wherever the priesthood have full sway. (Hear, hear.) He was glad indeed to meet their member, Mr. Scrivner, with whom, tho' they did not agree politically, he was on terms of close friendship, and he could say this, that, whenever any question came before the House affecting loyal interests or the rights of Protestants, as when the Government tried to interfere with the educational matters of a Province or such incidents as Riel and his banditti in Manitoba, he found their representative voting side by side with him. Mr. Muir had said he would like to see the question of Education taken out of the hands of the Local Government and placed under the control of the Dominion, but with the Administration at present in power that would be no improvement, for in a new Territory, still a wilderness, they had provided for separate schools.

Rev. J. B. MUIR.—It is a great mistake. Col. BOWELL.—Yes, it is a great mistake. The rain here came down so heavily that it was impossible to go on, and Col. Bowell's speech and the proceedings generally were abruptly ended. The grounds were speedily cleared, and by 6 o'clock deserted save by the ladies and other members of the Athelstan congregations, who were clearing away and packing up the debris. The total receipts from the dinner and refreshment tent, together with a donation of \$25 from Widow John Cairns, of Elgin, were over \$700, when, after paying all expenses, including a crate of crockery, leaves \$475 for the building fund. No such sum has ever been cleared in the District before on such an occasion, and the ladies of the congregations are to be congratulated on their self-denying and laborious exertions being crowned with such success.

Local news and other matter has been unavoidably crowded out.

THE TWELFTH IN THE HEMMINGFORD DISTRICT.
The Orangemen of Havelock, Hemmingford, and Roxham, 4 lodges, Nos. 61, 69, 41, and 1420, were not behind their brethren in other parts of the county in celebrating the over-to-be-remembered Twelfth. They met in the large and beautiful maple grove belonging to James McCourt, Esq., at Havelock. The weather was delightful, consequently the turn-out of people was large, and all seemed to enjoy themselves heartily. The behaviour was everything to be desired, no appearance of any one intoxicated; in fact, this state of matters has obtained for several years past in the east end of the county, and it is now almost tantamount to an insult to refer to the public behaviour of the people as possibly being anything but becoming. The dinner, prepared and provided by the ladies of Trinity church, Havelock, was partaken of and enjoyed heartily by a large number of people. The handsome sum of \$230 was realized, which is to be applied towards building a shed in rear of Trinity church.

After dinner came the addresses, which were good, and above the average of such occasions. Knowing the press of matter for this week's Gleaner, it is useless sending an extended report, so will only epitomize what was said.

Robt. Stevenson was called to the chair, and gave a history of the various lodges in the county, stating that, 24 years ago that day, the first Orange flag was raised in the county of Huntington. He concluded by reading a part of the Grand Secretary's report, showing the healthy condition of the Order in Canada.

The Rev Mr. Shortt, of Hemmingford, advocated the necessity of Protestant union, and gave a resumé of the wrongs of the Oks, calling upon the Protestant population to rise as one man and demand that they should be righted. He also strongly advocated temperance in Orange Lodges.

Rev Mr. Hawthorne gave a carefully thought-out and well-expressed statement regarding the Papacy throughout the world and, with the apparently rapt inspiration of a seer, pictured the doom and downfall of the Scarlet Woman.

The Rev Mr. Smith, of Moore's, N.Y., made a humorous, effective, and happy speech. He showed the power of organization, strongly advocated temperance, and alluded to the Fenians, Cardinal Manning, and Gladstone. We could not do this gentleman's speech justice if we tried; it was too racy and discursive to catch or follow with a pencil.

The Rev Mr. Livingstone, of Russelltown, spoke of the Orange Order as an agent for the maintenance of civil and religious liberty. He dwelt on the proposed demonstration in Montreal and its probable results had it taken place. He strongly advocated fair-play to Catholics, believing that would bring about a good state of things.

Dr. Glover made a few humorous remarks in relation to the speeches of the former speakers. The point of his speech was the necessity of union among the Protestants of this county to enable them to secure for themselves a man perfectly free to take an independent part in the Provincial Parliament.

The Rev Dean Fulton was the last speaker and advocated the necessity of maintaining the Order, impressing his hearers with the truth that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. He entered largely upon the Oka question, his remarks meeting with much approbation.

After the usual votes of thanks, the bands struck up, the lodges formed, and all started for home, highly pleased with the day's proceedings.

Thirty years ago an aged lady residing at Brussels was murdered and jewels and securities worth £20,000 stolen; no trace of the criminal could be found until lately, when on taking down the house where the crime had occurred a skeleton with all the property was discovered—the murderer had fallen between two walls where he was starved to death.

BIRTHS.
At Elgin, on the 12th inst., the wife of Patrick Donnelly, junr., of twins—son and daughter.
At Nevada, Story co., Iowa, on 6th July, the wife of Joseph Haire, of a daughter.
At Toronto, on the 15th inst., the wife of Francis A. Shirriff, of a son.

MARRIED.
On the 13th instant, at St. John's church, Huntington, by the Rev Aaron A. Allen, M.A., James A. Millar to Jennie, second daughter of the late John Booth.
On the 10th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev J. C. Muir, D.D., Thomas Hamilton, of North Georgetown, to Isabella, daughter of John McCarty, of South Georgetown.
At the residence of the bride's uncle, John Gilmore, Huntington, on the 10th instant, by the Rev G. H. Porter, Duncan McPhail, of Wakefield, Q., to Johanna, only daughter of the late John Adam of Huntington.
At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev James Patterson, on the 11th inst., Mr James Brown, farmer, to Sophia, daughter of Wm. McDowell, all of the Township of Hemmingford.

DIED.
At Huntington, on the 13th inst., Margaret M., daughter of William Clyde, in her 11th year.
At Summers'own, Ont., on the 14th instant, Lizzie Spink, wife of Thomas Summers. Deceased was formerly of Dundee.
At Deadwood City, U.S., Nov. 17, 1876, of mountain fever, Talmage, son of Jonas Spencer, Athelstan, aged 23 years and six months.

Montreal, Wednesday—Gold 105½. Greenbacks bought at 94½ cents on the dollar. Silver 8 per cent. discount.

In Huntington greenbacks are bought at 93½ cents.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.
(By telegraph to the Gleaner.)
Cheese is firm at 94c. to 95c. for good to fine quality. Expect firm prices all next week. Butter is quiet; finest dairy, packed, 18 cents; fair to good, 15c to 17 cents. Flour is steady. Spring extras, Ontario bags, \$3.60 per 100 lbs.; City bags, \$3.70 per 100 lbs. Oats dull, at 40 cents for 32 lbs. Peas 95 cents for 60 lbs.

ALEX. McFEE, Commission Merchant,
96 Foundling-st., Montreal.

REWARD.—Any person giving such information as will lead to the conviction of any person or persons of throwing stones and breaking the Academy windows will receive the above reward.

J. McGEORGE.

July 19th.

A STORY OF WESTERN LIFE.

CHAPTER II (CONTINUED.)

"Shaw, are you hurt?" Answer me, answer if you are not killed," shouted Hunt, his voice hoarse with terror.

He listened—no sound—nothing but the fierce storm.

"Speak! do speak! I dare not ride on, the horse might tread you to death in the dark. Are you calling out? The storm is so loud I might not hear if you did—try, try, the least shout will tell me where you are!"

Another flash of lightning revealed Shaw's horse, and, with a shout of joy, Hunt saw the figure of a man rise from the earth and spring upon his back. The next instant all was darkness again; but Hunt felt the horse of his companion pressing close to his as the two animals urged their way, breast to breast, through the abating storm.

"Were you hurt?" shouted Hunt, anxiously, feeling in the dark for his companion's hand, which hung motionless and dripping wet by his side.

"No, no, a limb swept me from the saddle, that was all!"

"Thank God it was no worse!" exclaimed Hunt, in a voice which bespoke the hearty gratitude which he felt, and wringing the damp hand which he had seized, the good man uttered another fervent "thank God."

That instant a glare of lightning passed over them. Hunt saw the face of his companion, and his warm fingers tightened on the hand they had unlocked.

"How white—how strange you look!" he said, fully agitated. "Shaw own it; you are hurt, I hardly know you with that face!"

The hand which David held was wrung harshly from his grasp, and the reply which reached him, like all that had gone before, was broken and half drowned with the storm.

"No, no, it is only the lightning. My horse is lamed though. You must break the way for us."

As these words were uttered, the speaker fell back and rode behind Hunt till a light gleamed from a little window in the distance, like a star braving the stormy night to guide the wanderers home.

"There, there, Hannah is up and waiting for us," cried the glad father; and urging their horses on, the travellers dismounted at the cabin door.

"The horses have had a tough time of it," said Hunt, shaking the water from his garments; "they must be fed first."

"I will take care of them, go in, go in," exclaimed his companion, holding forth the bag of money; "put this away—I will come back in a minute."

David took the money in one hand and pulled the latch string with the other; his companion turned abruptly when the light fell on him through the door, and led the horses away without answering Hunt, who shouted after him to hurry back, for Hannah was waiting with supper on the table.

Sure enough, supper was on the table—a cake of rich corn-bread, warm from the fire, a young chicken nicely broiled, and a saucer of golden butter just from the churn stood temptingly ready on the snow-white table cloth. There was pretty Hannah, her cheeks all rosy with heat, pouring a stream of sparkling hot water from the clumsy kettle into a little britanna tea-pot, battered with long use, but bright as silver, which had been standing on the hearth at least two hours with the lid temptingly thrown back and ready to receive the water, that kept singing away in the kettle, at any moment.

"So you have come—I thought it was you," exclaimed Hannah, closing the lid of the tea pot; and going up to her father, she flung her arms around the old man's neck and kissed his sweet cheek.

"Have you been much frightened, darling?" said the old man; tenderly taking her hand in his.

"Oh, yes, very much till I heard you coming. I was so afraid that you would get hurt in the woods. I have been crying here all alone half the evening, and yet it seemed as if all would turn out well, and so it has—here you are, but Isaac, he did not let you come back alone?"

"Oh, no, he is turning out the horses—batter a tree fell close by us and he got a fall—nothing to speak of, though," added the kind man, observing that the check of his daughter turned pale.

"You are sure no one is hurt?" said Hannah in a low voice, winding her fingers around the huge hand which was clasping them.

"Yes, yes, but what is the matter—what ails your hand? You are not afraid of a little water, are you?"

Hannah turned to the light and looked earnestly at the fingers her father had been clasping; they were crimson with blood.

"Father, father, you are hurt, and will not tell me," she exclaimed, turning towards him and holding up her hand. "Oh, father, how could you deny it? See your sleeve is spotted, your hand is wet with it; tell me, tell me, where you are hurt?"

"Hurt," exclaimed Hunt, going close to the light where he examined the sleeve of his linen coat and his crimson hand in a state of painful bewilderment; "hurt! no, I am not hurt; but where did this come from?"

His ruddy cheek became a shade paler as he shook the drops from his fingers—there was water as well as blood upon his hand—and an expression of doubt and anxiety stole over his face.

"It must be Shaw," he muttered at length, stealing a glance through the door, as if anxious for the appearance of his friend. "His arm may be cut; ah, I remember, that made him fling off my hand so savagely; well, it may not be much after all!"

Hannah stood watching her father as he muttered these words, in a voice so subdued that it scarcely reached her ear.

"Father, she said at length, laying her hand on his arm, 'tell me, tell me everything! Where is Isaac?'"

"Out there with the horses, I tell you," replied Hunt, shaking off the strange feelings produced by the blood upon his hand, and speaking out with his usual frankness. "There, put away the money in my chest. I had forgotten it."

Setting a bag of money on a corner of the table, Hunt began to examine his garments over again, muttering to himself with seeming wonder at the state they were in.

Hannah took up the bag with a shudder, for the canvas had a red stain upon it; she placed it in the chest pointed out by her father, and gave him the key with a forced smile, which looked ghastly on lips so pallid as hers had become.

"Come now, bustle about and get some dry clothes ready, against Shaw comes in; he is dripping wet, I can tell you," said Hunt

with renewed cheerfulness, "but first bring me a basin of water to wash my hands. Where on earth can this have come from?" he muttered, while laying his hands in the basin, and once more his face resumed an anxious expression.

Hannah had already prepared dry garments both for her father and his guest. Hunt went into his own little bed-room, and came out dry and comfortable. Still Shaw did not appear. Hannah seated herself at the table, broke the corn bread, and poured out a cup of tea. Hunt took the cup, set it down untested, and leaning his elbows on the table, waited for his companion to come in. At last he started up and went to the door; a horse was standing near, with a saddle on and his bridle dragging along the wet grass. It was his own horse. The old man started into the rain, caught the horse and led him toward the stable, where he expected to find Shaw. All was still in the log stable, the door was open, but no living thing stirred within. Hunt shouted aloud again and again; he went into the house for a lantern, and searched everywhere for his friend; Hannah followed him in silence, the tears rolling down her pale face, and oppressed with anxiety such as had never filled her heart before. It was all in vain; no voice answered the anxious shout of David Hunt. Once he heard something like the quick tramp of a horse down in the woods; the sound lasted but an instant, and both father and daughter went into the house, filled with trouble and consternation.

The whirlwind went by; the rain ceased, and the wind died moaning amid the torn foliage; the moon came out in the firmament once more, smiling, like the eye of an unconscious child, over the wild scene below. It looked calmly upon the earth, torn and ragged, and harrowed up as it had been with the storm—on the shattered trees—the herbage broken and soiled, and heaped together in ridges of the places it had benighted when the sun went down. Like a Christian soul, eager to fling a mantle of charity over the ruin which sin has made, that peaceful moon wore a veil of misty silver amid the devastation which, but for it, would have been dreary indeed.

But there was one object lying in the cart-road deep in the forest, which the pure moonbeams but rendered more horrible. It was a human form, flung like a slaughtered animal across the trunk of the oak which Hunt had seen uprooted but an hour before. The lax limbs were entangled in a bough which was broken, bent and crushed by their weight; the face was turned upward, white, cold, and ghastly, among a mass of leaves, matted together by the dark stream which trickled heavily down from the body upon them. There were none of those pleasant sounds of dropping water which would have followed a common storm in the forest, for the winds had swept the rain away as it fell, and a hush like that of death was all around. But that small current of blood welling slowly down over the drenched hunting frock, which hung around the body, through the crushed leaves to the earth, drop by drop, fell upon the sweet air with sluggish and horrid monotony: still the soft moonbeams smiled upon the scene as they had smiled upon the blossoming turf the night before.

The smothered hoof-fall of a horse, smiting his way through the mud, gave another sluggish sound to the still night. It grew slower and more laborious as the jaded horse drew near, and stopped altogether some paces from the uprooted oak. A man, whose thin face looked sharp and haggard in the moonbeams, dismounted and struck a fierce, unsteady blow, with a stick he gathered up from the wayside, which sent the poor animal tearing down the road. The branches of that fallen oak crashed under him as he rushed through it. The body slid downward a little, and the horse plunged, with clanking stirrups and loose bridle, deep into the forest.

When this sound had entirely died away, the horseman crept softly toward the oak, as if he was afraid of arousing the body to life; he looked neither to the right nor left, but with his face toward the body, though the glittering eyes were fixed on the dark trees beyond, not on the gloomy object itself. The man stooped down as he drew near the tree, crouched lower and lower till his knees sunk in the ground, and groped about in the mud and herbage as if in search of something. His hand touched the blade of a knife, half-buried in the earth; he grasped it by the point, sprang to his feet with a sharp breath, and holding it before him, clenched eagerly with both hands, laughed a horrible, choking laugh as the blade shook in the moonlight.

"You will bear no evidence against me now, old friend," he said, in a voice that fell upon the air so strange and hoarse that he started and looked over his shoulder, as if another man had spoken his thoughts.

All was still, but the murderer had been frightened by his own voice, and slunk away with his face still turned back toward the body, though he had never once looked upon it.

Another horse was tied in a hollow, scarcely twenty paces down from the road, through all the hurricane, and with the lightning firing his eyes he stood without wincing; but now that he saw his master coming heavily toward him he began to paw the mud with his hoof and gave a faint neigh. The man parted his lips, and tried to check the manifestations of joy, but the words died in his husky throat, and mounting with difficulty he rode away, faint, and wavering to and fro on his seat.

Three weeks after the events related in our last chapter, a horseman rode slowly through the clearing before David Hunt's cabin, and dismounted beneath the huge chestnut, which was yet standing with its trunk cut through to the heart, all the foliage on the upper branches hanging withered and crisp in the morning sunshine. As the man passed from under the tree his foot struck something upon the ground. It was David Hunt's axe lying upon the same spot till the grass and strawberry vines had crept and tangled themselves around it so completely that, but for his accidental stumble, it might not have been discovered. The man lifted the axe, and muttering "there is nothing here but rust—downright, honest rust!"—reached the implement against the tree and moved across the clearing.

David Hunt's cabin stood desolate and uninhabited, like a forsaken bird's nest, in the midst of its little vegetable garden—no wreath of smoke went curling up from the stick chimney in the quiet morning air, and though it was near the breakfast hour, no snowy napkin streaming from the window proclaimed the morning meal. The door

was unlocked, and our horseman had but to touch it with his foot to gain entrance into the dwelling. How lonesome and neglected it was! A few ashes lay upon the hearth, caked together with the water that had rained down the open mouthed chimney; a bed stood in one corner, made up neatly, and covered with a pretty patchwork quilt, but the pillows were spotted into midrow and the same damp mould had eaten its way in many a broad patch over the glowing colors of the quilt. The back window close by was open, and a mass of morning-glory vines entangled with scarlet runners in full flower, had forced their way through and crept along the wall. They had twisted themselves around one of the bed-posts, and were creeping over the headboard, where they hung in a light and graceful wreath, rendering the decay and stillness around still more melancholy by contrast.

The man who gazed upon this scene was but a backwoods constable, rough and uncultivated, but even he was affected by this picture of home comforts so completely abandoned. He had come to search the house, but moved about with a soft tread, and unlocked the cupboards and the large chest with a bunch of keys which he took from his pocket stealthily, as if his heart would not permit him to handle too roughly the household goods of another man.

He started up from his knees by the chest and dropped the garment he was examining like a guilty man when a noise at the window disturbed him. It was only the house cat, gaunt and thin with hunger, who had just come in from the woods, and stood staring at him from the window sill, with a flying squirrel in her jaws. The poor animal had attained a fierce and savage look from solitude and the wild search which she had been compelled to make for food, but she dropped her prey and crept toward the man, purring mournfully, and rubbing herself against his thick boots.

"Poor puss, poor puss," murmured the man, stooping down to smooth her rough coat with his hand.

"But, as if she had not seen that he was a stranger before, the cat snapped angrily at his hand, and darted away to the squirrel, which she seized in her mouth and carried under the bed, where she remained growling fiercely, and peering at the stranger, from under the valance, with her round, savage looking eyes, as she devoured her victim."

After he had examined everything below, the man went up the ladder which led to the garret, where he continued his search among the barrels and bunches of dried herbs which it contained, but evidently to no effect, for he came down the ladder muttering—

"There's nothing in the cabin—nothing on earth that can tell again him, and I'm as glad of it as I'd caught a bear in a con trap. Consarn me, if I can believe the old chap's guilty after all!"

With these words the constable went out, closing the door carefully after him, and mounting his horse made the best of his way to the bend.

Judge Church was walking up and down the verandah in front of his tavern, when the constable rode up.

"Well, neighbor, well!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man, "what news? How have you made out?"

"Just as I expected. There's nothing in the cabin but the fixings that belong there and they're right upon spilled—for my part, I never could see the use of going out there again."

"Never mind, Johnson, never mind; that flinty lawyer would insist on it, and it won't do for me to interfere. They mistake me, I can see that—but they needn't—they needn't! I always liked Hunt. It goes agin my feelings to believe him guilty—but if they prove it—if he has killed that young fellow and then robbed him, I shall do my duty, Johnson. I must do my duty."

"And I must do mine too," replied the constable; and he added, bending down nearer to the judge, "but it will be a tough job to tie the halter round that old man's neck; between you and I, judge, when you have done your part of the business, and my turn comes, there may be a log missing from the old jail there."

A bright gleam shot into the judge's eye, but he shook his head reprovingly.

"No, no, Johnson, that will never do; law is law; but hush, hush—don't think of anything of the kind yet. We must do our duty—the laws must be maintained, Mr. Johnson!"

The judge spoke these last words in a raised voice, and accompanied with a warning look, which the constable understood, for just then William Wheeler came sauntering round a corner of the house, and slowly approached them. The appearance of this man had been much changed since his presentation to the reader; his features had become sharp and thin, a restless, anxious expression would constantly break over them, notwithstanding the listless air which he always assumed. His figure had shrunk away until the hunting-frock, which he always wore, hung loosely over it. All this gave a neglected look to his whole person, combined, as it was, with the disorder visible in the remainder of his dress.

"Halloa, Wheeler," said the constable, glancing at the young man's dress, which was even more roughly put on than it had been the day before, and resting his eyes at last on the clumsy boots, which gave a still more slovenly air to his person. "You are so much like one of us that I did not know you at first. Glad to see you taking to the bush like a man, at last. There was no living sociable with a chap who wore a silk handkerchief week days, and had his calf-skin boots blacked every morning. I tell you what, it makes us plain home-spun fellows mistrustful."

Wheeler had approached them with the heavy restless air of a man who had known no sleep for many nights, but when Johnson uttered the last word he lifted his eyes, which seemed almost black from the shadows around them, and cast a keen glance from the constable to the judge.

"Mistrustful," he said with a forced smile, "mistrustful of me?"

"Not now, that you dress like a man, and have given up pinching your feet out of shape," replied the constable. "But what have you done with the rights and lefts? Give them to old Brown; let him hang them up at his door for a sign. Come bring the things out, and I'll leave them with him as I go along."

"You would only get one of them at best," said Wheeler, with an unnatural laugh. "The hostler got tired of blacking them, I suppose, though I paid him well for the trouble."

"So he rubbed them with tallow and spoiled the polish," cried the constable, laughing.

"No worse than that. He lost one boot altogether. So I was obliged to patronize old Brown, replied Wheeler, with affected carelessness."

"A cunning fellow, that hostler of yours," said Johnson, nodding to the judge, and taking up his bridle. "I say, Wheeler, he added, turning again to see David Hunt one day last week; I am going down to the jail now; you can walk along and I will let you in."

Wheeler hesitated a moment.

"Is his daughter there now?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, poor gal, she never leaves the old man."

"Well, wait a moment, and I will go with you," replied the young man turning to mount the tavern steps.

"Is he acquainted with Hunt?" inquired the judge, addressing Johnson the moment Wheeler was out of hearing.

"Not that I know of," was the reply, "but he is in hand and glove with the prosecuting attorney, and it would not answer to refuse him."

"Just so," said the judge rather anxiously, but give the prisoner a hint before he goes in; the fellow is as silky as an ear of green corn, but I don't like him. He may be put up to this by the attorney, and so take advantage of anything he can get out of poor Hunt—put the old man on his guard—you understand!"

"Yes, yes, I will see to it replied Johnson, hastily. "Come to think now, I may as well ride on and leave orders for the jailer to let him in. If we go together there will be no chance to caution the old man."

"Ride on then," replied the judge, "I will tell him how it is; and with a friendly shake of the hand the judge and the constable separated."

After a little time Wheeler descended from the room, where he had been arranging his dress, and walked hurriedly down the road toward the county jail, which stood on the outskirts of the town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The King of Holland is going to exhibit at the Paris Exposition a collection of 40,000 tulips. By removals of the plants at intervals of twenty days, the space occupied by these brilliant flowers is to be kept one bright mass of color during the entire duration of the Exposition.

Panama, July 7.—The details of a battle between the "Shah" and "Amethyst," of the British navy, and the rebel Peruvian ram "Huscar" are received. It occurred on the 29th of May. The English opened fire at about 600 yards, the first shot carrying away the flag of the "Huscar" which was immediately replaced. The "Huscar" replied with a heavy 300-pound Blakeley's in the turret, and the "Amethyst," lying off and on, steadily persisted in the attempts to rake the ram. The "Shah" fired broadsides, which are discharged by electricity, and in a few moments everything on the "Huscar's" decks, except the masts, turret and smoke-stack, disappeared. The "Huscar" continued the fire at regular intervals. A shell from the "Amethyst" entered one of her forward ports, exploding inside, killing one and wounding several. After the fight had lasted about an hour and a half the "Amethyst" was seen with thick smoke issuing from midships, and steamed out of action, not returning for twenty minutes, leaving the "Huscar" and "Shah" alone. The former attempted to ram her adversary, but the splendid handling of the "Shah" prevented any successful manœuvre of this nature. One 300 pound shot struck the turret of the "Huscar," penetrated the iron two inches, then rebounded on the side. She was hit twice by the same class of shot, and with precisely the same result. The Peruvians now adopted a new mode of attack, first advancing on the "Shah" and then on the "Amethyst," but superior speed and superior management of these vessels prevented her ramming them. The battle lasted three hours. Then the "Huscar" slowly retired, a shell from the "Amethyst" having destroyed all primers for turret guns, and she headed towards the land for which she had been manoeuvring for some time. The enemy did not attempt to pursue, but contented themselves with receiving the last shots from the "Huscar," and remaining about two miles from the shore keeping watch.

EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be built up strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of delicate maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled "EPPE'S COCOA," Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly, London.

Fresh Arrivals at the Dominion Block Store.

THE following New Goods are now arriving:—

Cornwall, Hochelaga, and American Gray Cottons, Harrocks's White Cotton, Prints, Fancy Shirtings, strong Oxford Shirtings very cheap, Brown Ducks, (American,) No. 1 Ticking, Canadian Tweeds, Fancy Worsted Coatings, Black Lustres a specialty, Colored Lustres, Black Cassimeres, White Damask Table Linen, Grass Linens, Dress Linens, fine Irish Linens, Ladies' Silk Ties, Ladies' and Men's White Linen Handkerchiefs, Ladies' and Men's Linen Collars, Parasols, Dress Buttons, Pearl Buttons all sizes, Knitting Cotton, Muslin Embroidery. Also, a fine assortment of

MEN'S FELT HATS.

Choice Groceries always on hand, and the best make of Boots and Shoes in the Dominion always kept.

The above Goods have been very carefully bought and have been marked low.

W. A. DUNSMORE.

Huntingdon, 10th May, '77.

TO RENT.

A Dwelling House, in Dominion Block. Immediate possession. Apply to D. SHANKS.

DENTISTRY.

H. W. MERRICK,

PORT COVINGTON, N. Y.

BEGS to inform his many friends and patrons in office to his new residence, situated on the street leading to Hoganburgh, opposite to the residence of H. C. Congdon, where he may be found the first twenty-five days of each month. Those having operations performed or work done can remain, and will be entertained without extra charge. All operations are warranted. Gold fillings are warranted for five years.

Fort Covington, Aug. 7.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE CORPORATION OF THE TOWNSHIP OF GODMANCHESTER, FROM 31st MAY, 1876, TO 31st MAY, 1877.

RECEIPTS.	
Amount of taxes collected.....	\$125 76
Amount of interest collected on Seigniorial indemnity money.....	406 00
County municipal, over-paid for process-verbal of site of Dewittville bridge, (the same being 2 of James Feeny's fees which were included in the special superintendent's account, instead of being a separate account).....	7 50
	\$539 26

EXPENDITURE.	
Balance due Secretary Treasurer at last audit.....	\$56 91
Secy-Treas. village of Huntingdon, share of cost incurred for repairing bridge on head line between Huntingdon and Godmanchester.....	3 20
Robt. Clark, fees as valuator for 1875	27 00
James Feeny, for serving, reading, and posting up notices.....	20 80
James Smellie, as valuator for 1876	7 50
Valuators' clerk for 1876.....	2 00
James Moore, inspecting the Walker and White bridges.....	2 00
Francis Whealy, as special officer for the apportionment of the works on Brethour discharge.....	6 00
Alexander S. Cunningham, drawing up plans and specifications for the rebuilding of Walker bridge and advertising the selling of the repairs on White's bridge.....	10 00
Hamilton Ferns, repairs done and lumber furnished for Davidson bridge at Dewittville.....	18 00
Robert Sellar, account rendered and voted.....	27 00
Benjamin Douglas, as valuator for 1876, including allowance for the use of his horse and wagon.....	10 50
John Ford, fees as special superintendent appointed on the petition of James McCartney.....	3 00
Thomas Adams, amount awarded for gravel taken on his property for repairing the New Ireland swamp road.....	12 00
Sheriff of the District of Beauharnois, contribution to the building and jury fund for 1874, 1875, and 1876	36 00
County Municipality, 2d half of County rate, due 1st Sept. 1876	76 19
Rent of Council Room for year ending 1st September, 1875 and 1876	24 00
Share of amount paid David Whyte for repairs done on the Holbrook bridge.....	6 27
James Stevens, valuator for 1870, and 1871.....	15 50
John Ferns, amount expended for repairs on the Seigniorial line road and for lumber, plank, and spikes for bridges across said road.....	30 00
Henry O'Reilly, on account for repairs on Walker bridge.....	7 13
Postages, stationery, and incidentals	4 00
Secretary-Treasurer's salary for year ending 30th May, 1877.....	80 00
Auditor for years ending 31st May 1875 and 1876.....	8 00
Balance in hands of Secy-Treas. at 31st May, 1877.....	46 26
	\$539 26

ASSETS.

Arrears of taxes.....	\$282 84
Amount lent out, bearing interest at seven per cent.....	\$580 00
Balance in hands of Secy-Treas. as per above statement.....	46 26
	\$6129 10

LIABILITIES.

Bernard Durnin, inspecting Sherry bridge.....	\$ 6 00
Henry O'Reilly, balance for repairs on the Walker bridge	2 87
Charles McBride, keeping the Seigniorial line road open during the winters of 1875 and 1876.....	13 00
Jas. Welch, repairs on White's bridge.....	22 00
John Massam, as valuator for 1876.....	7 50
Auditor for year ending 31st May, 1877.....	4 00 55 37
	\$6073 73

Having compared the foregoing statement with the books and vouchers of the Secretary-Treasurer, I find the same to be correct.

A. SOMERVILLE, Auditor.

NEW GOODS.

A SPLENDID LINE OF PRINTS AND COTTONS just received.

THE LATEST STYLES

In Ladies' Corollaries, Ties, Dress Buttons, Gloves, Fans, &c.

Gents' Oxford Shirts, with collar to match, only 55c

For Fancy Work,

Best Wool in the new shades, silver and colored Cardboard, colored and Java Canvas, Mottos in variety, Motto Frames,

CARDBOARD PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES,

SILK AND LINEN FLOSS, &c.

A full line of Ladies' and Children's BOOTS and SLIPPERS just in, of superior make and reasonable in price.

GROCERIES.

A complete stock just received, including choice Teas, Coffees, Canned Fruits, Fish, Pickles, and Hams.

All of the above marked to suit the Times.

Huntingdon, June 14.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

A. McCORMICK will make weekly visits to the following places, commencing first week of January, 1877: Mondays, Le May's, Beauharnois; Wednesdays, Gale's, Durham; Fridays, Moir's, Huntingdon.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING Lot No. 22, first range of Huntingdon, containing 100 acres, about 70 being in good state of cultivation, and the remainder partly in green bush with a young sugar bush. There are 2 dwelling houses, one new, brick, with barns, stables, and sheds all in good order. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Chateauguay river, adjoining Durham, where there are four churches, school, and grist and saw mills. Such a chance is seldom to be had. Terms easy. Apply to WILLIAM MORRISON, Esq., Ormstown.

NOTICE.

All parties having claims against the Estate of the late John James Steele, of Rockburn, are requested to file the same with the undersigned, before the 23d instant.

ROBERT STEELE, Tutor.

Rockburn, 10th July, 1877.

NEW TEAS, &c.

Just received at the

Cheapest House in Huntingdon for Tea