Carleton Place Herald.

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Hast Thou been True to Me, Love!

Hast thou been true to me, love?
O, tell me, is the vow
You breathed when last we met, love,
As sacred to thee now?
Canst thou look into mine eyes, love,
With the same unfaltering light?
With that unchanging smile love,
You wore that trysting night?

Dost thou remember still, love,
That balmy night in June,
When we wandered side by side, love,
Beneath the silver moon?
When the shadows were a-sleeping
In the valley and the grave,
And the stars their watch were keeping
With gentle eyes of love.

The summer hours have gone, love,
Its fleeting beauties dead;
And summer friends have all, love,
Like summer glories fled;
But tell me is thy heart, love,
As free from sin and blight,
As true as when we parted
Upon that trysting night?

The Temperate Drinker.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Come, Harry, sign the pledge, and let strong drink alone!' said a young man to his friend. 'Do not play with edged tools or you may cut yourself.'

'I'm not afraid,' was the reply; and Harry tossed his head with an air of independent confidence.

'You ought to be,' urged his friend.

'Why, I know how to make a proper use of liquor.'

'And what is a proper use of liquor, Harry? Will you answer me that question?'

'A proper use of it is to drink it temperately, and when you feel need of a little stimulus!'

'What do you mean by temperately, Harry?'

'I mean moderately; or in quantities so small as not to produce intoxication.'

'How often ought this moderate portion to be taken? Oh, I recollect now—you said that it should be taken whenever the need is felt of a little stimulus. Now suppose this is felt twice in the day, would that be too often to take a little?'

'No, of course not. I take a glass at least twice a day, and sometimes as often again.'

'You do?'

'Certainly I do.'

'The time has been, I suppose, when you didn't take more than a single glass a day?'

'Yes. But it was, I believe, because I couldn't get any more.'

'At least, you drink more frequently now than you did a year ago?'

'Yes, I believe I do.'

'How do you account for that?'

'On the principle that I can bear more now than I could then. The habitual use of an arm makes it stronger, so does the habitual drinking of liquors make the nerves able to bear more powerful stimulants.'

'Are you not afraid, Harry, to practise upon such a principle? Are you not afraid that the habit will grow upon you, until, before you are aware, it has obtained the mastery?'

'No indeed! Not I. I know myself too well.'

'Depend upon it you are on dangerous ground,' the friend urged. "'Facts, innumerable, prove that no one becomes a drunkard suddenly—that no drunkard ever intended to become a slave to that love of strong drink."

'Perhaps so. But I have no fears. I have always been a temperate drinker, am one now, and intend remaining one as long as I live.'

'Will you go with me to the Temperance meeting to-night, Harry?' his friend asked, after the silence of a few moments.

'What for?'

'A very popular lecturer is going to speak. I think he would interest you.'

'I don't see very clearly how I am to be interested in a dry temperance lecture.'

'You may not find it quite so dry as you imagine. Indeed from what I have heard of this man, who is said to be one of your rough hewn strong, original thinkers, I am pretty certain that you will not fail to be highly interested. He has himself felt, in his own person, all the horrors of drunkenness; and can, therefore, and does speak strongly and feelingly.'

'One of your reformed drunkards?"

'Yes. Did you ever hear one of them make an address, or relate an experience?

'No.'

'Then come to-night by all means. It will be a treat to you.'

Henry Ellis, was the young man's name, promised after a little further persuasion that he would attend the meeting—though he still thought it would be an evening poorly spent.

At the time appointed, Henry Ellis entered the hall where the meeting was to be held, and took a seat in front of the stand. After the preliminaries of the meeting were over, a short, stout, hard-featured man arose to address the audience.

'Rough-hewn, sure enough!' Ellis muttered to himself—'and no doubt original enough.—Well, perhaps I may hear something worth laughing at. Let us see.'

'Well, my friends, began the speaker, in an easy, familiar, off-handed style,—'You want me to make a speech for you, and I suppose I must do it. It will be rough, but to the point, and if I hit some of you pretty hard, you mustn't get angry. I never could get along by whipping the devil around the pump. It must be face to face, arm's length or not at all. I've spoken every night for the past week, in different villages, round about, upon all kind of subjects. I've put it to the distillers and brewers hard, I tell you. One man swore that he would shoot me. But I'm not afraid. My cause is a good one, and if I maintain it manfully, it will bear me on safely to the end—leaving not even the smell of fire upon my garments. Next I walked into the liquor-sellers like a thousand of bricks, and made them flutter like hens in a barnyard with a hawk over their heads. It touches their pockets, this temperance movement, and stains their respectability—so it does—and they can't bear it. They find that their fine palaces, and money wrung from worse than widows and orphans, do not give them the standing in society that they once had. The people's eyes are opened, and they see plainly, they call things by their right names, and estimate by a truer standard.

'Having, therefore, curried off and rubbed down the distillers, and brewers, and liquor-merchants, and charged home upon them the responsibility of 'drunkard-making,' I must now turn my attention to a class of the community who have quite as much to do with 'drunkard-making.' Who are they? you ask. I will tell you. They are the temperate drinkers. Some of you look surprised—prick up your ears and become all attention. It's a fact, I can tell you, and I'll make it as plain to you as that two and two make four.

'Answer me this question. Would there be a single drunkard to-day, if there had not been moderate drinkers a few years ago? No of course not. The moderate drinker is the blossom—the drunkard is the fruit. Or, to give you something more striking, I will use the language of a brother lecturer. The difference, says he, between a drunkard and a temperate drinker is the same as that between a pig and a hog. The pig is a pretty fair beginning of a hog, and the temperate drinker is a pretty fair beginning of a drunkard. You can no more have a drunkard without a moderate drinker than you can have a hog without a pig. This is plain talk, my friends, and some will call it extremely vulgar—especially if it hits them a little hard. No doubt it is very vulgar and unrefined to say pig and hog. The eating of 'them, ere' animals is quite genteel, but to name them is shocking. Well, perhaps it is. But we can't help it. Homely illustrations are generally the most forcible, because their truth is less clothed, and consequently more apparent.

'Now, I hope you all understand the position I take. And you all see that a weighty responsibility rests upon the moderate drinker; for without his co-operation, it would be impossible for all the distillers and rum-sellers in the world to make a single drunkard. He may answer me, that if all the responsibility does rest upon him, it is a responsibility that effects him and no one but himself. Let me beg your pardon, my friend. I assume that you will be a drunkard, which is a very natural inference, as you are in the only possible road leading to that wretched state. Well, you have passed the point up to the time when you were fully able to control yourself, and are now a passive slave in the hands of the most heartless, inhuman tyrant that ever cursed the earth. You are married. The gentle maiden who won your heart's first and best affections, became, years ago, your wife; and around you are clustered the sweet pledges of early love. Will not these be affected by your fall? Answer me that! Let me relate what I have myself seen. It is no made up story. Around it are clustered no scenes of imaginary woe.] It is truth—truth unadorned, but with a power to reach the heart that no mere fiction can ever claim.' The lecturer seemed to be affected, and paused for a few moments.

When the speaker resumed his address, it was in a changed tone, low, distinct, and full of touching pathos. It was nature's eloquence—the eloquence of the heart, that now fell from his tongue.

'In giving the history I am about to relate, I had intended to speak in the third person,' he said; 'but the recollection of something has so touched my feelings that I cannot go on, unless I speak of them as they were, and of myself as the principal actor.

'I was, my friends, in early years a temperate drinker, as were most of them around me. I took my glass every day, as a matter of course, and thought nothing of it. At 23 I became attached to a gentle, affectionate girl, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, for whom my love steadily increased, until it seemed as if I would at any time have laid down my life for her. This earnest affection was returned. At 24 I married her. An old man, considered by most of the village as eccentric, because, I believe, he rigidly refused to drink any kind of intoxicating liquor, met me on the next day.

'Good morning Henry,' he said, extending his hand, while a benevolent smile lit up his venerable face. Most sincerely do I congratulate you on your marriage with Hetty Williams. I am sure you will be happy. From a child I have known and loved Hetty, and that love has grown warmer every day. This interest which I feel in both her and you, makes me free to whisper one warning in your ear, Henry—to caution you against the only danger that it seems to me can possibly wreck your happiness. May I speak freely!'

'To, me certainly!' I replied, wondering within myself what he could possibly mean.

'The only danger, then, Henry,' he said, 'lies, I believe, in your unwisely indulging in the use of strong drinks.'

I cannot tell you how surprised I was at this. At first I felt angry with my aged friend; but this feeling passed away as I tho't of his eccentricity.

'You are certainly jesting with me,' I said; or else under some strange mistake about my habits. I do not drink to excess.'

'I am perfectly aware of that, Henry,' was his serious reply. 'I know that few young men in this neighborhood indulge less than you do. But the danger lies in the fact of your using liquor at all. It does you no good. Cut it off then, Henry, and your happiness, and that of your young wife are beyond the reach of danger.'

'I have perfect control of myself,' I urged.

'Of that I am assured,' he said. 'But I have heard many say the same in my time, who now lie in drunkards graves, and their children have found a home in the alms houses, or in asylums for destitute orphans. Had they done as I now wish you to do, all this degradation and misery might have been saved.'

This conversation fully determined me not to abandon the use of liquor. To have done so would have been admitting to myself and others that there was a danger of becoming that miserable being, a drunkard. The very idea was a disgrace, and I rejected it with contempt.

Alas! alas! The fears of my friend were prophetic. In ten years from that day, with five neglected children, and a heart-broken wife, I turned away from the comfortless tenement that had for a few months sheltered us, houseless and homeless!'

Low, mournful, and tremulous was the voice of the speaker, as he uttered these words. And then followed a long, breathless pause, in which each one of his hearers could hear the labored pulsations of his own heart.

The lecturer at length resumed. 'I can,' said he, 'say but little more. The recollection of that day—of wretched days for my wife and children, that went before, and followed after, have touched my feeling more deeply than I had expected. Thank Heaven! those days are passed for them and me. There is fire on our hearths, and sunshine in our dwelling. Young man! Temperate drinker! Depise not that warning of experience. What has happened to me, may happen to you. You cannot now feel firmer in your resolution than I did, then, in mine. I fell; so may you. Let me entreat you, neither to touch, taste, nor handle the accursed thing. For the sake of her, to whom your earliest and best affections are now going out, guard yourself. So shall the bright promise of your marriage be fulfilled.!'

The speaker then took his seat, not having spoken over one-third of the time he had allotted himself. But he had said enough. The arrow had been sent with a true aim, and found its right place. But few remarks were made by others; and then while an invitation hymn was sung with fine effect, the pledge was offered for signatures.

The first who presented himself was Henry Ellis. He sprang forward with an eagerness that showed how deeply he had felt his danger, and how eager he was to escape.

Three weeks from that night he was married to one of the sweetest girls in the town. While the lecturer was speaking of his early history—of his marriage—and of the sad results of his temperate drinking—Ellis felt awful, as imagination pictured his own darkened heart, and the heart-broken maiden whom he so tenderly loved shivering beside it.

'Horrible!' he murmured to himself, with a shudder, as he shook off the dreamy prophetic state into which he had been thrown. This fixed his resolution never again to suffer anything that could intoxicate to pass his lips—and under this feeling he acted when he signed the pledge so eagerly.

Hydrophobia.

As regards the cause of hydrophobia, nothing whatever is known. A certain vague popular opinion refers it to extreme heat, and associate it in some manner with the dog days. This is wholly an error; first, the months in which, in Europe, hydrophobia is most prevalent, are not July and August, but April, November and December: secondly, in all hot climates the malady is rare—in some, Cyprus and Egypt, for example, wholly unknown. Jamaica was a stranger to it until recently, when the disease was conveyed there by importation, and Africa and South America have furnished very few cases. Wherever hydrophobia does occurr it presents the same symptoms for similar animals, establishing a comparison between hydrophobia in human beings and hydrophobia in dogs. We have already seen that the chief characteristic difference is, whereas in man the difficulty of swallowing liquids is usually extreme, dogs experience no such difficulty. Notwithstanding that dogs have constituted the chief subjects for study of hydrophobia, the characteristics of the disease, when affecting them, have been greatly misrepresented. Amongst other erroneous statements concerning rabid dogs, it has come to a matter of general credence that a dog thus affected commonly runs about seeking out human beings and animals, running at them as if urged by malice prepense. This is erroneous; the truth being that a rabid dog rarely goes out of his way to attack animals, still more rarely to attack mankind. The characteristics of rabies in dogs are popularly imputed as very closely applicable to wolves. Of all rabid animals wolves are most to be dreaded. They mingle a cunning, a deliberate wickedness with their rabies, to which dogs are wholly strangers. A rabid wolf, losing the natural cowardliness of disposition which keeps him from the haunts of men, save when hungry or in a pack with fellow-wolves, will lurk at the entrance of some village, and bite and rend every living thing that chances to come in his way. A rabid badger, too, is, as might be inferred from his nature, a very terrible creature. Hufeland records the particulars of one that bit two boys and that was killed while fastened on to the thigh by his teeth and sucking the blood of the second. The boy became hydrophobous and died, but the other boy escaped. Mr. Youatt, to whose acute power of observation pathologists are so much indebted for records of hydrophobia in domestic animals, has left a most vivid history of his experience, limited to two cases of hydrophobia in cats. If the two feline cases noted by that gentleman are not of exceptionable gravity, a mad cat is an animal far more to be dreaded than a mad dog. The first stage of rabies in cats, according to Mr. Youatt, seems to be one of sullenness, a state that would probably last till death were the creature not interfered with. A dreamily contemplative dog may be generally awakened to consciousness by the voice of one he knows as already stated: and he rather likes to be thus awakened. Not so a rabid cat, with whose dreamy musings it is perilous to interfere. 'Probably,' says Mr. Youatt, 'a rabid cat would not, except during that paroxysm of rage, attack any one, but during that paroxysm it knows no fear, nor has its ferocity any bounds.'—*St. James Magazine.*

A Clerical Impostor.

To lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen is a very poor resort, but to expose an impostor and warn the general public, is, next to conviction and punishment by the hand of the law, as effective a means of prevention as remains. A clerical impostor and swindler has lately been practicing upon certain people in Kingston, and through a mistaken good nature in not denouncing him to the police, he has got off scot-free, he none the less deserves exposure. The person came here and represented himself as a Baptist clergyman, and furnished a number of most excellent recommendations, the only drawback to their value being that they were forgeries. He offered to relieve the Rev. Mr. Watts, of the Baptist church, for two weeks, and preached once during the minister's absence. He had a decidedly clerical appearance, dressed himself in a clerical garb with a "white choker" and other accessories, and his smooth face, oily tongue, and, above all, his admission into the pulpit of the Baptist church, gave the idea that he was a clergyman. The man ingratiated himself into the good graces of Mr. D. D. Calvin, took tea at the family table, and was requested to lecture to the people of Garden Island. The reverend gentleman, however, said he had an engagement in Kingston which he must prefer, and returned to the city to carry it out. His 'engagement' consisted in "raising the wind" by a speedier but not so honest a process as lecturing to the Islanders. In short he took the criminal step of forging an order for ten dollars on the proprietor of the Burnett House, using the name of Calvin & Brock as a signature in a letter purporting to come from Mr. Calvin. Mr. Burnett was at the theatre, but the mind found him out, and Mr. Burnett remembered him to have been in Mr. Calvin's company, gave a written order to his own clerk to pay the self-styled clergyman have the money. He also got twelve dollars from the exchange office of Mr. Jones, on a forged order of Mrs. Watts, and borrowed money from another person, who suspecting something wrong, demanded back his money under threat of exposure. The fellow promptly refunded, but immediately decamped. It is a pity he was not handed over to the police. He is supposed to have gone to the United States, whence he came. Here he gave his name as the "Rev. Mr. Armstrong," but he is known to have taken the names of "Armitage" and "Taylor" as well, and probably will adopt other aliases to serve his nefarious operations. The man is clever, but an utter scoundrel. The sermon he preached is said to have been eloquent and sermon-like, but his practice of what he therein professed has fallen lamentably short. His depravity is something fearful; but rogues often assume the guise of christians and honest men, the better to deceive.—*News.*

Teaching the Dumb to Speak.

M. Mary has introduced into London a system which some time since caused much interest in Germany, for teaching dumb persons to speak. To the majority of the community this may appear a startling, nay, an absurd proposition; but it is one nevertheless which, we believe, will stand the test of proof. Having obtained a perfect aptitude for the finger alphabet, the pupils are gradually trained in the system adopted by M. Mary, which is carried on without mere signs, the basis of the system being what is termed artificial lip pronunciation. We were invited some few days since to M. Mary's residence in Bulstrode-street, where we met two pupils, one a little French girl, of only eight years of age, who spoke several sentences in French, of which we understood nearly every word, and replied to questions addressed to her by M. Mary merely from watching the action of the mouth.—Whenever M. Mary pointed to any article of furniture, &c., in the room, she immediately gave the word by which it was known. A young man, another pupil, who had been for some six years in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and who of course was perfectly *au fait* at writing answers to questions put to him, had only received fourteen or fifteen lessons, yet was able to articulate many words, and to understand what was said to him by watching the movement of the mouth of his preceptor; but having received so few lessons it could not be expected that he should have made much progress. M. Mary contends that it is a fallacy to suppose that deafness arises from a malformation of the organs in ninety cases out of a hundred. It appears "that many enlightened philosophers have for centuries endeavored to keep alive and to disseminate through society a knowledge of the art of lip-reading and of acquired articulation." More than 50 years since the great philanthropist and physician Itard declared that, "placed, or to speak more correctly, ignored, between the confines of philosophy and medicine, the deaf mute has never been properly studied neither by the one nor the other." The system of which we speak requires great and close attention and time to mature the great advantages and the blessings which it is capable of disseminating. The subject is one on which we might dilate eloquently, but we must be satisfied with recommending all persons who sympathise with the dumb to witness what has been achieved in the outset in this vast metropolis. The undertaking is one of great responsibility on the part of M. Mary for he cannot impart his system to more than a comparatively few persons, because the mental powers are so much taxed on the part of the teacher. We wish the gentleman every success. It is a remarkable fact that though the cause of the deaf and dumb has been pleaded by those who were the real benefactors of this afflicted portion of our fellow-creatures, medical science may be said to have achieved little. It appears that Ponce Pedro (born 1530), in Old Castile, a Benedictine, was the first teacher of acquired articulation, and he was followed by Bonet, John Paul, of Castile, in 1620, who also wrote on acquired articulation. Thomas Braidwood opened the first school for the deaf and dumb at Edinburgh, 1760, and at Hackney, where he taught till his death, 1806. C. H. Orpen, M. D., during illness, educated the deaf and dumb boy Collins, and by his lectures and published works awakened Ireland to its duty, and the establishing of the Claremont Institution, near Dublin. These were some of the achievements of the friends of the deaf and dumb.

The Moon and the Weather.

Mr. Merriam, lately deceased, probably watched the weather, and made more close and accurate observations with instruments, for over thirty years, than any man living, declares that in all his experience he has never been able to perceive that the moon has the least influence upon the weather. And yet, to what multitudes is this rank heresy! How they run to the almanacs to see when the moon is 'new,' when it 'quarters' and when it is 'full', and predict changes in the weather at these points. The fact is. the moon is new, or quarters, or is full, once a week the year round; and in our variable climate, the weather changes often about once a week—when it does not remain unaltered for weeks; and so, if a change in the weather takes place anywhere near the change in the moon, she is the author of the change. I have known educated men cling to this notion instilled in their childhood. I have known men who are careful not to plant—especially beans—in the old of the moon. And I put it to my reader, who, as I have no doubt, is wise and well educated, and free from all superstition, had you not a "lecttle" rather see the new moon over the right shoulder than over the left? Don't you always think of it when you see the new moon? Can you tell why? It is one of those old roots which time and Chistianity have not yet removed. So, many had rather see a crow fly over the right shoulder than over the left—a remanant of the old Roman notion of omens. The number and variety of superstitions which still linger and burrow in the world, that the remnant of the old Canaanites whom Israel "could not drive out," is far larger than most suppose. My wonder is, not that there are so many roots of the old tree remaining, but that Christianity has done so much toward removing them. I look to the time when we may expect to see them all removed.—*Dr. Todd.*

The quantity of maple sugar returned in Ohio this year amounts to 6,795,178 lbs.

From Vancouver Island.

CONTINUED SATISFACTORY ACCOUNTS.

We have newspapers from Victoria, Vancouver Island, to August 30th. Satisfactory accounts continued to be received from the newly discovered gold region on the Sooke and Leech Rivers, some thirty miles from Victoria. The Parliament of this Island had assembled, Aug. 26th, on the summons of His Excellency, Governor Kennedy, to adopt what measures might be called for, on account of the gold discoveries; but some of its members found out that it had been assembled without sufficient notice, and His Excellency, on this being represented to him in addresses from both Houses, issued a proclamation, revoking his former summons, and calling Parliament together again for September 12th.

THE GOLD NEWS.

(*From the Victoria Colonist*)

The intelligence from Leech river continues to exhibit a highly satisfactory state of affairs. Few if any, of the companions are not earning good wages, while the energy being displayed by most of them in preparing for future operations to work their ground to the best advantage is indicative of the strong faith they entertain in its richness.

(*From the Victoria Chronicle, Aug. 24.*)

The steamer *Alexandra*, which left for Sooke yesterday morning, with about seventy-five miners on board for the gold mines, the greater number of whom came up from California by Monday's steamer, returned the same evening with but two white men and a few Chinamen. They report that the miners are still getting good pay, and are so well satisfied that but few think of returning except for provisions or other important business. Large fires are still raging and trees are falling in every direction, making it very dangerous. Wolf creek, which joins the main stream near the forks of Leech and Sooke, has two or three claims staked off upon it, and great prospects have been obtained. Hemlock bark is being used to sluice of the water, and claim owners, seeing promising results therefrom, are prepared to go regularly into the work of mining. Earlier in the day H. M. surveyor steamer *Beaver* returned from Sooke harbor, where she had been making soundings of the channel. She reports that a party of men had returned to Sooke from a prospecting tour, and from the secrecy which was maintained, along with the quantity of provisions, &c., paid for with dust, for the purpose of going back to mine, it is thought that new diggings have been struck in another direction.

(*From the Chronicle, Aug. 26.*)

From a gentleman who left Leech River yesterday, we obtain the following regarding the mines:—

The top gravel, or about one and a half miles of the creek, from the mouth up, is found to prospect so encouragingly as to warrant the putting in of sluices, which nearly all the claim-owners have commenced to do. Several of them are already working, the result of which we shall probably hear by the end of the week.

The Moffat Company have sunk two shafts to the bed rock. The first was fifteen feet down when they struck the bottom; the second reached it at four feet, but without finding any gold, the bed rock pitching towards the centre of the stream, where they intend to sink a third.

The Boulder Company expect to be down with their shaft in a week from hence. They having considerable quantity of lumber ready for making sluices, and two of their men keep on cutting. They have a pump and windlass made. On the whole they are getting on well,, and are going to work two shifts, one by night and the other one by day.

The Belfast Company one day early in the week took out $100, and are reported to make nearly an ounce per day to the hand. The McWhinney company are preparing sluices. Out of one hundred and fifty pans of dirt, there were taken eleven dollars and a half, or about seven and a half cents to the pan. The top dirt in the river in the vicinity of the above claim will yield the same pay throughout. Lumber is fetching a good price, viz., fifteen cents per foot, to those who may wish to dispose of it. On the way down, our informant met a white woman going into the mines. She is the first of her color and sex, and came up by the steamer from California. A sailmaker, who has been lately working at Mr. Marvin's sail-loft was lying very ill about a mile from the Forks, and was trying to get down as far as Muir's house.

Provisions were falling in price. On the arrival of Calverwell's train, flour fell from $7 50 to $6 per 50 lbs. sack, and sugar from three to two bits per pound.

(*From the Colonist.*)

Mr Shuttleroe, of the Wake-up-Jake Co., who arrived on Thursday by the *Enterprise*, took out half an ounce from his claim before he left. Yesterday they picked out of the crevices, without washing, three nuggets, weighing $12. They think that they will get good pay out of the bed of the stream. Mr. Shuttleroe thinks the dirt, which is about four feet deep, will yield about $50 to the hand, after their sluices are working. The Wake-up-Jake Co., were still busy preparing their sluices, and making a dam. They will be ready to work on Monday. The Wide-awake Co., were making from $5 to $8 to the hand rocking. The Williamson Co., next below the Wake-up-Jake Co., yesterday found one nugget of $22 50, and a number of pieces of $3 and $4. They were averaging, according to their statements, about $15 to the hand. A colored man, higher up the stream, is reported to have found on the bed of the creek, two nuggets of $10 and $12. Mr. Shuttleroe says all the claim holders are very sanguine—some of them could not be induced to sell their claims. About 20 Californians passed up the creek yesterday, to prospect, and some were returning, saying that there was no room for them.

From Mr. Layzell we learn that Williamson & Co., have taken out from $1,000 to $1,200 out of their claim. They are said to have washed out $60 yesterday morning.

Mr. Waddington returned by the *Enterprise*. He is running a trail through from Muirton to the north forks of Leech river, a distance of 12 miles. About five miles of the trail are completed, and Mr. W says the trail so far is excellent.

Tom Thumb has sold his splendid establishment in Bridgeport Connecticut, for $20,000, and has purchased a farm opposite the residence of his wife, in Middleboro. The advertising dodge that Mr. Thumb had become a parent is a hoax.

From Red River.

We have received the Nor'-Wester of August 18th and September 1st, and make from it the subjoined extracts:—

SASKATCHEWAN MINING PROSPECTS.

The reports which reach us from the Saskatchewan mines still verify the first story that the diggings have turned out well, though not sufficiently rich to realize the over-sanguine expectations of some who went there expecting to make large sums with the greatest ease. The main difficulty, as we hear it, is the want of provisions, every miner having to be a hunter too—a conjunction of occupations which is not very much relished.

Those who went out from Red River worked bars above and below Edmonton, where they made from $6 to $10 per day; and it is the belief of many but for the interruptions to their work, rendered necessary by going to hunt buffalo, they could make as much, and not unlikely more, during the entire season. The majority of the party were totally inexperienced in the art of gold-mining or prospecting—so much so, indeed, that at one bar, some eight miles above Edmonton, where they had been digging to no purpose, an old California miner subsequently made from $15 to $25 per day. He worked it last spring, during May and June, and our people had been on it without any success the previous fall.

As to getting provisions, we are informed that ordinarily there is no difficulty in a good hunter procuring abundance, within a few days' ride from Edmonton. Of course, the buffalo are occasionally scarce and at these times there is more difficulty in procuring supplies; but, generally, provisions may be got within a few days hunt of the Fort. Should the hunter kill more than he has use for, he has always a good market at the Company's Fort, where he can get big prices for pemican, fat and dried provisions.—*Nor'-Wester.*

THE HEATED TERM.—The oldest inhabitant does not remember a summer of such extraordinary, long-continued heat as we have experienced this year in Assiniboia.—One day of sultry, scorching hot weather follows another with almost as much undeviating regularity as though we lived in Dixie among the rebellious subjects of Jeff. Davis. That this is the case will readily be believed when we say that the thermometers have indicated from 87 to 90, 97 and even 100 degrees in the shade! Within the past forty or fifty years such a summer of heat and wind has never been known in Rupert's Land. When the sky became overcast with clouds, in most instances the grateful rain was carried beyond us by high winds, and the land remained parched, so that over a great portion of the settlement the crops were burned up. But in addition to the negative disadvantages suffered by the high winds, in driving the rain clouds from us, we suffered a positive loss by the great swarms of grasshoppers borne by them to our midst. We have already noticed the appearance of these pests, and it only remains to say that they eat up most of the crops along the Assiniboine as far as Long Lake, and that district, as well as the lower section of the settlement, providentially escaped their ravages. Between the drought and the grasshoppers the district indicated has suffered so severely that farmers who will get back their seed will count themselves lucky. By hard scraping and a good deal of extra labour and expense, the settlers will procure a sufficiency of winter provender for their cattle; but to do this they have to cut hay along the lakes, from ten to sixty miles from their houses, and most of them will build sheds and winter their cattle out there in preference to hauling home the hay.—Despite some smart showers in June and July, their is barely enough herbage on the plains to feet the cattle, and owing to the entire absence of water there they cannot go far enough to pick the best of it. They have all to march back once or twice a day to drink at the river, and even the bears have to follow suit. We saw a bear not long since marching past St. John's cathedral quite coolly, on his way to quench his thirst at the river, and numbers of others have been seen coming to drink at different points along the river. It is hardly necessary to add we suppose, that very few ever found their way back to their dens again.—*Nor'-Wester.*

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.—Destructive fires have raged over the plains this month.—Along the Assiniboine and Red rivers they caused considerable loss, burning much of the hay belonging to settlers on both sides of these rivers, and in some instances, we believe, part of their crops. The loss of a winter's hay is a very serious one at any time, but it is particularly so this year, when it was with the greatest difficulty that farmers succeeded in getting enough to keep their stock till spring. We are told that the quantity of hay consumed was very large, and we heard of some instances along the Assiniboine in which the unfortunate sufferers will not, in all probability, be able to replace the hay thus burned. What they will do in these distressing circumstances it is hard to say.—*Nor'-Wester.*

SAD DEATH OF CAPTAIN SPEKE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.—Captain Speke came to a sudden and violent death on Thursday evening last, while shooting in the neighborhood of Box, Wiltshire. The following particulars of this melancholy affair have been gleaned on the spot:—It appears that Captain Speke, who was to have taken part in the proceedings of the British Association at Bath yesterday, and to have encountered Captain Burton in a public discussion as to the true source of the Nile, was visiting at Mr. Fuller's, Neston-park, Wilts, his uncle, and had gone out shooting with Mr. George Fuller on Thursday. After about two hours shooting, it would appear, from the statement of Mr. Fuller, that the unfortunate deceased was getting over a low stone wall, when, by some mischance, his gun exploded while the muzzle of it was pointed at his chest. The consequence was, that the charge, entering his body, passed completely through, severing the main arteries of the chest, lacering the lungs, and passing close to the heart. Mr. Fuller, hearing the gun fired, turned round in time to see his friend and relative fall from the wall into the field, and the keeper, who was marking birds at a short distance, seeing his master run towards the deceased, also went up and found him mortally wounded. He was only sensible for a few minutes. On Mr. Fuller coming up he moved his hand to his chest and said feebly, "Don't move me." Shortly afterwards he breathed his last. A surgeon was on the spot very soon after the accident, but he was dead before his arrival. The deceased was 38 years of age and unmarried.

Both the commanders (Federal and Confederate) in Georgia have lost a leg. Sherman and Hood both stump it for their country.

Reports from all over Texas of, corn and grain crops are exceedingly favorable. The Houston Telegraph says the wealth of corn produced this year in Texas is something wonderful.

A jealous husband at St. Louis recently spied around his house and rushed, as he supposed, upon his wife and a strange man in his garden. Just as he was about to open the stranger with a big knife, the lady revealed herself as his cook, and the young man was found to be her lover. He was spared.

On the morning of September 19th a great fire broke out in Gresham St., London, England, which in a short time inflicted damage to the extent of from £100,000 to £150,000 sterling. The Hall of the Haberdashers' Company, one of the most ancient and stately of the civic halls of London, was partially destroyed.

At a meeting of the Council of the Ottawa Board of Trade, held on Monday, the 4th inst., the following gentlemen were appointed official assignees under the new Insolvent Act: Francis Clemow, Esq., for the City of Ottawa and Counties of Carleton and Russell; Rod. Ross, Esq., for the Counties of Lanark and Renfrew; Geo. Heubach, Secretary.

Boring for oil is now going on with considerable vigor at just a little distance from Hamilton. That there existed what are called 'indications of oil' in portions of the township of Barton, lying between the Albion Mills and the Limestone Hill, on the stone road just south of the city, has been for some years known, and the fact is noted by Mr. T. Sterry Hunt, assistant to Sir William Logan in the Geological Survey, in one of his published reports:

At the Woodstock Quarter Sessions, a few days ago, R. N. Currey, a school teacher of North Oxford, about 35 years of age, and a married man, was placed at the bar, charged with committing an indecent assault upon Ella Elizabeath Douglas, one of his scholars, who had driven to Ingersoll with him on the 23rd of June last. The jury, after an absence of three hours, brought in a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to a fine of $50 and costs.

FORGED BANK NOTES.—The public should be on their guard against forged notes of the Bank of British North America. They are in circulation in the neighborhood of London and Brantford, and were first detected at the latter place. Two $5 notes were sent in a parcel to the bank here to-day, purporting to have been issued from this branch. The bills are photographed, and will be readily detected by the public when once warned.—*Kingston News.*

PEAT IN MARKET.—We notice that the Spencer Peat Company are getting in a stock of peat from the Garrettsee bed. This peat is of excellent quality. It burns freely, gives a good heat, and will be found a cheap substitute for coal, particularly in cooking stoves. All who use it seem to speak very highly of it, which is saying a good deal for a new kind of fuel. It is destined to come into general use.—*Rochester Union.*

In the Peterborough *Review* of the 23rd inst., we notice that the County Council passed a by-law granting $1,500 to aid the municipalities of Smith and Harvey to construct a road through Harvey to connect with the town of Haliburton. This will be a direct road from Peterborough to the townships of the Canadian Land Emigration Company, opening up also the intermediate townships of Cavendish and Glasmorgan, through which, we understand, the Government has agreed to construct the road.

A young lady was bathing lately at Tynemouth England, and persisted in venturing out too far. She would not regard the remonstrances of the keeper of the bathing machine, who finally to save her life, rode out in the water on horseback, and, pursuing the lady, threatened to horsewhip her unless she returned at once. She beat a retreat, and declared she would never again patronize this zealous keeper of bathing machines.

England is giving up its idolatry for personal isolation in railways since the late murder. The South-western Directors have ordered a glazed circular aperture to be placed in each of their carriages. 'These apertures," says the Railway News, "will be provided with curtains, so as to insure privacy to the passengers, but will, at the same time, in the event of an assault by one individual upon another in any one of the carriages, afford to the occupant of an adjoining compartment the means of identifying the offenders." This will be particularly satisfactory to the victim who is assaulted by a vicious lunatic.

AN IRISH BULL PERPETRATED BY THE "TIMES."—Everbody remembers the Irish schoolmaster who, when asked, "What was the meaning of a man's *posthumous* works?" replied, "Sure it's the works that a man writes after he's dead!" And the public will be astonished to learn that either this identical schoolmaster, or some servile copyist of his manner, is at present shedding a light (or *loight*) upon the world through the columns of the *Times*. In a review of Tenny son's "Enoch Arden," that appeared a few days ago, the following sentence occurs relative to the self-denial of Enoch, who keeps his existance a secret from his wife, whom he finds re-married and happy:—"He died; but *not until he died* did he mention who he was to those about him."

A few days ago as a man named John Elliott, a miner at the Ravenhead Collieries, St. Helen's, was following his usual employment getting cannel, he struck off from a large mass a remarkably fine piece about nine inches square. He states that he turned round to make a remark about a piece of coal to a comrade who was working near him, and at the same time struck the lump with his pick, which, to his surprise, entered freely into the coal as if it was hollow. Thinking this very strange, he states that he took the cannel with him when he ascended out of the pit, and on examining it he found embedded in a hole just large enough for it to move in, but not sufficiently large to turn round, a live toad, which seemed quite lively and healthy. The hole, which was about four inches deep was exceedingly narrow at the mouth, so much so that it would be impossible to get the toad out. Crowds of people have flocked around Mr. Elliot's house to see this strange sight, and a gentleman of St. Helen's has offered ten guineas for it.