The Modern Crichtons.

The present is unquestionably a moment of national humiliation. We have come exceedingly ill out of Schleswig-Holstein. We are very small on the continent of Europe, and are not, certainly, cutting a distinguished figure in our wars with the savages either in Africa or New Zealand. The noble Premier who guides our fortunes has, indeed, informed us that the Budget is satisfactory and the harvest promising both being events which redound to the wisdom of the Cabinet; but somehow we have for some years got so much accustomed to hear these gratifying facts, and yet never to recognise that they either manifested themselves in light taxation or cheap bread, that we listen to them with moderated joy, and without any unbecoming exuberance.

I suppose I must have fallen into a depressing, dispirited vein, for I looked around me in vain to catch anything which should speak to me cheerily and comfortingly. All was "out of joint." The Church was squabbling; the laity had bullied them out of an opinion; and when they gave it, every one abused them for having declared it. We are angry with our dear ally France because she wouldn't fight Germany for us, and she so fond of fighting too. We are not quite pleased with our Colonies either. We want them—and very naturally—to be loyal and stanch to the mother country—to aid us at a pinch, if need be, but at the same time to be thoroughly self-supporting, and never cost us a sixpence. "Ah!" said the old Irish countess, "there's nothing I like better than oysters; I'd have a supper of them every night if the servants would eat the shells."

While I thus ran over one after another of our grievances—a list that extended from the coast of Assam to the harbor of Galway—I couldn't help asking myself, Have we anything, have we anybody, to be proud of at this moment?—is there a feature of our time that we assume to regard as satisfactory?—when I suddenly bethought me that we have a class probably more nearly approaching perfection than any country was ever endowed with,—men who not alone unite in their characters all the traits which distinguish greatness, but combine within their intellects acquirements the most varied and dissimilar. I do not desire to try your patience. The Admirable Crichtons I mean are the Lawyers! Law itself is a large study. The vast wisdom which ages have accumulated and recorded must ever present a great field for human labor; but what is law to the multiform knowledge of these marvellous men? You imagine that their nights are given to the deep research of their text-books, and that their heads are crammed full of cases and writs in error, and arguments in chamber, and so on. Not a bit of it. Law is the least of their accomplishments. In fact, they would seem to practise law as a shopkeeper I knew in Limerick kept a clothshop, "only for the convenience of small change." It is over science, art, and literature—the fine arts, the drama, patent inventions, casualties at sea, and death by mysterious agency—that they roam, as a wild bee floats over a garden.

Take a case of touling in the Channel, where the Mary Jane of Swansea, being on the starboard tack, was run into by the Dashing Hero of Cardiff, lost her bowsprit, was damaged in her bulwarks, and so severely injured below the water-line that she narrowly escaped foundering off the Nore, and indeed only gained Margate to go down in four fathoms water. Spinks was for the Mary Jane; Adams represented—I was going to say commanded—the Dashing Hero. Spinks opened beautifully with an account, statistically given, of where the Mary Jane was built, and the admiration that accompanied her on the morning she descended into what newspapers call "her native element." He then grew warmer; he described the joy of Swansea, and the delight of her owners. She was a model craft—"swan-like and graceful, and chartered by the house of Rigs and Rags with coal for the works at Milwall." Once at sea—"the blue, the open sea"—he became Fenimore Cooper, and told how she furrowed the white waves, cleaving her proud way through the crested waters, her gallant crew, sons of that land "whose home," by some incongruity, "is on the deep," and at the main the flag that for a thousand years, &c., &c.

In the Pool, however, came disaster, and Captain Spinks had now to be professional. Poetry had done its work, and navigation must be called in. "We were, my lord, on our starboard tack; the wind was east east and by south—a fresh breeze, and threatening to be fresher. We were under a reefed topsail and trysail, with a storm jib and our mainsail doubly reefed. Your Lordship will perceive from this that we had taken every possible precaution, even to the battening down our fore hatch."

"What of the main?" interrupted Adams. "Tell the court, I beg, how was the main hatchway."

"Brother Adams, I desire I may not be interrupted. I appeal to his lordship, is the course now adopted by my learned friend usual, regular, or professional? I deny that it is either. I go farther, and declare it to be unseamanlike."

The rebuke was heavy, and Adams went below. But why should I go on?—the report is in the 'Times,' and under the head of "Admiralty Court—Collision—Scuttles, *versus* Scales and Others," you may read how the gallant Adams handled the Dashing Hero, showing by every rule of the Trinity House that, if he had not run into the lubberly collier—it was an unfeeling expression—he would have been "unworthy of his certificate—unworthy of the confidence of his owners."

"My lord, my learned friend has told you of the wind, but he has omitted to tell you of the tide."

"A half ebb," from Spinks, looking at his brief.

"Yes, my lord, a half ebb, and what is a half ebb in the Pool, with the wind strong from the southward?"

"East-east and by south," breaks in Spinks.

"Away with these flimsy subtleties, brother Spinks. No man ever walked a deck with more credit than yourself; but these crafty devices are not seamanship. When we saw, my lord, that the Mary Jane was determined to hold on her course, reckless as it was—when by repeated signals——"

"What were your signals?"

"What were our signals? does my gallant brother require at this time of day to be told what is meant by loosening off the foresail of a schooner on the port tack, with her helm hard up?"

The scene grew warm—almost a battle; and when a grand peroration closed Adam's speech about the naval supremacy of Britain, and the rights of Englishmen to do at sea what nobody has ever dared to attempt on land, the genius of the place responded to the appeal, and three lusty cheers shook the court-house.

Now, when one remembers that either of these intrepid mariners would have been seasick in a ferry-boat, it must be owned that the exhibition was creditable. It was thoroughly histrionic too; they imparted to the whole discussion a certain bold and dashing character, an air of reckless attack and daring rejoinder, that savoured of a naval action; and when Adams, in his last appeal to the jury, "hitched" his small-clothes, there ran a murmur of approval through the court, in testimony of one who had thoroughly invested himself with his client's interests.

They are finer still, however, in a patent case—a new treddle, the application of a lately-discovered salt as a dye for cotton prints, or a new apparatus for condensing steam, or enamelling the skin, or strengthening the knee-timbers of iron-clads. The grandest achievement of all is a poisoning case—something that is to be two-thirds emotional and one-third scientific—where the interest vacillates between the most powerful passions and the pangs of arsenic, and the listener is alternately carried from the domestic hearth to the laboratory and back again.

Now, when one is aware that the "learned Serjeant" knows as much about chemistry as a washerwoman does of the "wave theory," the display of impromptu learning he makes is positively astounding. Armed with an hour's reading of Beck and Orfila, the great man comes down to court to puzzle, bewilder, and very often confute men of real ability and acquirement; to hold them up to the world as hopelessly ignorant of all that they had devoted their lives to master; and in some cases to exhibit the very science they profess as a mass of crude and disjointed facts, from which no inference could be drawn, or a safe conclusion derived.

"Listen to these doctors, gentlemen of the jury; I hope you understand them. I vow to heaven that I do not; and which of them will you believe? Are you for the gentleman who relies on the 'garlic odor,' the beautiful pale-blue color, or that still more scientific performer who insists on a specific gravity of 999; and will any one tell me that the life of a fellow-creature is to hang on subtleties on which the creators themselves are not agreed? In the name of all humanity, I ask, what is this science by whose decision we are to send a man to the scaffold? Dr. Peebles tells you that the odor of a garlic is a decisive evidence of arsenic. Heaven help the whole Spanish Peninsula! Gentlemen, in this case the indictment must take in all from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar. Professor Merryweather says blueness, and the last witness declares lightness, to be the infallible witness; and I have no doubt I could put on that table two others just as learned, and who would pronounce that the tests should be a yellow color, and a greater specific gravity. For, remember, these sciences are in their infancy. The affinities that are to-day believed eternal, to-morrow discovers to be a mere accident. If there be a little salt of this, or muriate of that, or an oxide of the other, the color blue would be red, and the garlic odor become like violets. How is the business of life to go on in the mist of such refined subtleties as these? Who would have the courage to ask his friend to dinner, when, should the common fate of mortality soon befall him, a question would arise as to what he had eaten on that day, what remarks he had passed on the fish, and what judgment on the sherry? the whole to be closed up with a medical opinion about a garlic odor and a blue tint. Give me three lines of a man's writing, and I will draw an indictment that will hang him; I was the terrible threat of an old criminal lawyer; but this is worse. Show me the crust or the biscuit your friend offered you, a fragment of the rusk or the cheese you had at luncheon, and I have an analytic professor who will vouch to discover in it either arsenic, corrosive sublimate, or sugar-of-lead."

A pitiable spectacle indeed is that poor man of science, pilloried up in the witness-box and jeered by the flippant ignorance of his examiner! What a contrast between the diffident caution of true knowledge and the bold assurance, the chuckling confidence, the vainglorious self-satisfaction, and more triumphant delight of his questioner! Mark the practised leer, the Old Bailey grin, with which he comments on something which science still regards as uncertain or obscure, and hear him declare to the jury, that in the present state of medical knowledge there is not a man in court might not be indicted for having handed the salt or the mustard to his neighbor!

Occasionally—very rarely, it must be owned—the witness is, besides being a man of science, a man of the world—one who joins to the requirements of the "savant" all the quick and ready-witted tact of society. I remember such a case. The barrister was no common man; he was highly and variously gifted; had a keen wit and commanding eloquence. It was his task, on the occasion I refer to, to obtain from the medical witness the admission that the substance to which the poisoning was attributed was one freely used in practice, often prescribed by the best physicians, and occasionally in doses that verged on being excessive.

"Now, Doctor A.," said he, "you have told us that strychnine is to be found in the Pharmacopœia, an admission that goes to show that the Faculty are not afraid, to use the vulgar illustration, to play with edge-tools. You have also said that you have administered it in your own practice. Will you be kind enough to inform us in what doses?"

"The dose would be determined by the nature of the illness, the object sought to be attained, and the peculiar circumstances of the individual patient."

"Come, come, doctor, I am not trying to poach on you for an untenable opinion. I want generalities. Would you give a grain of this medicine?"

"I might. I would rather give an eighth, or a sixth, or a fourth of a grain."

"But you have actually given as much as a grain?"

"I believe I have."

"Now, would you give two, or are there cases in which you would give three grains? For instance, would you venture to administer three grains to one of the gentlemen of the jury?"

"I opine not."

"Might there not be a case in which you would give his lordship yonder as much as three grains?"

"I should say not; certainly not."

"Would you give *me* three grains?"

At this the doctor seem d slightly confused, and unwilling to reply, and the lawyer, accepting the hesitation as confusion from being puzzled, followed up his supposed advantage by repeating his question

"I am doubtful on the point. It is possible that I might," was the reply, after a long pause.

"Good heavens, sir! what do you mean? You have told us that under no circumstances would you administer as much as three grains to one of the gentlemen of the jury, nor to his lordship on the bench, and yet you now avow that you are actually uncertain whether you would not give this dose to *me*? Explain this, sir, if you can."

"The action of strychnine is but imperfectly known," said the doctor, with great composure. "It would be a valuable contribution to medical science to determine it; and we have a maxim in chemistry that says, 'Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.' That's my meaning."

In this case it was not the lawyer who triumphed.

The most offensive of all, however, is the display of legal drollery—the wit that sets the jury in a roar, and shakes the gallery with laughter. Excepting House of Commons drollery, there is nothing on earth so pitiably contemptible as legal fun. In bad taste, too, it totally eclipses the "House," for the senator is usually satisfied with a dreary bit of Joe Millar in some supposed "apropos" to what he is saying; while counsel is sure to get his joke on something personal to the witness—his dress, his accent, his whiskers, or his boots, well knowing the while that all reply is denied to the man he assails, and that in his coward immunity he may pelt him in perfect security.

And yet there is an offence worse than this—the practice of abashing a witness, especially a female witness, by something which, in shocking her delicacy, may seem to impugn her truthfulness. A late and flagrant instance of this occurred where a young lady, suffering under a most ruffianly assault on a roadside, was subjected by the prisoner's counsel to the most shameless and insulting cross-examination, to lead to the conclusion that she was, at one period at least, not totally averse to the advances of her aggressor. When rebuked by the court for his line of defence, counsel flippantly replied, "My lord, I must do my best for my client." What sort of professional training can it be that will make a gentleman descend to such a depth as this!

Of a truth it requires all the gifts and graces of these accomplished men to counterbalance such little blemishes; nor am I quite sure that in extending to any class in the community the privilege of protection, while scattering insinuations broadcast, and pushing in suits home, we may not be buying too dearly even our Admirable Crichton.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

President Lincoln since the beginning of the war has called out and obtained 2,408,846 men, namely—78,875 in April, 1861; 660,971 in 1861; 300,000 in July, 1862; 300,000 in August, 1862; 120,000 in June, 1863; 250,000 in July, 1863, and 700,000 since October, 1863. Of this number 497,375 were militia and three months men, leaving 1,910,961 who have enlisted for three years or the war. Perhaps about one third of these are now in the service, the remainder having been killed in battle or by disease and wounded.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., OCT. 11, 1864

THE FEDERATION SCHEME.

Vast as are the interests involved in the scheme of Confederation, the haziness which involved the subject has, very naturally, prevented the public from forming an intelligent judgment with regard to it. Gradually, however, light has been evolved from the darkness, and now we only await the results of the Quebec Conference of delegates to decide, in so far as we in the West are concerned, whether we are to receive all the benefits promised by the rupture of the old Union and the adoption of an entirely new system of Government. We cannot blame those entrusted with the investigation and necessary negotiations if answers to all the questions mooted have not been broad and distinct. The difficulties in the way were of no ordinary character. The proposal was sudden, and before a single step could be taken it became necessary to discover whether Confederation would be distasteful or otherwise to the sister Provinces. An excursion of Canadian legislators and others to the Lower Provinces paved the way for a Convention at Charlottetown, at which much unanimity of feeling existed between the delegates, and thus far the way was clear for negotiation on the part of properly authorized delegates, such as are now in anxious deliberation at Quebec.

It is well for us, perhaps, to enquire whether under the new form of Government, we will escape the difficulties growing out of the terms of the Union between Upper and Lower Canada. Those difficulties have been presented to Upper Canadian readers so often and in such a variety of ways that it is now unnecessary to recapitulate them. They resulted we know in a dead-lock, and the present movement was instituted with the two-fold object of readjusting our relationship with the sister section on a harmonious basis, whilst at the same time, by entering into a scheme of federation with the Maritime Provinces we should set upon the whole the stamp of permanent Nationality. It is argued by some writers that a Confederation such as that proposed would lack the primary elements of cohesion, inasmuch as the interests of the respective provinces are not common, and cannot be rendered such. For instance, should the Maritime Provinces demand the construction of the Intercolonial Railway as a *quid pro quo*, it is urged that even *that* would not divert Canadian through trade from its accustomed channels to the ocean, New York being much nearer to the west than Halifax. And even if, by legislative enactment, an attempt is made to *force* our trade over the Intercolonial, it is considered extremely doubtful whether the disadvantage to Western Producers of sending their grain over such a long line would tend to maintain a feeling of harmony and contentment. Of course, the establishment of the new order of things could be the means of stimulating an exchange of commodities, but a long time would elapse before the tie thus formed would be a very binding one. To the enthusiastic government maker this may seem a low view of the subject, but, after all, it is a very natural one as the times go. In our day commercial considerations are frequently thought of far greater importance than apparent political necessities. "Will it pay?" is a question in every-body's mouth, not excepting some first-class patriots and many second-rate politicians. As a work of "military necessity" the Intercolonial would be of great importance, providing the London *Times* does not succeed in having us cut off from the protection of England, and yet in a military point of view, it must be remembered that if the Confederation gave British North America east of Lake Superior greater solidity, it would also expose a frontier nearly double that of the Canadas, long as it is.

With regard to the form of Government proposed, it is extremely difficult to approve or disapprove, until the subject is divested of the uncertainty which still surrounds it as to matters of detail. The general legislature, or Senate, as it is be ginning to be called, will probably be based upon equality of Representation, between Upper Canada, Lower Canada and the Maritime Provinces—thus dividing the Confederation into three sections.—The manner in which members will be elected for the Senate has given rise to much speculation, and it is obvious that great difficulty will be felt in adopting a system which shall fully satisfy the *people* from whom the power is to be derived, and at the same time render the body complete in its legislative functions. If the Senate is to have control of all intercolonial improvements, &c., may the timid not fear that unless great caution is used in providing a check or guarantee of some kind, some two of the sections may unite to force objectionable measures upon the other? We fear for the well-being of this "far-west," but we trust that those who represent our interests will see to it that no pains is spared to prevent, as far as possible, a repetition of the wrongs we have complained so bitterly about under the existing Union.

The local Legislatures, to which it is proposed to commit all matters not of a strictly intercolonial nature, will be important bodies, and if the problem of ways and means be satisfactorily solved, the change from sectional equality to representation based upon population should be peculiarly pleasing to the people of the West. In this respect, undoubtedly, Huron and Bruce is more directly interested than any other constituency in Upper Canada.—We should then have three (perhaps four) representatives to send to the legislature instead of one as at present, and our chances for securing justice would be increased fourfold in consequence. Hence, from a merely selfish point of view, we have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the change, should it be effected in a spirit of fairness and mutual compromise.

But why speculate? Our best and wisest statesmen are in anxious consultation, and we are on the eve of realities. Very soon, the little bark of British American Nationality will be launched upon the waves, or a break-up will take place, to throw us back into our old courses. May wisdom mark the counsels of those entrusted with our destinies.

FALL EXHIBITIONS.

From our own Correspondent.

THE STANLEY SHOW.

The Township of Stanley Agricultural Society held its annual exhibition on Wednesday last, the 5th inst., in the Village of Varna. Two or three of the shows in connection with this Society have before this been spoiled by a wet day; Wednesday tended to deepen the impression that they have bad luck for weather. Many of the fair sex of Stanley would no doubt, be badly deceived by the appearance of the morning, for to the casual observer, the rising sun gave promise of a fine day, to grace which, the fair ones ransacked bureau and trunk to select their best; but the old veteran weather prophets shook their heads, said the sky was too red in the East, and too mucky in the West, these combined with an East wind were ominous of a wet day; and they were right,—for a wet day it was out and out from 9 o'clock, a.m., till dark. For once, they had a fine day for this show last year, and I spent a portion of the day with friends from the county of Oxford and Waterloo; they were well pleased with the exhibition, and repeatedly said that it was better than the most of their County Shows East; but it had not half the appearance this year, although the worthy Secretary told me that there were considerable more entries; every body, and everything seemed out of sorts, and the ladies muffled up in their second and third best, contributed nothing to brighten the sombre character of the affair. Yet a close inspection brought out the fact, that there were animals and articles upon the ground that were really excellent, and although I had spent three days in Hamilton last week, at the great Exhibition, feasting my eyes upon the best that the Province could produce; yet I was happy to see that this show was no disgrace to the people of the "Far West" Township of Stanley, and that a good day would have proven that it was worthy of their intelligence and enterprise.—Time will not permit me to describe very minutely the animals and articles exhibited, but a brief glance at the more prominent might be interesting to your readers.

I am not much of a judge of the fine arts, and domestic manufactures, and the ladies will excuse me for passing over their interesting collection with the remark that it was very good—an octagon shaped case of Artificials by Miss Herriot of Stanley was a gem in its way, it and a piece of Cabinet work made by Wm Dell of Varna, would have found many admirers amongst the lovers of art at Hamilton. The show of Dairy Produce, Fruit and Roots, was scanty but good. The Fall Wheat, compared favorably with the sample I had along with me of the wheat that took the C. Company's prize at Hamilton; it was heavier but not so fair—the same might be said of the Spring Wheat, Barley and Oats; but I must have done with the inside, button up my great coat, and face the rain. Outside. I see my friend Dawd in the field, and men gathering cattle, and driving them towards it, from all directions. What is up? on nearing it, I hear a voice shouting fat cattle. To one who saw and felt, the house fed, over fed monsters of the great Exhibition, it seems ridiculous to call these fat, but think for a moment upon the two months of burnt up scanty herbage that these creatures endured and you are surprised that they look so well.

I did not see the Horses shown, but judging from the specimens I see capering through the ground in the shape of colts, this branch has not been neglected.

Some good Waggons are shown, and agricultural implements are well represented. I miss Mr. Gray in the plough line, but Mr. Runciman of Goderich, shows a fine assortment of all kinds. It is getting very disagreeable both over head and under foot, and as I intend being present at the Hay Branch Show to-morrow, I must be off. I cannot wait to hear the Prize List read over, but I think it likely that the intelligent and affable Secretary, Mr. Lang, will as he is wont to do, send you a copy.

THE HAY EXHIBITION.

As I intended, I paid a visit to the Village of Rodgerville, on Thursday, the 6th inst., to witness for the first time the show in connection with the Township of Hay A. S. How it comes to be called the Township of Hay show, I do not know, for I see very little of Hay about it. One half of the population of Hay are Germans, and I only see three or four of them here. Hay ought to have a show in the Village of Zurich. Enlist the Dutchmen in the cause: they are thrifty, industrious, and are fast coming into notice for raising good grain and stock. From what I see of the contributors, this show is mainly dependent for its success upon the farmers of Usborne and Tuckersmith. It would certainly be a pity to cut them off by taking the show to Zurich, but I am decidedly of the opinion that the German element ought to be represented.

The weather to day is propitious and, unlike the sister society of Stanley yesterday, we are blessed with sunshine and a fine day. The contrast is striking—everything is being shown off to the best advantage, even the ladies, of whom a good sprinkling are present, looked in the sunshine, in their gala attire, 50 per cent. better than did their sisters in Stanley in the gloomy damp of yesterday at Varna. I will make no more comparisons between Varna and Rodgerville, as they might seem invidious and not truthful. I will simply and briefly describe what I saw:

The Hall was well filled, and a glance at the tables was sufficient proof that the wives and daughters in the neighborhood were possessed of good heads and hands, and thoroughly understood how to make warm fabrics for a Canadian winter. The quality of Dairy produce shown was good, but the quantity small. The Secretary at the close of the proceedings gave the good wives a very palpable hint, which I hope they will profit by and bring to the next show any quantity of cheese and butter.

The show of grain of all kinds was very good. The Fall Wheat was fully up to Hamilton, with perhaps the exception of being slightly darker in color. The Fife Spring Wheat was the best I have seen this season. The varieties of Peas were good, and the Barley, in my opinion, beat Hamilton altogether. The Roots made a good show—the Turnips, especially, beat anything that I saw at the great exhibition.

Coming outside, I noticed a Lumber Waggon, made by Mr. Greensledge, of Rodgerville, combining all the latest improvements of the day, and painted to a nicety. The maker was rewarded for his industry and taste by getting $100 for it on the ground. A gentleman from London, with a load of Fanning Mills, was lecturing upon their merits to an admiring crowd. I hope his eloquence was also rewarded by a rapid sale. I saw no Agricultural Implements, except two ploughs, manufactured by John Gray, of Seaforth,—they looked as bright and as good as they did last week at Hamilton. Where were the rest of the ploughmakers in the neighborhood, that Gray's two stood alone in their glory?

There was a good turnout of horses. A few good teams were shown, and some two-year-olds on the ground were very large for the age, and if they live to be beasts, as *Robbie* once said about his, their owners may expect more than "15 pund Scotch" for them.

Cattle of all kinds looked well, and a goodly number were shown. Generally speaking, they were in good order, and some of them good beef,—more rain must have fallen on their pastures last summer than fell on many other parts of the Province.

But few Pigs were shown. What was present, however, was good and appeared to be well bred.

Of the Sheep shown I cannot speak too highly, either as to quantity or quality.—True there was no imported stock present.—They might be taken as a fair sample of the flocks in the neighborhood; but if there was nothing that jutted out extra amongst its fellows, neither was there anything small or inferior. In several of the classes the Judges had a hard task to determine which was really the best. The farmers in the neighborhood of Rodgerville have reason to be proud of their sheep.

The Judges were Alex. Montgomery, of Seaforth, George Anderson, of Stanley, and Alex. McLaren, of Hay, Esqrs. Their decisions seemed to give general satisfaction.

In conclusion, I must say, that I have not seen a more sober, respectable looking assemblage of people at any gathering of the kind in these counties, than at Varna and Rodgerville. A Templer friend of mine says Teetotlelsm is on the increase; I do not know about that, but I am sure Temperance is.

Every decent visitor to Hamilton, during the late Exhibition must have been disgusted ere he reached the main entrance to the show grounds, by the Pandimonium of dice throwers, card players, thimble rig men, Negro minstrel shows, big women shows, three-legged pigs, &c., &c, that disgraced the streets, robbing the unwary, and giving opportunity to the pickpockets. The city authorities should have cleared the streets. I am proud to say that neither at Varna, nor at Rodgerville, did I see showman, gambler, or pickpocket of any description. Through the kindness of the obliging secretary, Wm. Wilson, Esq., I am enabled to furnish you with the annexed Prize List, which, for fear it will take up too much of your space, I will somewhat abridge and give the first Prizes only:—

Fall wheat, James Bell; spring do. R. Fanson; barley, Wm. Elder; oats, Wm. Cooper; large white peas, R. Patterson; small do do, James Bell; potatoes, R. Fanson; onions, D. McEwan; carrots Wm. Elder; turnips, R. Fanson; apples Wm. Bell; socks, R. Patterson; quilts, W. Sherry; coverlit, N. Sherry; mare and foal, I. Traquair; 2 years old filly Wm. Dougal; 1 year do, James White; 2 year old colt, R. Fanson; 1 year do, D. McEwan; working horses, R. Fanson; milch cows, R. Laug; 2 year old heifer, R. Fanson; 1 year do, Wm. Traquair; 3 year old steers, D. McEwan; 2 year do, A. McLaren; 1 year do, R. Fanson; bull calves, A. McLaren; heifer calves, do do; ewes, Wm. Cooper; ram, Wm. Sweet; yearling ram, A. McLaren; ram lamb, quilts, W. Sherry; pair ewes, Wm Sweet; 1 year old ewes, A. McLaren; ewe lambs, Wm Stoneman; Fat ewes, do do; fat wethers, R. Patterson; brood sow, Wm. Wilson; young sow, R. Fanson; spring boar, Jas Laug; iron plough John Gray; wooden plough, do; lumber waggon, G. Greensledge.

The Fine Arts.

The Huron *Signal*, of the 4th inst., contains a notice of Mr. Cresswell's paintings shown at the Provincial Exhibition, and justly pays a high complement to this skilful artist. One of his oil paintings, representing the Isle of Coves on the north side of Lake Superior, is described as being particularly beautiful. The *Signal* says:

"We believe that this painting was produced from an original sketch by our worthy County Judge."

This is not the first time, we believe, that Judge Cooper has furnished a sketch of the picturesque scenes which he loves to seek during the intervals which occasionally occur between his onerous labors, and we trust that he may long be spared to furnish rich materials for Mr. Cresswell's pencil. Both these gentlemen, in fact, deserve great credit for their distinguished efforts to exhibit the far off scenes of the Canadian West through the instrumentality of the fine arts. *Free Press.*

THE ROYAL CANADIAN BANK.

Most of our readers are aware that at the last session of Parliament a charter was granted to the above bank. It is held by its promoters that the banking capital of Canada is not sufficient to meet the wants of the people and the requirements of trade, hence the present effort to establish the Royal Canadian on a popular basis. Toronto is to be the headquarters, and it is confidently expected to be a financial success. Mr. Woodside, the manager, has visited Goderich, with the view of inducing some of our monied men to take stock, and has, we understand, promised to establish an agency here, as soon as $50,000 is subscribed. We are requested to state that a stock-book is open for signature at the office of D. S. Gooding, Esq., and to suggest the propriety of a meeting of business men being called for the purpose of discussing the propriety of taking steps to secure the agency.

Teaching the Dumb to Speak.

Mr. 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, it is but one nevertheless which we believe will stand the test of proof. Having attained a perfect aptitude for the finger alphabet, the pupils are gradually trained in the system adopted by Mr. Mary, which is carried on without more signs, the basis of the system being what is termed artificial lip pronounciation. We were invited some few days since to Mr. 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 Mr. Mary merely from watching the action of the mouth. Whenever Mr. 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, and 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. Mr. Mary contends that it is a fallacy to suppose that deafness arises from a malformation of the organs in 90 cases out of 100. 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. 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 Pedro Ponce (born 1630), in Old Castile, a Benedictine, was the first teacher of acquired articulation, and he was followed by John Paul Bonet of Castile, in 1690, who also wrote on acquired articulation. Thomas Braidwood opened the first school for the deaf and dumb at Edinburgh, 1780, 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 to the establishing of the Claremont Institution, near Dublin. These were some of the achievements of the friends of the deaf and dumb.—*London Morning Herald.*

Interesting Items.

☞ The Protestants of Lower Canada are now craving to be placed in as favorable position as the Catholics of Upper Canada, with regard to secular education. The boon should be granted.

☞ London, C. W., is already thinking of the best means for securing a better Mayor than Mr. Cornish. The name of Mr. J. H. Flock has been mentioned as a possible candidate.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S NOSE.—"Its prominence is an evidence of a developed mind and a strong character. It is neither beefy nor blunt, but it is in every way a first rate nose."—[American Phrenological Journal.

☞ A French General, well-known in English societies, who had the misfortune to be bald-headed, said that he wished to make a present to a lady, and to give her something. "Give her a lock of hair," said a friend.

☞ The Rochester *Union* warns Canadians of light brain powers against going to that city, as the scalpers are sure to gobble them up.

☞ The body of a young man fashionably dressed, cut to pieces, and enclosed in a wrapper, was found on Monday last, floating in the harbor at New York. No clue to the murder has yet been found.

☞ An English Government report on convict prisons, just issued, contains the statement that "experience goes far to show that it is female influence, exerted in some way or another, which is the source of so much crime."

SAGE ADVICE.—Never pay a bill on first presentation—it would look as if you were too ostentatious of honesty. At the second time of presenting you may consider about it, and say, "call again." Third or fourth time you may be either not at home or out of money, and should the creditor call a fifth, you may have fair reason to be offended at his pertinacity, and not pay the bill at all.

☞ An imposter, representing himself to be a Baptist clergyman, has been swindling the good people of Kingston. He personated his assumed character so well that he was permitted to preach in the Baptist Church, and was invited to tea by some of the residents. He forged orders, and obtained money on them, and then decamped. He gave his name as the Rev. W. Armstrong, but he is known to possess a number of aliases.

BURLINGTON ELECTION.—There has been a brisk contest going on between Dr. H Smith, the late Representative of Burlington Division, and Mr. Bull, a Conservative, which has resulted in the return of the letter by a majority of 244. The *Globe* says, "for this untoward event Dr. Smith and his friends have only their own apathy to thank, inasmuch as a reasonable amount of exertion would easily have secured his success." The Hamilton *Times* says:—"While we believe him to be utterly unfit for the position, and anticipate that he will play strange antics on his giddy elevation, we must do him the justice of saying that he enters the Legislative Council with clean hands. He fought the battle fairly; he won the victory without the use of dishonest means. That the result would have been different but for the apathy of the Reformers, we firmly believe, yet for that apathy and its consequences, our party is solely responsible!"

ARTEMUS WARD ON THE NEGRO.—Feller Sitizens,—The African may be our brother. Sevril hily respectable gentlemen and sum talented femal s, tell us so, and for argyment sake I mite be injuced to grant it, though I don't believe it myself. But the African isn't our sister, and our wife, and our uncle. He isn't sevril of our cousins, and all of our wife s relashuns. He isn't our grandfather and aunt in the country. Scarcely. And yet numeris would have us think so. It is troo he runs Congress, and sevril other public glossery's. But we've got the Afrikan, or he's got us, rather; now what are we going to do about it? He's an orful noosance.—'Praps he isn't to blame for it. 'Praps he be created for sum wise purpose, like Bill Harding and the New England rum, but it is mity hard to see it. At any rate he's here, and it's a pity he couldn't go orf sum wharves quietly by himself, where he cood gratify his ambition in varis wase, witout having a eternal fuss kickt up about him.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

NEW YORK, Oct. d.

The *Post's* correspondent gives the following as the true version of the Georgia peace proposals:—

"The armed foot has pressed heavily upon this people, and they feel the unrelenting iron hand of Sherman grasping and holding their very life, and I am sure with vivid consciousness of the errors of the past, and dread foreboding of the coming future, that they are ready for peace on almost any terms. Neither the newspapers nor the leaders say this, but there are indications in that direction. One of their papers proceed deliberately to discuss the propriety of Governor Brown's acceptance of Sherman's invitation to come to Atlanta. You have no doubt seen the report of such an invitation having been extended, which has this much of truth, that while a prominent citizen was driving with Sherman one day, the gentleman remarked:—'I wish, General, that Governor Brown could see and talk with you.' 'Let him come,' replied the General. 'I have no objection to his coming within my lines. He shall pass safely in and out. There are valuable records here which he would no doubt like to get and preserve. Let him come—I would like to see him.' I presume the invitation was duly delivered to the Governor. I question, however, if he is prepared just at this moment to accept it. Perhaps we shall have the pleasure of seeing him when we arrive at Macon or Augusta."

Washington, Oct. 7.

Positive information has been received by the Alexandria Va. *Journal* that Moseby has so far recovered from his recent wound as to be able again to take the saddle. It says, certain it is that he is once more in the saddle, and it may not be many days before there will be a renewal of depredations in adjoining counties.

The government is in official relation with the liberal or constitutional government of Mexico, and the President has received Jose Soterd Prieto as consul of that republic at the port of San Francisco.

It appears from an official statement received at the navy department to-day, that the North Atlantic blockading squadron has from August 1st, 1863, to October 1st of the present year, captured or destroyed 50 vessels. Most of these were first class blockade-runners.

New York, Oct. 7.

Gen. Ewell is said to be in command of the defences in Richmond, Lee having gone back to Petersburg.

Richmond papers acknowledge a steady advance of the Union armies on both sides of the James river. They discuss Grant's movements with great anxiety.

Jeff. Davis in his speech at Macon, made a begging appeal to the Georgians to fill up the army, saying that two-thirds of the Confederate armies were absent without leave; that in deserters. He said he could not send troops from Virginia to Georgia, because they were as scarce in the former state as in the latter. He had been asked why Early had not been sent to Georgia instead of the Shenandoah Valley—it was because Lynchburg was threatened. What would prevent the Union troops, if Early were withdrawn, from taking Lynchburg and putting a complete cordon of men around Richmond?

IN THE FIELD NEAR AIKIN'S LANDING, Oct. 7, p. m.—A severe engagement took place this morning between a force of the enemy and our troops on the north side of the James River, in which we suffered considerable loss in men and material, including two batteries of four guns each, besides being driven back from the advanced position gained ten days ago. It will be remembered that our troops crossed James River at that time, and succeeded in driving the enemy from the lower part of Chapin's Bluff, taking several guns and a number of prisoners.

An attempt was afterward made by the Confederates to recapture their lost ground, but failed. Our army at once intrenched itself there, and since that time has considered its position secure. A force of cavalry under Gen. Kautz, co-operated in all the movements there, and was reported at one time as being within a mile or two of Richmond, but had to fall back, his men being so strung out that they presented rather a weak line to the foe. Since then he has been protecting the right flank of the army.

About 6 o'clock this morning a sudden attack was made on the cavalry force from nearly every direction, and although they were completely taken by surprise, it is said they made every effort to hold their ground, but were finally forced to retreat, leaving two batteries without support, the entire guns of which fell into the enemy's hands. They were the 4th Wisconsin and Battery B, of the 1st United States. The latter was commanded by Lieutenant Hill, who is said to have fired all his ammunition, and then finding he could not get his guns off, spiked them.

The engagement was commenced on the Darbytown road, and was continued on the Newmarket road, near which the right of the 10th corps rested. The assault on this part of the line was so desperate that it also was forced back some distance, but the ground was afterward recovered with heavy loss to the enemy. This ended the engagement, although picket skirmishing continued all day. Our loss is not known, but must have been considerable, as some of our cavalry were completely surrounded. Gen. Kautz is said to have been captured, but succeeded in making his escape. The enemy's loss was severe. We took about 700 prisoners, mostly belonging to Longstreet's corps. Some of them are fine looking young men, and present the appearance of having been lately called into the service.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9.—In consequence of bogus reports of disasters to Grant's army, published to-day, a despatch was sent to the President and the following reply was received:—

"WASHINGTON, Oct. 9, 5:20 p.m.—To Gen. Simon Cameron, Philodelphia:

"There is absolutely no news here from the army of the Potomac not published in Stanton's bulletin of yesterday and before.—The hoax is open and mere business despatches are passing over it. Have no alarm of bogus despatches.

"Signed, A. LINCOLN."

Melancholy Death of a Clergyman.

The Paris *Star* records the death by accident of the Rev. D. Caw, minister of the Canadian Presbyterian church in that village. It appears that on Tuesday last Mr. Caw drove a horse and buggy into the country south-west of Paris, and on returning along a side-line the