NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

A TALE OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued.)

EYELIGHT.

'Hooh! My people ask not for such humanity as you talk of. They ask for their own; with that they will be content. But if you rob them, they ask but the privilege of dying on the noble hunting grounds of the rolling Kain tuck-kee. Death will be sweet to the Cherokee when he dies taking vengeance on the enemies of his race and the robbers of his possessions.'

There was a murmur of applause among the braves that had gathered about the chief.

'Alabamon, do you wish to preserve your people? Would you have a posterity to remember the greatness of your name with reverance?'

Alabamon paused, as if lost in reflection.

'Our choice is made,' he said at length. 'We will live upon our own, or we will die upon it. Coming generations shall say, 'The Cherokees are buried here.' This ends our talk of peace.'

Alabamon now fixed his eyes upon Neverfail.

'Who is this? Has *he* come to talk of peace, too?' he asked.

Neverfail arose to his feet. He drew himself up and returned the searching gaze of the Indian. He held his long rifle in his left hand—as was his custom—by his side.

'I come from toward the rising sun. I am of the Six Nations. The blood of the Deleware is in my veins. I am here because I am the friend of the white man!' he said speaking in the Cherokee tongue.

'Ha!' exclaimed Trailseer, 'Not long since this stranger was a Huron.'

'I talk not with boys!' returned the forester, loftily. 'I talk only with chiefs and warriors!'

'And what is the son of Alabamon?' replied Trailseer, looking fiercely at the forester.

'I don't know him. He has the face of a child. He may be the lover of some Cherokee maiden, with whom he walks by moonlight. How should I know ought of one so young?' retorted Neverfail, turning his back partially toward the young chief.

Trailseer writhed under this cutting sarcasm, and more than once his hand wandered to the handle of his knife.

'The Deleware talks bravely. We shall see how he acts when he feels the fire!' he replied.

'We wish to have no more people sent to us to make bargains,' said Alabamon. 'We will kill them as fast as they come. The pale faces have made bargains enough with the Indians; we'll have no more of them. We need to make examples. We will begin with you.'

'Cowards, only, murder people who go among them peaceably and under a flag of truce,' the forester answered.

'Let the Deleware wash his face!' said Trailseer.

At that instant Lockwood saw Eyelight glide in among the warriors and approach Trailseer and Alabamon. His blood quickened at the sight of her beautiful form, contrasted, as it was, with the brawny figures of sturdy braves.

'You have come to us with lies in your mouth,' added Alabamon, addressing the forester. 'Once more I ask, who you are?'

Neverfail became more erect. He held his rifle with more firmness. The calm determination of a hero was palpable in his eyes.—He struck himself gently upon the breast.

'I am Neverfail,' he said, and then touching his rifle, added, 'and this is Suredeath!'

Alabamon sprang to his feet as if he were a young brave, exclaiming, 'Nushka! Nushka! Nightwalker, I thank you for coming to give us your life!'

Muttered execrations arose from the lips of the Cherokees. They pressed forward to look at the man whose name had been so terrible. Some of the women shrieked the names of relatives lost by his hand. Trailseer alone remained calm.

'Look yonder,' said Alabamon, pointing at the sun with solemnity.

'I see it,' replied Nevertail, quietly.

'It is a great thing to lose the sight of it; but to you it will soon be extinguished.'

'Death will rob us all of the sight of it,' added the forester.

'In your case I will anticipate death,' resumed Alabamon, in a deep and meaning voice.

'The Master of Life orders all,' returned Neverfail.

'Nightwalker, we have wanted you long. We have sought you in many places, but you have been more cunning than the wily fox. Youreyes have been terrible when they looked through the sights of Suredeath. Nightwalker, I will put out your eyes!'

This terrible announcement was received with yells of delight.

He saw Eyelight put her hand upon Trailseer's arm and speak to him in a low voice. He did not answer. A slight change passed over his face, but there was no other indication that he heard her.

Neverfail's sunburned features might have paled a little, but he stood erect, as before, nor quailed before the malignant glances of the chief.

'I must suffer what it is decreed I shall suffer; though the flesh is weak. Cruelty is what I never practised yet upon an enemy; but I can't expect nothin' different from the heathen. Cruelty is in their natur and most come out. I've slain none of your people but in self-defence. I never hunted an Injin for the sake of killin' him.'

While the former was speaking, Eyelight advanced timidly to Alabamon, who put her from him gently with his hand.

'This is no place for Eyelight,' he said.—'Her heart is too soft to be here.' Then addressing Trailseer, 'Let him be bound.'

'I am Neverfail, and this is Suredeath! Back, back! every one of you!' cried the forester, in a loud and terrible voice. He struck down a warrior with his rifle, and leaping like a deer over the head of another, bounded away with astonishing speed. The fleetest braves followed, but he distanced them all. On the margin of the forest he paused; and Lockwood saw Suredeath leap to his shoulder; it spoke out in fire and lead, and a Cherokee sprang high into the air and fell dead, shot through the brain.

The ringing voice of Neverfail came clearly across the plateau.

'I am Neverfail and this is Suredeath!'

The forester waved his hand and sprang into the wood and was out of sight in an instant.

Alabamon foamed with rage, but Trailseer manifested no emotion.

'Are we a nation of old women!' exclaimed Alabamon, 'that we should suffer a single pale-face to escape out of our midst, and walk over us as if we were a herd of deer?'

'Your warriors are bold and active,' said Eyelight, soothingly; 'but Nightwalker has the heart of a lion. Has not one of the famed medicine men predicted that he will never fall by the hand of the Cherokee? If Monedo has willed it thus, how can you thwart his purpose? Be not angry, therefore, with your braves because the daring pale-faced has escaped.'

'Daughter,' answered Alabamon, in a softened tone, 'I know that you cannot forget the white race. I know that your tongue will plead for our enemies. It is well; I will not complain. You inherited it from the blood which you sprung. You will be truer to your nature and I to mine. You know not the stern joy which I felt at seeing this wily Long-Knife in my power. Neither can you comprehend the grief and mortification with which I have witnessed his escape. I intended that he should feel the weight of my fury. But he has baffled me and covered my people with shame.'

Then, addressing Lockwood:

'Pale face, you deserve to die like a dog for your temerity! You took us to be squaws. You came here to flatter and to threaten, and to delude us into more bargains; but we trade no more. In future, we deal with the white man with the tomahawk and with the gun. To-morrow your fate shall be decided.'

'I am but one; you are surrounded by warriors who obey your commands with alacrity. I came in good faith, trusting in your generosity. I said, 'Alabamon is brave and magnanimous. He will scorn to take advantage of one who confides in his honor.' I was mistaken. He is not what I expected. His judment is perverted. He is blood thirsty and malignant.'

'I do not hear your talk; the ears of Alabamon are closed.'

The borderer observed that Eyelight again addressed Trailseer in a suppressed voice, who, turning to the old chief, said:

'My father, this is Cloudysky; I know him!'

The young Cherokee hesitated. Eyelight touched him softly upon the arm, and he resumed.

'Not many days have passed since my life was in his power; but he did not take it.—Father, I will be be answerable for Cloudysky. When you say, 'Bring forth the white prisoner,' he shall come, or Trailseer will suffer his fate.'

'That is sufficient. The word of my son is enough; he cannot lie like the paleskin.'

Alabamon said no more, but entered his lodge.

'Cloudysky,' added Trailseer, 'you have heard my promise. Shall your pledged word be as strong as the fetters of the captivity?'

The young chieftan looked proudly at the borderer; while the Cherokee maiden listened with apparent eagerness for his reply.

'Trailseer,' returned Lockwood, 'I shall remain here so long as you are pledged for my appearance. I would stay if I had an hundred lives to lose. No guards and no fetters are needful. Command me, and I will obey—as long as your compact with your father lasts.'

It is enough!' answered Trailseer. 'You are as free as I am. Walk about our village and among our lodges at pleasure. For once, I will trust the pale-face. Warriors, do not watch him. Treat Cloudysky as a guest and a visitor, and not as an enemy or a spy.'

'Son of Alabamon, I thank you. The time may yet come when you will know that I am not insensible of a noble act. Life is so full vicissitude that no one can predict with any certainty what changes another moon may produce,' replied the borderer, with much earnestness.

'A lodge will be prepared for you,' added Trailseer, 'which will be at your disposal while you are among us.' With these words the Cherokee walked to another part of the village, leaving the borderer alone with Eyelight; for the warriors had disappeared one by one, in obedience to a gesture from the young chief.

Lockwood, on the previous night, had suspected and even hoped that the light of day would dispel the beauty of the Indian girl. He doubted not that he could not discover some irregularity of feature or defect of persons when he subjected her to the scrutiny of open day. But nothing of the kind was realized. Instead of this, the charm of her loveliness grew more potent and interested him more. More than once or twice during the trying ordeal of the morning, had he detected himself gazing with a sort of fascination at Eyelight. How appropriate was the name. What poetical thoughts it inspired. He had dreamed of her during the past night. He queried what her fate would be, and whose lodge she would lighten with her presence. Would she become the wife of some savage brave, and settle down into the unromantic drudgery of Indian life? He hoped not. It made him sad to think of such a possibility. The hand that fashioned her so admirably must have reserved something better for her.

A feeling of regret stole insensibly upon him as he weighed the chances of her probable future. He sighed. The interest which he felt must have been manifested in his friendly looks as he approached the object of his speculations, for she blushed and averted her eyes.

'Eyelight,' he said, 'for it is this I have heard you called—my instincts assure me—and human instincts are often unerring—that I am indebted to you for any favor that has been shown me by your chiefs. I know, I am sure that your presence softened the stern pupose of Alabamon and also his warlike son. I read in the eyes of Trailseer that the softest touch of your hand has a strong persuasion in it to move him according to your wishes. Cherokee girl, nature has gifted you wondrously. That such a flower blossoms in this wilderness is to me a matter of surprise. May your gentle voice ever be heard asking mercy for the captive.'

In uttering these words the borderer naturally adopted that kindly and affable manner that he knew so well how to employ in the expression of his sentiments, and which gave a charm, frequently, to the most common class phraseology.

'Cloudysky,' she answered, in the dialect of her people, 'if I shrink from deeds of cruelty and blood, it is because the Great Spirit endowed me with a softer nature than that which animates the bosoms of warriors. If I speak a word for the pale-face, it is because I reflect that all races have the love of life, that death is equally painful to all.'

For a brief space Lockwood was unable to frame a suitable reply. There was an indescribable enchantment in her voice that thrilled him to the heart.

'Eyelight,' he at length responded, 'to behold you gives me both pleasure and sorrow. I have pleasure in your exceeding conciliness, and the gentle dictates of humanity that you evince, and in obedience to which you seem to act; and I have sorrow in picturing the future which is before you, surrounded as you are by elements rude and barbarous.'

Eyelight looked up and smiled.

'Cloudysky, the daughter of the Cherokee is not so savage but she comprehends something of your meaning. She is not so savage but nature interprets to her the intent with which you address her. Think not, O Cloudysky, that the dusky skin shuts her out from the better sympathies of humanity. Dream not, O pale-skin, that the isles of the forest bring her no lessons of wisdom. She communes with that invisible spirit of instruction that lives eternal in nature. She hears whisperings from the mountains; voices from the valleys; words from the waving woods, and receives teachings from all things animate and manimate.

'I can well believe it, O daughter of the red man,' returned the borderer, with enthusiasm. 'Your voice, your manner, the tenor of your thoughts, and dreamy light of your eyes, all assure me that you have drunk in that inspiration that dwells forever in the beautiful. God grant that we meet not often! Alas for Trailseer!'

'Cloudysky,' she spoke impressively; 'what have you to fear from a simple child of nature; one who has dwelt among forests, and descended from a people altogether unlike your own?'

'I know too well what I should fear. And now I would ask what treatment I may expect from Alabamon?'

'His present mood is dangerous.'

'And is it not in your power to change it, and incline him to listen to the proposals I came to make?'

'I cannot tell,' she answered, thoughtfully. 'My influence has at times been considerable; but I have tested its power, perhaps, too often.'

'He called you daughter, and yet Trailseer loves you not with the love of a brother.''

At the mention of Trailseer, Eyelight looked inquiringly at the borderer.

'I am but an adopted daughter,'' she said, 'but beloved not the less, perhaps, for that. Cloudysky, the Cherokee girl will try to save you.''

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pompey's Horse Trade.

A good clergyman wishing to be rid of his horse and try for a better one, directed his old negro man to sell him for another adding at the same time an anxious caution not to deceive the purchaser, and even enumerating his faults, lest one should be overlooked.

'Remember, Pomp, he has four faults.'

'Oh yes, massa, I take care.'

Pompey jogging along the road and coming over the list to himself, as the old lady did her luggage—'big box, little box bandbox, bundle'—was overtaken by a man on horseback, who entered into conversation and among other topics, made some inquiries about the horse. Pompey told his story and said that his master had charged him to tell the horse's faults to the purchaser without reservation.

'Well, what are they?' said the stranger, who had a mind to swap.

'Dere is four,' said Pompey, 'and I don't 'member 'em all very well just now, but—'

'Well,' said the other, 'tell me those you do remember then.'

'Well sar, one is, dat de horse am white and the white hair gets on massa's coat, and dat don't look well for a clergyman.'

'And the next?'

'Why, when he comes to a brook he will put his nose down and blow in de water, and massa don't like dat.'

'And what next?'

'I can't anyhow remember de oders,' said Pompey, peering up into the clouds with one eye reflectively.

The stranger concluded to strike a bargain and exchange his own horse, which had not quite so genteel an air as the parson's for this nearly unexceptional animal. It was not long before the critical steed stumbled and threw his rider into a ditch. Picking himself up as well as he could, he examined his new purchase a little more closely and discovered that his horse was entirely blind.—Finding Pompey again, his wrath burst forth in a torrent of reproaches.

'You black rascal, what does this mean? This horse is broken-kneed and blind as a mole!'

'Oh, yes, massa,' said Pompey blandly; 'dem's de oder two faults dat I couldn't 'member'!—*The Field.*

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C.W., AUG. 6, 1863.

THE KNELL OF DOOM.

The death-knell of the Ministry is being toll'd out with lugubrious solemnity by the Opposition Press. The dark cloud which has overhung the opposition skies since the election breaks in twain and a bit of blue appears. It may be no bigger than a man's hand, but then you know many a prediction has been based upon a foundation as slim. Yes, the doom of the Ministry is sealed! The opposition journal rings it out in blackletter headings, Doom, doom, doom! And why this rapid change from the depths of despondency? How account for this sudden song of exultation? Why Monsieur Etienne Expremier *Cartier* has said the word. After the manner of the great Mingo chieftain he utters the sentence: "The Ministry is doomed—the 13th of August witnesses its exit—it is enough, I have spoken!!" And the *ipse dixit* of Cartier the Plucky is swalled by the opposition with as much eagerness as would be the quarter of a herring by one of his celebrated *codfish.*—There is something so amusing in the whole thing that one is at a loss to discover which predominates, pity for the credulous dupes, or merriment at the idea of their sudden transition from despair to hope. At the Welland demonstration on Wednesday last, Mr. Cartier was "plucky" enough to appear without a blush amongst those whom he has been in the habit of traducing and injuring for years in Parliament and out of it—and whom within the last three months he has been stigmatizing through his organ as villains of the deepest dye—men who are thirsting to overturn the religion, the language and the institutions of Lower Canada. His attempt to explain away the unscrupulous and extravagant conduct of the Ministry in which he held an important office, was also a most decided failure. True, he labored by the use of *ex parte* statements, and plausible *mis* statements to prove the worse the better cause; but we all know how easy it is to prop up a lame argument when there is no one present to put in awkward contradictions, and give the *other* side of a question. Take for instance, Mr. Cartier's explanation of the Codfish insult. How artfully he tries to skim over his language of 1861 and make it appear that the words which Upper Canada *will* remember against him were harmless, and did not in fact involve anything insulting. We, in Upper Canada, do not forget quite so easily as Mr. Cartier seems to imagine, and his very disingenuous explanations will fail to exonerate him from the long-standing charge of malicious spitefulness.

It will be quite time enough for the gentlemen of the opposition to sing requiems and toll doom bells, when the Ministry shows some symptoms of approaching dissolution. Meanwhile it can afford to go on in its work of retrenchment and sound Government unmoved by the prophecies of Monsieur Cartier or those who delight to follow where he leads.

"HAIL COLUMBY".

The New York Herald is bound to have us devoured 'when this cruel war is over'. It says:

'In a word then it is our duty as well as our interest to attack England and France as soon as this war is concluded. The Southern people are equally incensed against Europe for holding out false and deceitful promises, not one of which has ever been fulfilled and will gladly fight with us in such a cause. Thus all animosities between the North and the South will be lost in the common interests and fortunes of such a conflict; all the social and political problems which threaten to perplex us will be easily solved; all the dangers of a too sudden recurrence to peace will be averted; our gallant soldiers and brave generals will be gloriously employed; the military and naval talent of our citizens, just beginning to show itself in numerous improvements in the method and the material of war, will be suitably developed; France will be driven out of Mexico and the English from Canada, and the United States, more powerful than ever before, will embrace the whole continent, and, like Ancient Rome practically rule the world."

To rule the world is a very nice thing, but unfortunately for *us*, before that auspicious event takes place, Canada is to be swallowed, as Young America would bolt a bivalve. When the *Herald* is ready for dinner, we hope he will give us due notice so that we may endeavor to render the little mouthful as unpalatable as possible. How strongly we are reminded of the celebrated Tim Delaney who dragged his coat behind him, and with a flourish invited some "gintleman to step an it."—Whether the *Herald's* wonderful fellows would be so willing to fight is another question.

The Clinton *Courier*, in the excess of its zeal for the cause of its Yankee friends, habitually devotes its leading columns to the Huron *Signal*. Having got his oar in, the man of Hydropults intends to pull away vigorously, even though his jolly bark should be hitched to one of his native stumps. A week or two ago we made a few remarks upon the objections taken by the London *News* to our views with regard to the draft in New York. In doing so, we endeavored to couch our observations in respectful and courteous language, and the *News* would have responded in the same fashion, no doubt, had not the paper been discontinued soon after. But the Clinton *Courier* must step in between us, and peg away on its cheap penny whistle. Such a gratuitous interference, we beg to remark, has cost many a more "able-bodied man" than the village champion a *tweaked nose*. If the gentlemen who run the polemical, *political* and philological department of the *Courier* have such confidence in their ultra-Republican principles, why don't they "trot 'em out," so that the people of Clinton and surrounding townships might see what the "critters" look like, and be able to judge as to whether they are such as the Canadian people would "delight the honor." 'Tis easy to criticise anything, from a Queen's or Governor's Speech down to a hastily written newspaper article, but to do better—*that's the rub.* Seriously, however, although we never object to meeting a *respectable* contemporary half-way in argument, we always pass by the *malicious* recriminations of a jealous driveller with contempt, and *never read* anything known to have been dictated in such a spirit, we do sometimes, protest in our own way against downright *lying.* When the *Courier* hints that we have entered into a conspiracy to injure Clinton, it utters a willful falsehood, and it behoveth it to take off its own goggles before trying to open the eyes of other people to our sins of omission or commission. It also departs *knowingly* from the truth when it says we advocate slavery. It is welcome to take its texts weekly from the *Signal* for an indefinite period, but if it *must tell lies* it will confer a favor by keeping the papers containing them at home, in so far as we are concerned.

HORSE STEALING.—A few days ago we gave an account of the passage through our County of a man with a pair of horses stolen from Mr. Elliott of Durham, and their recovery, although the thief escaped. Suspicion having rested upon a man named Herbert who lived in the township of Artemesia, Co. of Grey, a party of constables went out to the place on Tuesday the 28th ult., and found Herbert, and more than that, a fine span of mares, a yoke of oxen and several cows, which his relatives wished removed, as they feared they had been stolen. Herbert dodged, but was caught in Orchardville, and was identified by a man from Riversdale as the person he had seen riding Elliott's horses past that place. Mr. Pinkerton, a constable of Greenock, testified that he had arrested Herbert on a charge of stealing open last spring, although he was acquitted for want of proper evidence.—The prisoner was committed to stand his trial at Owen Sound Assizes for stealing Mr. Elliott's horses, and was sent off under charge of Pinkerton. On the way up, however, he leaped out of the vehicle and escaped. Now about the mares found in Herbert's field. It appears that the bold thief, after escaping from the constables while he was trying to get off with Elliott's horses, started for London and stole a span of Mares from John Clark & Co. of London township. With this fresh booty he marched for home, where he was found as described above. Chief-constable Trainer of this place, who is getting to be quite an adept in the detective line, got a telegram from London describing the stolen horses, and getting a hint of the direction in which they had been taken, went up and identified them as those found on Herbert's premises. He brought them into town yesterday and they now await the arrival of the rightful owners. They are splendid animals, and it is quite clear that the rascally Herbert is a good judge of horseflesh. He will be nabbed without doubt, and the Penitentiary will receive a worthy boarder.

THE SEXTON OF GODERICH CEMETERY.

Dear *Signal.*—Permit me to draw the attention of the town councillors and the public generally to the conduct of the Sexton of our cemetery. I attended a funeral yesterday, and will simply state how the worthy alluded to acted. Immediately after the sexton had deposited the body in the grave, which he did in a most indignant and gruff manner, he jumped out, and commenced to remove his tools while the Wesleyan Minister was going through the solemn burial service. The lines being under the minister's feet, Mr. Sexton, *in the midst of the service*, tugged and jerked until they were released, and took them away in triumph. In addition to such disgraceful conduct as this, I may mention that the Sexton paid no more attention to his duties as connected with the service than if a dog had been burying, and those present had to do the best they could. The only excuse for the man—if it can be termed such—was that he appeared to have imbibed a considerable quantity of something stronger than spring water. The public pays for that cemetery, and through its representatives gives the sexton the emoluments connected with his office, and most decidedly has a right to expect him to be a *sober* man and equally attentive to parties of *all* denominations. It is galling to the feelings of the bereaved to see the remains of loved ones committed to the ground as I have described above, and the sooner the matter is represented to the council the better. I would refer you to S. Platt Esq., Thos. Andrews Esq., Jas. Sloan and others who were present, as to whether I have at all exaggerated the offence complained of.

DECENCY.

Town & Counties.

☞ We have had a week of glorious harvest weather. The fall wheat is falling fast before the sickle, and throughout this County the spring wheat will be attacked this week or beginning of next.—And such crops!

BRUCE GRAVEL ROAD SCHEME.—The The voting on the By-Law for raising $300,000 for the purpose of Gravelling and otherwise improving the leading lines of road throughout the County of Bruce will take place on Monday and Tuesday, the 10th and 11th of the present month. We presume that the requisite preparations have been made for the polling.

AN OUTRAGE.—We have just learned that the residence of D. H. Ritchie, Esq., County Clerk, was forcibly entered a night or two ago by a couple of scoundrels with blackened faces, and a considerable quantity of valuable property stolen or destroyed. Mr. R. is absent at the sea-side, as the thieves were perfectly aware, no doubt, and the two young women in charge of the house were so badly frightened that they hid themselves. We trust that vigorous measures will be taken to apprehend the perpetrators of this base transaction.

EXCURSION FROM STRATFORD.—A special train this forenoon brought up about six hundred excursionists from Stratford. We are pleased to notice that whole families in some cases came to picnic it on the banks of Lake Huron.—From the large number of well-filled baskets visible we judge that pic-nicing was the order of the day. Amongst the crowd, which is a very respectable one, in appearance, we noticed Mr. Daly, ex-member for Perth, Mayor Jarvis, and other local celebrities. We hope our visitors have enjoyed themselves well.

The Excursion to Brantford.

A considerable number of our Goderich folk availed themselves yesterday of the opportunity of visiting Brantford. Owing to the particular time of year, and perhaps, also to a scarcity of dollars, the number of excursionists was not so great as otherwise would have been the case. As it was, however, the turn out was quite respectable. All present were pleased with their trip, and with the treatment extended to them by our Brantford friends. We hope the feeling of good-fellowship between the two places will be kept up, and manifested in a similar manner on many future occasions.

HARVESTING has commenced in most parts of this County. The hay crop, a large portion of which has been cut and saved, is the heaviest ever seen in these parts, and the yield in most cases is most extraordinary. The Fall Wheat is about ripe, and many farmers have commenced cutting. The yield is expected to be better, perhaps, than ever before. Spring wheat looks splendid, and we do not hear that the insects are doing much damage. Potatoes, turnips, and late root crops generally have been much benefited by the late rains. Our Agriculturists have every reason for thankfulness in view of their prospects.

BLACKWOOD.—"Old Ebony" with all thy old-fasioned toryism, and antique associations, we doff our hat and welcome thee to our sanctum. What have we here on thy brown page in the way of contents: Caxtoniana: From Cracow to Warsaw; Ireland Revisited; Why has not Italy done more? The London Art Season; Under the Limes; Chronicles of Carlingford; The State and Prospects of the Church of England. Who that wishes to keep pace with the March of Mind will refuse the modicum of lucre asked by Moorhouse for Blackwood.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The number of this sterling Magazine for August is upon our table. The contents are varied and interesting, and while it is undoubtedly the ablest of American periodicals, we are pleased to see in it from time to time articles relating to Britain, which, in our opinion, should recommend it to the support of Canadians. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, are the publishers. On sale at this office.

☞ The Printer for August is also before us, and we again recommend it as useful to the members of art typographical.

MASONIC PRESENTATION.—We have been shown an elegant silver P. M.'s jewel which is to be presented by the brethren of Maitland Lodge to M. C. Cameron Esq. our worthy mayor. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship, made by J. G. Josephs of Toronto. It gives us pleasure to see that Mr. Cameron stands as high in the estimation of the mystic fraternity as in that of those engaged in the pursuits of ordinary life.

Financial Reform.

It gives us great pleasure to learn that one of the measures of financial reform adopted by the Government is the commencement of proceedings against defaulting municipalities for arrears of the Loan Fund, and also for the recovery of arrears of rents of Crown Seignoiries and the Quebec Fire Loan. Both sections of the Province are to be treated alike, and there are to be no sham prosecutions like those of the late Government. The adoption of these measures will give great satisfaction to the country.—*Globe.*

The Emperor at last accounts had safely arrived at Vichy, where he goes every year in the interest of his liver, which is disordered. Eugenie never accompanies his Majesty to Vichy. Her absence is advised by physicians; she will join him however, at Biarritz where they enjoy sea bathing together. The Empress and the Imperial Prince are at St. Cloud.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Tusday evening a serious accident happened to Mr. Samuel Easter, John-street. He had just left Grimsby with a buggy, when one of the wheels came off, and he was thrown over the dashboard into the road. The result was that his right arm was fractured, besides several bruises on his face and body.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

WAR NEWS.

There is no news from Charleston of any importance since the bloody assault upon Fort Wagner and repulse. The federals appear to be amusing themselves firing shells, &c., into the sides of the fort, but by all accounts, no damage is done.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Special to the 'Post':—Information from the front to-day is to the effect that General Lee is moving nearer to the south bank of the Rappahannock. The 'Republican' says Gen. Meade is close at hand, and adds that from present appearances it will not be an easy matter for Lee to return to Fredericksburg, should he desire to do so.

All the wounded and sick from Gen. Meade's army have arrived here.

NEW YORK, July 31.—The 'Express' says: We have seen to-day officers from General Grant's army who left Vicksburg about ten days ago. The note of preparation for a march to Mobile was then heard on every side. The troops were in the best spirits, and confident of success. The calculation was that the stars and stripes would float over Mobile by the 15th of August.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31.—Two sons of Gen. Meade were drafted to-day.

HARRISBURG, July 31.—Arrangements have been made to purchase a part of the battle field at Gettysburg for a cemetery, in which it is proposed to gather the remains of our dead. The ground embraces the point of the desperate attack made upon the left centre of our army. Eight other states have already united with Pennsylvania in this project.

CINCINNATI, July 31.—The 'Commercial's' Lexington special says, this morning our forces came upon the rebels at Lancaster, where a considerable fight ensued. The enemy lost 20 killed and wounded, and nearly 100 prisoners.

A rebel force 500 strong took Stamford, Kentucky, about noon to-day, but were driven out by our cavalry with considerable loss, and at the last advices were hastily retreating toward the Cumberland river.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Information received to day from the Army of the Potomac states that Lee massed his forces at Culpepper on Wednesday, and made other preparations to give battle on the Rappahannock. His first advance south of Culpepper, was to foil us in taking the Fredricksburg route, but finding we did not advance he concentrated his army at Culpepper.

The Rappahannock is guarded from Fredericksburg to Ellisford on the Rapidan by only one rebel regiment.

The Rapidan is fortified south of Culpepper.

Arrival of the "America."

New York, August 2.

The steamship America, from Southamp ton on the 22nd ult., arrived at noon to-day.

The Canada, from Boston, arrived at Queenstown on the 19th ult.

The Hecla, from New York, arrived on the 19th.

In the House of Lords, the Duke of Argyle asked the Government to give facilities for establishing a Ship Canal from Lake Erie to Ottawa instead of the United States.

Earl Grenville regretted that the Canadians had not provided sufficient militia for defence in case of war, and said it was impossible for England to defend Canada effectively unless the Canadians aided.

Mr. Horsman's resolution in favor of Poland was withdrawn.

The *Times'* city article says that the American news was received with surprise, disappointment and satisfaction—surprise at the sudden collapse of the Vicksburg defence—disappointment of the removal, owing to Lee's retreat, of all prospect of the termination of the war, and satisfaction in contemplating English wisdom in not prematurely yielding to the recent pressure for Confederate recognition.

The Galway contract—the same as 1859—was approved in the Commons. Galway will be a port of departure.

FRANCE.

The *Constitutionel* regrets the impatience of those who demand the immediate publication of the Russian replies, and says the replies are being examined by the three Powers, who positively intend to agree on the means of settling the question definitely.

Paris journals consider the Russian reply unsatisfactory.

The *Nation* says the intentions of the French cabinet regarding the Polish reply will be made known within three days.

Rentes 67.85.

RUSSIA.

Russia admits the six propositions, but rejects the armistice. The suppression of the insurgents is necessary, and an amnesty is offered meanwhile. She is willing to accept the principle of a conference itself, but does not admit the right of all the Powers who signed the final act of Vienna to participate in the conference until England, France, Prussia and Russia are agreed.

POLAND.

The Russian military officers are vested with administrative functions. A Cossack detachment, while plundering Geracino, was cut to pieces. The insurrection in Sawogitia is increasing. 800 Russians were defeated near Subarto, and 500 at Sabato. The Russian conscription in Wilna, Grodno, Kowno, Volhynia and Kleinpoldally is postponed. The Russians were beaten twice on the 15th, and once on the 18th ult.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Government is extremely dissatisfied with the last Russian reply.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

The cotton market is firmer with an advance of ¼d on all descriptions, and a partial advance of ⅛ on American.

BREADSTUFFS MARKET.

Breadstuffs firm. Flour steady at 21 to 25s. Wheat buoyant; red western and southern 3s 3d to 9s 3d; white western and southern 10s to 11s. Corn firm; mixed 27s to 27s 3d; white 28s 6d to 29s 6d.

"Clear Grit."

A friend asked us a few days ago, in a political assembly, where the term "Clear Grit" came from; and it is just possible some who use the term have forgotten its origin. About the year 1850, Mr. MacDougall, the present Crown Land Commissioner, was publishing the "North American" newspaper at Toronto. There was a growing dissatisfaction in the Reform party at the doings of Hincks and his associates, and symptoms of a split were already visible. Malcolm Cameron took up the cry of Retrenchment, (or, at any rate, those who took up the cry used his name,) and the *North American* came out against the great powers. The *Globe* made fun out of the movement—and ironically said they showed themselves to be "clear grit." Ill names, like curses, always come home to roost, and it was but a year or two till George Brown was himself recognized as the head of the Clear Grits. Since that day this slang Yankee term has been made still more rowdylike by being cut down into 'Grit.'' Now, you may call a man a "sad dog," or a "wild dog," or a "merry dog," but you must not call him "*a* dog;" so, on the same principle you may call a Reformer a "Clear Grit," but if you want to keep in his good graces, you must not call him "*a* Grit."—*Owen Sound Times.*

Patriotism of Polish Women.

A letter from Poland in an English paper says:—"A long stay in Poland has a most depressing effect on the spirits. The universal mourning worn by the women haunts you even in your sleep, and you feel that 'black,' after all, is the true ghost color. Wherever you go you find the same poor helpless creatures herding together in the churches; and even there not always free from the brutality of the Russian soldiery. Under the pretence of searching for arms, the sanctity of the house of God has repeatedly been violated, and sentries stationed at the door not unfrequently subject ladies to annoyance, if not insult, in going in and out. It is the attitude of the women which annoys the Russians still more than that of the men. There is no sacrifice to which they will not readily submit, and their spirit is indomitable. From the Princess Sapicha to the petty tradesman's wife, they devote themselves heart and soul to the cause, slaving night and day at making clothes, conveying arms and ammunition to the insurgent camp, remaining all night under prison walls, for the chance of rescuing captives, and performing other heroic acts. Combined with this power of self-sacrifice, Polish ladies possess a most lively wit, which is often more than a match for their enemies."

The Harvest in Great Britain.

The Mark Lane *Express* says:—"We now seem certain of an unusually early and fine harvest. Some new oats of good quality have been brought to the London market, and some new wheat is expected to be a market next Monday. Should an adverse change take place, there is ample room for for a 10s per quarter advance without high prices. Every county teems with the promise of abundance, and prices have declined in all the principal markets."

IRELAND.—The Dublin *Evening Post* says: "many a year the prospects of the harvest have not been so favourable as they are at this moment. The accounts from the country are of the most cheering kind, free from anything exceptional, and promising abundance of the various crops—wheat, oats, barley, potatoes turnips, &c. All through, the weather has been everything that the husbandman could desire. We had an unusually fine spring—a most favorable sowing time so far, a glorious summer, with abundance of rain, but no excess of moisture. All that is now wanted is a continuance of the present splendid weather, and we may be certain to see one of the earliest and most productive harvests that this country has been blessed with within the recollection of the present generation. This is the first year since the disastrous famine of 1846 that we have not had even rumors about potato blight. The new potatoes are abundant, but not cheap, for nothing in the shape of food is now cheap in this city, except bread."

A Curious Swiss Custom.

When a girl has arrived at a marriageable age the young men of the village assemble by consent on a given night at the gallery of the chalet in which the one resides. This creates no uneasiness in the minds of the parents, who not only wink at the practice, but are never better pleased than when the charms of their daughter attract the largest number of admirers. Their arrival is soon announced by sundry taps at different windows. After the family in the house has been aroused, (for the scene usually occurs at midnight, when they have retired to rest,) the window of the room prepared for the occasion, in which the girl is first alone, is opened. There a parley commences of rather boisterous description; each man in turn urges his suit with all the eloquence and art of which he is possessed. The fair one hesitates, doubts, asks questions, but comes to no decision. She then invites the party to partake of are past of cakes and kirshwassar which is prepared for them on the balcony. Indeed, this entertainment, with the strong water of the cherry, forms a promient feature in the proceedings of the night. After having regaled themselves for sometime, during which, and through the window, she makes use of all the witchery of women's art, she feigns a desire to get rid of them and will sometimes call her parents to accomplish this object. The youths, however, are not to be put off, for according to the custom of the country, they have come there for the express purpose of compelling her on one night, there and then, to make up her mind, and to declare the object of her choice.—At length after further parley her heart is touched, or at least she pretends that it is, by the favored swain. After certain preliminaries between the girl and her parents her lover is admitted through the window where the affiance is signed and sealed, but not delivered in presence of both father and mother. By consent of all parties the ceremony is not to extend over a couple of hours when, after a second jollification with kirschwassar, they all retire—the happy man to bless his stars, and the rejected to console themselves with the hope that at the next tournament of love making they may succeed better. In general the girl's decision is taken in good part by all, and is regarded as decisive.

JOHN MOFFAT, Esq.—Many will doubtless be glad to hear that this gentleman has taken up his abode amongst us. Mr. Moffat has purchased a nice residence in the village of Komoka intending to make it his permanent home. We are sure every Temperance friend in Canada will rejoice at being able to secure a greater share of Mr. Moffat's eloquence in the advocacy of so good a cause. We hope Mr. M. will now enjoy a pleasent time among his many warm friends and admirers throughout the length and breadth of Canada. Yea more, we hope soon to hear of his raising his voice in the halls of our Legislature against that evil which he has devoted the best of his life in aiding to suppress. We would hail with delight Mr. Moffat's entrance to Parliament as an eloquent and sound politician. As an orator we are confident Mr. Moffat would stand unrivalled, except by the poetic fire of McGee.—*Mitchell Reformer.*

THE PUBLIC WORKS AT OTTAWA.—The Quebec *Mercury* says that 'the public buildings at Ottawa are being pushed forward towards completion in a most satisfactory manner—in manner entirely in accordance with the good faith involved when the decision of the Queen was solicited to put an end to the perpetually recurring strife on the seat of government question.''

THE TWELFTH OF JULY IN IRELAND.—Party spirit is fast dying out in Ireland. The 12th of July passed of this year without any violation of the public peace. The Matthew Central Committee have organized a series of temperance demonstrations during the month: one of them was to be held at Macroon on that day, but the parish priest, the Rev. Mr. Cullinane, requested that the meeting might be postponed: he would not willingly keep alive bad feelings, or give the semblance of reason for believing that he would do so.—The only place was at Belfast, where some stones were thrown and windows smashed.—On the 14th, the rival factions of that town met, with the usual result of many broken windows and broken heads. Among the houses attacked was that of the Roman Catholic Bishop. At Lisburn there was a great gathering of Orangemen; and at Derry the day was celebrated. But nowhere, it would appear, was there any violent outbreak of the old party feuds.

THE EMPEROR'S GIFT.—The Emperor Joseph II. was in the habit of walking about incognito. One morning he went into an elegant coffee house and asked for a cup of chocolate. He was plainly dressed, and the waiters, being ignorant of his rank, insolently refused it, saying it was too early. Without making any reply he walked out, and went into a little coffee house hard by, and asked for a cup of chocolate. The landlord answered that it should be ready in a moment. While he waited for it he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the landlord's da