AGENTS—TO SELL NEW MAP of the Dominion of Canada. Profits $10 to $15 per day. TROY & CO., Toronto.

$5 TO $20 PER DAY—AGENTS wanted. All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS—BOOK—500 MORE—Everywhere. Pays suitable agents well. Success sure to such. Oldest subscription house in Canada. MACLEAR & CO., Toronto.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO learn telegraph operating for offices opening in the Dominion. MANAGER, Box 1250, Toronto.

SCREW STUMP MACHINES for Farmers—the cheapest and best in use. Send for circular and price. N. O. PETERSON, Sarnia Foundry, Sarnia.

TURKISH ONGUENT, A NEVER failing remedy for forcing moustaches or whiskers. Sent free on receipt of 25 cents. Box 290, Toronto.

TO TRAPPERS.—SEND $1 00 to the subscriber and get printed receipts for trapping all the fur-bearing animals, by the use of which he has made $50 in two weeks while teaching school. R. E. HAMILTON, Hereward, P.O.

FARM FOR SALE,

Consisting of part of Lot No. 11, in the 1st Concession of New Surrey, Township of Nelson, County of Halton, being 155 acres, more or less, 130 acres cleared, the balance hardwood. On the premises are two good dwelling houses, barns, and sheds, two young orchards, wells, &c., with a never-failing stream of water running across the premises. The above is situated in such a way that it can be easily divided into two farms if purchasers desire it, as the buildings were built with that intention. *Terms easy.* For particulars apply to THOMAS CAMPBELL, on Lot 5, 9th Concession East Flamboro'. Or if by letter to Carlisle P.O.

FARM FOR SALE.—50 ACRES, north half lot 15, concession 12, Elma, on the Elma Grand Road, two miles from the Newry Station of the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway; twenty or twenty-five acres cleared, good frame house, painted and stable; young orchard of 150 trees, and a good well. A quantity of good cedar, black ash, and other timber on the lots and adjoining Sills' sawmill. $600 required down, balance to suit purchaser. Possession given this spring. Apply to W. D. MITCHELL, Grocer, Listowel.

FOR SALE — A VALUABLE farm containing 100 acres, all cleared (excepting 10 acres), with a good dwelling, outbuildings, barns, &c., situate in the township of Barton, and within three miles of the City of Hamilton. For further particulars apply to R. R. WADDELL, Hamilton.

FARMS FOR SALE—LOT 14, Concession 11, Wallace Township, 100 acres, 50 cleared, frame barn 36 x 46, frame house 24 x 18, small orchard, about 40 acres hardwood bush; ½ mile from Palmerston Station, on W. G. & B. R. R. Lot 20, Concession 1, Minto, 70 acres cleared, frame barn 60 x [illegible], good house, 2 acres of orchard, bearing; one mile from Palmerston Station, on W. G. & B. R. R. For particulars apply to

R. MARTIN, Listowel P.O.

DOMINION THERMOMETERS register the highest summer heat and the coldest winter. Simple and strong in construction and entirely reliable. To be had of all dealers. ROBERT WILKES, Toronto and Montreal, Sole Wholesale Agent.

PATENT PERISCOPIC SPECTACLES, suit all ages, preserve the sight, accommodate the light, and give universal satisfaction. Price $1 per pair. To be had of all dealers. Wholesale only, ROBERT WILKES, Toronto and Montreal.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY—Ivory, Bone and Horn Handles, riveted and named "R. Wilkes & Co., Sheffield," can be relied on for quality finish and durability. To be had of all dealers. ROBERT WILKES, Wholesale Agent, Toronto and Montreal.

STANDARD GOLD CHAINS, stamped R. W. & Co—coloured and bright Gold are all of guaranteed quality, and finished very superior. The public can depend on these chains giving entire satisfaction. To be had of all dealers. ROBERT WILKES, Toronto and Montreal, Sole Wholesale Agent.

Lamb's Knitting Machine,

For Family and Manufacturers' use,

Will be on exhibition at Guelph, from the 16th to the 19th inst., and at the London Fair from the 22nd to the 26th inst., and in operating knitting stockings, etc. General Agent, H. BAILEY, 205 Yonge street, Toronto; Box 675.

COTTON YARN,

White, Blue, Red and Orange.

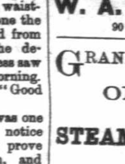
CARPET WARP.

Beam Warps for Woollen Mills.

Warranted the very best quality

None genuine without our label.

WM. PARKS & SON.,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N.B.



WHITE'S New Home and New Letter "A" Sewing Machine. We challenge the world to produce their equal. All the principal points in the best machines combined in one. Just adapted to the wants of the people. Suits every one. Do not miss seeing it, and you will surely buy it. Every Machine warranted perfect or no sale. Agents wanted; territory secure. Address

W. A. WHITE & CO.,
90 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

STEAMER FOR SALE.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company will be prepared to receive offers for the purchase of the

"STEAMER INTERNATIONAL,"

now plying between Fort Erie and Buffalo. She is a wooden paddle steamer, and carries fourteen cars on her deck. Will be ready for delivery upon the completion of the International Bridge during the

MONTH OF OCTOBER NEXT.

Offers for this steamer (to be delivered in Fort Erie) will be received by the undersigned.

C. J. BRYDGES,
Managing Director.

Montreal, Aug. 12th, 1873.

STOCK'S

EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

Our Extra Oil only, bears the Trade Mark.

This Oil is superior to any other for such machinery as reaping machines, thrashing machines, and all other machinery for agricultural uses, as it never thickens and is free from offensive smell.

Read these Testimonials, as we can gain 7 per cent in power and some 50 per cent in oil over any other kind.

JOSEPH HALL WORKS, OSHAWA.—I consider Stock's Extra Oil superior to olive or lard oil. F. W. GLEN, President.

BRANTFORD ENGINE & MILLGEARING WORKS.—We find the Stock's Oil to be the best we have yet used. C. H. WATEROUS & CO.

WATERFORD FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOP.—We find your oil equal to lard; it is the only oil to give general satisfaction. GREEN BROS. & CO.

The following firms are also prepared to furnish our Oils:—

Messrs. LYMAN, CLARE & CO., Montreal.

Messrs. LYMAN BROS., & CO., Toronto.

J. S. YERKER, Kingston.

W. H. MARSH & CO., Belleville.

Address—

STOCK & WEBSTER,
Dominion Chambers, 65 Colborne street, Toronto

THE CANADIAN

Land & Emigration Company

Offer for sale on conditions of settlement,

GOOD FARM LOTS IN DYSART

AND ADJOINING TOWNSHIPS,

AT FROM $1 TO $2 PER ACRE.

In addition to many good roads already constructed, the Company last year completed a road through the townships of Dudley and Harcourt, opening up a large tract of excellent hardwood land, and connecting the settlement in Harcourt with the village of Haliburton. The Buckton road leading direct from the county town of Peterborough, is to be completed this year under instructions from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Other roads already give access from Toronto, Ottawa, Peterborough, Lindsay, Coboconk, and other points to and through a great portion of the Company's territory.

The Company's townships form one rich municipality, ensuring to the settlers constant improvement in the country in new schools, roads, &c.

TOWN LOTS FOR SALE in the village of Haliburton, where there are churches and schools, telegraph and good postal communication. Town hall, grist and saw mills, hotels, stores, &c.

Access from Toronto by the Toronto & Nipissing Railway by morning train to Coboconk; thence by stage to Minden. Stage from Minden to Haliburton afternoon of every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Company expects to complete arrangements for the summer, by which passengers from Toronto by T. & N. R. R. will be able to reach Haliburton in one day.

For further information apply to

CHAS. JAS. BLOMFIELD,
Manager C. L. & E. Company, Peterborough,
Or to ALEX. NIVEN, P.L.S.,
Agent C. L. & E. Company, Haliburton, Ontario.

THE WEEKLY MAIL

Is published every Thursday morning in time for the English mail, second edition on Friday, and despatched by first trains and express to all parts of the Dominion. Price $1.00 a year.

Advertisements for casual insertion are charged at the rate of fifteen cents per line; contract rates by the year made known on application. Condensed advertisements are inserted at the rate of forty cents for twenty words, and two cents each additional word.

THE WEEKLY MAIL will form an excellent medium through which to reach the public, circulating from every Post Office and prominent point in Ontario, and largely in the sister Provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, and Manitoba.

The Weekly Mail.

VOL. II. NO. 80. TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1873. PRICE THREE CENTS.

Briggs Visits St. Catharines—Beamsville Picnic—Niagara and [illegible] Peculiarities—A Grit Fizzle—A [illegible] Crowd and No Enthusiasm.

Editor Coboconk Irradiator.

I have just returned to town after a tour of a few days in the Niagara District, justly styled the Garden of Canada.

It has obtained this name on account of its fertility, which reminds me of a conundrum perpetrated by Hodgins, whom I met at the Niagara picnic.

Although a Grit, Hodgins has a strong sense of humour.

Said he, "Can you tell me why this section of country resembles a fur cap?"

"Now don't, please don't," said I. "Wretched man, forbear," I continued, as a horrible thought suddenly flashed upon me. "Can it be possible that you are about to observe that the similarity consists in its *hat-tractiveness!* No, no, I cannot believe you capable of a mental degradation that every right-minded man must shudder at."

"Such a conception," said he, "never entered my mind, and was doubtless suggested by your own prurient imagination. The answer is, 'Because it is *fertile* (fur-tile).'"

I breathed freely once more. That brilliant intellect was not to be lost to the Party by lapsing into utter imbecility.

On arriving at St. Catharines, where I resolved to take up my quarters, (I put down more quarters there than I took up however), I inquired the way to the Welland House, of a darkey whom I met near the station.

"Look ober dar," said he, pointing to a neighbouring shanty; "don't yer see whar dat woman's gittin some water?"

"Yes."

"Well, den, dats de *well—and house.* Yah, yah."

If he had been a small nigger I should have kicked him, as it was, I murmured a fervent petition for him and passed on.

I easily found my destination. I told Bromley, the genial Boniface (landlords are always genial) that if he could put up with me I would put up with him. He said, "Put up or shut up." I put up and was put up on the fourth story. That was a put up job on me.

While there I tasted some of the far-famed mineral water. It may not be intoxicating, but it is certainly strong drink.

It is quite easy to make. Old boots, cabbage leaves, cigar stumps, soap suds and lucifer matches, judiciously commingled are the principal ingredients. No family should be without this invaluable St. Catharine.

Hearing that the Tories were to picnic at Beamsville, Monday, I resolved to be on hand.

It was an awful wet morning. Rain fell in torrents, and the great Reform Party were jubilant. "Long may she *reign*" was the aspiration of every heart. I never knew them so loyal before.

I quite thought the affair would have to be given up. The elements themselves seemed enlisted in the good cause. The heavens wept over the iniquities of Toryism, and the sun refused the light of his countenance to the proceedings.

But alas our hopes were short-lived, our prophecies falsified by events and the disappointment that seems to be our destined portion for ever ensued—shortly after noon it cleared up.

It is always our fate—victory always recedes when seeming fairly within our grasp.

> "Like Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
> But turn to ashes on the lips,
> Or like a drink of good old rye
> Spilt from the glass before one sips."

There was a very fair congregation considering the weather. After they had considered the weather awhile they came to the conclusion that it was sufficiently favourable to proceed.

Merritt, Cameron, Rykert, Hawkins, of Brantford, and D. W. Beadle delivered speeches, and you may fancy my astonishment when I was called on for a few remarks.

I hadn't any idea that the Tories were so liberal-minded as to extend such courtesy to an opponent. It can only arise from latitudinarianism—a want of abiding faith in their own principles.

Some stern and inflexible Grits might object on Party grounds to my appearing as a speaker at a Tory meeting, but it is strictly in accordance with the line of action I laid down two weeks since—a kind of gentle intimation that I would not be unwilling to come to terms with them if the consideration was high enough.

Rykert is emphatically a mean man. He keeps a scrap-book, in which he pastes the *Globe's* articles, and then at some future time when the *Globe* finds it convenient to change its views, he goes and raises dead issues on us by bringing up its former utterances. It is taking an unfair advantage.

No politician possessing a spark of self-respect would condescend to keep a scrap-book.

The demonstration on the whole was lamentably successful, but we have the consolation that if it had only kept on raining all day there wouldn't have been half as many present.

The following day I went to Niagara where there was a picnic under the auspices of the great Reform Party.

Niagara is a sort of jumping off place of all creation.

You get there by a stage from St. Catharines, drawn by a couple of animated equine skeletons, through whose bones the hollow winds of autumn whistle with a moaning sound.

They are the most *restive* steeds I ever travelled behind. They want to rest every few minutes.

There are frequent taverns on the road, and about every two miles the driver stops to water his horses, and incidentally mention to some passenger that he doesn't mind if he does.

I have seldom known a stage driver who minded if he did. It is one of the peculiarities of the stage.

We were only about three hours doing the twelve miles, and arrived in good time at old Niagara.

It is a curious place. The principal branches of industry pursued by the able-bodied population are sitting on the wharves fishing for suckers and loafing round the taverns, lamenting the ancient glories of Niagara and predicting that it would be quite a place if they could only get that Lateral Cut.

About three-fourths of the buildings are tenantless.

Peach and apple trees grow on vacant lots and abandoned orchards, loaded with fruit, which the natives haven't the energy to steal.

Rents are unknown. I happened into a store and asked the proprietor what rent he paid.

"Rent, rent?" said he vacantly. "I don't quite understand."

"What do you pay to the man who owns this place for permission to occupy it?"

He stared profoundly, and then burst into a fit of laughter. "Well, if you ain't pretty green," said he. "The idea of a fellow paying anything just to stop in a man's store! Why, he pays me for keeping the place from falling to decay. But Niagara will be quite a place when we get the Lateral Cut."

The time for the picnic having arrived, I struck for Paradise Grove. It is a beautiful spot on the banks of the river, a mile or so out of town.

It is a grove of oaks. The picnic was the biggest *hoax* though.

There were hardly twenty people on the ground, but they kept dropping in by degrees.

At every fresh arrival the organizers set up a shout of triumph.

When the festival was fairly started, there were two or three hundred there.

Presently Blake and Mackenzie, who had come over by the boat, hove in sight.

"Scatter yourselves round more, boys," shouted John M. Currie. "Don't all stand so close together—spread yourselves about to make a decent show."

The assembled Grits hurriedly arranged themselves at intervals of two or three feet apart, as the Reform leaders appeared on the ground.

"Happy to see you over, gentlemen," said John M. Currie—the prospective Grit candidate—advancing towards the illustrious couple. "We have a beautiful day for our picnic."

"Yes," said Blake. "Where is it to be held?"

"Why right here, of course. Behold yonder thronging myriads assembled to do you honour. (Aside.) Confound them, why don't they spread themselves round more?"

"What, is *that* the best you can do? Surely that is not all," said Mackenzie.

"I shan't speak," said Blake, scowling with disgust and indignation.

"Oh, but perhaps some more may arrive," said Currie. "Briggs, for heaven's sake go back to town and try and scare up a crowd. Treat 'em, and say there's free whiskey on the ground. Give them a dollar apiece if you can't get them without."

I hastened back, but met with poor success. All the regular loafers were there already.

However, I picked up Mayor Murphy—formerly of Dummer street, Toronto—wet him, and handed him a dollar. It was a good investment.

Murphy is a flamboyant cuss, and contributed more enthusiasm to the affair, than all the rest put together.

Saul Davis, of Niagara, turned up shortly afterwards, and by promising to try and influence Wood to decide the arbitration between himself and Barnett, in his favour, I got him to consent to occupy a seat on the platform. It gave tone to the assemblage.

I will not *dwell* on the speeches, it would be like living on air.

Mackenzie contributed the *pièce de resistance*. His speech referred mainly to the Pacific Scandal.

I said it would last week. This shows the reliability of my information.

Blake, after threatening to leave without speaking, was finally induced by the intercessions of the two Curries to talk for a quarter of an hour. He was vociferously applauded by Mayor Murphy.

Then the two leaders made a hasty retreat, and left the field to the local men.

They charged the decadence of Niagara upon the Government. Toryism was made responsible for the hay crop in the streets of the village and the vacant stores.

"What have the Government done for us? We have sent Tories to Parliament for the last twenty years, and they have done nothing for us. Now let us send a Reformer, and they will do something to buy us back," said S. J. J. Brown. A sentiment which was greeted with loud applause.

I'm afraid the Niagara folks won't get their price, it would cost about $6,000,000 to take the Canal round there. They will require to bull the market considerable before a single vote in Parliament fetches that figure.

I couldn't stay to the close, as the stage was returning.

"By this *Stage* our reporter left."

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.,
Graduate of Coboconk University.

Toronto, Oct. 2.

THE THAMES MYSTERY.

THE MISSING MRS. CAYLEY.

(London Times, [illegible].)

Yesterday the authorities of Scotland-yard produced the person named Mrs. Cayley, whose identification with the mutilated body found in the Thames had been "spoken to" by relatives, friends and landlady. It will be remembered that by the reports in *The Times*, Mrs. Christian, of South street, Battersea-fields, early last week gave information to the police that a Mrs. Cayley, or, as she spelt it, "Cailey," answering nearly the exact description of the body found, so far as the mutilated parts could be described, had left her house on the 2nd instant, having been there a lodger for several weeks, and being a lady who expected to have some property. This description appeared, with some necessary supressions, in *The Times* of the middle of last week, and when it was found that the woman was really missing, that she had friends in the country who did not know of her whereabouts, and that it was important for the ends of justice that the woman's existence should be ascertained without doubt, the limited description was enlarged on Saturday. The result was to bring to the knowledge of the police the reputed husband whose name was borne by the woman, and then it became necessary for the police to search out all the acquaintances and haunts of the woman, for Mrs. Christian and another had most positively identified the body. The difficulty of the position was heightened by the fact that the brother of the missing woman thought the body was that of his sister; a sister held a stronger opinion in favour of that view, a second brother positively identified the body, and a friend to whom the missing woman was well known, likewise declared that the body was hers. On Wednesday night the agents of Scotland-yard, instructed by a Mr. Sayer, stopped the Mrs. Cayley at the West-end at a late hour, and at two o'clock yesterday morning she was confronted with her own portrait. On being questioned as to the reason why she had not come forward, and so have saved the attention of the public and the time of the police, she excused herself by saying that she had been to Scotland with a gentleman, and that she was so horrified with the story of the murder in the Thames that she had refused to read it or to listen to any account of it. Yesterday afternoon she was taken to her old lodgings in Battersea-fields, where Mrs. Christian saw again in the flesh the woman she had identified as the mutilated body.

This is one of the strange phases of this terrible crime, but is one to which the police have given but passing attention. Inspector Marler has been constantly engaged in dredging the Thames in the hope of finding some clothing, which may have got stopped round the moorings of a craft, and Inspector Sayer has been directing inquiries into circumstances which have come to light regarding the movements of persons in various parts. They are hoping and working, and every conceivable means is being taken to trace out the mystery.

Yesterday, by the order of the Police Commissioners, a photograph was taken of the remains, as they have been arranged by Mr. Haden, the medical officer of the workhouse where they lie. There have been attempts made by the dealers in horrors to obtain a sketch of the remains, but Mr. Haden would not permit any, and the police authorities have supported him in this course. The photograph taken is for the use of the Scotland-yard department, and will not be allowed to come under the inspection of any unauthorised person.

There were many separate statements of a "barge mystery" in connection with particular barges. Most of these have been cleared up. It may be mentioned that one part of the Thames in particular is receiving the attention of the police at this moment, and that is between Battersea bridge and the mouth of the Wandle.

There is one mistake which it is important to correct in the description of the body published in the police information and offer of a reward, and this is with respect to the hair of the deceased. The description says the hair of the deceased is two inches long. The hair, as seen on the corpse yesterday, is eight or nine inches in length.

The notice given by the Government was published last night, and to-day the following will be sent over the country:—

"Murder.—£200 Reward.—Whereas, on the 5th instant, and following days, various portions of the body of a female were found in the River Thames, at Battersea, Chelsea, Lambeth, Limehouse, Greenwich, Blackwall, and Woolwich. A Coroner's inquest has been held, and a verdict returned of 'Wilful murder' against some person or persons unknown; £200 reward will be paid by her Majesty's Government to any person who shall give such information and evidence as shall lead to the discovery and conviction of the murderer or murderers, and the Secretary of State for the Home Department will advise the grant of her Majesty's gracious pardon to any person, not being the person who actually committed the murder, who shall give such evidence as shall lead to a like result. Description of the Body.—Age supposed about forty, stout, coarse skin, hair (two inches long) thin and dark, nose short (thick and round at the extremity), eyebrows dark brown, a thin line of dark hair on her upper lip, mole on right side of neck and a small pale coloured mole about an inch from right nipple, large white scar on centre of chest (probably the result of a burn in childhood), small scar (result of boil) on right forearm, scar (two inches in diameter, from ulcer, abscess, or wound) near knee on right side, perhaps of considerable standing, ears pierced for earrings. General appearance that of a healthy woman. Information to Superintendent Williamson, Detective Department, Great Scotland-yard, London, S.W., or at any of the Metropolitan Police Stations.

"E. Y. HENDERSON,
The Commissioner of the Police of the Metropolis.

"Metropolitan Police Office, 4, Whitehall-place, Sept. 16."

A BOY AT THE WOOD-PILE.—There was a boy in a Nelson street yard cutting wood yesterday, and he worked at it in a strikingly natural manner. First he set the stick on one end and prepared to strike it, when it tumbled down. Then he stood it up and put a sliver under the weak side to sustain it, and lifted the axe for the blow, when it tumbled again. As he had got the axe up quite a ways this time, and was fairly quivering with expectation, the reaction was not pleasant. It appeared to weaken him, and before another trial he leaned on the axe and looked around on the scenery. At the third trial he put several slivers under the stick, and was some five minutes doing it. Then he raised the axe carefully, deliberately took aim, and brought the blade down with terrible force, and within about an inch and a half of the stick, which immediately tipped over. This surprised him. He looked at the axe, then at the stick, and then around at the houses to see if anybody was looking. He was ten minutes propping the stick up the fourth time. When he got it so it would stand without being held he took up the axe, and after several mock motions so as to get the right aim, he swung the implement down again. The blade struck the stick with terrible force, within about a sixteenth of an inch from the edge, and took off a slip about five inches long. We don't suppose there is anything quite so aggravating as this. Splitting your shin open to the bone is a pastime in comparison. The Nelson street boy stood that stick up again without any ceremony, and with the least display in the world swung the axe over his head and brought it spitefully down. The blade this time clipped off a half-inch chip, and swung around with such momentum as to throw the boy off his feet, and drive him headlong over a pile of other sticks, every one of which he struck with his knees or face. We don't think we ever saw any boy get on his feet as quick as that boy did. And we were not in the least surprised to see him snatch up that axe, and, with screams and sobs, beat that stick until he was exhausted. With this unpleasant duty performed, he flung the axe in among the tomato vines, and went in the house for a piece of cake.—*Danbury News.*

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY AND STAFF.—The African Steamship Company's royal mail steamer Ambriz, which left the Mersey yesterday for the west coast of Africa (and not on Thursday, as erroneously stated), took out Sir Garnet Wolseley and forty-two other officers, who go out to assist in quelling the disturbances on the Coast. Amongst the officers were Captain Brackenbury, assistant military secretary; Captain McCalmont, 17th Hussars; Lieutenant the Hon. A. Charteris, Coldstream Guards; Colonel McNeill, colonel on the staff; Major T. D. Baker, 10th Regiment; Captain Huyshe, Rifle Brigade; Captain Buller, 60th Rifles; Deputy Controller Irvine; Commissary Ravenscroft; Deputy Commissary Walsh; Assistant Commissary Fitz Stubbs; Deputy Paymaster Potter; Assistant Paymaster Ward; Lieut.-Colonel Wood, 90th Foot; Major Russell, 13th Hussars; Major Howe, Royal Engineers; Captain Raitt, Royal Artillery; Captain Godwin, 103d Foot; Captain Broomhead, 104th Foot; Captain Furs, 42d Foot; Lieutenant Gordon, 93d Foot; Lieutenant Maurice, Royal Artillery; Lieutenant Hart, 31st Foot; Lieutenant Dorrien, 27th Foot; Lieutenant Woodgate and Lieutenant-Adjutant Townsend, 16th Foot; Lieutenants Sanders and Wilmot, Royal Artillery; Lieutenant Lord Gifford, 24th Foot; Lieutenant Richmond, 50th Foot; Lieutenant Groves, 10th Foot; Lieutenant Eyre, 90th Foot; and Lieutenant Bolton, 2d West India Regiment. Colonel McNeill distinguished himself in the New Zealand war, and he accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley in the Red River expedition. Captain Buller and Captain Huyshe also served in the Red River expedition, as did also Deputy Controller Irvine.—*Daily News.*

AMERICAN.

A new Southern periodical, entitled the *Dawn*, is appropriately edited by Mr. Knight.

A baby elephant, said to have been roaming around New Jersey, turned out to be a salt-marsh mosquito.

The question of introducing the English sparrow is now being agitated in San Francisco.

A Vermont school library recently declined a set of Dickens' works on account of their immoral tendency.

Mrs. Macready, the actress and reader who used to play Shylock a great deal, died at Marshall, N.Y., last week.

The citizens of Uniontown, Va., feel a little cold toward Henry Snyder. His wife fell down a well, and he rode three miles to borrow a rope when there was a ladder long enough for the purpose against the house.

Boys contemplating the loss of a leg by sportive exploits on the front platforms of horse cars, will find that process a particularly lucrative one in Westchester county. One boy has just traded off a leg for ten thousand dollars before a White Plains jury.

A new sect, styled "Zion's Travellers," has appeared in South Carolina. They profess to be immediately guided by the Lord, and to have frequent revelations from above. They recently supposed that the Lord ordered them to remove to North Carolina, and they are now on their way thither.

It is said that at the time of the failure of the First National Bank of Washington, ex-President Johnston had $60,000 in it to his credit, on which he was receiving six per cent. interest, which was his only revenue. Should the bank be unable to discharge its obligations, the ex-President will be almost penniless.

A Brooklyn man has invented a life-preserver, which consists simply of two sleeves of India-rubber, to be drawn on over the arms and then inflated by blowing in them. In this condition they will sustain the body in any position the wearer may choose to assume on the surface of the water. They can be fastened on the arms and adjusted in fifteen minutes.

A coloured debating society in Trenton, Tennessee, has just debated the question, "Which is the most profit to man—money or education?" One of the debaters argued that if it had not been for education the world would not have been half so large as it is. This clincher was met, however, by the argument that "If it wasn't for money, how you gwine to ride on de kyars?" It was at once decided in favour of money.

The Olean *Times* of Saturday says: "Wednesday evening of this week two of the performers in McAllister & Polley's minstrel troupe got into a quarrel at the depot in Wellsville, and one of them plunged a knife into the neck of the other, injuring him so severely that he was unable to proceed with his comrades to another town. The wounded man now lies in a critical condition at the Dowdney house."

There is a livery-stable keeper in Albany who won't let his horses to anybody without exacting a promise that they will drive slow. Recently a youth who wanted to go to a funeral applied to the livery man for a horse. "My friend, you can have one if you agree to drive slow." "Well, see here, I'm going to a funeral, and I'm bound to keep up with the procession if it kills the horse."

Saturday afternoon Mrs. Lowenstein visited her husband at the Albany jail. The meeting was very formal, and in reply to the question of the husband as to her opinion of his guilt, she gave a prompt reply to the effect that his innocence would have to be proved before satisfying her, at the same time reproaching him for refusing to follow her advice.

Who can read without emotion the story of two little girls in Green Bay, Wis. The eldest was seven years of age, the youngest only five. A drunken father left them alone in their room for six days with only a small loaf of bread for food. When the children were found the elder sister was nearly dead, having refused to eat of the bread so that her little sister might not suffer.

After a vacation of several months, a part of which was passed in European travel, Mr. Nast resumes the pencil with all his accustomed vigour and *esprit*. In addition to his new Almanac for 1874, and his regular contributions to *Harper's Weekly*, he will soon give the public a rare treat in his lectures on Caricature and Caricaturists, illustrated with extemporized sketches. Those who have witnessed the facile and astonishing powers of draughtsmanship and the keen scintillations of humour and fancy displayed by Mr. Nast at social gatherings for the entertainment of friends, predict for him a great success in his new *rôle*.

The New Orleans *Herald* gives this sketch of Cæsar Antoine, the coal-black acting Governor of California:—"His habiliments are in the latest French style, and his appearance always neat and genteel, and his bearing by no means presumptuous or self-sufficient. Without the dash and air of Pinchback, he is also free from the flashiness and rowdy air of that character. Without the dignity and port, he is also free from the austere and thrilling grandeur of the lamented Dunn. Altogether, then, Antoine is rather an engaging individual, and an improvement on his ancestors. He is, too, one of us, knows our ways, and has some sympathies for even his unfortunate white subjects."

Who would not sympathize with the unfortunate and probably good-looking young man who boarded in Milford, Mass. He was doing well when the blight about to be described fell upon his existence. His landlady (medium-aged) suddenly developed a passion for following him into the entry and kissing him before he went out. It was a motherly thing to do, but the young man couldn't bear it. Perhaps the other boarders joked him about it; perhaps his heart was another's; but, at any rate, that young man packed his trunk, gave up his situation, and left town. Young men have been known to affect a tender passion for the landlady, but mostly these were youths who had no "situation" to leave.

In Sullivan county, N.Y., there is published the Liberty *Register*, and of those who enrich its advertising columns is one Dusenberry. His notice thus begins:—"It is admitted that we not only love our wives, but also our children, brothers and sisters. They die. We want a suitable coffin or casket for the jewel, and a tender and careful hand to take it up and bear it to its last resting place. Who will do it for us?" Dusenberry answers this by saying he will, and he further remarks: "A good hearse and peerless team of horses in waiting, at all times, to receive or deliver a corpse at the railway station, or go elsewhere as far as human voice is heard or human track is run."

BISMARCK.—The New York *World* at length repudiates entirely its correspondent's ridiculous story about Bismarck's saying he desired to overthrow Christianity, and substitute the power of the State for that of God. The *World* says:—"Prince Bismarck, in a letter over his own signature, repudiates the construction placed upon his language during an interview lately reported by a foreign correspondent of the *World*. It is just that our readers should be informed of the fact, and that our sincere apologies should be at once offered to the German Chancellor, for we credit his disavowal without reserve. Quite foreign to his bold and virile character would be the unprincely, not to say the unducal, fashion of procuring opinions, to be published as his, with the purpose or possibility of afterwards denying them. It is needless to add that the correspondent, whom we erred in trusting, will not have a second opportunity to mislead us."

STATISTICS OF BATTLE.—The unveiling of the statue of Victory in Berlin has been seized by German statists as an opportunity to collate the statistics of battles for the last ten years. It appears that during that period thirty-seven battles and important engagements have been fought by the Prussians, to wit: two in 1864, nine in 1866 and twenty-six in 1870-71. Of these only three, viz: the battles of Langensalza and Trautenau in 1866, and of Coulmiers in the last Franco-German war, were lost. The three battles of Kœniggraetz, (Sadowa), Gravelotte and Sedan count among the greatest and most decisive, and with reference to the number of men engaged, the first two surpassing even the battle of Leipsic, hitherto believed to be the greatest of modern times. The battle of Thionville and Mars-la-Tour was the bloodiest of this century. In the last three wars the Germans fired 414,673 cannon shots, of which number 357,237 were during the Franco-German war. The number of German dead in the latter war, including 4,009 men missing, amounts to 44,752; and in all three wars since 1864 their number probably considerably exceeds 55,000. In addition to the battles, there were during the last war twenty-six successful sieges, among which were the conquest of the largest fortress in the world, namely, Paris, and of the great military depots, Strasburg and Metz. The number of guns taken from the enemy in the last three wars amounted to upwards of 6,400, of which upwards of 1,700 were field guns. The booty of colours, etc., consists of twenty-six Danish Dannebrogs, thirteen Austria, Bavarian, Saxon and Wurtemburg colours and standards, and ninety-five eagles, colours and standards won from the French. The number of prisoners made by Prussian troops amounted in 1864 to upwards of 7,000, in 1866 to 43,000, and in 1870-71 to 650,000, including the army of Paris, which was not sent to Germany. The trophies of war lost by the army consisted of only two guns taken by the enemy at Langensalza, and of one colour (at Dijon) and altogether six guns, which were recovered at Paris.

THE INDIANS OF THE RED RIVER ROUTE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

FORT FRANCIS, Sept. 12.

The situation in reference to our relations with the Indians in this region I find to be somewhat as follows:—At the passage of the troops to quell the Red River rebellion, the Indians were promised that if they would refrain from molesting the expedition, and throw no obstacle in the way of opening, or working, what is now known as the Dawson Route, they should receive a subsidy from the Dominion Government. So far as I can learn, however, no specific promise was made or demand preferred, and matters have from that time to this remained in *statu quo*, save that the Indians often receive slight assistance at the various stations. Attempts have, nevertheless, been made to place our relations on a definite footing. With this end in view a conference was held in 1871 at Fort Francis, and in 1872 at Shebandowan. The question at issue was the terms on which the Indians would consent to surrender their rights and interests in this country to the Dominion. They offered to do so in consideration of being paid $10 per head per annum in perpetuity. The highest sum which the Commissioners would consent to grant was $3, and, of course, when "buyers and sellers were apart in their views" so very widely, nothing could be done. The need of a clear understanding with the Indians being, however, patent to all, it was decided to make another attempt during the present year to conclude one. With this view Lieut.-Governor Morris and Messrs. Provencher and Lindsay-Russell were appointed to form a Commission to confer with them; and to these names that of Mr. Dawson had to be added as an *ex officio* member, the Indians having made his inclusion a *sine qua non*. It is indeed very difficult to see why his name was ever omitted from the list, as his knowledge of the country and intercourse with the Indians must be much in excess of almost any other Government official. This Commission having been appointed, Lieut.-Governor Morris named the 11th of September as the time, and the North-west Angle as the place, of meeting. To this appointment the Indians have replied, objecting to both time and place. Their objection to the time was based on the plea that they would then be engaged in cutting their winter store of wild rice; and against the place they alleged the facts that there would be troops from Manitoba present; that traders would enjoy great facilities for introducing whiskey at that point; that American Indians could easily come in there and make trouble; that the North-west Angle was a bad camping-ground; that previous promises and understandings had pointed to Fort Francis as the scene, and finally that at Fort Francis there were the graves of their fathers at which they had been accustomed to settle all important questions, and therefore wished to settle this one. In reply to this the Lieutenant-Governor wrote, saying that as he wished to meet their views as far as possible, he would meet them on the 22nd of September at the North-west Angle. To this it seems the chiefs have replied that go elsewhere than to Fort Francis they will not. Mr. Dawson has, accordingly, gone to Manitoba to try to induce the Lieutenant-Governor to come on here, and has written to Mr. Mat[illegible], the Government Emigration Agent, to turn out of his house and have it fitted up for his Honour's accommodation. It is undoubtedly very much to be regretted that his Honour did not at once consent to come on to Fort Francis. It is only a day and a half's journey from the North-west Angle, with only one portage on the route, and nearly the whole distance is travelled in the new steamer now running on Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods. The inconvenience, therefore, must be very small; most of the objections urged by the Indians seem founded on good sense, and their feeling in regard to the graves of their fathers is one which is certainly entitled to respect. Had the Lieut.-Governor agreed to meet them here on or about the 25th inst., the chances are thought by many to have been favourable to a settlement, which as it should not be arrived at, they look for difficulties which ultimately may prove very mischievous. At present it is impossible to say what the upshot will be; so, whilst waiting the issue, the best thing to be done probably is to cast a glance at the state of the country whose fate is under debate.

Fort Francis, an old Hudson's Bay post, is something of a half-way house between Thunder Bay and Fort Garry. It is, in round numbers, about 240 miles from the former point and 200 from the latter. I have no hesitation whatever in saying that nobody *who sees all that has been done* on this route will feel otherwise than a keen admiration for Mr. Dawson and his staff. It is quite true that the line is by no means perfect; and it is equally true the connections from Red River downwards are not, and with the present plant cannot be kept up so regularly as those from the Bay upwards. But the facts remain that in a wilderness, 600 to 1,000 miles from Toronto, a system of communication has been established whereby emigrants, travelling in day only, can be pushed from the Bay to Fort Garry in about nine to ten days; that to do this a route had to be surveyed; roads had to be built from the Bay to Shebandowan and across every portage; station-houses had to be erected at each portage; boats had to be carried up from Lake Superior and across the portages; steam-engines had to be conveyed over the same route and fitted in the tugs on the scene of their service; large barges had to be built on many of the lakes, and this had to be done with lumber from trees hewn out of the neighbouring woods; and, still more, that two steamers, one of 100, and the other of 120 feet long, had to be constructed in the same manner; that channels had to be improved on almost all the lakes; enormous dams erected on several of them, and wharves on all; and finally that all this having been done, the machinery thus established has to be kept in motion in a country destitute of all the needed appliances. Let any person calmly recall these facts, and I venture to say that his voice will be raised, not in censure of deficiencies, but in praise of achievements. Indeed one of my fellow-travellers who had passed over the route in 1871, said that he was lost in astonishment at the improvements visible in roads, in bridges, in boats, in channels of navigation, in station accommodations, and in the state of the line generally, the whole amounting to much more than he had ever deemed to be practicable in so short a time.

Fort Francis is, as I have said, something of a half-way house on the route. It is prettily situated beside Rainy River. This stream issues from Rainy Lake, and forms the boundary between the States and Dominion territories. After a course of about two miles it forms a thundering cataract, beside which stand the Government buildings and the Hudson's Bay Fort. The falls are really very fine, and may be called almost grand. The descent is about thirty-six feet, but the falls are by no means perpendicular; they are probably about 150 feet from top to bottom, and about 200 feet broad. The way of the waters is over vast masses of rocks, which create waves, eddies and minor falls, which when spread over so wide an extent, have a very beautiful effect. Just beside the falls a saw-mill is now being built by a Mr. Fowler, who intends to send on the product to Manitoba. It seems by no means unlikely, however, that he may soon find a market nearer home. On reaching this point a change in the character of the soil becomes at once visible. Instead of nothing but immense masses of rock meeting the eye, good land begins to appear. There is still some rock to be seen, but not very much. At Fort Francis fine wheat is raised; all coarse grains grow readily, and I saw even some corn which had been grown this year, and looked very well. This sort of land is said to continue all along Rainy River, and on the western side of the Lake of the Woods. Were there a treaty concluded, and the land surveyed, it is thought by all who know the country that colonisation would at once begin. As yet the settlement is very small. The Government buildings are rather poor, which is due to the fact that all the resources of the station have been engaged in building the two steamers now running on Rainy Lake to Kettle Falls, and on Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods to the North-west Angle. The former of these vessels is 100 feet long with 19 feet beam, and engines of about 100 horse-power; the latter is 120 feet long with 19 feet beam, and engines of 110 horse-power. The steamer on Rainy Lake commenced running on the 4th of July; that on Rainy River on the 14th of August. It was originally expected that both would be able to come up to the Fort; but unfortunately the rapids at the head of Rainy River in the one case, and at Long Sault, about thirty-five miles down the river, in the other, have proved to be obstacles in their way. Both have been passed by using a large pressure of steam, and it is thought to be certain that they can be overcome by building a wharf beside each, attaching a rope from the capstan to a post on it, and hauling the vessels through by means of the use of the latter. This once done, there will be uninterrupted communication from here to the North-west Angle, the run to the latter point being made in one-and-a-half days, and from thence to Red River by stages in about two days, which with four-and-a-half days from the Bay to Fort Francis, would reduce the entire run to Manitoba to eight days. It is true that the American route, under favourable circumstances, may be traversed in somewhat less time; but against this has to be set the facts that the cost by it is from $60 to $75, whilst on this route it is only $10, and that the annoyance and difficulties created by U.S. custom-house officers, along with attempts at fraud, render it a most inconvenient line of travel for parties from Canada, leaving the balance of advantages decidedly in favour of the Dawson route, as has been testified to me by parties who have tried both.

As to whether the opening of the line has been beneficial or pernicious to the Indians, opinions are freely expressed on both sides of the case. In this, as in most instances, the probability seems to be that there is a good deal of truth in the allegations on both sides, and that both good and evil have resulted from the change. There seems to be no doubt that it has thrown new temptations in the way of the Indians. Notwithstanding every care to the contrary, free traders do manage to bring the accursed "fire-water" into the interior; and that once laid before an Indian is sufficient to deprive him of all self-control. As high as $1 is frequently paid for a bottle of whiskey; indeed an old Hudson's Bay officer told me that he had seen an Indian pay that sum for a sup! Then these traders are not always very scrupulous as to what they say to Indians; and the detection of lies on their part has led the Indians to try their hand at the same game along with some of the "sharp" tricks of civilization. Still more serious is the fact, on which I find nearly all agreed, that the Whites have frequently assailed the virtue of the women, and that ugly species of disease have been introduced in their midst, whilst they are almost entirely destitute of medical aid. On the other hand, it is clear that since the opening of the route new means of earning money have been placed before them, and, to some extent, laid hold of. They are paid from $1 to $1.25 per cord for cutting wood for the steamers, and when they choose to work can earn $3 per day at it. They can also find employment as pilots on the lakes, as firemen on the tugs, or voyageurs on the boats, or as workmen at the stations. Besides this, the free traders seem to pay more for furs and charge less for goods than the Hudson's Bay Company has been accustomed to do. Were Indians able to exercise any control over their passions there can be no doubt that they would be gainers to a very large extent; but this is what they never yet have shown themselves able to do. It is true that at Fort Francis some have manifested an inclination to cultivate land; four respectable patches have been cleared and pretty good houses built upon them by Indians. One of the Chiefs has been trying for years to lay in a supply of potatoes, but has been foiled by frosts and a scarcity of seed. They are said by some to labour pretty industriously while at work, though all are not agreed on this point. That they will not work continuously is, however, the almost universal report of them; and those who should know them best are unanimous in declaring that they will never become "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Here, as elsewhere, the savage, when brought in contact with the temptations of civilization succumbs to them, losing his own virtues in the process.

Under these circumstances, it seems to me that we are in conscience bound to do all we fairly can in aid of these poor children of the forest. A clear understanding with them is undoubtedly to be desired, and this for our sake no less than for their own. The want of it tends to check settlement, mining, and even prospecting, all through the country, as the Indians will not permit any of these things, which would involve a practical surrender of their property, until insured of compensation for it. In pursuance of this policy they have stopped operations in gold and silver mining at the McKellar mine on Jackfish Lake, and forced sundry exploring parties to abandon operations. Were they to become angry they might possibly sweep every station on the line. It is at least certain that they could destroy the dams erected with so much trouble, thus doing immense damage to the navigation, and that by desultory attacks they might do so much mischief all along the line as to render it practically useless. Nowhere else have we had occasion to dread their hostility so much as along the Dawson route, seeing that it is absolutely essential for us to keep the line open, while its topography offers them facilities of attack scarcely ever afforded elsewhere. I believe that their demand of $10 per head is exorbitant, being much in excess of allowances to their brethren elsewhere. But there is little, if any, doubt, that they would accept $5 or $6, and would be very well content. Even these may seem to be high figures; but it should be remembered that the country is very rich in minerals, and that considerable portions of it—all along Rainy River for instance—are decidedly fertile. It is also to be remembered that the abolition of the free port of Algoma has borne rather hardly upon them, and that they now pay a considerable part of the Customs' duties collected at Thunder Bay. Some estimate the taxation paid by them in this manner at very high figures, the accuracy of which I have no means of testing; but be it what it may, the payment of taxation by them entitles them to better terms than they could have demanded while the free port was in existence. Then it is certain that the actual cost could be reduced considerably by giving a part, if not all, of the indemnity in goods, concerning which plan there would be no difficulty, as the Indians both desire this mode of payment and would profit by it. Were the indemnity handed to them in cash, the chances are that it would be spent for whiskey, or gambled, on the day of its reception. But were it given in fishing-nets, lines, powder, shot, blankets, clothing, flour and pork, the benefit to them would be immense, and the addition of a commission to the expense would reduce the expense considerably. The present restrictions on the introduction of liquors should be maintained and enforced as rigorously as possible, and payment of the indemnity made at a point where they could not be brought, for if they could be had even goods would be bartered for them. If even $5 or $6 still be considered too high for a perpetual annuity, it seems probable that an understanding could be arrived at by dealing liberally with the existing generation; allowing a large indemnity for some years to come, and providing for its successive decrease in future years. There seems every reason to believe that such an offer would be readily accepted; and if the circumstances be duly considered it will be seen to be equitable. The existing generation who are unaccustomed to have us for neighbours are precisely the people who are most likely to lose by our advent, seeing that they cannot change their way of life. With their children it may be otherwise; if they should desire a change they certainly could have it, and this while the physical features of the greater part of the country are such as to render it probable that here they will always have something of a hunting-ground. Almost everything tends to show that it is for the interest of both parties to come to an early understanding, and that there are no difficulties in the way, but such as may be easily overcome.

EXCITING SCENE IN A MENAGERIE.—A terrible scene took place in Mander's menagerie, at Whitby, on Saturday night. There were several hundred people in the show when heartrending cries as from one in mortal agony went through the air. A panic ensued. The people, terribly excited, ran *en masse* to the narrow outlet, and endeavoured to escape by other means. A cry was raised outside that one of the beasts had burst through the bars of its cage, and the excitement among the crowd without was scarcely less intense than that within. In the rush to the door many people, particularly the weaker sex, were injured, and the confusion was increased from the circumstance of a couple of camels blocking up the doorway. Meanwhile the cries continued, and it was discovered that a poor boy named Langley was the victim of the viciousness of a big tiger, placed alongside another next to the cage containing the lion that worried to death poor McCarthy, the lion tamer, at Bolton last year. The tiger was infuriated, and was making strenuous efforts to draw the lad through the bars of the cage. The beast growled frightfully, and what with the pitiful cries of the boy, the shouts of the men, and the screams of half-fainting women, the scene was one of the most terrible description. Some men ran for hot irons, while others beat the beast with their sticks and umbrellas, and did all they could to draw the brute from its helpless victim. Ultimately, after a severe mauling, the animal relinquished its prey, and the boy, helpless and faint through the loss of blood from the injuries he had received, was borne away through the crowd. His wounds upon being dressed, appeared to be of a serious nature, though they are not likely to prove fatal. The brute seems to have caught its victim just below the elbow, and tore a deep lump of flesh right down the forearm to the wrist. There is also a deep gash in the palm of the left hand, from which the hemorrhage is great. The patient lies in great pain, and it is feared that he will not recover the perfect use of his arm. One of the keepers has also been severely injured. He was struck by one of the elephants, and his ribs were smashed in. The man now lies at the workhouse in a helpless condition.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Le Sieur Fromageot has just died at Ivry, France, of joy. The old man was poor. He suddenly came into a large fortune. He attempted to walk to the house of the maire, but staggered in his impatience. His excitement was terrible, and his feeble body was not able to bear it. He fell dead. The physicians at the inquest testified that he died from cerebral congestion of the brain, brought on by his excessive joy at his accession to fortune.

The decease of Mrs. Frank Matthews, the London actress, who has only survived her late husband, Mr. Frank Matthews, two years, is announced. She expired after a short illness at her residence at Brompton, in her sixty-sixth year, made her first professional appearance in the metropolis, under her maiden appellation Miss Apjohn, at the Adelphi, in November, 1829, and since that period her abilities maintained for her a prominent position on the London stage.

CANADIAN.

A little girl, daughter of Mr. George Hopper, of Greenwood, had her skull broken a few days ago by being kicked by a horse.

We notice that Mr. W. Davidge, jr., the clever and popular actor, late of Toronto, has become manager and a leading actor at the Opera House at Reading, Penn. Miss Maggie Harold also making her *debut* as a member of the company.

A man named John Sullivan, a resident of Lower Cove, St. John, was run over by a train near the boat race course on the Kennebecasis the other night. The man had fallen on the track while intoxicated. His body was almost completely cut in two by the car wheels.

Miss Lizzie Handy, the organist of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Mount Brydges, has been presented with a very handsome work-box and writing-desk, together with a flattering address, in token of the appreciation of her services by the members of the congregation. Miss Handy made a suitable reply.

At the sixth annual session of the New Brunswick Grand Lodge of Freemasons, held recently, the Grand Secretary, W. F. Bunting, also presented his report on the state of the Order. The whole number of active members is 2,308, being an increase of 278 over last year. The Grand Treasurer's report showed total receipts $1,038.[illegible] balance from last year, $[illegible]; expenditure, $1,485.71, which leaves a balance of $503.14 in his hands.

[illegible] Thibeaf and Joseph Beaudril, were brought into Chatham, N.B., last week by the Norwegian bark Actson, they having been picked up at sea in an open boat. They reported that they belonged to the fishing schooner Jean Marie, from St. Pierre, Miquelon, and that the vessel being wrecked in the late gale, the captain and crew were lost; that they suffered severely from exposure and want of food before they were picked up.

We have received specimens of oats grown in Muskoka, which show the kinds of crops raised in that portion of the Dominion. The crop, of which the specimens are a fair sample, was grown on lot seventeen, in the second concession of the township of Stisted, which is the property of Mr. Darling, who says the average yield will not be short of sixty bushels per acre. These oats, for length of straw and weight of grain, may be favourably compared with such as are grown in many more highly valued portions of Canada.

A few days ago a party of five labouring men walking on the railroad track near Halifax were overtaken by a train. Four of the men, who were some distance in advance of the engine, managed to jump off the track, but the other, a man named George Beasley, who was within a few feet of the advancing train, seeing the danger and knowing that he could not clear the track in time, had the presence of mind to fall flat on his face and allow the train to pass over him. He escaped with no further injury than having his face and arms slightly scratched through falling so suddenly on the ground.

The Quebec *Chronicle* says:—"One night last week, on board the steamer Quebec, a passenger in the saloon who had a flat box with him opened it and extracted a portable roulette table, which he commenced to operate, and soon attracted a considerable crowd of passengers, many of whom ventured a few dollars on the rolling of the ball. The gambling went on for several hours. The Captain, when his attention was drawn to the game, speedily put a stop to any further operations, and made the enterprising owner shoes up his board, much to the satisfaction of the majority of the passengers."

The St. John *News* says that the work of removing obstructions in the St. John River has been prosecuted to advantage the present season. The lowness of the water has proved of essential service to the operators. At Little Falls, rock obstructions, which were a great drawback in getting rafts of shingles down the river, have been levelled; at Maductnic Falls, formidable obstructions have been removed, and at other points on the river satisfactory work has been performed. A further expenditure on the river for two or three years would be of great service in its navigation. The Dominion Government will doubtless continue the good work.

The Halifax *Reporter* says:—"A slight unpleasantness occurred yesterday in the establishment of a trader, whose name has been rather prominently before the community lately. It appears that a gentleman connected with one of the 'Commercial Agencies' happened into the aforesaid place, on business, and there met several gentlemen, professional and mercantile. A few rather 'sarcastic' remarks passed between the 'agent' and one who felt himself aggrieved at the apparent meaning of something that lately appeared in the *Monetary Times* respecting business transactions in this city. From 'sarcasm' to rather more forcible measures was an easy transition, and the belligerents exchanged compliments in very artistic style for a few moments, when they were separated by the bystanders."

A Terrible Deed.

(From the Scranton Republican.)

A most brutal and barbarous murder was committed at the O'Mara mansion, near the water tank in the vicinity of Montrose station, on the line of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, on Friday night or early Saturday morning. The greatest excitement prevailed among the people in the vicinity of the station, in consequence of the finding of the dead and mutilated bodies of Mrs. O'Mara and her daughter, on Saturday morning, on or near the track of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. There was no suspicion of murder when the bodies were first found, as one leg of the mother and an arm of the daughter were cut off. The natural supposition was that they had been run over by the cars and killed. The bodies were removed to the station and a coroner summoned. Upon a closer examination by the coroner's jury, it was at once concluded that the victims had been murdered and not killed by the cars. The amputations did not present that torn and hacked appearance made by the wheels of a car, but as though they had been severed by a sharp instrument. The faces of the victims were black and blue, and showed evidence of having been beaten with some blunt instrument. The announcement of these facts created the most intense excitement among the crowd assembled, and suspicion at once rested upon the son and brother of the victims. The spot where the bodies had been found was examined, and the track of a waggon discovered, which was from the direction of the house occupied by the O'Maras. It extended no further than to where the bodies were found; here the waggon had been turned around. The track was followed by the excited multitude—which was increasing in numbers and intensity of feeling every moment—and blood stains in the road, every few yards, were traced to the door of the O'Mara mansion. There also was blood found in the house. The track of the waggon on its backward course, after depositing its load of murdered victims, was not in the direction of the house. This trail was taken and followed by some of the crowd, and in a forest was found an ox-cart covered with blood and hair. This cart also belonged to the O'Maras. At every turn the chain of the circumstantial evidence became stronger and stronger against young O'Mara as the perpetrator of this double and most inhuman murder. Patrick Irving, an *employé* of O'Mara, was suspected of being an accomplice in the crime. The jury rendered their verdict in the evening, after being in session all day. They charged O'Mara and Irving with the murder of Mrs. O'Mara and daughter. The prisoners were taken to Montrose and confined in the prison at that place.

Our informant says he left the city on the morning train for Binghamton. When he reached Montrose station the conductor informed him that two women had been run over that morning a short distance below, and their remains were at the station. Having some twenty minutes time before the train would start he went to see them. They were lying on the floor covered with a sheet. There was no one in the room but a young man about twenty-five years of age. Our informant asked the young man if he knew who they were. He replied without the least hesitation, and without the slightest emotion of regret, but more with an air of pride: "My mother and sister!" at the same time asking him if he wished to see them, and receiving an affirmative reply, threw off the sheets and looked down on the countenances of his butchered mother and sister, without even a sigh of the slightest expression of emotion that would denote that he ever saw or knew them. When asked why he did not have them taken home, he replied that he was waiting until the coroner came. He was asked whether he knew how the accident happened, and replied that he knew nothing about it until he was sent for; that when he got up in the morning he missed his mother and sister, but thought they had gone to the station for some reason or other. This was the fiendish murderer.

Mrs. O'Mara was about forty-five years of age, the daughter about nineteen, and the son about twenty-five. He was married, and sent his wife home to her parents the morning before the murder.

Stephenson's well-known answer—"All the worse for the coo"—received a forcible illustration a day or two ago, on the North-Eastern Railway, near Northallerton. A gatekeeper allowed a flock of sheep to cross the line at Gowton station, and, before they could be got across, the Scotch express came up and ran through the flock, killing no fewer than twenty-six; and injuring others. The train, which was running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, continued its journey uninterruptedly.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

THE DISASTER ON THE RIVER PRAH.

The London *Times* of the 16th ult., contains the following from a special correspondent of that journal:—

"FREE TOWN, LEONE, WEST COAST OF AFRICA, August 28.

"Late on the evening of the 25th inst. the African Steamship Company's screw steamer Benin, Captain Simmons commander, arrived here from Cape Coast, which she left on the 20th. She brings very disastrous news. On the 14th a boat expedition, commanded by Commodore Commerell, V.C., C.B., Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, started from her Majesty's ship Rattlesnake, which was then at anchor off the mouth of the River Prah, to take soundings and to endeavour to ascertain if the River Prah, even at this season after the heavy rains, could be made available for a few miles to convey them to the front, and thus enable the naval forces to give some assistance to a column which it was intended to march inland to where it was supposed the Ashantee headquarters were. Commodore Commerell was accompanied, among others, by Captain Luxmore, of her Majesty's ship Argus, and Captain Helden, the Civil Commandant of Secondee. The expedition consisted of two steam launches, a ship's gig, and surf-boats. Before attempting to cross the bar at the mouth of the Prah, it was resolved to garrison the small town of Chamah, which is situated on the sea-shore a short distance to the westward of where the Prah enters the sea. There is a small fort there, originally built by the Dutch, but which now belongs to us. Ten armed Fantee police were landed at Chamah, and were left in charge of the fort there. The people of Chamah are not Fantees, they are called on the Coast Ahantees, from the name of the district in which they live. It is known among the natives as the Ahantee Country. It consists of that portion of the Coast which extends from Commandoo on the east to Axim on the west. Throughout the present war they have shown themselves very ill-disposed towards us, and have been avowed sympathizers with the Ashantees. Having thus slenderly garrisoned the fort at Chamah, the boats proceeded on their way to the mouth of the Prah. The boats had not long left Chamah when a body of Ashantees, who were ambushed near the town with the connivance of its inhabitants, rushed in, and, aided by the people of Chamah, attacked the Fantee police. Four of the Fantee police were killed and beheaded, and the remaining six saved themselves by flight and succeeded in escaping from their pursuers. In the meantime, the boats, having reached the bar at the mouth of the Prah, succeeded with some difficulty in getting through the surf. As soon as they had passed the bar, one of the steam launches belonging to the Gold Coast Government suddenly broke down and became completely useless. The white seamen in her had to be transferred to a surf-boat. They then proceeded to advance up the river, taking soundings as they went, Commodore Commerell's boat leading. They had gone but a very short distance, when a murderous fire was poured into them by a large body of Ashantees and Chamahs who were ambushed in great force on the thickly-wooded banks of the Prah. Commodore Commerell received no less than four wounds, two of them serious ones. Captain Luxmore, of the Argus, was also hit. Capt. Helden received a bad wound, being struck by a large slug, which ripped open all the top of his head. At this time the Commodore's boat was hidden by a sharp bend in the river from the surf-boat, with English sailors in it which had been transferred to it from the Gold Coast Government launch. The surf-boat was also assailed by a sharp musketry fire, and in the confusion and alarm caused by the sudden attack the boat was capsized, and its crew precipitated into the river. With the exception of one seaman all succeeded in getting back into the surf-boat, or into one of the other boats. A party of Ashantees rushed boldly out from their cover, and wading into the river, seized upon one unfortunate seaman, and dragged him to the bank, where, in the presence of his horrified comrades, they hacked off his head with their long knives, and carried it off in triumph. The crews of the attacked boats were only able to offer a very feeble resistance. They did not expect the attack, and their arms were all lying at the bottom of the boats. All the boats retreated to the Rattlesnake as quickly as possible. Commodore Commerell's life was at first despaired of, but he has since rallied.

The greatest difficulty exists in obtaining the exact details of the number of wounded, owing to the fact that Commodore Commerell specially requested Colonel Harley not to make public at Cape Coast any of the details of this disaster, fearing the news of it might reach England through the press before his own despatch on the subject did so. The authorities having been at least once anticipated by your intelligence are very anxious that it should not occur again, and great secrecy has been observed. There is, however, little doubt but that every man of the Expedition, with a single exception, was more or less severely wounded. There is no doubt whatever that the attack on the boats was largely assisted by the chief of Chamah and his people; and a good deal of surprise is felt that when the force was at Chamah, before it entered the Prah, he was not taken as a hostage, as the hostility of himself and his people to the English was notorious. Severe punishment was, however, inflicted on Chamah. The Rattlesnake bombarded and destroyed the town. It is believed, however, that before the bombardment occurred, all the fighting men in the town had taken refuge in the bush. It is reported that Colonel Harley was adverse to the expedition to the Prah, and pointed out the dangers likely to arise from it. It is extraordinary that the boats escaped without even heavier loss. They were for the time completely at the mercy of their assailants. Had the Ashantees been armed with good weapons, not a man would have escaped alive. The Ashantees appear deficient in ammunition. They used slugs and small stones instead of bullets. Commodore Commerell was struck on the breast by a stone or other missile, and although shaken by the force of the blow, it did not penetrate.

The following is from a leading article in the *Times* of Sept 16:—

"The news from Africa has turned out to be far more important than it appeared to be from the information in possession of the Government. Our Correspondent sends us full details of an event which is doubly to be regretted. Our forces have met with a serious disaster, and the Ashantees have gained a success which will be of enormous moral value. The truth of the matter did not come out at once. There was a natural wish on the part of the local authorities to tell their story before the facts had reached England from any other quarter, and they kept their own counsel accordingly. But such events as have occurred are not long to be concealed. We had been told only that there had been an expedition up the River Prah, that its commanding officer had been wounded by a shot from the bank, and that the authors of the mischief had been sufficiently punished by having their town shelled and burnt. It appears now that there was much more really to be told. The concealed enemy did not consist only of a few disaffected inhabitants of the little town of Chamah. A large body of Ashantees were there also, having awaited us in one of those ambushes in which they excel, and they were aided by their allies upon the Coast. Our loss, too, seems to have been more serious than was reported in the despatches to the Admiralty, which we published yesterday. We are now informed that not only was Commodore Commerell dangerously wounded, but that Captains Luxmore and Helden were also hit, the latter very severely, and that the entire party who accompanied them lay for some time completely at the mercy of the enemy. Out of several boats' crews not a man, in fact, escaped without a wound, and if the Ashantees had been somewhat better armed, none would have escaped alive. Two of the boats were upset in the confusion, and one sailor fell into the hands of the Ashantees, and was instantly beheaded in his comrades' sight, and his head carried off in triumph. We need not go further into tragical and deplorable particulars, which our readers will find in our correspondent's letter. It is enough to say that the d[illegible] was great and that it was complete, for we could inflict no loss whatever upon the enemy. The harm done is, of course, in itself insignificant, but the fact that we have been defeated is very unfortunate, when it was desirable for us, above all things, to impress the natives with a sense of our irresistible power. The Ashantees had already plenty of allies in the districts which we nominally hold. Their number will be doubled, and more than doubled, by the result of Commodore Commerell's expedition. The only consolation is that the misfortune may be a lesson on the kind of dangers to which we shall be exposed. But if these ambushes are tried successfully in places to which our larger boats can penetrate, what are we to expect when we have gone further inland—when the river, with its densely-wooded banks, is shallower and narrower, and our men are compelled to run the gauntlet of a concealed enemy? The difficulties of the country are likely to task to the utmost the powers of the General in command. We are glad, therefore, to feel that we shall have a Commander on whom we may rely, and that, at least, Sir Garnet Wolseley will have the opportunity of gaining experience from his predecessors' troubles. We trust the catalogue of them may not have been much further extended before he has arrived. We have begun badly in our attempt to assume the offensive. It will be wise for us to do as little as possible until we can act with the certainty of success, with forces strong enough to crush anything that may be openly opposed to them, and led with sufficient care to avoid such disasters as have overtaken the gallant sailors of Her Majesty's ship Rattlesnake.

It is clear that the difficulty in which we have involved ourselves is not a trifling one. We shall have to get out of it as we best can with honour, but our sincerest wish will be that we had never entered upon it. We are certain to incur loss and trouble, and we have nothing to hope for in return. Our achievements at present have been slender. We have bombarded one or two towns, the inhabitants of which have not been reckoned upon as our enemies, and we have proved ourselves unable to give any sufficient protection to those who are still willing to be faithful to us. At a very short distance inland the Ashantees are completely masters of the country. The condition of our native allies is most unfortunate. If they remain friendly to us, they are attacked by the Ashantees as enemies; if they join the Ashantees, they are liable to be punished by us as traitors. There seems now to be no prospect of the enemy's early retreat. It is almost certain that Sir Garnet Wolseley will find that the country under our nominal protection is still held by the enemy. We regret the weakness which has been the cause of this, but not the fact itself. The nearer the Ashantees come down to the Coast the better will be our chance of an early and comparatively easy success. To gain that, as soon and as cheaply as possible, will be our first object, and when we have done so we shall have done a great part of our work. We shall have struck a return blow, without which, indeed, it would be impossible to treat for peace; we shall have restored our injured credit with our allies, and we shall have asserted our authority as far as we shall wish it in future to extend. The climate and the nature of the country seem alike, to forbid that our power can be extended inland. Our aim must rather be to make ourselves secure upon the Coast, and take care that the positions we may determine to occupy shall be made impregnable. If we can do this, we shall have done enough for any useful purpose. If we have indulged the dream of forcing civilization upon our neighbours, we had better at once abandon it. The endeavour may do them harm, because it would be met with determined resistance, and we should find ourselves compelled, not to create or to improve, but to destroy. Honest commerce and neighbourly relations are far the best civilizers. Above all things, we must be careful that we do not arouse a hostility the signs of which are already showing themselves—a general enmity against us among all the natives of the Coast. Our proper quarrel is with the Ashantees alone, but it is more than possible that it may go further, and we must endeavour as far as possible to narrow it. The tangle of affairs is already very great. We have to deal with the supposed rights of the Ashantee monarch over places in which we claim an exclusive sovereignty; we have inherited the remnants of old quarrels between Dutch and English colonists and their respective adherents and sympathizers; and we shall be exposed necessarily on all sides to the jealousy which has been aroused by the fact of our new presence and influence. Do what we may, our position will for some time be difficult. We shall lose all possible fruit of our exertions if we are regarded by all alike as a mere Army of Occupation, settled on the Coast in antagonism to our native neighbours."

A TRIP TO ENGLAND.

Lecture by Mr. D'Arcy Boulton.

A lecture on the above subject was delivered last week in the Music Hall by Mr. Boulton, who has recently returned from Great Britain and Ireland, where he has been with an Orange deputation.

The chair was occupied by the Ven. Archdeacon Fuller, who, after a few brief remarks, introduced the lecturer.

MR. BOULTON, who was received with great applause, said that he should not have presumed to deliver a lecture in public had he not recently returned from England, and he deemed it to be his duty to give those who had sent him, some information on the subject of his voyage. He might remark that, as he was a native Canadian, everything connected with the voyage was new to him. The lecturer then described his passage past the Banks of Newfoundland, which he was surprised to find were clear of fog and any special danger, while the hills in sight were covered with snow. The sea voyage was then described and the amusements on board, which consisted of a concert and a ball. He was astonished at the dazzling beauty of the eastern coast of Ireland, but was struck with the apparent smallness of the farms. In Loch Foyle he was sorry to find no monument erected to mark the spot where the famous boom had been placed. At Derry the wharf was crowded with a large concourse of persons to meet the delegates. All classes and creeds turned out to meet them with the Town Council, and the town was decorated for the occasion. A handsome entertainment was also provided. Their emotions were too strong to permit them to speak at this entertainment. After lunch the delegates proceeded to view the historic city. The various spots from which the King's army bombarded the place, the Shipway Gate and the memorable Cathedral were visited. In the Cathedral he observed a shell placed upon a pedestal. This is the identical shell which was thrown into the cathedral yard with proposals for the surrender of the city during the siege. The cathedral is famous as being the rallying point of the defenders. After ascending Walker's Pillar the Delegates were shown the few trees that remain of the thirteen planted as a memorial of the 'Prentice boys who closed the gates of the city. The lecturer was afterwards inducted to the Murray Club of the Prentice Boys. At Boom Hall was seen the identical tree to which the memorable boom drawn across the lock was made fast. The visitors then proceeded to the town of Coleraine, where they received a most hearty reception, the town being literally covered with colours, orange, green, and the good old Union Jack. In the evening a public reception was given with great success and addresses delivered. After this the visitors travelled to the Giant's Causeway, which might be styled the wonder of the world, more beautiful by far than Niagara. One of the most delightful features of the journey was the cordial reception given, all classes seeming to vie with each other in entertaining the visitors. Ballymena was then visited, where the tourists were received by some twenty thousand persons, and were presented with bouquets by the rector's daughter. Thence the delegates proceeded to Dublin. In the Crystal Palace a magnificent demonstration took place. The next day being Sunday a visit was paid to St. Patrick's Cathedral. The antiquities of this building were most interesting, the stalls of the Knights of St. Patrick being there with their banners, and many old and interesting monuments. The Phœnix Park was then visited and was a source of great admiration to the visitors. The Royal Academy, Trinity College and the Bank of Ireland were next visited. At Trinity College the Grand Master of the College Lodge was one of the reception committee. The Bank of Ireland was the old Parliament House and has yet some very fine tapestry. A vast and enthusiastic public meeting was held at the Rotunda in the evening. Drogheda, Balbriggan, Portadown, Lurgan, Ballykilbeg and Newcastle were next visited. At Belfast the lecturer was officially received. A great demonstration was made with a procession of from 50,000 to 70,000 persons. After a flying visit to Kingstown the lecturer was taken to Carrickfergus, the scene of King William's landing, thence to Armagh, the seat of the Primate of Ireland. The Cathedral has a fine stained glass window representing St. Patrick laying the foundation stone of the church, which event occurred A.D. 450. From this place the lecturer went to Enniskilling, where he was entertained by the Earl of Enniskilling at his magnificent estate. After a short visit to Galway, Mr. Bolton proceeded to Scotland. It had been said that there were no Orangemen in Scotland, and the lecturer said he was surprised to find at the Glasgow demonstration that such could not be true, some 100,000 persons being in the procession. Other parts of Scotland were visited, the lecturer stating that the City of Edinburgh was the finest city he ever saw. The older portions of the city were much examined and admired by him, especially St. Margaret's Chapel, erected eight hundred years ago. The delegation was then conducted to London. Here the lecturer visited the chief attractions, including the British Museum and Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, but giving the preference to the latter, Westminster Abbey and other places. He was struck with the magnitude of everything he saw, and the signs of success. He had been under the impression that there was much poverty and want of work, but was agreeably surprised to find that such was not the case. Labourers and servants got good wages, and he had given the advice, when asked for it, that none should leave the Old Country if they could possibly stop there.

A cordial vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer at the close of the address, and the assembly shortly after dispersed.

At the recent Leeds assizes, before Justice Sir G. E. Honyman, Bart., during the hearing of a case of perjury, Mr. Campbell Foster, the prosecutor's counsel, happening to smile at the negative character of a cross-examination, Mr. Vernon Blackburn, counsel for the prisoner, somewhat warmly called him to order. His lordship: "What is the matter now?" Mr. Blackburn: "I object, my lord, to Mr. Foster's sneering smile, to his loud smile." The judge: "Well, Mr. Foster, be good enough to smile in a lower tone in future."

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Hans Christian Andersen has returned to Copenhagen from Switzerland, where he has been unsuccessfully seeking better health. He is still suffering.

Prince Roland Bonaparte, grand-nephew of Napoleon I., and second cousin of the late Emperor, has just entered the Royal Naval School in England as a pupil.

Lord Houghton adds the following to the long list of Sydney Smith's jokes:—Of Lord Macaulay he said that Macaulay "not only overflowed with learning, but stood in the slop."

Mr. John Robinson, one of the magistrates for Oldham, who was convicted at the Eddisbury petty sessions of cruelty to animals by cock-fighting at Weaverham, has been removed from the commission of peace by the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Two handsome ornamental brass tablets have been erected as mural monuments on the north wall of St. Paul's Cathedral, to the memory of the persons lost in the Captain, which foundered off Cape Finisterre, Sept. 7, 1870, Sunday being the third anniversary of the sad calamity.

Adam and Charles Black, of London, are about to publish the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the most extensive and valuable work of the kind published in modern times. It will require an outlay of a million of dollars. The editor will be Mr. Spencer Baynes, Professor of Logic in the University of St. Andrews.

Absolutely pure iron is said to have been produced by a Russian chemist by means of the galvanic battery. During the process a large quantity of hydrogen was disengaged from the ordinary iron used. The pure iron is a silver white metal, very malleable and ductile, and so soft as to be readily cut with a pair of scissors. It oxidizes very rapidly.

Mark Twain has been amusing himself by telling a Newgate warden the following romantic bit of criminal history: "We caught a rascal in America, the other day, whom we ought immediately to have burned, and we only hung him. But we are coming to our senses, and are now making arrangements to burn certain men for whom the gallows is too good."

The chief banner of the English pilgrims to Paray-le-Monial—left at the shrine—is very rich and elaborate. It is in the fourteenth century style, worked in silk and gold. It bears on the front a representation of the Saviour, with the sacred heart, surrounded by the heads of four English saints—Edward, Thomas of Canterbury, Cuthbert and Hugh of Lincoln. On the back is a representation of the Virgin guiding a child. The banner cost £95.

An important change in the wearing apparel of the King of Dahomey is reported. Seated on his throne, he received a scientific commission, not long ago, his body profusely decorated with the blue, gold, and green labels which had been carefully peeled from the medicine bottles brought by Europeans into his dominions. In such a picturesque garb the African prince must have equaled even the glittering costume of the Shah.

On the subject of the proposed presentation of a railway to the Emperor of China, it is announced, in a letter to the London *Times*, that the proposal will now in a few days be sufficiently matured to be publicly announced. Many preliminaries have had to be gone through and arrangements made which necessarily take time. The matter is said to be most warmly received by nearly every one to whom it has been mentioned.

There are said to be many destitute Americans left over at Vienna, the *debris*, as it were, of the multitude that thronged the city. Some are stranded, like Michael Angelo Titmarsh when in pawn in Lille, with no soft-hearted grandmother to send the five pound note; some are newspaper correspondents wrecked in Bohemia; one is a grave professor, "with a natural history collection for sale," a commissioner of a western State.

Charles Mathews is in luck. Recently, in Australia, he met an old gentleman who had gone thither in search of health, to whom he did some kindly acts. Subsequently, in travelling, he met the old gentleman again, and finding him very ill indeed, made him the object of more attention than ever. At last the old man died, and from his will it appears that he has left Mr. Charles Mathews an annuity of $2,500.

A letter to the *Deccan Herald* announces the following distressing occurrence at Agra:—"Lieutenant H. A. Rasch, of the 10th Regiment, stationed here, shot himself with a pistol this afternoon at about three o'clock, and is now lying in a most precarious state—not expected to live through the night. The circumstances which led to this sad event have not yet transpired. The Agra paper informs us that the ball entered on the left side of the breast, and passed out at the back."

Marshal MacMahon has approved the new plan for the fortification of Paris. M. Thiers had refused to accept this plan, which consists of the establishment of a series of twenty forts outside the lines recently occupied by the German investing army. The circumference will be about one hundred and twenty miles; investment will be rendered impossible, and the city will not be exposed, as it was, to projectiles sent over the forts and up to the walls of the Tuileries.

The Irish papers are discussing with some earnestness the proposal to abolish the income tax, which some of them take for granted is to be the characteristic feature of Mr. Gladstone's budget next year. The *Freeman's Journal* says it is absurd to suppose that Mr. Gladstone could not find a substitute for the tax. The *Morning Mail* urges the Conservative leaders to come forward at once, and make the abolition of the tax their particular cry. It would serve their cause, it thinks, as well in Ireland as in England.

The prospects of Don Carlos are thought, in some quarters, to be so bright that people have begun to speculate on the amount of debt which Spain will have when he ascends the throne. It is estimated that the present debt will be increased by one-third on his accession to the throne in consequence of the engagements Don Carlos has contracted during the war. The Catholics in Paris, says a correspondent, believe that Don Carlos will be on the throne before six months.

The London *Builder* says:—"We understand a project will be brought before the British Association for the Advancement of Science for engines and carriages to be constructed with a single row of central wheels, ranged *à la* bicycle, to travel on a single line of rails. The advantages claimed for it are economy in construction, easier motion, greater safety, and the facility which it offers for rapidly extending railway communication at home and abroad."

From Liège comes the report of a duel such as Charles Lever might have narrated from his active imagination. Some German officers, dining at a restaurant, grew impatient at a dilatory service, and one of them exclaimed, "Are there no French officers to wait on us?" Instantly a Captain in the Belgian Guards, of Irish descent, took up the insult, and said though there might be no French officers present there were Belgians ready to guard the honour of their brethren in arms. A meeting followed, and the German was shot through the brain.

The marriage has just taken place at Avignon of a man named Van Haddegham, who was recently condemned at Toulouse to two years' detention for belonging to the International, and who was allowed to leave the prison temporarily for the purpose. After the ceremony, which was followed by a repast, the couple were about to separate, when the Governor consented to prolong for three hours the few moments of liberty accorded to the man. The time was employed in a walk on the banks of the Rhone, after which Van Haddegham returned to his captivity for the next eighteen months.

The *Athenæum* says that a book that promises to be very entertaining is now in preparation. It is the autobiography of Dr. Granville, whose practice was great not only in England and its metropolis, but in Russia and St. Petersburg, and at all the German spas. He was a pupil of the celebrated Volta, and obtained a diploma at the early age of nineteen. He served in the Turkish as well as in the English navy, and witnessed some strange scenes. One of his eminent patients in later years was Lord Palmerston, whose life he saved at the time of the cholera by the use of a heated smoothing iron applied to his spine.

A dentist in Paris (M. Sandre) lately took the law into his own hands and administered summary justice. Returning from a visit to a patient late at night, he heard a cry of distress, and, hastening to succour, was rushed at by the mourner with evident felonious intent. The assailant was at once knocked down with M. Sandre's forceps, and was then informed that he could not be released unless he allowed the victor to draw one of his teeth. Reluctantly the rascal consented. He was seated upon a stone, and then the dentist, selecting a beautiful molar, had it out in a twinkling. This spoil of war M. Sandre now wears for a charm, attached to his watch chain.

The following advertisement, which appears daily in the London papers, is very much too good to be lost—it is so admirably calculated to instil comfort and encouragement into the minds of intending travellers who have a partiality for keeping their limbs and lives intact:—"In consequence of the daily increase of accidents by railway, the public are *earnestly* requested to call at the studios of the Blank School of Photography to have their portraits taken, that they may have some memento of departed friends." It is evidently inserted in all seriousness; but the exquisite satire might nearly *almost* penetrate the thick skull of a railway authority.

COMIC CLIPPINGS.

(From Punch.)

"CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."—Bunting was using his telescope on the delightful new pier at Haroldstown. Briggs came up to him and said, "What's that?" Bunting, surprised, "Why, a telescope, of course!" Whereupon Briggs rejoined. "I should call it a *pieryglass!*"

ICARUS DOWN AGAIN.—A certain M. de Groof, called "The Flying Man," seems to have been so called from not flying. He failed in an attempt to fly at Brussels, and has repeated his failure at Liege. The man who attempts to fly like a bird, in general succeeds in only proving himself a goose.

A LIGHT-HEARTED SEAMAN.—The Captain of a celebrated company's steamer, homeward bound, had the misfortune to run his ship ashore at the back of the Isle of Wight. Nothing daunted, the gallant skipper, poking his first officer in the ribs, cheerily observed, "We have struck ile."

THE BRITISH TOURIST.—Brother (with guidebook): "Look here! There are some ruins of an old castle about three miles from this bridge. We've not done that."—Sister: 'Well, I'm very tired; but I suppose we must go."—Eldest sister: "Of course we must! It will never do to go home and have to confess we have not 'done' everything that is to be seen."

SAD, BUT A FACT.—Philanthropist (to small boy): "'Ullo, my little man. You seem in a bad way. What's the matter?"—Small boy: "Please, sir, it's all along o' mother 'ittin' me about the 'ed with the poker, sir. "Gracious heavens!" Your *mother!*—"Ah, *but I got her six months for it, I can tell yer!*"

CARTOON.—"Self and partner." Mr. Gladstone: "My dear first lord, I have the utmost confidence in you." Mr. Gladstone: "And I in you, my dear Chancellor of the Exchequer; and if our colleagues were only like us, we should all be as one man!"

OUR MANŒUVRES.—(Illustrating the use of Skeleton Brigades.) Capt. of Skirmishers (rushing in to seize picket sentries of the enemy), "Hullo! Hear! You surrender to this company!" Opposition Lance-Corporal, "Beg pardon, Sir! It's the other way, sir. We're a Brigade sir!!!"

HORTICULTURAL.—Mrs. Malaprop who is fond of gardening, takes great pride in showing her friends and neighbours her "Pompous" grass.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.—(Charley is being wheeled about in a hand phaeton by his sisters.) Fred: "Hullo, Charley! Nothing the matter, I hope?" Charley: "Oh, no—rather hard up for excitement; that's all! So I thought I'd just take the girls out for a little exercise. Would you like to jump in, and give them a turn?"

A MODERATE WELSHMAN.—Lord Clarence Paget, who is an accomplished artist, has erected a statue, of his own design, near the Menai Straits. It was "inaugurated" the other day. Sir Llewellyn Turner made a pleasant speech on the occasion, but we wonder whether it has been accurately reported? He is made to say that, besides being a mark for seamen, the statue "might remind many persons of the immortal Nelson." Considering that it is a statue *of* Nelson, we think Sir Llewellyn was not much too sanguine.

"LET THE TOAST BE 'DEAR' WOMAN."—Fathers and husbands will be much cheered by an announcement that meets the eye on all the railways. "Messrs. So-and-So respectfully solicit a visit from their patronesses, as *they* have made a great reduction in the cost of dresses," &c. We always stuck up for the British Lady. Her heart is in the right place, wherever her back hair may be, and we rejoice to hear of her economy in these dear times.

THE END OF A BOOKWORM.—To be buried in a book.

A "LIGHT" REPAST.—A feast of lanterns.

(From Judy.)

EXTRACT OF MEAT.—Bones, of course!

STUMP ORATIONS.—Dentists' puffs.

Which is the vainest bird, the peacock or the weathercock?

Lots of farmers smoke their hams. Meerschaums are too much, though, for a good many Cockneys.

A friend of Judy's proposes a pleasure trip to Cadiz. Not for Judy. How can it be pleasure when its (S)pain?

(From Junius.)

NEGATIVE NEWS.—It is not true that the Tichborne jury are about to apply for two days' leave of absence in order to make their wills.

ECONOMICAL JUSTICE.—The "peals of laughter" which frequently drown the voices of counsel and judge during the course of the Tichborne case make one regret more than ever that the large Albert Hall, or Her Majesty's theatre, or Westminster hall itself, was not secured for the purposes of this great trial, in which case "reserved seats, price one guinea," or "private boxes for the season," might have been let, and the whole of the expenses of this monster law case paid out of the proceeds, leaving a handsome balance for prizes to be given to the wittiest judge, the most attentive juryman, the funniest counsel, and the most "screaming comic" among the witnesses. All parties concerned deserve some recognition of their extraordinary merits.

THE NEW EPIDEMIC.—The Registrar-general will do well to recognise as a distinct and most dangerous epidemic that violent form of convulsion known as "The Railway Accident;" it is admitted that the gradual spread of this fatal malady should be incontestably demonstrated by means of statistics as carefully compiled as those relating to other spasmodic visitations of pestilence.

THE FISHER MURDER.

CONFESSION OF THE ELDER TRYON.

The following account of a confession of the elder Tryon, made to the Rev. Mr. Morgan, rector of Barrie, is taken from the *Advance*, Barrie:

REV. MR. MORGAN'S STATEMENT.

On Monday afternoon I saw John Tryon, on request of the gaoler, Mr. Lang, who said the elder Tryon had confessed his guilt to Mr. Boulton, in the morning, and wished to see me. I immediately went, when he confessed to me that he murdered Fisher. I believe he told the truth, not only on account of its apparent correctness, but from his manner whilst making the confession, which was as follows:—

THE CONFESSION.

On the evening of Friday, the 28th of February last, just before dark, I was lying on my bed in the shanty; my son George was leaning with his head resting on his arms on the table, singing. Next morning my son was going away to get an Indian to bring him to Barrie, being very anxious about his wife, who was expected soon to be confined. I was very much opposed to my son's leaving me; and I suddenly thought that if I could put an end to Fisher that I might prevent my son's going away. I immediately rose quietly from the bed, and passed out of the door unknown to my son. Fisher had just gone out to get some meat to cook for an early breakfast next morning. (Tryon then gave the distance and position of the scaffold from the shanty, as see evidence.) I seized a large axe lying against the door; it was not the small axe produced in Court; I followed Fisher, and struck him a blow with the pole of the axe, on the top of his head, whilst he was looking up at the meat. He fell instantly on his face. I then struck him several blows; after which I took hold of his feet to get them on the hand-sleigh, and in so doing the body turned on its back; and then, with the axe, I struck one of the brackets on which the scaffold rested, and the slabs fell, one of them on Fisher's face, and the other some short distance from him; I don't think this occupied more than one or two minutes; I then threw the meat which had fallen on that slab, and then went back as quiet as a cat into the house, and threw myself on the bed; my son George not having perceived me go out or come in, was still leaning on the table, singing. I lay on the bed, I suppose, about ten minutes; then I, pretending nothing had happened, suddenly exclaimed, "George, where's Fisher; he's a long time out." George then went out of the door, and nearly instantly shouted, three or four times, Father! the scaffold has fallen on Fisher—run! I went out, and, stooping down, pretended to listen if Fisher breathed; this was done to deceive George. George then said, "let's call Bob up." Bob was called, and came at once. I said to Bob, "this is a terrible accident!" Bob suggested they should remove the meat and slab from Fisher. George ran into the house for a light, and the wind blew it out, and before he returned with a light the second time, Bob and I had removed the things from the body. We then took the body into the shanty, and the next day Fisher was buried. The day after the funeral George went to South River, and gave information of what he considered the accident, and came back that night. While George was away to South River, I opened Fisher's satchel, and took out his money, amounting to $300.

By Rev. E. Morgan.—Why did you not confess your guilt before the trial, as you might have added the death of your son to that of Fisher?

John Tryon.—I made sure I would not be hung, as there was no evidence against me; and therefore determined to keep the secret within my own breast, till Mr. Boulton came to me this morning, when it suddenly struck me—He has done all he can to save me, I ought to tell him I am guilty. I then confessed to Mr. Boulton in the hearing of my son.

By Rev. E. Morgan.—Did you feel no compunction when you killed that innocent man for his money?

John Tryon.—No! My heart was as hard as a stone. I felt no more than if I was killing a mad dog. I never thought of Fisher's money. I did not know he had any. My only motive was to keep my son with me. Fisher always said he had not any money about him. All the money I had was $1 25. The rest was Fisher's. I told my son I had found $30 in gold, which belonged to Fisher, and gave it him to take care of.

The Rev. E. Morgan further says:—After the elder Tryon's confession, I spoke to George Tryon, who burst into tears, and said, "I never would have believed my father guilty of such a crime if I had not heard him confess it."

It is announced in a telegram from Athens that the chief of the band which massacred the English travellers at the beginning of 1870, has been killed.

The Court of Assize of the Seine has condemned M. Huquet, the banker, and formerly proprietor of the *Avenir Liberal*, to ten years' penal servitude, for fraudulent bankruptcy.