Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W.T. COX, Editor and Proprietor.] The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

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Poetry.

NUTS TAE CRACK FOR COUSIN SAM.

Hae ye come tae yer senses yet, Sammy my man,
For ye jist wur rid wud when the war it began;
Has the bluid ye hae lost, an' the physic ye've taen,
No cool't down yer fever an' sober't yer brain?

What is't ye have won? Is it conquest an' fame?
Is't honor an' glory—a conqueror's name?
Is't the South wi' its cottons, its planters an' slaves?
It's nane o' them a', its a million o' graves.

What is't ye hae lost? It's the big dollar bags,
An' ye've nocht in your pouches but dirty green rags;
O' the wales o' yer men nocht is left but their banes,
An' the kintra is fu' o' their widows an' weans.

An' they've gaggit your press, an' they've steeket your mou,
An' they've set the red mark o' auld Cain on yer brow;
An' the bairns o' yer bairns that are yet to be born
Will be harry't in taxes, an' put tae the horn.

I've speer't ye a question, I'll speer ye anither,
What ails ye man, Sammy, at Britain, yer mither;
Mark weel what she says when yer cursin' and craikin'
"I'll jest hae to gie that wild laddie a paikin."

The hale warl's glowrin' an' wounerin' what text,
Your bluid-drinkin' parsons will open on next;
Tae Beecher an' Brownlow I'll jest say the word,
Christ said tae bald Peter, 'twas "put up thy sword."

Aye "put up your sword" an' hae done wi' your game,
Ye hae lost a' the stakes that ye play'd for, gae hame;
Look after your farm, let your neebors alane,
Ye hae wark on your han' or I'm muckle mistaen.

An Eccentric Nabob.

Some two or three miles from the little town of Anlesburg, England, there once lived three cousins, of the family name of Barrett. They were all married and settled on farms, within a mile of each other, and had children growing up around each other. An eccentric uncle had gone out to India when quite a young man, and rumor told that he had become very wealthy, and would probably die a bachelor. Who, then, would inherit his property? they being at the time the nearest of kin.

One day these three families were thrown into great commotion by each of them receiving a letter, which contained, besides date and signature, only these words:—

'I am rich; fools here call me a nabob. I wouldn't give such a title to a cat. No matter, I shan't live always—and when I die, my property must go to somebody. I shall come and see you, and hope you will please me. I hope you are not troubled with beggars. I do not like to see them about.'

One dark, rainy night, about three weeks after the reception of these letters by the cousins, the house of Moses Barrett was thrown into a state of the wildest excitement by the appearance at the door of two mounted men in livery, who announced themselves as the *avant couriers* of his excellency Joshua Barrett, of India, who would claim their hospitality for the night; saving which the messengers put spurs to their horses and dashed away, without giving the astonished listeners time to ask a single question.

Now, Moses Barrett was a hunks, his wife a shrew, and his three children chips of the two blocks, but all undertook to change their natures for a time—or, rather, to be ready to change them on the appearance of the rich uncle; for what was the use of acting with the curtain down?

'Now, Mose, you stingy old brute,' said his wife, 'if you know on which side your bread's buttered, it's to be hoped you'll have some chickens killed for his excellency's supper, which was more'n you'd do for Christmas; and some of that wine fetched up that you've had in the cellar since the year one; and a fire made in the best room, that hasn't been there these ten years; and all our nice clothes put on. That ain't much, for you'd never allow us nothin' decent.'

'And it's to be hoped, old woman,' retorted the angry husband, 'that you'll soften down that screeching voice of yours, and twist your wrinkles into smiles; and that'll be something I've never seen done since the first week of our marriage!'

Great activity was displayed by all the parties concerned in getting ready to give the rich uncle the best reception possible; and all rejoiced as much as such a hopeful family could rejoice, that they would be the first to receive a visit from him—hoping, of course, that they might thus forestall the other relations of his good graces. It would have been a strange way for any one else to pay a first visit; but then they knew the uncle was very eccentric, and his being so very wealthy made it all right in their eyes. He might come and stand on his head, provided he paid for his antics.

In the midst of their hurried preparation, there appeared at the door an old, feeble-looking, white-haired man, thinly clad, with his soaked garments clinging to his shrivelled form.

'Will you be kind enough, good folks,' he said, 'to give me something to eat and a place to sleep to-night?'

'We've got nothin' to spare, and if we had, we don't harbor beggars!' replied the master of the house, in a coarse, brutal tone.

'But I'm old and feeble and hungry and wet and tired,' said the aged applicant, in a pleading tone, 'and if you drive me away I may perish.'

'Well, that's what you ought to have done long ago!' put in the cross old dame. 'When people get too lazy to work for an honest living, and start out a begging, it's my opinion they are better dead than alive! Besides, we expect company soon—a rich gentleman from India—and haint got no room for the likes of you.'

'Well, then,' returned the old man, with a sorrowful look, 'since you cannot keep me over night, please give me something to eat and I'll go further.'

The dame caught up a piece of brown bread with an angry frown, and was about to hand it to the mendicant—more for the purpose, as it seemed, of getting rid of him, than from any feeling of compassion—but her miserly husband interposed, and said sharply:—

'I told you we hadn't nothing for you; and so travel on.'

'I'll set the dog on you if you don't you old beggar!' cried a lad of ten. 'My rich uncle's coming here to-night, and he can't bear beggars, so you'd better be off while your bones are whole.'

'May Heaven be more merciful than you!' sighed the old man as he turned and disappeared in the darkness and storm.

Some half an hour later, he knocked at the door of Stephen Barrett, another of the cousins, and asked for food and lodging.

'It isn't convenient for us to keep you to-night,' said the master of the house in a mild, dignified tone. 'Besides, we don't like to encourage beggars. If you are not able to work, the parish where you belong is bound to support you. No one need starve in this country which the Lord, praise be to His name, has so bountifully blessed. I trust I am not wanting in charity—as a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ I hope I am not—but what with the taxes for the support of the government and the poor, and donations of the benevolent societies and the heathen missions, it is as much as I can do to live and give my family a respectable maintenance. No, my friend, if you are poor and not able to work, you had better throw yourself on the parish where you belong.'

'But I am tired, wet and hungry,' said the old man, 'and all the parishes in the world can't do me any good to-night.'

'But you should have thought of that before you left home,' now chimed in the good housewife, with a sanctified air. 'It is sinful to tempt Providence, and whoever sins must expect punishment. I never go from home without providing for my journey, and of course I don't expect people to shelter me for nothing. It is a sin, too, to be idle when one is able to work, and it is against my principles as a Christian to encourage any one in sinning.'

'Then I suppose I am to understand that you refuse me both food and lodging?' said the old man.

'Why, as to food,' said the pious dame, glancing at her husband, 'if you're very hungry, I suppose we can do something for you in that way; but lodging is out of the question—for two mounted couriers have been here, to say that a very rich uncle of ours from India will be here very soon, and he can't bear beggars. Put your trust in the Lord,' continued the woman, 'that's what we always do when in trouble. Sarah Jane, go down cellar and bring up a couple of cold potatoes for this old man.'

'By-the-by,' she continued, 'I do believe you can get a good night's lodging at Henry Barrett's, who lives only half a mile from here, on the road south. He's a great hand for taking in strangers.'

She looked at her husband, and both smiled knowingly, for both were thinking that, in case the rich uncle should find the beggar there, it might increase Stephen Barrett's chances of being the fortunate heir.

Sarah Jane now returned and handed the old man two little cold potatoes. He took them, turned them slowly over, examined them on all sides, and muttered:—

'They have eyes; but can they see? I think not; for if they could they would blush red, instead of keeping such a dark color.—Then glancing slowly around the neat, tidy, cheerful room, taking in three prim girls and their pious parents, he quietly tossed the potatoes into the lap of the astonished mistress, saying as he did so, 'I beg your pardon, madam—but I didn't intend to rob you.'

'Oh, you sinful, wicked old creature!' exclaimed the dame in holy horror, as the disgusted mendicant turned and went out, shutting the door with a slam.

In less than half an hour the unfortunate wayfarer was trying his chances at the house of Henry Barrett.

'Come in!' said a strong, hearty, cheerful voice, in answer to his timid knock.

He entered a large, plainly furnished apartment and beheld a group of six persons—father, mother, two sons and two daughters—seated round a pleasant fire, and all looking contented and happy. On seeing the visitor was an old man and a stranger, the master of the house arose and invited him to walk forward and take a seat, and all the others drew back respectfully to enlarge the circle and give the best place at the fire.

'I have called,' said the old man, stopping and removing his cap from his white head, 'to ask if you will be kind enough to give me some food and a lodging for the night.'

'Of course we will, my friend, and glad of the chance to serve a fellow-being in need,' said Harry Barrett, in a frank, cordial tone.

'Sit down and dry your wet garments, and make yourself at home! Come girls, hurry up something warm for this old gentleman, who is wet, tired and chilled through. You ought not to have been out so late in this storm, father.'

'No, I know,' returned the other, holding his hands to the fire; 'but the persons I applied for wouldn't take me in.'

'What, refuse lodging to an old man like you on such a night in this Christian community!' exclaimed the indignant host. 'Who were the inhospitable wretches?'

The old man described the houses and people where he had called.

'I see,' said the host, with a grim smile.—'I understand; the first family kicked you out.'

'Almost.'

'The second family prayed you out.'

'Almost,' again the stranger answered, smiling.

'Well, they are both relations of mine, but I am ashamed to own them.'

'They said by way of excuse,' pursued the old man, 'that they were expecting a rich uncle from India, who wouldn't like to see a beggar about.'

'Aye, my friend, and we are expecting the same uncle, too,—an eccentric old bachelor who says he wants to make of us his heir to his vast possessions. Two gaily mounted messengers arrived this evening to say that he would be here to night or to-morrow, probably the latter. But whenever he does come he will find us as we are; and if he don't like our looks or the company we keep, he can take himself off again.'

'Nay, my friend,' said the aged stranger, rising in some trepidation, 'don't for the world let my presence jeopardize your interests with your rich kinsman! I will merely get something to eat, and travel on to another lodging.'

'No you won't,' said Henry Barrett bluntly. 'You won't leave this house to-night for all the uncles that all the Indies can turn out.—What is his money to me? I can't eat it, nor drink it, or wear it, nor carry it into the other world; and I'm sure it wouldn't bring me any happiness I don't now enjoy. and I know it couldn't compensate me for one mean act. No, let Joshua Barrett settle his money as he chooses—I'll arrange my conscience to suit myself.'

'God bless you!' murmured the old man, in a trembling voice, and, bowing his head upon his hands, he wept in silence.

He remained in that hospitable house during the night, and was entertained like an honored guest. The next day being fair, he took his leave. As he was about to depart, Henry Barrett put a crown into his hand, saying:—

'Take it, my friend, and not a word! It's little I give you, but it's as much as my circumstances will justify. and it may, perhaps, serve to keep you from starving some night, or sleeping by the wayside.'

'God will repay you!' said the old man solemnly; and he walked slowly away, wiping the tears from his eyes.

Long and in vain did the selfish families of Moses and Stephen Barrett look for the appearance of the rich uncle from India in a carriage and four, and great was their vexation and disappointment thereat. Then came the intelligence that he was sick in London. Next came the news that he was dead and had left a will. What an intense desire to know the contents of that will! What a wild, furious excitement when its contents became known!

To Moses Barrett he bequeathed one pound, to buy a coffin to bury the dog that his precocious son had threatened to set on a beggar.

To Stephen Barrett he had given one pound three pence—the pound to be devoted to parish poor—the three pence to buy cold potatoes for beggars—with the hope that he and their pious family would all put their trust in their Lord.

To Henry Barrett, and his heirs, forever, he had willed all the remainder of his vast wealth, some half a million pounds sterling, with the hope that he and they would sometimes recall with pleasure the visit of the old white-haired man they had once so kindly received.

The old beggar of that dark rainy night was none other than Joshua Barrett himself.

At the Alhambra, in Leicester Square, a Mrs. Margaret Douglas, an Australian, is performing Captain Barclay's feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. She is a wiry little woman, not much under fifty years of age, and dressed in a gaudy costume with knickerbockers and ankle boots. She walks briskly enough, but seems a little shaky in her gait. A raised platform runs round the building, and it takes 19 peregrinations to complete the mile. Of course there are time-keepers who call out the number on the completion of each round. Of all the strange ways to make money surely this is one of the shadiest. Fancy pacing round and round that ghastly building every hour for six weeks! What different phases she must see in it—at night filled with noise, and tobacco smoke, and hundreds of gazers—then empty, but reeking with the fumes of the by-gone entertainment; not a creature awake but the watchers, and the time-keeper, and the wiry little little woman on her never-ceasing round! and then the day, with its weak, half light, and its occasional droppers-in!—How she must know every inch of the walls! Or does she never look at them, never see them, but walk on mechanically in a kind of hideous dream?"

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., SEP. 16, 1864.

OFFICE HUNTING.

It is worthy of remark that one of the chief difficulties in the way of the present Coalition Ministry grows out of the question of patronage. The older we become and the more experience gathers about our heads, the more intense appears that innate selfishness which prompts the actions of a vast majority of mankind. The outside mask may be fair to behold—there may be protestations of superior goodness, integrity, patriotism and all that can adorn the "walk and conversation" of civilized humanity, but let the hour of trial come, and in nine cases out of ten, every loftier principle succumbs, and *self* asserts its universal sway. An eminent French philosopher has said that our present purely artificial society is held together by the cohesive power of *mutual distrust*, and other philosophers assert just as forcibly and startlingly that this distrust is based upon unadulterated selfishness. In a certain sense, selfishness is justifiable. Nearly every individual member of society assumes certain responsibilities, and the proper discharge of the public and private duties involved in those responsibilities demands that he or she should look closely after the interests of Number One, and those, if any, clustered around and depending upon it. This is selfishness, but it is *right*, and cannot be dispensed with without injury to the compact upon which civilized society is based. Beyond this, however, is a dangerous ground, to trespass upon which is to open the way for heart-burning, wrong, and all the "cruelty of man to man," which, alas, so frequently fills the sensitive mind with pain and mortification. Self-abnegation and consideration for the well-being of others being qualities as rare as they are valuable, there is no community so small that many persons may not be pointed out in it who have carried selfishness to the extreme—who have worshipped the Ego so long that they have no sacrifice worthy of being laid upon a purer and nobler altar. Self! self! self! is the motto—the Alpha and Omega—of the existence of this large and powerful class, and in no respect is the predominant feature so glaringly visible as in that of *professional office hunting*. In Canada the genus *office hunter* might fitly be termed Legion. Let any office become vacant—let an official die, and immediately, before the wail of sorrow has ceased in the awful presence of Death, the swarm issues forth. On the streets, in lobbies, everywhere, the hungry leeches press their claims, imaginary or real, and, in too many cases, the man who is most importunate, or who is able to bring the greatest amount of influence to bear, is the victor, irrespective of merit or fitness, and to the disadvantage of those who have real natural ability as well as a degree of diffidence which pushes them to the wall and *keeps* them there. Your professional office hunter is a shrewd man, a keen calculator of chances, and while he betrays a wholesome dread of the sterner labor of life, knows when to work and how. In a parliamentary election, he pushes himself forward and by mere force of brass assumes a position of prominence which marks him as a valuable hanger-on, whipper-in, mover of stereotyped motions, and dealer in second-hand politics generally. Does he care for the interests of the country, the well-being of the fellow-electors whom he endeavors to impress with the idea of his great importance? By no means. He hopes by rubbing shoulders with a prospective member of Parliament to establish a claim to an office at some future day. That is the beginning and ending of his patriotism. That offices created or rendered vacant from time to time, should be filled by the political friends of those having the power of appointment or the privilege of recommending for appointment is only natural, but we hold that no public man can, in any way, further the appointment to a lucrative office of a cringing, subservient *tool*, without sacrificing his own spirit of manly independence, supposing him to possess such a very desirable quality. It is a pity that our public men generally should lay themselves open to obligations to the shark-like class we have been describing. They may be useful in election contests—they may be made to perform a vast amount of dirty work, but when an office is to be filled it is found impossible to please all when only *one* can be the recipient of patronage, and, moreover, the person recommending them to appointment has frequently to struggle against a conviction that a far better choice could be made outside the professional office-hunting ranks. Let the choice be as it may, judicious or otherwise, it is obvious that a large number must be disappointed, and the disappointed almost invariably contrive to harrass and annoy those in power. It is so at present, to a considerable extent, with the Coalition Ministry. Various appointments have been made, and, in almost every instance, numbers of expectants, being set aside, have raised a howl of rage and disappointment. Public men have been denounced by those who professed to love them with disinterested devotedness, office-seekers have seceded with their followers from the ranks of party, and in more than one locality that could be named, political anarchy has been the result. The Government will probably survive the attacks of those whom it refuses to honor, and on the whole, we cannot say that we have any sympathy to waste upon the unfortunate *suckers*. The only pity is that one of the number should be blessed with a godsend which keeps hope alive in the breasts of the remainder. It will be a happy day for Canada if she is ever rid of the face of drones that at present seeks to eat, drink and be merry at the expense of the workers.

PERSONAL.

At the recent Perth Quarter Sessions, held in Stratford, the following Address was presented, on behalf of the bar, by E. H. Ryerson, County Crown Attorney, to His Worship D. H. Lizars:—

To D. H. Lizars, Esq., Judge of the County Court of the Co. of Perth:

SIR,—The members of the legal profession in the County of Perth beg to tender their sincere congratulations upon your appointment to the Bench, and having observed your zeal, industry and ability during a long and successful professional career, feel convinced that the same qualities and the same talents will be applied to the faithful discharge of your judicial office which, combined with your well known uprightness and impartiality, will tend to insure that respect for the administration of justice which the welfare of the county demands.

E. F. RYERSON, County Attorney.

JOHN STEWART,	R. SMITH,
R. MCFARLANE,	J. MCCULLOCH,
J. P. WOODS,	CHAS. SCOTT,
C. S. JONES,	J. W. LAWRENCE,
J. A. CARROLL,	JAS. MCFADDEN.

The Magistrates presented also a congratulatory address through Mr. McCulloch on behalf of the Magistrates present.

The Crops in Canada.

From a long account of the state of the crops, copied from the Montreal *Gazette*, and furnished by the Station Masters on the Grand Trunk Railway, we copy the following:—

County of Bruce.—Fall wheat and Spring wheat considerably above an average yield. Barley is excellent. Oats very good. Peas very good. Root crops an average yield.

County of Huron.—Fall wheat a fair average. Spring wheat has suffered from drought, barely a good crop. Oats a fair average crop; flax, a few acres sown for the first time in this county and promises well. Peas a fair average crop; the yield of root crops will be small; the hay crop in both the counties is an average one.

Seaforth.—In the townships of Tuckersmith, Stanley, McKillop, Hay, Usborne, Morris, Grey, Howick and Turnberry there are 46,586 acres of wheat sown, which will yield an average of about eighteen bushels per acre.

Carron Brook.—Spring wheat will yield at least 15 bushels per acre—but little Fall wheat; both are excellent samples, far superior to those of last season; oats an average crop. Peas good. The growing of flax is beginning to attract attention. Quantity of grain likely to find its way to market from this district may be estimated at 70,000 bushels.

Mitchell.—The grain crops are generally good and will average 18 or 20 bushels per acre. Fall wheat is excellent. Coarse grains good. Root crops are not quite an average.

Tavistock.—Spring wheat over an average crop and good sample. Spring wheat, barley and peas average crops; oats under average crop; root crop a good yield; potatoes very inferior.

Plattsville.—Fall and spring wheat under an average yield, good quality. Peas good. Oats and barley light. Root crop promising.

Brantford.—Crops are poor; fall wheat eight bushels per acre, good quality; spring wheat eight bushels per acre. Oats and peas a good crop and good sample. Barley good crop.

Caledonia.—Fall wheat about 10 bushels per acre. Spring wheat 14 bushels per acre, good sample. Oats 18 bushels per acre, quality good. Peas 20 bushels per acre, quality good. Root crops almost a failure.

Canfield.—Peas, oats, barley, spring wheat and hay, very light crops; fall wheat far below average crop. Potatoes, very light crops; other root crops a complete failure.

Dunnville.—Fall and spring wheat below average. Barley bad yield. Hay average crop. Peas poor crop. Small patches of flax grown.

Port Colborne.—Fall wheat nearly up to average; spring grains are poor, not averaging more than half a crop; root crops have also seriously suffered.

Fort Erie.—Fall wheat below average, sample fair and full. Hay below average, sample good. Spring wheat, oats and barley, very little sown and below average crop.—Peas, large breadth of land sown, quality and quantity light.

Buffalo.—Grain and root crops are extremely light.

NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—Republished by L. Scott & Co., New York. Sold by T. J. Moorhouse, Goderich.

THE August number of Maga. is to hand, and is a capital one. Contents: Tony Butler—part XI.; Lewes' Aristotle; Victor Hugo on Shakespeare; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other things in General—part VI.; Chronicles of Carlingford, The Perpetual Curate—part—XIV.; The Public Schools Report—II. Harrow and Rugby; Art; Giulietta; The Vote of Censure.

SUCCESS OF A CANADIAN EDITOR.—It is stated that M. de la Ponterie, for several years editor of the Montreal 'Patrie,' and Montreal Minerve, and afterwards attached to the editorial staff of the Paris journal, 'La France,' has been appointed to the office of Inspector of Finance in Mexico. The 'Independence Belge states that he has taken out with him the necessary materials to establish a Mexican journal, of which he is to be the conductor, on the plan of the French 'Moniteur.' M. de la Ponterie has many friends in Quebec and Montreal who are glad to hear of his good fortune.

FARINI AT OTTAWA.—The Montreal *Gazette* says:—Farini crossed a rope stretched over the Chaudiere Falls in presence of 12,000 persons. The rope is 740 feet long and 120 feet in height. He crossed blindfolded in a sack and crossed with baskets on his feet. The popular excitement is intense. Farini repeats his performance to-night amidst fire works.

PLAIN CRITICISM.—The Montreal *Telegraph* remarks:—The news that the English fleet, or part of it, is to accompany the Prince and Princess of Wales in their visit to Denmark, excites derision among the French, and even to the English on the continent it seems strange that the fleet which did not go to Denmark when there was a just cause to defend, and when English honor demanded its presence in Danish waters, should go now on a mere party of pleasure. With what scorn, too, all the Danes contemplate it!

COULD NOT SELL HIS WHEAT.—The *Free Press* of yesterday says:—"The novelty of a farmer bringing his wheat 36 miles to London, and taking it back again unsold, occurred yesterday. Mr. R. Bryant says that he left the township of Stephen with 60 bushels of Fall Wheat, for which he was offered 80 cents per bushel at Lucan, and on arriving here he could only obtain 75 cents, after paying road and market tolls, 42 cts. He felt rather hard about it, and declared that the London buyers were not half smart enough!

EUROPEAN NEWS

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.

The steamship America, from Southampton on the 31st ult., has arrived. The Hibernia, for Quebec, arrived out on the 30th, and the City of London on the 31st. The *Times* says:—If the account of the doings of the rain Tennessee be true, it is one of the most gallant actions of the American war, and that the account of the loss on both sides makes the action still more extraordinary.—Confederate loan 78 a 79. London, Aug 30. Consols heavy, 88⅝ a 88⅞. The Conference sitting is adjourned, probably because the Danish plenipotentiaries who went up to the London Conference are occupied solely with the territorial question.

PRUSSIA.

The *Neue Preussische Zeitung* says:—There will be no withdrawal of troops from Jutland before a definite conclusion of peace. The return of all Prussian troops from the Duchies is therefore far less to be expected.

TURKEY.

The difficulties between Turkey and Montiepo are settled.

ITALY.

Arrests continue in Trent and Venetia.—The police have discovered arms, munitions, &c. The official journal hails with joy and hope the proposed interview between the Kings of Prussia and Bavaria.

Tunis, Aug. 14.

The tribes submitted; forty are in insurrection. The chief dare not sign a peace condition. The Persian Gulf telegraph cable is broken.

London, Tuesday Evening, Aug. 30.

The English funds opened quiet, but at the close there was a fall of ¼ per cent. The main cause consisted in a conjecture that Mr. Gladstone will find it necessary to prevent the March Exchequer Bills from being paid in for revenue next month, either to raise their rate of interest from 3 to 4 per cent., or to fund a portion of them, or make an exchange from Stock to Exchequer Bills. Consols closed at 89¾ a 88⅞. Confederate Loan; 78 a 79. Liverpool Cotton Market, August 29 and 30.—The demand has improved, and sales for the 29th amounted to 13,000 bales; American had advanced ½ per lb. Liverpool Corn Market. Wheat 1d a 2d lower per cental.

Extraordinary Pedestrian Feat in London.

We read in a recent London paper that on the 24th ult., in the evening, John Leary, the 'Surrey Novice,' commenced the unprecedented feat of walking (toe and heel) 100 miles in 24 consecutive hours. Leary is a native of Bermondsey, 23 years of age, and stands 5ft 7in. in height, of a large build, but all bone and sinew. The course is five miles out from the railway arch. Blue Anchor road, Bermondsey, to the Standard Tavern, Brixton and back, which is 10 measured miles. The start was made precisely at 6 o'clock, at which time bets were rather against the performer. Leary went off at a moderate rate of speed, accompanied several persons, and returned to the goal at 7.46, having performed the first ten miles in one hour and 46 minutes and appeared as fresh as at the start. Having put on a cloth jacket over his fleshings, he commenced the second ten miles, which were accomplished in one hour and 47 minutes being 20 miles in 3 hours and 33 minutes, or the rate of 1 mile in rather more than 10½ minutes. On the starting for the third time he did not appear in the least distressed.—Even betting; many of his supporters imagine that he will succeed, and have time to spare.

News Summary.

☞ Geo. Benjamin, M.P.P. for Hastings, died on the 7th inst.

☞ Col. Haultain has been returned for Peterboro', by a majority of 132.

☞ There are now five French papers printed in Quebec, three of which are dailies.

☞ Mr. George Bell, of Dumfries, was nearly killed by a bull, on Sunday last.

☞ Three gentlemen of Brockville have 1,000 acres of flax in cultivation this year

☞ About 25,000 widows are receiving pensions under the laws passed with reference to the present American war.

☞ The first Glass Factory established in Canada, has been put in operation at Hamilton. The prospects of its success are good.

☞ £100,000 are said to have been lately offered for the London Tavern, a striking illustration of the value of property in the City of London.

☞ The Montreal *Gazette* says the Government has decided not to remove to Ottawa this Fall, owing to the unfinished state of the public buildings.

☞ The new Custom House in Quebec was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday night, the 10th inst. The building cost £40,000 and was insured for £10,000.

☞ A native of the Emerald Isle, while on a begging expedition, was asked by a lady if she had any children. "Yes, mum, I'm the mother of an orphan!" Biddy replied with great readiness.

☞ The Kingston *American* says that the final separation of the Counties of Frontenac, Lennox and Addington is likely to occur on the 1st of January ensuing. The main point remaining for adjustment is the property settlement between the counties.

☞ The Oil Springs *Chronicle* says that the well owned by T. D. Ledyard, esq., of Toronto, is yielding thirty barrels per day. This well is situated on lot 18, in the 2nd Concession, not far from the Joint Stock Company's test well.

☞ A HOUSE AFLOAT.—A Quebec paper has the following:—"A novel spectacle was witnessed from the Terrace early on Thursday—nothing less than a modernized dwelling house, white with a black roof, being towed across the basin from some point on the Island of Orleans or the Point Levis."

☞ A good-looking young lady dressed in black, appeared among the press gang at the Chicago Convention as a correspondent for a Philadelphia paper. She wrote nimbly away until she had filled two or three large pages and after the adjournment hurried off to the telegraph office to send special despatches.

☞ A Montreal paper says that two of the leading English insurance companies have resolved to close their agencies and withdraw from the insurance business in London, C. W. and that the directors of another large company will meet this week to consider the propriety of adopting the same course. This is in consequence of the numerous incendiary fires that have recently taken place in that city.

☞ FIRE IN BIDDULPH.—On last evening a large frame barn on the premises of Mr. Caleb Ryan, on the third concession of Biddulph, was burned to the ground, together with all the contents, consisting of about 600 bushels of wheat, four tons of hay, and a quantity of other grain. The grain and hay belonged to Mr. John O'Donohue, of Lucan, who rented Mr. Ryan's farm. He will be a severe loser, as he was only partially insured.—*London Free Press.*

THE AMERICAN WAR.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.

The *Herald's* despatches from the Shenandoah valley represent that the enemy has weakened his lines to the left of our forces, and is massing towards the Potomac. The fords are at present impassable on account of the rains, but when the water subsides Sheridan will be found ready to dispute the passage of the foe.

The troops whose time has expired are re-enlisting with vigor, not singly, but by regiments.

The supply trains run regularly to the front and the line of communication is well guarded.

A special despatch to the *Herald*, dated in the field, Sept. 13, says:—Another movement has been made. The enemy seems to be retiring. Averill is close upon his rear. The indications are that we will have another fight, as Averill has reached the enemy's rear infantry line.

WAR DEP'T, Sept. 14—(Official.)

To Major-General Dix:—Lieut.-General Grant telegraphs to this department in respect to the draft as follows:—

"City Point, Sept. 13, 10:30 a.m.—To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Sec'y of War:—We ought to have the whole number of men called for by the President in the shortest possible time. Prompt action in filling our armies will have more effect on the enemy than a victory over them. They profess to believe and make their men believe there is such a party in the North in favor of recognizing Southern independence; that the draft cannot be enforced. Let them be undeceived. Deserters come into our lines daily who tell us that the men are nearly universally tired of war, and that desertions would be much more frequent, but they believe peace will be negociated after the fall elections. The enforcement of the draft and prompt filling up of our armies will save the shedding of blood to an immense degree.

"(Signed), U. S. GRANT,
"Lieu. General."

The following telegram has been received from Gen. Sherman on the same subject:

"ATLANTA, Sept. 13, 6:30 p.m.—To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: I am very glad to hear that the draft will be enforced; first, we need the men; second, they come as privates to fill our old and tried regiments, with their experienced officers, already on hand; and third, because the enforcement of the law will manifest a power reserved in our government equal to the occasion. Our government, though a democracy, should in times of trouble and danger, be able to wield the power of a great nation. All well.

"(Signed),
"W. T. SHERMAN."

The draft is ordered to commence in all States and districts where the quota is not filled by volunteers, on Monday the 19th, will go on until completed, and volunteers and substitutes will be received and credited to as late a period as possible. Volunteering is still progressing with vigor in most of the States.

Gen. Sheridan reports the following operations in his command:—

NEAR BERRYVILLE, 7 p.m., Sept. 13—To *Lieut.-General Grant, City Point:*—This afternoon I sent Gen. Getty's division of the 8th corps with two brigades of cavalry to the crossing of the summit point and Winchester road, over the Opequan creek, to develope the force of the enemy at the crossing in that vicinity.

The Abandonment of Atlanta.

The fact is at length confessed by the Federals that by the occupation of Atlanta they gained but a barren victory. There were no munitions, no stores, no prisoners, "no nothing," for the Federal commander, and the only loss suffered by the Confederates was a "moral loss," as it is called, that can easily be repaired. Commenting upon the abandonment of the city, the Richmond *Examiner* of the 7th has the following:—

"It is mortifying certainly to have been obliged to abandon Atlanta to the Yankees—not that we attach any special value to the place, but that they do. The reverse is not so much material as moral, and Atlanta was never a strategic point, so much as a point of honor. It was once, to be sure, called the 'Gate City;' but the gate has long been off its hinges; and is one of those 'passages that lead to nothing.' It would surely have been entertaining to witness the disappointment of Sherman's officers, and especially of the eloquent Press correspondents, on entering the street of that 'city,' whose possession has cost them such floods of blood. They had evidently formed a rather grand idea of the place, and one correspondent, in composing his letter announcing its fall and the entry of the Federal army, about three weeks before it did fall describe the tramp of the columns through its 'sombre streets,' and the Stars and Stripes floating from its towers and domes. Now, in fact, Atlanta was a place which would be called a 'city' nowhere else than upon this continent; do doubt it was intended to be a city. The streets are there, chiefly shaded by 'original growth.' It was one of these raw and incohate 'cities' which have been advertised and gotten up by speculators in lots, at various points of railroad intersection. The reader knows Weldon; every body knows Weldon but too well. Now Atlanta was but another and little larger Weldon.—The centre and heart of the place was a great gloomy shed into which, at various hours of day day and night, the locomotives of four railroad companies rush with dreadful shrieks. As Weldon has two miserable hotels close by the railroad, so Atlanta had three, also miserable and squalid, and also near the railroad shed—but all at one end of it, whereas those of Weldon are the two opposite sides. Before the war there was very little sign of life in the dreary place, except when trains came in or went out: everybody coming in demanding urgently when he would have an opportunity of going away again; and those who had been obliged to remain two hours, eagerly hastening to a departing train—for nobody seemed to stay in Atlanta one moment longer than absolute necessity compelled him; insomuch that one cannot help surmising, now the Yankees are there, that they will be in a hurry to evacuate. Many is the traveler who has passed from two to four miserable hours in that 'Gate City;' and to him, looking forth from the hotel porch upon the city that sprawled around, it seemed to be a mere collection of bar-rooms, billiard saloons and barbers' shops, with a few lottery offices. It is true that if any enterprising person, compelled to pass the day there, thought of penetrating some of those grassy passages called streets, he would discover that in one or two of them were several brick stores and houses; perhaps as many as in Manchester across the river James; but almost all the dwellings were framed: three or four little churches or meeting houses there were, showed perhaps a small tin cupola or two; but you saw no life nor motion, if you once passed out of the open space containing the railroad shed.—There was the heart, the lungs, the stomach of Atlanta. There sullen travellers awaiting for trains, were always stamping about; often looking at their watches; gnawing in their impatience, the ends of their cigars, and uttering maledictions upon the Gate City.—Since the war began, indeed, there has been at Atlanta some few factories carried on upon government account; and these establishments, together with the concourse of quarter masters, commissaries, surgeons and other noncombatant appurtenances to the rear of an army, have gathered there a kind of floating and fugitive population; it had ever. become a favorite stage or halting place for refugee newspapers; and talented journals formerly of Memphis, of Knoxville and of Chattanooga, have all been for some time printed and published at Atlanta; thus giving to the place that factitious air of importance which has imposed upon many Confederate outside of Georgia, and may be said to have completely sold the Yankees. They find themselves in triumphant possession of a rural 'city' with umbrageous streets where cows lately pastured; but the cows are all gone. The government factories are stopped and their weather-boarded sheds are scarce worth burning. Some dilapidated billiard tables they may find; some dusty counters of lottery offices; empty demijohns of long deserted bar-rooms; but that is nearly all.—The good Confederate inhabitants of the place have long since retreated to safer quarters, and those citizens of the Gate City who remain to do the honors must be principally Yankee machinists and artizans about the car shops, together with the barbers, who are ready to shave impartially Trojan and Tyrian.

"Now this is presented as a tolerably accurate portait and history of Atlanta. It has no natural advantages whatever, either for peace or war. There never was any reason why there should be a town there; it has no river; guards no pass; stands upon a place which has neither strength, nor beauty, nor commercial facilities—save what has been created by the railroads alone. The railroads leading thither being for the present lost to us, the Gate City may as well go too: and while the Yankees sojourn there we may wish them much comfort.

"After all, it is provoking to have to evacuate even so much as that 'Gate City;' it is hard to yield any advantage, or even seeming advantage, to the Yankee nation—especially if they have been allowed to snatch that advantage through the mischievous prejudices and antipathies of those who direct our military affairs. Yet, let us not think more of the matter than it is worth: the evacuation of Atlanta may not be much more of a disaster than Gen Lee's evacuation of Hanover Junction."

HERE IS A FIX.—The heir apparent of Russia the future master of a realm of more than seven millions of square miles—an empire comprising one-seventh of the territorial part of the globe, and about one twenty-sixth part of its entire surface—is in *want of a wife*! and cannot find one! This astounding piece of news is going the round of the continental papers. Grand Duke Nicholas, heir-apparent of all the Russias, 21 years old, tall, good-looking, in splendid uniform, speaking five languages, and with all the accomplishments, is willing to wed, yet cannot get a wife. It is said that the grand Duke Nicholas has only five royal princesses offered for his selection; and that unfortunately, of these five high-born ladies, he does not like three, and his imperial father does not like the other two. So that, in point of fact, the heir-expectant of one-seventh of the earth can get no wife at all. Poor Nicholas!

A Modern Orson.

Much excitement has prevailed in Swaledate, Arkendale, the boarders of Westmorland, as well as at Barnard Castle and Richmond, by the proceedings of a man who lived in the woods and on the moors. He was of middle height, and, though of slender build, he possessed considerable muscular power, as was evinced by his surprising activity. His clothing consisted of a fragment of an old dressing-gown, reaching from his waist to his knees, fastened round him with a cord, and a few rags clinging to his shoulders. His feet and legs were covered with dry black mud. His hair and beard were long and matted, saving which there was nothing ferocious in his aspect, his features being naturally mild, and not unprepossessing. Occasionally he had approached farm houses, and at Scargill and other places, kind hearted people would give him food, which he had eaten with avidity, but he had refused to accept the clothes offered him. He ran with wonderful speed, sometimes leaping into the air, and glancing behind him at nearly every step. He seemed to have no fixed route, but diverged on each side of the way as he rapidly traversed the ground. It is thought that he must in some degree have subsisted upon such game or vermin as he could catch; and he has been observed eating the garbage lying in the vicinity of farm houses. He was perfectly inoffensive; but his singular appearance, and his mode of running and screaming, had terrified many women and children. It is related also that a man living at a farm near Barnard Castle had risen early to go to the coal-pits, but had been so frightened by the sudden appearance of the "wild man," that he hastily unyoked the horses, hurried back to the house, and barricaded the doors and windows. There is no doubt that the "wild man" is a harmless lunatic, who has escaped from confinement. The police have been on the look out for several weeks, but have failed to capture him until the present week, when the police stationed at Greta bridge succeeded, after an exciting chase, in securing him.—He stands remanded for fourteen days to Northallerton gaol, in order that inquiries might be made concerning him.—[Yorkshire Gazette.

The only practical joke in which R. Harris Barcham, better known as Thos. Ingoldsby, ever personally engaged was enacted, when he was a boy, at Canterbury. In company with a schoolfellow he entered a Quaker meeting-house, when looking around at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said solemnly, 'Whoever speaks first shall have this pie.' 'Go thy way boy,' said a drab colored gentleman, rising, 'go thy way, boy, and—' 'The pie's yours, sir,' placing it before the astonished speaker, and hastily effecting his escape.

A French ship carpenter employed at Portsmouth, near Kingston, suspected of theft, was ridden on a rail by his fellow workmen on Thursday last and then dropped into the bay, to scramble out as best could. The cold water, it was thought, would cure his pilfering disease.

The Death of John Morgan.

The Richmond *Examiner* gives the following account of the death of the brave Kentuckian, General Morgan:—

"The telegraph communicates intelligence that the brave and chivalric chief, John. H. Morgan, of Kentucky, fell at Greenville, East Tennessee, on the 3rd instant. The circumstances of his death have not reached us. The fact that he has fallen will be sufficient to penetrate every patriotic heart in the land with the acutest grief.

"This is not the time to write an account of his life or services. An abler pen will do justice to the subject, for they offer to the biographer incidents which will interest wherever patriotism has a votary and gallantry an admirer. Gen. Morgan was descended from a Virginia and Kentucky parentage—was born at Huntsville, Alabama, June 1st, 1826, and had just entered the thirty-seventh year of his age. His military training was acquired in the war with Mexico, and by his own practice subsequently as captain of Kentucky volunteers, but he possessed intuitively the genius of a successful military commander.

"He rose by his own genius and brilliant exploits from the command of a squad of his neighbors with whom he entered the service of the Confederate States, to the rank of Brigadier General. He had enshrined himself in the affections of the true men of Kentucky, among whom intelligence of his untimely death will be received with an emotion no language can portray. He was a fine specimen of the true soldier—genial in his disposition, affectionate and tender among his friends, indulgent and kind to his soldiers, energetic and brave as a leader, wise in counsel, valiant in battle—he has carved a bright name which will adorn one of the proudest niches in the temple of fame."

Latest from Mexico.

The *Herald's* New Orleans correspondent writing on Sept. 3, says:—The latest arrivals from Brazos, Santiago, bring reports that several vessels which sailed from New Orleans lately for Matamoras, with cargoes, and intended for Cortinas' government, have been seized by the French at the mouth of the Rio Grande.

A Matamoras despatch to the *Herald*, 26th Aug., says:—Cortinas declares he will defend Matamoras against the French, but as the city has no fortifications it will be difficult for him to hold it. Cortinas demands of the merchants of Matamoras a loan of $150,000 in specie, which they refuse. Messrs. Scurmes and Hurd, acting British and Prussian consuls, have been thrown into prison together with others, for resisting this demand for money. General Megia was advancing on Matamoras with 4,000 troops. He had reached and occupied Montoney. President Juarez made no resistance but left for Chichuahua. Manganilous is strongly fortified, and in all the northern regions on the Pacific slope the cause of President Juarez triumphs. Assistance of the greatest importance was coming from California, and heavy immigration friendly to Juarez was reaching Sonara.

☞ MARINE DISASTERS IN AUGUST.—The New York *World* states that during the month of August there were fifty vessels lost. Of this number six were ships, six were barks, five were brig, and thirty-three were schooners. Of these twenty five were captured and destroyed, one was captured, fate unknown, four sunk after collision, one was burned by lightening, one abandoned at sea, and one foundered. The total value of the property lost, destroyed and captured is estimated at one million five hundred and eighty thousand dollars.