The International Boat Race

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT IN LONDON.

A MILLION PEOPLE PRESENT.

THE STRUGGLE.

London, Aug. 27.—The excitement today over the great international boat race has been intense. The banks of the Thames have been lined with spectators since an early hour this morning. The city has been almost deserted, and business quite neglected. Vehicles of all descriptions, bearing the Harvard and Oxford colors, and heavily laden with people, crowded all the roads leading to the course and during the entire day the roads in the vicinity of Hammersmith, Putney, Chiswick, Barnes Mortlake, &c., were thronged with pedestrians. The railway companies found themselves almost unable to provide cars sufficient to carry the vast numbers in waiting at the depots. It is no exaggeration to state that probably a million of people witnessed the race.

The Harvard crew won the toss for position, and chose the Middlesex side, the outside of the semi-circle. Both boats started at 5 o'clock 14 minutes 6½ seconds. The tide at the start was sluggish, and a light south-west beeze prevailed, with smooth water. The Harvards were first to catch the water, and took the lead, gaining rapidly upon their opponents, and making forty-five strokes per minute, against the Oxford's forty.

At Bishop's Creek, three furlongs from the start, the Harvards led half a length; gaining headway, they increased their lead as they passed the 'Willows.' Their pace was subsequently slackened, and the Oxfords pulled up, but the Harvards were still three-quarters of a length ahead at Craven Point, three-quarters of a mile from the start. Oxford now went on with a steady drag, but the Americas rapidly increased their lead, and at Crabtree, a mile and an eighth from the acqueduct, were a couple of lengths ahead. Beyond this point the Harvards were taken wide, and Oxfords quickening their speed, reduced the gap at the soap-works, a mile and a half from the start, to half a length. The Harvards now pulled up with a magnificent burst to the Hammersmith Bridge, a mile and three-quartes; out, in shooting the bridge, lost the distance they had gained. Opposite the Middle Mall, the Oxfords spurted, &c., and came up gradually to the Harvards, but when opposite the Doves the boats were found to be too close together, and the Harvards gave way, and at Cheswick Ait. 2½ miles, the boats were level. After proceeding fifty yards further the Oxfords began to gain, though temporarily, and the Harvards again got even with them. Oxfords gained rapidly at Cheswick, where it became clear that the pace apparently told on the Harvards, who were rather wild at this part of the race. From this point the Oxfords rapidly drew ahead, and in a few strokes obtained a lead of the two lengths. The Harvards, rowing pluckily, held them there for a half a mile, when they fell astern, and the Oxfords, at thirty-eight strokes per minute, shot Barnes' Bridge, 3¾ miles, three lengths ahead. Along Barnes' Beach the Harvards refreshed their stroke, Mr. Loring, with river water, thereby retarding their boat. The Americans then tried to spurt, but found the effort ineffectual, and the Oxfords, getting more of a lead, eventually won the race by four lengths, easing up in the last few strokes, and pulling up fresh. —The Oxfords arrived at the Ship at five o'clock, 36 minutes and 47 seconds—making the 4¼ miles in 22 minutes and 40½ seconds. The Americans were well received at the finish, and returning, landed at Barnes.

The race was a good one and excited a degree of enthusiasm along the banks of the river utterly unknown in former races.—London *Free Press.*

An Ingenious and Valuable Invention.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 9 says: 'An invention has been produced in Paris for settling disputes between cab-hirers and cab-drivers, which seems to deserve attention. According to the account of it which we have received from a correspondent, the 'compteur mecanique,' or calculating machine, not only reckons the distance traversed, but indicates as well the exact sum of money due to the driver. Two dials are fixed on the back of the driving seat: one containing a clock, while on the other the distance traveled is indicated by a hand acted on by the wheels; it is entirely beyond the control either of cabby or his 'fare.' The apparatus is put in and out of gear by the lowering and rising of a lever bearing the word 'libre,' which is only visible when the cab is empty and the 'compteur' consequently unemployed. There is no danger of the driver omitting to lower this lever as soon as he is hired, it being evidently his interest to have the greatest possible distance paid for; while, on the other hand, it would be useless for him to try to make a fictitious fare by driving about with his 'compteur' in motion for a card in the interior of the machine registers the distance traversed during the day, and the money to be accounted for to the cab owner. The great difficulty has hitherto been to find a means of marking the time spent in visits, shopping blocks in the streets, &c., when the wheels and the telltale are necessarily at a standstill. M. Bruet, the inventor of the new register, has now overcome this difficulty by an ingenious contrivance, by means of which, as soon as the wheels cease to act on the indicator, the clock which forms part of the machine keeps the telltale hand moving at a rate which credits the driver with eight kilometres (about five miles) an hour or two francs, according to the Paris tariff.'

Bitucate Clothing.

The Boston *Post* says:—The mysteries of unifurcate and bifurcate clothing, as adapted to reform ladies, are profoundly discussed by Dr. Channing in the *Revolution*. The pantalette is stigmatized as an abomination, and preference is given to the dress of the Swiss peasantess, which consists of ornamented stockings and shoes—rather a meagre costume, but economical—as it allows ease of motion for walking, working or dancing. The doctor handles his topic boldly when he presumes to say the contour of the leg should be preserved in dress, and will attract Miss Olive Logan's sarcasm by his citation of the conventional page of the theatre as furnishing a worthy suggestion for a new female costume, "including the full, slashed silken trousers above the knee,' and the tights, we suppose, of course, for the material used in a theatrical page's 'trowsers' is usually scanty. For the upper part of the dress the Doctor recommends the Grecian tunic and under vest as 'always beautiful,' and he proceeds to argue the matter of the closure of the female skirt, which really is so far trenching upon an extremely delicate matter that we must let the Doctor go it alone. He concludes with a good word for the 'Gabrielle,' with the skirt just to the knee, and a head-dress 'which will in no event be a bonnet.' The Doctor will, of course, be made an honorary Sorosis at once; he grapples with a topic that has fearfully agitated the female mind, and, we trust, has solved the great problem of a reform attire. Now we hope soon to see some ladies in page's trowsers and Grecian tunics before the severe weather sets in, as in a few weeks the atmosphere will hardly be propitious.

PRINCE ARTHUR.—On Thursday evening Prince Arthur was the the guest of Admiral Mundy. The flag-ship *Royal Alfred* was finely illuminated, in honor of the occasion. On Friday the prince visited the Halifax Club, and then went on board the French admiral's ship *Semiramis* where a large party was given in his honor. He was to have left by special train on Saturday morning for Picton, and embark there for Charlottetown.

TIME TABLE, G. T. R

BUFFALO & GODERICH LINE.

DEPART.

No. 10 Express	5.50 a. m.
No. 2 Mail	9.30 a. m.
No. 6 Mixed	2.30 p. m.

ARRIVE.

No 10, Express	9.30 p. m.
No. 2, Mail	4.00 p. m.
No. 4, Mixed	4.30 p. m.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING.—Mr. Effingham Wilson, the well-known publisher of the *Royal Exchange*, London, England, in a work on authorship, publishing, advertising, &c., makes the following pointed remarks:—"Of this you may be sure, that any journal that inserts advertisements cheap, is, in fact, a worthless medium. If it were really a good one, it would have no need to lower its prices, for its sheet would be filled without that sacrifice. You may lay it down as a rule, that every journal knows its own value, and that if it adopts low prices it is because it is conscious that it has a low circulation, either in number or respectability."

MR. A. H. ST. GERMAIN, Proprietor of the Canadian Advertising Agency, Toronto, Ont., is our Sole Agent for procuring American Advertisements, and is authorized also to receive Canadian Advertisements for this paper.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, SEPT. 2, 1869.

MRS STOWE AND LORD BYRON.

In the last number of the Atlantic Monthly, Mrs. Stowe published an article, which may be epitomised as follows:—Lord and Lady Byron (according to Mrs. Stowe) lived together two years after their marriage—sometimes happy and sometimes miserable. Lady Byron was a very model, of a perfect wife, and any variance between them was caused, by Lord Byron's wayward temperament. Lord Byron at length wrote a note to Lady Byron, ordering her to leave his house; and, five weeks after their child was born, expelled her accordingly. A leave-taking is poetically imagined:—"On the day of her departure she passed by the door of his room, and stopped to caress his favorite spaniel, which was lying there; and she confessed to a friend the weakness of feeling a willingness even to be something as humble as that poor little creature, might she only be allowed to remain and watch over him. She went into his room, where he and the partner of his sins were sitting together, and said, 'Byron, I come to say good-bye,' offering at the same time her hand. Lord Byron put his hands behind him, retreated to the mantel-piece, and, looking around on the two that stood there with a sarcastic smile, said, 'When shall we three meet again?' Lady Byron answered, 'In Heaven, I trust;' and these were her last words to him on earth.'

Lady Byron, Mrs. Stowe goes on to say, then went to the house of her father Sir Ralph Noel, who wrote to Lord Byron, that his wife would never return to him, Mrs. Stowe is incorrect in her facts; Lord and Lady Byron lived together, only *One year and three months*. After the birth of their child, to recover her health, she went to her mother (Lady Noel's); whence she wrote a playful letter to Lord Byron which, with the subsequent letters of Lord and Lady Noel, are thus described in the July number of *Blackwood*.—

"Either on her journey, or immediately after her arrival at Kirkby, Lady Byron wrote to her husband a letter, which is described by Moore as "full of playful gess and affection" by Leigh Hunt as "written in a spirit of good humor, and even fondness, which, though containing nothing but what a wife ought to write, and is the better for writing, was, I thought, almost too good to show;' and by Lady Byron herself as written in a kind and cheerful tone. This letter was accompanied or immediately followed by one from Lady Noel, "inviting him to Kirkby Mallory;" and the next communication received by Lord Byron was a letter from his father-in-law, Sir Ralph Noel, commencing "My Lord," and announcing to him that his wife had left him forever."

Beyond this, with the exception of consulting Dr. Lushington, Lady Byron preserved an unbroken silence, and now the reading world is startled by the announcement that, while Lady Byron refused to tell to her father or her mother or her husband the reason of their separation she confided it to a strange American lady who visited her. As the New York *Times* which is edited by one who is a gentleman as well as a scholar forcibly concludes a long article:—

"But the baseness of the present slander upon the memory of the great poet cannot be conveyed except in the words which we must assume were put into Mrs. Stowe's mouth. We decline to do more than condense the statements for which she has made herself responsible:—

'From the height at which he might have been happy, as the husband of a noble woman, he fell into the depths of a secret adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society. * * * The person whose relations with Byron had been so disastrous, also, in the latter years of her life, felt Lady Byron's loving and ennobling influence, and in her last sickness and dying hours looked to her for consolation and support. There was an unfortunate child of sin, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was the one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and, though her task was a difficult one, from the strange, abnormal propensities to evil in the subject of her cares, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over until death took the responsiblity from her hands'.

"Mrs. Stowe declares that Lady Byron told her this story. If Mrs. Stowe's memory has not deceived her, the only explanation of it can be that Lady Byron's jealousy and anger had overturned her reason. Lord Byron never saw his sister after he left England. But we cannot discuss the monstrous calumny piece by piece. We submit that before we can be expected to receive such a statement it must be supported by proof. Why is it that Lady Byron never brought this charge against her husband until an American lady happened to visit her? Mrs. Stowe says it was because she was careful for Lord Byron's reputation. In reality she sought by every means, and all through her life, to injure it. Once she declared that he was out of his mind, and cried to get him shut up in a madhouse. She obstinately refused to explain to him why she had left him she sent her mother to a lawyer (Dr Lushington) with a statement of her grievances, and he advised her to return to her husband. Afterward she told him something under the seal of secrecy which led him to reverse his opinion. Lord Byron, as it was well known, wrote a sketch of his life, which Moore destroyed, thereby incurring a heavy responsibility. But Lord Russell bears this testimony—that there was nothing in the journal of particular importance, and 'no interesting details of his life.' To the last moment of his existence he solemnly declared that he was innocent of the cause of Lady Byron's conduct, he repeatedly challenged investigation and inquiry, and it was only years after his death that Lady Byron ventured to heap fresh insults upon his memory."

It was a maxim of heathen philosophy to speak "nothing but good of the dead":—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and Christendom is wont to envelop the memories and sepulchres of the departed in the broad mantle of charity. Such a course is always agreeable to truehearted men and women. A departure from it can only be justified if silence as regards the vices or frailties of the tenants of "God's Acre" would materially injure the characters or prospects of the living. We are therefore deeply grieved to find Mrs. Stowe promulgating this revolting story, which, even if it were true, cannot benefit any survivor of either Lord or Lady Byron, and is only calculated to pamper the unhealthy appetite of lovers of sensation. Mrs. Stowe's fame had both its dawn and meridian in our estimation, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and though her more recent productions have temporarily obscured it, would have lived forever. Can it be possible that so gifted and pure-minded an authoress has rather courted notoriety than been content to live for a time in the shade.

Re-opening of the Wesleyan Church.

On Sabbath last, 29th, the Weslayan Church of this town was formally reopened. Rev. W. M. Pushon preached a most eloquent sermon in the morning before an audience of about 1100, the subject being Traits of character as illustrated by the life and conduct of Esau and Jacob. It was a magnificent epitome of human life, as feebly laid down by us in the article: 'Judge Not.' In the evening Rev. Mr. Lavelle preached a sound, solid discourse.

On Monday evening Mr. Punshon delivered his famous lecture on Macaulay, before a large and appreciative audience. What shall we say of it? It was cosmopolitan, generous in sentiment, and eloquent beyond degree. The peroration, wherein reference was made to Westminster Abbey, the bodies immortalized by its memorial slabs—including that of Thomas Babington Macaulay—we must say we have never heard equalled, nor do we ever wish to hear anything more glorious in our Anglo Saxon speech. Most heartily do we all thank you, Mr. Punshon for such an intellectual treat.

The Early Rose.

Goderich Aug. 30th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

DEAR SIR.—My yield from one pound of Early Rose potatoes this year is 117 lbs or 3 lbs less than two bushels—some of them weighing over a pound. My yield from the Early Goderich Potatoes this season is 15 bushels from a peck planted, or at the rate of 60 lbs from one planted—a little more than ½ the yield of the Early Rose.

Thomas Weatherald.

SELECT SCHOOL.

Miss. McMillan's classes will re-assemble on Monday 6th September.

☞ A Special Meeting of the Directors of the Horticultural Society will be held on Friday evening, at half-past seven o'clock.

☞ The flour turned out at Mr. Acheson's new mill is said, by those who have used it, to be of a very fine quality. We are glad to hear it. Mr. Lickfold is the miller.

☞ There is a breach in the side-walk opposite the new brick buildings on the square which is dangerous on dark nights. A few loads of dirt would remedy the matter.

MARKETS.—The Clinton paper goes into an exhaustive analysis to prove that our market report for that village has not been correct. Now we have, through the dull season, taken quotations from the *New Era* and *Expositor*, and if they were astray we cant help it. Today we begin our customary telegraph reports, depending upon the operators to give us the *true* state of the market up to noon of Tuesday in each week.

GOING IT.—The *Bruce Review* has christened its village contemporary the *lying rag*, and the latter devotes, occasionally, a column or two to the Review. "Go it", old fellows! The tone of society around you will be raised in due time. Nothing does a village or town so much real good as a little wholesome vituperation.

☞ The Seaforth paper hurts us badly—over the left shoulder—when it speaks about that band competition. *Of course* friend Sproat has a right to do as he pleases, but surely the bands of the Co. will not be flattered by the implied fear that a six months Goderich band would win the day. A higher compliment could not be paid to *our* talented bandmaster.

North Riding Fall Wheat Show.

The Fall Wheat Show for the North Riding of Huron took place at Clinton on Friday last the 27th inst. There were 13 samples on exhibition and the turn out of farmers was large. The prizes awarded were as follows:—

1st. James Cox, 6th con., Goderich.
2nd. James Lomas do
3rd. Wm Rutledge do

Old Goderich township has just cause to feel proud of its wheat raising capacity. Mr. Cox, who carried off the valuable cash prize offered by the Canada Company, has already received a number of orders for seed wheat. All the prize samples were of the Diehl variety.

☞ We would not, for the world, say a word against the Seaforth paper; but when its editor asserts that his sheet is now the largest in the County of Huron he tells an unmitigated ——, well whopper. The *Signal* has always published a large supplement when the list of lands for taxes was in, and we never felt inclined to make any particular blow about it. Go on Mr. *Ex*, you will probably get over the agony by-and-by.

GRAND CONCERT.

PROFESSOR FERGUSON.

This renowned and justly popular Musician will give one of his very attractive Entertainments in Crabb's Victoria Hall, on Thursday evening the 9th of September next when he will be assisted by all the musical talent of our town. We have no doubt this will prove, as all his previous concerts have, one of the greatest treats of the season. We hope our towns people will turn out liberally as it will be some time again before they will have another opportunity.

EDITORIAL AMENITY.—The Bruce editors are a most "happy family." One of them thinks nothing of devoting a column or two to ripping up a brother chip. Bruce is beginning to look up in political matters. In fact it is proposed that she shall furnish a new ministry, now that Sir John A. and Cartier are likely to make a grand burst up of their old combination. A Bruce paper says the members suggested are:—

Premier—Mr F Hurdon.
Minister of Finance—Editor *Review*.
Minister of P. Works—Editor *Cesspool*.
Minister of Militia—Major Sproat.
President of Council—John Rusk.
The Paisley *Advocate* to be the Government organ and Queen's Printer.

Very good for Bruce.

POTATO ROT.—We are sorry to hear that the potato rot has appeared in several parts of this county. It is to be hoped that the rot will not be general.

Division Court Matters.

To the Editor of the 'Signal',

SIR,—In your issue of the 29th of July last, I observed from an advertisement that there had been a change made in the divisions of division courts of Huron. Now I want to state to you how that was brought about. Near the middle of May last, there was a petition got up in Wingham and neighborhood in Turnberry township, praying for a division court to be established in Wingham, setting forth as a reason that the west of Turnberry, and Wingham was at a great distance from division court. It is twelve miles to Wroxeter from Wingham eastward, and from the North of East Wawanosh to Dungannon, where the court was held for the township of East Wawanosh, the distance is twenty miles. The Turnberry people supposed that a portion of the township of East Wawanosh, and the township of Morris that was convenient near to Wingham, would be annexed to the Wingham division. The petition was signed by the Turnberry Council, and the Deputy Reeve and Reeve promised to present the said petition to the Judge when they were at Goderich at the June session of the County Council. So far, it was well, but what became of the petition numerously signed as it was? We do not know. The Judge declared he did not receive any petition from Turnberry or from Wingham at the close of the Quarter Sessions in June last, after the accounts had been audited. What became of the petition is better known to the Reeves of Turnberry themselves. The cause of the petition being kept back is understood by in Wingham, to be that the Deputy Reeve desired an office, and that he was afraid that he would only come off second best if the petition had been forwarded according to promise, and he the Deputy of Turnberry allowed to stand or fall on his own merit. However, the Clerks of the Division Courts numbers three and four were on hand at the auditing of accounts in Goderich last June, representing to Judge Brough the inconvenience it would be to come often as far North as Wingham to hold a court. The Judge in turn sympathising with clerks and bailiffs on account of not having labor sufficient to keep them fully employed, as a reason lives out that if not kept busy the work would not be as well done. Be that as it may, surely there are more interests to study than those of the clerks of Division Courts or their bailiffs either. The people's interests should be first, according to the motto of the *Signal*, "the greatest good to the greatest number," except that number be number *one*. We cannot see that the change that has been made is for the better; to leave a large portion of the west of Turnberry township, from 23 miles to 89 from a division court, while before the change they were within twelve miles of Wroxeter or sixteen from Ainleyville, a portion of East Wawanosh township and Morris, is in a much worse position than they were before the re-division took place, being now in number three division with the court at Clinton village, a distance of over twenty-eight miles, for some of the people to travel to hear the Judge's opinion upon matters often very insignificant; but it is a good way to keep the bailiffs fully employed at the people's expense. The Judge may be right in his opinion, but there will be few, the people who have to be more than one day in going to court, and paying the bailiff for his costs for over twenty miles, will be inclined to believe him the more especially if they be after called upon and have their own expenses to pay. If this section of country has few suits it will surely be the better for the people however the officials of court will relish it. By your issue of the 5th of August, you announce to the public a Wingham Division Court, but fail to state the bounds or what comprises the division. As a ratepayer of Turnberry, and one of the petitioners, I feel anxious to know the size of the Wingham division, and if the bailiff will charge mileage from Clinton or the clerk's office, or if defendants residing in Clinton village, can be summoned to attend at Wingham. At present the whole thing is involved in doubt and confusion and must lead to bad results. A court regularly established in Wingham, with a properly defined devision, would do away with all this doubt, and give general satisfaction to the people which Mr. Farran's selfish little arrangements never will.

I remain Dear Sir,

A RATEPAYER OF WINGHAM.

☞ The Seaforth *Expositor* has employed a village dominie to reply to an article we wrote the other week on 'Orthographic Vandalism'. We have tried to read it, but, the sentences are of such an extraordinary length, that we lose ourselves in the labyrnith. Reserve your thunder, O, Pedagogue against our views of orthography, until you have improved your own syntax. It is at the same time a compliment to us, that the *Expositor* (in whose eyes we seem to bulk largely) has employed an expert to criticise us. Glad we are for that thriving village that the utterances of her professional grammarians, are unintelligible. Will the dominie please explain to us what he means by the 'devoted wish of the *Signal*?' Can it be 'devout' wish? What system of spelling is '*Archiological* argument' to be guaged by? What is 'the *Juggernaut* wheel of human progress?' He says that anything drawn under it 'assumes its station among the fossil history and hidden records of our nation.' If the use of the machine is to be had in Seaforth we advise the sensible men of the village to draw the Editor of the *Expositor* and his henchman the dominie under it. 'Stationed' as 'fossil history and hidden records they would be much more valuable to the community than as living stupidity and blatant nonsense!

INVENTIONS.—The necessity for a cheap practical system of making salt here has called forth the full inventive genius of our best mechanics. Several are being now tested and others are to be tried, but we are not in a position yet to give the results. We are inclined to think, in all candor, that Platt's system is the best we have yet seen; but we shall watch further developments with great interest.

PROMINADE CONCERT.—During the six days' drill of the volunteers at Goderich next month, it is the intention of the Battalion Band to give a grand promenade concert. We have no doubt it will be largely attended.

HIGH PEW RENT.—A few days ago a pew in the Wesleyan Church here, having been given up by another person, and there being a number of applicants, was let by auction—Mr. Trueman officiating. The competition was so keen that it ran up to *fifty-two dollars* premium—Mr. Mosely being the successful competitor.

PRINCE ARTHUR has arrived at Halifax and is being most loyally treated by the Bluenoses. Nova Scotia will, of course, welcome our future king with open arms.

☞ We are sorry to hear that the Messrs. Detlor have not yet been able to refer a steamer for the Goderich and Southampton route, but we hope they will be able to do so ere long. We shall be happy to announce any arrangement entered into to at the earliest possible moment.

☞ Mr. Casey, of Napinee, delivered a temperance lecture in Victoria Hall, on Monday evening last. The hall was crowded with an attentive and intelligent audience. Miss Isabella Gibson and Miss Moss sung two excellent songs.

TAYLOR.—We had the pleasure last evening (26th) of listening for an hour to that celebrated side-splitter Taylor. The troupe, as far as we could see, is composed of *ladies* and *gentlemen*, something not always met with in such a connection now a-days, and there was not a word or action that could be objected to by even the most "unco guid." If any one wants to throw dull care away for an hour and laugh to his or her heart's content, we would say go and hear Taylor. The facial transformations he goes through are inimitable. We need hardly say that the hall was crowded.

NILE.

We have to record a most horrid accident which occurred at the Nile, on the Northern Gravel Road, on Tuesday last. An old gentleman named Jackson, 72 years of age, entered the saw-mill and by some unfortunate slip fell against the circular saw, which was revolving rapidly. His right hand was cut off and his body very nearly severed. Death was, of course, almost instantaneous. Deceased was highly respected in the township. On the morning of the accident, as if to prepare for an event so awful he held solemn and impressive prayer with his aged wife. The son of deceased was, we are informed, the first child born in the township.

RIVERSDALE.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

DEAR SIR.—You are, no doubt, aware that there is in the county of Bruce, a village named Riversdale, situated on the road between Kincardine and Walkerton. But it is not of the village I am going to write, it is of the R. C. Separate School in this place. The external appearance of the building is not the most attractive in the world—far from it. If the stranger should be permitted to judge of the internal by the external, he would say I need not enter this school if I wish to see and hear that which should be seen and heard in a common school at the present day. It is a ridiculous shame for trustees to permit school to be kept in such rotten, tumble down houses as are to be met with occasionally through the country. But let us enter and see the inside. On entering, the first thing of which the visitor takes notice is the air of neatness and cleanliness which pervades the apartment. The bright and animated faces of the pupils, their [illegible] attention and eagerness in the preparation of their studies, all combine to prove how they confide in and love their teacher. The ease and elegance with which the pupils of this school read is truly astonishing. I have had many opportunities to hear school-children read, but seldom, if ever, have I heard more delightful reading than that which I heard in the Separate School at Riversdale. Their knowledge in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, Geography, history, and other branches of learning prove the rare ability of the teacher to communicate knowledge and instruct the youth. What makes the proficiency of the pupils of this school more worthy of notice, is the fact that it is entirely destitute of apparatus. If the trustees had done their duty as efficiently as their teacher Miss McLellan has done, and is doing hers, their school would be still further advanced than it is. Hoping the teacher and pupils may long continue to enjoy each other.

I am &c.,

VISITOR.

Death by Drowning.

Carrronbrook, Aug 27.

At 6:30 this evening, a little girl about four years of age, the youngest daughter of Mr. Carroll, station agent here, fell into the cattle guard at the railway crossing, and was quite dead when taken out, the guard was full of water at the time.

Port Elgin.

PORT ELGIN, Aug. 25.—A serious accident occurred in this neighborhood yesterday to an old man by the name of Thede. He was loading grain, and when they had finished he slipped and fell between the oxen, which got frightened and started off, the wagon passing over his chest, breaking three ribs, and injuring the lungs so that he died this morning.

☞ A paragraph, originating with the London *Advertiser*, to the effect that all who escaped sea-sickness on the press trip, from Cobourg across to Rochester, were "Clear Grits," is going the rounds. It was, of course, intended as a joke on the part of the *Advertiser*, but it may be just as well to mention, adds the *Spectator*, that the sickest passenger on the trip was the writer of the paragraph in question; and he claims to be a "Clear Grit." That settles the question.

JENKINS.—The Hamilton *Spectator* has had a visit from Professer Jenkins, who so disappointed sight-seers at the Suspension Bridge, the other day, by not breaking his neck while crossing on his velocipede. He feels intensely disgusted with the comments of a portion of the press, but especially the *Globe*, and says he will give $500 to any newspaper man who will pass along the rope with his velocipede on a rope 50 feet high. This, he thinks, will test the question with regard to his alleged humbugging the public. He is making arrangements for another display of his daring, which will be even more venturesome than the last. He intends to patent his velocipede at once, as he thinks that by-and-by it may be made useful to ferry passengers across the rivers. He says it can travel just as well on roads as any other velocipede.

We hardly know which is the most foolish, the man who risks his neck in such 'daring feats,' or the crowd that gathers to witness the adventure. We can understand such a contest as that which took place on the Thames a few days ago; but when a man deliberately tosses up a penny, as it were, against *death*, it must be a morbid taste indeed that can see any *fun* in the matter.

Lord Stanley on Public Affairs.

Lord Stanley presided, on the 12th inst., at the annual dinner of the Ormskirk and Southport Agricultural Society, at Ormskirk yesterday. In proposing the 'Army and Navy,' he said: 'We grumble now and then, and it is only natural, over the four and twenty or five and twenty millions a year which these services cost us. But though they may be, and though they are in one sense, dear to our pockets, they are, in another and a better sense, dear to English hearts, because we remember what they have done and what they can do. We believe they are a necessary, though a costly insurance; and we do not believe there is any economy in neglecting to keep up our insurances. We know that we are rich enough to be worth robbing—prosperous enough to excite envy, and we ought to be strong enough to make ourselves respected. For our own part, we have, as everybody knows, no aggressive design and no territorial ambition. We are quite content to let our neighbors alone if they will let us alone; but the world does not become wise in a day. War is a very old institution—about the oldest on record, and much as we dislike and detest it, and nobody does so more that I do, we cannot be quite so sanguine as to suppose that it is a custom which will absolutely die out in our time. In the meantime to be unarmed is not to disarm other people, but rather to invite aggression. Lord Stanley, in proposing the toast of the evening said; It is with real pleasure that I see the number of those local societies increasing, not only here, but also in other parts of the country. They are all the more useful because of the very nature of the business which the farmer carries on. We all see that farming is becoming every year more and more of a scientific business. Implements are numerous and more effective, mechanical appliances being substituted for human or brute force. One result follows from this, that farming, to be successful, cannot be carried on without a certain amount of capital; and in fact, I think, it follows that farming cannot in the long run succeed if it is carried on in such a manner as to render the use of mechanical appliances impossible. These two conclusions seem to me irresistible; and they are important, because there is in the present day a school of thinkers, amiable and kind-heart men, and no doubt sincere, who believe that it would be a great gain to this country if the land were to be, in general, the property of those who work it with their own hands; in other words, if, instead of our system of landlord and tenant, we were to have that peasant propretary which already prevails in many parts of Europe. That system is, in my mind, equivalent to the substitution of hand labor for machinery, and to the separation of the capital of the country from the soil. To my mind it involves, not progress, but retrogression. It is going back from the system of the factory, with its thousands of hands, to the solitary handloom weaver; it is ignoring all the tendencies and requirements of modern industrial life. I think our threefold system of landlord, tenant and laborer is economically the best and most productive; and if the tenant be guarded, as I think he always ought to be, when he desires it by leases and agreement fairly framed, I see nothing in that system which involves any other dependence than the system of, not one-sided, but mutual dependence, which must and ought to exist between [illegible] each class and every other class.

A Boston Sensation.

The particulars of the elopement of Miss Lena Warren Brown, a pretty girl fifteen years of age, with one Lewis Cole, who is about twenty-three years old, and a negro minstrel by profession, have been furnished us by the mother of the girl, who has been plunged into deep distress by the conduct of her daughter. It appears that Cole, who was connected with the company at the Howard Athenæum, was in the habit of calling to the house of Mrs. Brown on various errands, and thus became acquainted with Lena. No suspicion was entertained by the family that the girl looked upon Cole other than that of a friend, and no special watch was kept upon either of them, except that Lena was never allowed to be out of sight of some member of the family more than fifteen minutes at a time. On Tuesday evening last, Cole called at the house, and while he was there Lena put on her bonnet and slipped out of doors, followed shortly after by Cole. The couple went directly to the Old Colony depot and took the 3 o'clock boat train for New York. On Lena being missed, her mother searched for her all over the city, and finally discovered that she had probably eloped with Cole to New York. Wednesday evening a dispatch was sent to the police authorities of New York to arrest and detain the runaway couple until Mrs. Brown could reach there and recover her daughter The fugitives were traced to the residence of Cole's mother in New York by the police, to whom they represented that they had been legally married in Boston. Their story was so far believed that a very loose surveillance was kept upon their movements, which enabled them to escape from the house, and, finding a willing clergyman, they were finally married. When the girl's mother arrived in New York the marriage certificate was produced, and, of course her efforts to save the child were all in vain. To the tears entreaties and prayers of her mother, Lena proved unyielding, but we understand that efforts will be made to prove that the marriage was consummated under false representations, and thus obtain a separation of the eloping couple.—*Boston Herald.*

— The Montreal *Daily News* says the friends of the Hon John Rose are about to give him a complimentary dinner prior to his departure for Europe, which would seem to indicate that the Finance Minister really intends to resign.

— The London *Morning Post* of the 4th inst., announces that Mr. Forbes, an eminent merchant of Boston, is at present at Madrid, empowered to make overtures for the purchase of Cuba by the United States." The American offer is understood to be $100,000,000.

— According to the Sport, ladies of high rank are beginning to discontinue the Chignon, because it places all heads on a revolting equality—the chignon of the cook being as big and may be just as well made as that of the Duchess.

— The proprietors of a Cincinnati hotel have been prosecuted for issuing advertising circulars in imitation of greenbacks.

Two boys in jail in Chicago for burglary have managed to escape through very small apertures, by covering themsalves all over with soft soap.

LARGE RATTLE SNAKE.—Mr. E. Marshall, residing on the fourth concession, London Township, killed a monster rattlesnake on the 16th inst. It measured over five feet in length. The presence of the reptile created quite a sensation among the good folks residing in the neighborhood.

Legend of a Musket.

Mark Twin tells the following story related by a fellow passenger, who, being bantered about his timidity, said he had never been scared since he loaded an old Queen Ann's musket for his father once, whereupon he gave the following:

'You see, the old man was trying to learn me to shoot blackbirds and beasts that tore up the young corn and such things, so that I could be of some use about the farm, because I wasn't big enough to do much. My gun was a single barrelled shot gun, and the old man carried an old Queen Ann musket that weighed a ton, made a report like a thunder-clap, and kicked like a mule. The old man wanted me to shoot the musket sometimes, but I was afraid. One day, though, I got her down, and so I took her to the hired man, and asked him how to load her, because it was out in the field. Hiram said 'Do you see those marks on the stock—an X and a V on each side of the Queen's Crown. Well that means ten balls and five slugs—that's her load.'

'But how much powder?'

'Oh, he says, 'it don't matter; put in three or four handfulls.'

'So I loaded her up that way, and it was an awful charge—I had enough sense to see that, and started out. I leveled her on a good many blackbirds but every time I went to pull the tigger, I shut my eyes and winked. I was afraid of her kick. Toward sundown I fetched up at the house, and there was the old man resting on the porch.

'Been out hunting, have ye?

'Yes sir' says I,

'What did you kill?'

'Didn't kill anything, sir—didn't shoot her off—was afraid she would kick.—(I knew blame well she would.)

'Gimme that gun!' tha old man said, as mad as sin.

And he took aim' at the sapling on the other side of the road, and I began to drop back out of danger. And the next moment I heard the earthquake, and heard the Queen Anne whirling end over end in the air, and the old man spinning around on one heel, with one leg up and both hands on his jaw, and the back flying from that old sapling like there was a hail storm. The old man's shoulder was set back three inches and his jaw turned black and blue, and he had to lay up for three days. Cholera nor nothing else can scare me the way I was scared that time.

Monster Snake Killed.

On Wednesday the 11th inst., whilst Mr. James Lendrum and Mr. William McIntosh were engaged in pulling peas on the Lendrum farm, near Ailsa Craig, a large snake sprung from beneath the vines and showed fight. It was immediately attacked by Messrs. Lendrum and McIntosh who armed themselves with sticks and stones. After a sharp contest they succeeded in killing the monster which was found to measure seven feet five inches in length and five inches in diameter. This is one of the largest snakes ever seen in this vicinity. In color it was nearly black with dark stripes running longitudinally.—*St. Mary's Argus.*

Murder near Ottawa.

A correspondent of the *Globe* sends as follows:—

A shocking murder was committed last Thursday night (27th) in the 4th concession of the Township of Osgood, on the townline of Gloucester, 12 miles south of Ottawa. On proceeding to the spot I found the following to be the facts:—Thos. Shaw, a native of Scotland, and farmer, who had been residing about eight years on his own farm, was lying in his gore in his bed-room, where he had been shot last night, between eight and nine o'clock. It appears the deceased was sitting at a table reading an almanac, with his back towards a window, when a shot was fired at him from behind, the bullet going through the back part of the head, and out at the right temple. The bullet was large, and after passing through the old man's head it went through a board partition and across the kitchen into the wall, from which it was removed in a flattened state. The muzzle of the gun had evidently been placed against the window within ten feet of the old man's head. The bullet tore a frightful hole through the head, scattering pieces of the brain on the table, wall and floor. The old man seemed to have sprung up and falen on his face. Suspicion pointed strongly to the sons of the old man, James and John, the older about 30 years of age, the second about 22. Old Shaw was aged about 70. He had married a widow woman, and the neighbors say that there was a continual family squabble in which the boys and Mrs. Shaw took part against the old man. It is said that he has been often beaten by them, and that he at one time actually left for the States, and remained there some time. The old man bore a first-class character with his neighbors. He had 200 acres of land, and deeded 100 to his eldest son, James, working the rest himself.

A SPEAKING MACHINE.—A correspondent of the London *Sectator*, writing about the Bavarian exhibition, gives the following description of a curious speaking machine:—"The spirit in my feet had led me to the Odeon, there to see and hear the most extraordinary thing imaginable—a speaking machine, the invention of a Viennese, Faber by name, now dead. His nephew and niece work and explain this triumph of mechanical science. I found twenty or thirty people sitting before a large doll, in ringlets and a blue satin [illegible] hands crossed in its lap, leaning almost across a table, to which [illegible] appeared what seems a bit of the interior of a piano-forte. A lean, intelligent, looking girl, in a low dress and short sleeves, touches the keys of the pianoforte in projection and the doll's painted mouth opens and shuts, while a loud, monotonous voice repeats hundreds of words and sentences, in different languages, at the dictation of the showman. Of course, one naturally thinks that some one is hidden in the table or bedstead till the guide pulls down the drapery, detaches the blue satin gown, leaves nothing but the hideous head hanging on the framework in front of a large pair of bellows (which performs the duty of lungs), and finally takes away the mask itself (after which the poor machine loses, with its nasal organs, the power of speaking French), leaving only something that, when, shut, reminds one of the mouth of a tortoise magnified, when open presents an exact imitation in black gutta-percha of the chief organs of speech. The movement of the tongue is extraordinary to see, the pronunciation, though tiresomely monotonous, is very perfect, with the exception of a preparatory "hiss" in the the letter s, and a lingering "gur" in the r. I wonder whether any one will have the courage to make another, perhaps a singing as well as speaking machine, or whether the machine and the idea will drop away together into oblivion and ruin."

Interesting discoveries of fossil remains have recently been discovered near Burlington, New Jersey