Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE] GODERICH, C. W., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1865. VOL. XVIII.—NO 25

Business Directory.

Dr. P. A. McDougall,
WILL BE AT HOME FOR CONSULtation up to 11 o'clock, a.m., every day. Will visit patients at any hour afterwards, night or day.

G. C. Shannon, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., GODERICH, C.W. 13:40-1y

Thos. F. McLean, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., (Late House Surgeon, Kingston Hospital.)—OFFICE—At Arthur's Boarding House, [sw60w3] Goderich, C. W.

Dr. Cole,
LATE OF STANLEY—CLINTON, HURON Road. (Mr. Thwaites's former Store July 1, '62.

DR. A. WORTHINGTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., will attend, particularly, to diseases of and surgical operations upon the eye.
HOWICK VILLAGE, Dec. 15, 1862. [w47-1v

Ira Lewis,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-Law, and Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Canada West. Office a Court House. v14n40

M. C. Cameron,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, CONVEYANCER, &c., Kingston street, Goderich, C.W.

Sinclair & Walker,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Office, over the Store of J. V. Detlor & Son, Goderich.

Henry McDermot,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Notaries Public, &c., West Street, Goderich. 10:1

John Davison,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Office, Market Square, Corner of Kingston Street, Goderich. 9:42

Lefroy & Patterson,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Office McKay's corner, West Street, Goderich. 9:42

John B. Gordon,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, Canada West. Office—on the South side of West Street, third door from the Court-House Square.

William T. Hays,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., Goderich, C.W.—Office, over H. Gardner & Co's Hardware Store. v15n29

Money to Lend on Real Property.

Shade Gooding,
ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., GODERICH, C.W.—OFFICE: Upstairs Watson's Block, West St.; entrance First Door west of Glasgow House.

Toms & Moore,
ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c., Goderich, C. W. Office—CRABB'S NEW BLOCK
MAC T. TOMS. DENNIS MOORE.
Goderich, August 27th, 1864. sw103w31

H. L. Doyle,
ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR &c. OFFICE Crabb's New Block, Goderich, C. W. v15sw36y

S. P. YEOMANS,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, ATTOR

J. F. CASSADY, M. D., C. M.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR. Office—At the Dickson Court Office, Dungannon, C. W. w17

J. V. Elwood,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, CONVEYancer, &c., Clinton.
MONEY TO LEND.

William Fraser,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Wiarton, Co. of Bruce. v16n16ly

D. Wilson Ross, B. A.,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Notary Public, General Land Agent, &c., &c., Kincardine, County Bruce. v18 w12-1y

Frederick Proudfoot,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. Southampton, Co. Bruce. [w42-6m*

Thomas Weatherald,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor. Office and Residence, Hamilton Street, Goderich. v1n40

A. Bell,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR AND Civil Engineer, Clinton. July 1, '64.

L. B. Hamlin,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR Land Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT,
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS of Buildings, &c., got up in a neat and correct style. Office at the Huron Auction Mart, King-on Street, Goderich. [sw v1n7lyly

G. M. TRUEMAN
LAND AGENT,
Market Square, Goderich.
To ids CLINTON every Wednesday, from 11 a.m to 1 p.m. 81:10

DENTISTRY.

Dr. PHELPS,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, (successor to T. B. Montgomery,) Goderich, C. W.
Rooms over Mr. F. Jordan's Drug Store
January 13th, 1865. sw38-vly

THOMSON & HAZLEHURST,
(LATE SMAILL & THOMSON,)
Auction & Commission Merchants,
Cameron's Block, Kingston St., Goderich;
And next Door to Strong's Hote
SEAFORTH.
SALES of Household Goods, Horses, Waggons, &c AT the mart, every Saturday at noon. Particular attention paid to the Sale of Bankrupt Stock, Farm Stock, &c. Cash advanced on goods left on Commission. Goods appraised, debts collected, landlord's warrants executed, mortgages foreclosed, houses rented; Division Court Business attended to. Sales at the Branch Auction Mart, Seaforth, every Thursday.
Country Sales attended to on reasonable terms
Goderich, July 12th, 1864. w22-1yr

D. McDougall,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD, County of Huron. Sales in village or country punctually attended to. w9-1yr$o

Alex. Findley,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER for HURON and BRUCE. Sales punctually attended to. Address, Bodwin P. O. w50-1yr$o

Business Directory.

John Campbell,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT Commissioner in Queen's Bench, for taking affidavits, Conveyancer, &c., &c. Office on Broadway, Village of Kincardine, C.W. 6:9

Peter M'Ilrae,
FORWARDER AND COMMISSION Merchant, INVERHURON, C. W. Notes and Accounts collected. Business of any kind entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. w40-1y$ox

North British and Mercantile
Insurance Co.,
Office in Mr. Gordon's Law Chambers.
JOHN HALDAN, Jr., Ag'
Goderich, October 13, 1863. sw12-1vr

JOHN BRETT,
Tin, Sheet-Iron, and Copper Smith,
EGMONDVILLE, C. W.
Stoves, Cultivators, &c., for Sale.
Repairing Done at Short Notice.

MARINE INSURANCE.
British American Insurance Co
OF TORONTO,
Marine Department.
GEORGE RUMBALL, Agent.
Goderich, April 25th, 1865 w13tf

British American Assurance Co.
FIRE & MARINE.
JOHN ESSON Agent.
Bayfield, C. W., April 16, 1865. w12

MAITLAND HOTEL, GODERICH
E. HOSKER, PROPRIETOR. THE above is most pleasantly situated on an eminence 120 feet high, overlooking the Harbor and Lake Huron;—Good Orchards, Gardens and Rural Walks attached. Board $1 per day; single Meals or Beds, 25 cents. w15n10vly

HOTEL NOTICE.
JOHN DONOGH takes this means of informing the public that he has entered into the Hotel business in the stand formerly known as the Fulton House, where he will be happy to receive old friends and customers
Goderich, June 6th, 1865. w19

DAYS' HOTEL,
WROXETER
Situated on the Gravel Road running from Seaforth to owen sound, one mile north of where it leads off to Wroxeter, and anyone travelling to
Belmore, Walkerton, Southampton,
or any place in that direction, will find accommodation such as he only expects to find at first class city hotels, in all respects.
ICE ALWAYS ON HAND
FOR THE
Trout-Fishing Friends!
A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET!
CHARLES DAYS,
w16-1. Proprietor.

Commercial Hotel Mitchell C.W
JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stages Depart for Goderich, Stratford and Listowel every morning, during the Shortest Notice. 14-7

GODERICH
CABINET WAREHOUSE
(THE OLDEST IN THE COUNTY.
D. GORDON,
CABINET MAKER
AND UNDERTAKER,
Manufactures and has now on hand a complete assortment of Furniture, at his Warerooms,
WEST STREET, GODERICH,
SUCH AS
Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Hair, Cane and Wood seated Chairs, Gilt Moulding and Looking Glasses, in variety, of
Home Manufacture and Imported!!
D. G. has always on hand a complete assortment of **COFFINS.** Also, HEARSES TO HIRE.
☞ Lumber and Cordwood taken in exchange for Furniture.
Goderich, 27th Oct., 1863 w27

STORY & DAVIS
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Stoves, Ploughs and Castings of every description. Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, at the Stove Depot, West Street, Goderich.
COAL OIL,
☞ Coal Oil Lamps, &c., &c. Old Iron, Copper, Brass, Rags and Sheepskins taken in exchange. 4 49

J. & J. SEEGMILLER,
TANNERS!
DEALERS
IN
LEATHER FINDINGS!
&c., &c.
GODERICH, C. W.
February 12, 1864. [s47w6

Poetry.

Written by desire.

SORROW'S SOLACE.

We loved, we have parted,
That brightness is past,
Yet I am not broken hearted,
My life is not all overcast.
True the present gives no promise,
That the star of love shall rise,
Bright'ning with its golden radiance
The future's gloomy skies.
Hope, that charmer long hath fled,
Though she lingered to the last,
Yet my heart exclaims, not sadly,
'Tis over, it is passed,
'Tis past, oh! not for me,
Shall earth's love blossoms bloom,
Those I once owned are faded,
They have lost their sweet perfume,
Yet bless I the star which brightened
For a while my life's dark sky,
I keep the flowers tho' faded,
They around me withered lie.
Those words, I love, I am loved,
Which once had power to thrill,
They were delightful treasures,
Methinks I hear them still.
But 'tis past, I'm not ungrateful
For the sweet enchanting draught,
I put aside the cup, of the waters I've quaff'd,
Press I onward camly seeing,
Love is not the goal of life,
My heart and soul not fearing,
Shall join earth's great din and strife.
My burden now I've taken,
Which I shrank from, all too long,
Work leads to life eternal,
Must be my hope and song.
A beacon lights my pathway,
'Tis the star of faith in God.
Sweet flowers are springing daily,
In the parch'd ground once I trod;
God has promised living waters,
And soon my thirst must cease,
O'er rough roads he cries 'ends us,
To homes of perfect peace.

The Quaker and Robber.

BY ALFRED QUADELET.

The most honest of all Quakers, Jonathan Simpson, inhabited in London a small but pretty house, with his daughter, a young girl scarcely eighteen years of age. Mary was a beautiful blonde, with large blue eyes, as wise as she was beautiful; she was constantly surrounded by a host of admirers, anxious to win her heart, but their efforts were in vain. Mary was not a coquette, and far from enjoying the effect produced by her charms, she was often annoyed by it. Edward Weresford, a young artist, intimate in the family, was the only person whose society she really enjoyed.

A very simple occurence had been the cause of this intimacy. A sudden and unexpected death had carried away the Quaker's wife, still young and beautiful, and, anxious to preserve the image of one so dear to him, he had called the young artist to her death bed. [illegible] sympathy of the other. A year has scarcely elapsed when the young artist made known to the father of Mary his desires and hopes.

The good Jonathan saw no reason to oppose the mutual inclination of the young lovers. Without being rich, Edward, with the aid of his pencil, was amply able to support a family. His father, Mr. Weresford, one of the oldest merchants of the city, had retired from business with a large fortune; his was a rare instance of rapid success in speculations, so rapid, indeed, that few had been able to follow its progress. Weresford, whose manners were rather rough and uncouth, lived alone in the outskirts of London, without troubling himself at all about his son; he was one of those peculiar men who troubles nobody in order not to be troubled themselves, and was certainly good natured if no favors were required of him

Edward, sure that his father would readily consent to his marriage with the pretty Quakeress, was anxiously awaiting the day that should seal their union.

Jonathan, who owned large farms in the neighborhood of London, started one morning to collect a large sum of money, which he designed for the expense of the wedding. He was absent only through the day, and as he was returning after dark on horseback he perceived at a short distance a man standing in the middle of the road, evidently for no good purpose. He stopped, hesitating whether to go on or turn back. In the meantime the man was advancing towards him, and flight seemed impossible; he therefore determined to make the most of it and go slowly on. As he approached nearer he perceived that the man was masked. The unknown drew a pistol and pointing it towards him, demanded his purse. The Quaker lacked courage, but naturaly calm and inoffensive, and unable to resist an armed man, he took from his pocket a purse containing twelve guineas and gave it to the thief, who, counting the money, allowed the poor man to pass and proceed on his journey. But the robber, seeing the little resistance that had been made, and in the hope of a second spoil soon overtook the honest Jonathan, placed himself across the road, and pointing his pistol in the same direction:

"Your watch!" said he.

The Quaker was surprised but not frightened however. He coolly pulled his watch from his pocket, looked at the time, and then handed it to the robber.

"Now," said he, "allow me to go home, I pray thee; my daughter will feel anxious at my absence."

"One minute," replied the thief, more and more emboldened by this coolness, "now swear that you have no other money."

"I never swear," said the Quaker.

"Well, affirm that you have with you no other money, and upon my word, as I am incapable of using violence towards a man who yields with so much grace, I will let you go on your way."

Jonathan thought a moment and shook his head.

"Whoever thou art" replied he, gravely, "thou hast guessed that I am a Quaker, and that not even for my life would I forsake the truth. Now, I must tell thee that I have underneath my saddle two hundred pounds sterling."

"Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed the thief, whose eyes flashed upon his mask.

"But it thou art good, if thou art human," continued the Quaker, "thou wilt leave me the money; my daughter is going to be married, and I will not be able again to dispose of such a sum for a long time. The dear girl loves her betrothed, it would be cruel to put off their union; thou hast a heart, thou hast loved perhaps, and thou canst not commit such a wicked action."

"What in the d—l do I care for your daughter, her lover, or their marriage? I want the money and must have it at once."

Jonathan, with a sad heart, lifted the saddle, took a heavy bag from underneath it, gave it to the thief and started off on a gallop!

"Stop a minute, my friend," cried he, "as soon as you arrive you will go straight to denounce me to the magistrates; that is right and I have nothing to say to it; but it is important, you know, that I should go ahead of you. My horse is tired and almost worn out. Yours, on the contrary, seems strong and vigorous, and much more able to carry this heavy bag of gold; alight then I pray thee, and let me get on thy horse, you may take mine afterwards if you choose."

It was too late to offer any resistence; Jonathan quietly dismounted, saving to himself, with resignation, "if I had known it before how easily I might have escaped from the rascal, for with such a horse he could certainly never have overtaken me."

In the meantime, the masked man thanking him ironically for his kindness, started at full gallop and soon disappeared.

Before reaching London the unhappy man had time to think of his misfortune, and of the poor lovers so fond of each other, and whose happiness must unavoidably be postponed. The money of which he had been robbed was forever lost to him, for he had no means of identifying the robber, should he ever happen to come across him. A sudden idea struck him, however, he stopped:

"Yes!" he exclaimed, "I may yet succeed. If the rascal stops in London I may perhaps discover him. How could he be so impudent?"

His spirits thus raised be, I know not what hope of success, Jonathan reached his home, and whispered not a word of his adventure. He did not go to the magistrate, but kissed his daughter, who suspected nothing, and went to bed and slept soundly till morning, trusting in Providence for the rest. The next morning, however, he thought he might, perhaps, help Providence, and began to make inquiries. He took the horse out of the stable where it had remained all night, and threw the bridle loose upon his neck in hopes that it would naturally go straight to his master's house. He allowed the poor animal which had nothing to eat to wander through the streets of London, and he followed after. But soon poor Jonathan gave up all hopes of success, and made up his mind that the robber had never inhabited London. "What a too I was," he thought to himself, "not to have complained to the magistrate while it was yet time, instead of trusting to the instinct of this stupid animal!"

He was interrupted in his reflections by the cries of some children who had nearly been run over by the horse. The animal was just starting off at full speed.

"Stop him! stop him!" was heard on all sides.

"Do not stop him—let him go!" said the Quaker, and closely following on the tracks, he saw him enter the gate of a mansion in the outskirts of the city.

"He must be here," thought the Quaker, who lifted his eyes toward heaven to thank Providence. He passed the house and perceived in the yard a servant, who, patting the horse's neck, was fencing him in the stable.

He then inquired of a neighbor the name of the owner of the house.

"That house belongs to the rich merchant Weresford," was the reply.

The Quaker stood amazed.

"Weresford," continued the man, who [illegible]

"Thank thee, my friend, thank thee," replied Jonathan.

He was stunned with astonishment. "Mr. Weresford! Edward's father! A man so extremely respected a thief, a robber?"

He thought he was dreaming, and turned back to go home. However, several instances of men, wealthy and respected, though connected with robbers, came to his mind; then he thought of that immense fortune acquired so unaccountably, and again of the horse which seemed to recognize his master's house. Jonathan resolved at once to unravel the mystery.

He boldly knocked at the door of the house and inquired for the merchant.

Mr. Weresford was not up, although the clock had just struck twelve. This confirmed the Quaker's belief. He insisted upon being admitted and soon found himself in the bedroom of the wealthy merchant, who, scarcely awakened, rubbed his eyes, and inquired in a rough tone, "Who are you, sir, and what do you want?"

His voice at once roused the recollection of Jonathan and firmly established his suspicions. He quietly took a chair, and seated himself by the bedside, with his hat on his head.

"You keep your hat on," exclaimed the merchant.

"I am a Quaker," replied Jonathan, calmly, "and thou knowest that such is our custom."

At the word Quaker, Weresford raised up in bed and stared at the visitor. He knew him, without doubt, for he turned pale.

"Well," demanded he, scarcely able to speak, "what may—be—if you please—the—errand?"

"I beg thy pardon for being in such a hurry," replied Jonathan, "but among intimate friends ceremony is not necessary, and I came to ask thee for the watch which thou didst borrow of me yesterday."

"The—watch?"

"I care a great deal for it; it once belonged to my beloved wife, and I cannot part with it. My brother in-law, the alderman, would never forgive me if he knew that I parted with it even for a single day."

The name of alderman seemed to make a quick impression upon Weresford. Without waiting for a reply, Jonathan continued:

"Thou wilt oblige me, also, by returning the twelve guineas which I lent thee at the same time. However, if thou dost need all of them for few days, thou mayest keep them, but thou must give me a receipt."

The coolness of the Quaker abashed the merchant so that he dared not deny the possession of the stolen property, but still unwilling to own it, he hesitated how to reply, when Jonathan continued:

"I have came, also, to inform you of the marriage of my daughter Mary. I had reserved a sum of two thousand pounds sterling for the expenses of the occasion, but a sad accident happened to me yesterday upon the road to London. I was completely stripped, so that I must ask thee to give thy son a portion, which, had it not been for this, I should never have asked of thee."

"My son?"

"Why, yes. Dost thou not know that he is in love with Mary, and that he is to marry her?"

"Edward?" exclaimed the merchant, now jumping out of bed.

"Edward Weresford," quietly replied the Quaker, taking a pinch of snuff. "Come, thou must do something for him. I wish I could keep away from him all that occurred last night, but if thou refusest me the sum which I had promised, I will be compelled to tell him I lost it."

Weresford advanced towards a closet, took a box, doubly locked, opened it, and handed successively to Jonathan his watch, purse, and bag of money.

"Very well, said the Quaker, "I see that I was right to rely upon thee."

"Is it all that you want?" inquired the merchant.

"No, I expect something more of thy friendship."

"Speak."

"Thou wilt disinherit thy son."

"What?"

"Thou wilt disinherit him; I do not wish to have it said that I speculated upon thy fortune;" and, saying these words, Jonathan Simpson went out of the room.

"No," whispered he, when he found himself alone, "no, children are not responsible for the faults of their parents. Mary shall marry the son of this man, but touch his money, never!"

In passing through the yard he perceived Weresford at one of the windows, and exclaimed:

"Hallo! my friend, I brought back thy horse; return me mine, if thou pleases."

A few minutes after, Jonathan Simpson, well mounted, carrying behind him his sack of money, his purse and watch in his pocket, was trotting slowly home.

"I have just came from making a wedding call on thy father," said he to Edward whom he found at his house; "I think he will agree."

Two hours after, the merchant arrived at the house of Jonathan, and taking him to one side, said:

"Honest Quaker, your conduct has touched my very soul. It was in your power to dishonor me, to dishonor my son, to ruin me in his estimation and to refuse him your daughter. You have acted nobly. I am humbled before you. Take these papers; adieu, you will never see me again." Speaking thus he departed.

The Quaker being left alone, opened the papers and found among them drafts of considerable value against the first banking houses in London. It contained, also, a list of names, with sums of different value affixed to each, and ending with these lines:

"These names are those people who have been robbed, together with the amount that is to be returned to them; draw the money and return it accordingly to the right owners. Whatever may be left is my legitimate property, and your daughter may one day accept without blushing my inherit once."

The next day Weresford had left London, and never was heard of afterward.

On the day of Edward's and Mary's marriage, the Quaker invited a large number of merry friends among whom were many of those who had been robbed, and were loud in their praise of the honesty of the robber, who had returned to them what they supposed was certainly lost.

European News.

Arrival of the "Persia."

NEW YORK, July 12.—The steamer Persia from Liverpool on the 1st, via Queenstown on the 2nd, has arrived, bringing two days later news. The steamer Africa, from New York arrived at Liverpool on the 2nd. The final arrangements on the Great Eastern were being pushed forward, at the Nore, to the utmost. She would be ready for sea in a few days, but was not expected to leave the Nore till the 9th or 10th of July. The shore end of the cable would be laid at Valentia on the [illegible] Great Eastern. Signals were daily sent through the entire cable, and the insulation and conductivity pronounced almost absolutely perfect. A message of four words occupied a minute and a quarter, but double this speed is expected from new instruments. The Parliamentary proceedings were mainly formal. Sir Charles Wood made the Indian financial statement in the House of Commons, showing a continued advance in the prosperity of India. It is said the Government assistance towards cotton growing is attended with great success. Electioneering speeches by candidates for Parliament abound. Mr. Bright, in an address to the constituents of Birmingham, denounces the present Parliament and Government for neglecting the Reform question, and hopes for triumph in the next. Another lake has been discovered in Central Africa where the Nile leaves. The Bank of France bullion has increased fifteen million francs. The total amount of coin is larger than for several years. The Bourse is unsettled, at 66f 60c. The Ministerial crisis still continues. The failure of negotiations between Italy and the Pope is the leading theme in Italy. Negotiations are absolutely broken of. The Austrian Minister at Rome is charged with activity in procuring an understanding. It is reported that the negotiations between Rome and Mexico are still progressing. The cholera in Alexandria is represented to be rather less alarming.

LIVERPOOL, July 1.—The Manchester market is depressed and prices lower. Breadstuffs are a little better.

The much needed rain has fallen. Flour quiet for American, but rather dearer for French. Wheat very firm, and prices yesterday again 1d to 2d per cental dearer; winter red at 8s 6d to 9s.

A Cholera Panic in Europe.

The cholera is on its travels—that fierce and pitiless plague, which has its residence in the East, but sallies forth at periodical intervals to decimate West, North and South. From time to time we hear of the visitation in distant places—deaths by wholesale in Central Asia, deaths in Southern Russia, regiments disbanded by death on Indian marches, and rivers choked with corpses in the islands of the Eastern Ocean. The last Red Sea news brought word that Mecca and Medina are this year vast lazar houses of cholera smitten victims, the pilgrims perishing all along the road to the shrines from Jeddah and the southern ports, and Sheiks, who had come to kiss the Kaaba, turning back in horror with their teams, to succumb in tents and houses where they had shut themselves up. Already Egypt has been reached, and the fellahs there are perishing by thousands; so much so that the Italian and French harbors are shut against vessels from Alexandria. Marseilles has kept all the mail boats in quarantine ever since two moribund passengers were landed in the Joliette; and at last we ourselves have been obliged to confront a peril that cannot be disregarded. The newspapers and letters which went out of the General Post Office on Tuesday last were sent in boxes instead of bags, to prevent infection being carried out of Egypt by the mail passing through the country. That, indeed is not a precaution on our own behalf, but it will also be observed with regard to the overland dispatches coming homeward. All the instance we enumerate, and others which might be cited, prove that the cholera is on its periodical march; and, without ascribing to the same source the outbreaks in North Russia, Poland and Prussia, it is at the least possible that the year may be signalized by the invasion of that enemy which patroitism and courage cannot keep out of our island.

United States.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—The Constitutional Union of this afternoon publishes an account of John P. Brophy, who says he could have proved, if time were allowed, that Weichman is and always was a coward, according to the words of his father; that since the trial closed he has admitted that he was a liar; that a short time before the assassination Weichman introduced Atzerodt to him as a particular friend of his, and that the same day he and Atzerodt were riding on Booth's horses. Brophy says he can bring other and new witnesses to testify to his intimacy with Atzerodt; that since the trial Weichman told Brophy that Mrs. Surratt went bitterly at the thought of John going to Richmond, and implored him to remain at home and not bring trouble upon himself and upon the family. That once while some men were at the house Mrs. Surratt called John (her son) aside and said to him, "John, I am afraid there is something going on; why do these men come here now. John I do not feel easy about this, and you must tell me what you are about." Brophy accused Weichman of John to Judge, and Weichman said John told her, and Weichman replied that John said would not tell her. Since the close of the trial Weichman offered to give Brophy a letter to President Johnson in Mrs. Surratt's favor, provided Brophy would keep it a profound secret. Brophy asked Weichman to give him a similar letter to Judge Holt, and he replied no, I will write to him because I have no confidence whatever in Holt. Brophy further says that Weichman had Hill summoned to testify to his character and afterwards remembering, as Brophy supposed, that his testimony would injure him, begged him (Brophy) for about half an hour, to leave the court and bring some of the subofficers of the place to urge him to go so that he (Brophy) would not be placed upon the the witness stand. These and other things were sworn to by John P. Brophy on the 7th instant.

The Constitutional Union further says that Gen. Hartranft, on Friday, writes in substance as follows to the President a short time before the execution:—The prisoner Payne has just told me that Mrs Surratt is entirely innocent of the assassination of President Lincoln, and of any knowledge thereof. He also says she had no knowledge of the abduction plot, that nothing was ever said to her about it, and that her name was never mentioned by the parties concerned there with. An additional number of intensely loving letters were read in the Mary Harris trial to-day, and also several dated September, 1863, signed G. P. Greenwood, the latter requesting her to meet him at a disreputable house in Chicago. Miss Devlin, in whose store the accused was a clerk, testified to the crazing effect the base proposition had on the mind of Miss Harris, as well as the circumstances which induced the belief that Burroughs, whom Miss Harris killed, was the author of the letters.

NEW YORK, July 12.—The Herald's Virginia correspondent says:—

"The difficulties between the planters and freedmen continue to give both civil and military authorities much trouble. Many of the planters, it is said, are desirous of getting rid of the negroes altogether, and supplying their places with white laborers from the North and Europe.

"The committee of Richmond men, who visited President Johnson to endeavor to induce him to rescind the $20,000 exception in his amnesty proclamation, have returned [illegible] der the proclamation, which are set forth below. [illegible] made by Atzerodt but a short time before his death.

George Andrew Atzerodt was born in the Kingdom of Prussia, in 1832, and came to this country with his parents in 1844. He arrived in Baltimore, in which place he resided with his family about one year, when with his parents, he moved to Westmoreland County, Va. His father farmed and carried on his business, that of a blacksmith, at the Court House. Atzerodt was placed as an apprentice to the coach making business at the Court House, where he learned the painting branch.

After this he carried on painting in Port Tobacco until last Fall, when he went with John H. Surratt and a man named Harline. Surratt induced him to join in the conspiracy for abducting the President. Atzerodt's knowledge of men and the country in the vicinity of Port Tobacco, and, in fact, of all the counties bordering on the Potomac, gave to the conspiracy a valuable assistant. He was well acquainted with Harrold, whom he was not long in winding out, and who was also engaged in the conspiracy. Surratt went several times to Port Tobacco, and often sent Atzerodt to come to Washington, where he was known to many at Port Tobacco, and looked upon as a very weak minded man; in fact, was regarded as a very harmless and silly fellow. Surratt introduced Atzerodt to Booth, who agreed to give him a similar letter to Judge Holt, and he replied no, I will write to him because I have no confidence whatever in Holt. Brophy further says that Weichman had Hill summoned to testify to his character and afterwards remembering, as Brophy supposed, that his testimony would injure him, begged him (Brophy) for about half an hour, to leave the court and bring some of the sub officers of the place to urge him to go so that he (Brophy) would not be placed upon the the witness stand. These and other things were sworn to by John P. Brophy on the 7th instant.

The Constitutional Union further says that Gen. Hartranft, on Friday, writes in substance as follows to the President a short time before the execution:—The prisoner Payne has just told me that Mrs Surratt is entirely innocent of the assassination of President Lincoln, and of any knowledge thereof. He also says she had no knowledge of the abduction plot, that nothing was ever said to her about it, and that her name was never mentioned by the parties concerned there with. An additional number of intensely loving letters were read in the Mary Harris trial to-day, and also several dated September, 1863, signed G. P. Greenwood, the latter requesting her to meet him at a disreputable house in Chicago. Miss Devlin, in whose store the accused was a clerk, testified to the crazing effect the base proposition had on the mind of Miss Harris, as well as the circumstances which induced the belief that Burroughs, whom Miss Harris killed, was the author of the letters.

NEW YORK, July 12.—The Herald's Virginia correspondent says:—

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"Gen Heiber will at once assume command of the department of the east, headquarters Dix."

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The World's Washington special says:—Some very important statements were made in semi official quarters to day, with regard to the policy of the Government in the Mexican question. The story comes in such a shape that it cannot well be discredited, and is to the effect—First, that the Government will not permit another French, Austrian or foreign soldier of any sort in the service of Maximilian to be landed on the Mexican coast without encountering a firm and decided protest; second, and what is of the gravest importance, that the Government having stationed in Texas an army of 100,000 men, will keep it there to act as a corps of observation, and to exercise such a physical and moral pressure as shall ultimately compel the withdrawal of Maximilian from Mexico.

This army has been so disposed that it overshadows, especially on the Rio Grande, the Mexican frontier, and keeps the foreign levies of the new Emperor in an incessant state of apprehension and activity.

The transfer of a rebel battery to the Imperial Gen Mejia is another matter now occupying official attention, and a full and searching investigation is to be made into the matter of the alleged sale. If Gen Slaughter did dispose of a rebel battery to the Imperialists, as stated, it will be demanded and obtained.

It is also understood that there are between 12,000 and 15,000 Confederates in the Mexican service, near the Texas border, and it is definitely settled that if these are troublesome, they will be punished, even if pursuit should throw our armies across the border.

The Confession of Atzerodt.

PARTICULARS OF THE CONSPIRACY.

BALTIMORE, July 9, 1865.

The American has received a special report of the confession of Atzerodt, which was prepared by one who has known him since his arrest.

The details of the plot to abduct and murder the president, which are set forth below, were given to the author by Atzerodt but a short time before his death.

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