NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued.)

CONCLUSION.

Honor is honor, and its among thieves, I've heard; and I wont try to shake your determination. Then ag'in, there's other considerations that's not without weight with you.'

'What considerations, my friend?'

'The eyes of Eyelight,' rejoined Neverfail.

'Nightwalker!' The forester and Lockwood turned with a start of genuine surprise toward the speaker. She stood at the door of the lodge.

'Nightwalker, your way is yonder. Make haste to tread it, for Trailseer is satir and his eyes are like the eyes of the eagle. Depart before the war-whoop of the Cherokee disturbs the still air of midnight. Go in peace.' Eyelight pointed towards the dark line of forest in the foreground.

'Yes—hurry as you value life!' exclaimed Lockwood.

'Fear not. I shall do well. I am not one to be easily taken. This, you know, holding up his rifle—'is Suredeath! Woe to Alabamon, if a hair of your head falls to the ground by violence. Tell him that Neverfail sends him timely warning. If you die by his hand, Suredeath will have a talk with his proud son.'

'Nightwalker, come!'

Eyelight laid her hand upon the old forester's arms and led him into the open air. 'Go; and let your steps be lighter than the falling snow.'

'Pretty heathen, I ain't perfict, but I should say that you're near about as parfict as a red critter can be. I'll take your advice; but before I leave you, I'd like to ask if the other two prisoners are in any immediate danger?'

'Paleskin, trust to Eyelight and begone!'

'Heathen gal, I should feel too much disposed to trust to you if I was to be near you! Of all the heathen I have seen first and last, you're the parfictest. Rifles and Redskins!'

With these words the forester glided swiftly from the lodge. Eyelight and Lockwood gazed after him in silence, and soon saw him on the margin of the forest. They were yet looking in that direction when Trailseer approached them unperceived. He said, slowly:

'Cloudysky! you have kept your word. I did not trust you in vain. You have acted wisely. You are free!'

Trailseer turned from him and walked away.

'Generous chieftan, stay! Let me acknowledge this magnanimity as it deserves,' said the borderer, earnestly.

'Cloudysky,' his voice was husky with emotion—'you know not what it costs the heart of Trailseer.'

He paused a little, and then, in a firmer tone said, 'Should we meet in battle, I ask you to forget that you have received a favor at my hands. I ask no more.'

He ceased speaking and hurried so precipitately from the spot that Lockwood had no time to reply. He advanced to Eyelight and took her hand.

'Fair daughter of the Cherokee,' he began, 'I receive my liberty with a sigh of sadness. My body is released from thraldom, but my feelings, I fear, are yet enslaved. I intended not that this should be. I meant to have shunned your presence and resisted the charms that had power to bind my thoughts. I have not done so.'

'Pale-face,' her hand trembled slightly as she released it from his, 'have you not said words like these to some fair girl of your nation? Do you carry two faces—one for the white girl and the other for the red?'

'The rebuke is just. I love Judith Waldron, and I love—Eyelight. My heart is full of the charms of both,' answered Lockwood, with warmth.

'White man, I know not how that may be. Eyelight can love but one and but once.—Cloudysky, we shall never meet again. To-night, Eyelight will die to you forever!'

The borderer did not speak for some moments. A feeling of inexpressible sadness came upon him.

'It is just,' he said, at length, in an agitated voice. 'I will go back to Judith and tell her I am unworthy of her. I will confess that my unstable heart played truant with the beatiful daughter of the Cherokee. Beloved Eyelight, farewell!'

'Cloudysky, Eyelight will be lonely when you have departed. Think of her sometimes when you are happy with the daughter of the pale-face. Behold Eyelight for the last time!'

The borderer gazed at her a brief moment in silence, then pressing her sweet lips, turned from her to see her no more. He had gone but a few paces when Trailseer called to him from a neighboring lodge.

'Wait,' he said, laconically. 'A white captive will go with you.'

The borderer made no answer. He scarcely sensed what the chief had said. He was absorbed in a pensive sorrow that abstracted his thoughts from all else, even his own release. Presently there were light steps behind him. Some one touched him. He turned mechanically, and—beheld Judith Waldron! He stretched out his arms to embrace her.

'Nay,' she said, with a smile, 'you love Eyelight.'

'I deserve this, too!' exclaimed Lockwood, striking his hand upon his breast. 'It should be thus.'

'If you acknowledge your sins thus frankly, I will surely be gracious. Receive Eyelight and Judith Waldron in one and the same person!'

The borderer was incapable of utterance. He looked into the bright eyes of Judith with sublime incredulity.

'Do you cast from you the double gift?' asked Judith, archly.

'God knows I am unworthy of it; but I am the happiest of men. Dear Judith! Enchanting Eyelight!'

The enraptured borderer drew Judith to his breast, and embraced her tenderly and ardently. He felt it the most blissful moment of his life. He was like one in a fairy dream.

'How have my eyes been thus blinded?' he inquired, when the first transports of joy had subsided.

'Easily and naturally. In my girlhood it was my fortune to be captured by a war party of Cherokees. I was adopted by Alabamon, and lived in his lodge two years during which time I learned the Indian language and the love of forests. Alabamon then had his lodges near the borders of South Carolina. At length he restored me to my father; since which time we kept up a friendly intercourse, until he sought a home more remote from white neighbors. It was Trailseer who excited your jealousy in the forest; it was he who conducted me hither, and to him you owe your liberty.'

'He loves you,' said Lockwood.

'And that,' replied Judith, 'explains his proximity to me at various times during our journey. It was the secret which I refused to confide to you.'

'You gave him a meeting by moonlight?'

'I did. And I have reason to believe that you witnessed the meeting. I saw him for a moment during the journey of that day, and he begged me to see him alone, for he had important communications to make concerning the settlements on the Kentucky and the designs of his father. I assented, and told him in what direction I would go from the camp to meet him, at the hour when you saw me go forth. I did not fear to trust myself with Trailseer; I knew him well. There are other matters which you will now be able to understand without entering into all the particulars. I came here with Trailseer, in the hope of being of service to you by averting the danger which I knew you would incur; also by forwarding your mission, if possible, by means of the influence which I possess over the mind of Alabamon and his son. My Indian garments were easily assumed, and as easily laid off. A little paint wrought the necessary change in my complexion to prevent recognition. See! Alabamon is approaching with an escort of warriors, and in the midst of them are Obed Slingsby and Philena Foote!'

'Still further proof of your influence over these savage minds. I shall be impatient to know more of your romantic history.'

'Verily the formulas prescribed by Lodovic have delivered us from the hand of the heathen. Ah—ah!'

'Ah—ah!' responded Philena.

'Certainly, then, Lodovic should receive your thanks,' answered Lockwood.

'Goodness gracious! Here's our Judith, too! Well, I allers knew there was a good deal of Indian persiflage about her, and that she'd lived among 'em; but I wasn't aware she could run into such a state of society without bein' skulped and killed, at the p'int of the bagonet. I think I know the limits of my sex, which isn't to be found in such scenes as these, where pitch and pine splinters are found in the cruelest forms, and in a way to give one a powerful turn. Mournful spetta kel!'

'Let us remain a moment,' said Judith to Lockwood, as the escort moved on toward the forest. The borderer beheld the aged Alabamon advancing. He soon stood before Judith, regarding her with a fond and pensive aspect.

'Eyelight, to-night the light of my lodge goes out. If, I, who am not your father, love you so much, how must your father love you. To him you shall return. My dim eyes may never again behold you again on the earth; but I shall see you in the land of immortal life. For your sake, I have not shed the blood of the white man. I have given the prisoners liberty; your voice has saved them. I feel that you will dwell no more in my lodge. The wigwam of Alabamon will be dark. What I desired can never be. It was a dream, and it must fade like all other dreams. My son will be lonely. Existence will be heavy to Trailseer. He will follow your footsteps no more. He will go to war and seek a fame for great deeds. Eyelight,' he laid his hands upon her head, 'may the blessing of Monedo go with you!'

Then to Lockwood: 'Send no more of your people here to talk of peace. We will not hear them. We have resolved to fight. Go, and return no more. I desire not to see the pale-face that has robbed me of the love of Eyelight.'

Alabamon ceased speaking and moved away with lingering steps. Trailseer came out of the shadow, where he stood during the time.

'The tongue of Trailseer cleaves to the roof of his mouth. His words will be few. Grief makes him dumb. Eyelight, the past will live forever in the memory of the son of Alabamon. Moons shall rise and set, and the season of the deer and the season of the corn shall come and go many times ere my spirit ceases to be sad.'

Trailseer's voice failed him. Presently he added:

'My warriors will escort you through yonder forests to the banks of the Kain-tuck-kee. See! your path is before you. Eyelight,' his chest heaved with emotion, 'the sacrifice is made. Go to your people.'

'My brother,' returned Judith, with feeling 'the remembrance of your noble friendship shall be the last thing to be forgotten by Eyelight. May you be blest and happy. Trailseer, brave and manly Trailseer, farewell!'

Judith could say no more. Her cheeks were wet with tears. She took Lockwood's arm and they moved quickly away. They were were joined by Neverfail soon after entering the woods. Under his guidance, in two days they reached Fort Waldron in safety, much to the joy of all parties. Long Bill was there, who, having wearied of the whims of his Indian mother, ran away from her. He had many wonderful things to tell, some of which were highly amusing.

'You was a great help to the old woman, I expect?' said Nolan.

'Jes' so! Killed about fourteen deer a day and sometimes half-a-dozen buffalo. Great eater, she was! But I didn't mind, 'cause she saved me from the fire; and fire, you know, is pizen to my flesh. Facks, these be, and I mean stick to 'em. What's a feller good for that wont stick to facks? I wouldn't trust him, I wouldn't. Facks is facks, and figgers is refmetics, and refmetics can't lie. Them's my principles and I don't care who knows 'em. I know that mr legs is agin me; but I aint my legs and my legs aint me. If anybody has got anythin' to say of 'em, let 'em say it. But they are terrible things in a skrimmage! They've kicked over about a thousan' of the red heathen fust and last—by the multiplication table.'

Martin Higsby went to Harrodsburg soon after the expose of his villany, and was killed by a shot from an ambushed foeman two days before Lockwood's return.

Nothing was heard of poor Billy White for several weeks; but early one morning he was seen on the northern bank of the river. A tall figure was near him, who looked thoughtfully across the water a few moments, when, upon perceiving that he was observed, he pointed to the Half-witted, waved his hand, and disappeared in the depths of the forest.

Billy was quickly brought to the fort; but upon being questioned could give no connected account of himself. He said, 'Sh-bo-bh-g-s!' in his old way, and relapsed into his former listlessness. Judith only could arouse him into anything like intelligence. His countenance lighted up a little at the name of Trailseer; and Judith believed that the lad's restoration was the last act of friendship that the young Cherokee chieftan had it in his power to bestow.

The wedded lives of our friends Judith and Lockwood proved happier than mortals generally have a right to expect. They passed through the fiery ordeals of the border war in safety. Neverfail lived out the number of his days at Fort Waldron; and never, by his own showing, got to be quite 'parfict.' Suredeath was his companion in all his wanderings, and was long remembered by the surrounding tribes.

Mr. Waldron, as in duty bound, became a very good and contented father-in-law, prided himself much on the high qualities of Judith's husband, who, notwithstanding the insinuations of Bigsby, succeeded in showing conclusively that he had a home and a history.

Obed Slingsby and Philena Foote went back to South Carolina at the first opportunity, being thoroughly disgusted with a 'state of Indian society so terrible.' They never united their fortunes in marriage, although Obed remained a disciple of Lodovic Muggleton until the day of his decease; while Philena continued to be violently opposed to "anything like persiflage or proclamations." Billy White died the year after Judith's marriage, of a lingering consumption. During his illness his mind was clearer than ever before. His departure was particularly serene and happy.

Judith and Lockwood never saw Trailseer again; whether he perished in some fierce Indian battle, or wedt further to the West, was never known to the CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

THE END.

TURN HIM OUT.—General Mackenzie, when Commander-in-Chief of the Chatham Division of Marines, was very rigid in his duties, and, among other regulations, would suffer no officer to be saluted on guard if out of his uniform. One day the general observed a lieut. of Marines in plain dress, and, though he knew the young officer intimately, he called to the sentinel to turn him out. The officer appealed to the general, saying who he was.—"I know you not," said the general; turn him out! A short time after, the general had been a short distance from Chatham to pay a visit, and returning in the evening in a blue coat, claimed entrance at the yard gate.—The sentinel demanded the countersign, which the general not knowing, desired the officer of the guard to be sent for, who proved to be the lieutenant whom the general had treated so cavalierly. "Who are you?" inquired the officer. "I am Gen. Mackenzie," was the reply. "What! without a uniform? rejoined the lieutenant. "Turn him out! turn him out! The general would break his bones if he knew he assumed his name. The general made his retreat, but the next day, invited the young officer to breakfast, he told him he had done his duty with very commendable exactness."

A Fearful Railway Tragedy.

(From the London Globe.)

The railway companies are sometimes assailed unjustly, and are called to account for offences they have no power to prevent. But one of their special shortcomings has just been almost tragically illustrated on the North-Western line. Two travellers, a Mr. McLean and a Mr. Worland, took seats in a second class carriage by the Friday night express from Liverpool to London. In the same compartment was a moody looking Irishman and an elderly woman. The Irishman sat by one window, the woman near the other, and the two men between. Until the train passed Bletchley the sedate passenger was hardly noticed by the others. It is true that he had now and again talked to himself somewhat fiercely, and seemed to be threatening an invisible foe. Mr. McLean and Mr. Worland glanced at him, and then continued in friendly chat. Now, it so happened that the man had been insane, and was rapidly growing insane again. A wild notion was fast acquiring the strength of a fixed idea. The two men in familiar chat were thieves planning how they could rob him, and he was resolved to be first in the field. There was some method in his madness, for he postponed the execution of his project until the train had fairly started on its last run to London. As soon as it had left Bletchley, the maniac drew a knife and stabbed Mr. Worland in the head. He drew back his arm to repeat the stroke, when Mr. McLean, who seems to have had his wits about him, knocked him back into his seat. Springing up, the maniac made another dash at the now insensible Worland, but here he was again met by McLean, who gripped his throat and his armed hand, and a close combat began. All the time the train flew rapidly through the country. The woman who sat near the other window, had done all she could to alarm the driver by wasting her screams on the morning air, and now lay insensible from the effect of terror. The madman drew the blade of his knife through the fingers of McLean, and thrust with it wildly. Worland had now regained his senses, and he at once entered into the combat, getting behind the madman, and throwing him down. The maniac's yells were louder than those of he woman, they were continuous, but neither guard nor driver heard them. And so the tragedy continued, one long act, a raving maniac held down by the two men, all covered with blood, lighted by a dim lamp and the grey dawn. For forty long miles this scene lasted, seen by none except those engaged in the strife, until a ticket collector, hastily opening the door, saw the two gashed and haggard men bending over the exhausted madman on the bloodstained floor. Since the French police found the body of a murdered judge in a railroad carriage, nothing so terrible has occurred. Of course the madman, for he must have been mad, was taken before a magistrate, and there he gave, as a reason for his conduct, the explanations we have already mentioned, he thought the two men were about to rob him. He turns out to be an Irish school-master, Michael Lyons by name, coming to London on a mixed journey of business and pleasure. It is said that he had been confined in an asylum for a year, and of course every inquiry will be made into his past life and character.

Proclamation by President Davis.

BALTIMORE, August 7.

The *American* of this evening has Richmond papers of the 5th, which contain the following address of the President to the soldiers of the Confederate States:—

After more than two years of a warfare scarcely equalled in the number, magnitude and fearful carnage of its battles, a warfare in which your courage and fortitude have illustrated your country and attracted not only gratitude at home, but admiration abroad, your enemies continue a struggle in which our final triumph must be inevitable.

Unduly elated with their recent successes, they imagine that temporary reverses can quell your spirits or shake your determination, and they are now gathering heavy masses for a general invasion in the vain hope that by desperate efforts, success may at length be reached. You know too well, my countrymen, what they mean by success. Their malignant rage aims at nothing less than the extermination of yourselves, your wives and your children.

They seek to destroy what they cannot plunder. They propose as spoils of victory that your homes shall be partitioned among wretches whose atrocious cruelty has stamped infamy on their government.

They design to incite servile insurrection and light the fires of incendiarism wherever they can reach your homes, and they debauch an inferior race, heretofore docile and contented, by promising them the indulgence of the vilest passions as the price of their treachery.

Aware of their inability to prevail by legitimate warfare, not daring to make peace lest they should be hurled from their seats of power, the men who now rule in Washington refuse even to confer on the subject of putting an end to outrages which disgrace our age, or listen to a suggestion for conducting the war according to the usages of civilization.

Fellow-citizens, no alternative is left you but victory or subjugation, slavery is the utter ruin of yourselves, your families and your country.

The victory is within your reach, you need but to stretch forth your hands to grasp it. For this all that is necessary is that those who are called to the field by every motive that can nerve human hearts, should promptly repair to the post of duty, should stand by their comrades now in front of the foe, and thus so strengthen the armies of the Confederacy as to ensure success.

The men now absent from their posts would, if present in the field, suffice to create a numerical quality between our force and that of the invaders; and when with any approach to such equality have we failed to be victorious?

I believe that but few of those absent are actuated by unwillingness to serve their country, but that they may have found it difficult to resist the temptations to visit their homes and loved ones, from whom they have been so long separated; that others have left for the temporary attention of their affairs, with the intention of returning, and then shrunk from the consequences of their violation of duty; that others again have left their posts from mere restlessness and desire of change, such quieting the upbraidings of his conscience by persuading himself that his individual services could have no influence on the general result.

These and other causes, although far less disgraceful than the desire to avoid danger, or escape from the sacrifices required by patriotism, are nevertheless grievous faults, and place the cause of our beloved country and everything we hold dear in imminent peril. I repeat that the men who now owe duty to the country, who have been called out and have not yet reported for duty, or who have absented themselves from these parts, are sufficient in numbers to secure a victory in the struggle now impending.

I call on you then my countrymen, to hasten to your camps in obedience to the dictates of honor and duty, and summon those who have absented themselves without leave or who have remained absent beyond the period allowed by their furloughs, to repair without delay to their respective commands, and I do hereby declare that I grant general pardon and amnesty to all officers and men within the Confederacy now absent without leave, who shall without the least possible delay return to their proper posts of duty, but no excuse will be received for any delay beyond twenty days after the first publication of this proclamation in the State in which the absentee may be at the date of this publication.

This amnesty and pardon shall extend to all who have been accused or who have been convicted and are undergoing sentences for absence without leave or desertion, excepting only those who have been twice convicted of desertion.

Finally—I conjure my countrywomen, wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of the Confederacy, to use their all-powerful influence in aid of this call, and to add one crowning sacrifice to those which their patriotism has so freely and constantly offered on their countries altar, and to take care that none who owe service in the field shall be sheltered at home from the disgrace of having deserted their duties to their families, to their country and to their God.

Given under my hand and seal of the Confederate States, at Richmond, this first day of August, in the year of our Lord 1863.

JEFFERSON DAVIS,

By the President,

J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad

TIME TABLE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING EAST.

		Day Express.
GODERICH,	DEP.	8.30 A. M.
CLINTON	"	9.08 "
HARPURHEY	"	9.30 "
SEAFORTH	"	9.36 "
CARRONBROOK	"	9.55 "
MITCHELL	"	10.11 "
STRATFORD	ARR.	10.50 "
"	DEP.	12.35 P. M.

GOING WEST.

STRATFORD	ARR.	2.28 P. M.
"	DEP.	2.50 "
MITCHELL	"	3.33 "
CARRON BROOK	"	3.52 "
SEAFORTH	"	4.15 "
HARPURHEY	"	4.21 "
CLINTON	"	4.45 "
GODERICH	ARR.	5.30 "

Connects at Stratford with Grand Trunk and at Paris with Great Western. Daily Stages from Goderich to all parts of the surrounding country. Passengers reach Ports on the coast by VanEvery and Rumball's steamers.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., AUG. 11, 1863.

Meeting of Parliament.

Before we shall have the pleasure of addressing our readers again, the Canadian Parliament will have met in the ancient capital. It is understood that the Ministry intended this for a short session, and that its main object should be discussion of the somewhat important question of ways and means. But it is also within the bounds of possibility that from the very first the Opposition will assume a position of violently factious obstruction.—In their speeches at Welland, Messrs. Cartier, & Co., foreshadowed this line of conduct, and John H.'s "Corporals' Guard" has taken up the idea in a truly filial spirit. In playing a game of chess you seldom repeat the moves which in the last trial led you on to destruction. So the Opposition, we apprehend, will not try on the big-souled, magnanimous dodge of last session. It will strike whenever it can—on the Speakership, if we are to believe Mr. Cartier. Such a course as this is hopeful for the Ministry. It indicates an Opposition desperate, and savage at the defeat sustained at the polls. It is as well that the gauntlet should be thrown down on the floor of the house at the outset. It will, in that case, most assuredly be taken up, and the question of relative strength settled broadly and clearly. We doubt very much whether Cartier and John A. will receive much comfort from the operation. Any speculations as to the principal measures to be introduced by the Cabinet would be useless, because, in the first place, we should only have conjecture to proceed upon, and secondly, the time is near at hand when all will be rendered plain that is at the present moment involved in uncertainty. The first division will be anxiously watched by men of both parties.

FROM THE WAR.

We have no news worth a fig. Nobody is fighting—nobody is marching—the *bag* is laid aside—the telegraph operators sleep all day under their tables; in fact it seems too hot just now for this class on the other side to get up lies with their usual "dispatch." Hence, it is not at all wonderful that the war has dwindled down to a state of milk-and-water inactivity. For several days past there has been no change in the position of the contending armies. At Charleston the siege of Fort Wagner has been given up, and attention is being turned to Sumpter.—President Davis has issued an Address to the people of the Confederate States which we print in another place. It is written with his usual ability.

REVIEWS.

It is gratifying to observe that there is a growing desire on the part of our Volunteers to meet at convenient places for Brigade Drill. Most of the corps have received their new clothing, they have arrived at a pretty thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of the military art, and they are in a position to be greatly benefited by concerted action in large bodies. There is, besides, something peculiarly inspiring in the appearance of several thousands of well-armed and well-trained soldiers assembled on one field for Review, and there can be nothing better calculated to keep up a spirit of generous emulation between our military men.

The Reviews already held throughout the Province have been highly successful, the recent one at Picton particularly so, and we only hope those yet to come will be marked by the same amount of enthusiasm. It is proposed to hold a demonstration of this kind at Brantford early in September, when it is estimated there will be several thousand Volunteers present.—One company at least will represent Goderich on the occasion, and we trust the Artillery will receive its clothing in time to go likewise. A great Review at Toronto later in the season is spoken of.

SUBSTITUTE SKEDDADDLING.—The Providence *Journal* says that sixteen substitutes escaped from the barracks, in that city, on Tuesday evening. The attempt was made by the whole party, who pushed violently against the door, carrying hinges, locks, and the entire door. This was done at guard relieving, which was known within the barracks by the beating of tatoo. The guard being totally unprepared, rallied as soon as possible, and and with the prompt use of the bayonet, succeeded in driving the greater portion back. Seventeen passed and were fired upon, but no gun was discharged the cap only exploding. One old soldier clubbed his musket and knocked a fugitive down, who was the only one secured.

The "Globe" Disgusted.

The Toronto *Globe* is thoroughly disgusted with those of the Americans who are industrious in threatening England and bragging about what terrible things they could do in case of trouble between the two countries. We are glad to hear the *Globe* giving out a ring of the true metal. How it could remain silent so long is what astonishes us. In its issue of Saturday last, amongst other good things, it said:

"It is a great misfortune that American diplomatists believe in the honest, of nobody, and think it, therefore, necessary to accompany every demand with hints about Springfield rifles and Dahlgren guns. The last nation in the world they are likely to bully into compliance with their notions is Great Britain. They may depend upon it, there is nothing which now excites stronger contempt in Great Britain than such threats as have lately appeared in the New York *Herald* and one or two other papers under the control of Mr. Seward. They labour under a stupendous delusion if they think these menaces have any weight, one which the *Trent* affair ought to have dispelled. By his bullying, however, Mr. Seward almost succeeds in placing England in such a position, that to accede to his most modest proposition looks like bending to a threat.

* * * * * * *

None knows better than Mr. Seward that the North dare not go to war with England for the next ten years—that she will do almost anything to avoid such a contest. Yet he and his journals are always bragging about their readiness for a fight. He may think that this prevents British and French interference, but that is a mistake. On the contrary, the insulting tone of the American press silences the tongues of those who are friendly to the North and prevents them doing effective service. There never was much danger of British interference in American affairs, and there would have been far less if Mr. Seward had kept his presses quiet. We are perfectly aware that whatever Mr. Seward's journals may say in Washington or New York there is no danger of war, but ill-feeling and distrust are created, and the North is deprived of the sympathies of thousands who hate slavery, but are indignant at the threats thrown out against their country. These people do not understand that it is all done to help a diplomatic movement. They think it is genuine, and are aroused to anger.

Arrival of the "Hibernian."

ST. JOHNS, Nfld. Aug. 7.

The steamship *Hibernian*, from Liverpool on the 30th, via Green Castle on the 31st, passed Cape Race at 8 o clock, p. m.

The London *Globe* contends that the rebels are not conquered and that Lee is as safe as ever at Culpepper.

It was believed at Frankfort that the Polish question would be settled by diplomacy.

The war panic had subsided in Paris.

La France says that the news from St. Petersburg indicates a conciliatory disposition.

It is reported that the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia will soon meet at Gunelletta.

The London money market was easy.

LATEST.

The ship Talisman, from Shanghai, and the Conrad, from Montevideo, for New York, have been destroyed by the Alabama.

The rebel loan fell 2 per cent. on the 29th.

Jeff Davis has appointed one R. Dawling as the rebel agent at Cork.

The steamship New York, from New York, arrived out on the 30th inst.

COMMERCIAL.

Cotton Sales of the week 49,000 bales; American has advanced ⅛d during the week, and other descriptions ¼ to ½.

Breadstuffs dull and downward. Corn declined.

GIGANTIC SWINDLE BY A WOMAN—$11,000 OBTAINED ON A FORGED DRAFT.—About two weeks ago a genteel looking lady, calling herself Mrs. J. E. West, claiming to reside in Sandusky, Ohio, went to Chicago and introduced herself to Samuel A. Sargent, Real Estate Agent, and expressed a desire to invest to a considerable extent in city property.—She was shown a number of eligible lots, and bargained for them to the value of $10,000. A lawyer named Reed, of the firm of Knox, Eustace and Reed, was employed to examine the abstracts of titles before the sale was completed. The lady informed Mr. Reed that, in order to make the first payments on the property, it was necessary that she should get a draft cashed, and, as she was a stranger here, that she would like to be introduced at the banker's by some responsible and well-known person. For this purpose Mr. Reed accompanied her to the "Merchant's Savings, Loan and Trust Company's" office, where she presented a draft drawn by an Eastern bank upon another in New York city, for the sum of $15,000. She also stated that as she needed but $11,000 at the time, she would leave the balance of the money on deposit. This apparent fairness, and the fact of Mr. Reed identifying her, had the desired effect, and she received the amount named, and the necessary receipt for $4 000 left on deposit. Since that time she has not been seen or heard from. After due course of time, it has been ascertained that the draft in question was originally drawn for the ⅓ iful sum of *fifteen dollars*, and raised to $15,000 by the simple addition of three cyphers.

Death of Mr. Gibbard.

Last evening the *Ploughboy* arrived at Collingwood, having on board the body of poor Mr. Gibbard. We only know that he was drowned, but have no information where his remains were found. They were probably washed ashore near Shebanawaning. The cause of his death—violence, accident or suicide—will probably for ever remain a mystery. Circumstances altogether fail to fix the *onus* on the Indian prisoner. He was in a different part of the vessel from Mr. Gibbard, and the latter was a very strong and active man, not at all likely to be tumbled overboard without a struggle and an outcry, which would have drawn attention from others on the vessel. The movements of the Government in the Manitoulin affair will probably be delayed by Mr. Gibbard's death.—*Globe.*

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—One of the meanest things a man can do, and it is not at all of uncommon occurrence, is to monopolize the time and attention of a young girl for a year, or more, without any definite object, and to the exclusion of others of his sex, who, supposing him to have matrimonial intentions, absent themselves from her society. This "dog in-the-manger" way of proceeding should be discountenanced and forbidden by all parents and guardians. It prevents the reception of eligible offers of marriage, and fastens on the young girl, when the acquaintance is dissolved, the unenviable and unmerited appellation of "flirt." Let all your dealings with women, young men, be frank, honest and noble. That many, whose education and position in life would warrant our looking for better things, are culpably criminal on these points, is no excuse for our shortcomings. That women is often injured, or wronged, through her holiest feelings, adds but a blacker dye to your meanness. Our rule is always safe: Treat every woman you meet as you would wish another man to treat your innocent, confiding sister.

NEW WELLS.—Since our issue of last week two new wells have been obtained. The fortunates are Messrs. Gorton and Knight, whose well yields about 15 barrels in 24 hours, and E. Smith, Esq., Refiner, the capacity of whose well is not yet ascertained, as the pump is not yet in working order.—These wells are in close proximity to each other on the Marchant territory, and are but a little over 100 feet in the rock.—Oil Springs *Chronicle.*

Town & Counties.

☞ Mr. Dickson, our representative in the Legislative Assembly left yesterday for Quebec. A number of his friends accompanied him to the Station, and as the train moved off, bid him good bye, wishing him a save journey to the Ancient Capital and the present seat of Government.

☞ The Weather is just now a little too wet to be favorable for harvest operations. Since Saturday night last, several heavy showers have fallen. However, it is satisfactory to know that the great bulk of the Fall Wheat has been housed in good order.

EXCURSION FROM MITCHELL.—A special train brought between three and four hundred excursionists from Mitchell this morning. The day is a fine breezy one, and we hope our visitors will enjoy themselves first rate.

☞ John Mitchell, Grocer, of this place, has been appointed as agent for taking in wool and cloth for Mr. Logan's Mill. Parties coming to town and not wishing to take their wool, &c., to the carding Mill of Mr. Logan can thus have it carried and attended to free of extra expense.

☞ THOMAS LOGAN, Esq., of Goderich Woolen Mills, has appointed Mr. M. McDermott, Express Agent, Harpurhey, to act as his agent in forwarding cloth to the Mills for fulling, &c., which will be done free of expense, as far as carriage is concerned. The farmers of Harpurhey will find Mr. Logan attentive to their wants and strictly honorable in all his dealings.

☞ We would direct the particular attention of parties interested to the advertisement of the town clerk respecting arrears due on lots in the Cemetery.

☞ The Seaforth *Express* advocates the establishment of a Branch Bank in that village for the convenience of business men.

☞ Mrs. Dixie Watson's concert last night for the benefit of Mrs. Ackland, was a success. The attendance quite large, and the performance of the several pieces excellent.

EMIGRANTS.—During the past week several hundreds of Emigrants have passed through Goderich, on their way to regions beyond. Some few were Germans, bound for Milwaukee, &c., but the majority were from the Isle of Lewis, on the coast of Scotland. They are hardy enough looking people, but if we mistake not it will take two or three generations ere they will make good farmers. They go to the County of Bruce, and were all sent out, we believe, by a Scottish gentleman.

☞ We are pleased to see Captain Seymour's face again after his lengthened continental tour. He arrived in town on Wednesday evening last, and the Rifles lost no time in paying their respects, the corps, to the number of 38 or 40 men, marching down to the captain's residence and presenting arms in true soldier's style. After thanking the company heartily for this token of respect, an adjournment to the Hurrn took place, followed, we presume, by an attack upon a quantity of beer, &c.

BOARD OF SURGEONS.—In the last issue of the Canada Gazette we notice the following announcement: P. A. McDougall Esq., M. D. Ninian Woods Esq., M. D., and Geo. Fitzsimmons Esq., M. D., to be a board of Surgeons in the United Counties of Huron and Bruce, under the provisions of sec. 6, cap. 6, Con. Stat. U. C.

Also, Thomas Ferguson McLean of Goderich, receives license to practice physic, surgery and midwifery in Upper Canada.

FIRE.—We learn from the *Commonwealth* that a disastrous fire took place in Kincardine on Saturday morning last, resulting in the destruction of four or five stores and tenements. By great exertion the flames were prevented from seizing upon the post office, in which case the village would have been almost entirely consumed. The sufferers are Mr. Courtney, butcher; Mr. Bone, who lost everything; Mr. Johnson, do; Kerr & McInnes, and McConnell, blacksmith, who was the only party insured. Supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

PROF. JUNG'S CONCERT.—On Tuesday evening last Prof. Jung gave another Concert, at the special request of his many friends in this place. The Victoria Hall was occupied on the occasion by a very respectable and appreciative audience.—The piano used was one of Chickering's best, and seldom indeed has there been heard in Goderich a more brilliant execution on an instrument of this kind. Playing music and variations of his own composition for the most part, the Professor proved to the satisfaction of all that he is a master of this difficult science. We particularly admired his rendering of that splendid old national song, "The Battle and the Breeze," into which his flying fingers infused an amount of enthusiasm truly wonderful, when considered as coming from a foreigner. Mr. Jung was ably assisted by a pupil of five months' standing, Mr. A. Kaiser, who promises to make a capital musician.

Serious Affair in the Township of Fullarton.

The good people of Fullarton were lately startled by the sudden decease of Miss Eliza Cole, of said township, under the following circumstances:—It seems to be pretty well understood that the poor girl had been the dupe of some deceiver and, as was revealed at the inquest, had requested her sister to aid her with medicine in producing abortion, which she declined. When the girl took sick, Dr. Hornebrook, of Mitchell, was called in, but she died very suddenly, and in a rather secret manner, which aroused suspicions that the poor girl was the victim of foul play, accordingly Dr. Shaver, Coroner for the Co. of Perth was notified, and an inquest was held, but the investigation has been kept secret so far, as the stomach has been sent to Prof. Croft, of Toronto.

Masonic Supper and Presentation.

On Friday evening last a large number of the members of Maitland Lodge of Free Masons, together with a number of invited guests from the sister lodge, and one or two outsiders, the writer included, assembled in the Huron Hotel, to partake of an ample supply of edibles supplied by Mr. Wright, the landlord, and to witness the ceremony of presenting M. C. Cameron, Esq., with the beautiful jewel alluded to in our editorial columns a few days ago. At eight o'clock the gong was sounded, and the company, numbering, we should say, about one hundred, took their places at the tables, which, as we have hinted, were well supplied with the necessaries and luxuries of (masticatory) life. The W. M., R. W. Wallace, Esq., took the chair, at his right being the guest of the evening, our worthy Mayor. Grace having been said, a vigorous effort was made by all present to fortify their inner men against any possible attacks of hunger for the remainder of the evening. This being accomplished satisfactorily, the chairman said they would now proceed to the main feature of the entertainment, which, as most of those present, doubtless, were aware, was the presentation of a token of the respect felt by the brethren of Maitland lodge towards their Past Master, Brother Cameron, who for a period of several years had presided over them, with great acceptability and success. Without making any lengthened speech, he would now call upon those whose pleasing duty it was to present the address and accompanying jewel, and who, he was sure, would do credit to themselves on the occasion.

The secretary of the Lodge, Bro. Thompson, then stepped to the head of the table and read the following address,—which was greeted with loud applause:

To Past Master MALCOLM COLIN CAMERON, *of Maitland Lodge A. F. & A. M., G. R. C.*

GODERICH, August 7th, A. L. 5863.

Dear Sir and Brother,

We, the members of the above Lodge, have met here on the present occasion to testify in a small degree our high appreciation of your conduct as a Brother—and more especially as our late Worshipful Master—your faithful attendance and the great interest you have manifested for all, made it a pleasure to meet you in the Lodge. We also congratulate you on your proficiency as a master Mason, you have proved yourself a workman "who needeth not to be ashamed of his work." When any of us had the privilege of visiting any of our Sister Lodges, we could look back and say, "we are not ashamed of the working of Maitland No. 112." During the term of your occupation of the chair, our Lodge has prospered, and its prosperity in a great degree has been the result of your efficiency as Worshipful Master.

Accept then Dear Brother of this Past Master's Jewel, as a token of the Love and esteem of your brethren. May you long live to wear it amongst us, and when your work on earth is ended, may the Great Architect of the Universe bestow on you and yours a Crown of Glory, is the sincere prayer of your brethren.

Signed on behalf of the Brethren,

R. W. WALLACE,
JAMES THOMPSON,
BERNARD TRAINOR.

Brother Trainor next advanced and said, Brother Cameron, the brethren have deputed me to present you with this Jewel (Affixing it to his breast) which, I assure you is not intended as a mere matter of form, but as a very small and unworthy token of the respect in which you are held by the lodge, and some slight recognition of your valuable services while occupying the position of Worshipful Master. (Applause.) In the fulfilment of this duty I have great pleasure, for various reasons. One is, that five years ago I proposed you as a member of the craft, under the impression that you would be rendered useful to your brethren, and it is truly pleasing to know that you have proven yourself "the right man in the right place." (Applause.) At the end of that time I now have the pleasure of presenting you with a jewel which is the highest gift in our power, as Master Masons, to bestow. We trust you may long wear it, and be spared for many years of usefulness. (Applause.)

Mr. Cameron, said he was physically incapable of making a speech on the occasion, having been very ill for several days past; yet he would not resume his seat without returning his cordial thanks for the kind address read by the Secretary, the very flattering remarks of Brother Trainer, and for the jewel presented to him. He would assure them that he valued that jewel not merely on account of its intrinsic worth,—valuable and beautiful though it was—but rather because it was a mark of the friendship and good will of his brethren. There were men engaged in the various pursuits of life who could look back upon certain hours in their lives, as peculiarly happy ones. This was the case with Free Masons, as they assembled within the sacred precints of the Lodge, where were brought out and strengthened the finest feelings of human nature, and princip