NEVERFAIL:

—OR.—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

A TALE OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued.)

THE CHEROKEE CHIEF.

It was now twilight. Preparations for supper had been going forward, but now they were suspended. Neverfail put his ear to the ground and remained motionless for some time; while Nolan carefully drew the brands and fagots from the fire, that had been kindled for cooking purposes. The sounds they had heard were in the direction of the river, and toward it Lockwood advanced in the stealthy manner described. He reached the bank, crouched low among the reeds, and strained his eyes up the stream. A small, dark object was visible, which, rapidly drawing near, proved to be a canoe. A figure was seated in the stern, urging the light craft onward by repeated strokes. He observed it with interest, as it glided quietly yet swiftly upon the smooth and glassy surface. It kept close to the opposite shore, a circumstance which Lockwood regretted. A strange feeling came upon him; that lithe and active form seemed familiar to his eyes. He could not but associate it with Trailseer. What was his present purpose? His course was certainly toward Fort Waldron, and assisted by the current he could reach it before morning, if such was his wish.

The birchen vessel was soon opposite. The river was not wide at that spot, but the trees hanging over the water, threw a sombre margin of shadow far out toward the middle. This shadow baffled, measurably, the expectation of the borderer, who hoped to put the matter of his identity beyond doubt, when he could command a nearer view.

That an Indian guided and propelled the canoe, he was satisfied; that it was Trailseer, he was not equally sure, but he was strongly inclined to the opinion that it was. This suspicion brought back all his former mental miseries. He was conscious of an intense hatred for Trailseer—the cause of which was scarcely known to himself, and which detracted from his self-respect. He attempted to move down the stream, with the hope that the light and shade would favor a more perfect view; but the first movement produced a rustling of the reeds that reached the ready ear of the Indian. He paused, with his paddle held motionless in the water. The borderer wisely remained silent. The swaying of a bush or the veriest vibration of a twig would have betrayed the presence of some living thing to the acute senses of the solitary voyager.

The vessel glided gently on with the impetus it had received, shooting still nearer to the other shore, in obedience to a slight motion of the paddle from the wary Indian. Lockwood thrust his rifle before him through the reeds, and raising his head sighted along the barrel. At that moment his purpose was deadly and would have proved fatal, doubtless, to the nocturnal voyager, had it not been too dark for accurate aim. The delay occasioned by a vain endeavor to cover his object, gave opportunity for reflection. He began to fear that he was acting the part of an assassin. The whites were at war with the Indians, it was true; but did that fact justify him in lying in ambush and slaying one, who, to his knowledge, had done him personally no harm. If, as he believed, it was Trailseer, he had, on a certain time, showed himself friendly to simple Billy White. Should he repay him by speeding a bullet through his body? The rifle fell from his grasp; he felt powerless to harm the son of Alabamon. And how could he fulfil his mission that chieftain, after staining his hands in the blood of his darling son? The duty which he had undertaken forbade the act. He shrank, too, more and more, from the thought of slaying one who was unconscious of the presence of a foe. If he could meet this proud savage, on shore hand to hand, on equal terms, he should like to play with him the hazardous game of life and death. This idea pleased and inflamed his chivalric nature. He sprang to his feet.—Standing erect, and putting his hand to his mouth, he called to the Cherokee in a low, clear tone. The resonance of his voice fell tranquilly upon the waters, as he called:

'Trailseer!'

The Indian laid down his paddle and took up his gun.

'Son of the Cherokee! If you are not a coward, listen a moment to the white man, whose name and nation you hate.'

'Who speaks? What lying bird of the night says 'coward!'

The voice of Trailseer floated over the river like the suppressed yet defiant growl of the panther.

'One speaks who scorns a lie, and fears not the thunders of a boasting young chief, whose smooth cheeks proclaim him a boy, and not a man!' returned the borderer, taunt-ingly

'Hooh! I remember the voice of Cloudysky. It is as the voice of a maiden; it has no power to startle an enemy or to carry terror to the soul of a warrior. Go home and put on the attire of a woman.'

'We will see, anon, who is a woman and who is a warrior. Your life has this night been in my power. I could have sent the braggart spirit of Trailseer to the far off lands where the souls of his people dwell. But I scorned to slay an unsuspecting enemy. My hand is not trained to strike in the dark like the treacherous Cherokee. I suffered you to live.'

'Nushka! And is the soul of Cloudysky alone capable of foregoing vengeance? Whose fingers trembled on the handle of his hatchet when Cloudysky talked with the white girl on that night when the howl of the Chickasaw was terrible, and the knife and the tomahawk gleamed in the air? Who could have struck Cloudysky dead at the feet of Dove-Eye, the beautiful? Tell me: Is the soul of the red man inferior to the soul of the white? Go, and learn greatness in the race you despise.'

'We but waste words, bold Trailseer. Put your canoe toward this shore, and upon yonder glade we will meet in mortal combat. The vanquished shall remain upon the field to fat ten the wolf and the prairie dog, and the vanquisher will go his way.'

Trailseer was silent a moment.

'And why should I trust your word? When has the Indian trusted the white man, and not been deceived? Your people are near. Look! I see yonder a thin thread of smoke curling through the tops of the trees. Is the Cherokee a fool that he should throw his life away, as it were as worthless as a worn-out garment? Ah! even the son of the forest grows wise with the experience of years. Memory jogs his elbow, and the ghosts of betrayed warriors warn him to discretion.'

'Nay, hear me! I pledge my solemn word that no hand but mine shall be lifted against you, and then only when you shall have said, 'I am ready. Strike!' Is it enough, O wary son of Alabamon?'

'And wherefore should I fight you? What pleasure will you have in my death, or what joy shall I have in yours? Another drop only will be added to the great ocean of invisible life. A few more atoms of dust will return again to its native dust. What will this matter? Who will be better off? Who will breathe easier or step lighter? Who will feel that he has more room on the wide earth?'

'There is a note of eternal truth in what you have just said,' the borderer answered, in a tone much milder. 'I see that the red man has a soul capable of thought; but methinks his morals are drawn at a strange moment. I had hoped to move the stern heart of the warrior only, not of the moralist.'

'Proud white man! you change my mood—you goad me to anger. Could the Great Spirit make a man without a soul? Does the color of the skin change the attributes of the mind? Your taunt brings back the warrior blood of the cherokee. He did but test your nature with the offer of a natural thought which visits at seasons the most warlike bosom. Let the Master of Life give me another half hour of existence, and I will meet you, breast to breast and strength to strength. You shall feel the power of my arm; and a faint-hearted squaw is he who cries out for mercy.'

CHAPTER XV.

A CAPTIVE.

Trailseer turned the canoe toward the spot where the borderer was standing; it leaped toward him under the angry strokes of the Cherokee. The hero-spirit was mighty within him. The light paddle bent and writhed in his stern grasp.

The borderer awaited him calmly. The vessel touched the bank. The Indian sprang outand drew it after him.

'It will be safe there—*should you want it!*' said Lockwood, significantly.

'Do not boast, Cloudsky! The Master of Life only knows who will fall. I know your thoughts. I know why my life makes you miserable. I know it well. Nushka! I knew I should call the red blood to your face.—The memory of the white girl is upon you. Think of her; think of her well; it may be the last time she will dwell in your imagination. Ha, ha! I feel the blood of my fathers. A strong spirit is stirring within me. Cloudysky, I will give you time to sing your death-song, and to look a farewell to the rising moon!'

'Yonder—farther down the river!' said the borderer; and then added, pointing back to the spot where he had left his companions: 'My friends are there. We will go beyond their hearing.'

Trailseer hesitated.

'I will lead the way—follow. I fear not a blow from behind,' said the borderer, with a sneer.

'Trailseer was never afraid,' quoth the Cherokee; and not to be outdone in magnanimity, waved Lockwood back and preceded him without apparent doubt or misgiving.

'Strange race of beings!' exclaimed the borderer. 'Singular blending of greatness of soul with barbarity.'

'The ways of the different races of men are different. I follow the voice of my nature, and the pale-face follows the voice of his. To the white man was given the love of gold, and to red the love of forests. Let the first go back over the big water, where gold is coined, and leave the latter to the quiet enjoyment of his forests.'

'That cannot be. This land is large enough for both races.'

'Tis false, Cloudysky! There never was yet a country wide enough for both the red and white nations. That country does not exist, nor can it be found beneath the sun!' retorted Trailseer, energetically.

This is no time to combat a prejudice so deeply seated in the minds of your people. Here is the glade I spoke of.'

The Cherokee paused and cast a searching look around.

'Tis a fitting place,' he said. 'On one side are the forests that delight my eyes, on the other the gliding Kain-tuck-kee. I have hunted there; I have fished yonder. Cloudysky it cannot be known to you how the Indian loves his country. His hunting grounds are glorious to his eyes. White man, his heart will break when he is driven away. He reverences the graves where repose in peaceful slumber the ashes of his fathers. The ancient mounds are sacred spots. Our old men have said there is no other such land in the world. It *was* and *is* our own. This teeming country has given us life. We owe it the very blood in our veins, and we will give it back before we will leave it. Yes, Cloudysky, this earth is our mother, and we will return again to her bosom, rather than retreat before the rifle and axe of the white robbers. Cloudysky, Trailseer is ready.'

The Cherokee threw down his gun, and planting himself firmly before the borderer, drew his knife from its sheath.

'I will not hurry you. I will give you time to chant your 'death-song, according to the custom of warriors,' returned Lockwood, at the same time placing his rifle upon the ground, and depositing his powder-horn and ball-pouch beside it.

Trailseer laughed derisively

'There will be time enough for that when your knife has searched out some fatal spot!'

'I strike but once,' returned the borderer; 'and that blow cuts short the death song. It was this right arm, O son of Alabamon, that laid Eagle-plume low.'

'Tis false! Eagle-plume lives.'

'It is true that he lives, but I conquered him. To him Trailseer is as a boy, or as the slender willow to the full grown oak.'

Lockwood grasped the handle of his knife and looked sternly at his antagonist, whose comely face was now aglow, and whose eyes were flashing for the fight.

'Should the Master of Life give you the victory,' said Lockwood, 'cast my body into yonder waters. My rifle will well repay the trouble.'

'And should it be the will of the Great Monedo that the soul of Trailseer be recalled to the fountain whence it flowed, place my body against a tree, with my face toward the lodges of my people.

The Cherokee hesitated an instant, and then added, in a lower tone:

'And tell the pale-face girl that Trailseer will await her in the eternal hunting-grounds of the red man.

The concluding request fell upon the borderer's ears like a blow. It half unnerved his arm, and affected him for a moment like a deadly sickness. What was Judith to this young brave of the race of the Cherokee?

'Your hour has surely come!' exclaimed Lockwood, huskily, as the blood came back to his cheeks and the strength to his arm. He warily approached his adversary and was about to commence the attack, when Trailseer drew back.

'Hold! I scent the war-paint of the Chickasaw. Cloudysky, we are surrounded. I see the swaying of bushes and hear the sound of moccasins upon the leaves.'

'Then our duel ends; but should we escape, we will meet again. I pledge my word to meet you when and where you will,' replied Lockwood.

'A warrior will not lie. You shall have your wish before many moons have passed. You shall feel the arm of Trailseer, who is not a woman that he should fear to fight.—Cloudysky, look to yourself—the cunning Chickasaw is near.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The New York Riots.

TUESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

At about ten o'clock in the morning the military, consisting of about four hundred in all, accompanied by a number of police, marched leisurely up Third avenue.—There were certainly about four hundred police on the march, led by Deputy Superintendent Carpenter, and Sergeant Copeland. They were well armed, and carried their clubs in a firm grasp, as if also determined to do their part of the work. On arriving at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue, the entire force marched down the former street into the avenue, the military passing up some few minutes before. There was no opposition whatever offered to the military as they filed past; but, as soon as the police made their appearance, the fight commenced in earnest. A shower of bricks came down upon their heads from all directions, and a hand-to hand encounter immediately followed. The police rushed into the various houses on the route, and, hurrying up stairs, used their clubs against any person, young and old, whom they met. In those encounters it is impossible here to state how many were killed and wounded; but there must certainly have been upwards of ten or fifteen who were clubbed to death.

This assault did a great deal to excite the people to the highest pitch, and they now fought and acted like men who did not care what they did, or what was the consequence of their acts. The police fought well, but in some cases they acted in a manner which did more to incite the people than any other occurrence of the day. Several were actually clubbed to death in their own houses, and the stairs, rooms and hallways covered with blood, while the furniture, glasses, &c., were broken to pieces. The police evidently got the best of it in this encounter, and succeeded to a great extent in putting down the disturbance which was fast spreading from street to street.

There were two howitzers placed in position, supporting which were two companies of the Eleventh New York State Volunteers, under command of Colonel O'Brien, who was on horseback. The military were formed on Second Avenue, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street, with the crowd on either side of them and a few in front, none expressing the slightest trepidation at the dangerous position in which they were placed. Bricks flew like hail-stones among the soldiers. Colonel O'orien rode up and down in the centre, and then gave the command "Fire" to those who had charge of the howitzers. Some allege that these pieces were loaded with grape and canister; but however that may be, there were several seen to fall at this time. The two companies of infantry of the Eleventh regiment, which were under the immediate command of Colonel O'Brien, also opened a fire of Minie bullets and committed some havoc among the crowd, which was firmly massed together at this point. The balls whistled around in almost every imaginable direction. Several fell upon the sidewalks and in the middle of the street, and were carried into the various houses where their wounds were attended to.

The action of Colonel O'Brien, as described by several who were within hearing distance of him during the whole time, is thus described from the commencement of the conflict. He urged on the soldiers to fire into and attack the people in all manner of ways. How true this is cannot be accurately determined with any degree of actual certainty; but the fate which he met with, as will shortly appear, is probably one of the most horrible that either history tells of or the present generation ever witnessed.

Colonel O'Brien, as has already been stated, was on horseback and had the entire command of the military. It was by his orders that they fired, and also by his instrumentality, whether he were right or wrong in the matter, that the heart's blood of many an able youth was stopped in its flowings.

Probably the most heart-rending occurrence which one could imagine took place during this fight. Colonel O'Brien had a revolver in his hand, and was riding up and down between either line of the crowd. He, as it is stated, fired his revolver into their midst, the ball killing a woman and child, which she held in her arms. After several rounds had been fired the people began to disperse, and the police proceeded to another part of the city. Colonel O'Brien and his command, however, remained. The Colonel dismounted from his horse and walked into a drug store.

Had the commander of this military force taken his departure at this time, there is little doubt that his life would have been saved.—But fatality had destined him for its victim, and he was a doomed man. Col. O'Brien stayed in the drug store for some few minutes; is is thought that he went in to get some refreshments. The crowd were around the door at this time. There was scarcely a word spoken, but the lowering glances of one thousand men looked down in their vengeful spirit upon him as he stood at the door. He then drew his sword, and with a revolver in the other hand, walked out on the sidewalk in the very centre of the crowd. He was immediately surrounded, and one of the men came behind, and striking him a heavy blow on the back of the head, staggered him. The crowd then immediately surrounded him and beat him in a most shocking manner.

After having been terribly beaten, his almost inanimate body was taken up in the strong arms of the crowd and hurried to the first lamp-post, where it was strung up by a rope. After a few minutes the body was taken down, he being still alive, and thrown like so much rubbish in the street.

The body lay in the middle of the street, within a few yards of the corner of Thirty-fourth street. Nature shudders at the appalling scenes which here took place. The body was mutilated in such a manner that it was utterly impossible to recognize it. The head was nearly one mass of gore, while the clothes were also saturated with the crimson fluid of life. A crowd of some three hundred persons wounded the prostrate figure. These men looked upon the terrible sight with the greatest coolness, and some even smiled at the gay object. Our reporter walked leisurely among the crowd which surrounded the body, and in company with the rest gazed upon the extended mass of flesh which was once the corpulent form of Colonel H. F. O'Brien. Notwithstanding the fearful process the soldier had gone through, he was yet breathing with evident strength. The eyes were closed, but there was a very apparent twitching of the eyelids, while the lips were now and again convulsed, as if in the most intense agony.

After lying for somewhat of an hour in this position, several of the crowd took hold of the body by the legs, and dragged it from side to side of the street. This operation was gone through several times, when the crowd again left the body lying in its original position.

Had Colonel O'Brien been a man of weak constitution he would certainly have ceased to exist long before this time. He was, however, through life a man of great natural strength, and this fact probably kept him breathing longer than would any other common person. The crowd remarked this, and watched his every slightest movement with the most intense anxiety. Now and then the head would be raised from the ground, while an application of a foot from one of the crowd would dash the already mangled mass again to the earth. This conduct was carried on for some time, and when our reporter left the body was still lying in the street, the last spark of existence evidently having taken flight.

WOMEN SHOT.

Probably the worst feature of the affray in this neighbourhood was the death of the two or three unfortunate women who had happened to be on the ground at the time. One woman's life was saved by the timely services of Dr. E. D. Connery, who extracted a ball from her person. This gentleman's valuable services were brought into requisition in other places where a number of parties had been wounded. These events, of course, inflamed the other women of that ward, and they turned out in large force to aid their relatives and friends when any opportunity should happen.

SCENES ON FIFTH AND SIXTH AVENUES.

The upper part of Fifth and Sixth avenues were the scene of great excitement, from about ten o'clock in the morning until after three in the afternoon. Several bodies of men assembled at different spots above the junction of Broadway and Sixth avenue, and, marching along in a disorderly manner, moved up town until they formed one mass. They seemed to be without any definite leader, as one man was to be seen calling them to go one way and another to take an opposite direction. Every proprietor of a liquor store in the vicinity was compelled to open his establishment and supply them freely with liquor, under pain of having his place torn down over his head. The fate that attended Allerton's Hotel doubtless induced the proprietors of the liquor stores to grant their requests, and each drop of liquor the men partook of only increased their frenzy.

Shortly after the crowd had left Sixth avenue it was discovered that bayonets could be seen glistening on the avenue at about the neighborhood of Fortieth street, and advancing up town. The inhabitants soon discovered that it was Company F, Twelfth Regular Infantry, Captain Putnam, headed by a platoon of police, who, together, were marching to the relief of the district. Learning that the crowd had taken up their position at the corner of Forty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, and had thrown out a number of their party as far down as Forty-fifth street, along that avenue, they determined to break the line by turning up Forty-sixth street, from the Sixth to Fifth avenue. They had previously marched along at a steady marching pace, but now they quickened their steps, and, dashing into Fifth avenue, divided the forces of those assembled.

THE FIGHT—THE BAYONET CHARGE.

A few guns were discharged at the crowd, created a slight panic, when the police rushed upon them with their batons, and inflicted some severe scalp wounds and skull fractures. This movement, however, the crowd seemed determined to resist, when the order was given to charge, and the soldiers rushed upon the mass with their bayonets. The sight of the cold steel seemed to have some effect upon the mass, and they began to break in all directions. Some large force, however, continued to resist, firing revolvers, stones, &c., at the troops. A dash was made at the latter; and one soldier, named William Kippe, was injured severely over the head and disarmed, the victor carrying off the bayoneted musket. Another soldier was seriously hurt, but did not lose his arms.

ONE MAN BAYONETED—ANOTHER SHOT—THE MEN CHASED AWAY.

Some of the crowd were not so fortunate, and one of the men who resisted received a blow over the head from a baton, while at the same time he was unlucky enough to get a bayonet wound in the throat. Both wounds were serious, and he at once fell to the ground, where he lay, while the police and soldiers rushed after the others. All the foregoing took place in far less time than it has taken to write the particulars. The crowd was flying in all directions, some this way, and some that, each retreating party being pursued by the police, revolver in hand, sending shots at every one who turned or attempted to resist. Each retreating party was pursued two or three blocks, and some men, on arriving on the Sixth avenue, turned with the intention of resisting further, when the foremost one was struck in the head by a shot from a revolver. Seeing their companion wounded, the men again turned to retreat; and the women, finding matters were getting serious, began inducing their husbands to return home.

TEARING UP THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

The track of the Hudson River railroad, from Fifty-ninth to Fifty-Third streets, was torn up by the crowd, this morning, at about 10 o'clock. The Albany Express train, which left at that hour, was forced to back out of the city.

The crowd, numbering from one to two thousand, armed with cartridges, clubs, sledge hammers, &c., rushed down Eleventh Avenue and broke open a grocery store between Forty-first and Forty-second streets. Eleventh Avenue, from Thirteenth to Sixteenth street, was crowded with women and children, and the men were loud in their determination to resist the draft.

The mob then proceeded to the Negro quarter, and killed and wounded about one hundred and fifty of the miserable wretches during the course of the afternoon. It is utterly impossible to give a full account of the horrors witnessed at this time. Columns and pages might be filled up with them.

New York, July 17.—Placards posted about the streets last night, requesting persons whom newspapers call rioters to congregate this p. m. at Archbishop Hughes' residence, was a hoax, got up by sympathisers of rioters.

Gen Kilpatrick arrived last evening. A cavalry force is to be immediately organized for mounted patrol. From military movements this morning quietly made, there will be but little opportunity for rioters to carry on their hellish designs today, any attempt at which will meet with terrible check. The 15th New York Volunteers arrived at midnight. Probably the last fight of consequence between the military and rioters took place in the rear of 29th street, where a military force had been sent to drive away the scoundrels plundering houses there. The mob concentrated strongly, and the military withdrew. Nearly every house for three or four blocks on both sides of the street were filled with the mob, who fired bullets, stones, and other deadly missiles upon the soldiers.—The *Times* report states that 15 members of No. 5 company of the 7th regiment are reported killed by stones and brickbats. Seven hundred regulars were sent up as a reinforcement, when a terrible battle took place; 11 rioters were killed, 18 wounded and 35 taken prisoners. Two of the mob were run through with bayonets very handsomely; fifteen more rioters were captured on the west side of the town, and the police are constantly bringing them in. Hemp is in demand.

The Riots have been put down for the time being, and we are informed that when the draft is recommenced it will be enforced by an army of 50,000 men!—that is in the city of New York. We have not yet seen a satisfactory estimate of the number of persons killed, or of the amount of property destroyed.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C.W., JULY 21, 1863.

THE WAR.

There is nothing new. Lee has fallen back to Culpepper. Meade, since leaving his tracks at Gettysburg, seems to be completely bewildered, considering the *immense victory* he won. The journals are already crying out for his dismissal, and he is to be sacrificed, poor fellow, to Grant, who is about to step into his shoes. He should have resigned immediately after the last battle. The federals have effected a lodgment on Morris Island, Charleston, but have not made much impression on the adjoining works. Port Hudson is captured, sure enough, with its small garrison. Morgan is hemmed in on this side of the Ohio, and is to be driven into the "bag" prepared for Lee. These rebels are a good deal like mad cats, troublesome to get into bags, as well as dangerous to handle when "bagged."

IRISHMEN AND THE NEW YORK RIOTS.

The riots which, we trust, have just terminated in New York, have no parallel this side the days of Robespierre and Danton. With the full particulars which we give in this day's issue before our readers, it is quite unnecessary to recapitulate the horrid transactions of those long-to-be-remembered days of butchery.—While we think with most journalists,—even those who have hitherto sided with the North,—that there *were* reasons why the Democrats of New York, and especially the Irishmen, should seek to stop the detested and detestable draft, as it was about to be carried out, we cannot but deprecate and denounce the means employed. The idea of the mob was, perhaps, excusable at first, but unfortunately every step taken after the destruction of the drafting machinery was in the wrong direction. The means used to obtain the desired end had a tendency to deprive the whole action of any merit it might otherwise have possessed. The mob, it is admitted, was mainly composed of Irishmen, many of them belonging to the lowest class, but it is equally true that many Germans were to be found in the ranks of the insurgents, and these latter were, like their Celtic colleagues, impelled by a crude idea of self-defence. Irishmen have always been but too ready to fight, but their experiences since the commencement of the American Revolution go to convince even the most unreasoning laborers that if drafted into the Federal service they will have a sorry prospect of fair play. The genuine Yankee is not over fond of cold steel and grape-shot, and the consequence is that poor Pat is clapped upon the back and told to pitch into the rascally rebels. From Bull Run to Gettysburg, the Irish and Germans have been systematically thrust forward into the fore front of the fray, and, as a matter of course, they have been hewn down by thousands. The case of Meagher and his noble Irish Brigade is in point. When handing in his resignation, the gallant leader of this band said he did so because he had now no brigade to command, so fearful had been his losses, and it was plain at the time that he was not a little disgusted at the manner in which his men had been used. It is very well for the "natives" to make enormous fortunes out of the blood of brothers and foreigners, but when it comes to fighting in the ranks, they would rather be excused, and it is all up with the cause of the North. Hence, Paddy thinks he will just stay at home and allow those to fight the quarrel out who, he imagines, are most interested in a successful issue.

There is another view to be taken of the case, and that is this: Hardly as Irishmen have been treated by England in past days, they have seldom, if ever, been forced into the British army, in which, nevertheless, they have made no insignificant figure. This drafting business is something new to them. They think a man ought to fight when he feels disposed to take a certain side, and not otherwise. The idea may not be correct in the main, but it would be sheer folly to expect from hodmen and railway laborers such fine-pointed casuistry as that employed by Mr. Greeley to prove that they should *willingly* roll up their sleeves and go into it for "the ould flag." Besides, this class would be the very first to infer that in a "*free* counthry" where the "majority rules, shure" all that would be required to procure exemption from the throat-cutting process, was a candid expression of opinion to that effect; and with regard to the merits of the cause, if many of the highly-educated are puzzled to explain how it is possible to conquer eight millions of people back into a *Union*, it is not at all to be wondered at that the Hibernian should be completely bewildered. Referring to the enlistment troubles the Chicago *Tribune* says:

"There is but one class of people in this city who refuse to give their names to the enrolling officers—the Irish. They exhibit less loyalty than any other nationality. The enrolling officers have no trouble with the Americans, the Germans, the Scandinavians, Scotch-English, French, and Hollanders, all of whom answer the questions in relation to their ages and names truthfully and promptly; but the Irish throw all sorts of obstacles in the way. Many of them dodge and hide from the martials, and when found they give false names and try to deceive the officer or mulishly refuse to answer. In some instances they threaten personal violence. Frequently they beat or otherwise maltreat those who give their names in to the officers, and in one case they collected a mob and 'assaulted the officers, nearly murdering them.'"

To which the New York *Express* makes the following pertinent and truthful reply:

"This is natural. *Germans, Scandinavians, &c., are used to the conscription, but the Irish are not.* However badly Ireland may have been governed by England, the hard hand of an Englishman has never yet been laid upon *an Irish conscript.* The Irish are a fighting race, *but every Irish soldier is a volunteer.*"

At the commencement of the War, it was not alleged by any one that the Irish were inclined to sympathize with the South, nor did they manifest any peculiar dislike to the negroes, and the question naturally occurs to many, why in the name of goodness did the New York mob murder every negro it could lay hands upon? The reason, in our opinion, is simply this: The white laborers see that, in consequence of the President's untimely Proclamation, the bread is taken out of their mouths by a flood of blacks who belong to no mutual-protection society, and who *must* accept work at any price or starve. This appears to be the most rational answer to the question, and we think it will be found correct. It is terribly wrong to murder the unfortunate blacks—it was equally wrong in Horace Greeley and Mr. Beecher to urge the President to turn upon the North a tide of wretched humanity *that was not wanted by any class of society.* God help the miserable negro, his lot, in many cases, was bad enough in the South, but his case is now worse, if anything, than before.—The *Herald* relates the following touching story, which we repeat in this place, although it has no special connection with the subject in hand:

An aged and very intelligent negro said that he could not understand why the white people were so much incensed against them. 'In fact,' said he, 'I do not believe that they hate us much, for we have lived peaceably with them for years. There are some thieves, however, who set the boys at us, and thus get a crowd together, and then they take our lives and steal our property.'

'But,' asked a bystander, 'don't you think it would be better to leave the town altogether?'

'Where shall we go to?' asked the negro. 'If any large numbers of us get together anywhere, there is likely to be the same trouble. The truth is, we are safe nowhere, except by ourselves.'

"*There seems in fact to be a sort of settled feeling among the negroes that they will ever be an unfortunate race in the United States.* The eastern and other boats of last evening and this morning were crowded with them, the wanderers believing that for a time, they will be safe down among the Yankees, or in the interior of this State. Many of them were without money and begged their passage, while others were apparently well supplied with the necessary funds, and in some cases, helped their brethren on the way."

The late disturbances in New York, and the symptoms of disaffection observable in other cities, plainly indicate that there is no more voluntary enlistment to be expected from either Irishmen or Germans, and the question arises, Can all the drafts in the world convert Pat and Hans into good soldiers, if they have no stomach for fighting in such a cause?

THERE is trouble brewing in the Opposition wigwam of Lower Canada. Already the adherents of the "old set" are beginning to look upon "Mounseer" Cartier as an impracticable man as leader in the troublesome and embarassing times ahead. *Le Francois* members are described as running about like a flock of sheep without any recognized head, and it is evident that the hon. Etienne, with all his energy and natural force of character, is on the brink of being counted out. The truth has dawned upon his old followers that neither wholesale invective nor brazen impudence are the best qualifications for a political champion. Hence they look to Mr. Sicotte under whose respectable wing they hope to achieve new triumphs, and hence, as we have remarked, there is trouble brewing, for it is morally certain that the haughty Cartier will not unwreath his brow and fall in behind a new leader without a desperate struggle. Alas for the Bleus, the day of their glory has departed.

A NUT FOR THE SYMPATHIZERS.—Mr. Horace Greely is admittedly a clever writer—in proof of which it may be stated that no one man in the Northern States has done more to bring on the present war, and he certainly spurred the Federals on to the disasters of Bull Run, Chickahominy, and Fredericksburg; but we did not think him capable of insulting England and Englishmen *a la Herald.* In his article upon Mr. McGee's letter, suggesting a Monarchical form of Government for Canada, he indulges in a strain of such rascally and venomous abuse of England, that it is clear he was either driven out of his senses by the mob, or horrified at the idea of the proximity of a Canadian King. The Princes of England are likened, by the virtuous Horace, unto *cubs*, and the Royal House of England unto a *kennel!* while we are left to infer from the language in another place, that "the Anglo-Dutch House of Hanover is a stink in the nostrils of mankind." And these are the expressions of a man who presents a prayer to Abraham Lincoln, in the name of twenty millions of people! *Ohe! jam satis!*

The "Fat Contributor" of the *Free Press* meets a Goderich "boy."

The sprightly fat man of the *Free Press*, on a pleasure excursion to Detroit a few days ago, met Captain Duggan, of whom he speaks as follows:

"I had not been at the Biddle House an hour before I was introduced to Capt. A. W. Duggan, of the 1st Michigan Regiment of Cavalry. He had only been a few days arrived from Gettysburg, having been wounded, and was now staying at the Biddle. Captain Duggan is a Canadian by birth, having been born near Goderich, but has lived in Michigan since his boyhood. Two years ago he received the commission of Second Lieutenant of cavalry, and since that time has been through the entire campaign, receiving a severe sabre wound at the last battle. He characterizes Lee's attack on Meade as "one of the most brilliant that he has ever witnessed or read of." Meade's chief aim, the Captain remarks, was while resisting Lee, to keep the Federal troops concentrated, as he found that his position was most advantageous, and appeared to give the men more confidence. He also says Meade is very popular, and his strategy and consummate skill alone, backed by the valor of his troops, saved the North from utter ruin on the days of the Gettysburg conflict. Further, that the only *real* hand to hand fighting he has seen the Federal troops do was at Gettysburg. I cannot dwell upon the many clever criticisms on the war with which Captain Duggan entertained us."

Warning to Canadians.

A correspondent of the London *Free Press* writes from Haughton Portage, Lake Michigan, as follows:—

Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to introduce to the notice of the Canadians a subject of no small importance to their interests (I might have said our, for, thank Heaven, I, too, am an Anglo-Canadian, and feel a warm interest in all that affects it for good or evil).—Within the past few days some 300 men have arrived here from Lower Canada, who have been induced by false promises of fabulous wages, by agents sent from the States, to leave their homes and the blessings of free and stable institutions, and change those estimable blessings for what?—The choice between starvation and *enlistment* into the Federal army.—More than one hundred of these poor miserable dupes have been induced by this species of coercion (up to the time I write) to enlist. Canadians would do well to ponder and thoroughly weigh the matter over before they embark to this unhappy and distracted land, where even the name of freedom has become a by-word and a mockery. Let them remember that the paper dollar and shinplaster currency of this country is a widely different thing from the currency of Canada. It takes from 145 to 155 dollars of this to make $100 of Canada money. And in the present unsettled state of affairs here it may very soon take twice that number. Nay, it would not be stretching the matter any to say that the paper money may, by the time the Canadian wishes to return home, be absolutely worthless. Canadians are slow to learn. They ought to be well aware, long ere this, that the Yankees have got a wonderful faculty for falsifying things, when they have anything to gain by it. This weakness of lying has become so notorious since the secession movement, that every man who reads a paper must be aware of it. I will here state a few facts with regard to wages, &c., in this lake region. Common laborers get from $30 to $32 per month, without board. Price of board per month, $13, washing, $1; then from the remaining $16 take all that is above its value in Canada money. Say it is worth $10 in gold. Now and the difference in the price of clothing, travelling expenses to and from the States, and you will see from these figures that the laborer's wages (supposing he gets employment) is not over $8 per month and board. If men cannot do better than this in Canada it is wonderfully deteriorated since I last saw it. But there is no certainty of getting employment, either in this or any other part of the country, for the war paralyzes everything that is not of a warlike nature; in fact the country is fast becoming one vast engine of war, to be wielded for the destruction of any and all who may be so presumptuous as to offend Mr. Seward, for he is to-day the Autocrat of all the United American Russias. Mr. Lincoln, to be sure, has the name, but only the name.

☞ We (Montreal *Witness*) believe that Rev. Mr. Punshon, one of the greatest orators of the English Wesleyan Church is expected to visit Canada next year.

Town & Counties.

GOOSEBERRIES.—On Friday last the Editor of the *Signal* picked *ten quarts* of gooseberries from a single bush in his garden. Perhaps some of our fancy gardeners can speak of a greater yield; if so, we should like to hear of it.

☞ Our musically inclined readers are informed that a sacred concert will be given in the Catholic Church of this town on Thursday evening next, at 7½ o'clock Prof. Jung, of Montreal, will preside at the Organ, and from his known ability, we are sure the entertainment will be a good one.

FROST.—It is a shivery subject to write upon, but we actually had *frost*, crisp and white, throughout this County on the nights of Thursday and Friday last. No great damage was done—on the contrary, farmers inform us that the cold killed millions of insects on the grain. Truly, Providence can bring good out of what to us at the moment seems only evil.

☞ CENTRAL SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.—These periodical examinations commenced yesterday and will continue until Friday, on which day a general rehearsal will take place, together with singing, recitations, &c. Parents and others interested in Education should try to attend the examinations, especially on Friday afternoon, when, we have no doubt, they will be much gratified with the proceedings. The exercises commence each day at 9 o'clock a. m.

LAUNCH.—The new vessel was launched on Saturday afternoon, according to announcement. At the hour appointed quite a large number of our townsmen, accompanied in many cases by ladies, wended their way to the Quey, to witness the transmission of another ship into what we heard a gentleman calling "her native element." One of the most remarkable facts connected with the launch was that her masts, bowsprit and rigging were all standing in proper place—this being the first instance of the kind in Goderich.—The "ways" being in perfect readiness at last, the signal was given, fifty sledges began to work, and very soon the proud little schooner gave notice that she was about to leave *terra firma.* Thereupon Capt. Dancy broke the indispensable bottle of wine upon her bow, and as she started down the ways the pennant at "the fore" was shaken out, showing as it flapped in the breeze the name, *Jenny Rumball.*—The descent to the water was a beautiful one, as amidst a deafening cheer the vessel with a plunge and a splash darted across the river. When brought up by the check lines she rode like "a thing of life" and displayed beyond dispute the beauty of her model. We need hardly say that the *Jenny Rumball* as she was warped up to the dock was heartily cheered. She is not so large as the Maitland or Tecumseh, but will, nevertheless, be a valuable addition to our Lake fleet. She will be got ready for sea immediately, and we trust the enterprising owners, Messrs. VanEvery & Rumball, will find their speculation a profitable one. The crowd adjourned to the warehouse to partake of the refreshments which had been prepared in abundance.

VOLUNTEER INSPECTION.—The Volunteers were called out for inspection on Friday evening last by the Brigade-Major. The Artillery was the only company which at that time answered to the call, the Rifles from some cause or other not being able to "form a quorum." The artillery went through their evolutions on the Square in a most creditable manner, and to the admiration of a large crowd of spectators, many of whom were Americans. At the conclusion, the corps had the pleasure of hearing from the lips of the major that it was *the best in his District.* Last evening the Rifles, in response to a positive order from the brigade-major, turned out on the Square for inspection. The evening was disagreeable, many of the best drilled men, and several of the officers were absent, and, as a matter of course, the company made a worse appearance than ever before, to the no small chagrin of the members present. The Major, at the close, delivered a sharp address to the men, enjoining obedience to orders and renewed diligence. We trust the lesson will not require repetition, and that the company will resume its drill with a spirit which will soon enable it to recover lost ground. There is the material for a good company, and we would urge the men to make the most of Sergeant McLean's services while he is with them.

HOWICK.

Our little village yesterday (13th) presented a very pleasant appearance, some of the streets and buildings being decorated very tastefully. I was quite surprised to see so many people present in so small a place, probably not less than 100. Six lodges met to celebrate the anniversary of 1690, and a more orderly assemblage I have seldom seen. The drinking so usual on such occasions was trifling, and scarcely a drunken person was to be seen during the entire day. The procession moved through the principal streets, each lodge being accompanied by its own fife, drum and banner, making quite a martial appearance.—The music should have been all together and keeping the same time instead of being separated and keeping different time, and would have given a much better appearance to the procession. At the conclusion of the marching, the procession halted in front of mine host's, Mr. Condie's Hotel, gave three cheers for the Queen, and dispersed for dinner. The dinner was served at Messrs. Green & Condie's Hotels, and was excellent for the season. In fact the dinner would do credit to your own County Town, and strangers coming into the bush need not be afraid of starving for want of delicacies. The speaking commenced at 2 o'clock, and the platform was a very good one, being represented by five Rev. gentlemen and one local preacher. The Rev. Mr. Alexander, Wesle