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The Guelph Mercury.

NO. 39-VOLUME XVII. WHOLE NO. 871.

GUELPH, ONT., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1870.

TERMS—$1.50 in advance. Credit $2.
JAMES INNES, Publisher and Proprietor

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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WARDEN'S NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given that the Warden's Court will be held at the Township Hall, in the Township of Puslinch, on the 1st and third Tuesdays in each month, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.
THE Undersigned have formed a Partnership in the Practice of Law, Conveyancing, Collecting, Insurance, Loan and Land Agency, under the firm of McCRAE & LEMON. Office—Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.
JAMES McCRAE, LL.B.
ARTHUR LEMON, B.A.
Guelph, 1st June, 1870.

JAMES BARCLAY
LAND AGENT, Insurance Agent, Money Lender, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Corner of Quebec and Wyndham Streets, Guelph.

MacMillan & O'Connor,
BARRISTERS and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Guelph, Ontario. Office—Upper Wyndham Street.
J. B. MacMILLAN. EDMUND O'CONNOR.
Guelph, 6th May.

WILLIAM HART
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W. E. DESSEY, M.D., C.M.
GRADUATE of the McGILL UNIVERSITY, Member of the College of the Royal Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh. Office—Corner of Wyndham and Quebec Streets, Guelph. Consultation hours, 9 to 10 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m., and 6 to 9 p.m.

A. H. MACDONALD,
BARRISTER and ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office—Upper Wyndham Street, over Dr. Clark's Drug Store, Guelph.

GEORGE PALMER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Office, over E. Harvey & Co.'s Drug Store, Wyndham Street, Guelph. Guelph, 14th August.

STEPHEN BOULT,
ARCHITECT, CONTRACTOR and BUILDER. Plans, Specifications, and every kind of Work Properly Executed. Shop and Residence, Factory Lane, Quebec Street, Guelph. March 17, 1870.

DR. C. O. W. THOMAS
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.
Office—Royal Hotel Livery Stable, Guelph, Ont.
☞ A vacancy for a pupil.
Novemb 11th

DR. BROCK,
Physician, Surgeon, &c.,
HAS RESUMED THE PRACTICE OF HIS profession in the Town of Guelph. Office in Spurin & Week's Drug Store, next door to the Post Office.
Will be found disengaged during the night at

POETRY.

Written for the Mercury.

To See Thee Once Again.

Were all the streams that sweep along
To join the swelling main
But mine to give, I'd give them all
To see thee once again.

Were all the trees that stately stand,
In sunshine and in rain,
But mine to give, I'd give them all
To see thee once again.

Were all earth's hidden hoards of gold,
For which men toil in vain,
But mine to give, I'd give them all
To see thee once again.

The treasures that beneath the sea
For centuries have lain,
Were they but mine, I'd give them all
To see thee once again.

The worlds that gem the vaults of night,
And all these worlds contain,
Were they but mine, I'd give their light
To see thee once again.

But vain the wish, and vain the thought—
Yes, both alike are vain—
And yet, perchance, 'twill be my lot
To see thee once again.

For when my weary life is o'er,
And free from sin and pain,
I reach at length the shining shore,
I'll see thee once again.

Yes, when I reach that Land of light,
And view that heavenly train,
With crown of gold and robes of white,
I'll see thee once again.

J. P. B.

BLYTHEHOLME

A Tale of English Life.

CHAPTER XLV—A START IN LIFE.

For half an hour Frank sat in the waiting room, and had time calmly to reflect upon what he was doing. It was eighteen weary months since he had met Lucy Ashdell at the house of Mr Nicholson, the great brewer, at which time he had not even the most remote idea that any connection, however slight, existed between the two families. She was scarcely more than an engaging child at the time, but her fair confiding face had smiled upon him in his gloomiest hours, and ever arisen to brighten his dreams, and he still at times fancied he heard a sympathetic voice as he had heard it that evening. He was only a boy, though we grey beards fancy, some of us, that love is but a fiction of the poets, and that it is at best only a passion which visits those who have reached maturity, there is nothing more certain than that at times unbidden Cupid turns his arrows towards the hearts of very children who—Heaven bless them—have nothing mean or sordid in their love. Frank had few opportunities of meeting even with children of the gentler sex, and so his memory of that fair face never faded him, and he often wondered whether it should be his lot to look on it again. Then suddenly came to him the information that the fortune which he fancied he would one day possess was in reality a sum of cash, less whatever had been expended on his education and maintenance in excess of the interest of that not very princely amount, and when he learned how the large sum named in his grandfather's will had dwindled down to this beggarly estimate, to his unutterable surprise, he discovered that the accident of a sale of property by Lucy Ashdell's father to Sir Miles Barton had brought about the unfortunate result. From that moment he anticipated a visit to Mr Ashdell, and an explanation of the facts. If the great West brewer merchant could not find a place for him in his own office, what more probable than that he would use his influence with some brother merchant, so as to give him a start in life.

At the expiration of half an hour his turn arrived, and he was ushered into the office of the merchant.

'Glad to see you, sir,' said Frank, blushing red—he could not tell why—to meet you at Mr Nicholson's after Christmas, 1867.'

'Indeed. I had quite forgotten it. Your name I know is Mr Barton. Time is very precious, so say what I can do for you.'

'I think you knew my grandfather, Sir Miles Barton of Blytheholme, sir.'

'Bless me, are you a grandson of Sir Miles? Let me see, your father was Frederick Barton, of the Navy. Am I right?'

'Quite right, sir. Sir Miles you will remember, agreed with you to buy the Abbey Chase.'

'Just before he died. He never lived to complete the purchase.'

'But it was completed after his death. That purchase left me forty thousand pounds poorer than I would have been but for it.'

'Forty thousand pounds! I can't understand you. I understood the purchase was place such a sum to his account as I think his progress and assiduity merit. The sooner we begin the better; and, therefore, if it meets your views, I shall call round for our young friend at five o'clock to-morrow evening.'

This was unexpected good fortune; and Dr Dunstable forthwith abandoned his idea of putting Frank to the bar. To be sure, as the time came for parting with him his heart grew heavy, and Mrs Dunstable wept as though he had been indeed her son, and she was about to bid him adieu for ever.

'I shall see you often, and think of you always,' cried Frank, as the carriage drove into the quadrangle; and then with the eagerness of youth, he sprang in and waved his adieu to the Merchant Leather-dressers' School. Life had been pleasant enough after all in those shady courts and quiet cloisters; and in all the years to come he would look back to Dr Dunstable's grey old mansion as his home.

But he was not to look forward hopefully. In half-an hour a new home would welcome him. In half-an hour perhaps he would again stand in the presence of little Lucy. To-morrow new pursuits would be mapped out for him; and the future that was beginning to dawn would be his to master. So he spoke but little as the carriage rolled on towards Herne Hill, then a long mile and more outside the brawling streets, though now fast surrendering its solitudes to the building contractors. Mr Ashdell indeed had a packet of letters with him which he read as they proceeded, so that Frank had a good excuse for silence. But at last the carriage passed into an avenue of chestnuts, and then Mr Ashdell handed up his letters, and, pointing to a mansion just visible through the trees, informed Frank that there they were.

CHAPTER XLVI—MAKING A BOOK.

Although the most knowing people in London were at a loss to say where Captain Hallet came from or how he maintained himself, it was perfectly well known to every loose-fish about town that he had exceedingly pleasant chambers in the Adelphi and gave capital suppers now and again, at which very unexceptionable people occasionally turned up. We who are behind the scenes are aware that he lived chiefly, if not exclusively, by his skill as a player of ecarté; but he was no vulgar blackleg. Upon an emergency he could turn up a king, but nobody suspected anything unfair, for his system did not by any means oblige him to win. Harry Coppendale and he had entered into a compact, which amounted to this, that when they played separately they played for themselves, but when Coppendale bet on Hallet's game, whether for or against, they were partners both in the game and wager. Hallet proposed this arrangement to Coppendale one day when the unfortunate young gentleman was suffering from extreme mental depression. His quarter's allowance had been lost before the quarter was a week old; and he had a bill coming due in a month. Under these circumstances he sauntered into Captain Hallet's room, and found that gentleman at a late luxurious breakfast.

'Well, Coppendale, what sort of luck had you last night? You seem dull. Have some breakfast.'

'Luck! I was cleaned out. I played with Sir Charles Cobb; and the end of it was that I hadn't a shilling for a cab, though it rained like fury. That's the luck I had yesterday.'

'Let me send for some cold Salmon. Cobb is a cool fellow and pays well. He overweighted you.'

'How did you fare? I will have to call on you or some one until the whirl turns. It's an infernal nuisance.'

'Never mind. Better luck next time. I did pretty well. You ought to play less, Coppendale; you ought indeed. What would your grip of a brother say if he knew that you were wasting the shining hours in such a fashion? And what, oh what would Showler say?'

'You are a capital Job's comforter. I wish to heaven I was at the bottom of the river.

'Nonsense, Coppendale, nonsense. You are not half so hard hit as that. Call on me for anything up to fifty or sixty pounds; but take my advice and play less, especially with men of the calibre of Cobb.'

'There's nothing amiss in Cobb's play, is there?'

'Amiss! How do you mean? That he plays too? My dear fellow, do you fancy that I would let any man into my room who did not play as straight as myself. I am ashamed for you, Coppendale, for dreaming such a thing.'

'But I did not dream it. I only asked because you warned me twice.'

'He assured of this, that skill and address and coolness carry it off at ecarte in the long run, as they do in most things. I do not believe in luck. Now it is no disparagement to you that Cobb is more skilful, and ten times as cool a hand as you are. Why, he month. Sir Reginald attributed the generosity of his mother to the influence of Capt. Hallet, and Lady Anna to the same influence attributed the marked improvement in her son's habits and demeanour.

The evening before Lady Anna returned to Blytheholme, Hallet, Coppendale, and Sir Reginald dined quietly with her at her house in Brook Street. She had had on the whole a happier time of it during those two months than at any period since her marriage to Major Barton, and she began to think of spending more time in London and less at Blytheholme. The old Manor House suited her sombre disposition, but why after all should she think so much of the past. Why should she waste her life in brooding over the terrible catastrophe that had occurred so many years ago? If she were less alone she would have a fairer chance of forgetting that dreadful page in her history, which in solitude was ever present with her. Yes, she must certainly give a little more time to society and a little less to those thoughts that had wasted her youth and those apprehensions that had turned her hair grey so many years ago.

That evening at dinner Capt. Hallet made himself exceedingly agreeable. He was one of those men whom nature appears to gift with the art of influencing others almost insensibly—a man born to lead in whatever station he was placed, and to lead by the imperceptible exercise of some mysterious power of persuasion. He paid no compliments, but his air when he addressed Lady Anna was an elaborately finished compliment in itself. There was just enough of deference, just enough of unspoken desire to please, and he pleased accordingly. He had a great many small accomplishments, and seemingly knew a good deal about music. When Lady Anna found herself alone in the drawing-room she was resolved to return to London again ere many weeks elapsed.

Later on in the evening when they met again the conversation touched upon the topic of Sir Reginald's establishment in London, and Lady Anna was profuse in her thanks to her guest for the interest he had taken in the matter.

'A load has been removed from my mind,' she said, 'I am sure the fault must have been mine, but you cannot have observed that my son has not been at all so well educated as one in his station ought to be. I am afraid I kept him too much to myself, and his disposition would have required the influence of a master. He never had the gift of applying himself to books, and before I had the pleasure of meeting you I did fear that he would sink into a depraved love of low and disreputable society. Thanks to you, that has been amended,' and I can never forget you Hallet.'

'I assure you,' he replied, 'that you overrate my services. You adopted precisely the right course in placing the matter in the discretion of Sir Reginald; and, as for me, all that I did was to show him that he could substitute many things of a more worthy character for the low pursuits which he was wont to be amused. His nature requires variety and perhaps some excitement, but now that he has seen a little of what young men call life he will know better how to estimate its value.'

'I am sure I need not be in the least anxious about him while I am away?'

'I am confident you need not. I know he is making what is called a book on some races, but I am doing my best to confine his operations within reasonable limits, and even if he should drop a hundred or two, why it is nothing, and it will teach him confidence. The great thing is to see that he is betting with men of honour like Sir Charles Cobb and Mr Coppendale; and the worst of my illegitimate sport is honourable hands. As for me, I cannot afford the luxury of making a book' (this with an almost imperceptible shrug); 'and so I know less about the turf than I ought. You need not be at all afraid, however, that Sir Reginald will get into a disreputable lot. There is far more excitement and amusement for him among the men with whom I mingle; and rely upon it he will very soon take the tone of the society in which he moves.'

So they parted. Lady Anna prevailed on her son to remain in Brook Street that evening, which he somewhat ungraciously consented to do, and Hallet and Coppendale went together to Sir Charles Cobb's villa at Kensington. On the road thither they had a little conversation as to Sir Reginald.

'Have you done anything yet with our young friend on the Derby?' asked Hallet.

'No. I stand to win a trifle as it is, and I don't see how I can lose, unless every one of the cracks go bad. I don't care to make any change; at least for the present. Leave well enough alone you know.'

'I asked, because he was very strong about some horse this evening, and I think he would back that colt.'

'Pooh! Nonsense! Leave him alone. Why, if I thought he would do anything of the sort I would give him a hint to back the horse myself. Why, Hallet, I have a thousand pounds on the Derby, and I tell you that young Barton is safer than the Bank of England.'

'Well, Coppendale, what sort of luck?'

'Cleaned out. Not a shilling left. Lucky I had a cab to come home in, or I should have had to walk home in the morning.'

'Bad luck, indeed. Have you any money?'

'Not a farthing.'

'Will you want any?'

'Want money? Of course I want money. How am I to live without money?'

'Oh, that's your affair. I mean, will you want any to-day?'

'Of course I will want some to-day. I must have a cab to-night, and I must have some breakfast to-morrow.'

'Then you must borrow it, for I shall not lend you a farthing.'

'Hallet, you are jesting. You know I must have money.'

'I know no such thing. I know that you have lost your allowance, and that you have lost more than you can pay. I know that you have lost your credit, and that you have no more chance of borrowing than I have of flying. I know that you are a ruined man, and that you must be a beggar or a thief unless you can find some one to support you in idleness.'

'Hallet, you cannot mean what you say. You cannot mean to desert me in this way. You cannot mean to let me starve.'

'I mean to let you do what you please, and I mean to have my own money back from you.'

'Hallet, you are a villain.'

'Pooh! Nonsense! Leave off that. It is the world that has been your friend, and it is the world that I represent. Pay your debts of honour, and I will pay mine. Stop, I will give you a cab to take you home, and I will give you a breakfast to-morrow morning, but I will have no more to do with you.'

'Hallet, you are a villain.'

'Pooh! Nonsense! Leave off that. Good night, Coppendale. Take care of yourself.'

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Proceedings of the Third Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, held at the Banking House, Toronto, on Tuesday, 12th July, 1870.

The chair was taken at noon by the President, the Hon. Wm. McMaster, whereupon it was moved by George Snider, Esq., M. P., of Owen Sound, seconded by James Young, Esq., of Toronto, That the Cashier, H. S. Strathy, Esq., be requested to act as Secretary.

The Secretary then read the following

REPORT.

In conformity with the requirements of the Charter, the Directors submit this their Annual Report, with a statement of the affairs of the Bank, showing the result of the years business, ending 30th June, which they flatter themselves cannot be otherwise than satisfactory to the Shareholders.

The net available profits of the year amount to	$336,536 89
To which add balance at credit of profit and loss acc't from last year	3,475 71
	$340,012 60
From which has been taken:—	
Dividend No. 5, of 4 per cent, payable 2nd Jan. last	$89,534 83
Dividend No. 6, of 4 per cent, payable 2nd July, 1870	89,703 34
Transferred to "Rest" a/c	150,000 00
Reserved for future contingencies on Current Discounts	35,482 51
	364,720 68
Leaving balance at credit to Profit and Loss account	813,235 92

It will be observed that after providing out of the profits of the year a dividend of 8 per cent, and appropriating $35,482.51 as a rebate of interest on notes under discount, $150,000 has been carried to "Rest" account, making that fund $250,000, and the remaining $813,235 92 is at the credit of the Profit and Loss account.

Besides the usual inspection of the entire assets and accounts of the Bank, by an officer appointed for that purpose, a personal examination of all the Branches has been recently made by the President and Vice-President.

The Directors are pleased to report that the losses during the past twelve months have been small, and in accordance with the usual practice of the Bank, they have written off, as bad, every item embraced in the Assets may be regarded as perfectly good.

The agreement entered into for the amalgamation of the Gore Bank and the Canadian Bank of Commerce has been confirmed by an Act passed for that purpose by the Dominion Parliament. The greater part of the Assets of the Gore Bank is already realized. That portion of them which consisted of real estate is nearly disposed of and rendered productive except the Banking Premises in Hamilton, which are required for the use of the Institution in conducting our business there. The conditions of the agreement were faithfully observed by the contracting parties, and the results have fully borne out the careful calculations made by your Directors.

The Capital authorized by the amended charter is $4,000,000 of which $2,036,765 has been paid up, but the power to increase being permissive, need not be used unless additional means can be profitably employed. The Board have determined to occupy a few new points in Ontario, for which the Bank is at a position to furnish the necessary funds; but in view of the expansion that usually takes place in the autumn, the Directors recommend their successors to offer $300,000 new stock to the shareholders, on terms which shall give them a substantial advantage, and at the same time contribute to increase the reserve; the premium to be paid when the allotment is made on the 1st September, and the stock called in by instalments, except in the case of those who may desire to pay a considerable portion at once, with whom special arrangements can be made.

The large number of produce and other transactions passing through the Bank, which terminates at Montreal, has for some time past pointed the necessity of opening a branch there for the protection of our business, and the Directors are pleased to report that the Commercial and manufacturing interests of every section of the country shall be duly represented in what may be termed the Central Board. A National Board, properly organized, is just what is needed, and we trust the effort will be successful.

THE CROPS ABOUT LISTOWEL.—The Listowel *Banner* says:—The grain crops in this section are looking splendid. Fall wheat in some places is nearly

Interesting Incident in Telegraph History.

The Conversazione given to the Prince of Wales in London a fortnight ago by Mr. John Pender chairman of the British Indian Submarine Telegraph Company is described as having been one of the most unique gatherings of the kind ever held in England. It was sufficiently remarkable if merely regarded from an artistic point of view; for Mr. Pender had transformed his courtyard into a sumptuous reception hall—lofty, handsomely decorated, and fitted up with two galleries, in one of which the band of the Coldstream Guards was stationed. The most exquisite feature of this transformation scene was, however, the Prince's tent, which was constructed in the garden of Mr. Pender's residence. The sides of the tent were banked with plants and flowers, and a quantity of gold plate added to the richness of the interior. Here supper was served to the members of the Royal family who were present, and to other distinguished persons.

The Prince arrived shortly before eleven o'clock, and immediately despatched a telegram to the Governor-General of India, congratulating his Excellency on the opening of direct telegraphic communication with India. Although this message had to pass through Falmouth, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, and Aden, it reached Bombay in eleven minutes, and was forthwith transmitted to Simla, the Sanatorium of India, where the Viceroy is now rusticating. When it arrived at its destination Lord Mayo was asleep (for according to Indian time it was five minutes past four a.m.). His lordship was knocked up and in due time sent a reply which flashed through the wires with the same rapidity. Indeed, it was in Mr. Pender's house by half-past twelve. English time, a succession of similar feats was performed, and the most obtuse mind must have realized the enormous value from a political as well as a commercial point of view, of the submarine cable which unites England with her Indian possessions. Perhaps the most interesting incident of the evening was the transmission by Lady Mayo of a message to her husband and his reply thereto. It was certainly touching to see Lady Mayo conversing with her husband, although separated from him by many thousand miles.

Walkerton and the W. G. & B. Railway.

The Walkerton correspondent of the Elora *Observer* says:—Now that the railway to Elora is opened, there is no doubt of the merchants around here will consider it to their advantage to order their goods by rail further than Guelph, until such time as the cars run to Harriston. The transhipment at Guelph of goods coming up from Montreal, the usual risk of frequent handlings, and the freight from Guelph to Elora, will more than cover the additional cost of teaming direct from Montreal. Besides Elora is a better market for produce which is constantly being sent down by teamsters to be disposed of, which Elora cannot supply. For example, there are large quantities of butter sent down by the merchants in this part of the County of Bruce for sale, or for delivery after sale in Guelph; and every merchant knowing the risk of shipping or allowing butter to pass through more hands than actually necessary before it reaches its destination, will prefer sending direct to Guelph by team; and the teamsters once being in Guelph, would almost or quite as soon bring their loads of goods from there as from the Elora Station, at the same price. Messrs. Massie & Co., and Messrs. Bond & Co. send large quantities of goods up this way, and I do not think their customers will find it profitable to pay cartage to the station, and railway freight up to Elora, when eight cents per 100 lbs additional will bring it direct by team. The W. G. & B. Co. then, need not be surprised

NEWS ITEMS.

THE GREY COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE VOLUNTEERS.—We learn that the County Council of Grey have granted $2 each to the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Grey Battalion during the time they are out at Battalion drill.

TORNADO IN MONTREAL.—A most destructive tornado occurred in Montreal on Wednesday night, by which a great deal of damage was done. Houses were unroofed, spires blown down, trees felled, windows knocked in, and several buildings were almost destroyed.

SPLENDID FALL WHEAT.—We have just received from Mr. James Laidlaw, of Paisley Block, a specimen of fall wheat he has growing on his farm, which is decidedly the finest we have seen this season. The ears are full, and free from midge or rust. Mr. Laidlaw has about sixteen acres of this wheat nearly ready for cutting.

THE DROUTH IN EUROPE.—All over Europe the summer thus far has been characterized by great heat, and little, if any rain. In England, just before the departure of the last mail, wheat had advanced 10 fa. a quarter—which would have reduced the supply of bread in a score of thousands of poor families. The first hay crop was entirely lost.

INDUCTION AT OTTAWA.—The induction of the Rev. W. McLaren, as pastor of Knox Church, Ottawa, took place on Thursday. Mr. Wardrope addressed the pastor, and Rev. A. Lemon the people. The congregation was large. A much too late opening of evening which was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Burns, Rev. Mr. Wardrope and Rev. Mr. Laing.

THE REV. MR. WARDROPE.—This gentleman, says the Ottawa *Times*, is now in Ottawa on a visit. His many friends will be glad to see him again. While here he won for himself a favourable reputation as a man of very kindly impulses, as a healer of all strife and dissensions, and a promoter of that peace and good will which are the chief attributes of Christianity.

RIPE FALL WHEAT.—We were much struck, in the course of a drive to Puslinch on Wednesday last, by the excellent appearance presented by the crops, the fall wheat and barley being especially good. Mr. Fredk. Kent, of the "Sportsman," Puslinch Lake, commenced to cut his fall wheat on Tuesday last. It is fully ripe and of excellent quality, full ears and quite free from midge or rust.

THE CHAMPION SLEDGE THROWER.—Mr. R. R. McLennan, the champion sledge thrower, who wrecked in the *Duncan Dunbar*, two years ago, on her passage to Australia, with a rich cargo and numerous passengers. Portions of her wreck are still visable, and also remains of many other vessels. These and relics were the greatest use to the six survivors of the *Mercurius*. They found two iron water tanks, with a capacity of 400 gallons each and having iron covers, deposited in convenient positions and filled with water, having been placed there from the wreck of the *Duncan Dunbar*, in the early part of 1869. From the wreckage strewed about, they built themselves a log hut, as comfortable a place as could be expected, even under the circumstances, and with the aid of a broken sheath-knife, a hammer, two ounce weight, and a large copper bolt, they contrived out of pieces of planking, to built two small boats, the nails with which they were put together having first been drawn out of the old wrecked timber strewn about.

For food they had plenty of birds' eggs, young birds and shell fish, and occasionally fish and turtle. Fire was produced in the Indian manner by rubbing two dry sticks together; but this was a weary process, two hours' rubbing being required to produce a light, and the fire once obtained was watched as jealously as the sacred flame of classical time. It was kept burning near the hut at night time to attract the attention of passing vessels. Two or three times during the sojourn on the reef the

Six Sailors on a Coral Reef Fifty-one Days.

The London *Times* of the 27th ult. gives some interesting particulars of the rescue of six survivors of the Liverpool ship *Mercurius* wrecked on a voyage from San Francisco, who were picked up from a coral reef off the northern coast of Brazil, where they had managed to exist 51 days by the Liverpool ship *Silver Craig*.

The *Mercurius* was a fine new iron clipper ship of 838 tons. She left San Francisco on the 9th of January, and was wrecked off Rocas Reef, a dangerous reef lying in lat. 30° 52 min. south, long 30° 20 min west, in early morning on the 26th of March. It was dark, and raining heavily. The side of the ship grazed the sharp edge of the coral below the water, and she struck heavily twice, being apparently over a ledge of the rock. She soon began to fill, and preparations were made for launching the long boat. Suddenly the ship lurched outward, fell over the edge of the rocky shelf into deep water, and went down in scout eight fathoms. Her yards had previously been braced to bring her off a reed before she struck, and when she fell over, the sails, which were thus lying sideways to the mast, carried down, it is supposed, most of the crew. Those who remained on the surface were swimming about in the darkness for two hours or more, until at length, as the tide fell, they felt they had gained a footing on the reef, and when day broke they were [illegible] to the [illegible] with as much white bread and butter as they could eat, and as much water as they could drink, and were, besides, to be supplied with a tea-service, knives and forks of ivory handles—the tea service bearing the name of William Maxwell Stewart, J.P. and C.S. for Renfrewshire. "Lochnagar's" history, as told at the trial, fully explained the eccentricity of his will. His brother, Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, said he was always "a bit of a gowk," "Fifelandish," had a bee in his bonnet." His parents could not shut their eyes to the fact as he grew up; his father, after full deliberation, placed his property under trustees. He was put to sea under the care of his brother; but he only remained a fortnight. He did no better in the army, for he got into scrapes, and on being advised by his Colonel to go home he took the advice and retired. He was tried in a commercial establishment, and failed, and afterward went to New South Wales with Sir Thomas Brisbane, where he acquired the property of Lochnagar, of which he was vastly proud, and which in his will he devotes to the encouragement of his dearly-loved reels and strathspeys. After returning to Scotland, Mr. Stewart took offence at his family on account of the disposal of his property, and left Ardgowan to roam about the country, playing his fiddle, airing his singing birds, and practicing all the habits of the miser. In Comrie, where he stayed for some time, he was known as "Dan Lochnagar," and he was particularly anxious to be allowed by the farmers "to trim the turnips and kiss the servants." His habit was to throw open all the windows on Sunday morning and play his fiddle while the people passed to church; he was a tall man and in those early bachelor days dressed peculiarly, though with picturesque effect. Later in life you would have "taken him," as his brother says, "for a rat-catcher;" his clothes were greasy, and offensive effluvia came from them; but on one or two occasions when he sat upon the bench as a Justice of the Peace he dressed for the occasion. He travelled in his own machine, carrying with him his cooking utensils, his larder, his birds and his fiddle, and, when he settled down for a few weeks, selected lodgings of the cheapest kind, where he could have all his own way. It was one of his crazies that his life was in danger from poison, and hence he would let nobody cook his food, except, perhaps, prepare an egg, into which he believed poison could not be inserted. Another delusion which he entertained was that he was entitled to the Victoria Cross as a reward for his services, and he had written a large number of petitions setting forth his claims, a

Singular Will Case in Edinburgh.

The Court of Session at Edinburgh has just concluded the trial of a will case which lasted six days and excited considerable interest. The action was brought to set aside the will of the late Mr. W. Maxwell Stewart, of Lochnagar, brother of Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, on the ground that deceased when he made the will was of unsound mind. A sum of about £30,000 was involved in the case. The Glasgow *Herald*, in a summary of the contents of the will, and the evidence given at the trial, says:—A sum of £100 was left to the Sheriff of Renfrewshire, and he was to be allowed, "in addition, his expenses at a hotel in Greenock for breakfast, dinner, a bottle of wine, and tea, supper, and bedroom, and the usual allowance for servants." All the young women of seventeen years of age on the lands of Carnoch were to receive a certain sum. The estate of Lochnagar, in New South Wales, was to be applied to the encouragement of Scotch music, especially reels and strathspeys, and particularly the reels and strathspeys and the music published by Niel Gow & sons. A professor of Scotch music, healthy, able in body and mind, was to be appointed at a moderate salary to teach the violin and the music of the firm aforesaid, and it was stipulated that he should reside in the parish of Inverkip, and be a member of the Established Church. Then the Sunday schoolars of the same favored region were to be provided every Sunday after lessons, with as much white bread and butter as they could eat, and as much tea as they could drink, and were, besides, to be supplied with a tea-service, knives and forks of ivory handles—the tea service bearing the name of William Maxwell Stewart, J.P. and C.S. for Renfrewshire. "Lochnagar's" history, as told at the trial, fully explained the eccentricity of his will. His brother, Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, said he was always "a bit of a gowk," "Fifelandish," had a bee in his bonnet." His parents could not shut their eyes to the fact as he grew up; his father, after full deliberation, placed his property under trustees. He was put to sea under the care of his brother; but he only remained a fortnight. He did no better in the army, for he got into scrapes, and on being advised by his Colonel to go home he took the advice and retired. He was tried in a commercial establishment, and failed, and afterward went to New South Wales with Sir Thomas Brisbane, where he acquired the property of Lochnagar, of which he was vastly proud, and which in his will he devotes to the encouragement of his dearly-loved reels and strathspeys. After returning to Scotland, Mr. Stewart took offence at his family on account of the disposal of his property, and left Ardgowan to roam about the country, playing his fiddle, airing his singing birds, and practicing all the habits of the miser. In Comrie, where he stayed for some time, he was known as "Dan Lochnagar," and he was particularly anxious to be allowed by the farmers "to trim the turnips and kiss the servants." His habit was to throw open all the windows on Sunday morning and play his fiddle while the people passed to church; he was a tall man and in those early bachelor days dressed peculiarly, though with picturesque effect. Later in life you would have "taken him," as his brother says, "for a rat-catcher;" his clothes were greasy, and offensive effluvia came from them; but on one or two occasions when he sat upon the bench as a Justice of the Peace he dressed for the occasion. He travelled in his own machine, carrying with him his cooking utensils, his larder, his birds and his fiddle, and, when he settled down for a few weeks, selected lodgings of the cheapest kind, where he could have all his own way. It was one of his crazies that his life was in danger from poison, and hence he would let nobody cook his food, except, perhaps, prepare an egg, into which he believed poison could not be inserted. Another delusion which he entertained was that he was entitled to the Victoria Cross as a reward for his services, and he had written a large number of petitions setting forth his claims, a

EUROPEAN NEWS.

LONDON, July 13.—The formal opening of the Thames Embankment took place to-day. The procession was headed by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and included the Prince of Wales and Princess Louise in the Royal coach, dignitaries, Guards, municipal bodies, &c. The procession moved from Westminster Bridge to Charing Cross Bridge, where a large pavilion had been erected. The buildings were decorated profusely with banners and flowers; the streets were crowded; speeches were made by Sir John Thwaites, Chairman of the Board of Works, Prince of Wales, the Home Secretary and others. The Queen was unable to be present in consequence of illness.

A Dublin despatch to the *Herald* says that the Orangemen had a procession at Lisburn yesterday (Tuesday), as a protest against the Party Procession Act, and they have distributed one hundred thousand copies of inflammatory speeches denouncing the British Government.

ROME, July 13—In the Œcumenical Council to-day the dogma of infallibility was adopted by a vote of 450 affirmatives to 88 negatives.

LONDON, July 14—Mr. Gladstone stated in the House of Commons to-day, in reply to a question from Disraeli, that the correspondence of the Government with foreign powers, occasioned by the difference between France and Prussia, was incomplete, and at present they had no time for its publication, but he would say that that the British Government, in common with European Cabinets, sustained the position taken by Grammont, that Spain was entitled to choose any one except a German Prince.

The Sussex *Gazette* asserts that the Marquis of Bute never actually joined the Church of Rome.

Sir Geo. M. Gifford, Lord Justice of the Court of Appeal in Chancery, and Dr. J. Copeland Emment are dead.

The Lords to-night rejected the University Test Bill.

In the Commons, Mossell said that the Government was sensible of the gallantry of the Canadian troops in repelling the Fenians, but received no nominations for reward by way of promotion.

The House afterwards went into committee on the Education Bill, and disposed of a number of amendments. The subject of choosing School Boards by [illegible] Lady rejected the Ministerial proposal to substitute, when called to account for his language, said the Bill deserved contempt. Gladstone made a vigorous defence of the measure, and severely criticized Hardy for his discourtesy and disregard of facts. An animated personal discussion followed after which additional amendments were adopted or rejected and the house adjourned.

PARIS, July 15.—The *Constitutionnel* at noon says: In consequence of the answer offered to Benedetti Prince occupies the war which Prussia offers. The Corps Legislatif have declared in favor of war.

The Bourse is full. Crowds of students and others are in the streets and boulevards shouting "*Vive l'empereur!* Down with Prussia," &c. The crowd stopped at the Prussian Embassy and shouted insultingly. The Prussian Ambassador leaves Paris to-day.

Austria professes neutrality, unless a third power interferes.

The Corps Legislatif declared war against Prussia at 12.50 this afternoon. Holland will remain neutral in the struggle. The belligerents have engaged to respect the neutrality of Belgium, yet troops are rapidly concentrating at Anwerp and other strategic points. The specie and bullion in the National Bank of Antwerp have been removed to the Citadel. An issue of paper money is announced.

PARIS, July 15—After the Council at the Tuilleries, the Ministers accompanied the Emperor to St. Cloud last night, where the Council was resumed.

It is asserted that Baron Von Werther was on the point of starting again for Ems yesterday, when the Prussian messenger arrived with counter orders.

It is reported that the Emperor received a despatch from Queen Victoria this morning, making a last appeal for peace, and a similar despatch was sent to the King of Prussia.

A proclamation signed by the Emperor Louis Napoleon has been prepared for distribution throughout Germany. It assures the German people that France wars against Prussia, not Germany, and with no idea of conquest.

La Liberte reports the Emperor will soon take the field in person.

The following is the text of the declaration made by the Duke de Grammont before the Prussian Envoy. The manner in which the country received our declaration of the declaration of the 6th of July, led us to commence negotiations with Prussia to secure her respect