THE SORROWS
OF
Mr. GOLIAH GOSPRIGHTLY.

(*Continued.*)

'Thank you, miss, the very words, ethereal bliss,' said Goliah, rubbing his hands together until they joints cracked, and accompanying the operation with a sardonic chuckle worthy of Mephistoles.

'By-the-bye,' said Miss Spicewell, 'do you think that the rival establishment that is about to be opened over the way will seriously injure you?'

Goliah's mirth came to a sudden halt.

'Of course it cannot, though,' continued Miss Spicewell, 'as you have already amassed a considerable fortune, and competition is beneath your notice.'

Goliah sought immediate refuge in his pipe. From behind his fuming fortress he took a silent survey of the silent spinster.

'You are quite right, my dear,' said Mrs. Gosprightly; 'it would be a matter of no consequence to us if all the apothecaries in Great Britain were to flock to Midgebourne. Still, I shall prudently avoid admitting another of the fraternity into my family.'

The conversation was opportunely interrupted by the entrance of the maidservant, crying in bewildered accents,

'Oh, sir! oh, ma'am! do come! He has been at it again.'

'What do you mean?' inquired Goliah and his wife in the same breath.

'The assistant, sir; he's in the wine cellar, sir,' replied the girl.

'No, base menial!—the assistant is here!' he vociferated.

The servant uttered a faint scream and vanished. The inebriated assistant had staggered into the room. He was an ill-made, gaunt-looking man, of an uncertain age. His small nose lifted itself inquiringly upwards between a pair of large sleepy eyes. A thin fringe of red, fiery hair crept half way round his head, leaving the crown and forehead bare and smoothly bright. He came forward with a reeling step and triumphant voice, crying, with a familiar leer,

'Goliah, old boy, you are the best fellow in Midgebourne, and I'll stick to you like a leech.'

His voice suddenly wandered into a song. It was no dulcet tone, but more a mild resemblance to a lion's roar: Long live love and pleasure!'

'I'd give you a taste of love and pleasure,' you drunken scoundrel!' exclaimed the in furiated Goliah, as he started to his feet and seized a walking cane.

Thick and heavy rained the blows across the assistant's shoulders, smash fell the bottle from his hand, shrill rose the scream from Mrs. Gosprightly's throat, and bleak was the look of horror that mantled the decorous Miss Spicewell's face.

The caning had a sobering as well as smarting influence upon the assistant.

By a dexterous movement he hastily snatched the implement of torture from Goliah's relentless grasp, and in turn became the assailant. He carried out the law of retaliation to its most rigid letter, until, writhing, foaming, and gasping for breath, the little man escaped from his foe's castigation, and flew for refuge under the broad shield of his wife's expansive form.

'My honor is vindicated, and the stately shelter of Mrs. Gosprightly guards you from my vengeance!' cried the assistant with heroic generosity.

'Base dog!' snarled Goliah.

'That is not my patronymic appellation, thou worthless Galenite,' returned the assistant.

'Leave my house, or I will send for the police,' screamed Goliah.

'Yes, thou purveyor of second-hand leeches. I will leave this ungrateful roof,' replied the assistant.

'Mrs. Gosprightly, I retire reluctantly from your majestic presence. My lacerated feelings, madam, are filled with anguish at the thought of leaving you—and the cat. That feline animal is alone worthy of your sleek society. Treasure the domestic creature; take it to your maternal bosom, and——'

His eloquent speech was finished with a musical variation, which bore an artistic resemblance to the discordant yell peculiar to the feline race. Then, with a polka like movement, he curvetted into the shop, and seizing his hat from its customary peg, vanished from the house.

'Well, Miss Spicewell,' said Mrs. Gosprightly, triumphantly, is not that a pretty specimen of an apothecary's assistant? Am I wrong in refusing to risk my daughter's happiness with such untamed lunatics?'

Miss Spicewell's eyebrows were lifted in a state of shocked decorum above her ornamental spectacles, whilst her face and figure grew so very hard and rigid that she sat embodying the idea that she was the only reputable person in the room.

'If my opinion is of any value, Mr. Gosprightly,' said the spinster, without changing her look or attitude, 'I should say that the sooner a rival establishment to yours is opened in Midgebourne the safer it will be for the lives and health of the inhabitants. I cannot believe that the horrible being who has just now taken his departure is any more a type of his profession than is Mr. Gosprightly himself.'

Goliah seized his nether lip savagely between his teeth: his wife turned her full moon face luridly on the lady, who rose from her seat with a frigid stateliness.

'You may depend upon my silence respecting the unseemly scene which I have been an unwilling witness,' she continued.

'Still, if a curious coincidence should hereafter arise from it, I trust that you will hold me blameless. Good morning.'

The eyes of Goliah and his wife followed the retreating figure with distended gaze, until the closed door obscured Miss Spicewell from their view.

'What did she mean by a curious coincidence?' asked Goliah, nervously.

'That she intends to transfer her custom to the rival establishment when it opens,' replied his wife.

'Her custom!' sneered Goliah—'what does it amount to? A pot of rogue and a bottle of eau de Cologne once a month. Let her go to the——'

'Rival establishment!' interrupted his wife.

'Eh!' cried Goliah, with startling emphasis, as he abruptly stopped in his rapid measurement of the length and breadth of the room before the octagon window. 'Can it be?—or am I dreaming? Look, and tell me, wife, whether it is real, or a mocking vision?'

Mrs. Gosprightly followed the direction of his pointed finger, and—oh, horror of horrors!—beheld Miss Spicewell in laughing and familiar conversation with the proprietor of the new rival shop opposite. The lady looked on with dignified composure, but Goliah's agitation broke out in a succession of spasmodic groans. His pallid cheeks assumed an azure hue; and a helpless feeling resembling sea sickness overcame him.

'What do you say to that, wife?' he feebly asked. 'Could our greatest enemy act more malignantly?'

'It is merely the 'curious coincidence!' observed Mrs. Gosprightly, calmly.

Goliah stood rooted to the spot, his gaze fixed serpent-like on the spinster and his abominable rival. He saw them take each other's hands and chat with the familiarity of old friends; saw the laughing expression of their faces; and when, after a lengthened interview, they parted, he beheld Miss Spicewell walk up the High Street, and his rival cross the road, and come under the nose of the Pelican, with a loud knock at his own door, the culminating point of his misery seemed fairly reached.

'What!' he cried, 'has he dared to place his hateful shadow across my threshold?'

Before his pent up wrath had time to escape, the jolly figure of a pleasant-featured man came bustling, with a cheery voice, through the shop into the parlor.

'Ah! Mrs. Gosprightly,' he cried, in a merry voice, 'I am proud to know you, madam. I have lived in the world nearly fifty years, and never saw a more genial, happy countenance than yours. And this is your worthy husband?' he continued, as he held his hand out to Goliah, who took it as though he was touching a burning coal.

'We are neighbors now, you know, and of course ought to be friends.

Goliah shivered, and made a futile effort to stammer a reply.

'I have bought that house there facing yours,' continued the rival apothecary, glibly. 'It was not in very first-rate condition, but I have given it a new constitution; and, when I open it to-morrow, you will see what a holiday face it presents. Being situated in the heart of the town, of course it is well adapted for business. I shall superintend it myself for a few months, and then place my nephew in it. He is a clever young man, and my heir. I hope he will make a fortune for himself.'

'A fortune!' sneered Goliah, as he mentally wished to see his rival and nephew impaled. 'A fortune in a town like Midgebourne! Why sir, I have seldom more than three customers a day. What will it be when there are two of us?'

'Don't claim yourself!' laughed the visitor. 'My nephew is a wonderful young man.—He would grow rich where another would starve.'

'But, surely, people have no need to swallow medicine unless they are ill?' said Goliah.

'We don't want them to swallow it,' laughed his rival; 'we merely want them to purchase it.'

'Midgebourne is the healthiest town in England,' said Goliah.

'Ah!' smiled his opponent, 'how many doctors are there?'

'Three,' groaned Goliah.

'We must have three more!' shouted his rival. 'The more doctors there are the more sickness there will be; I speak from experience. However, you must excuse me from prolonging my present visit, as I have a multitude of things to attend to. Mrs. Gosprightly, you will perhaps honor me with a call to-morrow. Do not say no, madam, as I never take a refusal. You will be delighted with the house; and, if you are fond of music, there is a superb piano—almost plays itself. When you have once tasted my medicine, Mr Gosprightly, you will renew your visit. I always keep everything of the best quality. Before I have been here three weeks, people will come ten miles out of their way to taste my physic,' said the jolly visitor, as he bustled out of the room through the shop and into the street, leaving the sound of his merry laugh ringing in Goliah's ears.

'The Pelican is a blighted bird,' groaned Goliah, as he sank into his chair.

'For nearly a century he has been vainly striving to rend his own breast, and now——'

'You have made a snug fortune under his wing,' interrupted his wife. 'Let some one else have a turn.'

'Order my coffin, wife, order my coffin!' cried Goliah; 'I feel my end to be approaching.'

'You had better consult your own taste in that respect,' returned Mrs. Gosprightly, with a laugh.

'The partner of my bosom laughing at me!' said Goliah, with a plaintive sigh, as he rose from his chair, and turning a reproachful look on his wife, dashed furiously from the room.

On the following morning, when Mrs. G. took her customary seat at the octagon window, her eyes rested for the first time on the revealed splendour of the rival establishment. A crowd of people were gathered round the large plate-glass window, some to admire, some to gossip, and some to purchase. She had scarcely been there an hour when her curiosity received a severe strain as she beheld a carriage and pair drive up to the door of the house opposite. Presently a young man alighted, and assisted two females to follow his example, whom he politely escorted into the shop. Mrs. Gosprightly called to her husband, who instantly answered her summons.

'Come here, G.' said she, 'and judge for yourself. Carriage customers already!'

The apothecary looked at the carriage, and the throng of people round it, and gnashed his teeth. He tried to move away from the window, but an irresistible fascination mesmerised him to the spot. After the lapse of a few moments, his rival came bounding with a jaunty air and a face wreathed into merry smiles across the street. He paused under the wings of the Pelican, opened the shop, and flinging open the glass door, stepped into the parlour.

'Now, Mrs. Gosprightly,' he began, as he gleefully rubbed his hands together, 'I know you are a lady of taste. Will you step across to my house, and just pass your judgment upon the style of the furniture, and tell me what you think of the pictures and statues? Besides, I am in possession of a marvellous curiosity, the sight of which will repay your visit, and I shall be much mistaken if it does not astonish your husband too.'

'No, sir,' said the little apothecary, with offended dignity, 'I am not to be astonished.'

'A marvellous curiosity!' exclaimed Mrs. Gosprightly, with a broad smile. 'Is it alive?'

'Come and see, my dear madam,' replied the visitor. 'Come and see.'

'No,' growled Goliah.

'Nonsense, G.,' smiled Mrs. Gosprightly, 'let us thank the gentleman for his kind and neighbourly conduct.'

'And you intend to go?' cried the bewildered apothecary.

'Certainly,' replied his wife, in her blandest tone.

'Into the camp of the Philistine,' muttered Goliah to himself, pushing his wig from his forehead. 'Feminine Judas!—Descendant of Eau!—selling thy birthright for a marvellous curiosity!'

'Come, G., get your hat and lend me your arm,' said his wife.

'Permit me, Mrs. Gosprightly, to be your escort,' said the visitor, as he gallantly linked the lady's arm through his own, and moved towards the door.

Goliah stood like a sculptured statue, transfixed and motionless, whilst his rival walked off with his corpulent wife, laughing in the merriest humor.

'Am I to play the Sir Pandarus?' he at length burst out. 'No, never! The Gosprighly blood is roused! They shall find I can resent an insult!' he exclaimed, seizing his hat and darting across the street after his wife.

His rival led the way through the shop into a spacious hall and broad staircase, adorned with graceful statues. They then passed into the drawing room, and a look of pleasure and surprise manifested itself on Mrs. Gosprightly's beaming countenance as she gazed around. The walls were hung with white and blue, the window curtains were of pale blue silk with a clear cobwet net over them. A superb Brussels carpet, with a running pattern of blushing rosebuds, softly caressed the feet. The gracefully shaped chairs and sofas were covered with azure damask silk, and the rosewood tables were adorned with elegant vases of fresh flowers, intermingled with albums and choice books.

'Come, Mrs. Gosprightly,' laughed the cheerful master of the house, 'don't be afraid to speak your mind. If you have anything to find fault with, tell me.'

'A perfect paradise!' smiled the lady—'You really seem to know how to enjoy life without grumbling.'

'And you are pleased with the place, eh?' said the host.

'It lacks only one essential,' replied the lady.

'And what is that?' he asked.

'A wife!' smiled Mrs. Gosprightly. 'Then its attractions would be complete.

'Don't believe it!' growled Goliah, in an undertone.

'The fact is, my dear madam, I am too old to marry,' continued the host; 'but my nephew, who is destined to be the master here, is very decidedly of your opinion.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Mrs. Gosprightly. 'Then we may expect a wedding shortly?'

'I am half afraid not,' returned the host. 'You must know that my nephew is deperately in love with a young lady, as amiable as she is beautiful, but her mother is fixedly opposed to having an apothecary for a son-in-law.'

'Then,' said Goliah, 'her mother is a——'

'Silence, G.!' cried the lady, wincing under the home thrust.

'Perhaps I shall yet be enabled to convert the lady,' said the host; and for these reasons:—

First, this house and all it contains belongs to my nephew. Second, he will one day inherit five thousand pounds in ready cash, and four hundred acres of land. Thirdly, he is handsome and amiable; and, lastly, he is not only clever and accomplished, but he loves the lady of his choice with all his heart, and she returns his affection with equal sincerity. Now, what is your opinion of such a match, Mrs. Gosprightly?'

'I think it would be an unpardonable blunder in any mother to refuse such a marriage for her daughter,' replied Mrs. Gosprightly, frankly.

'Oh, spirit of Galen! weep, if not for the apothecary's assistant, at least for the apothecary's wife!' cried Goliah, sinking into a chair, with hands outstretched towards the ceiling.

Mrs. Gosprightly only turned a majestic frown upon him.

'You have a daughter, I believe, Mrs. Gosprightly,' continued the host; 'making the case yours. Would you consent to give that daughter to a youth possessing the qualifications I have named, even though he chanced to be an an apothecary's assistant?'

'I can answer for my wife!' shouted Goliah, jumping from his seat. 'She would say *No!* a thousand times *No!*'

'Silence, G.!' frowned his wife. Then turning to the host, she said, with a benignant smile, 'I should certainly give my consent most joyously.'

'My dear madam, permit me to embrace you!' cried the host, as he danced up to the lady, and flinging his arms round her expansive waist, left a smacking kiss on her cheek. Goliah threw his wig into the air; shouted 'Hurrah!' with shrill force three times, and wheeled his little body round on one leg, until he was threatened with a rush of blood to the head.

'Now,' said the host, when something like order was restored, 'in the name of my nephew, Albert Melrose, I formally demand the hand of Julia Gosprightly.'

'A pretty trap you have laid for me!' cried the lady.

'A beautiful trap!' exclaimed Goliah, adjusting his wig the wrong way.

'Your daughter invented it,' laughed the host. 'It appears that my nephew and Julia were one in heart and soul even before he had completed his apprenticeship. Chance threw them into each other's society, as in Leychester. The affair came to my knowledge, and when I saw, your charming daughter I was almost in love with her myself, so could easily make allowance for another. I at once determined to start him in business here, trusting that he would be able to overcome your scruples. However, I have done that for him. You have given your consent, your daughter will always be near you; and in time, perhaps, you know not, but there, I must not turn prophet. All I have now to perform is to show you my 'marvellous curiosity.'

As he ceased speaking he walked to the lower end of the drawing room, and threw open a pair of folding doors, exclaiming,

'Here it is!'

'Julia!' cried the enraptured mother.

'My daughter!' exclaimed Goliah.

Yes, it was indeed Julia, her sweet face suffused with blushes, and leaning on the arm of Albert Melrose; whilst behind them rose the rigid figure of Miss Deborah Spicewell, who had been despatched to Leychester by the uncle to accompany the lovers to Midgebourne.

'Dear mother!' cried the blushing girl, throwing herself into Mrs. Gosprightly's arms, who laughed and wept herself to the verge of hysterics.

'You young rascal!' shouted Goliah, as he seized Albert's hand; 'and so you have come to steal away my daughter, and demolish the Pelican! You are an ungrateful dog!—but I must forgive you.'

'And Julia?' inquired Albert

'Take her—take her!' shouted Goliah, at the top of his voice. 'You are a clever boy! You have accomplished more than I could ever do, for you have outwitted Mrs. Gosprightly.

In the exuberance of his joy the little man commenced a grotesque dance, with one of the chairs for his partner, and finally seized Miss Spicewell round the waist, and dashed wildly into a waltz with that decorous lady.

A month from that day Miss Julia Gosprightly became Mrs. Albert Melrose; the Pelican descended for ever from his nest, and in his retirement, Goliah grew contented and fat, for whenever a storm threatened to arise between himself and Mrs. Gosprightly, it only required a laughing allusion to the apothecary's assistant to restore mirth and good humor.

THE END.

PRESSURE.—Some of the radical press are trying to varnish Old Abe's ingloriously backing out from the initiation of negotiations with the Confederate agents for peace, by saying that he snubbed Greeley in his voluntary efforts for peace and Union. But, says Mr. Greeley, in a note to Mr. Jewett, on leaving Niagara Falls:—"I have had no intercourse with the Confederate gentlemen at the Clifton House but such as I was fully authorized to hold by the President of the United States, and that I have done nothing in the premises but in fulfilment of his injunctions." "Events" and abolition "pressure" controlled the President, and he was made to believe that peace now, as in 1861, would be the ruin of the abolition party.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A New Plan for taking Richmond.

The *American Coal Trade Review* suggests to Gen. Grant a new method of taking Richmond, viz: by shutting up the rebel supply of coal, which it thinks could easily be done. The greater part of the coal used by the Confederates for manufacturing and other purposes, comes from the mines lying on both sides of the James River, a few miles above Richmond. The area of this coal-field is about twenty miles from north to south, with an average breath of five miles. The coal is bituminous, and it has been largely used for steam purposes, and for the production of gas. Those mines were probably the earliest worked of any mines in the United States, mention being made of them in the *American Journal of Science*, of 1818, as having been in operation thirty years previously. The works, as now carried on, are at a greater depth than have ever been reached at any other mines in the country—the deepest shaft sunk being about eight hundred feet. All other mines in Virginia and Tennessee being either in our possession or to a limited extent, it is suggested that if the mines above Richmond should be seized, and the supply of coal shut off, we might "freeze the rebels into submission.

American Stock in Germany.

The advices from Frankfort mention that the great rise in the exchanges at New York had been met by a corresponding fall in the prices of federal stocks, but that at the reduced quotations buyers came forward in such numbers that not only large sums brought from New York, but even various parcels sold out by bankers for small speculators, could still be disposed of at an advance of four per cent. on New York prices. As soon as these sales were over, quotations recovered between one and two per cent. "The eagerness of our public," it is observed, "to invest in American funds after so many disappointments, is wonderful. In spite of the bad political and yet worse financial reports, every reduction in the price brings new purchasers, mostly small capitalists." Much of the existing delusion is attributed to the efforts of the German democratic press. Money remains plentiful at Frankfort.

THE HARVEST.—The Dundas *Banner* says:—It appears to have been decided by the harvest this year that the Mediterranean sample of wheat is the only wheat that is free from the ravages of the midge, although there were fields here and there of Soule's wheat nearly free from the scourge. The old Red Chaff appears to be the most liable to be destroyed by the midge. Farmers should bear these facts in mind. The crops in Wentworth, although very miserable in some parts, will on the whole be a fair average one, that is if we depend upon the statements of those most directly interested therein.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., AUG. 2nd, 1864.

LEE, GRANT, McCLELLAN.

When, in future years, the impartial historian undertakes the task of recording permanently the leading events of the Great Revolution upon which our eyes are now fixed, there can be no doubt that the palm of military genius will be unhesitatingly and cheerfully accorded to Gen. Lee. Out of eight or ten millions of people, he was the man with soul great enough, mind clear enough, and fortitude indomitable enough to render him the arbiter of his country's destiny. Nobly has he, hitherto, performed the work given him to do. Encompassed by dangers as great as those of Hannibal when he addressed his army on the banks of the Po, environed by obstacles greater than those encountered by Wellington on the Peninsula; hemmed in by difficulties greater, perhaps, than those which stood thick in the pathway of Scotland's heroes of old, he has ever found a way of escape, and his admirers, in the darkest day, when the enormous material resources and overwhelming odds piled up by his foes seemed like an avalanche ready to crush him to death, have rested calmly in the belief that if human sagacity and heroism could avert the blow, Lee and his handful of troops were safe. Like a mighty rock on some storm-beaten coast, this great man has stood between his country and impending destruction, and, although the brave and good have fallen around him, there he stands to-day, calm and unmoved amidst the strife, free from vainglorious boasting, and as free from doubt, apparently, with regard to the result of the conflict, as when he struck the first blow. Sensible Northern men, whilst they are forced to admit the greatness of Lee as a commander, deplore the fact that they have never been able to bring a general into the field fit to cope with him. When all the rest had failed, the hopes of the Federal Government and Republican party centered in Gen. U. S. Grant. Surely the hero of Vicksburg could cope with the giant! Grant undertook the command of the Army of the Potomac. He was to be untrammeled in the exercise of authority. No red-tapeism was to bind up his strong limbs, the garrison of Washington, long idle, was drawn into his army, and, with an immense force, abundantly supplied with every element of destruction, he set out on a line direct to Richmond—a line which he would follow, if it took him all summer; and what was the result? His *line* cost the North 100,000 men, and, after making a series of flank movements, he settled down before a second rate town, which he was unable to take. In the trial, Grant found himself a child in the hands of Lee. And now the kaleidescope turns again, Grant has fallen in public estimation, and the cry is, give us back "Little Mac."—"McClellan must be the savior of the country!" We believe the removal of General McClellan was the gravest blunder ever committed by the Lincoln Government, as, in the opinion of competent judges, he was the best general the Federals have had. He was slow, it is true, and cautious,—but what have the fast men done? Let the heaps of bleached bones in Virginia answer! It is not wonderful, then, that people begin to call for McClellan's return, and yet it is highly improbable that he, a strong Democrat, will be placed at the head of the army, on the eve of a Presidential election. Politics are much too far in advance of patriotism amongst our neighbors for that!

WAR SUMMARY.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."—The reporters think it unnecessary to smother up in their bosoms the fact that General Grant *expects* a new movement he is making upon Richmond to result in something *decisive*. Perhaps the decision will be painful to the Federals when it arrives.—Grant can hardly hope for greater success than his predecessors in the on to Richmond line. One report is that he has set out for the Confederate capital by the north side of the James River, another that the siege of Petersburg has opened in earnest, a Confederate battery having been blown up. Which are we to believe? Senator Wade, of Ohio, *expects* to hear of the fall of Richmond. Sherman *expects* to bag the whole of Hood's army at Atlanta.

THE NEW RAID is assuming formidable proportions. A considerable body of confederates has crossed into Maryland, and on the 30th another body, the numbers of which are wrapped in mystery, enter'd Pennsylvania in three columns. Chambersburg, a town of 4000 inhabitants, was entered by the Confederates and the authorities, as the story goes, failing to pay down a ransom of $100,000 in gold, Gen. McClausland ordered the place to be destroyed. Fire balls were procured, and very soon the town was in flames. 265 of the most valuable public and private buildings were consumed. The act was, doubtless, one of retaliation for the indiscriminate burning and pillaging indulged in by Federals. The invasion has created great consternation amongst the wealthy farmers of Southern Pennsylvania, and Governor Curtin is doing all he can to arm and organize the people for the defence of the State. The raid seems to be a very formidable one, and, if the reports concerning it are true, the invaders are likely to carry things with a high hand. Washington is considered safe for the present. A dispatch from Frederick on the 30th says: "The most experienced men at this point are now convinced that the invasion of the State is by a large force, composed of some of the best troops of General Lee's army. It is also too gigantic to be regarded any longer as a mere raid. The telegraph operator at Shippensburg has left, and the presumption is that the Confederates have thrown out strong advance parties in that direction. Since three o'clock this morning we have had no communication with Chambersburg. At that hour the Confederates entered the place, and now hold possession of it. Major-General Couch is at Carlisle directing the necessary means of defence, the details of which cannot, of course, be alluded to. The presumption is, however, that Gen. Couch will be able to offer a stern resistance to any advance that may be made by the Confederates in this direction. Gov. Curtin has just issued the following proclamation:—'Executive Chamber, Harrisburg, July 30. To the people of Harrisburg: The enemy have once more entered Pennsylvania; they occupied Chambersburg at 3 o'clock this a. m. with cavalry and artillery. A few hours will develope their force and intentions. It is possible their movements may be directed against this city. In view of such a contingency, I therefore call upon the people of Harrisburg and vicinity to organize at once to defend their homes. Arms and ammunition will be delivered to each organized company upon application to the Adjutant-General. No muster into the service, either of the State or of the United States, will be required.'" In another place we give an interesting account, from Southern sources, of the recent battle before Atlanta, which leads to the conclusion that the Northern public has been blinded with regard to the result.

THE POLICE CASE OF LAST WEEK.

On Saturday, the 23rd ult., about 11 o'clock, a man by the name of Frank Vert entered the Post-office of this town and, being under the influence of liquor, created such a disturbance that Mr. Watson, very properly, ordered him to be sent to gaol and to be brought before him on Monday morning. Constable Trainer took the man in charge and conveyed him a few steps along the side-walk, when he showed a disposition to hold back. Just then, constable Smaill came to Trainer's assistance and the two endeavored to get Vert to gaol on foot. To this he offered so much opposition that Mr. Polley was requested to bring a buggy for his conveyance. The constables, in the meantime, held on to the prisoner and urged him forward. He planted his heels in the side-walk, grasped the verandah-posts, and in every way opposed their object. When nearly opposite Mr. Watson's store the constables let Vert go and he fell backward with considerable force. They then, each holding an arm, forced him on as far as Mr. Frederick's shop, where Mr. Smaill seems to have got out of patience. He (Smaill,) according to the evidence for the prosecution, tripped Vert from behind, threw him violently upon the side-walk, and, drawing back his foot, kicked the prisoner in the head, cutting his ear. Mr. Thomas, of the Bank Montreal, saw the act from the opposite side of the road and, after Vert had been finally conveyed to gaol, entered a complaint against Smaill, the information being so worded as to make the affair an indictable offence—there being no prayer for a summary trial. On the Monday following the case was opened before Wm. White, esq., J. P., and evidence, in accordance with the facts stated above, adduced on behalf of the prosecution. After the whole of the witnesses on that side had been heard,—no light task, as there was a great number of them—Mr. Cameron, who appeared for Smaill, submitted that the case should be discharged, 1st, because Vert did not complain in person, although it was proven that he was quite able to do so were he inclined, and 2nd, because he had reason to believe that a civil suit had been entered against Mr. Smaill—it being a rule in English law that two suits for an offence of this kind could not proceed at the same time. Mr. M'Dermott, for complainant, endeavored to meet the points raised, and, after a good deal of cross-firing had taken place, his Worship, after taking a night to consider the matter, decided against Mr. Cameron. The witnesses for the defence were then heard. The fact of Vert's violence and making a liberal use of blasphemous language was fully established, Vert himself said he had nothing in particular against Smaill, and Trainer testified that Vert's fall was not very forcible, and that, in his opinion, the kick given was not a very severe one, it being doubtful whether the cut in Vert's ear was caused by that or by the fall on a projection of the sidewalk. It is proper to state that when he gave the kick Mr. Smaill wore a cloth gaiter. After hearing all the evidence *pro* and *con*, the presiding magistrate decided to send the case to the next Sessions. In the above synopsis our readers have the main features of the case before them, and, as is our custom when a case is sent to a higher court, we refrain from any comments of our own, further than the remark that the public will hardly measure the importance of the affair by the time consumed in the examination, which covered *five* days, although we are given to understand that the constables in attendance are instructed to limit their charge for such service to *three* days.

FOX-HUNTING INSIDE THE CORPORATION OF GODERICH.—A few day's ago Mr. Platt's workmen espied a fox at the breakwater on the Goderich side of the Maitland, near the harbor, and at once gave word of the fact to their employer. Urged by the good old English sporting instinct, Mr. Platt hastened to the spot, and, by pelting stones, kept the fox in a hole until Mr. B. Seymour could bring his hounds into action. They were soon ready, and then the chase commenced. Reynard darted up the hill-side, the hounds, catching the hot scent, darted off after him, making the hills echo with their "loud-mouthed" baying. The cries of the hounds aroused the curiosity of every heterodox cur within a quarter of a mile, and very soon a crowd of canines, of every breed and size, joined in, and then the fun became fast and furious—the hounds bayed, the curs yelped, men and boys rushed to the scene from all sides, and the poor fox, frightened out of his seven senses, doubled about the steep bank in utmost despair, his assailants, after each of his dodges, turning head over heels over logs and brush. At last, however, the red denizen of the forest, who had come, possibly, to weep over the graves of his forefathers, and to mourn over the scenes of the former triumphs of his tribe, submitted to his fate,—the jaws of a hound closed over his panting heart, and he meekly "shuffled off this mortal coil."

THE AMERICAN WAR.

Confederate Victory in Georgia.

(From the Richmond Enquirer, July 25.)

The glorious news from Northern Georgia absorbed the public attention on Saturday and yesterday; the city was lively with delightful excitement; and even the grim savans, who affect to see an almost interminable war, grew buoyant with hope. The fate of Sherman, and its bearing upon the result of the general campaign and the war, was liberally discussed; and it was generally accepted that, should the effect of Hood's initiatory engagements be sustained and culminate in a decisive victory, no fears, not even doubts, need be entertained as to the result of the campaign in Virginia. Grant, having expended the force of numbers at his command in vain, strategic force may then be employed by him to about the same purpose. The following is the official despatch of General Hood:—

ATLANTA, July 22—10:30 P. M.

Hon. Secretary of War:—

The army shifted its position fronting on Peach Tree Creek last night, and Stewart's and Cheatham's corps formed line of battle around the city. Hardee's corps made a night march and attacked the enemy's extreme left to day at one o'clock, and drove him from his works, capturing sixteen pieces of artillery and five stands of colors. Cheatham attacked the enemy at four o'clock, p.m. with a portion of his command, and drove the enemy, capturing six pieces of artillery. During the engagement we captured about 2000 prisoners.

Wheeler's cavalry routed the enemy in the neighbourhood of Decatur, capturing his camps.

Our loss is not fully ascertained. Major-Gen. Walker killed; Brigadier Gen'ls. Smith, Gist and Mercer wounded. Prisoners report McPherson killed. Our troops fought with great gallantry.

J. B. HOOD,
General.

THE PRESS DESPATCHES.

ATLANTA, July 22, 1864.

About two o'clock this afternoon the enemy attacked our left, under Gen. Stewart, with great vigor. They were received with a galling fire from both artillery and infantry, which caused them to falter, when the order was given to charge.

Among their killed is General McPherson, who was shot through the heart; Brigadier General Giles A. Smith, and (the Yankee) General Hood. Gen. Gresham lost a leg.

Our troops left their breastworks and charged with great rapidity, driving the enemy from two lines of entrenchments and inflicting great slaughter, capturing a large number of prisoners and twenty two pieces of artillery.

General Hardee having passed around the enemy's flank, is now in their rear, doing great execution.

The fighting still continues.

SECOND DESPATCH.

ATLANTA, July 23, 1864.

Gen. Wheeler, last evening, attacked the enemy's left, in the neighborhood of Decatur, and drove them back, capturing 500 wagons, with supplies, and a large number of prisoners. He is still pursuing.

There was very little fighting after dark yesterday.

Two thousand prisoners, including seventy five commissioned officers, twenty-five pieces of artillery and seven stands of colors have been brought in.

The losses on either side are not yet known. Ours was severe in officers.

Comparative quiet reigns this morning.

There is some little skirmishing on our left.

EXCITEMENT IN RICHMOND.

(From the Richmond Inquirer, July 25.)

The news of the victory at Atlanta, which the telegraph brought to Richmond on last Saturday, delighted the public as much as any that has been received during the war; it caused a general joy throughout the city, and will carry the same to all quarters of the country. General Hood has signalized his acceptance of the command of the army of Tennessee with a brilliant victory and justified his selection by success, the highest evidence of its propriety. The tide has turned, the army has faced about, and the strategy of advance takes the place over that of retreat. The initiative of attack has at last been taken by our army, and its prestige and *morale* wrested from the enemy. General Hood has turned upon the enemy, and been successful. It is impossible to convey any idea of the gratification which the news of this victory caused. The press despatch was at first doubted. So often had the community been elated by the first news from the army, only to be disappointed by subsequent intelligence, that men hesitated to believe what they read; but soon the official despatch of Gen. Hood dispelled all doubt, and the public felt that a change had not only taken place in commanders, but that a new policy had been successfully inaugurated, that may lead to the recovery of all that has been lost, and eventually carry our victorious banners into the territories of our enemy. General Hood was known to be a man ever ready to fight and his appointment was regarded as practical orders to take no steps backward. It was felt that he might be defeated; but it was believed that he would not retreat without first trying the ordeal of the battle. He has justified the confidence of the President. He has fought a battle within the first week of his command, and won an important victory. Of the completeness of this victory, at the time of writing, nothing is known; but the army is now, notwithstanding its losses, much stronger than before it measured strength with its adversary. The attack was made, not received; the enemy were driven, not repulsed. These terms are new to be applied to the battles of the army of Tennessee. General Hood, we believe, is not the man to rest satisfied with even attacking and driving the enemy. He will follow up his advantages, and now, that he has broken up the old policy of that army, he will, he must press on, and cease not to drive the enemy back and eventually out of Georgia.

Light breaks from the only dark point in our lines. Atlanta is now felt to be safe, and Georgia will soon be free from the foe. The central army of the Confederacy has recovered its prestige and defeated the exultant enemy.

The Campaign of Lee's Army.

[From the Richmond Sentinel, July 22.]

This campaign of Lee's army, in its conduct and results so far, much resemble the famous Italian campaign of Napoleon, in which, by the rapidity of his movements, his strategic skill, and the dashing courage of his troops, he overcame three armies, each as large or larger than his own. In the number of troops engaged, and in the area of country pervaded, as well as in the number killed, wounded and missing, the campaign of Lee, and the officers and soldiers under him, already greatly exceed that of Napoleon. We include in our estimate of the achievements of Lee's army the battle's about and beyond Lynchburg, the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, the recent battle near Snicker's Gap, the raids of Sheridan and Kautz, as well as the many bloody engagements beginning at the Wilderness and continued, not ended, at Petersburg.

We believe that our enemy, in killed, wounded and missing, by desertion, by natural deaths, and by the expiration of the terms of services of its three years veterans, has lost fully one hundred thousand men; we not more than one fifth of that number. The losses of the Federals have so far exceeded two thousand per day; and if Grant and Hunter are retained in command, will probably continue to exceed that daily number for some time to come.

The skilful strategic movements of Lee, from the Rapidan to Petersburg, would have done credit to Wellington, while Early's sudden appearance at Lynchburg, his defeat and pursuit of Hunter, his rapid march up the Valley, his dashing invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, his successful return to Virginia, his second meeting with Hunter and his victory over him; in celerity and secrecy of movement, in dashing courage, and in successful achievement, remind us of the most brilliant feats of Stonewall Jackson and Napoleon.

Why the President Backed down and left Greeley in the Lurch.

We learn from a source entitled to credit that the reason why the President peremptorily terminated the negotiations he had entrusted Horace Greeley was the following: Mr Greeley's despatch to the President asking for additional instructions, fell into the hands of Secretary Stanton, who repaired with it to the White House, and demanded to know what it meant. We are not informed of the purport of the high words which passed between these public functionaries; but the result was that the President backed square out of his undertaking with Mr. Greeley, and left Mr. Stanton master of the situation. Major Hay was then despatched with the courtly and dignified letter. "To all whom it may concern," which our readers have perused.

We learn that Stanton on the receipt of the despatch to the President, ordered the arrest of the telegraph operator at the Falls; but Greeley saved him. The next time the President orders negotiations for peace, he had better take Mr Stanton into his confidence. Mr. Greeley left the Falls in a towering passion, and possibly somebody may be hurt.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Day of Fasting and Prayer.

The President of the United States having recommended that the 4th day of August be observed as a day of fasting and prayer, Bishop Potter, of this diocese, has issued an address to the clergy and congregations under his charge. The Bishop, in his address, says. "That our past, as a nation, has been marked by acts of violence and rapacity toward the weak, which must needs provoke the anger of heaven. Our present is characterized by a levity and presumptuous self-confidence; by a want of calm trust in God and the justice of our cause, which ill-accord with our condition as dependent beings, or with the enormous sacrifices of life, and virtue, and property, through which we are called to pass. We need to be excited to more abstinence in pleasure and all luxurious expense, and to a clearer perception of the great ends of life. We need to reach a profounder sense of the insufficiency of all human wisdom and strength, when forsaken of God. We need, by earnest repentance and continued prayer, to invoke His presence and aid, who alone can deliver from sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion, or restore us to that solid, abiding and righteous peace, for which we long. Unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."—*Phil. Ledger, 23rd.*

A Newspaper Telegraph.

Dickens' *All the Year Round* contains a graphic account of the manner in which the *Daily Telegraph*, a London cheap paper of great circulation, is got up, and describes a novel appliance of the electric telegraph as follows:—"I proceeded to a suite of rooms occupied by the sub-editor and principal reporters. In the outermost of these rooms is arranged the electric telegraph apparatus, three round discs with finger stops sticking out from them like concertina keys, and a needle pointing to alphabetic letters on the surface of the dial. One of these dials corresponds with the House of Commons, another with Mr. Reuter's telegraphic office, the third with the private residence of the conductor of my journal, who is thus made acquainted with any important news which may transpire before he arrives at, or after he leaves the office. The electric telegraph, an enormous boon to all newspaper men, is especially beneficial to the sub-editor; by its aid he can place before the expectant leader writer the summary of the great speech in a debate, or the momentous telegram which is to furnish the theme for triumphant jubilee or virtuous indignation; by its aid he can "make up" the paper, that is, see exactly how much composed matter will have to be left "standing over," for the tinkling of the bell announces a message to the head of the reporting staff in the House,