Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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

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WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

A POPULAR SONG.

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
O! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

CHORUS.—Weeping sad and lonely;
Absent fears in vain,
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we'll meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along!
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song;
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling but in vain.

CHORUS.—Weeping sad, &c.

If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.

CHORUS.—Weeping sad, &c.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way,
While our nation's sons are fighting
We can ever pray,
Nobly strike for God and Union,
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free.

CHORUS.—Weeping sad, &c.

NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

A TALE OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued.)

CONCLUSION.

It was not without anxiety that Lockwood awaited the events of the coming day. Those events might be fatal to him, and indeed had every prospect of being so. But there was now no method of escape. Inasmuch as Trailseer had generously become responsible for his appearance, it was incumbent upon him to remain, whatever the consequence might be. Escape, under such circumstances then existing, was not to be thought of. We cannot pause to trace the train of reflections that employed his mind as he lay in his lonely lodge that night. That Judith and Eyelight mingled strangely with his dreams when he slept, is true. The consciousness of impending peril could not banish them from his waking reveries, or from his sleepy fancies.—He wondered at his own fickleness; he was alarmed at the waywardness of his own nature. He was ready to imagine that some singular madness had seized him, and manifested itself most palpably in his suddenly conceived admiration for Eyelight. He reproached himself without measure. He endeavored to regard his interest in the Indian girl as a thing unnatural; as a great wrong to Judith. To be sure he might never meet the latter again in his life; but it became him, nevertheless, to be true to her memory while he lived.

Possibly he was disposed to consider his newly-born feeling toward Eyelight in too serious an aspect. It might prove one of those short-lived passions, that, like the mushroom, spring up at night to die in the morning. No! he would not call this passing fancy by so significant an appellation. He would term it a butterfly of the moment, and think of it no more. Did he not cherish the warmest possible affection for Judith Waldron? He did; he was sure of it. Therefore he would cease to be a dreamy idealist, and cast out the continually obtruding image of Eyelight.

Such was the tenor of the borderer's meditations during the wakeful portions of the remaining day and night, and they were of that character when he awoke in the morning.—He had indulged in this particular and rather paradoxical train of thought a considerable time, when he became aware by the noise and clamor that something unusual was passing without. He ran to the door and heard a voice that he could not but instantly recognise as Obed Slingsby's.

'Verily, sister Philena, we have fallen into the hands of the cruel heathens, who have no knowledge of the writings of the gifted Lodovic Muggleton. I am full of fear and trembling, and my bones do quake within me.—From the crown of my head to the sole of my foot there is no soundness in me, but hacks, and bruises, and putrifying sores, that have not been softened with oil or aggravated with ointment. Ah—ah!'

The truth of the case was, that a small war-party had returned from a successful expedition, and Obed and Philena Foote were prisoners, and now appeared in a woful plight.

'We shall be roasted alive at the stake, at the p'int of the horrid bayonet! Our lives is cut short; and our souls is wasted. And this comes of crossin' the limits of my sex, and listenin' to the persiflage of them that is younger, which drawed me on agin my better judgment, and to the scatterin' of my ashes. Mournful spettakel!'

'Truly, these are troublesome times. All that a man hath will he give for his life. Is there no one who can deliver us out of the hands of these Philistines? If they would allow me to be alone a few moments, I would e'en make use of those powerful invocations prescribed by the good Lodovic in the hours of danger,' returned Obed, lugubriously.

'Say 'em as you are; perchance, they'll have the same influence as if you were alone, upon your knees. But I'm afraid all hope is past.'

'To tell the truth, my mind is so much disturbed that I cannot now remember one of those potent formulas. These Amalekites have driven everything of a potential nature from my memory. Verily, I can recollect nothing but scalping-knives and fire-brands.—Truly, I think I smell fire; there must be a large one kindled hereabouts. Sister Philena, can you see anything like pitch pine splinters?'

'In the terrible state of society now prevailin' among the Ingins, I hear that they keep cartloads of pitch and sich combustibles continually on hand. Goodness gracious! I know that things of this painful and heatin' natur will give me a powerful turn. Smoke a horrid for the complexion, and live embers is far parst the powers of the comprehension.'

Philena looked around upon the savage faces in hopes to see some signs of pity, but was evidently disappointed.

'We are even as brands for the burning,' said Obed, mournfully. 'Nobody will save us. Ah—ah!'

'Brother Slingsby, if but one of us is to be saved, the limits of my sex demands that that one should be me. As a woman I am entitled to the first chances of rescue. Mr. Slingsby, do try and knock down this terrible state of society, where all my feelin's of delicacy wont be outraged. Why, in the name of goodness don't you make an effort and not allow me to be burnt afore your eyes!' added Philena, in the excess of her terror, forgetting all but the idea of self-preservation.

'Verily, my female friend,' returned Obed, rebukingly, 'if but one chance of escape offered, the chance should be taken by the individual whose sphere of usefulness in the world would be the widest. In such a case it would be your duty to remain to suffer death, and let me go forth as a bright and shinin' light for the illumination of the nations that sit in heathenish darkness. But this is a vain imagination. The way of escape is closed up, and we are encompassed about by a red host of heathen. Yes and truly.'

Obed tipped most solemnly upon his toes, and his face presented a melancholy elongation.

'I hope I sha'n't hear no persiflage at this tryin' hour, nor be forced to loose my good opinion of one whom I've looked upon as one of the saints. Brother Slingsby, if I'm to be burnt with blazin' fagots and bagonets, it'll be a comfort to have you burnt with me. It would give me a powerful turn to have you get away and leave me to go through with the pitch and splinters, in this terrible state of society that prevails among the Ingins. Ah—ah!'

'Ah—ah!' echoed Obed.

At that moment Philena perceived the well-known face of Lockwood.

'O, Mr. Lockwood, if you have any regard for the limits of my sex, save me withou delay! You know well enough that females shouldn't be burnt. If you can't save me no other way, it's your duty to take my place and be burnt for me. O, it would be a pleasin' spettakel of magnanimity!'

'I will do what I can for you; but you must remember that I am also a prisoner, and in equal danger of the fate you so much dread.'

'Dear me! It's a mournful comfort to realize that I'm not alone in my misery; but that others suffer with me. I know it wont hurt so bad if others suffer with me.'

Lockwood assured her that he would do his utmost in her behalf.

'As a chosen instrument in the midst of a crooked generation, I trust you will mention me first, to these heathen, as an object of clemency?' said Obed, appealing to the borderer. 'And in return for this favor, should you succeed in snatching me as a brand from the burning, I will place in your hands at the earliest possible opportunity some of the discourses of the celebrated Ladovic Muggleton. As one of the salts of the earth, my life possesses more value than that of this weak-minded woman. Yes and truly!'

'Selfish wretch! This comes of all my devotion to your interests and the public professions of your doctrines. You're the ungratefulest monster that ever walked! Let 'em bring in the pitch and splinters I long to see 'em set agoin'—pervidin' they don't parse the limits of my sex and give me a powerful torn wit' 'em, which I trust they wont, notwithstandin' the terrible state of society that's prevalent. Brother Slingsby, you're a mournful spettakel!'

Eyelight, the adopted daughter of Alabamon, now appeared, and seemed filled with pity for the captives. Philena would have cast herself at her feet had not the stern captors hurried her away.

Some time elapsed before Lockwood saw either of the prisoners again. He passed the day in momentary expectation of being summoned before Alabamon; but no such summons came. That day and the following and many succeeding days passed in the same expectation, with the same results. He walked the village at will, and in no instance met with insult or abuse. The Indians either quietly avoided him or treated him with stately hospitality. All this excited his wonder; but he had sufficient tact to affect as much stoical indifference as the most redoubtable Cherokee brave. He had made up his mind to shun Eyelight. Fealty to Judith required this, he believed. He acted up to this resolution several days, and then broke over its restraint entirely. He walked and talked with the fair Cherokee. On her part there was no obvious attempt to appear otherwise than natural, and as one of her station and blood should. There was no visible effort to attach him to herself. She was calm and dignified, yet affable. His society she never apparently sought, or encouraged him to seek hers.—When they met it seemed purely by accident, or by some management on the part of Lockwood. He never paid more obsequious court to Judith Waldron than he now did to Eyelight. At periods—neither few in number nor at long intervals—his conscience administered severe and deserved rebuke. He loved Judith—he was charmed with Eyelight. He was held in gentle bondage by the first—he was kept in sweet captivity by the other! he was enchanted by both. This was an extraordinary and unenviable state of mind to be in; but he knew not how to extricate himself from the dilemma.

He made daily inquiries respecting Obed and Philena, but obtained but little information regarding them. That they were kept close prisoners in a small fort at the extremity of the village, he had good reason to suppose; but why they were thus kept was to him an inexplicable mystery.

The borderer found himself in double captivity—to Alabamon and to Eyelight. He could break from neither. Honor bound him to one, and a species of fascination to the other. Weeks passed in this manner.

One night Lockwood was awakened from a sound sleep by being shaken by the arm.—'I am Neverfail and this is Suredeath. Get up and let us go.'

'It is impossible,' said Lockwood.

'I aint parfict—none of us parfict—but I should like to know what hinders?' the forester answered.

'My word. Trailseer is answerable for my appearance before Alabamon whenever it shall please him to summon me. This is why I cannot return to Fort Waldron,' said Lockwood, taking his friend's hand.

'On your parole, like?'

'Yes, it amounts to that; therefore I cannot go with you. But I thank you for your friendly purpose just as heartily. God bless your brave heart!'

(Conclusion on Second Page.)

THE FRENCH NAVY.—The French navy at the close of last year, comprised four armor-clad propellers, three line of battle ships of sixty guns, fourteen frigates of forty guns nineteen floating batteries of sixteen and eighteen guns, and fifty-eight gunboats—a total of 1,142 guns. The steam propellers not iron-clad, number 187, with 5,662 guns. In this class are seven line-of-battle ships of 120 guns, nineteen of 100 guns, and fourteen more of sixty guns, with six sixty-gun frigates and twenty two frigates, carrying forty guns each. The side-wheel steamers are eighty-six in number, with 534 guns. To these must be added one hundred and eleven sailing vessels, with 2,380 guns—giving a grand total of four hundred and seventy-eight vessels, with 9,718 guns.

Marvels of Man.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of digesting the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the fibers of the living animal, but at the moment of death, it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acid.

There is dust on sea and land—in the valley and on the mountain top—there is dust always and everywhere. The atmosphere is full of it. It penetrates the noisome dungeon, and and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth. No palace door can shut it out; no drawer is so secret as to escape its presence Every breadth of wind dashes it upon the eye; which yet is not blinded, because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads itself over the surface of the eyeball, at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. This liquid, so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acridity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids, were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactories, which spread over this surface a coating impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeballs washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties to rebreath it, unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation; while if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over health would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the moment it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to higher regions, above the breathing point, there to be rectified, revonated and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends is beautifully exhibited any frosty morning.

But foul and deadly as the expired air is, nature—wisely economical in all her works and ways—turns it to good account in the outward passage through the organs of voice and makes of it the whisper of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the strains of ravishing music, and the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with his body, a circle, making the naval the center, will just take in the lead, the finger ends and the feet. This distance from "toe to toe" is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot; while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the end of the chin is one tenth of the whole stature.

Of the sixty-two primery elements known in nature, only eighteen are found in the human body, and of these, seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood; phosphorus in the brain; lime in the bones; dust and ashes in all. Not only those eighteen human elements but the whole sixty-two, of which the universe is made, have essential basis in the foul substances—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon—representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpeter and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of the earth—a spark of fire—a drop of water—a grain of gunpowder—an atom of charcoal!

But, looking at him in another direction these elements shadow forth the higher qualities of a divinier nature, of an immortal existence. In that spark is the caloric which speakes of irrepressible activity; in that drop of water which speakes of purity; in that grain is the force by which he subdues all things to himself—makes the wide creation the supplyer of his wants, and the serivtor of his pleasures; while in that atom of charcoal there is a diamond, which speakes at once of light and purity: of destructible and resistable progress. There is nothing which outshines it; it is purer than the dew drop. "Moth and rust" corrupt it not; nor can ordinary fires destroy it; while it eats away alike through brass, and adamant, and hardest steel. In that light we see an eternal progression towards omniscience; in that purieity, the good of divine nature; in that indestructibility an immortal existence; in that progress, a steady ascension towards the home and bosom of God.

Ignorance in Italy.

On the last night of 1862 a census of the Italian kingdom was taken. The schedule contained some very interesting questions of an educational and religious character.—Although the whole question of a census was hastily ordered by the Government, and though the priests in the country and southern districts have not failed to alarm the people, and to declar from the altar that the schedule was only the precursor of taxation and conscription, the returns are said to have been very generally made. They will be of immense value to the Government. As the evangelicals have fearlessly stated their religious faith, the authorities will now see that the native Protestants are not only composed of knots of people here and there in the agricultural districts, but number by hundreds in the large towns of the kingdom, and may fairly claim their full share of rights and privileges as an important body in the state. The educational statistics also will be turned to good account by the Italian people so thoroughly aroused to a sense of responsibility and immediate action with reference to the prevailing ignorance. Only imagine the state of things revealed by the two following facts:—"The supposed proportion of those who can read, is, in Lombardy, from thirty to forty in a hundred; in Piedmont, from twenty to thirty in a hundred; in Tuscany, from ten to twenty in a hundred; while among the inhabitants of the districts of thirty miles around Rome, not one in a hundred can read.' Again:—"According to an official announcement published by Luigui Settembrini, Inspector General of Public Instruction, there are in the Province of Naples one thousand four hundred and eighty-five communicants, of whom eight hundred and forty-six are destitute of schools and means of instruction. There are not more than sixty-seven thousand four hundred and thirty-one who get any school training. Accordingly, since the province of Naples amounts to six millions five hundred thousand, *one* child in every *thousand* inhabitants gets instruction." No wonder that Cavour left a portion of his fortune for schools. No wonder that the Government of Italy is taking up the question of education as one of life and death. Should the census yield returns such as the above, we may well look for some Parliamentary scheme for the removal of this disgrace to a civilized land."

The discovery of the source of the Nile threatens to give rise to a fierce controversy of the Gray and Du Challu class, as Mr. Beke the African explorer, claims to have set forth, three or four years since all that Captains Speke and Grant have discovered.

IMMIGRATION.—One hundred and ninety-two Polish Jews arrived in port on Thursday by the brig 'Eiche,' from Hamburg, and left yesterday by the Grand Trunk, *en route* for the West. They are all from the agricultural districts of Poland, and intend settling, we believe, in the country back of Ottawa.—*Quebec Mercury.*

THE DRAFT.—Salem, Mass., has six Protestant clergymen liable to be drafted, and the revolutions of the wheel have transformed them all into soldiers. Worcester, Mass., has six students freshly graduated from Harvard University, and the draft takes them all. In Hartford, Conn., live three brothers—John Hugh and Thomas Riley—and each has drawn a prize in the lottery of conscription.

THE RUST.—The Hamilton *Spectator* regrets to learn that all the wheat in the valley between this city and Dundas is entirely destroyed by rust. We have been shown what is said to be a fair specimen, and certainly nothing could be worse. It is quite black, and the berry is completely destroyed while it is to be regretted that the farmers in that locality have met with such a severe loss, it is a subject of congratulation that in other districts the crops are excellent and promises to yield largely.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C.W., AUG. 7, 1863.

WHICH IS BEST?

Notwithstanding the explanations published time and again in Canadian journals, it is a fact that there are certain members of the British Parliament who persist in declaring that Canada is in a defenceless condition—that the people manifest no desire to prepare for any sudden war that may spring up between Canada or rather Britain and the United States. Taking their cue, we think, from the intensely loyal opposition of this country, those worthies announce that because the *paper* militia force of the Cartier-McDonald Ministry is *non est*, military spirit is dead in this country altogether, and we are set down as a number of poltroons who should be left to meet the Million soldiers of father Abraham as best we can.—Now, we would like to ask, What is there in this country calculated to cause us to fall in love with a militia system which is looked upon in England as a thing of the past? Is it, after all, not true that one volunteer is worth three forced men? Is it not true that England places more dependence upon her 200,000 volunteers,—men who are drilled thoroughly and accustomed to the use of the rifle—than she would upon a paper army of thrice the size? Or do these repeated quibblings mean, simply, that every man of proper age in Canada is expected to become a soldier? We think the British public and several of its well-meaning parliamentary representatives have been misled completely on this subject by Canadian speakers and writers for the purpose of making thereby a little political capital. How easy it is for Messrs. Galt, Cartier, &c., to point to the large militia force upon the rolls while their Government was in power—to state that their great reorganization scheme was thrown out, and then to point derisively at our present force of 25,000 Volunteers. But what candid man amongst us will assert that the old militia system would or could have been of the slightest service in warding off any sudden blow from the outside? On the 24th of May of each year these militiamen were called together for what was called training. What did it amount to? What did nine-tenths of the officers know about the simplest rudiments of the military science? Just nothing at all.—They hardly knew how to stand their battalions up in a row against a fence.—Where the men did meet, once a year, which was not always the case, their names were read over and answered to, unintelligible orders were given by indifferently respected officers, a pail of whiskey was served out, and the martial pageant was over. There might have been here and there an officer who knew the difference between "forming fours" and "charging bayonets," but, like angels visits, they were few and far between. It may be argued that the men were brave and the rolls would have been useful as indicative of the real strength of the country. The bravery we admit, but the Census Returns would have been just about as good a basis for ascertaining our military strength.

The Militia Bill upon which the Cartier-Macdonald Ministry fell was not calculated to mend matters much. It provided for enrolment without efficient drill, the expenditure of large sums of money without corresponding results, and while it made ample provisions for conscription it necessarily precluded the idea of forming Volunteer corps, as at present constituted. It would have been out of the question to keep up such a ruinously extravagant Militia system and at the same time extend anything like a reasonable amount of encouragement to volunteer companies.

The Volunteer Movement fostered by the present Government, marks a new era in the military history of Canada. The 25,000 Volunteers at present enrolled do not look so formidable upon paper, it is true, as a sweeping militia system, but in point of efficiency they are little inferior to regulars. With their new uniforms, splendid arms, their able and *respected* officers, their knowledge of drill and field evolutions generally, this noble little army will at any time form a nucleus around which the military strength and patriotism of the country may gather, and it is a pleasing fact that the movement has been so entirely successful that the number of Volunteers can be doubled just as soon as the country through its representatives signifies a willingness to defray the very moderate expense. We can then have an army of 50,000 soldiers, comprising the very flower of the youth and activity of the Province, officered by men of all parties and creeds, and heartily in love with their work. This force would compare very favorably with the same branch of the service in the mother country, taking numbers, and other material points into consideration. But we do not mean to argue that the Volunteer Movement in Canada should be looked upon as rendering Militia organization unnecessary.—The latter might be used as supplementary to the former, and we hope our Government will be prepared ere long to bring in a Reorganization scheme which will be both *cheap* and *effective*, and that the Canadian people will not begrudge the expense should the Ministry resolve to take steps towards doubling the present Volunteer force of the country.

The 'Peterhoff' Case.

It will be fresh in the memories of our readers that the *Peterhoff* was captured by federal cruisers while on her passage from a British port to Matamoras, in Mexico. Her cargo consisted of boots, &c., and she had on board a mail, which was reluctantly handed over to Lord Lyons, when the vessel was retained for legal adjudication. The affair created some sensation at the time, as it was positively asserted that there could not be a shadow of proof as to her cargo being contraband of war. Much greater surprise and indignation will be felt in England, we fancy, when it is announced that Judge Betts, of the District Court, N. Y., has condemned the *Peterhoff* as a blockade runner. The judgment has not been printed yet, else we should be in a better position to understand the grounds upon which this apparently arbitrary act is based. The matter will undoubtedly receive careful attention from the British Government, and, if necessary, action, in accordance with the importance of the case.

Barney Makes a Discovery.

I supose Misther iditor, yer afther wunthering what's cum av Barney Bralligan, that I dont rite something in your paper. Well to tell the thruth and shame the ould gintleman I've bin studyin hard this long time perfectin mesilf in the inglish langwidge, for i thout mabby yer scotch an' English reders kudnt understand irish which is the finest ould broge in the whole wurruld. And be the same token, its ashamed i was jist to keer who peeple sed they thot Barney wos, becase de ye see when i does a bit av a jab at the ilivator I shumes a different name intirely. Not long ago I heerd one av yer hed lawyers say—Be jabers i believe that Barneys the culd ashman. An so they go on some one thing and some another, tho' dickens a one hit the rite chap on the hed. So i sez to meself me howld Barney ye must dhrop the broge and swally the dickshinary an give it to em in pewer stile like Lord O'Dhoolan sarved out the whiskey.—After this i mane to dot me eyes and spell me words so that ye wuddent no me from a hickled Scotchman be dad.

Lublin roun till see sum chaps or things to rite about ive kum acrass sumthin that 'sprised me considerable as ould abe sed whin he got his fut stuck in a log he was a splittin.—Its a society sur, ime sure its not whot tha calls a no nothin society—an i think its tarmed a *doo nothin* sociation. Theres a lape of godridge gintleman and ladies too be me sowkins blongs till it. The stocracy too blongs. I dont mane the rich kind, but them as Solyman sez is too lazy to beg an too proud to worruk. The meetins takes plase at the bar rooms amost every nite whear its nise and kule in summer an the lanlord keps a fire on in winther, besides the convaynience of wetin their wissens wid whiskey, which same mefaix the societys very fond av like good sowls as they are. The President, I ax misther linkins pardin, is a hairy mustashed chap that carries a kane an may be seen an bizniz most ony nite at donnicks or darks, givin the pass wurd which's none all over the sitty. Its name is *tik*, an the principle objick av the sictys the propegashun of livin without wurkin of money. I heard the prisident makin a speech the other nite. He got ontill a barl an sed me biuved freads ours iz a nobul cause. Rared in the middle of confluence an ritches, were idicated gintlemen, an worruk is for the digraded irish. Thim wurds mulvathered me so much i was timpted to crack his sconce for him but i thot ide heer him furst. Well then he goes an braggin about the vartues of there pass word, sayin it braut cloze to ther baks, fud to ther stumicks, (an a dhrap av the crather to wash it down sings out yer sarvent.) Warnt we well broten up sez he in the ow d kanthry, didnt our fore anseathers live in marbul hawls an wuddent it be disgraseful if spalpeens of tailors, shoomakers and storekepers wouldnt listen till the magnical wurd *tik*.—Truth sez he an his mustasher stood out wid determinashun, the furst begerly thradesman that disrespects our password weel niver by another thrapensworth from him. Who are we sez he, were lilps av the feeld. (slap intill it owld Brandy-tub, sez Barney,) we toyl not neither do we spin, bud we live jist as well an her as much suet roun our kidneys as them that swets half a gnion a da. Doo we want a me shoot we goes to the talor an sez *tik*.—Doo we want dandy dhresses fur our wives an gosoons we go an say *tik*; *tik* pays the bucher, an the whole thribe, an sez he wid a wink an a heecup t-i-hick is all tha iver get fur it. Musha, sez i givin the barl a little bit av a kick, i undherstan ye now, that's enough fur

BARNEY.

NEGRO PERSECUTION.—It is the meanest and most cowardly revenge to persecute the poor negro. No blame can justly attach to them. They have been a passive element in this dreadful controversy, and to turn upon those defenceless beings with the savage ferocity which has been exhibited, is a brutality that deserves the severest execration and punishment."

THE AMERICAN WAR.

Washington, August 3.

The *National Republican* contains an editorial to which much semi-official importance is attached. It says, among other things:—If there is a slight occasion for hostilities, and the two nations are likely to be involved in war, our steam marine will be at once converted into privateers, and the commerce of Great Britain will be driven from the ocean; thus does the criminal neglect of the Queen of England's advisers tend to the disturbance of the peace of the world. War is not desirable even with England, but war is not the greatest of evils. A nation of spirit cannot submit to injustice, to insolence, to outrage through a series of years, and make no effort to avenge its wrongs. The course of England during the trying period of our domestic troubles has alienated every American of the loyal States, whatever his opinions upon the administration, or the conduct of the war.—These are significant facts, and indicate what the future has in store for us.

New York, August 5.

The steamer *Eagle*, from Havana on the 1st, arrived to-night

Six young men had been arrested in Havana, for having pamphlets against the Jesuits in their possession, and one for having Hugo's Les Miserables.

The *Eagle*, on her outward passage, on July 24th, saw a black smoke to the westward; shortly afterwards saw a steamer with two white smoke pipes, hull painted lead color, steering S. E. At the same time she saw a large steamer in chase, but the first seemed to be gaining on her pursuer. The *Eagle* cut her off in order that the chase might come up with her and fired a blank shot, which at once stopped her. She was an English built, iron side-wheel steamer of about 600 tons, laden with cotton, of which, on our approach, she threw a quantity overboard. The *Eagle* stopped until the man-of-war, which was supposed to be the *Lackawana*, came up and took possession of her.

Columbus, O., August 5.

Great excitement prevailed here yesterday afternoon, in consequence of the tearing down, by the invalid soldiers, of a flag, on which was inscribed the names of Vallandigham and Pugh. The copperheads upon this commenced gathering together, crying for vengeance on the authors of the act. An invalid soldier was badly beaten for approving of the act. All the soldiers in the city were directed and put in the guard house, to prevent further disturbances. In the evening, the copperheads assembled before the door of the store where the flag was torn down, and after parading through the streets, the crowd returned to the store again, and presented the owner with a new flag, which will be hung up again to-day. Further trouble is apprehended.

Arrival of the "Hecla."

CAPE RACE, August 5.

The steamship Hecla, from Liverpool 28th, via Queenstown 29th July, passed this point at 8 o'clock this morning.

She was boarded by the news boat of the Associated Press. Her dates are three days later.

The Hibernian, from Quebec, arrived at Liverpool July 24th. The City of Washington, from New York, arrived at Liverpool on the 20th. The Kangaroo, from N.Y., arrived out on the 29th.

The news of the late rebel reverse had reached England, and its effect was considered so favorable for the Union that the rebel loan stock had declined to 18 a 20 per cent discount, and a perfect panic ensued in that description of stock.

The London *Star* regards the news from America as indicating the exhaustion of Southern resources.

The London *Times* considers the riots in N. Y. as an insurrection against the government.

COMMERCIAL.—Cotton sales in Liverpool for the two days were 1,600 bales, at an advance of ⅛d.

Breadstuffs quiet and steady. Provisions quiet and steady.

LONDON, 28th August—Consols 92¾ a 92⅞ for money.

Loss of the Steamer Pacific.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., Aug. 4.

The steamship Pacific went ashore on the morning of the 3rd, near the Trepassy. No particulars yet received.

LATER.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., Aug. 5.—There is nothing further in regard to the steamer Pacific. Her loss was reported to the keeper of the light house by fishermen. H. B. M. steamship Vesuvius started to render assistance to the ill-fated vessel at 7 o'clock last evening.

The Polish Question.

The reply of the Russian Government was received by the French Government on the 17th inst. It is stated to be marked by a strong spirit of conciliation. Russia accepts the six points, but instead of an armistice, proposes an amnesty to all who may lay down their arms.

The insurrection was assuming formidable dimensions in the palatinate of Lublin. It was also said to be rapidly spreading in the district of Downo.

An engagement between Prussian troops and insurgents is reported near Miloslaw.

The *Czar* publishes a letter which had been addressed to the Czar by the Pope.—The insurgent leader Rucki, after his defeat at Bukanowata, in the Palatinate of Lublin, effected a junction with Krysinski, Jankowski and Jilinski. The united forces of these leaders had desperate engagements on the 7th, 8th and 9th, with the Russians, in which the latter were repulsed.

Grabowski obtained a victory over the Russians on the 10th, at Zuliuczek.

News from Warsaw dated the 4th inst., says:—"The National Government have issued the first number of a new journal to-day under the title of the *Independence*. The leading article repudiates the idea of any negotiation with Russia. Subscriptions to the paper are to be transmitted to the National Government through the usual channel of its agents. The paper publishes the identical text of a pastoral letter from Monsieigneur Rzewnski, referring to the church mourning throughout Poland. The dignitary further states that he has been informed by the Archbishop Feliński he had been ordered by the Russian Government to remain at Jarnslaw for an indefinite period."

Mr. Horseman had given notice that he would, on the 20th, bring the subject of Poland, in all its bearings, before the House of Commons. Mr. Pope Hennessey will second the motion.

The London Advertiser says he will make statements which will startle not only England, but all Europe.

The Russian reply to the Three Powers was expected to reach London on the 19th inst.

La France insists on the necessity for an armistice in Poland at the moment of negotiations being opened.

THE CROPS.

We have received from the Department of Agriculture at Washington the tables of crops for may and June, showing the condition of the crops throughout the loyal States. Winter wheat is about one and one-tenth below the average, but there is a tenth more land sown than in 1862, when the largest crop ever grown in this country was produced. The Spring Wheat is three-fourths of a tenth more than an average in the amount sown and but half a tenth below it in appearance. Corn is generally small in size on account of the drouth, but the entire injury is only one-a-half-tenth, and its general appearance but one-tenth below the average crop. Oats have suffered much drouth, but if the crop escapes rust it may still be better than the crop of last year. Grass is injured very much from drouth, and it is two-tenths below the appearance of a good crop. Flax has increased one hundred and twenty per cent over last year, and is twelve per cent above the average of last year's crop.

The number of sheep is twenty per cent. greater than last year. The wool clip is estimated at 79,405,215 pounds. Sorghum has increased twenty seven per cent. in extent of cultivation, and in appearance is but little affected by the drouth. So far the appearance of the cotton crop is favorable.

In connection with these returns are given tables of the weather, derived chiefly from the reports of the observers of the Smithsonian Institution. The following is a summary of the facts presented:

"In most of the States the month of June has been very dry, but in Kansas, Kentucky and Missouri there has been enough rain. In Ohio and Pennsylvania plenty has fallen, but during the last half only of the month. The report from Michigan is very extraordinary, showing a depth of rain of 19.97 inches, ten of which fell on one day. The returns from the farmers corroborate those relative to the fall of rain, by the Smithsonian observers. They are, in other respects, exceedingly interesting. Thus we see in Kansas (which lies on the line separating the showery summer climate of the States from the dry one of California and New Mexico) the entire returns present an abundance of rain. So, too, but not quite to the same extent, are the reports from Missouri, of which, however, there are few on account of the war. But Iowa is the reverse of Missouri, reporting fifty-one counties *very dry*; Wisconsin has fourteen *very dry*, eleven *dry* against twenty *favorable*, and the entire returns from Minnesota exhibit every county as *very dry*. Why this remarkable difference between Kansas and Minnesota? Again; all the States lying east of the great lakes have had much more rain than those south of them during the first three weeks of June."—*Boston Journal.*

THE CROPS.—We have most gratifying intelligence from the various sections of the country, of the thriving state of the crops. The harvest prospect exceeds any known in the country for many years. If the crops are got safely housed the quantity and quality will be unexcelled. The breadth of wheat sown, we believe, surpasses that of former years, and though there is a small insect now and then, it does comparatively little harm. It is on the outside of the berry, and when developed "takes wings and flies away." This was the case last year. The hay crop is very heavy, and in many places is in the barn. In fact, green crops of all kinds as well as cereals are excellent. The absence of spring frost will make the harvest, early and increases the chance of little or no damage by the autumn frosts, which used to do much evil in time past.

THE CROPS.—Farmers in this section of the country continue to represent the harvest prospects as highly encouraging, and all are sanguine that their labour will be rewarded with a bountiful yield. The wheat crop never looked better, and all the other cereals promise equally well. The midge, which has done some little damage in the West, has not, we believe, made its appearance hereabouts, and there is now nothing to fear from this pest. The potatoes look well notwithstanding the scarcity of rain, and there is no doubt that the crop will be a good one The accounts from abroad are equally encouraging. For the first time in seventeen years the potato crop of Ireland has escaped the blight, and there is every reason to hope that the yield of this important product will be an abundant one. In England all the crops promise well, and from all parts of Great Britian the reports are highly satisfactory. *Kingston Daily News.*

REPORTED SOUTHERN SUCCESSES IN LOUISIANA.—The Richmond *Despach* of the first says:—"As a partial relief from the unwelcome news which we have been receiving from the south, we have now the intelligence that our forces have gained a decided victory in Louisiana. The President yesterday received a despatch from Lieutenant General Hardee, stating that Gen. Dick Taylor had an engagement with the enemy under Gen. Banks, and that he had completely routed them, capturing 6,000 prisoners." The report must be received with reserve.

Operations of the Florida.

[From the Barbados (Bridgetown) Reporter, July 21.]

On Saturday a boat arrived here containing a lieutenant and nine seamen belonging to the Confederate man-of-war "Florida." They form the prize crew of a Northern vessel snapped up by the Florida. Their intention was to take the vessel into some Southern port, if they could contrive to run the blockade. Being short of water, however, and in the neighborhood of Barbados, they thought it more advisable to set her on fire and take the boat. Considering that part of her cargo was kerosene they do not seem to have accomplished the work of destruction with the facility of which abundant practice would have warranted the expectation. Before the fire had obtained full sway the vessel had stranded on St. Philip's coast, and the breakers which washed over her soon obtained the mastery over their opposite element. Having fallen a victim to war she is now in her turn becoming the cause of strife. Her cargo of corn, meal, &c., is claimed by the laborers in the neighborhood to which she has drifted as a God send in these hard times. Of course this could not be allowed, and we hear that the yeomanry cavalry have been called into requisition in the interest of law and order, and that they have already been brought into unhappy collision with the mob.

The Washington correspondence of the New York *Commercial*, writes that "Mr. Lincoln contemplates making a short visit to the New England States during August, if his official duties will permit. He is sadly in need of a little relaxation. He will avoid all of the fashionable places and proceed quietly to the White Mountains, where he will meet Mrs. Lincoln and her eldest son. The President will decline all receptions and ovations, but will go as a quiet citizen on a health-seeking tour."

The Government has received a letter from West Point Academy, stating as an example of the efficiency of the graduating class of cadets, that they dismount a cannon, separate the parts of the carriage, remount and reunite them, and fire the gun in 26 seconds.

Father Kohler and the Indians.

Some journals appear to think that Father Kohler, a Roman Catholic priest, who is charged with inciting the Indians to riot in the Manitoulin Islands, has been arrested at the instigation of the government. This is not the case. Up to the present time the Executive have not had any official intimation of the circumstances alluded to, and, consequently, have taken no action in the matter. Nor was there need of any. Fortunately, as the law is administered in Canada, all that is necessary is for a complaint against an alleged offender to be properly made in order that it may be duly investigated and justice promptly administered. In the case of Father Kohler, all the information that has reached this city respecting the affair has come through the Western journals, and the presumption is that the local authorities know perfectly well how to test the truth of the accusations that have been made. If a warrant in due form has been issued against Kohler, and if the execution of that warrant has been resisted by force of arms, in that case the civil authority in the District is competent to act without any interference on the part of the Government; nor do we suppose that any circumstances will arise which will necessitate the smallest departure from the well known procedure in such cases.—*Quebec Mercury.*

The South Unconquered.

(From the New York Daily News of Saturday.)

The South, notwithstanding recent reverses, stands to-day before the world as bold and resolute as any former period of the war. The military enthusiasm of its people has been stimulated by the successes which have attended the Federal arms, and it is gathering its forces for fresh battles, and these still stretch in formidable array from Virginia to the Mississippi. It is true the greatest stronghold on the Father of Waters are lost to the Confederate Government, but in capturing them the North gained but a barren victory, for a desolate and deserted tract of country can offer no encouragement to trade and the river, as an outlet for commerce to the sea, will be too unsafe to answer the expectations of the West.

Nothing has yet been done to show that the South can be conquered; indeed, its very confidence at the present time goes far to show that its determination not to be conquered is invincible, and that with such a people conquest is an impossibility. It is natural to exaggerate the importance of military successes when the tidings first reach us, and the experience of this war has taught us that the effect of every supposed Confederate reverse and Federal victory has been over estimated, and that we have been beguiled into beliefs which afterward prove false. It is the same with the so-called opening of the Mississippi, and the retirement of the forces under Lee into Virginia. Because the latter is now