As Sir Arthur walked away, he struck with his foot a peasant's cap which had fallen from one of the bodies. It bore round its band a ribbon, which had inscribed on it, in white letters, the name of the ship; and he read thereon, 'The *Nemesis*.'

'My dear Wyndham,' cried Lady Lloyd, sailing into the Octagon Room, wherein her son was still on guard—'a most extraordinary outrage! There are some people in the kitchen, who have brought a dead body with them, and they persist that the general had ordered them to bring it here—into this house of mourning.'

'I'll go and see what they mean. A mistake, I should think. Do you stay here, mother.'

Soon after, Wyndham returned; he looked agitated. Sir Arthur was with him.

'My dear Lady Lloyd,' said the general, 'I'm sincerely sorry to have distressed you in any way; but when I tell you that the body which the men have just brought here is that of my poor brother's eldest son John, by a most marvellous dispensation, wrecked and drowned this very day, you'll see at once that this house is the only proper resting-place for the body of the sixth baronet of Tanyrallt; for such he was, though for only a few minutes.'

The general, unused to making so long a speech, here paused for breath, and Lady Lloyd interposed vehemently: 'Sir Arthur, John Lloyd died two-and-twenty years ago; this is some imposture.'

'Madam, said the general in a flame, 'did not I tell you it was the body of my nephew John, and you speak of imposture!'

'Yes, imposture, Sir Arthur! Was it not fully understood, when I married Sir John, that his eldest son—who, I am told was an abandoned and disgraceful youth—was really and absolutely dead? Should I have consented to such an alliance, had there been an heir surviving? Would my money have been applied to clearing the heavily encumbered estates of my late husband, had it been possible that they should go to any other than my own children? Sir Arthur, to suppose John Lloyd not to have died years ago, is to suppose that there has been deceit and imposture somewhere; and rather than impute it to my dear husband lying here——'

'Mother said Wyndham interposing 'I've seen the body, and I've every reason to think that it is my brother John's. My uncle recognises him; Williams, the schoolmaster, knows him. Whatever poor John's faults may have been, he has amply atoned for them. His body shall lie side by side with my late father's—in fact, I've given orders to that effect.'

As he spoke, the tramp of men was heard in the long corridor. The gray-haded butler opened the door, and the men entered, bearing the body on a bier, covered with blankets, the sharp outlines of death shewing through their folds. As they paced their burden on the table, and removed the covering on the face of the corpse, those ran a low murmur from mouth to mouth: 'Dear, dear, isn't it a sorrowful night? And so much alike, only the old lord looks the younger.'

As they left the room, some of the weatherbeaten faces wet with tears, Wyndham came forward and shook them each by the hand.

'Much thanks, friends,' said he in the vernacular. It was all the Welsh he knew, but it served his turn. The faces of the men glowed with delight; and when he told the butler to see that they had plenty of good ale, they were ready to lay down their lives for the young lord.

'Wyndham, are you mad?' said his mother, when they were once more alone.

'No, mother; remarkably sane'

'Then why did you recognise this imposture?'

'First, mother, it is no imposture; the proofs are too strong. Did he want anything from us, it would be another matter; but, as it is, the proof of his death will come in very handily.'

'Foolish boy, the children'——

'Children, mother; there can be none, or if there were, they would be drowned.' Wyndham; they're saved.—two of them—at Williams' cottage.'

'Good heavens! I'd no idea of that.' Wyndham sank into a chair, pale and breathless.

Was it possible that his kingdom was to be wrested from him—that kingdom to which he had looked forward almost from earliest consciousness! And that gone, what was there left for him? I have said that, looking at him, you might imagine him a naked Briton, intent on raid and rapine. But it was not thus that he stood in his own regards. *Plus* his clothes, you have him thus—Lieutenant and Captain in Her Majesty's Foot Guards; distinguished sportsman at Coverside in Leicestershire; patron of two livings; future legislator for the empire: chief of the equestrian order of the Red Hand—very far removed from the naked Celt this our friend. And yet he the product of our advanced civilisation, choicest fruit of recognised systems of culture, did not clash much with the ideal I have of him. Every whit as rapacious as he of old; as greedy of the things he called his rights; as careless of the rights of others; as selfish in his life of simulated activity as his prototype in the real work of his; as cruel to his foes, but to his friends, ah! not so kind, for he of old would sometimes spare the faces of his people wound overmuch; but this new man would have sold them to the highest bidder, did the laws permit. Such as he is, this chieftain of ours, do you think he will resign his kingdom without a struggle? Will he give up all he holds dear in life for an abstract love of legality?

'We know not' ing o' these children; they are not his, he said at length.

'Wyndham, don't deceive yourself; these children are surely his—that impostor's, whom you have recognised.'

'Mistress!' said a voice from the door of the state-chamber. Lady Lloyd started, and turned. The intruder was the old nurse who had sat by the bedside of the dying chief; she who was now adjusting the last sad toilet of the dead. 'Mistress! what shall I do with the clothes of the young captain.'

'Bring them here, Gwen,' said Wyndham hastily, struck by a sudden thought. She brought them in a bundle, and laid them in the room.

'Stop, Gwen; did you find anything in the pockets: any money, any papers?'

'Dim arian: dim paper; dim byd,' said the old woman.

'You're welcome to the money, if there was any; but papers, Gwen, papers?'

She shook her head. Dim paper.'

Wyndham closed the door after her, gently locked it, and taking up the bundle of clothes, held them out at arm's length in disgust.

'Mother, I can't rummage about a dead man's clothes.'

'Give them to me, child.'

She spread them out with quick deft fingers on the floor, passing her hand rapidly over each article of apparel. When she came to the braided coat, her hand encountered a hard substance. She held up the coat.

'Wyndham, there's something sewn into the lining. Quick, child, a knife!

A few threads severed, a pocket-book dropped out—a Russia leather book—warped and stained by salt water, clasped by a small gilt lock.

Just as the two were looking at each other, wondering as to the contents of this fatal casket, the old butler, Griffiths, knocked at the door.

'If you please, Sir Wyndham, young Jones, the officer, wishes to speak with you.

'Tell him to wait, Griffiths—Mother, let us finish our work; let this hateful room be the only witness of our deeds.' He took the poker, and knocked the little gilt lock to bits.

Bill of lading of the goodship *Nemesis*; memorandum of insurance policies; list of English deposits—Ah, see, mother! in an inner pocket.'

Lady Lloyd looked over her son's shoulder, and read: 'I certify that I solemnised marriage, according to the rites of the Anglican Church, between John, son of John Lloyd, Bart. of Tanyrallt, North Wales, and Tara Bye. JAMES DOWER,
Chaplain to the Forces.'

It was but a scrap of paper, the torn flyleaf of of a book.

'Wyndham, thank God it was an irregular marriage.'

'Um; I don't know that, mother; I think it would be held good.'

'Then let the evidence of it perish; and she snatched the paper from her son's hands, and threw it on the blazing fire. The damp paper crackled and curled in the flame; but as they looked, it rose in the quick draught of smoke and air, disappearing unburned up the chimney.

Wyndham looked at his mother, who was staring at the fireplace in blank dismay, and then threw himself back in his chair, laughing heartily.

'Interposition of Providence, eh, mother? Come, old lady, don't worry yourself about this lively piece of paper. That which I have, I will hold. *Gard qui me touche.*—Now for Jones the officer.'

Jones the officer was kicking his heels in the hall. The respect due to the crown forbade his being shewn into the kitchen; but Griffiths couldn't forget that Jones was only the son of the Pandy, and therefore the chief apartments of the house were far too good for him.

'Well, Jones, what is it? Some warrant to be signed?'

'No, sir. Begging your pardon for disturbing you on such a day, but I hear that one of the bodies cast on the shore to-day has been brought here, and I called to remind you that any property found upon the body should be handed over to the officers of the crown.'

'Dear me! the crown has a very vigilant servant. But, in a word, Jones, the crown has no rights on my lands. Flotsam and jetsam, wreck and treasure, are all mine, Mr. Officer; please to inform your masters to that effect.'

'Well, indeed, I shall have to report this to the collector. You don't deny having the possession of the body and its belongings?'

'I deny and affirm nothing. I'd only have you know that I am the lord here, and am not answerable for my doings to anybody.'

'Well, indeed, the collector will have to see to this. Well, good-day, Sir Wyndham.'

Wyndham gave him a contemptuous stare in reply to his greeting, and let him find his way out of the house as he could.

CHAPTER III.

Giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much

A twittering of swallows—who does not love the sound, telling of the grim winter past, of the tender breath of spring! Let them build under your eaves, the graceful house-loving birds. Their homes are as dear to them as yours to you, O respectable ratepayer!

Spoiled your new hat, eh? Then carry an old umbrella. Dirty your white steps? Let Hannah, the housemaid, clean them; 'twill do that fat damsel good, a little wholesome outdoor exercise.

The swallows had built for ages under the eaves of Tanyrallt. In that warm nook they lived and throve, and nursed their young brood all the summer through; and as they gathered for their autumn flight, they would flock round the old rooftree of Tanyrallt, twittering a pleasant blessing on its kindly lords.

They mostly hold to their old homes, these swallows; and when a young couple start in life, they must rear their own dwelling, lining it with down from their own breasts, before the elders of the tribe will give them the nuptial benediction.

On this especial spring, sundry newly mated pairs were busy under the eaves, and levying contributions on all sides: bits from the straw-yard, moss from the old oaks in the avenue, unconsidered trifles from the gutters; amongst other things, found with much gratulatory chirping, and carried carefully between the loving pair, an old, tattered, yellow paper. It formed a famous shaft to the vaulting of the swallows' roof. Two hours' labour was saved them by that fortunate find; and that very night, they slept beneath their own roof-tree these young swallows—the south-west wind and the murmuring surges singing their epithalamium.

But for the swallows, Tanyrallt is almost deserted. Young Sir Wyndham is with his regiment at Windsor; Lady Lloyd is at her town dower-house, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square; old Gwen, and the gardener and his wife, are taking care of the house. Williams, the schoolmaster, and his young charge are on the river every spare hour; sometimes away up the higher course of the stream, sometimes down on the flat, where salt and fresh water meet. When they fished the lower waters, they always finished their day at the house of William Wynn, 'the doctor.' There was always ready a tankard of good ale for the schoolmaster; and there the young girls of the house would tempt the waif of the sea to a game of chess, in which he was for his age wonderful proficient.

He was a strange wayward lad, full of fire and vehemence and again curiously lethargic. He learned quickly English and Welsh. He was very fond of his guardian, but impatient of all control, and imperious as a young prince. His name, he said, was Hamet; but good Williams thought this a heathen name, and changed it into Hamlet.

Before leaving Tanyrallt, young Sir Wyndham had told the schoolmaster that he would be answerable for the maintenance of these children, and had desired him to give them the surname of Wyndham. He had also hinted to Williams that he believed they were the illegitimate children of his brother; but he charged the schoolmaster strongly not to reveal the secret of their birth, thinking that it would be better their origin should be hit in my story rather than they should be known as the offspring of a base connection with a heathen woman. All this the innocent Williams, impressed with the generosity and thoughtful kindness of his chief, made up his mind religiously to observe.

Hamlet and his sister Mona were now frequent visitors at the house of Dr Wynn. You must not imagine that this Wynn is a mere village surgeon. Not only is he a descendant from one of the royal tribes of Wales—all Welshmen are that—but is actually in possession of the seat of the ancient Prince Madog, and can shew a very considerable antiquity of lineal descent. As for his neighbours, the family of Tanyrallt, he looks upon them as mere interlopers. Not that he can deny the antiquity of their race, but he regards them as having lost caste by intermarriage with the Sassenach. The Wynns, indeed, had never condescended to marry the daughters of rich tradesmen. Truth compels me to add that of late years they had sometimes allied themselves with the daughters of poor ones. Consequently, whilst the lands of the Lloyds had increased in extent, swallowing up their neighbours' estates, the possessions of their old enemies, the Wynns, had dwindled down to the gray stone house by the river, shaded by ancestral oaks, and a few barren acres of mountain pastura. The doctor's practice, however, was his best farm. For some twenty miles on each side of him his sway extended. His gig and gray mare, night and day, were to be met, sometimes on the mountain track, where the solid Roman causeway was the only sure pass are among treacherous bogs; sometimes on the turnpike, rotten as trustees could leave it, flimsy as our modern work; sometimes along the steep hill-side, wherever horse could find firm foot-hold, or wheel a tuft to turn upon—there, day or night, you might meet the gray mare, gig, and Dr. Wynn.

You would not find better, purer, or nicer-looking girls within a radius of a hundred miles from the Wrekin, than the daughters of Wynn the doctor. The drawing-room at Brynaven, from which you had a glimpse of a reach of the river between the trees, and of the glittering sea beyond, was a pleasant refuge from dulness and gloom. Any number of girls from six to sixteen, merry, good-tempered, and fond of each other, even when no guests were present, made the house gay and bright with life. Hamlet and Mona, caught up amongst these fair girls, were soon taught the words and ways of Anglo-Celtic life.

Pleasant as are the hill-sides of wild Wales this brisk spring-tide, to the eye of Sir Arthur Lloyd, a view of Pall Mall from the bow-window of his club is infinitely pleasanter. He is dividing his attention among his coffee, his *Times*, and his cutlet. All the shadows of the sorrow and doubt which had hung about him in the weird mansion of Tanyrallt had vanished into thin air, dissolved in the bright sunshine of Pall Mall. When he looks up from his newspaper, he is surprised to find the eyes of his nephew, who is standing on the hearth-rug by the fire, fixed steadily upon him.

'Why, Wyn, what brings you out so early? Are you for the Bible Society's morning meeting at Exeter Hall?'

To be Continued

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, JULY 21st, 1870.

RUSHING TO BATTLE.

France has thrown down the challenge. Prussia has taken it up and professes herself ready for the contest. The armies and fleets are in motion and any hour may bring the tidings of the first bloodshed.—Troops are being massed on both sides of the Rhine frontier, and we learn that the Emperor Napoleon is to take the field in person. The cause of the quarrel is regarded by the civilized world as entirely insufficient; it being perfectly evident that France was only too glad to take advantage of the proposed election of Prince Leopold to the Spanish throne to declare war. Great wars have ere now been entered into on the strength of very slim *ideas*, but we must say that in our opinion this idea of Prince Leopold's accession is one of the slimmest that could be used in order to bring a million of men into mortal conflict. Hence it is that the general feeling is in favor of France receiving a sound drubbing from the victors of Sadowa.—The Emperor has no doubt made up his mind for victory, but of all the monarchs of Europe he can least bear defeat. If France and Prussia are left alone, it will be a tremendous struggle, and if the other great powers become involved it would require the gift of prophecy to predict what the result will be.

THE INSANE IN OUR GAOL.

On our reply to the *Leader*'s foolish attempt to justify the unnecessary detention of lunatics in Goderich Gaol, the *Globe* of 15th remarks:—

"A few days ago we called attention to the undoubted fact that notoriously insane persons are confined sometimes for weeks and months in our common gaol, and demanded that an end should be put in one way or other to such a frightful state of things. The organ of the Patent Combination, of course, rushed to the rescue, declared that the Government of Sandfield Macdonald was peculiarly careful of these unfortunates, in fact had made it a specialty—not knowing, we suppose, what might happen—and ended by insinuating, that if any such cases of confinement of lunatics could be authenticated, it would be found that the fault lay with the particular county or town officials. The Goderich *Signal* supplies us with all that is necessary in the way of reply, and a great deal more.

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Partizanship, let us whisper to the organ, is quite as strikingly displayed in defending what is indefensible as in ignorantly blaming those who wish to put down wrong, and speak for those who cannot speak for themselves.

There *has* been an improvement of late years in the matter of the insane, but a great deal more still requires be done."

The *Leader* of the 16th devotes nearly a column to 'random statements' in connection with the question of the confinement of lunatics in prisons throughout the Province. This general phase of the subject we do not interfere with, as we did not raise it, and the *Globe* is quite competent to deal with it; only remarking that the working of the new law in relation to insane prisoners has not, in this locality, borne the beneficent fruits claimed for it by the *Leader*, as statistics, which we may publish at an early date, most abundantly prove. The *Leader* appears to jump to the conclusion that, because Capt Earle is specially *named* by us (his case being in our estimation, at the time, the most harrowing one) he was the only lunatic in confinement here. We did not assert that he had been *three months* in gaol, considering nearly *one month's* neglect sufficient inhumanity on the part of those who could make a different disposal of him. The *Leader* truthfully remarks that it 'had no personal knowledge' of Capt Earle's case. Then why raise the blatant howl of partizanship and endeavor to prevent justice from being done in a matter about which the *Leader* knew nothing? Of course we all know that the *Leader* is more devoted to the acquisition of "pap" than the display of philanthropy, but it should not make its truckling propensities so very obvious. The following letter appears from the

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.
TORONTO, JULY 15, 1870.

SIR,—The attention of the Provincial Secretary has been drawn to a discussion going on in the newspapers respecting the case of Captain Earle, a lunatic confined in the Goderich Gaol, who, as illustrating the untruthfulness of an article in *The Leader*, headed 'Lunatic Prisoners,' is positively stated by a writer in this morning's *Globe* to have undergone fearful sufferings in consequence of the neglect of the government, *for a month past*, to take action upon the Sheriff's application for his removal to an asylum.

I am to say that any remarks made upon the conduct of the Government could pass unnoticed but for the reiterated charge of inhumanity contained in the newspapers writing in contradiction of *The Leader*.

For the reason only I am directed to settle the question of fact raised in the controversy, by sending you without comment the particulars of the matter.

The Sheriff's first notification to the Government of Captain Earle's case is dated at Goderich 5th inst., reached this department on the 7th inst., and upon examination of the papers, the case appearing to be urgent, the necessary reports and signatures were immediately obtained, and the Lieutenant-Governor's warrant was signed and mailed the *the same night*.

You are at liberty to make what use you please of this communication.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
THOS. C. PATTESON,
Assistant-Secretary."

The above is satisfactory in so far as that the poor Captain will now be removed to quarters where he will receive the benefit of appropriate treatment. If the Government, stirred up by the *Globe* and the *Signal* has acted in this case with unusual promptitude, what about the other lunatics confined in Goderich gaol? The *Leader* says:—

"It is unnecessary to say anything further in vindication of the conduct of the Government in regard to cases of this kind. Its assailants appealed to a single case in support of their attacks, and that appeal has gone against them. Will they have the grace to acknowledge themselves in the wrong?" When our venerable contemporary proves us "in the wrong" we venture to believe we shall have "grace" given us to acknowledge it not before. We humbly think it will be necessary for the *Leader* to say a good deal more before the Government will be vindicated in any other eyes but those of its "social parasite." While only speaking circumstantially of Capt. Earle's case, in the article quoted by the *Globe*, we previously mentioned two other cases equally sad. One of the three, we said, had been attempting to committ suicide, times without number. This was JAMES DICK committed to gaol, *7th June last*, respectably connected, and formerly an exemplary young man. Quiet when admitted, he gradually grew worse and worse, attempted to drown himself in the cesspool, on several occasions, and has to be constantly watched to prevent him from knocking out his brains. *On 22nd June* the Sheriff applied for his removal and, *on Friday 16th inst* after his insanity was allowed to become chronic and probably incurable an order for his removal arrives. It seems strange that government energy should become so intense, simultaneously with the unpleasant notoriety which former government neglect was acquiring And then there is the case of SANDY PAPPLE, committed *18th March last*, notified to Government by the Sheriff on 16 *April* and again on 18 *June* the theme of several Grand Jury presentments, commended for removal by two of 'their Honors,' who still, without prospect of ameliorated circumstances, is allowed to drivel away with only such care as the kind-hearted gaoler in pity gives him. If, as the *Leader* asserts, 'What the Government has been endeavouring zealously to do is to effect an improvement in the *mind* of the insane,' how is it that such an unfortunate individual is allowed to linger helplessly on in gaol, when Dr. Workman has emphatically and frequently stated that a short spell of such imprisonment is calculated to render madness of even the mildest type hopeless and incurable? We trust the *Leader* will have the, 'grace to acknowledge itself in the wrong and hereafter where humanity and governmental reputation are in the balance to throw in its 'feather-weight' for humanity.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Every orator, writer, mechanic and laborer in the United States—from the dock at San Francisco to New York harbor, and from Buffalo to the Keys of Florida—is, just now all agog on the question as to whether John Chinaman is to be permitted to do the labor of the country at half the usual wages. The question is a grave one, requiring in its consideration the widest Christian charity for the Mongolian stranger, and the deepest sympathy for the native or European laborer. One thing is absolutely certain: The Chinese are coming to America by the ship-load, by way of San Francisco, in which city they actually swarm. Thence they have spread rapidly Westward, building the western section of the great Pacific Railway in their progress—as if to open a highway for the invasion of the labor market of the Eastern States. The immigrants are almost exclusively men, who expect to realize speedy fortunes on the enormous salary of 50 cts per day, and then return to the Flowery Land to live to the end of the chapter, in luxury, on a penny a day. The Chinaman can live where even a negro would starve. Three cabbage stalks and a spoonful of rice a day suffices, a rat-pie is magnificent, and a good fat young dog is a feast worthy of the gods. Hence, no other laborer can work so cheaply. John is, moreover, industrious and faithful, knows nothing of strikes, and can learn anything quickly from the duties of a chambermaid or kitchen girl to the elaborate intricacies of the higher mechanics. Thus it will be seen what a formidable antagonist he is to the American laborer and artizan, and hence it is that his coming has created such a storm throughout the country.—No doubt he will come to Canada yet, and we can well imagine the feelings of our workers were five hundred of them to put in an appearance in Goderich, Clinton, Seaforth, &c. The question very naturally arises: Is it right that Kwang Chung and his fellow Chungs and Kwangs should be allowed—semi-barbarians as they are—to ruin a class of our citizens who have hard work enough of it, God knows, to provide food, clothing and homes for themselves and families? We have a pretty shrewd idea of the number who would answer; "*It is not right!*" Cheap labor may be a good thing for a country in some respects. It has made Britain the "workshop of the world," built the magnificent streets of Paris, enriched little Belgium, transformed the wastes of Germany into magnificent harvest fields; but, alas, it has created merchant princes and millionaires at the expense of the ground-down, forcibly ignorant poor. If cheap labor is a national blessing, how is it that the cheap laborers of Europe sigh for, and fly to when able, the broad rich fields which hold out their generous arms for them in the Western World? John Stuart Mill says, *per contra*, that even if the Chinese do return home they will bear with them into the heart of China rich ideas of Western civilization. That we may be permitted to doubt, for knowing as we do the gregarious habits of these people, and their tenacious hold on the ideas held by their forefathers for thousands of years, it is altogether probable that they will still regard us as the outside Barbarians they have always believed us to be. On one point every good man will agree with Mr. Mill. That is that nothing like the Coolie system—which is only a new form of Slavery should be permitted. Has already been introduced, and it is wrong, *wrong*. There are points which we would willing take up—such as what is to become of poor Sambo, etc., but want of space prevents. In conclusion, we are forced into the conviction that if Chinamen are permitted to emigrate to America, there should be some wholesome restriction provided for. What we want is Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, and the better class of *laborers* from the British Isles. Are we right or wrong?

A WARM WELCOME.—On Wednesday evening last, 13th inst., a party of about 30 leaders and stewards of the Wesleyan Church with their wives assembled in the Parsonage to welcome home, their esteemed pastor, the Rev. W. S. Blackstock (who has hitherto been residing with Mr. George Acheson) and his lady who arrived in town that day. Supper was in waiting for them, a happy social evening was spent, and a week's provisions left to commence house keeping. The account of Mr. Blackstock's abilities which reached Goderich in advance of him, has been fully realized and his ministrations meet with much appreciation from his congregation. His career in Goderich has begun auspiciously.

THE NARROW GAUGE.—We understand the Engineer of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce R. has completed the Survey through Wroxeter, Bluevale and Wingham and expresses himself highly satisfied with the result.

THANKS.—The Principal of the Central School gratefully acknowledges the receipt of $9.00 in silver from the Dominion Day Committee, to be applied to the purchase of prizes for the Christmas examination.

SALT AT SEAFORTH.—The Village Council has retused to exempt all salt-wells from Taxes for 5 years. This should not deter parties intending to bore, for, no doubt, if at the end of the year a well should be found paying no dividend, the Council would follow the example of Goderich and remit the taxes. We hear another Company is organized by the Reeve and Mr. Hayes which is to go to work immediately; a capital of $10,000 being already subscribed.

THE PRINCE ALFRED, arrived here on Sunday afternoon. The boys are all in excellent health and very indignant at the exaggerated accounts of the Bruce Mines pleasure trip. We understand the crew were paid off this morning, and that it is the intention to lay the vessel up at present.;

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT.—*The William Pitt Fessenden*, commanded by Capt. Gilbert Knapp, arrived in the Harbar, from Port Huron, on Monday afternoon, and left to-day (Tuesday) at noon. She is a tidy little vessel armed with two 24 lb guns and one 30 lb rifle, and manned by 40 of a crew. Her officers, viz: Capt. Knapp, 1st Lieut. A. G. Cary, 2 Lieut H. T. Black, 3rd Lieut, R. M. Clark, and chief Engineer M H Plunkett—are a lot of frank, manly fellows, who were much delighted with the appearance and hospitalities of Goderich, and left intending to return and leave their wives and families behind them to reside among us for the summer months.

☞ Several communications left over for want of room.

The Jolly Dr. Briggs.

Can any one of our Toronto contemporrries inform us when Dr. Briggs will be 'at home.' We should very much like to hear from him!—*Caledonia Sachem.*

We would very much like to hear if Dr. Briggs is ever to be found at home!—*Welland Telegraph.*

We trust the doctor's next 'at home' will be duly announced. We are anxious to have about five minute's private conversation with him.—*London Herald and Prototype.*

Ditto!—*Huron Signal.*

Bluevale.

From our own Correspondent.

BASE BALL.—The Bluevale and Wroxeter base ball clubbs are to have a friendly game in Bluevale.

WAIPS.—Crops in general look well.—Haying is very much impeded by the bad weather. Railway matters are still in the advance.

WEATHER.—For the 1rst two weeks we have rain in great abundance, but the weather now looks more favorable, and the farmers are in hopes they will yet secure their hay from further damage.

THE 12TH.—About 8 o'clock on Tuesday the members of the Bluevale Orange Lodge met in this village, and although the rain poured down in torrents they started for Leechville, and after meeting and treating their brethern there, and also exhibiting their loyalty by beating drums and marching about the streets they returned home, with a few exceptions.

[We hope those writing to us will try to mail their corr. so that it will reach here not later than Monday evening.]

THOROUGHBRED BOAR.—We omitted last week, to notice the importation by Mr. James Mullen, Ashfield, of a pure Chester White Boar. Mr. Mullen informs us that he purchased his pigship from Mr. Boyer, Pennsylvania, that it is now two months old and weighs over 200 pounds. We consider every such purchase a step in the right direction and long to see the time when the farmers of Huron, in greater numbers than at present, will turn their attention to the raising of improved stock. Mr. Mullen's previous importations have paid him well, and we have no doubt this will also.

THE PROPOSED CESSION OF THE GAMBIA.—The Board of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce held a special meeting yesterday, to receive a large deputation of merchants interested in the British trade in the Gambia, whose object was to secure the co-operation of the Chamber in their opposition to the proposed cession of the British settlement on the Gambia to the French. It was representated by the deputation that the proposed cession, no notice of which, it is understood, has yet been given to the Colonial Legislature, was repugnant to the settlers generally both French and English, and would be prejudicial to British trade. The Board adopted a resolution to the effect that a petition be presented to the House of Commons, complaining of the proposed transfer of Gambia to France, and that a memorial to the same effect be addressed to the Colonial Secretary.—*London Daily News, 2nd July.*

WAR DECLARED!

France Avenges an Insult.

Prussia Accepts the Situation.

NOW COMES THE TUG OF WAR!

INTERVENTION OF THE GREAT POWERS INEFFECTUAL.

PRUSSIAN AMBASSADOR LEFT PARIS.

War Preparations on an Extensive Scale.

THE WAR CLOUD DARKENING.

M. THIERS OPPOSES THE GOVERNMENT.

THE EMPEROR TO TAKE THE FIELD.

OVATION TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA

MILITARY ENTHUSIASM IN BOTH KINGDOMS.

PROPOSALS FOR A PEACE CONVENTION.

TROOPS HURRYING TO THE FRONTIER.

RUMORS OF AN ENGAGEMENT.

Associated Press Despatches.

PARIS, July 15.—The Paris *Constitutionale* at noon says:—In consequence of the insult offered to Beneditti, France accepts war, which Prussia offers. The Corps Legislatif declared in favor of war.

Brussels, July 15.—The intervention of the great powers for peace has been ineffectual.

Napoleon will announce to-day the rupture of the relations between France and Prussia, and the declaration of war.

The preparations at the different naval stations are on a similarly large scale.

Paris, noon, July 15.—The Bourse is flat. Crowds of students and others paraded the streets and boulevards, shouting, "*Vive War,*" "Down with Prussia," &c. The crowd stopped at the Prussian Embassy, and shouted insultingly.

It is asserted that the Prussian Ambassador leaves Paris to-day.

Austria professes neutrality, unless a third power interferes.

Paris, 3 p. m.—The Corps Legislatif declared was against Prussia at ten minutes before one this afternoon.

Holland will remain neutral in the struggle. The belligerents have engaged to respect the neutrality of Belgium. Troops are rapidly concentrating at Antwerp and and other strategetic points

The specie and bullion in the National Bank at Antwerp has been removed to the citadel. An issue of paper money is announced.

The first dispatch says the declaration made by France is in words to the following effect:—

"France rejects the insult offered her by Prussia, and declares war against that power."

The second dispatch gives Prussia's answer:—"Prussia accepts the declaration of war, and is ready for the contest."

The members of the House applauded when the reading was finished. The President has received two official dispatches, announcing that war has been declared between France and Prussia.

THE NEUTRALITY OF ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 16.—The neutrality of England will be difficult and perhaps impossible, and dishonorable in case Holland and Belgium should become involved in the war.

REAL OBJECT OF THE WAR.

The *Times* intimates that the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, containing the modern provinces of Moselle, Meurthe, Meuse, Vosges, the Upper and Lower Rhine, are the real object of the war on the part of Prussia, and that she has the sympathies of mankind. The *Times* also hints that English intervention is probable in case of Prussia losing strength.

WITHDRAWAL OF LEOPOLD.

The absolute withdrawal of Leopold is generally credited.

RECRUITING IN PRUSSIA.

Volunteering in Prussia is extraordinary. The entire male population is demanding arms.

HUNGARIAN SYMPATHY WITH FRANCE.

Advices from Berlin represent that Prince Royal Frederick William will take command of the armies of the States of South Germany.

A telegram from Pesth states that the chiefs of the different parties in Hungary had met there, and adopted a resolution sympathizing with France, and declaring that every victory for France would be victory for Hungary.

ENTHUSIASM IN FRANCE.

The war enthusiasm in France is very great. The people offer to pay double taxes. The police are obliged to protect the residence of M. M. Thiers and Favre, who made speeches against war. Prussia proposes to invade France with an immense force.

NO OFFICIAL NOTICE OF WAR—MISCELLANEOUS.

LONDON, July 17.—The British War Office has not yet received official notice of the declaration of war between France and Prussia. Italy and Denmark assure the powers of their intention to preserve a neutral attitude. MacMahon, Bazaine and Canrobert will command the three corps of the French army. The troops of Saxony are in motion. The French reserves have been ordered out to protect the frontiers. The North German Parliament meets on the 20th instant, to vote the necessary credits for war expenses.

Belgium relies upon British, French and Prussian assurances of neutrality and immunity of her territory.

A despatch from Berlin states that the South German States, responding to Prussia's notice of the declaration of war, are enthusiastic in their support of fatherland.

Political differences have been obliterated by the aggressions of France.

Columns of Prussian troops are moving in the direction of the Rhine and of the north coast.

SCENE IN THE CORPS LEGISLATIF.

PARIS, July 16th.—In the Corps Legislatif yesterday, Thiers, in a long speech, pronounced against the declaration of the Government. He found after all that was said, that France had received satisfaction from Prussia, and war should not be made on her for a mere formality.

M. Ollivier responded to Thiers. He said it was impossible for the Government to do otherwise than it had done. Thiers again took the floor. He recalled Mexico and Sadowa, and said Government had made a great blunder. The majority interrupted the speaker, but he continued amidst great agitation. When silence was restored, M. Gambetta demanded that all correspondence that had taken place with Prussia be laid before the Corps Legislatif.

M. Jules Favre seconded the motion in a long speech, asserting that France cannot make a war on the authority of telegraphic despatches.

The minister of Foreign affairs replied that it was necessary to make war, and to do so immediately to give Prussia no time to arm. If any other course was pursued he could no longer remain in the Ministry.

The following projects of the law were carried in the Corps Legislatif by 246 to 10: First, to call the Guards Mobile into active service; second, to authorise the enlistment of volunteers for the term of war, and third, to issue a demand for a loan of fifty million francs in aid of the army, and sixteen million in aid of the navy. The Emperor will leave Paris to-day for the seat of war. The Prince Imperial will accompany him to the field.

RETURN OF COUNT BENEDETTI.

Count Benedetti arrived in this city last night, coming from Ems instead of Berlin. He did not receive his passport, he came to give the Emperor verbal explanations. Nothing positive has been done yet concerning the alliance between France and Austria. It is reported again to-day that Austria will remain neutral. Baron Werther, North German Minister, and all members of his embassy left Paris yesterday afternoon for Berlin. The French squadron in the Mediterranean has been doubled; Vice admiral De LaGuerrier is in command. There is a great activity at the war Department to-day. A large number of sealed orders have been sent in various directions.

The Emperor is expected to head the army in person, and by a series of rapid movements, arrive at the Rhine before Prussia has completed her defences.

TROOPS RECALLED FROM ALGERIA.

The steamers of the Messageries Imperiaels have been despatched to Algeria to bring home the troops now operating against the rebels in that country. The Minister of Marine has ordered all vessels not useful in time of war, such as Imperial yachts, &c., to be disarmed.

A PROPOSED EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

Lord Lyons, the English Minister, is still endeavoring to get his colleagues here to present a collective request for a Congress of European Powers to settle the question between France and Prussia.

ARRIVAL OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Prince Napoleon arrived in Norway yesterday. He received a despatch from Paris, and will return immediately.

RUMOR OF AN ENGAGEMENT.

Paris, July 17, a. m.—There is a rumor that an engagement has taken place near Forbach, resulting in a loss to the Prussians of 3,000 killed. The French loss is placed at 2,000 killed. As yet this report can be traced to no reliable source.

M. ROUHER'S ADDRESS.

After the Session yesterday, the Senate proceeded in a body to St. Cloud, where they were received by the Emperor and Empress. M. Rouher, President, said the Senate thanked the Emperor for the permission of expressing to the Throne its patriotic sentiments. A monarchical combination, injurious to the prestige and security of France, had been mysteriously favored by Prussia. On our representations Prince Leopold renounced the throne of Spain. Spain, who returns our friendship, renounced a candidature so sounding to us. Without doubt the immediate danger of the war was thus avoided; but our legitimate complaint remains. Was it not evident that as a foreign power, to the prejudice of our honor and interest, wished to disturb the balance of power in Europe? Had we not the right to demand of that power guarantees against a possible recurrence of such an attempt? This is refused and the dignity of France insulted. Your Majesty draws the sword and the country is with you, eager for and proud of the occasion. You have waited long; but during this time you have raised to perfection the military organization of France By your care France is prepared; her enthusiasm proves that, like your Majesty, she will not tolerate wrong. Let our august Empress become again the depository of the Imperial power; the great bodies of the State surround her Majesty with their absolute devotion, the nation has faith in her wisdom and energy. Let your Majesty resume with noble confidence the command of the legions he led at Magenta and Solferino. If peril has come the hour of victory is near, and soon a grateful country will decree to her children the honors of triumph; soon Germany will be freed from the domination which oppressed her, and peace will be restored to Europe through the glory of our arms. Your Majesty, who so recently received a proof of the national goodwill, may then once more devote yourself to reforms the realization of which is only retarded. Time alone is needed to conquer. The Emperor warmly thanked the President and the members of the Senate.

INTENSE WAR FEELING.

A war feeling has taken entire control of the people yesterday. The Duke de Grammont, after leaving the Chamber, was greeted by the crowds upon the streets with cheers and plaudits amounting to an ovation. A demonstration was made in front of the residence of M. Thiers to express dissatisfaction at his course in the Corps Legislatif.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

The "Journal Du Soir" publishes the following official reports:—Decrees have been issued creating a fourth battalion for each regiment of infantry and sixth squadron for regiments of cavalry. Gen. Autemarre, who commanded the National Guard of Paris, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Guard. The regiments in barracks at the *Ecole Militairie* have received orders to March on Monday. The military posts in Paris, vacant by the departure of troops, have been occupied by the Imperial Guard. All troops in garrison in the Central Department of France have received orders to depart for the frontier. A Council of Ministers, the Emperor presiding, was held at St. Cloud to-day. The chambers will probably dissolve at the end of the present week after voting the budget.

NEWS FROM DENMARK.

La Patrie says the News from Denmark and the Duchies is excellent. Their hatred against Prussia is so great, that if their Government refuse to take part in the present conflict, the people will rise against them. In Hanover there is great agitation, and the Prussian General commanding has asked for reinforcements.

FRIENDLY RELATIONS WITH SPAIN.

The *Moniteur* journal holds friendly language towards Spain. It intimates that France would be willing to support the Father of the King of Portugal for the Spanish Throne. The *Moniteur* adds that it has positive assurance of the intention of Spain to keep clear of any complication in the impending struggle between France and Prussia.

BELGIAN NEUTRALITY.

The Government of Holland and Italy will maintain an absolute neutrality as between France and Prussia. The *Moniteur* (semi-official) says England is much concerned for the welfare of Belgium.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gen. Changarnier will be appointed to the command of the French reserves, and will be named a Marshal of France. A secretary of embassy will start to-night for Berlin, to deliver to the Prussian Government an official copy of the French declaration of war. The