Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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

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NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

A TALE OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOCKWOOD ON THE TRAIL.

(Continued.)

The evening was considerably advanced when the borderer returned. Judith met him at the gate. In answer to her anxious inquiries, he communicated the result of his search.

'Poor lad! he has doubtless gone into captivity,' she said.

'He should not have been trusted out of the stockades,' returned Lockwood.

'The sentinel of the gate was thus instructed, to-day. He should have kept him from passing.'

The man who had charge of the gate was questioned. He asserted that he had left his post but once, and then but a few minutes, and his place was supplied by Martin Rigsby.

'By Martin Rigsby,' repeated Judith, looking at Lockwood. 'I need no longer wonder that misfortune has happened to the simple boy.'

'My presence here among you' said the borderer, thoughtfully, 'has awakened the evil elements of this bad man.'

'He would wound me through this feeble youth,' said Judith.

'The force of the blow shall be averted, if possible. To-morrow morning I had intended to resume my journey toward the country of the Cherokees, but I will surely make an attempt to rescue Billy White.'

'Although I do not wish to imperil you or others, or retard your benevolent though I fear hopeless mission, I am very grateful for your sympathy for the lad, and the intention you have expressed.'

'And your gratitude more than rewards me. I ask no sweeter compensation than woman's gratitude.'

'There were matters which I thought to make known to you to-night, when I named a meeting, which the singular developments of the afternoon have a ready revealed. That my father has been somewhat influenced by the cunning insinuations of Rigsby, I saw with pain and mortification, feeling as I did, the debt which I owe you. I have to ask that you will not cherish unkindness. He feels his injustice, and is desirous to atone for it.'

'Your request has been anticipated. I have made all those excuses for him which I thought you would make. An honest man is often the dupe of a rogue. Let us, if you please, forget that. Under similar circumstances, I might not have acted differently; I think I should not.'

That Judith appreciated this delicacy was evident from her manner.

'Early in the morning, Miss Waldron, I shall take the trail. We may not meet again. I may fall by Indian ball or shaft. I hope you will again permit me to express my devotion, which is of a nature so lasting that it can never change its object.'

'I had not encouraged you to expect a—a lover's meeting,' answered Judith, in a tone by no means wanting in gentleness, notwithstanding the rebuke the words seemed to convey.

'I know it,' resumed Theodore, who was the most unpresuming of men. 'But as this is the last time I may have an opportunity of speaking confidentially, I cannot resist adverting to a subject so intimately connected with my happiness. It is in your power to—to render me the most to be envied of men.'

'I must make a little allowance for exaggeration, I think,' said Judith, with a charming smile.

'Not so. I have not yet presumed to express the fervor of my passion. Indeed, I should much exceed the common limits of probability were I to make the attempt.'

'That which is beyond belief should never be spoken. And I wish you to remember that the fiercest flame soonest consumes the fuel that feeds it, and burns out.'

'I protest,' as versted Lockwood, solemnly, 'that my love is unchangeable.'

'Not so fast, Mr. Lockwood. Let time affirm or deny that. It is a thing which time only can test.'

'I would stake my life upon it. I would stake all—'

'I trust that I know the limits of my sex,' said an easily recognized voice close at hand; 'and I trust, also, that I know where the line of propriety is to be looked for in the friendly intercourse of male and female individuals.—At your age, Miss Judith, I can't recollect of bein' out at this time of night with a young gentleman, listenin' to tales of love and eternal confidence and persiflage generally.—Mournful spectacle!'

'Good night, Mr. Lockwood,' said Judith.

'Good night,' stammered Lockwood.

Judith hurried in and Philena followed at leisure, priding herself greatly on the discretion of her youthful years.

The borderer was ready to take the trail in the morning while the dew was yet sparkling upon the grass. Neverfail was satir, ready to accompany him. It was with feelings of sadness that he passed the gate of Fort Waldron; he was leaving Judith, and very possibly might never see her again. This thought was not easily shaken off. They were but a short distance from the fort when they heard some one calling them, which proved to be no other than Long Bill, who declared it his intention to go with them at all hazards.

'The facks that come under my observation there,' he said, 'are too tame and commonplace. I must find facks and excitement more for my mind. I'll go after poor Billy who's dreadful 'feared of the savages, and will nearly die with fright.'

'I think,' the forester replied, 'that our chances of success wont be materially increased by your company, though I dare say you mean well.'

'Jes' so! but I'm bound to go. I'm diabolical in a fight with the redskins. I straddle round among 'em awful. It's beautiful to see me in a skrimmage. I'm obleeged to have a tussle about once a week on account of my health, which is delicate. Allers go out when I'm feeble and spend a few days killin' Ingins. My family doctor says I'll sink under my complaints if I don't foller it up.'

'Do you know a trail from a cow-path?' asked the forester.

'I was born on the trail, and took to it naturally soon's I could run alone. I wasn't happy when I's out of sight of it, and cried for it as children cry for gingerbread. Ever afore I could walk I crept on the trail half a day unbeknown to my parents, who, gettin' consarned about me, made a march for me and found me in a swamp six miles from home, and within fifty rods of a camp of catawamptious Miamis; or it might have been fifty-one rods and a half, but I couldn't say positively, because facks is stubborn things and aint to be trifled with. They aint, indeed!'

'Certainly, he is the man we want,' said Lockwood.

'He can foller a trail, no doubt, if he can find it, for his legs seem particularly adapted to follerin'. Legs is good in their place.—One can run away on 'em when he's in a straight corner, and there's a good many uses you can put 'em to. So you can take 'em along if you want to; but I can warn you aforehand that it's a dangerous piece of business. You'll find it so.'

'Jes' so. If there's anything that agrees with me its danger. But that's neither here nor there; for you see I'm not a free moral agent—not all—I'm the victim of legs. The head and body bein' in the minority are obleeged to foller the lead of the legs, without regard to weather or circumstances. If these here walkers choose to carry me in among the heathen, I go and there's no use hangin back. I've give up the reins of gover'ment and submitted to the decree of the usurpers.'

'None of us is parfict,' moralized the forester.

'Sometimes they git up with me in my sleep and walk me off to a great distance; which makes it embarrassin', as I sometimes wake up among strangers and can't give no satisfactory account of myself. Once I come near bein' hung for a spy. I was found within the enemy's lines, movin' about without apparent aim or object, 'cept to look at the works and git general information. They was captured—my legs was—and of course I was tooken with 'em. I tried to explain it, but was laughed at for my pains.'

'How did you escape?' queried the forester.

'I don't know—I never could understand it. I went to sleep under a strong guard of about two hundred sogers in uniform and bagonets, and was to be executed in the mornin'—providin' the weather was suitable. My feelin's was tenful; but I went to sleep, notwithstandin' and slept beautiful till I was aroused by a powerful collusion. I opened my eyes. The sun was shinin', the breeze was blowin', and the birds was singin' spontaneous. I was in a strange climate, a standin' chuck up agin a tree about thirty feet in diameter and four hundred feet high—by the multiplication table. It was the doin's of my legs. They'd effected their escape and conducted me away from the danger. Sense then, I've been in the habit of tyin' myself to some objick afore goin' to sleep. And when I've happened to be in a large town, I've hired the magistrates to keep me in jail over night; then I knew where to find myself in the mornin'.'

During this conversation, carried on mostly by Piper, the parties moved toward the river to the spot where the trail had been discovered the previous night. Nolan was awaiting them there with a canoe. They entered it and were paddled to the opposite bank.—Finding no indications that the Indians had crossed; they headed the little vessel up the stream, keeping near the northern shore.

'If this is the work of the Chickasaws,' said Neverfail, as he dexterously and steadily plied the paddle, 'I know pretty well where to look for the broken thread of the trail. It is far from here and our arms will ache before we reach it. The sun, too, will be low in the west.'

These predictions proved true; they were weary with exertion, and the sun was setting, when they neared the spot where Neverfail intended to land. The canoe was a large one, but Piper complained much of the cramped position he was forced to occupy.—Thus far they had proceeded without accident; pursuing in silence the windings of the river through great forests and beautiful intervals. These bottom lands seemed to invite the plow of the white man and woo the oncoming footsteps of civilization.

'Ten or a dozen miles from here, there is an encampment of the Chickasaws, and there I doubt not we shall find Billy the Hatfwitted,' said Neverfail, as he assisted to convey the canoe into the bushes in order to hide it.

'Knowin' as I do the ways of these red Philistines, I'm positive they'd take this direction. After we've rested a little and taken somethin' to eat, we'll foller 'em. And it's no new business to me. I've done it off and on these many years, in cold and in heat, in storm and in sunshine. Follered 'em! did I say? Yes, I've follered 'em till it got to be second natur. I've tracked the critters day and night when life depended on it. I've tracked 'em when better men had give it up and said it was useless. I've tracked 'em when the trail was lighter than the tread of a squirrel upon the leaves. I've tracked 'em when all their cunnin' has been put to the test to throw the pursuer from the scent. Ay! I've tracked 'em and overtook 'em, too.—They've felt my arm, and they'll feel it again, as likely as not, afore I go the way of all the airth.'

Neverfail paused and looked steadily toward the setting sun.

'I've tracked 'em, but never I hope in wanton cruelty. My motto has been to let 'em alone when they let me alone. When they've been the aggressors and got my blood up, they've had reason to know and fear me. The redskins has fallen by my hand. I've sent 'em suddenly to the land of souls, yet not because it was a pleasure to me. I am ignorant that they have cause to complain; they've been driven out and they know it.—Their corn fields are passin' into the hands of the white man, and their huntin' grounds are becomin' clearin's. The white man's wheat grows thriftly over the graves of the red men. Well, there is a fatality about it. There must be a fatality about it. Nations like individuals have their destiny. All these things are decreed and must take place.—There is no such thing as chance.'

Neverfail sighed. Changing Suredeath from his right to his left hand, he pointed to the borderer with the other.

'Your time and mine will come anon.—When it comes there'll be no reprieve—it will be as fixed as the fixed stars. At that hour we shall die wherever we may be, whether in the savage wilderness or in the cities of civilized men. Till then we're proof agin death. Let him do his worst—ay, let him do his worst! We shall bide our appointed period, and no mortal power can thwart the will of the Omnipotent. Look! See this hole in my huntin' shirt; it was made by a bullet.—Why didn't it pass through my lungs instead? Because I wasn't to die then and there, and all the redskins livin' couldn't kill me.'

'Jes' so!' quoth Piper. 'Them's facks.—It's refinetic, too. Refinetic, you know, is another name for fate, for refinetic is figgers and figgers can't lie. The principles of refinetics allers was and allers will be. The eternal element is in 'em, and was afore they was found out and used by man. They're in 'em and they'll stay in 'em.'

'Shut up your legs like a mammoth jacknife, and keep your refinetic to yourself!' said Nolan.

'My legs is free agents—so far as there is anything like free agency—and they'll do anything they please. If you can influence 'em, you may. It's nothing to me. But I'd advise ye not to be too free with 'em. I've known 'em to kick a feller over jes' for saying they'd make good tongs to take toads out of the well with.'

Nolan prudently widened the space between himself and Piper.

'Can you allers tell when your feet are cold?' he inquired.

'Not immediately. For instance, if they should freeze to-day (gravidin' 'twas winter,) I should not find it out till to-morrow. There's a long way for the news to travel, you know, and I bein' of little or no importunks, no pains is taken to send me infermation.'

'If you was taken by the Ingins, t'would be a good deal of work to torture 'em all the way up,' deposed Nolan.

'This here right one begins to grow a trifle uneasy. I shouldn't wonder if it was to fly up and hit ye by-and-by; in which event you'd think, at first, a seven year old colt had planted both feet in your stomick. I saw one of 'em once knock down a whole platoon of sogers, jes' as though they were ninepins, and there was boys to set 'em up agin for a cent. If you intend a long residence in this kentry, 'twould be well to bear this in mem'ry.'

'Hark!' said Lockwood, in a whisper. 'Be silent!'

At the same instant Neverfail held up his finger warningly. The borderer took his rifle and crept away upon his hands and knees.—He was soon out of sight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C.W., JULY 17, 1863.

THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT ON RECOGNITION.

In the House of Commons on the 30th June Mr. Roebuck introduced his motion that Her Majesty be requested to enter into negotiations with a view to the recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy. As far as we can judge from the meagre report of the debate which has reached this country, the hon. mover failed to show that any substantial benefits could follow such a course, or that a war with the federal government would not be the immediate result. The view he took of the subject was purely a £ s. d. one, and he argued that *now* was the time to interfere, not because it was a moment at which the moral weight of England might be interposed between the belligerents to put a stop to a scene of unparalled fraternal carnage, but because, if the initiation of such a policy as that proposed by him were delayed much longer, the South would establish manufactories for the consumption of its own raw produce which would render protection necessary at the close of the war. This, we think, in simple language, is the pith of Mr. Roebuck's argument—and certainly the position he wishes to place Britain in does not appear to be a very dignified one, when it is remembered that the permanent welfare of the Southern Confederacy is what he ostensibly seeks to establish. Self-interest may be, and no doubt is, generally involved in such interventions, but when it is used to *secure* advantages *from* the the nation recognized, there is always danger that a charge of duplicity may be brought in with some show of justice.—The opinion expressed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to be that of the masses in Britain, and is, after all, perhaps nearest the truth. He believes that the Union as it was before the commencement of the Revolution can never be restored, and while he gives the people of the Southern Confederacy all credit for the united patriotism and indomitable bravery which they have displayed in defence of their homes, he states, what must be at once admitted, that a recognition such as was proposed by Mr. Roebuck, would have the effect of bringing on war between England and the Federal Government—an evil confessedly worse than that sought to be remedied. The British Press, with few exceptions, leans to this reasonable view of the case, and we certainly think, leaving merely selfish considerations out of the question, England cannot honerably depart from the neutral ground she has held from the outset. Better for herself—better for the Confederates—and better for the future peace of both Continents if the South can maintain its ground unaided until the North manifests a willingness to retire from the dreadful conflict. That time does not appear to be far distant. The Irish element in the North has been exhausted, and when it comes to negroes and native Americans in the shape of a detested conscription, it will be found that the people are tired of butchery and will demand peace at almost any price. They will say, as old Gen. Scott did when the first collision took place, "For God's sake, let the erring Sister go!" New York has given its opinion upon the war policy, so has Newark, and other localities are as sure to follow as gunpowder is to flash when the torch is applied.

THE NEW YORK RIOTS.

The riots in the far-famed city of New York, regarding which many particulars will be found in to-day's *Signal* will not fail to remind the student of history of the scenes enacted during the Reign of Terror in France. Fire and paving-stones, pillage and blind passionate destruction, have followed in the tracks of an infuriated mob composed generally of the working classes, and, as usual in such cases, liberally interspersed with women. Of all the scourges that can be let loose upon a community, an excited mob is perhaps the most terrible. It does not reason, except by a kind of ferocious instinct. It dances about the fire kindled by its own hand, and as it sniffs up the smell of fresh blood it thirsts for more. It sways and dashes about like the waves of a stormy sea, it is deaf to the voice of suasion, and woe to the obstacles placed in the way of its headlong passion. Such was the riot in New York.

The origin of the riot was simple enough. The hated draft, an exotic planted now for the first time upon American soil, was to seize upon an indefinite number of the people and send them forth to the shambles of the Potomac and the Rappahannock. It commenced on Saturday last. As far as we can learn from leading New York papers, there was no statement made to the people of the city as to what the quota of the city should be, and it is certain that the persons drawn were almost exclusively democrats—principally drawn from the lower classes. The city is, of course, democratic, but the disproportion seemed too great, for fair play, and an Irishman, although a mere laborer, hates foul-play as he hates unmixed water. Then the idea that the wealthier classes, comprising hundreds and thousands who have fattened upon the war, can purchase exemption for what, to them, is a mere song, is peculiarly galling. Revolving such considerations as these through their minds on Sunday the people evidently came to the conclusion that it was time to resist what they considered the tyranny of Lincoln and his Administration. There is reason to believe that the feeling of discontent which led to the awful scenes of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday was by no means confined to the lower classes. Numbers of the more respectable citizens, and many even of the *elite* of the city tacitly applauded the effort to stave off the hated draft.

The *World* says:—

"Although the community generally condemns the plundering and cruelty perpetrated by some hangers-on of the mob, yet there is an astonishing deal of public and private sympathy expressed in public places with the one idea of resistence to the draft. The laboring classes say they are confident that it will never be enforced in the city, and that any new attempt will meet with still more serious opposition. They believe that no force, military or civil, will be able to enforce this unpopular measure."

The *Herald*, with all its pretended zeal for the Northern cause, does not contain one word of deprecation against the Mob; and the *Tribune* contents itself with calling for martial law and endeavoring to throw all the blame upon the Democrats. Democrats, doughfaces, copperheads, or whatever else they may be spitefully called, the *people* of the North are now beginning to speak out, and to declare almost with one voice, "We are sick and tired of this suicidal War!" Can that voice be suppressed? The bayonet and the grape-shot may be used, regiments may be called home to defend cities from the fury of their own citizens, but the *Voice* will make itself heard, else the scenes already enacted will be eclipsed in a Reign of Terror such as America has never witnessed before.

We said in our last that other cities and localities would follow the cue given by New York, and so they have already.—Troy, Staten Island, Boston and other places have experienced troubles, which, though precisely similar in kind were much milder in degree. We have as yet seen no intimations of the steps to be taken in New York about the draft. The probability is that when a sufficient military and police force is organized, another effort will be made to enforce it, because a withdrawal from the contest would be fatal to the power of the Government. The riot appears to have been partially quelled for the present, but we think the trouble is not yet over.

Gen. Lee Bagged.

Gen. Lee has been bagged again, as usual; that is, he thought fit to retire across the Potomac, and there appears to have been no one present to say *nay* to such a sensible move. According to the New York *Herald*, Lee was sure to be caught this time, as there were seven or eight good and sufficient reasons why it was impossible for him to get safely across the "enormously swollen" river. Query.—Why was he not attacked by Meade, who, according to Northern accounts had two men for his one, and who was as Barney would say "itchin' to git at him."

THE GOVERNMENT.—The opposition press seems to be greatly exercised about the policy and strength of the Government, and a great deal of ammunition is wasted in trying to prove that John A is sure to be backed up at the ensuing Session by a large majority of the faithful. Through this assumed confidence, however, we can distinguish glimpses of the despair which reigns throughout the opposition camp. We would advise the excited gentlemen to keep cool until the House meets, when, doubtless, they will have such proofs of Ministerial strength as will abundantly satisfy them.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.—Considerable discussion is going on with regard to the Speakership. Several names have been mentioned in connection with this honorable position, amongst them Messrs. Brown, Foley, Notman, Bell, and even the Premier. We think it altogether unlikely that Mr. Brown would accept the nomination, and, all things considered, Mr. Notman would seem to be the best choice, under existing circumstances. He is a worthy man, and would do the office no dishonor.

☞ The Hon. Sydney Smith stated at the nomination for the Victoria Division the other day, that when he entered public life, ten years ago, he was worth $200,000—*but now he had to begin life again!*

☞ Mr. Vallandigham arrived in Quebec a few days ago, from the South *via* Nassau and Halifax. He will locate for the present at Clifton, Niagara Falls, until the election for Governor of Ohio comes off. If elected, he will at once cross the lines.

Great International Wheat Show.

A great International Wheat Show will be held at Rochester, N. Y., September 8th, 9th, and 10th, under the auspices of the Monroe County Agricultural Society. The following premiums are offered:

For the Best 20 bushels of White Winter Wheat	$150 00
For the Second Best do do	75 00
For the Best 20 Bushels Red Winter Wheat	100 00
For the Second Best do	50 00
For the Best 2 Bushels White Winter Wheat	50 00
For the Second Best do do	25 50
For the Best 2 Bushels Red Winter Wheat	40 00
For the Second Best do do	20 00
For the Best 2 Bushels Spring Wheat	20 00
For the Second Best do do	10 00

Competitors for these Prizes will be required to furnish samples of the wheat in the ear and with the straw attached, (say 50 ears of wheat and straw,) also to furnish a written statement of the nature of the soil on which the wheat grew, method of cultivation, time of sowing, quantity of seed sown, manures (if any used,) and mode and time of application; also the time of ripening and harvesting, and the yield per acre, with such other particulars as may be deemed of practical importance; also the name by which the variety is known in the locality where it was grown.

The Wheat must be one variety, pure and unmixed. The prize to be awarded to the actual grower of the wheat, and the wheat which takes a prize is to be become the property of the Society.

It is hoped that farmers in all sections of of the United States and Canada, who have good samples of wheat, will compete for these Prizes.

AMERICAN NEWS SUMMARY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, July 14, 8:30 P. M.

To H. W. HALLECK, Gen. in Chief, Washington.

My cavalry has captured 500 prisoners additional to those previously reported.

Gen. Pettigrew of the Confederate army was killed this morning in the attack upon the enemy's rearguard, and his body is in our hands.

[Signed] GEORGE G. MEADE, Major General.

San Francisco, July 14.—Shanghai dates are to May 22nd.

Major Gordon was then at Loonkong, with Ward's force.

No aggressive movement against Topping appeared to be contemplated.

The British troops at Shanghai were about to depart for Japan.

Cincinnati, July 15.—Morgan reached Georgetown, Brown county, at midnight.—He is pretty well hemmed in, and his chances for escape are very slight. Gunboats and large forces went up the river yesterday to dispute his recrossing. The Ohio is too high to ford.

New York, July 15.—The reign of the mob inaugurated on Monday has not yet ceased, although to-day will probably witness the end of its infamous usurpation. There is no doubt that the rioting yesterday was engaged in by larger numbers than on Monday.

All the large manufacturing establishments were closed. Labour on the docks and in the shipyards was suspended yesterday. Moreover, there was no mistaking the fact that pillage was the prime incentive to the majority.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday the rioters turned out in force, about 4,000 or 5,000, and attacked the Union steam works, corner of 22nd street and 2nd avenue. The shops were closed for half a mile around, and the streets filled with men, women and children.

At 2 p. m., 300 policemen arrived on the ground. The rioters were in possession of the building and attempted to escape by the rear windows, but were too late. Finding themselves in a tight place, they made an attack on the police. This assault the officers met with a volley from their revolvers, and five of the mob were shot. About 200 rioters remained in the building. There was but one way to make their exit.

The police filled the door, each armed with a hand-devoyer. The mob became desperate and made a dead y assault upon the police. They in turn used their weapons so effectually that fourteen of the mob were already instantly killed.

Men, woman and children rushed through the streets in the most frantic state of mind as the dead and wounded were borne from the place. The wild howlings of the bereaved were truly sad to hear. Four persons were killed, and quite a number by jumping from the second story windows.

When the rioters were dispersed, the police took possession of the building, and at a late hour last night still held their place. Yesterday morning, a mob proceeded to the residence of Col. H. F. O'Brien, of the 11th New York Volunteers, who rendered his services and those of his command to suppress the riot. They warned his family to leave, and gutted the house. A force of 300 police, under Inspector Carpenter, reached the scene, and at the order to charge, a most furious onset was made on the rioters, driving them into the houses, the officers chasing them all over the buildings and into the streets, where they were scattered by a most vigorous application of clubs.

After the detachment of military had succeeded in dispersing the mob, they fell back some distance from the Colonel, who went forward near the crowd, having his sword and a revolver in his hand. He was set upon immediately, and so dreadfully maltreated that he expired in a short time. His body lay on the sidewalk for some time, and some of the crowd amused themselves by firing pistol shots at his head, after which the body was strung up to the nearest lamp post.

It was afterwards taken down and thrown into the street, and remained there up to 8 o'clock last night.

The mob went to the ferry-house at the foot of 42nd street and set fire to it. It is now in ruins. The crowd at this point was probably the largest ever seen in this city in any one place.

At 35th street there are a number of negro dwellings. An onslaught was made upon them, but fortunately all the women and children had been secretly conveyed to the station house.

The rioters learning this, made a charge on the station house, but by the exertions of Captain Wasling and his brave men, were prevented from gaining admission. They were at last dispersed by the military.

New York, July 15.—The rioters last night visited several houses of ill-fame in Greenwich street; burnt one, killed one man, and gutted a portion of another house. The police did all in their power, and finally beat off the ruffians.

Quite a serious riot occurred on Staten Island, last night, hunting negroes ostensibly, but really bent on plunder.

Several houses of negroes were burnt, their occupants fleeing to the woods. Six negroes were killed. Various persons were notified that their houses would be burnt.

The railroad depot at Vanderbilt's Landing was burnt, drinking shops were gutted, and a perfect reign of terror prevailed.

No private dwellings were destroyed, although deep threats were made against the residence of Mr. Maverick, one of the editors of the *Post*, and others. Citizens there are arming and forming a patrol force.

A detachment of the 8th regulars and two howitzers have been sent down.

It is reported that there was considerable disturbance in Brooklyn.

One negro's house, in Columbia street, was destroyed, and a few other small houses in Pillory street were pillaged. The negroes were terribly maltreated.

Quite a number of troops arriving, and some batteries of artillery have reached the city. It is the general impression that at this hour, 12 noon, Wednesday, the worst is over.

Large numbers of families have removed from the city, and the exodus continues.

Telegraphic communication east is not resumed.

New York, July 15, 12 a. m. Hudson railroad trains come only to Yonkers, the track being torn up this side. The inhabitants of Yonkers have organized to protect themselves, and two companies were guarding the arsenal.

New York, July 15, 6 p. m.—Stocks dull but strong. Money and exchange unchanged. Gold, 12⅞.

New York, July 15, 3 p. m.—A negro was met on 32nd street early this morning by a Zouave, who advised him to return to his home. The negro was excited and shot the Zouave dead. The crowd immediately seized the negro, beat him to death, and then hung him to a tree. Several clothing stores, hat stores and private residences were sacked last night.

The mob on Staten Island sacked the Lyceum attached to the Marine Hospital, taking off about 500 muskets with ammunition. The same mob hung a negro there.—Stages will commence running this afternoon. The majority of the stores down town are closed.

New York, July 15—3 p. m.—The Mayor has issued a proclamation, announcing the riot partially subsided; that remnants of the mob only seek plunder; and calls upon citizens to form patrols; and that all lines, omnibuses railways and telegraphs, must be put in full operation immediately, protected fully by military. Laws must and shall be obeyed, and offenders pursued and punished.

British Columbia Summary.

The news we continue to receive from British Columbia by every arrival from the Upper country, is of the most gratifying character. Not only is this the case because it speaks most favorably of the yield of our mines, but because of the signs of real and substantial progress, in other respects, every day seems to bring forth. In this respect, the contrast between now and this time twelve months is most striking. It is true, we have not this year to chronicle the enormous rush of gold seekers to the mines that character ized last year. On the contrary, the number is far from moderate; but it has this advantage, that what is lacking in quantity is made up in efficiency. Though the number of men in the mines this season is not more than half what it was at the same period last year, there has already been vastly more accomplished in the way of opening up claims, and the increasing production of the precious metal.—Those who are there now have to complain neither of the want of employment at good wages, nor of the same high price of provisions that has hitherto militated against the efficient prospecting of the country. Along the whole road a general cheapening of food for man and beast is apparent. To give an idea of this, we may instance the case of Lillooet. In this place, in the month of June last, flour was selling at $25 per hundred, in the beginning of May, this year, it can be bought for $11.50, with the prospect, too of being yet cheaper. Now, we believe this is likely to be the case henceforth. The construction of the waggon road, even so far as it has been finished, has been productive of the most beneficial effects in reducing the price of freight, and giving increased facilities for transporting it in large quantities.—By the latter part of July it will be completed to Soda Creek, on the Frazer, not many miles below Fort Alexandra. From this point the steamer Enterprise, launched a short time ago, carries freight and passengers to the mouth of the Quesnelle, saving sixty five miles of land travel. To complete the chain of communication, Capt. Grant is by this time engaged upon the work of cutting the road from Quesnelle into the heart of the mines.—Such being the case, we do not wonder at the tendency of provisions to depreciate, instead of rising up to famine prices, as was the case last year. The great number of horses coming in from Oregon will also contribute to keep down freight of every description. The fact, however, of a great quantity of land being sown this year along the whole line of road must not be lost sight of among the influences at work in British Columbia in preparing the country for an extraordinary development of its mining interests. Low freights and cheap provisions are all it wants and both can be little longer delayed. Then we may expect California and Australia repeated in earnest. Then we may expect to have worked out the alluvial diggings, with their thousands of sturdy arms uprooting the hidden treasure, but also the enormous rich veins of gold and silver by which the Bald Mountains of Cariboo are permeated. This may seem to some an over sanguine view of the case, but less than two years will prove the truth of it to the letter.—*Victoria (V. I.) Colonist, May 19th.*

France Preparing for War.

The Paris correspondent of the *Standard*, writes:

"The preparations are still going on. The arrival of a Swedish squadron at Cherbourg leads once more to a belief of joint operations between the forces of the two countries against Russia, but as that is mere matter of surmise, I will not dwell upon it. The Government, I understand, have given orders that preparations are to be kept quiet, and the news has not transpired to any great extent among the public. It is likely, however that France will quietly go on making preparations until after the receipt of the Russian reply.

The *Siecle* publishes a vigorously written article, urging the government to immediate action, and laying down that France requires no allies to embark in war on behalf of Poland. The *Debats* also blows the war trumpet, and by exciting the public by highly-colored and by no means authentic accounts of alleged cruelties on the part of Russia, contributes to inflame public opinion. We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that the preparations which have been ordered will require some time to execute. At Vincennes alone the labor involved in carrying out the orders received has made it necessary to employ large fatigue parties of infantry to assist the *ouvriers d'artillerie*, whose duty it is to prepare the ammunition carts, load them, &c., and the three batteries of the reserve with their ninety carriages, and the 100 artillery waggons, will not be in readiness before the middle of July.

The iron-clads in dock at Cherbourg are expected to be prepared for sea about the end of the month. The Emperor will go down and inspect them as soon as the Swedish squadron has arrived."

Confederate Rams Building in England.

The London correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing on the 27th of June, says that the Confederates in England are busy in getting out rams to be used against the Federal fleet. He remarks:—

"The three formidable rams now building in this country are a serious matter; for you have not as yet anything to cope with them except the Roanoke, and in point of speed she will be far behind them.

"Laird's two are nearly all plated, and there is no doubt that they will both be launched about the 16th of July. They are at work on them day and night, and even begin at midnight on Monday morning. The Glasgow vessel will be launched about the 1st of July. In size it is about the same as Laird's; but the wood backing is six inches thicker, and it has a projecting horn below the water line which is four and a half feet long, made of layers of plates riveted together. If they are not stopped there is nothing to prevent them being on your coast in September. I am afraid that there are but few people on your side aware of these preparations; but the people and government at Richmond are in great glee at the prospect of success.

"The following are the dimensions of the Laird ram:—Length, 250 feet; beam, 42 do; depth, 18 do. They are built of iron with teak wood backing, and ten inch armor, the plates being four and a half inches thick.—Their rams project eight feet from the bow. They are to have two turrets, and will draw when everything is on board fifteen feet, and will be of great speed. The Glasgow ironclad is of the same dimensions, only her ram projects four and a half feet instead of eight."

Further Particulars of the Riot in New York.

From the Detroit Free Press, July 14.

NEW YORK, July 13—6 p.m.

Up to this hour the riot appears increasing. The following is a brief resume of their operations: It appears that there must have been a concerted plan of resistance to the conscription, as all the working men on the different Railroads combined together with those of certain factories and marched to the building on Third avenue where the drafting for the Ninth District had commenced. At about half past one o'clock the crowd rushed in and seized the books and papers, using great violence towards the officers and reporters present, who managed to escape, except Assistant Deputy Vanderpool, who was beaten, beyond recovery. Soon after the building was burned, the demons meanwhile storming the upper part, where some half dozen families lived. The next building took fire and was also destroyed. The ruffians shouting while it was burning. Women were among the mob exciting them on. All horse cars were stopped and the drivers taken off by the crowd. The police was overpowered and beaten horribly. A blacksmith shop was demolished and its owner nearly killed. A detachment of seventy-five of the provost guard arrived at noon and drew up in line between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets, on Third Avenue, when they were quickly surrounded by an intensely excited mob, who stoned and jeered them. The soldiers fired into the ruffians, when they were set upon and driven on and pursued about a mile. One of the soldiers was caught and actually beaten to death by both men and women. Another was nearly torn to pieces, thrown over a precipice, and his body stoned till half buried. Soon after a squad of police arrived, but was driven off, one of their number being torn to pieces and kicked to a jelly. Stores in the vicinity were soon closed by their owners, and the rioters had everything their own way. The firemen were not allowed to play on the fire. The most horrible and beastly outrages have been perpetrated. Some twelve or thirteen policemen have been so brutally treated that their recovery is almost hope less, and no doubt exists as to the death of Superintendent Kennedy. About three o'clock the mob had moved farth r down town, when the firemen went to work on the burning buildings on Third Avenue. One house was entered where a lady had just been confined. A number of articles were stolen, but no violence perpetrated. At 2 o'clock a late editor of the *Times* was attacked by the mob, howling, "Here's an abolitionist." They were about to hang him to a lamp-post, when the mob's attention was diverted and he ran for his life, the crowd chasing him, striking him on the back of his head and in the face with heavy paving stones, when they robbed him of his watch and chain, diamond breastpin and $33 in money. He was with difficulty taken to an engine house, the doors of which resisted the efforts of the mob, and finally he was taken away. His injuries are serious. The mob tore up iron fences to arm themselves, and about 3 o'clock a procession of ruffians, thieves and women arrived with pistols, clubs, and bars of iron, and marched up First Avenue, threatening all concerned with the conscription. The Arsenal was threatened, but the presence of a detachment of the Tenth Volunteers prevented an attack. Howitzers are stationed there, and at the 7th Regt. Armory, loaded with cannister, which will be used on the first demonstration. A whole block on Third Avenue was burned. A person named Andrews, of Virginia, who has lately harangued meetings at Cooper Institute, seemed to be the leader of the mob, and addressed them near the ruins, while the destruction was going on, denouncing the President, and advised the people to organize to resist the draft. The howling devils then proceeded to the large and beautiful dwelling, corner of Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets, leading to Lexington avenue, which was completely sacked, the library, glasses, sofas, chair, &c., being thrown into the street. They then set fire to the house amid terrible yells, and burned it down. In the Eighth District the Marshal adjourned the drawing till to-morrow. A detachment of 100 regulars arrived about 3 o'clock, and reported to Provost Marshal Nugent, and went to the arsenal, the excitement around which is great. About four o'clock 3,000 of the armed mob marched down Fifth Avenue, groaning for the conscription. Governor Seymour will probably arrive this evening.

Mayor Opdyke has issued a proclamation against the rioters, stating that order shall be preserved. Measures are being taken by General Wool which will probably prove effectual in quelling the riot. Every negro who has been seen by the mob has been either murdered or horribly beaten. Some twenty thus far have been killed. The citizens are arming. The colored orphan asylum has been destroyed, and Allan's hotel at Bull's head burned by the mob. While passing down Second avenue some one in an armory fired on them from a window, when they fired the building, which was also destroyed.

Delirium Tremens.

A SKETCH.

The delirium tremens is one of the most frightful consequences of intemperance.—When the wretched victim of unbridled appetite, has indulged to a certain extent in his accustomed stimulant, his reeling brain conjures up multitude of fancies, far more horrible than ever tantalized the wildest maniac. The concluding scene with such an individual is indescribably fearful. Death in all its Protean variety, have never affected me with such sensations as I have experienced when standing by the wretched inebriate, suffering with the terrible disorder. One case to which my mind reverts, was marked with circumstances of painful interest. Esquire Long was a wealthy gentleman farmer of extensive repute. He was a worthy member of the state legislature, an excellent neighbor, and in days when a periodical revel was rarely accounted an evil, a man of irreproachable moral character. Few, even in his own domestic circle referred the bloated corpulency of his naturally large system, and the fiery flush of his full face, to the legitimate cause. His daily drams of Cognac and his regularly retiring to bed every day after dinner, were the only practices which the most scrupulous whispered to his discredit. But abused appetite forces us sooner or later to pay the forfeit. Mr. Lang was arrested in his intemperate course by a fit of strong apoplexy. He had been partially recovered by the energetic application of the usual restoratives and all stimulating food and drinks, strongly interdicted as certain hinderences to entire convalescence.—His brain, now tortured with emptiness as it had before been with plethora, was giving birth to all the horrible imaginations of delirium tremens. I tied my horse under one of his ample sheds and entered without ceremony. He sat bolt upright in his bed, and his countenance was the image of despair.—His eyes were alternatively fitfully glancing, or fearfully rolling in their strained sockets, as if in pursuit of ever changing objects, now advancing, now retiring, and now flitting with electric rapidity over the field of vision.—Startled at my entrance, he looked up and vehemently exclaimed, "Would you rob me?" Again recoiling from my proferred hand, he shrieked, "you would murder me!" and sprang from the opposite side of his couch with superhuman energy. The injudicious opposition of his friends to his whims, had phrensied him to an alarming degree. He utterly and obstinately refused anodynes, and was only restrained by force from leaping from the windows of his apartment to escape these visionary yet to him real tormentors.—Grasping the clothes convulsively as we replaced him in bed, he buried himself beneath a half a dozen blankets. "Ha! there yet?" he muttered, in stifled tones, and flung the covering from himself to the floor with startling suddenness. Soothing words calmed him occasionally, but he seldom lost sight for a moment of the phantoms dancing upon his unthroned imagination—now terror beamed from every lineament. "Fiends!" he exclaimed, shrinking backward and elevating his hands for defence. Again his face exhibited every mark of strong loathing and disgust. "Snakes!" said he, "see them crawl!" "