Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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

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Poetry.

For the "Signal."

THE LATE STORM.

The mighty King of storms is come—
Hail King! all hail!
Before thee puny men are dumb,
Aghast and pale;
They listen to thy rolling drum
And, trembling, quail.

Thou marshallest thy battle might
With thund'ring cry,
Forth moving to the front of fight
Athwart the sky,
While gazing mankind with affright,
For shelter fly.

I love to hear thy loudest roar
Have monstrous birth;
To listen to thy torrents pour
But wakes my mirth:
For thou art shedding blessings o'er
The grateful earth.

Then let thy voice be heard afar
In thunder crash,
The steeds that drag thy cloudy car
To fury lash,
And rule the elemental war
With lightning flash.

While nature sinks beneath thy frown,
With tremblings ta'en,
The fertilizing rain comes down
Upon the plain,
And meadows now all sere and brown
Will spring again.

So, though misfortune's fiercest power,
My cottage find,
Though gloomily its sorrows lower,
And all unkind,
They bring a fertilizing shower
Upon the mind.

R. D. SCOTT.

Hullett, August 12th.

MY ESCAPE.

A small party of traders, says Captain Mayne Reid—myself among the number—had pushed forward ahead of the caravan. One object was to arrive at Santa Fe a day or two before the waggons, in order to have everything arranged with the governor for their entrance into the capital. We took the route by the Cimmaron.

Our road, for a hundred miles or so was through a barren desert, without game, and almost without water. The buffalo had all disappeared, and deer were equally scarce. We had to content ourselves on the dried meat which we had brought from the settlements. We were in the desert of the Artomisia. Now and then we could see a stray antelope bounding away before us, but keeping far out of range. They too, seemed to be unusually shy.

On the third day after leaving the caravan, as we were riding near the Cimmaron, I thought I observed a pronged head disappearing behind a swell in the prairie. My companions, were sceptical, and none of them would go with me; so, wheeling out of the trail I started alone. One of them—our guide—was behind, kept charge of my dog, as I did not choose to take him with me, lest he might alarm the antelopes. My horse was fresh and willing, and whether successful or not, I knew I could easily overtake the party by camping time.

I struck directly towards the spot where I had seen the object. It appeared to be only half a mile or so from the trail. It proved to be more distant—a common illusion in the crystal atmosphere of these upland regions.

A curiously formed ridge traversed the plain from east to west A thicket of cactus covered part of its summit. Towards the thicket I directed myself.

I dismounted at the bottom of the slope, and leading my horse silently up among the cactus plants, tied him to one of their branches. I then cautiously crept through the horny leaves where I fancied I had seen the game. To my joy, not one antelope, but a pair of these beautiful animals, were quietly grazing beyond, but, alas too far off for the carry of a rifle. They were fully three hundred yards distant, upon a smooth glossy slope. There was not even a sage bush to cover me should I attempt to approach them. What was to be done? I lay for several minutes, thinking over the different tricks known in the hunter craft, for taking the antelope. Should I imitate their call? or hoist my handkerchief and try to lure them up? I saw that they were too shy, for at short intervals they threw up their graceful heads, and looked inquiringly around them. I remembered the red blanket on my saddle. I could display this upon the cactus bushes, perhaps it would attract them.

I had no alternative, and was turning to go back for my blanket, when, all at once my eye rested upon a clay colored line, running across the prairie, beyond where the animals were feeding. It was a break in the plain, a buffalo road, or the channel of an *arroyo*; in either case the very cover I wanted, for the animals were not a hundred yards from it, and were getting still nearer to it as they fed.

Creeping back out of the thicket, I ran along the side of the slope towards a point, when I had noticed that the ridge was depressed to the prairie level, Here to my surprise, I found myself on the banks of the broad *arroyo*, whose waters clear and shallow, ran slowly over a bed of sand gypsum.

The banks were low, not over three feet above the surface of the water, except where the ridge impinged upon the stream. Here there was a high bluff, and, hurrying around its base, I entere the channel, and commenced wading upwards.

As I had anticipated, I soon came to a bend where the stream, after running parallel to the ridge, swept around and canoned through it. At this place I stopped and looked cautiously over the bank. The antelopes had approached to within less than rifle range of the *arroyo*, but they were yet far above my position. They were still quietly feeding, and unconscious of danger. I again bent down and waded on.

It was a difficult task proceeding in this way. The bed of the creek was soft and yielding, and I was compelled to tread slowly and silently, lest I should alarm the game, but I was cheered in my exertions by the prospect of fresh venison for supper.

After a weary drag of several hundred yards, I came opposite to a small clump of wormwood bushes, growing out of the bank. "I may be high enough,' thought I, 'these will serve for cover.'

I raised my body gradully, until I could see through the leaves. I was in the right spot. I brought my rifle to a level, sighted for the heart of the buck, and fired. The animal leaped from the ground, and fell back lifeless. I was about to rush forward and secure my prize, when I observed the doe instead of running off as I expected, go up to her fallen partner, and press her tapering nose to his body. She was not more than twenty yards from me, and I could plainly see that her look was one of inquiry and bewilderment. All at once, she seemed to conquer the fatal truth, and throwing back her head, commenced uttering the most piteous cries, at the same time running in circles round the body.

I stood wavering between two minds. My first impulse had been to reload, and kill the doe; but her plaintive voice entered my heart, disarming me of all hostile intentions. Had I dreamed of witnessing this painful spectacle, I should not have left the trail. But this mischief was done. 'I have worse than killed her,' thought I, 'it will be better to dispatch her at once.'

Actuated by these principles of common, but to her fatal humanity, I rested the butt of my rifle and reloaded. With a faltering hand I again levelled the piece and fired.

My nerves were steady enough to do the work. When the smoke floated aside, I could see the little creature bleeding upon the grass, her head resting upon the body of her murdered mate.

I shouldered my rifle, and was about to move forward, when to my astonishment, I found that I was caught by the feet. I was held firmly, as if my legs had been held in a vice.

I made an effort to extricate myself; another more violent, and equally unsuccessful, and, with a third I lost my balance, and fell back upon the water, half suffocated. I regained my upright position, but only to find I was held as fast as ever. Again I struggled to free my limbs. I could neither move them backward nor forward—to the right nor to the left, and I become sensible that I was gradually going down. Then the fearful truth flashed upon me—I was sinking in a quicksand! A feeling of horror came over me.—I renewed my efforts with the energy of desperation. I leaned to one side then to the other, almost wrenching my knees from their sockets. My feet remained fast as ever. I could not move them an inch.

The soft, clingy sand already overtopped my horse skin boots, wedging them around my ancles, so that I was unable to draw them off. I could feel that I was still sinking, slowly but surely, as if some subterraneous monster was leisurely dragging me down. This very thought caused me a fresh thrill of horror, and I called aloud for help. To whom?—There was no one within miles of me—no living thing. Yes! the neigh of my horse answered me from the hill, mocking me in mo despair.

I bent forward as well as my constrained position would allow; and with frenzied fingers commenced tearing up the sand. I could barely reach the surface, and the little hollow I was able to make filled up almost as soon as it had been formed. A thought occurred to me. My rifle might support me placed horizontally. I looked for it. It was not to be seen. It had sunk beneath the sand.—Could I throw my body flat, and prevent myself from sinking deeper? No! The water was two feet in depth. I should drown at once. I could think of no plan to save myself. I could make no further effort. A strange stupor seized me, my very thoughts became paralyzed. For a moment I was mad.

After an interval, my senses returned. I made an effort to arouse my mind from its paralysis, in order that I might meet death, which I now believed to be certain, as a man should. I stood erect. My eyes sunk to the prairie level, and rested upon the still bleeding victims of my cruelty. My heart smote me at the sight. Was I suffering a just retribution? With humble and penitent thoughts I turned my face to heaven, almost dreading that some sign of omnipotent anger would scowl upon me from above. But no! The sun was shining as bright as ever, and the blue canopy of the world was without a cloud. I gazed upwards with earnestness known only to the hearts of men in positions of peril like mine.

As I continued to look up an object attracted my attention. Against the sky I distinguished the outlines of a large bird, I knew to be the obscure bird of the plains, the buzzard vulture. Whence had it come? Who knows? Far beyond the reach of human eye, it had seen or scented the slaughtered antelopes; and, on broad silent wing was now descending to the feast of death. Presently another, and another and many others, mottled the blue field of the heavens, curving and wheeling silently earthward. Then the foremost swooped down upon the bank, and gazing around for a moment, flapped off towards its prey. In a few seconds, the prairie was black with filthy birds, which clambered over the dead antelopes, and beat their wings against each other, while they tore out the eyes of the quarry with their feted beaks.—And now came gaunt wolves sneaking and hungry, stealing out of the cactus thicket, and sneaking, coward like over the green swells of the prairie. These after a battle drove away the vultures, and tore up the prey, all the while growling vengefully at each other.

'Thank heaven!' I thought, 'I shall at least be saved from this.'

I was soon relieved from the sight. My eyes were sunk below the level of the bank. I looked my last on the fair green earth—I could only see the clayey wall that contained the river, and the water that ran unheeding past me. Once more I fixed my gaze upon the sky, and with a prayerful heart, endeavored to resign myself to my fate. In spite of my endeavors to be calm, memory of earthly pleasures, and friends and home, came over me, causing me at intervals, to break into wild paroxysms, and make fresh, though fruitless struggles. Then I was attracted by the neighing of my horse. A thought entered my mind, filling my heart with fresh hope. 'Perhaps my horse—' I lost not a moment. I raised my voice to its highest pitch, and called the animal by name. I knew that he would come to my call. I had tied him but very slightly. The cactus limb would snap off.—I called again, repeating words that were well known to him. I listened with a bounding heart. For a moment there was silence.—Then I heard the quick sounds of his hoof, as though the animal was rearing and struggling to free himself; then I could distinguish the strokes of his heels, in a measured and regular gallop.

Nearer came the sound; nearer and nearer, until the gallant brute bounded out on the bank above me. There he halted, and flinging back his tossed mane, uttered a shrill neigh. He was bewildered, and looked upon every side, snorting loudly.

I knew that having once seen me, he would not stop until he had pressed his nose against my cheek—for this was his usual custom. Holding out my hands I again uttered the magic words. Now, looking downwards, he perceived me, and stretching himself, sprang out into the channel. The next moment I held him by the bridle. There was no time to be lost I was fast going down, and my arm-pits were fast nearing the quicksand. I caught the lariat, and passing it under the saddle-girths, fastened it in a tight, firm knot. I then lopped the trailing end, making it secure round my body. I had left enough of the rope between the bitting and the girths, to enable me to check and guide the animal, in case the drag upon my body should be too painful.

All this while the dumb brute seemed to comprehend what I was about. He knew too, the nature of the ground on which he stood, for during the operation, he kept lifting his feet alternately to prevent himself from sinking. My arrangements were at length completed, and with a feeling of terrible anxiety, I gave my horse the signal to move forward. Instead of going off with a start the intelligent animal stepped away slowly, as though he understood my situation. The lariat tightened, I felt my body moving and the next moment expressed a wild delight, a feeling I cannot describe, as I found myself dragged out of the sand. I sprang to my feet with a shout of joy, I rushed up to my steed, and throwing my arms around his neck, kissed him with as much delight as I would have kissed a beautiful girl. He answered my embrace with a low whimper, that told I was understood.

I looked for my rifle. Fortunately, it had not sunk deeply, and I soon found it. My boots were behind me, but I stayed not to look for them, being smitten with a wholesome dread of the place where I had left them. I was not long in retreating from the *arroyo*, and mounting, I galloped back to the trail. It was sunset before I reached the camp, where I was met by the enquiries of my companions. I answered all their questions by relating my adventures, and for that night I was the hero of the camp fire.

☞ Few of the Ministers now remain in town. Attorney General McDonald, and the Solicitor General West, left last evening; and Mr. Brown and Mr. McDougall by the steamer Montreal on Thursday afternoon. The probability is that the full Cabinet will not be in Quebec before the 23rd or 24th; before which latter day we understand no Executive Council will be held. The Ministerial deputation to the Conference of the Eastern Provinces will proceed to Charlottetown on the last day of the present month or the first of September.—[Quebec Chronicle.

Killed Through Ignorance. — A man named James Grady, aged 30 years, fell from a barge into the Blackwell Canal, Saturday evening. He was taken from the water in about five minutes, and would undoubtedly have recovered—as he was still alive—had not his rescuers fairly shook the vitality out of him by rolling him on a barrel. Coroner Edmonds held an inquest on the body yesterday.—[Buffalo Express.

Frightful Accident.—A serious accident occurred yesterday at noon, on board the steamer Princess of Wales. It appears that one of the hands on the boat, named John Maplebeck, as she was leaving Victoria wharf went to fix some of the machinary about the paddle wheels, when he was struck and thrown into the water. On being rescued it was found that his nose had been smashed and his face frightfully disfigured. Dr. Billings was sent for, and attended to the wounded man. It is probable he will recover, but he will be disfigured for life.—[Hamilton Times.

Murderous Assault.—On Monday evening, about six o'clock, a difficulty occurred between two citizens of Malden, during which a Canadian named Toussaint Doufore, stabbed one Brady, a photograph artist at Malden. Capt. Paxton arrested Doufore and lodged him in jail at Sandwich yesterday. Brady is not expected to live.

The Guards and Military Train are, it is understood, to leave Montreal on the 27th inst., part by the mail steamer and part in Her Majesty's troop ships sent out for that purpose.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., AUG. 19, 1864.

PROSPECTS OF FEDERATION.

It may be considered certain, we think, that, if the leaders of the Coalition can propound a reasonably sound policy on the Federation Question at the next session of Parliament, they will be sustained by a large majority of Upper Canada members. The feeling on this point has become almost universal in this section since the subject was first mooted, and we have seen nothing either in the discussions of the public press or the speeches of parliamentary men to indicate that any serious stumbling block need be apprehended from Western representatives.—But, from the sister Province, or section of the Province, sundry ominous rumblings were heard soon after the rising of the House, and since that time some of the French papers have been doing their utmost to throw cold water on the scheme. They endeavor to reason upon the far-fetched assumption that the proposed federal form of government will inevitably destroy the nationality of Lower Canada—sweep away at one fell blow the religion, the language and the institutions which are so fondly cherished by the French people. There is no labored effort to prove that the policy of the Coalition—in so far as it is known—has this tendency. We are not informed as to *how* Upper Canada, under a federal system which offers to each section the management of its own internal affairs, can, by the remotest possibility, work the mighty evils apprehended, and yet, the mere hint of such results, scattered amongst a population tenacious only with regard to what they consider their own interests, is sufficient to create a wide-spread alarm. It is useless to tell them that their old party leaders will be ready and eager to see that they are not subjected to the dire calamities foretold by the newspaper sages, or that the people of this section have no desire whatever to destroy their cherished institutions; they see the prospect of a change, they know that they have had the advantage of us for years past, and, perhaps, fear that *any* misplacement of the governmental wheel must place them at a disadvantage. It is a pity that such a feeling should exist—a pity that in this great crisis of our existence as a self-governing nation, an action which would, no doubt, decide whether our future, politically speaking, should be commensurate with the greatness of our natural resources, must be trammeled by the blind selfishness of men who are willing to take *all* but give *nothing*.

What the extent of this adverse feeling in Lower Canada may be, it will require an opposition vote to determine; meanwhile, we are curious to know what Mr. Cartier and his Lower Canadian colleagues in the Ministry think of the foreshadowed secession of a considerable body of those by whom they have been idolized. Will Monsieur's feelings of patriotism embrace the *whole* country, or will he when the hour of trial comes back ingloriously out of harness, and cast in his lot with the disaffected? Will he discover some insurmountable difficulty in the way at the last moment, and endeavor to break up the Coalition, or will he, rather, after having set his shoulder to the wheel, manifest on a great scale his ancient "pluck," and press forward over every difficulty? As we understand the position, the danger of a falling back to the old *statu quo* lies about here. Upper Canada is eager to settle at once and forever the sectional questions which have given her so much trouble, and it is for Lower Canada to say whether the golden opportunity shall be embraced while it may. All that we want is a fair field for our energies, and that is all that can be reasonably demanded by our friends East of the Ottawa.

A NEW ENTERPRISE IN GODERICH.

Persons who have intelligently studied the geology of this section have long entertained the opinion that there is every reason to believe in the existence of deposits of *petroleum* at a distance from the surface within the reach of the boring rod. We are glad to learn that there is now a prospect of explorations being made in good earnest. Some of our most pushing business men have taken the matter in hand, a company is being formed, subscriptions to the amount of some $2,500 have been taken, and a little persevering zeal is all that is necessary to carry a well 800 feet into the bowels of the earth, at which depth it is confidently expected satisfactory results will be obtained. The site for the proposed operations has not been definitely settled upon as yet. A vacant lot quite convenient to the harbor is spoken of, but, if it is considered advisable, a situation on the flats further up the river will be pitched upon. It is unnecessary to speak of the advantages which would arise from a discovery of the precious substance in our town, as they are patent to every person of good sense.—Manufacturies of any kind, are most desirable, and we have not the least doubt that if the present enterprise succeeds, it will be the best thing that ever happened to us as a town. Let the effort be made, by all means, and, if its enterprising promoters are not disappointed, we shall all feel, in a degree, at least, the exuberant joy of a Pennsylvanian damsel who suddenly expanded her crinoline and exclaimed, "Dad's struck ile!"

THE APPROACHING REVIEW.

The London *Free Press* says, in answer to inquiries, that so far as it can judge, the review will be a complete success. There is one circumstance, however, that may tend towards failure, apart from any preparations the people of London may make. Quite a number of Volunteer companies are located along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway, and their presence or absence on the Review day will depend upon the action of the railway authorities. We are not prepared to say that *no* excursion trains will be run over the Grand Trunk, but we do know that the Stratford Companies have declined the invitation of the London committee because they have learned that no reduction will be made on the Grand Trunk on the 6th. We fear it is only too logical to argue from this that no special train will be run for the people of this section. Why has application not been made to the railway authorities? If the weather is fine, our people, as a last resource, may take boat to Sarnia and get up by the Western. The absence of excursion trains would keep thousands out of the city.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR!"

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," and some there are who, taking it at the flow, experience the truthfulness of that other old adage, "it never rains but it pours!" So has it fallen out with the immaculate hero, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. The cornucopia of Fortune hath showered down upon him the choicest favors. The hero of New Orleans, the reducer of the obstreperous maidens of Dixie to a sense of the amenities due to a conquering soldiery, the warrior of Big Bethel, the transcendently illustrious of Bermuda Hundred, has been crowned not only with the honors due to military exploits, but has had the laurel wreath of literary fame placed upon his manly brow. Bow low, ye knights of the quill, ye burners of midnight kerosene—be encouraged as ye struggle up the Hill of Parnassus—for behold the rewards attendant upon persevering effort: Gen. Benjamin F. Butler has been authorised by the Williams College, Massachusetts, to add L. L. D. to his name! Why should detractors sneer? Cæsar was addicted to literary pursuits even amid the din of arms—so was Pompey and numerous other ancient worthies, Napoleon the Great disdained not the study of Law, and his nephew covets a distinction somewhat similar to that just conferred by the Williams seminary! Let honor be given to whom it is justly due, by all means. The sad reflection, however, forces itself upon us as we read of Gen. Butler's elevation to the proud position of a Doctor of Laws: He is exposed to all the dangers incident to warfare—he may fall gloriously some fine morning as he leads his men in a desperate charge, and *then* the laurel wreath lies withered upon the gory field, trodden under foot of passionate men, and as if it had never graced the brow of the soldier brave.

The Judgeship of Perth.—This much-vexed question has been settled at last by the appointment of D. H. Lizars, esq., son of our townsman, Dan. Lizars, esq., Clerk of the Peace H. & B. Mr. Lizars has the reputation of being a sound lawyer, and we have no doubt will endeavor to discharge the new and important duties to which he is called in a creditable manner. The Conservatives of Perth are perfectly wild because one of their number was not elevated to the bench. If local party politics were to be the guide in all appointments of County Judges, a good many changes would have to be made throughout the country, and the demand of the *Examiner* that Mr. Lizars shall henceforth and forever eschew partizanship, is capable of a much wider extension.

Who Took the Spurs?—At a party given in Stratford, a gallant officer, awkwardly enough, got his spurs entangled in a lady's dress. The result was the gallant captain, or major, or whatever he was, was horrified at seeing the following notice in the papers: "Spurs found. The military gentleman who left his spurs in the meshes of a lady's crinoline during the party of Wednesday evening, can have them returned to him by applying to Mr. Winter and paying the cost of this advertisement P. S.—If the gallant officer should think proper at the same time to leave the cost of a dress torn to shreds by the spurs aforesaid, the payment will be duly acknowledged. A committee of ladies assessed the damages at $12, and at first recommended the confiscation of the spurs, but, finding the metal of that base variety known as "candlestick" gold, they concluded the experiment would hardly pay."

☞ By the upsetting of a boat, or rather her collision with an excursion steamer, in Toronto Bay, the occupants were thrown into the water, and two young women drowned.

☞ On Sunday evening last two men named Michael O'Neil and John Bowman were drowned in Burlington Bay, the former having been pushed out of a boat in a row of some kind.

Horrible.—On the 25th ult., at Garnet, Kansas, a fiend of a negro entered the house of a highly-respectable widow lady, dashed her brains out with an axe, and then violated the mangled body. The citizens rose *en masse* and hang the brute without waiting for a form of trial.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The *Asia* brings the following summary of news:—Rumors were current on the 5th that the late rebel cruiser *Georgia* had been seized by order of the Government as she was about leaving Liverpool. It turned out, however, that she was simply detained by her owners. It is alleged that the *Georgia* is now the *bona fide* property of Mr. Bates, by whom she has been put in thorough repair, and was about leaving Liverpool, for Lisbon, under a charter to the Portuguese Government to carry troops to the west coast of Africa and the mails between Lisbon and the Azores. It is alleged that the *Niagara* waited outside the Mersey for the *Georgia*, but the report was contradicted. The *Times* city article says:—Advices from Frankfort mention that, under the pressure of some sales on American account, the prices of United States bonds gave way for some days until quotations were only 2 per cent above New York; but such is the experience of the German public to increase their investments, that, as soon as the pressure of the exceptional operations was removed, a recovery took place of more than three per cent. The reason for the renewed *furore* consists in the word "peace" having been mentioned in the last telegrams. Admiral Simpson, of the Chilian navy, had arrived in England, empowered to buy war vessels and to order iron-clads. It is confirmed, via Copenhagen, that Denmark completely cedes the Duchies to Austria and Prussia, together with the Jutland enclaves, the town of Ribes excepted; also, that the occupation of Jutland continues till the final conclusion of peace. The President of the Danish Council had communicated the matter to the Rigsraad at the private sitting, and on the following day a motion was offered and supported by a considerable number of the members, declaring that the silence with which the announcement was received was not construed into an approval of the conduct of the Government. Furloughs had been granted to all the Danish recruits undergoing preliminary drill. The German papers assert that the Duchies have been surrendered into their hands, entirely without reservation, and that Austria and Prussia have full liberty to dispose of them. The Austrian Government has addressed a circular note to its representatives, giving an analysis of the preliminaries of peace, and stating all questions relating to future disposal. The weekly returns of the Bank of France show an increase of a little over half a million of francs in specie. M. Traugoff, the head of the Polish National Government, together with four chiefs of departments, were hung on the 5th, on a glacis of the citadel. The sentence of death on eleven other officials of the National Government had been commuted. The Bombay mail of July 9th was received. The American portion was forwarded per *Asia*. The alleged enlistment of seamen for the Federals in America was attracting attention at Calcutta. Federal agents were said to have already freighted one ship for the Northern States, with unemployed sailors, in contravention of the law. The authorities were on the watch for their detection. London Money Market.—The advance of the bank minimum to 8 per cent., was caused mainly by the fact that the bank returns showed that the reserve of notes had fallen to a point below any yet touched since the panic of 1857. A further advance to 9 per cent. was considered not improbable. The friends of the North were much disappointed that the alleged capture of Atlanta was not confirmed, while the Southern sympathizers rejoiced. The *Morning Post* to-day has an editorial denouncing the kidnapping at British subjects for the Federal service, and refers especially to the case of Irishmen, who were subjected in June last to gross indignities after their lease was obtained, and says, if the facts are proved, the British Government should not be satisfied with anything less than the exemplary punishment of all concerned in the outrages. The *Times* has an editorial on the same subject, holding it up to Irishmen as a warning not only against the Federal service but against emigration to America. The *Daily News* editorially refutes the representations against the labor market in America, shows that is in a most healthy state, and offers irresistible attraction to emigrants.

Arrival of the "City of Baltimore."

New York, Aug. 16.—The steamship *City of Baltimore* has arrived with dates of the 4th. The Bank of England has advanced its rate of discount to 8 per cent. The reported capture of Atlanta caused great satisfaction in England among the friends of the Union. The rebel loan declined 2½. The London *Times* says:—It appears likely that the American Government will recognize the new Government of Mexico before England. Lords Russell and Palmerston, at the Fishmongers' banquet, both maintained that the dignity and honor of England had been upheld in the efforts to secure peace in Denmark. The following is stated to be the basis of peace between Denmark and Prussia and Austria:—Lauenburg, Schleswig and Holstein to be ceded to the two great German Powers; the island of Faroe to remain with Denmark; Alsen and the islands in the North Sea to go with Schleswig. A rectification of the Jutland frontier will take place. A despatch of the 2nd says:—A Vienna telegram of the 1st states that an armistice has been concluded for three months, terminable on six weeks' notice.

Liverpool, August 5.—Breadstuffs dull, and sight decline in all qualities. Provisions dull, with a downward tendency: quotations barely maintained. The bullion in the Bank of England has decreased £110,000.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE TALLAHASSE BURNS 25 VESSELS IN ONE DAY!

Early Reinforced and too much for Sheridan.

FIGHTING WITHIN 7 MILES OF RICHMOND!

Lee "must" Fight within a Week!

Yarmouth, N. S., Aug. 16.—The schooner Sophia, for Turk's Island, arrived to-day with the crews of the following vessels sunk by the pirate Tallahassee:—Schr Dupont, of Wilmington; Ship James Little Field, of Bangor, from Cardiff for New York; schr. Mersen A How, of Chatham. The Tallahassee sunk four other schooners, one named J. H. Howen, of Gloucester.

Special to the *World*.—Washington, Aug. 16th.—It is reported that Longstreet with 30,000—say 16,000—men, and Fitzhugh Lee with 10,000—say 5,000—men passed through Warrenton on Saturday last, toward the valley, doubtless to reinforce Early, or make a favorable diversion for him. Gen. Sheridan lost 200 waggons near Berryville on the same day.

New York, 17th.—The morning papers specials contain nothing additional to what was received yesterday relative to movements on James River.

Special to the *Times*.—Washington, 16th.—The rebels are mining extensively along the lines of our fortifications. So far, all attempts to repeat upon us the Petersburg earthquake have been rendered abortive by the vigilance of our commanders.

Boston, Aug. 17.—A despatch from J. M. Merritt, U. S. consular agent at Yarmouth, N. S., to Carleton Goodrich, of Boston, states that six vessels were destroyed by the Tallahassee on Monday, six miles from Cape Sable. Thirty men of the crews were landed at Yarmouth in a destitute condition. The pirate was in sight on Monday morning.

Thomaston, N. B., Aug. 17th.—The rebel steamer Tallahassee yesterday destroyed 25 vessels, 6 off Matinicus' Rock. She was manned mostly by Nova Scotia men. After sending the crews and passengers of the vessels destroyed by her into Friendship by a small craft, she steered in an easterly direction.

Additional particulars have been received of the action of Sunday. Part of the 2nd corps and part of the 10th corps were engaged with the enemy in the afternoon near Deep Bottom. The 6th corps, under Gen. Birney, took part of the line of works with 4 eight inch brass guns and a number of prisoners with small loss. The enemy fell back to a strong position. The second D. W. of the 2nd division of the 2nd corps was drawn up in line of battle and advanced about a mile beyond where Hancock captured the four guns two weeks ago. Here the first brigade, Col Macy commanding, took the lead and charged across a corn field, over a hill and down into a ravine, where they came to a stream with a swamp on either side, the ground being covered with impenetrable brush on the the margins of it.

During all this time they were exposed to a very heavy fire from the Confederate artillery, which did a good deal of damage. It was found impossible to cross the ravine, and our men were halted and lay concealed as well as possible until dark, when they were withdrawn.

New York, Aug. 17.—The *Post's* Washington special despatch says:—Advices from Deep Bottom up to yesterday morning, announce that Gen Grant's lines have been advanced within seven miles of Richmond.—There has been considerable fighting during the day in which the Confederates were invariably driven back.

Our position is such that Lee must recall his forces operating north under Early, and in addition must come out and fight in front of his works this week or wholly retire within the Richmond defences.

From Atlanta there is nothing important. Gen. Hood has been heavily reinforced and operations there have settled down to a regular siege. Gen. Sherman is strongly intrenched and gradually extending his lines around the city. His success is only a question of time.

The enemy's works had been turned, and they fell back on Monday night to a better position. Our troops are moving, confident of success.

Late advices state that Gen. Sheridan has fallen back to Winchester, where he will fortify himself and act on the defensive. If this really be the case, it would seem to indicate that Early has been so heavily reinforced as to make him too strong for Sheridan to attack.

General Grant at the End of His Resources.

The inaction of the Federals, says the London *Herald*, is a proof that the commander is at last at the end of his resources. His forte, if he has any, consists in the continual expectation of rapid movements, which at least keep his army employed, and buoy up the spirits of his men with the continual prospect of something that is to happen to-morrow. Now, that he has settled down hopelessly into a desert of dust, even Federal sympathisers have lost all confidence in his chances. As far as his achievements are concerned, the campaign is at an end. The big guns, if they arrive, will be of no use to him, for they cannot be employed in the rapid evolutions of the field, and it is not likely that Lee will remain any longer behind his earthworks. We may expect some news of a decisive character by an early mail from America.

The "Great Social Evil" in Chicago.

The Chicago papers for some time past have alluded to the increase of the "great social evil" in that city. The Board of Police, at a recent session, passed the following stringent order:—

"Ordered—That the Superintendent of Police be directed to cause a notice to be left at all buildings which are supposed to be occupied or patronized by disorderly, vagrant, or other persons of illegal practices, that from and after forty-eight hours from the date of leaving said notice all legal means will be resorted to for the purpose of promptly enforcing the ordinance of the city and laws of the State against such persons."

The Chicago *Post* of Monday contains the following startling narrative of the effect produced:—

"The notices were served on Thursday by leaving copies at a large number of houses occupied by disreputable females. We do not hear that any notices were served upon the blacklegs or any other 'disorderly' person of the sex masculine. Indeed the suddenly virtuous resolutions of the Police Commissioners appear to be wholly directed, in the present case, against women. Possibly they may suppose that if they succeed in vanquishing the women their male confreres will disappear, and save the trouble and danger of a campaign against an enemy composed of veterans who have smelt gunpowder.

"The forty-eight hours' grace mentioned in the notices expired yesterday. The terrible effects produced by the order, whether anticipated or not, have burst upon the community with all their melancholy reality.

"The first fruits of the order were the violent deaths, by their own hands, of two abandoned women, who, terrified by the threatened vengeance of the authorities—the nature and extent of which they were utterly ignorant, but which in their minds, excited and confounded by the mysterious skirmishing of the police, had become arrayed with all the terrors of the rack or slow fire—had chosen voluntary death to the unknown agonies they believed to be in store for them. The name of one of them was Annie Wallace, a young woman of only 18 years, and the daughter of respectable parents residing in Bridgeport.—About four months ago, concealing her destination from her friends, she took up her abode in a house of ill fame, kept by Mrs. Anna Bell, at 290 Clark st., and there entered upon a life of shame. With her it was as short as it was inglorious. Scarcely yet recovered from the first wild and intoxicating excitement of a wanton's life, she found herself without friends whom she dared approach, subjected to the overwhelming storm which had burst upon her. Afraid to face an uncertain fate, on Friday evening she drank of a poisoned cup and died by her own hand.

"Another victim to the reign of terror was a Mrs Benny, whose maiden name was Maggie Glynn. She closed a life of many vicissitudes on Friday night, from the effects of laudanum administered by the own hand.—The Coroner held inquests yesterday on the bodies of the two unfortunate women, and the jury returned verdicts in both cases of death by suicide.

"There were reports current upon the streets last night of yet other cases of self destruction by these panic stricken females. According to one of these, six women took a hack and went a considerable distance on the north side, where they left the conveyance and proceeded to the lake shore and deliberately threw themselves into the water and were drowned. It is impossible as yet to obtain the real facts of the case. There are other rumours of an equally startling nature, but time alone can determine upon what foundation they rest. Of an intense and widely-spread panic there can be no doubt.

"While some of the prostitutes have thus taken the fearful responsibility of ending their own miserable existence, others in large numbers are flying from the city in all directions. The police authorities state that the numbers known to have fled are as follows:—for Cincinnati, thirty; for St. Louis, sixty, and for Pittsburg, twenty-eight. Besides these there is reason to believe that large numbers have left for other parts, some going by private conveyance.

"No demonstration was made last night, as expected by the police, further than placing a strong patrol force upon Wells and Clark streets. If the terror already created does not rapidly abate it will be difficult for the present to find one of this class of persons of whom to make an example. The order of the Police Comissioners is accomplishing its work most rapidly. Now that the great hammer is about to fall, let us hope that some of the offenders of the male persuasion will feel its weight. When will the gamblers' turn come?"

Collisions on Lake Huron—Loss of the Schooner "Storm Spirit."

The Detroit *Free Press* states that a collision, resulting in the loss of a vessel, took place on Lake Huron on Wednesday night at about ten o'clock, under the following circumstances:—The barque *City of Milwaukee*, Captain Neil Brown, bound down from Chicago with a cargo of wheat, when off Bark Shanty, on the night referred to, discovered the light of a vessel on her lee bow, and, notwithstanding every effort was made to clear the stranger, a collision took place, resulting in sinking the latter in a few moments afterward.

The strange vessel proved to be the *Storm Spirit*, bound up, with a cargo of coal. The crew of the lost vessel were taken on board the barque and brought to this city. The damages to the barque were also severe; her stern was carried away, causing her to leak badly; also her jib-boom and portions of her head-gear.

She arrived here yesterday morning, and intends prosecuting the remainder of her voyage by aid of a tug to Buffalo. The *Storm Spirit* was owned by Scott & Rankin, Erie; was 213 tons burthen; came out in 1856; and partially rebuilt in '61. The particulars as to insurance we did not learn.

The barque *Chenango*, bound down, and the propeller *Winona*, bound up, came in contact with each other on Lake Huron, on Wednesday night. The former lost her jib-boom and portions of her head-gear. The latter had some of her upper works displaced, and more or less smashed up. This collision, we learn, is attributed to the smoky weather which continues to prevail in that quarter.

The English Court for Divorce and Matrimonial causes, on the 22nd of July last gave judgement declaring nullity of marriage in a case before it on the ground of one of the parties having with the consent of the other omitted one of his Christian names in the publication of banns. It is well that it should be known that such intentional omissions in the publication of banns is under the laws of England a sufficient cause for declaring a marriage void.

The Washington *Chronicle*, Mr. Lincoln's semi-official organ, sounds a note of alarm as to the financial prospect of the government. "We are paying," says the *Chronicle*, "two dollars and a half for every dollar's worth of supplies—that is we are promising to pay at that rate. We are adding daily to the cost of every leading article, and imposing a fearful advance of the very necessaries of life;" "and the end will inevitably be national bankruptcy, a fearful financial crash, unless the terrible enhancement of value is arrested."

Lord Edward Howard made on Thursday night a strong and in its way an able speech on emigration to the United States. He disclaimed any idea of attacking the Washington Government, but he produced a long list of cases in which British emigrants had been tempted or kidnapped into the army, or enlisted when under the influence of drugs. He made no substantive motion, but wished the facts that emigrants are in danger of enlistment and that the dollar is only worth 1s 9d should go forward among the people. The real drift of his speech was perhaps contained in the remark that in many parts of the country, labor, from the increase of emigration, was becoming scarce and dear, employers beginning at last to realise the fact that if the condition of the laborer is not improved they will be left to work their mills and their lands for themselves. M. Layard in reply said Government would issue emigrants cards with all the necessary cautions printed on them.

The Desertions.—The *British Whig* says:—Yesterday afternoon a soldier of the R. C. Rifles falling in with a civilian on Ontario street, and having entered into conversation, the former made several approaches to the latter to take him over to the States; and the civilian, fearing a trap, left him; but the soldier still kept coaxing him; although the civilian threatened even to strike him, and finally the civilian laid the information before the police authorities. The soldier, civilian, and a witness were sent to the orderly room this morning to have the case investigated. If the civilian had made the least compromise with the soldier, he would probably be arrested, tried and perhaps sent to jail. Civilians should be careful in their dealings with doubtful soldiers.

Departure of the Guards.—It is stated that the two battalions of the Guards are disposing of the surplus winter clothing required in Canada, previous to their departure for England, at the end of this month or in September next. English papers state that the Guards may be expected home early in October.—*Montreal Gazette.*

FRUIT STEALING—ITS IMMORAL TENDENCY.

We do not expect that anything we can now say on this subject will awaken those who have grown gray in their indifference to other people's property; but we do hope to stir up the young, whose habits are not yet formed, to a sense of the rights of others. If you must pilfer, cut the buttons from our Sunday coat, or take our watch, or the money from our pockets, but touch not our fruit.

It is often a matter of surprise and regret that fruit should not have been more cultivated among us. There is unhappily a very serious objection to its cultivation in our town and village gardens. Fruit stealing we regret to say, is a common crime in most parts of this country, and the principle on such subjects is as low as it well can be in our rural communities. It is not an uncommon occurrence to have our melon patch invaded and the fruit plundered by ruthless thievish bands. Property of this kind as well as other fruits, is almost without protection among us; it is petty larceny, and there are laws on the subject, but these are seldom or never enforced, and of course people are not willing to throw away money, time, and thought, to raise fruit for those who might raise it easily for themselves, if they would take the trouble and