Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE] GODERICH, C. W., THURSDAY, AUG. 4, 1864. [VOL. XVII.—NO. 27

THE SORROWS OF Mr. GOLIAH GOSPRIGHTLY.

The rays of the morning sun glared through the lofty window of a snug parlour, shedding warmth and light on a cosy home picture. A glass folding-door separated the apartment from an apothecary's shop, over the street entrance to which was suspended the brazen figure of a Pelican.

Although the house was tolerably large and spacious, still the snug parlour was the favorite resort of the very small apothecary and his enormously stout wife, from the simple fact that it commanded a commodious look-out, or observatory. The window was octagon shaped, and afforded a complete view of the High Street. The furniture of the room was simple, yet tasteful, and had evidently been effected with a greater regard for comfort than mere outward show. The presiding mistress of the house had an irresistible fondness for criticising the fashion of her neighbor's garments, and could tell to an hour the age of almost every shawl and bonnet in the town.

Fifty summers had passed lightly over her round cheerful face, although they had added considerable weight to the prodigious rotundity of her shapeless figure. Gay hearted, and of good-natured disposition, she was still a true type of her mother Eve in the pardonable foible of curiosity. Her word was law, not only amongst the domestics, but also with her meagre spouse. Day by day, in her capacious chair wheeled up to the window, sat Mrs. Goliah Gosprightly, attired in a silken dress of nut-brown hue, and an elegant cap poised coquettishly on her head, her hands mechanically plying her kitting needles, and her face returning the smirks and smiles of the passers by.

Mr. Goliah Gosprightly formed a severe contrast to his wife, both in mind and person. He bristled at all points like an animated *chevaux de frise*, and his tongue went like the splash and dash of a water mill, throwing off as many harmless bubbles. His weazened figure had a ghostly aspect, and was sharp enough in its outline to split the wind, whilst his shrivelled features and peaked nose wore a bleached and wintry hue.

On that sunny morning Mrs. Gosprightly was seated on her throne of observation taking her usual survey around. Within the last few weeks a new source of attraction had gladdened her curiosity, and at the same time planted a thorn in her husband's tenderest point. A rival establishment on a grand and elaborate scale, with plate-glass windows, brilliant gas-lights, enormous globes of rainbows, and other paraphernalia, had been in progress of completion, and was on the eve of opening.

Had the brazen Pelican, which for more than half a century had graced the entrance to Goliah's mud-st shop, have suddenly flapped its wings and flown away, the slim apothecary could hardly have been more dismayed or terror-stricken than he was at the daily sight of the rival establishment. It haunted him in his dreams, sat on him like a nightmare, and threatened to disturb his reason.

While Mrs. Gosprightly was seated at the window, her husband was busily engaged in the shop, compounding a draught for a young girl. As he labelled and handed the mixture to the damsel, a fretful sigh escaped him.

'You are like everybody else at Midgeburn, Jane,' he said, fruddy and full of health.— Your cheeks look as fresh and blooming as——'

Before the apothecary's smile was completed, the girl interrupted him, saying, with an arch laugh, 'I never take doctor's stuff,' and bounded merrily into the street.

A moment after the tinkling of a small bell fell on his ear, and he darted through the half-opened doorway into the parlor. As he came bustling into the room, he rubbed his hands apologetically, and dipped his chin into the folds of his white handkerchief.

'Mrs. Gosprightly,' he began, 'what is the use of my keeping an assistant, when the only assistance he bestows is to assist himself?'

He perched his eye on his wife as if waiting for an answer; but as she seemed charming y unconscious of his speech or presence, he uttered a heavy groan, and meekly retired to an open desk, on which rested a ledger and several other neat account books.

There was an air of profound stillness in the room, which, after a long interval, was broken by a sharp click as Goliah emptied his pen of the ink and jumped from his seat.

'There, Mrs. G.!' he said, approaching his wife, 'I have finished the accounts, but when shall I get the money in?'

Seating his diminutive figure opposite his wife, and filling his pipe with the fragrant weed, he began to puff forth seemingly inexhaustible clouds of smoke until he was shrouded in a kind of hazy mist.

'Ah!' he groaned, as he puffed still more vigorously at his pipe, 'when shall I get the money in?'

'G.!' exclaimed his wife, with sudden animation, 'come here.'

'What is it?' cried Goliah, promptly jumping to the side of his portly wife.

'There is Mrs. Titmouse, G.,' pursued the lady.

'I see,' nodded Goliah.

'And that is a new bonnet she has on,' continued his wife.

'Ah!' said Goliah, feebly.

'Is it not a duck?' asked his wife, blandly.

'A duck? No. It is a bonnet,' replied Goliah, in a kind of mental aberration.

'G., I must have one like it,' said his wife with a prompt decision.

'Are you in a state of lunacy, wife?' shouted the little man, aghast. 'I ask again whether your vanity has driven you to the verge of——'

'Mr. G.! vociferated the lady, with a majestic frown.

Goliah instantly returned to his pipe, and hid his face behind a cloud of smoke.

'I wish it could be done, wife,' he began, in a dismal voice, after a long pause; 'but reflect, my dear, what Midgebourne is about. Look at the sturdy inhabitants, are they not all full of the most robust of health? Is this breezy town ever blessed with an epidemic? No, not even the whooping-cough or the measles. Even the very water contains a medicinal and restorative quality, and I am left to luxuriate on the barren profits derived from an average of six daily customers.'

Mrs. Gosprightly dropped her knitting needles in her capacious lap, and, sinking into a more recumbent posture, gave a formidable yawn.

'Ah,' pursued Goliah, 'I am the most miserable apothecary that ever spread a blister. I have a wife with the icy temperament of a fish, whilst an inward fire is constantly burning up my——'

'Liver,' suggested Mrs. Gosprightly, dreamily.

'No, madam,' said Goliah, indignantly; all the refined and delicate feelings of my nature. My life is a continual torment. I am plagued——Confound the pipe! it is out again.'

Mrs. Gosprightly adjusted her portly figure into a more comfortable position, and, after two or three preliminary yawns, closed her eyes, and sank into a gentle slumber. A large cat blinked lazily at her feet, and a linnet warbled a dulcet strain from its cage above her head, whilst the old clock in the corner ticked drowsily on.

'Ah,' sighed Goliah, as he deepened the fleecy atmosphere around him with huge puffs of smoke, 'if I I could but bring back the good old times when I was an apprentice! There were no new-fangled quack elixirs and balsams then; no hydropathy, and homœopathy, and infinitesmal doses; but a strong, wholesome blister, cupping, bleeding, and copious droughts. Ah, an apothecary could live in those days; but now my heart bleeds when I think upon what I have lost by leeches alone. And then there is my rascally assistant—a perfect human vulture! a huge cormorant, with the lungs of a stentor, and the stomach of an ostrich! And as for the doctors, now-a-days they scribble new-fangled Latin balderdash on their prescriptions, that was never thought of in my worthy father's lifetime; and he fattened and grew rich under the wings of the Pelican.

The apothecary's lamentations were interrupted by a loud snore. He started indignantly to his feet, and beheld his wife reposing in a gentle slumber. Exasperated beyond the limits of his patience, he dived into the shop, muttering between his teeth,

'I'll rouse her!'

He shortly returned with a bottle of strong smelling-salts, which he held under the lady's nose.

A faint scream betokened her returning consciousness, and, opening her eyes with a bewildered stare, she cried fiercely,

'What have you been doing, you brute?'

'Heaven be thanked!' said Goliah; 'you still live. I hoped—that is, I feared you were dead. Do not frown, dear wife. I was recounting my troubles. Suddenly I looked up, and saw you calm, inanimate, unconscious of my woes, and——'

'Your woes!' sneered the lady; 'have they not lulled me to sleep every day for the last twenty years? Did you not persecute my poor dear child with them until I was compelled to remove her from their pernicious influence? I have, however, one consolation; her mother's fate will be a warning to her never to marry an apothecary.

Every point of Goliah's sharp, angular little body was brought to bear in a demonstrative manner upon his calm, undemonstrative wife, who regarded his savage glare with a freezing smile. He thrust his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets and began playing a menacing beat with his long than fingers most courageously.

'Julia Gosprightly is an apothecary's daughter,' he at length burst out; 'her father is a member of the municipal council of Midgebourne, and her mother is the heaviest—I mean the handsomest lady in the town, not excepting the mayor's wife. Why, then, should not Julia Gosprightly's husband be an apothecary? Am I not the personification of——'

'A lunatic!' interposed his wife, calmly.

'No, madam,—of patience, generosity, mildness, and docility,' returned Goliah.—'Are my purse-strings ever closed against the newest fashions? Goliah, Gosprightly waits a reply,' said the litt'e man, striking a military attitude worthy of Napoleon.

His wife merely raised her plump forefinger admonishing, and exclaimed, 'Goliah!'

His face changed its expression as if by magic, and the fury of the storm died away in a querulous sigh as he seated himself with a look of forlorn patience on the nearest chair.

'Never marry an apothecary!' he mentally soliloquised; 'such is her mother's barbarous mandate!' Then, turning to his wife, he asked in an humble tone, 'Assuming that a clever, noble-minded youth, whose destiny it was to belong to my honorable profession, had seen and loved our child, would not that granite-hearted edict be revoked?'

'Never!' exclaimed his implacable wife.

The unhappy disciple of Galen darted from the presence of his tormentor, closing the glass door behind him with so vigorous a bang that the window trembled in its frame, while his wife indulged in an oily and triumphant laugh.

Mrs. Gosprightly resumed her knitting with an air of the utmost calmness. The refreshing influence of this little domestic storm was already forgotten when Miss Deborah Spice well was ushered into the room.

Although Miss Spicewell had passed that happy epoch when Cupid hopefully tunes the wedding bells, she nevertheless manifested an exuberant joy if she could only have a voice in other people's love affairs. Nature had not adorned her with a superabundance of outside beauty. Her rigid figure, tall and straight, was gorgeously resplendent in the latest fashions. A pair of gold rimmed spectacles concealed her eyes from the common gaze; her lips were perpetually parted in a dreary smile, exposing a row of pearly teeth, for the possession of which her envious detractors declared she was indebted to the dentist's skill. The lady had just arrived from Leychester, where Miss Julia Gosprightly had been residing for several months with some of her mother's relatives, and of course she became the immediate topic of Miss Spicewell's coversation.

'I met your daughter, said Miss Spicewell, after the first congratulations between herself and Mrs. Gosprightly had subsided.

'Met Julia!' cried the delighted mother,—'Where?'

'I was invited, together with my cousin and his youthful bride, to a tradesmen's ball,' replied Miss Spicewell. 'Such a brilliant assemblage! I was in a rapture of delight, Mrs. Gosprightly. Suddenly a form of grace and beauty met my gaze. We looked at and recognized each other. She came towards me at once, and, clasping my hand, asked me, in a silvery voice, such a number of sweet questions, that I was almost overwhelmed by them. Who should it be but your charming daughter,—your enchantress I may call her,—dear Julia!'

A glow of maternal pride gave a more rubicund tinge to Mrs. Gosprightly's round, fat cheeks, as she dropped her knitting, and turned her merry eyes upon her visitor. At that moment Goliah entered the parlor, and saluted Miss Spicewell with a corkscrew twist of his slim body.

'Julia!' echoed the delighted mother.

'Yes, Julia,' resumed Miss Spicewell, ecstatically; 'and I can assure you I never beheld a more lovely ideal of a poet's dream: such swanlike grace, such an elegant elasticity of form! Her voice, so musical and soft, and her conversation so overflowing with pensive sentiment! I think the little syren told me she had been absent from you nearly a year.

Mrs. Gosprightly folded her plump hands devotionally as she listened to her visitor's rhapsodical strain. Her husband at the same time scratched his head thoughtfully under his brown wig.

'I thought I was in the presence of an angel,' continued Miss Spicewell, 'and when she left me to join her partner, in the first set of quadrilles, I felt as though——'

The lady appeared to be searching for a simile.

'You had been transported to Greenland, suggested the apothecary.

'I had suddenly emerged from sunlight into darkness,' continued the lady without noticing the interruption; 'I also observed, although she had numerous solicitations, she danced only with one young gentleman throughout the entire evening.'

'Do you know who he was?' inquired Mrs. Gosprightly.

'Oh, yes,' returned Miss Spicewell; 'he is well known to you. His name is Albert Melrose, formerly your apprentice, and at present occupying the position of assistant to the principal apothecary in Leychester.'

Had a hand grenade, laden with combustible materials, suddenly dropped into Mrs. Gosprightly's expansive lap, her face could not have betrayed a more intense look of horror.

Goliah gave a prolonged whistle, and screwed his left eye into darkness.

'The presumptuous puppy!' at length cried Mrs. Gosprightly.

'Do not be angry, my dear,' said Miss Spicewell; 'I assure you he was the most charming young man in the room, the most fascinating dancer, and the most entertaining in his conversation.'

'Permit me to remark, Miss Spicewel,' said Goliah, in a confidential manner, 'that Mrs. Gosprightly had no intention of applying the offensive epithet, which inadvertently escaped her lips, to the prepossessing youth you have named—the apothecary's assistant; and if our daughter should form an alliance in that quarter, my wife's future life would be one of—of——'

'Ethereal bliss, said Miss Spicewell.

(*Continued on 2nd page.*)

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., JULY 29, 1864.

NORTH ONTARIO ELECTION.

DEFEAT OF THE PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.

At the close of the poll on Wednesday the following was the result, as recorded:

	McDougall.	Cameron.
Uxbridge	320	212
Reach	369	356
Scugog	65	13
Brock	156	381
Scott	129	155
Thorah	84	148
Mara and Rama	148	74
	1271	1371
Majority for Cameron		100

So, the Hon. Wm. McDougall has suffered the last penalty of popular displeasure for his unpardonable sins of political omission and commission. How could he expect anything better? In this age of politic l consistency and immaculate integrity on the part of our public men, he basely and of malice aforethought, forsook the ark of Rep, by Pop, and turned his back upon the principles of his earlier life—in this age of suavity and general good-fellowship on the part of public functionaries he dared to shut himself up in his office and answer his friends in monosyllables when they dropped in upon him, instead of asking them to take a glass of wine, as a sensible man would have done, and now, for his wrongdoing the "dour" man has been sent about his business. Who pities?—Not the conservatives, certainly; and as for many of those who formerly loved him despite his faults, they are compelled more in sorrow than in anger to exclaim, as he takes his hat and stalks off the stage: "Sorry for ye, Willie, mon, but ye ken nae inconsistency's alloo'd; we packet aff Foley fo't, an noo ye maun gang the same gait!" While we hold that Mr McDougall was an able departmental officer, we freely admit that he would never do to set up as a model of consistency. Nevertheless, it is a great pity that he should have been beaten at the polls *by a conservative*, at the very moment when the British Press is congratulating Canada upon having buried the hatchet of political discord, and entered upon a new era of harmony and brotherly love. We do not know what course Mr. Brown intends to pursue, after what has happened, but one thing is certain: No man of spirit, and Mr Brown is not deficient in this respect, can think otherwise than that the blow thus given points directly to an irreparable breach in the harmony we have enjoyed for such a brief space of time. The following is the first article in the *Globe* in which Mr McDougall's defeat is spoken of. It expresses much regret at the result of the election, but does not hint at the *effects* which may flow from it:

"From the returns published elsewhere it will be seen that Mr. McDougall has been defeated in North Ontario by a majority of one hundred. We shall not attempt to conceal our astonishment and deep regret at this result. We know well the peculiar character of the constituency—the bitter party spirit which has prevailed in it since last election—the keen hostility exsisting between the friends of the two candidates—and the purely personal issues on which Mr. Cameron has waged and obtained his election. We are well aware of all this, but we cannot see in it any justification for the result of the election. We can only deplore that for the sake of gratifying partizen feelings that have been simmering for the last year, a majority of the electors of North Ontario and their candidate, should have closed their eyes to the vastly higher interests affected by their verdict. Had the union of parties recently formed for a great national object been disapproved of by the electors, we could have understood perfectly the vote they have given; but knowing, as we do, that the union of parties and the policy sought to be carried out are heartily and almost unanimously endorsed by the people of North Ontario—and that the vast importance of the movement to all the people of Upper Canada is strongly felt—the result does very much astonish us. A member of a Government pledged to obtain that justice for Upper Canada which she has so long demanded in vain, is met at the polls by an avowed supporter of the same Government, who exclaims:—"Return me—I go "for the Government measure—I can promote it better than the Provincial Secretary—I am the true representative of the "Government policy—I have always been "true to it—return me!" That such an appeal should be successful, in defiance of the injurious results that might flow from it, proves, we submit, that partizanship is more potent in North Ontario than patriotism. The public men of Canada have agreed to bury their party feelings for a time in view of the great public end to be accomplished—and the electors of North Ontario won't!

PUBLIC SCHOOLS, GODERICH.

The Midsummer examinations of these schools terminated to-day. They were conducted by Dr. McLean and the principal, Mr. H. D. Cameron. These gentlemen, judging by what we saw, have discharged their onerous duties impartially and in a very thorough manner, the system pursued being such as to test the proficiency of each pupil in a *positive* rather than a negative manner, as is too frequently the case. Taken altogether, we are very much pleased with the result. The progress of the Central School is nearly every branch is quite satisfactory, the only deficiency observable being a want of proper elocutionary training in one or two of the classes. It is highly desirable that each scholar should be taught to read his or her mother tongue with perfect exactness and in a pleasing manner. The exercise of *writing*, another very important branch, has been well attended to during the past term, the result being a large number of copies which would compare favorably with anything of the kind we ever saw. In this respect, the school comes up to a high standard of excellence. The Ward School, on East street, demands notice. It has been open only three or four weeks, but is well attended by a flock of nice innocent little things, whom it must be a pleasure to teach. Miss Longworth, the teacher, seems to be admirably qualified for her work, and already her little pupils have progressed wonderfully. If we are not mistaken, her teaching will be attended with marked success.

At ten o'clock this morning the scholars and a number of their friends met at the Central School to witness the distribution of prizes, awarded by the examiners. The distribution was made by Mr. Longworth, and the proceedings were varied by a number of songs, &c., from the scholars. Of course, all the expectants were not satisfied, but most seemed to bear disappointment in a spirit which speaks of renewed efforts in the future. The following is

THE PRIZE LIST.

SENIOR DIVISION.

Mathematics.—Geometry, Alex. Cameron; Algebra, Harry Johnston.

Writing.—Frank Bissot, Elizabeth Hadden.

Spelling.—Mary Ann Dack.

General Proficiency.—Alex. Cameron, Matilda Trainer, Hannah Andrews, Mary Allen, Harry Johnston, Priscilla Nolan, Jane Arthur, Neil Campbell, Eliza A. Donogh, Elizabeth Hadden, Frank Bissot, Mary Ann Dack, Margaret J. Fraser, Sarah Platt, Mary J. Lester, Annie McDonald, Annie McFarlane, Agnes Goldthorp, Margaret Amann, Robert Starman, Thomas Dixon, Margaret Ferguson.

INTERMEDIATE DIVISION.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

MARY WALKER, teacher.—Agnes Blackett, 1st in writing, 4th book; Wallace Arthur and Mary Ann Amann, honorable mention; Anne M. Gordon and John Cain, 1st in writing, 3d book; Mary Porter, good conduct.

General Proficiency.—William Kayler, 1st; Wallace Arthur, 2d; Mary Cameron, 3d; William Robinson, 4th; John Barnes, 5th; Mary Ann Amann, 6th; Charlotte Hick, 10th; Hector McLean, 11th; Elizabeth Black, 12th.

3rd Book.—Samuel Pentland, 3d; Ellen Porter, 5th; Anne M. Gordon, 7th; Eliza beth Wilson, 9th; Thomas Newone, 10th; Isabella Simpson, 12th.

Sequel Class.—Charles Irvine, 1st; Emily Marston, 3d; Margaret McLeneghan, 4th; Robert Gatenby, 7th; Mary Pollock, 8th; Timothy Quinn, 11th.

Total number, 25.

JAMES A. STREET, teacher—Special prizes.—James Gibson, Archibald Hadden, Sarah Andrews, all first in writing, 4th book; John Ball and Elizabeth Kay, honorable mention; Abraham E. McGregor, 1st in writing, sequel class; good conduct.

General Proficiency—3d Book.—Mary Miller, 11th; Caroline Frazer, 12th.

Sequel Class.—Nelson Frink, 3d; Alex. E. McGregor, 3d; Georgina Colson, 10th.

Total number, 10.

JAMES THOMPSON, teacher—Special Prizes.—Lydia Morris and Catharine Sullivan, honorable mention in writing, 4th book; Mary Ann Cantelion, 1st in writing, Sequel class; Adeline Holmes, good conduct.

General Proficiency—4th Book.—Hannah Kneeshaw, 5th; Lydia Morris, 6th; Caroline Payne, 6th; William Gordon, 8th; Charles Nairn, 9th; Mary Aspinall, 10th; Peter McFarlane, 11th.

3rd Book.—Adeline Holmes, 1st; Isabella Nasmyth, 2nd; Charles McIntosh, 4th; Rosa Amann, 6th; Sarah Walker, 8th.

Sequel Class.—Agnes Porter, 1st; Andrew Donogh, 5th; Catherine Wedge, 6th; Mary Ann Black, 6th; Thomas Saunders, 7th; John McCara, 9th; James Thomson, 11th.

Total number, 21.

FIFTH DIVISION—TAUGHT BY MISS AUGUSTA MORGAN.

General Proficiency.—Peter O'Rourke, Lachlin Paterson, Jane McPherson, Alex. Millar, Elizabeth Gordon, Mary O'Rourke, Hannah Wilson, Christina Kay, Catharine Griffin.

SIXTH DIVISION—MISS CHRISTINA CAMERON.

General Proficiency.—John Kaylor, Samuel Hick, Geo. Stuart, Jane Waddington, Jessie Murray, Catharine Donovan, Elizabeth Sharp, Gilbert Wilson, Mary Jessup, Maria Eliza McFarlane, John Fraser, Elizabeth Walker, Elizabeth Dark, Timothy Mahany, Jas. Osler.

SEVENTH DIVISION—MISS CLARA MORGAN.

General Proficiency—James Gordon, Maria L. Brooks, James Ball, Talfourd Johnston, Sophia Gordon, Robert Jonas Watson, Grace Bedford, Homer Colerick, John Griffin, Margaret Bates, Sarah S. Elliot, Mary J. Reid, Bernard Trainer, James McFarlane, Melvina Morrison.

WARD SCHOOL.—MISS LONGWORTH.

General Proficiency.—Sarah J. McCue, Catharine Shaw, James Reid, Christina McKay, Alice Jane McGregor, William Edward Doyle, Robina Barton, Horace Henry Mann, Mary E. Barton, William C. Cox, William McKay, Catharine Jane Saunders, J. Mitchell.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The August number of this magazine has been sent by the publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. It is a fine number, in so far as the literary articles are concerned, but the political papers are far from being tasteful to Canadians.

PRESS ASSOCIATION.—The members of the Canadian Press Association intend having an excursion trip from Toronto by the Northern Railway and by boat around Lake Simcoe, on Thursday, the 18th of August. A multiplicity of engagements will, we fear, prevent us from accepting the kind invitation sent, but we hope the brethren will enjoy themselves famously.

Great Fire in Brampton.

(*By Special Telegraph to the Signal.*)

BRAMPTON, July 29th, 1864.

A most destructive fire broke out here about 11 o'clock, last night. The whole village is being consumed! Ten stores and a hotel have been burned already, and the fire is still raging furiously.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

BALTIMORE, July 26.—The *American* has the following highly exciting intelligence:—The city last night was full of rumors of Confederate movements in the Shenandoah Valley, together with vague accounts of disaster to the force under Averill, which had week attacked and defeated a portion of Early's raiders near Winchester. Among the rumors prevalent were the deaths of Gens. Kelly and Averill, as well as of Col. Mulligan. The facts, as far as we have been able to learn, are, that Averill, after his successful encounter with Gen. Early's forces, pursued them to the mountains beyond Winchester, where Early made a stand, and, after heavy fighting on Saturday and Sunday, the Confederates having in the meantime been reinforced, Averill was compelled to fall back to Harper's Ferry, bringing with him the forces at Bunker Hill, and causing also the evacuation of Martinsburg. The Confederates appear to have pursued him in his retreat, and yesterday evening again occupied Martinsburg, when they cut the telegraph wires and commenced again the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Our forces, according to the best advices we could obtain, are now concentrating at Harper's Ferry, under command of Gen. Hunter.

The Rebel leaders left Martinsburg, and rumor states them to be in large force; but this, can hardly be possible, beyond the strength of the forces under Early and Breckenridge. The object of the Confederates in returning is, doubtless, to give time for the safety of their trains of plunder, and to secure the collection of a portion of the crop in the Shenandoah Valley.

That they may again come into Maryland for more plunder is highly probable, especially if they find the way open to them, as is generally the case in the military management of affairs along the borders.

As to the extent of disaster to our forces in the fight beyond Winchester, we have no authentic information, nor have we any confirmation of the deaths of Averil and Kelly and Col. Mulligan. It is not likely, however, that all these officers have fallen and we are inclined to doubt the story of their deaths.

We learn that orders were sent to remove the army and medical stores from Frederick last night as a matter of precaution to prepare to evacuate the city in case of the advance of the Confederates unchecked in that direction. That the official intelligence from the Valley last evening was not as favorable as could be desired, may be inferred from the fact that Gen. Wallace convened the loyal leagues last night to advise with them as to holding themselves in readiness in case their services should be required for the defence of the city. These precautions are, of course, advisable, and our citizens should be in readiness at all times to meet the invaders.

The despatch received here last night merely announced that Averill had been compelled to retire before a superior force to Harper's Ferry, but mentioned no serious disaster as having occurred.

At an early hour yesterday afternoon, despatches were received from Sandy Hook and other points by the master of transportation of the B. & O. R. R. to the effect that hostile movements had been resumed on the part of the enemy and that it would be hazardous to attempt to run cars through as usual.

Yesterday afternoon and evening the rumor prevailed that the Confederates had returned in heavy force in the vicinity of Martinsburg, and had met and routed the Federal forces, and that they were damaging the railroad.—A large number of persons were congregated at the Camden station yesterday afternoon, and remained there until night.

NEW YORK, July 26.

A special despatch from Nashville, Tenn., to the *Herald* says that sensation despatches, dated Atlanta, July 22nd, published in Western papers, create a totally false impression. We have not yet occupied Atlanta. It is believed here that we have done better than that, and are telling Hood's army in it. Hood appears to have been much disgusted regarding the fight of the 22nd. There had been no fighting since the 22nd.

Gen. Gresham, wounded in the engagement, passed through the city yesterday going North.

All the railroads leading from Atlanta, except the Macon Railroad, have been destroyed.

There appears to be no disposition on our part to hasten the occupation of Atlanta.—Other things can be done than attacking the enemy in their works, and Gen. Sherman is not likely to force an engagement in which the enemy will have a very great advantage. Some days may elapse before a general engagement recurs. The situation is described in my despatch of the 22nd, in which we lay east and south of the city, and it does not appear to have been much changed, except that we have approached closer to the enemy's works. Reliable information is received that everything is going right.

The steamer Prussia has arrived. News anticipated.

The *Tribune's* special from Harper's Ferry, dated the 26th, says the statement in the Baltimore *American* of to-day, that Gen. Hunter's force has met with a disaster and that Generals Kelly and Averill were killed, is untrue.

General Crooke, who was in command at Winchester, retired in good order, before a superior force, after a severe fight, bringing all his artillery off the field. A portion of the cavalry were stampeded, but have since been re-organized.

Every precaution has been made to give the Confederates a warm reception, if they should cross the Potomac. Information received from a trustworthy source places their numbers at about 25,000.

There is no truth in the statement that Hill and Longstreet are with them. It is Early's command returning, having heard that the 6th and 19th corps had desisted from the pursuit.

The *Tribune's* Washington special says that Colonel Mulligan is wounded and a prisoner.

The reports from the valley create no excitement here. The report about Longstreet is not believed.

The *Herald's* Washington special says that Washington and Baltimore are not considered in any danger from the present movement, and unless the Confederate force is much larger than there is any reason to suppose, its career will be a short one.

Gen. Wright is assigned to the command of the 6th and 19th corps. Gen. Pickett has command of the 6th corps.

The *Herald's* Baltimore despatch, dated July 26, p. m., says:—

At last accounts Gen. Crook had succeeded in driving the advance of the enemy, which was pushing north, back to Bunker's Hill, 10 miles south of Martinsburg.

Rumors are now current of a fight near Harper's Ferry, in which Gen. Hunter was badly worsted. They are very indefinite however.

The *Times'* Baltimore special despatch says, so far as known the Confederates have halted at Martinsburg. No force was seen on the Potomac. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad was unharmed. The Confederates appeared before Martinsburg at 3:30 p. m., yesterday, showing two lines about 25 000 strong. The commands of Early and Breckenridge have been joined by Morgan's cavalry and all under Hill.

New York, July 27.

A Harrisburg despatch of the 26th states that after hard fighting in the streets of Martinsburg our forces were compelled to retire. Col. Mulligan was killed in the battle of Sunday.

The *Commercial's* special says General Rawlings and Col. Bowers, of Grant's staff, returned to headquarters last night.

A Wheeling despatch of the 26th states that Gen. Kelley telegraphed Governor Bowmon on the night of the 25th that Crooke had a desperate fight with Early near Winchester, was defeated, and was retreating on Harper's Ferry.

A fight was reported on Sunday, at Bunker Hill, in which Gen. Mulligan and Lieutenant Nugent were killed.

There was great excitement in Wheeling.

THE BATTLE AT ATLANTA.—The Confederates have made a stand at Atlanta, and have at last given battle to the army of General Sherman. The operations of Thursday, of which we have already had mention, were evidently but the skirmishing preliminary to the real battle, which opened on Friday, and was continued on Saturday. Of the details or character of the action we know nothing, other than that it is telegraphed from Washington last night that results thus far were favorable. The loss of Major General McPherson, however, is a very heavy one for the army.

Horrible Murder in a Railway Carriage.

[From the Manchester Guardian.]

An atrocious crime was perpetrated late on Saturday evening, in a first-class carriage on the North London Railway, when a Mr. T. Briggs, engaged in the banking establishment of Messrs Roharts, Curtis & Company, of Lombard street, was murderously assailed, plundered, and thrown out of the train. Between 9 and 9 o'clock on Saturday evening, Mr. Briggs, who was in his seventieth year, left some friends in the Old Kent road, stating that he would go by omnibus to the city, and then take the train from Fenchurch street station for Hackney. From the time of his getting into the omnibus in the old Kent road until his body was discovered on the line, between Old Lord bridge and Hackney Wick stations, nothing has been gleaned of his movements and it is not known whether any one was in his company. The atrocious outrage was discovered about a quarter or twenty minutes past ten o'clock in the evening. On the arrival at Hackney of the 9:45 train from Fenchurch street station, a gentleman called the attention of Haines, the guard, to the state of a compartment of a first class carriage, No. 69. He had opened the door at Hackney with the intention of getting in, and had placed his hand on one of the cushions, which he found to be covered with blood. The guard on looking in found such to be the fact. Not only the cushions, but the floor, sides and windows were besmeared with blood; in some places their was quite a pool. He also found inside the carriage a gentleman's hat, a walking stick and a small leather bag. The guard at once took charge of the articles, and locked the door. Some ladies who were in the adjoining compartments then called the notice of the guard to the circumstance that some blood had spurted through the carriage window on to their dresses as the train came from Bow. About the same time that the above discovery was made, the driver and stoker of an engine which had been working the Hackney Wick and Stratford traffic was returning from the Wick station to the Bow locomotive works of the North London Railway. As they were approaching the railway bridge over Ducker's canal, by the side of the Mitford Arms tavern, Mr. Briggs was found bathed in blood. He was at once conveyed to Mitford Arms, and suspicions of foul play were at once aroused. His clothes where at once covered with blood, and a broken link or hook of a watch chain was hanging to a button-hole in his waistcoat. Neither watch nor the other part of the chain was found, and this at once led to the supposition that he had been plundered. On the left side of the head, just over the ear, which was torn away, was found a deep wound, the skull was fractured, and the bone driven in. On the base of the skull there were four or five lacerated wounds, there were more blows on the other parts of the head, and the medical gentlemen expressed their surprise that the unfortunate sufferer should be alive, the wound over the left ear being alone sufficient to cause death. Stimulants were applied with a view to restoring consciousness but to no purpose. In his trousers pockets were four pounds and ten shillings in gold and silver, and there was a silver snuff-box in his coat pocket. Only once, it is thought, did the unfortunate man show any signs of sensibility; an old female servant called him by name, and a slight trembling movement of his frame and a gurgling groan seemed to indicate that he knew the voice, but it was only a momentary action. Several medical gentlemen remained in attendance nearly the whole night, and in the course of the morning the sufferer was removed in a litter from the tavern to his house at Hackney. He died at midnight on Sunday. On examining the waistcoat it was seen that a watch had been torn from the waistcoat pocket, and the chain had been broken short off the link or hook, which still held to the waistcoat pocket. The gold eye-glass was also missing, and subsequently Mr. Briggs, Jr., indentified the stick and bag which was found in the compartment as those belonging to his father. The carriage has three first class compartments. On opening the door of the compartments the interior as before stated, was found to be in all directions besmeared with blood there being clotted pools on the cushions and on the floor. There was ample evidence of a deadly struggle having taken place. The unfortunate man was found in the six foot way. On inspecting the outside of the carriage, which would be the off side of a train going to Camden, the body of the carriage was seen to be besmeared with blood, as if it had been spurted on as the train flew by. The window was down and on the brass handles were marks of a bloody hand, leading to the belief that the door had been opened to throw the unfortunate man out on to the line, and then closed. On the step beneath the door was found a portion of the hair guard attached to the gold eye glass, and on the floor of the compartment was discovered one of the broken links of the watchchain. Reference has already been made to some ladies complaining to the guard at Hackney station that some blood had been spurted through the open window of their compartment when the train was passing near Victoria. The medical men account for this by suggesting that in the struggle, when he was forced out of the door of the carriage, one of the arteries in the wound on the side of the head burst from the frightful exertion, and so would spurt in the manner that the ladies described. It does not seem, however, that any cries were heard at the time. It is certain that Mr Briggs must have been lying on the line at least twenty minutes before he was discovered. The train in which he was, left Bow at 10:02 o'clock, and in another two or three minutes the deed must have been committed; for the train was due at the next station, Hackney Wick, five minutes after leaving Bow. An up train passed the spot about ten minutes afterwards, but those in it and upon it saw nothing on the line. The spot where Mr. Briggs' was thrown out of the train is about the same place where a smaller outrage was committed some four or five years since, when the thief jumped out of the carriage through the quaishes, but was captured and transported for life. The hat found in the carriage turns out to be that of the murderer he having taken Mr. Briggs' hat in mistake.

THE NEW STAMP LAW.—On Monday, the 11th of the present month, we published in full, the new stamp act; the provisions of which are to come into operation on the first day of August next; and our present object is to re-admonish our commercial friends that they may govern themselves accordingly. We understand that the necessary arrangements which have been numerous and somewhat novel in application in Canada, are now completed. The task was left in the hands of the new Audit board, and Messrs. Bouchette, Langton and Griffin have been most indefatigable in their endeavors to have all appliances ready by the time the law comes into operation; namely, on Monday the first. Through the exertions and energy of these gentlemen, who have been engaged on this matter since the close of Parliament, everything is so prepared that the commercial community will find no further difficulty than may arise from the novelty in the use of stamps where before they were unnecessary. The inconvenience which may so arise will quickly wear off, and we shall shortly become as used to this as to any other custom which has long prevailed. Due notice will doubtless be given in an official form.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

Arrival of the Scotia.

NEW YORK, July 26.—The Steamship Scotia, from Liverpool on the 16th, and Queenston on the 17th, has arrived. The reported fight between the Kearsarge and Florida, off Jersey, is untrue. A rumor was current at Cherbourg that the Federal and Confederate officers had agreed on a sea fight off Cherbourg, within 10 days to the 15th. On the 15th, an influential deputation, consisting of the Marquis of Clanricarde, Bishop Chichester, several members of Parliament, Mr. Spence, of Liverpool, and others, waited on Lord Palmerston to urge mediation in America on the plea of humanity. Lord Palmerston said that the government did not consider that this was a moment when mediatory proposals would be accepted, both sides being equally sanguine of success, while the North was especially jealous of interference. If an opportunity for mediation arose, the government would gladly avail themselves of it. Mr. Mason had an official interview with Lord Palmerston, being introduced by Mr Lindsay. The meeting was satisfactory to all parties. The withdrawal by Mr. Lindsay of his intended recognition motion in parliament is said to have been the result of the interview. Lord Palmerston having given a sort of implied promise to support the motion at a more opportune moment.

Parliamentary proceedings are unimportant. It is confirmed that Denmark has proposed a truce, but nothing is known as to the terms or concessions offered. It is reported that the Danes were repulsed while attempting a landing at Dolbeck and Frederick's Haven, The King of the Belgians is about to visit Napoleon at Vichy. The bourse is steady at 66f.45c. The bank of France weekly returns shows a loss in cash of nine and three-quarter millions of francs.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday evening, July 16.—Breadstuffs' market firm; provision firm and upward tendency. LONDON, July 17.—The Princess Clothilde is confined with a son.

DISTURBANCES IN LIMERICK.

The Dublin correspondent of the London *Times* says there were serious disturbances in Limerick on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 29th and 30th ult., between the military and some of the inhabitants. There were violent collisions in the streets, which were near leading to loss of life. In consequence of these disorders the local magistrates held a meeting on Thursday to make arrangements for the preservation of the peace, should the attempts to disturb it be resumed that evening. The constabulary for miles round were brought by the railways to do duty in the city. The troops in