The Weekly Mail.

VOL. II. NO. 62 TORONTO, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1873. PRICE THREE CENTS.

...r's grandfathers had died long before ...e left England, and was pressed to say ...ther, in a letter delivered up by him ...h other documents, after the death of the ...nger, to the Receiver in Chancery, in an ...perfect state, there had not been originally ...ssage about his grandfather; but the ...imant still refused to swear positively.

...he portions of the cross-examination ...ch drew from the Claimant his well-...own statements with regard to the sealed ...ttest were very long and somewhat tedious, ...m the fact that the Claimant almost uni-...ly refused to give positive answers to ...questions put to him. He said that he ...d discovered that his attentions to his ...sin, Miss Doughty, were not acceptable ...her father "about July, 1852," and ...ng reminded that he had already stated ...oath that it was "about the latter end of ...year," he replied, "Well, is not July ...latter end of the year?" He stated ...ther that he was at that time paying his ...dresses to Miss Hale, of Canterbury, ...om the prosecution undertake to pro-...ce); that when he left for England he ...d seen Miss Doughty "for several ...eks;" that he did not cease to pay atten-...n to Miss Doughty, but she had to him; ...erwards he said "it was no who broke off ...her father's commands.

...ugh a the outline of the Claimant's ex-...mination on the 2nd of June.

The reading of the cross-examination was ...ntinued on the 7th inst.

The first subject embraced by the portion ...ad was the Claimant's statement that he ...d at home a relic of Saint, comprising a ...ce of red cloth in a frame, which was ...n to him on the occasion of his taking ...first communion in Paris when eight or ...ne years old, he "could not remember ...whom," or in "what church." This ...r appears to have been sent for, and to ...ve been found in Court to bear in French ...inscription certifying that the piece of ...loth was a portion of the blanket of St. ...arles Borromeo, cut off and given to the ...ther at the Convent of Milan, and dated ...July, 1843. Attention being called ...this inscription in connection with ...e age of Roger Tichborne, the ...itness said, "I do not remember whether ...was given to me at my first ...mmunion or not." Being asked whether ...e wrote and spoke French up to March, ...3, "with the fluency of a man brought ...p for sixteen years in Paris," he answered ...Just so;" but explained that in Australia ...e ceased to speak it, and accounted for re-...aining the Spanish he had picked up in ...outh America by the circumstance of there ...ing two Spaniards at Bolsdale with whom ...e occasionally conversed. Being asked if ...knew Paris very well, he answered, "My ...ollection of Paris altogether is completely ...ere; it is a part of my life I never cared ...oking back at." He denied that he had ...ever been at school in Paris, and to the sug-...estion that he had been at M. Dupanloup's ...hool in the suburb called Vaugirard, an-...swered, "I say it is false." Being reminded ...and under examination in 1867 he spoke of ...remembering only living in the "Rue de la ...Madeleine, and that he now spoke of the ...Rue de Ferme," the Solicitor-General ...asked, "Will you swear to any single reci-...tation that you ever had in Paris?" ...to which the Claimant replied, "It is ...fter not. To the question whether ...Tichborne?" "Upon my solemn oath I ...do," he replied.

"On the 9th, Master Cockburn resumed the reading of the printed evidence, which was that relating to the Claimant's cross-examination on the 25th day of the trial in the Common Pleas. In the course of that day's proceedings certain letters were put in which had been written by Roger Tichborne to Mr. Gosford, Lady Doughty, and Mr. Henry Seymour respectively, and says the *Telegraph* "an agreeable variety was injected to the process which engaged the Court—one in which the best elocution in the world could hardly revive the interest of the already well known story—by the Lord Chief Justice himself reading these letters, commenting as he proceeded on the peculiarities of spelling and expression. By lunch time the twenty-fifth day's work had been got through, and when the Court resumed, Mr. Short, Chief Clerk of the Crown Office, and the reader of the previous day, took up "the wondrous tale"—wondrous, at any rate, in length. We believe there are still twelve days' evidence of cross-examination to be read over; so that, at the present rate of progress, probably the whole of next week must be devoted to this tedious preliminary." The crowd which assembled daily in the vicinity of the court had been judiciously manipulated by Inspector Denning, who had skilfully arranged that all beyond those who could be conveniently accommodated in Westminster Hall were kept outside. The result was that the Claimant was enabled to leave the court with comparative ease.

The court did not sit on Saturday, the 10th.

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SINGING.

Interview with Blackwood—Blackwood's Make—Another Appeal to the Public—Improvement on first Scene Gestures—The Silver Inlet Affair—The Railway Was in Simcoe—Toronto vs. Hamilton.

Editor Colonist Irrelevancy:

Things are awful dull here just now.

There is nothing new in political circles since the adjournment of the House, and to attempt a volumnicity of correspondence under such circumstances, is like making bricks without straw, as last phrase goes, though I don't see how in thunder they could utilize straw in that connection.

But, hold up. Come to think of it, I have known of cases where those kind of bricks which a man is metaphorically said to carry in his hat, have been produced by the aid of straw.

Blackwood's Magazine, in a great Reform party, is a metaphorical phrase, being they always follow their leader blindly and generally get slaughtered.

I dropped in on Mackenzie recently to have a talk about things, and keep posted as to the chances.

He didn't appear to be in a highly communicative mood, as he was in deeply immersed in Spencer, so I found it necessary to draw him out.

Amongst humorous, the points of which are too fine to be invisible to the mode optic.

"Well, Mack," said I, "back from Ottawa?"

"Yes," said he.

I remarked to him he observed that he spoke of "Otter" now that he anticipated, had a clean good point against Jones, and refrained—because I never it would make the Premier blush—to explain it to that effect. I told him I was glad of it, and he might spare the rod and fall out to spoil the child.

Gives I'll remember that Lennox article on some of the Premier's flights of fancy before attempting it in presence of Tim Anglin, "the party kind of a man." Tim's a good fellow, but rather somewhat slippery, even to hear, wishing to put it as mildly as possible, so as not to irritate him.

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...ly, this would have been in poor ... blood by no ... ...ed man to fear ... was traitors in our ... ...ment for ... ...winnings ... ...of the gulf and baleonous disciplines ...ly patriots than frame avowed an' outspoken opponents.

My early education has been neglected and modern language don't form part of the curriculum at Coboconk, so I didn't fully understand his remarks. I gathered, however, enough of their significance to infer that he was rather dissatisfied with Blake's course.

"Yes sir," I replied, "I quite agree with you. Your comparison of Blake to a 'loon' is a most apposite simile. The loon is a peculiar bird. When shot as it won't stand fire, but always dives before shot reaches it. Just like Blake in getting out of the way of danger.

"What's the man talkin' about? I said nashing aya about a bird diving in the water. Blake, I mean, is like a loon is! It means a pair feckless chief."

"Ah, I see. Equivalent to 'galoot' in Canadian."

"Precisely, non. Noo ye ken Master Blake's meaning, has been extraordinary. He has isolated himself free the party, and in the remonstrances o' Master Broon an' myself has failed to induce him to co-operation.

"Singular, very singular! If he has isolated himself, you as any rate ought have been able to ensure him."

"Sth Ed ye know Master Macy," continued he, unheeding the interruption, "that it's a' over yet. No, no. I'll gang free ane and o' the kintra till the other, an' appeal to the people an' show them the corruption by which their representatives are kept back from the Mecniatry. I'll speak in Elka from my village, an' set on foot a great popular agitation."

"In that case," said I, "you would find it advantageous to have a paper also show, in connection with Barnum's or some other, other paper which are parroting the country at present, which are presenting the country the crowds they draw, and moreover it would greatly lessen the expense. Why, the wonderful Talking Machine wouldn't be a remuneration to you.

"Bonnie! Bonnie! Bonnie! I'll arrange with Barnum and enlist that invention in the Reform interests, which being moved and made from the *Globe* office to run it. I wouldn't be invisible to the mode optic.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Just think how it will simplify politics! Why, the thing should be introduced. How it would save us the bothers an' chores o' bringin' out young an' talented speakers! Why, the Premier could just sit in their aide an' to speak, an' become restive like Blake.

"We'd have none o' the o' independence, we' the machines whilk wad be a' wrought in sympathy wi' the Government. Blake, the Master hand—an' no have to be humoured and coaxed and blarney into obedience at the turn. Aye, noo, I see the Premier wad show ...

...ne, but I didn't, so I left with my ...

The Silver Inlet affair is up again. It has got into Chancery, and startling developments are promised.

Seymour says he had arranged to buy the location, and pleaded his surplus when the great Reform party came to Toronto, where upon Scott gently and persuasively intimated that he would be in complete accord.

Seymour wasn't willing, so Scott made it over to Shibley, who was Orooka being Shibley's solicitor. It is said he is to employ a member of the Government in this capacity, if he does not employ Scott.

Blake says Seymour is fool enough to go and make a fuss about it, notwithstanding that Scott gave him a "certificate." He didn't surely suppose he was going to get any favours from this Government, Scott or no Scott.

Anybody who knows them might see more clearly than that.

But then Seymour is an Englishman, and don't understand our politics. So he is in a measure excusable.

Gladstone and Lowe, although professed Liberals, don't run the Government on the principle of "You scratch my back, I'll scratch your."

They are behind the age in England. That's why they can't appreciate McKellar and Morrison.

Scott has filed his answer and says that he sint that kind of a man; never wanted a share in the location; didn't have time to go on any terms; don't know Seymour; don't want to know him and so forth.

I'm afraid he has gone in it a little too thin. He is coming old the though, and will come out all right.

It will take considerable pleading to impress upon the public mind the fact that Scott has always been a model of self abnegation, and highly backward about improving the numerous chances of his position.

He has had lots of chances and also chances of lots, and while reckonisly disappointing public revenue has been scrupulously careful of his own.

Some people might regard this as a vice, which, no doubt, is the reason why the Government would prefer to have one of the Vice Chancellors preside at the Inlet.

They are enjoying a railway war at present in South Simcoe. Hamilton wants to get railway connection with Toronto and the country, and Toronto wants to cut across lots and give Hamilton a manure route to the metropolis.

The Hamilton by-law to slide three hundred thousand dollar bonus, will be submitted to the people Friday; whether it will be submitted to by them, remains to be seen.

A railway fight is much like a political fight. Them which spend most surplus, talk loudest and carouse most actively, generally come out ahead with the people.

Both parties have got deputations out stumping the country, addressing the farmers as the "bone and sinew of our country—the hard-fisted sons of toil."

I was out there for a day or so. It is a fine country, but don't raise things like they do out in Iowa, where the wind raises houses and things several rods from the ground.

What struck me particularly was the cheerlessness with which people leave their wood out of doors nights.

I went to Alliston with a deputation from Toronto. Alliston is a quiet hamlet, wherein it differs from Newmarket. Nothing ever happens, or if it does, it happens in secret

The Weekly Mail.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1873.

THE GREAT LIBERAL-REFORM PARTY.

It is interesting to note the affection with which Mr. Brown clings to the adjectives "Reform" and "Liberal" as indicative of the character, standing and tendency of his faction, and to observe the dogmatic manner in which he denies the use of the words to any save himself and his own.

What meaning have the words "Liberal" and "Reform," as applied in these latter days! Without a policy, objecting to everything, suggesting nothing, devoid of distinguishing principles, and bent solely on winning office for themselves, what under the sun of "Liberality" or "Reform" do Mr. Brown and his henchmen possess!

Was it "Liberal" to rouse sectarian strife by fanatic appeals to the bigotry of one creed against another, that Mr. Brown might capture Orange votes?

Was it "Reform" to hasten the pillory of Confederation before the good ship was fairly afloat, that Mr. Brown might be revenged on a successful rival?

If Mr. GLADSTONE's is a "Reform" Ministry, was it "Reform" to oppose its Washington Treaty, contrary to the interests of Canada, that the same rival might be assassinated?

If BALDWIN, ROLPH and LAFONTAINE were "Reformers," was it "Reform" to vilify them to the last, that Mr. Brown's envy might be appeased?

If it was "Reform" in 1858 to advocate the passage of an Orange incorporation bill, is it also "Reform" in 1873 to oppose the passage of such a measure?

If it was "Reform" in 1867 to oppose Coalitions, was it also "Reform" in 1871 to create one?

If it was "Reform" to be economical, is it "Reform" to increase the expenditure of the Province of Ontario by 59-less than 70 per cent per annum?

If it was "Reform" to give the people the control of their affairs, is it "Reform" to sell one-third of their estate without their sanction and contrary to their well-understood wish?

Was there anything "Liberal" in the attempt to imprison the members of a Trade Union?

If it was "Reform" in 1871 to advocate the immediate construction of a railway to the Pacific, is it also "Reform" to attempt to kill the scheme in the London market?

If it was "Reform" to advocate a nominative Senate, is it also "Reform" to clamour for an elective body?

If it was "Reform" to denounce the cost of the Intercolonial Railway, is it "Reform" now to say that it is the cheapest road on the Continent?

If it was "Reform" to oppose the establishment of Separate Schools in Ontario, is it "Reform" to impeach the will of a Legislature that they may be established in New Brunswick?

We might go on forever. But what is this "Reform"? Whence the word? By what right used? "Reform"—*ecce et proditores nulli*, and less than that, tawdry banner for a shabby Party.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR HOWE.

In a speech which he delivered over twenty years ago, Mr. Howe hung on the following account of his origin and the national sentiments by which he was moved: "During the old times of persecution, four brothers bearing my name, "left the southern counties of England "and settled in four of the old New England States. Their descendants number "by thousands, and are scattered from "Maine to California. My father was the "only descendant of that stock, who, at "the Revolution adhered to the side of "England. His bones rest in the Halifax Churchyard. I am his only surviving son, and, whatever the future may "have in store, I want, when I stand beside a grave, to feel that I have done my best to preserve the connection he "valued, that the British flag may wave "above the soil in which he sleeps." It is one of the misfortunes of public life in Canada that things small in themselves, and words of trifling significance, are magnified far beyond their natural proportions to subserve Party ends in the struggle for office. It was only a few years before his death that Mr. Howe, from his place in Parliament, pointed to an necessary to vindicate his loyalty and his continued respect for the old flag. He now "from his sickbed" in a manner can truthfully say that JOSEPH HOWE ever avowed in his allegiance to Great Britain. On some matters he believed the Imperial policy of the day to be all wrong. Whether he was right or not—whether one holding a high Government office should be more chary of expressing himself than one who is wholly free from political responsibility, may be a question fairly open to discussion—but every one who knew the departed statesman is fully satisfied that Sir JOSEPH RADDON spoke truly of him when he said those words of his to which objection had been taken: "the sentiments of a "cry of an injured loyalist." It was not his nature to be anything else; anything else he was and he scorned to be.

Mr. HOWE was born in a cottage on the North-West Arm, Halifax, in the year 1804. He had commenced his career upon the last year of the Psalmist's allotted span. Neither his early opportunities nor his education would have promise of the high position he was destined to attain to in after life. He received little education beyond that which his father gave him, there being no school to which he could go nearer than two miles of his parent's residence. He had books to read, however, and these he devoured, alternating his time, until he was thirteen years old, between their study and that hard exercise which laid the foundation of a constitution which was largely drawn upon during his long public career. Like many another illustrious example, particularly on this continent, the young Howe commenced life at the printer's case, at which he worked steadily for ten years. Already that poetic spirit, which would break out at intervals in the busiest portions of his after life, developed itself; and attention was drawn to him by the publication of a small poem which he published during his apprenticeship, entitled "Melville Island." He was also training himself to prose composition. In 1827, he, in company with a friend, purchased the *Weekly Chronicle* newspaper, the name of which he changed to the *Acadian*, and at once came before the people of Nova Scotia as a public writer. His writings at this time are said to have been jejune and commonplace enough, and in no sense political. Towards the close of the year he sold his interest in the *Acadian* to his partner, and purchased, for the sum of £1,050, then a large amount, the *Nova Scotian*. For seven years he worked steadily on this paper, at first under considerable misapprehensions, but in the end with a success beyond the most sanguine hopes of its editor. It was not until the year 1835, when the late Mr. S. G. W. ARCHIBALD was brilliantly leading on the one side, and RICHARD UNIACKE, "one "of the handsomest men of his day and "was chief of the opposing Party, that Mr. Howe became fairly launched in politics. His writings, strongly in favour of the popular Party, had commenced to attract considerable attention. His *debut* as a speaker is curious enough. In 1835 he published a letter which attacked with great severity the whole magistracy of Halifax. He was at once sued for libel; and so great was it that all the lawyers of the city who were approached by Mr. Howe, said it could not be successfully defended. As did WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE in Upper Canada, a few years before, it is much smaller one, so did Mr. Howe in Nova Scotia, on this occasion. There were before him two courses: amply apologize, or suffer fine and imprisonment. He did not feel like submitting to the latter alternative. "I "asked the lawyers to lend me their "books," he said, subsequently, "gathered an armful, threw myself on a sofa, "and read libel law for a week. By the "time I had convinced myself that "they were WRONG, and that there was "a good defence if the case were properly presented to the court and jury. "Another week was spent in arranging "the facts and public documents, at "which I relied. I did not get through "before a late hour of the evening before "the trial, having only had time to write "out and commit to memory the two "opening paragraphs of the speech. All "the rest was to be improvised as I went "along. I was very tired, but took a "walk with Mrs. Howe, telling her as "we strolled to Fort Massey, that if I "could only get out of my head what I "had got into it, the Magistrates could "not get a verdict. I was hoped of "the case, but fearful of breaking down "from the novelty of the situation and "from want of practice. I slept soundly "and went off to the court-house still "harassed with doubts and fears, which "passed off, however, as I became conscious that I was commanding the attention of the court and jury. I was "much cheered when I saw the tears "trickle down one old gentleman's cheek. "I thought he would not convict me if "he could help it. I scarcely expected "an unanimous verdict, composed "of the jurors were connections, more or "less remote, of some of the justices, but I "thought they would not convict. The law- "yers were all very civil, but laughed at "me a good deal, quoting the old maxim, "that 'he who pleads his own case has "a fool for a client.' But the laugh "was against them when all was over. "The jury retired, were shut up for hours, "and returned with a verdict of Not Guilty. "On leaving the Province Building he was "borne by the populace to his carriage amidst "deafening acclamations. Throughout the "city there was the greatest rejoicing, and "that night, looking from the window of "his house, Mr. Howe struck the popular "chord when he improvised upon his sash- "ence to teach their children the names of "the twelve men who had established the "Freedom of the Press. The Magistrates "remembered, were the days of Irresponsible "Government. Halifax was not an incorporated city. The Magistrates represented their commissions from the Crown. "Immediately after Mr. Howe's acquittal "all the Magistrates of the city resigned, "and a few years later the old system of "Municipal Government was entirely "swept away."

It followed, quite naturally, that the man who had achieved this great triumph should find his way to Parliament. He was elected in 1836 in company with Mr. ANNAND, his long-time friend and relative, but subsequently his most bitter opponent, to represent the County of Halifax. As may readily be supposed, he at once took a prominent part in the debates. "We saw he was to the House," writes one who was associated with him at the time, "his friends were surprised by the readiness he displayed in "debate, and by the tact and boldness "with which he encountered those who, "up to his advent, were the acknow- "ledged leaders of the Assembly." He fought strenuously for Responsible Government, but would have nothing to do with those who, in 1838, were agitating for greater changes than he thought either necessary or desirable. That year he went to England, and travelled in company with "Sam Slick" (afterwards Judge HALIBURTON) through a large portion of Europe. Both gentlemen made an immediate assault upon Downing street in favour of a subsidy for the conveyance of the mails across the Atlantic by steamers. The application was favourably received, and a few months later Mr. CUNARD made a beginning in what has since grown to be the crack steamship line of the world.

Four years' hard fighting in opposition, during which he wrote and spoke a good deal, in several instances appealing directly to the Chiefs of the Imperial Ministry, at last placed the Liberal Minister, under Lord FALKLAND, Sir COLIN CAMPBELL (Lord FALKLAND's brother-in-law) and Mr. HOWE had had many a tussle. Just prior to Sir COLIN's departure for England, they had met present at the new Governor's first *levee*. Passing out, Mr. HOWE bowed to Sir COLIN and was moving on, when the Governor called to him, and, taking his hand, exclaimed: "We must not "part in that way, Mr. HOWE. We "fought out our differences like men, "honestly. You have acted like a man "of honour. There is my hand." The reconciliation between the two, at the close of the session of 1841, Mr. HOWE paid his first visit to Canada. It was a memorable year, the first of the union of the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. He was cordially received by Lord SYDENHAM, and much impressed with his visit. Striking out boldly a year or two later for a Provincial University, he got into warm water with Mr. JOHNSTON, the Attorney-General, who favoured the continuance of the sectarian colleges in their existing, or rather unsatisfactory, condition. The Attorney-General's cause, were held throughout the country, and, without consultation with Mr. HOWE, Lord FALKLAND was induced by the other members of the Cabinet to order a dissolution. Mr. HOWE was re-elected without opposition, but before the Legislature met resigned, together with Messrs. UNIACKE and MCNAB. A rather unseemly quarrel, provoked by the Lieutenant-Governor, followed. The House of Assembly, on the reassembling of Parliament, discussed it for weeks, and when a vote was taken, mildly censured the Governor for his departure from the principles of Responsible Government. Mr. JOHNSTON found himself sustained by a bare majority of one. The controversy running high, Mr. HOWE, who had sold the *Nova Scotian*, in 1841, returned to the editorial chair in 1844, having undertaken to take charge of both it and the *Weekly Chronicle*, of which Mr. MCNAB had the proprietorship. This arrangement commenced in 1844, lasting until 1846, when Mr. HOWE moved into Canada. His own connection with the struggle necessarily caused him to take to the pen at this time with a will. "His own chair became the centre and "rallying point of the whole Party. His "office was crowded, night and day, "when at home, never." He loved the editor's work, however, for more than a political consideration connected with it; and one can well understand that it was with no mere play of fancy that he commenced his first article, which was an editorial labour in 1844 with the couplet:

"We love it, we love it—and who shall dare
"To say that I love not the lady of my care?"

Unable to fill up the vacant seats in his Cabinet, Mr. JOHNSTON struggled on with much difficulty, public feeling, which was the Government's support, became unable to restrain, running high. Mr. HOWE continued to worry the Government in the House, and to write and speak with great vigour out of it. In July 1865 the Provincial Secretary addressed a circular to Messrs. UNIACKE, MCNAB, HUNTINGTON, BRENNAN and SMITH, in which they were invited to accept seats in the Cabinet. Informed that Lord FALKLAND found it impossible for him to include Mr. HOWE in the proposed reconstruction. The invitation was not accepted, and a fierce debate followed in the House, in the course of which Mr. HOWE delivered two very able speeches. It was at the close of this session that he moved into the country, to the head waters of the Shubenacadie, but where, with his family he spent, as he was often heard to say, two of the happiest years of his life. "Here," he said, "I worked my "body and rested my brain. We rose at "daylight, breakfasted at seven, dined at "twelve, took tea at six, and then assembled in the library, where we read "four or five hours almost every evening. "I was a Canadian exercise in the open "air made me as hard as iron. "I read *Edinburgh Revs.* "from its commencement, and all the "poets over again; wrote a good deal, and "yet spent the greater part of every fine "day in the fields or in the woods. My "children were all around me, and in "health; and, although I had cares "enough, as God knows, I shall never, "perhaps, be a happier man." Between haying and harvest he attended political gatherings and public dinners, frequently speaking, for hours, at a time. Meantime, Lord FALKLAND was doing what he could to bring his administration of affairs into accordance with the dispatches sent down by him to the read before Parliament was one in which the speaker, Mr. YOUNG, and his brother, friends of the Opposition, were referred to, in connection with the scheme of an intercolonial Railway, as the minister of "reckless" and "insolvent" men. Mr. HOWE, seeing his opportunity, at once rose and said, "He should not, if discharge his duty to the House and to the country if he did not, on the instant, denounce the proposition. The infamous system pursued—a system of which he could speak more freely now that the grave had covered his victims—which the "names of respectable colonists were "libelled in despatches sent to the Colonial Office, to be published in London "here, and by which any brand or stigma "might be placed upon them without "either having any means of redress. "If that system was continued, some "colonist would, by-and-bye, or he was "much mistaken, hive a black fellow to "horsewhip a Lieutenant-Governor." This speech naturally created great excitement, and a vote of censure for it was immediately passed by the House. Mr. HOWE defended himself in a letter to his constituents.

In the summer of 1855 Lord FALKLAND was transferred to Bombay, giving place to Sir JOHN PAKINGTON. In the course of the autumn an offer of a coalition, which was to include Mr. HOWE, was made to the Opposition, but declined. In 1846 he addressed two letters to Lord JOHN RUSSELL, one of them on the question of reorganizing the Empire, which he never fully developed into a practical scheme. The general election which followed resulted unfavorably to the Government. On 2nd February, 1848, Mr. UNIACKE, Mr. HOWE, and their friends came into power. The new Government adopted the building of a railway to Quebec as part of their policy, but the scheme fell through at the time in consequence of the refusal of the Imperial Government to contribute towards the cost of carrying it out. The railway to Windsor followed, as a wholly provincial work. In 1850 Mr. HOWE was sent to England, chiefly on railway business, distinguishing himself there as a colonist by a speech which he delivered in Southampton. In the following year, accompanied by Mr. GRANTHAM, in the interest of Nova Brunswick, he paid another visit to Canada, reaching Toronto on 15th April. In the several speeches which he delivered here, in Montreal, Quebec and elsewhere, he dwelt strongly upon the advantages to the Provinces that I was commanding the attention of the court and jury. I was Railway. He never wavered in his constancy to the Union scheme, which, almost consummated, when he based his opposition to Confederation upon the injustice done to Nova Scotia by the Province. Whether in this he acted from the highest motives has been a matter of controversy. His memory is justified by the fact that he obtained large concessions for Nova Scotia, and by the further circumstance that he declined to accept office in the Dominion Government until "Better Terms" were granted. Subsequent statements as to what he could not have been anything else than a unionist. We recall, with pleasure, the words of burning eloquence with which, in the autumn of 1864, he referred, in the Drill Shed of Halifax, to the union of the Provinces; and in a long conversation on the deck of the gunboat which carried the delegates down the noble harbour, he with his arm thrown familiarly around the writer, descanted in glowing terms upon the great future which an union of the Provinces would open up to this country. That Nova Scotia should have been by his eloquence and energy, carried to the verge of revolution, is a tribute to his greatness as a man. If he showed his strength, too clearly then we can afford to forget the circumstance in her peaceable and contented state to-day.

But, we are anticipating. Finding the burden of a metropolitan constituency too much for a member of the Government, Mr. HOWE paid court to Cumberland and was elected. Unable to accompany Messrs. HINCKS and MACDONALD to England at the time on railway business, he followed towards the close of 1853. He submitted to the Legislature the propositions of Messrs. SYKES and JACKSON for the building of the Quebec railway, but opposition was so strongly manifested to them that they had to be withdrawn. In 1855, while absent on a mission to the United States, the House of Assembly was dissolved, and he lost his seat in Cumberland. He was, however, entrusted with another mission to England, where he and Mr. (now Sir FRANCIS) HINCKS got into a rather warm controversy over the organization of the Empire, which Mr. HOWE was pushing by speeches and letters to Lord JOHN RUSSELL. In 1856 he was elected for Windsor, without opposition; and the Reform Administration to which he was allied, having been beaten in the following year, he resigned the Chairmanship of the Railway Board.

Three years later, in 1860, we find him again in power, at the head of his Party. He now held office for three years. Upon the expiration of these later years of his life specially interesting to his native Province we need not dwell. Twice during his Premiership he went to England on Intercolonial Railway matters. A new man in the Government ranks had come to the surface; and between Mr. HOWE and Dr. TUPPER there was a hard-fought fight in the Legislature of Nova Scotia. Looking at the opinions held by both in 1863 and 1864 on the question of Union, it is impossible to doubt that, no matter which of them had been in power when the question came up, Nova Scotia how much sooner would have been dragged, against her will, into the Union. To Dr. TUPPER was reserved the honour of having brought his Province into the Union, and that it there until the great majority of his people have come to recognize the wisdom of his course. Mr. HOWE, who was appointed Imperial Fishery Commissioner soon after his withdrawal from office in 1863, was debarred from taking a very active part in the Union movement until the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1866 set him free. The last period of the year he was named one of the delegates to the famous Detroit Convention, at which the Union was a foregone conclusion. It would be a pleasant thing to see he be wholly effaced from the memories of those who heard it. We well remember the great effort. As he rolled forth the bitter struggle through which the United States had come, tears stood in the eyes of many of the Americans who listened to his words of sympathy, and rolled down the cheeks of not a few of them. The words could have uttered, Mr. SEWARD-PORTER policy on that occasion, Mr. Howe's would have been more than enough. But there were times when the strongest words are of no avail; and this was one of them.

The pecuniary and ability with which Mr. HOWE contended against the terms of Confederation were on a par with every other portion of his life. He "stumped" the Province from end to end, so successfully that of the "whole number but three Nova Scotia representatives Dr. TUPPER and one other were alone elected, in 1867, to support Sir JOHN MACDONALD's Government. Twice he went to England, but failed wholly in obtaining encouragement from the Imperial Government. He set himself to work to get the best terms he could for his Province; and, having obtained a sum of $80,000 annually conferred upon in the London Conference, he accepted the situation, and subsequently, in January 1868, took office in the Dominion Government. The "men "of Hants," to whom he appealed for re-election, expressed their confidence in him anew. Soon after his last great struggle was ended he gave evidence of possessing a fortune. This was known for certain; in the midst of the work of the session of 1872 he had to leave Ottawa and take a short rest, which was to be gaining his strength. He spoke but little in that session, and hardly at all during the session of last year. In 1871 when he did address the Chair it was plainly evident that his end was not very far off. Still, when honoured by appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship, so little was anything like immediate danger apprehended that it was generally believed the rest which the occupancy of the gubernatorial chair would bring him, would lengthen out his declining years to many more than those which were granted him. He died quite unexpectedly, on the light of one who in his time was fit to rank among the great ones of the earth, has gone out; and, though he had not comparatively small part in Dominion affairs, every true Canadian will share in Nova Scotia's grief at the loss of one who laboured hard in the people's cause, and whose memory is not stained by a self-seeking act which could cause him to be disliked indeed—and which will long remain green in the hearts of the thousands of his fellow countrymen, who loved him as a man, who honoured him as a statesman.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

So far as the Parliaments of Canada and Prince Edward Island can do it, the union between the two has been effected. What remains to complete and perfect the consummation is of a mere formal character. It is now placed beyond question that the Atlantic Island Province will be represented in the Parliament of the Dominion next session. Good news for the "Irritated Banditti!"

This, the newest Province of the Dominion, lies close by the sister Province of New Brunswick, from which it is separated by the Straits of Northumberland, in some places only nine miles wide. The island is about one hundred and forty miles in length and thirty-four in breadth in the widest part. It has an area of about two thousand square miles, or some 1,200,000 acres. Discovered by JACQUES CARTIER in 1497, it was first used by the French as a fishing station, and did was not until the end of the eighteenth century that they began to colonize it. It was then known as the Island of St. John. When the Duke of KENT, the Governor of Nova Scotia he paid great attention to the island, and it was in his honour that its name was changed to that which it bears at present. Charlottetown, the capital, on the south side of the island, is not a very prepossessing place, but it has an excellent harbour, which will, no doubt, do a largely increased business under the *new regime*. "The features of this "country," says one writer, "are softer "than those of its neighbours; there "are no mountains, but gentle and fertile undulations, clothed to the water's "edge with valuable woods and rich "verdure. The north shore is very "beautiful; many cheerful villages and "green clearings, with small lakes, and "harbours, and numerous streams, diversify its scenery." The first census of the Island was taken in 1797, when it had only 4,500 inhabitants all told. In 1841 the population was 47,034, in 1871 it was 94,021. That there is no great emigration is evident by the falling off in the foreign born population as compared with that of former years. In 1861, the native population was 62,846, that of other countries, 16,242; in 1871, the relative figures were 86,271 and 13,750.

Although Prince Edward Island has not benefitted as largely by Confederation as if she had been part of the Dominion like New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, since 1867, still the general improvement in interprovincial communication has extended to the Island, and produced marked results, as the following figures, showing the imports of four from the United States and Canada, abundantly indicate:

	United States.	Canada.
	Barrels.	Barrels.
1863	36,323	4,250
1864	38,566	2,848
1865	40,613	2,818
1866	29,043	12,650
1867	13,859	10,561
1868	22,118	14,111
1869	17,122	18,896
1870	13,544	22,970

The lines of steamers plying between Montreal and Quebec and the Maritime Provinces readily account for this change. Farmers finding that the coarse grains and roots can be grown to more advantage than wheat, have reduced the acreage of the latter; the production of which in the year of 1871 being only 269,392 bushels as against 346,125 in 1861, while oats rose from the former 4,120,676 bushels, against 2,218,578 in 1861, and potatoes 3,375,726 bushels in 1871, against 2,072,366 in 1861; the 48,349 tons in 1871, and 31,088 tons in 1861. A large business is also done in Canadian cattle in the Bishop Trust, which in one year from Quebec alone were shipped 1,200 head of cattle, and 1,000 sheep. The Gulf Ports and other steamers call regularly, so that during the season of navigation the Island enjoys at times lively enough. Manufactures too, are increasing, the only falling off being in the tanneries, and distilleries, of which there are now only eleven, instead of twenty, the number ten years ago.

Progress on the Island has been largely retarded by the land system which existed there until a few years back. The attempt made between the Dominion and Province Governments will enable this important matter to be placed upon a satisfactory footing, as it has in the other Provinces. The lands were originally granted by the Crown to large proprietors, chiefly absentees, and the consequence was as baneful as in Ireland, which has suffered so much from absentee landlordism. So strong became the popular feeling against the proprietors that Tenant Leagues were formed to resist the payment of the rents, and the rents were raised strong and high within the walls of the Legislature. Satisfactory arrangements have, however, been made with most of the proprietors; the Government have acquired the lands, and disposed of them to the tenants at reasonable rates.

A free school system has also been successfully carried out. The Act was passed in 1852, and in spite of repeated attempts to establish separate schools it still exists, there being now attending school 15,000 children, a large proportion of a population of 94,000. Besides the ordinary schools, 360 in number, there are fifteen grammar schools and two colleges, one of these—the Prince of Wales—being the public college, the other a Roman Catholic; only one denominational school, belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists, being on the Island. As the Roman Catholics form a strong minority, the nonexistence of separate schools shows how well the system is administered; for, had there been any grievance to complain of, the agitation which was begun by the commission for some time would have led to a change. It is to be hoped that no such difficulty as has occurred in New Brunswick will mar the harmony of society in Prince Edward Island, or arise to disturb the General Legislature.

Prince Edward Island has been materially kept back in the march of progress by the fact that for over four months in every year it is shut out almost altogether from communication with the mainland, the ice-laden steamers cease plying about Christmas, and do not generally resume their trips until about the first of May. We have no doubt that the financial arrangements just concluded between the Governments, and which bear so largely upon the subject of communication between the Island and the mainland, will soon remedy this glaring evil. It is one of the articles of Union that there shall be a steamer plying between the terms of the cession treaty. The ambition of each legislator is to secure one or more of these claims by any means fair or foul; and having done so, to inflict increased taxation upon his less fortunate neighbours. The Constitution upholds the Government with the widest powers, and as he is elected by a "ring" so does he favour the "ring" by allowing it getting that they can. Perhaps the greatest blots on his character are his dealings with a certain subsidy for the ALLAN line, his transactions with the Pacific Railway Commission, and his bargain with the Catholic League. If Mr. BROWN had but remained in the Cabinet that time, what a salvation there would have been.

HALF HOURS WITH THE PROPHETS.

"SIR, let us take a walk down Fleet street."

MR. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE at the Cornwall banquet:—

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MR. BROWN in a kilt, Mr. BROWN with his foot upon his native heath and proclaiming his name to be MACGREGOR:

"Sir John is to meet Parliament once more and receive the *coup de grace* at the hands of the Opposition."—*Globe*, Dec. 21, 1872.

"The election of 1872 has reversed the verdict of 1867."—*Globe*, New Year's Day.

"But when the happy day came upon which the present Government would be at last called upon to resign, it is undoubtedly would be—(hear, hear, and applause)—and when the Reform Government, with the hearty support of all the different sections, assumed power," &c.—At the Reform banquet, January 3.

"A victory which certainly presaged the downfall of that old and corrupt combination between Sir George Cartier and Sir John A. Macdonald which had so long misgoverned this country."—*Idem.*

"The Reform Opposition has won a great victory."—*Globe*, April 28th.

"Half sight of the gentlemen who voted for the Government voted the other way, and the majority was reached then and there."—*Globe*, March 10th.

And here is one of the most accomplished of the minor prophets:—

"A new era would soon be inaugurated elsewhere."—*Horrocks Cooks.*

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!

A FALSE WITNESS.

THE country has not yet had time to realize fully the depth of disgrace into which the *Globe* and the Grit leaders have fallen by the shameless repudiation of past professions, in the matter of the New Brunswick School question, and the Ontario Orange Incorporation bills. This, however, will come with reflection, and the hanging heads and stammering tongues of the hypocrites will be seen by eyes of all men, attest how contemptible they feel their conduct to have been. Already the Party organs, great and small, are beginning to put a brazen face upon what they know to be indefensible, and all the resources of prevarication and false pretence have been drawn on to allow the letters to be read, and his delay in passing the measure empowering the Corporation of Toronto to borrow the moneys are all so many more glaring confessions of his turpitude. He is playing a double game, and is an unprincipled trickster. He has not one generous impulse, no passing sense of honour, and is the lowest type of politician. He will bring to the bar another offender against the truth. How the organs *feel* the degradation they have fallen into, is evidenced by the sneering and insinuations of a Brown words, followed by most singular paragraph: "Whatever may be the meaning "taken to spring upon the whole truth concerning out before the tribunal, the country "try will never rest satisfied till the whole truth is sprung forward." Now, in this one sentence we recognize the first symptom of a braggart's surrender. The *Globe* has discovered that the game and after in a column and a half begging the question full cry, and assuming that Mr. BROWN has all the power to bring against the most atrocious malefactor, only this poor whine escapes the lips of the *Globe*, "Mr. BROWN who know the paper in which this first note of backing down has been sounded will not admire their belief. It is at a glance what has dictated the new policy. The case is weakening. Mr. BROWN's promises are diminishing to their original proportions. His wiseguess even show symptoms of dwindling down to a mere shadow. The Grits are chase of them unremunerative. He has the course of the Ministry, and Parliament, freezing to know what was in the packet left at the Metropolitan Bank. He opened the envelope. Mr. STARNES by asking if that gentleman had anything in his custody deputed to Mr. BROWN, and the Grits are equally anxious with respect to Sir FRANCIS HINCKS. But his fashing was only promise. Mr. STARNES had to tell the Grits that no member of the Government had anything to do with the papers deposited in the Bank. Mr. BROWN has no independence of Ontario in one year; to speak of a corrupt Administration while he is allied with the Grits, and yet willing to charge recklessness so long as there is a SCOTT over the forests. We know that Mr. BROWN has made promises of such things—witness his *Prince Alfred* motion—but he cannot be indensible to the fact that the policy of Wyndham consists of a string of shabby minutiæ; and that in general statesmanship Sir JOHN MACDONALD is as superior to Mr. MACKENZIE as Mr. BLAKE himself is to Mr. THOMAS HODGINS. If he struck out from the Ministry's fair, he would be any of the white sheep would follow him, and the black would be powerless for evil.

A CANADIAN HANSARD.

THERE has hardly been a session since Confederation that the subject of procuring a correct report of the proceedings in the form of the English Hansard, has not come up in one shape or another. As the late session was drawing to a close the matter produced a brief discussion, and the Premier promised to give it consideration during the recess.

It is to be hoped when Parliament next meets the Government will be prepared with some scheme to effect what is so universally desired. We wish to hear what read the Confederation debates of 1865, as reported and published officially, and which, in a number of instances, members referring to the speeches of those days, can readily fancy what a loss it would be if been thought proper to omit them. We have all been in power when the question came up, Nova Scotia how much sooner would have been dragged, against her will, into the Union. To Dr. TUPPER was reserved the honour of having brought his Province into the Union, and that it there until the great majority of his people have come to recognize the wisdom of his course. Mr. HOWE, who was appointed Imperial Fishery Commissioner soon after his withdrawal from office in 1863, was debarred from taking a very active part in the Union movement until the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1866 set him free. The last period of the year he was named one of the delegates to the famous Detroit Convention, at which the Union was a foregone conclusion. It would be a pleasant thing to see he be wholly effaced from the memories of those who heard it. We well remember the great effort. As he rolled forth the bitter struggle through which the United States had come, tears stood in the eyes of many of the Americans who listened to his words of sympathy, and rolled down the cheeks of not a few of them. The words could have uttered, Mr. SEWARD-PORTER policy on that occasion, Mr. Howe's would have been more than enough. But there were times when the strongest words are of no avail; and this was one of them.

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

LORD SHAFTESBURY is not only a great humanitarian; he is generally considered to be what goes by the designation of "a good churchman." And, no doubt, he is. It will considerably alarm many worthy people to learn that the man so powerful a pillar of the Church is very far from satisfied as to its present condition. He presided a short time since at the Church Pastoral Aid Society. Many of the speakers were exuberant in the expression of their hopes and anticipations. Not so he. He told them, as the *Times* puts it, that they "were living "in a foolish paradise," and that—these are Lord SHAFTESBURY's own words—"unless something be done to widen and "deepen what has hitherto been attempt- "ed, the days of our glorious old Church "are numbered and nearly over." And he gave the reasons, and peer, and philanthropist say is the cause of this: Why, in a word, divisions. He speaks "from it presided—and ever, a proper re- "working and poorer classes," says the leading journal, "as he sees them "drifting, partly into infidelity, partly "into varieties of sectarian religion, but "in no appreciable degree entering the "fold of the Church. He does not see "any chance of their doing so while the "present divisions in the Church con- "tinue. While they see the extreme "Ritualist on the one side and the ex- "treme Rationalist on the other alike "claiming to represent the true doctrine "of the Church, what trust can they "place in her teaching?" Even the Evangelical party, which in Lord SHAFTESBURY's view occupies the happy "medium, is itself disunited, and he declares his astonishment at ever finding "two men of one mind. Such disunion "must be fatal to the Establishment, and "the increasing disunion between the "Church and the Nonconformists may "be fatal to Christianity itself. In the "face of such dangers, he deprecates the "almost arrogant confidence of ecclesias- "tics and the indolence of laymen. "Something, he insists, must be done, "and it must be something 'thorough.'" This is strong language, and though it may be alarming to some members of the Church of England it is no way surprises those who have watched the struggles and the internal dissensions which have been tearing the Church in pieces for so many years, and the general apathy which has pervaded it in contradistinction to the zeal which has been evidenced by some other denominations. "Can it "be said at the present moment," asks the *Times*, which always champions the Establishment when Mr. MILL and his nonconformist friends lay violent hands upon it, "that there is any form of "Christianity which can be specially identified with the Church?" It may well ask the question. There was a time when the Presbyterian Kirk, Scotland, was sacred to be tampered with. Now there is hardly a party in the Church which is not proposing to tamper with it. Day is the Athanasian Creed, to-morrow it is the Atonement, or something else. Rend the proceedings of the Upper House Convocation in England a few weeks ago, and you find four hundred and eighty "priests of the Church of England "petitioning the Bishops, with a view to "the revival of 'Sacramental Confes- "sion,' to 'consider the advisability "of providing for the licensing of only "qualified Confessors, in accordance with "the numerous requests of Canon LEAK, "Sacramental Confession' is one of the most distinctive doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. Perhaps the great- est blots on his character are his dealings with a certain subsidy for the ALLAN line, his transactions with the Pacific Railway Commission, and his bargain with the Catholic League. If Mr. BROWN had but remained in the Cabinet that time, what a salvation there would have been.

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"The Reformers of Ontario had struggled long time, for their efforts were now about to be crowned with success."

MR. BROWN in a kilt, Mr. BROWN with his foot upon his native heath and proclaiming his name to be MACGREGOR:

"Sir John is to meet Parliament once more and receive the *coup de grace* at the hands of the Opposition."—*Globe*, Dec. 21, 1872.

"The election of 1872 has reversed the verdict of 1867."—*Globe*, New Year's Day.

"But when the happy day came upon which the present Government would be at last called upon to resign, it is undoubtedly would be—(hear, hear, and applause)—and when the Reform Government, with the hearty support of all the different sections, assumed power," &c.—At the Reform banquet, January 3.

"A victory which certainly presaged the downfall of that old and corrupt combination between Sir George Cartier and Sir John A. Macdonald which had so long misgoverned this country."—*Idem.*

"The Reform Opposition has won a great victory."—*Globe*, April 28th.

"Half sight of the gentlemen who voted for the Government voted the other way, and the majority was reached then and there."—*Globe*, March 10th.

And here is one of the most accomplished of the minor prophets:—

"A new era would soon be inaugurated elsewhere."—*Horrocks Cooks.*

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!

A FALSE WITNESS.

THE country has not yet had time to realize fully the depth of disgrace into which the *Globe* and the Grit leaders have fallen by the shameless repudiation of past professions, in the matter of the New Brunswick School question, and the Ontario Orange Incorporation bills. This, however, will come with reflection, and the hanging heads and stammering tongues of the hypocrites will be seen by eyes of all men, attest how contemptible they feel their conduct to have been. Already the Party organs, great and small, are beginning to put a brazen face upon what they know to be indefensible, and all the resources of prevarication and false pretence have been drawn on to allow the letters to be read, and his delay in passing the measure empowering the Corporation of Toronto to borrow the moneys are all so many more glaring confessions of his turpitude. He is playing a double game, and is an unprincipled trickster. He has not one generous impulse, no passing sense of honour, and is the lowest type of politician. He will bring to the bar another offender against the truth. How the organs *feel* the degradation they have fallen into, is evidenced by the sneering and insinuations of a Brown words, followed by most singular paragraph: "Whatever may be the meaning "taken to spring upon the whole truth concerning out before the tribunal, the country "try will never rest satisfied till the whole truth is sprung forward." Now, in this one sentence we recognize the first symptom of a braggart's surrender. The *Globe* has discovered that the Oath and after in a

THE NEW BRUNSWICK SCHOOL LAW.

THE wiser Opposition organs have treated the New Brunswick Separate School question with great gingerliness, but some the rabid "Reformers" have thought fit to denounce in violent terms the majority of the people of that Province. It is unnecessary to refer to the violent tone which this same Party poured upon those members who voted for the Separate School system in Ontario, and who did so without, as has been done in this case, striking a blow at the country's constitution. Consistency has long since departed from that fold, but we were unprepared for an open attack on the New Brunswick Protestants. Before Confederation, Separate Schools were never dreamt of in the Maritime Provinces. A few denominational schools existed to which aid was given, subject to the annual vote of the Legislature, but they did not in any way constitute a separate system. And when the battle of Confederation was raging fought there, the right of the Province to control the expenditure of its to the uttermost limit was neither questioned nor placed at stake. Had the union been effected without the course of Mr. COSTIGAN, no argument or reasoning would have convinced the people of New Brunswick that it was a desirable bond. The school system in vogue is based on justice and equality to all, and is very similar to that established in Ireland, with the approval of the Protestant and Catholic hierarchy, in which mixed secular and separate religious instruction is practised. The American system is of the same order, and suits the Catholics there. In the New England States the separate school system has never been raised, for, as in New Brunswick, there are more Catholic than Protestant churches, while the commingling of the children is found to be beneficial in the highest degree. For these reasons, the Catholics of Maine have never yet a fault to find with the system, whilst they believe that the action of Mr. COSTIGAN, and those who supported him, was hurtful to their educational interests. They complain of it with infinitely more reason than Mr. Brown did of the Separate School Act of Ontario; they have a right to complain, moreover, against the assault on their Provincial Parliament—and we believe that every unbiased man in this Province will give them his sympathy. The "Reform" leaders to the contrary notwithstanding.

Party feeling must have driven them blind, when, for the sake of a momentary advantage over the Government, the former of Ontario were willing to abandon their educational principles to sat the Irish and Catholic vote. Ontario from a Province its most cherished prerogative and to join with Mr. ANGLIN in saying, that the politics in question had been injured. The majority of thirty-five which the Opposition obtained on this question, was purchased at the enormous sacrifice of past conviction and policy. It was one of the dearest victories ever won. Ontario will be nothing loth to see it snatch it will yet end in Party discomfiture.

CURRENT TOPICS.

FISH CULTURE.—Mr. Wilmot has just returned from the River Credit, where he has been engaged, at their own account, some 10,000 young salmon. We understand it is the intention of the Commissioners to erect a fish breeding institution at Gaspe, somewhat of the same kind as that which has proved so very satisfactory at Newcastle.

SHEDDEN POST OFFICE.—The Government have paid a neat compliment to the memory of Mr. John Shedden, whose taking-off was so sudden and so lamentable, by changing the name of the Colborne Post Office to "Shedden." This is the present northern terminus of the Nipissing Railway, of which he was President and one of the strongest supporters; there he had a good deal of property, and it was in returning from it that he lost his life. Never having been married, there being no one in the country to whom he could be related, the Post Office on the Nipissing Railway will help to perpetuate the memory of an useful citizen and good friend. Many of those who were Mr. Shedden's associates in his life-time will be pleased to know that the Government have paid this compliment to his memory.

IN THE AIR.—Ecronauts have long entertained the theory that there are constant air currents at high altitudes from west to east, but no definite attempt has so far been made to prove it. Professor Wise, however, now, however, proposes to cross the Atlantic in a balloon, and promises to start from Boston Common on the 4th of July, if the authorities of that city will aid him in his preparations to the amount of $3,000. An order to that effect has been passed by one branch of the city government, and there is a possibility that the theory will soon be put to the test of practical experiment. Prof. Wise is willing to risk his life in support of his theory, and is confident of his ability to cross the ocean in forty hours, and he is not alone in his opinion, as many scientists consider the enterprise perfectly feasible. It is a terribly bold venture, but Professor Wise is bold man. That any useful result would come of his success is another matter, but the idea to be gained is worthwhile even if he should fail, and find a home among the fishes. The fate of Icarus was unpleasant for him, but whether he is a myth or not, his name is not forgotten. Besides there is more glory for Boston, which is well known already to be the hub of the universe. So let the Professor take his little flight, and lose voyage to him by all means.

THE ARKANSAS STRIFE.—Politics in Arkansas are considerably "mixed," a state of things which it is in some quarters feared may lead to bloodshed. The difficulty is not unlike that in Louisiana. In November a Mr. Brooks and a Mr. Baxter were candidates for the Governorship of the State, and both claimed to be elected. The Legislature was appointed, and, as usually happens, the radicals as they are called, decided in favour of Baxter. So far all seemed settled, but soon afterwards an agitation was commenced to oust Baxter, and instal, not Brooks, but the Lieutenant-Governor. The oldest part of the trouble is that the men who voted for Baxter are now in favour of the Lieutenant-Governor, while those who voted for Brooks are now in favour of Baxter. In short, "it's a muddle, and the way to clear it is not yet discovered." Meanwhile Baxter expresses himself as determined not to be removed, and the usual Action Against the Peace is being threatened. Meanwhile, and is holding his own by military power. There is much anxiety as to the chances of a collision, which would be a very serious and dangerous event. We suppose that Federal aid would be invoked if fighting did break out, but the prospect of a contest is very injurious to the public interests of the State.

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JOHN CHINAMAN AT THE WEST.—The Chinese in California have proved to be industrious and enterprising, and so far from being content to work for others that they are in considerable numbers setting up for themselves. This could not be objected to under ordinary circumstances but what the Californians do not like is that the Celestials work on terms on not being understood them, which is grievous indeed. At a recent meeting in San Francisco, this subject was very earnestly debated before a society of mechanics, but as none of those present seemed capable of conceiving a better remedy than to prevent emigration, a resolution was finally adopted calling upon Congress to withdraw the subsidy from the steamship company bringing Chinese to the United States. That was a comparatively mild request, and it is now considered not to meet the case. The Supervisors of San Francisco therefore propose to pass an ordinance that all Chinese sentenced to the county gaol shall be deprived of their pig-tails, levying a tax of $15 a quarter on Chinese laundrymen, and prohibiting the removal of dead bodies to China. The second of these measures is oppressive, the other two are simply barbarous. The pig-tail is a venerable, nay a sacred institution among the Chinese, and to deprive them of it is to degrade and afflict them terribly. The refusal to allow their bodies to be sent for interment in Chinese soil strikes a blow at a national custom which is enjoined by Chinese as a religious duty. The consequence of these measures, coupled with the fact that they give a detailed account of the several shipwrecks and casualties unfortunately until last session, to introduce the ballot into the Canadian statute-book. "Outline" is a charming story from the French, some chapters of which are translated in the present number. A readable essay on John Stuart Mill is from the pen of Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin. "Notes on the Session" is written with an impartial hand. The writer, after commenting upon the election returns, pays a tribute to Sir George Cartier, and briefly reviews some of the leading members of the old House of Commons who have not seats in the present House—Sir A. T. Galt, Mr. Macdougall, Mr. Morris, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Walter Shanly, and Mr. Chauveau. Then some consideration is given to the new members of prominence—Mr. James Macdonald, of Pictou, Mr. Palmer (St. John), Mr. Domville, Mr. W. H. Gibbs, Mr. D. Edgar, Mr. Bunster (Middlesex), Mr. Wilkes, Mr. John Young, Mr. Jette, and a few others. Turning to the Ontario Legislature, the writer—who, by the way, is not the writer of "Current Events"—has a fling at Party politics, and then deals with some of the prominent questions of the session in a way which is certainly not uncongenial to the Ministerial mind, while in some respects necessarily critical. The writer is quite correct in saying that the personalities of the session were more than usually acrimonious; and some of our readers will agree with him in his desire to see a more truly national spirit created. The paper is, on the whole, a very good one, and well worth reading. Some notes on Science and Literature, a few Selections, a notice of the Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition, some remarks on Current Literature, and a few pieces of poetry, more than ordinarily credible, constitute a number of far more than average excellence.

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SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE DERBY OF 1873.

"MAID" OTTOM.

TORONTO, May 31.

Run and won is the great event of the English racing world, and all, even the shouting, is over now for another year. The prophets are floored to a man, but a good horse and a spirited owner have landed the prize. Deeds from the heavens to upset all the fine calculations which arose between Gang Forward and Kaiser after their close struggle for the Guineas, a 40 to 1 outsider, easily outshone by both horses in that memorable struggle over the Rowley mile, has done the trick. Mr. Merry's Doncaster, whose pedigree table will be found elsewhere, has immortalized himself by gaining a position in the gallery of Derby winners which commences with Diomed in 1780, a horse destined afterwards to cross the Atlantic and to become the ancestor of the best animals to-day to be found in America; not, however, before he had done such essential service at home that neither here nor there will many pedigree tables be found without a square occupied by the name of Diomed, who died in Virginia in 1808, at the ripe old age of 31. Doncaster is one of his descendants. Even at that early day the American planters used to look for a Derby horse, when the idea of bringing him over must have been too-fold wild to entertain. The passage the winner in 1783, followed Diomed, the one representing Eclipse and the other Herod, the two horses whose names will be found scattered in the pedigrees of all animals here and in England that are known as thoroughbred. Priam, too, the 1830 winner, came over the ocean, and two or three Leger winners have also left quality to the American strains. But, continued as the great Epsom festival now has been for nearly a century, the problem is still just as pregnant with surprises and replete with uncertainties as ever. The next increases with every anniversary, and the beadroll of illustrious racehorses is scanned by thousands in England, who are as pure and blameless in their lives as the dogs of the turf are foul and infamous.

Derby, a Zetland, a Falmouth, or a Glasgow there will ever be to grace England's National Sport, and the marvellous mass of fiction which it creates. Year after year the anniversary which visits Epsom on the Derby day will ever hold the names of her racing noblemen in affectionate regard and proud remembrance. The Marquis of Hastings, however, all that taken the crowd to Epsom. The cockney's first holiday is the Derby, for weeks his mind has been on arrangements appetitive and decorative. It is a money-making, and a money-making day for him. As "the Gentleman in Black" puts it, "his book is an instructive one; he is quite sure to pay double, sometimes treble, the amount of a quarter's salary; and he has discovered that he can cannot possibly win anything, and will probably lose two pounds five." The Derby is the Derby of the Derby day, or the unfortunate who gets into the front row by the rails anywhere for the last half-mile of the course, may be disappointed. There are some thousands of racing men in Epsom, Egham, and the Paddock, and the "metallicans" don't go even there, they are completely lost sight of in the holiday-making crowd, and the place, by which they are more business actors. Your Cockney Derby-day is the day of the colours of the riders than he has of the pretensions of the horses, and he has enjoyed himself as a vision of an intermittent rainbow. Roars of "Gang Forward, Kaiser, Doncaster" fill the air; enthusiastic friends, "all round" on the winner, shout and dance; hats fly here and there; pale, the loser, is left disappointed, he takes his seat in a plateful of salad, and the Derby is over for him. And now the day begins. The Doncaster class is over, "says he," "let's lunch!" During the rest of the day he is immersed in iced champagne, claret-cup, knock-em-downs, Aunt Sally, the Christy minstrels, *et hoc genus omne*, and he dozes in a state of *hic*. Professional vagabondism is there too in thousands, country folks are represented, while thousands of Londoners who imagine are present to see the sight, as many Canadians who will read these lines have themselves been, items of the surging heterogeneous crowd, but very dependent on the next morning's statement of the sport they saw. It is a roaring day, a day never to be forgotten by those who have been it under favourable circumstances. The journey to the Downs, whether by road or rail, from London, or from neighbouring village through the chalky lanes, is a thing to enjoy, and to be remembered ever. The scenery, and chaff flies fast and furious. The unfortunate equestrian is hailed with the suggestion to get into a carriage with his friends; pedestrians are lovingly asked after their "poor feet," and the handlers of the thumb of the "ancient and honourable" criticism. But all is good humour. The man who would lose his temper on the road from the Epsom Saturnalia must be a poor thing, and the fun runs fast enough to make a Grit laugh. Old stagers will tell you that the Derby, as Robinson Crusoe told the passing savage, is a holiday generally to be enjoyed pleasant as it is to meet old school and college friends in the Grand Stand, the only "rotting" day known to the fashionable, each year paradventure marks the increase of time and wave of boon companions gone and happy days that are over. Mr. Dorling is a central figure who will have been remembered long. But moralizing is soon drowned in the uproar. There is a very Babel in the Ring. Books overlaid have to be straightened, the Sphinx tic as gold-room yells become the cries of, "Will you have anything, sir?" and "Take bar one;" "I'll back the field;" &c., &c. A moment's pause as a quarry is shot, and then on again is the falling off in handicaps, the neglecting of things no longer wanted (on board fore-and-aft steamers for instance), the sweep and the sweepers, and the pretty that once bespoke a sailor dial which our ancestors regard as "deterioration."

BOOK NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY. June 1873. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This number opens with an article "Concerning Canadian Ship-building: its Record and Resources," by Capt. N. W. Beckwith, who, we take it, is a New Brunswicker, and a relative of the gentleman of that name who is, not long since, a member of the New Brunswick Government. Let no one be deterred by the somewhat statistical heading, from reading the article entire. It contains a good deal of information on the subject of ship-building, and the way to clear it is not yet discovered. Meanwhile Baxter expresses himself as determined not to be removed, and the usual Action Against the Peace is being threatened. Meanwhile, and is holding his own by military power. There is much anxiety as to the chances of a collision, which would be a very serious and dangerous event. We suppose that Federal aid would be invoked if fighting did break out, but the prospect of a contest is very injurious to the public interests of the State.

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THE MODOCS.

Surrender of Captain Jack and his Warriors —The War at an End.

LANGBERTS VALLEY, May 27.—A date o'clock yesterday morning the troops left Willow Creek for a sharp and decisive scout, and met with admirable success. The Warm Springs trailed the Modocs across the creek in a northerly direction, then due north, and finally to the rocky cliff bounding Langell's Valley on the east. This scout, from the outset, was the most exciting one of the campaign. The freshness of the tracks, and the apparent proximity to the Modocs, created continual excitement. The route was travelled with difficulty by the best trained horses, and miles upon miles of lava in a sanguinary form were crossed. The men once lost the trail, and we suffered a detention of two hours. The trail was broken by a sudden yell from the Warm Spring Indians and shots from the soldiers, and the command "forward" was given by Col. Green. The scouts were called to the right and left of the line to cover the trail, then came Troop K of the First Cavalry, Major Crane commanding, and Lieutenant Bacon in charge of the skirmishers. Captain Hasbrouck's squadron had another equally important position, guarding the crest of the bluff. Down the steep trail, on the side, charged the entire force of 250 men. Suddenly four shots were fired from behind the rocks, and four bullets whizzed over the heads of the skirmishers. Halts were made at along the crest of the bluff, which started the Modocs from their lair. About this time Lieutenant Lyon, leading the right of the Modoc rushed down the rocks, and cried out, "We surrender!" "Don't shoot!" Five Modocs came in at once. Hostilities ceased, and Dr. Cabaness, of Yreka, a contract surgeon, who had been long acquainted with the Modocs, went up among the rocks and under a flag of truce of Captain Jack. The Indians, in the meantime, had come to come in. Dr. Cabaness slept with them last night. Jack's entire stable, the celebrated Charley, Old Schinobin and ten warriors surrendered. After a thorough examination of the Modoc country gathered in during the present scout under Col. Green, it has been ascertained that the last band netted 54 men, women and children, 13 of them being able-bodied warriors, 16 women and 25 children. Eleven Modocs died in 1871. The Speaker then mentioned the following additional names, all in terms of commendation: Lieutenant Mott, Mr. Dowall, of Fredericksburg, member of the Legislature of 1871, Capt. Wm. Bell, of Perth, who arrived here from Fort Klamath 1871; John Bayne, of Galt; Mark T. Stark, of Indiana; Lieutenant Wm. Wright; John Maclean, of Kingston; Dr. Mathieson, of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal; Hugh Cameron, of Montreal; Lieutenant Bell, of Markham, and Robert Boyd, of Prescott. All the above gentlemen were present during the roll in 1840, and have since passed away from the scene of their earthly labours. The Speaker in conclusion said it was his duty to bear in mind their obligations to the country, and gave useful advice as to the manner of proceeding with any business that might come before the Assembly. The Speaker had passed had been in many respects one of great and rapid progress. He begged them to bear in mind their obligations to the country name he trusted would never be forgotten by Presbyterians of Canada. The Speaker was elected in November, 1872. He hoped that they would never give up or lightly esteem the great privilege of being called to the Moderator's chair. (Applause.)

On the motion of the Moderator's address, Mr. Cochrane was appointed Assistant Clerk of the General Assembly, and the meeting soon after adjourned till eleven o'clock next morning.

OBITUARY.—Colonel G. T. Denison, sr., breathed his last at seven o'clock yesterday morning. He was in his accustomed place in the train which so suddenly seized the lamented gentleman on Wednesday evening resulted in the gradually sinking into a state of coma, which was terminated by death at the hour mentioned. The Colonel was 87 years of age. He was "Little York," when it was known as Little York." Colonel Denison was born in Tipperary, Ireland. The deceased joined Colonel Fitzgibbon's Light Dragoons during the troublous times of the Rebellion, and served as a Lieutenant in that corps at Navy Island. The Government seized upon the same rank in the corps, then known as the York Light Cavalry, now called the Governor-General's Body Guard, of which deceased's son, Captain Fred. C. Denison, is the present commander. Deceased was also commandant, first of all the cavalry, next of the whole artillery, and finally of the whole strength of the Fifth Military District, comprising the counties of York and Simcoe. He was also a most zealous volunteer officer of Ontario, and the only full colonel officer in the Province. He was enrolled as a barrister about the year 1828, and practised his profession up to 1855. He was the Vice-President and an active officer of the York Pioneers, whose flag courted the breeze at half half mast yesterday over the cupola of St. Lawrence "Hall, as a token of respect to his memory. During the years from 1843 to 1853 Col. Denison faithfully served the citizens of St. Patrick's Ward as one of their aldermen, and when he retired from the civic turmoil of that day he was the father of the Council. We had almost omitted to say that he was commandant of the militia district assembled during the Fenian raid of 1866. The deceased Colonel was of genial temper and quiet demeanour, and was highly esteemed by a wide circle of friends. Having been identified for nearly forty years with the defensive organization of the country, Col. Denison was one of Canada's military veterans, and a public mark of respect should be accorded in the shape of a military funeral. As the obsequies will not take place until Tuesday, there will be ample time for the commanders of volunteer corps in the city and vicinity to meet and make the necessary arrangements. We trust that this suggestion will be acted upon.

The number of pictures that have been sent to the Royal Academy this year is said to be far greater than last year, just as last year it had far exceeded all previous experience.

Among London's new clubs is one to be called "The Sans-Souci," uniting ladies and gentlemen in the principle purpose of holding social and conversation meetings once or twice a week.

According to the Gulor of St. Petersburg, the Minister of Finance has ordered to establish at Orel, a Russian Military Depot sufficient for an army of 300,000 men. Orel is a junction of four railway lines.

A despatch to the Reuter Telegram Company from St. Petersburg says: There is no truth in the report that Khiva has been taken, and that the Khan has fallen into the hands of the Russian troops.

CANADIAN.

The Colborne *Express* asks this momentous question:—"This is house-cleaning time, and if our subscribers don't pay up how the dickens are we to buy whitewash?"

The Fredericton people are asking for subscriptions to repair the Exhibition building, race track and grounds, for the forthcoming grand show, expecting that their suffers will be replenished by the money which will flock there.

A farmer named Thomas, from the township of Moore, while driving home on the 24th about three o'clock in the afternoon in a waggon with wife and son, was seized with an apoplectic fit, thrown from his waggon and killed, his neck being broken by the fall.

On the Tuesday following the farewell service by the Rev. R. Acheson, of the U. P. Church, Galt, a farewell prayer meeting was held in the church, and was followed by the presentation to Mr. Acheson of an address, and a purse containing the handsome sum of $500. Mr. Acheson made a feeling reply, and added a few affectionate words of farewell.

The Union Jack is the name of a new paper, "devoted to Literature, Romance, Songs, Poetry and Fun, printed in Fredericton by Mr. Thos. Miller, publisher and proprietor, and will be issued fortnightly. It is neatly and cleanly printed, and is filled with a variety of interesting matter, stories, sketches, news items, &c.

Three boys, sons of Mr. Ezra Mitchell, of Campbellford, were proceeding forward in Rice's port harbour last week by the sinking of a boat in which they were fishing with their father. The boat was caused by the schooner *Sarah*, of St. Andrews, which, through the negligence of the crew on board, it is said, ran down the small boat.

Last week, at St. John, a young man named Jones, while in a dog broken while on board the steamer *Scud* by having it caught in a hawser which was attached to the steamer, had his right leg broken, and has suffered great pain and his screams could be heard from a distance. He was taken to the hospital. The leg is broken about the knee.

The St. Mary's *Argus* says:—"A speculator of Kinsardine, has put a thousand dollars worth of American silver in circulation and it is now impossible to sell anything, and has of course pocketed a nice little sum profit. The speculator has said that the American silver nuisance was dead in Canada, but it is evident that there are some towns in the country yet which have not thrown off their old fogyism, and which evidently like the idea of being remarkable for the adhesion of old practices."

A few afternoons ago, as a boating party were enjoying a sail on the Kamiskouia river, below Gondola Point, a squall struck the boat, upsetting her and throwing the party into the water. Fortunately, it was a stead of righting, the boat turned bottom up and it was with the greatest difficulty that the party was able to climb on to it and save their hold. By the efforts of Mr. George F. Mathew and Mr. Jas. Gibson, the party were kept from slipping off until the ferry boat came to their rescue and they were rescued from their perilous position.

The St. Stephen *Journal* says that a boy named Scott was nearly drowned while trying to cross the river on a log. The St. Croix River a few days ago. While struggling in the water and rapidly losing consciousness another boy named Henry Davidson plunged into his rescue, but the drowning boy caught hold of Davidson and held on with the greatest danger, and much exhausted, when a third youth, named Frank Boyd, sprang into the rushing torrent and assisted both to the bank. Little Scott was speechless and had to be carried home in a carriage.

The tavern-keepers of Mitchell passed the following resolutions at a meeting recently:—"Resolved, that we do not approve of the new tavern law, we deem it necessary to form ourselves into an association of defence, against unwarrantable interference with our business suits that may be brought against us by the agents of the Government for violation of the law. That in the opinion of this meeting, no uniform law enacted by the Legislature for the Province of Ontario, will be satisfactory, the wants of cities, towns, villages and country districts are so widely separate, we consider larger powers should be vested in Municipal Councils to regulate and legislate, and protect the tavern-keeper from vexatious suits."

A Kingston exchange says, that the project for the establishment of a Club in that city has been revived, and quite a number of gentlemen have subscribed their names as promised supporters. The leading spirits are Judge Burrowes, Messrs. G. A. Kirkpatrick, W. Kingsmill, Jas. Aikens, J. K. Macaulay, A. R. Kirkpatrick and others equally prominent and leading citizens. The Commercial Bank, Kingston, which has been renovated and repaired is spoken of as the club house, and Mr. Wm. Richardson, the steward of a club in Montreal, from which would find ample support in Kingston, if once established.

There is, says the Halifax *Chronicle*, a prospect of the establishment in Halifax of a School of Applied Science, with special relation to mining and metallurgy. Professor Rose, of Dalhousie College, has been in communication with Mr. Fraser, Chief Commissioner of Mines on the subject, and Mr. Hennessy, of the Provincial Museum; Mr. Poole, the Inspector of Mines; Mr. Keating, the City Engineer, Mr. Lawson, Professor of Chemistry at Dalhousie College, are all favourable to the scheme, and willing to give a helping hand. The Government will take the department of drawing and mining, and other members of the contractors have expressed their willingness to act.

The body of an unknown young woman, apparently between twenty and thirty years of age, was found floating in the bay of St. Samuel T. Jacobs, lot 11, 2nd concession of Ameliasburgh, on Friday. The body was lying against a large stump, and was discovered by a son of Mr. Jacobs, who had gone out into the bay in a skiff for the purpose of catching the horses. It is supposed that the body has been in the water for some time past. The body presented, on examination, no marks of violence, except a round hole just below the left breast, which appeared to be from the sternal end; also a hole upon the back part of the left shoulder, just above the scapula. The holes appeared to be about eighths of an inch in diameter, both of the same size, and of the appearance of being made by a bullet. On the front side of the body, where the wound is, was a substance the size and appearance of a bullet, made the garment stick to the body. The same appearance was present on the back part of the body corresponding to the wound, and extending nearly to the hips, but nothing of the kind was found on the body. It appeared as if it might have been blood. The body was decently dressed.

A "Brain Lift."

(Hamilton, Ohio, Letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Mr. Frank Sosbey, editor of the *Telegraph* of this city, was in a very bad condition, from the effects of an experiment made upon him by his friends, the Spiritualists. The machine is the invention of a man named Dorrough. It consists of a metal cap, about eight inches in diameter, which fits up the head, closely embracing the frontal, and extending to the occiput. The small end of the tube is about four inches in length. To this is adjusted an air pump. Upon applying the pump, the cap is exhausted, and all pressure being moved from the top of the head, the arterial arches spring up, and all the brain axes, and the new and original ideas which would otherwise be buried forever, are brought to the surface of the cranium. The apparatus was designed to aid the editor of the *Telegraph*, who, of late, has shown great loss of mental power. The operation was made to him while sitting in his editorial chair. Whatever Mr. Sosbey had too much pressure. The squamous portion of his cranium caved in, and the top came off. It was then lifted down for him, and he, resting back into his chair the os cocygis was given Ray, and he was transported through the medulla oblongata. Upon examination it was found that the brains of Mr. Sosbey had arrived at the age of 120, less than the average of the Auburn woollen mills wearing emblems of mourning. The deceased was prominent with King of the Tribe of Ben Hur, and moral qualities, but also for his energetic business ability, and his death will be a great loss to the town.

Captain Lobiano and three men of the Government steamer Alexandrine were drowned on Saturday afternoon at Grand River. The bodies of the three men were recovered. Captain Lobiano's body has not yet been found. It appears that the steamer capsized in a squall.

The Great Eastern Circus and Menagerie arrived in Toronto on Monday. The attendance was large, but not crowded. The ring performance was up to the average and the menagerie contained some very fine animals. A few unpleasant incidents during the day occurred. One of the Minco Brothers, while doing the trapeze act suspended from the feet of the other, fell to the ground in the face, a distance of thirty-five feet. He recuperated sufficiently in half an hour. His injuries were slight, however.

The body of the young man Crowley, who was drowned on Lake Jack, in Dundas last week, was recovered on Monday. His father, sister and affianced bride are now on their way out to Toronto, the marriage was to have been married on their arrival.

A sad accident occurred at Mr. Wilker's saw mill, in the Township of Grey, on Monday morning. A young man named Thomas Ward, aged about 18, was sawing a log, when it became necessary to carry out the direction of the apparatus for the purpose. The weather was most magnificently fine, and the prospect of a bumper crop was great and sunk in the eastern passage. The accident was seen by his father, who had come off to the rescue. Both men were saved, but the boy was drowned. The first intimation of the accident he had had of it was the news of his death. The body was recovered in a few minutes.

While one of the New York divers was engaged at the *Atlantic* wreck a few days ago fell out of his dress, and was drowned in his helmet and the air tube. He had time to give the danger signal, and was hoisted to the surface in an exhausted state.

On Sunday morning a young lad about seventeen years of age, named McKenzie, left home at the house of Mr Colin Mitchell, Point, was drowned near Baldhead, a few miles up the Georgian Bay harbour. He was in a boat with two others, about 150 feet outside of a vessel that was ashore. There was an accident, the boat was about coming up the boat was filled and sank. McKenzie being a good swimmer, and the others were in the boat to the other and he started to swim to the vessel, but was taken with cramps and sank. The others were all saved. The body has been recovered.

Last Saturday, while the Great Eastern performance was in progress at Chatham, several houses were entered by burglars. Messrs. Richardson & Crowe's store was entered by the back door during the day, and the cash box, containing $100, was stolen. Goddard & Shanly's lumber yard office was also entered, and $150 taken while the proprietors were in the yard. The private dwelling of Mr. Gordon was entered at night and ransacked, but the thieves were frightened away before they could accomplish anything.

AMERICAN.

Whitelaw Reid acknowledges subscriptions through him to the Greeley Statute Fund of $6,635.

The jury said a reward of nearly three hundred thousand dollars is dependent on the extradition of Macdonald, the alleged Bank of England forger, and that he will be half two writs of Habeas Corpus have been issued.

Bonner's Startle trotted a mile in 2.19 at Fleetwood Park recently. The time has not come because he been equalled on that course, viz., by Pocahontas.

It is said that the three hundred thousand dollars paid from the Bank of England for the forgeries of Macdonald, will be absorbed by American lawyers, detectives and others.

George Francis Train arrived in Europe Saturday, just escaping a subpœna as witness in the government suit against the Union Pacific Railway.

A large number of passengers left for Europe to-day on eight steamships.

The total loss by the Boston fire is estimated at a million and a quarter dollars. Five freeman were killed by falling walls on Friday.

James J. O'Kelley, the *Herald* correspondent in Cuba, sailed for Spain Saturday on the mail steamer *Leopold*. A Mr. Price, the other correspondent, is still confined in the Havana jail. It is reported that he is to be released soon.

The Government of Mexico has arrested a Minister of Mines and sentenced him to imprisonment for life, for the crime of maintaining improper relations with each other in his private house, where they have lived as religious communities since the abolishment of the convents. The nuns have been released, but the monks are held for punishment.

At a billiard match in Chicago, Saturday night, three ball game for $500 between Ubasay and Bessarger, the former to run 500 points against 400 by the latter, the former won in 1 inning, making 500 points to 213 of the latter.

Macdonald, the English forger, will probably leave New York for England in a few days.

The New York *Herald* calls for the summary hanging

AN ENGLISH SWALLOW-SONG.

The Heathens in their many idols
Bow and bend unto to gods;
They shrine, where roses ever smile,
And all the skies are roses,

Here, myriad welcomes greet thy wing,
Thou gladsome twitter'ing arr,
As down the river, bird of Spring,
Thou sweepest glitt'ring by!

A speck that flies the lying blue,
An instant dot the vast Ocean,
A million feet of light that through
The pigs of April's dream.

For many a day beside the flow
Of waters may we pass,
No blossoms by the current blow,
No daisies star the grass;

The sullen streams in edifies cirri
Sleath clouds piled ridge o'er ridge;
O blue! when first in joyous skies
Thou dashest round the bridge;

For, gladsit creature, on thy flight
Perpetual summer lends;
Earyth's hot sands then quiet'st at night,
To glad with more old friends;

To circle o'er the drowsy wood;
Beneath my roof to rear
In trustful guilelessness thy brood;
To skim the filled mere;

Charming me daily with thy whoels
Above the sunny vine Inn
Soothing my heavy till in feels
No more the weight of time;

Till hopes long fled and love's sweet pain
Revive before thy wing,
And youthful tingling hearts again,
As in Life's golden Spring.

A myriad welcomes, then, be thine,
Bright bird! for thou has brought
Old seen'rive to me, pleasures fine,
And many a precious thought:

Ah! cheer my garden, cheer the land,
Wherever thy pinions range
And round these limes, by sephyrs fanned,
Forgot be mail sen flash!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

(*Unencrypted according to Copyright Act of 1868.*)

A SIMPLETON;

A Story of the Day.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

The Hottentots took their horses, as a matter of course. Their guns were slung in corners. A chosen cloth was spread, and they sat down cross-legged, where, among the the words of invitation were never spoken.

At supper, sun-dried flesh, cabbage, and savoury dish the travellers partook with gusto. Staines asked what it was; the true told him—lizards. They had stripped her garden, and filled her very rooms, and fallen in heaps under her walls; so she had pressed them, by the millions, into cakes, had salted them lightly, and stored them, and they were excellent, baked.

After supper, the accomplished Reginald, observing a wire guitar, tuned it with some difficulty, and to twanged it, and, as a rite to it, that the flabby giant's pasty face wore a look of dreamy content over his everlasting pipe; and in plain morning, and silent breakfast, he said, "Mine friends, stay here a day or two, and rake in the rubbish. Yes you are hewed, and you are spring bok and antelopes, and you can shoot mit your rifles, and we will cook them, and you shall sing us songs of Vaderland."

They thanked him heartily, and said they would stay a few days, at all events.

The placid Boer went a-farming; and the pair shouldered their pick and shovel, and worked on their heap all day, and found a number of pretty stones, but no diamonds.

"Come, said Falcon, "we must go to the river" and Staines acquiesced. "I love to expectorate," said he.

At the threshold they found two of the little Bushmen, playing with pieces of quartz, crystal, etc., on a clear shelf. One of these stones caught Staines' eye directly. It sparkled in a different way from the others: he examined it: it was the size of a white haricot bean, and one side of it polished by friction. He stood at it, and looked, and saw that it refracted the light. He felt convinced it was a diamond.

"Give the boy a penny for it," said the ingenious Falcon, on receiving the information.

"Oh!" said Staines. "Take advantage of a child!"

He borrowed it of the boy, and laid it on the table, after supper. "Sir," said he, "this is what we were raking in your pebbles for, and should not find it. It belongs to little Hans. Will you sell it to? We are not experts, but we think it may be a diamond. We will risk ten pounds on it."

"Ten pounds!" said the farmer. "Nay, we rob not travellers, mine vriend."

"But, if it is diamond, it is worth a hundred. See how it gains fire in the dusk.

In short, they forced the ten pounds on him, and next day went to work on another heap.

But the simple farmer's conscience smote him. It was a slack time; so he sent four Hottentots, with shovels, to help them friendly manner. These worked away gaily, and while some men set up a scaffold, and sorted the stuff, and hammered the nodules, and at last found a little stone as big as a pea, that refracted the light. Staines showed this to the Hottentots, and their quick eyes discovered two more that they had stolen.

Next day, nothing but a splinter or two.

Thus Staines determined to dig deeper, contrary to the general impression. He gave his reason: "Diamonds don't fall from the sky. They work up from the ground; and clearly, the heat must be greater further down."

Acting on this, they tried the next state, but found it colder beneath. After that, however, they came to a layer of hard carbonate, and here, Falcon hammering a large lump of conglomerate, out leaped, all of a sudden, a diamond big as a nut, that ran along the earth gleaming like a star. It had polished angles and natural facets, and was a novice, with an eye in his head, could see it was a diamond of the purest water. Staines and Falcon shouted with delight, and made the blacks a present on the spot.

They showed the prize at night, and begged the farmer to take to digging. There was ten times more money beneath his soil than on it.

Not he. He was a farmer: did not believe in diamonds.

Two days afterwards, another great find. Seven small diamonds.

Next day, a stone as large as a cob-nut, and with strange and beautiful streaks. They carried it home at dinner, and set it on the table, and told the family it was worth a thousand pounds. The farmer's family did not at it; but the crew trembled, and all the young folk glowered at it.

In the middle of dinner it exploded like a cracker, and went literally into diamond dust.

"Dere goes ton tousand pounds," said Bulteel, without moving a muscle.

Falcon swore. Staines showed fortitude. "It was laminated," said he, "and exposure to the air was fatal."

Owing to the invaluable assistance of the Hottentots, they had in less than a month collected four large stones of pure water, and a wine-glassful of small stones, when, one fine day, going to work calmly after breakfast, they found some tents pitched, and meet a score of dirty diggers, bearded like the pard, at work on the ground. Staines and Falcon looked to call Bulteel, and suggest that he should at once order them off, or better still, make them work for him, and share magnetic Boer did neither.

In twenty-four hours it was too late. The place was rushed. In other words, diggers swarmed to the spot, with no idea of law but diggers' law.

A thousand tents rose like mushrooms; and poor Bulteel stood smoking, and staring amazed, at his own door, and saw a veritable procession of waggons, pipe carts, and powdered travellers file past him to take possession of his hillock. Him, the proprietor, they simply ignored; they had a committee, who were to deal with all obstructions, and hitches, and tenants included. They themselves measured out Bulteel's farm into thirty-foot claims, and went to work with shovel and pick. They held Staines' claim sacred—that was diggers' law; but they confiscated the rest, and sold it.

Had the friends resisted, their brains would have been knocked out. However, they gained this, that dealers proved in, and, the market not being yet glutted, the price was good. Staines sold a few of his small stones for two hundred pounds. He showed one of the large stones. The dealer eye glittered, but he offered only three hundred pounds, and this was so wide of the accounting mark, on which a stone of that importance is prized, that Staines reserved it for sale at Cape Town.

Nevertheless, he afterwards doubted whether he had not better have taken it; for the multitude of diggers turned out such a prodigious number of diamonds at Bulteel's pan, that a sort of panic fell on the market.

These dry diggings were a revelation to the world. Men began to think the diamond, perhaps, was a commoner stone than any one had dreamed it to be.

As to the discovery of stones, Staines and Falcon lost nothing by being confined to a thirty-foot claim. Compelled to dig deeper, they got into a rich strata, where they found garnets by the pint, and some small diamonds, and at last, one lucky day, their largest diamond. It weighed thirty-seven carats, and was a rich yellow. Now, when a diamond is divided by of colour, it is terribly depreciated; but a diamond with a positive colour is called a fancy stone, and ranks with the pure stones.

"I wish I had this in Cape Town," said Staines.

"Why, I'll take it to Cape Town, if you like," said the changeable Falcon.

"You will?" said Christopher, surprised.

"Why not? I am not much of a digger. I can serve our interest better by selling; could get a thousand pounds for this at Cape Town.

"We will talk of that quietly," said Christopher.

Now, the fact is, Falcon, as a digger, was not worth a pin. His restless, roving, eagle eyes would not bear the blinding glare of a tropical sun for more and something like a minute, quartz, crystal, white topaz, so, in the midst of which the true glint of the royal stone had to be caught in a moment. He could not sort, and he had not the heart to dig. The only way to make him earn his half was to turn him into the travelling and selling partner.

Christopher was too generous to tell him this; but he acted on it, and said he thought his was an excellent proposal, indeed he had better take all the diamonds they had got, to Dale's Kloof first, and show them to his wife, for her consideration. "And perhaps," said he, "in a matter of this importance, she will go to Cape Town with you, and try the market stone."

"All right," said Falcon.

He sat and brooded over the matter a long time, and said, "Why make two bites of a cherry? They will only give us half the value at Cape Town; why not go by the steamer from Algoa, before she leaves market glutted, and tell the world finds out that diamonds are as common as dirt?"

"Why, Falcon, what about your wife? I'll never be a party to that. Me part man and wife! If you knew my own story."

"Why, who wants you?" said Reginald. "I ye don't understand. Fetch the lovers to visit England again; but she has got no excuse. If you like to give her one, she will be much obliged to you, I can tell you."

"Oh, that is a very different matter. If Mrs. Falcon can leave her farm—"

"Oh, that bustle of a brother of hers is a very honest fellow, for that matter. He can trust the farm to him. Besides, it is only a month's voyage by the mail steamer."

This suggestion of Falcon's set Christopher's heart bounding, and his eyes glistening. But he restrained himself, and said, "This takes me by surprise; let me smoke a pipe over it."

He not only did that, but he lay awake all night.

The fact is that for some time past, Christopher had felt sharp twinges of conscience, and deep misgivings as to the course he had pursued in leaving his wife a single day in the dark. Complete convalescence had cleared his moral sentiments, and, perhaps, after all, the discovery of the diamonds had co-operated; since now the insurance money was no longer necessary to keep his wife from starving.

"Ah! said he, "faith is a great quality; and how I have lacked it!"

To do him justice, he knew his wife's excitable nature, and was not without fears of some disaster, should the news be communicated to her unskillfully.

But this proposal of Falcon's made the way his world seem fit to be entrusted with the delicate task of breaking to his Rosa that the grave, for once, was baffled, and her husband lived. He now became quite anxious for Falcon's departure, and ardently hoped that worthy had not deceived himself as to Mrs. Falcon's desire to visit England.

In short, it was settled that Falcon should start for Dale's Kloof, taking with him the diamonds, believed to be worth altogether three thousand pounds at Cape Town, and nearly as much again in England, and a long letter to Mrs. Falcon, in which Staines revealed his true story, told her where is her wife, or heir of her, viz., at Kent Villa, Greenwood, Surrey, where, with the assistance of the very, and counsing decoyer, by the aid of a forged letter, he broken to her. With this he sent a long letter to be given to Rosa herself, but not all the world, she should know—it, and in this letter he enclosed the ruby ring she had given him. That ring had never left his finger, by sea or land, in sickness, or health.

The letter to Rosa was sealed. The two letters made quite a packet; for, in the letter to his beloved Rosa, he told her everything, and, in the letter to Mrs. Falcon, he had made up his mind, that the husband of Rosa, and the brother of Rosa, should be a sharer in every direction. The poles set firmly in the hole made by a man digging a hole cotemporaneously with the stakes, and, in the middle, stood a tall stake, with a cross-piece at the top, to which the vines were to be tied, as they grew up, and, at right to the vines than should the poles be set upright. Poles should run from the top of the vine, to the next operation.

TYING UP THE HOP VINES.—As soon as the vines have made from sixteen inches to two feet of growth they are ready to tie to the poles. This is generally from the middle of May to the middle of June. This work has to be done at odd times, for the vines come ready for tying very unevenly; we cannot wait or go through the operation without injuring a number. Three vines are tied to each pole—fine soft twine is the best for the purpose; cut strings to a length of ten inches. To do this rapidly, take a piece of wood the required length, wind the twine around it and then cut through each end with a chisel or other sharp instrument. Now for tying vines—hang the strings on your coat, let a boy take up a vine, wind it round the pole and hold it for tying. The string never should be tied in a knot, or it would soon cut through and destroy the ensnaring vine. After you have passed the string round the vine and supporting pole, give the string a twist between the finger and thumb. By the time the vine has grown large enough to open out this twist, it will be of sufficient strength to cling and to bear the weight of the vine without assistance. Always wind the vine round the pole from left to right, or following the diurnal course of the sun. If this precaution be neglected the vine will, in its growth, unwind from the pole and fall to the ground. The vines that are not tied to the poles should be pulled up and cut off as close as the root as possible. Cultivation is this year effected not only with the cultivator, but also by hoe and use of the plough. To plough between the rows requires four furrow boards and always draws from the hills. With two horses the two centre furrow slices may be turned, then one horse must be used with short whitetrees, well covered at the extremities, so as to get the plough close to the hills. After this plough-ing the between-rows should be again smoothed down, and the earth drawn back to the plants by the use of a cultivator. A small crop is usually picked in the autumn of this year, which rises from three to five feet in height. Cutting of dried hop vines will be well in the fall again to manure so much land as they will dress, but it is best to repeat the operation every year as a medicine to the hill, and in order to form an early and vigorous growth in each succeeding spring.

The third year's management is exactly similar to that already explained for the second year.

A TERRIBLE SUICIDE

A MAN PLUNGES INTO FLAMES AND IS BURNED TO DEATH.

One of the most horrible instances of suicide which we have ever seen recorded is that which occurred on Monday morning at Ville, Warren county, Ohio, which occurred in that town a few days since. The deceased was the father of Rev. Dr. Frank Williams, of Waynesville, and had for some time been living with the family of his parents. He was somewhat peculiar, but was never considered to be deranged, or dangerous either to himself or others. He was however, he was remarkable for his constant thoughts and conversation on the subject of hell. He was an esteemed member of the Hicksite Friends' Society, and in all his habits exemplary and quiet. In the morning he went out to a neighbouring farm, which he owned, but had leased, and employed himself in mending the fence and other trifling jobs, nothing peculiar being remarked about him. During the afternoon, he was seen in an old log cabin on the place trying to set fire to it. He succeeded in the large ten-foot fire place. Mr. Settles, the man who resides on the farm, recalled his attention to the fact that he was preparing to burn himself up. Richard's reply was, "Let it burn, I don't care a d—n for a fool?" Still Richard kept on with his mysterious work, and although his brother Mr. Dr. Settles recognized the frame of Mr. Williams, and the following questions and answers followed:

"Why did you get that name?—It was the first that came; I cannot tell. Was you ever in Cincinnati?—No. Where did you get the name?—Yes. What made you take Morgan and drop Castro?—I decline to answer. Do you know Mr. Hawkins?—No. I have only conversed in it in order that it might be disposed of at once. Some discussion followed, but no decision was come to.

The Foreman of the Jury—Will you read the deposition of the witness Hawkins? Mr. Hawkins—So have I