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The Weekly Mail.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1873

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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THE PURSUIT OF JOBBERY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

MR. ARCHIBALD MCKELLAR is a man extraordinary man. "As the head of an important public department he is a most magnificent blunderer. His conduct in connection with the Model Farm has been in keeping with his general course of action. In December, 1871, he succeeded Mr. CARLING in office. At that time 890 acres of land were held by the Government at Mimico for the purposes of a Model Farm, and the material for the building of a College was on the ground. At the instigation of Mr. PETER GOW and Mr. DAVID CHRISTIE, the new Commissioner stopped the work *instanter*, and began operations with the view of removing the institution to Guelph. Mr. CHRISTIE dragged the Agricultural Council into the job, and after a winter look at the Mimico site, the "Reformers" in the Council condemned it, very much against the opinion of that eminent authority on such matters, Professor BUCKLAND. In furtherance of the plot, Dr. MILLS, of Michigan, was called in to test the nature of the soil, but his report consisted of a series of chemical and analytical data, utterly unintelligible to the ordinary mind. Their four Commissioners were appointed, and in the fall and winter of 1872 they visited Whitby, Woodstock and elsewhere, ostensibly in search of a new site; although it had been generally understood by Mr. MCKELLAR that Guelph should get the College. The Commissioners, Dr. MILLS, Mr. MCKELLAR, Mr. CHRISTIE and his friends, with the "refreshments" for the road, cost the Province $1,200. When the Legislature met, a long debate occurred on the whole question, and the Government were sustained in the job by a very small majority. Mr. F. W. STONE's farm, known as Moreton Lodge, was selected; Mr. MCKELLAR promptly recommended it chiefly on account of its proximity to a gravel or plank road running from an unknown village to an unknown ford beyond. He actually had the effrontery to argue that it was easier of access than the Mimico farm, situate at the Mimico station of the Great Western Railway, through which 9 nine trains run daily. The Mimico farm was sold to contain 550 acres and the price to be paid was $70,000. The Mimico farm was bought by Mr. CARLING for $45,750. There the matter rested until April last, when the preliminary agreement between the Government and Mr. STONE was drawn up. It turned out then that Mr. STONE's farm so sold the head land only had been open to the 1st of March, and when the papers were submitted to him in April he himself justified in ignoring the previous negotiations and demanding "better terms." He requested to be left in possession until the 1st December, and to have the benefit of this year's crops; and to that Mr. MCKELLAR consented. The next delay was occasioned by a dispute as to the title; and after that was surmounted, a fresh batch of troubles accordingly came. Mr. MCKELLAR had bargained from the first under the impression that the farm contained 500 acres, but, on actual measurement, the area was found to be 583 acres. Mr. STONE then put in another plea for "better terms," demanding extra payment for the additional thirty-three acres. Mr. MCKELLAR argued that the Government bought the whole farm and not a certain number of acres; but Mr. STONE was inflexible, and it was thought for a time that the scheme would collapse altogether. Finally it was arranged that Mr. STONE should be put in possession of thirty-three acres, which were to be taken from Any part of the farm at Mr. MCKELLAR thought proper. And this also was agreed to. The deeds were drawn up and sent to Mr. STONE—and then another difficulty arose. Mr. STONE said he would not sign the deeds because the thirty-three acres had not been taken off in a regular block, but in absurdly irregular chips; and he made up his mind to have nothing more to do with Mr. MCKELLAR, but to go straight to Mr. MOWAT. Meanwhile Mr. MCKELLAR made a trip to Toronto, London, and in his journeyings he reached Guelph, and there heard of Mr. BROWN's arrival. The Commissioner immediately determined to carry his way into Africa, and with that view two men were sent from Toronto to seize the farm in the name of the Ontario Government, and thus block the game of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, her Council, and dignity. On Saturday morning Mr. STONE found his two men in his house. They had broken a pane of glass, abstracted the key, and entered burglariously into possession. Mr. STONE demanded to know their business, but they neither produced any authority nor gave him any satisfactory answer. They were arrested and locked up, examined on the same day, and locked up again pending news from Mr. MCKELLAR. It is stated that the difficulty has been settled, but what is to be done about the farm nobody knows.

This is a bald history of one of the most barefaced jobs Mr. MCKELLAR ever committed. He was unprincipled enough to inaugurate it, but not clever enough to carry it out decently.

THE "HONOURABLE" JOHN YOUNG.

THE *gentleman* who represents West Montreal in the House of Commons has, through the columns of the McMullenite organ in that city, addressed a long letter to his constituents, in reference to the Post Mastership at Quebec, and his own position as Floor Inspector. Mr. YOUNG has put in paper the "deep damnation" of his own disgrace to an extent but feebly conceived from his connection with the stolen letter.

Mr. YOUNG holds an office worth about $4,000 a year. The Inspection Act of last session rendered it necessary that new appointments should be made this fall. He, YOUNG, applied to the Minister of Inland Revenue to be re-appointed Inspector of Flour and Meal in Montreal. Mr. GIBBS, on the 21st August, replied to Mr. YOUNG's letter, that the Governor-General might appoint whom he pleased to the office, adding: "The office of Inspector being one which requires no sureties, would, if accepted by you, prevent you from retaining your seat in Parliament. I did not, therefore, contemplate the submission of your name to his Excellency the Governor General for the appointment you refer to." Mr. YOUNG says that on the receipt of this letter he immediately telegraphed: "THERE cannot be any necessity that the bill did not interfere with me. Send my name to his Excellency if necessity may compel me to retain my inspectorship shall resign my seat if necessary—will be down to-morrow." The same day he started for Ottawa. Finding the Minister of Inland Revenue absent from the capital, he repeated this telegram to Ottawa, and at the same time, wrote Mr. GIBBS a letter, in which he said: "I left Montreal last night, and found you had left yesterday. Sir, JOHN is also absent. I would like if you would let me know as soon as possible, if it is necessary for me to resign. *If so, shall do so at once. I presume there will be no doubt of my obtaining the Commission as Inspector, if I do resign.*" While in Ottawa, Mr. YOUNG wrote Sir JOHN MACDONALD a note, which, he says, was marked "Private," and which, we gather from his lengthy address to his constituents, was a begging epistle of no ordinary character. Sir JOHN has since asked to be allowed to publish it, but this *Honourable* Mr. YOUNG, who did not hesitate to advise the publication of a private letter of Sir JOHN's, which he must have been conscious was stolen and had not reached the person to whom it was addressed, refused to grant the request in a way which would make it possible to expose the impudent character of his *in forma pauperis* appeal to the Government whom he has so frequently vilified, and the chief member of that Government whom he has recently treated so shabbily.

While in Ottawa, Mr. YOUNG says he had some conversation with Mr. POPE on the subject, and that Mr. POPE seemed to be of opinion that his acceptance of the office would not necessitate his resignation. Mr. POPE and Mr. YOUNG met again on the 20th in Montreal. What passed between them Mr. YOUNG thus describes: "On Tuesday evening I met Mr. POPE, who declared that in his opinion neither my position as Inspector nor my seat in Parliament would be interfered with. I intimated to him, however, that should *our might be the result to myself personally, I had made up my mind not to give up my seat for the Western Division of Montreal*, and next day I telegraphed" this resolve to the *Witness* and to the *Herald*, which was published. This, it is remembered, was three days after Mr. YOUNG had twice assured Mr. GIBBS that he was prepared at any moment to resign if the appointment were given to him. On the 28th Mr. GIBBS wrote to Mr. YOUNG, saying he would bring the matter before the Council at the earliest opportunity, and to this letter the following reply was sent:

"MONTREAL, 1st Sept., 1873.

"*To the Honourable the Minister of Inland Revenue, Ottawa:*—

"SIR,—In reference to your private note, and to other conversations, I beg to say in reference to the Flour Inspectorship of Montreal, that I appointed to that office under the certificate of the Board of Examiners, *I shall, of course, conform (in whatever may be the law, as to my holding office in the House of Commons.* But until I am so appointed under the Inspection Act, and in reality become Inspector, the question as to my holding my seat cannot come up.

"Yours, very respectfully,

"JOHN YOUNG."

Two days afterwards Mr. YOUNG became possessed of Sir JOHN MACDONALD'S letter, and consequently the question has ever since remained in *status quo*. Mr. YOUNG has not been re-appointed and he still holds his seat in Parliament.

We have quoted from the letters published by Mr. YOUNG himself, to prove, out of his own mouth, the disgraceful character of the means by which he sought to secure the continued possession of a fat berth by favour of a Government to which he was in other political opposition. On 23rd August he positively assured Mr. GIBBS in writing that he was willing to resign the seat in the Commons, in case he were re-appointed. On the 28th, he caused to be put in the Montreal papers (merely to him, a notice to the effect that under no circumstances would he resign. And on 1st September, five days later, he again wrote to Mr. GIBBS, expressing his readiness to comply with his wish, in other words, to resign his seat in Parliament.

We need not add one word to seal Mr. YOUNG's condemnation in the eyes of every respectable man in Canada. Out of his own mouth let him be judged.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

FROM the evidence given before the Royal Commission on Friday, we are enabled to examine the claim of the "Reform" Party to be the Party of Purity. Mr. THOMAS WHITE, who had the best of means for knowing what passed during the Montreal elections, testifies that the "Reformers" actually bought over the canvassers who had been paid to work for Sir GEORGE CARTIER. No less than $25,000 was drawn from one bank alone, for corrupt purposes, on behalf of Mr. DEVLIN. Not content with buying up the votes of the canvassers, the "Reformers" also bought boldly, and, in many cases, successfully, assailed Sir GEORGE's electioneering staff. Mr. WHITE says that a gentleman of money to elect a young and untried man like Mr. DEVLIN, over the old and tried leader of the French Canadian people, Hon. M. LANGEVIN tells a similar tale. The sum of $45,000 was spent in the Jacques Cartier Division Centre; and so amply were the Rouges of the Eastern section of Quebec provided with the sinews of war, that Sir GEORGE's government candidates were forced to capitulate. The sum of $45,000 or $50,000 came from M. LANGEVIN's election fund! The corruption which was practised in Lower Canada at the Elections was trifling compared to the frightful slaughter of the franchise by the "Reformers" of Ontario. Corrupt voters rolls had been stuffed preparatory to the contest, Mr. MCKELLAR's legion of land valuators had been busy with their pencils, the final tussle came, the money was poured down in most plentiful showers. The result is well known. Sir JOHN's purity, while the LEWISES and the NIXONS were shaking hand patent in the face of the electorate, and bribing those whom they could not coerce. We shall be told that this world had been concerned and the Government had passed an amended election law; but even in 1871 the newspapers have complained that the money was poured down in most plentiful showers. The result was the adoption of the purity, while the LEWISES and the NIXONS were shaking hand patent in the face of the electorate, and bribing those whom they could not coerce. We shall be told that this world had been concerned and the Government had passed an amended election law; but even in 1871 the newspapers have complained that the money was poured down in most plentiful showers. The result was the adoption of the Ballot Act. Now, we ask, what good came from M. LANGEVIN's election fund! The corruption which was practised in Lower Canada at the Elections was trifling compared to the frightful slaughter of the franchise by the "Reformers" of Ontario. Corrupt voters rolls had been stuffed preparatory to the contest, Mr. MCKELLAR's legion of land valuators had been busy with their pencils, the final tussle came, the money was poured down in most plentiful showers. The result was the adoption of the Ballot Act. Now, we ask, what good came from M. LANGEVIN's election fund! The corruption which was practised in Lower Canada at the Elections was trifling compared to the frightful slaughter of the franchise by the "Reformers" of Ontario. Corrupt voters rolls had been stuffed preparatory to the contest, Mr. MCKELLAR's legion of land valuators had been busy with their pencils, the final tussle came, the money was poured down in most plentiful showers. The result was the adoption of the Ballot Act. Now, we ask, what good came from M. LANGEVIN's election fund!

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We have quoted from the letters published by Mr. YOUNG himself, to prove, out of his own mouth, the disgraceful character of the means by which he sought to secure the continued possession of a fat berth by favour of a Government to which he was in other political opposition. On 23rd August he positively assured Mr. GIBBS in writing that he was willing to resign the seat in the Commons, in case he were re-appointed. On the 28th, he caused to be put in the Montreal papers (merely to him, a notice to the effect that under no circumstances would he resign. And on 1st September, five days later, he again wrote to Mr. GIBBS, expressing his readiness to comply with his wish, in other words, to resign his seat in Parliament.

We need not add one word to seal Mr. YOUNG's condemnation in the eyes of every respectable man in Canada. Out of his own mouth let him be judged.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

THE prevailing expectation the last day or two, has been that the crisis would pass over without affecting general business. And so it will, there is reason to believe, as far as Canada is concerned; indeed, balancing all the probabilities, it appears that our railways, our banks, and private capitalists together will make no small profit through what has occurred. But the American people themselves are likely to feel for many a day the effects of the crash. The discharge of a thousand men from one locomotive manufactory is a bad sign, and those engaged in the heavy iron trades, (in the United States) do not entertain hopeful views of affairs. If, as some believe, this be the beginning of "coming down to hard pan"—to coming to lower prices, together with an approach to specie payments—then the shrinkage of values will be permanent and not temporary merely, and a vast disturbance of business relations must ensue. The latest reports, from an extended area, go far to sustain this, or something like it, as the most probable anticipation. There will be time now for railway iron and locomotives to fall in price, ere the railways now crippled or stopped altogether can go on again. The panic will be felt in the city banks and in the country farm-house, and purchases of goods will fall off, as the dark shadow of failure of manufactories spreads over the land. For the farmers of the Western States there can be no relief this winter, because new railways there are crippled or stopped, while the stronger and better established lines will have the game more in their own hands than ever they had before, and will profit accordingly. All this looks very dismal, and not one of ourselves, except in these two ways, first, that it will limit the American demand for our produce, while at the same time forcing down prices of American manufactured goods, and bringing them over here in large quantity to compete with the products of our own shops. These are some of the effects of the crash that on a first glance appear inevitable, but what they will come to in the long run we must wait for time to tell.

DEATH OF BISHOP FARRELL.

THE Right Rev. JOHN FARRELL, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Hamilton, who had been ill for six months, died Friday morning, in that city. Born in the North Liberties of Philadelphia, in 1820, he came to Canada when fourteen years old. He studied in the Catholic College, Montreal, and was ordained thereto. For six years he acted as Professor of the Kingston College, after which he was appointed missionary at L'Original. For ten years he was priest in the Kingston diocese; and in the year 1856 was consecrated Bishop of Hamilton, in succession to Dr. PINSONNEAULT, who died, broken-hearted and universally mourned not only in the city, in which he has resided for seventeen years, but in every place where he was known. He was respected by the members of every denomination, and was as welcome in the houses of Protestants, as in those of the flock over which he was the spiritual ordinary. Earnest and devoted to his work, he did great good in his diocese. He was in every sense of the word within the sphere of his spiritual operations, a genuine reformer. He will be lamented by his people, for by his death a good man has been taken away.

THIERS TO THE FRONT.

THE cable gives us in few words the substance of a piece of news coming from the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, namely, that M. THIERS, on his return to Paris, will assume the leadership of the Party of the Left. We suppose the announcement may be accepted as correct, the more so as the intimation is made by the Minister of France to come to the front again have been numerous and important. The situation has greatly changed since the 24th of May, when the veteran statesman was dragged from his office by an accidental majority of the Assembly? It may be of interest in the meantime to take a glance at what has occurred.

In its bearing upon the present position, personally, the most important event of the last four months has undoubtedly been the completion of the final evacuation of French soil by the German troops. We can scarcely over-estimate the real importance of these events, or their effect upon the mind of the French people. If it be true that the events themselves, as also their effect upon popular feeling, must be deemed important, it is no less true that they jell altogether in THIERS' favour. In one sense, the eyes of the people of France, as the Germans departed, the people showed a desire, as if all animated by one overwhelming feeling, to do homage to the man whom they all regarded as their deliverer. It was decided, too, and the determination was probably, in the one, that no prominent public demonstration should take place, lest there remaining a lurking fear that the Germans would only be too glad of any excuse for remaining. Under the circumstances the quietest way of giving vent to the popular feeling was resorted to, and addresses to the ex-President, couched in the most flattering terms and bearing evidence of sincerity and heartiness, were sent from Nancy, Verdun, and others of the newly liberated towns. Is there were those who would have claimed for President MACMAHON or the Duke of BROGLIE the honour of having liberated France from the presence of foreign troops, they did not venture on a shameful attempt. All over France the truth was recognized that it was the man who lately had been deposed from his office, and not the men who at present hold it, that had done the great work of liberating the parts on France does there exist a strong feeling in connection with this, and Eastern France, newly liberated, is likely to make its influence felt at Versailles. The shame of resisting a patriotic impulse will, we fancy, be too powerfully felt for THIERS' opponents openly to face it.

Another event has been the visit of the Duke de PASTE to FRANCE, and his well-published renunciation in favour of the Comte DE CHAMBORD. It was eagerly claimed at the time, by the partisans of legitimacy, that two, at least, there were no longer hopes in France, but one only, and that themforth the path of HENRY V. to the throne was clear. But subsequent events appear to make clear this, chiefly, that the question of how to reconcile the Comte DE CHAMBORD's claims with the present position, is more perplexing than ever. It is seen, in fact, that the retirement of the Duke of PASTE has not tended to the difficulties of the Legitimists, because it brings them face to face with questions that have for years been matters of speculation merely, but which will now have to be met with practical answers. How to reconcile the France of to-day with the views which the Comte DE CHAMBORD declares he still holds and will adhere to, is a problem which people of ordinary capacity may be excused for regarding as actually insoluble.

Another event is disagreement among the Bonapartists. M. ROUHER, it is believed, is prepared, if the Empire are not now be restored, to take any King that may offer, rather than see the Republic confirmed. But President MACMAHON, it is said, holds other views of his duty, and, with the army the force of the nation at his command, will loyally submit to, and put in execution, the decree of the nation's representatives in the Legislature. The fact that division is spreading among the Imperialists appears to be well established; indeed from the first it was evident that they could, as a united body, work with the adherents of the old monarchy only as long as the latter had not come to the point of naming a King. That point being reached, Imperialists must either oppose the nomination, and so break with their allies of the last few months, or else stultify themselves by announcing the claim of the Imperial House, both in deed and in form.

The Conservative Republic is what THIERS desires to establish, and it because of interest to determine what the Conservative Republic really is or proposes to be. The answer, it appears to us, has already been made sufficiently clear, not alone by professions, but by events. The Conservative Republic put down the Commune, and it gives, and from the first has given, both a sufficient and a sincere support to the National Church. Clericalism is the bugbear the charge that THIERS' party, by allowing two notorious Red Republicans to be elected in Paris and Lyons, has shown the confidence of all moderate men, and had virtually taken its place on the extreme Left, and this is the great and reason why it had become a necessity for the friends of ordered liberty to make some sort of a rally. We may say, in the first place, that the position and advantages of the Republic are daily becoming more and more secure, and that Chicago and Milwaukee already realize that they are in the North-West Territory, and that the intervention of New York. The visit of the Montreal Transportation Committee to Montreal, recently, we really do not acknowledgment that to this side of the Atlantic, as well as over, must the American people look for increased facilities; and their, shrewdest business men are already alive to that upon Canada, to a large extent, depends the solution of the problem of cheap transportation. It is the interest of their to improve our canals; but when improved they are ready to use them, and to pay a reasonable toll. We are far from saying that we should surrender to them the undertaking of building the Canadian Pacific Railway; but we do say that it is more than fair on our part to reflect how large a share of the earnings of our great thoroughfare comes from American freight and passenger traffic. In the heated and acrimonious discussions of the last few months amongst ourselves, the real importance of American connection has sometimes, we fear, marring upon our interests, appear to have been strongly overlooked. Upon this point we repeat, we say, invariably, it is strike at the root of it. Don't let us at the servants if the master is to blame. With Sir HUGH ALLAN we have no sympathy. We are certainly not disposed to give him a single cent of the money he asks for, unless it is proved to be a matter of indubitable merit, from the Parliament of Canada, and in which the author has given some interesting and instructive points acquired during his recent visit to Europe. We hope for success in the practice of his profession and success in the practical application of the late Emperor Napoleon, who showed his appreciation of his learning by appointing him Chevalier of the Imperial Order of enrolment and trust. For many years he served his country well and faithfully. His death cause a void in medical circles which will not be soon or easily filled.

THE CONFEDERATE MONOCK.—As has been announced, the Modoc prisoners are to be executed on the 3rd October. Every strong efforts made by the Friends and other advocates of leniency toward hostile Indians are shown to be fruitless. The points urged in favour of commutation of the others it was urged that the trial of the offenders was illegal under a decision of the Supreme Court, that the Modocs had been upon the military tribunal had no jurisdiction. Another question raised was that General Canby had violated the Act of Peace Commissioner, and not as an officer of the Army, he had no authority to order directly before the President for his action, as the court for the trial of the Modocs was convened by an order issued by the Secretary of War, and not by the President. The Attorney-General that the military court was illegally constituted, and that the Advocate-General of the army book, however, the same view as the Attorney-General, and as President Grant, and the Secretary of War did also. The President, however, referred the question of the action of the sentence, though upon him was the responsibility of the decision. The friends of the peace policy declared that when all the arguments were presented to the President, he would be in a position to form a decision of death in view of the fact that the Modocs had been fairly tried by the trial took place. On the other hand, old army officers declared that the President only knew the action of the Army, the Attorney General, already rendered, and his own sense of justice, that the prisoners were guilty of every violation of the rules of war, therefore by violating a flag of truce, and, therefore, not entitled to the military law. And so it turned out. It was the President's duty, and Abe Lincoln Jack was ignorant of military usages, for his decision was proof that he knew all about them, and yet was willing to sign the murders for which he and his companions had been tried.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.—There is necessarily much speculation and much doubt as the future of the Northern Pacific Railroad now that Mr. Jay Cooke is, so far as can be judged at present, powerless to aid its further completion. Commenting upon this, *Chicago Tribune*, we notice, comes out squarely with the opinion that it must be given up. The Northern Pacific was an enterprise come to a stand-still, their property is in the hands of Receivers, the portion of the main line already completed will not pay operating expenses, even conceding that the Government will pay the subsidy in the Northern Pacific may be operated at a profit, and, in the end, it may prove to be enough to pay expenses, of course the interest on the bonds will not be paid. It has been paid heretofore only by the sale of bonds. The resource has been cut off, or so nearly that it may be considered as suspended. If the interest on the bonds is not paid, then the bonds are absolutely worthless so long as the road is in this present condition. What is the prospect that the bondholders will ever get back? It is could only be done at all by a concentration of the interest of the bonds have been scattered about as were some of the Erie stocks. It is impossible as yet to say where the bonds have placed or what amount has been sold.

THE FIRST GUN.—The obscurities which laborious historians weary their souls in penetrating, are particularly numerous in relation to military movements of great wars. It has often been said, for example, that the war of secession in the United States has never been described throughout with accuracy, and certainly discoveries like one just made would seem to justify the assertion. The first gun has always been considered to be that fired by Mr. Ruffin at Fort Sumpter, an office which he utilized as conferring great honour. Now the War Department at Washington has ascertained on clear evidence that the original court act was fired by a negro slave, at the time very little known city of Vicksburg on the Mississippi, where an attempt was made so stop a Mississippi steamer, with a cargo of cotton stores on board belonging to the Federal Government. As the armament of the place at that time consisted of but one four-pounder, the property of the city, and intended for salutes, it is not surprising that the steamer went by unhurt; and the circumstance would have almost forgotten in the greater events of which Vicksburg was the scene, until late inquiries revived the memory of them. The gun was brought away when the works of Pemberton were dismantled after his surrender to Grant in 1863, and was lately found in the Ordnance Storeyard at Washington, whence the President has directed it should be sent to West Point, and presented to the Academy as a public memorial of the triumph of the cause against which it was used for the first act of defiance.

The bombardment of Alicante, Spain, opened at five o'clock on Saturday morning, and 500 projectiles, some filled with petroleum, were thrown into the city. Great damage was done, and several edifices set in ruins. A vigorous fire was returned from the forts and batteries above effect, for the rebel iron-clads slipped cables, and withdrew in a disorganized condition. Particulars of the bombardment of Alicante show that the insurgents directed their fire chiefly at the castle, which overhangs the town, at an altitude of four hundred feet, hoping that by the fall of its walls a part of the city might be destroyed. One shell struck the public building in which the national city authorities were assembled. The city walls were shattered by the shells. The rebel vessels at one time got close to the shore, but were driven off by the rapid and well-directed fire of the Spanish batteries. Some of the rebel iron-clads, Minister Malcamas visited and encouraged the men at the guns.

The Oddfellows' Hall, just completed in Paris, was dedicated in the usual form on Tuesday.

Thomas Young, of Lakefield, was accidentally shot by a comrade, named Mr. Pentlate, at Young's Point, on Tuesday.

Two hundred and fifty dwellings, reared against the south wall of St. Bartholomew's Chapel, Chatham, part of the original Fort Amherst, built by the French, and erected after the Norman conquest, has been ordered to be pulled down to make way for a new church.

Mr. JOHN YOUNG, M. P. has been in such bad company lately that his moral sense appears to be greatly blunted. The following paragraph from the Montreal *Herald* will explain our meaning:

"In a letter published by the Hon. John Young in the *Herald* of yesterday, the following remarkable sentiments are uttering I met Mr. Pope, who declared that in his opinion neither my position as Inspector nor my seat in Parliament would be interfered with." We are respected by the Hon. Mr. Pope to state that the above is not a correct version of what occurred. What Mr. Pope said was that he had not read the law or heard the point discussed, and he was not aware how the case stood. We are also requested to state that Mr. Young intimated that there was a design to deprive him of the office of Inspector and of his seat in Parliament, is absolutely without foundation. Mr. Young had expressed an anxiety for the appointment of Inspector, and Mr. Pope had promised to use whatever influence he possessed in order to secure him the appointment."

We have never ourselves attached so much importance to the presence of Americans in the Sir HUGH ALLAN's first Pacific Railway Company, as has been attached to it by some other persons.—*Montreal Herald.*

No? While the *Herald* was playing on one string, its Toronto contemporary was rasping away on the other. Day after day, subsequent to the introduction of Mr. HUNTINGTON's resolution into the House of Commons, the Grit sheet of this city reiterated the charge that the Government—not Sir HUGH ALLAN—were in corrupt alliance with American capitalists. On 7th April it said:

"Only when the transactions *between the Government of Canada and their American confederates are laid bare*, shall we fully understand the reason for the monstrous stipulations of the contract to which they are parties."

The reader can see, in the light of the evidence taken before the Commission, what truth there was in this vile accusation. On the following day, the Toronto organ came out thus strongly:

"Could there be a more serious accusation brought against anyone holding Sir John Macdonald's position? *The fact that the briber were foreigners* made the offence all the more atrocious."

It is not surprising that the *Herald* should be anxious now to slur over as lightly as possible one of the chiefest points of the original indictment.

The General Manager of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway has issued the following notice to the employes of that road:—"Treat people as if you respected them, and were willing to acknowledge their courtesy. Be accommodating, and do what you can to aid them. Remember that a little courtesy to a stranger will cost you nothing, and may be worth much to you in making or unmaking Mr. Williams' Parliamentary position! In the hands first of Mr. ROWAN and BLAKE, who violently seized himself of it, and, subsequently, of Mr. OLIVER MOWAT, the Ontario surplus has been a huge bribery fund, administered, partly in the interest of the Grit party, partly, then, that, although his telegram cannot be produced, Sir JOHN MACDONALD, on 31st July, 1872, remonstrated the government made between Sir GEORGE CARTIER and Sir HUGH ALLAN on the previous day. It is surprising that any newspaper should have the hardihood to dispute a fact so well authenticated.

ANOTHER GRIT FIZZLE.

THE Chatham *Planet* gives a very lugubrious account of a Grit pow-wow which was held at Thamesville about a week since. Like the many other demonstrations of a like nature which have lately taken place, and which seem to be so dear to the Grit mind, that of Thamesville *was* loudly heralded. All the big guns of the Party were announced to be present. Mr. BLAKE would be there. So would Mr. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE. And so, too, JOE ROWAN, and PATERSON of Brant, and Big Thundle, and dear knows who besides. Tell it not in Gath, proclaim it not in the streets of Ascalon—the poor people who were duped into attending this pow-wow had to put up with Philosopher MILLS and Rose of West Middlesex! Very brave lesser of orators truly! It was a cruel piece of deceit. The people who paid their money for such sloppiness have a fair claim to demand that it be repaid. It is a clear case against the managers of the demonstration of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Dynasdust, of ANN Arbor, had a few things to say, on the occasion. "His own evidence was that taking any evidence under oath had a tendency to demoralize the public, as people "thought it was no harm to tell a lie if they did not have to swear to it." This is a very amusing defence of the conduct of G. W. McMULLEN and GEORGE NORRIS, the convenient and congenial instruments by which the Dirty Party have undertaken to put through a dirty job. There can be but one opinion in Canada on this point. The House of Commons did a wise thing when it determined that evidence should be taken on oath; and Messrs. BLAKE and DORION laboured to do an improper thing when they opposed the Commission without requiring that the witnesses should be sworn. It is a good thing for us that the Hon. Mr. MILLS to the contrary notwithstanding, that it acts as a check upon those who, in the heat of their bitterness, do not care to keep close to the truth.

It is worthy of note that the Philosophers, Dynasdust, and Rose of West Middlesex, have shown a bitterness and calmness of tone which are so belittling persons of his stamp, waxed silent. Nothing in the Commission, the Oceanic Company, had that Company been connected with the Government, or not reference to the Queen Company, of which Sir HUGH ALLAN was President, could be more innocuous.

Where there is a bargain and sale there must plainly be something given as well as something taken. We have never seen positively that he subscribed to assist in the elections without the slightest reference to the Pacific Railway. Sir JOHN MACDONALD not only swears to the same effect, but is able to show that he, in the first place, refused to give any money, in the second place, refused to consent to the agreement into which Sir GEORGE CARTIER was willing to enter with Sir HUGH ALLAN, and, in the third place, refused to have any dealings with the parties himself. Among the Grits, it is reported, but our most confidential correspondence intercepted and published, the bonds of society would be loosened, and all confidence as between man and man destroyed. One stands appalled in the contemplation of the ruinous consequences which must inevitably follow from the general adoption of the principles and practices of the unscrupulous men who are at this moment endeavouring to prepare the way for their own accession to power by the assassination of the reputation of their opponents; and though for a time they may succeed in diverting public attention from their criminal procedure, it will only be for a time, and a short time too, and before they are aware of it their sins will have found them out.

MANITOBA POLICE FORCE.

WE are authorized to announce that the following appointments have been made to the Manitoba Mounted Police Force:—To be Commissioner, Lieut.-Col. W. Osborne Smith. To be Inspectors, Lieut.-Col. Crozier, Capt. Dennis, Jarvis, Chas. F. Young, James Farquharson McLeod, C. M. G., Wm. Winder and Jacob Caswell. To be Sub-Inspectors with rank of Lieutenant, James Morrow Walsh and Etienne A. Bezeaux. To be Paymaster and Quartermaster, with rank of Captain, Edward Dalrymple Clark.

THERE has been some confusion about Sir JOHN MACDONALD's telegrams to Sir GEORGE CARTIER respecting Sir GEORGE's provisional agreements with Sir HUGH ALLAN. His telegram of July 26 was not only quoted in Sir HUGH's original affidavit, but was put in evidence by Sir JOHN MACDONALD himself in his second nation. His telegram of July 31 has not been produced, because, in the absence of Sir GEORGE CARTIER, to whom it was addressed, there is no one living able to produce it, or a copy of it. That Sir JOHN sent a telegram on that day, there can be no doubt whatever. Sir JOHN MACDONALD himself declares he sent it. Mr. CAMPBELL says he saw it. Sir HUGH ALLAN says Sir GEORGE CARTIER showed it to him. And Sir HUGH, in reply, requested Sir JOHN MACDONALD to consider the draft agreement as so much waste paper. There can be no possible doubt, then, that, although his telegram cannot be produced, Sir JOHN MACDONALD, on 31st July, 1872, remonstrated the government made between Sir GEORGE CARTIER and Sir HUGH ALLAN on the previous day. It is surprising that any newspaper should have the hardihood to dispute a fact so well authenticated.

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A PARALLEL THAT IS NOT A PARALLEL.

IT is quite evident that in the Grit print's opinion, a case which was conceived in the lying statements of thieves and informers can only be sustained by persistent misrepresentation of facts. Referring to our parallel between money expenditure on elections here and in England, our Grit contemporary remarks:—

"Nor would this be enough. We must make Mr. Gladstone and the country and himself for a sum proportionately as large in England as $160,000 here. It is not too much to say that this sum should at least mount up to half a million sterling. Let the reader fancy Mr. Gladstone standing in his witness box in Westminster Hall, telling how he gave a great national undertaking to a man known to him as a person intriguing with French capitalists, how he received £500,000 for doing this, and how he forthwith went and scattered this money in all directions."

It is incomprehensible that a paper which aspires to lead a Party in the Dominion should use such language as this. The idea of Gladstone being up in the witness box in Westminster Hall, and "tell how he gave a great national undertaking to a man known to him as a person intriguing with French capitalists," for the sum of £500,000, he would probably desire to impeachment, which is pointed out as the fitting reward of such unpatriotic conduct. There would be condemnation and execration, not confession and Mr. HUNTINGTON's present fate would be meted out to him, and the principles put forth in the speeches of Mr. HUNTINGTON, in possession of all the light that it can be probably expect. The whole of the transactions about which this immense bubbub has been made is now thoroughly understood by every man in the Dominion who has sufficient intelligence to read and understand a series of the most plain and straightforward statements, we venture to believe, that were ever put before a Court.

Still we are not satisfied. There are certain things about the whole of this transaction concerning which, we doubt not, we shall be able to satisfy tens of thousands of the people of this country when we say they ought to be brought to light. We believe that blame may or may not attach to the Ministers of the Crown there is evidently blame somewhere. The very tuition of the whole of this prosecution or prosecutions, which is the reason we choose to call it, it must be confessed in its present shape wears a terribly criminal aspect. By what means, consistent with either the principles of public or private morality, those documents were obtained from the private drawer of Mr. ABBOTT and copied for the use of Mr. McMULLEN is surely a mystery which every Can

TORONTO ITEMS.

The Red Rose Lacrosse Club on last Saturday, and played the Young Excelsiors of that three straight games. The ered with thistles.

LE ASSOCIATION.—At the re- ues at Ottawa of the above ing, Mr. Middleton, of the wn the Governor-General's it also the third prize in the hich. In the Metropolitan ll three prizes.

ETH.—An infant named Robert George Brown, 274 Queen ss found dead in its cradle the residence of its parents. s held in the evening by Dr. and a verdict of accidental

E WANTED.—Mr. Dominick ts us to say that he is anxious whereabouts of a relative ow, of Manchester, England, Canada with a cavalry regiment years ago. Any information M., care of this office, will MR. MURRAY.

At the Notre Dame bazaar Hon. Senator Frank Smith ches Yokoi, on taking stock to be pre- ing to the vote of those present John Macdonald or the Hon.

At the close of the poll the Hollows: Sir John Macdonald, George Brown, 10.

TS DISASTER.—The hull of the ux was found last Monday near by the crew of a vessel belong- ain Robinson. A number of found on board her bearing the H. Morgan. The mast and the yacht were gone, and it is ate she must have drifted over a ne from Port Dalhousie.

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FATAL ACCIDENT.—About half-past five on Saturday afternoon, a sad accident, resulting in the death of a young man named Arthur Patchin, occur. ed at the new building belonging to Mr. Hamilton, at the corner of Front and Scott streets. Two young painters, Patchin, and the other named Laughlin, were engaged in painting a portion of the front of the building, when the scaffold on which they were standing gave way, and the unfortunate young men fell on to the sidewalk, a distance of some sixty or seventy feet. The shoulder of Patchin was completely smashed in, and his arm and leg broken. The other young man, Laughlin, was not much fractured externally, but he is so far injured that his recovery is doubtful. Patchin died on Saturday evening shortly after being received into the General Hospital, an inquest will be held to-day at the Hospital, before Dr. Hallowell. The scaffolding on which the young men were at work, appeared to be of a most unsafe character, being slightly braced, and insufficiently tied within. A workingman who was passing at the time of the accident, said "such a scaffolding was not fit to be placed round a two story house." No doubt the contractors, Messrs. W. J. Smith, will be examined on the subject of the strength of the structure. Their evidence will be of an important nature. The sufferers were compelled to lie a considerable time before medical assistance arrived, in the person of Dr. Cassidy, who examined the injured men and temporarily bound up their fractures. Dr. Diamond arrived immediately after.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

EUROPEAN.

Admiral Yelverton has surrendered the insurgent men-of-war seized by him to the Spanish Government.

Julian Roderick Benedix, a well-known German comic poet, is dead.

There were nine accidents on English railways on Saturday. Fortunately no one is reported killed, though a number of persons were injured.

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A movement is on foot in Halifax to raise one thousand pounds sterling to send George Brown to Europe, to row a match with Sadler for the championship of the world; the race to take place at the Cove of Cork.

Last week some persons broke into Belle Ewart station house, the window, opened all the drawers and scattered the papers over the floor, but did not succeed in getting money. They also entered Mr. Hunter's hotel. They succeeded in getting punched and set by machinery instead of being bent over and welded as is the usual way, thereby making a solid piece of iron and an axe that will stand the hardest usage. They took six first prizes at Guelph last week.

S. & T. Thompson, London, allow a large assortment of scythes, hoes, forks, spades, shovels, chisels, &c., from various manufactories—D. F. Jones, Gananoque; Frothingham & Workman and the St. Paul Scythe Works, Montreal, the Welland Vale Works, and Dunn's Works, Montreal—also scythe smiths, maker's name not given. The same firm shows an assortment of axes, from J. J. Higgins & Co., Montreal, and horse nails, from Dunn's Montreal.

FURNITURE.

Approaching the furniture department the eye is at once struck with the *chef d' œuvre* of the Exhibition in this line—a large and splendidly Elegant in solid walnut, from the Newmanville Furniture Company's Works. The design and workmanship combine this has probably never been surpassed in Canada, if indeed equalled. Gilding is very sparingly used, and with true artistic effect, in sharp, clear lines, which relieve the dark background of the walnut. On some parts of it the carving is most elaborate, but the error of putting on too much carving has been avoided. The vase designed by Mr. Thomas Johnstone, the manager of the works. It is priced at $500, and would look well in Rideau Hall, if indeed some body else, with a taste for such an object of art, does not anticipate the Governor-General in the purchase of it.

Charles Kremer & Son, Preston, have a very fine inlaid centre table, with a pillar in the middle of the top burned into the wood with a copper plate. They show also, a handsome drawing room set, including sofa, arm chair, two easy chairs, in violet plush.

John Ferguson, London, shows two drawing room sets, one in green and gold brocatel, and the other in flowered rep, one carved sideboard, an elaborately finished arched back walnut bedroom set, with marble top bureau and washstand, a drawing room cornice rep, and set of chairs in same.

C. Bennet, London, shows various fine and artistic specimens of wood carving, made for the trade, this being his specialty.

M. H. Holmes, London, has a table covered with very fine specimens of wood carving, fret work for picture frames, fancy boxes, etc.

Walter Mummery, London, has a centre table and a backgammon board, inlaid, of fine finish.

William Lee, Brantford, has a fancy centre table, most elaborately inlaid, having in it 18,000 pieces, a most extraordinary piece of work, and of very good design.

Samuel Paling, of Woodstock, shows "The Queen Balmoral Wedding Bible Lifter," apparently an ingenious and useful invention.

Baxter & Owen, London, have some inlaid work and a good specimen of

Wm. Clement, Newbury, shows a lot of veneering, Canadian woods, unbroaed.

HARNESS WORK, ETC.

A. Elmer, London, has carriage and sleigh wood-work, a very large assortment.

Carriage mounts are exhibited by the McClary Thompson Manufacturing Company, London, and R. D. Dalgleish & Co., Gelph. In the lub the latter Company claim an important improvement, an original with themselves. The carriage pole shown by the former is a splendid piece of work and invention.

Bellis, Miller & Co., Toronto, show hubs, spokes, and bent wood.

John Campbell, London, shows carriage wheels of good finish and appearance.

R. McKinley & Co., St. Catharines Wheel Works, show a very large assortment of carriage wood-work, wheels, hubs, spokes, bent work, &c., all machine made. They have among them Seven's celebrated patent wheels and Warner's patent and old style wheels.

Wellstreet & Graham show sheet iron carriage and buggy seats, now extensively used by the trade.

John Heard, Lambeth, shows a large lot of machine made spokes and hubs, of very good finish.

Thomas E. Montague, Glencoe, shows a large assortment of carriage wood work, including bent stuff, of which he has ten kinds for sleighs—also for carriages and buggies—and including bodies and seats. He has bent work from which a cutter can be made at a very less cost than a number of pieces.

Broons are shown by Walter Woods, Brantford, and John H. Dodge, London.

David Andrews, London, has the show in brushes all to himself, and a large and tempting assortment it is, and of a kind for carriage work, and the experience and assortment would easily furnish material for more or less extensive articles. He has everything in the line, from hair and hat brushes to shoe, whitewash and scrubbing brushes.

HATTERS.

Castils & Co., Lyn, Ontario, show Spanish sole leather, which takes first prize, there being no competition, and a chance of taking the prize even with competition, however, would probably have been good, as regard strong opposition at the Quebec exhibition lately, they took first prize at Montreal last week.

David Kastner, Schringville, takes first prize for two sides saddle skirting leather, and for two sides upper leather; extra prize for brown bridle leather, and second prize for brown strap and bridle kip, but kips for saddle, harness leather and now polished.

F. W. Hyman, London, takes first prize for splits and cow buffed leather.

J. & E. Wissler, Salem, Ont., takes first prize for harness strap and bridle leather, cordovan, harness, kip, kipskin grained, cow polished, two sides; also for leather not otherwise described.

Henry Ferdinand, Waterloo, takes first prize for French calf.

HARNESS, SADDLERY, TRUNKS, ETC.

Longhrey & Tackaberry, London, show single carriage harness, (first prize); double carriage harness, (first prize); gentleman's full saddle, (first prize); gentleman's plain saddle, (first prize); also collars, horse clothing, trunks, valises, &c.

John Thompson, Tilsonburg, takes second prize for single carriage harness.

Street Brothers, wholesale manufactures, Hamilton, takes first prize for double carriage harness, and for the best display for assortment of collars, first prize on trunks and valises; having a large and splendid show in this department.

C. F. Ayars, London, has a large and fine display of harness, having shown a steel trunk, not easy to break open.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Henry A. King, Hamilton, takes the first prize with a really splendid assortment of whips, of such mounting and finish as have a great advantage over the Canadian Exhibition. He has a new style of riding whip, finely mounted in gold and silver, an elegant article. He also shows a very fine lot of whip lashes.

John D. Fitch, Ancaster, shows a trunk and supporter combined, for which we claimed the special merit that it has no steel or metal about it, either for the foot or for power, and with or without boring appearance; machine for boring, planer for moulding machines, different, to work one, two, or three sides; boading planer, gang planer, mortising machine, tenoning and tonguing and grooving machine; panel-raising machine, for raising panels, one side bined; scroll saw, iron frame, large and small size; iron saw tables; saw arbors with adjustable cone bearings, for saws; slat-planing machine; shaping machine; sand-papering machine; tool grinding machine; and a useful invention this, we should say; tenoning machines, single and double cogs; turning lathes, plain, with shafting, pulleys, hangers, &c., altogether a large, varied, and most useful collection. All in the Exhibition building, the place in which these machines were shown in operation was crowded with mechanics, the principal portion of them apparently intending purchasers, and the proprietors and their assistants were as busy as sailors with them.

The Guelph Machine Tool Company have a heavy and reliable looking machine, an screwing lathe, twenty-inch swing, sixteen-feet bed; and another of fifteen-inch swing and eight-feet bed, with shafting, for use in sewing machine factories, a force pump for feeding oil under pressure, and a contrivance for regulating the quantity of water thrown.

E. Leonard, London Iron and Engine Works, a steam engine of eighteen-horse power, with a twenty-seven-horse boiler, in operation on the ground, is on view to show what the works can turn out in that line, and drives machinery, lathes, and other exhibitors. He has on the ground, also, a threshing machine, horse power, and a sawing machine.

Elliot & Barns, London, show a rotary detail pump, for which important improvements are claimed; a model of a pair of oscillating reversible marine engines, also, engineers' and plumbers' tools.

METAL WORK—VARIOUS.

The Markham Bell Foundry, L. Jones & Co., proprietors, is a most important establishment of the kind in the Dominion. They make the Steel Amalgam Bell, seven sizes, from 45 lbs. to 700 lbs., and have their samples hung on the ground. Since they started, in 1850, they have made and sold of this bell, upwards (4,000) bells, of various sizes, in each case warranted for a year, and have any number of references from those they caught, they sold bells for farm, school, town and church purposes, and claim that they have attained a perfection. If required, they furnish a fire alarm attached to the bell, which is of great importance in a village.

George White, London, shows a large and varied assortment of bolts and nuts—hot punched.

A. Smith, London, has a large assortment of carriage work, plain and ornamental, board frames, etc.

Brown & Co., Paris, show a varied assortment of hexagonal nuts, of good finish, and made, it is claimed, by the most perfect machinery in use.

R. W. Wilkes & Co., Toronto, show their usual large blackboard glittering with "nickelite" ware in spoons and forks.

John White, London, shows horse shoes, highly polished and ready for immediate use, which make shoes them look very well indeed.

E. Appleton, Vienna, also has some horse shoes, right from the hammer, and neither polished nor blacked. This is a question for judges and officers of the Association.

EDGE TOOLS, &c.

James Warnock & Co., Galt, show a very fine assortment of chisels, drawknives and machine knives, proper for the carpenter's use; saws, adzes, broad and narrow axes, hatchets, (the latter just the thing for C. W. to cut down bush with,) cross cut saws with handles, waggonmakers' shaves, millwrights' and carpenters' clicks, bowl and house axes, picks, hammers and mattocks, masons' hammers, carriage springs, &c. In the axe manufacture this firm claims a specialty. The "pole" or iron portion of the axe is of one solid piece, so that the handle being put on and wedged, will never come off. The "poll

THE WEEKLY MAIL: TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1873.

ASTERN.

The long-lighted days begin to shrink,
And flowers are fain to droop and sink;
The late-sown grass, that alone in June
Broke upon brook, and brink upon brink,

The wheat, so lately rustling thick,
Is now in sere and yellow sheaves,
All yellow before the sky of blue,
Up after up, and rick by rick.

No starlings in the flock on wing;
The oriole has stilled the wood-land round;
The swallow no longer skims the ground,
Dip after dip, and swing by swing;

While shadows are resting around the field,
By wind-driven leaves on quiv'ring grass,
Or down where the sky-blue waters pass,
Full after full, and stand by stand.

The brown-dappled pointers nimbly trot
By russet hound's tress, white gun smoke grey
Dissolves in the air of sunny day,
Reef upon reef, at shot by shot.

While near I can scale a dusty mile,
I'll take my fill while days are clear,
To feel the friends that still are dear,
Face upon face, and smile by smile.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

We cannot, historians though we are, linger over this fatal week. Dick had but seen six months with Mr. Oswald. It is easy, therefore, to calculate how much money he had saved, at the rate of about ten pounds a month. With this in his pocket, he took a chamber in the hotel for the week of the races, and prepared to be happy. Everybody liked him: the young ladies because he was young and handsome, and danced well, and looked like a chevalier; the men because he was never ill-natured, never in the way, never in the least squeamish—a thing which could not always be said of the Fahnblasheiros—and because he would sit up all night, sing a good song, and play a game at cards when the dancing was over. This little game of cards it was that brought him to grief; for Dick went back at the end of his week with a sorrowful heart, and fifty pounds to pay in the course of the next month—a debt of honour. He was profoundly miserable. Among all his acquaintance, he had not one friend; there was not a soul in all Palmiste to whom he could have gone for the loan of a ten-pound note, except old Mrs. Oswald. If only the young man had poured out his troubles to her, all would have been well with him. For the sake of the childless old lady yearned to the bright and handsome lad, who might have been her own son, and who looked so innocent and happy.

But Dick had already plucked the fatal apple which bars the way. Pride, that he had passed the portal which leads from innocence to guilt; and having passed through it once, found little difficulty in going through again. "Ce n'est que la premier pas qui coute": the brave who can number his adversaries by thousands have forgotten the terrible heart-sickness that came upon them when they contemplated the first.

In the month the debts were paid, and Dick freed from all his difficulties. He went on with his clerkship, but looked pale and harassed. Mrs. Oswald used to ask him if he were ill, and made him dine at the house oftener—thinking, in her kindness, that he wanted society. And her husband offered him a holiday; and Dick jumped at the first night, if that would do him good. But Dick about the last head, tried to look pleased, and declined.

Thus two or three months passed away. One day Mrs. Oswald received a letter, which he read with trembling hands. The letter put in at once, and drove away to town. Mr. Oswald did not come back that night. That was unlikely enough. But he came the next day accompanied by two men whom Dick knew—he saw them, to his inspectors of police. As the carriage drove up, it was crossing the open space between the mill and his own cottage. Why did he stop, and turn as if for flight; and then, trembling, in all his limbs, seem to be in a moment all his pride and manliness, and crouch together as he continued his walk?

Mr. Oswald called him. The old gentleman was perfectly haggard with anxiety and terror. To look at him, you would have thought that he was himself the criminal, when the officers came to look for.

Dick pulled himself together. He succeeded to a small extent, and advanced with a conscious swagger to the verandah where his employer was standing.

"Mr. Mellon," said Mr. Oswald, "a very painful thing has happened. Some rascal has forged an order to a cheque for £50, and the money has been paid. The forged cheque has been placed by the bank in the hands of the Crown Solicitor, and they—they say I a you." He coughed slightly. "Of course, I am quite certain it is a mistake."

"Quite, sir," said Dick, with a nervous twitch of his mouth. "These gentlemen—"

He looked at the inspectors.

"We have to arrest you, Mr. Mellon."

"Oh! May I have a word with you, Mr. Oswald?"

The inspectors, in reply to a look of interrogation from the old gentleman, nodded; and Mr. Oswald led his clerk into the dining-room. As they came in at one door, Mrs. Oswald entered at another. Dick did not see her.

"I do not want to waste your time, sir," he said. "You have been very kind to me—more than kind; but the thing is true."

"What thing?" asked Mrs. Oswald.

"I am arrested for forging a cheque. It is quite true. I did it. You will not tell them in the court what I have told you. I am certain, Mr. Oswald. I gambled during the race week, and lost all I had, and fifty pounds besides. How was I to pay it?"

"Why did you not ask me?" cried Mrs. Oswald. "Oh! my boy, why did you not ask me?"

"I wish I had," said Dick, ruefully.

"If you must forge some one's name, said Mr. Oswald, almost weeping, "why, in Heaven's name, did you not forge your father's?"

"I wish I had," said Dick, looking at him with real emotion, "I wish to God I had!"

And while Mrs. Oswald cried and lamented, and the worthy old man, her husband, sat mournfully with his head in his hands, the young fellow stood off with his captors, to be locked up in the gaol of Port Dauphin. One friend of compassion—the only one for many years—visited his hard when he saw the grief of the good old couple.

CHAPTER VII.

It is not a pleasant thing, apart from the shame which every man feels, except the true philosopher, to be clapped into prison in any climate; but it must be most unpleasant of all under a tropical sun. The absence of fresh and free air, and the deprivation of those small comforts which alone make life in Palmiste tolerable, are of themselves enough to make a weak man commit suicide, and a strong man go mad. Poor Dick was the first night of his confinement, on the stone couch with the iron bolt at his feet, cell, mournfully thinking over his chances and speculating—for the case was far too clear to leave him any hope of acquittal—how long a term of imprisonment he would be likely to have. Then, with the elasticity of youth, he went on to speculate, further, what he should do when he got out. And presently the thought came into his thinking: he lay back upon his grass mat and went to sleep, till the sun rose, and shining in at his barred window, awakened him. He started up, and instead of his little room at Hazelnoe, made neat and comfortable by the care of Mrs. Oswald, he found himself in a white-washed cell, with a stone floor, and iron bars instead of green jalousies. The window looked into the court yard of the prison, where some miserable Indians, prisoners, were huddled together, waiting for the guards who were to take them to work. Presently his door opened, and a mulatto turnkey appeared—a fat, merry-looking rascal—who gave him the usual instructions as to the rules of the cell, and let him know that he was to be brought before the magistrate that morning.

Perhaps, in D. A. Mortiboy's whole life—which was chequered enough, and had its ups and downs—he had not one consideration to which he turned as seldom as he could, only one which caused him bitter shame and pain even to think of. It was the recollection of the time of dismal and degraded promiscuity which he had passed in the gaol. He had fled out from the prison doors, and was marched solemnly down the street, crowds people, to the magistrate's court. It was headed by a brace of weeping Indians, charged with burglary and an attempt to murder—they had tried to kill their wives, and howled their innocence; then three or four men who had been drunk and disorderly—these were the most shamefaced of the lot; then a negro, who pretended to laugh at the absurdity of the charge against him—he had been stealing ducks; then Dick—the bright, handsome young Englishman—walking along, red with shame and misery, with this crew; and then a Chinaman, against whom something unlawful connected with other people's pork was alleged—he wore a surprised countenance, as one who should say, "Dear me! this is very singular—very singular, indeed! What can be the motive of this?" then half a dozen more Indians; and then the procession was closed by two policemen. A long procession, it was felt, this, which every man had to hold with one hand. The Indian is quite contented so long as he keeps his fingers closed on the string, and considers himself laden with letters. If he is driven along loose, he runs away sullkivious.

That dreary day! Many of his acquaintances—including the man for whom he had forged the cheque, who was the principal witness—were in the court; and not one—not one of all the men with whom he had lived and drank and sang—seemed to have a kind or pitying look. Dick tried to steal his heart, ineffably, against the shame. It was bruised and scared by this day's misery, and it lived long before it became again as it had been once—soft, relenting, charitable. Have you not noticed that criminals appear to have no sense at all of moral culpability? It is because circumstances, as well as repetition, deaden the feeling of remorse. Thus, when Dick forged his father's name, in the first place, the consequences were sharp and decisive; secondly, they were not accompanied by any public shame; thirdly, he was in dire straits in the town, and only too glad to get out of Market Rasing; and lastly, his father had always restricted his pleasures, and cut down his allowances to the merest pittance; so that he hated his home, and left it with delight. Now it was different: he had a chance in life, and he threw it away. He made friends, and he lost them. He got a certain sort of position, and he put himself out of it by his own act and deed. It is the public punishment of a crime which gives the remorse and agony of the sinner: not those half-dozen months in the common gaol, perhaps, more retributive, because they tear the heart, and paralyze the will.

The day came to an end at last, and the procession was returned to return—Dick being duly committed for trial, and sent to prison, now some two months off. They pushed him into his cell, gave him his dinner, and left him to lie handcuffed on his bed.

There are only occasionally in Palmiste prisoners of any social grade or rank above that of merchant-sailor, or Indian coolie; but at this moment there was another prisoner also awaiting trial—a young Frenchman, some few years older than Dick. At stated hours the prisoners were allowed to walk in the courtyard, between which and the main entrance was a strongly locked gate, opening into a sort of barrack-room, where policemen and guards were always about. There was also another entrance, by an iron door, never opened, which led into the chief gaoler's private house, and was designed as a means of getting into the prison without going through the guard-room, in case of a disturbance; and at the back of the court yard, a large barn room open to it, which had been built for the prisoners as a place where they might work out of the sun, when the door work had to be done.

In this room, on the second day of his confinement, Dick, being released for his walk, saw a man sitting on the stone bench which ran round the four walls, and formed the only furniture. He started, for a moment—changed colour, and half turned to go back—only there was nowhere to go, and he stopped. For the man he saw there was one of his old friends—one of those who had dined at the same table d'hote with him in Port Dauphin. He was a young Frenchman of the country—like many of the French—a clerk, and, like himself, a gambler; but Lafleur had always a reputation beyond his years. He was slightly built, and pale, with close black hair and a thick massive beard, like a Spanish grandee. He was a Dick knew him chiefly as connected with a card story in which he figured as the principal actor. The quarrel had been made up by a duel, in which Lafleur's opponent gave information to the police, and the combat was stopped on the ground. But men looked at me and shrugged their shoulders in Port Dauphin, where public morality runs low, were chary of being seen much in his company.

The man started at the sound of Dick's step, and turned a haggard and careworn face to see who was coming. He rose, with a strange, constrained air, quite unusual in him, and had not taken his eyes off him.

"You are come to see me, Mellon? This is kind of you."

"I? No, by gad! You have come to see me, I am"—Dick turned red for a moment—"I am a prisoner."

"So am I," returned the other.

"You, too! What have you been doing?"

"They pretend that I murdered young Duchamp."

Dick involuntarily recoiled. Then he laughed defiantly.

"They pretended I forged a cheque. Damn it!—they will pretend anything. Only, I say, Lafleur, you're in a worse scrape than I am."

"Eh?" said the Frenchman; "it is nothing. In the first place, I am not guilty."

Dick chuck's arm, curiously, before he began to speak, and felt the biceps. Now Dick was strong-limbed and muscular, besides being tall.

"My faith, my friend, if I had your chance!"

"Go on, man—go on."

Lafleur looked sharply. No one was in the court-yard except a couple of policemen, whose backs were turned. He drew a key from his pocket, and put it furtively shewed it to Dick.

"It is the governor's own key—the key of the iron door."

Dick nodded, and said nothing.

"The mason gaoler got it for me. He is my father's son."

"Your brother?"

"Pardon me—I said my father's son. Now listen. It depends on you. At six, we have to go up to our cells. Who always conducts us?"

"Pierre, your—your friend, and Smith."

"Just so. Smith is drunk every night. Pierre will be managed by me without any trouble. I shall escape with him."

Dick looked thoughtful.

"Smith's a big man; but I think I can stick him. Are you in earnest, Lafleur? Why did you tell me so soon?"

The day was intensely hot.

Slowly the leaden-footed hours crept away.

Six two to five they were locked up. At five they were led out for another hour to take fresh air; and Dick's heart beat fast as the hour approached.

The clock struck a quarter to six. The sun was already down, and the twilight lasts, and in a few minutes it would be dark.

Presently, making a great jingle with his keys, Smith, a ponderous Englishman of stolen stock, shuffled into the court, through the large gate. According to custom, with Lafleur and Dick, he should have gone leisurely crossed the yard to the work-room. Dick held himself at the inside of the door.

"Come, I say! Smith, look sharp! The door, "Nine's up. Where's Mr. Mellon?" He was looking anxiously at the door, where Lafleur was standing, motionless and trembling.

"Here," cried Dick, striking him full in the temple with his fist. Smith reeled, and would have cried for help; but another blow, from each knuckle of Lafleur, fell upon him, and another had been dashed against the corner of the stone bench, and he fell, senseless and bleeding.

He was stunned.

Lafleur rushed out, followed by Dick. They had hardly taken a step, when Pierre, who waited stupidly; standing still, to be disposed of, saw what had been done, and followed the gigantic Smith. To his astonishment, they had opened the little door, and locked him inside with the key on the other side. Now, he had specially signified a desire to escape, and had made delicious half-brother exactly the same treatment that designed for Smith. They had disappointed him.

A single passage led through the gover-ment's house to his garden in the front. There was no one there, for it was dinner time, and stood without—for the moment, free.

Outside the door, a dozen paths led off left of them, was a small knot of policemen and gaolers, idly talking and enjoying the fresh air after the sultry day. Lafleur took his companion lightly on the arm, and they strolled out, the Frenchman leaning upon them to a bye-street. It was now quite dark—for there is no twilight in latitude 20°; and fortunately there was no moon.

"Where now?" asked Dick, breathlessly, wondering what was the use of liberty in a place where there was nowhere to hide.

"Follow me. It is all arranged. If only we can find the boat."

Dick began to understand a little; and they walked quickly along the narrow streets of the Indian quarter, where they were likely to meet Europeans who might know them.

They passed no one, a stray Indian or two excepted, and in ten minutes were out of the town and on the high road.

Here it ran across a bare and rocky plain, which stretched for a mile or so to the sea shore. Lafleur led the way still, and now began to run. No one was over on the plain by day or night. They reached the shore, then was one mile of rocks, then a sandy quarter of a mile out, the breakers of the Indian Ocean rolling in upon it, curled and rolled in, and formed their long, white crests like a fringe round the shore, or like a bulwark to protect the land from the sea. So well. But the two were in no mood for similes or sentiment.

"Was the devil are we to do next?" said Dick.

"See this white post? It is a landmark. We are to keep in a line with this and the lighthouse."

"But I can't see the fork."

"I know the direction: it is exactly over there—and they will be off the reef. It is all arranged, I tell you. Can you swim?"

"Can I? Like a fish."

"Then follow me."

It was low tide—the sea, as well as everything else, seeming to favor them, they stepped into the water, keeping as well as they could in the line along which they had started. This was not easy, for it was quite dark. They slipped and fell. Now their foot would catch in a branch of coral. Now they would step upon a large sea slug—a loathsome worm, two feet long—into whose milky body their foot would sink, and, conveying a horrible sense of danger and misery; now a hole in the coral, and they would be up to their armpits. But they struggled on in silence, and at last stood close to the very edge of the reef, and peered eagerly into the darkness. The crash of the waves was all that they could hear. The white breakers rose higher than their heads, and they could see nothing beyond them. Where, they could ask, was to send signs of oarsmen.

"Where are they?" cried Dick, almost breaking down at last. "Good God! have you brought me to this horrible place to look for a boat in darkness like this?"

"Better to die here than to be hanged. Remember it was you who killed Smith."

"Fool! I forgot. Let us go back, leaving the water up to his middle.

For nearly half an hour—they thought it half the night—they stood so: silent, washed by the wave. The tide was rising, and they would shortly have to return, perhaps wading back or being drowned. But neither dared speak to the other.

Suddenly Dick caught Lafleur's arm.

"I hear voices!" he cried. "Shout, man, shout!"

Lafleur listened with a sort of sob. Suppose it should not be his boat! But no—it was impossible. Now it was another boat, and off the reef is so desolate a place, and at such a time.

He shouted. There was no reply.

He shouted again; but in vain. Then Dick put his hand on his shoulder, and gave a cry that might have been—and I dare say was—heard in shore.

A hoarse sailor's call was the answer, followed by a shrill whistle. It sounded close at hand; but they could see nothing.

"All right," cried Lafleur. "Let us keep close together. Now!"

He plunged through the breakers and disappeared.

"Lord keep the sharks off," thought Dick, and followed him.

Coolest, a boat lay tossing in the roll of the Atlantic, the crew resting on their oars; all with their faces turned anxiously towards the shore. There was a cry near them, and they turned a light in its direction. In two minutes they were alongside the escaped prisoner. Dick, who was the first, clambered in over the stern, and sat in the bottom shaking and trembling. Lafleur was more exhausted. He seized an oar, but had not strength enough to climb into the boat. They drew him over the side; and the next moment—for the lantern had been used to facilitate the business—a huge black fin showed for an instant above the water, and then disappeared.

"It's a shark," said the man at the helm.

"I touched him with my foot," said Dick, his voice soft and shaking. "Good God! my legs were bare enough."

They gave him brandy, and he revived a little. Then they performed the same kind office for Lafleur.

The Frenchman pointed to Dick.

"He did it all," he gasped. "Without him I should never have succeeded. You must put him on board too."

Dick was astonished; but the helmsman stopped them.

"Another little difference. I will settle it with the captain."

Two miles from the reef, in the roadstead, lay a small schooner. The night was as dark that she could only be reached by her lights, and the men pulled unskilfully. But they got alongside at last; and the moment they touched, a rope was lowered.

"Captain," said the man at the helm, who seemed to be one holding authority, "there are two. You will hear from me at your port."

"Right, sir, right. Now, then, gentlemen, quick's the word."

Dick clambered up. He touched the deck, and looked wildly round; for he almost thought it was all a dream.

The captain clapped him on the back.

"Come," said he, "this was bravely done. Where's the other?"

As Lafleur climbed the rope, the man in the boat shouted "Adieu," and pushed off.

The captain whistled, the sails of the schooner fell, and Dick felt her move. In half an hour they were in open sea, bound for the port of Havana.

The captain took them below, and showed them a small cabin, with a pair of berths. He had, too, changed their clothing; and though it was difficult to fit a man of Dick's height, it was something to be dry, even with six inches of leg between his trousers and the trouser.

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"Follow me. It is all arranged. If only we can find the boat."

Dick began to understand a little; and they walked quickly along the narrow streets of the Indian quarter, where they were likely to meet Europeans who might know them.

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Here it ran across a bare and rocky plain, which stretched for a mile or so to the sea shore. Lafleur led the way still, and now began to run. No one was over on the plain, by day or night. They reached the shore, then was one mile of rocks, then a sandy quarter of a mile out, the breakers of the Indian Ocean rolling in upon it, curled and rolled in, and formed their long, white crests like a fringe round the shore, or like a bulwark to protect the land from the sea. So well. But the two were in no mood for similes or sentiment.

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