NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya.

The Ottawa Times.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS.

Despatches from London say William Bradford the American artist, has received a commission from the Queen and the Marquis of Lorne to paint for them several pictures, representing scenes in the Arctic Ocean.

A despatch from Geneva to-day says that absolutely no paticulars are obtainable of the proceedings.

London journals of to day comment to a me extent upon Senator Sumner's letter a brief abstract of which has been telegraphed, and the prospects of the Presidential canvass in the United States.

The *Times* expresses the opinion that the position of Grant before people is much injured by the refusal of the Geneva Tribunal to entertain the indirect claims.

The *Daily News* says the letter of Sumner cannot but increase the chances for Greeley.

This afternoon, while Mr. Gladstone and Hon. Ayton Egerton, Commissioner of Public Works and Buildings, were witnessing some experiment with gun cotton, in the gardens attached to the Treasury buildings, a quantity of that material prematurately exploded with a tremendous report. At first grave fears were entertained that these gentlemen were injured, but with the exception of breaking a hundred windows in the Treasury building. No damage was sustained.

A London despatch says that Mr. Rawlinson, President of the Royal Geographical Society, announced that it has received nothing from Livingstone, and regards the Nile problem is unsolved.

Lt. Governor Archibald has arrived in Toronto.

The nominat on takes place in Huntingdon to-day. Mr. Scriver will probably be unopposed.

M. Verbisa, from Belgium, who has been largely instrumental in establishing a colony of Belgians in the Province of Quebec, was here for a few hours on Thursday. He gives a good report of the condition of the immigrants.

A Grit journal quotes Mr. Waller's letter to an evening contemporary and argues from it that Mr. Lewis is opposed to the Dominion Government. The *Globe*, strange to say, is fair and veracious enough to class him as a Union member. Neither the *Globe* nor its feeble follower however dare quote from Mr. Lewis's speeches, in which he declared in the most explicit terms his determination to support the Government, nor do they make mention of the fact that on Tuesday last we were authorized by Mr. Lewis to say that he was a Ministerialist. Neither Mr. Waller nor the Grit organs can make anything else of him

The Tories are boasting because they are holding their own in a few of their strongholds. They have not yet won a Reform seat, and until they do that they have nothing to boast of. *—Hamilton Times.*

The Grit organs appear to have given up even the semblance of a respect for truth, or one of them would scarcely be guilty of such a paragraph as the above. "Not won a Reform (i e an opposition) seat!" What about Northumberland, N. B., where the Honble. Mr. Mitchell has been elected by acclamation in the place of Mr. Hutchinson, a violent member of the Opposition, whose ungentlemanly behaviour last session was remarked by the Speaker? What about Joliette and Sherbrooke where two Ministerial supporters have taken the place of Opposition members? Here are three "Reform" seats fairly won, so even according to the Hamilton *Times*, the "Tories" have something to boast of.

TWO MORE VICTORIES!

We have the pleasure of recording two more victories for the Union cause. The Honble. Mr. Langevin was on Thursday elected for Dorchester by a majority of 328 votes. Mr. Little the Ministerial candidate in South Simcoe was elected by acclamation. So the work goes bravely on, and Faction begins to hide its diminished head.

ROCHESTER AND ROWDYISM.

It is as well that our readers in the country should hear something of the disgraceful scene which occurred at Rochesterville on Tuesday evening. A meeting of Mr. Holmes' friends was held there, and all was progressing peaceably enough when Mr. James Rochester organized a party of rowdies and set them upon Mr. Holmes's supporters, whom they assaulted with kicks and blows. "Dr." Powell, the Sheriff of the county, the man, whose duty it is to see the peace preserved, was hovering in the background while this was going on, and, when Mr. Holmes's friends had been driven away, he ascended a buggy and delivered one of his usual orations filled with abuse of Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Holmes, fulsome laudations of Mr. Rochester, and boasts of what he ("Dr." Powell) could do in the County of Carleton. He also stated that Mr. Rochester's health was now sufficiently good to enable him to serve the county in Parliament. When "Dr." Powell had concluded, Mr. James Rochester invited every man who was a friend of Rochester's to come to the neighboring tavern and drink.

This is a specimen of the fair play which "Dr." Powell and his nominee are willing to give to the Electors of Carleton. Will the electors countenance such proceedings by voting for Mr. Rochester, or will they testify to the disgust which all respectable men must feel for such rowdyism. by supporting the candidate of Union and Progress.

MR. HOWE AND THE GRIT ORGANS.

When Mr. Blake left the country for England unwell, some journals seemed rather disposed to imagine that he was "shamming" and that he feigned illness as a pretext for escaping from the humiliation which he saw was in store for him during the electoral contest. We never expressed that opinion, believing as we did and still do, that Mr. Blake's health was really affected by the annoyances and political degradation which he had to bear. The Grit organs loudly denounced the Ministerial journals for their want of faith in Mr. Blake's ailment, and abused them for their "lack of common decency" &c. We notice however that some of these same Grit journals are now doing the very thing which they declared was so inexcusable, so abominable in others. Mr. Howe they say is not and has not been really ill, but only playing a dodge in order to secure an uncontested election. To bring such a charge against a man who like Mr. Howe has grown grey in his country's service, and who we all know is in failing health, appears to us to be far more brutal and ungenerous than anything which has ever been said concerning Mr. Blake. Unmanly personalities of this kind are always bad, and should always be avoided as far as possible, nor would the fact of the Grits speaking in this manner of Mr. Howe justify anything of the same kind of which Union journalists may have been guilty in reference to Mr. Blake. But it would be well for the Opposition to "cast the beam out of their own eyes" before they trouble themselves about the mote that is in their opponents eyes.

NORTH NORFOLK.

On Thursday we published a letter written by the Grit candidate for North Norfolk in 1866, in which the Canadian Volunteers were ridiculed and abused in a most shameful manner. The *Globe* makes a lame attempt to defend the man who at the very moment when all Canada was mourning the loss of those who fell at Ridgeway, had the heart, or rather we should say the lack of heart, to make game of the comrades of those murdered men. First the *Globe* says that Mr. Charlton was in joke and did not mean anything, and then, alluding to the fact that when the letter was produced at the hustings he tore it up in a fit of passion, the organ says it was "unfortunate that this should have taken place for Mr. Charlton and Mr. Taylor are firmly convinced that the contents of the document were tampered with." This miserable sneaking attempt to defend Mr. Charlton is worthy of the *Globe*, and worthy of the party. If Mr, Charlton was not ashamed of his letter, if he had not been thoroughly well aware that it contained what was most di graceful and discreditable to him, why should he have wanted to tear it up? And now of course it has been "tampered with" and the copies of it which have been printed are not correct we presume! Mr. Charlton's character is pretty well known however. We recollect his letters to the Norfolk *Reformer* a year or two since, and we have no hesitation in saying that he is an Annexationist of the worst and meanest kind. But then he will obey Mr. Brown's orders as conveyed to him through the columns of the *Globe*, and will support that distinguished patriot Mr. Mackenzie, who seems to have a facility for allying himself with all the Annexationists and Independence men in the Dominion, so the Grits will vote for him as they would for Mephistophiles himself if they were told to do so for the sake of the "party."

GRIT HONESTY.

The Grits have ever been fond of trying to make the people of Canada believe that they are exceedingly virtuous. In Yankee parlance some persons are said to "travel upon their muscle" others upon their "shape." The Grits have been in the habit of "travelling" upon their political purity. So long as they are out of office and have no opportunity of being dishonest they succeed remarkably well, and pass for them st exemplary of politicians. But unfortunately so soon as they attain to power, so soon as the opportunity of being dishonest is presented to them, these Purists are unable to resist temptation, and they descend to acts of the grossest corruption such as disgrace the annals of no other political party in Canada. Let us glance over the Grit record for a moment, and let us in the first place see what their great chief the Honble. George Brown did when he formed a Government. It is true he was only in office for a day or two, but Mr. Brown did not let even that brief opportunity slip. At that time the *Globe* was in difficulties. The plant was heavily mortgaged and about to be sold for the benefit of the creditors. What did Mr. Brown do as soon as he entered upon office? He borrowed $76,000 from the Bank of Upper Canada giving notes endorsed by men who were worth nothing as security. Thirty-eight thousand dollars of this amount Mr. Brown has repaid, but the balance of $38,000 is still unpaid and is still due to the people of this country. We notice in a Western paper a letter from a suffering shareholder in the unfortunate, Bank who states that he has reason to know that Mr. Brown's is one of the most prominent names which brought distress and suffering upon the innocent and injured shareholders—which brought financial ruin and destitution to the homes of the widow and fatherless.

LET THE GRIT LEADERS PAY THEIR DEBTS BEFORE THEY ACCUSE OTHER PEOPLE OF DISHONESTY.

Of their political purity they long have boasted loudly. Such paragons of virtue were they that they would never dream of intimidating an unfortunate elector or tempting a poor man to sell his vote! The very idea of such a thing was too much for them! Asternly virtuous were they in their professions as that fanatical genius of whom we read,

"Who hung his cat on Monday
For killing a mouse on a Sunday."

Wonderfully pure were they until the opportunity offered for them to be corrupt and then, how soon they fell!

WHAT THEY DID IN PROTON LAST WINTER, AND WHAT THEIR CANDIDATES ARE DOING TODAY IN CARLETON AND RUSSELL. TEACHES US THE WORTH OF GRIT PROFESSIONS AND THE VALUE OF GRIT "PURITY." Experience shows that the professions of the Grits are merely intended to serve as cloaks for the most disreputable acts of political dishonesty and corruption, such as have never disgraced any other party in Canada. Judging other people by themselves, they appear to think that every man has his price, and so the game of open bribery and corruption that commenced in Proton goes on to-day in Carleton, in Russell and in other constituencies, where finding public opinion strongly in favor of the Ministerial policy, the Grit leaders and their accomplices have for some time back been trying to ascertain what money can do in their behalf.

J. B. Cornwall, who helped to kidnap Dr Bratton from London on the 14th June, has gone to Kingston for three years to learn an honest trade.

SIR JOHN'S FAREWELL TO KINGSTON.

To the West! to the West! to the land of the Grits,
Oh, [illegible] me among them, and I'll give [illegible]!
I'll [illegible] their nonsense, strip off their [illegible],
Expose all their humbug, and show up their lies!
They may threaten, abuse me, and hold me in scorn
But there lives not a Grit now that ever was born
That I'd e'er fear to face—so let all do their best
I can stand their abuse; then away to the West!

Chorus—To the West, &c.

To the West! to the West! let the "Globe" and its spies
Follow close in my wake with their slanders and lies,
With a clear honest conscience I'll face every foe,
Though hatred may meet me wherever I go.
But whatever befall me, I'll stand their abuse,
They have tried it too long and they find it's no use,
So on with their slanders, let all do their best,
They can do me no harm; I'm away to the West.

To the West, &c.

To the West! to the West! they may threaten in vain,
They have done it before. they may try it again!
They have lived upon lies, but they've now lost their charm,
And a small taste of truth now can do them no harm.
So let Brown dip his pen in the sourest of gall,
And belch forth his rancour, I scoff at them all,
Then Mackenzie and Brown! do your dirtiest best,
It can do *me* no harm—so away to the West!

To the West, &c.

GILMORE'S CANNON OUTDONE.

One of the most attractive features in the programme put forth by the promoters of the Boston Peace Jubilee Musical Festival, was the cannon accompaniment to certain of the pieces. The idea was worthy of the occasion; but we do not know whether, relative advantages considered, it was not outdone by an organist in a small New England village, whose deed the New York *Times* rescues from oblivion. The choir, under the direction of the organist, had to sing the anthem in which the lines occur: "He gave them hailstones for rain; fire, mingled with hail, ran along the ground." The occasion was a great one in the village, and the organist was anxious that the choir should prove itself equal to it. The anthem was one specially adapted for the introduction of effect, but the resources at the command of the organist precluded the possibility of anything that would cost much money After a long and anxious meditation the organist hit upon an idea. He expended a few cents upon dried beans and a few more upon gunpowder. The latter he laid in a long train under the walls outside the building, the former he committed to a company of trustworthy youths, with secret instructions how to act at a given signal. The result was a splendid success. The anthem opened grandly, the organ blower rose to the height of the occasion the organist played as one inspired, the choir rolled forth: "He gave them hailstones for rain; fire, mingled with hail, ran along the ground" and as the shout rose to the roof of the schoolhouse, there came rattling against the windows a shower of dried beans, and there flashed from the ground the train of gunpowder.

A PLAN TO BURN NORTHERN CITIES.

JACOB THOMPSON'S REPORT.

The report of Jacob Thompson to J. P. Benjamin of his secret mission to the North during the war is one of the most horrible documents which has appeared among the official records of civilized states for a long time One would infer from the perfectly cold blooded tone of the report that the hiring of agents to "organize" the burning of undefended towns was an ordinary incident of war among Christian nations, like battles, or assaults on fortified places. In one part of the documents we find it reported that—"having nothing else on hand Colonel Martin expressed a wish to organize a corps to burn New York city.

He was allowed to do so, and a most daring attempt has been made to fire that city; but their reliance on the Greek fire has proved a misfortune. It cannot be depended upon as an agent in such work. I have no faith whatever in it, and no attempt shall hereafter be made under my general direction with any such materials."

In another that during Thompson's stay in Canada, "A great amount of property has been destroyed by burning. The information brought to me as to the perpetrators is so conflicting and contradictory that I am satisfied that nothing can be certainly known. Should claims be presented at the War Office for payment of this kind of work not one dollar should be advanced on any proof adduced until all the parties concerned may have an opportunity for making out and presenting proof. Several parties claim to have done the work at St. Louis, New Orleans, Louisville, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and at Cairo."

AMERICAN NOTES.

There is a farmer in Pensylvania who is accumulating haystacks on his farm year by year. He will not sell, use or give them away. Perhaps he expects to keep them for aye.

They have a very effective way of settling difficulties in Kentucky, but one which is so liable to be misdirected and misused that it can hardly be encouraged. A Mr. Larper had some difficulty with one Lisk and settled it by shooting him. This made trouble with some frend of Lisk, and he induced Harper to take a glass of whiskey with a large dose of strychnine therein, and the drink settled that difficulty. Perhaps the worst thing after all about this way of adjusting misunderstandings is that it doesn't put them entirely at rest. There are apt to be surviving friends who will meddle and keep the thing up.

"Send us wives," is the cry from the Washington Territory. Here now is a fine opportunity for people who have any of the commodity which they wish to get rid of. We think for our own part, however that it would be better to send out the raw material and let them make their own wives.

Speaking of the enterprising spirit of the rising generation, young Charles Beck, of Maidson county, Illinois, displayed an unusual capacity for getting along in the world. Before he was twenty years of age he married a girl of fifteen, and then raised funds to support his new estate by robbing his father. He had abstracted about $4,000 from the paternal treasury before he was found out. A youth who will rob his own father is sure to get on in the world, though he may be swung off in the end.

A new Swedish paper has been started in Minnesota. It is apparently either for or against the election of Grant and Wilson for it distinctly says:

Vidareager han pa tal om Grant-Wilson ska nominationen: "At hysa trifvel om segar for ett sandant parti, nar det rycker i falt mot det ganlia slafpartiets herder, ar en dodlig forolampning mot det amerikanska folkets oundomes formoga och aktning for medborgarnes skyldigheter."

Sudana ord gora sqatlanga artiklar ofver flodigal.

THE ROMANCE OF A RING.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. ALGERNON KINGSFORD.

CHAPTER III.

SABLE.

(*Concluded.*)

'*On the 25th October, in the charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade, at Balaclava, Captain Vane Randall, 17th Lancers—shot through the heart.*

Ah! lovers and sisters and mothers, who have suddenly come upon such another dear familiar name in the obituaries of war, you and such as you only can understand the dull stupor of agony, the incredulous horror that sickened and smote me in that awful moment. I pressed my two palms to my temples with a vague consciousness of darkness and pain. Then a new thought flashed upon my mind, and I lowered my left hand and held it out before me. I could distinctly feel that Vane's ring was still upon it; but for some instinctive reason I cannot explain, I dared not look at it for a moment, but turned my head aside and began to glance round again slowly, as though I had expected to see some spectral thing, some dreadful apparition.

O strange and awful wonder that rivited my eyes at last! O terrible inexplicable accident, more ghastly and expressly significant than the first! *There was no longer a diamond upon the serpent's crest, and I looked o ly into the empty cavity wherein the stone had been set!*

My lost diamond was never found, though every possible search was insituted on its account. I reiterated my positive conviction that it must have been in the ring when I entered my boudoir that morning; and that as I had not stirred from the room untill after my discovery of the accident, the jewel must have dropped somewhere between the door and the window. But in vain; the maids were incredulous, and I did not care to trouble my husband with the relation of so singular a disappearance.

So I put away the object of this extraordinary history in my cabinet, neither daring nor desiring to wear it any longer; and it is needless to say that I regarded as sacrilege the idea of replacing the lost gem, believing that Vane himself would yet redeem his last promise, and complete the chain of these strange and unparalleled adventures.

He would send me another gift in the stead of my lost jewel. In this expectation I was not disappointed.

One afternoon, not many days after the announcement in England of the Balaclava victory, and the disappearance of the fateful diamond, Phœbe informed me that a gentleman waited to see me in my husbands study. She brought me his card, but the name upon it was unknown to me—'Colonel Somers, Scots Greys.' I found him a man of stately presence and peculiarly gentle voice, but of so haggard and melancholy an expression of face, that the very sight of him filled me with pity and sympathetic interest

'Madam,' said he, rising and bowing low as I entered the room, 'such an utter stranger to you as I have the misfortune to be, ought certainly to excuse himself for the suddenness of an intrusion like this. But I am'—he hesitated a little, and his voice slightly dropped and faltered—'*I have been*,—a friend of Captain Randall; and being brought unexpectedly to England upon some very urgent private affairs impossible in the present state of the war to neglect, I have come here to deliver to you with my own hands a packet, the contents of which, I am told, must certainly be more rightfully yours than any one else's.'

He placed on the table, as he spoke, a small leathern jewel case, worn and stained which I did not recognise. My thanks rose to my lips, but the tears were ready behind them, and I could scarcely trust myself to speak. Colonel Somers took pity upon me, seeing me so distressed and dropping his eyes from my face, he added, in his slow, musical tones:

'No doubt you know, Mrs Moreton, the history of the disastrous Light Cavalry charge at Balaclava a month ago. It was a dreadful business—the result, probably, of some misapprehension between Lord Raglan and Captain Nolan—who fell, poor fellow, doing his mistaken duty so admirably in the front of the Russian batteries. I did not myself take part in the charge for I belong to the Heavy; but I saw the devoted brigade ride to its destruction, and I never shall forget the splendid sight. Cavalry on no account to act without support; infantry should always be close at hand to back them up; but we were the only reserve behind these men, guns and infantry being far in rear. The brigade advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they went—trot—canter—gallop—then a splendid burst! We heard them cheer as they flew into the smoke of the Russian batteries; we saw their lines thinned and broken—saw them join again—saw them rally. We could catch the flash of their sabres as they dashed among the guns, scattering the enemy's colums right and left, and striking down the gunners. I do not believe one man in the whole brigade flinched from the desperate encounter. But gods could not have done what those brave fellows failed to do. They will settle these things at home, I suppose. I am a soldier, and I must pay my tribute where it is due. I never saw such magnificent riding, such undaunted courage in my life, before I saw this, and I have been many years in the Queen's service, so that I speak with some experience of battle-fields and military enthusiasm.

Those Muscovite wretches should have reverenced the unparalled valour of this Six Hundred; but they could neither understand nor appreciate it, and they opened their cursed volleys of grape and canister upon the returning remnants of the band, and shot the brave fellows down as though they had been dogs!'

Colonel Somers paused a moment, and presently resumed, in altered and calmer tones:

'After the whole thing was over, some of our men found Captain Randall lying across his dead horse, among the foremost of those who had fallen, with his face turned towards the guns he had ridden out to capture. They had brought him to me, because they knew he had been my friend. When I opened his vest, I saw that he had been shot in the heart, and the bullet that had brought him his death had passed on its way through a little gold pendant which I found tied about his neck with a silk thread. I hesitated at first to remove it, perceiving how much he must have valued it; but I reflected that he was now no longer able to estimate that value, and that his father and sister would dearly prize the little treasure as a memorial of him whom they had lost. I altered my mind, and laid the trinket aside in a small leather stud-box of my own, until I should have an opportunity of restoring it to my friend's family. Coming to England so soon after the battle, I brought it with me, and yesterday took it to Miss Randall, at Randall Hall, but she told me it could belong only to you; and I begged your address of her, that I might have the satisfaction of giving it myself into your hands.'

I was weeping now unrestrainedly, for I could no longer conceal my emotion, and I knew from the tone of the voice that spoke to me that Vane's friend himself was scarcely less moved.

'Colonel Somers,' said I, 'you have done me a kindness than no words can repay; and if I fail to thank you sufficiently, it is because I feel so deeply the goodness and delicacy that prompted your visit. But I want to know one thing more: the *hour* at which that disastrous order of the twenty fifth of October took place. Can you remember?'

'*The Light Cavalry Brigade,*' he answered, '*charged at ten minutes past eleven. By twenty-five minutes to noon, only the dead and dying were left in the front of the Russian guns.*'

I had no need to ask further. Exactly at that time, allowing for the difference of longitude between London and the Crimea, the ring which Vane Randall had given me fell from my finger upon the grave of the child who was called after his name. But I longed to set my last doubt at rest, and I took the morocco *etui* in my hand.

'You will excuse me?' I said pressing the spring, as I looked up at Colonel Somers.

He bowed his head in acquiescence.

Alas! alas! It was the gold locket I had given Vane nine years ago, all riddled and crushed by the bullet that had pierced his heart.

Tapestry and Brussels Carpets are now offered at from 10c to 20c per yard under present value. Those requiring Carpets of any kind would do well to look through the stock now shown by

RUSSELL & WATSON

Extensive stock of Wool Carpets, in two and three ply; also, ex. Super, which we are offering at last season's prices. Call and examine.

RUSSELL & WATSON'S

GENERAL NEWS.

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.—A very interesting case of the successful transfusion of blood from one person to another, is described by Professor Jurge-on, of Berlin, in a recent number of a medical journal published in that city. His patient was a man twenty-eight years of age, who had been poisoned by phosporous, having taken a solution of the ignition mass of eight bundles of matches, on the ninth of December. On the 11th of February, the activity of the heart having been excited by champagne, a transfusion of 580 cubic cent metres of blood, which had just been taken from three persons in good health, was effected into the vein of the arm, 500 cubic centimetres of the patient's own blood being, at the same time, taken from an artery.

ELECTRIC WAVES.—The velocity of electric waves through the Atlantic cable has been ascertained by Professor Gould to be from 7,000 to 8,000 miles per second. Telegraph wires, upon poles in the air, conduct the electric waves with a velocity more than double, the rapidity of the transmission increasing with the height. Wires slightly elevated transmit signals with a velocity of 12,000 miles per second, and those at a considerable height give a velocity of 16,00 or 20,000.

USES OF CHARCOAL.—The *Country Gentleman* says: At this season of the year, one desires to obtain some purifier, and charcoal is of the greatest value for the purpose. All kinds of utensils can be purified from disagreeable odors by rinsing them out with charcoal dust wet into a soft paste. Putrid water is immediately deprived of its bad smell by its use. When meat, flesh, etc., are liable to become spoiled from long keeping, charcoal dust will keep them sweet; and if there is a slight taint on meat, it can be taken out by putting three or four pieces of it as large as an egg into the water in which it is boiled. This will effectually purify meat which seems too far gone to use.

THE ATLANTIC FERRY.—There is something more than a daily ferry now between Europe and America. In fact, the rate is something like a steamer for every twenty hours, from the port of Liverpool alone. During the month of May 53 steamships left the Mersey, of which 34 came to New York, eight to Boston, eight to Quebec and Montreal and three to Halifax, Norfolk, and Baltimore. Seventeen of these belong to the Cunard company, eleven to the Inman, five to the National, five to the White Star ten to the Allan, and six to the Guion company respectively When to these are added the ships of the Anchor, French, and German lines, we get some idea of the prodigious increase of late in steam communication between the continents.

CURIOUS WAGER.—Some time ago, Lord Charles Innes Ker laid a wager of £200 with four officers of the 9th Lancers that before the first of July he would run a quarter of a mile, hop a quarter of a mile, ride a quarter of a mile, walk a quarter of a mile, and row a quarter of a mile in a quarter of a hour. The task was set down for decision at Windsor on Monday, but in consequence of the departure of the officers from the place that day, it was subsequently arranged that the match should take place on the Friday previous, when his lordship performed his undertaking in 9 minutes 45 seconds, thus having 5 minutes 15 seconds to spare.

A TUNNEL UNDER THE STRAIT OF CANSO.—A proposition has been entertained to tunnel under the Strait of Canso, between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, where the Strait is only two and a half miles wide, for the purpose of connecting the island of Cape Breton with the mainland. The cost is estimated at 2,500,000 dols. This idea is connected with the proposition to run a line of steamers from Glasgow, or other British port, to Louisburg, the most easterly point to Cape Breton.

A BIRD IN HAND, &c.—A scandalous attempt to bribe Mr. Baron Martin was made at the Chelmsford Assizes a day or two since by a prisoner who was charged with robbing a church. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the charge, and handed to the judge a paper on which was written: "My Lord,—I have been 18 weeks a prisoner waiting for my trial. It it impresses your kind judgment in my favour, I shall be ever thankful, and I will bring you as fine a bird for a present as was ever brought from India, next voyage." Mr. Baron Martin, influenced by the fact that the man had been over 18 weeks in prison awaiting his trial, sentenced him only to three months' imprisonment, adding, "But mind you must not bring me that bird." *Echo.*

THE GERMAN OCCUPATIONS OF FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the *Times* states that upon the occasion of the grand manœuvres which the German troops now occupying certain French departments are to make at Neufsuichatesu towards the end of August, the inhabitants of the departments of the Marne and the Haute Maine have been warned that they will have to provide for an additional number of troops. They have protested against this additional vexation upon the very eve of their being altogether relieved from the burden of military occupation.

PRETTY NEWS-GIRLS.—The piety of Cordoba editors does not prevent them being wiser in their generation, in some ways, than their brethren in Buenos Ayres. In Cordoba the "latest editions" are now cried and sold in the streets by the prettiest girls that can be picked out for the business. All candidates have a competitive examination in beauty before the editors.

INVOLUNTARY INVASION.—In the Argentine Confederation the anticipated difficulty with Bolivia had blown over, the Bolivian troops that entered the Chaco annexed to the Confederation having declared that their doing so was unauthorised and involuntary, they having lost their way.—*Anglo-Brazilian Times.*

ARREST OF A MADONNA.—A new Madonna appeared a few days ago on the confines of the Venetian and Trentino territories. She was arrested by two Carbiniers, with two priests who worshipped her, and who, in order to obtain alms, taught others to adore her. Miraculous accounts were circulated over the adjacent country, and in a single day, over 6,000 people came to Primolano to offer their homage. The Bishop of Verona has refused to recognise this new divinity.

THE LILY OF THE ANTIPODES.—The ladies attending the anniversary sermons of the Wesleyan Church, Bumnyong, have received (says the *Courier*) something like a rebuke in the matter of dress. The Rev. J. Dare, after speaking of the sublime and beautiful in the physical world, as the most proper accompaniments to religion, startled his audience by putting a question to them in the form of a conundrum—Why are ladies like the lilies of the field? A pause followed. Because, continued the gentleman, they toil not, neither do they spin; and extending forth his arms over the audience, the preacher exclaimed; Yet even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. —*Sydney Herald.*

WHAT IS NOBLE?

What is noble? to inherit
Wealth, estate, and high degree?
There must be some other merit
Yet higher than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man.

What is noble? 'tis the finer
Portion of our mind or heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?
There's a dignity in labor
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world, in aiding mind!
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes—
O'er the engine's iron head—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread;
There is labor lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour—
There is genius, still extending
Science, and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor,
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft by fashion's creature's,
Work and workers may be blamed.
Commerce need not hide its features—
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble? that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps like angel traces,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though scorn's malignant glances,
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble—who advances
Freedom and the cause of man!

CRIME IN FRANCE—TERRIBLE SCENES.

The telegraph has informed you, in a couple of lines, of one of the most horrible crimes committed during the Commune, so fruitful in hitherto unheard-of horrors. The circumstances connected with the murder of the unknown gendarme deserve to be more fully stated than they were in the Reuter telegram, for they show what the moral effect of the Commune was on the rising generation. Not a single adult was concerned in the crime. The unknown victim, who is only supposed to have been a gendarme, was arrested and taken to La Roquette by a girl of 20, and there tried by a court-martial of lads between 16 and 18, all drunk, sitting in their shirt-sleeves, around a table covered with bottles. After the farce of a trial the man was sentenced to death. His conduct was manly; but still he thought it right to tell his hoisterous judges that he was the father of nine children. This indirect appeal gave rise to the most indecent and obscene jests. The girl who had arrested the prisoner, insisted upon commanding the execution platoon, and had a dispute with an insurgent about it. She accompanied the firing party, carrying her chassepot, in the manner prescribed for such occasions, as correctly as an old soldier. The victim was shot, after the customary preliminary tortures. It is to be feared that not a few more similar crimes have yet to be investigated, for Colonel Guilfred announced the other day that the courtsmartial would not have finished their work before next September.

A VENETIAN PICTURE.

One day—a very hot one, with a fierce July sun pouring down its rays and hearing the very waters—we had spent in our cool rooms in the hotel, once a palace, with thick fortress like walls and lofty ceilings capable of defying even hotter days than this. At sunset went out in our grounds, meaning to catch the refreshing breezes on the Lido shore. We had lifted off the back, heave like top, and were gliding along with that perfect ease of motion, that luxurious change of place without the sensation of moving, which belongs essentially to a gondola, when we came upon a scene which startled us at once out of our *dolce far niente*. We were just at the entrance of the Grand Canal, opposite the Piazetta, between the two columns supporting one the Lion of St. Mark and the other St. Theodore, the patron saint of the republic. what looked like Cleopatra's barge. Gliding swiftly toward us came a large gondola filled with a gaily-dressed company. From a huge gilt crown depended a canopy and curtains of sky-blue velvet, beneath which, upon a raised cushion, sat a fair young girl in full dress, a bright colored, animated, joyous creature, talking and laughing melodiously. By her side was her husband, tall and commanding in person, dressed in uniform and decorated with orders and insignia. He was leaning over, listening with an expression of pleased, grave earnestness. Ladies and gentlemen, arrayed in full dress or in military uniforms, and sparkling with ornaments and orders, were seated at a respectful distance, while gorgeous livery stood behind the blue drapery, their arms folded across their breasts, immovable as if carved upon the stern and the graceful gondoliers rowed their valuable freight smoothly along. It was a lovely picture, a bit out of Fairyland; here at last was the ideal princess our childish imaginings—this was realizing our dreams of regal state.

The two principal personages were the Archduke Maxamilian and his bride, the Princess Charlotte. He was at that time Viceroy of the Quadrilateral, and held his court at Venice in the Procurate Vecchio. We followed them through the Grand Canal, gazing with intense pleasure and admiration, wondering if they enjoyed more or were happier than we were, if rank and state had not its drawbacks, if the crown wearing heads were more uneasy than our own.

For years I looked back at that gorgeous pagean as the brightest, fairest I had ever beheld. Maximilian, the tool and puppet of selfish unscrupulousness, the emperor of a day, fills a bloody and untimely grave—the princess, "poor painted queen," the victim of disappointed ambition, has paid dearly for empty title of empress—the subject, if God's most mysterious providence, of the direst woe of poor humanity, lives a dying life "Poor Carlotta."

A FAMOUS ROSE TREE.—A correspondent of the *Ceylon Observer* calls attention to a famous rose tree growing on the Coragall estate, Hantanne district. He says it is "eighty feet in circumference, fifteen feet high, and is bearing at present at least two thousand roses."

Tying a line on the end of which is a fish hook, to a large rocket, hitching the hook to a man's hat and then getting him to fire off the rocket, is the latest form of practical joking in Troy. It works to the intense astonishment of the victim, and the intense amusement of the jokers.

The boys are getting to be a terror to grown people, and there is no knowing how soon they may rise and exterminate all the older heads and run the concern after their own reckless fashion. A few days ago a boy in Michigan, having been insulted by his insolent father hid behind a fence and blazed away at the old man with a shot gun. It is getting to be dangerous to offend any of those little ones.

COUNT MOLTKE ON THE LATE WAR.—Count Von Moltke's work on the Franco-German war has partly seen the light. The first section just published, contains 200 pages of text, with a map showing the positions of the armies at the end of July; and it gives a detailed account of all the events of the campaign to the 31st of that month inclusive. It is divided into four chapters—one introductory, one devoted to the marches and combinations of the French army, a third to those of the German armies, and the fourth to the maritime events.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Specials to the OTTAWA TIMES.

THE CRY IS STILL THEY COME!

GLORIOUS VICTORY IN LINCOLN!!

TORONTO, Aug. 2.

At the close of the poll in Lincoln the figures stood as follows:

Merritt.....(Union).....1122
McKeown.....(clear Grit)... 547

Majority for Merritt..... 575

LENNOX.

Toronto, August 2.

Mr. Cartwright's majority, so far as heard from, is 660, Adolphus Town being the only place unreported.

THE ESSEX ELECTION.

WINDSOR, August 2.

The certainty of the Hon J. O'Connor's election is every day more assured. His majorities in the Northern Townships will be very large and in the Southern many of Rankin's heretofore strongest supporters are working hard against him. Ferris has withdrawn, and the contest is now a square one between the opponents of Sir John's Government and its friends. A meeting called by Rankin in this town last night proves the latter to be greatly in the majority. Rankin was listened to patiently until he commenced with some of the stock abuse of Sir John, when such indignation was aroused as to cause the larger part of the assemblage to leave the hall, and organize a meeting outside where Mr. Jas. Gibson made a stirring speech. The enthusiasism was immense, and Mr. Rankin's meeting came to an untimely end.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, Aug. 2.

The election of Sir John A. Macdonald in Kingston gives great satisfaction.

Albert Chapman a very wealthy resident of Rouses Point was found dead in a room at the St. Lambert Station opposite the city this morning.

The Diamond bigamy case was again before the magistrate this afternoon, and the prisoner remanded for eight days, the Crown meantime to procure evidence from England.

Bernard Colligan and a crimp from Quebec were to day arrested, having enticed two sailors to desert from the steamship *Abbaman* now in port. They were fined $[illegible] months in jail.

Sneak thieves have been operating somewhat extensively here for the last two days in boarding houses in the upper part of the city.

Raining and cool.

DOMINION NOTES.

The first train on the Canada Southern Railway, consisting of an engine and four platform cars loaded with steel rails passed through St. Thomas on Wednesday The rails are now laid as far as Kettle Creek Bridge.

Mr. J V Spohn, of Hamilton, met with a severe accident in James street, Hamilton, on Monday, in consequence of his horse running away. The buggy being dashed to pieces, and he was thrown violently to the ground, receiving considerable injury on the right side, face, shoulder and hip.

An attempt was made by three Oneida Indians to murder another Indian called Bob, at Thorndale, on Thursday last. They attacked him with an axe, making horrible gashes on the top and side of his head.

Brantford sent a deputation of Orangemen to pay their respects to Mr Johnson M. P. for Belfast

A hen owned by Mr. Bloomfield of McGillivray hatched out last week the extraordinary number of twenty-six chickens. When nineteen of them came out the hen, probably thinking she had enough, left the nest, which still contained seven eggs. Mrs. B. brought those into the house and put them under the stove, when the next day the heat hatched all out, and they joined the rest of the family.—*St. Mary's Argus.*

The publisher of the Montreal *Hearthstone* is desirous of unearthening the hidden talent buried throughout Canada, and for this laudable purpose has offered a handsome premium of $500 as a first prize for a story of one hundred columns; also $300 and $150 respectively as second prizes. And for the two best short stories complete in one number a first prize of $50 and a second prize of $25. Here is a splendid opportunity offered for a display of native talent, and we hope to see a lively response from all parts of Canada to the liberal offers of Mr. Desbarats. The scenes must be laid in Canada, and the tales of a purely native character. Stories will be received until the 1st of October next, when the selections will be made and prizes forwarded at once. Any further particulars may be obtained from the publisher of the *Hearthstone*, at Montreal.

We wonder if any Canadian farmer has ever tried to cultivate Esparto grass. If not, let us tell him that the Spaniards are making money rapidly by selling this grass to British paper manufacturers, who have largely adopted it in their manufactures. So large is the demand for materials with which to manufacture the better class of paper that considerable quantities of Esparto grass are being imported to the United States, notably Philadelphia, which is largely engaged in paper making. The quantity consumed by Great Britain is beginning to attract considerable attention there. No less than five millions of dollars are said to have been paid by England last year for this grass; and in view of this heavy draw, and the certainty of its continuance, the British Government are taking steps to provide for its experimental cultivation on a large scale as a staple crop. The plant, it seems, wants a strong summer heat, and if this is all, we imagine