NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Acknowledgment—Wm McCaffrey.

A NOVELTY!

Chromatic Printing.

THREE COLORS AT ONE IMPRESSION.

Having just added one of SUITTERLIN, CLOSSEN & CO'S celebrated CHROMATIC PRESSES to my Printing Establishment, I am now prepared to execute every description of COLOUR PRINTING at but a slight advance on the prices charged for printing in one color.

The public are invited to call and see the press in operation.

A. S. WOODBURN,
Office—Elgin Street, opposite the Russell House.
Ottawa, Aug 2, 1872. 2038

The Ottawa Times.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1872.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS.

The English cricketers, who are to play several matches in Canada, left Liverpool yesterday by the SS. Sarmatian, for Quebec.

The election in Montreal will take place on Tuesday, the 20th.

Adjt. Gen. Ross is at Pembina.

An extensive saw mill at Portsmouth, Michigan, was destroyed on Wednesday afternoon by fire. 4,000,000 feet of lumber was consumed. It was insured for $175,000. Loss estimated at $300,000.

There was a severe storm on Wednesday, which caused much damage throughout England. Several persons were struck by lightning and killed.

On account of the wires being down we received no news from the Lower Provinces last evening.

We are glad to learn that Sir Francis Hincks is succeeding admirably with the canvass of South Brant. He is certain of a majority of from three to five hundred votes.

Few persons who are acquainted with the renegade Mr. E. B. Wood, will be surprised to hear of his quoting scripture in an irreverent and profane manner. Fancy that worthy, so soon as he heard that Charlton the annexationist had been returned by the Norfolk Grits, *telegraphing* to the successful candidate a portion of Miriam's song in which the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites and the destruction of the hosts of Pharoah are celebrated. Mr. Wood telegraphs to Mr. Charlton that his "feelings burst all bounds" (not an unusual thing with Mr. Wood by the way, at all events his *spirits* are often too much for him) and that he could only say "Sing to the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." Those who have any knowledge of Mr. E. B. Wood and his habits, may form some idea of his condition when all he could do was to telegraph a text of Scripture to his Annexation friend. But the *Globe* publishes the telegram, apparently regarding it as rather a clever and creditable production than not. But if a "Tory" had been guilty of such a breach of decorum, what a howl of affected indignation would have been raised by the hypocritical organ of an hypocritical party.

MR. BROWN IN NORTH YORK.

When matters began to look gloomy, and threatening for the Grits in North York, the Honble. George Brown girded up his loins, and arming himself as usual with a few fyles of the *Globe*, took his departure for the scene of strife. Having heretofore, avoided all personal participation in the political fray, as assiduously as *Le Noir Fainéant* did at the notable passage of arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouche of which Scott has told us, the Great Obstructionist suddenly laid aside his apathy and with the rallying cry of "A Brown to the rescue," plunged headlong into the fight. Doubtless he thought that his very name would have power to carry terror and dismay into the hearts of the North York "Corruptionists," and that he should be able at once to snatch victory from the grasp of the defiant Dodge. But alas for Brown and alas for those who trusted in him! All that was required in order to insure the triumph of the friends of Union and Progress was Mr. Brown's presence. His bungling tactics, the utter lack of argument which marked his speeches, the factious spirit which so plainly animates all his political actions and words, his furious vituperations, and, last though not least, the wild gesticulations of his windmill-like revolving arms, so disgusted the good people of North York, that, the defeat of the Grit candidate was rendered certain so soon as Mr. Brown appeared upon the scene. We are anxious to know whether the great obstructionist intends to make any more speeches during the present campaign. We trust he will be prevailed upon to air his eloquence and give a few additional manifestations of that delightful temper of his before the elections are over. What right has he to rest at ease in his editorial sanctum, playing the despot over a few "paid scribes" and "hirelings" while Mr. Mackenzie is perambulating the country honestly performing his duty by abusing Sir John Macdonald, and calling everybody a "corruptionist" who does not want to see the member for Lambton Prime Minister of Canada? Why is Mr. Brown to be spared all the heat and burden of the conflict, when his vassals are being beaten on all sides by majorities averaging from 300 to 900, and while Mr. E. B. Wood is busily employed in perverting scripture to party purposes, whenever his "feelings burst forth," which is no doubt frequently? It is not right of Mr. Brown; it is not fair to his followers, and in their name we take the liberty of entering an indignant protest. It is not we confess so much on their account that we do so, as in the interests of the party of Union and Progress. Only let Mr. George Brown make one of his long-winded, unargumentative, and abusive orations in every constituency in Ontario, and we will carry them all.

THE SITUATION.

"The work goes bravely on." From New Brunswick in the East to Essex in the West come reports of victory for the friends of Union and Progress. Out of forty-eight members elected, or nearly one-fourth of the strength of the whole House, the Dominion Government may rely upon the support of no less than forty-one. From every Province and from nearly every section, come the same enthusiastic endorsation of the Ministerial policy, the same emphatic denunciation of Faction. As we predicted more than a year ago would be the case, the common sense and patriotism of the Canadian people are proving too much for the Opposition, and the logic of facts with resistless force is sweeping away all the misrepresentations and inventions which the opponents of Sir John Macdonald's Administration have so plentifully scattered far and wide. The friends of Union cannot hope to carry every constituency. Local jealousies and divisions, old prejudices not yet eradicated, all of which have been carefully nurtured and pandered to by the Grits, will doubtless have their weight, and prevent many of the electors from realizing, as they ought to do, the momentous national duty which each is called upon to perform when selecting who shall represent him in Parliament during the next five years. But on the whole, we feel confident that the verdict will be greatly in favour of the Government, and that when the Dominion Parliament next assembles they will find themselves and their progressive policy sustained by even a larger majority than that which last session rendered the Opposition powerless to obstruct. The leading organ of the Opposition declared that the members of the House of Commons had been "bought and bribed." In one way we agree with the organ. The members of the House were "bought and bribed" though not with money. They were won over, or at least a large majority of them were, to a support of the Dominion Government, not by the influence of money or the prospect of gain, but by the great and glorious results which have sprang from the Ministerial policy during the past five years, and by the practical demonstration which has been given of the utter falsehood of all the charges of wrong doing brought against them. It will be found that a majority of the electors have been influenced in the same manner. Deeds speak louder than words, and the success which has crowned the Government policy, the satisfactory carrying out of the great scheme of British American Union, the vast improvement which has taken place in our financial condition, the reduction of the national burthens and other important results attained, will do far more to influence the people of Canada in favour of the Government, than all the *Globe's* unreasonable abuse and unsubstantiated accusations against Sir John Macdonald can do in an opposite direction.

Among all the triumphs won for the Union cause, there is none for which the friends of that cause have more reason to be grateful than for that which was won in Essex on Wednesday last. The Hon. Mr. O'Connor, the representative in the Cabinet of the Roman Catholic minority in Ontario, has for five years faithfully attended to the interests of his constituents in the Dominion Parliament. His admission to the Cabinet was regarded with considerable gratification by his co-religionists in this province and elsewhere. It was regarded as being a practical refutation of the charge brought against the Dominion Government, to the effect that they had no desire to do justice to the Roman Catholics of Ontario, or to allow them that amount of influence and consideration to which their numbers and respectability entitle them. Yet the Grits opposed him and concentrated all the influence and all the strength which they had at their disposal to insure his defeat. In default of anyone else, for it was impossible to find anyone but a broken down politician to contend against Mr. O'Connor, they brought forward as a candidate a renegade supporter of Sir John Macdonald's, a man who had already on one occasion been proved guilty of false pretences, so far as his political conduct was concerned. The consequence was as might have been expected. Mr. O'Connor was returned by an overwhelming majority, and by their action the electors of Essex not only gave proof of their increased confidence in their representative, but also of their endorsation and full approval of the course pursued by the Government.

"The work goes bravely on," and this defeat in Essex when they counted so surely upon triumph and when they had made such strenuous efforts to elect their candidate, will come as a heavy blow and great discouragement upon the Grits. It is a crushing defeat from which they will not easily recover, for it shows that their strength and influence in the West is at an end. In 1867 Mr. O'Connor was elected by a small majority of seven votes. He comes back for re-election not only as a supporter but as a member of the Government. He is returned, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts on the part of the Grits, by a majority of 786 votes. These facts speak volumes indeed, which are easy to understand, and are full of encouragement to the friends of Union and Progress. Mr. O'Connor's majority has grown a hundred fold, and the strength of the cause which he represented in Essex has increased a hundred fold also.

A MAIL STEAMER ATTACKED BY PIRATES IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

That there were "water rats"—pirates we mean—in the Persian Gulf was a fact sufficiently well known. But that these amphibious villians should dare to assail a British vessel in seas where the very shadow of the British flag is a mighty power, to the London *Daily Telegraph* almost passes belief. Nevertheless, it has been distinctly reported from Bombay that the mail steamer *Cashmere* was recently attacked by pirates in the "river," one sailor being killed, and the captain and seven of the crew wounded. The assailants, it is further stated, carried off thirty-three thousand rupees—a serious sum, equal to four thousand three hundred pounds sterling. The *Cashmere* is, it appears, one of the vessels of the British India Steam Navigation Company. She is an iron ship of more than a thousand tons burthen, built in 1864 at Dumbarton.

The river must of course be the Shatul-Arab or Euphrates on which Bussorah stands; but as there is a bar which excludes any craft drawing more than 12 feet of water, the *Cashmere* must have been attacked outside the port, probably by a set of the suburban desperadoes who knew that the ship had silver on board, and were leagued with some of the Gulf "water-rats" to make this daring attempt. If the incident had occured to a rice ship, in the present miserable condition of the Persian population, it would have been less startling; or if the *Cashmere* had been boarded in a calm down the Gulf of Oman, we should not have felt so much surprised. The deed, as reported, is impudent and audacious beyond measure; but there is an English resident in Bussorah, and if the marauders can be recognized, justice no doubt will be enforced, and the dignity of the British flag thoroughly vindicated.

THE FINALE AT WIMBLEDON.

Saturday, July 20th, was one of the hottest days of the hottest July we have experienced these many years; but a temperature of 82° in the shade sufficed to discourage neither the Volunteer Corps from attending the review at Wimbledon, nor the public from pouring on the Common in their thousands to witness the brilliant spectacle. The order for the attendance of a flying column from Aldershot had been countermanded, the proximate exigencies of the Autumn Manoeuvres being pleaded as a reason for the non-appearance of any Line regiments at Wimbledon; but the Horse Guards, naturally regarding the concluding festival of the encampment as a gala or show day, did their best to make it attractive by despatching to the scene of action two magnificent regiments of Household Cavalry, two regiments of Lancers and a couple of batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery. The spectators, of whom a very large proportion were ladies, were immensely delighted with the afternoon's entertainment. The evolutions performed by the regulars were of the showiest and most picturesque nature, yet so simple as to be adapted to the most unmilitary comprehension; and in the brief field-day concluding the proceedings the Volunteers had been liberally provided with ammunition, and, if not much to be seen, they were to be heard of in frequent peals of rattling thunder. Very seldom, indeed, has there been a military spectacle at which such enthusiastic and such widely spread satisfaction was evinced as at Wimbledon on Saturday. There were no *con tretemps* and no breaking down of anything; and, the tremendous heat notwithstanding, no serious attacks of sunstroke were reported. Little could be seen from the Grand Stand of the not very complicated operations of the Volunteers before they began their carnival of volley firing; but the Duke of Cambridge had arranged the cavalry and artillery movements so skilfully, that not only the aristocratic assemblages in the stand, but the entire crowd present, could see what was going on. The actual ceremony of the presentation of prizes by the Princess of Wales could, of course, only be recognized by a privileged few; but the whole of the march past was plainly visible to all beholders. The barriers, consisting either of ropes and stakes, or of iron hurdles, were guarded by a strong force of police; but the multitude were in perfect good temper; and, beyond an occasional jocular request to a mounted constable, whose towering form impeded their view, to "lie down," they very patiently respected the limits imposed on them.

The hour fixed for the delivery of the prizes, usually three o'clock, had on this occasion been postponed until four; but the Camp was crowded hours before, and by the time the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived, the assemblage of spectators had become as numerous as it was magnificent. The splendidly horsed equipages of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs were in force on the ground, and—with a strong muster of mail phaetons, waggonettes, barouches, and broughams—they gave to the Common on either side of the Grand Stand a more than Ascot-like aspect. The line of carriages speedily grew to be triple; and, with sumptuous luncheons laid out, daintily dressed ladies partaking, the scene, and the general surrounding accessories brought powerful reminiscences of the glories peculiar to Epsom. It was, in fact, a Derby with a tremendous "field" of "cracks" ridden by military jocket. Nearly all the fun annually held on Epsom Downs was manifest at Wimbledon on Saturday. The famous stone-breaker was in camp, cracking hints with an alacrity which might have excited the astonishment, and a perseverance which would surely have aroused the contempt, of the laziest tramp bound to break a certain quantity of granite in exchange for his night's entertainment in the casual ward. Several daughters and grandmother's of Egypt, with complexions of Spanish liquorice hue, and palms certainly not made horny by honest toil, were to be observed fitting about among the carriages whispering their traditional falsehood in gently credulous ears. The banging of tambourines, the scraping of fiddles, and the tooting of flutes were continually audible; and voices, now shrill and now hoarse, sang thrilling lays of life as it is "When the Hopper has Hover," or recited the charms and the innate propriety of manner of "Old Brown's daughter." It was the brightest of harvest days for all these diverting vagabonds, for the vendors of programmes and "lemonade a penny a glass," for the fetchers and carriers of water, for the people who let out race-glasses, and those who followed—very modestly and unobtrusively—the pursuit of picking up empty soda and champagne bottles. The gleaning, in short, was of the most plentiful description, and Squire Bozz happening to be in the jolliest of tempers, Ruth was unmolested when she took surreptitious sixpences for revealing the secrets of futurity, and no censure vexed Naomi when she popped such waifs and strays as exhausted sardine boxes and empty salad dressing flasks into her omnivorous apron. What with the hamper provided private carriages, and the hospitality dispensed by the Volunteers in their tents, an amazing amount of eating and drinking seemed to be going on. There were numbers of ladies and gentlemen on horseback present, lending an additionally picturesque feature to a scene which was not only infinitely amusing, but positively beautiful; and the varied and brilliant dresses of the ladies on the estrades of the Grand Stand, and in the enclosure in front, rivalled the most sparkling attractions of a Crystal Palace fete, or a special afternoon in the Horticultural Society's Gardens.

By three o'clock the ladies and gentlemen having tickets for the stand began to fill the enclosure and the tiers of seats. From the centre of the stand a railed gangway led to the saluting flag staff; and in front of this was erected a marquee open at the sides, under which was a dais of several steps covered with crimson draped table, of which the use was speedily to become apparent. As the glittering trophies of gold and silver were taken from a *fourgon* and displayed on the bench, the most prominent among them were eagerly scanned and warmly admired. The colossal Elcho Challenge Shield is an old friend whose reappearance is always welcome; so likewise is the International Challenge Trophy; but the most interesting novelties this year were fine, the exquisitely beautiful gold cup of *cloisonné* work, reported to be many hundreds of years old, specially brought to this country to be offered for competition at Wimbledon by the Ambassadors from the King of Burmah; and next, the huge silver cup, worth five hundred guineas, subscribed for by British merchants and ex-volunteers resident in China, and executed by a native artist at Hong Kong. The marquee, just before four o'clock, was occupied by a distinguished assemblage, comprising Lord Ducie, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Goschen and a number of ladies. These were speedily joined by the Duke of Cambridge in the full uniform of a Field Marshal, and wearing several stars and medals. His Royal Highness arrived on horseback, followed by a numerous and brilliant staff; but he dismounted and entered the tent, it being his pleasant duty to assist the Princess of Wales in her task of distributing the prizes. A squad of jolly tars from the training ships Penelope, Achilles, Excellent and Cambridge, with rifles and cutlasses, drilled into as near an approach to military precision as Jack's innate disgust at "sojering" will permit, were marched to the saluting point, under the command of a lieutenant, as a guard of honor, representing the first line of defence; and just before four an athletic quartermaster of H.M.S. Duke of Wellington, in blue jacket and white ducks, took his station at the base of the flag-staff. No sooner had the Royal *cortege* entered the enclosure than this experienced mariner did his spiriting, and the Royal Standard was duly hoisted. The various prizemen, the majority of whom were in the uniforms of their respective corps, were drawn up to the left of the Royal tent in the order in which they were to proceed to the dais and receive their rewards; and in the rear was another guard of honour from the London Scottish, headed by its pipers, and specially so distinguished as the corps from whose ranks had issued the gallant winner of the Queen's Prize, Colour-Sergeant Michie.

The Royal *cortege* consisted of two open carriages, with postilions and outriders, accompanied by an escort of the 9th Lancers immediately on the carriage stopping at the forward entrance to the marquee, the Duke of Cambridge stepped forward, assisted the Princess of Wales to alight, and conducted her to the dais. Her Royal Highness stood thus fronting the occupants of the Grand Stand, and as, with her wonted grace, she bowed her salutations, she was greeted with rounds of cheering loud, long continued, and enthusiastic. Her Royal Highness wore a charming white costume, with a bright blue bonnet adorned with roses. The Duke of Cambridge stood to the left of his niece; to her Royal Highness's right was the Prince of Wales in his dark, but rich and becoming, uniform as Honorary Colonel of the Civil Service Corps; and by his side was Prince Arthur, likewise in Volunteer uniform as Honorary Colonel of the London Irish.

Great applause greeted Mr. E. Ross, of the London bootish, the first winner of the Queen's Prize at the Wimbledon tournaments, who, on Saturday, received first a prize of £20 for the first stage of the Albert; next a prize of £100 as winner of the second stage of the same competition; and, thirdly, the Any Rifle Wimbledon Cup. A team of the 1st Lancashire, who came forward to claim the Belgian Challenge Cup, were also loudly cheered. The Cambridge University cohort, who had won the Great China Cup, met with a burst of *vivas*, with which for the nonce they were modestly contended, leaving the Cup in safe custody, to be subsequently transmitted to them. The winners of the Burmese Cup—Mr. Hayes, of the London Rifle Brigade—and of *The Daily Telegraph* Cup—Sergeant Ferguson, who had scored the maximum of 20—had no reason to complain of the coldness of the audience. A very heavy greeting fell to Sergeant Croft, of the 34th Regiment—who is no doubt as good a soldier as he is a splendid shot—when he was called up to receive the Army and Navy Challenge Cup, of the value of £100. There was a storm of hurrahs when the young cadets of Winchester School bore away the Ashburton Challenge Shield, and when the exceedingly youthful Private Cowan, of Cheltenham College, advanced to receive the Spencer's Cup, which he had won by 23 out of a possible maximum of 28 in the Public Schools' Match. Then commenced, amidst the greatest excitement and rapturous bursts of plaudits, the apportionment of the rewards to the Canadian competitors. The Merchants of London Cup, worth £160, went to the Province of Quebec; Ensign Adam, of the 15th, and Private Smith, of the 30th Canada, received respectively money prizes of £30 and £20; and then the bold team, headed by their gallant Commander, Major Worsley, in full scarlet uniform, marched up to receive the Rajah of Klopore's Imperial Challenge Cup, consisting of two splendid silver cases, parcel gilt, and the £100 prize of the national Rifle Association. The Duke of Cambridge expressed to the gallant Major the satisfaction he felt at the visit of the Canadians and at the success which has attended their skill during the meeting. The Princess of Wales spoke very graciously to Major Worsley, and the Prince shook hands with him warmly. After this agreeable incident, the Cambridge team came to the front to carry away the Chancellor's Plate, presented by the late Earl of Derby and the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge, to be competed for by the volunteer members of the two Universities. The St. George's Challenge Vase was handed by Colonel the Hon. C. H. Lindsay to the Princess, and Her Royal Highness presented the beautiful trophy, with the gold jewel and a purse of twenty-five sovereigns, to Sergeant M'Onie, 3rd Lanark. The Dragon Cup fell to Lieut. Edkison, of the 7th West York. The English Twenty, headed by Captain Field, of the Honourable Artillery Company, bore away the International Challenge Trophy; while Private Wyatt, of the 13th Salop, was much applauded as the English winner of the Irish International Challenge Trophy. The English Eight, headed by Mr. Wells, M.P., bore off the Elcho Challenge Shield; and after the presentation of the Duke of Cambridge's Prize of £50 to Captain Pixley, of the Victorias, and of the Prince of Wales's Prize of £100 to Sergeant Metcalf, of the 12th North York, the bounce of the entire competition, the prize of prizes—the Queen's Prize, in fine—came on the scene. Colour-Sergeant Michie, of the London Scottish, a very modest and unassuming gentleman, advanced amidst ringing cheers to receive the gold medal of the Association, and its gold badge, supplemented by £150 in money. The pipers of the London Scottish struck up "Highland Laddie," the crowd shouted, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and Colour-Sergeant Michie marched away to repose on his well-earned laurels. In addition to these handsome prizes, Mr. Cardwell performed a graceful act, which it is to be hoped may become a precedent, in giving to the victor, as an heirloom, the Martini-Henry rifle with which he achieved his success. The right honourable gentleman and Mrs. Cardwell also gave similar rifles to Mr. Turnbull and two other members of the Canadian team.

The news brought from Bombay by mail may be summed up as follows:—"Heat, dust, dengue, fevers, small-pox, cholera, and an all pervading dullness." These the *Times* of India says, are almost the only items which consitute an Indian budget of news at this time of the year.

THE HOXTON TRAGEDY.—ANOTHER SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—The attempt at self-destruction, of Jemima the eldest daughter of Sarah Squire, whose untimely end, and also that of her daughter Christiana, is still surrounded with mystery, adds another melancholy incident to this horrible tragedy. It will be remembered that the two sisters above mentioned were the only issue by the second marriage of their murdered mother, and it is alleged that the marriage of Jemima to a man named Totnam resulted in the birth of two children—one of whom is dead, the other being an interesting little girl, now in her eight year. As might be naturally supposed, since the unfortunate affair in Hyde-road, Jemima had been in a very melancholy condition; but, added to the grief occasioned by the murder of her mother, there appears to have been family differences, and it is said that she had previously attempted to lay violent hands on herself. In the present instance it appears that on Sunday the family who resided at Bow were just going to sit down to dinner, when the wife, Jemima, made her appearance with blood flowing from her neck, and it was soon discovered that she had cut her throat. Medical aid was procured, and the unfortunate woman was subsequently removed to the Infirmary at Poplar. She had inflicted a severe gash. The rash act was committed with a razor, which the poor creature had secreted about her person. The excitement in the neighbourhood of the murder is still intense, and much sympathy prevails, the more so from the general surprise felt that so foul a deed should be committed at mid day and the perpetrator escape detection. As yet no clue has been found which is likely to lead to the apprehension of the murderer. It now appears that, so far from robbery having been the motive of the crime, nothing was stolen. Late on Sunday night it was reported that the police had succeeded in finding the weapon used by the murderer, but the report was subsequently denied. On Sunday morning the eldest daughter of the murdered lady, attempted to commit suicide by cutting her throat with a razor. Incessant grief at the crime is said to be the cause. Although she has previously made four other attempts, death has not ensued. The poor woman is supposed to be insane. On Wednesday, the funeral of Mrs Squire and her daughter took place at the City of London Cemetery at Ilford. There was a large crowd in the neighborhood of the dwelling-house of the ill-fated woman, and the traffic was, for a short time, suspended.

"POLO."

The Old Asiatic game of "Polo" has been introduced in England. The London *Telegraph* says:

Yesterday what may be called a "full dress rehearsal" was given in the Home Park at Windsor, by combatants taken from the Ninth Lancers and the Blues, who are quartered in the Royal borough. The Prince and Princess of Wales had previously accepted the invitation to be present, so that 'Pol' was formerly started as an English pastime with princely countenance and with everything which could give distinction and popularity to the Asiatic novelty. The scene itself was lovely; and, if the game does not take root planted in so fair a place, it never can or will. About a mile up the spital road, at Windsor, lies a savannah rather than a meadow—a green plain of smooth turf, embosomed in mighty trees, just upon the outskirts of the forest, which lends a background of rolling foliage. Here, in the freshest of air and the pleasantest of land-scapes, a wide space had been marked off with bannerets, and large marquee erected, flanked and fronted with rows of seats and benches. Their Royal Highness had arranged to lunch with the officers of the Blues, and to come upon the ground at 3 pm, when 'Polo' was to begin. By 2 o'clock the scene began to be thronged with people, and before the hour fixed for the play a thick belt of spectators encircled all the upper sides of the field. Presently appeared a squadron of the Blues in full uniform, headed by a magnificent trumpeter in his gold-embroidered coat, and accompanied by the band, which took up its station behind the royal tent. As for the horsemen, they rode slowly round the field, the sunlight dancing on helmet and cuirass, and dropped a man at every eighty yards, till the playing-ground was marked out by a long line of living boundary marks. Shortly afterwards their Royal Highnesses made their appearance accompanied by a distinguished circle, whose brilliant toilettes greatly contributed to enhance the gaiety of the spectacle. 'Polo' had, in truth, a splendid christening, what with the presence of the royal pair, the gay ladies, the glancing helmets and the golden trumpeter, the lovely weather, the delicious landscape, and the general determination to be pleased. For, as a rule, nobody knew anything about the game; few of those present could have seen the Affghans play it at Kandahar, or the Arabs at Hyderabad, or the Persians on the Gulf. And perhaps for many reasons—certainly for the prosperity of 'Polo'—it is best that we should not begin with comparisons. Everything being ready, the gold-coated trumpeter advanced to a point of command, and blew a warning blast from his silver clairon. Upon this, six champions made their appearance from each side—half a dozen for the Ninth Lancers, and as many more for the Blues. All were dressed alike, as regards the nether man, in short cords and racing gaiters, with laced boots and spurs; but while the Lancers wore scarlet caps with white jerseys and a scarlet and white handkerchief, the Blues displayed a cap and jersey of mingled red and purple. In their hands they carried each man a long hookey club with a straight 'hook' and a loop upon the stock; and twelve ponies soon saddled and bridled for the champions. The fore-legs of these garrons were bandaged—a precaution not unnecessary to save their devoted shins, and certainly we should not be surprised if British nags entertained a very different opinion about Polo from that of riders. However it was exciting to behold the six Horatii and Coratii of this first great public exposition mount and take station; and expectation was vivid, while they cantered smartly apart, wheeled left and stood, as Mr. Browning has it in "Filine,"

Drawn up, and under arms, and ready to engage.

The gold-coated trumpeter now blew a second blast and the umpire, riding between, threw the ball—made of white wood—in his palm, asked, "Are you ready?" The twelve settled into the saddle and answered "Yes," upon which the ball was tossed into the green interval, and there was a mad rush upon it from both sides. It was instantly apparent that Polo is a sport with plenty of fun and excitement in it for spectators as well as players. To see the twelve little nags and the big men meet and clash and can non and spread out again, and close or wheel, and fly or pursue, when the little ball whisked about hither and thither, and thwacks resounded loud and oft, as Mr. Pepys would have said, "pretty." The ponies behaved very steadily; the riders rode them "like fiends possessed;" and how, in the frequent melee which ensued, they avoided the apparently inevitable "cropper" was a marvel. Of course in the constant charges and counter-charges of each stage of the game, there were all kinds of laughter-moving incidents—thundering crambole of "Blue" with "Lancer," smitings of friendly legs, and desperate cuts which aimed at victory and hit a daisy; knights riding out of the fray like Calus Caesius at Regillus, "as the wolves at Appenine were all upon their track," with a broken club in their grasp, burning to get another weapon and plunge again into the battle. Cap strewed the plain after each 'squash' and "bully," and it was eloquent the dangers of that tented field to notice how the ponies picked up their legs, and how shy men grew of certain back-handed hitters. The best play was shown by the Lancers; and the fun lasted "fast and furious" from four till after six, at which time their Royal Highnesses left the ground well pleased with the manly and merry pastime—as was everybody else, except the ponies, upon whose fetlocks some memorable proofs we fear, were left that Polo is a sport more agreeable to bipeds than to quadrupeds. Nevertheless it was a great success, and Polo may be regarded as an established institution after the bright and well managed inauguration of yesterday. It is a game for men to play for a horse loving nation to witness, for nothing can be prettier than the sweep and the scatter of the little steeds, the merry chase of the ball, the rush, the scramble, and the dashing charges which characterize its progress. It is a game which will promote and improve good horsemanship. Nor can anybody be an indifferent performer in the "pig-sticking" who plays forward at Polo through a long afternoon.

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.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The following is a list of the regular armies of Europe in 1772, which is rather different in numbers and in proportion to one another to those of to-day. Turkey heads the list with 300,000 men; Russia, 250,000; Austria, 200,000; France, 160,000; Prussia 146,000; other German states, 130,000; Spain 70,000; Denmark, 59,000; Sweden, 48,000; Netherlands, 40,000; Great Britain, 30,000; Two Sicilies, 30,000; Venice, 28,000; Poland, 24,000; Sardinia, 15,000; other Italian States, 15,000; Portugal, 14,000. This list was supposed to be at the rate of one in a hundred of the inhabitants of Europe, being in all 1,559,000 soldiers.

The following reads a little curious in the present day:—"August 1768.—We learn from Glasgow that the manufacturers there have brought over from France upwards of forty women, who are settled at Anderston, near that place, and are to be employed in spinning fine yarn." Something in the style of Goldsmith:—'Died, in the county of Meath, Ireland, Owen Carellan, labourer, aged 127. He had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot.'

A Connecticut man has invented a machine to utilize the ebb and flow of the ocean tide. The first tide wheel is to be set up in the Quinnipiac river, where the force of the tide that will bear on it is said to be about seven thousand horse power.

BY TELEGRAPH.

LATEST POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

(By Special Telegrams *via* Montreal Line.)

Honble. Mr. Howe has been returned by acclamation.

Messrs. Palmer and Burpee (Ministerialists) have been elected for St. John County, N.B.

Honble. Mr. O'Connor's majority in Essex was 786. The Irish Roman Catholics of Essex gave him a majority of 223. Only five Irish Catholics voted against him, although the *Irish Canadian*, O'Donohue and Murphy of the League had been working hard against him in the county.

At the close of the poll in Welland yesterday, Mr. Street (Ministerialist) had a majority of 529.

In South Ontario Mr. Gibb was elected by a majority of 100 votes.

QUEBEC.

Quebec, August 8.

The only evidence so far adduced at the inquest over David Gandle's body is from a witness named Mrs. Dennis, who gave her statement more to the point than the men witnesses. She swears positively she could identify the man who shot Gandle.

There was a large meeting of Mr. Chauveau's supporters, 200 strong, last night, opposite Jacques Cartier Market, St. Roch's. There was loud talk of marching up towards the timber cove at Diamond Harbour, to retaliate on old countrymen for stopping French Canadians from working at loading ships. They were creditably prevented by law-abiding men of their own race. If they had gone, Monday's work would have been mere child's play compared to the fighting which must inevitably have followed.

The funeral cortege of David Gandle was headed by Mr. Ross and most of the leading merchants, and the attendance was immense. The offices and stores in lower town and upper town were closed. Flags draped in crape were exhibited along the line of march, and the service in the English Cathedral was unusually impressive. No hostile demonstration was made. The inquest will not close yet.

This afternoon rumor states that Sir Francis Hincks will come forward for St. Roch's, Quebec east, Mr. Tourangeau resigning in his favor.

There was a heavy thunderstorm this morning.

KENT AND GREY.

Toronto, August 8.

Mr. Stephenson has been elected for Kent by a majority of about 150, and Mr. Larderkin for South Grey by a majority of over 200.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Kingston *News* says: Grace Marks, the convict of 28 years, was to day liberated in accordance with the terms of her pardon. No one can imagine the feelings of delight and joy she experienced on "breathing the free air of heaven" once more. She visited a large number of those who had taken an active part in petitioning the executive clemency in her favor, and were thus instrumental in gaining her release. She left in the steamer *Pierre point* at two o'clock this afternoon, for the United States.

The Windsor, N. S., *Mail* says: The Blake, McKenzie, Annand party might as well attempt to whistle jigs to milestones as to attempt to prevent the return of Mr. Howe for the county, by a large majority.

One of the strongest phases the strikes and lock-outs have yet assumed was that of the butchers of Huddersfield, England, who recently held a meeting to consider what steps should be taken in consequence of the public dissatisfaction with the high price of meat, and the dissatisfaction of the butchers with the unremunerative nature of their trade. It was then agreed that after the Saturday following no butcher should sell meat to anybody for fourteen days, under a penalty of £20, to be given to the Huddersfield Infirmary. The only parties exempted from this dreadful arrangement were the purveyors having contracts with public institutions. It is difficult to see what other effect this action on the part of the Huddersfield butchers could have than to create a much livelier trade in beef and mutton, for fourteen days, among the butchers of the surrounding towns in Yorkshire.

RATHER EXPENSIVE.—The Kingston *News*, speaking of the corruption and bribery on the part of the Grits during the election in Kingston says: "$50 was paid for a dog to procure the vote of a person on Princess Street who was in Oswego. A young grocer on Princess street offered large rolls of bills to several of Sir John's friends to vote for Carruthers. A connection of Mr. Carruthers says that the election cost him $14,000." And this is the party that cries out against bribery and corruption and boasts of their purity in election. Their practice certainly does not conform to their professions.

An angry husband, who evidently wanted to inveigle another man into committing himself, lately rushed into the court room of Justice Krecke, in Detroit, accompanied by his victim. He demanded that the Justice should have the trembling thing swear first that he understood the nature of an oath, and then that on a certain day the poor betrayed one did not kiss the angry husband's wife. An affidavit to this effect was made, and the paper seized by the furious man, who then tore off his hat and demanded to be sworn that his victim had sworn to a lie. The affair looks like a bad one, and will probably puzzle Mr. Justice Krecke and drive him to commit suicide, for how can a man swear that he understands the nature of an oath?

The University of Oxford, it is said, intends conferring an honorary degree on the ex-Emperor Napoleon.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A CONVICT.—There is a gang of convicts from the Kingston Penitentiary, under Keeper Lauder, employed in building a wall along the water front at Rockwood Asylum. On Wednesday last Keeper Lauder accidentally fell on a piece of iron and was stunned so much that he was obliged to sit down on the edge of the wharf, where he fainted and fell into the water, about fifteen feet deep. One of the guards saw Lauder fall, and, with the convicts in his gang, ran to the spot to endeavour to save him. They were outstripped by convict John Ryder, who instantly plunged into the water, without divesting himself of any portion of his clothing, and seizing his keeper in his arms, supported him in the water until the other convicts and officers succeeded in rescuing them. Keeper Lauder was unconscious some time after he was taken out of the water. But for Ryder's courage and promptitude there is every probability that Keeper Lauder would have been drowned. It is hoped that Ryder will receive some mark of Executive clemency for his praiseworthy conduct in thus saving the life of his keeper. All the convicts in the gang behaved nobly on the occasion.

An Indiana town has the following dog ordinance: "Dogs that are not collared and labelled, no matter how respectably connected, will have their narratives amputated one inch south of their ears." A man who assisted to empty several bottles of wine afterwards took a walk. The pavement was quite icy, and he exclaimed: 'Very singular, wherever water freezes it always freezes with the (hic) slippery side up.'

The postal telegraph system is working very well in England. During the last week of June, the messages ran up to no less than three hundred thousand—an excess of seventy thousand over the corresponding week of last year. For the quarter ended in June, the increase exceeds a million over the same quarter in 1871. These figures have great significance. When the lines were worked by the companies an annual augmentation of ten per cent. was thought high; but at present, under the government, the rise is more than thirty per cent.

Hearth Rugs, Coca and Wool Mats, of every kind, shown in great variety, at
RUSSELL & WATSON'S.
Four cases Cornices, Poles, Cornice Ends and Stair Rods. Just opened at
RUSSELL & WATSON'S.
The newest designs in (English) Oil Cloths, from 80c to $1 40 the square yard, at
RUSSELL & WATSON'S.

A CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE TONIC.

Without Phosphorus no thought, say the Germans and they might add, no action, since Phosphorous and its compounds are known to be the motive power of the nervous and muscular system. They constitute more than half the material of the human body, being sound in every tissue, and their presence is absolutely essential to nutrition, as they promote the conversion of albumen in the food into fibrine, which is the vitalizing agent of pure, healthy blood. They are now coming into universal use in Europe and America in the treatment of Scrofulous, Consumptive and Venereal diseases, which are caused by impoverished or poisoned blood; and in diseases of women suffering from irregularities, obstructions and exhausting discharges, in pale puny children, and that condition of nervous and physical prostration resulting from bad habits, excessive use of stimulants and tobacco, and all that train of evils known as a fast life. The great reliability and promptness in its effects is immediately and permanently restoring the devitalized constitution has made DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA a great favorite with the Physicians and public. Sold at $1.00.

NOS. 15 AND 28.
SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.
HUMPHREYS'
HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

HAVE PROVED, FROM THE MOST AMPLE experience, an entire success: Simple—Prompt—Efficient and Reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes can not be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have raised the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No.	Cures	Cents.
1.	" Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations.	25
2.	" Worms, Worm Fever, Wor