NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rooms wanted—Drawer G, Post Office.

Auction sale of Timber Limits—A. Rowe.

The Ottawa Times.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21 1872

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS.

A very severe thunder-storm occurred at Rochdale, England, on Thursday. Several persons were killed by lightning.

The Geneva authorities at Strasbourg have consented to allow the wife of Edmond About to see him, but refuse admission to any one else.

During the thunder storm on Thursday the lightning struck a mill in Littleborough Lancashire, and killed 4 women.

The eldest brother of the Pope is dead.

An immediate decline in coal from the present high figure is confidently expected.

Specie in the Bank of France increased 100,000 francs during the week.

Sir Frederick Arrow is in town.

Hon. Mr. Langevin is expected here on Monday or Tuesday next.

Hon. Mr. Campbell will be here on Wednesday.

Mr. Shibley, M.P. for Addington, was one of the speakers at the Frontenac "Liberal Conservative" pic-nic.

The London *Daily News*, referring to the present Dominion Government, says "it is difficult, indeed, to detect a weak point in the Ministerial armour."

The English cricketers have done better in New York than in Canada. Grace made a splendid score—the bowling of Appleby and Rose was too much for the American players, who only made 115 in their two innings. The English scored in one innings 269.

A whole brigade of troops forming the advance guard of the Northern Army during the Autumn Manœuvres, was routed in confusion by a swarm of wasps. Gallant heroes who had marched up to the cannon's mouth without flinching and had faced death in various ways, were seen retreating in all directions pursued by clouds of the infuriated insects.

A man is now lying in prison in England awaiting his trial for murder, under circumstances of a most extraordinary character. It appears that two German gentlemen visited London in the pursuit of pleasure and in a very few days, having spent every penny they had in the world, concluded that the best thing they could do was to commit suicide. A few lines of farewell were written to some girls who had assisted in their revelries, after which they locked their door and stripped themselves for death. One of the young men, named Paul May, stood up and the other shot him through the breast. As May fell to the floor, his companion finished his work by shooting himself through the heart. It so happened that May was not mortally wounded, but is in a fair way of recovery, and when he is convalescent he is to be taken before the authorities to stand his trial for wilfully murdering the companion who shot him, in accordance with the verdict rendered by the Coroner's jury which investigated his case, as in England, where two persons mutually agree to commit suicide together, and only one dies, the survivor is held guilty of the murder of the one who died. Some of the greatest English Judges have ruled that such is the law. In the year 1838 a man was convicted of murder and sentenced to death under somewhat similar circumstances.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR HOWLAND AND THE "GLOBE."

We have already referred to the *Globe's* impertinent remarks concerning Lieut.-Governor Howland and his probable action in reference to the new Administration for Ontario. Every one will agree with us in thinking that it is in the highest degree improper and indecent for Mr. Brown's organ to suggest that Her Majesty's representative in Ontario is likely to become the tool of Sir John Macdonald or of any one else. Those who best know Mr. Howland best know how untrue and unjust all such insinuations are. Honest and straightforward in principle, independent in character to an unusual degree, Lieut.-Governor Howland is the last person in the world who is likely to submit to dictation from any man. But it is not the first time that the *Globe* has, in terms more or less direct, attacked His Honor, and hinted at his unfitness for office. The reason why it has not done so is obvious to any one who will give the subject a moment's consideration. Before Confederation Mr. Howland was a Reformer, but he refused to become a "Brownite," and a "Factionist." When Mr. Brown threatened him with an editorial castigation he dared him to do his worst, and let him know how little he cared for him and his abuse so long as he was treading in the path which a sense of patriotic duty taught him was the right one. Therefore Mr. Brown and Mr. Brown's organ are naturally "down upon him." Therefore the *Globe* insults the Lieut.-Governor by threatening him with the terrible punishment that is in store for him, should he venture to call upon a Conservative to form the new Administration in Ontario. Mr. Howland, however, can well afford to laugh at the threats with which Mr. Brown's organ seeks to terrify him. Ever since he has occupied his present honorable and important position, Mr. Howland has acted in a manner which has met with the approval of all classes of people in this Province. It is no easy task for a man who for years has been associated with a political party to refrain from all sympathy with those with whom he was formerly associated, as well as from all prejudice against those to whom he was formerly opposed. We believe that our present Lieutenant Governor has succeeded in doing this, and has performed his duty "without fear or favor." Because he has done so he is entitle to the thanks of all loyal and patriotic men, and the *Globe's* impertinence is utterly unpaid for and discreditable.

He so who are not acquainted with the character of the man who controls that journal, and who therefore are surprised at the position which it has assumed in this matter. But when Mr. Brown has thought fit to insult the Queen, we can scarcely be surprised to find him guilty of impertinence towards the Queen's representative. Only a few days since he insulted Her Majesty by intimating that she had rewarded Sir John Macdonald for "betraying the interests" of her Canadian subjects. Therefore we cannot wonder to find him venturing to threaten Lieut. Governor Howland with divers pains and penalties in the event of his not doing exactly what he (Mr. Brown) desires.

SIR GEORGE CARTIER.

Sir George Cartier left the city yesterday for Montreal, and intends proceeding on Saturday next to England, where he will place himself under the care of Dr. Johnson, who has bestowed special attention upon diseases of the kind from which the honourable baronet is suffering. His future movements will, of course, be uncertain, guided, as he necessarily must be, by the advice of his medical man.

We are requested by Sir George Cartier to return his heartfelt thanks to those who, during his brief sojourn in Ottawa, called to enquire after his health, and in other ways displayed their sympathy and regard for him. He at the same time desires to express his regret that he was unable to pay a farewell visit to many of his Ottawa friends. The condition of his health, however, will be accepted as an excuse for his not having done so.

Under circumstances, which, if not altogether melancholy, are calculated to occasion some degree of anxiety in the hearts of those who feel, as we do, that it would be a grave misfortune for Canada if he never again took a seat at the Council Board, Sir George leaves us. Now, for a time, at all events, those who have been politically opposed to him cannot help feeling how true a patriot and able a statesman he has proved himself, and how great would be the blank left were his place in the political arena to know him no more. As one of the most prominent promoters of Confederation; as one who risked and dared all to bring about a union of the British American Provinces, because he believed that all would be benefitted thereby; as one who has, with a liberal and courageous spirit, battled against sectional and sectarian feuds;—every true Canadian, no matter what his creed or nationality may be, will hope and pray that Sir George Cartier may soon be restored to us in health and strength, to serve the country with the same fidelity as before.

THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

Our English exchanges are almost filled with accounts of the Autumn Manœuvres. On the 6th inst. the Northern Army, under Sir John Walpole, and the Southern or invading Army, under Sir John Michel, first came in sight of each other. On the previous night the cavalry of the former had seized the fords of the little river Wiley, a narrow but rapidly running stream, which the Southern force had to cross. On the following day the advance guard of the invaders came in sight, and took possession of the wooded hills which slope gently up from the southern bank of the river. The Heavy Brigade of the Northern Army, consisting of three regiments of Horse Guards, crossed the Wiley and charged the foe, but after a short contest were compelled to retire. Sir John Michel having massed his batteries upon his left made a sudden and unexpected attack from that direction. His infantry columns crossed the river under cover of a tremendous artillery fire, and before the Northerners could concentrate a sufficient force at that point, the Southern army had established itself upon the north bank of the Wiley. Not satisfied with this success, the enterprising enemy made an attempt to drive the British from the downs which overlook the river, but in this they had not been successful at last accounts. When the last mail steamer left England, both armies, numbering in all about 40,000 men, were encamped upon the north bank of the Wiley, and an attack was momentarily expected by General Walpole, who thus far had acted altogether on the defensive. The Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cardwell, the foreign visitors, of whom a very large and distinguished party are present, are on the field, and watch the movements with deep interest. The German and French officers have expressed their approval of all they have seen in the most unqualified terms.

RY TELEGRAPH.

MONTREAL

MONTREAL, Sept. 29.

Some laborers at Point St. Charles this morning discovered the remains of a corpse several feet under ground. An inquest is to be held.

The officers and crew of the steamship *Prussian* will give a concert to-night in aid of the General Hospital.

Stringency in money is increasing.

Weather very cold.

AMUSING.

A man who has a red-headed sweetheart addressed her as "Sweet Auburn, loveliest of the plain." Sweet Auburn got mad about it. She objected to being classed among the "plain," even though called the loveliest of them.

Gentlemen and ladies contemplating suicide by drowning will confer a favor upon the harbor master and coroners by leaving word at the central station what dock they intend jumping from. The harbor master is now provided with a handsome new drag and set of grappling hooks, and is now prepared to bring up dead bodies with neatness and despatch.—*Detroit Post.*

Benefits of advertising.—A gentleman advertised for a wife and received answers from eighteen hundred and ninety-seven husbands saying he could have theirs.

A Kansas paper tells about a man who attempted to steal a public road which ran through his farm. One of the plainest cases of highway robbery we ever heard of.

It was after a long day in India that Sir Harry Smith drew up to let his command march past him into their quarters. The infantry were the first to arrive, and to them Sir Harry said: "Ah! the infantry; yes, you are the infantry; yes, the foot soldier is a lucky fellow. The infantry boy for me; none of your nasty horses to clean. Get into camp, lie down, eat; there you are. Yes, the infantry man is a lucky fellow." And so they passed. Not long after the cavalry came up, whereupon Sir Harry addressed them, too, in turn: "Ah! the cavalry; yes, the cavalry. Ah! you are the boys; you are the lucky fellows; none of your foot sore, tired, dusty infantry men, but a smart chap with a horse—a real gentleman; yes, you are the fellows for me, fresh as larks: that's it; go along." The cavalryman is a lucky fellow.

SIR GEORGE E. CARTIER.

(From the Toronto Leader.)

The Grit organs both in Ontario and Quebec have made much of the defeat of Sir George E. Cartier in Montreal. Nay, we believe it is on the strength of the double event—the defeat of Hincks in Brant and Cartier in Montreal—that they stake their reputation on obtaining possession of the Treasury Benches in the ensuing session. This is small reason to expect so much. But, seeing that an indisputable majority of representatives have been returned by the Dominion as supporters of the Government, we cannot for the life of us, see how else the audacious hope has been raised. But Montreal is not the whole Province any more than South Grant is the Dominion of Canada, and the defeat of the one and other of these Ministers does not amount to a row of pins in respect of the capacity of the present Government to retain the direction of affairs.

The reception accorded to Sir George Cartier on the occasion of his return to Ottawa, called forth a speech from that Minister which shows the estimate which he places upon that defeat. "A local defeat," said he, "does not affect me at all." Why should it? We all know that in an electoral division there are local, sectional, and even religious elements at work which ought not to be—but which invariably are—brought into operation, so that the votes of individual county or borough cannot be taken as always representing the political tinge of that county or borough. It is a knowledge of this fact which has led the Grits of Ontario into forming so many cabals, making of politics a hole and corner affair of prejudices, self-interest and sectional biases. Sir George cannot be regarded as a local man. He has played so prominent a part in politics for so many years that he belongs to the Dominion. He says, in his recent speech at Ottawa, "I do not consider myself as merely representing a locality in the Parliament of Canada." He considers it unfortunate that such able statesmen as Robert Baldwin and Louis Lafontaine should have allowed themselves to be disgusted with political life because they had met on some occasions with the ingratitude of those for whom they worked. It has been the policy of Grit journals to magnify the importance of this incident of the general elections, in order to, in the first place, throw an odium upon the members of the Government, and in the next place, if possible, to disgust the distinguished statesman who sustained the defeat. But Sir George is neither discouraged nor disgusted; he professes to possess too much pluck to allow a matter like that to interfere with a useful public career.

So far from the failure of Sir George Cartier to represent a division of Montreal having a disheartening effect upon him, he treats it with just that amount of indifference which it deserves. If there be anything to regret about it, it is that the important city of Montreal should have lost such an excellent representative. Theirs is the loss; not the Conservatives, not the Government, and we are happy to add, not the country will suffer, but only Montreal. Sir George will be found in his place at the reassembling of Parliament all the same, a member of a Government which has not the slightest intention of dying, but one which feels that their tenure of office is more secure than ever, all the more secure, indeed, by the loss of two or three seats in Ontario. The constitution which the Government of Canada—composed of the very men who had brought about the political union of all the Provinces—had laboured to establish, has proved successful, as the late general elections testify, and has been sustained by the people, and the consequence is, as Sir George pointed out, the party of Union and Progress will return to Parliament more adhesive to each other and stronger than ever to develop and continue the prosperity of the young political constitution.

The outlying Provinces of British Columbia and Manitoba have shown their appreciation of the labours of the men who form the present Government in bringing about the important work of Confederation by electing Sir Francis Hincks and Sir George E. Cartier to a constituency respectively. It was a very graceful act of these Provinces, but we do not think that Sir George will be allowed by his own Province to accept a seat elsewhere. It little matters for what constituency he sits, but of this we are sure, there are in Quebec constituencies aplenty who would be proud to return the Rejected of Montreal. The only thing that concerns us, is the condition of that gentleman's health, which is not all that could be desired. The tare and tret of State has told considerably upon him, but we expect, from the spirit which characterizes him, that he will be able to resume his place among the many veterans who compose the Dominion Government. We hope the day may be far distant when he shall be obliged by physical inability to lay aside his political armour.

PAR NOBILE FRATRUM ANGLICE—"A NICE PAIR!"

(From the Canadian Freeman.)

The last number of the *Irish Canadian* contained one of those complimentary and classically written articles for which that sheet has become famous. Indeed, it would be a subject of general suprise to find anything but the most pure and select language, and the choicest and most elevated sentiments in a paper which Mr. Patrick Boyle is Publisher, and Mr. Jeremiah Murphy is Editor in Chief! The antecedents and surroundings of these *gentlemen* afford the best guarantee that, their literary efforts would come up to the highest standard laid down by a Blair or attained by an Addison; whilst their sense of truth, honor and justice would equal if not transcend that of the Chevalier Bayard himself!

From Quebec to Windsor, the canvassing and collecting Publisher of the *Irish Canadian* is known and described as, temperate in his language as in his habits, choice in his company, not given to profanity, of exemplary sobriety, and a model of self respect! Surely these are excellent qualifications for the high and responsible position of a Catholic publicist! Combined with the advantages of the superior early training,—his education under able and disciplined masters; his well-formed habits and manners, in youth and early manhood; his highly cultivated mind; his every day associations; his refined taste; his noble qualities of head and heart; but, above all, his unostentatious but profoundly religious character, eminently fit Mr. Patrick Boyle to discharge creditably to himself, and satisfactorily to his patrons, the arduous duties of shaping public opinion, and of criticising the conduct, actions and sayings of his fellow men! Add to all this, the man's admirable consistency! At one time, an *ultra* loyal volunteer,—wearing the uniform and marching under the flag which he has contributed so much, of late years, to bring into odium and contempt: anon, the rampant, red hot champion of Fenianism—whilst it was a paying "*institootion*"—and the avowed enemy of everything British! To-day proclaiming, with a flourish of trumpets, that the *Irish Canadian* was established to advocate "purely national" views alone, that it would scrupulously eschew all meddling in Canadian politics; and to-morrow, treading through the very mire of factionism in truckling to the rump of the Clear Grit bigots! Formerly, Garabaldian in tone and sentiment,—more especially in decrying and denouncing clerical interference in matters political; "silent as the tomb" upon all topics relating to religion, education, or charity; now, gushingly, we hope, earnestly, Catholic! Seven years ago, insulting, in the most public and cutting manner, the good and zealous Bishop of Hamilton, at his very door, and, in this year of our Lord, assuming to lecture FRACTIOUS CATHOLICS, *of a life time*, on their duties to Church and State! The qualifications and advantages, which we have enumerated, sustained by his *consistency* qualify, we repeat, Mr. Patrick Boyle to enunciate the views of all *self respecting* Catholics in Ontario! They, moreover, entitle the paper which he publishes to aspire to the support and confidence of the Hierarchy and clergy, whom it erstwhile treated with so much *consideration* and *respect*.

The Editor,—Mr. Jeremiah Murphy—is only known to us by what appears from his pen in the Editorial columns of the *Irish Canadian*, by his *personnel* and his calling. In another column we give a sample of his style of writing. By this he can be judged. His appearance at once strikes the beholder. None of your "hang dog," dissipated, sottish, "*shiveen*" looking scoundrels who looks at you, furtively, from "a corner of his eye," and who appears to shrink away instinctively, abashed by the presence of an honest man. Oh! no. Mr. Jeremiah Murphy arrests your attention by his upright, manly bearing! by the bright good-natured glance which flashes from an eye that bespeaks an unsophisticated mind, and a soul at peace with itself, and all the world besides! In a word, his *tout ensemble* bears striking evidence that he is, as our American cousins have it, the very *beau ideal* of "a gentleman, a scholar, and a good judge of whiskey." Mr. Jeremiah Murphy combines with his editorial labours, the useful and elevating avocation of a *pawnbroker*. The industrious, hard working husband who may be blessed with a tippling wife; or, *vice versa*, the thrifty and sober wife who is led to a dis ipated husband, the employers of "light fingered" assistants in their business, equally with the pickpocket, the swell mob's man and the burglar can tell what a benefactor the pawnbroker is to society? All over the civilized world the pawn broking fraternity are regarded with peculiar favour and admiration? They give value for value; they encourage temperance, morality and honesty by offering a premium to all such as practice those virtues? They are universal philanthropists! They are the true friend of even the drunkard, the bawd and the thief! The first will not want his glass whilst he has a disposable article to offer, nor will the other two be at a loss for some equivalent for ill-gotten goods, whilst they have "the sign of the three balls" to resort to! Surrounded by such ennobling and elevating influences, it is little thanks are due to Mr. Jeremiah Murphy for exciting admiration by his profound learning, and depth of thought, by his charitable sentiments and love of truth, by his purity of expression and the exquisite tone of refinement traceable in his productions, as they weekly appear in that erudite and high toned journal—the *Irish Canadian!*

Before two such luminaries as Mr. Patrick Boyle, and Mr. Jeremiah Murphy to enlighten the Dominion, let all other members of the "Fourth Estate" hide their "diminished heads!" Cobblers and tinkers turn preachers. Why should journalism be more exclusive or select?

DOMINION NOTES.

The crop of plums is very large in Ontario this year, and a good price is being realized per bushel.

The name of the Rev. D. Lett is mentioned with reference to the Bishopric of Algoma. The Rev. gentleman has been for some years Rector of Collingwood, and is at present Rural Dean. He was formerly Rector of St. George's, Toronto, and is in every respect qualified by his learning and practical knowledge of the wants of the church to hold the office. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin.

The statue of the Queen at Montreal will be unveiled in about a month. It is expected that Lady Dufferin will perform the ceremony. A Mr. T. S. Brown objects to the statue as an unworthy cheap get off for the respect due to Her Majesty. He advocates a marble figure in the rotunda of the City Hall.

Rev. Mr. Smith, of Galt, has received a call to the pastorate of Fort Massy Presbyterian Church, N. S.

Hamilton is all agog for the Provincial Show.

Two attaches of the Japanese Embassy are prospecting in the ancient capital and other interesting points in the Province of Quebec.

Mrs. Harris, of London, received the first prize for the best baby at the show held in connection with the Great Western Railway employees' pic-nic at Komoka.

The Governor General and the Countess of Dufferin will leave Quebec to-day for Toronto, *en route* for the Provincial Exhibition at Hamilton.

The Guelph *Advertiser* says: We learn from our Palmerston correspondent that a serious accident occurred at the gravel pit on the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway a mile north of Palmerston, on Friday last. The train employed in drawing ballast to gravel the road was coming in, the engine backing up and shoving the cars. It was the intention to run the cars past the switch on the main track, but the switch was open, and the train run in upon the siding, upon which stood several loaded cars. The men upon the train, seeing there would be a collision, jumped off, and in so doing James Ranton, a young man about twenty-three years of age, sustained serious injuries, breaking a thigh and a wrist, and having his face badly bruised by falling on one of the rails. Another young man named Geo. Gaalb had his arm bruised, but was not severely hurt. Five or six cars were smashed.

The old Shades, of Toronto, which runs from King to No. 14 Melinda streets, is now kept by George Raymond, whose abilities as a caterer for the public are becoming so well known, that scarcely a ball, supper or dinner would be considered properly got up if his services were not secured; but what is of more consequence to our readers is, that instead of going to an hotel for a meal, you can get at the Shades, a deliciously cooked steak or chop, with potatoes, sauces, etc., for the small sum of 10c. We would strongly advise our readers to go and try a chop. Our word for it, they will thank us for the hint. Mr. Raymond was the starter of the celebrated "London Dinner;" and is well known in England, in connection with some of the principal Clubs of London. Lunch is to be had at the Shades from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.

The London *Free Press* says: A man named John England, shoemaker, residing on Adelaide street, committed suicide on Sunday evening last by taking a quantity of rat poison. He lived alone, having separated from his family, consisting of wife and daughter, about two years ago. They, however, all resided in the same neighborhood, and the latter were in the habit of attending to his comfort in a casual way. On Sunday evening the young woman made him some tea, and upon taking it to him, found him lying on the ground near the summer-house, with his head resting on a couple of pillows. He told her he had poisoned himself; but as he had frequently threatened to do so before, she paid no immediate attention to it. After giving him his beverage, she returned to her mother, and after they had consulted, Dr. Moore was summoned, and administered remedies, but without effect. The unfortunate man expired about two hours and a half after taking the poison. An inquest was yesterday held on the remains by Coroner Flock, Mr. Dan Rattle being foreman of the jury. After a thorough investigation, a verdict was returned in accordance with the above facts. It seems the deceased had been in the habit of drinking, and was no doubt suffering from mental derangement at the time of committing the rash act.

The *North German Gazette* supports the arguments advanced by the *Provincial Correspondez* on the Jesuit bill, and adds that the bill must be received as nothing short of a law of proscription. The limitation of residence assigned to native Jesuits who prefer to remain in the country is really an instrument, and as such a substitute for banishment which is after the experience connected with the banishment of French Communists, considered to involve an injustice to the neighbours. The *Gazette* intimates that such Jesuits as have a conscientious regard for their priestly order will prefer voluntary emigration.

The 2nd of September being the anniversary of Sedan, was celebrated at Berlin and at Potsdam as a *fete*, not as was first proposed, as a thanksgiving.

Col. Clive's Wife.

I.

(Continued.)

He held the letter as he spoke to Harold Clive; but the latter passed it on to Mr. Sartoris.

"You can read it Edward," he said; "I don't feel as if I could just now;" and staggering back, he fell, rather than seated himself, on the bench behind him.

As Edward Sartoris glanced in silence over the letter which had been given to him, Major Anstruther looked with a perplexed expression from one to another of the little group of persons who were standing round him.

"You do not seem either surprised or pleased at the intelligence I have brought," he said, still addressing the prisoner. "I had hoped that this news would have given you mixed happiness, although to me it has brought but doubtful joy."

Then Harold Clive threw back his head proudly, and looked the other in the face.

"Knowing my own innocence, as I have done from the first, Maj. Anstruther," he said, "it is no such great matter of surprise to me that I should find it proved at last; and as I believed in the justice of God, so too I have never doubted but that the truth and the right would triumph in the end. Now, Sartoris, will you let us hear what Philip Anstruther has to say for himself?"

Thus appealed to, Edward Sartoris read the letter aloud from beginning to end. It was a strange, rambling sort of composition; the letter of a reckless, desperate man; but it made two facts tolerably clear to the minds of those who listened, namely, that the writer had fled from Scotland to escape impending disgrace and imprisonment, and that he had not gone alone; for a girl of doubtful character, with whom he was known to have associated for some time, must evidently have sailed with him, as he owned to have married her two days after his arrival at New York. With respect to the details of his flight, it is only necessary to say that he had made his escape, after leaving Clive on the pier at S——, by means of a little boat, which he had rowed there himself and fastened to some of the piles earlier in the day, and which, in the dusk of the afternoon, had not been noticed. The fact of his hat and stained handkerchief having been found, he accounted for by stating that he had grazed his hand severely while descending to the boat by a flight of slippery, almost perpendicular steps, used chiefly by the sailors, and had taken the handkerchief to stanch the blood, and thrust it carelessly into his hat. The hat had been blown off a minute or two after by the wind, which was high; and as he had a cap in his pocket, he had not waited to recover it, but had let it float on to the end of the pier, where it was discovered on the following day. From the rowing-boat he had landed at a small village on the coast, near Aberdeen, and thence made his way across country by train from Liverpool, and embarked on board the Scotia for New York.

The letter, with its selfish, defiant tone, was so eminently characteristic of the writer, that no one would have doubted its having come from Philip Anstruther, even if his handwriting and signature had not been there to attest the fact.

When Edward Sartoris ceased reading, a long silence ensued, which was broken by Maj Anstruther.

He went up to Laura, who was leaning on her sister-in-law's arm, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"This is a heavy blow for you, Laura," he said kindly, naturally attributing her almost death-like paleness to the shock her pride had just received; but something tells me that you will not feel it so much as you would have done some time ago. You have not been quite such good friends with me of late, my dear, as you used to be; but I am glad to see you well enough to be here to-day."

Laura looked up at him with mournful eyes, and repeated her words mechanically:

"Yes, thank you; well enough to be here to-day."

Then the old man turned to Harold Clive.

"I have communicated the contents of this letter to the Governor," he said, "and he is only waiting for proper authority from the magistrates to visit you with the formal order of release. Before nightfall you will, I hope, be a free man again. Now I will leave you; for I feel, to my sorrow, that my presence is a restraint upon you all. It cannot be otherwise, I fear; but before I go it would make me a happier man, Clive, if you would shake me by the hand, and say that you will try to forgive me for the harm I have unwittingly done you."

Generous as he was by nature, there was a sharp struggle in Harold Clive's breast before he could bring himself to give the right hand of fellowship to the man who, for weeks past had been thirsting for his blood. But he was a Christian in heart and life, and had long since learned the lesson how to forgive. Moreover, the sight of the hoary head before him in almost abject entreaty was a more powerful argument than words could have been; and after a minute's pause he yielded. Holding out his hand to the old man, he said, in a voice in which there was little of resentment, but much of sorrow—

"May God forgive me, Major Anstruther, when my time comes, as fully as I forgive you now! Heaven knows I am not so faultless myself that I should be extreme to mark what others do amiss; and, after all, the world no doubt will hold you justified for acting as you did. But do you not know—perhaps to your dying day you never will know—how much harm your cruel suspicion has done, not only to me, but to others besides myself."

With a look of deep dejection, Major Anstruther wrung his hand in silence, and turned away. A minute afterwards he was gone.

The turnkey who opened the door for him, and who, of course, was supposed to know nothing of what had transpired, signified to the others that their time was nearly up; they had only five minutes more to stay.

Only five minutes more! Harold Clive turned to his wife. She had never moved or spoken but that once since Major Anstruther's entrance, and was standing in the same attitude, apparently utterly indifferent to all that was going on around her.

"Laura," he said in a hoarse voice, "my darling, won't you speak to me?"

She raised her eyes to his with a bewildered look, but gave him no other answer.

"Don't look at me like that, little one," he pleaded. "Don't let me think I have broken your heart. Say one word to comfort me before you go. It is not my fault, Laura, that this news did not come an hour ago."

As he spoke he put his arm round her waist; but she shrank away only too perceptibly from his touch.

"I don't suppose it is anybody's fault exactly," she said, in a strained, unnatural voice, answering his last words, "only I am so very tired, and I feel as if I were going to die. O Edward, Edward, take me home!" she cried, breaking away from Harold, and throwing herself half-fainting into her brother's arms.

How *could* she be so cruel? His cup of sorrow had been full enough before, without that last drop of bitterness being added to it; and Edward Sartoris pitied Harold from the bottom of his heart.

"Better leave her so for the present, Clive," he said, as he supported the almost insensible girl in his arms. "She does not mean it; she is far from strong, and all this has been too much for her. Give her a little time to recover herself, to realize her new position as your wife, and I will answer for it, it will all come right in the end."

There was no time to say more, for at that moment the summons was given for them to leave. Mr. Sartoris just nodded his farewell to his new brother-in-law, and then led Laura away without another word; while Phœbe, in deep distress, supported her mistress on the other side.

But Rosa Sartoris stayed behind. She went up to Col. Clive with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and gave him both her hands.

"Oh, I am so very, very sorry for this, Harold," she said. "What can we do?"

He took her hand and lifted it respectfully to his lips.

"You can pity me and pray for me, Mrs. Sartoris," he said; "for it is my wedding-day, and yet I am a broken-hearted man."

And when she was gone, and he was left alone, Harold Clive sat down beside the small deal table in the centre of the room, and hiding his face in his hands, wept like a little child."

(To be continued.)

AN IMPORTANT CASE.

(From the Montreal Daily News.)

GRIFFIN VS. MOLSON *et al.*—In this case there were some forty defendants, of whom twelve have pleaded, six by dilatory pleas, and the rest by demurrers. The declaration contains some 49 pages of printed foolscap. The substance was stated at some length by his honour. It appeared that the plaintiff complains of certain transactions of defendants, W. M. Molson and others, in connection with the Moisic Company, a company which worked an iron mine down the river. The declaration recited the circumstances attending the organization of the company, and the subsequent proceedings. The company, which at first promised well, got into difficulties; and plaintiff charged improper conduct against Molson, alleging that the shareholders were cajoled by him into disposing of the company's property at a very small part of its value. The allegation of the declaration was that this was all contrived by Molson for the purpose of enriching himself. There were also a variety of charges of mismanagement, etc. The conclusions were that the Moisic Company should be held to be dissolved and a curator appointed to it. As to damages, the plaintiff claimed them in this suit from certain of the defendants only. He asked that Molson be condemned to pay the deficiency mentioned of $200,000, money unpaid on his shares of stock. To this action, the exposition of which took 49 pages of printed foolscap, some of the defendants, as already mentioned, had pleaded by exceptions dilatory, and others by demurrers. The reasons of the exceptions are pretty much alike, the principal ground of exception being that incompatible grounds of action had been joined, and that defendants had been improperly sued together by the same action. Each of the defendants seemed to insist on being sued separately. The court was against the defendants on this point, and held that the plaintiff was not bound to make option between the causes of action as demanded. The ordinance cited by plaintiff was favorable to joining together several causes of action. The exceptions dilatory would, therefore, each be dismissed with costs. Upon the demurrers the court was also with the plaintiff. The declaration was not bad. It was quite right to call on the various defendants therein named. Had the plaintiff not served them with process, these people might have intervened. Where was the impropriety of serving them with notice, not asking them to pay costs? The plaintiff just seemed to say this: Come in and take notice of what I am doing, or hold your peace. The thing did not seem unreasonable at all. The demurrers would therefore be dismissed.

A FIJI EXECUTION.

The first attempt made in Fiji to carry a capital sentence into effect brought about one of the most remarkable incidents to be found in the annals of public executions. The Fiji Times, of June 1 furnishes the following account: "A horrible and brutalizing scene was witnessed last Tuesday morning by a number of persons who went to see the execution of the man Franks for the murder of Mr. Thomas Muir, on board the *Marion Rennie*. He had been sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, and was to have been hanged on Monday, the 27th ult., but a gross miscarriage of justice was allowed to occur. The time appointed came and went, but the execution did not take place, for he simple reason that it did not suit the private convenience of the sheriff. The poor wretch, who had by anticipation suffered the horrors of death, was then left in all the harrowing and unimaginable anxiety and uncertainty as to his fate from hour to hour until late in the evening, when he was informed that he must be hanged in the morning at 6 o'clock. Every preparation was made the previous night, the rope fixed, and the noose adjusted. Rain fell, however, and wetted the rope, which was a very thick one, and in the morning it had to be dried before a fire. The time came, the rope was again fixed, the culprit and the hangman were on the scaffold, and before slipping the noose over the wretched man's head the hangman had to sit down and place one of his feet in and pull with all his might to make the knot run; and then after placing it over Franks's head he had the utmost difficulty in making it fit anything like tight, out not nearly so tight as it should have been. Then the drop fell, and when the rope tightened with a low dull thud, Franks was apparently dead for about three minutes, when his limbs began to move and he gave several groans, and then spoke. He prayed of those around him to put him out of his agony, to let him meet his Maker in peace.' Then, through being improperly pinioned, he raised one arm and got hold of the rope and so partly relieved himself from the fearful strain upon his neck. He still continued to beg to be put out of his misery, telling them he forgave them for the 'black job' they had made of it. But the tragical scene was not yet over. One of the officials (the deputy was not to be found), on the impulse of the moment, ran and cut the man down, when he fell heavily to the ground, there not being any attempt to catch him in his fall. Franks was then removed to the prison. Thus ended this 'black job,' which for horror is almost unparralleled. Its effect upon the spectators was such that one strong man actually fainted away. Thus the majesty of the law in Fiji has been asserted. Its most terrible sentence—death—has been attempted to be inflicted and signally failed. The wretched man, after the terrible ordeal through which he passed, has been reprieved. Had another attempt been made to hang him so strong was the feeling of indignation on the beach, we fully believe there would have been a riot. The question arises as to what must be done with the man. He has to all intents and purposes suffered the penalty of the law. Twice he has experienced horrors the like of which no man can imagine, and after being hanged and cut down by the officials surely his punishment has ceased. The sentence was that he was to be hanged until dead, but instead of being so hanged the officers of the law cut him down before death. The man should be free, for it must be clear that the law cannot punish him twice for the same offence. The best way to do now would be to pay his passage out of the country, and be rid of such a fellow from among us. Franks states that when the bolt was drawn and he fell, he thought he felt something break at the back of his neck, and he was praying and thinking of God and heaven. Then the memory of a wreck from which he was rescued passed before his mind. He saw himself cling to the chains till washed away; then seizing a roap attached to a floating spar, and clinging to it until washed back again on deck by a heavy sea. All the details of shipwreck passed through his mind, and then came the thought, 'Why do I not die.' And finding he could breathe he suspected foul play and an intention to torture him by prolonging his sufferings. Then he spoke and clutched the rope, willing and wishing to die, but not a prolonged death."

EUROPEAN NOTES.

The Reichstag will not be convoked this autumn.

The Ultramontane journal *Germania* has been confiscated.

The "Old Catholics" have acquired the use of a new church, namely, the Holy Trinity Church, in Gleiwitz, which has been assigned to them by the Town Council.

Lieutenant General Von Stosch, Chief of the Admiralty, has proceeded to Wilhelmshaven to inspect the naval works and introduce several improvements in the service.

A marriage has been arranged between Prince Albert (Sen.) of Prussia and the Princess Marie of Sax Altenberg. Prince Albert was born in May, 1837, and the Princess in August, 1854.

The International meeting at The Hague cannot be legally prohibited, but the Dutch authorities have assured the Germans that they will vigorously repress and punish any disturbances that may be attempted.

The Ultramontane *Germania* announces that the German Bishops will meet next month for a fresh Conference at Fulda, to determine common measures with regard to recent state legislation against the Church.

The Bishop of Mayence, formerly the leader of the Ultramontane party in Parliament, has personally announced the imminent publication of a polemical pamphlet by his own pen on the expulsion of the Jesuits.

The Jesuits in Metz have advertised their property, movable and immovable, for public sale, preparatory to their emigration into France. The establishment will be bodily transferred to the French soil without modification or reduction of numbers.

A new Panslavist paper entitled *La Slavie* is about to be brought out at Geneva by Canon Mikozevski and the well known insurgent Colonel Wirsbicki, both distinguished leaders in the insurrection of 1833, who have been converted to Panslavism.

The semi-official *North German Gazette* has been sold with all its premises and plant to a committee of bankers for five or six hundred thousand thalers. No change will be made in the editing or political principles of the paper. Dr. Brass remains head editor.

Of the first three and a half milliards of the French indemnity, two hundred million thalers remain unappropriated after the repayment of the war debt. They will be distributed in shares to be still determined among the German States. As they will not be disposable before next summer, the appropriation will be left to the next Reichstag.

The battle field assigned to the great manœuvre of the Guards in the week from the 9th to the 10th of September extends between Berlin and Spandau and includes the towns and villages of Naueu, Ribbeck, Marwitz, Henningsdorf, Markau, Cremmeu, Rohrbec and Spandau. The troops march to their cantonments straight from the great review on the 7th via Charlottenberg and Westend, on the Spandau road. The manœuvre will include a crossing of the River Spree at Pichelswerder.

The *Great Eastern* steamship, lying in the Medway a short distance above Sheerness, is now taking on board some of the new electric cable, which a French company intend to lay from the Land's End to Halifax. About 30 miles of cable per day is received on board and carefully coiled in one of the vast tanks. The *Great Eastern* will not leave her present moorings to deposit the cable till next summer.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

According to the English papers, hopes are entertained that the blank in the centre of the map of Iceland will soon be filled up. News from Capt. Burton states that he is pushing forward over the vast snow ranges in the unexplored portion of the island, and in the course of a few weeks it is expected that he will have examined the chief geographical features of this region, which, it is said, has never before been visited by man.

The London *Times* regards the award as a substantial proof of the genuineness of England's neutrality during the war.

It is stated that the old chateau of William the Conqueror, situated on the Normandy coast at Benneville, was put up at auction the other day, and knocked down for a moderate price. It was there that the redoubtable soldier planned his schemes of conquest, and a French paper says: "The English coasts, which he sniffed from there, though they were hidden from his eye, perpetually excited his appetite." In later days the chateau was used as a prison by Richard Cœur de Lion. Under Francis I. it was a hunting lodge, and now it is a ruin.

A happy couple started on their bridal tour recently from Peoria, Ill, and the blushing young bride thrust her head out of the car window as the train started off and after looking around for a moment or two, suddenly jerked her head back, with a quick exclamation, and buried her face in her hands. Her loving, frightened husband sought to learn the cause of her dismay, and offered feeble consolation. After a considerable amount of coaxing, he elicited the cause of the trouble. The lady had dropped her new set of front teeth out of the window. The unlooked for event cast quite a gloom over the entire journey.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh has composed and published a waltz, named after his old ship. The effusion is dedicated to the Princess of Wales.