On the following morning Mr. Wolfe arrived with the real Mabel Smith; and he looked very much like a ghost when he entered his house; but when he found his wife and his little ones alive and well, he recovered himself. He had been sadly frightened; and the substance of his story was this:

In the employ of Mr Gurney, and vainly suing for Mabel's love, had been a fellow named Mike Ammidown; and he had been turned away for bad conduct, only three days before the arrival of Mr. Wolfe; but yet he had been hanging about the premises, hoping to get a smile from Mabel. By some means he discovered that Wolfe was going to send back home for money; and he furthermore discovered that said gentleman was writing a letter which Mabel was to take with her. From all this he drew his own conclusions, and resolved to make a bold strike. He was angry with Mabel—hating her almost with a deadly hatred; so he cared not how much she suffered. Knowing that she intended to take the first train, so as to spend an hour, or so, with her mother in Lennox, he hurried on in advance; and, with the assistance of a stout companion, who was to share in the spoils, he seized the girl; bound and gagged her; took away the letter; and also took her trunk; leaving her in a deep vault, where the light of day never came, and where she might lie till she starved,—only he promised that he would come back and set her free when he had made the 'lift." From Mabel's trunk the wretch got his dress, and the wig he found easily enough

But Mabel was not a girl to lie idle while she could move; and by persistent efforts she succeeded in freeing herself; though it was well into the night when she had accomplished the work. And then, like a girl of sense, as she was, she made the best of her way back to Danville, where she aroused Mr Wolfe, and told her story. Horace Wolfe had a distinct remembrance of starting from Danville with Mabel, but he could remember little else until he held his wife and children to his bosom; for when he had heard of the fell mission of Mike Ammidown, he knew not what power was to save his wife. Of his money he never thought until all else had come out right.

Mrs. Wolfe had a long spell of sickness as the result of that terrible ordeal; but she had a kind and tender nurse in Mabel Smith; and when, at length, she was able to be at her table, she found that Mabel was as good a cook and housekeeper as she was nurse In short, she really loved the faithful girl; and as for the children, Mabel never had to coax them for a kiss. In fact, they came to buy her favors with kisses.

Mr. Michael Ammidown made no more love to his aforetime *inamorato*, as the State gave him quarters in an institution whence the inmates are not in the habit of wandering for individual purposes.

AN ACCIDENT AT NIAGARA.

Niagara Falls, Sept. 28—A most melancholy accident occurred on the Canada shore of the Niagara River, in the vicinity of the Falls, about noon yesterday. A party consisting of one gentleman and four ladies, all belonging in Providence, R. I., stopped over here awhile on their way home from Buffalo, and, after viewing the sights on this side, crossed over on the Canada side. While their carriage was passing the curve opposite the precipice in front of the Clifton House, the horses became unmanagable, and, as it was evident they would go over the bank, the driver and Mr Tillinghast, the Providence gentleman, jumped off the seat and escaped with slight injury. The horses and carriage, together with the four ladies, went down the bank, however, a distance of some fifty feet. Mrs. Mahala Smith, one of the party, was horribly mangled and instantly killed, and Miss Mary Ann Ballou was so dangerously injured that she cannot possibly recover. Mrs. Tillinghast and Mrs Fisher were badly bruised, but their wounds are not dangerous. The body of Mrs. Smith will be forwarded to Rhode Island to-day and the injured parties will be cared for at the Spencer House, on the American side. The accident happened while an inquest was being held on the body of a man who committed suicide at the same place a day or two previous. The sad event has cast a gloom of sorrow over all the tourists at the Falls. There are rife rumors about the carelessness of the driver, and there is, of course, corresponding indignation. An inquest will be held here today.

Horrible!—The New York *Sun's* Havana correspondent says that when the Spaniards found on the morning of the battle of Las Tunas that they must abandon the battle, they barred the ponderous gates from the outside and fired the buildings. There were one hundred and thirty prisoners, who perished in the flames, not one escaping to tell the hedious tale. Some of them were soldiers, but the greater number were wealthy citizens. No record or list of names, perfectly correct, can ever be found. Fire had raged full two hours when the Cuban columns pushed the Spaniards back, from the neighborhood of the fire. Then all hope of saving one single inmate of that charred house was abandoned. The "Diarto" of a late date, contains the first intimation of the horrible crime. The journals claim that the prisoners were slain in battle, and the bodies burned to prevent contagion and epidemic. As the United States mail closed on the day before the steamer sailed the mails were partially searched by the authorities, but the officers did not have time to open all the letters and a number of bags were not examined.

The above can hardly be credited.

A very melodramatic story comes from Cuba, by way of Jamaica and London. A seaman—an American, born of English parents—was accused of having been engaged in a filibustering expedition, tried, and sentenced to death. Mr. Ramsden, the English Consul, and the American Consul interceded in his behalf, alleging his innocence; but in vain. When he was led to the execution they attended and read a protest, but they were told that it was too late:—

"With this the order was given to the firing party to 'present.' It was the work of an instant, and Mr. Consul Ramsden and the American Consul, rushing with the flags of their respective nations before the levelled rifles of the Spanish troops, and in front of the unfortunate man, shouted 'Hold!' And, throwing the English flag around himself and the prisoner, and addressing the officer in charge of the firing party, Mr Ramsden said, 'Gentlemen as a Consul of Her Britanic Majesty, I cannot stand silently by and see this foul murder of an innocent man It is my duty to protect his life, and if you take his, you must take it through these!'—placing himself immediately in front of the condemned seaman, his eyes sparkling while his manly form heaved with the indignation his speech had so heroically expressed. The American Consul, wrapped in the 'stars and stripes' of the Union, stood abreast, and for some moments the Spaniards stood aghast, the conduct of the two Consuls being more than they could comprehend. The emotion of the prisoner was extreme; he was supported right and left by the Consuls, and the poor fellow shed a profusion of tears from weakness and excitement. A consultation was again held, and the prisoner marched back to jail under an escort of troops, the Consuls supporting the unhappy man all the way along. The *furore* was beyond description. After dark the prisoner was reprieved, and finally shipped from the country through the indefatigible exertions of the Consuls."

Holloway's Pills.—Pure Blood.—As this vital fluid when in a healthy state sustains and renovates every part of the living system, (but when it becomes impoverished or impure, exerts a precisely contrary effect,) it is abundantly manifest that any medicine which does not reach the circulation, can never exterminate disease; but any preparation capable of exercising a sanitary influence over the blood, must with it be carried to every living fibre of the frame. The heart, lungs, liver, kidneys and skin, all receive benefit from its wholesome condition. Holloway's Purifying Pills operate directly and powerfully upon the whole mass of blood, whether venous or arterial; they strengthen the stomach, regulate the liver and kidneys, expel disease, and prolong existence.

THE ST. JOHN TRAGEDY.

The St John "Telegraph" of Friday says:—

The interest manifested by the public in the discovery of the perpetrators of the double murder on the Black River road has, at times, been very great since the remains of the woman and child were found, and their identification and that of several articles of their wearing appearl commenced; but it reached a climax yesterday while Mrs. Crear was giving his testimony. Her arrival in this city and her known intimate relations with the missing sister, the letter that she had received purporting to come from her, and the evidence which it was believed she would be able to give, naturally excited great interest and caused the Court to be densely packed before 10 o clock, a.m, and still more densely at 2 p. m., when the Court resumed proceedings But it was the impression produced on the mind of Mrs. Crear by the different articles that were submitted to her for identification, parts of dresses which she swears she had purchased or made up for her sister, Sarah M. Vail, or her child—her sister's fine hair, of which she was so proud, her teeth, with which witness was so familiar, the ribbons and trimmings of her dress,—it was in referring to these that she became gradually excited to an enormous pitch, her emotion finding vent in bursts of weeping and in frequent lamentations over her sister and expressions of aversion towards her destroyer.

It was at noon that the first scene occurred. The bench where Judges usually sit was occupied by clergymen, magistrates and other gentlemen. In the Clerks desk, just beneath, sat the Coroner; around the table in front of him were the Reporters and Barristers. To the left of the Coroner sat Mrs. Crear, between him and the jurymen, in the adjoining box. In a chair in front of Mrs. Crea, facing her, and only a short distance from her sat Mr. John A Munroe, arrested under suspicion of being the murderer of Miss Vail and her child, and outside of all was the surging mass of absorbed spectators, pressing forward, catching every word of the witness, and dividing their attentions chiefly between her and the prisoner. The appearance of the Court yesterday can never be forgotten by any one who were present. It was when viewing portions of what she identified as her sister's drawers, the pattern of which was drawn by her sister, Mrs. William Olive, the hat and trimmings which Miss Jane Campbell had colored — the crape flowers which were divided between the two sisters and some of which Mrs. Crear still retains, and above all when she was shown the waist ribbon worn by her sister, that Mrs Crear completely broke down, sobbing out wildly, "It is the ribbon which I bought at James Mason's!" "Oh! my poor murdered sister! How could he do it!" 'Take away that dress out of my sight: I made it for myself!" The Coroner, the jurymen, the spectators, all wept, visibly, many audibly, the whole scene utterly baffling description. What was most remarkable was the fact that Mr. Munroe seemed comparatively unmoved. The Jury, unable to proceed with business, had to ask an hour's adjournment of the Court in order to recover their composure. Similar scenes, though perhaps not quite so overpoweringly painful to all concerned, occurred several time during the afternoon.

Mrs. Crear testified that her sister, Sarah Margaret Vail, has been missing for a year. She was unmarried and had a child. The father of the child was John A. Munroe, the architect. This Mrs. Crear knew from her sister, as well as from her own knowledge of Munroe visiting her. The child was born on the 4th of February, 1868, and was named Ellen Mary Munroe. Witness confirmed the previous witnesses as to the child being ruptured, and said she made the truss for it. She swore positively that the truss found with the remains was the one she made for the child. She also identified the dress found as one worn by her sister. While on a visit to St. John, in June last, witness received from the Postmaster at Carleton, a letter bearing the Boston postmark. The following is the letter:—

boston may 19

dere file

i swore i would never let you know how i got on but i am going to cicago in a few days my husband a painter has got a years work i am gone to have another in october the first of the month. i am gettin on bully when i get over it i may com on in the spring. i told him I was a widder. he is teaching me to write i have wrote to john, before we are all well may is well.

Mrs Maggie crandal.

Mrs. Robert Crear

Painter.

Carleton, St john, N. B.

Mrs. Crear said she never believed that this letter was from her sister, who could not write. She always believed that the letter was written by Munroe to deceive her. Mrs. Crear swore positively that a piece of embroidery of a dress and ribbon sash produced were worn by her sister; also identified the hair and teeth of the girl and the child's sontag. Miss Vail did not at first know that Munroe was married. Munroe contributed to the support of the child.

Rebecca Ann Olive, another sister of Miss Vail, testified that she knew of Munroe's connection with her sister, and she was not on good terms with her on that account. Witness identified part of the clothing produced as her sister's.

George Bunker, who resided at Horace Bunker's. Loch Lomond, where the coachman, Worden stopped, proved the two visits of Munroe in the coach, and that he, (witness) heard Munroe say, on the last occasion, the girl and child were at Mr. Collins', who would bring them in. Munroe was much excited at the time, and in paying his bill at the hotel gave a $2 bill for $1.

It will be seen by our telegrams that the Coroner's jury has returned a verdict of wilful murder against John A. Munroe.

IMPERIAL POLICY RESPECTING THE COLONIES.

The Right Honorable Edward Cardwell, Secretary of State for War, delivered a speech to his constituents at Oxford, on Wednesday evening last, on the subject of the policy of the Government towards Canada. He said the general policy of the governing colonies from home was a total failure. There had consequently been substituted for it a policy to encourage them to develope their own power and resources, and stimulate them to a spirit of self reliance.

He showed how successful this policy had been in the case of Canada, and briefly reviewed the progress recently made by that Colony. She already had an army of her own, and such a merchant navy, that, if her people choose to adopt an act passed for the purpose, she might become one of the first maritime powers of the world.

IMPORTANT TO LUMBERMEN.

Before leaving for the woods be sure you have supplied yourself with an ample stock of the Pain-Killer.

If Languid or Depressed from exposure to the Cold, nothing is as good as the Pain-Killer to revive you, the Lumbermen of Canada consume annually hundreds of dozens which is the best argument in its favor. It cures

CRAMP AND PAIN IN THE STOMACH,

Cuts, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Sprains, Swelling of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c. For sale by all Druggists and Country Storekeepers. Price: 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Montreal, P. Q.

W R. Watson, Agent, Ch'town.

DEATH TO WORMS.

Among the many preparations to be found on the shelves of Drug-stores for relieving children of those troublesome and irritating companions—Worms, we are sure none will be found so effective as "*Watson's Scholedion*"—a new remedy, advertised in our columns this evening, and one that may be relied on. Mothers! try it. It is about the most wholesome *Candy* you can give your little ones. 3m

The Sun of Medicine Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.—If you are suffering with disease get this medicine. Gradually but surely it will eradicate the seeds of diseases, and by removing the cause render sickness impossible.

Get the "Rescue of Tulu Almanac."

(From the St. John Daily Morning News, Oct. 5.)

The Storm in New Brunswick.

About 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon a strong easterly wind arose which raised clouds of dust in the streets to the great annoyance of pedestrians, and caused parties having property in shape of vessels at the wharves, to look to their fastenings. Gradually the wind rose till nearly 7 o'clock, when rain fell, not as usual in drops, but in drenching sheets, which compelled all outside to seek some cover from its pitiless pelting. The rain did not last long, but every now and then during the evening came on in brief but pelting storms, the wind continuing to rise till 9 o'clock, Shingles, loose slates, chimnies, fences and small branches from trees, were flying about in all directions, endangering the heads of passers by, whose business compelled them to be out doors. It was in the harbor, however, where the results of the storm were most apparent. By 9 o'clock the water had risen to the height of ordinary spring tides, although it then wanted an hour and a half to high tide, and the sea ran up the harbor like a mill race, the waves following each other in rapid succession, and of such a height as to endanger everything with which they came in contact. The night was dark as Erebus and the full force of the scene could not be realized, but the faint glimmer of lamps here and there along the wharves and slips sufficiently indicated that a dreadful work of destruction was going on The lateness of the hour, the darkness of the night and fearful force of the storm prevented our reporters from gleaning as much reliable information as they would have been enabled to do under more favorable circumstances; still they were enabled to pick up enough to warrant us in saying that such a tide has not visited St. John within the memory of man Taking the lower part of the City, the waves came dasing in upon the Breakwater Wharf entirely submerging it, and breaking with violence upon the Charlotte street extension, and the slips in Lower Cove, where a great deal of damage was done by the lifting of the wharf tops and the scattering of timbers in all directions. The fish-house of Mr. Hancock was destroyed and its contents to a large extent wasted away. Every wharf received more or less injury, the extent of which, however it was almost impossible at the time to tell.

At Reed's Point Wharf at about ten o'clock the scene was sublime, the waves dashing over all the sections and covering the lower portion to the depth of some feet All the top work, too, outside of the Anchor line Wharf was lifted bodily and broken up into fragments which the receding tide will leave in a state of disorder and destruction; indeed at one time it was doubtful whether the warehouse could withstand the attacks made upon it by wind and water. To the left, a schooner, the *S V. Coonan*, got into a dangerous position, being lifted up and dashed on the wharf at every wave, so that the crew had to be brought on shore by means of ropes, taking out also their dunage lest she should go to pieces, and thus they might lose their little all. The water rose all over Reed's Point Wharf, and the Steamboat floats stood up some two or three feet above the level of the pier heads Directly above this the waves dashed over the little wharf jutting out at the commencement of the Water Street Extension, flinging the spray a hundred feet along the roadway and washing up large quantities of seaweed and debris Just above this two vessels broke from their moorings and were carried some distance further up before they were again secured. A number of scows laden with laths, pailings, and boards, were broken up and their contents flung in all directions.

The "Empress" wharf was moved bodily, and the warehouse parted in the middle, the eastern half dropping over to the south, and for a time permitting sticks of timber to batter in its walls, and float through. Loose planks and broken boards in every direction made known the fearful havoc at all the wharves. The vessels had been doubly moored and the precautionery measures taken prevented any great disasters to the shipping, but every wharf visited showed signs of being more or less injured.

On the lower side of Water Street the wash of waves under the houses caused some of the occupants to leave their dwellings, and seek for themselves and families a higher and more secure resting place. A number of families thus went off in coaches.

The Ferry Slip was quite a point of attraction, the floats bobbing up and down, and the ferry boat responsively doing the same, as she was securely fastened just below. The shipping moored at the wharves above and below kept up a constant and dismal creaking, while the roar of wind, the dash of the waves and the rattle of cordage, filled the more timid with fear and dread.

Ward and Smyth Streets were submerged, and the South Market Wharf was floating about as though independent of the solid foundations on which it was placed. Here the stores and buildings were more or less inundated, the water coming up through the floors and pouring in at the doors. Some of the merchants had prepared for the rise of the tide by moving a good deal of their stuff up stairs and raising such as might receive injury, but others less credulous of the story told by Saxby, had let things stand as they were, and found them floating off on their own account. One of our staff went into the store of Messrs Barbour Bros, at the corner of Ward Street, shortly after 9, and found about 12 inches of Water upon the floors, whilst the proprietors were busily engaged in overhauling and placing in safe positions the lighter and more likely to be damaged articles. An hour after another of our representatives as he stepped into the store of Mr. Whiting found himself in about 20 inches of water, and the tide surging about in the most unceremonious manner, but upon getting outside again the wharf seemed even less safe, as it was lifting and falling as though it would come to pieces beneath his feet. The vessels in the slip looked lively enough, and a schooner lying at the end with her bow down stream looked every now and then as though she might go down head first. Just below it two tugs hugged each other very closely and appeared to be doing their best, aided by the strong wind and tide, to float over the wharves.

At the end of the North Wharf the vessels fared badly, being driven with great force against the top pieces, threatening every now and then to bilge them. At one time a report was circulated that the "Wave," the St. Martins packet, with 120 barrels of flour on board, had gone down, but such was not the case. The extreme end of the wharf was battered to pieces by the fore of the waves, the woodwork torn up and strewn in every direction.

A schooner lying near York Point Slip got away from her moorings and fouled with another vessel, but was subsequently got into the slip A man was missed from on board, but whether he had managed to get upon the other vessel or was drowned could not be ascertained.

In Carleton the damage must have been severe and it was reported that the "Acadian' schooner lying in Rodney Slip, loaded with coals had sunk. At Sand Point many people during the afternoon had moved their families and part of their effects to a more secure place. About 11 o'clock there was a rumor that the Suspension Bridge had gone, but it is to be hoped that such is not the case.

The telegraph wires in every direction were prostrated, and we are therefore without despatches from abroad.

The tide began to recede about 10:30, and as it fell the wind also lulled. It had blown from the east, sweeping round to the south and west, and back to south again by midnight, when the fog came in adding a melancholy gloom to the scene around the wharves, as though to hide the destruction, caused within the previous few hours, with a pall.

We heard that the "Empress" had left Digby, but we trust that such was not the case, as it seems impossible that she could live in such a fearful gale, subjected as she would be to the force of a terrible cross sea.

The "Acadia," of the Anchor Line, came into the harbor about half-past ten and safely cast anchor in the stream, near Long Wharf, which must have been a source of relief to everybody interested in her.

What this morning's tide will be like it is impossible to surmise, but no effort should be spared this morning to make everything fast and strengthen those places of importance which were weakened last night.

[From the Daily Morning News, Oct. 6.]

The effects of the storm, as seen yesterday morning, presented an appearance of sad havoc The shore all along, from below the Barracks, up to the Ballast Wharf, is strewed with logs, deals, broken timber, and seaweed. The Ballast Wharf, has sustained great damage, the L section, is completely broken up, and all along the front, is more or less started, the planking, lying in all directions. Messrs. Fishers's new ship, on the blocks, at their yard, on Charlotte street extension, escaped an injury, but, at one time, it was thought, the keel would be forced from its position The Lower Cove Wharves, and Lumber Yards, are in a state of great confusion; deals, lumber, of all descriptions, shingles and logs, being all mixed up together, and the wharves almost totally destroyed. The Brigt. *Rolling Wave*, which was waiting for a tide to take her off, was washed from her blocks and carried ashore in Lower Cove Slip, but with the assistance of two tug boats she was got off safely yesterday morning without receiving any serious damage. The schooner *S. V. Coonan*, at Maxwell's Wharf, is up to her decks in the water, nothing but her deck load keeping her from sinking. The section of Reed's Point Wharf, on the south side of the Anchor Line Warehouse, is all seperated from the main wharf; the planking, is all off, and the logs wrenched apart. The Anchor Line Warehouse, was working fearfully yesterday morning, and it was expected to fall when the tide receded The rest of the wharf is considerably racked and strewed all over with empty casks, boats, &c. Braces were put along the face of the wharf to keep it from going away with the morning tide.

The *Empress* Wharf, presents a fearful aspect, the whole top, having been wrenched from its position, breaking up the timbers, and racking the warehouse upon it so, that it parted in the middle, and fell over upon its side, logs, timber, and *debris* of every kind washing right into it. The end of the wharf, where the coal for the use of the steamer was stored, is all broken up, and anything that might have been upon it, washed away. This wharf will have to be entirely rebuilt.

Close by, and between this place, and the Custom House wharf, is Mr. Lemon's shipsmith shop, the northeastern end of which has sunk with the wharf, sufficient to crack one of his chimnies, and the floors have been lifted from their position. Fortunately, Mr. Lemon, had just got out of coal, and had not got in his fall supply.

The Custom House Wharf has a great deal of the planking thrown up, and the foundations of Mr. McLeod's warehouse, appear to have been considerably shaken.

Lawton's Wharf is much in the same condition, and some of the ships have their sides and sterns chaffed pretty badly. The deals, which were in the scows, lying in the slip, between these wharves, being strewed all over it, and filled up with floating *debris*.

The Marsh Bridge suffered pretty badly from the effects of wind and wave. At this point, the surging waters swept up in a manner fearful to behold, flooding the entire lowlands in the locality, from a foot to a foot and a half on a level. A portion of the eastern side of this bridge has been swept away, and will require immediate attention, it being a dangereus spot, with so much travel night and day over it. The shipyards were washed clean of everything, in the shape of timber, spars, &c. The north side of the flood-gates was jammed with timber, and *debris* of every description. Nearly all day yesterday, a number of men, women, and boys, were busily engaged dragging out the wet wood, and carrying it off to convert into firewood. An old wooden building, alongside the bridge, shifted its position a little, and does not appear over-safe, as it stands at present. The timbers, swept from the wharves, around Courtenay Bay, were driven a long distance inland. A portion of the roof of Scovill's Foundry, at the three mile house, were blown off. Fences, outhouses, and everything not secured and in a perfect condition, were prostrated by the wind

The wharves, along Courtenay Bay, suffered severely. Holt & Nugent's fine wharf, at the foot of Union street, was washed almost entirely away, and Wright's Shipyard, is in a little less damaged state The wharf at Sullis's Shipyard, was lifted on the top of a mighty wave, and dashed bodily against Mr. John Wilson's wharf, and fishhouse, tearing them from their foundations, and sweeping them off, to add to the general wreck. Mr. Wilson's loss is very severe, besides his whole season's fish, the waves bore off a large quantity of fishing gear valued at something near $2,000. Smith's Foundry, Courtenay Bay, was partially blown down.

The Ferry Slip did not receive much injury, more than losing a few piles, but had the tide risen much higher, serious damage would have been done.

Walker's New Wharf, stood the storm bravely, and shows, that it has been well and securely built. A few of the top planks, were, however, loosened, and some of the *debris* of other wrecks was strewn upon it. The old wharf was some what strained, and had some of the planks lifted, All the alleyways, running off Ward street, were more or less damaged.

The South Wharf, was greatly racked, and, had it not been for the new end, which was built on this Spring, it is the general opinion that it, with the buildings thereon, would have been swept away. When it settled it had separated a foot from the buildings. Several of the stores had several inches of water on the floors, but as most of the perishable stock had been moved out of the reach of the water not much loss was sustained. The end of the North Wharf was broken up, as the waves had full play upon it. The schooner *Bickford* lying there on Monday night, had her quarter broken badly. The schooner *Effa*, which lay outside of her, had four of her stancheons torn away, and her side badly chafed.

Robertson's Wharf did not receive any injury more than having some of the planks torn up

Union Street Wharf was left in a bad condition, the inside being mostly washed out of it, and the end having settled 3 or 4 feet. The slip was strewn with logs and wreck.

Hare's Wharf was all afloat, and is covered with seaweed and broken logs.

The top of Fairweather's Wharf was afloat, and the planks were laying in all directions, no logs were carried away. The water rose about 3 inches in Messrs. J. & T. Robertson's warehouse, which had a large quantity of salt in it, and will be considerably damaged.

The Long Wharf is in a very bad state, some of the timbers being washed away together with the planking, and the wharf is covered with logs, seaweed and wreck.

The other wharves beyond are now more or less damaged.

Sand Point, Carleton, shows more havoc than any place around the harbor, as the wind and the tide beat upon it with all its fury. The houses near the Breakwater are a complete wreck, the water making a clean sweep through them, driving the inhabitants out without giving them time to save anything, and filling them full of *debris*, one house being lifted bodily and moved six feet. There is not a house on Protection street as far as the Engine House but has been injured. The names of those who suffered most severely are, J. McCaffrey, Timothy Sullivan, Patrick Brenan, John McGrath, and Thomas and William Clark. Messrs. Glasgow & Black, had a lot of their stock damaged, and the floor of the store is also heaved up. All the wharves, back of these houses, are carried away, not a stick being left. Mr. Joseph Coram lost heavily; three fish sheds, together with a quantity of fish, his nets, some of his fishing boats, and wharf, are all destroyed Mrs. McDougall's, and Messrs. Adams's, Corams, and Littlehale's wharves, are all more or less damaged, and South Rodney wharf has a breach right through it, and is very much disabled. Alll the slips are filled with the wreck.

The Beacon suffered severely, it is completely gutted, and on standing at Sand Point one can see right through it. James Karle, the keeper, had a very hard time of it. He had to get up to the light to keep out of the water.

McLaughlin & Stackhouse's Blacksmith shop is all knocked to pieces, and Mr. Beattie's barn, on Ludlow street, was lifted with the force of the wind, and carried quite a distance.

SUMMARY OF DAMAGES TO SHIPPING.

The Schooner *S. V. Coonan*, at Reed's Point, is in a sinking condition. Bark *Rialto* at Walker's wharf, is very much chafed, and had to be taken to Lloyd's Blocks to be repaired Ship *Beacon Light* had a portion of her forechannels carried away. The deck-load of the *Armanella*, had to be thrown off, she labored so hard in the storm. Bark *Ansel*, lost her mizzen topmast, and some of her rigging. Brigt. *L. L. Wadsworth*, broke from her moorings, at Tilton's wharf, and ran against the South wharf, damaging her stern. Brigt. *Maud Potter*, lying in the Rodney Slip, broke loose, and lost her jibboom, and at low water was aground on the bar off the Ferry landing. Bark *Twilight* had her quarter considerably chafed. Mr. Fisner's Yacht, the *Mary Emma*, lying at the Ballast Wharf, is no more. The schooners *Effa* and *Bickford*, at the North Wharf, received considerable damage; the former had six of her stancheons, and the latter, a portion of her stern carried away. The schooner *Renown*, of and from Parboro, N. S., for the United States, was lost, on Monday night, at Musquash, during the storm. The Captain and two men were drowned. It is also reported that a schooner from Beaver Harbor, for this place, was wrecked down the Bay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

One of the chimnies of the Leinster street Baptist Church, was blown down, and those of many private houses lost more or less of their tops.

A noble balm of gilead tree on Wellington Row, in the garden of J. M. Walker, Esq., which for over half a century, has stood the shock of every storm was riven in pieces and its beauty destroyed.

Many windows of private residences in the higher portion of the city, were blown in, and the caps of fire escape holes in the roofs were carried away.

The Temperance Hall in Fairville was blown down, and another building was blown over against the Meeting House, causing considerable damage to that edifice.

The steamer *Fawn*, on her down trip from Fredericton, had to moor to the shore near Gagetown, where by the assistance of her anchors she rode out the storm, and got down about 9 o'clock yesterday morning. The *Olive* got up to the same place, but, whilst trying to obtain a safe shelter, a portion of her upper works were blown away. She also lay by till morning, and then proceeded up the river. The *Empress* left Digby to cross the Bay, but, Capt. Steen, seeing the storm arising, very wisely ran back, and lay there till yesterday morning. She arrived about noon, and lies at Reed's Point wharf.

The Railway track was damaged in places by the wash of the storm, and the bridge across Jones's Creek, near Moncton, was blown away. Trains did not reach St. John, yesterday, from beyond Sussex, and that is the only place this city has telegraphic communication.

YESTERDAY'S TIDES.

The wind having gone down in the night, there was less sea, as the tide rose yesterday morning, and thousands visited the various wharves to view the wreck, which had been made by the previous night's high tide. It was believed that further damage would result from the incoming tide, even though unaccompanied by a high wind. The tide did not, however come up as nigh as before, and with the exception of lifting the loosened planking, everywhere, along the wharves, we did not hear of any further damage.

At 5, p. m., it was dead low water, and so low was it that boys could walk outside the South wharf, all of thirty-five feet below the point the water reached on Monday night at 10 o clock. The oldest inhabitant was again in request and said he had never seen anything like it.

Great precautions were taken against a further rise last night, and many loose and shaky places on the wharves have been during the day secured. At full tide, however, nothing unusual occurred, much to the satisfaction of everybody.

FREDERICTON.

In Fredericton the storm was quite preceptibly felt on Monday night, though the damage to property was not as great as in other localities. One house, that of a Mr. Aikens, was blown down, but the inmates fortunately escaped unhurt, a couple of the large trees on the Square in front of the Officers Quarters were uprooted and branches broken clean off all of the others, and chimney tops, fences and trees in all directions more or less demolished. The roof was also blown off one end of the Car Shed at the Railway Station.

ST. STEPHEN.

At St. Stephen the violence of the storm, from all accounts, was severely felt The steeple of the Episcopal Church was destroyed, the roof of the Wesleyon Methodist Church flattened, the top of a photograph Saloon opposite the principal Hotel swept away, barns unroofed, trees blown down, chimney tops toppled over, and in fact things in general outdoors pretty well disturbed.

Nerepis Settlement. Here the storm raged violently, very much injuring, if not completely destroying, the substantial chapel which the Roman Catholic worshipers in the locality have for some time exerted themselves to put in creditable condition.

Cork Settlement. Here sacred things seemed to find no better escape from the terrific tornado than other localities. The Catholic Chapel stood in its way, and it was moved down as easily as a stretch of grass by a scythe in the hands of the husbandman.

Along the line of Western Extension. All along the line of road the storm made itself severely felt. In one localty, about midway up the line, whole acres of trees were either torn up from the roots and toppled over or snapped squarely off some four or five feet from the ground and levelled. At Tracy's the roof of one section of his extensive mills was lifted clear and clean from its resting place, and various parts of other sections more or less damaged. At Hart's Mills the railway wood shed was completely destroyed, and several barns were relieved of their roofs. Between Westfield station and what is termed the old Government House no fewer than twenty-five barns are reckoned in the wreck; but though the storm specially favored this section of country, it did not forget other sections, for almost everywhere along the whole line were to be seen riddled, unroofed or demolished barns of greater or lesser pretensions. Near Brundage's Point, the dwelling of Joshua Brundage was levelled with the ground, the inmates having narrowly escaped with their lives.

THE STORM IN NOVA SCOTIA.

(*Special Despatches to Chronicle*)

Truro, October 5th.

Parties who came from Londonderry this morning had to travel by back roads. In many places the post roads are flooded and impassable. Fences, telegraph poles, bridges and dykes are carried away. On Ingonishe Marsh can only get along in boats. In this direction the storm was very severe. High wind and heavy rain.

Amherst, Oct, 5,

Line down hence to Sackville, N. B. Violent storm of wind and rain. Very high tides in the Bay of Fundy have destroyed the dykes. Marshes are flooded, and travelling between Sackville and Amherst impracticable at present

Wolfville, Oct, 5,

Highest tide here last night ever known. Dykes overflowed in every direction, and a large number of sheep and horses are destroyed. The Windsor and Annapolis Railway sustained considerable damage in this neighborhood. Wind and rain very heavy,

Londonderry, Oct. 5.

A violent storm last night—tremenduous tide. The dykes, fences and bridges are gone; a mile partially destroyed. A boat loaded with apples, from Cornwallis, was driven into a potato field. Cargo partly insured. No lives lost. Great destruction of dyke property.

Extract of a letter from Amherst, 5th October, 1869;—

"The whole country from Sackville to the upper marshes, on the Macean and River Hebert, is all submerged—all a sea—buried under water from 3 to 8 feet deep. Eight hay barns, with their contents, drifted of the common marshes, lie stranded on the upland at the foot of Crawford's hill, and elsewhere. Forty to fifty stacks of hay, carried long distances, lie ashore on the north side of the Big Lake, at the Common's head, and lower down on the upland. The price of fodder is likely to be materially effected. The tide is supposed to have been full four feet higher than ever known before. The new railway embankment across from Crawford's hill to Napan's, are swept away to considerable extent—Whitehead's contract. Napan bridge, near Fullerton's, gone. Minudie marshes, all but part of new marshes, submerged, and hay-stacks in all directions floated off. It will be a week before the water will have sufficiently subsided to commence repairs. Nothing so disastrous of the kind has ever before occurred at the head of the Bay of Fundy. It will take many hundreds of thousands of dollars to cover the loss and damage.

Destructive Fire in Antigonish, N.S.

TWENTY-ONE BUILDINGS BURNED—HEAVY LOSS.

Antigonish, Oct. 5.

A heavy fire broke out at ten o'clock last night at the eastern end of the town, on Main Street. The flames spread rapidly, and the fire lasted until four o'clock this morning. Twenty-one buildings were consumed and fifteen families have have been deprived of their homes and household property. Loss as at present estimated is thirty thousand dollars

The following are buildings destroyed: all those owned by Hugh McDonald Esq. M P., all owned by Rodk. McDonald, Inspector of Schools, all the property of James Wilkie, Clerk of Peace. A house owned by heirs of the late P. Power, four barns with hay owned by John & William Randall, a house and barn of Christopher McDonald; house and barn of W. J. Beck (not his dwelling.) There was insurance on his property only. Loss to the Insurance Companies not over $800. Fire originated in a barn, and is supposed to be accidental. No lives lost.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

FROM EUROPE.

London, Sep. 29.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived in Paris, to-day, and were received by the Emperor.

It has been decided to present to the Spanish Cortes the name of the Duke of Genoa, for King.

The steamer at Lisbon brings the announcement that President Lopez has been utterly defeated in his struggle against the Brazilians and the allies driven from every defensive situation, and forced to seek safety by flight. The contest he has maintained for years, has culminated in rout and ruin.

Consols 93. Liverpool markets steady. Corn, 29s. 6d; Pork 110s.

London, Sep 30.

The Empress Eugenie started on her Eastern tour to day.

Mr. Lesseps, the Engineer, has passed through the Suez Canal in a steamer in fifteen hours.

No action has yet been taken to convene the French Senate and Legislature.

Gold has decreased in Bank of England 553,000 pounds during the week.

The London *Times* correspondent asserts that there is but little hopes of a compromise between Spain and the Cubans. The Spanish Government says: Lay down your arms, and send deputies to the Cortes, if you will be as Canada We are willing if you desire independence. Do not say no; the matter will be arranged, but disarm." The Cuban motto is "Nothing by compromise."

London, Oct. 1.

Ship *Themopylae*, bringing the first consignment of the new tea crop, arrived at London from China yesterday. She made the run from Aupier, Java, in sixty-four days.

The reports from Madrid represent that the republican movement in Catalonia and Andalusia promises to deceive the hopes of its instigators. A commission of fifteen deputies to the Cortes has been charged with the duty of reporting on the various candidates for the Throne of Spain.

Political news unimportant.

FROM THE STATES.

New York, Sept. 30.

George Peabody, sailed yesterday, in the steamer *Scotia*, for Liverpool.

New York, Oct. 1.

Roman Catholic Bishop Lynch, of Toronto, leaves for Rome next week.

Mexican papers are agitating the annexation of that country to the United States.

New York, Oct 2.

A boiler exploded yesterday afternoon on the Fair grounds at Indianapolis, while a great crowd were present. There were nineteen persons instantly killed, and the number wounded is at least one hundred.

The barometer at Havana yesterday indicated stormy weather. Masters of vessels in the harbor were directed to make their anchorage secure.

FROM THE DOMINION.

Toronto, Oct. 2.

Prince Arthur and party reached Ryerson, Ontario, Friday morning. He bagged nearly 400, ducks, had a splendid time, and returned in excellent health.

On Friday afternoon the Prince went to Mohawk, where he was received by the Chiefs of the Six Nations in full paint. He was duly installed one of the Chiefs, and afterwards visited the Indian schools. Afterwards he went to Hamilton, where the programme of crowds, addresses and a banquet was carried out.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, October 11, 1869.

Mr. Hutton, Principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Halifax, accompanied by several of his Pupils, has been on a visit to our Island, and has explained to public meetings, held in various localities, the philanthropic object of his mission, and has shown, by undeniable proofs, the great good which his Institution can effect among a very forlorn class of our fellow creatures. Few, perhaps, of those who listened to Mr. Hutton, reflected on the number and magnitude of the difficulties which beset this particular undertaking of Christian charity, or how many centuries had to elapse before fruits such as Mr. Hutton showed could be produced. The education of the Deaf and Dumb has indeed been a plant of most difficult culture; it is, however, entirely indigenous to the soil of Christianity—Paganism knew nothing of it.

That there must have existed among the ancient Greeks and Romans deaf and dumb children, we may take for granted; but we find no mention made of any care bestowed upon them, or any exertion directed towards the development of their natural faculties. Indeed, we would be almost inclined to believe that no measures of this kind were ever taken, from the wonder occasioned by a certain Quintus Pedius, a Roman, who in his infancy had lost his speech, and yet did not remain wholly without culture. If we examine the constitution of Pagan society, we shall discover sufficiently good reasons for concluding, that the Deaf and Dumb were among the ancients entirely neglected, and left in the most cruel manner to shift for themselves as they best could. The two great elements of Pagan society then, were utility and enjoyment. But no utility and no enjoyment could accrue from the education of the Deaf and Dumb sufficient to compensate for the trouble, the pains, and the annoyance occasioned by such a task,—let them therefore use the limbs and the strength given them by nature, to win their bread, and not become a burden upon others.—Pagan society was interested in nothing more regarding them. It was of no importance that these unfortunates, were miserable members of a society which all but rejected them; that their intellectual faculties were left undeveloped, and in a state more resembling the lowliness of the brute, than the nobility of man, Pagan society was too selfish to heed.

Change now the elements of Society—let duty take the place of utility; and let the idea of imperishable happiness, supplant that of fleeting enjoyment—then will the misfortune of a human being become as something sacred in the eyes of his fellow-men, who will busy themselves with the alleviation of his suffering. In a society so constituted, the Deaf and Dumb are not so many machines, destined to labor for the profit of those who own them; nor yet animated beings whom it is necessary to support, merely because they cannot be destroyed; they are, on the contrary, men endowed with reason more entitled to culture that the rest of mankind, because of their diminished means of acquiring it. Such was the light which Christianity threw upon the Deaf and Dumb. It must be confessed, however, that with all this, their education proceeded very slowly. In the first centuries, all that was attempted was to convey to them the bare necessary rudiments of religion. No one seems to have tried to plan a means by which they could communicate with their fellow men. You do find, here and there, in those far times, some instances of a deaf and dumb individual succeeding in acquiring a slight acquaintance with literature, but this is a marvel and a prodigy, and as such is chronicled with much solemnity in the annals of the period.

These instances, however few, and however much isolated, set at rest one important question; it was evidently possible to communicate with the deaf and dumb by other means than that of speech: Teachers were encouraged; methods were devised and canvassed. The invention of printing lent an opportune aid in spreading over a wider area, more just ideas of the mental capabilities of the deaf and dumb, and so the work progressed. It may be a subject of wonder how, in the lapse of so many years, so little advancement was made. But it should never be forgotten in what condition Christianity received the deaf and dumb from Paganism. They were little, if anything, removed from the brutes—they bore the appearance of men, they might be endowed with reason—but what that reason was capable of, was a sealed mystery. Paganism, indeed, held it as a fact that it was impossible to elevate them to the knowledge of anything that lay beyond the confines of the senses. Now, between the eradicating of this opinion from the minds of men, and the implanting of its opposite, that the deaf and dumb are capable of entertaining the loftiest conceptions—the distance is so long that only very many years could furnish the time necessary for its passage. It was effected, however, and then arose the question of how was this intellectual culture to be communicated? In the disquisition that followed, Jerome Cardano in Italy, and Benedict Ponce de Leon in Spain, bore prominent parts. At the close of the last century the illustrious Abbe De l'Epee marked a new epoch in this curious history, the practical extension, namely, of certain and secure methods for the general education of the deaf and dumb. Before his time instruction was restricted, confined to certain countries, and to certain privileged classes of society. He removed these barriers, and extended the benefit to all who might need it. And now the end proposed is, to restore to society all those individuals who, through their organic conformation, appeared to be debarred from entering it, and to restore them as polished in intellect as those who enjoy from nature more advantages. Hence, not one, but many methods have been devised; not some, but hundreds of mute children receive a liberal education; not a few, but hundreds of institutions are spread over the world.

To these noble efforts of Christian men to discard received opinions, and devise ways and means of elevating the deaf and dumb to the platform designed for them in common with their fellow men, a curious commentary is furnished by the writings of certain Christian philosophers. Bonald Montaigne and Condillac, have not hesitated to adduce the deaf and the dumb in proof of some of their least tenable theories respecting human nature. Some writers assert that they have neither memory nor the power of reasoning; others that they are incapable of forming abstract ideas, or of distinguishing between good and evil; but we can afford to leave the complete refutation of such opinions to the young pupils of Mr. Hutton.

LITERATURE.

BLACKWOOD FOR SEPTEMBER.

The first article in this number of Blackwood will prove of great interest to the Philologist, and will open up, even to the casual reader, curious seams of thought and reflection. How it ever could happen that any of the words of a living language should go a-missing, appears at first sight an enigma, yet a perusal of this article upon "Lost Preterites," will make clear the fact that such a thing does happen, and that frequently. The author insists that, "if we really wish to discover the true well of English, undefiled, where the stream runs clear and unmixed, we must look to the author of *Piers Plough an* rather than to Chancer." We shall there find a large vocabulary of strong words, such as are plain to all men's comprehension at the present day, in the Bible as well as in the common speech of the peasantry, and above all, in that ancient form of the English language which is known as the Scottish dialect. Literary men, and polite society, have, it would seem, to bear much of the blame consequent upon allowing these words to escape; and it is neither in the words of the one, nor the circles of the other, that the philologist must look for his lost treasures, but among the uneducated people, where "still survives a large number of verbs as well as of inflections, that ought never to have been allowed to drop out of literature, and which it only needs the efforts of a few great writers and orators, to resto e to their original favor." Here is indicated the beginning of a work, which has for many years been going on in Norway. Many years ago, the Society of Sciences in Throndheim conferred upon a young scholar of ready talent in this department, an annual stipend to travel about the country, and pick up among the the peasantry the strong verbs and ancient idioms which had fallen into disuse in polite circles. The result of his researches he gave to the world in a Grammar and Dictionary of the language of the "Norse Folk." We are ignorant how far the old forms of expression thus rescued, like brands from the burning, have come to be adopted by literary men, and were a like service performed for the many noble Anglo-Saxon words which have dropped out of use, we doubt much if they would serve for better than recreations to the philologist. The districts over which the search would need to be made would be widely apart, for some of the most valuable of the missing articles are to be found in familiar use in the United States.

The second article is evidently from the pen of a writer excellently well informed upon the subject which he treats. The question of enlistment and army reserves, is one of peculiar interest in Europe at the present time. The writer brings together in narrow compass the advantages and disadvantages of the French, the Prussian, and English systems, and gives it as his view, that a combination of the two latter, would probably ensure the greatest amount of advantage, with the smallest number of drawbacks.

Mr. Mill's "Essay on the Subjection of Women," receives a somewhat severe treatment at the hands of a reviewer. Mr. Mill's arrogant assumption that he alone, of all men, has discovered what woman is capable of, and has possessed perception and fairness enough to stand up as her advocate, receives a well-merited reprimand. Indeed, if we believe the reviewer, Mr. Mill's system of establishing his views, would infallibly succeed, would mankind only submit to it, in settling as truths the wildest dreams of the enthusiast. No honest or rational man, he is convinced, can differ from him — he ignores all opposition to his theories, and is even dissatisfied with, and ashamed of his countrywomen, for being contented with their position. "He exactly corresponds to the lunatic," says the writer, "who proved logically that all the rest of the world was insane." The conviction which forces itself upon us after perusing this article is, that it would be a great misfortune for mankind in general, and womankind in particular, did Mr. Mill succeed in reducing his theories to practice.

"A Night with the Volunteers of Strathkinahan," will remind many readers of Blackwood, of the amusing contributions of the late Professor Aytoun. "How I became a Yeoman," or "The Glenmutchkin Railway," has clearly been the writer's model. The sketch, though overdrawn, is amusing.

Old age has privileges; it can be granulous, and repeat its little jokes without incurring severe animadversion, but when it becomes dyspeptic, and casts bitterness on all men and all things, only those who have a prospective interest in it can be expected to bear it. Cornelius O'Dowd is more loquacious than ever, and evidently suffering acutely from temper. Nothing is going right. The Irish Church Establishment should never have been upset—the Emperor of the French is a man without a policy, a clever trickster who makes believe he is wise, while all the time he is only availing himself of contingencies. Small benefactors have been annoying Mr. O'Dowd by putting him in mind of the walking-cane, or pen-holder they gave him.—The Irish Catholic Priest has no right to have a rain proof roof over his head, or even a roof of his own at all—a spare room in a farm house, or a mud cabin with three apartments is too good

DRESS GOODS Cheaper than the Cheapest at J. W. Falconer's.