bits on the quarter-deck, and, passing between Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy, drove some splinters from the bits around them, bruised Captain Hardy's foot, and tore off his shoe-buckle. They mutually looked at each other, and Nelson, whom no danger could affect, smiled and said:

"This is too warm, Hardy, to last!"

This was the climax of the battle. Our brawney sailors, stripped to the waist, their huge cable pigtails dangling at their backs, their skins black with powder or smeared with blood, were running out the guns, loading savagely, and firing fast as the wadded shot could be driven in. The captains were bellowing through their speaking trumpets, the gunners' boys running to and from the magazines through showers of shot and splinters; the midshipmen firing at the enemy's tops with all the glee of schoolboys out at their first partridge shooting. The musketeers in the *Redoutable's* tops fired especially sharply whenever the smoke-cloud cleared away from the *Victory*, and there came a glint of the epaulets of our officers. In the French mizzen-top there was a keen-eyed Tyrolese, in glazed cocked-hat and white frock, especially active. He was a fellow who, after hours of crag-climbing, had known a week's food and profit depend on the one shot at a steinbock, and he did not throw away his cartridges.

At fifteen minutes past one, a quarter of an hour before the *Redoutable* struck, Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy were walking near the middle of the quarter-deck: the admiral had just commended the manner in which one of the ships near him was fought. Captain Hardy advanced from him to give some necessary directions. Nelson was near the hatchway, in the act of turning, with his face towards the stern, when a musket-ball struck the admiral on the left shoulder, and entering the epaulet, passed through his spine, and lodged in the muscles of his back, towards the right side. He instantly fell with his face on the deck, in the very place that was covered with the blood of his secretary, Mr. Scott. Captain Hardy, on turning round, saw to his horror the sergeant of marines, Secker, with two marines, raising Nelson from the deck.

"Hardy," said his lordship, "I believe they have done it at last; my backbone is shot through."

Some of the crew bore the admiral down to the cockpit, several wounded officers and about forty men being carried below at the same time, amongst whom were Lieutenant Rann and Mr. Whipple, captain's clerk, both of whom died soon afterwards. Whilst the seamen were conveying Lord Nelson down the ladder from the middle deck, he observed, careless of his sufferings, that the tiller ropes had not been replaced, and desired one of the midshipmen to remind Captain Hardy of it, and to request that new ones should be immediately rove. He then covered his face and stars with his handkerchief that he might be less observed by his men. He was met at the foot of the cockpit ladder by Mr. Walter Burke, the purser, a relation of the great orator, who, with the assistance of a marine supporting his legs, with some difficulty conveyed him over the wounded and dying men—for the cockpit was extremely crowded—and placed him on a pallet in the midshipmen's berth, on the larboard side. Surgeon (afterwards Sir William) Beatty was then called, and very soon afterwards the Rev. Mr. Scott. His lordship's clothes were taken off, that the direction of the ball might be the better ascertained.

"You can be of no use to me, Beatty," said Lord Nelson; "go and attend to those whose lives can be preserved."

When the surgeon had executed his melancholy office, and found the wound to be mortal, he repressed the general feeling that prevailed. He had again been urged by the admiral to go and attend to his other duties, and he reluctantly obeyed, but continued to return at intervals. As the blood flowed internally from the wound, the lower cavity of the chest gradually filled; Lord Nelson, therefore, constantly desired Burke to raise him, and, complaining of an excessive thirst, was fanned and supplied by Scott with lemonade. In this state of suffering he anxiously inquired for Captain Hardy, to know whether the annihilation of the enemy might be depended on; but it was upwards of an hour before that officer could, at so critical a moment, leave the deck: and Lord Nelson became apprehensive that his brave associate was dead. The crew of the *Victory* were now heard to cheer, and he anxiously demanded the cause, when Lieutenant Pasco, who lay wounded near him, said that one of the opponents had struck. A gleam of joy at each shout lighted up the countenance of Nelson, and as the crew repeated their cheers, and marked the progress of his victory and more captures, his satisfaction visibly increased.

At half-past two the *Santa Anna* struck to Collingwood. When the Spanish captain came on the deck of the *Royal Sovereign*, he asked the name of the conquering vessel. When they told him, he patted one of the guns with his hand and said, smilingly:

"I think she ought to be called the Royal Devil."

The *Bellerophon* had also done well. At half-past twelve she had broke through the enemy's line, astern of the Spanish two-decker *Monaca*. She engaged her at the muzzles of her guns, blew up her hanging magazine and captured her. She then ran on board of *L'Aigle*, a vessel crowded with troops. The tremendous fire soon left only fifteen of our men alive on the quarter-deck; but the fire from our lower deck drove the French from their guns, and *L'Aigle* soon afterwards struck to the *Defiance*. The lower-deck men had chalked on their guns, as their motto, the words, "victory or death." The *Bellerophon* was three times set on fire, and three times the fire was put out, quietly, without fuss or excitement. A captain of the marines, on his way to the cockpit to have his arm amputated, had apologised to Lieutenant Cumby for quitting the deck "for so trivial an occasion."

The Spaniards had fought well, but they, too, now gave way. The *Argonauta* and *Bahama* had each lost four hundred men, the *St Juan Nepomuceno*, three hundred and fifty. The men of the *Santissima*, unable to endure our fire, leaped overboard, and were helped into the *Victory*. The crews of five of the French ships, fought by us muzzle to muzzle, had shut their lower deck ports, and deserted their guns.

In the mean time, Nelson lay in agony and great anxiety about the action. He kept saying:

"Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed; I am certain that he is dead."

Mr. Bulkly, the captain's aide-de-camp, then came below, and, in a low voice, communicated to the surgeon the particular circumstance respecting the fleet which had detained Captain Hardy, but promised that he would take the first moment that offered to leave the deck. The excessive heat of the cockpit, from the number of the dead and wounded, increased the faintness of the dying admiral, and his sight now became dim.

"Who brought the message?" he said, feebly.

"Bulkly, my lord," replied Burke.

"It is his voice," said Nelson. "Remember me, Bulkly, to your father."

Captain Hardy came down from the deck in about fifty minutes, and anxiously strove to conceal his feelings. The friends shook hands in silence. Nelson spoke first:

"Well, Hardy, how goes the day with us?"

"Very well. Ten ships, my lord, have struck."

"But none of ours, I hope?"

"There is no fear of that, my lord. Five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon us; but I have called some of our fresh ships round the *Victory*, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

Having said this, he found himself unable any longer to suppress his tears, and he hurried away.

The firing continued, and the cheering of the men was occasionally heard amidst its repeated peals. With a wish to support his spirits, that were in some degree shaken by having seen the friend he so sincerely regarded, and from the increased pain, the agonies of excessive thirst, and the great difficulty of respiration, Burke said:

"I still hope, my lord, you will carry this glorious news home."

"Don't talk nonsense," replied the admiral. "One would, indeed, like to live a little longer; but I know it to be impossible. God's will be done. I have performed my duty, God I devoutly thank Him for it." A wounded seaman was lying near him on a pallet, waiting for amputation, and, in the bustle that prevailed, was hurt by some person passing by. Nelson, weak as he was, indignantly turned his head, and, with his usual authority, rebuked the man for not having more humanity. Some time afterwards, he was again visited by the surgeon.

"You know I am gone—I feel it. I find," said he, "something rising in my breast, which tells me" (putting his hand on his left side) "I shall soon be gone. God be praised that I have done my duty. My pain is so severe that I devoutly wish to be released. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!"

A spirited, fierce, rapid fire had been kept up from the *Victory's* starboard guns on the *Redoutable* for about fifteen minutes after Lord Nelson was wounded; in which time Captain Adair and about eighteen seamen and marines were killed, and Lieutenant Bligh, Mr. Palmer, midshipman, and twenty seamen and marines were wounded, by the enemy's musketry alone. The *Redoutable* had been twice on fire in her fore-chains and on the forecastle, and, by throwing some combustibles, had set fire to the *Victory's* boom: the alarm was given, and it reached the cockpit; yet neither hurry nor trepidation appeared, and the crew having put out the flames, immediately turned their attention to the *Redoubtable*, and rendered her all the assistance in their power. On the colours of that ship being struck—twenty minutes after Nelson fell—and there being no possibility of boarding her, from the state of ruin of both ships, and the great space between the two gangways, and the closing of the enemy's ports, some seamen immediately volunteered their services to Lieutenant Quillam to jump overboard, and, by swimming under the bows of the *Redoutable*, to endeavour to secure the prize. But Captain Hardy thought the lives of such men too valuable to be risked by so desperate an attempt. When the firing from the *Victory* had in some measure ceased, and the glorious results of the day were accomplished, Captain Hardy immediately visited the dying chief, and reported that fourteen or fifteen vessels had already struck.

"That's well!" cried Nelson, exultingly; "but I bargained for *twenty*." Then in a louder and stronger voice, he said, "God be praised, Hardy; bring the fleet to an anchor."

Captain Hardy hinted at the command devolving on Admiral Collingwood. Nelson replied somewhat indignantly, "Not whilst I live, I hope, Hardy!" vainly endeavoring at the moment to raise himself on his pallet. "Do you," said he, "bring the fleet to anchor."

Captain Hardy was returning to the deck, when the Admiral called him back, and begged him to come nearer. Lord Nelson then delivered his last injunctions, which were, that his hair might be cut off and given to Lady Hamilton, and that his body might not be thrown overboard, but be carried home to be buried, unless his sovereign should otherwise desire, by the bones of his father and mother.

'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton.'

He then took Captain Hardy by the hand, and observing that he would most probably not see him again alive, the dying hero desired his bosom associate to kiss him. He did so on the cheek. He stood for a few minutes in silent agony, then, kneeling down, he kissed his dying friend's forehead.

'Who is that?' said the hero.

'It is Hardy, my lord.'

'God bless you Hardy!' replied Nelson, feebly.

Hardy then left him forever. Nelson afterwards said:

"I wish he had not left the deck; I shall soon be gone."

Death was rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, 'Doctor, I have not been a great sinner.' And, after a short pause, 'Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatio as a legacy to my country.'

His voice then gradually became inarticulate, with an evident increase of pain; when, after a feeble struggle, these last words were distinctly heard:

'I have done my duty; I praise God for it.'

Having said this, the hero turned his face towards Burke, on whose arm he had been supported, and expired without a groan, at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had been struck. Within a quarter of an hour of his going below there were only two Frenchmen left alive on the mizzen-top of the *Redoutable*. One of them was the Tyrolese who killed Nelson. An old quartermaster recognized his hat and white frock.

This quartermaster and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the *Victory's* poop—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, 'That's he—that's he,' and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize they went into the mizen-top, and found him dead; with one ball through his head, and another through his breast.

The last guns fired on the cowed and flying enemy were heard a minute or two before Nelson's great heart ceased to beat. They were his triumphant knell. Rear-Admiral Dumanoir, with four of the van, fired, as they passed, into the *Victory*, the *Royal Sovereign*, and the captured Spanish vessels, to the indignation of their vanquished allies. But the fugitives were unlucky, for Sir Richard Strachan bagged them all soon after.

Our loss in this great and crowning battle was one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven men. Twenty of the enemy's ships struck, but only four were saved. A strong wind coming on that night from the south-west, Collingwood found it impossible to anchor. The Spanish vice-admiral, Aliva, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent back to France, and, dreading a court-martial, destroyed himself on the road to Paris.

At home the greatness of the victory seemed to be forgotten in the greatness of the nation's sorrow. England now felt what a hero she had bred. Not the poorest man in the country but felt the loss as if his father had died. The national gratitude surged over. Nelson's brother was made an earl, with a grant of six thousand pounds a year; ten thousand pounds were voted to each of his sisters; and one hundred thousand pounds granted for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument in St. Paul's. The leaden coffin, in which he was brought home, was cut into relics. As he was lowered into the vault of St. Paul's Cathedral, the sailors, as if by agreement, tore the flag that covered his coffin into strips, to keep till their dying day and then leave their children as heirlooms and incitements to glory.

Nor was the brave Collingwood forgotten. He was made a baron, and had a pension of two thousand pounds for his life, with an annuity after his death of one thousand pounds to his wife, and five hundred pounds to his two daughters. Two days after the battle of Austerlitz the dead body of Nelson arrived off Portsmouth. Austerlitz was a great blow, but it did not make up for Trafalgar. The body of Nelson lay in state at Greenwich on January 5, on the 8th it was taken to the Admiralty, and on the 9th it was interred in St. Paul's, the Prince of Wales being present, and ten thousand soldiers of the line. Thirty-four years before, a thin, sickly boy, the son of a Norfolk clergyman, had joined his uncle's ship the *Raisonnable*, of sixty-four guns; this same boy, afterwards the bulwark of England, was now laid in his sumptuous grave, and upon his grave fell the tears of a grateful and sorrow-stricken nation. Our hearts of oak may turn to iron, our rough sailors to dexterous engineers, but will the memory of Nelson ever be forgotten while the blue sea girdles the chalk ramparts of Old England?

MANADAUGAWA HAMI-KARI SADEKITCHI loves to see his little boy ascend the poles in the Academy in New York, knowing well (the happy old fellow!) that if he falls and bruises himself Grace's Salve will make him *all right* again.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that Mr. Thomas Wiggington, of Crapaud, died on Saturday evening last, having lost his life under the following circumstances. On Friday—the day previous to his death—he was assisting a neighbor to haul a small building, which was suspended on wheels, and while in the act of driving his own horse, passing through or close to a piece of bush, his foot stumbled, he fell, and a wheel passed over his leg and thigh, crushing the bones flat to the ground. He lingered about 30 hours, when death put an end to his sufferings. Mr. Wiggington was a pious, industrious man, and a good neighbor, and his melancholy death is regretted by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and eight children, the most of them quite young, to mourn their loss.—*Isl.*

The want of a good Condition Powder has long been felt by horsemen, which we are pleased to announce has been fully met by the proprietors of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders.

Lumbermen and Farmers, if you would prevent all ill effects from drinking too much cold water in hot weather add to it a little of Blood's Rheumatic Compound, it will warm the stomach and prevent Diarrhœa and Dysentery.

AN EFFECTUAL WORM MEDICINE.—The combination of ingredients used in making Brown's "*Vermifuge Comfits*" is such as to give the best possible effect with safety. Worms in the stomach cause irritation and often prolonged sickness, and can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy, which will be found in the Vermifuge Comfits.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Dear Sir,—I have observed, in a late number of the *Herald*, that the editor of that paper is bringing you, Mr. Editor, to task, for publishing in your columns what he calls confederate news, and threatening the vengeance of the Government on you for giving such information to your readers. Does the editor of the *Herald* think that he is pursuing a very commendable course by keeping his own patrons in blissful ignorance of the important public events that is transpiring in their immediate neighborhood—events that will have an important bearing on the future of these Provinces, and that a number of his subscribers are threatening to throw up his paper, in consequence of his endeavouring to keep them in ignorance of those events. The editor of the *Herald* also knows that Confederation is now an accomplished fact in the sister Provinces, and any factious opposition to it here will be useless; unless, indeed, that he wishes for annexation to the United States—the greatest calamity that could befall us at present. The people in general have not such a horror of Confederation as the editor of the *Herald* feigns to believe. He lives in the City, where he occasionally sees a friend from the country who is willing to flatter his vanity and nourish his ambition, not like those in the country who have an opportunity of knowing the change that even a day may bring about in the views of the people on important public questions; and I feel assured that, if the scheme of Confederation was put to the test of a general election at present, that two thirds of the people would pronounce in its favor. Instead of you, Mr. Editor, being obliged to give up your office, in consequence of giving important information in your columns (as the editor of the *Herald* would have us believe), the Government will have to yield to popular opinion or make room for other men.

The editor of the *Herald*, as well as every intelligent man, must know that the trade of P. E Island would increase by Confederation, and consequently a larger amount of money would be in circulation. The farmer and tradesman would get a dollar where they would now get only a shilling; and, therefore, could devote more of their time and energy to their industrial pursuits. And trade of all kinds would increase tenfold; for there is yet great room for improvement. It is the want of capital that retards the progress of every branch of trade in P. E Island, and that is what any man of ordinary intelligence knows. And I trust that the editor of the *Herald* will give up his opposition to a scheme that almost every man, that is not an annexationist believes will advance the prosperity of our beloved Isle.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.,
A NATIVE.

October 1st, 1867.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, October 14, 1867.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION,

On Wednesday and Thursday last was considered to be a great event for this place. The unpropitious state of the weather was the only drawback to a very agreeable and extensive gathering of people, for notwithstanding the rain, and storm, and bad roads, the people gathered from all parts of the Island to exhibit the products of their industry and skill, or to examine those brought by others. There never was a finer collection in Charlottetown of those things which are usually seen at a Fair and Exhibition,—Cloths, Carpets, Rugs, Flannels, Linens, manufactured articles in wood in great variety, manufactured articles in steel and iron, Poultry, Fruit, Vegetables, &c. &c., were all displayed to great advantage in the spacious Drill Shed, and were eminently creditable to the taste, and skill, and industry of our people. The Commissioners deserve great credit for having promoted so large a collection of articles; and their success, this year, will, we trust, be an inducement to greater efforts in the future.—The show of Horses and Horned Cattle on the second day was very good; but there is no doubt it would have been much better had the weather been finer.

We are indebted to the *Islander* for the list of prizes awarded, so far as could be made out up to Friday, together with the introductory remarks, which, (the editor of the *Islander* being one of the Judges,) enabled him to give a full and impartial account of the whole Exhibition.

(From the Islander of the 11th inst.)

THE EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition was duly opened by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, on Wednesday last. The Show was, in our opinion, under all the circumstances, creditable to the Island, and the Commissioners, we think, have good reason to congratulate themselves upon the success which has attended their labors. The weather was most inclement, and many were prevented from attending. The sum of money at the disposal of the Commissioners, was, in our opinion, inadequate; and they were, to a great extent, unpractised in many details of management, which would have facilitated their labors and rendered their exertions still more successful. It is a long time since a similar Exhibition was held in the Island, and the gentlemen who took charge of the one just held, had, we may say, nearly everything to learn. Nevertheless they did a great deal, and are entitled to the hearty thanks of all who take an interest in the development of the resources of Prince Edward Island. We assume that the people of the Island will henceforth require that a similar Exhibition be annually held in one of the Counties of the Island; or that there shall be an exhibition in each County. In such case it is desirable that the most efficient regulations should be adopted for the management of such Exhibitions. In the first place, we would suggest that all articles intended for exhibition in the agricultural, horticultural and industrial department, should be sent in and arranged, as intended to be shown, one or two days before the opening of the Exhibition, and that the Judges, in each department, should examine the articles exhibited, in the absence of all interested persons, and report their judgment thereupon to the Commissioners, or Committee of management, previously to the formal opening of the Exhibition. In the second place, there should be, relative to several things, a declared standard of excellence; in the absence of this, the decision of Judges must occasionally necessarily be arbitrary and unsatisfactory to all parties. For instance, it is very desirable that our farmers should breed pigs of the most approved kind, and therefore every encouragement should be given to those who exhibit specimens of the better varieties or crosses of this useful animal. The largest and fattest pig exhibited should not, in our opinion, be deemed the "best pig," and awarded a prize, in preference to another smaller and less fat, provided the latter be younger and of a better description. The best description of a pig is that which fattens at the earliest age, and which gives the smallest amount of offal—the pig in which the head, legs and neck have been reduced to the minimum. There are yet in the Island too many descendants of that long-legged, long-nosed race of hogs which, in days gone by, roamed through our forests in search of beech "nuts," or subsoiled the sides of the highways in almost every settlement in their search after the roots of the thistle, and which occasionally, when alarmed, uttering the most fearful cries, fled with the fleetness of greyhounds across the country.

To an agricultural community such as this an Annual Exhibition is a necessity, and we have reason to hope that no future year will close without its Exhibition. Many of the agricultural and horticultural productions exhibited on Wednesday and Thursday last would do credit to any country, and we are satisfied that the emulation which future annual Exhibitions will create, will, ere long, demonstrate that Prince Edward Island is justly entitled to be termed the Garden of British America. Nor are we at all behind our neighbors in any part of the Dominion in domestic manufactures. The woollen fabrics—the production of the hand-looms—although limited in extent, were very good, and no one who saw them could doubt for a moment that we should produce the greater part of the cloth and flannel required by the inhabitants of the Island. We believe that, ere long, we shall do so, and that, forming part of the Dominion, we shall manufacture all our wool, and export the surplus in the shape of cloth. Those who are acquainted with the history of the "Old Country" are aware of the immense value of the wool of England, even in the days of Edward I., and of the evils which then resulted from the excessive export of unwrought wool. Such know also the vast influence of woollen manufactures, at a later period, when the English manufactured their own wool, and furnished large supplies of finished fabrics. The Carriages and Carriage Harness exhibited were unexceptionable in workmanship and finish. The carriages exhibited are admirably adapted for the good roads of our summer, displaying beauty of design with an amount of strength sufficient for any even road. Carriages, if heavier built, would, we think, be found much better adapted for general use in a country where the roads, especially in autumn, are cut into deep grooves, which, when frozen, act upon carriage wheels as do the rails of the street cars in cities. The "*Concord*" wagon is, in our opinion, the style of Carriage best adapted for this country, and one which our builders would do well to copy. We have not time, nor do we possess the information requisite to enable us to give a full description of the several departments of the Exhibition. We hope, however, in due time to lay before our readers THE REPORT which, we presume, will be drawn up and published by the Commissioners for general distribution. This Report will, doubtless, contain, in addition to the enumeration of the articles exhibited, valuable suggestions for the guidance of those on whom may devolve the duty of managing the next Exhibition, and also much other valuable information. It is, in our opinion, a fortunate circumstance that we have, in each county, a spacious building which, although erected to Bellona, appears destined to be handed over to Ceres. Some years ago, the "Great Eastern" was launched upon the Thames. In due time she was fitted for sea, and crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic. The construction and launching of this mighty structure was the achievement of one of the most celebrated Engineers of the age. Enormous sums of money had been expended upon her. The ship was regarded as one of the wonders of the world, but she was universally declared a failure, fit only to be broken up and returned to the Iron Master's furnace. This ship, however, bore across the Atlantic the Electric Cable, that great line of communication between the Old and the New World which constitutes the most wonderful achivement of man, and is probably destined, successfully, to carry other Telegraph Cables across the same ocean. The Great Eastern was necessary to the success of the Atlantic Telegraph. It is not probable that those who designed and built her ever dreamed of her being employed in such a service. The "failure" however, has proved a success, and whatever may be the fate of the big ship, she is destined to immortality as the ship that laid the Atlantic Cable. Our rulers, some time since, when the Fenian excitement prevailed, expended thousands of pounds in the erection of Drill Sheds, with a view of converting our farmers into soldiers, and, we suppose, our Island into a Military stronghold. The excitement subsided, and the great buildings were regarded as so many evidences of the tom foolery of the Executive. The cry was that the money expended in the construction had been wasted, thrown away, &c. The recent Exhibition has revealed the use to which these Drill Sheds are fitted. They are admirably adapted for Agricultural Exhibitions, and were they not in existence, it would be a commendable act on the part of the Executive to order the erection of similar buildings for this purpose.

The following is a list of PRIZES awarded to the successful competitors at the Industrial Exhibition, on Wednesday last, so far as ascertained:—

CARRIAGES & SLEIGHS.

	£	s	d
Best Double-seated Waggon, McPhail & Hunter, Charlottetown,	£4	0	0
2nd best do do John Scott, do.	2	10	0
Best Single-seated Waggon, McKinnon and Fraser, Charlottetown,	3	0	0
2nd best do do do	2	0	0

The Judges recommended to the favorable consideration of the Commissioners, a very superior finished covered Buggy of Messrs. J. & R. Scott, City, the only one exhibited.

No prizes were awarded to Sleighs, the Judges being of opinion there was not a fair competition.

The Judges recommended to favorable consideration an Express Waggon, built by McPhail & Hunter, value £28, the only one exhibited.

Judges—James Warburton, John Brecken, Hammond Johnson.

BUTTER & CHEESE.

Best Tub of Butter, James Howard, Cornwall.	1	0	0
2nd best do., Alex. Darrach, Clyde River	0	15	0
3rd best do., James Currie, West River	0	10	0

CHEESE.

Best Cheese, Henry Hyde, Elliot River	1	0	0
2nd best do., James Farquharson, Lot 48,	0	15	0
3rd best do., Theoph. Crosby, Elliot River	0	10	0

The Butter and Cheese was all exceedingly good, and the Judges found it somewhat difficult to select for Prizes.

Judges—Robert Bell, John Ings and Owen Connolly.

GRAIN

Best 3 bushels Wheat, (63½ lbs.), Wm. Prowse, Royalty,	1	10	0
2nd best do., (63 lbs), Ewen McMillan, Brackley Point,	1	0	0
Best 3 bushels two-rowed Barley, 55 lbs., Albert Boswell, Lot 49,	1	10	0
2nd best do., John Connolly, Spring Park	1	0	0
Best 3 bushels four-rowed Barley, 52 lbs., John McGregor, senr., Lot 48,	1	0	0
2nd best do John McGregor, Lot 48,	0	15	0
Best three bushels Oats, 42½ lbs, Thomas Bulman, Rustico,	1	10	0
2nd best do., 41 lbs., J. McGregor,	1	0	0
3rd best do., 41 lbs., W. B. Tuplin, Margate,	0	15	0
Best three bushels Buckwheat, 54½ lbs., Stephen McCallum, Brackley Point	0	15	0
2nd best do , 53½ lbs., William Prowse, Brackley Point Road,	0	10	0

There were also some excellent samples of Wheat, but owing to their being mixed with Barley, no prizes could be awarded.

Isaac Thompson, of Lot 34, Miller, and John Williams, of Charlottetown, exhibited Wheat, the former weighing 62½ lbs., the latter 63 lbs. to the bushel.

Mr Williams also exhibited a sample of Barley weighing 52 lbs. to the bushel. These individuals being Judges of Grain, did not compete.

PEAS.

Best bushel Peas, Francis Bell, Royalty,	0	10	0

A superior sample of Potatoe Peas, well worthy a premium, measuring only half a bushel, could not compete.

VETCHES—A sample from Government Farm, recommended by the Judges as very good.

GRASS SEEDS.

Best 2 bushels Timothy Seed, 43 lbs. to bush., Noah Harper, Lot 34,	1	0	0
Best bushel Red Clover Seed, 64½ lbs., Noah Harper, Lot 34,	1	0	0
Best sample White Clover Seed, Thomas Abbott, Union Road.	1	0	0

Judges—John Williams, Benj. Wright and Isaac Thompson.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Best pair Harrows, William McKenzie, Lot 48,	1	0	0
Best Horse Hoe, A. Stewart, Southport,	1	10	0
Best Iron Plough, T. Robertson, Lot 48,	1	10	0
Do Wooden Plough, George Seaman, Lot 34,	1	10	0
A Cart, owned by W. Hoar, City, was recommended by the Judges as worthy of a prize—no competition,	1	10	0
A Truck Waggon, by McPhail & Hunter, recommended by Judges as worthy of a prize—no competition,			
A set of Fanners, Alex. Stewart, Lot 48,	1	10	0
Best Mussel Mud Digger, F. Mutch, Lot 48,	5	0	0
A Threshing Machine and Shaker, well worthy a prize, by S Hyde, Elliot River—no competition,	3	0	0
One Bait Mill, by Watson Duchemin, City,	1	0	0
One Narrow Axe, Archd White, City,	0	10	0
One Iron Spindle, do. do.	1	0	0

A Broad Axe and Wooden Plough, recommended by Judges as worthy honorable mention, owned by Mr. McKenzie, of Lot 48, and Elisha Weatherbe, Lot 49.

A Mussel Mud Digger, by David McLeod, Lot 48, recommended as well worthy second prize.

Judges—Peter Robertson, William Scott, and William Miller.

The Commissioners awarded six shillings, each, to the following Indians for Baskets and Butter Firkins, &c., James Louis, Lemuel Mitchell, Mrs. Widow LeBow, John Knockwood and Toney Lud.

VEGETABLES.

Best one dozen Onions, John McRory, City,	0	5	0

A second quality recommended by the Judges, raised by H. Palmer, Esq.,

Best Turnips, John Nichols, Lot 56,	0	10	0
Best one dozen Beets, T. Parsons, City,	0	5	0
Do. do. Parsnips, W. H. Pope,	0	5	0
Do. do. Carrots, Richard Pickard, Royalty,	0	5	0

(No competition in Cauliflowers.)

Best one dozen Indian Corn, W. Brown, City,	0	5	0
Best Squash, W. Pethick, City	0	5	0
" Pumpkin, 39 lbs., Henry Crabbe, do.	0	5	0
" Doz. Tomatoes, Rev D. FitzGerald	0	5	0
" three Cabbages, P. Cahill, City	0	5	0
" " Savoy do , W. Brown, do.	0	5	0
" half-dozen roots Celery, James Robertson, City,	0	5	0

A splendid specimen of Potatoes, called "Emperor Germany," exhibited by Mr Eckstadt, highly recommended by Judges.

FRUIT.

Best basket Cooking Apples, Alexander Campbell, Montague River	0	7	6
2nd best do do Jas. Robertson, City	0	5	0
Best Eating Apples, J. E W. Alleyne, Mount Stewart,	0	7	6
A second basket highly recommended, do.			
2nd best do Donald Lamont, Elliot River,	0	5	0
Best basket Winter keeping Apples, R. Cairns, St. Peter's Road,	0	7	6
2nd best do Johnston Aitken, Three Rivers,	0	5	0
A basket of ripe and winter Pears, by John Bryenton, Brackley Pt. Road, recommended for a prize.			
Best sample Green Gages, Hon. G. Beer	0	5	0
Do do Plums, (yellow) H. Palmer, city	0	5	0
A basket of Plums, by Richard Bourke, Lot 49, recommended by Judges, as most profitable for cultivation.			
Do do Damsons, John Smith, Lot 49,	0	5	0

Best Catawba & White Sweet Water Grapes, samples of each exhibited by Hon. G. Beer, recommended by the Judges as being very fine.

Some superior Citrons, exhibited by J. W. Morrison, Esqr., of Charlottetown, commanded general admiration.

Judges—Edward Palmer, Theophilus DesBrisay and Fredk. Brecken.

BEES.

Best Hive Bees, prize divided between Duncan McCallum, Brackley Point Road, and Edward Roche, City.	1	0	0
Best Boxes of Honey, James McRae, Lot 49, and Theoph. DesBrisay—prize divided.	0	10	0

POULTRY.

Best pair Turkeys, Rooster and Hen, J.R. Enman, Hermitage Grove,	0	10	0

A prize recommended for White Leghorn Chickens, exhibited by W. Brown, City.

Best Spanish Fowls, prize divided between John A. Ferguson, East River, and Angus McKinnon, Royalty.

A prize also recommended for three Hamberg Chickens, exhibited by Henry Longworth.

A prize recommended by Judges for a lot of Poland Chickens, exhibited by John Lannen, Lot 34.

Best Ducks, prize divided between John Monaghan and Janet Thompson,	0	10	0

Judges—Robert May, W. H. Pope and Dr Beer.

TEXTILE FABRICS IN WOOL.

Best Hearthrug, Catherine McRae, Lot 49,	1	0	0
2nd do do W. Frazer, City	0	15	0
Best Door Mat, J. B. Pollard, City	0	10	0
2nd best do Margaret Butcher, City,	0	5	0
Best 10 yds. White Flannel John Matheson, Brackley Point,	0	15	0
2nd best do Mrs. F. Mutch, Lot 48,	0	10	0
Best 10 yards Grey Homespun, Mrs. Fraser, Cavendish (natural grey.)	1	10	0
Best dyed do John Gibson, St. Peter's Road,	1	10	0
Best Black do Donald Ferguson, East River,	1	0	0
2nd best do John Kennedy, B. P. Rd.	1	0	0
Best Shepherd's Plaid, all wool, Robert Robertson, St. Peter's Road, recommended for a prize.			
Best Union Shepherd's Plaid, James Pidgeon, New London, recommended for a prize.			
Best Fancy Homespun (striped) John Matheson, B. P. Road, recommended for a prize.			
Women's Wear, 10 yds. Thomas Taylor, Lot 49,	1	10	0
2nd best do Mrs. McKenzie, Malpeque Road,	1	0	0
Best Women's Wear, fancy patterns, Miss Anderson,	1	10	0
2nd do do John McNeill, New Perth,	1	0	0
Best Gent's Plaid, Jos. Kennedy, B. P. Road,	1	0	0
2nd do do James Pidgeon, New London,	0	10	0
Best Woman's Shawl, Miss Lane, Dunstaffnage,	1	0	0
2nd best do Mary Beers, Lot 50,	0	10	0
Best Horse Rugs, pair, Miss Anderson,	1	0	0
2nd do do Noah Harper, Suffolk,	0	15	0
A Horse Rug exhibited by George Nisbet New Glasgow, highly recommended for a prize			
Best pair Blankets, Miss Jessie McBeath, Lot 34,	1	0	0
Best 10 yards Drugget, Anastatia MacAulay, Tracadie,	1	0	0
2nd best do Robert Robertson, St. Peter's Road,	0	15	0
Best piece Fancy Shirting, Peter McLeod, Wood Islands,	1	0	0
2nd best do Mrs. Balderson, New Wiltshire,	0	15	0
Best Knit Drawers, John Nelson, Elliot River,	0	10	0
Best Shirting, Miss Lane, Dunstaffnage,	0	10	0
Best three pairs Socks, Miss Mary Ann Higgins,	0	5	0
2nd do Margaret McLean,	0	3	0
Best three pairs Stockings, Mrs. Burnett, St. Peter's Road,	0	5	0
2nd best recommended,—Miss Bryenton, B P Road.			
Best Winter Gloves, George Weatherbie, Lot 49,	0	5	0
Best Mitts, Mrs. Burnett, St. Peter's Rd.	0	5	0
Best Collection of Knit Work, to be divided between Mrs. R. Munn, Wood Islands, and Mrs. Eckstadt, City.			
Best sample Grain Sacks, W. Scott, Lot 34,	0	10	0
Best Flour Bags, exhibited by Mrs. Martin Power, Lot 48, recommended for a prize.			
Best half-dozen Towels, Mrs. J. Scott, Springfield,	0	10	0
Half dozen Towels, finest, recommended for a prize, exhibited by Lawrence Murphy, South Shore.			
Best Table Cloth, Lawrence Murphy, South Shore,	0	10	0
Best pair Linen Sheets, Mrs. R. Robertson, St Peter's Road.	0	10	0
2nd best, exhibited by Mrs. J. Scott, Springfield, recommended for a prize.			
Best Linen Ticking, exhibited by Alex. McBeath, recommended for a prize.			

Judges—James DesBrisay, Daniel Davies and William Brown.

HORSES.

Best Entire Horse of any age or breed, Daniel Sinnott, Morell	£2	10	0
2nd best do Alex. Martin, Dundas	1	10	0
Best Entire Cart Horse, W. W. Walker, Lot 19,	2	10	0
2nd best do J. Campbell, Belfast,	1	10	0
Best Mare with her Foal, Geo. Tweedy, Lot 49,	2	10	0
2nd best do Hon. J. Longworth.	1	10	0
Best Filly under 3 years old, Hon. J. C. Pope,	2	0	0
2nd best do John McCallum,	1	0	0
Best Blood Filly, Alex. McKinlay, North River,	2	0	0
2nd best do James Saunderson, Winsloe Road.	1	0	0
Best Entire Blood Colt, 2½ years of age, Patrick Reid, Hope River, Lot 22	2	0	0
2 do do Chas. Coffin, Savage Harbor	1	0	0

The following were recommended by the Judges as worthy of Prizes.—

1 Cart Filly, Wm Rattray,	1	0	0
1 Blood Filly, shown by Duncan Stewart	1	0	0

Judges—Henry Palmer, William Swabey, and Thomas Rodd.

CATTLE.

Best Bull under 3 years old, Stephen Bovyer, Esq., Lot 48,	£2	0	0
2nd best do. A. McKinlay, Esq. North River.	1	10	0
Best Bull of any age, any breed, Edmund Horne, Winsloe Road,	2	0	0
2nd best do. do. Alfred LePage, Royalty,	1	10	0
Best Cow in Milk, Hon. George Beer,	2	0	0
2nd best do. W. Swabey, Esq., City,	1	10	0
Best Heifer in Calf or Milk, under 3 years old, Hon. George Coles,	2	0	0
2nd best do do George Lewis, Royalty,	1	10	0
Best Yearling Heifer, Rev. A. McDonald, St. Dunstan's,	2	0	0
2nd best do George Lewis, Royalty,	1	10	0
Best fat Cow, P. Blake, City,	1	10	0

The Judges also beg to recommend to the favorable consideration of the Committee,

1 yearling Heifer belonging to Henry Longworth, Esq., Royalty.
1 Bull Calf do. do., W. Weldon, City.
1 2 year old ox, do. do. P. Blake, do.

Judges—Hon. J. C. Pope, John M. Johnston, William Mutch.

FISH.

Best barrel Mackerel, I. C. Hall, Esq.,	2	0	0
Best ½ do. do. I. C. Hall, Esq.,	1	10	0

½ barrel mackerel, exhibited by A MacNeill, City, recommended by Judges as worthy of a 2nd prize.

1 sample Oysters, no competition.
1 do. Lobsters, no competition.

Judges—George M. Price, J. McKenna.

The list of Prizes for Harness, Robes, Leather, miscellaneous articles, &c., will appear in our next—for want of space they are crowded out. Any inaccuracies in above will then be corrected.

LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The Steamship *Cuba*, which arrived at Halifax on Sunday night, 6th inst., has brought us the details of the important intelligence of which we had a meagre notice by the Atlantic Cable. We refer our readers to the accounts of the Fenian outrage at Manchester. It is marvellous that such a movement as Fenianism could make any progress any where, in America or Ireland, but it is a still greater wonder to see it rearing its diabolical head in the very heart of the empire, where, though it may do a little mischief, it is quite sure to be crushed out most speedily and effectually. Nothing can more thoroughly demonstrate the fool-hardiness of the whole Fenian conspiracy than every public exhibition it has made.

The revolutionary party in Italy seem determined to give a great deal of trouble. The red-shirted filibuster Garibaldi, who leads the revolutionists, whose object it is to wrest Rome from the Pope, has, indeed, been put under restraint by the so-called King of Italy; but as this ambitious Prince is well known to sympathise with Garibaldi's movement, if he does not secretly encourage it, we may feel sure that the revolutionary leader will have but a very short imprisonment. The French Emperor is now the only determined protector upon whom the Holy Father can rely. Very frail is one human life at best, especially as Napoleon is now verging to old age, and surrounded by secret enemies; but should the threatened war between France and Prussia break forth—and the latter power is evidently eager for the fray—France will no longer be able to continue an armed protectorate in and around Rome. The temporal power of Pope Pius would, therefore, seem to be of a frail tenure; and should his power cease, we believe the Pope's subjects will discover when too late that they have made a great mistake in exchanging the mild sway of the venerable Pontiff for the rule of the blood-thirsty filibusters under Garibaldi, or the grinding despotism which Victor Emmanuel resorts to, in order to maintain his own ill-gotten power. There seems to be but little doubt that stirring events will mark the close of the present year in Europe, and every mail from that quarter will henceforth be examined with much interest.

Our readers are aware that England is about commencing another of those little wars at a great distance from home, for which she has become famous in history—which has brought her small honour and an immense outlay of life and treasure. A black potentate named Theodore, King of Abyssinia, has committed grave outrages on English subjects found in his dominions, holding them, without cause, in captivity for a long period. Great Britain proposes to punish the black rascal by sending out to Abyssinia a very considerable army and fleet. We have very little doubt that Theodore will be brought to intense grief; but there is much reason to apprehend that the English army and navy will suffer terribly before they can get a firm footing on the theatre of war in North Eastern Africa.—Want of space this week forbids our giving a detailed account of the Abyssinian expedition, but in our next we hope we shall be able to make up for this deficiency.

FROM EUROPE.

R. M. S. *Cuba*, from Liverpool 28th ult., and Queenstown 29th, arrived at Halifax shortly before midnight on Sunday, 6th inst. The papers contain but little news in addition to what has been received by telegraph. A London paper says that the Queen intends to prolong her sojourn at Balmoral until the 25th of October.

An extraordinary session of Parliament will in all likelihood be held in November, for the purpose of voting the money necessary to cover the cost of the Abyssinian expedition.

It would appear from all accounts that the authorities have completely stamped out the cattle plague, as not a single case has been reported in Great Britain during the last fortnight.

The Princess of Wales continues to make such progress towards recovery as may almost be said to exceed the expectations of those who were most sanguine of a cure.—She improves daily, and is constantly gaining more use of the limb. And if any one still hesitate to believe the news, which some may think too good to be true, we may possibly lessen their doubts by a few words more. So much better is the patient that the attendance of Mr. Paget is thought no longer necessary.

There is later news of the Abyssinian captives. On the 27th July they were all well, and well treated. The King's conduct towards them is described as "cold and indifferent." They were still at Magdala. All direct communication with the coast has been entirely cut off.

It appears by intelligence from Stockholm that the state of the health of the King of Sweden is such as to give rise to the most serious apprehension. His Majesty has taken a warm interest in the fate of Northern Schleswig, and during his stay in Paris and Berlin, it is understood, he sought to influence the minds of the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Prussia on behalf of the inhabitants of Schleswig.

According to the new penal law of Austria, corporal punishment and the use of irons are abolished. Henceforth the judges will have the power to substitute the sentence of imprisonment for life for that of capital punishment.

No less than 33,687 passengers have crossed in August from England to France, from Dover to Calais alone. Between April 1st, the opening day of the gigantic fair, until August 31, 110,146 passengers passed through the town of Calais, Pariswards, and this month the flow is in no wise diminished.

THE HARVEST IN ENGLAND.

The London *Economist* devotes an article to this topic. After some introductory observations, the following opinions are expressed: "It must be recollected that the wheat crop in many parts of the country and on an average farms came through the last winter with a thin plant; that the blooming season was not favorable; and that, though we have had some very hot weather in August as well as in September, we have also had some very heavy rains, and that at no great intervals. Indeed, our climate this year has almost justified the reproach that the summer is made up of secessions of three hot days and a thuderstorm. Our own observations, too, made in the Midland counties—where, however, the general management of very fertile arable land is not always first-rate—leads to the conclusion that the majority of the wheat crops will be deficient in quantity; though it is certain that during the ten days that preceded the unusually late harvest in the Midlands, the improvement in the character of the crops was unexpectedly great, and when cut they had a very bright and good color. And the harvest has been late, and the corn when cut has sustained whilst in the field some heavy and drenching storms; there has been none of that perpetual rain which last year did so much injury. Where there has been ordinary judgment and activity, there has been no great portion of the grain seriously damaged. The quality, then, will be good, and all accounts agree that the new wheats have yeilded badly.

ITALY.

The excitement in Italy is unabated. The Italian journals speak of a meeting of Garibaldian officers at Florence, at which an insurrectionary movement at Rome was spoken of as certain immediately the Garibaldians reached the frontier, and say it was decided that the enterprise on their part should be entered upon as soon as possible, the exact date and means at present being kept a secret. We have also a report of a meeting between Ratazzi and Garibaldi.—The latter told the Minister that as the Italian Government was fettered by the September Convention, the Roman question must be settled by volunteers. The Minister declared to the General that the Government were resolved to prevent the passage of the frontier at any cost; when Garibaldi replied with warmth, that any compromise with Rome was worse than absurd; that the expedition of which he was the representative had no object against the flag saluted by the whole of Italy; and that all that was desired was to plant that flag in the Capitol. Letters from Bologna speak of great agitation in the barracks, and of the despatch of fresh soldiers to the Pontifical frontiers. Fresh troops have been despatched to the Papal frontier. Advices received at Florence from Rome announce that the Roman police are making many arrests. The greater part of the Pontifical troops, with the exception of the garrisons of Viterbo and Civita Vecchia, are concentrated at Rome. The *Italian Gazette* affirms that the Italian Government has received from the representatives of England and Prussia an assurance of the strong disapproval which is felt by those Powers of any project against Rome.

The speculation as to what the Italian Government would do with Garibaldi is removed by the gratifying announcement which is made on the authority of advices from Genoa, that he has been conveyed to Caprera on board a Government vessel. Thus the danger which his continued imprisonment would have occasioned has been promptly removed. His arrest appears to have paralysed his supporters in Rome, no movement whatever having taken place in the Papal territories.

FENIANISM.

There is no doubt but that the various ramifications of this treason are spread much wider and have taken root more deeply than people in general imagined. Writing on Monday, the 23rd ult., the special correspondent of a London paper says:—

"Arrests continue to be made, and it is satisfactory to note that out of the motly crew of 'suspects' some three or four are men who are clearly identified as leading participators in Fenian proceedings, if not in the actual outrage of last Wednesday. There have been nine prisoners examined to-day, of whom one is a powerful fellow, more than six feet in height by an inch or two; and it seems that he managed to keep a strong party of police at bay for a quarter of an hour by his vigorous use of a large saw. This man, whose name is John Francis Nugent, has been identified by two constables as one of the most active and determined assailants in the Hyde road affair. A letter found on him, when he was captured in a house in Buckley-street, Rochdale-road, at three o'clock on Saturday morning, congratulates him on a certain heroic escape from the Saxon bluecoats and informers. Fenian prisoners are fairly entitled to a good deal of congratulation in the matter of prison breaking, and of escapes from the clutches of policemen. It is not exactly clear whether Nugent's friendly correspondent refers to an escape sometime since in Ireland, or to the escape last Wednesday. Assuming the latter occurrence to have been in the writer's mind, he was a little premature in his rejoicing. It would be well if there were more hopeful prospects of seeing the two men Kelly and Deasy standing in the dock where Nugent and his companions stood to-day. Of all the escapes which Fenians have accomplished among them, not even excepting the escape of Stephens, their "head centre," none has been so nicely calculated to afford Fenianism the bad prestige its leaders are longing for as the escape of the two men who were rescued by open force in the broad daylight, and in a populous neighborhood of Manchester. The mere fact of these men making good their enlargement from custody, even for as long a space of time as five or six days, will be a boast in the mouths of their comrades, and a lever to the progress of their cause."

FRIGHTFUL FENIAN OUTRAGE IN MANCHESTER.

ARREST OF COLONEL KELLY AND CAPTAIN DEASEY—ATTACK UPON THE POLICEMEN BY ARMED MEN, AND RESCUE OF THE PRISONERS—ONE MAN KILLED.

The Manchester police, about a week ago, apprehended two men, who spoke with Irish American accent, and who were loitering about the streets in a suspicious manner, at between 3 and 4 in the morning. They claimed to be American citizens. They were supposed to be plotting the robbery of a shop, and on being taken into custody offered great resistance, trying to get their hands in their pockets, where each had a loaded revolver. They were brought up under the Vagrant Act, and remanded. From communications with the Irish police, some of whom have visited Manchester, it was found that these men were the notorious Fenians known as Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey. The announcement that they would be brought up before the police magistrates on Wednesday created an almost incredible amount of public excitement. Long before the doors of the police-court were opened, the approaches were besieged by crowds of the lower class of Irish, who appeared to manifest a strong sympathy for the prisoners. The interior of the Court, too, was also crowded. They were entered on the police sheet by the names of John Whyte and Martin Williams, and were charged with being "in Oak-street, Smithfield-market, with firearms in their possession, for an unlawful purpose." The first witness called was Sergeant Brear, the constable who apprehended them. He said that he saw the prisoners, with two other men, loitering about the town between three and four o'clock in the morning, and that their singular and suspicious mevements had led him to get assistance, and take them into custody. They made great resistance, and tried to get their hands in their pockets, in which were afterwards found loaded pistols. They spoke, he said, with an American accent, and said that they were American citizens. Witness, however, took them to the police-station, and charged them under the Vagrant Act. Mr. Inspector Williams, the chief officer of the metropolitan police force, here said: I have to apply to your worship for a remand in this case for a week. There are warrants out against the two prisoners—Williams, who is Colonel Kelly, and the other, Whyte, who is Captain Deasey—both of whom were concerned in the Fenian rising last year. Mr. Nuttall, solicitor, said he appeared in behalf of the prisoners, and did not wish to oppose the application for a remand. Mr. Ernest Jones had been specially retained for the defence, but that gentleman being away in Scotland the remand was more desirable than otherwise. The Magistrates at once complied with the application, and the prisoners were remanded for a week. They were placed in a cell with a view to removal to the city gaol, Bellevue. About three o'clock the van was drawn up in front of the police court to remove all the prisoners to gaol, and among them the two Fenians. At this time the police noticed two men hanging about whom they suspected to be Fenians, and a policeman made a rush at one of them to arrest him, in which he succeeded, but not till the man had drawn a dagger and attempted to stab him. The blow was avoided. The other suspected person made his escape. In consequence of this Kelly and Deasey were put in irons before being taken to the van. When the van left the city it had to proceed over Ardwick-green and along Hyde-road, a fine open street, leading to the gaol, and nearly a mile in length; it was drawn by two horses, and was guarded behind by seven policemen. The van had proceeded about half a mile up this road when, on passing under the viaduct which carries the London and North-Western Railway across, with an open field on the right, a volley of shots were fired at it. The policemen, not seeing where the shots came from, dropped off the van and spread themselves out wide. There was then a rush of 30 to 40 Irishmen upon the police and upon the van. One man had a hatchet, another a hammer, and a third a bayonet, with which they set to work to break open the van. One man took a revolver and fired it into the lock. Ultimately men with large stones—one of them of 100 lb. weight—broke through the top of the van and the panels of the door behind, and set all the prisoners, including the Fenians, at liberty. The policemen collected in a body and made a rush to prevent the prisoners being liberated, but several revolvers were discharged among them, and one constable was shot over one of his eyes, causing the eye to protrude, and was taken to the infirmary. Sergeant Brett was shot. The ball passed through his head and lodged in his hat. William Onuara Allen, said to have fired the fatal shot, was chased and taken. Detective Bromley re-