The Herald.

VOL. IV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, AUGUST 26, 1868. NO. 45.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

at his Office, Queen Street.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0

" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR AUGUST.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON, 3d day, 7h. 39m., morn., N. W.
LAST QUARTER, 11th day, 8h. 16m., morn., N. E.
NEW MOON, 18th day, 0h. 59m., morning, N.
FIRST QUARTER, 24th day, 8h. 34m., even., S. W.

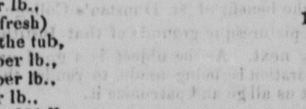
DAY MONTH	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets.	DAY'S LENGTH
		h m		h m	h m	h m
1	Saturday	4 47	7 25	9 33	3 17	14 36
2	Sunday	48	24	10 18	rises.	35
3	Monday	49	23	11 16	7 26	34
4	Tuesday	50	22	11 57	7 59	32
5	Wednesday	51	21	even.	8 26	30
6	Thursday	52	19	0 47	8 56	27
7	Friday	53	17	1 24	9 21	24
8	Saturday	54	15	2 7	9 49	21
9	Sunday	55	14	2 51	10 17	19
10	Monday	56	13	3 36	10 50	17
11	Tuesday	57	11	4 25	11 23	14
12	Wednesday	59	10	5 16	morn.	11
13	Thursday	5 0	9	6 10	0 6	9
14	Friday	1	7	7 4	1 0	6
15	Saturday	2	5	7 59	2 0	3
16	Sunday	3	4	8 47	3 5	1
17	Monday	4	2	9 33	sets.	13 58
18	Tuesday	5	0	10 28	7 26	55
19	Wednesday	6	6 58	11 58	8 2	52
20	Thursday	7	57	morn.	8 36	50
21	Friday	8	56	0 6	9 6	48
22	Saturday	9	54	0 49	9 43	46
23	Sunday	10	52	1 39	10 16	42
24	Monday	12	50	2 30	10 53	38
25	Tuesday	13	49	3 27	11 36	36
26	Wednesday	14	47	4 26	morn.	33
27	Thursday	15	45	5 27	0 24	30
28	Friday	17	43	6 28	1 6	26
29	Saturday	18	41	7 54	2 2	23
30	Sunday	19	39	8 52	2 54	20
31	Monday	21	37	9 38	3 48	16

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, August 21, 1868.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.	3½d to 7d
Do by the quarter.	3½d to 5d
Pork, (carcass)	3½d to 5½d
Do (small)	5d to 8d
Mutton, per lb.,	4d to 6d
Lamb per lb.	4d to 6d
Veal, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	6d to 7d
Butter, (fresh)	1s to 1s 1d
Do by the tub,	10d to 1s
Cheese, per lb.,	3d to 5d
Tallow, per lb..	9d to 10d
Lard, per lb..	
Flour, per 100 lbs.,	24s to 25s
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs..	18s to 21s
Eggs, per dozen,	10d to 1s
Grain.	
Barley, per bushel,	5s to 6s 6d
Oats per do.,	3s 6d
Vegetables.	
Green Peas, per quart	6d to 7d
Potatoes, per bushel,	2s to 2s 6d
Do new per peck,	8d to 1s
Turnips per doz.	6d to 10d
Poultry.	
Geese,	none
Turkeys, each,	4s to 7s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Chickens per pair,	1s 6d to 3s
Ducks per pair,	3s
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	2s 6d to 3s 6d
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s 'o 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	50 to 60s
Straw, per cwt	2s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover Seed, per lb.,	
Homespun, per yard,	4s to 6s
Calfskins, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Hides, per lb.,	4d
Wool,	1s 6d to 2s
Sheepskins,	1s3d to 1s 6d
Apples, per doz.,	6d to 9d
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.



A. HERMANS,

GUN-SMITH,

BELL-HANGER AND TIN-SMITH.

BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has again commenced Busines on Dorchester Street, next door to the Reading Room Building, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line with neatness and despatch.

ON HAND,

A neat assortment of Tinware, Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c.

including the patent BON TON COFFEE POT, which received the Gold *Medal* Prize, at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Also, BON TON LANTERNS, which will surpass everything in the *Market*, and suitable for either Farm use or on board Vessels.

A few WATER COOLERS on hand, which together with a large variety of other Stock will be sold cheap for Cash.

Mr. HERMANS is Agent for SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE, a new, economical and superior article used in washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent is guaranteed, and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of Laundry Maids, &c.

Ch'town, July 24, 1867. - 3

THE OLD FAVOURITE HOSPITABLE BOARDING HOUSE,

At The Head Of St. Peter's Bay.

ESTABLISHED by the late John Sutherland, Esq., is now opened for the accommodation of travellers, and the Proprietor solicits a share of Public Patronage. No trouble or expense will be spared to make visitors comfortable.

ANTHONY McCORMACK.

Head of St. Peter's Bay, June 17, 1868.

RONALD McDONALD,

Commission Merchant, Auctioneer,

AND

COLLECTING AGENT.

Souris, Jan'y 2, 1868. 1v

CORNS & WARTS

Are Permanently and Effectually Cured by the use of

ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT.

For Sale by

W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Dec. 13, 1867.

R. REDDIN,

Attorney and Barrister at Law,

CONVAYNCER, &c.

Office,---Great-George St., Charlottetown.

(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)

August 22,1866. E tf

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of

ALLEY & DAVIES,

Office - - - - O'Halloran's Building,

Great George Street.

GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES.

Oct. 23, 1867. tf

KING STREET.

NEAR WELSH AND OWEN'S OFFICE.

THE Subscriber returns thanks for past favors, and begs leave to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has on hand a

Large Stock of Ready-made Men's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, Women's Balmoral, Elastic Side, and other Boots.

ALSO, 250 PAIRS

Children and Misses Boots,

which will be disposed of low for Cash.

JAMES STANLEY.

Ch'town, 14th May, 1868.

COTTON DUCK,

THE Subscriber is AGENT for the Sale of the celebrated

Russel Mills Cotton Duck,

and is prepared to fill all orders for the same with the least possible delay.

Also on hand COTTON BOAT DUCK, and COTTON DRILLLINGS, suitable for Boat Sails; together with Cotton Sail Twine, Pure Bee's Wax, &c.

I. C. HALL.

Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

DAWSON'S ESTATE.

Important Notice!

THE SUBSCRIBERS have been instructed by the TRUSTEES of W. B. DAWSON'S ESTATE, to SUE all parties, without any distinction, whose unsettled Accounts, or Notes of Hand, to W. B DAWSON or GEORGE NICOLL, are not immediately paid,

ALLEY & DAVIES,
Atty's for Trustees of Dawson's Estate.

Ch'town, Feb. 26, 1868.

COPPER PAINT.

CONSTANTLY on hand, Gallon and Half Gallon Cans of

Tarr & Wonson's Copper Paint,

which effectually prevents the action of worms on the bottoms of Vessels and Boats and also prevents the collection of Barnacles, Grass, &c.

I. C. HALL.

Ch'town, May 20, 1868.

PACKET

BETWEEN

SOURIS & CHARLOTTETOWN.

—o—

THE FAST-SAILING and COMMODIOUS Schooner "A. R. McDONALD," will run between Souris & Charlottetown, calling at the intermediate ports, as soon as the navgaition permits.

DOMINICK DEAGLE, Master.

January 29, 1868. 1 y

MAILS.

Summer Arrangement

THE Mails for the United Kindgdom, the neighboring Provinces, the United States, &c., will, until further notice, be closed at the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—

For Canada, New Brunswick and the United States, via Shediac, every Tuesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, every alternate Monday and Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, as follows, viz:—

Monday,	May, 18,	Monday,	September 7,
Wednesday,	do 20,	Wednesday,	do 9,
Monday,	June 1,	Monday,	do 21,
Wednesday,	do 3,	Wednesday,	do 23,
Monday,	do 15,	Monday,	October, 5,
Wednesday,	do 17,	Wednesday,	do 7,
Monday,	do 29,	Monday,	do 19,
Wednesday,	July 1,	Wednesday,	do 21,
Monday,	do 13,	Monday,	November 2,
Wednesday,	do 15,	Wednesday,	do 4,
Monday,	do 27,	Monday,	do 16,
Wednesday,	do 29,	Wednesday,	do 18,
Monday,	Aug. 10,	Monday,	do 30,
Wednesday,	do 12,	Wednesday,	Dec. 2,
Monday,	do 24,	Monday,	do 14,
Wednesday,	do 26,	Wednesday,	do 16,

Mails for Summerside, St. Eleanor's and Bedeque, to be forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every Tuesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

And Mails for Georgetown and Souris, per Steamer, every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Letters to be registered and newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

THOMAS OWEN,
Postmaster General.

General Post Office, Ch'town, May 4th, 1868.

Poetry.

IN CŒLO QUIES.

[From Stewart's Quarterly.]

I love.....
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

—SHELLEY.

Wearied with toil, with heart-corroding care,
Or sad remembrance of a gloomy past,
Whose hovering shadows still my steps o'ercast;
When sullen griefs my spirit downward bear,
And shroud the future in a dull despair,—
Let me escape to verdant fields at last,
'Mid melodies of brooks and trees to taste
The buoyant freedom of untainted air;
Gaze on the beauty of a quiet sky,
Where blend warm splendors of departing day
And tremulous light of stars, dewy and clear,
Soothing my fevered brain and burning eye
By the sweet influence each tender ray
Bears from the realm of Peace and Love sincere.

W. P. D.

Literature.

A RAILROAD FLIRITATION.

'KATONAH!' shouted the brakeman, opening the car door as the train paused before a pleasant little station on the Harlem Railroad.

I don't know as I should have particularly noticed that we stopped at all, for I had been napping it for some miles; but, just as I was casting an enquiring, sleepy look out of the window, and settling myself for another *siesta*, my attention was attracted by the entrance of a young lady, a way passenger, who, perceiving the car well filled, paused before me in evident embarrassment.

I scarcely wish the reader to infer from this that there were no vacant seats; on the contrary, the chair I occupied was selfishly monopolized by my shawl and valise which had excluded many an applicant, and so the moment I observed the car door open, I mentally resolved not to budge an inch; but a glance at the new comer changed my mind.

She was a young lady of exceeding beauty, dressed in the rich and tasty style of the present fashion. Whether it was her genteel aspect, or the soft melancholy of her dark impressive eyes, I cannot say, but when she ventured, almost timidly, to enquire if the half seat at my side 'was engaged,' I gallantly arose and proffered it to her at once. I must acknowledge I felt somewhat flattered by her preference, for though a young man and tolerably good looking, I had the sense to perceive there were far better men around, who, like me, might have shared their chair with the handsome lady stranger. I fancied they envied me, too, as the fair girl sat plump down, and her dainty form nestled close to my side.

'I fear I have disturbed you,' said my companion in a low, sweet voice, that thrilled me with its soft cadence.

'Not at all, Miss,' I rejoined with stereotyped politeness. 'I am too happy to oblige you.'

She bowed and smiled in reply, and a short pause ensued, as is usual on such sudden acquaintanceships. In the meanwhile, the train had started, and we rattled swiftly through the fields and woods, now decked in the lively tints of Spring. The conducter came in, and went through his customary routine of examining the tickets. I perceived her's was marked for New York, and after some hesitation, I said:

'You go to the city?'

'Yes,' she replied with a smile of winning candor; 'that, I presume, you have already found out.'

'I shall keep your company, then,' I observed pleasantly.

'Thank you, sir.'

There was a slight dignity, I thought, in her tone, which repelled further familiarity, so, as I am a very modest man, I drew back and said nothing further. On rushed the steam horse upon its iron pathway. One more station had been passed, and I was fast relapsing into my former apathy, when my lady friend, to my surprise, leaned towards me and whispered,

'I am so very timid on the cars.'

'Indeed,' said I, quite charmed with her abruptness. 'You surely are well accustomed to travelling?'

'Perfectly,' she replied with some nonchalance, 'but that is not it exactly. There are so many dreadful accidents on the railroad.'

'Dreadful, indeed!' echoed I.

'And,' added my companion with naivette, 'it is so unpleasant to travel unattended. I usually have my brother Charley with me; he is a splendid escort.'

'If you will allow me,' said I, quite gallantly, 'I will gladly occupy that position.'

'I am much obliged to you, sir,' replied the young lady, with a grateful glance from her dark orbs, 'yet I am half frightened to think I am accepting the escort of a stranger, not that I fear you, sir; but, alas! I have a jealous father.'

'A jealous father!' I repeated somewhat puzzled and surprised.

'Ah, yes,' sighed the young lady, 'It is my misfortune, while having wealth, health and almost everything that the heart can wish, to be under the control of an old step-father, who treats me oftentimes in the most cruel manner; debars me from the society of your sex, shuts me up in the gloomy confines of my chamber, and treats me with pitiless rigor, if I do so much as to speak or to look at a man.'

'What a monster!' I ejaculated, with a face of melodramatic sympathy.

'That is the reason,' she continued, looking around her half fearfully as she spoke, 'that is the reason why I am so diffident about entrusting myself to your care, but I do it on one condition.'

'Name it,' I rejoined, charmed and delighted with the strange confidence the young lady was reposing in me.

'That you leave me the instant the cars reach New York.'

I was so bewitched by the beauty and charming ensousiance of my quondam friend, that I readily gave the required pledge; apparently quite relieved, the young lady threw aside all reserve, and talked and chatted with me in the most pleasant manner possible. It is needless to say that in an hour's time, I had so far advanced in her good graces, as to venture to press her hand, and the sweet, half-coquettish smile that played around the corners of her cherry lips, did not seem to disapprove of the liberty I had taken.

'Do you know,' said she, as we sat chatting confidentially together, 'that I liked your face the first moment I saw it,'

'It was sympathetic on both sides then,' I whispered, drawing so near that I could feel her hot breath fan my cheek.

'Yes,' she murmured, gently withdrawing herself from my glowing embrace, for we had passed through the tunnel, and I had taken a lover's advantage and snatched a hasty kiss.

'You are a naughty man, the naughtiest man I ever saw,' she said in a low and tremulous tone. 'If pa should be on the train, what would he say?'

'Never fear, 'sweet creature;' I rejoined carnestly, 'your cross old father is miles away, and let us improve the present opportunity.'

'Are you aware?' she obsered, half mischievously, 'that there is another tunnel beyond, a great deal darker too than the one we have left?'

'I know it,' said I, with a tender glance at my fair enslaver. 'We are drawing near to it very fast.'

Once more I placed my arm round the waist of the young lady, and wrapped in the gloom of the tunnel, took sweet pledges from her lips. It was very gratifying to my vanity. All good looking young men are vain, you know—to perceive that my lovely companion clung more affectionately to me than before, indeed, I had scarcely time to tear myself from her arms when we emerged once more into broad daylight. She had let her vail drop over her face, but I could detect the crimson flush through the fine net work of lace. Her voice betrayed much agitation as she whispered:

'I have gone too far with you, sir; alas, you have ceased to respect me.'

'My sweet charmer,' I rejoined, 'let us ever be friends, give me your name and address?'

'My name and address!' she responded, 'you must never know; I already feel frightened to think how far I have permitted myself to venture with a stranger. Forgive and forget me.'

'A flirt, a coquette!'

'No, no;' she returned hurriedly, pressing my hand, 'I am not a flirt, but I dare not,—as much as I think of you. I dare not let the acquaintance proceed further. Have pity upon me! have pity!'

She looked so pleadingly, so entreatingly with those soft dark eyes gleaming through the silken meshes of her vail, that I could not persuade myself to be offended with her. At last she reluctantly consented to give her name, and, handing me a prettily embossed card, I read, KATE DARREL, No———University Place.'

The train had reached Thirty-second street, and I could easily see that my fair enamorata grew every moment more restless and disturbed. First her head peered out of the window, then she would half rise and cast hurried and fearful glances behind.

Already I was beginning to share the uncomfortable feelings of my companion, as visions of angry papa flourishing a cane over my head rose vividly before my mind's eye, when suddenly Miss Darrel uttered an exclamation, rose from her seat, and unceremoniously darted from the car.

I wondered at the ease and dexterity with which she descended, though the car was propelled quite rapidly by horse power, but my wonder and surprise were destined to be considerably increased, when a few minutes afterwards a thick set, stern looking gentleman entered from the other side, his eyes inquisitively scanning the face of each lady passenger,

'Hello!' said he rather gruffly, pausins before me, 'Has a young lady been occupying this seat?'

'Yes sir,' I replied somewhat disconcerted, and quite abashed.

'Light jockey, maroon colored silk, and grey travelling cloak,' pursued the gentleman interrogatively.

'I believe that was her costume,' I replied somewhat sulkily.

'By Gad! she's given me the slip again!' said the gentleman slapping his breeches pocket with much emphasis.

'Given you the slip,' I repeated; a sudden and awful light breaking upon me.

'Yes, the jade is as sharp as a needle.

'Pray, sir,' said I with a slight sensation of suffocation, 'May I be so bold as to enquire if you are the father of that young lady?'

'Father! the devil,—No sir,—*I am a detective.*'

'Then,' continued I with desperate calmness, 'who is the young lady?'

'Bless your soul, she is Nancy Dacors, the *fashionable female pickpocket*. By Gad, sir, has she been playing her points on you?'

The detective grinned, and the passengers, gradually comprehending the 'situation,' smiled provokingly. I did not reply—the intelligence was stunning and mortifying in the highest degree. So my beautiful companion was nothing more than a member of the 'swell mob,' and I, while flattering myself upon having made a conquest, in reality had been the victim of a cunning and designing deceiver; and well had she duped me, for even while I was snatching those dear bought kisses, she had dexterously relieved me of my watch and purse, and, as I never saw her or my valuables again, it may be readily believed that my adventure was not without its moral, or that I was, thereafter quite so eager for RAILROAD FLIRTATION.

A CHILD KILLED BY A COCK.—An extraordinary inquiry was held on Wednesnay by Mr. C. Aspinall, the borough coroner, touching the death of Mary Lynch, a child 23 months old, the daughter of a porter, who resided in Hockenhall-alley. It seemed that on Thursday week, the child went into the street to play, having at the time a piece of bread in her hand A cock, the property of a neighbor, attracted by the bread, made an attack upon the child, knocked it down, and inflicted such injuries, by pecking the back of the head and chest, as to cause death on Tuesday last. The jury returned a verdict that the child 'died from injuries to the head caused by being attacked, whilst at play, by a cock, in the public street."—*English paper.*

PARTY PROSPECTS.

The representatives of the two great English parties in Ireland are busy marshalling their forces for the coming hustings campaign, but with results miserably inadequate to the exertions used and the cunning manifested. The Whig shibboleth has as little attraction to the electors of Ireland as the artifice of the priests of the Dodonaen oracle for the initiated in its mysteries and the secret of its revelations. The Irish Chief Secretary that was, and again hopes to be, may exchange curt courtesies with the Chief Secretary that is, and means to be, but the by-play deceives nobody. Mr. Fortescue, on the eve of an election which promises to his party and himself immediate accession to office, waxes suspiciously sensitive of the feelings and honor of the Irish electors. If the Roman Catholic voters are not coerced into recording their votes for those who would 'support the Established Church in Ireland contrary to their feelings,' all will go smooth and satisfactory. He is horrified that in this country "an attempt would be made to maintain Protestant Ascendancy, by means of the Roman Catholic votes," particularly as this perversion of the elective franchise would relegate himself and his party still longer to the cool shade of opposition. There is no political virtue of which his party is not possessed when out of office—but the virtue of his party, like Bob Acre's valor, oozes through the hands the moment they succeed to office and have their virtue tested by the talisman of Treasury gold. Mr. Fortescue, as the representative of the Whigs in Ireland, plays his part cleverly and well; but Mr. Fostescue over-plays his part when he assumes the *role* of the virtuous statesman, and the champion of purity of election in Ireland. Political tergiversation, like lying, requires a long memory to sustain it without manifest contradiction, and Mr. Fortescue's faculty of retrospection must be limited indeed if he does not remember that the coercive acts of the present generation came from his party. The statesman, whether in the pursuit of office or not, who would bury the bitter past, must not be too prompt to provoke unpleasant contrasts. The Irish memory does not sleep under the opiate influence of patent Whig specifics. We know the secret of Whig Liberalism, and value it on its own merits.

It is not the Whigs, however—pure and simple—that are mainly relied on to secure the Irish vote. A bolder game of liberal tactics than any on their programme must be foreshadowed before the Parliamentary charlatans can practise the prescriptive legerdemain, and blind the public by meretricious sophistry. Mr. Bright is understood to be the tutelary genius of the "great Liberal party" in England, and Mr. Bright's *imprimatur* on their policy is taken to stamp it as genuine. Mr. Bright is too honest to commit himself to the juggling policy of the Whig experts, but he has done enough to furnish the understrappers of the party with specious pretence for using his name as an evidence of the intentions of the English people of whom Gladstone is just now presumed to be the accredited mouthpiece. This is a godsend in the present crisis. Mr. Bright's profession of political faith has been known for a quarter of a century, and his recent expositions of it were not required to convince the people of Ireland of his honesty and consistency. But his latest speech came most opportunely for the Whigs, who wanted an honest trade-mark for their spurious political wares. They point to him as the *avant courier* of their future policy, and without adopting his political prolations permit him to stand as the index of the coming *regime*, and Ireland is supposed to be dazzled and convinced. Mr. Bright's honesty is the trump card in the hands of the sharpers, whose stake is effrontery and whose game is office.

Against all this array of facts and falsehood, the rival flunkeys can present no front. Entrenched in the time-worn citadel of intolerance, they appeal to the stolid instincts of the Ascendancy faction, and lean on the landlord interest for support. There was no middle course open for them. Disraeli had at hand the alternative of outbidding Gladstone as he did on the Reform Question; and by baiting the popular hook with a good Land Bill and permitting the Church to go the way of all other iniquities, could have secured a moiety of the Irish popular votes. But, then, the 'great historic party are not to be educated' out of their most cherished privileges; and a Land Bill to satisfy popular justice would have alienated the entire party in Ireland and England, and left the leader himself stranded high and dry without position or party. There was therefore no other course left open for him than to cease all Liberal cocquetting and fall back on the Tory stronghold. The Catholic Bishops were trifled with till the last moment, when it was found the Tories could not serve two masters, and Mayo received instructions to break off the negotiations because it was found that political capital could not be made out of the transaction. They were, of course, strengthening endowments by subsidizing an institution; but even those who cling to the endowment of their own institutions could hold no communion with the man who would endow a rival. Cut off, therefore, from the aristocracy, had he propounded a land sheme, and from the bigoted minority, had he adopted the recommendation of the Bishops, the English Premier had only one course left. The landlord whip is the hope of his party, and that it will be plied vigorously there is no reason to doubt. Like Milton's devils, they will contest every inch of the ground. Already manifestations are not wanting. The trumpet blast has been sounded, and the partisans of either host are arraying themselves in the order of combat. The leaders are at their posts—but the people are silent.—*Dublin Nation, July 25th.*

Nearly three thousand operatives in and around Ellicot City, Me., are out of employment owing to the factories and mills being destroyed.

A woman, holding a five month's old child in her arms, was killed by lightning at Georgetown, Ohio, Wednesday; the infant escaped uninjured.

The New York *Evening Post* shows from the record, that the month of July, just closed, has averaged hotter than any corresponding month in the past twenty-five years.