THREATENING ASPECT OF AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

[From the Scottish American Journal.]

The aspect of affairs in Europe for the past week or two has been exceedingly threatening. It is not easy to name any one event or any one political announcement that should by itself be held to indicate the revival of a warlike temper But so many complications have sprung up in a widely opposite quarters, that it would seem as if things must hasten to a crisis which shall shake the peace of Europe from one end of the continent to the other. We will begin with the Mother Country. The extraordinary attentions paid to the Sultan of Turkey, while the Czar of all the Russias was not even invited to pay a visit to London on his way homeward from Paris, shows in itself that whatever *entente cordiale* existed when the Prince of Wales visited St. Petersburg and was received in state, has died out. The Emperor may not have been anxious, after his painful experience in Paris, to extend his visit to the British capital, where there are probably as many Poles as there are in Paris. But whether he would have cared or not to pay the Queen a visit, he had no opportunity afforded him of accepting or declining to accept the hospitalities of the British Court. This neglect might not have been noticed, had the Sultan not been invited so soon after, and made the recipient of such splendid hospitalities. The Eastern question on the back of these royal and imperial movements, therefore, looms up again, and such is the doubt with which every sort of foreign investment, whether in railways or in national securities, is regarded that the Bank finds it impossible to make use of the surplus deposits, although the rate of interest is down to 2½ per cent.

Then, again, it is greatly feared in Prussian circles that a Franco-Austrian Alliance will be formed, as a distraction from the horrible depression and gloom which the shade of the murdered Austrian Prince has cast over the Courts of both Paris and Vienna. Should such an alliance be contemplated, the Schelswig settlement and many other territorial arrangements resulting from the late German war would be apt to be undone. The Paris *Patrie*, a semi-official journal, endeavors to still the apprehension to which expression is given in the press of Berlin. The *Patrie's* words are rather biting than soothing, as our readers may judge from the tone of the following extract from its issue of the 8th inst: "The *Correspondance de Berlin*, of the 2nd inst, contained an article complaining bitterly of the language used by the French papers towards Prussia, and pointed out the circumstance as an indication of defiance and systematic hostility. To attribute such feelings to the French press, in order to rouse public opinion in Germany against it, is by no means a novel tactic. It was used by more than one German paper at the time of the Luxemburg crisis, with the object of representing us to the public as animated with the ideas of rancor and projects of aggression. Are we again to witness the same system of gratuitous supposition? What do these attacks devoid of motive or pretext, signify? Where are the prints of any importance and above all the Conservative journals, that have held this offensive language of which the *Correspondance* speaks? It is, by chance, offensive to Prussia to remember either the engagements which she undertook with Austria in favor of Schleswig, or the principles consecrated to the subject of the Main line by the preliminaries of Nickolsburg and the treaty of Prague? How can we hope that the affairs of Germany should be left out of the discussions on general policy and foreign affairs which occupy the European press every day? Can the French papers abstain from allowing the progress of events? Is there in their tone a single symptom of these pretended offences, which, it is said, are taking at Paris against all interior progress in Germany? The violent language attributed to the most moderate of papers only exists in the mind of the *Correspondance de Berlin*. Probably that print, if it questions itself with regard to the bearing of certain acts, may acknowledge that the French press has in reality numerous subjects of preoccupation. And perhaps this is the best explanation: for are we to see anything else in the uneasiness of the *Correspondance de Berlin* but the effect of a troubled imagination and conscience!"

In Frankfort, the money headquarters of Central Europe, the financial feeling is one of considerable distrust, and has mainly referred to the ill-concealed resentments which the people as well as the governments of the country seem to nurse in common. Italy, too, is a source of uneasiness to the greater part of Europe. Her politicians are too much inclined towards extreme measures. Nothing that is moderate or conservative finds favor with them, as witness their refusal to enter the secularization wedge because it was not large enough, and would not cut up all the Church property at once. The folly of this will soon be apparent to the majority of the Italian Parliament themselves.—Then, also, Garibaldi is out on the war path, his objective point being Rome. There he is at home. No one need wonder, then, if we should hear at any hour that he has encountered the Papal forces, and that Italy is again ablaze. Much of this foreboding may not be realized. But it will be wise and well to look ahead as far as possible, so that we may not be taken by surprise.

A Kansas paper, alluding to the manner in which Indian agents accumulate a "pile," says: "An Indian agent's salary is about $1,500. By being economical in the saving of his salary, he manages to retire at the expiration of a four year's term with about $40,000, and in the meantime supports his family in a style that corresponds with the dignity of an official and representative of the best government the sun ever shone upon." It is also added that "a superintendent who undertakes to say that a superintendent shall not make forty thousand dollars out of an income of six thousand dollars," is apt to get himself into trouble. This state of things is eminently satisfactory—to the agent.

The government of Norway has just completed a monitor called the *Scorpion* which is now on its way to Stockholm. It carries in a turret two Armstrong guns, which throw 350 pound shot with a charge of 44 pounds of powder. The guns weigh 74,000 pounds. Notwithstanding this, the machinery for working them is so excellent that they can be manœuvred by one man alone. The sides of the iron turret are eleven inches thick, and are lined inside with horsehair mattrasses. The monitor is worked by engines of 150 horse-power, and is manned by eighty men, twenty of whom attend to the engines and twenty man the guns. The cost of the monitor and her equipment has been $50,000.

A Saratoga correspondent speaks of a young man at one of the hotels there who never felt so much like an aristocrat as when being brushed. He had obtained twenty five dollars worth of new quarters at the sub-treasury, and every time he was brushed he handed one of these forth from his waistcoat pocket. He was brushed everywhere. The waiters watched him, quarrelled with each other for possession of him. They never brushed him anywhere but in the small of his back and on the knees of his pantaloons. The result was that in three days those portions of his attire were threadbare. Nearly all his stamps were gone. He gave notice at the office of his departure for home. He had just money enough left to pay expenses, and he was brushed to the last: brushed into the stage. The waiters found that in the aggregate they had received $21 for brushing that unfortunate young man.

INTERESTING TO WINE DRINKERS.—People who have a taste for sherry wine, in the United States, ought to know what the exporters of it say to the American Consul at Cadiz, in order to account for invoicing it at such low rates.—"They smilingly explained," says the account, "that the stuff sent to the United States was not sherry at all, but merely *slops* used to wash out the tubs and for other dirty work about the stills." This will be cheerful intelligence to drinkers of "golden sherry," of Amontillado," and similar "slops" imported under "golden" and other poetic titles.

An impudent quack in London has been in the habit of sending his pamphlets to respectable people, but here is the way he recently got treated by a writer for the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—Sir: I have been frequently annoyed by receiving Dr. Jordan's productions. Last night during dinner, one arrived. Thinking that it was a tradesman's advertisement I was on the point of giving it to a young lady who was sitting next to me, when the name of Jordan caught my eye. This morning I paid the doctor a visit, at 59 George Street, Hanover Square. I returned him his pamphlet. I remained with him for a few minutes, and left him apparently suffering from "nervous exhaustion." I recommend other men who are annoyed by his abominations to pay him a visit after the receipt of the next pamphlet, and leave him in the same abject condition.

At all seasons of the year the rate of mortality from diseases of the lungs is very great. No better remedy can be used than Johnston's Anodyne Liniment.

THE LATE STORM IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Storm of Friday night and Saturday morning resulted in numerous disasters on sea and shore. Our telegram from Quebec informs us that "the ship *Star of Canada*, for Montreal, with a general cargo, is ashore at the Pillars. Barque *Mary Durkee*, outward bound, is ashore at St. Roche."

In our own harbor the damage done to shipping was comparatively slight; the ship *Commodore Perry* was driven from her moorings and forced up the Strait Shore, fortunately without sustaining serious injury. We are prepared to hear of a considerable amount of damage to shipping in the Bay of Fundy when full reports are received. Yesterday we had a call from Captain Leary of the *Empress*, whose vessel was driven on shore on Friday night at Irishtown, near Musquash, and whose escape, with his crew, from drowning was quite miraculous. The *Empress* left Petite Passage on the Nova Scotia side on Friday morning for St. John, having in tow a number of spars of the wrecked vessel *Ellen Atlee*, which were being brought to Mr. Rowan at St. John. In the heavy fog of Friday night, Captain Leary made for land, and before he knew where he was his vessel was alongside the rocks at Irishtown. While the crew, consisting of the Captain, one son and two hands, were attempting to keep her clear the spars in tow struck the vessel a tremendous blow, and sent her hard and fast on the rocks. Soon after, a heavy gale had sprung up, the night was dark and the sea was running very high. The Captain and his crew, seeing no hope of saving their vessel, left her, to gain the shore; but, after getting some distance from the craft, the Captain saw that, through some extraordinary agency, the vessel had got afloat; the boat was put back and the crew again attempted to control the vessel's movements. They worked at her all through the dreary night, but could accomplish little. Between the high seas, the thumping of the spars on the outside and the vessel pounding against the rocks on the other, and rolling and pitching, it seemed as if they must all go down together. Day came, but it brought them no relief. The seas rolled higher than ever. From seven in the morning until noon,—five long hours—those undaunted men stood to their post, while seas as high as a three storey house broke over the vessel, completely filling her, and burying the men beneath the waters at every surge. Still, they maintained their hold of whatever article each could grasp, themselves thoroughly drenched—almost drowned—hoping against hope of succor. Only occasionally, through the spray and sea and surrounding fog, could either of them get a glimpse of land. Finally, the gale subsided, the sea abated, and a skiff manned by four men from the shore reached them after great difficulty and took them off. The Captain had been obliged to cut the spars adrift during the night; the *Empress*, strange to say, barring the loss of a forefoot and some damage to the keel, is but little injured. After considerable extra pumping, Captain Leacy managed to bring his vessel up the harbor on Sunday morning.

On land the damage from the storm was serious. We learn from the *Journal* that in Albert County the tide in the Petitcodiac rose higher than was ever known before; dykes broke along the Petitcodiac and Shepody rivers, the marshes overflowed, immense injury was done to the grass, deals were washed away, the schr. *Quickstep*, lying at Mary's Point for stone, was totally wrecked, and other losses sustained. At Sackville "gardens were laid waste; trees shorn of their limbs, and uprooted; dykes carried away, flooding the marshes, drowning cattle and destroying great quantities of hay,—houses and barns more or less damaged. Loss to farmers very serious."—*St. John Telegraph.*

THE BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS IN LONDON.

DANCE IN THE STREETS.

A London paper says:—

During their march to Guildhall the character of the greeting to the Belgians was thoroughly English; but on their return they succeeded in giving the enthusiasm quite a continental turn. In modern days no such scene has been witnessed in a leading part of London as in the neighborhood of Cheapside at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. When the Riflemen issued from Guildhall their bands struck up a polka, and, instantly, several hundred men began dancing in King street. The English volunteers seemed much surprised at first, as did also the ladies who occupied all the windows in the street; but after a few minutes the latter began to wave their handkerchiefs, and some Riflemen in British uniforms joined in the dancing. Meanwhile, a corps of Garde Civique who had proceeded into Cheapside were singing "God Save the Queen;" and, finding their performance highly approved, they continued it till they arrived at the statue of Sir Robert Peel. Here they seized on a volunteer in Highland costume, and, in spite of his remonstrances, some of them raised him aloft and carried him triumphantly on their shoulders in the direction of the General Post Office. For a short time one might have supposed that a carnival was being held from Guildhall to St. Paul's. Compliments were exchanged between the Belgians and the inhabitants, and every one was shaking hands with every body else. A number of entertainments still await the Belgians; but it is not probable that any compliment which may be paid to them during their visit will leave on their minds more pleasing recollections than their reception by the population at large on their first visit to the city of London.

GIGANTIC DRUM MAJORS.

Some of the Tambour-Majors attached to the Belgian corps are very large men. The one who accompanies the infantry of the Garde Civique of Brussels looks of gigantic proportions when arrayed in full costume. He is himself about 6ft. 4in high; but on his head he wears a busby of not less than 2ft. 6in., from the top of which springs a white feather of 24in. in height, surrounded by colored plumage of smaller growth. This drum-major was an object of especial wonder to many of the bystanders; and evidently he felt proud of the towering altitude of his own figure, for when persons looked up at him with eager curiosity he at once made overtures of fraternization by shaking hands with them and saying "How do you do." The delight of the visitors was complete by the time they reached the corner of King street Cheapside. Such exclamations as "*C'est magnifique, c'est superbe*," were continually being uttered by them, and they declared more than once that they had not anticipated anything like such a reception.

GORGEOUS UNIFORMS OF THE BELGIANS.

Ten o'clock was the hour named for the assembling of the visitors in the Quadrangle at Somerset House. Before that time the troops began to arrive. It was, however, past eleven before the whole of them had collected. They were formed in double lines at the four sides of the square, but they did not carry arms. In the centre were the Commandant and his staff; the Bourgomestres and Echevins of Bruges, Ghent, and Ostend; M. Kessels, Chef de la Division de la Marine; the Count Aschot, and other superior officers. There were two or three bands, and a strong body of drummers. While the riflemen were awaiting the time for forming column and marching, the bands several times played "God Save the Queen" and the "Brabanconne," for each of which there was loud applause from the crowd surrounding the Belgians. During the same time the rank and file were supplied with refreshments and cigars by a young *vivandiere* who accompanies the Ostend contingent, and who wears a costume closely resembling that of the corps to which she is attached. Soon after twelve o'clock the order for marching to Guildhall was given by Colonel Gregorie, the officer commanding their whole force; and, with their bands playing, the men proceeded to file out of the main gateway at Somerset House, and march along the Strand in the direction of Guildhall. The Belgian riflemen now visiting England are as a body quite up to the average height of Englishmen, and, generally, their uniforms, though, perhaps, not better adapted for Volunteer duty, are more handsome and more elaborate than those worn by our rifle corps. The coats and trousers are richly embroidered in gold or silver lace, and the display of horsehair depending from their helmets is exceedingly profuse. The tunics and trousers of the artillery are black; their epaulettes and stripes red. Their shakos are adorned with cocks' feathers, which are stuck in front and hang down nearly to the peak. Though many of the visitors, from the Colonel in command down to the *vivandiere*, both inclusive, complained that, owing to their not having been able up to that time, to procure the baggage which they had brought with them in the *Serapis*, they must go to Guildhall without their best uniforms, there was but one opinion as to the fine appearance presented by the whole force of the Belgian Volunteers.

A CEMETERY FLOODED.—SHOCKING SCENES.

The other evening a heavy thunderstorm burst over Bradford, Clayton, and the adjoining villages on that side of Manchester, and was followed by a tremendous fall of rain. The water filled the river Medlock with a degree of suddenness quite unexampled, and the Clayton Vale dyeworks were stopped by the excess and muddiness of the stream. In the vicinity of Clayton Bridge a number of men had been employed several days putting down timber to protect an embankment abutting the river in front of some cottages, and the timber was forced away and carried down the stream, which rapidly rose in height as it advanced. About nine o'clock the water got into one of the three cemetries adjoining Philips Park, and caused serious damage. The division of the burial ground nearest Manchester is to be appropriated to members of the Church of England, the middle plot is for Dissenters, and the northern portion, which lies very low, is consecrated for the use of the Roman Catholics. All three are bounded by the Medlock, and to the last named the corporation have for several weeks been constructing a clay bank, about four feet high, with a view to confine the river to its proper bed. On this night, however, the rush of water was so strong that it rose over the embankment, which is scarcely half its proper height, and the consequences were of a painful nature. The water entered for a breadth of from 29 to 30 yards, along the entire side of the cemetery, some 100 yards in length, and, as several recent interments had taken place in that part of the ground, the water sinking through the loose sand under the coffins, raised them to the surface, and one of them, containing the body of a woman, was floated over the adjoining flood gates of Messrs. Wood and Wright's dyeworks, and passed down the river. It was, however, recovered lower down the stream and taken to the Fairfield street police station, and the body being out of the coffin, and the police most likely not knowing whence it had come, reported the circumstance at the office of the city coroner. The deputy-coroner, Mr. Makinson, inquired into the matter, and on the next evening the body was placed in a new coffin and re-interred. It was stated at the inquest that the part of the cemetery which was flooded was appropriated to public graves, and to the interments of bodies from the workhouses. When the flood occurred, one of the sextons saw three or four coffins floating in the water, and he succeeded in securing all but one which contained the body of a pauper; he afterwards found that the body had been recovered from the stream as above described. Some parts of the cemetery were submerged to a depth of four or five feet. Mr. Peatson, surgeon, who had made a *post mortem* examination, said the body and arms were tied round with a cord, which he believed was a common practice in workhouses and infirmaries. It was evidently no case of drowning. The jury returned an open verdict. The height of water in the cemetery was aggravated by the circumstance that the sluices in the flood gates could not be opened, and this stoppage dammed up the stream, caused the water to rise at least ten feet, and back up into the cemetery. Some women attempted to open the sluices at nine o'clock, but found the axles immersed three or four feet in the torrent, and they could not be reached until two o'clock on Friday morning, when the water had fallen several feet. A hole was then cut through the clay bank of the cemetery, and the water quickly receded to the river, leaving a great accumulation of mud upon the newly-made roads, to cleanse which a number of men were set to work. It should be added that, in reference to the inquest in this matter, and to the whole circumstances of the case, every obstacle has been thrown in the way of their being published, but for what reason is best known to the authorities who have caused those difficulties. The cemetery is the property of the corporation.—*Manchester Guardian.*

WHY SCOTCHMEN GET ON.

No class of foreigners are more desirable or more cordially welcomed in the United States than Scotchmen. Hardy, enterprising and industrious, they make the best of citizens. A writer in the London *Spectator*, after remarking that they succeed everywhere, proceeds to tell why they do so. Though hard in demeanor, and pragmatical in mind, the Scotchman is nevertheless one of the most adaptable of mankind. There is a fund of reasonableness in him which enables him to adapt himself to all circumstances, to "tolerate the intolerable."

Nobody is so independent, and nobody likes his own way more keenly, but a Scotchman makes an almost perfect servant. He does not hate his employer for employing him, as nine Englishmen in ten do, and does not think service a profession, as Frenchmen and Germans are so apt to do. He means to be master himself some day soon, and meanwhile there is the master and there is the work, and both are natural facts, and he obeys the one and does the other with a reasoning fidelity. Scotch clerks, and "factors", and agents, and employees generally are simply the best in the world, unapproachable by Englishmen, and rivalled only by Germans of the very best kind. That single capacity, the capacity of being obedient without becoming obedient, smooths the path of every Scotchman in the beginning of life, and the same temperament makes itself manifest in other and higher departments of work.

Of all people they have always succeeded best in France, because they do not change or lose their national characteristics, they do just what the English will not—they accept France. "They consequently," the writer continues, "never excite the hatred which attaches to Englishmen abroad, and which is not so much excited as by a sort of knobbiness of character, a determination not to fit into any hole which he has not made himself." The writer adds:

It is the same in India. The Scotch push there more vehemently than any race, and are, we think, quite as apt as Englishmen to dislike the natives; but they rarely contract the English hatred of the country, accept the people they do not like, yield to all climatic conditions, and in their grave, stiff way either reconcile themselves to facts or the facts to them. They change in India much less than the English do—the Anglo-Indian is less like an Englishman in ideas than an Australian or American—but they fit themselves in, and are often exceedingly popular. The Scotch Missionaries in Bengal, for example, having among all missionaries perhaps the greatest influence over the people, an influence the more remarkable because they of all missionaries have taken least trouble to acquire the native tongue. Southerners used to say that Scotchmen made the best slave-drivers, not so cruel as the Yankees, more steadily stern than the English; and they succeed equally well in Asia. A Scotchman will get more work done in a Bengalee indigo factory, with less fuss and irritation among the people, than any other human being, and the same fact is perceptible in the construction of railways.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

GENTLENESS AND FIRMNESS.—Rev. Dr. Bellows gives this narrative in the *Liberal Christian*: In the cars near Cumberland I met a man of about forty five, a master-waggoner, who, brought up on the western border of Missouri, between the lowest kind of whites and the wildest Indians, had passed his life in teaming freight to the advance posts of our struggling civilization. For more than seventeen years he had lived on the Plains between Missouri and Colorado, engaged in this rough, exposed life, until by native superiority he had become a large owner of teams, and a leader in his special occupation, as well as a successful contractor with the Government for forwarding army stores. He told me that he had conducted trains of waggons all his life, with bands of forty or sixty men under his direction, men of the roughest and most violent character—men who came to him profane, drunken, quarrelsome, ignorant, half civilized, or rather semi-barbarous—yet he had allowed no swearing, no drinking, and no card playing, and enforced his rules with unflinching firmness; but nevertheless had never yet struck or received a blow, or resorted to weapons of any kind. He governed, he said, by example, by kindness and gentleness—by making his men ashamed and afraid to break rules so wise, kind and fair—rules which they agreed on starting, by written contract, to keep, and which he himself observed with conspicuous fidelity. He gave me an account of his method of dealing with the profanity of his men. On a certain occasion they had said to him, "We can't help swearing." He replied: "Instead of that, I will prove to you that under certain circumstances you can't swear, however hard you may try." Then he went on: "I talked to them a bit, and then took them back to their childhood and carried their thoughts to their mother's side and the prayers of their infancy, and the times of their innocency, and after I had revived those recollections I said, "Now, boys, swear! I give you a minute! Let the bravest of you swear if he can! They were as silent as dumb beasts. Then I changed about and took them to a meeting, and described the gray-haired minister pleading with a sober and tearful congregation—such as I knew all of them had sometimes heard—and when I saw their eyes moistening a little, I said again: "Now, boys, is your time. Swear if you can! I give you a minute to do it!" Then every man's throat was choked so that he could not speak. Finally I said: "But boys, perhaps you think it is only because the scenes I have described were among civilized and Christian people, and away back in the days of your childhood, that you could not swear. But I'll give you another chance. Here we are with our tarred and greasy clothes, out here on the Plains, with nothing but sage brush, and sand, and buffaloes and wagon-tongues, and goose-necks, and mules, and harness about us, nothing but ourselves and God, who is everywhere! And now my boys, I want you to try and see if you can't swear. Try hard; I will give you full leave; just one round oath!" But never a single word of swearing did I get from the poor creatures, who looked more tamed and afraid of me and themselves than sheep with a wolf round their fold. Why, sir," he continued, "I used to tell the boys when they wanted to break my rules, and would come in with resolute and angry faces, and doubled and loaded whipstocks, to tell me that they would not stand my tyranny. 'Ceriatnly, boys, you can break all my rules, but you have to get rid of me first. You can easily get me out of the way if you want to; it would be easy for so many of you to murder one man and you have got to murder me before you can break my rules.' Now people don't like much to murder a man for telling them what they know is true, or for doing what they feel to be right; and I never put my life at stake in that way that they didn't weaken down right away like young plants set out in the sun."

THE SILVER SLEEPING CARS.—It is already known to the readers of the *Sun* that an excursion party left this city for Chicago yesterday in some extra-magnificent cars. To realize the style, and costliness, and comfort of these railroad accommodations, one must see them and ride in them. The following is a hasty description of them as they appeared at the New Jersey Central Railroad Station yesterday: Imagine a single sleeping car built and fitted up at a cost of $20,000, and then put six of them together and you have a rough estimate of the total expense. Each car is about 60 feet long, with a hall running the entire length on one side, while the rest of the car is fitted up with state-rooms in a very superb manner. There are five of these state-rooms, each containing from four to six berths. For instance some have two double berths; others six single, each berth ten feet long and running across the car—not parralel with the sides as in ordinary railroad cars. By this arrangement passengers can sleep as if in their own quiet homes, regardless of the rocking and jarring of the trains—barring accidents, of course. The ceilings of the various parlors are frescoed in the highest style of the art, and each room is provided with a toilet and folding table—the latter being quite a novelty in its way. It can be opened out to acommodate six persons, or can be folded up so as to pack away in an ordinary drawer, where it is stowed, under the berth when not in use. Ladies are provided with a separate and neatly arranged wash-room at one end of the car, and gentlemen are similarly accommodated at the other. Each room is furnished with large and elegant hanging lamps, and near the door of each similar ones hang, surmounted by a silver plated dome. The hall before referred to is amply supplied with camp-chairs for the use of those who desire to look out at the windows. In this progressive age, when nothing is expected to be wonderful, or surprising, it may sound strange to say that the equipage and surroundings of this Silver Palace Excursion is really surpassing in splendor and comfort anything heretofore known or conceived. These cars were built in the shops of the company at Fort Wayne.—*New York Sun.*

CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES.—We question much if ever a telegram from the States conveyed so many sad tidings, so many reckless deeds of blood, such a vivid photography of the social status of our nighbors, as that which is to be found to-day in our columns. We speak not of blood shed in open fight between two contending armies, or murderous onslaught of maddened Indians on defenceless men, women and children in search of homes on the distant plains; but of cold, deliberate murders in a country boasting of its civilization and refinement, and the elevating influence of the most perfect freedom in the present ege. Early on the morning of the 24th July, the telegram states, a man named Bender, living in Buffalo, horribly multilated his wife about the head with an axe, and then drowned himself in the canal. Drink, that curse so brutalizing in its effect, no doubt, was the cause of this monster's delirium. The next paragaph, we read that a riot occurred at Rogerville, in Tennesee. A Mr. Etheridge was speaking, no doubt with the latitude allowed so stump speakers in the States; he was interrupted, it appears, by one King, who pronounced Etheridge's statements to be a lie. Etheridge retorted, whereupon some scoundrel in the crowd shot Etheridge dead! Other shots followed, resulting in the death of a white man and a negro, seven others mortally wounded, and thirty others slightly! Further on we read that on the same day, a negro shouted for Brownlow, the radical gevernor in Knoxville, at a public meeting, and was instantly shot dead by some ruffian—riot, yet to come, only being prevented by the activity of the police. But the frightful list is not finished. A man named Hunter was standing near a saloon in Cincinnati with several companions, all very drunk, the report says, when Hunter's mother came up, imploring her son to accompany her home. Suddenly in his franzy, he picked up a large stone, and throwing it into the crowd, it struck his mother on the temple, and she died in ten minuts! One would think that this carvinal of blood was enough for one day; but, unhappily, further on we read that a pistol fight took place in Louisville, Kentucky, between two men named Nicholas and Bridgeford. Nicholas was killed on the spot, and Bridgeford had his leg shot off. An Indian raid thrown in, resulting in the death of a Mr. Brown; and the death of eight persons by the capsizing of a boat near Portland, make up the frightful day's record. From the same source we find that Courtney F. Terry, Esq, of the 60th Rifles, is taking testimony on the mysterious murder of Capt. Speers by a United States soldier on a boat, when on the Upper Missouri river, some time since.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

"CHIGNONS" OR CABBAGES?—When did the word *chignon* come into French and into English? The article itself was used in much earlier days than our own, but had then a different name. "Mundus Muliebris" in 1690 describes the affair exactly:—

"Behind the noddle every baggage
Wears bundle *choux*, in English, cabbage."

It would be monstrous to say that all the young ladies who stick knobs behind their noddles are baggages, but we submit that *choux* is the very word for the said knobs. Only if the re-introducer of head-cabbages had called them *choux*, what girl would have worn them. None. Therefore let those who want to send chignons after crinolines regularly call these bundles cabbages, and they'll succeed. Mr. Fairholt's definition of the *choux* is "the great round boss, or bundle of hair, worn at the back of the head, and resembling a cabbage, from whence the French gave it that name."

MORN.

Peeping through the purple bars,
Down the endless street of stars,
Melting all the ingots up.
As her eyes more brightly shine,
Morning, in a crystal cup,
Floats the bubble earth in wine.

From the red lips of the sea,
Out into immensity
Steals a tongue of green and gold;
Soon to swarm with giddy dies,
When the mighty landscapes roll
Further to the Western skies.

Splendour now by splendour quaffed,
Deeper grows at every draught,
Till the monogram of fire—
The round red Halos of the sun—
Fill with flame the heavens entire,
And sweeps all glories into one.

ELOQUENT PASSAGE.—One of the finest things George D. Prentiss ever wrote is this inimitable passage: "It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else, why is the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it is that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than of earth. There is a realm where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence."

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.—Stephen F. Cameron, who testified in the Surratt case on Tuesday, for the purpose of impeaching the evidence of Dr. McMillan, (the surgeon with whom Surratt left Canada for Europe), was shown, on cross-examination, to have studied for the ministry, and preached several different religions. His mode of life during the past two years, as admitted by himself, has been exceedingly precarious. At times he taught languages in France, music in London, was a Bohemain in England, a Catholic in Canada, an Episcopalian in America, and last, but not least, an unpardoned rebel, up to the commencement of the trial, when he was pardoned through the influence of the prisoner's counsel, for the purpose of allowing him to testify in the case. He was also one of Morgan's guerrillas, and was connected with the St. Alban's raiders.—*Boston Herald.*

A horse is truly a noble animal, and is capable of being taught more than any other species of the brute creation. He often exhibits intelligence truly wonderful, as well as enthusiastic feeling To preserve such a horse in all his glory, use Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders.

The Examiner.

Charlottetown, August 12, 1867.

MORE INCENDIARY FIRES.

YESTERDAY morning, between five and six o'clock, our City was startled by an alarm of fire, and it was soon discovered that the devouring element had broken out in two places. A Red Store on Great George Street, near the Cathedral, now owned by Hon. J.C. Pope, appeared to have been the first attacked. The Fire Companies were very promptly on the spot, and suppressed the fire before it had made much headway. Two suspicious-looking characters were seen lurking about the premises a few minutes before the fire broke out; two persons, supposed to be the same, were arrested by the police, but on examination at the Mayor's Court, nothing to implicate them in the fire could be proved against them, and they were discharged.

Very nearly at the same time the above mentioned fire broke out, flames were discovered issuing from a Barn belonging to Mr. Benjamin Rogers, of the firm of Dodd & Rogers, near the North corner of Hillsborough Square, opposite the residence of D. Hodgson, Esq. It had been used partly as a workshop by Mr. William Wright, Carpenter, and contained a lot of valuable materials in his line. It was totally consumed, and it was with very great difficulty some of the neighbouring property was saved from destruction. The Steam Fire Engine worked admirably, and indeed all the Fire Companies and Engines were employed with the most laudable energy and skill.

There is very little doubt that both fires were caused by some evil-disposed vagabonds who have a taste for such fiendish work. We hope a Vigilance Committee may be organized to protect the City—already a great sufferer—from future damage in this way; and if any one is caught in the crime of arson we hope he will be punished in the most summary manner.

WE have nothing in the way of local politics this week, to which we might devote a column. The Opposition appears to be silent, or nearly so, and the Government pursue their course very smoothly. Messrs. David Laird and Donald Currie, editors of the *Patriot*, seem to have backed out of the Catholic question. They find that their advocacy of the Catholics doesn't take. In the *Patriot* of Thursday there was a miserable, flimsy attempt to excuse contradictions and absurdities in former articles of that paper which we had previously exposed; and alas! the ground on which the excuse is mainly based, is—that the principal article in the *Patriot* to which we made reference was—misprinted. The printers in the *Patriot* office are, in fact, though indirectly, charged with having falsified the words of the editor. Very well. Let them settle the difficulty between them. We have disposed of them to our satisfaction.

We have mentioned Mr. Donald Currie's name as co-editor of the *Patriot*. Public report certainly assigns him that office. Now, Mr. Currie is an employee in an office under, and supported by, the Government. There ought to be an enquiry as to whether persons situated as he is, can, with impunity, attack the Government, as he does, which upholds an office that affords him a living. We really think the Executive should give some attention to this matter. There is a very easy way of reaching such malcontents as Mr. Donald Currie.

WE insert on our first page a letter from His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, in reference to the claims of the Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee to the confidence of his countrymen in the new Dominion. The letter is written with great fervour and eloquence, and as a tribute to the genius and services of our friend McGee is very well deserved. The Archbishop's letter, however, is replete with valuable lessons and wholesome advice, which Irishmen in all places as well as Canada may profit by, and that it should be so utilized is our chief reason for giving it a place in our columns.

LAUNCHED.

On the 6th instant, from the Shipyard of Robert Cameron, Esqr., of Montague River, for the Hon. Benj. Davies, Merchant, of Charlottetown, a handsome brig called "DERBY," 257 tons N. M.

On account of the proportions of this vessel being highly approved of, we have taken the pains, for the benefit of our ship building friends, to ascertain her leading dimensions, which are as follows, viz:—Length from fore side stem, to the aft side stern post, on main-deck 112.40 feet; main breadth outside at midships 25.05; depth of hold, at midships 14.20. This vessel has been built with care to the requirements of her practical and experienced owner, under the inspection of R. Sloggett, Esquire, Surveyor for Lloyd's, and we understand she reflects great credit on Mr. Cameron, who has built several vessels for Mr. Davies, all of which have commanded the highest price in the Home Market, which we have no doubt this ship will do likewise.

She is built of juniper, and the principal sticks used in her construction have been imported from New Brunswick, thus enabling the vessel to stand high in the class built to range in, viz: seven years A 1 on Lloyd's Register of British Shipping.

Her Majesty's Ship of War, the *Favourite*, (iron-clad) sixteen guns, arrived at this port on Monday evening last. We understand that she will leave for Gaspe on Thursday next.

Money is a drug in the London market. The *Herald*, of July 13, says:—"Such is the abundance of money that £1,500,000 was offered on the security of Consols yesterday at 1½ per cent, but the parties to whom the proposals were made were so full that they refused to take it."

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

FLORENCE, Aug. 31.—William R. Roberts, one of the leaders of the recent Fenian movement in the United States, is reported to be in Naples, where he is reported to be intriguing with the Radical Democrats and men of the party of Action in Southern Italy.

PARIS, Aug. 3rd.—The American iron-clad ram *Dunderberg*, which was purchased by the French Government, after a remarkable quick and successful trip across the Atlantic, has reached her destination in safety.

The following telegraph dispatch announces her arrival in French waters:—

CHERBOURG, Aug. 3rd.—"To James W. Buckan & Co., Paris: The *Dunderberg* has arrived here in fourteen days and seventeen hours from New York—all on board are well. The vessel is in good condition, although we had heavy weather and high seas. The ship behaved nobly and proved herself a splendid sea boat. (*Signed*) Wm. H. Webb."

FLORENCE, Aug. 5.—Garibaldi has come to the conclusion that, considering all the circumstances, it was best to abandon, for the present, the movement against Rome. The volunteers which had begun to collect from all parts of Italy, who had invaded the Papal territory at several places, will disperse, but the movement is only delayed, not abandoned forever. Preparations for another great movement will be pursued with great activity, and Garibaldi himself expresses his firm belief in the success of the next movement.

LONDON, August 5.—The Russian loan, which was offered in this market on Saturday, does not meet with success. No bids have yet been made, and its chances of success are slim. The Reform meeting called at Hyde Park to-day proved a failure; few people, comparatively, were in attendance, and little or no spirit was manifested.

BERLIN, Aug. 7.—The second session of the Parliament of the North German Confederation will commence on the 29th inst., in this city.

BERLIN, Aug. 7—Eve.—The Prussian Government has become anxious for the safety of Baron Von Magnissus, Minister resident of Prussia in Mexico. At last accounts the Baron had unsuccessfully intervened to save the life of Maximilian, and it is thought that he thereby provoked the hostility of the Mexican leaders. No despatches from him have been received for a long time past, and nothing is known as to his condition or whereabouts. The Government has taken means to ascertain certainly whether the Juarez authorities have treated its Minister contrary to the law of nations.... The Prussian Army Commission appointed to examine the Chassepot Rifle, after subjecting it to a series of practical and scientific tests, have reported against its adoption by the Prussian war department.

STUTGARDT, Aug. 7—Evn'g.—A convention of the prominent members of the liberal party of Southern Germany was held here to-day. It adopted resolutions urging the Southern States of Germany to unite with those of the North German Confederation.

LONDON, Aug. 7th, evening.—The second day of the Brighton Races was signalled by a race for the Brighton Cup. A number of horses were entered for the race. The attendance was very great, and universal interest was manifested. The Cup was won by Moulsey. The leading horses passed the Stand in the following order—Moulsey 1st, Tyndal 2nd, Lecturer 3rd. After the race the Nursery Stakes were run for and won by Cecil, the principal horses coming in as follows—Cecil 1st, Persian 2nd, Chantilly 3rd. Both races were closely contested, and there was loud cheering at their termination.

CROPS IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The Richmond *Examiner* has the following summary of intelligence in regard to the crops at the South:—

"Our daily business correspondence is heavy with subscribers in middle and southern Georgia, and it is to these sections that we would more particularly direct our remarks.

"Of the grain crops, embracing wheat, corn and oats, we may say that the section referred to never produced better to the area planted. Provisions for man and beast will be abundant another year, except in the matter of bacon.

"As regards cotton, the area planted is somewhat, though not largely, in excess of last year's crop. The seasons have been far better, alternate sunshine and rain having been visited on the earth in very fair proportions. The weed has grown off finely under a more careful culture than last year's, and is now fruiting to the satisfaction of the planters.

"The only drawback to the crop has been a super-abundance of rain for the last month, causing an inordinate growth of wood, and the falling of many of the squares and young bolls. We do not think, though, from all we can learn, that the crop will very materially suffer from this source.

"As regards the general crop, if our information be correct from all the cotton-growing sections, we should estimate it, with all the lights before us, at from 2,800,000 to 3,000,000 bales, barring future disasters. We do not think it can exceed the latter figure in any event.

A FENIAN SCENE IN BUFFALO.—Fenian excitement continues to run riot in Buffalo. The Fenian Lynch died on Saturday last, from the effect of wounds received at the battle of Ridgeway, and his interment took place on Monday. The coffin was carried into the Roman Catholic Cathedral by six men in Fenian uniform, but the Rev. Vicar-General Gleason refused to perform the funeral services over the remains of one who had incurred the excommunication of the Church. The coffin was then carried out, the great bulk of the congregation accompanying it, and the last rites were discharged at the grave, as the telegram informs us, by Head Centre O'Day.

HOW TO SAVE OIL.—We find the following in one of our exchanges. It will be very easy for any one to try it:—

"A short time ago we published an article from an exchange, to the effect that salt in a kerosene lamp was a great saving of oil. We have since fully tested it, and it is a greater saving than was stated in the article referred to. Fill the lamp half full of common salt, then fill up with oil. It burns with a clear flame, and is a saving of more than twenty-five per cent. in oil. Try it."

SPEECH OF THE POPE.—The following is the text of the speech recently delivered by Pope Pius IX. to the deputies of 100 Italian cities:—

"There upon that pile stands the angel who subdued the demons. He holds a sword returned to its scabbard, and, in like manner, announce this day the termination of the pestilence. [The allusion is to a tradition that on the cessation of the plague, in the time of Gregory the Great, the angel sheathed his sword.] Now, again, methinks I see him return the sword to its scabbard, as if in the act of obeying the Divine decree, for to-day commences an era of mercy. At the beginning of this century, on this very day, one of my predecessors was dethroned and compelled to fly into exile, pursued by those same enemies who now, under the pretence of aggrandizing their country, would root out of our hearts our holy faith. On this same day (for it began with these earliest breath) liberating forces enter this Holy City to disperse the enemies of God and His Church, who in this city, the centre of the Catholic Faith, wished to destroy the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. Of ill omen to Rome has this day been called. I say that the hour of its triumph has begun. Men have said that I hate Italy. No, I do not hate her. I have loved her always, and have blessed her; I have longed for her prosperity, and God knows how I pray for her. Let us pray for this, I must at present call it, unhappy nation. That is not unity which is founded on egotism; that unity is not blessed which destroys charity and justice, which tramples under foot the rights of all—of the ministers of God, and of good Christians. They have all for their enemies; all stand in array against them; for they have as their enemy God himself. The hour has dawned, our triumph cannot fail, and if it be delayed let us suffer in peace the inflictions of Divine justice. I am moved by this demonstration of affection—by the sentiments which you have expressed to me in your own name, and in the names of the hundred cities of Italy, and I declare to you all my gratitude, my tenderness. I bless those who have presented me this offering, and their families. I bless you and your families with a special benediction, and if any of them has wandered—if a father, a son, or a brother, deceived by fallacious ideas, has wandered into the path of error, let this benediction cause him to return to the straight path. May this benediction accompany you everywhere; may it follow you on your return to your homes; may it accompany you even to your last day. If during your lives you find yourselves abandoned by all, this benediction will never forsake you. I bless this classic land, fruitful mother of so many saints, which has given to the Church and to Heaven so many heroes of sanctity and justice. I pray to God to preserve her in her ancient faith, which forms her greatest glory. Again I bless you and your families, and be this benediction a pledge to you of every prosperity. I impart it to you in the name of God, that we may reach that blessed eternity in which we shall praise and thank God. Farewell for ever and ever."

LOCAL TAXATION IN UNITED STATES CITIES.—In an article on the debts and taxation of the large cities of the States, the New York *Commercial Chronicle* states, that the aggregate indebtedness of fourteen of the principal cities of the States, viz:—New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Newark, Louisville, Albany, San Francisco, Providence, has been increased during the six years from 1860 to 1865, from about $103,500,000 to about $149,500,000. This gives an average increase of some 45 per cent. A comparison of the whole taxation per head of the populations of the cities of New York York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago and San Francisco, leads to the conclusion, as far as one can judge from the cities instanced, that the total taxation of the city population in the States has increased from about $12 per head in 1860 to $30 per head in 1865. There is considerable diversity in the proportions between the different cities, and the ratio of increase also varies materially at the several places; but this may be taken as the average augmentation of their burthen since the year antecedent to the war. Allowing five persons to each family, it would follow that the amount of taxation paid directly and indirectly by the city population is $150, per family, against $50 in 1860, showing an average increase of $50 per family. This immense addition to city burthens must materially affect the social and political future of the country, and, adds the *Chronicle*, calls loudly upon the State and Federal Legislatures to retrench in every possible way the expenditure under their control.

THE MEXICAN QUESTION IN FRANCE.—The speech of M. Thiers on Mexico, which had been twice postponed, was delivered in the Corps Legislatif, July 9. M. Thiers said:

"The Mexican expedition has ended without any good results to France. Our compatriots remain exposed to greater losses than ever, our commerce with Mexico is ruined, and the prestige of our greatness is compromised in America. Even in Europe the Mexican imbroglio has hampered our attitude toward the great revolution accomplished in Germany. The lessons of this unhappy expedition is that control and opposition are necessary. The Mexican expedition was approved by no one in France, but was, nevertheless, undertaken and continued for several years. There are two ways of understanding monarchial government. The first is the rule of a Prince with irresponsible Ministers, who merely execute the orders they receive. The second is a Prince governing with responsible Ministers, who have to submit their views to him, as the head of the State, and can, if necessary, lean upon a representative Assembly which is able to oppose the Ministers, both, however, dependent upon public opinion. This is the form of monarchy toward which we must advance as speedily as possible in the interest of the Government and the country."

M. Jules Favre stated that the real idea of the expedition was the subversion of the Mexican Republic and the establishment of a throne in Mexico, but this intention had been concealed by the Government. The French troops ought to have brought back Maximilian, and thus have saved France from the stain of blood which will rest upon her.

DOUBLE MURDER IN ASCUTNEYVILLE, VERMONT.

FRENCHMAN MURDERS A MAN AND HIS WIFE—A LITTLE CHILD THE ONLY WITNESS OF THE TRAGEDY.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 23, 1867.—The Little village of Ascutneyville, four miles south of Windsor, Vt., was thrown into a state of intense excitement this morning by the discovery that Mr. Gowing, a well-to-do farmer of that place, had been murdered, and that his wife had met the same fate. The crime was committed by a Frenchman, who was employed by Gowing last summer, and knew that Gowing usually kept several hundred dollars in the house. He called Gowing to the door by shouting that the cows were in the corn, and as soon as he opened the door, felled him to the floor with an axe and beat his brains out. The Frenchman then rushed to the room where Mrs. Gowing was in bed, and murdered her in a like horrible manner. In the same room was a little girl in a trundel bed, who was the only witness of the tragedy, and who knew the Frenchman by his voice. After rifling the house the murderer escaped, but it is rumoured he has been arrested.

COMPARISON IN REGARD TO CRIMES IN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.—It would appear that the idea that human life is more insecure in Ireland than in any other part of the United Kingdom, was, until very recently, firmly rooted in the minds of the people of England and Scotland. This idea, however, has been effectually dispelled by a comparison instituted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, between Ireland and Scotland, in regard to crimes against the person. The result of this contrast is eminently in favor of Ireland. The statement shows that in ten years, ending in 1865, 204 persons were charged with murder in Scotland. In Ireland, the population of which for the greater part of the ten years, was nearly double that of Scotland, only 349 persons were charged with murder. The statistics of convictions tell more powerfully still in favor of the Green Isle. Of the 204 persons charged with the capital crime in Scotland, 109 were brought to trial, and of these, fifty-nine, or more than half, were convicted. Of the 349 persons tried in Ireland, only 58, or 17 per cent. of the whole, were convicted; shewing that in most instances the grave charge was preferred upon insufficient grounds. One feature in the statistics speaks very favorably of the morality of Irish women. Fifty-six per cent. of the persons committed for murder in Scotaland were females, but in Ireland the percentage was only 32. In England in the same period it was 42.

About fifty rowdies from Montreal went with the Grand Trunk Railway Company's Pic-nic to St. Hyacinthe, on the 28th ult., and created a riot of serious nature there. It is stated that they got up a row with vagabonds like themselves residing at St. Hyacinthe, and when the pic-nic party was returning to the cars, the fight became furious—stones and brick-bats flying everywhere and shots fired. About thirty volunteers were called out, but were useless. Meantime, most of the windows of the cars were smashed, and women and children had to lie down to avoid missiles. When the train started, the volunteers, astonishing to say, fired into the cars. One woman was shot by a rifle ball, and has since died. Two hotels in the village had the windows smashed, and several persons injured.