THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

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Literature.

A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

September strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather,
Ah, me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are flying;
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is earth so gayly dress't?
This pomp that autumn beareth
A funeral seems, where every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
On some blue morn hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
But not with boyish laughter:
We shall then be wrinkled men,
Our brows with silver laden,
And thou this glen mayst seek again,
But nevermore a maiden.

Nature, perhaps, foresees that Spring
Will touch her teeming bosom,
And that a few brief months will bring
The bird, the bee, the blossom.
Ah! these the forests do not know—
Or would less brightly wither—
The virgin that adorns them so
Will never more come hither!

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the land of dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans, and trailing streams
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy borders flow
Sweet rays from a world of endless morn,
And the nearest mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearest field are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair
From the lowest of flight to that bordering land,
And walk in the fairer glory there,
With the souls of the living, hand to hand.

One calm, sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they ring in the memory o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with the day,
And fields that bloom in heavenly gales,
The land of dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of hope and fear,
And soft, low voices that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the guileless ear.

Dear maid, in thy childhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childhood's play,
The tears on whose cheeks are the genial shower
That freshens the early bloom of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams!
And I know by the moving lips that now
Thy spirit strays in the land of dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, O heed thy feet!
O keep where that beam of Paradise falls!
And only wander where thou mayest meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the land of dreams
With love and peace to this world of strife;
And the light that over its border streams,
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

[From Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal.*]

A STORY OF ENGLISH LAW.

Catherine Herbert was a young and rather pretty widow, the mother of one little boy, and the mistress of a handsome house and moderate competence. She was not a coquette, but left at two and twenty the widow of a man whom she had married in obedience to her father's command, a man withal old enough to have been her father himself, it was no wonder that in a year or so after Mr. Herbert's death, neighbors began to speculate upon the probabilities concerning his successor. In something less than another year, they had settled the matter to the general satisfaction; and before the third was half gone, were becoming impatient to know whether the wedding day was fixed. Presently it became evident that their conclusions had been premature, and at length gossips grew weary; though 'Mrs Herbert and her lawyer' remained a stock subject of discourse, it was generally understood to have become one of second rate importance.

To the lady herself it was far otherwise, for though she had not given her heart quite so readily as they might suppose, it certainly was given; no one knew this better than herself, unless perhaps the person on whom it was bestowed. Perhaps he had known it before she did; if he had not, most possibly he would never know it at all.

George Stuart—such was his name—was the young partner of an old attorney, in whose hands Mr. Herbert had left his wife's affairs. These proved to be rather complicated, and as a natural consequence, the lawyer and his client frequently met. Stuart was the working partner, though not head of the firm; and Mr. Herbert grew into the habit of looking to him as her adviser, without considering how far this habit might lead her.

It is not easy to say whether Stuart did consider this; his was a character not easily pronounced upon. Fitted by nature and education to adorn society, he entered only as often as seemed necessary to avoid the imputation of singularity. Nevertheless, this was the imputation always attached to him, though with what reason few could decide, for he scrupulously avoided every appearance which could have justified it. In dress, manners, habits and acquirements, he differed nothing from others of his rank; yet there must have been a difference somewhere, for every one acknowledged, though none could define it. A few suggested that it arose from his somewhat unusual style of countenance; others, more justly considered this not a cause, but an effect.

Why was his an unusual face? Nothing in his feature was extraordinary. He had, of course, the usual items, not excepting 'two grey eyes and a chin.' But there was nothing surpassingly handsome in any of them; it was in expression only that his features were remarkable. At first sight, young ladies pronounced him melancholy, young men declared him proud; but both opinions were qualified on a closer acquaintance. There was an odd mixture of gentleness and sternness in the short, firm curve of his lip; it left one doubt whether the original character had been harsh or tender. So with his eye; its cold, hard gaze was tempered by a peculiar softness, and the beholder was puzzled to know which was the natural, which acquired expression.

To Mrs. Herbert, Stuart's manner was always simply respectful. Self-possessed at all times, even cold and taciturn upon occasions, it was entirely without effort he acquired any influence over her. So completely had this difference beguiled her from the examination of her own feelings, that it was not until she started into fearing the loss of his friendship that she began to understand how highly she had prized it. He, having perhaps more knowledge of the human heart, perceived long before she did whither all this might tend, and gradually, very gradually, he sought to lessen the danger. His visits became less frequent, and his manners more formal.

This was the means by which Mrs. Herbert was awakened into the consciousness of her own partiality, and at the same time stung with the belief that he suspected and scorned it. This last mortification, however, could not endure long, for not the most fastidious delicacy could have detected anything in his bearing toward her which the proudest woman could have resented; and the deep respect, the almost reverence with which he treated her when they met in general society, soon satisfied her that, whatever his feelings for her might be, contempt certainly was not among them. All this was very tantalizing, and some woman might have grown weary, but Catherine Herbert, however much she might feel the bitterness of unrequited affection, could not, if she had wished, have recalled or transferred hers.

But after all, her lot was far from being an unhappy one; her little son was an admirable security against dullness and solitude. Alas! she knew not how much he had administered to her happiness, until he was suddenly snatched from her. Stunned by the blow, almost wishing that the cruel fever had taken her too, how bitterly, even without knowing it, did she miss the consolations of sympathy! Life seemed henceforward a blank to her, and yet life must be endured; for though her health had suffered severely, youth and strength forbade the release that she almost sighed for. And George Stuart, cold, callous, unfeeling as he seemed, what was there in the death of an infant to excite his regret? He scarcely dared to ask himself; but when he summoned courage to analyze his feelings, the truth was soon arrived at. It is not till misfortune overtakes the object of its love, that a noble mind understands how deep that love has been. The blow that struck her heart communicated itself to his; and it was in the midst of sorrow for her bereavement that he first confessed to himself that he loved her. To himself? And why not to her? No; this must not be; cold drops stood on his forehead at the thought.

Some weeks elapsed after her little boy's death ere they met again. Stuart was unable wholly to conceal his agitation; and she, grateful for his evident sympathy, could scarcely control her emotion. Few words were spoken, yet that short interview gave her more pleasure than she had hoped ever again to know. Did he then love her after all? What meant that sudden flash, chased again to deadly paleness? Why did his hand so abruptly relinquish hers, unless through the fear that she should detect its trembling? By such enquiries as these—foolish except to a woman—did she beguile many a lonely hour away. But something else was in store for her.

She had been from home for several weeks, visiting a distant relative, when on returning she was informed that Mr. Stuart had called once, and his aged partner twice, in her absence. She wondered at this, for Mr. Morgan rarely took so much interest in her affairs as this proceeding seemed to indicate. It was, in fact, owing to Stuart's earnest request that he called, Stuart becoming daily more convinced of the necessity for his absenting himself.

It was an unlucky move on his part. Mrs. Herbert fancying that the business must be of importance, called at the office the morning after her return. Both partners were absent, but expected momentarily, and Mrs. Herbert seated herself to await their coming. On a table beside her lay a heap of unopened letters, and she began mechanically to remark the different appearance of each. There were parcels of documents, addressed in the round, stiff hand which betokened their legal import; large letters in blue envelopes, with immense seals; smaller ones in delicate cream color, with arms and crest emblazoned thereon. All these bore the address of the firm, but one, the last which Mrs. Herbert took up, was simply inscribed to 'G. Stuart, Esq.'

Now, there was nothing very strange in this. Mrs. Herbert knew that private letters were seldom if ever addressed to the office, and most probably the writer of this had erred through inadvertance. But some strange thought must have flitted through Mrs. Herbert's brain, for she stood for some moments gazing at the paper in her hand, as if everything else in the world was forgotten. Suddenly she heard the outer door open, and hastily replacing the letter as she had found it with the address downwards, she flung down her veil and walked to the window.

It was Stuart himself who entered, but Mr. Morgan was scarcely a step behind him. After a quiet greeting, Stuart passed on to the table where the letters lay, and Mr. Morgan proceeded to inform his visitor of the business on which he wished to see her. Fortunately, he required only assenting answers, and these Mrs. Herbert contrived to give, though her attention was otherwise occupied. Mr. Morgan left to fetch some document from the outer office; and, glad of the relief, she drew aside her veil to breathe more freely. Stuart's hand was on the letter, the lady's letter, and he opened it without observing the address. A strange look shot across his countenance as the spread sheet met his eye—a look of anger and detestation subdued at once into scornful pity. But Catherine Herbert knew not what that look expressed; she saw only that it betokened some strong emotion, and the rush of feeling deprived her of the power to think. Her eyes closed involuntarily, but only for a moment; she *would* not faint; and reopening them she saw his fixed upon her with a look so eloquent of overwhelming anguish that all thought of herself was in a moment eclipsed.

By what strange alchemy is it that in the breast of a true woman the wildest passions are sometimes instantaneously converted into the most gentle? It is not love a one—it is faith; the pure, full trustfulness of an undeceived, undeceiving spirit. Stuart's look of agony was met by one of love. At that moment, Catherine would not have scrupled to confess it, though never till that moment had she felt it so entirely hopeless. The impulse of Jealousy was swallowed up in that of generous affection; and the grateful brightness that started into Stuart's eyes showed that he understood and appreciated her feeling.

Yes, he understood all. At sight of the letter, which to him possessed a fearful interest, he had involuntarily glanced at Mrs. Herbert. The change in her countenance told him how she had interpreted his, and to his painful emotions was added that of observing hers. There was another feeling too—more selfish, perhaps, but equally natural—the dread of losing her esteem. It was this she read in his face; to this her look gave answer. Men know not the strength of a woman's love, when they suppose that any one shock, no matter how violent, can materially alter it.

Mr Morgan returned in a very few minutes; little did he know the change those minutes had wrought in that silent couple! They were, to all appearance, just as he had left them—they had not spoken; and though Stuart's heart might be groaning within him, though Mrs. Herbert's lips might be whiter now than her cheeks had been before, Mr. Morgan saw it not. The veil, the thick black veil, was down again; and by the time he had finished his explanation, she had regained her self-command.

The remainder of the day was spent rather sadly. Bidding her servants to deny her to every one, she shut herself into her chamber, and indulged in a passion of weeping; yet her tears were not those of unmixed sorrow. There is no sock so small but that hope will find a way through it; and whatever might be the mystery which encircled Stuart, Catherine was satisfied that it arose from misfortune rather than error.

She was right; but this seemed to afford little consolation to him, as, pacing up and down his chamber, he wore away the night. It was long ere he could think; the strong discipline to which he had for years subjected himself for once powerless; the tumult of his feelings defied all government. Ah, it is easy to bear our own griefs; but the sufferings of those we love it is impossible to see and remain unmoved! Night wasted, day dawned, and still his line of action was unchosen.

George Stuart sat at his desk, if he inclined on business, but less for anything else. Fortunately it was mere routine work he had to attend to, until Mr. Morgan came in. They were in a private office and alone.

'George,' said the old man, 'you don't look quite yourself to-day. Suppose you shut this up, and take a walk.'

'Where?' Stuart knew that this walk was to be on business.

Mr. Morgan told him. There was a client to be called on in one street, and a deed to be inquired after in another. Lastly, Mrs Herbert must be informed that her mortgage on a certain cottage was worth next to nothing, inasmuch as it had been previously mortgaged to its full value.

Stuart sat still for some moments, and then coldly and briefly excused himself from the proposed walk.

But his partner was not to be so put off. At first, he jested at Stuart's cowardice, wondered at his fastidiousness, and so on; but perceiving that his badinage was more likely to disgust than to amuse, he changed his tone, and seriously, but very kindly, begged to be informed of the reason of his friend's refusal.

Now, George Stuart was not a man to be questioned on his own affairs, and to any other person he might have replied coldly or disdainfully; perhaps he would not have replied at all; but for Mr. Morgan he had real respect, which was well merited. During the four or five years of their partnership, the young man had been treated by the elder one with uniform kindness and delicacy. If now the latter seemed to be overstepped, George knew well that it was only an excess of the former good feeling which occasioned the trespass. So instead of that impenetrable look of distance by which common inquirers are repelled, he half smiled as he answered:

'It is not always possible to give a reason for our likings or dislikings. Is it not enough to say that I feel disinclined to walk?'

Mr. Morgan shook his head, and laughed a little. 'Come, George; be open with me. How has she vexed you?'

This was too blunt. Stuart looked angry; but in a minute or two replied gently: 'You are mistaken, my good friend. I cannot pretend not to understand you; but you are altogether wrong?'

'I am sorrey for that, George. I fear that others have mistaken also.'

Stuart looked up, and encountered a grave, almost disapproving look, which he returned somewhat proudly, and rose from his seat.

'Don't be angry, George. Sit down. I thought you took me for a friend?'

'You have shown yourself one,' replied Stuart, grasping the hand which Mr Morgan held out to him; 'but——'

'But you will not give me a friendly confidence? Come, George, I have watched you for some time, and I cannot help thinking that you are using poor, pretty Mrs. Herbert rather badly.'

Coming at such a moment, this was a bitter accusation. It was too much for Stuart's over-wrought feelings, which could not take refuge in indignation; the kind gentleness of his friend's manner rendered that impossible. He sat down; but when he would have spoken, the convulsive trembling of his lip forbade it. For a moment his head was turned aside, and his hand pressed his forehead; then the strong will reasserted its mastery, and he calmly crossed his arms upon his chest, while his lip curled, as if disdaining the emotion he had lately exhibited.

'Forgive me,' said Mr. Morgan, a good deal startled at seeing how much pain he had inflicted. 'I had no wish to annoy you. I will say no more.'

It is not strange that often something which we deemed an annoyance should at the moment of its removal become precious in our eyes? Stuart had been inexpressibly annoyed at Mr. Morgan's inquisition, yet now he felt a sort of disappointment. Besides, was he not leaving him under a false impression, though perhaps somewhat altered from the original one? With a strong effort, he requested his friend to stay.

'Resume your catechism, my dear sir,' he said, and 'I will answer you faithfully up to a certain point. Beyond that I cannot go.'

Mr. Morgan twirled his gloves, scarcely knowing what to say.

'Well,' Stuart persisted, 'will you begin?'

'Why, my dear fellow, you puzzle me excessively. I *was* inclined to charge you with coldness and want of feeling.'

'That is nothing new,' said Stuart, with a look half sad, half scornful; 'that has been my imputed character for years.'

'But in this particular case, George? To come to the point at once, I am sure you like Mrs. Herbert once.'

'I have always highly esteemed the lady you mention.'

'You could not, then, intend to show her disrespect?'

'Disrespect! What can you mean?'

'Have you not to-day, for the third time, declined seeing her? Supposing this were known, what would be the impression produced? I fear one more favourable to your fastidiousness than to her delicacy.'

'You may be right,' Stuart replied after a while; 'nevertheless, I could only do as I have done. Of two evils I have chosen the least.'

'Explain yourself.'

'It is not easy to do so. I felt it my duty to break off an intercourse which might perhaps'——

'I understand. But why your duty?'

Stuart was silent.

'Excuse me. Are you "set" against marrying?'

'My dear friend, you have reached the point at which I told you that your questions or my answers must cease.'

Mr. Morgan looked disappointed and sorry.

'My confidence would only give you pain, Mr. Morgan,' said Stuart, replying to the look.

'Then you will not tell me? You will not let me know what this is that burdens your heart and shadows your countenance—that is crossing your forehead with wrinkles, and streaking your hair with gray!'

Half smiling, yet sadly, Mr. Morgan rose from his seat. Stuart rose too, and walked to the window; then, after some moment's reflection, he turned again with a firm though slow movement, and walked back to his seat.

To be concluded next No.

Gleanings from late Papers.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE FEELING AT KINGSTON.

The *British Whig*, published at Kingston, in its issue of the 7th, tells how the people felt at having the Prince pass by their city. They were determined not to be cheated out of all the fun which they had anticipated, so they had their regatta, and in the evening the grand ball came off. At the supper, which accompanied the ball, two toasts were only drank—"The Queen," proposed by the Mayor, and "The Prince," by the Hon. John A. Macdonald. Some one mentioned the Governor-General, but it would be dangerous to propose him, so the officials wisely abstained. After the ladies had risen, the Mayor and the Hon. John A Macdonald were severally toasted, and both gentlemen happily responded. It was past 3 o'clock in the morning when the last galop was danced, and the whole company went home.

The Catholics were put in excellent humour by the publication of the following letter, which the Mayor received from the Duke of Newcastle:—

OFF KINGSTON, Sept. 5, 1860.

SIR—It is with the utmost regret that I now find myself compelled to take the extreme course contemplated as possible in my letter to Sir E. Head, of the 30th August, which was immediately communicated to you by his Excellency, and to advise the Prince of Wales to proceed on his way without landing in the city of Kingston.

When we arrived yesterday, we found an arch covered with Orange decorations, and an organized body of many hundreds wearing all the insignia of their order, with numerous flags, a band, and every accompaniment which characterized such processions. I could hardly bring myself to believe that after seeing you and the other gentlemen who accompanied you on board the steamboat, and fully explaining to you the motives which actuate my advice to the Prince, the objections I took to those party displays on such an occasion, and the necessary consequences which must ensue, if the Orangemen would be so misguided in their own conduct, and act so offensively to the whole of their fellow-citizens, Protestant and Roman Catholics, as to persevere in their intention of preventing the Prince from accepting the hospitality of your city. I have been disappointed; the Prince has consented to wait twenty-two hours to give the Orangemen time to reconsider their resolve; they have adhered to it, and it is my duty therefore to advise the Prince to pursue his journey. What is the sacrifice I asked the Orangemen to make?—merely to abstain from displaying in the presence of a young Prince of 19 years of age, the heir to a sceptre which rules over millions of every form of Christianity, symbols of religious and political organization which are notoriously offensive to the members of another creed; and which, in one portion of the empire, have repeatedly produced not only discord and heart burning, but riot and bloodshed. I never doubted the loyalty of the individuals composing the Orange body. I based my appeal to them on the ground of that loyalty, and of their good feeling. I did not ask them to sacrifice a principle, but to furl a flag and abstain from an article of dress. I wished the Prince to see them, but not to give countenance to a society which has been disapproved of in the mother country, by the Sovereign and Legislature of Great Britain.

I am told that they represent this act of mine as a slight to the Protestant religion. Until they can prove that the great mass of Englishmen are also not Protestant, it is quite unnecessary for me to repudiate so unfounded and absurd a charge. I am well aware that such party processions are not illegal in this country, as they are in Ireland. This is a conclusive answer if I asked you as Mayor to exercise your authority, but it is no answer to my remonstrance. I made it not as Secretary of the Colonies, called upon to enforce a law, but as a Minister of the Queen attending the Prince of Wales by command of her Majesty, in an official visit to this colony, at the invitation of its Legislature, and I ask in what position would the Prince be placed by my sanction if he were now to pass through such a scene as was prepared for him (which happens not to be forbidden by the Colonial Legislature), and next year visit the North of Ireland, where he could not be a party to such an exhibition without violating the laws of his country. His Royal Highness will continue the route which has been prepared for him, but in any place where similar demonstrations are adhered to, a similar course to that pursued at Kingston will be taken.

I cannot conclude this letter without an expression of regret that the corporation did not accept the offer which I made them through you, to present their address on board the steamer—an offer readily accepted by the Moderator and Synod of the Presbyterian Church, in connection with the Church of Scotland. It is impossible to believe that the members of the corporation were influenced by sympathy with the conduct of the Orangemen, but I fear such a construction is too likely to be put upon their decision.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

NEWCASTLE.

The Worshipful the Mayor of Kingston.

The above letter from the Duke of Newcastle, it appears, was written to Sir Edmund Head, to be by him communicated to the local authorities, and Sir Edmund in sending copies of it wrote as follows:—

OTTAWA, August 31, 1860.

SIR—I have the honor to enclose a copy of a letter addressed to me by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, now in attendance on His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

In explanation of his letter I desire to call your attention to the fact that, according to an advertisement which has appeared in a Toronto paper, it is the intention of the Orange body in that city to display in the procession which is to take place on the reception of His Royal Highness, and in the streets through which he is to pass, certain emblems and decorations belonging specially to their own society.

I may state in the most explicit terms that any such display, or any attempt to connect His Royal Highness' reception with the public and open recognition of the Orangemen or any party association, would be viewed with extreme dissatisfaction.

You will bear in mind, sir, that His Royal Highness visits this colony on the special invitation of the whole people, as conveyed by both branches of the Legislature, without distinction of creed or party, and it would be inconsistent with the spirit and object of such an invitation and such a visit to thrust on him the exhibition of banners or other badges of distinction which are known to be offensive to any portion of Her Majesty's subjects.

I feel satisfied that his Grace's reasons for expressing these views will, on consideration, be deemed satisfactory; and I have to request that you, as chief magistrate of the city of Toronto, will take care that no such cause of complaint may exist, either in the procession itself or in the decoration of the streets through which His Royal Highness will pass.

I have further to request that you will, by letter addressed to me at Kingston, inform me explicitly whether any doubt exists as to a compliance with the wishes expressed by the Duke of Newcastle in this matter, as the course likely to be pursued at Toronto may materially affect the route to be taken by His Royal Highness in his further progress through the province.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

EDMUND HEAD.

His Worship the Mayor of Toronto.

TORONTO, Sept. 7, 10 P. M.—The Orangemen have been parading the streets all day with banners, bands and robes, but just before the arrival of the Prince they took off their gowns, as had been pre-arranged, as they passed under their arch, and emerged on the other side of it as a body of private citizens. The only mark even upon their arch which could be taken as a party emblem was the likeness of the Prince of Wales, over its centre in the traditional costume of King William the Third, at the crossing of the Boyne.

The landing of His Royal Highness here occurred just half-an-hour before dark. It was a spectacle which for magnificence has probably never been equalled in the modern world. Just as the Montreal hall was the finest thing ever seen under a roof, so the display here was by far the finest thing ever seen out of doors. A semi-circular platform, whose radius was at least — feet, had been erected, and tier upon tier of seats were arranged around, each behind above the other. This was ornamented with shields, banners, &c. Ten thousand people were in position upon it. In the open space was a troop of cavalry. In the centre was a great level platform, with a dais throne under a gorgeous canopy, where the Prince and his suite, the members of the corporation, judges, many members of parliament, the press, and a brilliant array of officers of the militia and regulars stood.

When the Prince landed from the Kingston he stood for several minutes, silently contemplating the scene. The noblemen in his train, too, were ardently impressed with a sense of the absolute sublimity of the scene. After a brief pause, during which a thousand children sang the national anthem in capital tune and time, the people following it up with deafening cheers, the Corporation presented their address, and then the procession—the equal of which the writer has never seen—began to pour in on each side of the great gate, which had been made for that purpose, six abreast. The militia, fire companies national societies, and associations of every imaginable kind, marched past in endless succession, dropping their banners, and cheering as they proceeded. This delighted the Prince, who had advanced to the front of the platform. As they went out under the magnificent arch immediately in front, the bands began to play. Unfortunately, it was dark before the whole body of men and youths had passed, and some of the grandeur of the effect was consequently lost. When all had defiled, the Prince and suite took carriages and followed the procession through the city, up one street and down another for miles.

The illuminations were very fine, and light was not in any lacking. Every man in the long file cheered the whole way, making himself hoarse. Every window, every house, was either lighted up with gas, candles or lanterns, or was filled with ladies waving their hands, fans, handkerchiefs, and throwing flowers before the Prince. It was a universal jubilee, a complete carnival, and as to enter into detail would be impossible when writing by telegraph, this account ends here.

The Prince finally proceeded to the Government house, where his quarters were prepared—reaching it about 8½ o'clock, for dinner.

TORONTO, C. W., Sept. 8.—It is considered by those who have been with the Prince of Wales since his arrival in America, that the reception and illuminations here last night in his honor, surpassed anything yet seen.

The Prince is holding a levee this morning. This afternoon he lays the foundation stone for the statue of the Queen. This evening he attended a reception at Osgood Hall.

Much excitement exists this afternoon in consequence of a report that the Duke of Newcastle had written the Mayor to say that the Duke had been entrapped into a Toronto reception by misrepresentations in regard to the Orange arch, which he considered quite objectionable. A secret session of the City Council was held, but neither the Duke's letter nor the Council's proceedings are made public. It is understood that the matter has been arranged in some way, and that the demonstration will proceed.

THE PRINCE AT KINGSTON.

It was hardly to be expected that the visit of the Prince of Wales to the English Provinces on this continent should run its progress and meet nowhere with any unpleasant incident to mar the completeness of a loyal ovation. A visit of the future sovereign necessarily enlists the warmest feelings of the people, gives rise to an intense excitement, and inevitably calls into activity, at the same time, prejudices and passions which otherwise might remain dormant. It is always so where private feeling is brought into play by public events, whether it be the progress of a Queen at home,—where, however, a better discipline prevents always any public exposure,—or of a Prince abroad, and the wonder would have been had this occasion passed without some such result.

It may well be esteemed a fortunate circumstance, therefore, that the festivities of so many weeks have been uninterrupted by a single unpleasant incident; and that up to a week ago, the people of the Provinces have only vied with each other in the expression of a united loyalty, and a universal enthusiasm at receiving among them the Prince of Wales. Whatever private jealousies there may have been, as it is inevitable there should have been some, have been kept studiously out of sight, and His Royal Highness has been permitted to see only the unquestionable evidence of the unfeigned pleasure and happiness which his visit has afforded the people. However much we may regret then the unhappy difficulty which awaited him at Kingston, we may still rejoice that it was no worse. It was unquestionably a want of good sense as well as of good manners to permit the old and bitter feud between the Orangemen and the Catholics to come to the surface at this particular moment. It was an occasion to bury animosities, not to arouse them, when the people were called upon to give expression to a sentiment which all shared in common. Had the Orangemen been calmer and wiser they would have remembered that the Prince was to be welcomed by British subjects, and not by religious or political partisans. It is to their discredit, and no doubt, now that cooler reflection has displaced passion, to their mortification, that the Prince and his advisers were compelled to remember for them what they ought to have remembered for themselves. And it ought, and unquestionably will, endear His Royal Highness still more to the people of the Provinces, that he understood so well and acted so decidedly and promptly, upon what his own dignity and self-respect required. Had his course been otherwise he would have been justly open to animadversion for fomenting faction, and countenancing party jealousies. Had it been otherwise, it is hardly possible but old enmities and party differences would have sprung into activity elsewhere, and his path thenceforward, till he left the Continent, been beset with difficulties. His prompt rebuke of the thoughtless demonstrations of the Orangemen of Kingston has had its proper and wholesome influence. At Toronto, the next place of importance, where any difficulty of this sort might have been apprehended, and where unquestionably party differences would have been fomented by their successful assertion at Kingston, the good effect of the course of the Prince has suggested calmer and more sober reflection on the part of the people, and the Orangemen thus have had the good sense to remember what is due to him as well as to themselves.—*New York Albion, Sept. 8.*

The Toronto Globe of the 20th ult., says the rumor grows stronger daily that Lord Mulgrave is to succeed Sir Edmund Head as Governor General of Canada.

There have been more losses of life, and destruction of property by lightening, in Canada and the United States this year than in any previous one.

A late number of the Mobile *News* gives a lenghty account of the shocking effects of the storm out south, in which so many lives were lost. Among the miraculous escapes related we copy the following:—

"A story was related to us yesterday afternoon, of the narrow escape of a Swedish fisherman from drowning in our Bay during the gale. The hero of this story, with two comrades, was upon Dauphin Island when the storm came up, and the house which they occupied was borne off by the storm. The Swede went to a sailboat near by, and the force of the wind parted the painter, and sent the boat out with the solitary mariner upon the merciless wave. In a few minutes she was upset, and for several hours she was drifting and tossing upon the billows up and down the Bay, the Swede having no control over her whatever, and clinging with all his might to her sides. Thus things continued with him until the wind subsided and the gale ceased, and a fortunate roll of the billows landed him in an almost lifeless condition upon the beach below Point Clear. Here he was found by a few kind-hearted people living in the neighborhood, and by them taken proper care of. Not a word of the fate of his companions has yet been received. The last that is known of them is, that they went on board a flatboat in the gale, and that she was borne out to sea. As the wind was very high, and the waves rolled tremendously, the probabilities are that the boat was swamped, and her unfortunate crew found a watery grave."

The New York Hotels are still glutted with guests, as they have been nearly all the time for the last six weeks. The Fifth Avenue House, who some feared would perish for want of patronage, has not far from 600, filling every room and an indefinite number of cots. Other houses are in the same condition. A gentleman spent half a night last week in searching for a place large enough to hold him till the next morning.

Last Friday, a drunken man was taken before an Alderman of Pittsburg, Pa., and swore roundly, upon which the magistrate fined the fellow $58, 'for cursing and swearing 58 profane oaths;' in default of payment the Alderman committed him for 58 days.

The N. Y. Tribune itemizes a giant, who called to see its editor, in this fashion:

"The race of giants is neither extinct nor confined to the tents of the showmen. One of the sons of Anak, Mr. Frederick Decker of Ossia, Livingston county, New York, called at this office on Wednesday, and paid his ponderous respects. Only 19 years of age, he is seven feet high, and weighs three hundred pounds. It will be clear, from this statement, that he is a stalwart and proportionate person. Pursuing his regular calling, that of a lumberman, he fells large trees, and earns his bread by the sweat of a massive brow. He came here to see the city, and the city appeared to reciprocate the attention largely."

The returns of the census, so far received, justify the expectation that the population of the city of New Orleans will be shown to be near 200,000. The result shows that New Orleans is at this moment one of the most prosperous and most rapidly increasing cities in the Union.

Barnum is to have a fresh water mermaid, caught last week in the Missouri river, at Weston, Mo., to add to his collection. The hybrid was caught on a hook set over night for a large species of muskalunge, and hauled in with great difficulty by two men. He, she or it, was five feet long, with head, eyes, ears and nose like a man, and a belly somewhat barrel shaped. In all other respects it is like a fish. When the fishermen got sight of the head above water they were terribly frightened, and came near losing their prize.

SOLID MEN OF NEW YORK.—Wm. B. Astor is worth $25,000 000. A. T. Stewart, the great dealer in dry goods, is worth $20 000,000, and in ten years he will be worth $100,000.000. His business is eight hundred thousand dollars a year profit. In ten years at compound interest, ten millions. Add to that 7 per cent, or twenty millions, and compound interest for ten years, and with the rise of real estate Mr. Stewart will reach pretty near eighty or one hundred millions of dollars.

A waggoner named Forrest, in Tennessee, one day last week, camped out sleeping in his waggon, containing a keg of powder, with other articles, and left a candle burning. The candle burned low, set something on fire which communicated it to the powder, and the whole establishment was blown skyhigh—killing both horses, and horribly mutilating Mr. Forrest.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, says:—Trains over the Rutland and Washington railroad are considerably impeded in their passage by the myriads of grasshoppers that lodge on the railroad track, and are crushed beneath the giant wheels of the engine. The track is rendered so slippery and greasy by the crushed mass, that it is almost impossible for any headway to be made on the up grades.

A gentleman was doing well, but wanted to do better, in Kentucky, and so removed to a farther western state; and in answer to a correspondent, wrote back the following flattering account of the "kid'ntry" and its inhabitants:—"You ask me how I like this country and the people thereof. As for the country, the land is as cheap as dirt, and good enough: but the climate is rainy, blowy, and sultry. The people die so fast here that *every man has his third wife, and every woman is a widow!* As for the people they are perfect Christians. They fulfil the Scriptures to the letter, where it says, 'Let God be true, but every man a liar!' That's a charming section of Uncle Samuel's domain, isn't it?"

There is now growing in the gardens of Moorsend, near Cheltenham, England, an extraordinary white rose tree, thirty feet in height. It is a perfect picture, and is estimated to have between 18,000 and 20,000 blossoms upon it, being literally smothered in bloom, besides having thrown off a whole heap of petals, which lie in a cluster round it, and present the appearance of a bed of snow.

The number of men and boys employed on board the fishing fleet from Gloucester harbour this season is 3958, being 390 more than were employed last season.

SACRILEGE.—One of the Wesleyan Churches at Montreal was broken into last week, and robbed of a cash-box containing the contributions of nearly a year, and a large number of Hymn Books. We trust the guilty miscreants will be found out and severely punished.

An elephant recently swam across the Ohio River, at Cincinnati, under direction of its keeper. A Cincinnati paper says that the novel sight was witnessed by an immense number of spectators.