

The Potter Journal

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY
M. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. (Nothing is printed except that of principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedoming our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil type. \$1.50
1 square, 1 insertion..... 2 00
1 square, 2 or 3 insertions..... 3 00
Each subsequent insertion less than 10 lines..... 10 00
2 square, 1 year..... 5 00
Admin. notice or Exec. order..... 50 00
Special and Editor's notices per line..... 20 00
All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory references.
Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and dispatch.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

R. A. BRAKE, M. D.

PHYSICIAN. S. BRONX, offers his services to the citizens of this place and vicinity and desires to inform them that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main street, near C. F. Manning's Store; Residence nearly opposite the office of the Fox & Ross' Estate.—17-23

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons
F. LODGE, No. 242, F. A. M. State of Pa. Meetings on the 3rd and 4th Mondays of each month. Hall, in the 3d story of the Old Bank, W. M. McALARNEY Sec. D. C. LAURENCE, W. M.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. His office is situated in the care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

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ISAAC BENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Attends Courts of adjoining counties. Office on Second street, near the Albany bridge.

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MILLER & McALARNEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Harrisburg, Penna.—
Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States, such as Pension, Bounty, Arrears of Pay, &c.—Address No. 55, Broad street, W. R. MILLER, J. C. McALARNEY

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Pensions procured for Soldiers of the present War who are disabled by reason of wounds received in battle, and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have been killed in battle. Also, on receipt of mail of a statement of the case of claimant, I will forward the necessary papers for the Pension Office. Fees in Pension cases as directed by law. Refers to Hon. Isaac Benson, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq. J. C. McALARNEY, Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

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REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT—
Land, Bought and Sold, Taxes Paid and Title Investigated. Insures property against fire in the best companies in the Country, and Pension Agents. Office in the Third story of the Old Bank, near the Albany bridge. Business transacted promptly. 1-29

P. A. STEBBINS & Co.,
MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 11-29

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THE subscriber desires to inform the citizens of Potter that he can supply them with all kinds of Marble work as cheap and as good as can be had in any place in the State. MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES of all kinds furnished on short notice. Coudersport, Pa. C. BRUNNLE.

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F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets Coudersport Potter Co. Pa. Every table in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroad.

Potter Journal Job-Office.
HAVING lately added the new assortment of JOB TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

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THIS great line traverses the Northern and North-western counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie on Lake Erie. It has been leased and is operated by the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.
Time of passenger trains at EMPORIUM.
LEAVE EASTWARD.
Erie Mail Train..... 8:30 A. M.
Erie Express Train..... 8:57 P. M.
LEAVE WESTWARD.
Erie Mail Train..... 10:30 A. M.
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Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.
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ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS on all Night trains.
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FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

"I say, old fellow, you'd better come. Make it the last of August, and we'll go in for the first fresh and lively; I'll back Curley Moor against the whole country for genuine sport, and you can't stop in London while the game's about."

It must have been this argument which induced Arthur Goldthrope to go down to Hartley hall; when the season in town was at an end, and it was no longer any use making morning calls in Belgrave square. The pleasant time was over, the long rides, the happy talks were past; Lillian Hartley had gone, and had left behind her all sorts of passionate love raging in Arthur's heart. Of course she knew he would follow her. Had not there been a tender pressure of the hand and a wistful look when they parted, that made Arthur instantly remember Fred's invitation, and resolved to accept it? Did not he whisper as much, and did not he make his appearance punctually at the given day, when Lillian was so terribly surprised to see him; and had no idea he would care to spare the time for such poor sport as Curley Moor could offer.

It was a glorious autumn; never had the mornings been more bright and clear or the nights more calm and still. The shooting did not go for much, and Fred was very properly disgusted—but Arthur remembered those summer days as the happiest of his life. If it had, hitherto been pleasant to have Lillian in a fashionable drawing-room, or a crowded park, what was it to wander through shady lanes and smooth paddocks by her side?—to have her glancing up at him from a coquettish straw hat, with the sunlight just lighting up her dimpled chin, and scattering gold dust over her brown curls! What was it to hold her little bare hand and steal a kiss in the moonlight, when the croquet was over, and everybody "just took a turn before going in?" Arthur began to wonder where his skepticism about love had gone to; how he had used to laugh at the tender passion; and here was he, almost trembling when he heard a certain step upon the stairs, and greedily coveting a little glove he had stolen a night ago! Thank heaven, that however wise and knowing we get in our generation, we all of us at some time or other are willing to lay down our wisdom and worship blindly. Perhaps the object is often unworthy, perhaps in after years we marvel at the infatuation; but we knew better, happier thoughts while the delusion was upon us; we were lifted out of ourselves, we thought we recognized something higher and better; for a time we seemed to forget the selfish, grasping world, and through our love were lifted nearer to holiness and God.

The promised fortnight flew on to three weeks; every day Arthur felt he must go to-morrow, when it came the threatened separation seemed harder; he thought he could have lingered on forever in idle dalliance at Lily's side. What could man want more, with such a companion and the "Idyllis" for literature? Was there business or money to be thought of? Had not the world changed to Arcadia? would not the sun always shine, the birds sing, the flowers bloom? Could death, decay, blight and separation be only hanging off a little time, before it broke through the dream?

At length an imperative summons came from home; the fiat had gone forth, the lovers must part. Goldthrope senior was a wealthy London merchant, whose foreign trade was principally Indian; at this precise juncture some important misunderstanding had arisen with the branch establishment, and it was necessary a principal should go over and settle the matters. Mr. Goldthrope delegated this office to his son.

"It will admit of no delay," he wrote, "come back instantly to town. Make your arrangements and start by the next mail. As regards your engagement with Miss Hartley, leave that till you return from India; when you come back, you will be my partner, and at liberty to please yourself in that particular."

Arthur showed this letter to Lillian's father. It was not a cordial one, perhaps, but Mr. Goldthrope was a reserved, proud man, and if he offered no congratulations, at least he made no obstacles to his son's happiness.

"You will let us correspond?" pleaded Arthur; "you will let me consider her mine the instant I return to claim her? I cannot go if my engagement is not to be bidding—"

Mr. Hartley gave his consent and the lovers parted. The spell was broken—Arthur rushed home, and in a little time announced his departure. Lillian put his first letter in her bosom, and wandered once more along the old pathway that they had so often trodden together; a cold wind shook the trees, dry autumn leaves fell thick and fast; the glory of the summer had gone past; he might have taken the sunshine with him, it was so dreary now he had gone.

Time sped on—Arthur arrived at his journey's end; he found there that the

business would take longer than he had hoped; delay was unavoidable; and in the meantime he had Lillian's letters to look forward to, to long for, and to read over and over again.

At last a longer space than usual elapsed after Arthur's last letter. Was he coming home? Had everything been suddenly arranged, and might he at any moment stand at their own door? The Indian mail came in, but it brought no letter; it was the first omission. Lily studied the last letter for some faint clue to the mystery, which might perhaps have before escaped her. It was written in good spirits; it expressed the old fond love, the tender recollections, the fervent anticipations. He could not have forgotten her. Was there any other cause? Was he ill? he—oh! to existence hang! to feel that he, too, was mortal, and might die, away from kith and kin, alone, and abroad!

Just then, other troubles fell on the Hartley family. Fred had turned out wild, and got heavily into debt. Retrenchments had to be made, to meet his responsibilities. The house in London was given up, and the family lived entirely at the old country house. One night Lillian stayed out late, wandering in the damp haze. She came in languid and tired. She had been visiting an old pensioner of hers, who was dying, and she had loitered wearily home. Mrs. Hartley's face turned quite pale as she listened to her daughter's account of the sick woman; then she quietly sent a messenger for the family physician. When he arrived, Lillian had sunk into a heavy stupor on the couch. All that night she raved wildly. The next morning she groped feebly on the coverlid for her mother's hand, and cried out that the daylight would never come; was the night to last forever? She was blind. Small-pox was raging in the village, and Lillian brought it home with her. A month after, when the disease had spent its rage, and Lillian was feebly returning to health, there was a letter from Arthur waiting for her. It lay for several days in her mother's desk before she ventured to deliver it. Lillian would never thoroughly realize the fearful calamity that had befallen her until the letter she could never read would be put in her hand. She had not recovered her sight! Her fair, pale face was unseamed and the blue eyes looked as tenderly as ever, but they looked into darkness, Lillian was blind.

Heaven only knows the agony the poor girl must have suffered when they told her fate. In utter prostration, she turned her face to the wall, and prayed to die. Better that Arthur should come home and find only a grave, than a useless burden with whom he might feel himself bound in honor to keep his promise. Oh! why had she ever recovered to this fearful gloom, this eternal night; to feel warmth, and yet know no summer; to touch flowers and yet not know them. She grew resigned at last, and bade her mother read her lover's letter. Even in that kind voice it sounded strange and constrained; the familiar, loving words seemed forced and unnatural; the light and cheerful spirit of the writer could never have been conveyed in the mere words; it was the well-known hand-writing that made the familiarity. Let any of my readers copy out a love letter in a new hand, and the charm is gone; the words the thoughts are there, but all individuality with the writer is gone. Think of a printed love letter, and how little it touches us, how entirely the spell is broken, how we sneer at the want of punctuation, the repetitions, the absurdity of the whole performance!

But Arthur said he was coming home, he said it with no congratulations, no eagerness; he did not even dwell on their meeting. Ah, perhaps it would be best that they should never meet. If he had grown cold to her, if he had changed, let her think to the end that her misfortune and not his inclination broke the sacred tie between them. And yet she must feel his presence once more; she thought she could bear her lonely life after that, and live to hear of him happy and prosperous. Let them meet and she herself would break their engagement. So she begged those around her not to let the knowledge of her misfortune reach his home; and she waited patiently for his return.

Weeks and months dragged on. Lillian grew well and resigned to what was inevitable; trouble had taught her a lesson which in her prosperity she might never have learned she found she could still be her mother's companion, and her father's greatest pleasure; they grew happier when they saw her smile again, and heard her singing in the sunshine that she could only feel. Never had she been so dear to them as now—never had she felt their love as she felt it now.

Time passed—Arthur should have arrived, but neither he nor his friends made any sign; once Mr. Hartley, meeting old Goldthrope, asked him point blank where

Arthur was. The old man's face darkened and he said he did not know.

"He has come home," thought Mr. Hartley, "and dare not tell me that he wants to break his engagement with my poor girl."

Summer had come round again. One calm evening Lillian wandered slowly and cautiously over the smooth paddock; she had been accustomed to blindness now, and could find her way about, with no other guide than the old Newfoundland dog Nero, who might have known his mistress's misfortune, he was so careful never to leave her side. Lillian sat down on the rustic seat beneath the garden wall. As the twilight crept on she could hear the jingling of the nightingale, and the faint whirr of the broad winged moths as they flew past. Nature seemed drawing a deep breath after the still, hot day, as the faint breeze swept dreamily through the thick foliage. It was on such another evening as this that Arthur had told his first love. A tremor passed through Lillian's frame as she remembered that she could see everything then, the fading light, the golden sky in the far west, the gathering clouds, the green trees—ah, how little she could know of nature now! how life itself had changed, and all the brightness gone.

Suddenly the dog at her feet sprang up with an angry bark, and dashed into an opposite thicket; Lillian started up, and tried, poor girl, to look her hardest in the direction of the sound. Presently a man issued out of the gloom, and stood within twenty yards of her hesitating to approach, or waiting for some sign of recognition. He wore a broad-brimmed hat slouched over his face, and a long cloak hung from his shoulders; but the dog knew him, and crouched with a whine at his feet. Why then did she stand so motionless? There was only one explanation: she did not know him. Who would know him now? Who could realize the fearful change?

He stole a little nearer through the tall grass; he could see her white figure distinctly, and her face was towards him; even her eyes seemed to look at him, yet they did not seem conscious of his presence. She waved her hand and called the dog. Nero looked in his old master's face, mutely asking why he stayed behind, and then obedient to Lillian's second call, he went slowly after her.

The stranger drew a hard breath, watching the pair as they passed beneath the old elms; at the gate the dog turned once more and looked back, then trotted on. Arthur sat down on the seat Lillian had left, and covered his face with his hands.

An hour later the broad, full moon lit up the fields and lawn, and threw sharp shadows of the overhanging branches on the carriage drive. Arthur stole softly to the front lawn; the old fashioned windows of the drawing room were open on the grass, and he could see distinctly into the room. Mrs. Hartley was reading by the lamp; Lillian sat in a comparative shadow playing the piano, no notes on the stand.

Presently Arthur recognized the air it was one of his old favorites that he had heard her play a dozen times. Did she remember her play a dozen times? Did she remember who had once listened to it so lovingly? Was it left for him to break the spell of her happiness, by betraying his hideous secret? Ah better that she should have forgotten him; better that she should bear all the pain, than that she should ever feel a particle of the horror he had gone through.

"I will see her father," he thought: "I will explain it to him, and leave it in his hands to decide between us. He cannot wish to spare her the shock of seeing me more than I do; he cannot be harder on me than fate has already been; and at least I have seen her once again."

The entrance of a servant disturbed the quiet trio in the drawing room. "If you please, sir, a gentleman wishes to see you in the library."

"To see me?" ejaculated Mr. Hartley, only half awake. "Show him up, Stephen."

"He particularly wishes to see you alone, if you please, sir, and would send up his name," said the man.

"Very well, I'll come," said Mr. Hartley; and he went.

"I wonder who it can be?" said Mrs. Hartley, looking up over her spectacles. Lillian did not know, and resumed her playing. A little time back such a visitor would have made her tremble, now hope and expectations had laid too long dormant to be so easily aroused.

In the library Mr. Hartley found the tall stranger standing on the Hearth-rug he still wore the slouched hat, and his face was too completely shaded to be recognized, hardly to be seen. Something, however, in his bearing struck the old man, and he started back.

"Good Heavens he exclaimed, 'tis not—"

"You!" cried the old man; but take off your hat, let me see your face—"

"Not yet," said Arthur gloomily, "you will see me soon enough; you have recognized me with my hat on; let that suffice for the present."

Mr. Hartley stared; then he began to wonder if he knew of his daughter's misfortune.

"You don't ask after Lillian," he said, presently.

"I have seen her already," replied Arthur.

"Seen her?" said Mr. Hartley.

"Yes, in the meadow; but she did not know me; we were quite near, and she passed me like a stranger," cried Arthur "and yet you remember me."

Mr. Hartley sat down with a deep sigh. Arthur did not know, then, the painful task that lay before him still.

"No wonder my poor girl did not know you, Arthur."

"Yes, yes, I know I am changed, fearfully, horribly changed!" exclaimed the young man, passionately; "and I come to ask you whether I had even better let Lillian see me again. I will go away, if you bid me; I will make any sacrifice to spare her the shock. Only think first of all I have had to bear, before you decide, think how I loved her, and how the thought of this meeting, which I shrink from now has never been absent from me, night nor day, since we parted."

"You misunderstand me, Arthur," said the old man. "It is not you who should shrink from meeting my poor daughter. You have nothing to fear, nothing to shrink from."

"Nothing to fear!" repeated Arthur; then with a sudden effort he threw off his hat. "Look at me, before you say that."

Mr. Hartley did look, then half started back, still staring at the altered face before him.

"Good heavens, it is very fearful!" cried Mr. Hartley. "It is very shocking."

"It is fearful!" repeated the unfortunate young man, bowing his head upon his hands.

Two years ago Arthur Goldthrope was a very handsome man. The face that Lillian had last looked at when they parted was fresh with health, and color, and manly beauty, now he was terribly and strangely ugly. The straight features were the noble, broad brow, the dark full eyes were still the same; but the skin had altered completely from a healthy red and white to a bluish indigo gray; face, neck and hands, indeed his entire body, had undergone that complete and fearful change.

Mr. Hartley drew a long breath as he recovered a little from his astonishment.

"I don't understand it, my boy," said he. "Won't it come off? Bless my soul it really is a most extraordinary thing. I knew a different climate would do a great deal; but anything so strange as this I never heard of in my life."

"It was not the climate," said Arthur, sadly "let me explain to you how it occurred. Directly after I had dispatched my last letter but one to Lillian, I caught the yellow fever that was then raging at one of the stations I had occasion to go to and never expected to survive; the natives were dying around me by dozens, and I resigned myself to meet the worst as courageously as I could. The disease with me developed itself in its worst form, there appeared no chance open for me; it seemed fated I was to die in a foreign land, away from home and my dear Lillian. At last one of the native doctors told me there was one remedy for my stage of the disease that was sure to cure me effectually; but which left behind it such terrible results that nearly all preferred death to such a cure. This remedy consisted of a certain preparation of mercury being rubbed all over the unhappy patient at regular intervals; the result would be to change the white European skin to this miserable blue gray tint. At first you may imagine that I shrank from so repulsive a cure, but by degrees I grew more accustomed to the idea until it gradually lost much of its repulsiveness. Life is very dear to the most of us, and I seemed to have so much to lose. At any rate I reasoned that if when I am so disfigured life is so terrible to be endured, and my friends shrink from me I can only die then, as I should die now. So I gave my consent. The doctor commenced his work and cured me, but left me what I am."

Arthur Goldthrope paused, and Mr. Hartley held out his hand.

"You did right Arthur," said he; "and now we have to thank Heaven for what I had thought my greatest misfortune—Lillian shall never know of this change."

"Never know of this change."

"May I then never see her! Ah, sir you speak too kindly, and yet at the same time ruin all my hopes."

"My poor boy, the choice does not lie in my hands," returned Mr. Hartley, solemnly. "You have told your tale; now hear me. You too, have something terrible to bear—Lillian is quite blind."

"Blind!" exclaimed Arthur. "Oh Heaven! this is very fearful; and yet, it is better so! She will never know me as I am."

An hour later Arthur and Lillian sat side by side; the first rapture of that unexpected meeting was over.

"And to think that after all my prayers you should have been here this afternoon and I not know it!" said Lillian.

"You would not have known me, my darling," said Arthur.

"They tell me that you are changed—Arthur," said the young girl; "let me touch your face. Ah! my love there is no change here so terrible as mine. I am so useless, so dependent."

"Lillian, learn to thank God as I do for that calamity," said Arthur. "In your love you picture me now as I once was; if you could see me as I am, you would shrink from me with horror. Every hour of my journey home I have pictured your averted looks, until I learned to dread the progress we were making, since it brought me nearer to you and your aversion—"

"When I arrived, I dared not let you know I was here. I have lingered about for weeks, dreading to hasten our meeting, and trying to teach myself that I must endure life without you. My darling, can you ever bear to know what people will say when they see us together—you so beautiful, I so repulsive?"

"Do you love me as you used to do?" said Lillian, creeping closer to him.

"Love you?" he repeated. "I seem to have no thought in life but love for you."

"Let us be together, Arthur," said Lillian.

"Let us live for each other, away from the world; never let it part us again, Arthur."

"Never again, Lillian," said he; "we will be faithful to the last."

The average majority on the Union Territorial ticket in Nebraska is about 600.

The receipts from Internal Revenue during the past month amounted to \$30,457,938.05. The receipts Friday were \$2,100,635.

Gen. Robert E. Lee is said to have made a contract for the publication of his history of the Rebellion with a publisher of New York.

Funeral services over the body of Col. Ulric Dahlgren took place in Philadelphia. An impressive sermon was delivered, and the remains taken to Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Secretary Wells will urge upon Congress in his forthcoming report some enactments by which naval apprentices may upon meriting advancement, become officers in the navy.

A dispatch from New Orleans of the 20th notes the fact that, for the first time since the capture of the city in April, 1862, New Orleans was then without a ship of war in front of it.

The Governor of Dakota writes to the Commissioner of Indian affairs that there is no doubt of the desire of all the Indians in that territory for peace. The season however, is too late for making treaties.

James L. Orr, Governor elect of South Carolina, was pardoned some weeks ago, but says a Washington dispatch, as that State has not repudiated the Rebel debt she has failed to prepare herself for the official recognition as a State loyal to the Union.

The quarterly report of Mr. Freeman Clark, Controller of the Currency, shows the loans and discounts of the National banks at \$485,000,000; their circulation \$171,000,000. The circulation of the State banks is about \$60,000,000.

The President has appointed Colonel John P. Taggart, Internal Revenue Collector for the First District of Pennsylvania, in place of Mr. Heading deceased. There were at least twenty other applicants for the position, some of them strongly backed by political influence.

Col. Allen has brought suit against Gen. Ortega, for expenses connected with the carrying on of the Mexican Expedition scheme. Gen. Ortega pronounced the proceeding to be a conspiracy to extort money. The court took the papers and reserved its decision.

The Fenian scare in Canada shows no signs of abatement. A dispatch from Toronto states that a manifesto to the Orange men has been issued by an ex-Grand Master of the Order, in which they are exhorted to take up arms to resist an invasion by the Fenians.

The Government of Great Britain having been officially notified on the 17th of March last of the intention of our Government to terminate the Canadian Reciprocity treaty, and only 12 months' notice for each termination being required, the Secretary of the Treasury has instructed his subordinate officers that the treaty will cease to operate on the 17th of March next.