

WAR NEWS.—The reports from Europe are conflicting; it would seem, however, that we are seeing the last of the great Napoleon. The very latest war news, up to the hour of going to press, will be found in our columns this morning.

The article headed "Ben Holladay," in this issue, is taken from the Boise City Statesman, and is decidedly a good hit at Democratic journals who are snapping and snarling at the heels of Ben Holladay.

MARKETS.—European and Eastern wheat quotations are a shade lower since our last. This may be the result of a "corner," and will be but temporary.

BROWNSVILLE ITEMS.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.
BROWNSVILLE, AUG. 16, 1870.
Things are getting "mighty dry" up our way, and the general desire is that we could have a good shower to lay the dust and clarify the air; but despite of the dust and dry weather business is still thriving.

Pursuant to a call by the Superintendent of the Union Sabbath School, in South Brownsville, on last Saturday, the children and as many of their friends as the busy harvest season would admit, met at the Presbyterian church, for the purpose of holding a picnic. After the singing of several pieces by the young folks, Rev. Robe addressed the children in a very neat and appropriate speech of twenty minutes length. Several others were called on and made short addresses; interspersed with singing. The meeting was then formed in double file under the direction of Rev. Robe, and marched to the school house, where the provision committee had spread out the tables, which consisted of chicken, pies, cake, and many other good things, of which children are fond, and older people do not despise, which, when spread out ready for eating made quite an inviting appearance. Without much ceremony all "pitched in" very good naturedly and taking the Yankee plan, "ate best first, and so had best all the time." There being enough for all and some to spare, no one went away hungry. After dinner the young people amused themselves a short time jumping the rope, but as the day was too warm for such vigorous exercise, they soon desisted, walked back to the church where they amused themselves singing and talking for a short time, and then dispersed to their several homes, well pleased with themselves and the rest of the world, feeling that they had had a good time.

During a couple of days of last week Messrs. A. Wheeler and A. E. Ellis took a steaming tour. They went up the Santiam road as far as the toll-gate, thence back by the way of Lower Soda Springs marking the gates, fences, logs, stumps and out-houses with "For dy goods go to A. Wheeler, and for Saddles and harness go to A. E. Ellis." This looks like they meant business. We think it always pays to advertise one's business, and wish them success.

Messrs. J. Malone and Wm. Rodgers with their families will leave here this morning for Walls Walla valley, where they expect to make permanent homes. They are good citizens and nice families, and will be a desirable addition to any community. We regret to see them leave us, and our Village can ill afford to lose them at this time.

From Dayton.

We left the little village of L. Wednesday, 21st of July, at 2 o'clock, P. M.; we arrived at Jefferson, after three hours' drive over a hot, dusty road. There we remained with our friend, Mr. L. Jones, till next day. Jefferson is a beautiful little village. Here is located the Jefferson Institute, a school of which any village should feel proud. For two years it has been conducted by Prof. Mann as Principal, and Miss Mary A. Robinson as Preceptress. Under these popular educators the school has grown rapidly in public favor.

In due time we arrived at Salem. This city is growing very rapidly. I believe no costly building, except the bank, has been erected during the last year, but many neat, comfortable dwelling houses have been completed, while on all sides carpenters are busy erecting others. The gas-works are nearly completed. The pipes are now being laid through the streets, and by the first of September, Salem will be lighted with gas.

We arrived at Dayton Friday evening. Dayton is a pleasant little village, situated on the Yamhill river, two miles from its junction with the Willamette. It contains two dry good stores, one blacksmith shop, a reaper manufactory, and a population of about two hundred. As it is situated at the head of steamboat navigation on the Yamhill, and as boats can ply between it and Oregon City all seasons of the year, it is destined to play no unimportant part in the history of Yamhill county. As Lafayette, the present county-seat, is dead, Dayton may some day aspire to claim the honor of being the county-town; but as it now stands McMinnville will be the county-seat before many years.

Speaking of the county-seat, reminds me of the "contest" which came off here a few weeks ago, before his Honor, Judge Boise. Well it is over and both parties are awaiting his Honor's decision, in hope and fear.

Farmers are very busy gathering in their grain. The fall grain is very good, but the spring grain is light. But, take it altogether, farmers will be well paid this year for their labor.

Tours in haste,
TRAVELER.

Fish Lake and Vicinity.

BROWNSVILLE, AUG. 9th 1870.

The "heated term" still continues and a parallel to the present weather both as to its intense heat and its duration, is not recorded in the annals of the history of Oregon, and without the recollection of the "oldest inhabitants." There are many, however, who will distinctly remember the second and third days of July four years ago, as the hottest weather ever experienced in Oregon, and during which time it was simply a matter of impossibility to be comfortable under the most favorable circumstances. All kinds of vegetation was completely burned up, as it were, the streams receded so rapidly that many feared some of them would be entirely dried up; the thermometer stood 112° in the shade, with not a breath of air stirring, and all persons were so completely overcome with heat that no one would risk, and in fact could not stand being out doors in the sun for more than 5 or 10 minutes at a time. These two days are said to be the hottest ever known in this State. The present term has not been so hot, but has been of much longer duration. 'Twas at such an interesting time as this, that I started on a tour of inspection to the mountains of Hesperidum, where the lion roared, &c. My outfit was one complete army, and consisted of one jack knife, one fine tooth comb, tooth brush, towel, one six inch double barreled bowie knife, one yanger, one pair of heavy revolvers, two shot guns, one smooth bore musket, 3000 percussion caps, five bags of shot, 3 reams of paper, 1 lb of powder, one loaf of bread, and 3 bottles of whisky, prepared for operations offensive and defensive, and determined to fight it out on that line if it took all summer. But it didn't take all summer. The company of which the expedition was composed, as it left this city, if not respectable in point of numbers, was doubly so in a moral and intellectual point of view; and as your correspondent always liked to talk to a sensible man, and hear a sensible man talk, the conversation during the first twenty miles of the trip from Brownsville to the toll-gate was extremely entertaining and lively, if not profitable. The country through which the road passes, is, to say the least, at the present season of the year) rather uninviting, and as the hour for noon was near at hand, some dinner seemed to be absolutely essential to the comfort and well being of the "inner man."

An occasional health or pleasure seeker was passed, camped on the banks of a stream where wood, water and grass were abundant, enjoying the cool air as well in the valley as in the mountains. We crossed "Amos' creek" and reached a slight elevation over which the road passed, and we have the first view of "Sweet Home." A very pretty little valley certainly; entirely hemmed in by the surrounding hills and mountains, among which it nestles and looks quite comfortable and home like, and its name "Sweet Home" is very appropriate. There are perhaps two or three sections of land in the valley susceptible of cultivation, though fern of the rankest growth covers a great portion of the level land, and is, of course, somewhat a drawback to successful cultivation, as fern always is wherever found. The inhabitants, however, seem to be industrious, thrifty well-to-do farmers, and I noticed several fine fields of wheat and oats, which looked fully as well as any I had seen further down the Willamette valley. The residences although not imposing or very pretensions, had an air of neatness and comfort around them, and your correspondent could see no reason why life could not be enjoyed fully as well in "Sweet Home," as at other points more favorably located perhaps, as to access to market and advantages of more extensive society; but the Sweet Home's *home* advantages not possessed by some other localities; that of pure mountain air, clear cold sparkling water, which runs through their valley, a dancing, merry brooklet, alternately leaping on its way through the sunshine sparkling with life, or running silently through the deep recesses of wood on either side, seemingly reveling in gladness in its own undisturbed happy and peaceful possession of the many charms which the God of nature has given it and with which he has so bountifully supplied all animate and inanimate nature.

The view of the mountains over which our route lay across the Cascades was equally unpleasant, and suggestive of nothing neither romantic or beautiful. The valley or canyon of the Santiam is well defined, winding its way up among the bare rocks of the hills bordering its banks, the more elevated peaks stretching away to either right or left, and dimly seen through the green foliage which covers the foot hill this side of what is known as the "burnt district," and over which the "Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road" passes, winding along the base, and finally crossing the hills forming the dividing ridge between the waters of "Wiley Creek," which flows through Sweet Home valley on the south, and the South Fork of the Santiam river on the north. But, however, at the upper end of the valley, and some two miles this side of where the road crosses the divide, an object of interest or at least attention presents itself to the eye of the traveler as the

TOLL GATE.

of the aforesaid Wagon Road Company, attended by Mr. Findley, who is ever ready on the part of the Co. to receive the usual fee for toll, and to render an account of himself or any assistance necessary to people traveling on the road. Ever kind and obliging to all, he is every body's friend and every body is his friend that is worthy of his friendship; and to sum up in a few words, he is a first-class, No. 1 good man, of strong Democratic proclivities, thoroughly drenched in the wool, but none the less an honest man and a gentleman.

THE HEALTH.

of the people living in this valley, is far superior to persons living in lower, and damper localities; Fever and Ague are comparatively unknown, and none of the diseases consequent upon the malaria

arising from stagnant water, low wet lands, marshes, sloughs, &c., are prevalent to any extent. They do not claim however to have had to shoot a man to start a graveyard, yet such a receptacle is seldom brought into requisition, and consequently filling up very slowly; but certainly one could not desire to take his last sleep in a more quiet, lovely spot, than upon one of the many shady knolls that overlook and stand as everlasting sentinels to the valley below. The sun will shine as brightly in this lovely spot, and the long unnumbered days glide as silently and swiftly away, as in the more aristocratic shades of Greenwood Cemetery, the flowers will shed their fragrance as profusely, and the singing of sad requiems by the wind, whistling through the tall pines, will have as soothing a sound to deaf ears, as the sobs of the dear ones left behind; for my part I do not see why one place is not as desirable to be buried in as another; yet a great many are fearful that, when they die, they may be buried in some distant, lonely, unseen spot; but as I am not quite yet ready for burial, I will close the subject.

The hot rays of old sol, together with the exercise of horse-back riding had considerably sharpened my appetite, and on arrival at the toll gate I was extremely glad to hear that,

was ready, and that I could walk in and help myself. I found my companions had already arrived, and were waiting my coming, and were anticipating great results to flow from their part of the expedition in the way of game and fish. An unpretending youth myself I thought my weapons of destruction already named would carry conviction to every heart that I was "on it," and meant "biz," and that if I didn't "score" anything that would be "scarceable" by my military display. A "Missouri" treat followed dinner, in which all participated smoking his own "weed," and then the horses being saddled, a party of two miles was made to where our stock of provisions was stored, which had been hauled up on a wagon a day or two previous.

Our company, now augmented by two, and a very gay "old crowd," all good natured, jolly fun-loving fellows, ready for anything and everything in the way of adventure, and oh my! you can't imagine what fellows to talk. It is no wonder my soul almost went into ecstasies over the delightful prospect right before me, and the first visuous were of deer and bear, with trout interspersed to fill the interstices between. Who would think of staying at home when such seductive influences are at work to lead him away; and besides plenty of good grub. "Hurry up all set; now we are in it as well as upon the Alps." Now we are in the mountains. Let everybody whoop and holla. I love to train my fine musical voice, and now is the time to do it; with these thoughts running through my head, I started in on Old Dan Tucker, when I said, look here—do you like venison? No, sir, don't care a cuss for it. Well, but we do, and come out here for the purpose of getting some, and would certainly feel under obligations to you if you would so discompose yourself as to close that fly trap of yours, you'll need all the game away. Forbearance having always been one of my prime christian virtues, I had to let Old Dan Tucker rest, but vowed vengeance when I should arrive 50 or 100 miles from nowhere. Then I would pitch in all the harder.

The list sum of the day previous convinced me that a pair of buckskin gloves would be a useful auxiliary to prevent the hands from becoming chapped and raw, which were produced by the sun, and before nine o'clock of Monday, July 25, we were past "Whisky Spring," and far advanced up the dividing ridge before spoken of; everything in good running order and going along smoothly, and finally about noon reached the "Lower Soda," a short distance up the river from where the road comes down over the hill to the Santiam. Here we found oats and hay for our horses, and a fine view of rich sweet milk (a thing to be appreciated in the mountains) for our dinners.

The hottest part of the afternoon found me eagerly engaged in the highly exciting sport of catching grasshoppers with poor success, they fly so far, and always start off just as one is ready to break their back with a stick, and to-day I passed the mountain head, a remarkable scene. I succeeded however in capturing the remains of one, after chasing him to Canyon Creek and back by a circuitous route, but was so exasperated at his obstinacy that when I did hit him, I completely demolished his upper works, and left him with bare poles, and his fore and aft rigging all gone, and demoralized to an unlimited extent. I waded down stream over boulders, climbed along the bank through thick vine maple, stumbled over logs, crept in under the bank and fished through their water, and finally emerged along the base, and finally crossing the hills forming the dividing ridge between the waters of "Wiley Creek," which flows through Sweet Home valley on the south, and the South Fork of the Santiam river on the north. But, however, at the upper end of the valley, and some two miles this side of where the road crosses the divide, an object of interest or at least attention presents itself to the eye of the traveler as the

The "Lower Soda Springs," as they are called, are distant from the toll-gate some 13 miles, and are undoubtedly the finest yet discovered on the road. The proprietor, Mr. Findley, purchased the claim on which they are located at a total cost of \$2300, and still I believe has got no title, either from the Government or the Wagon Road Company. It seems like a good round sum to pay for a ranch in the wilds of the Cascade mountains, situated on a road that can be traveled only about 5 or 6 months in the year, and still far away from "home and friends," and the owner is well pleased with the purchase, and says the sum paid is worth the amount on account of the excellent health of himself and family; and he stated to me that he had more than paid the cost of the ranch in doctors bills while living in the valley, but now that large item of expense no longer existed, and he says he values health more than

money, and is more than satisfied, all things considered. The improvements on the place are not extensive and consist of a temporary house, with a barn, and perhaps some 20 or 30 acres of land under rude cultivation. He has an excellent garden, and raises vegetables enough for his family, and some to spare. The land having been originally covered with a dense growth of heavy timber, it was necessarily the hard work of a number of years, to bring it to even its present state of cultivation. The hay (timothy) grown upon this land seems to be strongly impregnated with the smell of wood and weeds, and is not very much relished by horses, still they eat it, as nothing better, or as good is afforded, anywhere in the mountains between Millers, and Lava Lake.

The spring, or rather springs, are situated upon the left bank of the Santiam, and to the left of the road going east, close to the water's edge, and on better taken up has something of a sparkle and snap which resembles common "pop," without having the same taste, and is clear as crystal. From the velocity of the water issuing from the newly found spring, it must have considerable "head," and apparently comes down from the bank above. The drinking of it invariably has a drowsy effect upon me, and after drinking a gallon or two, could go to sleep very comfortably. Whether these Soda Springs have within themselves any distinct medicinal virtues, I cannot say, but they are steadily increasing in popularity, and who knows but that in some distant day their fame may become as wide spread as the famous Saratoga Springs; and as patronized by the elite and fashion of Oregon as is Saratoga by the wealth and aristocracy of New York and surrounding cities.

It was to-day as we leave the green timber at Canyon Creek, and mile from Lower Soda and 15 miles from the toll-gate, and enter the "burnt district" along the Santiam, lies through one of the most dreary, wretched, despicable and forbidden looking stretches of country it has ever been my lot to travel over, if I except a volcanic country lying on the north of Snake river, extending up and down that stream from a point some six miles above Fort Hall to some 50 miles below, and from near the banks of the river to the base of the Wind River Mountains some 25 miles distant. A description of this country at this place would be impossible for me, but will say that the entire extent of country enclosed in the boundaries given you is a vast bed of lava, in every conceivable form and shape where no sign of vegetation of any kind is to be seen. Great deep fissures in the lava (sometimes filled with yellow sulphur water, but generally dry) occur; down which atoms may be thrown, occupying several seconds in its fall, striking the bottom with a hollow sound. Where the wagon road passes over it, the rock fairly trembles and waves, and the wagon produces a sound something like that produced by pounding on the head of a bass drum. A perfect paradise for all manner of foul reptiles, and creeping things; dirty looking lizards, centipedes, scorpions, and innumerable rattlesnakes, the thought of which always makes me shudder. But generally speaking, that has nothing to do with Fish Lake.

We leave the green timber to come out into the hot glaring sun of the burnt district. We travel a short distance on level ground, then the monotony is relieved by riding down a steep declivity into the bottom of a small creek, or pitched unceremoniously down first into ravine, and then into a bottom, and finally into a "nigger head," and scramble up on the opposite side if you can get up, if not, let your horses rest awhile and try again, * * * and so on. The overlying mountains present anything but contrast in the general make of the surrounding scenery, but as far as the eye can reach is seen the same mountainous stretch of barren hills entirely destitute of vegetation, and covered with sulphur water, but generally dry, and the forest, some still standing looking grim and ghastly against the brassy sky, others having been blown down by violent winds or prostrated by their own weight are lying on the uneven surface of the ground in endless and unsightly confusion.

We passed the "Elephant Rock" today, a huge mountain of adamant, completely down to the edge of the waters of the creek, an obstacle in the way of the road which took hard work and considerable amount of biasing to surmount. The road running between its base and the creek over a portion of the rock itself, is uncomfortably rough, and had for barefooted horses. The road from this point to the Upper Soda, distant 12 miles from the Lower Soda, follows up the canyon of the Santiam, crossing the stream seven times between the two points. There are, however, two places of note passed to-day, of which I will speak: Henschel's on Canyon Creek; and Keith's on Vine Maple Bottom, where at both places the enterprising proprietors have provided ample entertainment for man in the shape of 40-rod whisky, and oats for horses. At the last mentioned place, we found our old friend Col. Morgan. He says he is enjoying himself hugely, is happy in his virtue, and has good health,—what more need anyone want to complete happiness. The Col. is an eccentric genius, and a clever, good old fellow.

Our old white pack horse is a very attentive animal, and a faithful servant; so very attentive in fact that for fear his driver might say whoa, and he not hear him, he sometimes stops to take a nap on the road, entirely ignoring the presence of the swarms of voracious horseflies who threaten to devour him. There are, however, two places of note passed to-day, of which I will speak: Henschel's on Canyon Creek; and Keith's on Vine Maple Bottom, where at both places the enterprising proprietors have provided ample entertainment for man in the shape of 40-rod whisky, and oats for horses. At the last mentioned place, we found our old friend Col. Morgan. He says he is enjoying himself hugely, is happy in his virtue, and has good health,—what more need anyone want to complete happiness. The Col. is an eccentric genius, and a clever, good old fellow.

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A press of other and probably more interesting matter, to the general reader, prevents our writing a heavy leader this week.

Greenbacks are quoted at 87 1/2 cents, selling.

Ben Holladay.

All through the late campaign in Oregon the democratic journals and speakers made the burden of their howl "Ben Holladay." He was the rock against which their ocean rolled. He was the Ajax, Hercules, or Sampson, who sat "upon the bosom of democracy" and bore their cause down with leaden weight, and whose nightmare he kept them in fever heat and unstrung their nerves. All that was bad on earth was in this man. No story of corruption or fraud but what was laid to Holladay. In this reckless way he more brains than the entire democratic party in Oregon. They feared his bold straightforward, business-like way. They knew he was no child—no weak, womanish creature; in fine, he was not of the clay they had been handling in Oregon for years. He had Anglo-Saxon backbone. He was no wishy-washy democrat; so they dreaded him. He went to Oregon and found her without a railroad. Instead he found two or three poor, sickly corporations, ostensibly chartered for railroad companies, without money, credit, energy or ability. He bought one of them out and within six months had twenty-five miles of road built and equipped, and the wild woods along the Willamette echoed the sound of the screeching locomotives. He controls and is building the east side road, called the Oregon and California Railroad. He sold the bonds necessary to build the road before a spade struck the earth. In the "European Mail," of April 7th, 1870, we notice that Messrs. Richer & Co., of Berlin, state that the subscriptions for stock of the O. & C. R. amount to much more than is required, a corresponding reduction will take place, so that up to \$200,000 receiving all above that sum ten per cent. less." When we consider that less than ten United States loans are officially quoted in the printed lists of the Berlin Stock Exchange, our readers can at once see what character Holladay has given this heretofore bankrupt railroad company, and what business capacity can do toward reuniting a dead body. Every species of black-guardism, every delicate bit of filth and morsel of obscenity, which find such ready place in democratic journals, that could be found, were thrown at and showered upon this man. For five months past the political center in Oregon was not Democracy vs. Republicanism, but Bridge-path-canal-boat-pack-train-slow-development vs. Ben Holladay's Railroad. The democratic papers representing the indolent class above mentioned, and being on a platform of anti-progress, forgot the battle and were to run Holladay out of Oregon. The telegraph of the 4th and 5th informs us of their success; Holladay has just bought out the West Side Railroad lock, stock and barrel, and owns a controlling interest in the Portland, Astoria and McMinnville Railroad. So he controls the railroad system of the State of Oregon. *Vive la Holladay!* Now Oregon will take a new start and have some prospects of being a fair sized State in population. When Holladay came to Oregon, instead of receiving him with kindness the democracy attempted to smother him, and why? because they know his energy, feared his brains, and knew they couldn't get his money by any game of draw in the back room, but would have to earn it. When the leaders of that party have to earn money it is terrible on them. In fact they said, "Holladay will buy us." Week after week they kept up this, "He'll buy us;" but he didn't, he bought the railroad; and now they have their weeping, hatched faces, and say, "He would buy us! Query: Where will their fall and winter supply of gin come from? Would to God more men like Holladay would go to Oregon and "just half a one" come to Idaho. We might have a chance for a railroad. Mr. Holladay honors the city of Portland by residing there. His house is always open to gentlemen of all political parties, and they find in him a whole store of pleasant chat. The democrats had better make a contract with him to take charge of the state government during their administration, as he would run it with one of his clerks in the interest of progress and the people better than Grover and the entire party will. He and their party, as compared to the state, would be like the clerk who came to hire to a steamboat captain: "Have you a watch, chain, diamond pin, ring, sleeve buttons, fast horses, buggy, etc? enquired the captain. Yes, Well, I'll take you, then, for you won't have to make them out of me. So with Holladay; he has all these trinkets. The democratic party in Oregon has not, as the people will find out to their cost. If the democrats don't stop making such a fuss over this business man, thus showing what a power he is in the commonwealth, the people of the other states will learn to emul the state of Oregon—"Holladayburg!"

A Montana editor gets off this: A party of ladies and gentlemen of Helena have gone down, in a chartered stage, to visit the Great Falls of the Missouri. We hope they will have a more pleasant time than we did on the same trip, two years ago this summer, when, single-handed and alone we "stood off" a war party of 50 Blackfeet. We put them all to flight—trying to overtake us.

The Montana papers say that as a happy result of Col. Bazer's Peigan campaign, that Territory has never since its first settlement enjoyed so long immunity from Indian outrages.

DeLacy, one of the Northern Pacific railway organizers, reports that the route from Montana down to Salmon river to Lewiston is totally impracticable.

There is a larger yield of wheat in Walls Walla valley than in any previous year.

Idaho City is said to have dwindled away till it is but a shadow of its former self.

Governor McCook of Colorado, is going to visit North and Middle Parks, and the White River Indian Agency in that Territory, escorted by a military guard.

W. H. Hanna, a prominent lawyer at Bloomington, Illinois, was struck by lightning on Saturday, while in bed, and killed. His wife was stunned by the same shock.

TELEGRAPHIC.

(SPECIAL TO THE REGISTER.)
Dates to August 18.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—The following telegram has just been received:
SAVERNE, Aug. 16.—Fortress Morsala a small town a little north-west from Nancy, has been captured by a body of Bavarian troops, after a short bombardment. Sixty cannon were captured. It is feared in Paris that McMahon's corps, at and around Strassburg, has been cut off.

Following is from the French official bulletins:
The French are not in any great force before Strassburg. The town of Bitsch still holds out. The railroad bridge at Laigheim, between Strassburg and Bastele, has been destroyed by the enemy. Stories to the effect that the Empress and Prince Imperial are on English soil, were reported to-day. They are untrue. It is certain that the Prince is now in Paris.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—The Telegraph thinks two battles were fought on Sunday, at Pogue, eight miles from Metz, and Logueville; that the Prussians assaulted the French rear guard, driving them behind the entrenchments of Metz, when the Prussians were repulsed.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—4 15 P. M.—Rumors are afloat of a great battle in France, wherein the Prussians were routed. A London paper says there is no authority for such a statement, and pronounces the story false; in all the recent engagements the Prussians have been uniformly successful.

PARIS, Aug. 16.—The Prefect of Verdun telegraphs that no official news from Metz has been received. All day yesterday the roar of cannon was heard between Metz and Verdun. Persons who reached here from that direction say that a great battle was fought and the Prussians lost 40,000 men and were completely routed. The Government has not been able to verify this report.

PARIS, Aug. 16.—Official confirmation of the great victory is impatiently awaited. Palikao stated in the Senate that he has no official news of a victory. He stated that Bazaine unmasked two batteries of mitrailleurs in Sunday's battle, entirely annihilating two regiments of Prussians.

McMahon issued a complimentary address to his troops, saying this retreat was a victory, and by a comparison of numbers his troops showed the greatest valor.

BERLIN, Aug. 16.—Fort Henby capitulated yesterday. Great quantity of provisions and six guns captured.
King William telegraphs from the battlefield near Metz, that the conflict was desperate, involving the entire line. The enemy was repulsed at all points, and pursued to the glacis of detached works, near the fortress, where the enemy sheltered their wounded.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 16.—Following has been made public:
Our advance, finding themselves near Metz and believing the enemy about to retreat, attacked the rear guard of Bazaine's corps. A violent conflict ensued. Our second brigade, under Osterhaus, advanced, and immediately the divisions of Generals Kerchbuech and Wrangle participated, driving the enemy at all points.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—Reports from Verdun say that a great battle has been fought, but the silence of the French authorities is construed to mean that the Prussians are again victorious.
The Tribune's cable says the French loss in Sunday's battle was 10,000 killed and wounded, and 7,000 prisoners. The Prussian loss, 7,500.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—Specials from London say we have no accounts of a French victory at Moselle except the Emperor's official dispatch.
There are rumors to-night that the Prussians suffered a most disastrous defeat, with an enormous loss of men, and have been driven back to the river. This news does not come from the French Government, which manifests singular indifference of public opinion. In consequence of the military character imposed upon it by its head, Count Palikao, disturbances in Paris have not been renewed.

PARIS, Aug. 17.—Official: The Minister of War has received news from the army, which continues to carry out the movement of combination. After the combat of Sunday night, two divisions of the Prussian army sought to interrupt our march, but were repulsed. The Emperor is at Chalons, where a large force is being organized.
LONDON, Aug. 17.—The main body of the French army is concentrated at Elam, about 12 miles east of Verdun, and 76 kilometres from Chalons. The troops now in Algeria are not to be recalled.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—Ingallorn telegraphs to the French paper here that the battles of Sunday and Monday were both fought between Metz and Verdun, and that the attacks did not check the retreat; on the contrary the Prussians sustained so severe an account of a French victory at Moselle. This check will enable Gen. Trochu to reorganize the army at Chalons, which already numbers two hundred thousand men. He also complains that the Paris authorities do not confirm all this news.

PARIS, Aug. 17.—Following, under date of Metz, August 17th, has been received: We had a severe engagement yesterday, six miles southwest of Metz. We gained the advantage but lost heavily.
General Labrie is imprisoned.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—The Herald's cable says the French army of the Rhine has met with a coup de grace near Metz, and is now in disastrous retreat towards Verdun, in a shattered condition, the soldiers individually being desperate. The Emperor is believed to be in actual command of the army.

The Baden troops fired a railroad train at Sarsburg.
The Tribune's cable says that 10,000 French wounded are at Campion, and the camp presents a scene of riot, disorder and dissipation.
Reports of disturbances in Paris have unsettled the Garde Mobile, one-half of whom would break away and return in case of revolution.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—London specials from Berlin say that another attempt for peace has been made between France and Prussia. The Queen's messengers arrived at Berlin yesterday with proposals for peace from the English Cabinet. The French Emperor expressed a readiness to treat for peace. The King and Bismarck were telegraphed to at headquarters. The King replied that if Napoleon wished for peace, he must ask for an armistice in the usual way; the issue must be decided by arbitration or war.

Information received from Verdun this, Tuesday, morning, that a great battle was progressing near Mala, a town about one-third of the way on the route from Metz to Verdun. A large number of wounded, on both sides. No particulars received.
Gens. Frosard and Beauhelle reported wounded.

A large body of Prussians advanced towards Metz on the enemies line of retreat. They encountered severe fighting. The conflict lasted twelve hours; loss on both sides heavy. Gens. Doering and Wigle killed, Kousich and Grasschor wounded. The French were driven in upon Metz.

BERLIN, Aug. 18.—Naval engagement reported on the Baltic. One division of the Prussian fleet yesterday encountered a British fleet of four frigates and a corvette. The Prussian gun boats were victorious with loss. The French fleet is off Dombasche.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—Private cables say that Bazaine declared the enemy repulsed along the whole line. The German official reports claim that their victory over the French prevented the continuance of the retreat.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—The Tribune's correspondence from Chalons says that an alarm was sounded Monday evening, and the artillery went forward, but found the railroad cut at Belmar, and fell back. No communication exists between Metz and Chalons, or Verdun. We do not know where the French main body is.

Cavalry were seen twenty miles from here on Sunday.
The Tribune's correspondence from headquarters of the Crown Prince says, we are daily advancing. McMahon's corps is almost destroyed, no remnant being found as the Prince pushes steadily forward against the right flank of the French.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Bazaine telegraphed that he held his position yesterday against Prince Frederick Charles and Stemmitz.

VERDUN, Aug. 18.—The battle still rages this side of Lurs and La Tours, and seems to be in our favor. On Tuesday the enemy were repulsed along the entire line.
The Tribune's cable says that Tuesday's battle is second proof of French falsehood and concealment in recent telegrams. While Palikao was assuring the Corps Legislatif that Bazaine was pursuing his route to Verdun, the Prussians were attacking his flank, and one portion of Bazaine's army has been forced to abandon the route, and were again in Metz. Prince Charles is believed to be advancing on Chalons.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—A junction of Bazaine's and McMahon's corps is expected near Chalons, where the French will make a stand. Thiers advised the Corps Legislatif that the surrounding population be compelled to bring their cattle into Paris, and that the entire suburbs of Paris be laid in waste.

HAMILTON, Aug. 16.—Chas. A. Lake, Judge of the 9th Judicial District Court, died at Piche City on Friday last.

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Cash Dividend of 1867.....	525,573 55
Cash Dividend, 1868.....	786,197 86
Total surplus, 1869.....	4,800,339 00
Total Losses paid.....	4,000,000 00
Total Losses paid.....	4,200,000 00

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