

United States.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE UNITED STATES.—Extraordinary precautions are taken to prevent any accident, while the Prince of Wales and his suite are travelling by rail. In going over the Michigan Central road from Detroit to Chicago, his train had the exclusive right to the track over everything, was accompanied by a pilot engine, the road was carefully examined to see that nothing was out of order, breaks in fences were repaired to keep animals from the track, and the telegraph wire put in good working condition. These precautions, it is said, will be taken on all roads that he travels over.

The reception of the Prince at Washington, would avoid as far as possible any public display.

Mr. John A. Poore, of Portland, had an interview with the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons, at Cincinnati on Saturday, and urged them to let the Prince remain in Portland several days, but the decision was, that he could remain in the city but seven hours, in which time they could do whatever they pleased with him. So he will receive callers, lunch, drive, see soldiers, and look at firemen from 12 o'clock noon until seven in the evening of Oct. 20, at which hour he will leave the United States.

According to the programme he was to be at Philadelphia yesterday and today. Oct. 11, 12, 13 and 14—New York. Oct. 15—West Point. Oct. 16—Albany. Oct. 17, 18 and 19—Boston and Cambridge. Oct. 20—Portland, whence he immediately embarks for home on board the vessels which await him there.

He is everywhere received with enthusiasm fully equal to that shown in the British Provinces. The Duke of Newcastle in a letter to the Mayor of Boston says:—

"I cannot say with what kindness the Prince has been received in those cities which he has visited in the United States. If each individual had been instructed what to do, the whole people could not have shown greater delicacy of feeling and consideration for the position he occupies in England, though without the slightest surrender of their own claims to independence of action. They have all looked upon him as a guest, and resolved to treat him as such, but without overdoing the character of host."

"In return, of course, every effort has been made, and shall continue to be made elsewhere, to gratify the amiable curiosity of our cousins to see the son of the Queen whom they love and respect almost as much as we do."

The hulk of the wrecked steamer *Lady Elgin* still rides at her own anchors opposite Winetka, on Lake Michigan, directly in the track of passing vessels.

A British steamer arrived at New Orleans on the 27th ult, with the remnant of Walker's party. Walker was shot on the 12th.

THE CHEMISTRY OF MEDICINE. Among the special delights which have so richly repaid our visit to New England was the inspection, it was our privilege to make of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s Laboratory, of Lowell. Although we knew by hearsay, that it was large, yet we were surprised when we came into view of its real magnitude, and still more by the extent and complication of its truly immense business. The whole massive structure is in fact one vast chemical laboratory, in which the processes of this wonderful art are constantly going on. Medico-chemical science has found that the curative properties of any substance exist in some one or more of its component parts. Thus the remedial effects of opium are due solely to the morphia it contains although this is but one eighteenth part of its weight; the other seventeen parts are gum, extractive and inert or offensive matter. Dr. Ayer's system separates the medical properties of each substance employed and we are here shown the processes by which the virtues of each remedial agent are chased through the alembics until they come out completely pure at last. These concentrated, purified medical properties or virtues, are finally combined together to produce the remedies which have made themselves a reputation for unrivalled excellence, all over the world. Not only does the Doctor disclaim all secrecy in his art and explain every process and every particular, but he maintains that this is the only process by which the people can be supplied with the best possible remedies for the treatment of disease.—The Formula by which his remedies are made are published in the medical Journals and have been presented to a large part of the medical Faculty of the United States, and are constantly sent by mail to such physicians as apply for them.—[Daily Chronicle, San Francisco.

New Zealand.

By our last English mail we received files of the *Sydney Morning Herald* and the *Christian Pleader*, to July 21st, by which we learn that the British forces in an action against the Natives at Waitara in New Zealand had met with a disastrous repulse by which they had met with a loss of 29 killed and 33 wounded.

BATTLE AT WAITARA.

A correspondent of the *Nelson Examiner* writes:—About daybreak on Wednesday, 27th June, a force of 200 men in all, from the 40th and Naval Brigade, set out from the camp with the big guns, and took up position on the side of the path near the camp. The men had with them Major Nelson, Captain Richards, Captain Seymour, Lieutenant McNaughton.

Another party of 150 men was sent round between the path and the river, and, leaving a detachment in the flat, came up in the rear of the path, on the inland side. The path was thus surrounded, so that none coming out could escape from one force or another.

The main force in front opened fire with artillery at seven a.m., and, after some firing, effected a small breach. But the ground was known to be furrowed with old entrenchments, and a gully intervened between the artillery and left wing and the path. The natives come boldly out on the opposite side of the gully, sometimes within one hundred yards, and a steady and busy firing went on. On the right wing, however which consisted of the grenadier company of the 40th and part of the naval brigade, and which overlapped the head of the gully, a distressing fire was maintained from a broad ditch, and the order was given to fix bayonets and charge. The natives, lying down with loaded guns, started up when the line was within a few yards: their numbers were great, their guns double barrels, and they fairly shook the advancing party. They closed, however, and a hand to hand fight followed, in which many fell; one big fellow of the 40th is said to have bayoneted six of the enemy, and was then shot down. Some white skinned scoundrel was among the enemy directing them, and I fear escaped hanging by getting shot. The grenadier company lost thirty-three men killed and wounded, chiefly in this struggle.

Whilst this was going on the Maories came pouring in from the back country, and outflanked our men; and, after holding out as long as he thought fair to the men, no reinforcement arriving, Major Nelson ordered a retreat. An attempt was made to follow by a perfect crowd of natives, when the artillery, which had been run off diagonally to cover the retreat, threw in a few rounds of grape, and one discharge made it is said, "a lane through them," and they gave up the attempt to pursue.

The parties in the rear had meanwhile been engaged with natives on the ridge on which stands the path, and had cut off some who were endeavouring to escape on that side; they were part of them stationed in high fern and tuta, and the crowd from inland had nearly surprised them. When the bugle sounded the retreat, they were separated from the main body by swarms of natives, and were obliged to make the best of their way back by the low ground over which they had advanced. They had been taken to their position by the celebrated chief Ihai; he is still suffering from some scorbutic complaint contracted in the long siege of the Karaka pah, and being half lame and knocked up, had to crawl back to the camp, where he arrived at eleven o'clock, covered with mud, thorns, and thistle seed. He did his duty, and it is fair to mention him here, as he might be forgotten, and his whole fierce and energetic mind is bent on aiding our cause. His absence, however, left the rear party without a guide, and possibly was in part the reason of the loss of this rearward division. Lieutenant Brooke was killed in a swamp, fighting several natives with his sword, till a cut on the wrist disabled him and he fell by the blows of their tomahawks. The rearward party left thirteen men on the ground; only one wounded man escaped; the whole retreat having to be hardly fought against great odds. The whole loss on our side was as far as I could learn.

Table with 2 columns: Unit, Loss. 40th Regiment - 46, Naval Brigade - 10, Artillery - 5, Total - 61.

Of these twenty-nine were killed and thirty-two wounded: one of the latter has since died. Among the killed was Lieutenant Brooke; and among the wounded was Captain Seymour, of the Polorus; but I am glad to say his wound is not likely to deprive us long of his invaluable services.

It is worth recording that the natives were observed to dispense with the rammrod in loading, their balls going easily down their guns, the butts of which they struck two or three times on the ground. The practice has been common among French soldiers, and with double-barrelled guns, at close quarters, where precision is of little importance, it is very effective.

From the spectators of the fight, and the few who joined it of their own choice, we hear but one tale. Every one fought with steady, active courage; no one skulked; officers and men alike did their duty, under great odds, and a rare at times of a fierceness that astonished veterans of the Indian service.

European News.

ITALY.

In *The Daily News* of Friday 14th ult. we have the following account of Garibaldi's entrance into Naples:—

"Garibaldi will be here in half an hour" said a friend who ran in to see me this morning—"Will you come?" "Come, of course I will;" and so off we set to the railway. The streets wore a dull appearance as we went along. Evidently the city was not prepared for his arrival, but as we got near the station national guardsmen and flags were in great abundance, and public expectation was great. A push through the crowd, and a permit from the sentinel, and we are in the waiting room. What a number of faces are assembled there of men whom I have known in misfortune and persecution! They all greet me with a friendly squeeze and a smiling face, and a deep respiration, as much as to say—"Well, we can speak together now without fear." Here, too, are the members of the Comitato, which have so long conducted the revolution, and of the deputation which went down to Salerno to welcome Garibaldi. A bell sounds, and every hat is raised, and every voice is strained, Viva Garibaldi! but the Dictator was not there. A body of Bavarians had come up, the foreign troops who had deserted to the standard of Garibaldi. Midday arrives, and then a distant shout is heard, swelling louder and louder until it was taken up by the hundreds and thousands round

about me as the train stopped. Every carriage is filled with red jackets, and every eye is looking out for Garibaldi. At first one or two elderly men with grey heads were taken for the Dictator, and embraced, and strangled, and smothered with kisses. The great man went out by another door, and the crowd then went to intercept him. My coachman, who was a dodgy fellow, drove round by a bye street, and so got in advance, where we saw all the procession. His staff only were with him, scattered about in various carriages; and, though it was said that Baron Brenier had sent his own carriage, the Dictator came up in one belonging to a Neapolitan.

"Of course it is impossible to give any adequate idea of a scene of wild excitement. There were three lines of carriages, crowded with persons bearing the flag of a country now united to Naples, and the occupants cheered, and wept, and kissed, and embraced in true Italian fashion. Look up at the houses, too—mark the ladies, and the flags which adorn them. I was close to Garibaldi, and observed all his movements and gestures. As he passed the Fort of the Cannone the soldiers were there to salute him, and he returned it in the most gracious style. His smiles are the most benevolent I ever witnessed, and he distributed them right and left. In the crowd none cheered more sturdily, perhaps, than the soldiers, who were scattered about here and there. Poor fellows! it was a demand for protection, though it was not necessary, so completely the sentiment of vengeance seems to have been laid by the generous spirit of the Dictator. Amidst shouts of 'Viva Garibaldi!' and 'Viva Italia!' and followed and accompanied by thousands of people, the procession passed along the Marina, through the Largo Castello, until it arrived at the Forestiera, the palace where foreign princes were usually received. The last prince I saw there was the Grand Duke of Tuscany. What a change in the fates of the Italian princes since that time!

Whilst Garibaldi dismounts and enters the palace, let us look round on the crowd, and review the line of road by which we have passed. Up to this moment the demonstration I think had been rather a failure; at all events, said one of his own followers to me. "It was nothing to what we had at Salerno yesterday—that was magnificent." There were many houses closed, and therefore no flags in them; there were no evergreens or flowers, and there was more of the rag-rag and bobtail than of any other class. Another thing I marked, and it was this, that a great many persons carried naked swords and daggers and sword sticks who were not in any public service; a large body of men too, hitherto concealed, made their appearance, with those long pikes which I told you had been distributed to the lazzaroni, who were known to be liberal. But after having made these observations, I must tell you that Garibaldi's entry was unexpected as usual, and that the Comitato had hoped he would not have come up before Saturday, so as to have allowed time for preparation.

"The crowds below are now shouting at their utmost; a red jacket appears in the balcony, and then another; fresh shouts arise, and at last the Dictator comes forth in his simple red jacket and black wideawake. He leans on the rails, and looks over the masses, but it is impossible to get an audience. He waves his hand, but the people are not satisfied—they must cheer yet more, until at last, after repeated movements of the hand, and reiterated 'Zitti, zitti,' a silence pervades the vast mass of human beings in the square, so that a pin might have been heard to fall. 'Neapolitan!' he said, as far as I could understand, and in a voice remarkable for its clearness and sweetness—"this is a solemn, holy, and memorable day. This day, from being subjects under the yoke of tyranny, you have become a free people. I thank you in the name of the whole of Italy. You have performed a great work not only for Italy, but for all humanity, whose rights you have vindicated. Hurrah for liberty! so much the dearer to Italy, inasmuch as she has suffered more than other nations. Long live Italy! Amidst a perfect storm of vivas Garibaldi I then retired, and leaving my carriage I got into the palace, and into the room where the great man was. Surrounded by a crowd of worshippers, he was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Some Venetians were addressing him, and urging their cause upon him. 'We are all organised,' they said, 'and we urge our cause upon you with the greatest anxiety.' 'No one can be more anxious for your liberation than I am,' was the reply. The Venetians retire, and so does the Dictator, wearied by the excitement of the morning. And now again for two or three jottings on the way. The Dictator, if I am correct, made no allusion to Victor Emmanuel, and it is a name I have heard scarcely at all during the day. 'Viva Garibaldi! Viva Italia!' are the phrases in everybody's mouth. As I was entering the palace I met a priest coming down in full canonicals, with a tricoloured scarf over his shoulder, and a flag in his hand; and at another spot I was introduced to an elderly priest, who was the chief of the provisional government of Lecce. He had known Garibaldi in Rome, and was full of anecdotes connected with him. Another thing to be noted is that, mingled with the crowd, there were many ladies in the Garibaldian uniform belonging to a body of 200 Amazons who had determined to place themselves in front of the National Guard and of Garibaldi in case of any conflict with the troops, but nothing of the kind took place—not a quarrel, or even misunderstanding, as far as I can make out. After some hours of refreshment and repose the Dictator, accompanied as before, went up the Toledo to the Duomo and back to the Palazzo again, where he remained, and this time I must admit there was more enthusiasm, and a different

class of people assembled. Indeed it was a more successful demonstration. Looking up the side street the perspective was beautiful, for gay tricoloured flags were out from every window. At night there was an illumination and a torch-light procession; hundreds of carriages moved to and fro in the Toledo till late at night; and the crowds continued to shout till not a sound voice could have remained in Naples. Had it not been for the exodus which has taken place during the last two months, of course the demonstration would have been more brilliant; but, as you know, thousands of persons are either in the country or out of the kingdom."

The demonstrations in honour of the Liberator were kept up with great spirit till the 11th, the latest date of our advices. Probably they were kept up after that period, but at that time they were in full vigour. Priests and monks were fraternising with the people. Soldiers and sailors, deserters, were coming in to join the patriot cause, and volunteer corps were rapidly forming. In the meanwhile, the Neapolitan fleet has been delivered by Garibaldi to the Sardinian admiral. Garibaldi has appointed Liberio Romano Provisional Dictator, whilst the patriot "forces march against Lamoriciere."

It is not yet certain what has become of the King of Naples, though it is stated that he has already left Gaeta for Seville.

The following address to the army has been published:—

"If you do not disdain Garibaldi for your companion in arms, he only desires to fight by your side the enemies of the country. Truce, then, to discord—the chronic misfortune of our land. Italy, tramping on the fragments of her chains, points to the north—the path of honour, towards the last lurking place of tyrants. I promise you nothing more than to make you fight."

G. GARIBALDI.

Naples, Sept. 10."

MISCELLANEOUS.

GARIBALDI ARRESTING A BISHOP.—On the evening of the 5th Garibaldi caused the Bishop of Messina to be put under arrest, in consequence of the intrigues and plots which the Prelate, at the instigation of the Court of Rome, was carrying on against the Provisional Government. His house was at once searched for papers, and there was found a letter from Pius the Ninth, denouncing, with the greatest possible vehemence, the character and policy of Garibaldi. At present it is not known what course Garibaldi will pursue in the matter, but it seems probable that the Bishop will be exiled. Meanwhile, four guides keep constant watch over him: day and night; during the night they remain by his bed, so that he cannot take a single step or perform a single act without their knowledge.—Messina Letter.

RE-MARRIAGE.—A PRETENDED CLERGYMAN.—Friday's *Stamford Mercury* contains the following at the head of its list of marriages:—"Re-married, at Nassington, on Wednesday last (by the Rev. John Hill, Rector of Cranoe), Mr. Edwin Charles Conway, of Nottingham-terrace, London, to Eleanor Maria, eldest daughter of the Rev. Hewett Linton, Vicar of the former place. We are requested to state that the above marriage, which we inserted in our paper a few weeks ago, has been obliged to be re-solemnized, the person calling himself Williams, who performed the service before, having recently been discovered to be not in Holy Orders and a fraudulent imposter, and it is hoped will be shortly in the hands of justice."

FIRST FALL IMPORTATIONS.

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AT THE

"Liverpool House."

NOW OPENING.

SILK and Chenelle Hair Nets, Head Dresses, Silk Bonnets Borders, Lace and Shetland Veils, Maltese Lace Collars, and several Muslin do, Sleeves and Flouncings, Laces, Edgings, Illusions, and other Fancy Goods.

A LARGE LOT PRINTED CAMBRICS.

White and Grey Cottons, Striped Shirts, Denims, Drillings, Flannels, Blankets, Coburgs, Lustres, Shawls, Mantles, &c.

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Sept. 26.

Fall Goods, 1860.

At No. 2, Acadia Corner, LATEST STYLES AND NOVELTIES IN LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

JUST received per steamship *Europa* and *Melita*, a large instalment of the usual FALL STOCK, from which intending purchasers—Wholesale and Retail—will have no trouble in making suitable selections. The GOODS received by the above arrivals comprises:

- Ladies elegant CLOTH MANTLES, (in every shade and latest styles). A superior selection DRESS GOODS, including: CIRCASSIAN, plain and figured, Coburgs, Lustres, Alpaca, German Plaids, Crape Checks, Crossover Fancies, A most select stock—MUSLINS, LACES, EDGINGS, VEILS, BLOND, Ribbon, Velvets, &c., &c.

A small Lot superior BLANKETS, very cheap. SAMUEL STRONG. Sept. 26. 2 w.