And all this time the ship came slowly nearer and nearer, and Miss Mary told me from time to time as I asked her, and she did it, too, without moving a muscle; and at last, towards evening, when we knew they must see us as they came slowly on, Miss Mary kneeled down by me to put the bandage more comfortable, and then whispered to me with her face and lips, too, quite white: 'Was any one killed last night when you escaped?'

I couldn't do anything else, and so I said: 'Yes.'

'Who was it?' she said again in a voice that didn't seem to belong to her.

'It was his own fault,' I said: 'it was to save my own life.'

'Was it that fiend who shot poor papa?' she whispered.

'Yes,' I said; and then she closed her eyes for a bit, and did not speak; but after a time she leaned closer to me, so that I could feel her breath upon my face, and then she whispered: 'We shall be taken again, shall we not?'

I could not answer, but I knew that if the wind freshened ever so little they would be alongside us by dark. But she wanted no answer, for she read it all in my face.

'God bless you, brave, noble man!' she said: 'then we must join poor papa;' and then she seemed as if she would say something more, but did not speak for perhaps half an hour; when, as the wind freshened, and the ship came bowling along towards us, she spoke again in a whisper.

'You know, if we are taken, what is in store for us; and I suppose,' she said mournfully, 'they will not be merciful to you?'

I gave my head a shake.

'Then,' she said, with quite a smile on her beautiful lips, 'I want you to promise, on your oath as a man, that we shall not—poor sister and me—fall alive into the hands of those monsters.'

'What do you mean?' I says, falling all of a tremble, and with the sweat standing on my forehead. 'What do you mean?'

'For God's sake—for the sake of your own mother—by all you hold dear and holy,' she whispered, 'kill us both.'

'I couldn't—I couldn't,' I groaned.

'Would you sooner see me do it?' she said quietly.

I could not speak, for I felt choking. I could do nothing but gaze in a wild sort of way at the beautiful creature who was talking so calmly and patiently of Death.

'There is no mercy from these monsters,' she said—'so promise;' and she took both my hands, and I promised; for the blood seemed to rush through my veins again as she held my hands, and I thought of the cries and prayers I heard as I hung on by the rudder chains, and then I felt that I should sooner clasp her in my arms, and plunge overboard, than that one of those ruffins should ever lay a finger upon her.

'I swear it,' I says; and then, with a choky, hurky voice I says: 'And you'll forgive me?'

'Yes,' she says; 'and pray for you. And now I feel calm.'

On came the ship, with the wind freshening every minute, so that our little boat began to dance a little on the waves. The sun sank down lower and lower, and the cool breeze seemed quite to revive me, so that I sat up, and then helped Miss Madeline to sit up as well; when, with poor Tom fast asleep, I sat down in the stern sheets waiting for the end, with those two well-born ladies, one on each side, clasping my hands, and trusting to me to save them, but not from death. In the calm of that golden, glorious evening there was more than one prayer said aloud by a sweet and touching voice, as I sat thinking how hard it was to die so young; and there we sat, with the vessel coming nearer and nearer, but not to such our boat, for with the boat-hook near at hand I was ready to drive out a plank or two when I saw it was time; and there I sat waiting for the end.

CHAPTER VII.

'Another quarter of an hour, and then death.' I muttered as I thought to myself; but they both heard it, and Miss Mary looked up in my face with so sweet and heavenly a smile as she said: 'Yes, dear friend; and rest where there is no more pain and suffering, no more pain and sorrow. But a little while, and we shall be at peace.'

It was not for such as me to answer her; but her sweet calmness seemed to nerve my arm, and as the ship came nearer and nearer, I drew the boat-hook closer to my hand, and laid it across the boat. The sun was now just dipping, and roused and excited as I felt then, it seemed to me that the broad red path which stretched along the waves would be the one we should take; and certain as death then seemed, I don't know that I felt to dread it so very much, for there was so much pity, so much sorrow for the young and beautiful girls by my side.

'Very soon now,' said Miss Mary; and with a wild, strange look, she laid her hand upon my knife, which stuck in my belt, and taking it, tried, with her tender fingers, to open the great blade, while her sister, seeing the movement, covered her face with her hands, and slipped fainting off the seat.

'Poor Maddy! good-bye!' said Miss Mary, kneeling by her and kissing her pale face; and then she glanced at the ship, and then fixed her eyes on mine as I held the great open-bladed knife in my hand. 'I will not flinch,' she whispered.

'Not with this,' I said hoarsely; 'its stained with his foul blood;' and cutting the lanyard which held it, I threw it overboard.

'No,' I says, 'I could not do that; we'll go down together.'

As I looked at her, I remembered some words I had read in the Testament about seeing Stephen's face shine like the face of an angel. I've said that here was an angel's face, but if I had thought so before, how much more did it seem so now, in its sad, mournful beauty, with her bright, golden hair hanging down loose, and the deep glow from the setting sun, half beneath the water, fall upon her; and the sight of this made me hesitate, for it seemed impossible that man could wrong one so beautiful; and though my hand was stretched out to take hold of the boat-hook, I drew it back; when she saw what was passing, and whispered: 'You promise!' and then I called up those dreadful cries again; seized the boat-hook, and stood up, watching the bearing down of the ship, with the water foaming beneath her bows, and the golden sunlight seeming to creep up her masts till all below was in shadow; and nearer and nearer she came, as though to run us down.

I gave one look at Miss Mary, whose eyes were now closed; and with clasped hands, and a sweet smile still playing on her lips, she kneeled by her sister, waiting for the end, now so near.

And nearer and nearer still came the ship; but now the shadow deepened, for we were where there was no twilight, but a quick change from day to night. I could now see plainly the faces on board, and see that preparations were being made for shortening sail; and then I laughed, for I knew what our old ship was, and that she would shot by far enough before they could bring her to.

They saw me standing up with the boat-hook, and, I suppose, thought I meant to hook on when they brought up, but in another minute, it would have gone through the bottom of the boat with a crash. I looked towards poor Tom, who lay asleep; Miss Mary was still on her knees beside her fainting sister; and I felt that the moment had come; when, with a prayer for mercy—one learned years upon years before, and which now came rushing to my lips—I raised the pole. The ship would pass within twenty yards of us, I knew; but it was almost dark already, and as she came dashing down, the breeze seemed to freshen as if by magic; and as the old *Star* swept by, my arm sank to my side, and I fell on my knees in the boat, muttering: 'Saved, saved!' for the ship was far astern, and I knew that before she could bring to under their clumsy management, it would be night, for even now it was dark.

The change from despair to hope was so sudden that for a few moments I could scarcely believe in the truth of our position, but a hand laid upon my arm aroused me, and I explained how it all was, and that there was yet a chance of life. Then I set to and considered a little, and tried to think what was best to do; but for a bit my brain was all in a whirl, and I could do nothing.

It was now dark, but not like the night before, for the stars shone out brightly overhead, and there was a brisk breeze blowing. I could just make the ship out, and could see that they had brought up; but felt sure that we could not be seen. Once I thought I heard a shout; then there was the flash of a gun; and then the fools began to burn blue lights, thinking, I suppose, that we were flies ready to go and burn our wings. But I saw my way clear now; and set to work, and shipped the rudder as well as I could in the dark; cleared and stepped the little mast; and before long had the sail set, with a reef in it, for the breeze blew fresh; and then knowing pretty well where the ship lay, stepped to give her the go-by in the dark; when I felt sure they would wait about all night, and with the breeze then on, and the long dark hours before me, I hoped yet to get clear off.

Just then, they burned another blue light; and I hove several points off, and kept on till we were far enough, when I put the boat's head before the wind, and she seemed to leap through the water, and dashed away like a live thing. Another blue light far astern, and then another when we were about a mile off, and again another faint glow far astern, and then I fancied I saw another, but it must have been but fancy, for the bright stars overhead shed the only light that we could see.

'Only pray for this wind to keep up, miss, and if we see her masts in the morning, I shall be surprised.'

'Then we are saved indeed?' whispered a voice; but it was not hers; and on speaking again, I found that Miss Mary had given up at last, and was now sobbing in her sister's lap, when she, the poor weak one, roused up directly, and was soothing and comforting her sister, who had held up so long and so bravely.

Just then, my attention was taken off, for it seemed to me that the wind sank, and I felt my heart sink too, for it was like losing sight of life again; but directly after, the little boat careened over, and away we went before the wind, at a rate that seemed to lend fresh vigour to me every moment. Soon after, Miss Mary was sitting calm and quiet beside me as I steered, so as to get all the speed out of the boat I could; and after a bit, in the stillness of that bright and beautiful night, she offered up a simple prayer, and so sweet and touching that it brought the tears from my eyes, unused enough to such weakness; but then I had been wounded, and had had a hard time of it. I'd heard prayers read often enough by the captains I'd sailed with, and been to church times enough, but never heard words like those that seemed to move the heart, as they offered thanks for our preservation from so great a peril, and prayed forgiveness for our desperate resolve. And then there was a deep silence among us for some time, and the brisk breeze bore us along gallantly, so that one's heart seemed to bound with the boat, and it was all I could do to keep from shaking out more sail.

After a while, Miss Mary crept forward, and saw to poor Tom, who still lay in a heavy sleep; and then forced some biscuit, wine, and water upon me; when I made that an excuse for getting them both to take some, and I wanted them to try and get some rest. But no; they both said they would sit with me, and they did, too, all through that long night, when that breeze, which was truly for us the breath of heaven, never once failed, but bore us bravely on, and on, and on, with hope rising in our breasts, till we saw the stars pale, the glow in the east, and the sun once more leap up, and shed the golden path across the waters, now dancing with life!

Although we were going so free, before the sun rose I downed the sail, and when there was the full daylight, I looked long and anxiously for the ship, and again and again sweeping the horizon well; but there was not a mast in sight, and so I told those anxious ones, whose lips were quivering, and who dared not ask the question. 'Not a sail in sight,' I said; and I up with our own once more; and away we went over the bright and dancing waters, while so great was the change which had now come over me, that, in spite of calling myself a fool for fancying it, I could not help looking at a pale face at my side and thinking how sweet it would be to go on sailing like this forever. But directly after, there came another change over me, and I felt bitter, and sorrowful, and dull, and I couldn't tell myself why it was, unless it was because I was such a poor common man, though it had never seemed to matter before.

CHAPTER VIII.

I contrived an awning this day, and on we still bounded before the wind, for the breeze held good, keeping as steady as could be.—The ladies slept by turns, and watched by turns poor Tom, who seemed, poor fellow, to be getting worse and worse, and we unable to do more than tend him lovingly; and we did, too, for he had been like a brother to me; but all seemed no use, and the poor fellow lay at last quite light headed. It was no use; I could do no more. I kept up to the very last, and until I felt myself going to sleep every minute, when Miss Mary took the tiller out of my hand, and declaring she could steer, ordered me to lie down.

I didn't want to do so, but I knew I must sleep sooner or later, so I gave her a word of instruction, and she promised to call me if there was the least need; and then, with the sun just sinking, I lay down, to be asleep in an instant—a deep sleep, for I was worn out; but I only seemed to have just lain down when I opened my eyes again to see the sun rising. Miss Mary pale and quiet-looking with her white hands clasping the tiller, and the little boat still going free before the wind.

I jumped up for I was savage and ashamed of myself, and asked her why she had not woke me.

'I was only too glad to have been of some use,' she said; and then she gave up the tiller; and after Miss Madeline had brought out some of the provision, they both lay down, and had a long sleep.

And so we sailed on for days and days, steering nearly due north, in the hope of making land, or crossing the path of some vessel; and then it fell calm. Poor Tom had been tended with all the care we could give to him, but in spite of all we did, he grew worse and worse, and at last, when he recovered his senses a bit, he was so weak and feeble that we could scarcely catch his words. He talked to us, too, a good deal, and did not seem sorrowful or unhappy, though he said he knew he was going.

'I've been no good to you!' he said to Miss Mary as she was kneeling down weeping by his side one evening when there was not enough air to make the sail flap—'I've been no good to you, but I did what I could.—Put her head a bit more to the west, Jack,' he added, and just managed to take hold of Miss Mary's hand, and put it to his lips; and then, 'Jack,' he says, 'you've had it all to do, mate, and you've got it to finish; and I won't ask my old mate to swear, but you'll do what's right by them both, won't you?'

'Ay, lad,' I said, 'I will,' and the water came in my eyes as I said it; for he spoke so that I was afraid something was very nigh indeed.

'Then I shall go easy, Jack, mate, for I am going to give up the number of my mess;' and then he was silent for a bit, till Mary sobbed quite aloud, and said she was going to lose a dear, true friend.

'No,' said Tom smiling easily; 'only a poor sailor, miss, as tried to do his duty by you, and broke down; but Jack here will take my watch for me; and God bless you all, for I don't think I shall see the sun go down again.'

'Come, Tom,' I says, 'try and look up, mate;' but it was done in a cheerless way, and the poor fellow only smiled sadly.

'It was that chap Hicks as did for me, mate,' he said; and then he looked hard at me, and we understood one another, for he looked as he did that morning when he told me to wash the blood off my face; and somehow or other I could not help feeling glad I had made an end of the villian who gave my poor mate his death-blow.

And Tom lay half-sleeping, half-waking all that calm night, and I watched by him till just as the sun was beginning to rise, when he seemed to quite wake up, and stared out towards the East, as if he had be en called.

'What is it, mate?' I says, lifting his head on my arm, and taking his hand.

'Tell 'em I'm ordered aloft, Jack,' he whispered; and then, with quite a smile upon his face, my poor mate closed his eyes, and dropped off into his long sleep; and there, with the sun shining upon his face, I didn't know it, he went off so quietly, till I heard the young ladies sobbing behind me, when I gently laid his head down, and sat at his side with my face in my hands for some time, for Tom Black and I were old shipmates.

It was a sad blow that to fall upon our little ship's company; but I did all as I knew my poor mate would have liked, and as I knew he would have done by me. I lashed him up in one of the sheets, with a shot at his feet—one that had been in the boat for ballast—and at sundown, Miss Mary said some prayers over the poor fellow, and then, with a more sorrowful heart than ever I felt before, I hove my poor mate overboard, and then sat down in the bows, feeling as if I didn't mind how soon it was me as was called till I thought of what I had promised poor Tom, which was to do my duty by them as was in my charge; when I roused up, tried to make all ship-shape, and waited for the wind, which soon came; and away we dashed again all that night.

CHAPTER IX.

"Put her head a bit more to the west, Jack," said poor Tom, and I did; and taking turn and turn with me, Miss Mary gave me a watch below, or, of course, I could not have held up; and one day—the second after poor Tom went—I was dreaming about what was the case, namely, that our supply of water was out, when I felt my arm shook and waking up in a fright, I found that Miss Mary had thrown the wind out of the sail, and there she was, looking frightened and horrified like at a vessel standing right across our course.

"O, what shall we do?" she cried.

"Frigate," I says, "man-o'-war," as I took a good look at the stranger.

"What! not the *Star*?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"No," I says, taking the tiller, and running down towards the stranger; but though we were out of water, I could not help doing it with a heavy heart, for it seemed that a great charge was coming. But those two loving hearts were together, and when I saw them praying, I kept my eye upon the frigate, and would not show what was passing in my own mind.

In a couple of hours we were alongside, and our boat was hoisted on board, and the ladies had a cabin given up to 'em; but it fell to my lot to tell the story of our sufferings, and I did to the captain and some of the officers, for it was a Queen's ship. I saw the captain frown more than once, and he got up in a hasty, fretful way, and began to march up and down the room till I'd done, when he says: "My man, we must have you, if you'll stay with us."

A few days after, we were at the Cape, where the captain stopped to land the ladies, of whom I had seen but very little since we went on board the frigate, for they hardly left their cabin, though it was wonderful what respect the officers paid them, and how kind every one was to me, especially when they saw how them two ran to speak to and shake hands with me when they did come on deck.

I thought it all over; what the captain had said, and all about it; and I went to see the ladies once, by their own invitation, while they were staying at a gentleman's house; and I felt more low and sad than ever when I saw them dressed in deep mourning, for it brought all the scene up again of that unlucky voyage; but I tried to rouse up, for though no scholar, and only a sailor, I knew as it was now time to wake up from a sort of wild dream as I had been in.

So I said "Good by" to them, and they both cried at our parting, and made me promise that I would go to see them when I was in England; for I knew that their passage home was taken, and I had made up my mind what was best; and I told the ladies I was going to join the frigate. It was a sad afternoon that, and they seemed both of them cut to the heart to say "Good by," and I was too. But the words were said at last, and they each gave me a little ring to wear upon my handkercher for their sake; and then, when I was coming away, Miss Madeline first put both her hands in mine, and put her face up as naturally and tenderly as a little child would, and kissed me; and then Miss Mary put both her hands in mine—little white, soft hands in my rough, horny palms—and she, too, with a childish, loving innocence, and with the tears running down her cheeks, said "Good by," and she too, kissed me like a dear sister would a brother.

There was a feeling as of something in my throat as I too tried to say the parting words, for I was now quite awake from the sort of dream that of late had come over me at times, and I hurried away.

We did not return to England for two years after that; but before I had been ashore—almost as soon as we were in port—there was some one on board as wanted to see me, and I was soon standing face to face with a tall, sharp-eyed, officer-looking gentleman, who told me his name was Captain Horton; and he shook hands heartily, and thanked me for what he called my gallant behavior to his sisters. He said I was to go and see them, and left the address; and when he went away told me, and gave it to me on paper, that there was fifty pounds for me in one of the banks whenever I liked to draw it; and also, that I was never to want for a friend while he and his sisters lived; and then he shook hands, and left me standing thinking of the bygone, and looking at the packet he left with me.

I took and opened that packet, and there was a handsome silver watch in it, and a five-pound note inside a letter, which was written and signed by Miss Mary; but there was a great deal in it as coming from her sister. It was a letter as I did n't feel it a disgrace to drop a few tears on; and it was I ke that kiss, such a one as a dear sister would write to her brother. It said I was to go and see them; and there was a good deal in it about the sad past, and what she, too, called my gallant behaviour, when it was nothing more than my duty. She said, too, that they would ever pray for my welfare, and begged that I would wear the watch for their sake, while I was not to think the less of it because it was not of gold, for their brother thought that a silver one would be the more suitable present.

And that part somehow seemed to hurt me, for it was like saying a silver one was more suited for a man in my station, which was quite right; but for all that, it seemed to crinkle, though I knew at heart as the letter was all tenderly and lovingly meant. But all that went off again; and the letter, and the note in it, and the watch, lie together in my chest; and so sure as I take 'em out and look at them, I get in that dreamy way again; and at times, in the long watches far away at sea, there's a bright face with golden hair floating round it, which seems to smile on me, and it's there too in calm or storm; and when I've hung over the bulwarks thinking, and calling back all the troubles of that sad voyage, I've thought, perhaps, that if I had been something better than a common sailor, what I felt might have been Love.

And now you have it all down, sir, though I can't tell you what became of my old ship, though I've always thought as she went to the bottom, from being badly handled.

THE END.

A MODERN "JEANIE DEANS".—The Dundee, Scotland Advertiser says:—"The recent trial of Peter Luke, at the Dundee Circuit Court, involved a somewhat similar romance to that of 'Jeanie Deans.' Mrs. Luke, the widowed mother of the man now undergoing sentence, not satisfied with the written petition on her son's behalf, and no doubt thinking that a widow's tears and weeds might gain her Queen's sympathy, proceeded to Balmoral in the hope of getting an interview with Her Majesty. For days the widow followed Her Majesty from place to place, but, unlike, "Jeanie Deans," she failed to get an interview with royalty. Driven to extremities, and before leaving Balmoral, she addressed a letter to the Queen; and, in answer to that letter, she has received the following reply from Her Majesty's Secretary, which shows that, however humble the party from whom the application proceeds, the Queen and her advisers will not overlook it:—'General Grey has received and submitted Mrs. Luke's letter to the Queen, and, by Her Majesty's command, has transmitted it for the consideration of the Home Secretary, by whose recommendation, in all such cases, Her Majesty is necessarily guided."

TIME TABLE, G. T. R.

BUFFALO AND GODERICH DISTRICT,

ARRIVE.

Description of train.	*Time.*
Accomodation	11:30 a.m.
Express mail	3:00 p.m.
Mixed	10:50 "

DEPART.

Mixed	5:00 a.m.
Express mail	10:00 "
Accomodation	1:30 p.m.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, NOV. 29, 1866.

ANNEXATION WHETHER OR NO.

Some of our American neighbors are bound to have Canada annexed on paper, if in no other way. Business declines in the great cities of the Republic, men feel severely the war burthens, in the shape of taxation, placed upon their shoulders, and knowing that things are working smoothly and comfortably in Canada, they envy her her prosperity, and on the principle that "misery loves company," would fain secure the prize. Some of these people,—those who ignore such an Utopianism as National Obligations—waited patiently for Fenianism to snatch down the old British flag under which we have so long enjoyed the blessings of civil and religious liberty, in which case, of course, the United States would have quietly taken a few more States into the glorious Union. But Fenianism has hitherto proved a wretched abortion, and some other course becomes necessary. The agency employed is The Press,—that lever which is popularly supposed to move the world. Believing that *Lying* is mighty and will prevail, the most unscrupulous of the American newspapers come to the rescue with a will. The *Herald's* correspondents at Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal telegraph to their master in New York, annexation lies which, for real originality, can only be surpassed by the venal press of Chicago and Philadelphia. These latter writers picture Canada as writhing under the intolerable yoke of British bondage, and sighing to throw herself into the great stream of Manisest Destiny. Annexation meetings are held in our largest cities, Annexation sermons are preached openly in the Kingston cathedral, and, in short, we are ready to drop, ripe and lucious, into the lap of Columbia. What nonsensical ravings these people indulge in—how little they know of a people who are satisfied with their condition and determined to remain in it at all hazards. It is all very well as a matter of sensation to lie about us, to encourage Fenianism for political purposes, and to abrogate a mutually advantageous treaty of reciprocal trade in order to ruin our commerce; but we can afford to smile at falsehood, we can show a bold front to Fenianism, and the restrictions upon our trade have driven us to seek channels for our commerce which we should, under other circumstances, have neglected entirely. Plunge into the vortex of American politics by Annexation! Not if we can help it! Why should we? Our lands are fertile, our manufactures are in a healthy condition our commerce has before it the St. Lawrence and the open sea, and new resources—mines of hitherto neglected wealth—are being developed with a degree of energy which speaks well for the greatness we anticipate under the system of Confederation upon which we are about to enter. We are bound to become a *nation*, and play no unimportant part in the future affairs of this continent, and the sooner our detractors recognize this fact and act upon it the better will it be for all concerned.

THE GODERICH BROOM FACTORY.

We have had the pleasure of inspecting this establishment, which is to be carried under the firm of Isaac Dobson & Sons. These gentlemen, without making any unnecessary noise about it, have introduced all the necessary machinery into Cameron's block, next door to the Huron Hotel, got in a stock of material sufficient to last the winter, and are now hard at work turning out a first-class article of brooms—one of which they have kindly sent to this office for inspection. The brooms are highly spoken of by all of our merchants who have seen them, and as the proprietors will be in a position to compete with any other manufacturers in the country, their success, we think, is absolutely certain. When a couple more hands have been engaged, they will be able to turn out twelve dozen per day, at which rate a large section of the surrounding country can be supplied. Home manufacture is of the utmost importance, as every dollar kept in the place is so much more that may be applied, directly or indirectly, to the developement of other resources, and the general advancement of the town and surrounding country. We hope, therefore, that these gentlemen will, from the first, receive the patronage from local merchants which their enterprise deserves. We understand that an effort will be made next summer to grow broom corn in this neighborhood. If it succeeds, the crop would be one of the most valuable that farmers could grow, as the tops bring a high price, while the grain is fully equal to a crop of oats.

☞ A course in the Commercial Academy will enable you to keep your accounts properly. Many who cannot attend during the day avail themselves of the advantages of the night school. Can not more do so?

The Goderich Salt Well!

ANALYSIS OF THE BRINE BY PROF. HUNT.

SPLENDID RESULT!

IT IS PRONOUNCED THE BEST KNOWN IN THE WORLD.

Some time since Prof. Hunt, who is associated with Sir William Logan, and only second to him as a practical geologist, inspected the Goderich Salt Well personally, and took away a quantity of the brine for the purpose of analyzation. Owing to his other duties and pressing engagements, the Professor was unable to make the analysis at once, but he has now laid before us the result, and we are happy to say that it is more satisfactory than the most sanguine could hope for. The enthusiastic assertion of Mr. Platt, that it "was the greatest discovery ever made," has been almost literally verified by gentlemen who have tested the qualities of the brine in the most thorough manner. The great fact is now established. A resource has been found which was never thought of in Canada. Industry has a new channel, and Goderich is undoubtedly destined to become the great salt emporium of Canada, if not of a still larger portion of America. Let people who are careful as to the reception of newspaper statements, read the following letters from Prof. Hunt, and at the same time remember that the well improves as it is worked:—

Montreal, Nov. 24, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 22nd has arrived, and also the salt, but I have not yet had time to open it. I shall provide suitable glass jars for it in Paris. The results of my analysis of the brine are most satisfactory and I subjoin them on a separate page.

Yours faithfully,

T. STERRY HUNT.

P. S.—You will see the analysis with much matter of interest in the Geological Report now in press.

S. Platt, Esq.

Analysis of the Brine from the Goderich Salt Well.

The sample of brine which I obtained from the well on the 24th of last August, had a specific gravity of 1.205, and was thoroughly saturated with salt corresponding to 100 degrees of the salometer. Its composition in 1000 parts, was as follows:—

Common Salt	259.000
Gypsum	1.882
Chloride of Calcium	.432
Chloride of Magnesium	.254
	261. 58

From this it appears that a wine pint of the brine will yield 2260 grains of salt, and that 21.6-10 gallons will give a bushel (56 pounds weight) of salt.

The salt obtained by evaporating this brine to dryness contains less than one per cent of foreign matters, chiefly gypsum, and is purer than the finest Turk's Island, and, indeed, than any other salt manufactured. The Goderich brine in fact is not only the strongest possible, but the purest known. It is remarkably free from the chloride of calcium and magnesium, whose presence is found to be an inconvenience in the brine of Michigan and even of New York.

Should the present high standard for strength and purity be maintained, the Goderich Salt will be without a rival in the world.

T. STERRY HUNT.

Montreal, Nov. 24, 1866.

THE MAYORALTY.

Two gentlemen are before the electors of the town of Goderich as candidates for the civic chair for the ensuing year. The course of Mr. Detlor during the past two years has been uniformly consistent. He has devoted a great deal of time and attention to the affairs of the town, and his efforts have been so far successful that a large number of the heaviest rate-payers, business, and professional men of the place, now come forward voluntarily and ask him to allow himself to stand as a candidate for another year. It is objected by some that he has no right to hold the office of Mayor for more than two years. Certainly he has not, if a majority of the rate-payers say so,—*which is not likely to be the case*—but we must remember that the best Mayors Goderich has ever had have held office for three years, and might have done so longer had they wished. Amongst these we may mention Dr. McDougall and M. C. Cameron, gentlemen who reflected credit in every respect upon the office they held, as well as upon their own executive ability and character as gentlemen.—Mr. Detlor has followed in their footsteps to the satisfaction, we sincerely believe, of a large majority of those who first reposed confidence in him. With his assistance, notwithstanding the large sums they were compelled to expend in relief, &c., during the past two years, the taxes of the town have been reduced to a minimum by the members of the Corporation, and still there is *something to show for the amount of taxes collected.* Carpers and obstructionists who oppose everything for mere opposition's sake, may say nay to this, but facts and figures are not to be got over easily. We should like to see Mr. Detlor mayor for another year, and therefore intend to give him our heartiest support. Mr. Crabb's claims are easily summed up. He is an old resident—he has piled up a great deal of bricks and morter, and has necessarily given employment to a good many people. We do not deny anything of this, but whether it constitutes a legitimate claim to the highest civic honors in the gift of the ratepayers is quite another thing. Let the votes polled decide that.

As a contest is evidently in prospect we would urge upon both candidates and supporters the exercise of moderation. We hold that it is quite possible to work hard for one man without traducing the private character or misrepresenting the public acts of his opponent, and we think it the very height of folly for people in a small community like this to quarrel with each other, no matter how keen the contest.

MUD.—The alternate snow, frost and rain of the past few weeks, have rendered the country roads almost impassable for teams, and as farmers cannot get their produce to market, business is at a standstill.

A NEW IDEA.

MUNICIPAL OFFICERS TO BE BROUGHT TO THE BAR OF PHRENOLOGY.

Mr. Wm. Oakley, of this town, in the course of his discoveries, and his inventive faculty is a most prolific one, has hit upon an idea which should have been embodied in the amended Municipal Act. It is no less than a practical application of the principles of phrenology to the election of municipal representatives and officers. The following from Mr. Oakley is very explicit:

PETITION TO SPEAK.

To the Municipal Electors of Goderich:

HONORABLE GENTLEMEN,—The petition of William Oakley, of this town, *humbly sheweth*: That having had the desire to speak for the past two years upon the subject of the various qualifications of persons holding offices—such as the mayoralty, and other wise officers—and officers characterized according to their fitness, as shown by a phrenological and physiological view thereof. Might it be deemed expedient, to grant him permission to speak by the assembled gentlemen at the forthcoming nomination for mayoralty in this town, is the sincere prayer of

Your very humble petitioner,

WILLIAM OAKLEY.

Goderich, Nov. 29th, 1866.

Mr. O. should be allowed to speak at the ensuing nomination, and if he will only come prepared, we can almost promise him, on behalf of the people of the town, a hearing at least. Messrs. Detlor and Crabb would, no doubt, submit to have their bumps felt in order to discover whether they *really* possess the civic abilities claimed for them by their friends, and if it were mutually agreed to abide by the result, it would save a great deal of time and trouble. The reeve and deputy could be chosen in the same manner, and councilmen also. Thus, the business might be comfortably done in an hour, the lecturer, of course, receiving a handsome sum for his trouble, and the *lucky ones* treating to oysters all round. If successful in his first attempt, Mr. O. might extend his system to the election of M. P. P.'s. The appointment of a Phrenologist-General at headquarters, would be the means of weeding out of Parliament many men who have a very dubious claim upon the position they occupy.

A NEW ARITHMETIC.

The authoress, Miss. H. L. Whitcomb, who is an old personal friend, has sent to this office for review a copy of "The Fist Canadian Arithmetic, intended for the Primary Department of Common Schools." The book is got up in excellent style by Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, and is now for sale by all booksellers. Having spoken to H. D. Cameron, Esq., principal of the Goderich Public Schools, and others, we learn that such a book is really required in the Schools of Canada, and the opinion is expressed that it possesses merits of no mean order. It has it seems been introduced into the Brantford and other schools, and if received favorably, we should like to see Goderich following suit. We trust Miss W. will be amply rewarded for the time and patience she has spent over this excellent little volume.

FIRST RATE.—It seems from a report read by Mr. R. Runciman last night, to a meeting of the stockholders, that in the four weeks from starting—although the high price of wood compelled the manager to fall back upon twelve hours work per day instead of twenty four for two weeks—the Goderich Salt Well has cleared about $650.00 over and above expenses.

☞ We are requested to state that the Rev. Mr. Barr will preach in St. Andrew's Church on the 9th and 16th instant.

J. P., Seaforth.—Your letter will be submitted to the committee and will no doubt receive due attention.

☞ At a wedding on Light house street last night, a gentleman drank a good deal of forty rod and indulged in smashing up a lot of cheap furniture, for which he was placed in limbo this morning.

The obstreperous one was the expectant bridegroom, whose marriage had been stopped at the eleventh hour because, as is alleged, he had a wife living. When arrested he was taking passage for Clinton with the lady of his choice.

☞ Wm. Young Esq. of Colborne, who is a large property holder and a first-class man, will run for reeve this year. He will get, we understand, the almost undivided support of the centre and rear of the town ship. He will, if we are informed aright, be opposed by Mr. Spence, who has been reeve for some years.

☞ A boy of some 6 or 7 summers was taken recently to see the museum of the Toronto University. On his return he was asked by a younger brother if he saw any lions amongst the other wonders "No," was the response, "but I saw a skunk."

ENLARGEMENT.—We are pleased to observe that the semi-weekly Huron *Signal* has been materially increased in size. We trust our contemporary will be fully rewarded for the increased outlay incurred.—*Prot'stype.*

ENLAGEMENT.—We observe with pleasure that our enterprising confrere of the Huron *Semi-Weekly Signal* has enlarged his paper to thirty two colums, thus gaining increased scope for the exercise of his pen and scissors. We wish him success. *Free Press.*

SPECULATORS IN THE FIELD.—We understand that several persons are in town looking out eagerly for locations upon which to bore for salt. Let them come, there is plenty of room!

☞ The meeting of the Goderich St. George's Society is postponed until next Friday evening, when a full attendance is requested at the Maitland.

SKATES.—H. Gardiner & Co., advertise a very large stock of skates. Nothing is better suited for Christmas presents than some of these handsome articles.

☞ By a notice issued by the collector of taxes it will be seen that it is desirable for the ratepayers to square up before the 16th of December. There is some doubt as to whether the change comes into effect this year, but is best to err on the safe side.

Electricity is now employed in firing the charges of nitro glycerine used in blasting at the Hoosac tunnel.

GODERICH TOWNSHIP.—Mr. Churchill, an old member of the Co. Council, is out for Reeve. Mr. Piper will not run, we understand. Mr. Churchill is an able and influential man, and will reflect credit on the office, although we shall be sorry to miss the honest face of friend Piper. Mr. James Torrance will probably be nominated as Deputy, and if he makes as good a municipal representative as he does a farmer, a better choice could not be made.

☞ Mr. R. Manring has left us a sample of fine old cheese which would do credit to any manufactory in the country.

☞ SALT.—We will print any number of copies of Prof. Hunt's analysis of the Goderich Salt Well brine for the use of persons having salt territory to dispose of. Orders, however, must be sent in at once.

☞ "Our readers will do well to peruse carefully and ponder well the "Young Men's Catechism" to be found in our advertising columns."

TOWN COUNCIL.

The Town Council met on Friday evening last. The Mayor and Reeve being unavoidably absent, H. Horton, Esq., Deputy Reeve, took the chair.

The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

A letter from Mr. T. Weatherald, P. L. S., stating that if the Council persisted in reducing his bill for surveying at the Cemetery, he would place the account in the Division Court. On motion of Mr Cameron, seconded by Mr. Cox, the matter was referred back to the finance committee.

It was resolved to remit the taxes of widows' Splan and Hadden.

Wm. Murray having put in a certificate that one of his sheep worried by dogs was worth $8 00, it was resolved on motion of Mr. Cox sec. by Mr. Hays that the amount be paid.

Several small accounts were ordered to be paid. By Law No. 5, appointing returning officers for the ensuing year was read and passed.

The following appointments were made: St. David's Ward, B. Hazlehurst; polling to take place in the Victoria Hall. St. Andrew's Ward, A. Nasmyth; polling in the usual place. St. George's Ward, D. Gordon; polling as before. St. Patrick's Ward, John Stewart; polling at Small & Thomson's shop.

Mr. Clifford in a very telling speech, urged the necessity for a fire-alarm at the engine-house, which, in his opinion, would be the means of saving much property. The matter was referred to the fire committee, after which the Council adjourned.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

[From our special Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, NOV. 26, 1866.

This being the eighty-third anniversary of "Evacuation Day," the usual fall parade of the State militia will take place this afternoon. Governor Fenton will review the troops in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and a salute of thirty-six guns will be fired. A grand serenade will be given to the Governor in the evening, and a display of fireworks will also take place.

Considerable excitement still exists here among the Fenians in regard to the fate of those unfortunates now being tried before the civil authorities of Canada.—Nothing can be done now in time to save them from the fate that awaits them, should the sentence of the Canadian courts be carried out, for another movement against Canada, at the present time, it is considered, would only be a waste of blood and war material. They are well aware that the Canadian volunteers and British regulars are fully prepared now to meet them, should they attempt another invasion, or even a rescue of the unfortunate Ridgway prisoners. You may expect, however, to hear some startling news from across the Atlantic ere long, for every steamer arriving here now brings over one or more special messengers to the chief of the Fenian organization here, and it is the general opinion that a wide-spread insurrection will take place in Ireland almost immediately. James Stephens, C. O. I. R., has not been seen at his headquarters here for several days past, and I have it from good authority, that he sailed from this port nearly a week ago. The last time I saw him was when he delivered his farewell speech at Jones's Woods, over three weeks ago, and he told his followers then that he was on the eve of taking passage for Ireland.

Business of every kind here is very dull, and there is every indication that this will be a hard winter among the poor. There are thousands of men and women here out of employment, and many of them are in a suffering condition This city is no place now to look for work; and I would advise all who are unemployed anywhere, *not to come to New York.*—Hundreds of men could be hired here now for little more than their board, for there are scarcely any branches of business that have not an overstock of workmen.

A cold-blooded murder was committed here in a bar-room on Seventh avenue, between 12 and 1 o'clock on Saturday morning last. The victim was a young man named Edward Barry, and the murderer named James Tierney. It appears that they quarreled over a game of "euchre," when the latter drew a pistol and shot Barry through the forehead.—He fell to the floor unconscious, and died almost instantly. He was twenty-five years of age, and leaves a wife and three children. The murderer was immediately arrested by the police and committed to await an investigation. He is thirty-five years of age, a native of Ireland, and has nothing to say in relation to the charge against him.

Fox's Old Bowery Theatre was sold by auction here on Saturday last. The bidding began at $60,000, and went up to $100,700, at which price it was "knocked down" to a Mr. Dimmick.

Fifteen ocean steamers sailed from this port for their respective destinations along the coast and across the Atlantic last Saturday afternoon.

BEAVER.

New Illuminating Gas.

The Town of Cobourg lit up with it.

COBOURG, Nov. 30.

The new economic gas known as "Ensley's patent," concerning which an article appeared in the *Signal*, some weeks ago, was tested in this place to-night in the presence of a number of gentlemen from Toronto and elsewhere. It proved a complete success, and the lights surpassed the coal gas here before used in brilliancy. At the outskirts of the town it burned as well as at the works. It promises also to be a success in a commercial point of view, as at the reduced figure of $2 50