"I dunna believe that," said Cassie, with rising color. "It's no more like Roland than as a fish can fly."

"And then another he says as Roland were summat changeable, and that ye must not trust to his father's son," sad the lad, insisting on his point, and quite unconscious of the sharpness of the thrusts which he was driving into his sister's heart.

"I'm sure we've no reason for to think his changeable," answered the poor girl, turning away as she clutched an armful of linen spasmodically to her breast.

"Ye dunna know nowt about it, Cassie. How should ye? They says as how one time he were all so much for short courts and sich like, and now he's all for them heifers from Durham. Thee hastna seen him this age; how can'st thee tell?" said the lad, with an air of superiority, from the top of the wall where he had perched himself, and picking off little bits of stone and mortar, which he shied with great justness of aim at an old sow in the strawyard commanded from his lofty position. "I hit hur that time i' th' left ear," added he, in an under-tone, with a satisfied nod of his head.

It irritated poor Cassie's nerves to that degree to have her fate, as it were, and Roland's principles discussed in the intervals of the sow's complaints, that she could not contain herself any longer. "You've a tore poor Roland's character to rags among ye any how," she said, as an old shirt of her brother's came to pieces in her hands, which she had taken off the line more vehemently than its age and circumstances demanded. "And I wunna stay for to hear ye balla-ragging one as has ever been kind and true to us all." And she went hurriedly back into the house with her load of linen, her lips quivering and her eyes flashing, and with the greatest difficulty restraining a great burst of tears.

"Well, surely!" said the boy, wonderingly to himself, as he came down from his throne. "Whativer have she a took that so queer for? I've a said nowt she should take amiss? On'y warning of her like, and telling of her what they thinks at Youlcliffe, as if my duty. How's she to know what's what an her brother doesna look arter her when feyther's no good at all?" soliloquized German to himself with much dignity, striding across the cabbages with his hands in his pockets, and kicking an unoffending head of "early sprouts" from him as he spoke.

Still, though Cassie opposed outwardly a firm front to the enemy, she was out to the heart within, and her confident trust sank when she found herself alone.

CHAPTER X.

HOW IS THE RENT TO BE MADE?

ALTHOUGH there was no doubt that Ashford might have gone to his sister-in-law's funeral if he had been so minded, his excuse had been so far a true one that he had really been sent for to speak to his landlord.

Not a word, however, did Ashford vouchsafe to his family concerning his interview at the great hall when he returned that evening. Ever since the rent-day he had been even more moody and sullen than his wont, snapping at his wife and snarling at his children; but to-night his visit to his landlord seemed to have brought things to a crisis. Every thing that was said and done served only to make matters worse, and at last he became insupportable that one by one they all took refuge in the cheese-room under some pretense or other.

Lydia stood close up to the window, trying to catch the last gleams of the fading light on the great blue stocking which she was mending, while Cassie sat near her on a low cricket (a three-legged stool) which she had brought in with her, and repeated sadly what German had told her, pondering grievously over his words.

The secluded home in which she dwelt gave her so little clew to the circumstances in which Roland's life was passed that her imagination almost refused to follow him among the perils of deep waters in which he seemed to her to be engulfed. Right and wrong might be quite different in the great world, as she thought it, in which he lived, as she put it modestly to herself.

"Seems as if p'raps they mid ha' a different pennyworth nor ourn down i' th' town," she explained; "like as they has for pot-herbs and cotton thread. What's wo'th a deal to us they think nowt on, and what they'll pay money for is like weeds up here."

A woman is hard driven before she will allow even to herself that her "friend" can be in the wrong. She will far rather accuse herself and her own expectations as unreasonable.

"Nay, dearie," answered Lydia; "I canna think that. Right's right, and wrong's wrong any wheres and any how, I tak' it. There's them letters and things upo' th' chimbly. When the au'd Squire Tracey, as yer feyther talks sa mich about, were here t'other year, he read out and 'splained what they was. I canna well mind the words, but the meanin' was as how God's light were to shine on our hearts for 'um to see plain like as the sun on one's path to walk right; and 'twould nivir do an the light shined crooked and telled one man ono way and another different. It mid be a' right as Roland should wait for's feyther's leave, but if it's as they says at Youlcliffe, I tak' it he should mind and be clean off wi' thee, dearie, afore he's on wi' another lass. That's what I should say to German an he were so minded."

She smiled sorrowfully at the boy, who followed them into their retreat and sat down on the floor near them, with his back against the wall and his arms round his knees. He did not add much, however, to the enlivening of the company, for he fell asleep almost immediately. The women went on talking in a low voice.

"And how iver am I to know what he's thinkin' of now my aunt's dead as could ha' axed me down to Youlcliffe? I've got such an ache in my heart wi niver hearin' a word," said the poor girl, leaning her head against Lydia, who put down her stocking and stroked her shining hair in silence, as she revolved all sorts of combinations for their meeting in her head.

"And then it's so far for him to get here," Cassie went on. "It's like as if I were the cock upo' th' top o' Youlcliffe steeple. I mid a' most as well be there fo'i' th' moon for seein' or hearin' out about any one."

"Sure thy uncle will be main glad to have thee, my darlin', afore long; and thy father canna well refuse him, and them so kind about thy portion. We'll send in German happen in a bit to see what's stirrin'."

The lad woke up suddenly at the sound of his name.

"I think as I'd be a'most as well abed. I'm as weary wi' my out as if I'd been shearing a' day. I mun go back to father, though. I havena telled him yet what uncle Nathan bide me. I'd mebbe best do it at onest now, though he's uncommon queer to-night. I canna think what's took him. I mun be summat as squire have a said."

The old man sat alone in the kitchen in sullen, moody misery. It was a pathetic sight, all the more because his isolation in his distress (whatever it might be) was the doing of his own temper. Man seems to think it absolves him from the burden of his pity to his fellow to say it was his own fault, as if it did not aggravate the wretchedness tenfold.

German stood at the door looking in at the dismal picture. He was much afraid of rousing the sleeping lion, but it was better to have it over; there was nothing to be gained by delay, and at last he walked straight up to his father, and delivered Nathan's message in the fewest possible words. To his surprise, Ashford made no observation whatever upon it. He simply lifted up his bloodshot eyes and great overhanging eyebrows and fixed them upon his son. "Say that again, lad," he said, sternly. German repeated the words. His father listened intently, and then rose and went off to bed in silence without an additionable syllable.

All night, however, his mutterings kept his poor wife awake, bursting out sometimes into a rage of words. "I wunnot go. I tell 'ye, I've more right nor he; puttin' my own intil the land for so many year!"

The next morning the trouble came out. "Cass," he said, as she looked in from the dairy, "I want to speak to ye. Stop the noise o' that wheel d'reckly; I tell ye it'll drive me cracked," he added, turning to his wife, who was spinning. "Hear, both on ye. Th' auld squire" (with an oath) "have a told me I shanna keep the farm arter Lady-day. I that have a been on the land longer nor he, and am a better man nor he, ten times over."

"But why, father?" said Cassie, in a low voice. "He wouldn't do it not for nothing."

"I've a bin a bit behindhand i' th' rent now this many year. I've never got over that time wi' bad harvest as Joshua choused me, and we've a had two bad year sin', ye know. And now we mun go, bag and baggage, out i' th' wide world, unless you give me that sixty-eight pound, Cass. By right it were yer mother's, and I ought to ha' had it afore. I'll pay ye the interest all right, and I'll gie my consent for yer marrin' o' that fool, the son o' th' knave, and yer uncle Nathan says he wunna let yer has the money without, an ye choose it. If so be he'll take ye wi' nothing," he added, with a fierce grin; "for it's my opinion he's only lookin' arter yer brass."

"He know'd nought about it when he ast her," said Lyddy, stoutly, treading the wheel of her spinning mechanically as she spoke.

"Nay, but he know'd Sally Broom's niece weren't likely not to come in for summat good out o' th' pot. It ought to ha' been her mother's, and it's mine by rights," he went on repeating violently, as if to mask his own deed to himself.

"But it's Cassie's now, and she aught to haeit for her housekeeping when she marries," said Lydia boldly.

Old Ashford glared on her angrily.

"Ye shall has the money, father, whether or no," put in Cassie, gently. "I'll risk Roland takin' o' me."

"Ye mun go over, German, and see what's come o' Roland. Surely he'll be back by now, and yer father canna fault ye after wht he's said but now," said Lydia, as they left the room, moved by the trembling of Cassie's lips, though no sound came from them. "Twould be poor work for thee to wed wi' one as had his eyes on thy pocket instead of upon thee, dearie; but when all's said, 'tisnowt but folks' talk as we've a heerd till now about un. We dunna know a bit what he'd say for hissen, poor lad."

"Any how, no one can'tsay he's lookin' after this world's goods an he comes up to me now," said Cassie, determinedly, though her lips were very white.

German was sometimes now sent by his father, as his bones grew stiffer, to do his business, and he made his way over to Youlcliffe as soon as he could, with the best desire to do his sister's pleasure. He rode boldly up to Joshua's house in the market-place, and hammered for some time at the closed door, but he had been late in starting, and although he heard that Roland had returned from his journey to York he somehow could not hit upon him. In answer to his inquiries Roland was always "on'y just gone past," or "he's mebbe turned the corner, he were here a minit back. Old Nathan was also absent, and there was no one with whom he dared leave a message. Altogether his mission was a failure. He had done his best, however, so that it was mortifying to see Cassie shrugging her shoulders and twisting her hands together, though she did not say a word, and even the implied blame of Lydia's reiterated questions was trying. "What, ye couldn't find im any where i' th' town, nor yer uncle neither—and ye couldn't hear on 'um?"

"Thae women allus think they could ha' done it handier themselves," he muttered to himself, "and it's very aggravating, it is, to a chap!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE ONE-EYED HORSE.

A DAY or two after old Bessie's funeral Roland returned to Youlcliffe.

He went down to make his peace with old Nathan, who he found sitting dismal by the fire, as he looked ruefully at the vacant chair on the other side—he seemed ten years older.

"Nobody can't tell how bare and lone some it is," said he, "now she be gone. I've got a sorrow down my back-bone wi' thinkin' o' her." Then, after a long pause: "I want Bessie, I want my wife!" said he, with a loud and bitter cry. "What iver will I do wi out her!"

"You'll mebbe get o'er it, Master Nathan, after a bit. She were a well-livin' 'oman, yer know, and for sure she's gone to glory, and all happy and comfortable by now," observed Roland, with the best intentions toward consolation.

"Ah, lad, you see it ain't you as have a lost her, it's easy talkin—the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and it's him as wears the shoe as is hurted by it. It's all day long and every day as I missea her; and then ye comes and tells me as she's gone to glory and all happy and comfortable by there i' th' clouds! I'm sure she ain't," said the old man, with great energy. "I'm sure as how she's a thinkin', 'What's my old man a doin' wi'out me? and that'll fret her and worrit her, and t'ain't reasonable to tell me she've a forgotten a' bouts me, as she were allus fettlin' for and bustlin' about and, humoring, any more than I has about her. That's what I think," ended Nathan, passing the back of his hard horny hand over his old wrinked face, as a solitary tear, more pathetic than a whole bucketful from younger eyes, rolled slowly down his cheek.

Roland was silent; and there are cases where silence is the best speech and the truest consolation—there are deeper and more eloquent expressions of feeling than any that words can give. Nathan was soothed by it.

"Why wast thou not at the burying, lad?" he said, kindly, after a bit. "My Bessie thowt a deal about thee. Thee should'st ha' made a shift to get back for't."

"Tweren't by my own will, Master Nathan. My feyther'd a sent me after no end o' cattle and debts and coils and things t'other side York; and he somehow kep' it from me as he'd heerd she were ill that day afore I went away. I niver know'd nowt till I come home."

"Twere just Joshuay all over," answered the old man. "It's a kittl thing to deal wi' such as he. I'd a took it into my head it were along o' some sweet-heart as thou'st a found i those parts thou wast bidding such a time away; thy father went on telling sa mich about Mitchell's daughter. I wish I'd a know'd thou wast a' right, I'd a made more o' a struggle for thee along o' Cassie's portion. I've a set it down now in her name. But I'd no power for to bind Ashford: and 'twill hardly help thee wi' him, he'll be so cockey now, whatever it may do wi' thy feyther. You've got your handful with them too, Roland. I were in too great a hurry mebbe to pay the money; but I couldn't abide as any oan should say I kep' what weren't mine. My Bessie used allus for to say I took too much account o' what man could say o' me. Hur were a very wise 'oman, were my Bessie," said the old man, shaking his head sadly; "much wiser nor me as sets up for it sa mich."

Roland went moodily home to his father's house, which stood back in a corner of the irregular, uneven old market-place.

Joshua was standin upon his steps as his son came up.

"Well, Nathan have a kep' the money for's life now, haven't he?" said he, eagerly, hardly leaving room for Roland to pass.

"He set it in Cassie's name at Jone's yesterday," answered his son, shortly, as he turned into the house, scarcely looking round.

Joshua started with a long whistle: it was so unlike what he would have done himself that he could hardly believe it even now, and went hastily away.

Having smoked the pipe of reflection in the little public, he returned into the kitchen about an hour afterward. Roland had fetched in water and coals, and done the various little household "jobs" as usual; for since his wife's death his father had resisted the entrance of any other woman inside his doors. "We do a deal better by ourselves," he always said whenever the subject came up; "I dunno want any woman to come potterin' and dawdlin' and gossipin' about. Roland's very handy." And he did not spare his son.

He had soon finished his work out of doors; there were but few cattle now in the sheds to look after. Some rude sort of cookery for his father's supper was going on, and he sat moodily over a pretense of fire, considering his woes. Even if Joshuay give his consent, Ashford, now that his daughter was an heiress, was less likely to allow the marriage than before in her poverty. Chewing the cud of his bitter thoughts, and ingeniously tormenting himself with all the possible chances against his love, he sat with his head in his hand thinking sadly of his mother, of whom he had been extremely fond. "She wouldn't ha' let feyther serve me so," he said to himself. The poor woman had led a sad time of it with her husband; she was a "Strivin' pious 'ooman," and a most tender mother to her only child, and as long as her life lasted Joshua had been kept somewhat more straight, but she had been dead three years, and Roland knew that the downward course was becoming faster. His father's affairs began to weigh very heavily on his mind. Until the journey to York he had been kept almost entirely in the dark concerning them, but he could tell now how serious they were becoming. There was particularly a tangled skein concerning Jackman the horse dealer, which he could not unravel. Debts, bargains, "set-offs," and loans were all mixed together in Joshua's version of the affair in inextricable confusion. He had vainly tried to come to some arrangement with the fellow, and remembered particularly the unpleasant look on his face as he said: "You may tell your father as I shall come over soon for a settlement."

"See thee, lad," said his father, coming up behind him suddenly, and taking him gently by the shoulder. "Fair play's a jewel—sin' thy mind is so set upo' this lass, if you choose to go in for herand ma' her land wha this money her aunt left her gin yer married, I'm game—tho' it's a poor creatur's daughter to wed wi.' Sammy Ellot's been here again outrageous for's brass, and I dunna know where to turn for some."

"What, refuse Cassie when she'd nought, and offer for her fleece like as if she were a sheep! said Roland, fiercely, in a tone which he had never used to his father before. "I'm none so base!"

"Well, ye may please yersen, it's your matter more nor mine. The business and a' will fall through an this goes on; but I'm getting an old man, so p'raps it dunno signify. Why, I'd wed wi' the devil's daughter if so be she'd money, and bide wi' the old folk an I were you, Roland, and wanted brass as we do now!" said his father, with a grin. And then a little sorry to have shown his cards so plainly, he went on, "And ye was so sore set upo' the lass a while back, and thought no end o' her for a' the fine things under the sun when I were t' other way, and now when I'm come over ye're so contrary, like a woman as doesna know her own mind!"

He went out of the room as he spoke, and let the temptation work. It is a very good plan to treat conscientious scruples as if they were mere marks of weakness and indecision; few can help being influenced more or less by the look which their deeds bear in the eyes of others.

To be Continued.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, 27, FEB. 1868.

SNOWED UP.

For the past few days we have been completely snowed up. Railway trains could neither depart nor arrive, farmers could not budge beyond their barn-yards, and hence our merchants and professional men have been compelled to sit down beside their stoves and smoke the pipe of peace, utterly oblivious of the doings of the outside world. What a delightful sensation to be closed out for a time from the busy, bustling world! What a charming place Alaska must be, where the people are snowed up for eleven months of the year! How productive of calm reflection and profound meditation upon the vanity of human life! Two or three days of isolation from the outside world teaches us what our position should be if deprived of the daily papers. Would that it might teach delinquent subscribers the enormity of refusing or neglecting to pay the printer!—We get no *Globe* or *Leader* and we are utterly oblivious to the roarings of Sir Henry, the snappings of Rykert, the spunky retorts of John S., the universal knowledge of all subjects, and the determination not to desert the ministry, displayed in all Mr. Hays' speeches—and he speaks whenever a second's opening occurs. "I'll never desert Micawber," is over the burden of our junior member's remarks. Then we miss the long list of murders, robberies and violences of civilized life: How Jerry Doolan knocked his spouse down with a bludgeon and tramped upon her face with his hob-nailed boots,—how Mrs. Heartless murders her innocent children in cold blood—how Mr. Flash sends a pistol bullet through the place where his brains ought to be—how Mr. Grabandrun, in a fit of temporary insanity, breaks into a bank or office and decamps with untold booty, together with moral essays and Utopian theories touching popular enlightenment and the duty of doing unto others as we would wish them to do unto us.—All this delectable enjoyment we miss by being snowed up.

The doctors tell us that the dyspepsias and other ills that vex our flesh are caused by fast living. Our civilization moves so fast that in order to keep abreast of it we are in a continued hurry of excitement. We work too hard, sleep too little, fail to eat enough—or do not sufficiently masticate what we do eat, which amounts to the same thing—and by the constant strain upon 'nervous fluids,' 'gastric juice,' brain and other vital powers, which we should not, properly speaking, be conscious of possessing at all, wear out the wheels of life prematurely. Do we not by being snowed-up realize the truthfulness and force of these scientific utterances. How calm our people become all at once. No hurry, no excitement, no disturbance of the physical or mental equilibrium! They do not sit down and grumble about the "confounded climate," they do not torture themselves by the reflection that the detention of the mails will bring a full crop of duns all in a heap; they do not agitate themselves because they have large stocks of goods which nobody comes to buy, but which must be paid for whether or no. Oh, no, of course not! And if this snowing up should last for six months' instead of three days, what a jolly set we would be, to be sure. Our doctors and lawyers would leave in disgust for lack of employment. Of course they would! However, we shall be glad, on the whole, when the mountains of snow are dug through, and we are allowed to be guided by our own judgment as to whether we shall be injured by a renewed contact with the great living world around.

Journalists in Trouble.

Political matters are getting to be pretty well jumbled up in Canada. The very latest "mix" is caused by the refusal of many conservative candidate to pay the election accounts of their newspaper organs. The Mitchell *Advocate* can't get its money from the defeated of Perth, the Morrisburg *Courier* has suffered by the repudiation ideas of its tory candidate, and the London *Prototype* is in the same boat. It says:—"We regret to state that complaints similar to the above are altogether too frequent. In the liquidation of election bills, the Reformers are far in advance of their political opponents. It is really too bad that journalists should labor to the extent they do to secure the return of a particular candidate, (a thankless task at the best,) and then not only receive abuse for their services, but be refused the payment of an ordinary printing account. We have at present on our books a bill of some $25 against the Middlesex Conservative Association, contracted some few years ago, to which we have frequently drawn the attention of the wealthly persons who were instrumental in organising the society, but hitherto our appeals for payment have been in vain." The compliment paid to reformers is a very handsome one. Come, gentlemen, pay the printer, before you talk about the dishonest practices of the vile "clear grits."

THE MUNICIPAL AND ASSESSMENT ACTS.

There was more truth than poetry in the remark of Dan. O'Connell, that it was possible to "drive a coach-and-four through any Act of Parliament." Between Upper Canada and Consolidated Statutes, Municipal Manuel, &c., with their "old Acts," "Dunkin's Bills," "Amended Acts," "Dog Laws," "Liquor License Provisions," and one humbug or another, which no man of ordinary honesty or intelligence can construe with safety, our municipal affairs have become almost hopelessly jumbled. An effort was made, it will be remembered, some time ago, to reconcile the gross inconsistencies on the Statute Books, as regards the Municipal and Assessment Law. The tories, with former failures in views gave the work into the hands of certain reformers, who certainly did their best if they did *not* succeed in setting the St. Lawrence on fire. Well, as the country began to get a glimpse of what might be done, through the efforts of those gentlemen,—although they were too much hampered to carry out all they intended—it was decided that Mr. Rykert was the very man to fix up every clause of each department of the Municipal Law exactly as it should be. That gentleman went to work with his committee, but it seems that instead of merely reporting amendments, he drew up a new bill and presented it to the House. The Bill did not prove satisfactory. What do the tories say? Oh, Messrs. McKenzie and McKellar did not succeed in perfecting the law in this respect—how, therefore, could Mr. Rykert give full satisfaction? Why is he to be blamed? Because he had the experience of all who have gone before him over the work—because he had a strong committee and a strong government to back him up, and because he had the opinions of the best men of the various municipalities of the country to guide him. After all, however, he has failed, and it has been wisely determined to postpone the measure until next session. The assessors throughout the country are now at work under the old law, and any amendments to the Assessment Act would be perfectly useless as far as the present year is concerned. It is much better to let the matter lie over for thorough discussion at the next session of the legislature. Meantime the proposed amendments should be brought prominently before the people.

The Liquor Cases.

The cases of the various hotel-keepers and grocers mentioned in our last were finished on Saturday afternoon last. The hotel-keepers charged with having sold liquor on Saturday night of the 1st, 8th and 15th, according to the informations laid, were: E. Hosker, Andrew Donogh, Jno. Donogh, W. Snell, J. J. Wright, W. Johnston and C. Thompson. After hearing the evidence the magistrates decided to fine Messrs. Snell, John Donogh, A. Donogh, Hosker and Wright in the sum of $20,00 and costs. The cases with regard to the others were dismissed for want of evidence to warrant a conviction. Mr. Doyle appeared for plaintiff and Mr. Cameron for defendants will it is said take steps to have the conviction quashed, his main argument being that neither the informations nor summonses had properly stated the place in which the alleged offence was committed. The cases of the grocers were also dismissed on the ground of want of evidence. The Bench was composed of the Mayor and Horace Horton, Esq., J. P. Thus ended an affair which caused a great deal of feeling in our usually quiet and orderly town.

☞ We have received the current number of Chambers' Journal from Mr. Moorhouse, who keeps on hand at all times a full supply of the best magazines of the day. The present is a good time to subscribe.

MERCY ASKED FOR.—The *Prototype* begs the *Leader* to withdraw its Bull of Excommunication against poor Sir Henry and Rykert, under the plea that such a policy "will not pay." The *Prototype* wisely thinks that the high and mighty tone is not calculated to hold weak-kneed ministerialists to their political loyalty.

The New Registry Bill.

There was an unusual 'rumpus' in the House on Thursday last, in committee, on Mr. J. S. McDonald's Registry Bill. The following clause (7th) gave especial umbrage to certain members:

"The Governor shall, as occasion may require, from time to time, by commission, under the Great Seal of the Province, appoint a fit person to the office of Registrar, and shall, in like manner fill up the vacancy occurring by the death, resignation, removal or forfeiture of office by any Registrar, and every Registrar, heretofore appointed or hereafter to be appointed, held and hold office during pleasure only."

After a good deal of argument as to the necessity of rendering the occupancy of registrars dependent upon good conduct.

Mr. Sinclair said he would not form an opinion upon this question the same as legal gentlemen had done. But he held that a great deal of the trouble the Attorney-General suffered under when he formerly held office was through his being thoroughly independent, and dismissing officers who did not do their duty. The government of the country ought to stand by the Registrar of Bruce, and if they did so he would give them his support.

Mr. Gibbons would support the government. The conduct of the Registrar to whom it was said this bill had special reference had been very bad indeed; and the oath he had taken as to records and books being stolen when they were civily asked for and handed over by his wife showed that he was a dangerous man in the community.

Mr. Hays declared Mr. Hammond to be as honest a man as Mr. McLay. And he had before him documents showing that Mr. Hammond was far more respected and believed in than his opponent.—They had not the slightest confidence in Mr. McLay, and believed thoroughly in the integrity and honesty of Mr. Hammond. The Commissioner of Crown Lands had written to Mr. McLay to go into Mr. Hammond's house and take the books. He did so and he got them.—Mrs. Hammond handed them over to him. It was disgraceful that Mr. Hammond should be legislated upon for what the law said he was right in doing, and the Attorney General had better not have touched this subject.

Mr. Macdonald said the grounds upon which Mr. Hammond had been dismissed were in print. He did not think that the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench would be sustained by the Court of Appeals. The party discussed had swindled the government—had deliberately done so—and was bribing his deputy. (Cries of order, order.)

Mr. Macdonald—Order! Why should we mince matters, why should not the truth be told? I speak it advisedly, and I repeat it that the party was dismissed because he swindled the government. This bill was a necessity because if Mr. McLay was not Registrar all the deeds enregistered by him were of no effect. This House must decide one way or the other. No class of public officers must be above the control of the government. He cited the case of a Registrar who had been found guilty of a crime by a jury which ought to have caused his dismissal but it was ten years before he could be turned out.

And so they went at it 'hammer and tongs,' members attacking the Premier for the use of such strong expressions, and he defending himself by declaring that the charge was true.

The Bill will likely become law.

Getting rid of it.

London the less must be glutted with money. They talk coolly of shipping a million dollors worth of silver to the States, burglars every other night or so run off with bushel bags of the trash. This process not causing a sensible diminution of the money with which London is weighed down, the inhabitants have taken to holding meetings at which people read laudatory addresses and present each other with purses of the dirty stuff. The only drawback is that when a man does get his purse he is liable to be knocked down or choked half to death by some dirty scoundrel on his way home and relieved of his booty. Happy, happy, merry London!

ANOTHER "PEELER."—Messrs. Waddel and Leonard have now on the stocks a splendid little "peeling schooner, which will be ready for launching as soon as the ice clears away. She is to be 5000 bushels as to carrying capacity, and when we mention that Mr. Marlton is the builder, we have said enough to prove that she will be beautifully modelled and compact put together in all respects. Mr. Marlton has the reputation of being one of the best and safest shipbuilders on the lakes, and we feel sure his skill will not desert him in this instance. We wish the little beauty many fine voyages and good profits to the owners.

The Coronation of the Rose.

Mr. Root's celebrated Cantata was performed before an overflowing house on Friday evening last. Large as the Victoria Hall is the crowd was so dense that quite a number of persons were compelled to turn away from the doors for want of sitting or standing room. Of the performance itself we need only say that it was a brillient success. Mrs. Simms' rendering of some of the finest passages was really splendid. This lady has a remarkably fine, rich voice which has been evidently trained to perfection. She was well supported—especially in the *crowning* scene—by Miss Logan, and a number of fine young lady vocalists of the town. Miss Alcock, by request, sang The sound of the Drum, in a most effective manner. The vigorous, manly singing of Mr. Transom was greatly admired, as was also that of Mr. D. Watson. The piano used was the property of W. G. Smith, Esq., and the accompaniments were rendered by Master George Watson with even more than the ability he has displayed in former concerts. The audience evinced its delight by repeatedly *encoring* the singers.

☞ Hon. Mr. Howe has started on his mission to England to lay the repeal resolutions of Nova Scotia before the British Government. There can be no doubt, we think, that the Home Government will refuse to sanction the untimely acts of the disunionists, and that Mr. Howe will be told to use his influence in promoting a better feeling amongst his fellow-colonists. The Hon. Joseph is a very smart man, but he will hardly succeed this time.

The Clinton Agricultural Dinner.

The usual annual dinner of the Clinton Branch Agricultural Society came off at Clinton on Friday evening last. There were about 150 gentlemen present. Besides the local members of the society, and leading men of the village, we noticed Messrs. Manning of Exeter, C. Morrow and H. Snell of Hullett, John Hunter of Goderich township, John Davison of Goderich, Hugh Love, sen., Sec'y of the South Huron A. S. (who made one of his best speeches during the evening), James Anderson of Stanley, and others. James Biggins, Esq., President of the Society, occupied the chair. The speech of the evening was delivered by Prof. Buckland, who address was so lengthy that we are unable to give it in full in this issue. The Prof. dwelt strongly upon the necessity of our farmers cultivating less soil and cultivating it better, so that instead of deteriorating rapidly it would increase in fertility from year to year. He also urged the necessity of calling in the aid of practical science to the agriculturist in the treatment of various soils. These points as dwelt upon by the learned Prof. were calculated to benefit his hearers very materially. The other speeches, songs, toasts, &c., were of the ordinary character.

Ladies' Benevolent Society.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent will be held in the Grammar School House on Monday, the 2nd of March, to commence at 4 o'clock, at which a report of the proceedings of last year will be read, and officers elected for the ensuing year. A full attendence of members is requested. Every one who has contributed one dollar or upwards to the funds of the Society is entitled to membership.

☞ The telegraph brings us news of the death of Sir Edmond Head, ex-Governor of Canada, which took place on the 23rd of January in the 63rd year of his age.—Since his retirement from the Governorship of these Colonies, he has been prominently before the Canadian public in connection with the negotiations for the possession of the Northwest Territory with the Hudson's Bay Company, of which corporation he was, up to the time of his decease, Governor.

☞ The British Columbia Legislature is moving in the matter of Annextion to Canada. The Pacific coast Yankees are eager to prevent such a consummation.

Seaforth has a population of 1,174, according to the census just taken.

I. O. of G. T.

Important Resolutions.

Goderich Temple, No. 223, I.O. of G.T.
Goderich, Feb. 24, 1868.

At a meeting of the members of the Degree Temple—in committee of the whole—the following resolutions were unanimously adopted. Resolved:—

1st. That we consider war upon intoxicating liquors, and against the vending thereof, a legitimate warfare.

2nd. That we consider it the duty of all good Good Templars, and all good Temperance men, to be found exerting all their energies, in all honorable ways, to put down the liquor traffic.

3rd. That we heartily endorse the action taken by License-Inspector Whiteley, in prosecuting those who have been openly violating existing and wholesome laws of our land.

4th. That the foregoing resolutions be sent to the "Star" and "Signal" newspapers for publication.

EDWARD F. MOORE, Chairman.
W. A. HARRISON, Secretary.

The Clinton Skating Carnival.

The Grand Skating Carnivalin aid of the Nova Scotia fishermen came off in Clinton on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst. The attendance of skaters in costume was quite large. Clinton proved that she has a number of splendid skaters—the ladies especially attracting the attention of the spectators. From Goderich there were some thirty or thirty-five ladies and gentlemen. The rink was well lighted, and our reporter wishes to say that all passed off "Merry as a marriage bell." Several good jokes were perpetrated: For instance a waggish young gent, after skating elegantly with a Clinton belle all the evening, at last removed his mask, and introduced himself as the 2nd porter of the British Exchange Hotel, Goderich, upon which the horrified fair one found that she "wanted to sit down." The Bayfield Brass Band dispensed good music during the evening. We hope to see a good number of the Clintoners at our Carnival on Tuesday evening next.

BRICKS.—Mr. Savage is now erecting machinery for the making of bricks, which will meet the wants of builders early in Spring.

☞ The President of the Licensed Victuallers Association having publicly stated that Mr. McNabb, Police Magistrate of Toronto, received a portion of the monies occurring to the notorious Mason, as informer, the whole matter is to be made a matter of searching investigation.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Thursday last Mr. Jessie Mills, while working in the steam saw mill, in the township of Howick, owned by Mr. Gibson of Wroxeter, met with a serious accident which resulted in his death on the following Monday. Mr. Mills, while working at the circular saw, his left leg came in contact with the saw, which entered a little above the knee, proceededing through the hip into the body so that the intestines were to be seen through the wound. Part of one foot was also cut off through the efforts of the other workmen to rescue him. Mr. Mills suffered greatly from the time of the accident till death came to his relief. He leaves to mourn their loss an aged father and an aged mother of whom he was the only support.—*Expositer.*

BACKING DOWN.—The *Star* is about "played out" on the tender question. After charging the County Council with all sorts of iniquity it assums an air of injured innocence and pleads "not guilty." The easy glibness with which it disposes of our refutation of its charges by the simple assertion of "taint so!" is very amusing. The portion of the public which will take its mere negatives as a sufficient proof upon important points is is very small indeed. Next time the editor will probably be careful to base his denunciations on facts.

☞ Great distress prevails among the fishermen of Nova Scotia. No abatement is expected before June.

SALT NEWS.—We are authorized to say that no telegraph has been received regarding the purchase of Mr. Cameron's property, although negotiations are still being carried on.

NEW BOOK.—Mr. Ward's Complication of Juvenile Songs will be issued from this office in a few days. The fact that we can compete with Hamilton in the matter of Book printing we claim to be creditable to Goderich.

☞ The people in and about Brucefield declare that they will have suitable buildings in that village for the fall show if it costs them a thousand dollars.

THE MAILS.—Subscribers to the SIGNAL who live on the London Road and its branches, complain loudly with regard to the non-delivery of their papers. Mr. Bishop, of Hay p. o., declares he has not had his copy for several weeks. It is too bad, when a journal is printed and mailed regularly, that it should not reach its destination. Some of the post offices need looking after. Which, that's the question!

THE LIQUOR CASES.

To the Editor of the Huron *Signal*.

DEAR SIR,—I am just as desirous as any Good Templar that there should be less drinking done in town, especially in groceries, &c, which are not licensed to sell by the glass at all; but I think Mr. Whitely was a little too arbitrary in his new-born zeal. The hotels of the town of Goderich, I claim, are generally speaking as respectably kept as any in the province, and certainly no houses of the kind in the County of Huron, allow less drunkenness and rowdyism. It is true that the seven o'clock law may have been broken for the past five years; but I ask who objected. Civic father, judges, magistrates, peace officers, professional men, and so on as well as mechanics, took a horn on Saturday night as well as any other evening and where there was no one to object, it is not wonderful that tavern keepers came to look upon the law as one which was virtually obsolete. Now, I ask why did not Mr. Whitely before pitching in so violently, advertise in the papers that he was going to carry the law out to the very letter. A good temperance man could have no other object than to have it so carried out, and I must say that his effort to obtain a number of convictions before such warning was given, places him in the position of being charged with interested motives by uncharitable persons. I for one feel like supporting the Inspector in putting down unlawful practices, but I still think he might have used the taverns differently and should have, at least, made as clean a sweep of the groceries. I was one of the WITNESSES.

Japan and America.

The N. Y. *Sun* say: Only a little judicious neighbourliness seems to be required to enter into the practical affection of the Japanese; and the Americans, with their cosmopolitan blood and breeding, seem to get *en rapport* with them more easily than other nations. It is chiefly through our exertions that new ports are continually being opened up by them, and while they send their commissioners abroad to examine and report on the world in general, they always take special interest in America. One of the brightest ideas yet has been struck out by the wide awake Californians. The steamer China, which sailed from San Francisco on the 17th ult., took out to Yokohama 1,332 trees, 165 bushes, 3,500 plants, and 19,000 grape cuttings, covering every variety of fruitful vegetation which that bounteous state affords In return for these, arrangements have been made with the late Japanese Commissioner Julipin, now Superintendent of Agriculture, to send back a full assortment of Japanese native trees and plants. This is a most profitable and mutually advantageous exchange of civilities.

The Alabama Claims.

The New York *Sun* says: "After all that has been said about compelling England to pay for the ravages of the Alabama among our shipping, it is singular to find that Europeans, and not Americans, will be the chief claimants for compensation when it comes to be made. According to a statement in the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, telegraphed to us on Saturday by the cable, the London, Paris, Rotterdam, and Hamburg underwriters had large sums insured upon the vessels destroyed, and those of Glasgow, also, though not to so great an extent. Of course, these underwriters, having paid the insurance money, will be entitled to receive whatever is awarded to the owners; and perhaps we can afford to stand aside, and let the matter be fought out without interfering."

ENGLAND'S DOWNFALL.—There are some newspapers in the United States who have an intelligent idea of foreign matters, and the *New York Express* is one of them. In a recent article it points out the absurdity of the American nation and newspapers preaching about "England's downfall." There is in Britain, as the *Express* very truly says, far more real universal freedom for all classes than there is in the States. "Politically," says the *Express*, "England is progressing—although a little tried in the fire of popular discontent; and socially—if we view our country in the aggregate—she is advancing, while we retrograde."

The Eagle on a Spread.

Laughter-loving Logan holding both his sides, rose in the House of Representatives at Washington, on Monday last, and made a speech which did him infinite credit as a joker. He offered an amendment, authorizing Mr. Seward to appoint an agent to enter into negotiations for "the purchase of empires, kingdoms, rebellions, wars, volcanoes, icebergs, snows, and rain-undiscovered islands, instructing him also to negotiate for the purchase of Great Britain, and in the event of that Kingdom not being for sale, to negotiate for a war, provided it shall not cost more than $15,000,000, or last over 'sixty days.'" The amount of any purchase, Mr. Logan proposes, shall be liquidated by Russian bears at $10 each (the purchaser to take them as they run). Sitka Indians to be thrown in without charge; icebergs at per bbl.; volcanoes at $50 each.

☞ The Strathroy *Dispatch* says a party in that village, who has been entrusted to make commercial reports on the standing of some of the mercantile and business men, has grossly abused the position to malign several gentlemen in a most shameful manner.

Dastardly Outrage.

Our Oben correspondent informs us of a dastardly outrage which was perpetrated by a gang of ruffians on the family of Mr. Thos. Enwright, residing on lot 2, 5th con. of Plympton, on the evening of Thursday, the 13th inst. It appears that during the night, some time after the family had retired to rest, they were awakened by some person smashing in the door; and just as Mr. E. was in the act of getting up three men rushed into the bedroom in which he slept. They in the first place knocked him down, and while down he was held down by one, while the others jumped upon and kicked him. Mrs. Enwright getting up as they were thus maltreating her husband, rushed in to assist him, and she too was assaulted by the ruffians. She then begged them to take all the money in the house, or anything else they wanted, but to spare their lives. This appeal had the affect of causing them to desist in their violence, and to commence a search for the money, resulting in the finding of $5 or $6. This was not satisfactory, however, and the search was prosecuted for some time, but without avail—one of them standing sentry at the door, while