Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W.T. COX, Editor and Proprietor.] "The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE. $2.00 AT END OF YEAR.

GODERICH, ONTARIO, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1868. VOL. XXI.—NO 13

Business Directory.

Dr. P. A. McDougall
WILL BE AT HOME FOR CONSULTATION up to 11 o'clock, A. M. every day. Will visit patients at any hour above or this night or day. 1872

G. C. Shannon, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c. Goderich, C. W. 13:40-1y

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, &c. Office and Residence, one door north of Central School. 49

G. M. McMURTRY, M. D.,
LICENTIATE COLLEGE PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS, C. E. Residence—house formerly occupied by Mr. Hazel, Caledonia Terrace, Goderich. 19.

Robert J. Stokes, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. &c. Late assistant surgeon in the U. S. Army, during the late war. One of the resident surgeons on U. S. Hospital Steamer "D. A. January." Assistant surgeon for the 15th Army Corps. Residence, Kingston Street, East. Office, Hamilton's Drug Store, Goderich. T. S. Jackson, Lennox, Wingham. N. B.—Consultation on surgical cases attended in adjoining counties. Wingham, Ont., Oct. 5th, 1867. w37

Medical.

RICHARD GOODE, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND Accoucheur, Shapleton, C. W. February 7th, 1867. w20f

Geo. Stephens,
GRADUATE of the Medical Department of Victoria University, Toronto, and late of the Hospital and Dispensary, New York, "Bellevue D. Mcfeuchen's Bellevue" Dispensary. w49 1y

J. B. Lewis,
BARRISTER, AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Solicitor in Chancery, Prosecuting County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Huron West. Office in Court House. w4

M. C. Cameron,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, CONVEYANCER, &c., Kingston street, Goderich, C. W. w49.

John Crickmore,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Corner of Kingston Street, Goderich. w49

Sanderson & Walker,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Office, over J. C. Detlor's Drug Store, Goderich. w49

Ferris & Moore,
ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c., Goderich, C.W. Office, Crabbe's New Block, Kingston Street, East. w49

R. Martin (Veterinary),
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., Goderich, C. W. Office, opposite Watson's Block, West street east side, one door west of Glasgow House. w49

John H. Cameron,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont., Office, on Kingston Street, one door west of Court-House Square. w49

J. Y. Elwood,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office, over the store of Messrs. J. C. Detlor & Co., corner of Market Square and North Street, Goderich. w49

Doyle & Malone,
BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. B. L. Doyle. w49 W. R. Squire, B.A.

J. Francis C. Holden,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont., and Bayfield, Ont. Offices, Parsons' Block, Goderich, and Mr. Dunsmore's Store, Bayfield.
☞ Mr. Holden will be at his branch office, Bayfield, every Monday from 10 a. m. till 3 p. m. ow49

William Proctor,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, &c. Walkerton, County of Bruce. w5

William R. Hain, B. A.,
CHANCERY AND LAW OFFICE, Crabe's new building, Kingston Street Goderich.
N. B.—Conveyancing. Money lent on reasonable terms. Disputed and doubtful titles to real estate a specialty. Goderich, Dec. 24, 1866. ow34

R. SKIMINGS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, &c. &c. Office—Kingston Street, Goderich, 5 doors west of M. C. Cameron's Law Office.
MONEY TO LEND. w20

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., &c. Clinton, Ont.
MONEY TO LEND. w38

D. McDougall
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD, County of Huron. Sales in village or country punctually attended to. w4-1y

Thomas Weatherald,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL LAND Surveyor, Toronto Street, Goderich. w1m3

L. B. Hamlin,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, LAND Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine.

JAMES FERGUSON,
SECRETARY HURON TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, Bruceefield, Post Office. w40

D. S. CAMPBELL,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, DRAUGHTSMAN, &c. Office in Mr. Carroll's Drug Store, Market Square, Wroxeter.
N. B.—All orders for surveying left with C. Dale Scott, Esq., of Wingham, will receive immediate attention. w39

JOHN HALDAN, Jr.
OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE,
INSURANCE, LAND AND GENERAL AGENT,
Money at 8 per cent.
Office—West Street, opposite the Post office, Goderich.

THE LANCASHIRE
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMP'NY,
CAPITAL, £2,000,000 STERLING.
THIS Company was specially cited, in the British House of Commons, by the Hon. W. Ewart Gladstone, (late Chancellor of the Exchequer) as an office of the highest class. See Times of March 4, 1864.
SAMUEL H. DETLOR, Agent for Goderich.
w2

Auction & Commission.

GODERICH & CLINTON
Established 1852.
SALES of Miscellaneous Property in Goderich every Saturday, and in Clinton every Wednesday.
Money advanced on Property for immediate sale and prompt returns made.
Farm Stock and other Sales punctually attended to throughout the County.
G. M. TRUEMAN'S Auction Mart,
w61 Market square, Goderich

Money to Loan on Real Estate,
A APPRAISER to the Trust and Loan Company of Upper Canada.
G. M. TRUEMAN,
wg. Market Square, Goderich

Land Office.
A REGISTER of Improved Farms and Wild Land for Sale,
G. M. TRUEMAN,
Goderich March 11, 1867. Market Square

MONEY TO LEND.
EASY TERMS.
J. B. GORDON.
Goderich, Jan. 14th, 1868. w51tf

Business Directory.

HURON AUCTION MART.
A. M. HARDY, & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS, COMMISSIONERS, APPRAISERS AND GENERAL AGENTS,
West Street, Goderich.
All country and other sales entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.
Moneys advanced on goods and furniture.
Goderich, Jan. 13 1868. w51

Malcolm Nicholson,
SURGICAL OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST,
ELECTROPATHIST, &c.
TEETH inserted in either Platina, Gold, Silver, or Vulcanized Rubber on reasonable terms.
☞ Office over the Post office, West Street, Goderich.

Commercial Hotel, Mitchell, C. W.
JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Good stabling for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire, on Shortest Notice. 1877

MRS. DAYS' HOTEL,
WROXETER.
ON the direct road from Seaforth to Walkerton. Every necessary accommodation for the travelling public.
HANNAH DAYS.
Wroxeter, Nov. 5, 1867. w42

LUCKNOW HOTEL
AND STAGE OFFICE,
R. S. CUNNINGHAM, Proprietor.
SITUATED on the corner on the Northern Gravel Road, Lucknow. Stages leave every morning for Goderich and Walkerton. The hotel is fitted up with every accommodation for commercial travellers. A large Hall attached.
June 21, 1867

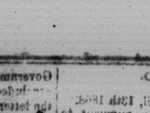
A GREAT CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA IN CANADA.
Compton, Prince Edward Co., C. W., March, 1867.
Messrs. Lyon & Chamberlin,—Sirs, having proved within my own person that there is at least a medicine that will indeed cure liver complaint and Dyspepsia, I am induced to make this statement under oath, which is to certify that I have been sorely afflicted for the last three years, according to the Doctors' statements, with Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. I had a feeling of sinking and vague uneasiness about the stomach, worse than pain, gnawings of wind, occasional pain, sleeplessness, constipation, uneasiness in the right side, headache, a poor appetite, &c., &c., and was greatly reduced in strength. Hearing your Indian medicine the Great Shoshonees Remedy spoken of so highly, I tried a bottle with your Pills, from these I must say I found but little change, but I took another and then found my health improving. I continued it and I have taken about ten bottles, using the pills, and I find that I have quite recovered. I feel hearty without pain or uneasiness. I am well and have pleasure in attending to my business. The doctor remarked to me I was looking much better. I tell him the Great Shoshonees Remedy was doing it. I have recommended the Remedy in several cases and it has invariably given good satisfaction, and I would strongly recommend it to all afflicted as I was.
AMBROSE WOOD.
Sworn before me at Consecon, C. W. this 2nd day of March, 1867.
J. M. CADMAN, J. P.,
A Commissioner in Q. B., in and for the County of Prince Edward, C. W.

STOP AND SEE.
THE following remarks on Testimonials of most wonderful and astonishing cures in Canada by the GREAT INDIAN REMEDY. They are stern, undeniable and incontestible facts, sufficient to convince the most obstinate that the Great Medicinal Compound, named after Sir Peter, is now accessible in the Great
SHOSHONEES REMEDY
For Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Liver, Digestive Organs, Kidneys, &c., as well as Scrotula, the various Skin Diseases, Humors, and all diseases arising from Impurities of the Blood, we boldly state that this great remedy has NEVER BEEN EQUALLED. Where was there ever such a cure as that in the person of Wilson Storms of Brighton, C. W., of Consumption; or that of Peter C. V. Miller, Burnesiown, C. W., of Consumption, or that of Ambrose Wood, of Consecon, C. W., of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint; or that of John Mosey, of Napanee, C. W., of Rheumatism, who had actually been on crutches for years, in spite of all treatment heretofore, and is now well. Scores of such cases might be mentioned had we space.
☞ Call at the Drug Store and get a Circular or Pamphlet containing testimonials as to the GREAT SHOSHONEES REMEDY and PILLS, and satisfy yourselves.
Price of the Remedy in large pints $1
☞ For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine. Agents for Goderich, S. Jordan and Parker & Cook.
WHOLESALE AGENTS:
LAMAN, HEDOPE & Co., TORONTO.
DUNSFORD & WATSON,
J. WINER & Co.,
HOLBROOK & STARK,
T. BICKLE & SON HAMILTON.
A. HAMILTON & Co.

1868.
THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY,
Has been in existence Thirty-two years, and during that period has paid Losses exceeding
Five and a half million pounds sterling.
The disbursement of this enormous sum over a wide area, has without doubt contributed to the establishment of this Institution, in the confidence of Public Corporations, Merchants, Householders, and business men generally, wherever it is represented.
Its assets at the end of 1866, the Fire Premiums alone amounted to £9,976
In the 10th year, 1846, " " " £17,763
" 20th year, 1856, " " " £222,279
" 29th year, 1865, " " " £289,332
One year later, 1866, " " " £318,055
The Fire Reserve Fund is now $4,727,464
The Life Reserve Fund is now $9,232,468
The company is represented throughout Ontario and Quebec, by influential Agents, to whom application for insurance may be made.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary,
Montreal.
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich; B. V. Elliott, for Exeter; W. N. Watson, for Seaforth.
Goderich, Feb. 11, 1868. w41

H. DUNLOP,
NEXT DOOR TO BANK OF MONTREAL, WEST ST.
HAS ON HAND
A LARGE SUPPLY
OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS!
which he is prepared to make up in the shortest notice, and Cheap for Cash.
GOOD FIT WARRANTED.
AGENT FOR THE
Universal Sewing Machine!
the best low-priced machine in the market
PRICE, $15.00.
Goderich, Oct. 18, 1867. w39

ISAAC FREDERICK



WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
WEST ST., GODERICH,
Next door West of Mr. Stotts' Saddlery.
Just one door East of the Post office.
ALL KINDS OF
WATCHES CLOCKS AND JEWELERY
REPAIRED ON SHORT NOTICE.
In the best Style & Warranted.
ALSO A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Gold and Plated Jewelry Watches, Clocks, &c., &c.
Constantly on hand and warranted to be as represented, if not money refunded.
The stock will be sold cheap to make way for fresh goods. If you want a really good clock go to I. Frederick's.
Goderich, Oct. 22, 1867. w35

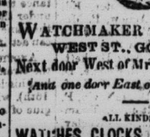
GODERICH

MARBLE WORKS
W. C. TRELEAVEN.
Monuments, Headstones, Tombs,
Tablets, Table-Tops, &c.
Ohio Free Stone kept on hand for building purposes such as Caps, Sills, Bases, &c., Cheap for Cash.
GODERICH C. W.

GODERICH

WAGON & CARRIAGE
Manufactory
THE Subscriber has now on hand a number of good, steel-shod
Sleighs, Cutters, &c.
☞ Call and see them.
JOHN PASMORE,
Victoria Street, Goderich.
Dec. 17th, 1867. w49

CABINET WAREHOUSE



(THE OLDEST IN THE COUNTY.
D. GORDON,
CABINET MAKER
AND UNDERTAKER,
Manufactures and has now on hand a complete assortment of Furniture, at his Warerooms,
WEST STREET, GODERICH,
SUCH AS
Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Hair, Cane and Wood-seated Chairs, Gilt Moulding and Looking Glasses, in variety, of
Home Manufacture and Imported
D. G. has always on hand a complete assortment of COFFINS. Also, HEARSES TO HIRE.
☞ Lumber and Cordwood taken in exchange for Furniture
Goderich, 27th Oct. 1867 w2

LOOK HERE
THE subscriber having REMOVED to the store lately occupied by WM. DUNCAN, first door south of Bingham's, Market Square, wishes to inform his friends in the Town of Goderich and surrounding country, that he now has the largest and most complete stock of Fall and Winter
Boots and Shoes
of any house in the country, containing every style of Ladies' and Children's goods, and that he has also a very large assortment of GENTLEMEN'S
WINTER BOOTS
coarse and fine, both imported, and of his own manufacture, which he will sell
Cheap for Cash!
Call and examine, as he is satisfied that he has just the goods you want.
SAM'L FURSE.
Goderich, Sept. 24, 1867. w4

McGEE'S LAST POEM.

The following poem appears in the current number of the New Dominion Monthly. We produce it not only because of its many intrinsic merits, but because it possesses a melancholy interest at the present time, as one of the last productions of the singularly gifted poet and orator so cruelly snatched from us:

PRIMA VISTA.

BY THE HON. T. D. M'GEE.

"Land! Land!" how welcome is the word
To all o'er us, landsmen bred or seamen?
Deep in their lairs the sick are stirred—
The decks are thronged with smiling women.
That face that had somehow in dark
Ten days since, in the British Channel,
Now, like Aurora, reappears
Aurora, wrapped in furs and flannel.

"Where?" "Yonder, on the right—dost see?
A firm, dark line; and yonder thunder,
A white line drawn along the sea—
A flashing line, whose voice is thunder!
It seems to say in a fearsome coast—
No trees; no hospitable whifts;
God help the ever-whose ship is lost
On yonder heartless cliffs!"

"Amen!" say I, "to that sweet prayer,
The last Amen! bodied and dark,
No female Samaritan field-day there,
Collecting battercies and farm
An iron land it seems from far,
On which no shepherd's flock reposes;
Lash'd by the elemental war.
The land is not a land of roses."

Yes! this is *Prima Vista*—this
The very Landmark we have prayed for;
Darkly they wander who have missed
The guidance yon stern land was made for,
Call it not homicidal, then—
The New World's outwork, grim its beauty;
This guardian of the lives of men,
Clad in the garb that does its duty.

Less gally sings the lover lark
Above the singing swain, at morning,
Than rings hard from winds, chill and dark,
This name of welcome and of warning.
Not happier to his cell at sunset
The saint, triumphant o'er temptation,
Than the worn captain turns below,
Relieved, as by a revelation,

How blest when Cabot ventured o'er
This northern sea, yon rocks rose gleaming;
A promised land seems Labrador
(Nor was the promise all in seeming);
Strong sea wall still it stands to guard
An, Inland fertile, fair as any,
The rich—but the unpaid—reward
Of Cabot and of Verrazzani.

All hail! old *Prima Vista*—long
Shall the billows on thy bulwarks,
Will seamen hail thy lights with song,
And home-hopes quicken all hearts.
Long as thy headlands point the way,
Between man's old and new creation,
Evil fall from them like the spray,
And hope illumine every station.

Long may thy hardy sons count o'er
The spoils of Ocean, won by labor;
Long may the free, unbolted door
Be open to each trusty neighbor,
Long may the human mart on thy rocks
Wed sea-pinks, fragrant as the heather,
Thy maidens of the flowing locks,
Safe sheltered from life's stormy weather.

Proudly, oh! *Prima Vista*, still—
Where sweeps the sea-hawk's fearless pinion,
Do the winds fling from every hill
The banner of the Saxon Dominion,
Proudly, to all who sail the sea,
Bear thou aloft the Union standard—
And friendly may it welcome be
To all men—seaward bound, or landward.

Newfoundland.

The Proposed Disendowment of the Irish Church.

A meeting has been held at Enniskillen, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with "Johnston of Ballykilbeg." The Henry Burdett, who presided, said that he, for one, as long as the Lord left him breath, would never be content with anything but Protestant ascendancy. It was time to stand on the watch-tower and cry "No surrender." Tremendous cheering and Kentish fire greeted the utterance of these and similiar sentiments.

A Mr. Carleton declared that Mr. Johnston was the greatest bulwark against Popery "in these, evil days," and to express his contempt for the Fenians, observed that, "if they were all converted, like Lot's wife, into a pillar of salt, they would not salt the broth of the Orangemen only for armed with cabbage-stalks they would treat the Fenians the way the navvies were treated at Belfast."

The Rev. John Flanagan, rector of Killevan, warned parliament and the government that if they ever dared to lay unholy hands on the Church of Ireland, 200,000 Orangeman would tell them it shall never be. Protestant loyalty, he declared, must make itself understood. "Will you, Orangemen of Ireland," said the reverend gentleman, appealing to the audience, "endorse the doctrine of unconditional loyalty? Repeated cries of "No, never," was the response. Mr. Flanagan proceeded to say—"The question arises, on what are we to throw ourselves? We might plead the act of Union in 1800, or the provisions of the emancipation act in 1829, or we might refer to past services rendered to England in the hour of need. It appears wonderful that there is one thing upon which we can confidently throw ourselves, which has been overlooked by nearly all the speakers, I mean the Queen's coronation oath. She should be reminded that one of her ancestors, who swore to maintain the Protestant religion, forgot his oath, and his crown was kicked into the Boyne. (Cheers.) We must speak out boldly, and tell our gracious Queen, that if she breaks her oath, she has no longer any claim to the crown. Let us not put any trust in man, but trust to God and ourselves. William, of glorious memory, took the same line of action. "Be not dismayed, my boys," he said, "for the loss of one commander, for God will be our king this day, and I'll be the general under." (Great cheers.) In conclusion, he said, "if there were a thousand Mr. Cogans in parliament, let them tell them it was by blood they must acquire the blood-brought rights of the Protestants of Ireland." (Immense applause, cheers, and Kentish fire.)

A resolution was adopted for the establishment of a Local Protestant Defence Association, to act in concert with the parent society, to be composed of Protestants of all denominations, and pledging the meeting to defend their rights as Protestants; and, if necessary, to shed their blood as their ancestors did in maintaining them.

A VALUABLE OYSTER.—The *Richmond Enquirer* says, that a gentleman in that city recently purchased some oysters from a York river boat; attached to and imbedded in the shell of one of them he encountered a metallic substance. This oyster he carried home, and there proceeded to break it to pieces with a hamer, when he found that it contained a French gold coin, known as a Louis d'or, of the value of about $14, bearing date 1573. It is probable that it was lost overboard from the French fleet during the siege of York-town.

The New Indictment Against Mr Davis.

A Richmond despatch of Saturday's date informs the public that a new indictment has been found by the grand jury of the United States Circuit Court for Virginia against Mr. Davis. The Richmond *Examiner* of Monday, says:

The indictment states that in 1861 he armed and equipped troops for the purpose of levying war against the United States; that he took forcible possession of the city of Richmond, and excluded therefrom the forces of the United States; that he armed and equipped military forces for the purpose of levying war against the United States in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and Missouri and that he gave to the said forces information counsel and advice, maliciously and traitorously to assist them in levying war aforesaid. And that at Manassas, on the 21st of July, 1861, with a number of persons amounting to 50,000 and more, armed, equipped and organized as military forces with the usual weapons of war, he maliciously and traitorously fought against, killed, wounded and captured officers and soldiers of the United States army, and destroyed and captured munitions and materials of war, the property of the United States; and that he, with Robert E. Lee, Judah P. Benjamin, John C. Breckenridge, William Mahone, Henry A. Wise, John Letcher, William Smith, Jubal A. Early, James Longstreet, Daniel H. Hill, Ambrose P. Hill, Gustave T. Beauregard, Wm. H. C. Whiting, Edward Sparrow, Samuel Cooper, Joseph E. Johnston, John B. Gordon, C. F. Jackson, and T. O. Moore, did, maliciously and traitorously conspire and levy war against the United States.

The remainder of the indictment consists of a recapitulation of the battles of the war, the charge that Mr. Davis appointed and commissioned persons as officers in the Confederate army. It concludes as follows: "That during the whole of said rebellion, by reason of resistance to the execution of the laws of United States, and the interruption of the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, process for the commencement of any action, civil or criminal, against the said Jefferson Davis, or for his arrest, could not be served, and the said Jefferson Davis could not, by reason of such resistance of the laws, and such interruption of such judical proceedings be arrested or served with process for the commencement of any action, civil or criminal, within the intent and meaning of the statute of the United States, in such case made and provided.

The largest organ in the world is erected to the little city of Freyburgh, Switzerland. When in full play it pours forth a tempest of sound through a forest of pipes seven thousands and eight hundred in number, shaking the walls and the foundation of the old St. Nicholas Church in which it stands.

THE FENIANS.—The Fenians appear to be again on the war path. They held a demonstration at Buffalo on Good Friday, and another at the same place on *Easter Sunday*—the better day, the better deed. 'Tis a pity, however, that those blackguards could not select some other day on which to spout forth their seditious speeches. On both occasions the usual tall talking was indulged in, and General John O'Neill went as far as to say that, "we will meet England openly and in fair fight, with arms in our hands, and we'll whip her as we did at Ridgeway." (Hear, hear, say we.)

—The wife of a mechanic died lately in Detroit, and on the night after the the body had been laid out one of the watchers thought she discovered evidences of life. Restoratives were applied and the body warmed, and at the end of five days life was restored, the patient opened her eyes, and is now in a fair way of recovery. The coffin had been prepared, and the body placed in it; and, but for the discovery of the watcher, undoubtedly there would have been a case of burying alive.

THE news of the murder of Mr. McGee created intense satisfaction among the members of the Fenian Brotherhood in New York. *The N. Y. World* says that he was regarded by them as a "poisonous rattlesnake," and the same paper says that if he had been as judicious as the poet Moore and retired into private life, his life would have been spared, thus admitting by inference that the deceased patriot fell a victim to the hatred of these blood thirsty scoundrels.

SOME one proposes a new way to kill rats. His own house being overrun with the vermin, a servant girl, who had seen the effects of "Old Bourborn whiskey" on bipeds, judgt she would try an experiment on rats. Accordingly she took a small quantity, made it sweet with sugar, crumbled in bread enough for the crowd, and set the dish in the cellar. A few hours after she went down, and found several rats gloriously fuddled, engaged throwing potato-parings, and hauling one another up to drink. These were easily disposed of; and those not killed left the premises immediately, suffering from a severe headache.

They Stand Accused.

Whether or not the Fenian associations are guilty of this murder, if they had but had common sense and foresight they should have, if necessary, surrounded him by a guard to protect him from evil for fear of the consequences to themselves. As it now is, the Fenians stand accursed in the eyes of all civilised people, and nothing can remove the stain of indelible disgrace, except a total exculpation from all participation in the crime. In his murder they have raised ten thousand enemies, all of whom can do more harm than ever could the tongue of the dead. For an organization to assassinate a public man for opinion's sake, is to heap odium on itself, and change what might before have been patriotic feeling into cowardly and cold blooded murder. To shoot a man in the back at night! Can any one call this action aught but the deed of a poltroon and assassin! *From the Philadelphia Telegraph.*

An Irishman received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason, 'Och,' said Pat 'would you have me leave his mother an orphant?'

It is better to encourage what is right than to punish what is wrong.

A FAST ENGLISH BOY.—A young lad was recently brought before a Liverpool Magistrate, charged with embezzling nine pounds from his employer. On investigation it appeared that the boy, less than fourteen years old, had spent the money in entertaining his sweetheart (aged twelve) with pleasure trips on Sunday, donkey rides and other refreshments. The young lady testified to this effect, and also averred that she had frequently drawn on young Lothario to the amount of two or three shillings, and that the drafts were always honored throug a female friend, who acted as messenger. The young scapegrace admitted the charge, and coolly told the magistrate that he "allowed Miss Taylor 6s. a week."

The Estimates brought down show that the total expenses of the Dominion government for the year ending June 30th, 1868, are $17,726,818. This includes the subsidies to the Local Governments, amounting to $2,360,448, showing the absolute expenses to be $15,450,662. But as the Local Governments expend something on their own account, and in excess of the subsidies they receive, it may be said that, in round numbers, the united expenses of the five governments amount to $20,000,000. Of this, $5,311,016 goes for interest, management and sinking fund incident to the Public Debt; $1,458,547 for Militia and gunboats, and $1,006,635 for Public Works, leaving a little over $11,000,000 for working the varied machinery of government.

☞ A Washington correspondent, reviewing the progress of the impeachment trial, says the deposition of the President is a foregone conclusion. It would seem thus, that lawfully or unlawfully the Republicans are bound to Chase Andy out, and Wade in.

It is a strange fact that Barnum's beautiful Circassians' and Madagascar Aliminoes' acquired a sudden knowledge of the English language on the occasion of the late fire. Fright has been known to work wonders before, but none like this.

ODD IDEAS.—Von Helmont tells us, that Adam was created without a beard but after that he had fallen, and "sinned," because of the sinful propensities which he derived from the fruit of the forbidden tree, a beard was made part of his disgrace bringing him into nigher resemblance with the beasts towards whom he made his nature approximate. The same stigma was not inflicted upon Eve, because even in the fall she retained much of her original modesty, and therefore deserved no such opprobious mark. Von Helment observes also, that no good angel ever appears with a beard; and this he says, is a capital sign by which angels may be distinguished.

BLACKLOCK:
—OR THE—
WANDERER OF THE SEA.

A STORY OF

RIVER, MAIN & OCEAN.

By F. Clinton Barrington.

CONTINUED.

"But," said he, "but, captain, in what capacity could I sail with you, if I should get myself into the mind?"

He said this smilingly, for he had no idea of leaving college, a few months in which would complete his course—though at the close of his collegiate course he began to think he should turn his face towards a nautical career.

"You may go as a passanger."

"That would be a idle life; and besides, I have not the fortune to play the gentleman sailor, nor indeed have I the inclination. My mind is of too active a turn for that."

"I will make you my third lieutenant, and give you pay accordingly; and one of these days, when you learn to sail a vessel, you can easily get command of one."

"Yes. I should like the command, I dare say, much better than climbing the ladder to it."

"A couple of voyages would make a good seaman of you."

"So soon? Ah, Captain Wynyard, you tempt me! But there is one question I have not asked you. In what trade do you sail, usually? You are not always coming after bearers of despatches?"

"No, that is true. I follow the best fortune that offers. Sailors sail the world round in search of fortunes. Should I have an offer on reaching Portugal, to take a message to Brazil for rich pay, I should accept it. I follow the current of fortune. We seamen are as inconsistent as the winds. Who is that young man coming the green?" asked the captain, who was seated at the window with Edward's room.

"That is Manfred Lawrence."

The captain's eye flashed fire. His brow colored; and springing to his feet, he was rushing from the room, when Edward placed himself between him and the door.

"Do nothing rash, my dear captain. Remember your promise made to me."

"True," answered the captain. "But I would give my right eye to meet that man on the open sea. What a haughty port! I like him not."

"Nevertheless, do not avenge yourself upon him; for the act has already been punished for by me. It will only bring your innocent sister's name up unpleasantly before the public eye."

"Well, for your sake, I will let it drop at present."

"And forever, I trust."

"That may be as we chance to cross each other's path," answered Wat Wydyard, re-seating himself; but he soon after arose and said he would go down to the cottage to tell his mother he had placed the money in the bank all shipshape, and they could draw for it all, or part, or only the interest, just as they pleased.

"I will accompany you," said Edward, who feared his sudden departure had connexion with his recent view of Lawrence, and that he would seek to cross his path.

"Very well—come."

So Edward proceeded with him towards the cottage; and half way there they met Lawrence, face to face, crossing the road by a path that led towards a by-street of the town. He passed them with a scrow of fierce hatred upon Edward, and a look of keen curiosity at his companion. This scrutiny roused the tiger in Wynyard's breast, and he drew up before him and said in a tone as high and bold as a man could use:

"You seem to wish to know who I am, by the cut of your eye. I will tell you. I am Wat Wynyard, the brother of the maiden you had the insolence to give your thoughts to. Stop sir! If you pass on, before I tell you what you are, I will pistol you!" And the captain presented a pistol at his breast.

Lawrence stepped back and turned as pale as death. Edward sprang forward and laid his hand upon the muzzle.

"Captain, what did you promise me?"

"Promise as vile words with my foe before my eyes," answered the captain, releasing the pistol from his grasp. "I will not harm him if he stands and hears me. But by all that is above, I will shoot him through the heart if he budges one inch."

"This is your cowardly work, Blacklock," said Lawrence, pale with fear and rage. "You have told him of this, when you swore you would keep it secret."

"It is false, craven!" cried Wynyard. "He has never breathed it to me. On the contrary, he has kept me from doing you the harm my duty and honor as a brother tells me I owe you. Stand there! Now, do you not think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to creep into a widow's house and rob her of her only daughter? and seek to rob that daughter of her honor—man—beast—worse than murderer. You would have brought the widow's gray hairs down to the grave with sorrow and shame, and covered the daughter with irreparable infamy and degradation! Yes, you would have done this, and meditated to do this, but for the courage of this noble young man, in comparison with whom, you are as a black devil compared with an angel of light. Go! I have done with thee. Go—toad—serpent—brute! Go! and remember that innocence will always have its avengers!"

He put up his pistol, and Lawrence almost livid with rage and terror, walked rapidly on his way—his mortification deepened not only by seeing this public disgrace witnessed by Edward, but by some four or five persons who chanced to be on the road and near at the time.

"I am sorry you have done this thing, Captain Wynyard," said Edward, as they walked on together.

"I could not help giving him a few words of my mind. I feel better now. I shan't trouble him again, you may depend upon that."

"Edward was about to express his fears that he would end hanging, when one of the stable boys of the Brown Bear came galloping up the road, mounted on a plough horse without a saddle. When he saw Edward, he commenced calling out, some distance off:

"Master Edward, your feyther's dyin', he is, an' sent me off to tell ye to coom to him."

"That is bad news—bad news," said the captain, as Edward, without the least particle of color in his face, and without power to question the boy, motioned him to dismount. He sprang upon the horse, and waving adieu to the captain, he galloped along the road the boy came as fast as speed.

"What is the matter, lad?" asked the captain of the boy.

"They say he's got took all of a sudden with the happyplexy, but I as constarned if I knaws what that are be—though he don't seem to be happy a bit."

"Do they think he will die?" asked Captain Wat.

"They says it; but there's no knowin' till he be dead," said the youth, with an oracular look.

"I am sorry for him and for this young man," said the captain, leaving the lad and walking thoughtfully home. When he communicated the fact to his mother and sister, they expressed the deepest sympathy and regret.

"He is a fine man, and it would be a great loss to Mr. Edward to lose him."

As for Catharine, she walked out into her flower garden, blinded by tears, and there wept for Edward's sorrow. She was thinking how unhappy he must be at his father's situation—and with him, unknown to him, the noble girl mingled her tears with his! Such sympathy, my dear reader, could spring only from deep-seated love in the heart; and we must therefore conclude what is indeed the truth, that she loved Edward.

She felt he regarded her only as a friend—no more; while she was suffering the happiness of her love to be bound up in his. Repeatedly she asked herself if she were not laying up for herself years of misery; and when wisdom and prudence answered "yes," she hushed their voices, and gave her thoughts up to the bliss of loving.

"If he loves me not again," she said, at such times, "I can still love him. Should he forget me, I will still love him." Such then was the condition Kate's heart had reached—that any joy of his gave her joy, and in his sorrow she sorrowed.

When he had reached the Brown Bear, he threw himself from his horse and rushed into the house. Within the door Dame Blacklock met him. He saw by her face that David still lived, but could not long last.

"How is he, mother?" he asked tenderly and softly.

"Worse every minute."

"Have you sent for the doctor?"

"He was here an hour and is just gone, saying nothing can be done. He must die. Come and see him, for he does nothing but say—'Eddy, Eddy! where is my boy? Will he not be here to see me die?'"

Edward entered the room, and saw by the half-drawn curtains the large form of David Blacklock stretched upon the bed, the head highly raised by pillows placed beneath. He turned his eyes as Edward entered, while a smile shone upon his face, as he said:

"Bless you—bless you! You have come at last?"

"I am greived at the heart dear father, to see you thus. I hastened without delay as soon as the sad news reached me."

"I know it, Eddy, you have alway loved me. Let me say a word to you before my voice fails me. You know that you are not our son. You know how we found you. Perhaps one day your father may turn up. I don't know, however. It may be, and it may not be. If you should ever find your parents, I need not tell you that your love to them is due, though it looks as if they deserted you. Now I wish to tell you that there is a name in the chest in which you are found, painted with red color. But it was afterwards painted with blue; but as the mould in the garret, where I have carefully kept the chest to this day, softened the blue paint, it has peeled off, and under it has appeared the name. I only discovered this about three weeks ago."

"And what is the name, my dear father?" asked Edward, eagerly—emotions unknown to him agitating his soul.

"It is—but it has escaped me. But you will see it there after I am gone. That name—may—give you—a—a—clew to—"

Here David Blacklock's voice failed him. He pressed the hands of his wife and of Edward, and held them for an hour, when he reached out his hand and the spirit departing, left a pleasant look impressed upon the mouth. We draw a veil over that scene of grief and of death.

The evening of the funeral of the publican, Edward walked from the graveyard where he had lingered long after the cortege had retired. Sadly and slowly he moved along the road which passed around the estate of General Lawrence. He was full of sorrow. He felt that he had lost his best, his only friend—save, indeed, Dame Blacklock, who solely now remained to him. The day was drawing to a close, and the sun went down, the moon rose and found him seated on the steps of the old church, with his face buried in his hands—the very personification of sorrow. But he is not long left alone in this indulging of himself in grief. From her window, Isabel Lawrence had seen him pass along the road, and though it was twilight, she recognized him, and her whole soul sympathized with him; for she knew of his heavy loss, and that he must now be returning from the church yard, desolate and friendless—and she had quietly left her room, and gliding from the house, crossed the lawn to a side gate which opened on the road, to speak to him and offer him those words of sympathy which her heart prompted. But he had gone so far, that she could not reach him without running. She, however, knew that at the foot of the grounds, near the river-side, the road would by a bend bring him near the wall of the lawn, when she could speak to him and detain him. So she hastened along the gravelled walk for two hundred yards, and when it terminated, she took her way across the verdant lawn, and soon reached the foot of the bluff on which the church stood. Here she saw him moving round the ruins, having quitted the road to seek the seclusion of the sacred spot so congenial to his present feelings.

At first she hesitated to advance; but conscious of the rectitude and benevolence of her motives, she ascended the slight eminence and reached the ruin upon which the moon, now at her full, was pouring its rosy beams with touching beauty. She saw him seated upon the steps facing the east, and without hesitation, with the very fearlessness of innocence and truth, she approached him and lightly laid her hand upon his shoulder, breathing, at the same time his name.

"Edward!"

He raised his face, and the moonbeams glistened upon tears.

"Miss Lawrence!"

"Yes, Edward. I saw you come hither and your sadness and grief touched me so that I have come to say a word