"Then I will tell you at once, that this gentleman is my father—that his name as well as my own is Lushington, and that the young lady of whom we are in search, by name Miss Louisa Lushington, is my father's neice and ward, the child of his only brother, who by his last will expressly placed her in her uncle's personal guardianship until she should be of age. She was seventeen, at the time of her father's death, and had up to that time lived a life of unbounded freedom. My uncle could deny her nothing; in fact I don't think he ever tried to, and as neither he nor his daughter cared at all for the opinion of others, she was allowed to conduct herself in a manner that made her the talk of all western New York, where we live. The The consequence was, that on removing to our quiet and orderly home, the young lady soon became disgusted with her new life, and after trying unsuccessfully for a while to introduce a new order of things, she stole a march upon us one fine morning, and was off."

"Run away!" ejeculated the widow.

"Exactly, ma'am. And so cleverly did she manage the whole affair, that if it hadn't been for the somewhat peculiar shape of the little trunk that we missed—"

"Lor, yes, I've always noticed how queer that was"

"By that we traced her. The Harrisburg stage-driver thought he remembered leaving such a one here, about six weeks ago, and my father and I immediatly came on to follow up the trace. Father, you'd better show Mrs. Bartell your documents."

"Yes, O yes, I shall be very happy to do so, Robert," replied the elder Mr. Lushington, who had shown by his nervous motions and various little interruptions during his son's remarks, that he considered his communications very unnecessarily frank and unreserved, and it was with many a warning shake of the head and muttered exconstulation, that he now proceeded to pull a great leathern wallet from his pocket, and putting a pair of steel rimmed spectacles upon his nose to look over and select certain papers from among those that crowded it.

"Her's a description of the girl," said he, at length handing out a printed advertisement, clipped from a newspaper. "And here's a certified copy of my brother's will, the part of it relating to the guardianship at least, and here—this is what interests you most my good lady; it is a certificate from the Judge of Probate, proving my right of guardianship to Louisa Lushington, and enjoining all good citizens to aid me in recovering possession of her."

"Look, sir," interposed Mrs. Bartell, quite aghast at the array of evidence brought to bear against her. "I hope you won't supposed that I doubted your honorable word sir, but you know it's always well to be on the safe side, specially where a young woman is concerned, and I'm sure I'm glad to know that Mary or Lowizy, you say her name is, has got such a good home, and such a pleasant spoken gentleman for her uncle and gardeen, and I can't but admire how she went to run away, then. It's jose as you say it's cause she can't abear to be thwarted in nothing; and sure enough she is a masterpiece for having her own way, as ever I saw and glad am I that them's to her, her that kin keep her—leastways if you kin keep her, Mr. Lossington."

"We'll keep her, when once we get her, my good woman," said the younger man, with a grim smile. "She sl'an't be allowed to play her wild pranks over the country again very soon, I promise you."

"But for all she's kind o' willful and ommanageable," suggested the widow, with sudden relenting, "she's a dear, loving, sweet tempered child, when nothing' crosses her, and I wouldn't hev her hurt, or put upon, no not for a hundred dollars, I wouldn't hev that gal onhappy a minut if I could help it."

"Surely, dear madam," exclaimed the elder lawyer, a slight shade of reproof tinging his bland accents, "you cannot, you do not imagine that there is any occasion here for the fears you intimate! If the only brother of this misguided girl's father—the guardian of her person and property, appointed by that very father—if he is not to be trusted with her safety and happiness, who can he? Who could have them more at heart?"

"O, sartin, sir," cried Mrs Bartell, thoroughly ashamed of her vague suspicions "I didn't mean nothin' o' that kind, sir. Of course, you'd look out for her jest as you would for your own darter, sir."

"Exactly, my dear madam, exactly," cried Mr Lushington, with a beaming smile. "Just as I would for my own daughter. *Rem ac utilegisti*, as we say in Latin, Mrs Bartell."

"Yes, indeed, sir, I feel sartin of it," returned the widow, still more abashed at the classic quotation.

"Well, now let us consider how we are to get hold of the girl. She wont come willingly, I can promise you," interrupted Robert Lushington, impatiently. "We've got to take her by main force, as we're right to, I should say, sir, and argue out the matter with her afterward."

"To be sure. I don't suppose she'd go of her own accord, of so be she's once 'got set against it," allowed Mrs Bartell, reluctantly.

"That she wont. The perverse jade—"

"Softly, my son, softly," interposed his father, checking his son's savage mood, with a significant glance. "Even if your cousin has treated your father somewhat undutifully you must not allow your feelings to carry you too far, my dear Robert. He can't bear to have any one disrespectful to his old father, ma am. A dutiful son, a very dutiful son."

"Just like my young gentlemen of the hall," murmured Mrs Bartell, with a somewhat timid glance of approbation at the dark, bearded face of the unpleasant looking young man before her.

"Well, well, how are you going to recover the custody of your ward, with the least noise and scandal to the neighborhood, sir?" inquired Robert.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Bartel can suggest a plan?" said Mr. Lushington, inquiringly.

"Well! yes sir," began that lady. "I've been a thinking that if so be you've got to take her against her will, you'd better do it while she's out a walking. Most every night she goes out—sometimes one way, and some times another, and to-night, I expect she means to go over to Square Vivian's. That's on the hill road, sir, that goes back among the mountins. A drefful lonesome sort o' road, specially arter you pass the Hallow road, where you turn off to go to the square's. Now, if you think you can't get her to go peaceable, and bid me good-by, do kiss and be friends 'fore she starts, w'y and, better call to my house jest arter five o'clock, the time she mostly goes out—and take her trunk, and all her little fixin's, and then you can follow her along, and wait in some handy place till she's ben to the square's (she wont stop long, she don't never lately, though she used to be there half her time), and then as she comes back, you kin kitch her up. It'll be deep dusk then, and there's dreadful little travel on that road anytime, so I guess you wont be interrupted, and if you be, w'y you kin show anybody your papers you know, sir, jest as you did me—"

"Yes, yes, a very good plan. Very good indeed," interrupted Robert Lushington. "Don't you think so, sir?"

"Why, yes I don't at present see any obstacle," replied his father slowly. "I think, however, Robert, that it will be prudent for you to take a horse (not our own, for they must rest to-day), and go with Mrs. Bartell, to look at the localities. You can then determine better as to the practicability of our little scheme. The good people here will suppose your objects is simply to take our worthy friend back to her home, indeed, it may be best to amuse them with some story of former acquaintance. A few careless remarks while you are waiting below for your horse will answer the purpose. You had best take a deep old fashioned chaise, if Mrs. Madder has such a vehicle. It will protect you from recognition better than anything else."

"Mary won't be about," interposed Mrs Bartell. "She's drefful busy finishin' off a dress for Alice Vivian—she's going off to a boarding school, and wants it right away, and it's to carry that, she's going over to-night."

"A pretty piece of business, upon my soul," cried the younger gentleman, angrily, "for Miss Lushington, the heiress of more than a hundred thousand dollars, to be tramping the country after nightfall carrying home her work, and waiting in the passage for her pay. Perfect March madness! I recommend, sir, that you place her in a Bedlam for safe keeping, unless she is more reasonable than I expect she will be in the future."

"We'll find a keeper for her, Robert, at home. That will do as well, eh?" asked the old man, with a sly leer. "And now you had better go and see about a horse, and take Mrs. Bartell home. She must be impatient to go, and it seems to me, Mrs. Bartell, I wouldn't stop to see the worthy landlady this morning. I will make your excuses myself.

CHAPTER XV.

The clock struck five, as Mary Graham, dressed for walking, and carrying a light flat basket upon her arm, left Mrs. Bartell's door, and after a look up and down the road, walked leisurely along in the direction of the hill road. Her feet moved slowly, but not so her mind. That was traversing various lines of thought, with motion swifter than aught more palpable than light. She mused upon her little adventure of the previous day, upon the sudden and mysterious kindness which Mrs. Bartell had all that morning evinced toward her—a kindness finding expression in various ways, from a delicious pudding at dinner, to a scrupulous avoidance of the name of Percy Crowninshield, or of any allusion to Mary's somewhat uncertain spirits.

"Good woman, she deserves more dutiful treatment than she has met from me," murmured the girl, with a sly smile, as she remembered some of her sharp retorts to Mrs. Bartell's somewhat irritating exponations. And then Mary's thoughts turned to another subjects—one that had engrossed her much of late, and in which might have been found the secret of those perverse tears, those changing moods, and obstinate reserve which had so exercised poor Mrs. Bartell's patience.

Whatever this subject may have been (and our reader may find a clue to it before he finishes these pages), it was one so engrossing to the little seamstress, that she did not notice a horseman, who, coming up the hill road, met her just at the intersection of that with the river road and after a sharp glance into her face clapped spurs to his horse, and rode rapidly up the steep ascent to Falcon's Eyrie. Neither could she be aware, for she was quite out of sight of the house she had learned to call home, that a light covered waggon drawn by two horses, and containing the Messieurs Lushington, was stopping at the door of Mrs. Bartell's house, into which the two men disappeared for some little time, and then reappeared bearing between them a little oval trunk, and followed by Mrs. Bartell, with her apron at her eyes. And yet both of the parties had the darkest designs upon the future of that unconscious girl.

"Be good to her, Mr. Lonlinton, now wont you?" sobbed the widow, standing in her gate, and shaking hands with the lawyer, who, with ostentatious secrecy, pressed a bank-note of considerable value into her palm.

"Yes, yes, my dear madam, you may be sure of that," returned the old fox, with a sidelong glance at his son's scowling face. "We'll be very good to her, very good indeed, Mrs. Bartell."

"I don't doupt it, sir, and I'm sure I thank you kindly," whispered the widow, tucking the bank-note into her pocket. "But my heart's dreadful kind o heavy havin' her go off this a way. I do hope, sir, you'll let me know as soon as you can, that she's safe and—and happy?"

"Certainly, certainly, my dear madam. She shall write you so with her own hand," asserted Mr. Lushington. "And to morrow morning you are quite at liberty to let it be known that your charge is flown. Only remember, if you please, that the real names are on no account to be mentioned. Thompson is as good a title as Lushington, and you will very much oblige me by never mentioning the latter, Mrs. Madder has no suspicion of the truth."

"Nor she wont hev from me," said the widow, wiping her eyes, and brightening up amazingly with the consciousness of her advantage over her old crony. "I guess, Mr. Lassinton, sir, if the secret aint told till I tell it, it aint in much danger."

"That's right, that's right, my worthy woman," exclaimed the lawyer, again shaking the widow vigorously by the hand. "And now, good-by, for we really must go."

"Yes, you've got jest about enough time Good by, gentlemen, good-by, and remember to be good to Lowizy."

With no reply but a smiling bow, Mr. Lushington the elder took the seat beside his son, who had impatiently gathered up the reins, and in another minute the carriage had rolled rapidly away.

"There she is," exclaimed Robert Lushington, fifteen minutes later, as he pointed with his whip to a little figure just turning into the Hillfoot road, upon which stood Vivian Lodge.

"Yes, and that must be the house she's going to," returned his father pointing to the tree embowered mansion of the Vivians

"Yes, it is. That woman showed it to me this morning. And here's the place, where I propose to wait my lady's return"

"So far? Why not drive up to the corner, where she turned off?" asked the father.

"Because here's a capital place to hide the carriage, and there there's none," replied the son, decisively. "I'm going to drive in behind these trees and down into this brook, and you see no one could possibly tell from the road that any thing was there. Then I shall get out, leaving you inside, and wait beside the road till I hear the girl coming—in fact, till she's gone a step or two by, when I'll just throw this shawl over them by, put her into the waggon, and let you hold her while I drive along as fast as possible. I she squalls, stuff the shawl into her mouth—there'll be time enough for apology when we get home. And I'll tell you what, father before that jade leaves my sight again, she must be bound tight and fast. Once she's my wife, and I'll cure her of her freaks, I'll be bound, I'll take care of her."

"And of her money, too, eh, Robert?" asked the father, with a look of greedy cunning, even more repulsive than the sullen ferocity of his son's dark face.

"Hush!" whispered Robert, holding up his finger in the twilight already deepening within their shaded retreat. The father listened, and the quick pit pat of a horse's feet trotting steadily down the road, became clearly audible.

"If he should fancy to let his horse drink!" whispered the elder man.

"Well, he'd find us letting our horses drink. We've as good a right here as he, I suppose?" returned the son in the same cautious tone, and then both listened attentively, and in silence waited the approach.

"Pit pat came the steps steadily along, until they came abreast of the trees, when they slackened to a walk.

"Go along, you fool—you aint a-dry," muttered a deep voice, clearly audible through the stillness; and then the horse resumed his trot, and soon passed out of hearing.

Robert Lushington now left the vehicle and, partially hidden behind the copse of trees and bushes thickly shading the water course, looked attentively down the road already growing dim with the shades of evening. A bend, and a grove of trees concealed the angle of the Hillfoot road with the hill-road, but his view extended over about half a mile, and he saw at a glance, that except the figure of the horseman just going out of sight nothing was visible, on the whole extent.

"It's hardly time yet—she hasn't more than got there," soliloquized he, lighting a cigar, and strolling a little way up the road, and then down again while he smoked.

An hour passed, and Mr. Robert Lushington waxed impatient. It was growing very dark, too, and he began to fear that the Vivians would either detain his cousin all night, or send an escort with her.

To be Continued.

☞ The orators at the Fenian funeral demonstrations are to be prosecuted.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, DEC. 26th, 1867

PLEAS FOR THE FENIANS.

There are not wanting, on this side the Atlantic, those who, if they do not actually encourage trans-Atlantic Fenianism, deprecate the punishment of Fenian leaders when caught. Amongst these is the venerable if not venerated HORACE GREELEY, who, besides being the editor of the New York *Tribune*, claims to be a philosopher, and knight-errant-in-general in all things appertaining to freedom of speech, thought and action. Hear him:—

"England seems determined to keep Ireland in a ferment. In addition to the interdict against funeral demonstrations in memory of the executed Fenians, a prosecution is to be instituted against certain orators who made speeches in Dublin. We can imagine nothing more unfortunate than this. The law thus applied to Ireland is not applied to England. Mr. Beales may speak in London, but Mr. Martin cannot make a similar speech in Dublin. One law governs England, another Ireland, the difference being the difference between liberty and tyranny."

And again, in another editorial article:

"We have expressed our conviction more than once that the worst thing at present to be apprehended from the Fenian movement is the kindling of a serious animosity between Celtic and Saxon races in the English cities and towns. Both parties seem now to be trying their best to precipitate this apprehended disaster."

Surely the philosopher of the *Tribune* should know, after a four-years' experience of civil war, that there are circumstances under which tolerance ceases to be a virtue. Did not the *Tribune* bitterly denounce what it termed the pusillanimity that permitted certain Southerners not only to preach open revolt, but to make preparations for it which might easily have been crushed prior to the affair of Fort Sumpter? Did it not advocate the silencing of orators and organs at the North who dared to speak out in favor of Southern Rights? Did it not glory in the exterminating policy of Northern Generals? And does it require a great stretch of philosophical acumen to discover that it is easier to nip sedition in the bud than to destroy it when it is bearing full fruit—that it is not only easier, but that the interests of humanity demand vigorous measures, including the halter, if need be? Let Mr. Greeley before he sets himself up as an apostle of tolerance, compare the spirit displayed by the British government towards the Fenians with that manifested by the Radicals of the American Republic towards the people of the Southern States, either during or since the war. Britain *has* been tolerant. She has suffered Celtic newspapers and Celtic orators to declaim and spout for several years past with a degree of magnanimity which has astonished the New World; and it was not until words led to blows—not until midnight marchings, uprisings, assassinations and burnings were initiated that the Government took steps towards the crushing out of the movement. Had any such demonstrations threatened the peace and quiet of the American Republic, Mr. Greeley would have been in the fore-front of the "intolerance" which would have sprung up, for has he not said only a few days ago in the very copy of the *Tribune* from which we have quoted, that "*there is not another country on earth wherein partisan intolerance is so fierce, so exacting, so irrational, as in this*," (meaning the United States) How far-seeing and intuitive the "conviction" that apprehends the kindling of animosity between Celt and Saxon through the instrumentality of Fenianism! The Fenian gentlemen preach sedition, invite their Yankeeized brethren to "come over and help them," make a futile attempt at open revolt, fall back upon the policy of murdering policemen, rescuing prisoners by violence, blowing down tenement houses, and other amiable deviltries: Oh yes, it is to be feared that a coolness—even a spirit of animosity—may spring up in the placid breast of the Saxon, towards his old friend the Celt! If it should lead so far as to result in preventing the Celt from deluging the British Isles with blood, that will be an awful thing in the eyes of the New York philosopher and of *hypocrites* the world over. If Celtic Ireland could place 150,000 armed men in the open field to defy the power of Britain, then, indeed, she would be in a position to demand the sympathy of kindred spirits, but so long as Fenianism confines itself to secret, sneaking, midnight rascalities, a sense of shame should deter a man like Greeley from advocating their cause and patting them on the back, eager as he evidently is to truckle to the vilest passions of the New York mob.

AN AMERICAN ZOLVEREIN.

The Chicago *Tribune*, in a lengthy editorial article, criticising Senator Ramsey's proposition in relation to intercourse between Canada and the United States, points out that the 1st section of the scheme would prove fatal. The section reads thus:—

"1, That duties of 5 per cent *ad valorem* shall be imposed on all importations from Canada, being the exclusive production or *manufacture* of Canada, to the United States, or from the United States to Canada, which shall be substituted for the existing tariffs of the respective countries."

The editor of the *Tribune* thinks it is clear that while the people of the United States are endeavoring with poor results, to build up a manufacturing industry under a system of protective duties averaging more than 60 per cent, *ad valorem*, they cannot undertake to compete with a people whose territory is contiguous to their own, and whose tariff is hardly 10 per cent. Under such a system, it is thought that New England manufacturers would be compelled to seek Canada as the only place where their industry could be profitably carried on. Hence, it is argued that any such arrangement as that proposed would prove a decided failure. The *Tribune*, therefore, ventures to offer a new proposition, which runs as follows:—

1. A Customs' Union, after the model of the German Zolverein, which shall include the United States and all the British American Provinces of North America.

2. A mutual equilization of excise duties on whiskey, petroleum, and other articles, now taxed and hereafter to be taxed, by the internal revenue system.

3. Unrestricted commercial intercourse on the basis of free trade between the two countries.

4. A common tariff of duties on foreign importations, be the same high or low.

5. A division between the two countries of the duties collected on imports on the basis of population.

6. The free navigation of the lakes and the boundary rivers, including the St Lawrence in its entire length, by vessels of each of the contracting parties.

7. Equal ports dues and port privileges for the vessels of each party in the jurisdiction of the other party.

8. A common system of laws regulating copyrights and patents.

9. A common and uniform rate of postage.

It is supposed that Canada would demand that the American tax on whiskey be cut down to her figure, namely, 30c. per gallon in gold. The main difficulty to be apprehended in such a scheme would be the question of tariff, and whether it would be possible to persuade Canadians to raise their tariff until it should meet the descending scale of the Americans is a point upon which our contemporary does not, very naturally, feel competent to decide. The *Journal* hits the right nail on the head when it remarks: "The art of mutual robbery is, in this country, as our tariff shows, perfectly well understood; its effects have yet to be learned. Until, then, they are more thoroughly appreciated, we have our misgiving that the labor of prying open the jaws of the harpies who have got their teeth fixed in the body politic is a task not easily accomplished." Yes, that's it, precisely; a lot of unprincipled harpies have their teeth fixed in the American body politic, and the adoption of any liberal trade policy in reference to other countries will be a tooth-pulling process indeed to those who are directly chargeable with the Japanese system of prohibition, which has told with such fearful effect upon the trade and commerce of the Republic within two short years.

While we do not accept the proposition of the *Tribune* in its entirety as the best scheme that could be devised for the purpose of effecting reciprocally beneficial commercial intercouse between the two countries, we are glad to hail it as an encouraging sign of the times. East and West the American people are beginning to wake up to the fact that unrestricted trade with "poor" Canada is not to be despised. Our fields are not so broad as those of our neighbors, our available territory, apart from the North West, not so illimitable, our resources not, perhaps, so varied; but some how or other, Canadian wheat is plumper, whiter and better—Canadian wool finer—beef sweeter, timber better, barley more desirable—and produce generally preferable to that grown on the wholesale system of American agriculture; and as American dealers will have our surplus, tariff or no tariff, sensible Yankee editors and statesmen begin to think that such a suicidal policy as that now pursued should be done away with as soon as possible. As the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty was not of our seeking, we can now meet the Americans half way, without cringing to them or compromising our national honor in the least. There can be no doubt that a reciprocal trade would be beneficial to both parties, if it were based on the principles of enlightened justice and true liberality.

Another Attempt to Blow up a Prison.

London, Dec. 18—An attempt was made to-day to blow up one of the walls of Millbank goal, in which a number of Fenians are confined. The preparations were all completed, and the fuse had been lighted by the conspirators, without attracting attention, but owing to some defect in the arrangement of the materials the powder did not explode, and the plot was discovered before the attempt to carry it out could be renewed. No arrests have been made, and no clue has been obtained to the guilty parties.

THE SUMMER HOTEL.

From the following, which we clip from the Bay City correspondence of the Detroit *Free Press*, it will be seen that the Americans interested in the Goderich Summer Hotel question are rather pleased with the action taken by our people in the matter. We sincerely trust that the question will not be allowed to pass away with talk, but that when there is an opportunity of doing so, energetic action will be displayed on our side. No doubt the Americans will do their share of the work with promptness and spirit:—

"Official information has come that the citizens at a public meeting convened by the Mayor, appointed a committee of the leading business men of the city, and the local members of Parliament, to carry out the project of a "Summer Hotel" lately broached in the columns of your paper. They offer *twenty acres* on the lake shore within the corporation, or *two acres* in the centre of the city, free of all expense, as a bonus to any company who will erect such a hotel there as Americans want for accommodation during the warm season. They furthermore offer to free the establishment and grounds from all taxation for twenty years.

The Americans from Northern Michigan have crowded the place now for some years in the summer season, without getting, except in rare instances, suitable accommodations.

And now that the railroad lines give the Western men from Illinois, Indiana and elsewhere, from the setting sun to the "jumping off place," a chance to take a direct line eastward through the Saginaw Valley, there appears to be some sense and motive in the Goderich men's offer. And they are sensible in the way they make it. They offer grounds in abundance upon central or picturesque situations, free of present cost or future tribute, in a place most lavishly gifted by nature with attractions, perhaps more so than any other, so remote from the ocean coast, and ask no return but that the Americans will put up their own "shanty" on it, live with them when they please, and when it is their interests to do so. Such an offer from a place like Goderich, on the shores of Huron, will not be long before being taken up. It offers perhaps to American capital, the best means of deriving from, and meeting the demands of American interests, of any project at present mooted in this quarter."

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

☞ Weston the pedestrian is lecturing in St. Louis.

☞ The Baltimore oyster market amounts to 3,800,000 bus. yearly.

☞ The "Life of Jeff. Davis," has just been brought out in Cincinnati.

☞ The cattle plague has re-appeared near Kelso, Scotland.

☞ It is proposed to put an organ in the Canada Presbyterian Church, London, Out.

☞ Brigham Young is laying up 7 years' provision for an expected famine.

☞ Commercial bank bills sell at 93c in Montreal.

☞ We have received an excellent almanac from the Citizen office, Ottawa.

☞ Mr. C. R. McIntosh of the *Despatch* has been appointed postmaster of Strathroy.

☞ A live oyster lives for half an hour after it is swallowed. Ugh!

☞ Gold has been discovered within a mile of Brockville.

☞ Bad trade and hard weather have caused great suffering in Liverpool.

☞ A N.Y. bank clerk was robbed of $3,300,000 worth of checks, &c., on the 13th.

☞ They talk of boring a salt well at Stratford.

☞ A plucky Elora editor threw a rowdy into the river the other day.

☞ The Newfoundland legislature meets on the 20th Jan.

☞ A sheep-shearing machine is on exhibition in New York.

☞ Only about one-half of the taxes in Toronto were paid by the 16th.

☞ Mount Forest has voted $10,000 bonus to the proposed new railway.

☞ Woods' hotel, London, was burned down on the 12th.

☞ Beecher's novel, "Norwood," has been dramatised for the stage!

☞ Indigestion is said to be a greater promoter of insanity than any other cause.

☞ The receipts of hogs for one week in Chicago footed up to 141,049.

☞ It is hinted Gen. Hancock will be the Democratic Presidential candidate.

☞ A number of death sentences have been commuted to imprisonment for life.

☞ Hon. Mr. Chandler has been gazetted President of the N. B. Legislative Council.

☞ 60,000 Turkish soldiers are now armed with the Snider rifle.

☞ English supremacy in Abyssinia is anticipated with distrust by the French.

☞ The Bayfieldians talk of sinking a well in search of salt.

☞ If you want a really splendid wedding card call at the 'Signal' office.

☞ 300,000 people are starving in Sweden.

☞ A very distinct shock of earthquake was felt at Ottawa, Montreal, &c., about 2:30 p. m., of the 18th.

☞ Three boys in Kingston have been fined $5.00 each, for disturbing public worship.

☞ The darkies are getting so impudent down South that no white man's life is safe.

☞ Eureka Lodge I. O. of O. F., London, has presented Mr. Wigmore with a splendid testimonial.

☞ There is a bad jumble in Ottawa between Sir J. A. Cartier and Galt.

☞ Mr. Howland is reported to be too ill to attend to his duties.

☞ The indebtedness of the Town of Goderich is set down at $112,031. Assets $66,000.

☞ A North Polar Continent has been discovered.

☞ It is said that Sir Robert Napier has asked for 4,000 more men for the Abyssinian Expedition.

☞ A lady in Burlington, Iowa, appeared on the street with a cigar in her mouth.

☞ The schooner "Rapid," owned by Captain Hardcastle, of Hamilton, has been lost on Lake Huron.

☞ Mrs. Sarah Bullock, of Ballston, Spa, N. Y., is raising her third crop of teeth, at the age of 88 years.

☞ Roller skating is becoming so popular in Cincinnati, that one of the public halls is to be devoted to it.

☞ The Cheyenne Indians have killed only three white men since signing the treaty, and they shot these only to try the new guns given them by the Commissioners.

☞ The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad Company recovered four thousand dollars from a man whose cow threw a train off the track.

☞ On Tuesday last, two children, who were out with their mother cutting brooms, at Ste. Malachie, were eaten by wolves. Their mother escaped with difficulty.

MEXICO.

Later advices from Mexico states that a band of dissidents had forcibly disposed General Cequeda, Governor of Yucatan. There resigned at the capital great excitement over the total withdrawal of the British Legation and Consul, and the matter was freely commented on by the press. According to instructions the British Consul is to leave British subjects under the protection of Mexico herself. It is expected that all the European legislations would follow the example of Great Britain and leave the United States sole occupant of the diplomatic field in Mexico.

Rich mines had been discovered in the State of Vera Cruz, and also in Sonora.

An attempt was made to assassinate Gen. Alatorre, the late military Governor of Vera Cruz, when he was leaving the theatre at Jalapa. The ringleader of this abortive scheme was Col. Urrutia, an ex-Imperialist officer.

Nearly all political prisoners had been released.

A GLUTTON.—An awful story of gluttony comes from London. A young tradesman in the Marylebone road ate an enormous dinner, and five minutes afterwards dropped dead. In his stomach was found a pound and three quarters of solids, consisting of a mass of half masticated vegetables, mixed with lumps of beef and mutton, weighing half an ounce each; whilst his intestines were crammed with food still undigested—showing that it was pure gluttony and not want that made him eat so voraciously. He died from spasms of the heart, caused by the pressure upon his distended stomach.

London, Dec. 18.—Arms and ammunition secreted by Fenians have been discovered and seized by the police at several places in England.

"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door next morning."

The Late Horrible Railway Accident.

PARTICULARS of the DISASTER.

The following are the particulars of the accident which occurred on Wednesday after noon on the Lake Shore Road, 21 miles from Buffalo, at a place called Angola. The train from the West, due here at 1.40, to connect with the train going East, ran off the track. One car was thrown down a bank 30 feet. The coach burst up, and some 30 persons were consumed by fire. Another coach went down a ledge about 20 feet, and 12 or 14 passengers were killed, and a number wounded. As soon as information of the accident reached Buffalo, word was sent to a number of physicians, and by 4 o'clock a number of them had reached the depot, and in company with W. M. Williams, President, and R. N. Brown, Superintendent, and other officials of the road, took the train. At 5 o'clock the scene of the accident was reached, the bridge crossing the Big Sister Creek, about a quarter of a mile from the village of Angola.

The train to which the accident happened, as before stated, on the Lake Shore road, was the New York express, from Cleveland, and due in this city at 1 30 p. m., but was two hours late, having been detained by a broken bridge on the Cleveland and Toledo road. It comprised three first-class cars filled with passengers; a smoking car and two baggage cars, and was under the conductorship of Mr. Frank Sherman, of this city. Silver Creek was the last station stopped at prior to the accident, and Angola was passed about three o'clock. The train was going at its stated speed of about twenty miles an hour. From Angola to the bridge over Big Sister Creek, however, the road is a down grade, and it is possible that the train was going at a greater speed than that stated above when the casualty occurred. Be that as it may, everything was apparently all right when the bridge was reached, and when the train had passed half way over a tearful jar was felt by those on board, and the next moment the rear coach was detached and went plunging off the bridge and down the abyss to the ice, a distance of thirty or forty feet. The brakes were at once applied, but before the train could be stopped the coupling of the second coach had become broken and rolled down the embankment, landing on its side at the bottom. So suddenly had all this happened that not one of the inmates of either of the two coaches had time to make their escape, and without a moment's warning, some 40 or 50 persons were hurried into the presence of their Maker.

The scene which was presented in the eyes of the inmates of the other cars, when the train was stopped, was fearful. The car which first went over the precipice, took fire instantly, and before any person could get to it, the flames made rapid headway, and in a few moments was all in a blaze. The persons on the spot proceeded to render all the assistance they could, but only four or five persons were saved from the burning fire. The remainder, some forty or sixty men, women and children, were consumed with the car. While a portion of the passengers, who had escaped injury, gave their attention to the burning car, the balance attended to the other, which had also taken fire. Fortunately the flames in the latter instance was extinguished before they had made much headway, and as speedily as possible the injured, dead and dying were taken from the fire, and conveyed with the few rescued from the burning coach, to residences near at hand.

How many perished in the burning car it is impossible yet to say, and very probably it will not be known for some time. The place where the first car struck, after being precipitated off the bridge, was difficult of access, and after rescuing the half dozen or so persons before the flames had made much headway, no attempt was made last night to disturb the remains of those who perished in this burning car.

The greater number of the wounded who were unable to take care of themselves were sent to the National Hotel, it being the most convenient. Every arrangement possible for their comfort has been made by the officers of the road, who are conspicuous in their attention to the welfare of the wounded. An examination of the track showed that the disaster could not have been occasioned from it, and must be referred to a defect in the wheel or axle. The real cause will probably never be ascertained.

SECOND DISPATCH.

Great depression is felt here over the fearful railroad accident near the city. E. B. Forbush, of Buffalo, killed, was a patent agent just returning from Cincinnati, after a successful suit. F. Walker, a young civil engineer, killed, was a son of Julius Walker, jeweller, of Buffalo. Joseph Lewis, of Buffalo, was a recent graduate of Williams College. Francis M. Gale and Robt. Dickson of Buffalo, were both slightly injured. At the U. S. Hotel are Richard Reed of Sinclairville, N. Y., hurt severly in the spine and side, but will probably recover; L. C. Chase of Arkwright, N. Y., severely hurt.

At 10.30 this forenoon a train arrived from the scene of the disaster, bringing 14 coffins containing 15 bodies, one a mother and child; also seven boxes containing remains of about 25 persons. In the car that was consumed were seats for 48 persons, all filled, and a number were standing. There were probably not less than fifty persons in all, of which only three are known to have escaped. Among those that perished in this car were Mr. Stewart, President of the Oil Creek Railroad. He was seen when the car was burning, and screaming "for God's sake" for help, but it could not be rendered. S. E. Thompson, of Worcester, Mass., is dead; W. H. Ross, dead; Honora Wohlen, dead, a Mr. Martin, unknown, also dead. There are a few more that may be recognized, but the most in the consumed car were burned to ashes. The screams of those inside could be heard for over fifteen minutes.—*Buffalo Ex.*

ST. DOMINGO.

New York, Dec. 20.—A *Herald's* Havana special says:—President Cabral is reported marching against Hayti at the head of a Dominican army. It is rumored that he had captured and shot Gen. Suez. Advices are received from Jamaica to the 12th, and from Hayti to the 7th. Report confirms the horrible murder of Gen. Montez in his dungeon at Cape Haytien. Although he had been kept without food four days the poison that was administered to him proved ineffectual. Salnave finally ordered DeLorme to smother him; but in this he could not succeed. Having failed in all other plans, he stabbed him in the skull with a chisel. This was done so roughly that Montez suffered the most fearful torments. Drink was supplied freely to the people, who kept shouting that the President of the Cacos was dead. Salnave has been successful thus far in putting down the revolutionists at the Cape. The brother of Gen. Montez had been captured and chained down in the bloody bed of the late murdered prisoner. The parents and friends of these men, who are Dominicans, are reported to have been driven to desperation by the fate of these men.

A DISHONEST CONSUL.—A very unpleasant scandel has come to light, with regard to one of her Majesty's Consuls—Mr. Calvert, whose post was at the Dardenelles. He is a man hitherto thought to have been placed in very comfortable circumstances, and his hospitality had become somewhat renowned. He is now accused of having attempted to defraud Lloyd's agency by insuring for £14,000 a ship which never existed, and then pretending that it had been destroyed by fire, and sending in a claim for the money. Lloyds' were suspicious, and sent out a commission to enquire into the circumstances. Upon hearing this Mr. Calvert, as it is alleged, fled and hid himself—certain it is that he disappeared for some weeks. A prosecution has been ordered by the British Government.

A RACE EXTRAORDINARY.

Some years ago a race was run at the Hague, in Holland, which, for its novelty, excited more than ordinary interest. It was between a fast trotting horse and a full grown hog; single heat—distance six English miles—for a wager of one thousand guilders.

The circumstances which led to this unique trial of speed were as follows:—At a sporting club at the Hague, a young member of the club expatiated upon the beauty, symmetry, and extraordinary speed of a horse he had that day purchased, expressing an eager desire to get up a match to prove the superior qualities of his horse. A gentleman engaged at a hand of cards, but whose attention had been attracted by the ardent and impassioned tones of the speaker, quietly remarked:—"Come, sir, don't be bragging so much about the swiftness of your horse, for I have a hog, which, for a trifling wager, I would not hesitate to run against him." Peals of laughter greeted this strange proposal, to which, when partially subsided, the owner of grunty quietly interposed:—"Well, gentlemen, I now challenge to run my hog, Nero, against that gentleman's fast trotter in harness, one straight heat, six English miles, for one thousand guilders a side." "Done! Done!" was the eager response from many voices. "Provided," the challenger resumed, "that the horse carries two persons, and that fourteen days' time be allowed for training my animal."

"Agreed! agreed!" resounded all around; the joke being deemed too novel to give it the good by.

Preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, and the stakes deposited, it was agreed that the match should come off that day at 11 o'clock, precisely, and a beautiful avenue leading from the Hague to the sea shore at Scheveningen, was selected as the course. The news of this extraordinary match between a fast trotting horse and a hog spread like wild fire, and caused the most intense excitement, not alone in sporting circles, but among the people generally—all eager to see the fun. The day was anxiously looked for, and the training of Nero began.

On the first day poor Nero was starved, strict orders having been given by his owner that no one should feed him, himself alone attending to that matter. On the second day Nero was pretty sharp set, when punctually at 11 o'clock his master made his appearance. A rope was securely fastened to one of his trotters, and his master drove him with many a kick and forcible persuasion, all the way over to Scheveningen, where he fed him on a scanty meal of two herrings, which Nero ravenously devoured; after which he had to trot back to the Hague. It may be proper here to remark, that the hog prefers fish to any other kind of food. On the third day Nero was perfectly ravenous, but had to bide his time, and his master had to resort to the strictest hog discipline to start him off, when at eleven o'clock he presented himself to drive him over the race course. After a liberal and energetic application of a booted foot, and much loud and angry discussion between the parties, they arrived at their journey's end, where Nero was regaled with three herrings, being one extra, and which he despatched voraciously, in double quick time, looking for more, but in vain. He was then, with much kicking and coaxing, persuaded to resume the return trip homewards, which was safely accomplished although not without considerable opposition, accompanied by a vigorous squealing, and most determined grunting, on Nero's part.

On the fourth day, when his master presented himself, punctually at eleven o'clock, Nero appeared somewhat to understand the object of his calling; he walked off not only without compulsion, but with considerable alacrity, at a great round pace, to get to his journey's end, where his master regaled him not alone with his coveted dinner of three herrings, but as a reward for his tractibility and good conduct, with one herring extra, which Nero devoured with incredible velocity as soon as they came within reach of his grinders.

On the fifth day, Nero was fully up to the game, while his master experienced considerable difficulty in keeping up with him. At Scheveningen, an increased allowance of five herrings was placed at his disposal, and disposed of in short metre.

On the days following, and up to the time of the race, his master had no further difficulty with Nero but to keep up with him. Nero invariably taking the lead; although on the return trips the same difficulties always recurred. A vigorous application of boots was in such cases the only convincing argument with Nero, who could never see the point, nor comprehend the necessity of the back track movement, and ever obstreperously squealed or grunted his objections, probably deeming this extra exercise superfluous to his health, as he had never shown any signs of indigestion or dyspepsia. But be that as it may, Nero was obliged to submit to strict discipline, his master intending to train him thus up to fame and renown.

On the ninth day, Nero had become perfectly trained, and having grown extremely thin upon his scanty meals, he now ran like a race horse, a veritable Eclipse, always distancing his master, who followed with a fast trotting horse in harness. Both exercise and spare diet were, however, strictly adhered to up to the day preceding the one on which the race would come off. On that, the thirteenth day, as on the first day, poor Nero was again starved. At the usual hour his master appeared, but he was doomed to cruel disappointment—no trot, no herrings on that day. With eager and impatient grunting, he signified his desire to be released from his pen, but, alas! it was not so to be. He had to submit to a day of fasting and prayer,—or, at least, to prepare for the race.

On the fourteenth day,