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] GODERICH, C. W., THURSDAY, JAN. 14, 1864. [VOL. XVI.—NO. 50

Poetry.

For the Signal.

BLUSTRING '64.

With lance in rest, and visor closed,
The New Year seeks his own;
Why comes he thus in arms to claim
An undisputed Throne?

His snorting war horse champs the bit,
Impatient at delay;
Whilst myriad deep-ton'd throats proclaim
Their Lord and Master's sway.

Upon his chilly North'rn wings
He views his wide domains;
And firmly in his iron grasp
The thread of Fate retains.

His pre lecessor, drown'd in tears,
His life and crown resign'd;
Oh! would that they may wash away
The scars he leaves behind.

The hoary locks of sixty three
Are gathered to the grave;
May all his follies be submerg'd
'Neath Lethe's silent wave.

Then with departed sixty three
Let imperfections fly;
And humbly crave new strength from him
Who dwells beyond the sky.

"OSCEOLA."

Which will she Choose?

'Well, John, I must say I think you are unreasonable.'

'Unreasonable!' exclaimed John Clare, lifting his eyes from the carpet, into which he was doing his best to pitch holes with his stick, and fixing them deprecatingly on the speaker's face.

She, however—that same speaker—did not choose to look at him in return. He was unreasonable—he had vexed her—and he was not to go altogether unpunished.

'Yes,' said she, 'I meant what I said. Do I owe nothing to my visitors? You were amiable enough before they came, when you could monopolise my time entirely. And now, because I have to pay proper attention to them, and tell you so, you put on a grievous air, just as if I belonged to you, and had no right to speak to any one else.' 'Rose!' said John.

Poor, blundering, stupid John! he let his eyes tell how much such words hurt him. He put his broad, hard-working hand on hers in reproachful entreaty, and began blurting out a speech about its being the dearest wish of his heart that she should belong to him; but she cut him short with merciless unconcern.

'You have no right to find fault with me,' said Rose. 'It is true we have been playfellows almost all our lives, but we are old enough to have done with that; and you are not my brother in reality, John Clare, that I should obey you.' 'Heaven forbid!' said John.

'And so look here,' continued Rose.—'While these cousins of mine are with us, I, as mistress of my father's house, must give them my principal attention. Any one but you would have seen at once that it must be so.'

'I do see it, Rose,' replied John; 'but——'

'Better late than never,' interrupted Rose; 'so if you do see it at last, have the grace to look a little pugnacious when you come in contact with my cousins. Algy Rivers and you have, I suppose, taken a mutual dislike; though why you should have been rude to him I can't think.'

'Rude to him!' echoed John.

He raised his head suddenly to look out at the gure of Mr. Algernon Rivers, as he paraded before the window with his sister, both waiting for Rose, and wondering probably what that uncouth country lawyer could have to say to her in private. Had John known Mr. Algernon's thoughts just then, his own might have been even more full of a savage exasperation than they were already at the very sight of him.

'Yes, John Clare had been rude to Mr. Algernon Rivers; and he had a rueful sort of foreboding that he might be rude to him again if he saw much of the supercilious, handsome, intolerable fop who was so attentive to Rose. And rudeness was intolerable also; so poor John, getting the worst of the argument, or knowing intuitively that he should get it in the end, made no reply to the accusation. He felt himself vanquished.—Knowing, as he believed she did perfectly well, the nature of his feelings towards her, this wilful tormentor chose to ignore it altogether, and to hold him at arm's length in a way that did not tend to increase his amiability towards the visitors who had come between them.

'Well Rose,' he said, at last, 'I'll stop away, then, for the next month. A whole month.'

'As you please about that,' said Rose.

'And you don't care?' said John.

'I never said so,' replied Rose; 'I only said that you were unreasonable, and so you are; unreasonable and exacting, like other men. But our visitors will probably remain a month. I think they mean to be here on my birthday, and if you are too ill tempered to be civil to them, why——'

John Clare snatched up his hat hastily, with some hot, foolish idea of going away and never coming near her again; but he thought better of it. After all, who would suffer most if he did?

'I tell you what it is, Rose,' he said; 'I am but an awkward squad of a fellow, and knowing that there's nothing about me for such as you to like, I suppose I am tenacious, or touchy—whatever you like to call it. I beg your pardon if I have been uncivil to your guests, and I think I had better stay away.—I might repeat the offence, you know. If that follow—I mean Mr. Rivers—looks so confoundedly scornful at me, I can't answer for myself; besides, to speak the truth, his devotion to you makes me——'

'Awkward!' supplied Rose. 'Very well, John. Then we are friends again.'

She gave him her hand frankly enough, but there seemed to be something about the action which displeased Mr. Clare, or else he was, as he had just confessed, touchy; for he turned straight round from her with an ejaculation very like a groan, and went away through the French window. He had to pass the obnoxious cousins, and as he raised his hat to Miss Rivers with one hand, the other was furtively clenched; and he muttered something, which passed for a simple "good evening," was, in reality, 'I should like to punch his head, an arrogant, conceited fop!'

It might have done John Clare good to see the expression with which Rose watched his furious strides across the lawn; but he never looked back, and if he had she would have taken care not to let him see her. So he walked on, switching the loose stones about with his stick as though they were implicated in the cause of his disquiet. He had been very happy; too happy, he thought now.—He had been drifting on securely towards a future over which he now saw a sudden cloud. What right had he, if it came to that, to fill himself up with the idea that Rose loved him? And if she had loved him, could all the cousins in the world have induced her to put him on one side?

In his own mind, John Clare sneered at these visitors, and snubbed them; fine people, before whom he would sink into shabby insignificance. Why could not they have stopped at home, instead of coming down to trouble plain people with their airs and grandeur? Inasmuch as John really knew but little of them except their names, he was prejudiced against them unwarrantably. But then the name, as he said to himself, was ite enough. Algernon!—where did it come from? Such a name could certainly belong to no ordinary mortal; of course, the man must be extensive in proportion; and as to his sister—a fashionable, fine lady—she would teach Rose the follies and vanities of the world, and by whose side plain John Clare would look plainer and awkwarder still.

Well, what was the use of putting himself in a fever about it? When he reached home, he went by the mere force of habit to his desk, and took up a handful of letters, addressed 'John Clare, Esq.,' thinking desperately that he must open them, and collect his thoughts for business. And then came a sudden idea which made him throw them down again. That crotchet of the squire's, that his daughter Rose should enter into no positive engagement until she had reached her twenty first birthday, was, after all, a foolish whim, that might give way before reasonable argument. Besides, the time was now so near; only a month was wanting to accomplish it. He could not, and would not live that month in his present state of uncertainty. He would not leave the coast clear for the precious Algernon. If Rose were once his promised wife, then he should be secure; then no trust should be fuller than his; and then also the handsome Algernon himself should act be more scrupulously courteous and attentive than he, John, would be to all the world. Yes, it would be far better to know his fate at once; to secure his treasure, if indeed so great a treasure was to be his; and if not—well, even in that case, he should be free from these alternate hopes and fears which tormented him. He would go the very next day to the squire, and plead his own cause.

CHAPTER II.

Blundering John! He sat before that desk of his with clenched hands, and tried to persuade himself that he had a right to be miserable. Perhaps he had, but then the misery was of his own seeking. When he went in such big haste to open his case to the squire, did he think that Rose would not see and resent the distrust and jealousy that, half unconsciously to himself, were prompting him.

The perception flashed upon her at once.—A hundred trifles, not understood before, pointed to it. John Clare, who had known her all her life, who knew, or ought to have known, that she loved him with all her heart, could not yet trust her. And if her mind had not been made up before, it was made up even as her father spoke to her.

'I bind myself to no man until I am twenty-one,' she said. 'You can tell him that, papa, once again. It was your own wish.'

'Yes,' said her father; 'but the time is so near.'

'All the more reason, my dear papa, why a patient man should have waited,' replied Rose.

'Rose,' exclaimed the squire, 'you are a tyrant. You shouldn't tease John Clare.'

'Tease him papa!' cried Rose.

'Oh, if you get up a dignified air like that I am extinguished,' said the squire, laughing. 'Nevertheless, John is a good fellow, and I did think you liked him.'

'So I do, of course,' replied Rose. 'There is nothing to dislike about him.'

The smile died away upon her father's face as she spoke. Hesitating for a moment, he put his hand upon her arm and drew her to him, looking into her face with grave perplexity.

'Rose,' said he, 'Algernon Rivers is my nephew, and is reputed to be more than commonly attractive. Nay, he is attractive.—When I saw him leaning over your chair last night at the piano, I had an uneasy misgiving; but I did not then trouble myself to analyse it. I understand it now. Rose, he is vain and superficialy; he is the most determined flirt in the kingdom; in two words, my nephew is a shallow puppy. I——'

The squire stopped. His daughter had broken away from him with an indignant gesture, her cheeks crimson, her eyes shining.

'You too, papa! You are as bad as John,' she exclaimed. 'I wonder what you both take me for, that it should be necessary to caution me in this way against my cousin? Is there anything wrong in my conduct? If there is, pray tell me of it; for no one else shall lecture me. You are doing me a great injustice, papa; in fact you use the very likeliest means to turn me against John Clare.—What control has John Clare over my actions? If he chooses to be offended because we have other visitors, and I am civil to them, I can't help it.'

'Tyrant!' ejaculated the squire. 'If I were John Clare I wouldn't trouble myself about you. In a month, then, he is to have his answer?'

'Yes, on my birthday,' replied Rose.—'Shall I read the paper to you?' she asked, glancing significantly towards the window.

The squire followed her look, and saw that Mr. Algernon and his sister were wandering about amongst the trees in the shrubbery.

'Tut, tut!' said the squire, with a grimace. 'I can read the paper for myself. Go and feed the peacock.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE.—It falls to our lot to-day to chronicle one of the most heart rending catastrophes that ever occured in this country, whereby six persons lost their lives. The circumstances as narrated to us are these:—At the "Institution" in Sanwich East—a settlement of colored planted there under the auspices of one of the Emancipation Societies—there lived a poor widowed colored woman named Mrs. Rice, with five children the eldest of them was a girl aged nine years. The hut they inhabited was provided with one of those doubly dangerous chimneys and fireplaces, built against the walls of the house and composed of sticks and mud. A few days before the calamity occurred the unfortunate woman had been seized with the small-pox, from the effects of which she became perfectly blind. Her neighbors at once ceased to visit her, and left her and her little ones to provide for themselves during the recently cold weather as best they might. On New Year's eve, from some unexplained cause, the shanty caught fire, and although the neighbors saw it burning, their humanity did not overrule their dread of the small-pox, and they left the unfortunate inmates to their fate. The woman and two of the younger children were bureed to death, two others frozen to death at the ruins of their house; while the eldest girl escaped from the burning shanty and ran towards a neighbor's house, but before she could reach any place of refuge she sank under the influence of cold and froze to death. When her body was found she was perfectly naked.—*Windsor Record.*

DREADFUL MURDER AT HOLMES' HOLE.—Northern papers contain long accounts of a dreadful murder committed on Wednesday at a place called Holmes Hole, N. J. Mr Wm. C. Luce a respectable citizen and grocery keeper was about going home, and was putting up three sticks of candy which were in a piece of paper on the counter, he standing inside back to the door. He was found by his little daughter lying on his back with a hatchet buried deep in his head, which was nearly severed from his body. Just after seven o'clock in the evening, three men were noticed near the store, who appeared to be in toxicated, and it was thought they might have been guilty of the terrible deed, but they have not been recognized. Three of the crew of the schooner S. R. Hart of Bangor, were arrested, but they were discharged for want of testimony against them. Mr. Luce's pocket book was found on the shore in the rear of this store, but it had been robbed of its contents, some $40. Many of the citizens think that the murderer is a resident of that town, but no arrests have been made.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., JAN. 8, 1863.

MAYORALTY ELECTIONS IN TOWNS AND CITIES.

It appears to us that the phrase, *Free and Independent Electors*, with which the ears of Canadians are frequently tickled, should in some cases, be used in a qualified sense. Our Municipal Institutions are certainly based upon the abstract idea of freedom, and it may be said that every voter is free to exercise his own judgment independent of all outside influence, none daring legally to make him afraid. Many electors, perhaps a majority of them, avail themselves of this privilege, and act with true British independence in dispensing their suffrages, but we have to complain that there are others who tacitly *sell* their votes—who demand an *equivalent* of some sort—and thus succeed in inflicting upon us some of the worst evils of Democracy. It is really astonishing to see how many persons there are, who believe that the Candidate who is willing to lavish large sums of money in an election, is the man above all others whom they should delight to honor. Were you to approach many of these individuals and say bluntly, "here is a twenty-dollar bill for your vote," they would be horrified, and perhaps you might run a chance of being knocked down for your pains; but still it makes them feel good to see election money act afloat. It creates a stir, and increases the *fun* of the thing. The money flies, *somebody* pockets it, and a considerable portion of that queer compound impersonated as the Great Public rejoices exceedingly that the *unlucky* candidates have been forced to "shell out" a thousand dollars apiece. We cannot see that much blame attaches to the candidates in the matter. If the *people* demand an expenditure of this kind, their candidates, to a certain extent, will be compelled to *buy* their way up to *honor* and power. Let the blame lie where it may, it is an evil which will assuredly bring with it its own punishment. *The result will be that the richest man will be sure to triumph*, and no candidate from the middle class can hope to enjoy civic honors. Do people fail to perceive that by permitting money considerations to influence them, in any shape or form, they are working against themselves—actually lowering the dignity of the laboring and producing classes? Yet such is the case. We do not wish for a moment to deprecate the possession of wealth. In every prosperous community some must be wealthy, and there are many reasons why a wealthy man, if he possesses the necessary qualifications of intelligence and experience, should not be backward in seeking for civic honors, but what we wish to state very distinctly is, that if the body of the people allow the almighty dollar to enter into their municipal elections, they will, at no distant day, hand over the last remnant of power to those who may be able to pay for it. Then worth and integrity, intelligence and every quality that ennobles man will be thrown into the shade, and a man of money will be the synonym of a *man of power.*

From time immemorial it has been customary for the poor to revile the rich, and to clamor, however blindly, for a distribution of wordly things. This feeling of envy has been fruitful of revolution and bloodshed, a terrible example of which is seen in the French Reign of Terror. But there has been, also, a nobler struggle. In some of the most civilized countries, men who belong to the middle class of society by birth and feeling, have striven to rise to honorable positions, and, in numerous instances, have succeeded. What is the result, for instance, in a country like Great Britain. That class feels itself honored—it holds up its head and rejoices in its representative men, who, without monied influences to back them, and by pure energy and force of character, have climbed to posts of dignity and power, in spite of the tremendous odds against them. We should like to see this principle acted upon in the Mayoralty elections of our towns and cities. Let the rich and powerful enter the lists if they wish, but let the people give candidates from amongst themselves to understand that the battle is to be fought fairly—that *mind* shall be the standard of the man,—that *worth* shall receive as much consideration though clad in Canadian grey, as if it were arrayed in fine linen and broadcloth. This is a people's question, and we believe if it were to receive proper attention, our Mayoralty elections would be purer, and the honor of winning a seat in the civic chair greatly enhanced.

THE DECLARATION.

At twelve o'clock, noon, yesterday, a number of the electors of the town met in the Town Hall to hear the Mayoralty declaration.

The Clerk, after reading over a statement showing the number of votes polled for the respective candidates in each Ward, declared James Watson, Esq., elected by a majority of 28.

Mr. Watson said it was not a time for making long speeches, and he would, therefore, simply content himself with thanking the electors for returning him to the office of Mayor. This had been a very warmly contested election, and he hoped the asperities which had arisen would be forgotten, and all parties become good friends. It was his desire to hold out the hand of friendship to those who opposed him as well as to his supporters, and now that he was elected, he should endeavor to advance the interests of the town. Mr. Detlor, he believed, had carried on the contest in a perfectly gentlemanly manner, and if some of his friends had been guilty of imprudence, he freely exonerated from blame in the matter. If some of his (Mr. Watson's) over-zealous supporters had been guilty of similar conduct, he trusted Mr. Detlor would not hold him responsible.

Mr. Detlor said his friends had given him a very energetic support, for which he desired now to return them his sincere thanks. Believing that he had some claims upon his fellow-townsmen those friends had brought him forward and been defeated. Much had been said with regard to his private acts, but now that the struggle was over, he hoped by-gones would be by-gones. If he (Mr. D.) had done wrong in any capacity—either as a councillor or a magistrate, he was not conscious of it, and, therefore, had nothing to recant. He could place his hand upon his breast and say that he could not look back upon a single act of his public life with regret. He alluded to a misapprehension by Mr. Watson of a remark in one of his speeches, by which it was made to appear that in stating that he (Mr. D.) had no desire to arrogate to himself an importance above his position, he was guilty of personal reflection upon Mr. Watson. His object in making that remark, a portion of which, only, had been quoted, was to impress upon the laboring men the necessity of rising in the social scale and cultivating their minds.

Mr. Watson said that after listening to Mr. Detlor's explanation he was satisfied that nothing personal was intended.

The meeting then broke up

PROF. SINDING'S HISTORY OF SCANDINAVIA.—The author has favored us with a complimentary copy of his justly celebrated work, for which we beg to return him our sincere thanks. The prof. while he has evidently labored under the difficulties of a foreigner imperfectly acquainted with the peculiar idioms of the English language, has, nevertheless, produced a highly entertaining volume. Rich with legendery lore and intimately connected with the early career of Britain, this History of Scandinavia, from the earliest period to the happy marriage of Princess Alexandra to the heir apparent to the throne of England, is invested with lasting interest to the Historical reader.—The land that gave birth to the ancient Vikings, to Hans Andersen, Fredericka Bremer, Ole Bull and Jenny Lind, should be more thoroughly understood and appreciated. Prof. Sinding's book will materially advance the pursuit of knowledge in this direction. By the way, it is observable that the worthy author has omitted to inform us as to the *material* resources and productions of his fatherland although he has done full justice to its literary, warlike and scientific notables.

BLACKWOOD.—The number of this sterling magazine for December is to hand. The contents are varied and interesting. See ad. in another place.

POTOMAC ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.—An order has been issued from the army of the Potomac prohibiting all newspaper correspondents connected therewith from publishing or causing to be published the number, or designation of regiments re-enlisting in the army or leaving the same, or the number of men furloughed.

QUICK PASSAGE.—One of the quickest passages on record was made by the Roseneath on her voyage home, she making it in twelve days from Quebec, and nine days from the time that the pilot was discharged.

FUNNY.—Some of the Toronto firemen, on Wednesday last, mistook the rays of the setting sun for a fire and set off with their "Machine" full split, to *put it out.* They found out their mistake and turned back before they got there.

THE SHAM LICENSES.

The Grand Jury of the Assize have found a true bill against Mr. John George Bowes, Mayor of the city, and Mr. George Boomer, Police Magistrate, on the charge of having contravened the License Act. The complaint was laid by Mr. John Nasmith, acting as the representative of the Temperance Reformation Society. The jury heard a number of witnesses, including Mr. Gowan, inspector of Licenses, Mr. Recorder Duggan, the Government Inspectors, and others, and ultimately resolved to find a bill.—*Globe.*

The Solicitor General.

By an extra of the Canada *Gazette* we learn that A. N. Richards, Esquire, has been made a member of Her Majesty's Executive Council, and that he has been appointed Solicitor General in and for that part of the Province of Upper Canada, in the room and stead of the Honorable Lewis Wallbridge, Q. C., resigned.

Mr. Richards is member for South Leeds.

Charleston Not to be Taken.

The New York *World* has an article under this head which shows plainly that the defensive works at Charleston are impregnable as far as the Federals are concerned. It says:—

"The siege of Charleston has so far proved a failure. Neither General Gilmore nor Admiral Dahlgren has succeeded in capturing the city, nor is there any present likelihood, with the means at their disposal, that they ever capture it. Only the first step has been taken—the occupation of Morris Island; but the second—the reduction of Sumter—yet remains to be accomplished. Nor do we see any hope of success in the present line of approach to Charleston. If it was possible to run parallels from Morris Island over the harbor to Castle Pinckney there might be a chance that some time or other General Gilmore would dig his way into the birth-place of the rebellion; but unfortunately it is not feasible to make military approaches over a body of water. If General Gilmore was located on James instead of Morris Island the case would be bravely altered. It might be a year or two, but Charleston would be reached in time.

"The shelling of the city under the present circumstances is a useless waste of guns, powder, shot, and property. It would not cause the surrender of that stronghold, if twice as efficient, though it were conducted for a century. The country will be amazed when it learns how many costly 200-pounder guns have been disabled in this useless shelling and bombarding.

"Now is there any hope that the iron-clads now off Morris Island can never enter the inner harbor. To this only use is protecting the water flank of General Gilmore's army and making the blockade perfect. It would be madness to risk these insufficient vessels against the terrible batteries which line the shores of Sullivan's Island; and we do not believe that Admiral Dahlgren dreams of doing it.

"The capture of Charleston, if it ever is captured, must be accomplished by a much larger army than that which General Gilmore commands, and from a very different direction than Morris Island, or else a new fleet of ironclads must take the task in hand. In the meantime, the people of the North must possess their souls in patience, and remember that those who expect nothing are sure to be satisfied."

Correspondence from Morris Island says there was heavy firing upon the city on Christmas morning from the Federal batteries. One writer says:—

"For three whole hours the firing continued without intermission. Never before was such Christmas chimes. One listening might have imagined our gigantic batteries, the furious wind, and the wild waves on the beach, had joined each other in a mad midnight jubilee. About three o'clock a light was seen to kindle and spread, reflecting itself on the dark sky and the tall steeples of St. Michael's Church near by, which had been struck by three of our shots only a few days before. The guns of battery Chatfield were immediately turned upon that quarter of the city, and added their terrible thunders to those of Putnam. The garrison of Moultrie, seeing the conflagration our shells had created, opened on our works with their long guns, but after a while, finding they accomplished nothing, ceased altogether. All night long and through the forenoon of Friday the fire burned; a dense column of smoke issuing from it and drifting away in the wind, which blew fresh from the north-east, our batteries bombarding at intervals of five minutes. From appearances it is estimated that at least a block of buildings must have been destroyed. No Charleston papers have been issued since Thursday. Fort Putnam threw eighty-four shells; very few of them could have fallen short."

☞ The diplomatic corps were received at the White House, on New Year's, at ten o'clock, and after them the officers of the army and navy, numbering several hundred. Members of the Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, &c., engaged the attention of the President after the departure of officers until noon; when the doors were thrown open to the public. In consequence of the immense throng it was necessary to close the doors every fifteen minutes, while the visitors surge slowly through the reception, and out again across a miniature bridge extending from a window of the east-room to the sidewalk. President Lincoln, although somewhat worn, seemed to retain all the vivacity of his earlier Presidential days, and welcomed his friends with a Western geniality that made all feel at ease, very much lessening the constraint usually experienced upon such occasions. At the conclusion of the President's reception the guests, with others in the city, visited Vice-President Hamlin, the the several members of the Cabinet, the Mayor, and other prominent men, who in accordance with custom, kept "open house."

☞ The St. Louis correspondent of the *Commercial* writes on the 23rd:—The expectations of a rapid filling up of several regiments of negroes in this State have not been realized, and on the contrary, the number of recruits which, in the first impetus given to the business, promised large returns, have been falling off day by day. In the Sixth Congressional District, which is rich in material for negro soldiers, hardly anything has been done outside of Lexington, and even there it has been uphill work. In many counties no recruiting officers have yet appeared, and in others the slaveholders have formed patrols to guard the road to prevent the negroe enlisting.

THE NEGRO MUTINY BELOW NEW ORLEANS.—A despatch from Mobile published in the Southern papers say:—"Captain Girard, chief of ordnance for General Gardner, escaped from New Orleans on the 10th. He confirms the mutiny at Fort Jackson. Three gunboats were sent down at 10 o'clock, a. m. A gunboat went to Fort Pike in the afternoon, and he heard heavy firing in that direction. The *True Delta's* extra, giving an account of the mutiny, was suppressed."

WOMAN FROZEN TO DEATH IN HAMILTON.—An inquest was held in the police office this afternoon by Dr. Rosebrugh, on the body of a woman named Elizebeth Blackwell, who was frozen last night. It appears that her husband woke this morning and found her dead at the foot of the bed. He also was nearly frozen. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to her death from cold and exposure.—*Times, Saturday.*

The Assault on Knoxville.

A correspondent of the Augusta [*Constitutionalist* writes an interesting description of the gallant charge of the Confederate troops upon the enemy's works at Knoxville. He says:—

"To the left of Knoxville, on a high hill, is a large dirt fort, mounting six guns, which commands all approaches to it for more than a mile. In its front and flanks was once a thick field of pine, which were cut down by the enemy, the tops falling in all directions, making a mass of brush and timber almost impassable. In addition to this they had wires netted all around their works, and a ditch from four to six feet deep, corresponding with the regularity of the ground, the extreme slope of the parapet wall making an acute angle with the fall of the ditch. Immediately in their front, for two or three hundred yards, all brush and rubbish were removed, in order that their grape and canister might have a clear sweep at any attacking column. This fort, Bryan's, Humphrey's and Wofford's brigades were ordered to assault at daylight on the morning of the 20th of November.

"Through this rugged field of obstacles, before day, Bryan's brigade felt its way, with many a fall and many a bruise, yet quietly, uncomplainingly, the men followed the dark figure of their leader guiding us through the gloom, to the line of sharp shooters stationed at the edge of the clearing. Here the command rested, waiting daylight. Each man pressed his cap more firmly down upon his brow and, with lips compressed, and steadfast eye, waited for the word to move, while Generals Bryan and Humphrey glided noiselessly through their commands, carefully examining the ground before them.

"All was quiet as the grave. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sharp crack of a Minie rifle, when 'Up boys, charge!' was given by our commanders. The brave fellows springing up with a shout, on they pressed to the fort through a murderous fire of shot and shell. Owing to a rain on the day before, and frost on the night of the attack, the earth would give way from under our gallant men as they climbed upon the shoulders of each other, endeavoring to reach the parapet, and down they would tumble into the ditch. Hand grenade after hand grenade were thrown upon them, and yet they still remained climbing and falling for over half an hour, while the air sparkled with whistling fuses and incessant rolls of musketry from the walls. When, finding all attempts to scale the sides of the fort impossible, (only one man, Sergeant-Major Bailey, of the Fifteenth Georgia, reaching the top, he, poor fellow, was killed immediately), we slowly withdrew under a terrible fire from the enemy.

"It was a sight long to be remembered to see General Bryan at the head of the columns, leading and cheering his men, giving orders in a calm and self-possessed tone. Indeed, he seemed to bear a charmed life. While hundreds around him were killed and wounded, he was untouched, and when the assault failed, walking away crying, 'Rally, boys, rally, we are not whipped, we could not climb the fort, that's all!' The men, all stopping at his command, and pressing forward to shake hands in grateful delight of his safety. One of his colonels scolded him severely for exposing himself so recklessly.

"Many sons of the sunny South reddened the field with their heart's blood, while not a Yankee, that I could see, was slain! Oh! it was a sad sight to see those two old warriors, Generals Bryan and Humphrey, who essayed to speak to each other after the fight but could not. They turned their heads and wept; yes, wept bitter tears to the memory of their gallant dead. Never did men go so boldly up to death. The enemy run up a flag of truce, acted very humanely to our wounded, sending all who could be moved to us. The Yankees say it was the charge of the war, and none but Longstreet's corps would ever have made it."

Upper India.

There appears to bad work going on again in Northern India. The Hill Tribes are giving trouble, and, from the nature of the ground which they occupy, will perhaps give much more formidable than their numbers or armaments would indicate. One purpose of Lord Elgin's progress to the North, was to overawe these warlike tribes by the concentration of a considerable force there without appearing to be sent for the special purpose of subduing them. The pass through which that nobleman had to walk on foot, must have a very wild one,—not to permit of carriages or even good riding on horseback—and it is well that the vice-regal cortege was not attacked in it, or it might have been annihilated, as Lord Sales' army was in the Kyber Pass.—But, though he got safely through it, the fatigue of that march seems to have overcome his Lordship's constitution, as he sickened, and died immediately afterwards. It will be seen from the latest news copied below that a most unusual amount of loss was sustained by the British troops in a skirmish with one of the Hill Tribes. It is to be feared that the rulers of Cabool and Afghanistan may be at the bottom of this business.

It is somewhat remarkable also that there is said to be a prophecy circulating among the Hindoos that India will have a King of her own in three years.

The Bombay *Times* has the following in reference to the illness of Lord Elgin:—His Excellency the Earl of Elgin, Viceroy and Governor General of India, was, on the 12th inst., dangerously ill in the Punjaub, and no hopes were entertained of his recovery. His Lordship had been making double marches to reach the frontier at an early date. He overexerted himself at the Rotang Pass, which he crossed almost the whole way on foot. The severe fatigue rendered him so unwell that he was obliged to halt at Dharmsalla. It was at first thought that he might proceed by slower stages, and he was expecting to enter Seakote on the 3rd inst. with great pomp and display. His indisposition, however, rapidly increased, and had assumed a very serious aspect by the 6th. Telegrams from Lahore and Agra, dated 10th and 12th instant, have been received by us stating that his Lordship was sinking, and that no hope was entertained of his recoverp. The sad intelligence has been telegraphed to every part of the country, and has everywhere cast a gloom over society. His Excellency Sir William Denison, Governor of Madras, was summoned to the Punjaub by telegraph on the 9th inst. to assume charge of the highest office in the land.

THE ROYAL CHARTER.—A short time ago the divers engaged in searching the pool where the "Royal Charter" broke up four years ago, came upon a very rich store of gold They found in the same spot, in the course of a few days, about £1,200 in sovereigns, and a bar of pure gold, weighing 9½ lbs., which was brought up to London last week. The treasure was far from being exhausted, when the storm came on and put a stop to the diving operations for the season. Messrs. Gibbs, Bright & Co., the owners of the vessel, sold, about a year ago, to some persons in Anglesea, all claim to the treasure found on the spot, and it is that the speculation has already paid 300 or 400 per cent. profit, although the cost of working it is very considerable.

The Position in Mexico.

The rainy season in Mexico being over, says the New York *Tribune* the French have re-entered upon the campaign for the subjugation of the country. The prospects appear thus far to be rather gloomy to the national cause.

The national Government has concluded to abandon a few more states to the invaders and their Mexican allies. Que etaro, the capital of the State of the same name, was occupied on the 15th November, by the renegade Mejia, who, from there, followed by the French General Douai was to advance upon San Luis de Potosi, hitherto the seat of the national government. West of Mexico, the of Morelin, in the Pacific state of Michoacan, has also been abandoned. Gen. Bazaine was to march upon Guanajuato, the capital of the State of which Doblado is Governor, and expected to obtain possession of it without a fight. Even the city of Guadalajara, further to the northwest, was reported to be besieged by the Mexican allies of the French.

Terrible Suffering of Railway Passengers.

The Chicago *Journal* of Saturday contains the following account of the terrible sufferings of passengers on the Michigan Southern and Central trains near that city:—

"Yesterday morning, when the state of the temperature was thirty degrees below zero, a man, frost bitten, and more dead than alive, arrived in town, having come on foot through the deep snow and stinging cold, from the Michigan Southern train, stuck fast in the snow about four miles from the city. He reported that the Michigan Central passenger train due here at 10.30 Thursday night, had stuck fast in the snow near the crossing of the Michigan Southern road. For lack of fuel the fires went out in the cars, and the prospect of perishing upon that open prairie, where the storm rioted at will, was most imminent. At length the Michigan Southern train came along and stopped about three hundred yards from the other train. The passengers were then transferred from the Central to the Southern. There were over a hundred of them, a large proportion being women and children. Nearly all of these were more or less frost-bitten in going from one train to another. Noses, ears, cheeks, toes and fingers suffered considerably.

"The end of their troubles were not reached. The relief afforded was but temporary. The Michigan Southern train, after proceeding about four miles, became fast in the snow drifts. Hoping that some relief would be sent from the city, the passengers made a great bonfire of the fences, that lit up the scene for rods around, and showed them how terrible the storm really was. A man and his wife left the cars and ventured across the prairie to a small house a short distance away. The woman froze both of her hands, and the man both of his feet. The long night passed away, and in the morning the adventurous individual before mentioned made his way to the city.

"At once measures were taken to send relief. Three four-horse sleighs were started through the blinding storm, carrying edibles from the Tremont, Sherman and Briggs Houses. Neither of them reached their destination—all got stuck in the snow. Mr. Hough, of the Michigan Southern road, next tried a waggon. He proceeded about a mile beyond Ulrich's, and had to unhitch the horses and return, leaving the waggon in a snow drift nearly twenty feet high. He next essayed a cutter, and reached the train last night with three baskets of provisions. The passengers had been without food for nearly thirty hours. A few came to the city on foot last night, but the bulk of the passengers, 225 in number, remained upon the cars another night. This morning a score of sleighs were in readiness to go down and bring in the passengers."

HEAVY SNOW STORMS IN THE WEST.—A despatch from Chicago, dated the 31st ult., says: "The heaviest and most extended snowstorm known for many years commenced last night and still continues. Despatches represent it exceedingly severe as far west, and beyond, the Mississippi, south to Springfield and Alton, and north to Green Bay. The snow is drifting terribly. Several of the western railroads are completely blocked up. The storm in Iowa is reported as even more violent than east of the river."

UNFORTUNATE DILEMMA.—The Bank of British North America in Brantford has a combination lock on the safe; and in locking it up a few nights ago the clerk forgot the word or mark by which he locked it, and therefore could not open it next morning. In consequence of this, they were obliged to telegraph to New York for a person to come and open it. The Bank of Montreal very kindly supplied them with funds to carry on the business of the bank.

THE QUEEN continues to be oppressed with the terrible loss she sustained in the death of the Prince Consort. The second anniversary of her bereavement was passed, on the 14th inst., in strict seclusion. A religious service took place early in the morning in the Royal Mausoleum, at Frogmore, attended by her Majesty and several of her children, who placed on the tomb wreaths of evergreens and *immortelles*. Her Majesty makes frequent visits to the mausoleum, and the custom so general in France and other continental countries, of paying these honors to the memory of the departed, seems likely, from this high example, of being introduced into England.

☞ The *Huron Signal*, in a long editorial, written in an excellent spirit and without attacking any person character, showing from the past acts of J. V. Detlor, Esq., as Councillor, that he is worthy of being the Mayor of Goderich, among many commendable acts of Mr. Detlor, mentions one particularly. It says, "The winter of '59, it will be remembered, was a very hard one for the poor of the Town. Mr. Detlor warmly advocated the principle of supplying work for those who were able and willing to *earn* a subsistence for themselves during the period of suffering. That we consider one of the noblest acts of the Town Council of Goderich. This is a very important suggestion for other Town and City Councils. They ought to provide work for the destitute poor. This is a thousand times better than mere charity. It would preserve the self-respect and morality of the poor; and it would be a most excellent way of advancing town improvements of various kinds. We hesitate not to say that it is the *duty* of the Council to try to provide some kind of work for the destitute. —*Guardian, Toronto.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A man named William Muldowney, of the Township of Normanby, County of Grey, was killed on the 16th inst., while digging a well for a farmer named Tone. He was at the bottom of the well, when the handle of a sugar kettle, which served the purpose of an ordinary bucket, broke, and it fell upon and crushed in his skull. He died from his injuries a few hours afterwards.

A Curiosity Out West.

The following has been going the rounds of the Far West:—

About four years ago a pure white deer was seen near Rice Lake, in Anoka county. Last week another was seen near the same place and efforts were made to secure it. Three or four days ago a boy in the vicinity saw it again, and by good management shot it dead, and brought it to this city, where it was purchased by Robert Holgate, on Jackson Street. It is a pure milk white, with pink eyes and hoofs and has not a spot of any other color on any part of its hide. It weighs seventy-five pounds, and was perhaps a year old Mr. Holgate intends to stuff it as a curiosity, which it is indeed. The deer is a *lusus naturæ*. There are no purely white deer in any part of the world, and this fawn is a mere freak of nature, the same as a "white blackbird," or an albino. It is certainly a great curosity, and such a one as Barnum would would give hundreds for alive.—St. Paul (Minn.) *Press.*

GEN. J. E. JOHNSTON'S ARMY.—A correspondent of the Savannah *Republican* says:—"I allude to the belief said to be entertained very generally in Georgia that the army was engaged in repairing the roads and constructing bridges in its rear, with a view to falling back upon Atlanta. Having heard that some uneasiness was felt upon this subject, I called upon General Hardee before leaving Dalton, and I have his authority for saying that he has not the least thought of retiring from his present position; but, on the contrary if the enemy should advance this winter, which he does not believe they will do, he will dispute every foot of ground from Tunnel hill to Atlanta. He believes, moreover, that if the absentees will return to duty and the people at home will continue to supply the army with the means of sustenance, the Federal army will never succeed in reaching Atlanta any more than it has succeeded in reaching Richmond."

THE WAY NEGROES ARE TREATED IN NEW YORK.—The Yankees, while willing to recruit negroes for their armies, and while proclaiming the highest philanthropy, do not treat the unfortunate race with particular kindness or justice. The New York *Tribune* describes what one of its reporters saw on Blake's Island, in that harbor:—"There are about 300 colored soldiers on the island, and in one company of 90 men only four had received the $300 bounty which is their due. We saw an old man of sixty who had been forced into the army, and yesterday a poor fellow who had volunteered the day before and received his money. He says a lieutenant advised him to place his bounty money in his (the lieutenant's) keeping for the night, so that it would be safe. The officer took the money, promised to return it to the recruit in the morning. Morning came to him, but the officer did not. White men are treated by the runners as badly as the blacks. Recently, three who were dragged by these scoundrels died a few hours after they had reached the island. The writer saw two men of powerful frames in the hospital, languishing under the influence of poisonous drugs that had been administered by the cruel swindlers. The officers do not hesitate to say that not more than one-third of the white recruits have received the full amount of their bounty, and they receive about $100 each, the lion's share being seized by the runners."

SUICIDE OF AN ENGINE DRIVER.—One of the oldest stokers on the Grand Trunk Railroad, eastern division, committed suicide on Saturday morning at Island Pond, in the most deliberate and determined manner imaginable. On Christmas night