rest agitation, and now indulged in wild
opes, which Captain Moreland thought it
best to discourage at once.

"Ah, sir," he said, "don't you run into
he other extreme, and imagine he has
come on our business. It is at sea as it is
ashore; if a man goes out of his course to
speak to you, it is for his own sake, not
yours. This Yankee has got men sick with
scurvey, and is come for lime-juice. Or his
water is out Or—hullo, savages aboard."

It was two true The schooner had a
cargo of savages, male and female; the
males were nearly naked, but the females,
strange to say, were dressed to the throat
in ample robes, with broad flowing skirts,
and had little coronets on their heads. As
soon as the schooner hove to, the fiddle had
struck up, and the savages were now dancing in parties of four; the men doing a
sort of monkey hornpipe in quick pace,
with their hands nearly touching the ground:
the women, on the contrary, erect, and
queenly, swept about in slow rhythm, with
most graceful and coquettish movements
of the arms and hands, and bewitching
smiles.

The steamboat came alongside, but at
a certain distance, to avoid all chance of
collision; and the crew clustered at the
side and cheered the savages dancing The
poor General was forgotten at the merry
sight.

Presently a negro in white cotton, with a
face blacker than the savages, stepped forward and hoisted a board, on which was
printed very large ARE YOU.

Having allowed this a moment to sink
into the mind, he reversed the board, and
showed these words, also printed large,
THE SPRINGBOK!

There was a thrilling murmur on board;
and, after a pause of surprise, the question
was answered by a loud cheer, and waving
of hats.

The reply was perfectly understood: almost immediately a boat was lowered by
some naval machinery, and pulled towards
the steamer. There were two men in it;
the skipper and the negro. The skipper
came up the side of the Springbok. He
was loosely dressed in some light drab-colored stuff and a huge straw hat; a man
with a long Puritanical nose inclined to be
aquiline, a face bronzed by weather and
heat, thin and resolute lips, and a square
chin.

He came on deck, just touched his hat,
as if to brush away a fly, and removing an enormous cigar from his mouth,
said,

"Wal, and so this is the Springbok. Spry
little boat she is; how many knots can ye
make out of her now? Not that I am curious."

"About twelve knots."

"And when the steam's off the bile, how
many knots can you sail? Not that it is my
business."

"About eight or nine. What *is* your
business?"

"Hum! You have been oversome water
looking for that gal. Where do ye hail
from last?"

"The Society Islands. Did you board
me to hear me my catechism?"

"No, I am not one of your praying sort.
Where are ye bound for now?"

"I am bound for Easter Island."

"Have you heard anything of the gal
yet?"

"No."

"And when do ye expect to go back to
England as wise as ye came?"

"Never while the ship is able to swim,"
cried Moreland, angrily, to hide his despondency from this stranger. "And now
it is my turn, I think. What schooner is
this? by whom commanded, and whither
bound?"

"The Julia Dodd; Joshua Fullalove;
bound for Juan Fernandez with the raw
material of civilization—look at the 'varmint skippin'—and a printing press; an'
that's the instrument of civilization, I rather think."

"Well, sir; and why in Heaven's name
did you change you course?"

"Wal, reckon I changed it—to tell you
a lie."

"To tell a lie?"

"Ay; the darndest eternal lie that ever
came out of a man's mouth.

"Fust, there's an unknown island somewheres about. That's a kinder flourish beforehand. On that Island there's an English gal wrecked."

Exclamations burst forth on every side
at this.

"And she's so tarnation cute, she's flying
ducks all over creation with a writing tied
to to their legs, telling the tale, and setting
down the longitude. There if that isn't
a buster, I hope I may never live to tell
another."

"God bless you, sir," cried the General.
"Where is the Island?"

"What Island?"

"The island where my daughter is wrecked."

"What, then, are you the gal's father?"
said Joshua with a sudden touch of feeling.

"I am, sir. Pray withhold nothing from
me you know."

"Why, Cunnle," said the Yankee soothindly; "don't I tell you it's a buster.
However the lie is none of mine. It's that
old cuss Skinflint set it afloat; he's always
pisoning these peaceful waters.

Rolleston asked eagerly who Skinflint
was and where could he be found.

"Well, he is a sorter sea Jack-of-all-trades
etarnally cruising about to buy gratis,—
those he buys of call it stealing. Got a
rotton old cutter, manned by his wife and
family. Ye know when that family is at
sea by the smell that pervades the briny
deep an' heralds their approach. Yesterday the air smelt awful; so I said to Vespasian here, I think that sea-skunk is out
for there's something a pisoning the cerulean waves an' succumambient air. We
hadn't sailed not fifty miles more before we
run agin him.—*Their clothes were drying
all about the rigging.* Hailn me, the varmint does, an' so I ordered to looward.
After he came on board, says he, a month
ago or more I was boarded—by a duck.
And this yar duck had a writing tied to its
leg, and this yar writing said an English
girl was wrecked on an island, and put
down the very longitude. 'Show me that
duck,' sez I, ironical. 'D' ye take us for
fools?' says he; 'we ate the duck for supper.' 'That was like ye, I know yar a hungry lot.' 'The writing is in my cabin,'
says he. 'Show it to me,' says I, 'an' mebbe I'll believe ye.' No, the cuss would
only show it to the Springbok; 'there's a
reward' says he. So then we said good
morning and he bore away for Valparaiso.
Presently I saw your smoke, and knew
that you would never overhaul old Stinkamalee on that track; so I came about.
Wal, ye needn't smother me." For by
this time he was the the centre of a throng,
all pushing and striving to catch his
words.

Captain Moreland begged him to step
down into his cabin, and there the General
thanked him with warmth and agitation
for his humanity. "We will follow your
advice at once," he said. "Is there anything I can offer you without offence?"

"Wal," drawled the Yankee, "I guess
not. Business an' sentiment won't mix no
how. Business took me to the island,
sentiment brought me here. I'll take a
shake hand all round: and if y'have got
live fowls to spare, I'll be obliged to you
for a couple. Ye see I'm colonizing that
darned island: an sowing it with grain,
an Otaheitans, an' niggers, an' Irishmen,
an' all the cream o' creation; an' I'd be
glad of a couple o' Dorkins to crow the
lazy varmint up."

This very moderate request was heartily
complied with, and the acclamations and
cheers of the crew followed this strange
character to his schooner, at which his eye
glistened and twinkled with quiet satisfaction, but he made it a point of honor not
to move a muscle.

Before he could get under way, the
Springbok took a circuit, and, passing
within a hundred yards of him, fired a gun
to leeward by way of compliment, set a
cloud of canvas, and tore through the water
at her highest speed. Outside the port of
Valparaiso she fell in with Skinflint, and
found him not quite so black as he was
painted. The old fellow showed some
parental feeling, produced the bag at once to
General Rolleston, and assured him a
wearied duck had come on board and his
wife had detached the writing,

They took in coal: and then ran west
ward once more, every heart beating high
with confident hope.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Helen's act was strange, and demands a
word of explanation. If she had thought
the steamboat was a strange vessel, she
would have lighted the bonfire: if she had
known her father was on board, she would
have lighted it with joy. But Hazel,
whose every word now was gospel, had
said it was Arthur Wardlaw in that boat,
searching for her.

Still, so strong in the impulse in all
civilized beings to get back to civilization,
that she went up that hill as honestly intended to light the bonfire as Hazel intended it to be lighted. But, as she went,
her courage cooled, and her feet began to
go slowly, as her mind ran swiftly forward
to consequence upon consequence. To
light that bonfire was to bring Arthur
Wardlaw down upon herself and Hazel
living alone on intimate terms. Arthur
would come and claim her to his face.
Could she disallow his claim. Gratitude
would now be on his side as well as good
faith. What a shock to Arthur. What
torture for Hazel! torture that he foresaw,
or why the face of anguish, that dragged even
now at her heart strings! And then it
could end only in one way; she and Hazel
would leave the Island in Arthur's ship.
What a voyage for all three! She stood
transfixed by shame; her whole body blushed
at what she saw coming. Then once more
Hazel's face rose before her; poor crippled
Hazel! her hero and her patient. She sat
down and sighed, and could no more light
the fire than she could have put it out of
another had lighted it.

She was a girl that could show you at
times she had a father as well as a mother;
but that evening she was all woman.

They met no more that night.

In the morning his face was haggard, and
showed a mental struggle; but her's placid
and quietly beaming, for the very reason
she had made a great sacrifice. She was
one of that sort.

And this difference between them was
foretaste.

His tender conscience pricked him sore To
see her sit beaming there, when, if he had done
his own duty with his own hands, she would be
on her way to England! Yet his remorse was
dumb; for, if he gave it vent, then he must seem
ungrateful to *her* for her sacrifice.

She saw his deep and silent compunction, approved it secretly; said nothing, but smiled, and
soothed. He could not resist this; and wild thrills
of joy and hope passed through him, visions of
unbroken bliss far from the world

But this sweet delirium was followed by misgivings of another kind. And here she was at
fault. What could they be!

It was the voice of conscience telling him that
he was really winning her love, once inaccessible;
and if so, was bound to tell her his whole story.
and let her judge between him and the
world, before she made any more sacrifices
for him. But it is hard to stop great happiness: harder to stop it and run it. Every
night as he lay alone, he said, "To-morrow
I will tell her all, and make her the judge."
But in the morning her bright face crushed
his purpose by the fear of clouding it. His
limbs got strong and his heart got weak;
and they used to take walks, and her head
came near his shoulder: and the path of
duty began to be set thicker than ever with
thorns; and the path of love with primroses.
One day she made him sit for a portrait; and
under cover of artistic enthusiasm, told
him his beard was Godlike, and nothing in
the world could equal it for beauty. She
never saw but one at all like it, poor Mr.
Seaton's; but even that was very inferior
to his: and then she dismissed the sitter:
"Poor thing,' said she, "you are pale and
tried." And she began to use ornaments:
took her bracelets out of her bag, and picked
pearls out of her walls, and made a coronet,
under which her eyes flashed at night
with superlative beauty,—conscious beauty
brightened by the sense of being admired
and looked at by the eye she desired to
please.

She revered him. He had improved her
character, and she knew it, and often told
him so. "Call me Hazelia," she said;
make me liker you still."

One day he came suddenly through the
jungle, and found her reading her prayer-book.

He took it from her, not meaning to be
rude, neither, but inquisitive.

It was open at the marriage service and
her cheeks were dyed scarlet.

His heart panted. He was a clergyman;
he could read that service over them both.
Would it be marriage?

Not in England; but in some countries
it would. Why not in this? This was
not England.

He looked up. Her head was averted;
she was down right distressed.

He was sorry to have made her blush;
so he took her hand and kissed it tenderly,
so tenderly that his heart seemed to go into
his lips. She thrilled under it, and her
white brow sank upon his shoulder.

The sky was a vault of purple with a
flaming topazel in the centre; the sea a
heavenly blue; the warm air breathed
heavenly colors; flaming macaws wheeled
overhead; humming-birds, more gorgeous
than any flower, buzzed round their heads,
and amazed the eye with delight, then
cooled it with the deep green of the jungle
into which they dived.

It was a Paradise with the sun smiling
down on it, and the ocean smiling up, and
the air impregnated with love. Here they
were both content now to spend the rest of
their days—

"The world forgetting; by the world
forgot."

— —

CHAPTER XLIX.

The Springbok arrived in due course at
longitude 103 deg. 31 min. but saw no island. This was dispiriting; but still Captain Moreland did not despair.

He asked General Rolleston to examine
the writing carefully, and tell him was that
Miss Rolleston's handwriting.

The General shook his head sorrowfully.

"No," said he; "it is nothing like my
child's hand."

"Why, all the better," said Captain
Moreland; "the lady has got somebody
about her who knows a thing or two. The
man that could catch wild ducks and turn
'em into postmen could hit on the longitude somehow; and he didn't pretend to
be exact in the latitude."

Up this he ran northward 400 miles;
which took him three days; for the stopped at night.

No island.

He then ran south 500 miles; stopping
at night.

No island.

Then he took the vessel zigzag.

Just before sunset, one lovely day, the
man at the mast-head sang out:—

"On deck there!"

"Hullo!"

"Something in sight; on our weather-bow."

"What is it?"

"Looks like a mast. No. Don't know
what it is.'

"Point."

The sailor pointed with his finger.

Captain Moreland ordered the ship's
course to be altered accordingly.

By this time General Rolleston was on
deck.

The ship ran two miles on the new course;
and all this time the topman's glass was
levelled, and the crew climbed about the
rigging all eyes and ears.

At last the clear hail came down.

"I can make it out now, sir."

"What is it?"

"It is a palm tree."

The captain jumped on a gun, and waved
his hat grandly, and instantly the vessel rung with a lusty cheer; and for once,
sailors gambled like washerwomen.

They ran till they saw the island in the
moonlight, and the giant Palm, black, and
sculptured out of the violet sky; then they
set the lead going, and it warned them not
to come too close. They anchored off the
west coast.

At daybreak they moved slowly on,
still sounding as they went; and, rounding the West Point, General Rolleston saw
written on the granoed rocks in large letters:—

AN ENGLISH LADY WRECKED HERE. HASTE
TO HER RESCUE.

He and Moreland shook hands; and how
their eyes glistened.

Presently there was a stranger inscription still upon the rocks—a rough outline
of the island on an enormous scale, showing the coast line, the reefs, the shallow
water and the deep water.

"Ease her! Stop her!"

The captain studied this original chart
with his glass, and crept slowly on for the
west passage.

But warned by the soundings marked on
the rock, he did not attempt to go through
the passage, but came to an anchor and
lowered his boat.

The sailors were all on a *qui vive* to land,
but the captain, to their surprise, told them
only three persons would land that morning,—himself, his son, and General Rolleston.

The fact is this honest captain had got a
misgiving, founded on a general view of
human nature.

He expected to find the girl with two or
three sailors, one of them united to
her by some nautical ceremony, duly
witnessed, but such as a *military* officer of
distinction could hardly be expected to approve.

He got into the boat in a curious state
of delight, dashed with uncomfortable suspense; and they rowed gently for the west
passage.

As for General Rolleston, now it was he
needed all his fortitude. Suppose the
lady was not Helen! Afterall the chances
were against her being there. Suppose
she was dead and buried in that island.
Suppose that fatal disease, with which she
had sailed, had been accelerated by hardships, and Providence had permitted him
only to receive her last sigh.

All these misgivings crowded on him the
moment he drew so near the object, which
had looked all brightness so long as it was
unattainable. He sat pale and brave, in
the; but his doubts and fears were greater
than his hopes.

They rounded Telegraph point, and in
a moment Paradise Bay burst upon them,
and Hazel's boat within a hundred yards
of them. It was half-tide, They beached
the boat, and General Rolleston then landed.

Captain Moreland grasped his hand, and
said, "Call us if it is all right."

General Rolleston returned the pressure of that honest hand, and marched up
the beach just as if he was going into action.

He came to the boat. It had an awning
over the stern, and was clearly used as a
sleeping place. A series of wooden pipes
standing on uprights led from this up to
the cliff. The pipes were in fact mere sections of the sago tree with the soft pith
driven out.

As this was manifestly a tube of communication, General Rolleston followed it
until he came to a sort of verandah with a
cave opening on it; He entered the cave,
and was dazzled by its unexpected beauty.
He seemed to be in a gigantic nautilus.
Roof and sides, were one blaze of mother
of pearl.

But, after the first start, brighter to him
was an old shawl he saw on a nail, for that
showed it was a woman's abode. He tore
down the old shawl and carried it to the
light. He recognized it as Helen's. Her
rugs were in a corner; he rushed in and
felt them all over with trembling hands.
They were still warm, though she had left
her bed for some time.

He came out with wild joy, and shouted
to Moreland, "She is alive! She is alive!
She is alive!" Then fell on his knees and
thanked God.

A cry came to him from above; he looked
up as he knelt, and there was a female figure dressed in white, stretching out its
hands as if it would fly down to him. Its
eyes gleamed; he knew them all that way
off.

He stretched out his hands as eloquently, and then he got up to meet her; but
the stout soldier's limbs were stifter than
of old; and he got up so slowly, that, ere,
he could take a step, there came flying to
him, with screams and inarticulate cries,
no living skeleton, nor consumptive young
lady, but a grand creature, tanned here
and there, rosy as the morn, and full of
lusty vigor; a body all health and beauty,
a soul all love.

She flung herself all over him in a moment with cries of love unspeakable; and
then it was,

'O, my darling, my darling! O my own,
own! Ha, ha, ha, ha! O, O, O, O! Is
it you? is it? can it? Papa! Papa!"
then little convulsive hands patting him,
and feeling his beard and shoulders; then
a sudden hail of violent kisses on his
head, his eyes, his arms, his hands, his
knees.

Then a stout soldier, broken down by
this, and sobbing for joy. 'O my child!
My flesh and blood! O, O, O!" Then all
manhood melted away except paternity;
and a father turned mother, and clinging,
kissing and rocking to and fro with his
child, and both crying for joy as if their
hearts would burst.

A sight for angels to look down at and
rejoice.

But what mortal pen can paint it?

CHAPTER L.

They gave a long time to pure joy before either of them cared to put questions
or compare notes. But at last he asked her, "Who was on the island besides
her?"

"O," said she only my guardian angel.
Poor Mr. Welch died the first week we
were here,"

He parted the hair on her brow, and
kissed her tenderly. "And who is this
guardian angel?"

"Why, you are now, my own papa;
and well you have proved it. To think
of your being the one to come, at your
age!"

"Well, never mind me. Who has taken
such care of my child?—this sick girl they
frightened me about?"

"Indeed, papa, I *was* a dying girl. My
very hand was wasted. Look at it now;
brown as a berry, but so plump; you owe
that to him; and, papa, I can walk twenty
miles without fatigue; and so strong;
I could take you up in my arms and carry
you, I know. But I am content to eat you."
(A shower of kisses.) "I hope you will
like him."

"My own Helen. Ah! I am a happy
man this day. What is his name?"

"Mr. Hazel. He is a clergyman. Oh
papa, I hope you *will* like him, for he has
saved my life more than once."

"Well, I shall be glad to see this paragon, and shake him by the hand. You may
imagine what I feel to anyone that is kind
to my darling. An old gentleman? about
my age?"

"O no, papa."

"Hum!

"If he had been old I should not be here
for he has had to fight for me against cruel
men with knives; and work like a horse.
—He built me a hut, and made this cave,
and almost killed himself in my service.
Poor Mr. Hazel!"

"How old is he?"

"Dearest papa, I never asked him that;
but I think he is four or five years older
than me, and a hundred years better than
I shall ever be, I am afraid. What is the
matter darling?"

"Nothing, child, nothing."

"Don't tell me. Can't I read your dear
face?"

"Come, let me read yours. Look me
in the face, now; full."

He took her by the shoulders, firmly,
but not the least roughly, and looked
straight in her hazel eyes. She blushed at
this ordeal,—blushed scarlet; but her eyes
pure as Heaven, faced his fairly, though
with a puzzled look.

He concluded this paternal inspection by
kissing her on the brow. "I was an old
fool," he muttered.

"What do you say, dear papa?"

"Nothing, nothing. Kiss me again.
Well, love, you had better find this guardian angel of yours, that I may take him by
the hand and give him a father's blessing,
and make him some little return by carrying him home to England along with my
darling."

"I'll call him, papa. Where can he be
gone, I wonder."

She ran out to the terrace and called,—

"Mr. Hazel! Mr. Hazel! I don't see
him; but he can't be very far off. Mr.
Hazel!"

Then she came back, and made her father sit down; and she sat at his knees,
beaming with delight.

"Ah, papa," said she, "it was you who
loved me best in England. It was you
that came to look for me."

"No," said he, "there are others there
that love you as well in their way. Poor
Wardlaw? on his sick-bed for you, cut
down like a flower the moment he heard
you were lost in the Porserpine. Ah, and
I have broken faith."

"That is a story," said Helen; "you
couldn't."

"For a moment I mean; I promised the
dear old man—he furnished the ship.
He says your are as much his daughter as
mine."

"Well, but what did you promise him?"
said Helen, blushing and interrupting hastily, for she could not bear the turn matters were taking.

"O, only to give you the second kiss
from Arthur. Come, better late than never."
She knelt before him, and put out her
forehead instead of her lips. "There,"
said the General, "that kiss is from Arthur Wardlaw, your intended. Why, who
the deuce is this?"

A young man was standing wonder-struck
at the entrance, and had heard the General's last words; they went through him
like a *knife*.

General Rolleston stared at him,

Continued.

MR. A. H. ST. GERMAIN, Proprietor of the Canadian Advertising Agency, Toronto, Ont., is our Sole Agent for procuring American Advertisements, and is authorized also to receive Canadian Advertisements for this paper.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, 20, AUG. 1868.

Another Fenian Movement.

Some excitement was caused here last
evening (17th) by the report that sudden
and unexpected orders had been received
by Col. Ross to notify the officers and
men of his battalion to hold themselves in
readiness to march at an hour's notice.
Various conjectures were rife as to the
probable cause, no Fenian news having
been received for some days, but nothing
satisfactory could be gleaned. The following was all we could obtain from Stratford:—

TORONTO, Monday, P. M.

The Government are in receipt of information of a projected Fenian movement
which has caused them to issue orders to
the whole volunteer force to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's
notice. The gunboats have also received
orders to proceed to exposed points—the
Cherub to Windsor.

This (Tuesday) forenoon, we received
the following telegraph, which is all we can
furnish at the present time:—

TORONTO, Tuesday, 10.30 a. m.

The "Globe" this morning says it has
positive information that extensive preparations are being made on the
other side of the lines for a Fenian
raid, also states that orders have been
received here requiring regular forces
in Garrison to hold themselves in
readiness at a moment, while officers
absent on furlough have been ordered to
join their Regiments.

We believe it is quite true that Col.
Ross has received orders to have the
Volunteers in readiness, and that similar
action has been taken throughout the
country. One thing is certain, if the rascals come they will find us prepared to
welcome them properly.

Accident to the New Bridge.

About ten o'clock this (Tuesday) forenoon an accident occurred at the New
Maitland Bridge which might have resulted fatally. It seems that one of the string
pieces between the central piers swayed
with the wind until it gave way and fell
into the river below with a crash. There
were two men upon it at the moment, one of
whom ran out of danger in time. The
other, named Jeffries, also ran, but failing to escape, fell into the river, a distance
of fully 50 feet, singular to relate without
receiving any injuries. He fortunately
fell into a deep part of the water, which, no
doubt, saved his life. The timbers composing the stringer that fell were broken
to pieces and are now useless. Mr. Spence,
we believe, seeing its very insecure condition, refused to go on the affair and urged
others not to do so. The question arises,
What next? Here is an important portion of the bridge destroyed. Where can
suitable timber be got to replace it in time?
How can the bridge be erected at this rate
before the fall floods? A number of municipalities are deeply interested in it, as
their only easy means of getting to market,
and very great inconvenience and loss will
be entailed if there is no bridge this fall
and next spring. We urge it upon the
Engineer to look into the matter without
delay. There has been too much dilatoriness already.

ARREST IN TORONTO.—Through the
medium of American detectives, aided by
local policemen, a gang of alleged Express
robbers was arrested last week at various
points in the city of Toronto. The parties
are accused of having been the principals
in the great American Express Robberies of
which we have heard so much during the
past few months, and the object is to have
them extradited. If money can procure
their discharge they will get off scot-free,
but if they are really the guilty parties it
is to be hoped they will get their deserts.
The examination is now going on.

FIRE.—On Thursday morning last an
alarm of fire was given about seven o'clock.
It was found that a shanty which had
been used for the worst of purposes for
some years back was in flames, and nobody
tried to save it. The firemen were out
promptly, but when they discovered what
was up the they arrived on the spot at a
snail's gallop. If Wallace's house was, as
reported by the *Globe*, worth $800,000, the
shanty's cash value would be exactly $1.
37½. It was tenanted at the time by a
miserable family of tramps.

WEST YORK.

The triumph of Mr. Wright in West
York has been most complete, although
the vote polled was a very small one. His
majority over Mr. Bell was 405. This is
the result we anticipated from the first,
and we trust the lesson taught the *Leader*
and all those who wish to secure Ministerial
supporters under false pretences will be a
salutary one. Of course, now that Mr.
Wright is victorious, it "made little
difference who was returned," "they were
both reformers," "Mr. Bell took pains
to declare against the Coalition," &c. It
is all very well for the *Leader* to talk in
that strain, but every one knows it would
not have brought out Bell to be supported by every Government hack, and it not
been satisfied that he would be in the
market as soon as elected. The thing was
too transparent to admit of a moment's
doubt. The people of the riding thought
so at all events, and they have protested against Governmental interference
most nobly. The indignation felt by all
parties in Ontario at the appointment of
Mr. Howland to the governorship has
borne early fruit.

Letting Themselves Down Easy.

"WEST YORK.—Mr. Wright has been returned for West
York by a majority of 405. So far as the political character of the two candidates were concerned, Conservatives had little to choose between them Both professed to be Radicals of the extremest kind, and if one was
more extreme than the other it was Mr. Bell. Had Mr.
Bell come out flat-footed for the Ministry, whom it is
supposed he would have supported, he would have received some degree of sympathy in his defeat, but as it
is he is not entitled to the slightest commiseration.
The political significance attached to this contest is,
that by Mr. H. S. Howland's defection, which looked
very much like a sell, Ministers have one less supporter
in the House."

The above from the Bellville *Intelligencer*,
is a pretty fair sample of the remarks
offered by the tory press, from the *Leader*
down to our town asterisk regarding the
Bell defeat. To say that Bell was not
taken up by the tory wing of the location
and supported tooth and nail while there
was a shadow of his success is all gammon.
The *Leader* brought him out, and was supported by the penny whistles, Mat. Cameron and a bevy of wool-dyed tories stumped
West York in his behalf. To turn
round now and kick the poor fellow when
he is down is worthy of toryism. It has
ever served its instruments after this fashion and will continue to do so to the end.
Suppose Mr. Bell had been elected! Ah,
then, what a hullabulloo we should have
heard. Our enthusiastic ones would have
kindled a bonfire on the square and burned
fifteen cents worth of crackers. But
Bell is defeated, and "poof," they don't
care a fig—no, not they.

THE MAITLAND BRIDGE.

We do not profess to know much about
bridge-building, but, from observation
and all we can learn, at the present rate of
progress, the new bridge across the Maitland at Goderich will not be completed for
twelve months. The contract of Mr.
Brace is required to be completed, we
understand, by the end of this month,
and nothing has been done beyond
perparing the stringers, &c. and tearing
down the top of the old structure. People have to cross by fording the river,
and it is now nearly impossible to bring a
decent load to town from the northern
townships. Farmers are beginning to bring
in wheat, and a very slight rise in the river
will put a stop to all communication and
greatly injure the town as well as the
farmers who trade in it. It may suit Mr.
Brace to keep only three or four men at
work, but if the contract is to be finished
early this fall, the general opinion is that
the County Engineer must put on a larger
force without a moment's delay. The
matter is a serious one, else we should not
deem it necessary to speak so plainly.

THE PRINCE WELL.

We are glad to state that all difficulties
have been overcome at this well, and work
commenced with renewed energy. Six
weeks ago one of those accidents that no
caution can provide against, incident upon
drilling to so great a depth occurred, by
the parting of a perfectly new rope while
in the act of letting down the drill, thus
precipitating the drill and follower (weighing 3000 lbs.) 500 feet of drill poles, and
200 feet of rope, to the bottom of the well.
Mr. Prince at once sent from Bothwell a
plentiful supply of "devil catchers,"
"grabs," and other machinery used for
extricating tools in such position, and after
six weeks of patient work has had the
satisfaction of extricating the drill, after
bringing up all above it by piece meal.—
We hope all will go right now, and that we
will soon be able to record this well manufacturing, and thus providing for the increasing demand for the purest salt in the
world.

The "Signal" Jobbing Department.

Having just added still further to our
immense stock of jobbing material by
the introduction of costly fonts of the
very newest and most fashionable wood
and metal types, we assert that we have
now one of the *best and most thoroughly
furnished offices* in Canada, outside of the
largest cities, of course. With new and
elegant types, fine inks, the very best of
papers, with every requisite for plain or
fancy printing we are confident that we can
compete with the city houses as to
style and finish of workmanship,
while our fast presses enable us to
approach them very closely as regards prices. *Entire Satisfaction* is guaranteed to our numerous patrons throughout Huron and Bruce. After a long spell
of dull times we are likely to have a brisk
fall, and we would suggest of merchants
and others the advisibility of preparing
for a rush by ordering from us posters,
cards, circulars, &c., which they need not
be ashamed to exhibit to the public. We
do not require to employ travelling agents.
Our work speaks for itself.

Goderich Salt.

We are happy to be able to state that
there is, at present prices, a great demand
for Goderich Salt. Having taken the hint
to advertise freely, the proprietors of the
different wells are flooded with orders, and
hence the greatest activity is manifested by
all concerned. Last week three sailing
vessels were in harbor at once waiting for
cargoes, and it was with great difficulty
that they could be supplied fast enough.
This is as it should be. We are now turning out, in prime order, the best salt in
the known world, and it would be most
singular that it should not be in increasing
demand. Notwithstanding the fears of
timid people, we believe there will be an
ample market for our eight or nine wells,
and when we get Reciprocity or the duty
stricken off, which is bound to be the
case, ere long, the number may be increased *ad infinitum*. The fact that already
our salt is finding its way to Ontario *by
water* as the cheapest means of transit is a
proof that, as asserted months ago, we
have and *always will* have great advantages
over every other locality in the manufacture and sale of salt.

INTERNATIONAL CIVILITIES.—On Friday
afternoon last a large number of our most
prominent citizens, by invitation, went
aboard the U S. Gunboat *Michigan*, where
they were most hospitably received and
kindly entertained by the gallant Capt.
Jouett and his gentlemanly officers. Those
who indulge in the flowing bowl were treated to an abundance of the very best liquor
(so they said) from Navy rum to sparkling
campagne, which added not a little to the
hilarity of the occasion. The *Michigan*,
although an old vessel, is armed with six
brass guns &c., for war and numberless
shot-guns, fishing rods, fancy boats, &c.
for the more peaceful but delightful sports
of hunting and fishing. She carries a crew
consisting of 17 officers and about 70 men,
all of whom are provided for most comfortably. Everything about her is as
bright and clean as scrubbing and polishing can render it. Singular to say, about
half of the officers and men belong to the
Good Templars, and most of them are highly intelligent. We need only say that our
party were treated in the handsomest manner and spent a delightful afternoon. To
Mr. Smith the Captain's Clerk we are indebted for much interesting Information
respecting the American Naval Service. It
is Capt. Jouett's intention to revisit Goderich in May next for a longer stay.

Irish Troubles.

The Co. Tipperary, according to latest
advices, was in a state of ferment. While
a large landholder's agent named Scully was
serving notices on his tenants he was shot
by some of them, and it was supposed at first
that he was dead, but the report was incorrect. The police attempted to arrest the
culprit, when they were attacked and several of them killed. The following are the
latest particulars:—

LONDON, Aug. 15, evening.—Further
advices from Tipperary, Ireland, have
been received this evening. The agent of
the landlord, Mr. Scully, was not killed
as at first reported. He endeavored on
Tuesday to serve more ejectment notices
upon several tenants in the vicinity of the
City of Tipperary, when he was attacked
by a large body of them, including many
women, and was obliged to flee into the
city to save his life. Yesterday he started
again upon the same errand, accompanied
by a large number of well armed police.
Upon reaching the hamlets of the tenantry
his efforts to serve the notices were met
with derision and threats of violence.
The police endeavored to disperse the
mob, when a fierce fight ensued, during
which the police fired upon the rioters
several times, the shots being returned
by some of the crowd. Several of the mob
were wounded, as were some of the police.
Mr. Scully was seriously wounded, and
the police retired unable to make any arrests at the time. The city of Tipperary
is in a high state of excitement, and further
troubles are apprehended.

☞ A lawyer complains to us that cases
were "shoved through" too hastily at the
late Division Court. He says a case involving at least $7.00 was actually finished
in ten hours. We think His Honor is
right in conducting the business of his
courts with dispatch whether it pleases
lawyers or not. A pretty thing it would
be to take up the time of scores of jurymen and witnesses for several days over a
few trumpary cases!

LOOK SHARP.—The License Inspector
is again on the war path. Several parties
have been up and fined for contravention
of the liquor law. Thirsty souls who do
not wish to be called up as witnesses had
better imbibe their forty-rod in strict accordance with the Statute "in that case
made and provided."

THE FIRST FULL CARGO of our Goderich
Salt that ever left this port was shipped
last week to Messrs. Stanton & Cutting of
Port Ryerse, on Schooner Three Friends,
by George Rumball, agent of Goderich
Salt Works. The quantity was 1090 bbls.

WOLVERINE KILLED.—On Saturday last
a farmer named John Bateman shot a large
and ferocious-looking male Wolverine, in
the woods on Mr. Wright's farm at the
point, four miles from Goderich.

MARRIED.—On Saturday last the Rev. W. Morley
Punshon, the eminent Wesleyan Divine was married at
the residence of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson The lady arrived here on Tuesday last from England. Mr. Punshon
was a widower and the wife he has just taken is sister
to his former wife.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Ada Isaac Menken is dead.....Mexico
is having still another revolution.....A
drunken man shot his wife on Wednesday
12th, at Toronto.....Tom. Ferguson is
spoken of as a cabinet minister.....Thad.
Stevens, the great American Radical leader
is dead.....The report that Hincks is to
be our next Governor General is denied.
....Miss Rye is on her way back to England.... The Canadian Express messengers have been armed to keep off robbers.....The crops in the U. S. are turning out splendidly.....Rawhiding is
popular in Picton. Friend Boyle of the
Times was badly maltreated lately, cause
silver nuisance discussion.....The editor
of the Hastings *Chronicle* performed the
feat of drinking a dozen bottles of pop the
other day, at a sitting. His writings will
be rather gassy for a week or two.....
Spain is evidently tottering to its fall. At
present it holds no place in the estimation
of the world.....Immense fires have been
raging through the woods in the North-West.....Jeff. Davis is in Liverpool.....
The potato disease has appeared at Kingston—there are few of them here to rot.
....The Yankees are proposing to make
roads of hard rubbsr.....The New York
wool market is inactive.....The Pennsylvania oil business is reviving again, 100
new wells are going down at Titusville.....
Aquatic sports — wilk-wagon races. ....
Stratford is moving for a steam fire engine.
....The new Niagara suspension bridge
will be ready by the 1st of October.....
G. B. will be home on the 25th inst.....
Some fellows tried Labatt's bre very the
other night, perhaps they wanted a drink.
....The *Chicora* arrived at Collingwood on
the 13th.

The old Family Compact was an admitted evil, and in the due course of time was
put down, and by this time is almost
forgotten. An evil however has grown
out of it, which is not only annoying to the
generality of Canadians, but is certainly
most expensive to the country; and which
is, the decendants of the families comprising the Family Compact, still thrusting
themselves into places of public trust
society on the mere strength of their family
names. The Bethunes, Robinsons, Patricks, Sherwoods, Jarvises, Thompsons,
Boultons, &c., &c., are all good names,
and the originals good men. But their
sons rarely equalled their fathers in
capacity or excellence, and their grandsons
are far inferior still; nevertheless, they
presume upon their grandfathers' services,
and insist upon being applicants for every
vacant position in the gift of the Government. They don't always succeed, but
when they do they make very bad Public
Servants, not only neglecting their duty,
but assuming certain offensive airs and
graces that better men never think of assuming.—*Kingston Whig, (Tory.)*

Love, the toothache, a cough and tight
boots, are things which cannot be long kept
secret.

Human Lilies.

BY THE "POOR YOUNG MAN."

It is really astonishing, when one comes
to think of it, how many persons there are
in the world of whom it may be said,
"They toil not, neither do they spin."
Man, at bottom, is a Lazy Animal, and
were it not for the absolute demands of
necessity he would be content to lie under
the shade of his vine and fig tree every
day of his short life chewing the cud of
self-satisfied contentment, utterly regardless of everything around him. In countries where Nature does the most for him,
Man does the least for himself, invariably.
Hence, nearly all that is abiding in the
material progress of the ages has been
originated and consummated in Northern
countries where Life has been, and always
will be, a struggle for existence.—A man,
once fairly aroused to exertion, is capable
of almost anything, but unawakened,
unaroused he sinks to the level of the
animal. Even in our stern northern
climate we have a class of men and woman
who may be aptly termed Human Lilies.
They will not work, and yet by some
means they contrive to wear the best, eat
the best, drink the best that is to be had.—
How it is done is marvellous in the extreme.
Take for example our Codfish Aristocracy.
Without a cent of money, without any
visible means of support, without anything,
in fact, save a distant, forty-seventh
cousinship sort of connection with some
old world family, they manage, in nine
cases out of ten, to rub along through the
world very much to their own gratification
if remarkably little to its benefit. They
wear their broadcloth every day, sport fancy
canes, (the men, I mean), immaculate
whiskers, white-craped hats, polished boots,
fair lily-like hands, and so forth, and yet
you may bet ten to one that they owe some
honest toiler for the whole of their finery—from the dye on their mustache to
the points of their delicate patent-leathers.
A man thus rigged out has a decided
advantage over us hard-handed fellows.
Who could be unfeeling enough to refuse
to one of them indefinite credit when to
butcher, baker, tailor or shoemaker he
comes with such an air of off-hand assurance. The immortal Dick Swiveller was
an innocent greenhorn in the art of *chekiness*, as compared with our modern Human
Lilies. Talk of what might be done with
the money spent in intemperance!—What,
I ask, might not be done with the hard
cash thrown away by that great open-mouthed simpleton, Society, yearly on
the drones. And then, bless you, how
high the creatures hold their heads. Associate with a blawated twadesman, such a thing
would not be thought of for a moment.—
Indeed, if we could get at their secret definition of the little word "tradesman,"
it would be found to be a "dirty thing
to get credit from!" Yes, *credit*, unattended by any, even the remotest intention to pay. When some poor devil, in a
moment of temptation, takes money or
goods that do not belong to him, to buy
food for his starving family, Society flies
into a passion and punishes the wretch as
no doubt he deserves, but the Human
Lily escapes with being dubbed an "infernal scoundrel—always knew how it would
be," after his nice little bubble has burst.
When reduced to the last extremity of
drunken imbecility the Lily can *beg* with
an aristocratic air which is quite irresistable. He will ask for his five or ten cents
with a pertinacity that insures success to
such an extent that he can