Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., NOV. 3, 1863.

THE REASON WHY.

ONE of the bitterest opponents of the Ministry is the Toronto *Freeman*. For savage ferocity and unblushing audacity it is ahead of even the Hamilton *Spectator* or any of the French papers. *The reason why* has at length leaked out: The following *nice* little bill was sent to the Executive Council Office by the proprietor of the *Freeman* during the late session:

"To advertis'g the paper currency of the U. S. and the Customs of Canada, 70 lines, 42 times....	$91.00
" " Quarantine Regulations, 270 lines, 75 times.....	$596.00
Total.....	$690.00

The account was promptly disallowed, hence the venom of the *Freeman's* attacks. The same reason may be extended to other opposition villifiers, for we are assured and can well believe that hundreds of such accounts have been sent in to the departments since the defeat of the Coalition. Go on, gentlemen, denounce the cheese-paring retrenchment of the day, for it has certainly nipped many carefully laid schemes in the bud. But you should keep in your two-column advertisements until the ardently-hoped-for change comes, and then, like a cloud of thirsty mosquitos, "put in your little bills.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

WE are in receipt of the November number of the American Phrenological Journal, Fowler & Wells, New York. It is a valuable and interesting monthly, but we are compelled occasionally to differ from the learned editors, in a respectful way, considering that they have devoted themselves specially to the study of the human mind for many years. For example, in the present number, we find what appears to us a new doctrine, stated as follows: "We repeat that *every well-organized human being ought to be able to do everything which any one can do;* and when our systems of education are based on a knowledge of the mind to be educated, every one will be called out and developed in all its faculties. He will then compose music and poetry as well as prose; he will draw, paint, design and invent, &c." This assertion should astonish itinerant phrenologists quite as much as the general public, for they are in the habit of teaching that Phrenology is the lamp by which every parent may discover the leading intellectual propensitics of his child, and thus be enabled to place him in such a position that he will carry out the intention of *nature* in giving him the organization of a poet, *literateur*, mechanic, merchant, &c. Are we to understand that this harmonious development of intellect is to be brought about by clipping the wings of what is called genius, the elevation of the masses to the highest standard, or a half-way meeting from each direction? We are inclined to the latter supposition, because the author describes the men who presume to soar above their fellows as "erratic, warped, one-sided human monstrosities," and adds that when the new system is introduced, "they will be as rare as dwarfs or giants." Every person of thought and observation would coincide with the author were he to take the position that a very few men or women—not one in a thousand, perhaps—cultivate their intellectual faculties to the *utmost* extent; but the statement that every well organized human being should be able to do everything that any one can do, is so utterly indefensible that we are only surprised to see it come from such a source. The history of civilization proves emphatically that the greatest triumphs of art, of science, of literature, have been achieved by men of *one idea*, that is, they were endowed with one prominent intellectual faculty which enabled them to rise far above their fellows. Homer was, in a certain sense a one-sided man, but that one side was so brilliant as to dazzle all future generations; all the intellectual giants of ancient times were one-idead, in this sense. The same is true of more modern times: Luther's soul was fired by one grand idea; so with Milton, Newton, Burke, Wren, Reynolds, Watt, the Stephensons, Elihu Burritt, &c. And yet, according to the great New York phrenologists, these men come under the category of "human monstrosities." The old-fashioned idea is that certain men are born to be poets, orators, painters, statesmen, &c., and that independent of fortuitous circumstances they are impelled to seek an outlet for their capacities, but Messrs. Fowler and Wells seek to establish a new theory, and endeavour to show that each should become an expert in every accomplishment, which seems to us an Utopianism that can never be fulfilled. And if it could be fulfilled, if all intellect were really and truly reduced to the same dead level, we respectfully submit that the world would not thereby be rendered either better or happier. If the faces of all men and all women were formed after the same model, the extremes of ugliness and beauty might be lost sight of, but the improvement, in time, would come to be considered terribly common-place.—We could certainly wish to see every human being in possession of a sound organization, but we hope the phrenologists will make few converts to the theory that the one-idead flights of genius are neither more nor less than evidences of "human monstrosity."

DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

By an Extra of the Canada *Gazette* we learn that His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to issue the following Proclamation; under date of Oct. 28th:

Know Ye that, taking into Our consideration the duty which Our loving subjects of Our Province of Canada, owe to Almighty God for the manifold Blessings which they have received at His Hands, and especially for the abundant Harvest and continuance of Peace with which He has blessed Our said Province during the present year, We have thought fit, by the advice of Our Executive Council for Our said Province, to appoint, and We do, by this Our Royal Proclamation, appoint *Wednesday the 11th day of November* next, as a day of General Thanksgiving to Almighty God for these His Mercies, and We do earnestly exhort all Our loving Subjects in Our said Province to observe reverentially and devoutly the said day of Thanksgiving.

Lord Brougham on the War.

The following extract from a speech, delivered by Lord Brougham in Edinburgh, will be read with unusual interest at the present moment. We make room for it to the exclusion of less important matter:

"I have now got a letter from a friend, saying that there is great exception taken on the part of American newspapers in this country, in England or Scotland, at my differing from the United States government on the subject of this horrible war, and that it is said I undervalued the emancipation of the slaves. [Loud cheers.] Who of all the advocates of slave emancipation has ever done half so much for the liberation of the slaves, for the abolition of slavery, as I myself have done?—[Cheers.] The beginning of my Parliamentary career was signalized by the act of 1811, the one of all the many acts which I have had a hand in passing that gives me the most real satisfaction—the act practically abolishing the slave trade, because before that act passed it was considered a mere matter of contraband, and that act raised it, or sunk it rather, to its real denomination of a crime, and a bad crime, punishable by 14 years transportation.—[Cheers.] The act really did abolish the slave trade as far as British subjects were engaged in it. Then in 1836 and 1837 I shortened the period of negro apprenticeship, and occasioned the liberation—the complete liberation—of the slaves three or four years before it would otherwise have taken place.—[Cheers.] Then, I may add, though it is a trifle compared with these exertions, a great personal sacrifice I made. I gave up a very considerable estate in Barbadoes and a very large estate in the county of Durham, which a very kind-hearted gentleman had left me by will, but which was revoked or cancelled on my refusing in the year 1835 or 1835 to abstain from my proceedings for the liberation of the slaves, though he said to me in a letter he wrote me at the time—'I can assure you that your peasantry on your Barbadoes estate are better off than your peasantry on your Durham estate.' It was enough to make one's mouth water a little to hear of one being about to get a property in the county of Durham. [Laughter.] I should not have valued the Barbadoes estate so much. But I declined doing as he desired, and I sent him a copy of the report of the House of Lords on the subject of slavery. After that I ceased to have correspondence with that excellent gentleman, and a year or two afterwards he died, his will, no doubt, having been cancelled, so far as my interest in it was concerned.—[Cheers.] I state these things only to show that for anybody to suppose that I am slow or hesitating on the question of the abolition of slavery is really a most monstrous delusion.—[Hear, hear, and loud cheers.] All my efforts were to promote emancipation without violence—emancipation by a change of law, and by a change of system, and never did I lend the slightest countenance to those acts of violence against slavery. Much as I detest slavery, and much as I pitied those who were its victims, and pitied amongst its victims the master of the slave—[hear, hear, and cheers]—whom I reckoned a victim of slavery as well as the poor slaves themselves, but never did I raise my voice for one instant in support of any violent proceedings for the purpose of their emancipation. [Hear, hear, and applause.] Consequently, when I heard of the President issuing a proclamation to emancipate the slaves, I knew very well, even before they confessed it, that that was done not for the sake of emancipating the slaves, but for the sake of beating the whites. [Hear, hear.] It was a mere measure of hostility, not an act of emancipation—a measure of hostility, and of hostility of a most detestable kind—[hear, hear]—by raising an insurrection of the slaves against their masters. But the much, much enduring nature of the unhappy negro prevented that from succeeding, and the great mischief which was intended to both blacks and whites did not take place. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I beg your pardon for having noticed this most ridiculous charge, which could only have arisen from an utter delusion and from the parties who made it being under that delusion—(hear, hear)—they themselves now call for the extermination of the whites—exterminate the whites in order to liberate the blacks!—exterminate the whites in order to regain the Union. (Hear, hear.) The Union, and not the negro, is the object of the Emancipation Act, and to that Act I therefore could give no kind of support. It is a most unhappy contest, most miserable in all respects, but I hope we shall continue to act upon the principles upon which we have hitherto proceeded of interfering with neither party. (Hear, hear.) The Federals are angry at us because we could not join with them; the Confederates are angry with us because we do not acknowledge them. If we were to acknowledge them we would only increase the length of this horrible and miserable contest. We have nothing to do either with one party or the other. (Hear, hear.) We are bound to maintain our own independence of them and to leave them to fight it out amongst themselves—(cheers)—earnestly praying that their fight may be as short as possible. (Cheers.)"

☞ In the township of Usborne a few nights ago two boys "treed" a raccoon, and in order to get it set to work to chop the tree down. Just as it was about to fall a dry limb hanging to it snapped off, and falling struck one of the boys named William Kirke and fractured his skull. His life is despaired of.

☞ BLACK SQUIRRELS are just now swarming in our woods, to a greater extent than has been known for many years.—Sportsmen rejoice, and wise ones predict a very severe winter, the theory being that the squirrels have been led by unerring instinct to leave their customary haunts in the North to escape the coming cold weather.

CORDWOOD.—The trade in Cordwood between this port and Chicago is growing very rapidly. During the present season the farmers in the vicinity of Goderich have laid down at the wharf at least *ten thousand cords* of wood intended for the Chicago Market, thus bringing into circulation about $20,000. The business has been double that of last year.

ADVERTISE YOUR SALES. — Farmers and others are becoming awake to the fact that in order to give full publicity to their sales it is necessary to do so by advertising in the *Signal* as well as by issuing hand bills. Our circulation throughout the Counties was never so large as at present, and it is rapidly increasing.

HALLOW-E'EN.—On Saturday evening last the "gay and festive" youth of Goderich enjoyed themselves in the celebration of Hallow-Eve. The pleasing ceremonies of olden times have died out in this intensely practical age of ours. Soon the nut-cracking, the apple-ducking, the merry but simple rompings of young men and maidens will have become a thing of the past and the eve which annually gave birth to so many rustic joys, will be allowed to pass by unnoticed. O, degenerate day, when the time-honored mysteries of Hallow-Eve have dwindled down to the destruction of unpoetical cabbage by yelling urchins!

RIFLE MATCH.

The Shooting Match of the Huron Rifles came off on Friday last. Owing to the unfavorable state of the weather only fifteen members attended at the armory at the appointed time, but in compliance with their unanimous wish, the Captain did not postpone the shooting. On the arrival of the firing party at the race-course, the weather, which had been showery and threatening all the morning, changed to a severe storm of wind and rain, which continued until after the party left the ground. The practice, notwithstanding it was made under the disadvantages of a cloudy sky and very heavy rain, was very good. The shooting for the Medal was very close, Privates O'Connor, Seymour and Thompson respectively scoring 23,22, and 21 points as the result of their 10 shots. The prize was a handsome and massive silver medal, having on one side a Rifleman firing, at the kneeling position, surmounted by the words, "Huron Rifles Challenge Medal;" on the reverse side, Presented to the Corps for annual competition, by Captain Seymour." Private O'Connor was therefore declared winner of the Medal for 1863.

THAT EVERLASTING BELL.

Dear *Signal*,—Perhaps you will permit me through your columns to complain of an intolerable nuisance in the shape of an everlasting ding-dong of an auction bell which has deafened us on the Western side of the square for the last month. Now, sir, I believe in the principle of "live and let live," but I contend that no auctioneer has a right to annoy his neighbors and foot-passengers with *eight* mortal hours a day of his loud-mouthed bell. I for one have stood it until patience has ceased to be a virtue, and if this hint does not bring about an abatement of the nuisance, we must try what virtue there is in the tribunal of Squire Cameron and Mr. Small. By the way, if the latter would come down upon the disreputable crowd of young Mohawks that gather after dark in front of said auction he would earn the thanks of every lady that has occasion to pass, not to mention many others.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

We are happy to inform our correspondent that it will be unnecessary to trouble himself further about the matter. The vender of swords, shoddy, carving-knives, and other small arms has left, thank goodness. The town will not suffer morally or otherwise, if such distinguished gentlemen will steer clear of us in future.

☞ Our readers would do well to preserve the copies the 'Signal' containing the Volunteer and Militia Bills for future reference.

☞ Horse thieves are still carrying on their nefarious work in London township, Biddulph, &c. Farmers, beware!

☞ The first hard 'black' frost experienced here this season occured on Tuesday and Wednesday nights of last week. There has been no snow thus far.

☞ Mr. William Withers, of Kincardine, has been appointed Collector of Inland Revenue for the Revenue Division of Bruce.

☞ The following gentlemen have been gazetted notaries public for Upper Canada: Messrs. Donough O'Brien, Thomas McLean, and William Rastall, of Kincardine.

CARROTS.—Our young friend Mr. J. W. Elliott informs us that his Belgian Carrots this year yielded at the rate of 1176 (weighed) bushels per acre. Many of the roots were 16 inches in circumference and from 20 to 24 inches in length.

HARPER.—We have received the November No. of Harper's Magazine from Mr Moorhouse. No American periodical of the kind that we know of surpasses it in general interest. The illustrated paper on Japan is very interesting, and a few pleasant hours may be passed with the other Articles. For sale at the Signal Office Book Store.

THE SOIREE LAST THURSDAY.

The Soiree in Knox's Church was well attended. There were between four and five hundred persons present.—The preparations made by the ladies were complete, and, so far as we can judge, gave every satisfaction. The speaking was solid and instructive, and it was certainly pleasing to hear from resident ministers the expression of a desire to unite in the great work of spreading gospel influences. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Ure, in his opening address, said he had a well-grounded hope of being at no distant day able to call the congregation together for the purpose of celebrating the complete extinction of the church debt.

The choir, as usual, enlivened the proceedings with a variety of first-class music.

THE COLBORNE PLOUGHING MATCH.

This match came off yesterday, (Thursday) on the farm of Mr. John Morris, 9th con. The ploughmen, for once, had a fine day, much to their comfort and satisfaction. The ground was not in very good condition, a portion of it, in consequence of the dry weather, being hard and brittle. There were fifteen entries in all,—ten men and five boys; quite a turn-out for a township match. We give, after the name of each competitor, the kind of plough used:

MEN.

John Buchanan, Colborne, Runeiman & Co.'s Wooden; Jno. Salkeld, Jr., Goderich, Runeiman & Co.'s Iron Mahaffey; Geo. Morris, Colborne, Wooden; Jas. Torrance, Goderich, McTavish's Iron Barriman; Arch. Sands, Colborne, Runeiman's Iron Mahaffey; And. Green, Colborne, do. Iron Mahaffey; Thos. Harris, Ashfield, Wooden; David Clark, Colborne, Iron; Thos. Fairservice, Runeiman's Iron Mahaffey; Alex. Robertson, McTavish's Iron.

BOYS.

Hugh Girvin, Wawanosh, Runeiman's Wooden Mahaffey; Stewart McDougall, Goderich, Runeiman's Iron Mahaffey; Fred. Horton, Colborne, Runeiman's Wooden Mahaffey; John Bord, Colborne, Cleghorn's Ayrshire; Jno. McHardy, Colborne, Wooden Barriman.

Considering the condition of the soil the work done was excellent, the men taking great pains, and evidently doing their very best. The prize ridges were examined by the spectators with much minuteness and interest. Several of the boys did remarkably well, and if they go on improving as they have done, they will soon give the old hands a close rub for it. Little Stewart McDougall's ridge was not, in our opinion, much surpassed by any on the field. With practice, he will make a first-rate ploughman, but we would advise him to acquire a more erect and graceful attitude while at work. Masters Girvin and Boyd also acquitted themselves nobly. The following is the prize list:

MEN.	BOYS.
1 Thos Fairservice.	1 Stewart McDougall.
2 Arch. Sands.	2 Hugh Girvin.
3 Jno. Salkeld, Jr.	3 Jno. Boyd.
4 And. Green.	4 Fred. Horton.
5 Jas. Torrance.	5 Jno. McHardy.

Everything passed off agreeably. Mrs. Morris and her daughters prepared a good, substantial dinner for the "non-combatants" and just as good a supper for the Ploughmen at the close of the day's labor. Altogether the Match was very successful, which fact was doubtless owing in no small degree to the energy displayed by the Managing Committee.

Death of Mr. Eccles.

We learn with sincere regret that Henry Eccles, Q. C., is no more. He expired in Toronto on Monday last. It may truly be said that the Bar of Canada has lost one of its brightest ornaments. Mr. Eccles was an able lawyer, a splendid speaker, and, we believe, a good man at heart. His loss will be deeply felt by the profession.

CLOSE OF NAVIGATION.—The season of navigation is fast drawing to a close, and in perhaps less than three weeks from date the lake steamers and many of the sailing craft will take up their berths for the winter. Owing to the large decrease of exports and the heavy falling off in importations, the freight business of the season, so far, does not compare favorably with that of 1862, but in passenger carrying the business has fallen little, if anything, below what it was last year. On the whole, the season will not prove an unprofitable one for steamboat and ship owners. The carrying trade is on the increase, and, till the close of navigation, will keep all fully employed at rates much in advance of those which have ruled during the earlier part of the season.—[Kingston News.

☞ The Pope continues to show himself in public. On the 2nd inst. he walked all the way up the Corsa from the Piazzi del Popolo to the Piazzi di Venezia, followed by his noble guards and equipages. His Holiness, who looked rather thin in the face, but stout in the body, walked a good pace, pausing occasionally to give his blessing to the groups of bystanders, who knelt to receive it.

NO HUMBUG.—Rev. R. H. Pollock, Cincinnati, Ohio, writes—"It is my settled policy to recommend nothing till I *know* it is what it purports to be. Having opportunity, and becoming satisfied of the merits of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum, I can confidently recommend them." Sold by Druggists everywhere. Depot, 198 Greenwich st., New York.

HEAVY SNOW STORM.—One of the heaviest storms ever witnessed in St. Louis, prevailed on the 22nd, ending with a clear freezing night. The mercury stood at 24 degrees at 9 o'clock next morning, and was below freezing point all day. The storm extended over a large portion of Missouri and Illinois.—Over six inches of snow fell.

A Large Farm.

C. D. Bragdon, corresponding editor of the Rural New Yorker, gives a detailed account of his visit to the celebrated farm of Mr. Louis Sullivant, Champaign county, Illinois, which he is bringing into cultivation, having personally occupied in two years. This farm is seven miles long and five and a half wide; it contains twenty-two thousand acres. In May last eleven thousand acres of this farm had been enclosed, and subdivided into fields of a section or two, more or less each. He had a large force building fences, and a month later he expected to have twenty thousand acres enclosed with board fence. He depends mainly on raising corn and feeding cattle for profit; and has at the present time over five thousand head of cattle. Of the eleven thousand acres above mentioned, eighteen hundred were devoted to corn, three hundred to winter wheat, forty to oats, and fifteen hundred to meadow. The rest are in pasture. Twenty two thousand bushels of corn were sold at forty-two cents a bushel, this spring, amounting to over nine thousand dollars; and five hundred tons of timothy hay brought five thousand dollars. There are also four thousand worn down government horses pasturing and recruiting on this farm. Seventy-five span of horses, seventy-five yoke of oxen, and some mules, are used for working it.

CHINESE SHEEP IN EUROPE.—Mr. Legable has presented to the Society of Acclimatization of Paris, three Chinese sheep, pair of a flock he has had for several years, numbering at the present time more than three hundred. Their fecundity is remarkable. The ewes breed regularly twice a year, and produce from two to three lambs, and even up to five at each birth. The director of the school farm of the Vosges informs M. Legable that one has produced ten lambs within the year. The wool is at least as good, as that of other sheep, but owing to the breeding habits of the females, the quantity is somewhat less. Although the ewes manifest no unwillingness to bring up the whole family, it has been found desirable to allow them to suckle only two lambs each, goats being kept as nurses. At a recent meeting of the above society of Great Britain, it was stated that the flock of Chinese sheep was in a thriving condition; all that were offered for sale were readily purchased, and there is a demand for more. Lord Powerscourt reported the birth of four males by his ewes. Five lambs were added to the Society in September.—[English Post.

A PROBLEM.

If kisses were a penny each
And words a groat a score,
A kiss for every twenty words,
And twenty in an hour—
Visit the fair one twice a week,
And stay from eight to one,
'Twould take how long, at such a rate,
To spend a hundred pounds?

"The fire is going out, Miss Filkins."

"I know it, Mr. Green, and if you would act wisely, you would follow its example."

It is unnecessary to add that Green never asked to sit up with that girl.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—At 9 o'clock yesterday morning Major-General telegraphed to the War Department as follows:

"Gen. Hooker was attacked at 12 o'clock midnight, and a severe fight ensued, which continued two hours with lighter work until 4 in the morning. Gen. Hooker reports at 1:30 a. m. the morning, the conduct of our troops to be splendid. They repulsed every attack made on them, and drove the enemy from every position.

The *Star* has information that on the 27th, by a very brilliant movement, planned and executed under the direction of Gen. Smith, Chief Engineer of the Department of the Cumberland, two wagons, and the use of the river as lines for supplies, were acquired by the forces at Chattanooga, thus relieving the command of Major-Gen. Thomas of its chief embarrassment. Gen. Smith's operations at the mouth of the Lookout Valley are spoken of as a great success, and their brilliancy cannot be exaggerated.

New York, Oct. 31.—The *Times* has the following:—Morris Island, Oct. 27.—Three heavy guns have been turned upon the City of Charleston, and each has thrown one shell containing Greek fire, into the very heart of that place. Other guns are to open upon the city this p. m. It was not intended at first to make the commencement of such vigorous operations, but circumstances have changed the programme entirely. Our batteries are also at work on Johnson, Sumpter and Moultrie. The enemy replies reservedly to day. He is evidently taken with surprise, so far as the shelling of Charleston is concerned, although he has had sufficient warning.

Four monitors are in position off Sullivan's Island. It is understood they will engage the rebel works this morning. The Ironsides shows no disposition to participate. Her ropes are strung with sailor's washings.

Headquarters Army of the South, Oct. 27. A number of the heavy guns in Wagner and Gregg were opened on Sumter, Moultrie and Johnson yesterday morning. The firing was continued at regular intervals throughout the day until dark, and resumed again this morning. The range of the guns on Sumter and Johnson is one-third less than it was before the capture of Wagner and Gregg. The firing on our side is excellent, every shot seeming to be effective. The enemy did not commence an animated reply till about noon yesterday. His practice is inferior to that exhibited weeks ago. At the present moment of writing, not a casualty has occurred on our side, and no perceptible damage to our works has been sustained. The artillery is in charge of the Third Rhode Island Regiment, they having been ordered to to the point on Sunday. The land batteries alone are engaged.

Special to the *World*—Washington, Oct. 30th.—Advices from the front are without interest. The rebels hold the burned bridges across the Rappahannock in great force.—Our troops are advancing somewhat.

Private accounts from Chattanooga to day state that a temporary solution of the difficulty in supplying Chattanooga had been found by building a railroad from Bridgeport to Jaopeo.

CHARGES AGAINST GEN. ROSECRANS.—A days since Gen. Rosecrans was almost an idol with the Unionists. He now lies under the following charges, with scarcely a voice raised in his favor:—(1.) That he ran away from the battle-field of Chickamauga, in a panic, before the fight was over. (2.) That on arriving at Chattanooga he loudly proclaimed the field lost, so as to discourage his men.—(3.) That while the fight was still raging, he drugged himself with opium, and lay in a narcotic slumber while General Thomas was saving the army. (4.) That he has long kept a secret police in the camp to spy upon his officers. (5.) That he was in partnership with a speculator and swindler, to whom he gave unbounded power in the army, and who so plunder he shared.

SUCCESSFUL PLANS OF GEN. LEE.—The Boston *Post* says:—It is apparent that Lee accomplished his purpose in advancing upon our army but too well, which was to drive it back and destroy the roads, so that it could not follow him in his retrogade movement for many weeks, and thus secure his army and Richmond from menace until next Spring. It is announced that it will require four weeks to rebuild the roads the rebels have demolished, and General Meade can do nothing effectually until this work is completed."

A Grand System of Swindling.

(From the Wheeling *Intelligencer*.)

A few days ago we advertised for the Government, in our columns, the sale of several tons of old iron at Harper's Ferry—the wreck of the magnificent arsenal that once existed there. Several of our iron men went to attend the sale. We are informed by one of them who has returned, and who bought a considerable amount of the iron offered for sale, that on reaching the Ferry he and his companions were at once approached by a set of speculators who had arrived in advance of them from Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and other places, to see if they would enter into a "ring" to cheat the Government and divide the profits of the operation. The operation proposed was this: To form a "ring" of all the buyers on the ground, and appoint certain ones to bid the iron up to a certain price—say half what it was worth. They were then to let it go to some one of their number, and the Government being thus disposed of, the "ring" were to put the iron up a second time, and every purchaser was to bid his highest figures, the highest of course getting the iron. The difference between what the iron was bought at from the Government and what it sold for the second time to one or more of the members of the ring, was to be paid in dividends to each member of the ring. For instance, if the iron had been bought for $50,000 from the Government, and put up again and struck off to the "ring" purchaser, or purchasers, for $100,000, there would, of course, be $50,000 to divide, the purchasers getting their share of the dividends along with the others. This rascally game our Wheeling men wouldn't go into, preferring, as they told these bloodsuckers, to give the Government the highest price the iron was worth. And they did pay a good price for the iron bought—full as much as it was worth, and in doing so set an example to the unprincipled cormorants around them that must have been refreshing to their depraved ideas of a business transaction. The villains actually had the hardihood to tell the buyers from Wheeling that the game they proposed was the common one practised at all sales of the kind, and gave that as one reason why it should be entered into at the Ferry. If this is so, and we have no doubt it is, the attention of responsible Government officials everywhere ought to be directed to the fact. The Government is swindled perhaps out of millions, certainly out of thousands, in this way. We cannot but sympathize with the words of a recent writer, when we read of such infernal schemes to plunder the Government, who, in speaking of the unscrupulous passion of so many thousands of our people after sudden wealth, regardless of all moral or patriotic obligations, says:—"I fear there is no real success attainable under the predominance of such a spirit. My heart sinks within me as I mentally ask whether such a people deserve to succeed in such a struggle as ours."

An Unfortunate Indian Family.

Captain J. W. Keating furnishes the following respecting the family of an Indian named George, who was found murdered on Tuesday of last week, for which offence another Indian is now in jail at that place awaiting trial:

"In 1840 about two hundred Pottiwatemies emigrated to Canada in order to avoid transportation west of the Mississippi, and were pursued to the borders of the St. Clair by the American troops. In a dark and stormy November night they managed to cross the river by the aid of other Indians with canoes, swimming some of their horses, but compelled to abandon many more, with other property. Among these Indians were the subject of this sketch, Isaac's family, 1st. On the list, the eldest brother of the man 'Sam' recently hanged, was drowned. 2nd. The second brother, who was shot by his own third brother, and hanged for the offence, and the murder of his first cousin. 3d. The third brother—hanged. 4th. The fourth brother—killed on the railway. Each death or crime being the result of intoxication. Next comes the second family, 'George.' 1st. The younger brother, murdered by his first cousin, and hanged at Chatham for the double murder of his brother and cousin, as above. 2nd. Poor 'George,' the last victim, who lived with me six or seven years, and was also foully murdered, as at present supposed by a near relative 'Thomas' now in gaol on suspicion, and whose elder sister 'Nancy,' was also killed on the railroad, the last of a family of ten who all died of small pox about ten years ago.

"Skittles" Again.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes as follows of the notorious "Skittles:"

There has been quite a scandal at the Grand Hotel. A young female, very notoriously "fast," both here and in England, whence she originated, and who rejoices in the nickname of "Skittles," from the fact of her father having kept an establishment near London where that healthful and noble game was played, has been stopping for a fortnight at the Grand Hotel. "Skittles" is the young lady who, under the name of "Annonymo," had the honor of having a number of communications devoted to her in the London *Times*, and who actually did, during a fashionable season in London, change the entire course of the drive in Hyde Park. "Skittles" is beautiful, with long golden curls and a fine face, and dashily drives a pair of prancing bays, and always manages to attract great attention wherever she goes, particularly from gentlemen who have more money than brains. Unfortunately for "Skittles," she lacks and makes no pretension to that quality which makes a woman a "crown to her husband." So the virtuous people who stop at the Grand Hotel feared they would be contaminated by her presence, and sent a deputation to the resident director, on Sunday, demanding that "Skittles" should be ousted. The resident director disliked the idea of parting with her; for it is said that during her fortnight's stay she had expended about twenty thousand francs, in the way of champagne suppers, at the hotel, and was in all respects a profitable customer; but the virtuous deputation insisted that either she or they must go; and so "Skittles" was ousted, and her golden curls float no longer in the breeze as with her queenly air she descends from her carriage, the "observed of all observers," in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel. Vice is punished and virtue is triumphant, as it always is, in yellow covered novels and at cheap theatres.

HOW MRS. BONAPARTE DRESSES.—The Empress Eugenie is universally conceded to be the best dressed lady in Europe. She sets the female fashions for the world; and employs not only *modistes* but *artistes* to invent them. Her department of ready-made clothing is something immense. To say that she has a new dress for every day in the year would not be conveying an idea of the extent and variety of her wardrobe. In the front centre of the ceiling of her Majesty's private dressing room there is a trap-door opening into a spacious hall above filled with "dresses," each containing a dress, exhibited on a frame—looking like an effigy of the Empress herself. In a part of these "dresses" there is a little railway leading to the afore said trap-door through which the dress is 'descended' into the presence of the Empress. If it 'pleases her Majesty,' the dress is lifted from the frame and placed upon the imperial person; if not, it is whipped up, and another, comes down in its place; and not unfrequently another, and another, and another; so fastidious is the taste which gives the law to the world of fashion. In public the Empress never looks over dressed. A severe simplicity always characterizes her toilette, while everything, in material, fit and color, is as complete in harmony as a sonata of Beethoven. This is the great secret in the 'art of dress.'

☞ A singular accident occurred on the Mount Hope Avenue route of the Street Railroad, about 9 o'clock Saturday evening. When the car reached the terminus of the Mount Hope, the passenger alighted and the driver detached his horses to hitch them on the opposite end of the car. The brakes were up, and it appears that as soon as the John "uncoupled" the car started backwards upon the down grade. There was no person aboard, the driver was unable to leave his team, and it seems that no one paid any attention to the occurrence until the car had acquired so great a momentum that it could not be overtaken. On it sped with an increasing velocity, nothing to impede its course, and resembling, with its rosy lanterns and noiseless progression, a phantom Jugger, and specially authorized to 'clear the track,' or dash in pieces anybody opposed to street railroads! Happily, there was no opposition to encounter, and it pursued its course unmolested till it reached the curve at Clarissa street. There it flew the track, crossed the road-way, and mounted the portico in front of the corner tavern. What damage resulted we are unable to state, further than that no person was injured.—[Rochester Democrat.

☞ Army frauds are now common in the States. It appears that some very bad ones have recently been exposed by which the occupants of the Convalescent camp have been made to suffer, and the Government itself been basely swindled. At the camp, the breakfast rations issued were four ounces of bread and one of meat; dinner rations, four ounces of bread and half a pint of rice soup; supper rations, same as breakfast. Two rations of potatoes only were served in ten days. It is stated that the coffee, after having hot water poured over it, was taken out and dried, and barreled, and sold for $14 per barrel, when it was probably resold to the Government. The teamsters have been supplied with putrid meats and short rations, the good meat being sold by those in charge of the camps. It is reported that high officers are implicated in this fraud, and the investigation now going on will bring the offenders to justice.

Horrible Narrative.

The following is an extract of a letter written by Alexander Dumas, and published in the *Siecle*. It is the history of a poor patriot peasant. Mathieu Ferrara (the name of the unhappy peasant) is 22 years of age; he is married, and the father of two children. In 1860 he entered the National Guard of Migliano, and took part in several expeditions until May, 1861, when the *gardes nobiles* were dissolved. It was during this interval that he unconsciously incurred the vengeance of a brigand chief named Crescenzo Gravina. In an encounter of the militia with a band of these brigands, one of Crescenzo's friends, Domenico Colucci, was killed—at least such was the assertion of one of Ferrara's neighbors, a kind of spy, holding out one hand to the brigands, and the other to the landed proprietors. This man even accused Mathieu Ferrara of having killed Domenico Colluci. Now, the fact is, poor Ferrara did not even know of the death of this brigand. But I will now give the story in Alexander Dumas' own words:

"Crescenzo Gravina swore vengeance upon Mathieu Ferrara, who was completely ignorant that he was under the weight of the vengeance of so powerful an enemy. On the 29th of May, 1863, about four o'clock in the afternoon, while he was working on an estate called Ringulla, belonging to Don Christofoire Trivi, a rich *proprietorie* of Daura, and, while he was employed, with axe in hand, in splitting the trunk of a chestnut tree that had been cut higher up the mountain, and had rolled down into the valley, he found himself suddenly surrounded by four brigands, and thrown upon his back by two of them, while the other two aimed their firearms at him. One of these four, the chief, Crescenzo Gravina, was armed with a short, revolver rifle; the others had double-barreled guns and revolvers. They then garroted him with cords made of twisted branches of the chestnut tree; and the last glances of his eyes, which were now to be torn out of their sockets, could impress their aspect upon the memory. They were all men in the prime of years and strength, from thirty to forty years of age; they were all well, but not uniformly dressed, wearing their cartridge boxes buckled upon their jackets. One only wore a hat in the style of the Bersagliert, with a plume of green feathers. One of the bandits, addressing himself to the chief, called him Crescenzo Gravina. The prisoner's blood ran cold at the sound of this name. Only three months before, an unfortunate peasant, belonging to Palini, named Pasquale Celatti, had fallen into his hands, and had his upper eyelids, his upper lip, and his nose and ears cut off.

The peasant then paid particular attention to Crescenzo, who was to be the last object that the poor creature's eyes were to behold. He was a man of about forty-six years of age, and of middle height. Besides the revolver rifle he had also a brace of pistols, one in each jacket pocket. He was formerly a sawyer; but, having committed murder, had been condemned to the galleys for 20 years, but had escaped from the Bagne at Castellmare while Garibaldi was entering Naples, and fled to the mountains, where he has led the life of a brigand ever since.

"At a sign from their chief, two of the brigands took Ferrara and carried him up the mountain at Reinsola. There they bound him to a tree by the neck with twisted branches similar to those with which they had tied his hands. Then the two brigands withdrew, and left their chief to play the part of executioner in the terrible scene that was to follow. Crescenzo Gravina drew his poniard, advanced toward the prisoner, and rested the point of it upon the part where the right eye touches the nose.

'It was with this eye,' said he, 'that you saw my companion, Domenico Colucci. This eye I shall tear out first.' And with the point of his poniard he, in fact, tore out the ball of the eye from the socket.

The pain which poor Ferrara felt was horrible, and he cried out, 'kill me! but don't torture me in this manner.'

But without heeding in the least what the poor wretch said, Crescenzo carried the point of his poniard to the left eye. 'It is with this left eye that you play the spy upon us; let the left eye join the right.'

He then tore out the left, just as he had done the right one.

Mathieu Ferrara almost fainted with pain. He could then feel that some one was cutting off his nose and ears, but the pain caused by these new acts of cruelty seemed almost lost in the frightful agony which the loss of his eyes had produced. Then he felt nothing more, having lost all consciousness. When he came to himself he was of course blind; but, from the silence that prevailed around him, he judged that he was alone. He then raised his hands to his mouth and gnawed away the bonds by which they were held together, and after he had liberated his hands, began to untie those by which he was bound to the tree. Then, stumbling at every step, and his head burning as if surrounded by a flame, he descended towards the spot from which he had been carried off, when he heard a sudden cry of surprise, almost of terror.

"Whoever you may be, have pity on me, and help me to regain my home," said Ferrara.

'Take my arm,' said the man, and I will guide you; but, poor fellow, who has done this.'

'Crescenzo and his brigands,' replied Mathieu Ferrara.

'Oh! then,' said the man, withdrawing his arm from the poor wretch, 'I cannot accompany you farther; they would kill me if I did.' And, in spite of his cries, the poor blind man heard the other hurry off, till the sound of his footsteps were heard in the distance. He then began to grope his way forward, as well as he was able, till he was met by the very man he had accused him of having killed Domenico Colucci. The denouncer who now saw the results of his cruel denunciation, is called Giovanni Greco. The sight of his own victim, doubtless, moved him to pity, and without saying who he was, conducted him to the village, and placed him in the hands of his wife, who went almost out of her mind on seeing her husband in this state.

"Ferrara's wife is twenty-eight years old. Her maiden name was Raffolia Rea. He has a little girl, eleven months old; his second child has died since. On the 31st of May, Ferrara was received into the Hospital of the Pilgrims.

"Such atrocities as these, seem, in France, almost incredible. Yet, France must believe it. We ourselves have conducted the unhappy man to the *atelier* of M. Fratacci, the excellent photographer, of whom we have ordered 500 photographs, which will be sent off next Wednesday to France and England. We shall keep the best one, in order to offer it to the Committee for the Suppression of Brigandage."

Romance in Real Life.

(From the Bucyrus (Ohio) Journal.)

In one of the townships of this county, a little north of Bucyrus, dwelt a well-to-do widower of about fifty, with an only son of twenty-two or three. Mr. —— (we withhold names for obvious reasons) had been a widower for many years, and became weary of that mode of living; he accordingly determined to marry again. The determination once formed, the next thing was to find the woman necessary, which in the country is not at all difficult. Fortunately for him a widow lady resided near him, who had a daughter possessing all the requirements. She was a beautiful girl of twenty years, accomplished and sprightly—just the one he wanted. To be sure she was rather young, but Mr. —— was young looking also. Sometimes his mind would wander to the mother, who was quite as handsome as the daughter, and almost as young in appearance, but he had made up his mind to marry the daughter, and set about it with a will. He did not mention his determination to his son,