A few days after this, a burglary took place at a house looking into the Green Park. A lady was sitting, about seven o'clock in the evening, in her boudoir alone, when she heard somebody walking in the room overhead. She fancied it was her brother, and called out to him to come down to her. No answer being returned, she ran up stairs, and was just in time to see a strange man going up the upper staircase. At sight of her, he quickened his footsteps, and, rushing to the topmost story, shut himself up in one of the servants' bedrooms. By this time an alarm had been given, and a policeman fetched from the street. He does not, however, seem to have been either a very intelligent or very courageous member of the force, for all he did was to summon the burglar inside to open the door and come out. This, however, he declined to do, whereupon this valient defender of our homes declined to break open the door without further assistance, and went off to fetch another constable. Of course, directly his back was turned, the burglar resolved upon flight. To the surprise of every one, he was seen to get out of the window, and make a terrific "drop" leap on to some leads, whence he got into the Park, and was lost to view in the shades of evening. The Park was searched at once, but no trace of him could be discovered. The lady, on being questioned, declared that the man she saw was tall and dark; and that was all the description she could give. The question then arose, Has any man been seen to loiter about the house lately? The immediate answer was in the affirmative. A tall, dark man had been seen by the postman loitering about the house, and the postman had communicated his suspicious that "he was after no good," to the sergeant of police, but had only been pooh-poohed for his pains. The sergeant was immediately questioned, and explained that he had fancied that the man was only courting one of the maids at the house in question. This explanation, however, was considered unsatisfactory by the Commissioners of Police, and the sergeant was suspended; and to this suspension may indirectly be attributed ultimate detection of the burglar, for the sergeant felt his disgrace so deeply that he determined to leave no stone unturned to bring to justice this tall dark man, who had such a marvellous power of making "drop"-leaps.

Meanwhile, news came of another burglary at Kensington. In this case also, the thief seemed to have shown great activity, and again to have washed his hands. Again, a few weeks later, a burglary was committed in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, and here again the thief washed his hands, even bringing a lemon from the kitchen to aid him, in his task.

It now became almost a certainty that all these robberies were the work of one man; and as there was the remarkable fact of his washing his hands in almost every instance, it was probable that this man was of a better class, and of greater refinement than the ordinary run of London burglars. But an altogether new fact, which was likely to aid the police considerably in their efforts to trace him, was elicited during the inquiries which were made with respect to the Hamilton Place robbery. It transpired that two men had been seen for some days loitering about and examining the house, and that one of them was tall and dark, and the other short and fair. But not only had they been seen; the tall, dark man had actually spoken to a commissionaire stationed in the district, and had been observed to have a foreign accent. It seemed most probable, therefore, that the man of whom they were in search was a foreigner, and the suspended sergeant determined at once to follow up this slight clew.

But there are a great many tall, dark foreigners in London, and the sergeant's task seemed one of no slight difficulty; however, he was a determined man, of iron nerves, and he determined to find the right man, if he searched through the whole of London; so he sat down and thought out the whole matter, and decided upon the course he would pursue. He could not help fancying from all he heard, that it was probable the man in question was a discharged Swiss or Italian valet, or courier, or something of that kind; so, following up this idea, he went to call upon a friend of his who kept a very respectable public-house at the West End of the town. This man had been a courier himself in his earlier days, and was well acquainted with all the members of the confraternity, and, indeed, had a *table d'hote* daily for them at his house, of which other foreigners occasionally availed themselves. After much consultation with the landlord, the sergeant determined to attend the *table-d'hote* that day, on the chance of seeing his man. At dinner-time, he accordingly made his appearance of course in plain clothes, and took his seat with the ease of an *habitue*. None of the diners, however, answered in any way to the description of the burglar, and the sergeant began to think that he had been wasting his time. But scarcely had the cloth been removed, when a tall, dark man, of not unpleasing appearance, came in, and took his seat at one of the little round tables. Upon him the sergeant at once fixed his attention, and when he rose, after taking some slight refreshment, quietly followed him out of the house. For some time, he pursued him without being perceived, but at last the foreigner seemed to become aware that he was being tracked, for he looked round from time to time suspiciously. This, of course, did not look well; for a man who has nothing to fear does not do this, and our sergeant determined not to lose sight of him. However, clever as the sergeant was, the tall, dark man cleverer, still, and, after a long chase, suddenly gave his pursuer the slip. The sergeant was in despair; just when he seemed to have got hold of a most promising clew, he had lost it, and it was more than probable that the foreigner would now take the alarm, and leave the country at once.

But, as good luck would have it, as he was walking, somewhat disconsolately, in Oxford Street that same night, he saw his man again! Again he followed him, and again he lost him, but this time in such a position as to make it nearly certain that he lived in one of three well-known streets in Soho. These streets were accordingly watched night and day, and the tall, dark foreigner was finally tracked down to No. 224 Canon Street, Soho.

But although they had been successful so far, what, it may be asked, had in effect been proved? What was the result of all these watchings and inquiries? Simply this; that a tall, dark foreigner, who evidently did not like followers, lived at 224 Canon Street, Soho. Slight, however, as the clew was, the police determined to follow it up. So much annoyance and excitement had been caused by the numerous burglaries at the houses of great people, and there had been so many comments upon the unskilfulness of the police, that the force made it almost a point of honor to discover the culprit. Directions were given to certain trusty men; the house was watched night and day; and this perseverance was at last rewarded by a certain amount of success, for, on the Friday proceeding the burglary at my friend's house, the tall, dark foreigner was seen to come out, and, accompanied by a shorter man, to go to a marine-store dealer's shop, and purchase some skeleton-keys. On the following day (Saturday), he was seen to purchase some more keys, and with these he returned to his lodgings, and was not seen out again that day. These facts, of course, proved him to be a suspicious person, and justified the police in putting him under surveillance. On the next day (Sunday), he left his lodgings at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, and was seen to return to them at half past eleven o'clock at night; but after that hour, those who were appointed to watch him declared that he did not leave his house that night, and asserted that it was totally impossible for him to have done so without their seeing him.

Now, my friend's house in Folkestone Street must have been broken into about two o'clock on the Monday morning, and the man I saw on the landing certainly did not leave the house till ten minutes to six. It appeared, then, quite certain, that whatever he might have done on other occasions, the tall dark foreigner of 224 Canon Street had nothing to do with this robbery. When I described my friend on the landing as being a "tall, dark man," the inspector, as I remembered well, had smiled grimly; but he was not then aware that it had been declared by those who had been watching him, that the man in question had not left his house after half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night. Of this fact, Sergeant Wood had given him a first intimation, when they had that brief consultation together in my bedroom to which I have alluded above, and for a moment they must have been dumfounded,—if, indeed, a policeman ever yields to so purely "civilian" an emotion. Apparently, all their labor had been thrown away: the tall, dark foreigner, whom they had so successfully traced to his lair, could not, it seemed, be in any way connected with this last robbery, in spite of the strong presumption which my description of him excited.

Policemen are, however, proverbially slow to despair. One hope still remained, which, slender as it then seemed to us, proved ultimately the right solution of the difficulty. The Sunday night in question had been wet and misty, and it was just possible that the vigilance of the watchers might have been eluded, though, from the skill and ability, and general high character of the men employed, this seemed hardly within the bounds of probability. It was determined, therefore, that the house in Canon Street should be closely watched; and on leaving my room, Sergeant Wood himself repaired to the spot and made the necessary arrangements.

The sergeant left me at half past eight, and an hour and a half afterwards, the tall, dark foreigner was seen to come out of No. 224 Canon street, and to walk down the street in the direction of Seven Dials. He was instantly followed, and in a short time was observed to meet, as if by appointment, the same short, fair man who had accompanied him when he had made the purchase of skeleton keys. This latter man had a small and apparently empty blue serge-bag on his arm. The two men linked arms, and walked on together, having very much the appearance, my informant said, of two master-tradesmen. They were followed by three constables, Sergeant Wood was one, and the question which occupied his whole thoughts was, should he, or should he not, take these men into custody? It must be remembered that he had no evidence against them,—nay, he had evidence which directly exculpated the tall, dark man, and, if correct, made it impossible for him to have been present at the burglary; he had all the terrors of damages for false imprisonment, and serious rebukes from magistrates for exceeding his duty, floating before his eyes. But my friend Sergeant Wood is not a nervous man, and his hesitation was but momentary. In spite of the testimony of the watchers, he had always felt certain that the tall, dark man had planned and actually executed the burglary in Folkestone Street that morning; and he determined to risk everything that might ensue if he made a mistake. He accordingly arrested them; and after a considerable show of resistance on the part of the shorter man, and a great deal of virtuous indignation from the affronted foreigner, added to considerable opposition from a mob of the lowest characters in Seven Dials, the two were safely lodged in the station-house. Of course the blue bag was examined at once, and this apparently innocent receptacle was found to contain a large housebreaker's "jemmy" or crowbar, a bottle of aqua-fortis for testing gold, and finally, a small gold toothpick, which had been taken from the fittings of the dressing-case in my friend's back drawing-room, and which had apparently been left in the bag by mistake, having got stuck in the lining. I should like to have seen the grim smile of my friend Sergeant Wood when the toothpick was produced from the blue bag. I think that at that moment he could almost have forgiven the watchers, whose negligence had so nearly led him astray.

The next thing to be done was to search the lodgings of the tall, dark man. This task Inspector Fairfield undertook, and he proceeded at once to Canon Street. After some opposition on the part of the landlady, who stoutly denied that any such person was lodging or ever had lodged in her house, the inspector at last got admittance, and proceeded to search the house (which was a very large one), commencing from the attics. On reaching the second story, on his way downwards, he inquired if any foreigner lived in any of the rooms upon it; and to this the landlady, whose memory seemed to have been much improved by intercourse with the inspector, replied, that a foreign gentleman, who was a highly-respectable wine-merchant, had a bedroom on this floor looking to the back. She did not know much of him, she said, but he was very regular in his payments, and very quiet in his habits, and for her part she did not wish for anything more in a lodger.

The courteous inspector requested permission to have one look, merely as a matter of form, at the distinguished foreigner's bedroom; and to this the landlady acceded. Unfortunately, however, the door was locked; and, as the landlady had no other key than that which she had given to her lodger, and which he had doubtless in his pocket at that moment, the inspector was compelled to do violence to the feelings of a worthy woman, and break open the door. There was nothing remarkable in the bedroom in any way. It was thought small and airless for a "wine-merchant," perhaps; but then he might be a trifle eccentric,—many greater men have been guilty of more striking eccentricities, and yet not a word has been breathed against their respectability. But there was one thing which seemed to surprise the landlady, though not perhaps the inspector,—her lodger seemed to be about to make a journey, and the room was disordered by preparations for departure. Above all, in the middle of the room stood a magnificent portmanteau, brand-new, and of the best workmanship. The inspector lifted it, and found it heavy; he tried the lid, and found it locked. Fortunately, he had upon his bunch a key that fitted the lock; and with many apologies, he proceeded to open the portmanteau. Within it he found every article of the property stolen from Folkestone Street, with the single exception of the gold toothpick found in the blue bag; but besides this, the inspector found in the portmanteau some of the property which had been taken from the houses in Hamilton Place and Kensington. It was clear, therefore, that they had been right in their conclusions, and that the tall, dark foreigner was the planner and perpetrator of all these robberies.

Little more remains to be said. The first examination of the prisoners was taken that afternoon before the magistrate; and the landlady identified the tall, dark foreigner as her lodger, and the owner of the portmanteau. A policeman swore to having seen both prisoners loitering near the mews at the back of Folkestone Street on the Sunday evening between eight and nine o'clock; and so the chain of evidence was complete. Evidence was also given that both prisoners had been previously convicted, and then they were remanded, in order to complete the depositions before committal. But before the day of final examination, the tall, dark man, in utter despair as to the result of the trial, and dreading a sentence which, at his age (he was fifty-five), would probably be tantamount to penal servitude for life, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell at the House of Detention. The younger man was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and is now working out his time.

At the inquest which was held upon the foreigner some curious particulars relating to his life were disclosed. He was a Frenchman, and of very respectable family, his father having been agent to a French nobleman.—He seemed to have had respectable friends in London, who had no idea whatever that he was a burglar. He was thought by them to have an independent income, and to travel about for his pleasure. At what time of his life he took to burglary, seemed to be quite unknown, but there was no question as to his talent for that profession. The police considered him a most skilful and dangerous thief, and regarded his capture as an important event. His manners and language were remarkably good, and his appearance was such, that, if he had been met in a house, he would have been supposed to be some gentleman's foreign servant. There is little doubt that the burglary at my friend's house was only one of a series; indeed, among his papers, a list of houses of the nobility was found, with full particulars of access to each; and these, there was every reason to believe, would have been plundered in succession, had not his career been stopped by the police.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, SEPT. 6, 1866.

COMING OVER TO HELP US.

By the Atlantic telegraph we learn that the 13th Hussars, and 53rd and 61st foot, together with three batteries of artillery are on their way to Canada. Goldwin Smithism seems to have died a natural death at home, the British authorities thinking it but just and right that the people of Canada should not be left left to struggle single-handed against a threatened invasion. The action of the British Government may also be accepted as a gentle hint that the doings of our American cousins are not looked upon with favor. We shall rejoice at the presence of a few regiments of tried red-coats around whom our yeomanry may rally in case of emergency. We would, however, protest against the suggestion of the *Globe* that the defence of the Western Peninsula should be left entirely in the hands of the Volunteers. Glory may be purchased too dearly, and we think no reasonable man would decline the service of regular troops. The soldiers coming out will probably be divided between Upper and Lower Canada, and London, St. Marys, and Paris are spoken of as central military stations. Why not have a battery of artillery or few companies at Goderich?

MIKE MURPHEY'S ESCAPE.

"CORNWALL, Sunday, Sept. 2.

"Mike Murphy and five of his fellow prisoners escaped last night out of Cornwall gaol. They broke a hole through the gaol wall and passed out. The night being very dark the sentries did not notice them. There is no chance of capturing them. It is supposed they have crossed the river."

The above telegraphic announcement has taken the country completely by surprise, and the question indignantly asked by everybody is, How could such arch traitors escape from a prison which was doubly guarded? The most humiliating part of the affair is that Mr. Murphey and his co-rascals will be lionized by their friends in the States for having made good their escape from the clutches of the "bloated aristocracy,"—as they term the Canadian authorities. However much honest Mike may blow, he is not likely to visit Canada again for some time.

THE FENIANS.

The subject upon which everybody in this country wishes information is Fenianism in America, its strength and intentions, and, yet, there is no topic so completely surrounded with doubt.—That the nefarious organization is strong and rapidly strengthening is unquestionable, and the pic-nics held all over the United States are evidently made use of for the purpose of gathering money. Of the military power of the Brotherhood we only know that arms and ammunition are being collected, and that several so-called generals are doing their best to concentrate its available forces. The poor dupes of these and other demagogues are certainly to attack Canada this fall, if they swallow the palpable lies dished up for them. They are told that Canada is disaffected at heart—that the few soldiers we have will fly at the first sight of the green flag, and that their numbers are not only greater than our fighting population, but greater then the whole of our population. Such statements as these go uncontradicted, of course, and it is not surprising that the said dupes believe in their souls that they can effect an easy conquest of the Province. Will they attack us this fall?—Many amongst us seem to think not, but, in the face of direct assertions to the contrary coming from the Fenian leaders, it would certainly be an act of the most reprehensible nature to fold our arms in fancied security until the egg is hatched and our border is swarming with the vermin. *Alarm* is one thing, but vigorous, common sense preparation to meet a threatened danger is something quite different. Our government has done something. We have a few good, serviceable gunboats on the lakes, volunteer camps have been formed, improved rifles have been received in sufficient quantities to supersede to same extent the enfield, more British troops, it is said, have been telegraphed for, and it is only fair to presume that depots of arms and ammunition have been formed at suitable points, and yet, it does seem to us that something more might be done. In case of a severe struggle for the mastery, our militia must be depended upon to a great extent.—What steps have been taken to ascertain whether the service militia is organized thoroughly, or to bring it into the field fully armed and equipped at a few hours notice?

☞ The Bruce *Herald*, under the caption of "Sharp Practice" has made an unmanly attack upon Sheriff McDonald, for having received from the Government a sum which he considered himself fairly entitled to. It will be remembered that on several occasions the Sheriff laid before the County Council an account amounting to a considerable sum for monies expended by him in furnishing accommodation for the holding of Courts prior to the erection of the Court House. The Council invariably insisted upon cutting down the account, but acknowledged its correctness so far as to offer the Sheriff a portion of the amount of his outlay Not satisfied with such action, the Sheriff applied to Government, and after a good deal of correspondence had passed, he received the amount of his account in full, the money being taken from the Clergy Reserve fund. This is the great ground of complaint on the part of municipalities, which see a certain reduction in their apportionments, but how any one can blame the Sheriff for the action of the Government surpassess ordinary comprehension. He paid out a sum of money which he believed he had a right to get back, and as he could not possibly be in a position to dictate how the Government was to procure the sum, the allegation of 'sharp practice' is absurd.

The Irish Canadian.

This journal, which has been 'suspended' for several weeks on account of the miserable support it receives,—an argument, by the way, that Canadian Fenianism is at a discount—has again made its appearance, and judging from its gloating over the supposed advance of Fenian sentiment in the States, we think its star should be *made* to wane as soon as possible. We believe, and have always believed, in liberty of the press, but when a journal tells us in one breath that it cannot find support enough to live, and in the next glories in the prospect of the invasion of our soil by a band of marauders, we think there is no earthly reason why it should not be silenced at once and forever. If we are to have trouble with Fenians from without, let it come, and let us show ourselves men, but let us not be afraid of crushing a viper in our midst, merely because an unworthy object might be made a martyr of. The utterances of the *Irish Canadian* are such as should not be tolerated by a government so tolerant, even, as ours. Let's have no internal treason!

OUR SALT WELL

Has attracted the attention of eminent scientific gentlemen, amongst them no less a personage than Sir Wm. Logan. The Hamilton *Times* says:—"It is stated on the authority of Sir W. E. Logan that a recent boring for oil at Goderich has struck, at the depth of nearly 1 000 feet, a pure and concentrated brine, coming apparently from a bed of rock salt. Its geological position is lower than that of the Michigan salt rocks, and shows that we have here at the North-west a repetition of the salt basin of Central New York, which, like that of Goderich, is in the Onondaga formation, and in Upper Silurian rocks. Dr. Sterry Hunt, of the Geological Survey, has recently examined this well, and we may soon expect from him a report and an analysis of the brine, which may be looked for in the Report of the Geological Survey now in press.

THE WHEAT SHOW.

The Show of Fall Wheat was held in the Huron Hotel, yesterday, (30th).—The display was very meagre as regards quantity, there being only five samples shown, and the quality was inferior when compared with former years. No doubt the lateness of the season had much to do with the poor turn out.

The Exhibitors were Jno. Porter, Goderich tp., Hugh McMath, do., James Johnston, do., James Lomas, do., and Jno. Ryan, Wawanosh. After weighing and inspecting the samples, the judges, Messrs. Wm. McDougall, Wm. Gordon, and M. Campbell, decided as follows:—1st Prize (Canada Company's, $40 00) H. McMath, 2nd, T. Johnston, 3rd, Jas. Lomas. The wheat taking the prize in each case weighed exactly 60 lbs. 12 oz. to the bushel.

UNFAIR.—The correspondent of the *Globe* on the Press Excursion, writing from Montreal, has grossly misrepresented facts in speaking of the selection of the place for the holdin of our next Convention. He states that the Goderich route met with a good deal of opposition, but our brethren will bear us out in saying that the opposition was of a very paltry nature. Several other routes were suggested, and withdrawn, excepting that of St. Johns and Halifax, and when the vote was taken every hand in the room was raised for Goderich, but *one*, and that was *the correspondent in question*. A more unanimous decision was never arrived at by the Association, and yet the *Globe* endeavors to convey the idea that there was a good deal of opposition.—Such conduct could not merit the approbation of the members, and was justly condemned.

TOWN COUNCIL.

This body met on Friday evening last, in the Town Hall, R. Gibbons, Esq., Reeve, presiding in the absence of the Mayor. Present, Councillors McKay, Seegmillar, Runciman, Gameron, Horton, M'Intosh, Cox, Hays and Clifford.

After routine business, petitions from Messrs. Shepherd & Strachan and John Donogh, asking for half the sum expended by them in laying down sidewalks in front of their places of business, were read and referred to finance committee.

It was ordered that $2.11 taxes erroneously charged against Mr. Herr be remitted.

Account of T. Weatherald, P. L. S., for surveying at the cemetery, and conveyance to and from work, $83.00. $40 was ordered to be paid on account, and the statement referred to finance committee.

Account of Wm. Martin, straps for trees on the square, ordered to be paid.

Account of H. Gardiner & Co., nails, &c., furnished, $6.17, ordered to be paid.

Account of John McPherson, repairing tools, $5.47, ordered to be paid.

The Cemetery Committee reported that they had received tenders for the erection of the Cemetery-keeper's Lodge, and the work was given to Messrs. Gordon and Sharman, their tender being the lowest, viz:—$498.00. In view of the excellent service rendered by Mr. Pacey in cleaning the walks and grounds generally, they would recommend that he receive $100 a year over and above his regular fees, dating from the 29th of May last. It was understood, however, that this grant was subject to the regulations to be established.

Adopted in the meantime, on motion of Mr. Cox.

It was ordered that Mr. Pacey receive $10.00 for excavating at the Lodge.

Account from Mr. McIntosh for repairing rifles and one gun lost during the Fenian war, $13 50. Ordered to be paid,

Mr. Hays said four rifles belonging to his company had been lost, and if not found or paid for by the Council, he would be responsible.

Mr. Smaill reported that the sum expended on public works since the first January last was $1031.00.

Mr. Runciman stated that the R. and B. Com. had decided to plank with pine three sections of the square sidewalk. Mr. Cameron suggested the advisability of putting down a concrete walk. After some conversation it was resolved that Mr. Smaill report upon the cost of such a walk at a special meeting to be called this week by the Mayor.

☞ He who expects a friend without faults will never find one.

PLUMS.

The fruit which will most amply repay the farmers and horticulturists of this section is the *Plum*. This fruit has been driven out of most of the older districts of Canada and the States by vermin, while here it may be grown to perfection, and hence a sure market is always open for its sale at remunerative prices. Although we have nothing worthy the name of a plum orchard, every farmer has a certain number of trees from which he can spare a few bushels for sale, and the quantity being bought in Goderich and shipped is very large indeed. We are confident that a plum orchard of ten acres near the lake could be made to pay better than many an ordinary farm. Some enterprising men should try the experiment, but we should advise the eradication of all half-wild trash and the introduction of the very finest varieties. As we write, we have before us a plum grown by an amateur in town which measures 5½ inches in circumference one way and 5½ inches the other. That is the kind of fruit to bring a high price.

☞ S. Pollock, Esq., Official Assignee for Huron and Bruce, has opened his office in Cameron's Block, Kingston street, where persons wishing to see him on business are requested to call.

☞ We would direct attention to the adv. of Mr. J. W. Rooklidge, of Montreal, of the Bruce Directory Mr. R. who is connected with the Commercial Agency of that city, has every opportunity for gaining information, and as an advertising medium we can heartily recommend his book to the business men of Bruce. It will be got up in first-class style and must command a very large circulation.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—It is proposed during the week of the Provincial Exhibition to give a series of musical performances in the Music Hall, under the direction of Mr. John Carter, and it is desired that the most sublime of all compositions, Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah," shall be performed with full orchestral accompaniments.

The Circus is Coming.

In consequence of rumors having reached us to the effect that Thayer & Noyes' Circus could not come to Goderich, we wrote to the manager at Galt, to find out if such was really the case, and in answer have received a telegram stating that the circus men will keep their appointment with the public. Our readers, therefore, or those of them interested in such exhibitions, may rest assured that there will be no disappointment. See adv. elsewhere.

THE LATE CAPT. MCAULAY.—The body of the late Capt. McAulay, whose name was familiar to so many of our readers and who was drowned last fall, was found on Sunday last by Mr. Cole, and brought to Southampton, where it was interred on Sabbath amid the presence of a large number of kind and sympathising friends.—[Bruce Review.

MASONIC.—"An old Mason," writing to the Oil Springs *Chronicle*, informs the Pope that having, himself, been made a Mason in 1816, his recent Bull against the order is grossly inconsistent. We would advise friend Matheson to send His Holiness a copy of the *Chronicle* by all means'.

☞ When the Editor of the St. Marys *Standard* asserts that members of the Press Association received from two to four railway passes each, he states what is not correct. He grumbles that he did not receive his pass in time, but we can inform him that if it had been known that his father-in-law had no connection with the Press, we should not have been at so much trouble to procure for him a telegraphic pass at the last moment.

EVERY SATURDAY, a weekly journal published in pamphlet form by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, has been considerably enlarged. Made up as the paper is from the cream of European current literature, we consider it the most desirable miscellany that reaches us, and we are glad to hear that it is meeting with so much success.

The Goderich Salt Well.

A correspondent writes us from Goderich as follows concerning the salt well recently sunk there:—

"It has at last been pronounced by practical salt manufacturers that the well recently bored in Goderich is beyond a doubt a success. The well is 1,000 feet deep, and the brine was struck at about 950 feet; after about 40 ft. of salt rock was penetrated. The tubes were then inserted and pumping was commenced. Some slight difficulty was at first experienced in keeping out the fresh water from the brine in its upward passage, to which fact may be attributed the report some time since, that the well was pumping 30 per cent instead of 60. But this has all been overcome and the well is now capable of pumping 100 per cent by the salometer, in sufficient quantites to manufacture 100 barrels of salt per diem.

"This was tested in presence of a party of practicle gentlemen from Detroit and Saginaw, on Saturday last, to their entire satisfaction. In fact the company are so thoroughly satisfied with the strenght of the brine and its apparently inexhaustible properties, which properties were proved by test-pumping for two days in succession, and every day the indications of success grew stronger, both in the strength of the brine and the quantity produced, that the contract is let and the work is now far advanced towards the erection of a block for the manufacture of salt, consisting of 54 kettles. Each kettle will yield, it is supposed at a low estimate, a barrel of saft per diem. The contract is to be completed and all ready for operation by the 20th September, so that in a month from now we expect to be in full operation and manufacturing 50 barrels of salt per day. Should this block, when completed, turn out satisfactorily the company will erect an additional one of the same capacity forthwith, as the well and machinery are quite capable of yielding sufficient brine for two such blocks.

"It may not be out of place to mention also that it has been determined, by practical men from the salt manfacturing districts of the United States, that there are less impurities found in this brine than in the brine produced in Saginaw or Syracuse. Another well is strongly talked of, and will no doubt, be commenced immediately."—[Leader.

GRAPES.—We have received from our old friend M. C. Cameron Esq., a bunch of grapes, of the Sweetwater variety, grown in his hot house, which may well challenge competition in this half-frozen part of the world. The little bunch weighs *one pound and a half*, and every grape is perfect. The only trouble about the gift was that we were almost compelled to call out the "home guard" to keep an admiring public at a respectable distance.

SPECIAL.—The Guelph *Advertiser* is the only paper in Canada that gets *special* news over the Atlantic Cable. The enterprise of our contemporary is most commendable. At the ordinary rate of transmission his telegrams must cost about $5,000 per week!

THE ROYAL CANADIAN.—We understand that A. M. Ross, Esq., has been appointed agent of the Royal Canadian in this place, and J. B. Gordon, Esq., Solicitor. The Bank will be open in a few days.

THE LOST CABLE.

The gratifying intelligence was received over the wires yesterday that the lost cable of last year was picked up by the Great Eastern on Sunday, and after being spliced with the cable on board was found to be in perfect condition throughout. The work of paying out was then commenced, and at last accounts was proceeding satisfactorily, those on board the Great Eastern expecting to reach Heart's Content on Saturday next. The success of this undertaking is a wonderful triumph of human ingenuity and enterprise, and almost eclipses the successful laying of the cable now in operation.

☞ The particulars of the death of Mr. Nelson B. Fralick have been sent in, but too late for this issue, They will appear in our next

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The number of this Review for July is one of the best we have seen. The contents are, Tenant right in Ireland, Brigandage, Ecce Homo, The Origin of Language, The Legendary Lore of Iceland; Italy, Venice and Austria, Chaucer, Felix Holt, the Radical, Contemporary Literature. Republished by the L. Scott Printing Co., N. Y. For sale at the Signal Office Book Store.

☞ Mr. Wm. Chisholm, of Goderich tp. killed three black squirrels a few days ago with one shot fom a rifle.

☞ The water in the river St. John is unusually high for the season. The steamer Gazette has been running up to Woodstock all the summer.

NEWS ITEMS.

☞ The cholera in New York city continues to abate. Only four new cases and one death was reported on Sunday.

☞ President Johnson visits New York on Wednesday (29th inst), where great preparations are being made to give him a fitting reception.

☞ The steamship *Scotia* shipped over half a million of dollars in gold at Liverpool, on Saturday last, for New York.

☞ The war is now over in Europe. A treaty of peace has been signed in Prague by Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and Italy.

☞ It is stated that "the Empress of Mexico, now in France, will not return to that country"—who cares?

☞ The Emperor Napoleon is about to abandon poor "Max" and the Mexican empire scheme completely.

☞ The United States gunboat *Muscoota* arrived at Pensacola on the 20th instant, with seventy cases of yellow fever on board, and the surgeon dead.

☞ Sam Covert, who was found guilty of the murder of the Roosa family, at Deerfield, Ohio, in December, 1864, was hung at Lebanon, Ohio, last Friday. He declared his innocence to the last, and met his death calmly.

☞ A terrific storm visited Lynchburg, Va., last Saturday. It cut its way through the forests like some gigantic reaper, uprooting oaks that had stood for centuries, or snapping them like pipe stems. It raged through three counties.

☞ It is remarked, observes an English paper, that although the new Government has been in power only a fortnight, it has already increased the expenditure by close upon half a million. Of this a goodly proportion is for breech loaders and a turret ship.

☞ Clapp, the Fenian radical postmaster of Buffalo, has been removed from office by President Johnson. He will now have more leisure to cultivate the acquaintance of the Fenian denizens of Canal Street, where his name is well known but until lately not highly appreciated.

☞ Gordon Cumming, the great lion slayer, was telling Rogers, one day, how he once came unarmed, upon a huge lion. "Thinking to frighten him, I ran at him with all my might,' said the hunter. 'Whereupon,' said Rogers, 'he ran away with all his mane, I suppose?' 'Exactly so,' said Cumming.

A man named Wm. Grant, third mate of the American ship S. Carling, was stabbed on board that vessel in the harbor of St John, N. B., on Monday, and almost immediately died from the effects of the wound inflicted.

REPEATING RIFLES.—The Globe understands that a large quantity of Spencer repeating rifles, for the use of the volunteers, have been lately arriving from the east. A consignment of these for the Toronto volunteers has been received; and those intended for the use of the York cavalry are already furnished to that corps. A number sufficient to arm the whole of the 7th Battalion has lately been forwarded to London, and lies in the store, ready for distribution at any moment.

AN INHUMAN MONSTER.—Mr. M. A. Hawkes, of Marblehead, Massachusetts, who accidently shot his bride while they were on their bridal tour at St. Paul, Minnesota, last week, sat holding the head of his bleeding and dying wife, when some scoundrel robbed him of his pocket-book, containing $310.

☞ Young Gordon Bennett, the managing editor of the New York Herald, has got into a pretty fix with the Italians of that city. He recently published an article on the recent Italian reverses, insinuating that the Italians were only fit to sing *bravuras*, make plaster figures and play hand-organs, and that they should leave the fighting to other people. Several Italian gentlemen thereupon requested him to retract the offensive expression, and as he refused to do so, challenged him to a duel. This he also declined and New York is now on tiptoe to see what will ultimately result from the *imbroglio*.

☞ A freight train on the Erie Railway collided with an oil train last Sunday at Narrowsburg, where an explosion occurred, and the oil taking fire, the train, five houses, and 50,000 feet of lumber were burned. An inmate of one of the houses attempted to save his two children, when all three were severly burned, and the two children died of their injuries during the day; his wife, however, escaped by jumping from the second story window, and in an hour afterwards was delivered of a child, The entire loss in property is estimated at $80,000.

THE CHAIN COAT.

THE BEAUTIES OF FUTURE WARFARE.

From the New York Times.

France, always brave and generally ingenious, has done much to rob war of its horrors and discomforts, if a paragraph published in yesterday's issue based upon a report which appeared in *Le Nord*, may be believed. According to that journal, a light coat, impenetrable to musketry fire, has been invented, which effectually shields the soldier from the feeling of inconvenience which we may well imagine in consequent on being perforated by a bullet. The inventor—so goes the story—put on his *capote* and stood the fire of a carbine, the only damage done being to the bullet, which fell flattened to the ground. With iron-clads in naval warfare, and these charming *capotes* in land engagements, the tented field and all that will be decidedly more pleasant than in the days of wooden ships and jackets which bullets bored through. We are not sure that battles will not become a pleasant pastime in the light which envelopes this new era. Any one and every one will be willing to go for a soldier when he can go in regimentals like those of which *Le Nord* makes mention, shedding bullets as a duck's back does water. A shower of lead will be minded no more than the ordinary *douche* which hydropathic physicians inflict upon their patients. With the certainty that his stomach is safe from the ragged perforation of minie messengers, it will be no difficult matter for the veriest coward to summon up sufficient stomach for the fray. The vulnerability in the heel which attached to Achilles can be well guarded against since it is likely boots can be made of this impenetrable material as well as breeches—giving the lie to the old saying that there is nothing like leather—and as for a head covering it will be quite as easy to construct a *capot* as a *capote*. The reign of shoddy will become a thing of the past, for beyond a doubt the popular verdict will be that soldier's galligaskins (like ambition) should be made of sterner stuff then that employed under the old sartorial *regime*.—Another war like the same one just ended would probably bring forth no end of military heroes, and we rather rejoice that the invention did not sooner turn up, since, in that event we would perhaps have to mourn a greater plethora of Major Generals than that which now afflicts us. Butlers would have been as plenty as blackberries. We are apprehensive, however, that the new clothing will scarcely turn aside or render harmless a solid shot or a shall. To invent a material for military wear which shall enable the soldier to stem the fire of a battery remains for the genius of some coming wearer. And it is not certain, after all, that most men had not as lief be neatly drilled to death by a bullet as smashed by a shot from one of the 20-inch guns of which our foundries are now so prolific. Between being brained by a brick and "bonneted" by a boulder the choice is very little indeed. And the undoubted result of the new substitute for shoddy would undoubtedly be to dismiss muskets from the service and arm infanty with portable Paixhans, for the world will have war, and battles probably would not cease, even with the certainty of no one's being killed.

Disgraceful Outrage.

BALTIMORE, August 31.—Last night an attack was made on the colored portion of the camp meeting held at Shipley's woods, three miles from the Hanover switch on the Washington road, by a band of armed desperadoes. Several negroes were badly beaten and wounded; and a white man named Melton Benson, while at prayer, was shot in the back of the head and mortally wounded, the ball coming out of his mouth. As far as can be ascertained, the following are the facts in this outrageous affair.—A white camp meeting, attended by many ministers of the M. E. Church of the North Baltimore district, of which Mr. Lanabar is presiding elder, was being held at the place before stated. The Rev. Messrs. Speak, Reid and other ministers were officiating at a white camp meeting, near which, under their auspices some colored people were holding camp exercises also. During yesterday afternoon a number of young men were noticed in the camp ground having pistols on their persons; these were so far as can be ascertained residents of the surrounding neighborhood. No disturbance occurred during the day, but about midnight whilst the colored people were conducting their religious services, they were suddenly set upon by a gang of men making loud shouts of epithets and imprecations. The attack commenced with the beating of a negro while on his knees. The negro at once rose up and a scene of indescribable excitement ensued—women screaming with terror. Shots were fired by the assailants, but in the dark few are supposed to have taken effect. The colored men rallied, and turned upon the assailants, and drove them off two or three times, whilst the women fled towards the white camp. Many colored people were wounded with clubs, and there were some flesh wounds from pistol shots. Some of the colored men had pistols and used them freely upon their assailants, but with what result is not known, Finally, the conflict ended, through the persuasion of the white ministers and others, by the colored people leaving the ground and seeking their homes, leaving their camp to the desperadoes, who further gratified their unmanly spirits by piling tents and effects of the negroes, including bundles and trunks of clothing, in a heap, and setting fire to the pile, destroying all. The assailants are reported to have used various rallying cries, among which was heard the expression, "How about New Orleans."

The Neutrality Laws.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* discusses the threatened repeal of the neutrality laws. It says:

"It must be a matter of deep regret to every one who wishes for the maintenance of friendly relations between the Americans and ourselves, that they should have taken the steps which they have taken toward the alteration of their neutrality laws, in a sense hostile to our interest. * * It never can be the interest of any civilized country that a few ship-builders should practicallly hold in their hands the question of peace or war, to be decided by them with a view to their own private advantage. The objection to our English legislation on the subject—as displayed by the events of the war—was that it gave us no remedy, or at least no efficient remedy against such abuses; that it allowed a few Liverpool merchants to sail fleets of ships through the ill drawn clauses which were intended to restrain their enterprise; and that it thus exposed us not merely to discredit, but to bitter ill-will, which might have produced results which it is impossible to measure. This no doubt inflicted considerable damage on the Americans, and it is possible that similar damage on us; but that damage will certainly produce remonstrance on our side, and may produce war, and it is surely altogether unworthy of a great nation to act as if it felt it desirable to procure elaborate occasions for war with a country which for every reason ought to be its best friend. It is not difficult to imagine cases in which the Americans might find out by experience that no calamity for them could be so great as a needless war with England. The reasons appear to us to prove that the determination of the Americans—if they do finally decide on such a step—to adopt a bad law from us, simply because it is ours and might indirectly injure us, is a foolish one. It must, however be admitted that, like many other foolish things, it is very natural, and it would be well for us in this country to dwell rather on the fact that it is natural than on the fact that it is foolish, and to try to find some honourable means of removing the cause of offence, instead of inveighing against those who regard with, perhaps, a foolish sensibility, the tone and manner of our intercourse with them.

The *Post* owns that the United States Government has certainly from its foundation given evidence of its desire for peace, and that in various ways; but the new law as to neutrality is a very decided step in a contrary direction. It tends in effect to inaugurate a policy of free trade in war, which is contrary to the spirit of modern times, and to the efforts which have so largely been made by all nations—the United States at their head—to restrict it within narrower limits than of old. The *Post* hopes that the bill is not specially aimed against England, but is, indeed, "recommended in the spirit of peace, and with no desire to disturb existing friendly relations with other nations." The United States Government has lately given us so valuable a proof of its good will that we can with confidence count upon a like consideration and friendliness for the future.

The *Star* deeply regrets that America is on the eve of abandoning the high and honourable position which for a long series of years she has occupied, as the most consistent upholder of the principle of neutrality; but in view of the provocation she has received, we have no just cause of complaint. She has simply descended, as Gen. Banks says, to our level. The *Alabama* and the *Shenandoah*, or rather those who, in spite of many warnings, and from the most selfish and unworthy motives, fitted out these vessels, are responsible for the unhappy results which may follow this portentous measure, should it pass the Senate, and receive the sanction of the President. But to rail against the United States, as they and their organs are doing, for taking that step, backward which their conduct has unquestionably provoked, is an exhibition of folly which is too pitiable even for contempt, and which certainly will not prevent the English people from comprehending but too well what were the primary causes of this untoward legislation.

Extensive Seizure of Fenian Ammunition.

The Limerick correspondent of the Times writes:—

"On Wednesday evening a most important discovery took place of a very large quantity of ammunition, believed to have been made by the Fenians in Limerick during the recent movement. A number of children were playing in an old cellar in the Irish town, where they had a piece of a candle stuck on a wall to give them light. They discovered paper rolls, a few inches long, but did not know what they really were, believing them to be short wax candles. They brought out a few of the rolls, which they were playing with, when a respectable trader, seeing what they had, and suspecting what the rolls were, went over, took one, examined it, and found it to be a cartridge, with minnie ball attached. He at once sent the children to the George's Quay station to apprise the police of what they had found, when the constables proceeded to the cellar pointed out by the children.

"They found the aperture by which the children entered extremely narrow, and they had to effect an entrance by breaking through a wall, which occupied them a short time.—When the police got inside they found themselves in an immense underground chamber, with adjoining chambers or cells, the entire occupying several acres of ground, in the centre of the Irishtown. On examination, the police discovered an immense quantity of ammunition, amounting to about 10,000 rounds of ball cartridge, with bullet moulds and all the necessary apparatus for their manufacture. The bullets were perfectly cast, having the cone at one end, and the hollow or chamber at the other, to fit the cartridge. The paper was neatly cut by machine, and all bore the mark of Hall & Sons, London, where it is supposed the powder was purchased, and the cartridges were more neatly made up than those of the constabulary.

"A large party of armed police having been brought, the ammunition was placed on carts and escorted to William street station, where it was stored. County Inspector Hill ordered a strict search of the apartment where the powder was discovered, and the adjoining chambers, which was kept up by the police rigidly till 11 o'clock, but nothing else was discovered. The cartridges, with the bullets, were quite fresh, and it is supposed they were manufactured there during the Fenian movement. The place is admirably situated for such nefarious work, being in an out-of-the-way place, with no entrance except from a yard off John street, recently closed up, and the ammunition might have remained there for years were it not for the chance discovery of children.

"The chamber is supposed to be the underground apartment, with cells, of a military prison, or of a Franciscan monastery, as the street close to it is called Francis street after a monastery of the name, and it is believed by some that the apartments discovered were the underground stories of that ancient convent. The discovery made by the children was most fortunate, for it is surprising that where such thoughtless innocent creatures played with a lighted candle close to such a magazine, the cartridges were not ignited. Had such happened, the whole centre of Limerick would have been blown into the air, and the cause of it never discovered. We unconsciously have for some time been living here on a volcano laid by sanguinary Fenians. This discovery shows that Fenianism is not quenched but smouldering, and the greatest vigilance is required on the part of the authorities. A number of parties, five or six, have been arrested by the police on suspicion."

America and the Fenians.

We are Christian people, and no matter what the Canadians have done or left undone, we owe it to our own souls not to let bands of ruffins leave our soil for the purpose of killing their young men and desolating their homes. There are some forms of retaliation to which we cannot descend without guilt, and connivance at or sufferance of Fenian raids is one of them. No matter what sympathy we may have with the wrongs of Ireland, no invasion of Canada by people like these Fenians can be anything but brigandage on a great scale. O'Neil's battle was murder—simple murder; Sweeney's battles if he ever fights any, will be murder—murder committed by the offscourings of our population led on by adventurers who are ready to fight any flag for pay and "pickings." People ought to remember this. Calling Sweeney a "general" and Roberts a "president" and their followers "brigades" and "regiments," does not alter their real character. They are by the law of nations and our law and God's law still brigands. We say by God's law, because, even supposing war to have the divine sanction, nothing is lawful in war which is not undertaken with a reasonable hope of success, or in defence against an attack. But the liberation of Ireland through the killing of Canadians and ravaging of their homes is just as impracticable as through the invasion of Jamaica or British Guinea—a wild, senseless scheme which no men of conscience, or honor, or intelligence, would enter upon. No Irishman of character or position in either hemisphere has anything to do with the movement, and there is nobody who does not know that the fate of that unfortunate island under the rule of the Sweeney's and O'Mahoney's would be tenfold worse than it is ever likely to be again under that of Great Britain, even supposing the present fair promise of reform to be blighted.—*New York Nation.*

Horrible Murder.

The Syracuse Journal says: A horrible murder was committed just west of the village of Cortland, on Saturday afternoon. We learn the following particulars of the affair: A man named Thomas Parks, of English descent, who lives on a farm some two or three miles west of Cortland, had been to the village during the afternoon, and while there was met by a neighbor of his, Patrick McCarty, who asked him to carry home a sack of flour and some groceries for him. Parks consented, and after several drinks, both men got into the wagon and started for home.—After proceeding some distance, they got into a dispute over some trifling matter, and Parks became incensed, stopped the horses, and threw the flour &c., out of the wagon.—While doing so, McCarty jumped out and ran, followed by Parks, who threw a stone which struck him on the back of the head, and he fell on the ground insensible. Parks came up to the insensible man, turned him over, and began kicking him in the ribs, breaking several of them. Not satisfied with this, Parks took a stone, and began pounding him about the head and face, literally punching out one