Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W. T. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.] The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE] GODERICH, ONTARIO, D. C., THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1867. [VOL. XX.—NO 42

Business Directory.

ROBERT J. SLOAN, M. D
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c. Three years a Surgeon in the U. S. Army, during the late war One of the resident surgeons on U. S. Hospital Steamer "D. A. January." Assistant operator for the 15th Army Corps at Vicksburg, Miss. &c., &c.
Office and residence—Mr. T. G. Jackson's, Lower Wingham, N. B.—Consultations on surgical cases attended in all parts of the country.
Wingham, Ont., Oct. 7th, 1867. w37

Geo. Lowis,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-Law, and Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Canada West. Office a Court House v14n40

M. C. Cameron,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, CONVEYANCER, &c., Kingston street, Goderich, C.W

John Davison
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c Office, Market Square Corner of Kingston Street, Goderich. 8y43

Sinclair & Walker,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Office, over the Store of V. Detlor & Son, Goderich.

Peter M'Rae,
FORWARDER AND COMMISSION Merchant, Inverhuron, C. W. Notes and Accounts collected. Business of any kind entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. w40-1y Sorx

L. R. Hamlin,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR Land Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine 11y

Toms & Moore,
ATTORNIES, SOLICITORS, &c., Goderich, C. W. Office—CRABB'S NEW BLOCK
Lewis Moore.
Goderich, August 27th, 1864. sw103w21

D. Shade Gooding,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., Goderich, C. W.—Office: Sparks Watson's Block, West St., entrance first Door west of Glasgow House.

John B. Gordon,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, Canada West. Office—on the South side of West Street, third door from the Court-House Square.

William T. Hays,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., Goderich, C.W.—Office, over C. E. Archibald's Store, Crabb's Block.
Money to Lend on Real Property

B. L. Doyle,
BARRISTER, &c., Goderich, C. W. Office—Savage's New Block.
MONEY TO LEND. [sw5

J. Y. Elwood,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Blake's Block, opposite the Post Office, Goderich, January 3, 1866. sw37

J. Francis C. Haldan
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, C. W., and Bayfield, C. W. Offices—Kay's Block, Goderich, and Mr. Patterson's Store Bayfield.
☞ Mr. Haldan will be at his branch office, Bayfield, every Monday from 10 a. m. till 5 p.m. sw&w36

William Fraser,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Walkerton, Co. of Bruce. y165y1y8

William R. Bain, B. A.
CHANCERY AND LAW OFFICE.
Crabb's New Buildings, Kingston Street
GODERICH.
N. B.—Conveyancing. Money lent on reasonable terms. Disputed and defective titles to real estate Quieted.
Goderich, Dec. 24, 1866. sw34

R. SHIMINGS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR-IN CHANCERY, &c., &c., &c. Office—Kingston street, Goderich, 5 doors west of M. C. Cameron's Law Office.
MONEY TO LEND. w20

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c &c. Clinton, C. W.
MONEY TO LEND. w34

D. McDougall
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD County of Huron. Sales in village or country attended to. w8-1yr8

JAMES FERGUSON,
SECRETARY HURON TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, Brucefield, Post Office. w40

Consulate of the United States of America.
DARK'S HOTEL.
Office hours from 9 o'clock, a. m., to 3 o'clock, p. m.

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT,
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS of Buildings, &c., got up in a neat and correct style at Office at the Huron Auction Mart, Market Square, Goderich. [sw v1n7ly1y

INSURANCE.
Fire, Marine and Life Insurances
EFFECTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.
Office—J. F. C. Haldan's Law Chambers, Kay's Block, corner Court House Square and West St., Goderich, C. W.
JOHN HALDAN, JR., Agent.
Goderich, 27th Sept., 1866. w36tf

John Campbell,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT Commissioner in Queen's Bench, for taking affidavits, Conveyancer, &c., &c. Office on Broad way, Village of Kincardine, C.W. 9:p

Thomas Weatherald,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor, Toronto Street, Goderich. v15n3

D. S. CAMPBELL,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, CIVIL ENGINEER, &c., &c.
All kinds of Surveying promptly attended to. Office—In Post Office Buildings, Wingham, Co. Huron. w39

SMAILL & HARDY,
AUCTIONEERS, COMMISSIONERS, APPRAISERS AND GENERAL AGENTS,
HURON AUCTION MART,
Opposite Market, Goderich.
N. B.—County Sales punctually attended to—Moneys advanced on Goods and Furniture.
Goderich Sept. 30th, 1867. w26tf

Business Directory.

Medical.

Richard Moore,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Manchester, C. W.
February 7th, 1867. w3yr

Dr. Steanbury,
GRADUATE of the Medical Department of Victoria University, Toronto, and late of the Hospital and Dispensary, New York. Residence D McDougall's (Bailiff) Bayfield. w49 4m*o

Commercial Hotel, Mitchell C.W
JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Good stabling for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire, on Shortest Notice. 14:y

WM. ELLIOTT.
General Horse and Cattle Farrier.
New Grocery and Temperance House, Benmillar.
A WELL furnished stable, attentive hostler, and all necessary accommodation for the public, at very reasonable rates.
Benmillar, May 15, 1867. 17w6m3p*

LUCKNOW HOTEL
AND STAGE OFFICE,
R. S. CUNNINGHAM, Proprietor.
SITUATED on the corner on the Northern Gravel Road, Lucknow, Stages leave every morning for Goderich and Walkerton. The hotel is fitted up with every accommodation for commercial travellers. A large Hall attached.
June 21, 1867. w22

PRINCE OF ORANGE HOTEL

DUNGANNON.
A BLACK, Proprietor
Ample accommodations, choice liquors and good attendance.
Dungannon, March 21, 1867 w9 tf

ROYAL OAK HOTEL, LUCKNOW.
JAMES CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
BEST OF WINES & LIQUORS.
Good Accommodation for Travellers.
GOOD STABLING AND ATTENTIVE HOSTLERS
Lucknow, 5th March, 1866. w8tf

J. D. CAMERON,
HAS REMOVED FROM THE CENTRAL TO
The Bayfield Hotel!
(formerly kept by Mr. Luby.)
CONSTANTLY on hand, the best of Liquors, Cigars, &c. and an attentive Hostler, and by strict attention to business hopes to merit a share of public patronage.
Bayfield, March 8, 1867. w7 6m

GODERICH
BROOM FACTORY.
Isaac Dobson & Son.
HAVING ESTABLISHED a FACTORY for the manufacture of Brooms in Goderich, the subscribers are prepared to attend to all orders in their line of business from any part of Canada with promptness
AT WHOLESALE ONLY.
Their facilities for manufacture will, they feel confident, enable them to compete with any establishment of the kind in the country.
☞ Factory on Kingston Street, opposite Huron Hotel, Address,
ISAAC DOBSON & SON, Goderich, C. W.
December 11, 1866. w46tf

Salt Territory!
THE Subscriber offers to any person or company for a royalty of one-fifteenth of the production, one half acre of land, with about four hundred feet front. Land situated about eighty yards from the present Goderich Salt Works.
For further particulars apply by letter or personally to
E. CAMERONE, Keeper of County Gaol.
Goderich, Dec. 6th, 1866. w46tf

THE BARCLAY SEWING MACHINE FOR
Tailoring & Family use.
T. J. Moorhouse, Agent,
SIGNAL OFFICE, GODERICH.
The Barclay Sewing Machine is unquestionably the most
SIMPLE and PERFECT
Family Lock Stitch Machine now in use. It will sew from the finest cambric to the heaviest cloth or leather with perfect ease and neatness without slipping stitches. It embraces all the qualities of any other Machine in the Market and has advantage over its rivals, in its strength, simplicity, durability and general construction.
Parties in want of a really good Machine are invited to come and test it. Bring along your work and try it.
☞ An Operator wanted.
Signal Office Book and Stationery Store.
Goderich, Aug. 20, 1867. w30

CONVERSE, COLSON & LAMB.
Commission Merchants,
CORNER HOSPITAL & ST. JOHN ST'S, MONTREAL,
Bennett's Wharf, Halifax.
THE MANUFACTURES OF CANADA when accompanied by the proper official certificate of their being such, are now admitted into the
LOWER PROVINCES FREE OF DUTY.
Consignments Solicited.
July 17. w27

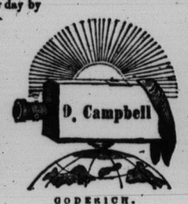
MONEY to Loan at reasonable rate. Apply to
M. C. CAMERON.
Goderich

Business Directory.

GODERICH

AXE FACTORY!
THE Subscriber having recommenced the Axe Business
AT THE OLD STAND,
on the Corner of
Waterloo and Light-House Streets,
would beg to intimate to his old friends, and as many new ones as favours him with a call and trial, that he will produce and sell a
WARRANTED HOME-MADE AXE, CHEAP
also old ones jumped at a small cost. Picks, &c., Made and Sharpened on short notice
N.B.—Also a number of Sleighs on hand.
JOHN McPHERSON.
Goderich, Oct. 30th, 1866. 40:

LOOK HERE
THE subscriber having REMOVED to the store lately occupied by WM. DUNCAN, first door south of Bingham's, Market Square, wishes to inform his friends in the Town of Goderich and surrounding country, that he now has the largest and most complete stock of Fall and Winter
Boots and Shoes
of any house in the country, containing every style of Ladies' and Children's goods, and that he has also a very large assortment of GENTLEMEN'S
WINTER BOOTS
coarse and fine, both imported, and of his own manufacture, which he will sell
Cheap for Cash!
Call and examine, as he is satisfied that he has just the goods you want.
SAM'L FURSE.
Goderich, Sept. 24, 1867. w4

$1000 REWARD!
FORGERY!
Not of the Bank of Montreal Notes, but a facsimile of the human face committed every day by
CRABB'S BLOCK


OVER ARCHIBALD'S STORE,
GODERICH.
where he has refitted his Rooms, and enlarged his Sky Light, making it the largest in the County, and one of the best in Canada especially for taking groups. Two persons taken together at the same rates as one.
In returning thanks for the liberal patronage of the past, Mr. Campbell feels satisfied that those who wish a good Photograph should try his new Sky Light.
☞ Pictures taken in every style known to the Art.
Proofs shown if required. Photographs taken in all kinds of weather.
Life-Size Photographs
plain or colored, taken on reasonable terms.
D. CAMPBELL, Crabb's Block.
Goderich, July 23rd, 1867. w27

GREENE & SONS,
517 St. Paul Street,
MONTREAL.
Hats, Caps, Furs, &c.
MESSRS. GREENE & SONS invite the attention of the Merchants throughout the Dominion of Canada to their extensive assortment of

Wool & Felt Hats,	Men's Fur Caps,
Men's Fur Hats,	Ladies' Furs,
Mens' & Boys' cloth Caps,	Buck & Calf Mitts,
Silk Hats,	Boys' Fur Caps,
Scotch Caps,	Victorines, Collars, &c.,
Buffalo Robes, &c.	

including all the various goods in the trade.
GREENE & SONS,
517 St. Paul Street,
Next Albion Hotel.
Montreal, August 12, 1867. w29 3m

GODERICH MILL
FLOUR AND FEED STORE,
Crabb's Block Kingston Street.
FLOUR, Oat-meal, Corn-meal and Mill Feed.
ALSO, a lot of prime Sugar Cured HAMS and Rolled Bacon.
Just received this morning,
500 Bushels prime Potatoes.
1000 " oats.
T. B. VANEVERY & Co.
Goderich June 7, 1867. w20tf.

COLONIAL HOUSE.
THE Subscriber always keeps the largest variety and best Stock of
HOISERY & GLOVES!
IN THE COUNTIES.
CHAS. E. ARCHIBALD.
Goderich, August 22nd, 1866. w*02

W. M. SAVAGE,
BUYS and sells New York Drafts—Greenbacks—National currency—State notes, and uncurrent money, at current rate of exchange.
19th Dec., 1866. w47-1yr8

HALLOW EEN.

HALLOWEEN FESTIVAL IN MONTREAL—THE PRIZE POEM.

The Caledonian Society of Montreal celebrated Halloween in good style by a festival in the Theatre Royal. The place was densely crowded. The following is the prize poem read upon the occasion, written by Miss Bothwell:

HALLOWEEN.

THE PATRIOT'S FESTIVAL.

Hech, sirs, I'm young again the nicht
To see ye a' sae braw,
To mingle wi' my kinsfolk here,
And talk o' those awa.
Guid wives—I lo'e yer bonny smiles,—
My friens, how ha'e ye been?
I've cam to tak a neebor's part,
For man,—its Halloween!

I maist had thocht when I cam by,
And heard the Pipers' din,
Wi' scrievin fiddlers in yon neuk,
And roarin crowds within,
That I was back in Dumfries town;
The tears stood in my e'en;
For a Scotchman's hame, is hame for aye,
But maist on Halloween.

'Tis true nae warlocks, ghaists, or hags,
Sae rife the night at hame,
Hae ever perched on yonder brig,
That bears Victoria's name;
Nor e'er around Mount Royal's brow
Hae fairies yet been seen;
'Tis but an imitation here
O' Scotland's Halloween.

But when I saw the kilties here—
The gallant Seventy-eight,
Whom Frazer led aboon Quebec,
And gained the heights unscathed,
My heart went back to days of yore,
To yer victory's hallowed scene;
Ye're welcome here, for your bonnades' sakes,
This nicht o' Halloween.

Tho' some men stare to see our ekiels,
In ilka game engage,
And ithers think our sports are auld,
And far behind the age;
Weel I—let the bodies hae their say,
Come hea my trusty frien',
And try again for Scotia's sake,
The sports o' Halloween,

My kintra folk, my brithers a,'
Where'er ye dwell the nicht,
Remember Scotland's principles,
And ye maun stell be richt;
In towns, or rustic forest hames,
Where young and auld convene,
To hand a crack aroun' the kirn
Prepared for Halloween.

The rank among us here depends
On doing a' things weel,
Ye need nae fear in Canada
Gin' ye can help yersel';
And toil makes sweeter ilka thing,
That Providence has gi'en,
We thank him for his bounteousness
This nicht o' Halloween.

St. Lawrence banks has yielded us
Their stores o' ripened grain,—
November's blasts will soon bring doon
The wintry snaws again;
What care we for the bitter cauld,
Whaur plenty reigns supreme?
We'll beard the winter-king the nicht,
For this is Halloween.

In a' the walks o' industry,
Ye're fand among the first;
And o' this New Dominion's sons
I'm sure ye're no the worst;
The rough burr-thistle still wad join
The rose and shamrock green,
And with the maple leaf entwine,
Each year on Halloween.

The patriot's fire's a filial love
Engendered in the breast,
And they wha guard the sacred flame
O' subjects are the best.
There's nane mair ready to defend
Brittannia's widowed Queen,
Than ye wha meet in Canada
Tae hand yer Halloween.

Noo, as we strive, in hamely rhymes,
Auld Scotia's praise to sing,
And laurels crown the victor's brow,
Whilst cheers and plaudits ring.
Ance mair—to Burns' memory dear,
Untarnished in its sheen;
He stamped wi' an immortal sea
Our guide auld Halloween.

Montreal, October, 1867.

The following statistics are interesting as they are authoritative, being given by Deputy-Postmaster Griffin. The letters and newspapers circulated in Canada West and East, from 1863 to 1867 inclusive, were as under:

	Letters.	Newspapers.
1863.....	11,000,000	12,500,000
1864.....	11,500,000	13,500,000
1865.....	12,200,000	11,800,000
1866	13,000,000	12,800,000
1867.....	14,200,000	14,000,000

Mr. Griffin thinks that Postmasters were not so accurate in 1865-6 as they ought to have been. It is also to be noted that of the fourteen millions of newspapers for 1866 7, eight millions were Canadian and the other six from Europe and the States.—*Globe.*

Terrible Destruction by a Tornado.

Havana, Nov. 6.—An official despatch from St. Thomas to the British Consul here, says that all the property of the Royal Mail Steamship Company was destroyed by a tornado on the 29th of October, and the town of St. Thomas is in complete ruins. Fifty vessels are ashore. The loss of life is very great, and the destruction of property is immense. The steamer *Rhone* was lost on Peter Island, the schooner *Wye* on Buckland Island, and the steamer *Conway* on Tortol Island. All the officers and engineers of the *Rhone*, and all others on board of her, are lost. From the *Wye* forty persons were saved, including Captain Taylor and Mr. Hodgson. Of the passengers on board the regular steamer for Southampton, which had sailed with 150 passengers, only twelve were saved.

THE BREAD RIOTS.

Exeter, Eng., Nov. 4. midnight.—The bread riot which has commenced here has extended to Axminister, 20 miles east of Exeter, where the premises of the corn dealers have been burned. Axminister contains the well known carpet manufactories with buildings for the manufacture of woolen cloth and gloves, and has a very determined population of workingmen. The local militia has been called out and placed under arms in Exeter and reinforcements of the regular troops have arrived in the city from the naval station at Plymouth. Several arrests have been made. The Mayor of Exeter has made a speech to the people, but the mob is still in force, and great excitement prevails in the streets even at this hour.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM EUROPE

GARIBALDIANS DEFEATED.

Garibaldi and his Son Prisoners.

RIOT IN EXETER, ENGLAND.

London, Nov. 5.—Parliament has been called to reassemble on the 19th of the present month.

Genoa, Nov. 5.—Garibaldi has arrived at Pezzia on board an Italian man-of-war, a prisoner in the hands of the Italian government.

Vienna, Nov. 5, (evening.)—The Vienna *Debatte*, a semi-official journal of this city, states that Baron Von Beust says in a note that the policy of the Emperor Napoleon and that of Francis Joseph are the same, namely, that of peace.

Berlin, Nov. 5.—It is thought here that the recent defeat of Garibaldi cancels the ultimation of Napoleon.

London, Nov, 5.—It is said that the Italians have repassed the frontier, also that the Emperor Napoleon has received Gen. Marmora the Italian ambassador.

Paris, Nov. 5.—The *Moniteur* this morning publishes full particulars of the battle in Italy. The scene of the fight was near Tivoli. Three thousands of the insurgents were either killed, wounded or made prisoners. Garibaldi himself and his son Menotti were captured at Terni and sent to Florence as prisoners of war; 4,000 Garibaldians, while on the march to reinforce the insurgents, were stopped, disarmed and turned back.

The greatest agitation prevails in Italy.

London, Nov. 5 (noon).—Serious bread riots occurred in Exeter yesterday and to day. Every meat and bread shop in the city has been sacked. At the time of the receipt of the last despatches incendiary fires were breaking out in the different parts of the town; there was much excitement, and the local authorities had petitioned the government for troops to quell the disorder.

Paris, Nov. 4th (even.)—The following intelligence received from Rome, at six o'clock this morning, says the Papal troops supported by the French forces, attacked Garibaldi at Monte Rotunda and defeated him. Some say Garibaldi is a prisoner and some say he is killed. At half an hour after the attack commenced Garibaldi finding his retreat out of, fought his way to the town of Monte Rotunda, where he was reinforced by some Italian troops, but the French coming to the assistance of the Pontifical soldiers he was beaten.

From another source it is stated that Garibaldi was attacked and defeated on Sunday. He retreated and surrendered to the Italians.

Paris, Nov. 4. (midnight.)—General La Marmora, who was sent to Paris by the King of Italy, on a mission, the nature of which has not been divulged, has returned to Florence, having failed in accomplishing the objects for which he was despatched hither.

The ultimation of Emperor Napoleon was presented by the French charge de affairs at Florence to the Italian government on Sunday, and an immediate reply was demanded.

London, Nov. 4, (midnight.)—Riots have taken place at several points in Paris, but they have been suppressed.

Manifesto of the Florence Revolutionists.

The Florence Central Committee, established in aid of the Roman insurrection, have issued the following address:

Italians!—You have responded and will continue to respond to our appeal, which was none other than a cry from the soul, revealing duty. The feeling which animated us was shared by all. For us sons and soldiers of the people, members of a Parliament which has declared Rome to be the capital of Italy, conscious that that vote expressed the will of the nation, the invitation was simple, as it should be. Fighting and death were going on; the September convention was already broken in blood, the time for argument was at an end. What, then, remained? To aid those who are burying the temporal power of the Popes so that it may no longer taint the air. Now we declare that the die cast by the insurgents has been taken up by Italy, and Italy, under pein of death, must speedily fulfil the duty enjoined upon her by so many centuries of misfortune by all her thinkers, by all her martyr. In order that the plebiscitum may not be a vain thing, that the reasons and pretexts for squandering may cease, that administrative anarchy may perish, that reaction may be driven from its haunt, and that conscience may again be held sacred to the world—Italians to Rome! What money—what blood will ever bear more truthful result than this? Show that the cry of Garibaldi is the voice of the national conscience—He is a prisoner in his island—a fault and a misfortune—but his soul is everywhere. It now calls the Romans to assemble in their piazzas and invites Italy to reach the capital. Victory lies in clearly defining the object of the battle, and we desire that the Pope may remain Pope for those who believe in him. Rapidity of action is also necessary. And will not Italy speedily furnish every means? Men who know how to die abound among us. But that is not sufficient; material resources are required in order that there may not be a vain hecatomb of so many precious lives, that the love of country may not be punished by hunger and abandonment, and that the sick and wounded may be properly attended.

Italians succour the combatants.

Florence, Oct. 11. The Committee.

Opening of the First Dominion Parliament.

Mr. Cockburn Elected Speaker of the Commons.

Ottawa, Nov. 6.

This afternoon, at three o'clock, his Excellency the Governor General came down in state to the Senate Chamber, to open the first Parliament of the Dominion of Canada. The oath of office had previously been administered by their respective clerks, to the members of the House of Commons at noon. His Excellency having ascended the Throne the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Rene Kember, Esq., proceeded to the bar of the House that his Excellency required their attendance in the Senate Chamber. The members of the House of Commons headed by the Clerk, W. B. Lindsay, Esq., accordingly attended at the bar of the Senate, and were informed by Hon. J. Cauchon, Speaker of the Senate, that his Excellency desired him to state that as soon as they had elected their Speaker, his Excellency would declare to them for what reason he had convened Parliament, and that he would come down to-morrow at three o'clock for that purpose.

His Excellency having retired from the Chamber, the Senate, on motion of Hon. J Hamilton, of Kingston, seconded by Hon. Mr. Campbell, adjourned till to-morrow, at half-past two.

The members of the House of Commons having again assembled in the Chamber, under the Presidency of the Clerk, Hon. Sir John A Macdonald moved, seconded by Hon Mr. Carter, That the Hon James Cockburn the member for the West Riding of Northumberland, be elected Speaker.

The motion was carried by acclamation.

The Hon Mr. Cockburn was conducted to the Chair by the mover and seconder.

The House, by motion of Hon Sir John A Macdonald, adjourned till to morrow at half-past two.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

New York, Oct. 31 1867.

Being a true-born Canadian, living in a land jocosely styled "Uncle Sam's Domains," and supposing that my friends in Canada—more particularly in the goodly town of Goderich—would like to hear how the "world wags" in the Great Republic, I have consoled to become "Our own correspondent" of the Huron Signal for a few letters. New York, as you are all aware, is a great city, and well worth visiting, and though any one of my readers might spend weeks and even months visiting the many places of interest in and around New York, I will not trouble you with a history and description of any of them; for I cannot condescend to lower myself in the eyes of those around me, as would be the case should I presume to retail to you accounts of various places and things for which authors have gone to a great deal of trouble and expense preparing books in description thereof, and entering them in the Clerk's office.

The great topic of speculation and comment in this country at present, not only in the newspapers but in private circles, is the chances of this or that candidate for the

THE PRESIDENCY.

The great excitement throughout the whole East is at high tide; numerous in every direction are urging his name. Gen. Hayes has pronounced him already nominated, and many are favoring the idea of "not even holding a convocation," but simply take it for granted that the great chief of the American armies, "United States Grant," is "already nominated."

A second candidate is spoken of in the person of Chief Justice Chase. His denial, through his "editorial friends," that he favors negro suffrage in the North, instead of having the effect intended by its author, has really decreased the number of his friends among those to whom alone the Chief Justice need look for support—the most radical of Radicals. Still he holds some strong wires in his hands for the coming contest.

But a third candidate looms into considerable prominence—Speaker Colfax. He has innumerable friends in every portion of the country, and is much more fortunate than Judge Chase in the scarcity of enemies. He is probably the most popular civilian in the nation, being now recognized as the "leading champion in the Congressional Ring." Gen. Grant, however, has no warmer friend than Colfax, and unless Grant shall finally decide that it is better, for the country, and himself, to remain where he is, nothing will induce Mr. Colfax to come before the Convention to oppose him.

THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

The appointment of a day of thanksgiving by the proclamation of the President is becoming so customary at this period of the year that it is no more hailed with the expressions of joy as in the good old days before the war. The observance, however, seems to commend itself to the community generally. The President, in his proclamation, indulges in the expression of a hope that, under the guidance of an over-ruling Providence, the peoples' hearts have been turned away from "domestic contentions and commotions consequent upon a distracting and desolating civil war * * * to walk more and more in the ancient ways of loyalty, conciliation and brotherly love. There is some ground for the indulgence of this hope. The country has been relieved fo the terrible burden and scourge of civil war. The harvest has been abundant, and saved the nation from immeasureable industrial and social calamities. There is this much to be thankful for, though when we look over the whole field of political conflict, there is not much to inspire rejoicing at the present moment. The strife, even if it should be prolonged, is to be bloodless, at least as compared with the conflict the country has just passed through, and this is the great thing. There will be a time when the day set apart for National Thanksgiving will be as heartily observed in the Carolinas and the Gulf States as among the old homesteads of New England.

THE AMUSEMENTS

of New York are by no means few, and, as a general thing, the New Yorkers are very accomplished in the art of amusement-seeking. Now, on Monday last a peculiar and very interesting kind of amusement might have been found on Nassau Street—one of the narrowest and most crowded thoroughfares in this city—in the shape of old barrels, old boxes, old tubs, and old tin concerns, filled with ashes, sweepings, slimy refuse, and all varieties of offensive material, which were lying on the walk. The amusement was to be found in watching people work their way sinuously, as best they could, through and around these old barrels, &c., &c., and occasionally a barrel fall, occasionally a man, as one or the other happened to prove the heaviest or strongest in case of collision. The spectacle was a novel one, but startled nobody except a newly-arrived Frenchman, who confessed that they had nothing of thisort in Paris. A more attractive, if not better, amusement is to be found in any of the higher class of theatres. The Olympic Theatre is one of this class. On Monday evening, for the first time in many years, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—the most essentially unactable of all of Shakespeare's plays—was presented in this theatre with the utmost grace and delicacy. This play has always been a favorite vehicle for pictorial and comical display, and between the two the public has always liked it. How much better it is to expend the genius of scenic artists on works of rare poetic beauty such as this, than on the weekly-written productions so much dabbled in at the present time. The approval of the most absolute and severe critics must be therefore extended to Manager Hayes for nothing to illustrate the grandeur of the greatest poet rather than the weakness of twenty playwright. The scenery was elaborate and effective and most beautiful. The acting, also, well merited the applause which was given by the audience at the close of each act.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Although the papers have, in some instances, endeavored to ignore the popularity of Mr. Chas. Dickens in America, there no doubt whatever that when he comes he will be better patronized than any of the great Americanis who have been "spouting" in almost every ward in the city during the last few weeks, even though in the latter case the prosperity of the country is at stake.

BYB.

In the index to a recent treatise on law under the letter V, appears the following: "vagrants—see Bandy."

THE OUTCAST:

—OR, THE—

MASTER OF FALCON'S EYRIE.

Continued.

"Even so—the village seamstress," said she at length. Can't you recover the shock?"

"Pardon me," stammered the young man, mortified at his involuntary rudeness. "I was wondering how in that case, I had never happened to meet you?"

"I have only been in this part of the country a fortnight," said the girl, with an air of reserve, "and have been out but very little. I have not found much employment yet for my needle, and Mrs. Bartell told me I had better apply at Mr. Vivian's, as the ladies there had frequent occasion for a seamstress. So I went this morning, and was well repaid for for the long walk. Mrs. Vivian has promised me as much sewing as I can do in a long time, kept me to luncheon, and treated me very kindly. After leaving there, I strayed a little into the woods to look for flowers, when that horrid dog darted out upon me, and I began to run. I hadn't the least idea," and the narrator laughed a little nervous laugh, "that I could run so fast, and make such prodigious springs. I believe I should have escaped after all, if I had not stumbled in crossing the wood."

"I am thankful the experiment was not tried; I think the hound's chance was better than yours in the long run," said Percy earnestly.

"The run was long enough for me as it was," returned his companion with a gleeful laugh, and after this the conversation took a lively turn, and the young people so beguiled the way with merry chat and good-humoured laughter at each other's little jests, that it was with an exclamation of surprise that Percy suddenly perceived they had reached the guidehoard, where one road turning up the hill, led to Falcon's Eyrie, and another at the opposite hand, descended to the river, and to the hamlet of Riverside.

"I can walk now perfectly well. Let me get down, please, and go home alone, mic" Mary, quickly, as the young man turned Bayard's head toward the village.

"No, indeed, I shall carry you quite home, and come in to drink a glass of Mrs. Bartell's home-brewed beer," said Percy, gayly. "She used to be housekeeper at Falcon's Eyrie, and she and I are great friends."

"Don't imagine I spent a night under her roof without hearing all about that," replied Miss Graham pulling at Bayard's rein without perceiving that his master held the bit rein so that her pull had no effect.

"Whoa, I say—why don't he whoa? What a perverse horse—as perverse as—"

"Well, say it out—as perverse as—"

"It is very rude of you, Mr. Crowninshield, to repeat my words so—didn't you know it? Now do stop him, and let me get down. I'd rather walk, really and truly, you know?"

At this moment, while the face of the young man turned upward towards his companion, was lighted all over with a look of amused admiration, while the fair girl looked down at him, her beauty heightened by the consciousness that she was admired—while one hand vainly tugged at the reins, and the other was outstretched toward her companion, that he might help her to alight, at this moment, two horses, noiselessly approaching along the turfy sides of Falcon's Eyrie road, suddenly turned the corner, and very nearly came into collision with Bayard, who had been brought to a standstill just behind the clump of trees which marked the intersection of the roads.

It was not much matter for the horses, but unfortunately they carried each a rider, and our young people suddenly looking up from their playful dispute, saw the dark face of Roland Crowninshield, with a smile of sarcastic and sinister meaning upon his lips, at the one hand, and at the other the pale haughty features of Rose Vivian, who, spite of her indignation, cast upon Percy as she passed, such a glance of utter wretchedness, that the young man involuntarily dropped the bridle rein, and made hasty movement towards her, but whether she did not see it, or whether she did not choose to notice it, Miss Vivian at that instant struck her palfrey a sharp blow with the little riding rod hanging from her wrist, and was gone closely followed by her cavalier.

Mr. Percy Crowninshield gazed after her for a moment, and then returning to his horse's side, asked in a cold and almost harsh tone:

"Did you say that you preferred walking to riding, Miss Graham?"

"Decidedly," replied the young lady, briefly, as just touching the hand held out to assist her, she leaped lightly to the ground, and immediately began to walk toward the village.

"You had better take my arm, Miss Graham. You must feel fatigued after your fright," said the young gentleman, as dragging along the reluctant Bayard, who much preferred the other road, he hastened after her.

"I thank you, sir, but I need no further assistance," replied the young girl, with a dignity of which Percy had not believed her capable, for she had keenly felt the sudden change in the young man's manner, and was at no loss to discover the cause of it.

"But you will permit me to accompany you home?"

"I thank you—no. I prefer to go alone, and a gentleman of Mr. Crowninshield's good breeding should remain satisfied with such an assurance. Good afternoon, sir."

"O certainly, certainly, Miss Graham. You need not be afraid that I shall persist in annoying you with my company, after such a frank avowal of your wishes. Good afternoon."

So the new made friends parted, almost in a quarrel. A quarrel, too, whose cause neither of them could probably have named, so deep down in the human heart lie those hidden springs of love, jealousy, pique, which in certain moods of the soul may so govern the actions of men or women, as to change in a moment the course of a whole existence.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning, as Percy Crowninshield, whose troubles had not by any means impaired that blessed power of eating, so rarely absent where youth and health and strength abound, looked up from his omelet, and noticed that Miss Merriton, seated opposite to him, was trifling with a bit of toast, and appeared to have taken nothing else, he suddenly remembered the advice given him by Dr. Althorpe, with regard to his treatment of that young lady.

"You have no appetite, Miss Merriton," began he, at once, "and I make no doubt your confinement is wearing you to death. You know I am half a doctor already, and I prescribe large doses of fresh air and exercise to be taken every morning without fail. Will you be advised?"

"I do walk in the garden alumes every day, thank you, doctor," replied Maud, raising her heavy eyes with a look of gratitude.

"No, that isn't what Percy means," interrupted Roland from behind his paper, in a voice whose sneer was only half hidden by its effected gayety. "He wishes to offer you a ride on his Bayard, while he will walk beside you and hold the rieguz. That is the guise in which I met him yesterday while I was waiting upon Miss Vivian home after her call upon you. By the way, Percy, who is the fair Dulcinea? I don't remember her face among the village girls."

"She is a stranger here. I know no more of her than you do, except that her name is Graham, that she boards with Mrs. Bartell, and that I had the pleasure of defending her from a serious danger yesterday, and afterward brought her home in the only manner at my command," said Percy, coldly.

"Yes, yes, very pretty. A nice little pastoral; I assure you Rose was quite diverted yesterday, with the comical figure you cut, you two," laughed Roland.

Percy deigned no reply, but savagely crushed the egg shells beside his plate, and then pushed them angrily away.

Maud Merriton's dark eyes lost the languid indifference which had thus far veiled their natural brilliancy, as she fixed them upon the handsome and indignant face of the young man.

"I do not think," said she, decidedly, "that Miss Vivian will laugh any more than I do now, when she hears the true story of Mr. Percy's kindness to a helpless stranger. We women are clannish—the man who benefits one of us earns the gratitude of the whole."

"Lightly won, lightly lost!" murmured Roland, behind his paper, and then added aloud, "But that is really delightful, Miss Merriton. I had no idea the sex were so disinterested. I shall go immediately and coax some pretty little village girl to take a ride on Mahmoud, and then come to receive my gratitude and praise at your fair hands."

"But it wont answer, unless you can prove, or circumstances can prove for you, that you would have been just as ready to place an old and withered crone upon Mahmoud's back, if she had been the one in need," returned Maud, smiling, as she rose and walked toward the door.

Roland rose also, and bowed ceremoniously as his guest passed him, but the angry flush upon his brow betokened that even Miss Merriton's slight censure had chafed the sore spot in his heart, where jealousy and suspicion had established a chronic wound.

Percy rose also, and followed Maud to the Hall, intent upon his benevolent scheme toward her.

"Wont you come into the garden a few minutes?" said he. "There are some beautiful dahlias in blooms as I noticed yesterday, and we must make the most one of such flowers as autumn spares us."

Maud hesitated a moment, and glanced toward the door of her mother's room, then throwing a kerchief over her head, turned toward the garden door, saying:

"Perhaps it will be as well at the end."

"Far better, I assure you," said Percy, gayly; and then the two passed out into the beautiful though now neglected garden, and after a little, they strolled on toward the pine grove and a little above the house.

That their brief acquaintance had wonderfully advanced toward intimacy in the two hours consumed in their walk, we may judge by listening to a snatch of conversation, as they again pass through the garden on their return toward the house.

It is Maud who speaks:

"I assure you she don't love him. I watched her closely while she was here yesterday—she is so beautiful—and I assure you she don't care a pin for him. All her thoughts were with some one who should have been there and wasn't. Every other minute she glanced toward the door, and then blushed to think she had done so."

"You flatter me too much, Miss Merriton; I am afraid your desire to comfort me makes you imagine more than the reality," said Percy, sadly. "To be sure, formerly, when I supposed myself a wealthy man, I have shown her so much of my heart, that she must know how well I love her. But