"Poor Isabel!" said Edward, bending down to raise her from the ground, where she lay moaning with a gash in her temple. As he lifted inanimate form in his arms, the motion caused a red rivulet of blood to flow from the wound, which at once revived her.

"Heaven be praised!" he said, as he saw her open her eyes. "You are not much hurt, I hope?"

"O, my brother!—where is he? I hope—" and she looked around with horror, as if she expected to discover his body lying upon the ground. "I hope you have not—"

"No, he has fled. I did not harm him, or your sake."

She pressed his hand gratefully, and said quickly:

"Are you not hurt?"

"No, Isabel. You seem to be better."

"Yes, yes. I do not suffer much. Is the wound deep? I hope not, for I would not bear upon my brow a wound inflicted by a brother's hand!"

"It is long and deep; but it may disappear in time, Isabel. How could he do a deed like this?"

"Ah, his fiery temper! How grateful I am that it did not kill me, for he would then, not only have had a murder on his hands, but would have been hanged! It is a mercy!"

"You forget yourself in one who is not worthy of a thought, Isabel."

"But he is my brother. I forgive him.

"I shall find it difficult to do so. Such an injury and assault upon you, my dearest bride betrothed, can hardly be passed lightly over by me."

"But you will not make it a quarrel with him dear Edward!" she said earnestly, as he was binding his white kerchief about her temples to close the wound.

"No. For your sake he shall go unpunished."

"Thanks, thanks!"

"I will try and remember that he is your brother, whensoever his bearing hereafter may urgently tempt me to forget it."

"You are so good, and noble, and generous," she answered, with grateful enthusiasm.

Edward now conducted her towards the hall, she leaning confidently upon his arm, partly from the actual need of his manly support, partly and for the most part, in affection. She felt it might be a long time before they met again his brother was so hostile, and Edward having also determined to see her but seldom, until he had established himself in a profession. Before they reached the door, as they passed through an arbor-arch that spanned the path. Edward lingered to take advantage of the sweet seclusion of its shady covert, to bid a tender and passionate farewell to her. With tears in her eyes, and tears in his, they at length resumed their walk, and he left her at the door; but not before assuring himself that the wound was not so severe as the vehemence of the blow at the first threatened.

He turned away from the hall and retraced his steps to the ruin, in order to take the path to the inn, where the newly-made widow, Dame Blacklock, he knew was waiting for him, as he had promised to return after the funeral, and remain some days with her in her loneliness. His step was slow and his thoughts sad; for he did not know when he should meet Isabel, who was now become his second self again. Of Manfred he was altogether as forgetful as if they had not met half an hour before in a hostile attitude. He did not even think about him when he took leave of Isabel at the house; for he had but one thought, it was his parting from her he so dearly loved, which parting was doubly bitter to him, because he felt that it was sorrowful to her also, and he sorrowed for her sorrow. He passed around the ruin, and was attracted once more to the steps on which they were seated when they plighted their troth to each other. He stood there recalling the scene. The moonlight shone upon something that glittered upon the ground. He stooped to pick it up, and took from the pavement a bracelet wet with the blood that had oozed from the wound in her forehead.

"Wretched brother, to aim such a murderous blow! This stained bracelet shall be my keepsake. The crimson tide that came from her heart, hath dyed it and made it sacred. Fortunate prize for my love to cherish!"

As he spoke he pressed it to his lips, and then clasped it upon his left wrist. He now cast a lingering look at the scene of their plighted hearts, and then turned to quit the ruin and hasten to the society of Dame Blacklock at the inn. He descended the rocky side of the cliff, and entered the cart-road that runs along the shore, following the windings of the river. He walked at a quick step, eager to relieve his mother's widowed loneliness by his presence, for it was full two hours after sundown, and had got about half way to the inn, when he saw a boat coming down at a rapid rate, pulled by four oarsmen. As the moon shone brightly upon the river, he saw it was the captain of the Despatch schooner, who at the same moment recognized him as he walked on the shore.

"Ahoy, shipmate! Isn't that your craft, Master Edward?"

"Is'nt you, Captain Walter?" responded Edward, with accents of pleasure at seeing him, "I thought you rode home in in the carriage that you came to the funeral in."

"Vast rowing! Pull in a bit on the starboard oars. That'll do," he added, as the boat came within oars length of the spot on which Edward stood. "I did ride home in the hack, and got her home safe, too, for a land craft; but I had not more than sat down to supper with mother and sister, than a long-shore chap brought me this note from you, telegraphing me to take me abroad—for I stay abroad nights, as I can't get a wink o'sleep in a shore-bed—I took her and pulled up. Now, what is in the wind? From the cut o' the signals in the billet, I was afraid you had got among the breakers, and needed a boat's crew or so to tow you off."

"Received a note from me, Captain Wat?"

"Yes, here it is;" answered the captain, taking his cigar from his mouth to stare at Edward, on witnessing his surprised manner, and he drew from the pocket of his drab watch-coat a crumpled bit of paper, and handed it to him.

"Thavesent you no note, captain. There is some mistake."

"There it is, in black and white, like a frigate's ports, and your name signed to it, all ship-shape."

Edward opened the paper, and not being able to make it out by the light of the moon, the captain sprung on shore, and putting his face down close to the paper, puffed away briskly, so that the light of his cigar cast a glare upon it, sufficient to enable him to read it. Edward read with astonishment the following words:

"CAPTAIN:—I wish to see you without a moment's delay at the inn. Come, and let nothing prevent you. I await you impatiently.

"Yours, EDWARD BLACKLOCK."

"This is a forgery, captain," said Edward, with such positiveness, that there was no room in the captain's mind for question. "I never wrote a line of it, nor is the handwriting at all like mine."

"Who, in Satan's name, then, has done it? I have been up to the inn, and there the good lady told me you had not been there since the funeral; and when I read the note to her, she began to be frightened lest something had happened to you. So not finding you there, and after waiting awhile, I up helm and lay my course down stream again, hoping to fall in with you, or hear something from you. And you say you don't know anything about it?"

Edward was thoughtful. He held the note in his hand and seemed to be meditating deeply. All at once he said, in an earnest manner:

"Captain, where were you when this note was given you?"

"At the supper-table at mother's. Can you find out anything?"

"Who handed it to you?"

"A fellow in long togs—a shore fellow, in a straw hat and home-made jacket."

Edward shook his head. "I can't understand this. Stay? It was written evidently to give you a row up to the inn. And for what end? Ah! I fear the worst! I think I can divine the horrible mystery."

"Out with it. What do you suspect?"

"I can give no other explanation of it. I fear that another attempt has been made to abduct Catharine, or perhaps to effect a robbery, for people know you have large sums of gold, in your absence. It is either one or the other."

The captain sprang into the boat, and shouted to his men to resume their oars.

"Jump in with me, and let us pull to the cottage. If this is so, there shall be one man less on earth before to-morrow morning!"

"Stay! It can't be Manfred Lawrence who has done it, for he was at the ruin just after sunset. It must be, therefore, to effect a robbery."

"In either case I can't delay."

"I cannot go with you, captain. My duty lies at the inn, where my mother waits for me."

"True, true! Good night! I will soon learn what this means."

"Send me word as soon as possible. I shall be very anxious to hear. There is plainly some mischief behind this forged note."

The boat pulled rapidly aware from the shore, and descending the stream, was soon lost to the eyes of Edward, though he could for some minutes hear the stern voice of the captain, urging his men to their utmost exertions.

"I fear the worst. Some wrong or outrage has been perpetrated under cover of this note and the captain's absence. But I must hasten to my mother."

Thus solloquizing, he moved forward on the road, and at the end of a hundred yards he came to a path which went from the river to the right, winding up a little valley. As he was crossing the line of this path, two men sprang out of the shadow of a large umbrageous tree that grew at the intersection, and one of them at five paces discharged a pistol at him, while the other ran in upon him to close with him, armed with a bludgeon. The pistol did not take effect, though he heard the ball cut the air near his ear. All his courage instantly filled his soul and nerved his arm. Brave men in danger always gather about them their bravery as a garment, and with the increase of the peril, their courage rises to meet it. He was unarmed; but he saw in the budgeon that was descending upon his head, the weapon of his choice, and seizing the wrist of the man with one hand, he struck him such a blow in the breast with the other, that he staggered back, leaving the weapon in Edward's grasp. He instantly advanced upon his assailant, and aiming a blow at him, missed him only because the man took to flight. The other, however, advanced and snapped a pistol at his head. If it had gone off, our story would here have an end; but the certainty that his life was doggedly aimed at, roused a spirit of angry resentment on his bosom and swinging the budgeon above his head, while the man snapped the pistol a second time in his face, he brought it down with its full weight upon his head, and felled him to the ground; and in his fall the pistol went off, the ball struck his wrist, cutting nearly in two the stone of his bracelet, which turned it aside almost harmlessly.

Edward was now master of the field. But who his assailants were he did not know, as neither of them had spoken a word during the conflict. He stooped down with strange feelings over the man whom he had, as he believed, killed, in order to save his own life. But the shadow which the thick tree cast upon the road, prevented him from seeing his features, which, however, seemed to be those of a negro. He, therefore, took the body by the arms to drag it out into the moonlight, not only that he might see who it was who had resolutely attached his life, but he near the water to throw it upon him to revive him; for he began to experience that strange, inexplicable, mysterious feeling which begins to rise in the bosom of a man who has occasion to suspect that he has killed a fellow-man. Upon dragging the lifeless weight, he felt certain he was dead; and his heart beat like lead at the thought.

"But it was in self-defence. It was to be either him or me! I had no alterative."

He got the body out in the broad radiance of the moonlight, and turning the face to its full splendor, he clasped his hands with an expression of gratitude.

"Heaven above be thanked—it is a negro! I half believed that I had killed Isabel's brother. This negro has sought my purse—no, the hands are white! It is a black mask!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, APRIL 30, 1868

From our Extra of Saturday.

STARTLING NEWS.

Prince Alfred Shot on Good Friday.

THE ASSASSIN CAUGHT.

He is Believed to be a Fenian.

CABLE TELEGRAM.

Direct to the Semi-Weekly Signal.

LONDON, April 24, midnight.

Late and startling intelligence has just been received from Australia.

Prince Alfred, who is visiting Sydney, was shot and dangerously wounded by an unknown person.

The would-be assassin who was said to be a Fenian, was promptly arrested.

The Prince according to the last advices was slowly recovering.

LONDON, April 25.—Further particulars state that the culprit who attempted to assassinate Prince Alfred is an Irishman named Farrell, known to be a Fenian. The Prince was shot in the back and the ball was not extracted for two days. The wound is dangerous and painful, but the Prince is doing well. The affair took place at Sidney on the 12th of March.

LONDON, April 25, evening.—The attempted assassination of Prince Alfred by the Fenian Farrell, has produced the most profound excitement from one end of the nation to the other. The press teems with denunciation of the assassin, and among the people with whom the Prince was a great favorite, the crime forms a great topic of conversation.

☞ The Shareholders of the "Ontario" Salt company, held their first meeting according to the provisions of the charter, on Saturday last, and elected Mr. Wm. Kay President and Mr. Jno. Kay secretary and managing director.

☞ In the London, Ont., police court, a man named Wm. *Waggoner* was brought up for not paying his *cartage* license. Rather hard on William.

From our Extra of Monday.

Great Battle in ABYSSINIA.

BRITISH VICTORIOUS.

KING THEODORUS SLAIN!

THE CAPTIVES LIBERATED!!

Cable Telegram!

Direct to the Semi-Weekly Signal.

London, 25th, Eve.

The following intelligence is received from Abyssinia. A battle was fought on Good Friday between the British troops commanded by Gen. Napier and the Abyssinian forces, under command of their King in person. The latter were defeated and retreated into the town.

Their loss in killed and wounded was very heavy. On the following Monday, all his preparations being completed, Gen. Napier ordered an assault upon Magdala, and the town and citadel were carried by storm. King Theodorus was slain. A large number of his warriors were killed, wounded and taken prisoners, and the entire citadel remained in possession of the British forces. The loss of the British in killed and wounded was very small. All the British captives were found in the city alive, and well, and were set free. Gen. Napier's instant return to the sea coast is expected.

Fenians Coming Again.

General O'Neil is stumping the west for the purpose of stirring up the Fenians to make another raid on Canada. He was in Chicago the other day, and the *Post* thus speaks of his visit:

"The excitement was intense, and did not subside until Gen. O'Neill stepped forward and commenced his speech, which was an urgent appeal to Irishmen to enrol themselves again, ready to march at once upon Canada. In appealing to them to take the field he said:—We are ready to place our army in the field. Are you men of Chicago ready? (Cries of "Yes," "Yes.") Then, if you are, when next we unfurl the green flag it shall not be furled again, and we shall not come back. Shall we give up the cause because we did not succeed in June, 1866? The men who think so are not fit to take part in such a movement, and the sooner they leave our ranks the better. We want men who will not give up, even though defeat and disaster stare them in the face.

"In conclusion, the speaker said that the question was to be tested, and the names would be enrolled of such as were ready and willing to join the army at once. How many are there here who are willing to go with us immediately? (At least 400 hands were raised.) Such as shall not enroll themselves we want to form into activil organization to take care of the wives and children of those who go. Then all who wished to enroll their names were directed to repair to the Fenian muster-room, and the audience dispersed."

FREE SPEECH.

An Irishman, many years ago, leaped upon the dock at New York, on his arrival from the "Sod," whirled his blackthorn over his head, tapped a negro on the bump of benevolence, and shouted, "Whurrop, be jabers, I'm in a free counthry now, an' I'm agin the governmint!" Poor Pat's ideas of freedom were certainly vague enough, but, since his utterance, we have heard and seen in print, from the lips and pens of Americans, sentiments quite as paradoxical. Even educated journalists and orators, while they talk swellingly of the Republic as the very fountain head and abiding home of Human Liberty, seem to think that the quintessence of freedom is to act and speak just as the they please, irrespective of law, license or decency. The more rabidly blasphemous a man is, and the less respect he manifests for the character of an opponent or the amenities of social life, the better he pleases a very, very large class of Americans. Were it not so, where would be the popularity of the ranting Train, the savage Pomeroy, the impious *Parson* Brownlow, or the dignifiedly vulgar Horace Greely? Just think of the latter, who claiming perhaps truthfully, that his writings are read by more people than those of any other journalist on the continent, heading a long editorial with "Governor Seymour considered as a *Liar!*" Horace is a man of undoubted ability and extensive influence, but we are inclined to believe that, on occasion, he can ever be as coarse as General Butler, which is saying a great deal. But for downright literary ferocity commend us to Brick Pomeroy, of the Lacrosse *Democrat*. Brick cares for nothing in Heaven, Earth, or the *other* place, and he is rather anxious that the world should see, and seeing admire the extremely original blasphemy with which he spices his utterances and vindicates the rights of free speech. Just hear how he advocates the principle of assassination:

"There is need of Mr. Ben. Wade to beware! The people of this country have borne much from obscure clowns, drunkards and fanatics; very much more than they will ever bear again. It were far better that the tyrant who is forced into the position once filled by Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson, should be hurled out of existence by the bullet of the patriot than that 35,000,000 of Americans should suffer under his despotic dynasty. Mr. Wade will stand upon tender ground; a single false step and the mine may be sprung. It requires but a spark to set the whole country on fire.—Remember: *Sic semper tyrannis!*"

The atrocious coolness with which this devilish doctrine is set forth makes one literally shudder. Heaven help the United States when such scoundrels succeed in driving every decent and respectable man from public life! Tyranny, indeed! No despotism could be more complete, or exist in a more horridly repulsive form.

"Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
Dropping by one from Fame's neglected hand;
Lethean gulfs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon enshrouds them all."
COWPER.

We recommend the above quotation to the serious attention of that insignificant sheet at Barrie, and others of a similar stamp, who appear to take a peculiar delight at the present moment, now that D'Arcy McGee is no more, to spurt their harmless venom on the memory of the gifted statesman. In fact the great Shakespeare himself was not exempt from like attentions from such pin-feathered critics, and it has been well remarked that his remains but served to breed a large quantity of literary vermin. Poor McGee's mutilated corpse it seems is destined to furnish food for a similar host of small fry in the world of letters, who presume to undervalue his talents as a poet, lecturer, &c., by puerile attempts at criticism. [We are sorry to observe that the *Globe* has deemed proper to copy approvingly the opinions of these would be reviewers.

Another Outrage.

The Atlantic Telgraph brings us the startling news that Prince Alfred was shot in the back by a supposed Fenian, at Sidney, Australia on Good Friday. If the atrocious deed can be fastend upon a member of this now infamous body of men it will be the means degrading it still lower in the estimation of right thinking men of all countries. We are happy to note that the Prince, who is universally popular, throughout the Empire, is recovering from the effects of his wound.

The Abyssinian War.

By reference to our telegraph news it will be seen that there has been a great battle in Abyssinia. The natives suffered severely in killed and wounded, their capital being taken, and king Theodorus killed. The English captives were all liberated.—Of course the war may now be considered at an end. We hear a great deal now-a-days about selfish Albion, but we can boast that no other country in the world would have undertaken a war involving an outlay of three millions of money to liberate fifty of its ordinary subjects.

GODERICH HARBOR.

That the harbor of Goderich requires a thorough repair, involving a large outlay of money is unquestionable. Always small enough for the accommodation of the vessels visiting a port of so much importance, it is now much worse than ever, owing to the destruction caused by the unprecedented massing of ice during the spring freshet. The Grand Trunk Railway Company will, of course, do something towards dredging the bar at the mouth of the river, and so on,—indeed, preparations are being made to that end already, but we submit that a great deal more will be required than the said Company will be able or *willing* to accomplish. It is a fact acknowledged by every mariner navigating Lake Huron, that Goderich harbor is by far the best point on the East coast for a Harbor of Refuge, inasmuch as it is always available for vessels disabled by N. W. gales, and is a perfectly secure haven when entered, which is more than can be said for some other ports. The amount of shipping done at present to and from our harbor is very large, embracing a line of large propellers and sailing craft on the Chicago route, a line of steamers between Goderich and Saginaw, the coasting line, besides sailing craft of all kinds, together with a fleet of local fishing vessels. Besides, the Government has wisely made this port the headquarters of two gunboats, which could not possibly be as secure or occupy such a commanding position elsewhere on the coast of Lake Huron. The development of our newly discovered and truly magnificent *salt interest*, now going on with so much energy in the County of Huron, is of National importance, and we argue that it is incumbent upon the Government to secure facilities for the cheap transport of an article of home manufacture and in universal demand. It is by water principally, that Canadians will be able to secure an article of better salt than the Americans at as cheap a rate, and Goderich for the the next century must be the great shipping port—more especially when the Western market is open to our manufactures. How the shipping trade of this port can be carried on, when it is *doubled*, which it will be within three years, without increased harbor accomodation, it is impossible to see at present. Apart from these weighty commercial considerations, in a military point of view Goderich harbor would be of immeasurable value, in case of war. If the basin was dredged out, and it would not be a vast work, it would give ample room for fifty gunboats to ride at anchor, protected by batteries on heights declared by military engineers to be almost as capable of being rendered impregnable as Gibralter itself. When it is considered that a fleet of gunboats so protected would command the Western lakes, and hold securely the key to Ontario against invasion from the North Western lakes, we think no one will question the validity of our argument.

We expect that a special commission will ere long visit this point and others on the East coast, to report upon the proper point for a harbor of refuge, when, no doubt, the various considerations to which we have briefly adverted will receive due weight, and we have not the slightest fear that the result will be unfavorable to Goderich.

OUR HARBOR

Presents, just now, a very lively appearance. In addition to a large number of sailing vessels, we are happy to say that the Grand Trunk Co. has put on a line of two of the largest sized propellers between Chicago and Goderich, besides large sailing vessels, several of which have entered already heavily laden with Western produce, bound East. The noble str. *Clinton* makes her trips between Saginaw and Goderich with great regularity, and in a few days the *Spray* will be on her route, thoroughly fitted with engines, &c. As some of these vessels are always in port, together with tug, dredges, fishing smacks, &c., the docks, broken up as they have been by ice, present an exceedingly lively and bustling appearance.

Harbor of Refuge for Lake Huron.

Mr. M. C. CAMERON—Whether the Government intend doing anything, and if so, when and what? towards the construction of a harbor of refuge on the East coast of Lake Huron, there being at present no safe harborage on that coast for the protection of vessels engaged in the commerce of the Lakes, or for the safety and protection of Her Majesty's gunboats stationed there. Three several Select Committees, appointed by the House of Assembly of the Province of Canada, having, on three several occasions, reported strongly in favor of such a harbor?

In reply to the above question put by the Hon. Member for South Huron, to the Minister of Public Works; the Government replied, that it was their intention to put a sum in the Estimates for the next year, for the construction of a Harbour of Refuge on the East coast of Lake Huron. Mr. Cameron proposes the appointment of a Select Committee to report as to the place where the work is be constructed. We may therefore expect that this long looked for and much needed work will shortly be undertaken by the Government. It is about time we got something in Huron.

At what hour did Satan make his appearance in the Garden of Eden? Some time during the night. He certainly came after Eve.

The Economical Members for North and South Bruce.

We find that when the report of the Committee on contingencies was before the Parliament of Canada, on the 20th of this month, by which a saving to the country of over $30,000 annually, was recommended in the expenses of the House alone, these tory members voted against the report; thus by their votes attempting to keep up the system of extravagance and corruption that characterised the Parliament of the old Province of Canada. The report was adopted and the saving effected, but no thanks to Alexander Sproat and Francis Hurdon, the unworthy representatives of Bruce—a county that has always cast its vote for honesty and economy in the administrations of our public affairs, but unfortunately a county that was deceived and misled at last election by the hollow but specious cries of "fair play" and economy, never intended to be practised. The eyes of the electors are now opened and when the day of reckoning comes, as it surely will, these *worthies* who now misrepresent the noble county of Bruce, will then find that it is a dangerous experiment to trifle with the rights of a free people, and extremely hazardous to reject every opportunity presented of checking the corruption and stopping the extravagances that are fast drifting this country to national bankruptcy, unless stayed by the strong and effective will of the people.—Electors of Bruce, mark your men!

Annual Dinner of the St. George's Society.

The annual dinner of the Goderich St. George's Society came off at the Maitland Hotel, last (Thursday) evening. The gathering was larger than on any former occasion of the kind, and the whole affair was a splendid success. It is due to Mr. Hosker to say that he got up the Dinner in the good old style. Plenty of everything, cooked as an Englishwoman can cook, and served up in a style calculated to please the taste of the most inveterate of Englishmen. After dinner, the president, John Davison, Esq., presented the usual loyal toasts, which were received enthusiastically, followed by speeches and songs, by the president, Jas Watson, S. H. Detler, T. Andrews, G. Rumball, E. Clifford, J. Mitchell, W. G. Smith, W. Donaghy, and others. It was considered to be one of the pleasantest re-unions ever held in Goderich, and our only regret is, that, through indisposition, we were unable to be present, *in propria persona*.

FORTIFYING THE DOMINION.—In moving the second reading of the Militia Bill, on Tuesday night, Sir G. E. Cartier said he intended to effect a loan on the Imperial guarantee of £220,000 sterling per annum, for four years, for the purpose of improving the fortifications of the Dominion. He also explained the amount required for a sinking fund, in order to discharge the debt, after which he stated that it was the intention to expend £200,000 for fortifications in New Brunswick, $433,000 in Montreal, and the balance in Ontario, at Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, Paris or London. After a discussion, the debate was adjourned till Wednesday.

Why not try to secure a fort at Goderich one of the most important points on the northern lakes. Some of our local military authorities should take the matter in hand.

Our Harbors.

On the 22nd inst., in reply to questions by Messrs. M. C. Cameron and Walsh.

Hon. Mr. McDougall said the government had decided to place in the estimates an appropriation for the improvement of certain lake harbors, without, however, having determined the particular localities in which these harbors should be improved. The improvement of harbors on Lakes Erie and Huron would be one of the subjects to which the government would address itself in deciding as to the expenditure of this money.

We trust the Government will take up this subject of the harbors without delay, as those on Lake Huron are in a very bad condition.

☞ We are glad to hear that the editor of the Sarnia *Canadian* is going to make his proof-reader "consult Webster in future." We did not think he had one on his premises. Persevere, old fellow, and your criticisms will henceforth have more point—at least it is to be hoped so.

HOUSE ROOM WANTED.—Four years ago there were houses enough in Goderich and to spare, but to-day, owing to the great change that has taken place, it is impossible to find accommodation for those who cannot conveniently lodge in the hotels. Nearly every day we meet some disconsolate one who cannot, for love or money, secure house-room for himself and family. Already this spring a number of buildings have been rushed up, but the cry is still, *more, more!* Any one building a block of neat cottages would make a good speculation of it.

NETTING BASS.—While we would be the last to obstruct the operations of our hard-working fishermen, we have to object to the illegal practice of stretching nets across the mouth of Goderich harbor, which prevents the best bass and pike from entering the river. We trust His Worship the Mayor will cause such nets to be removed without delay.

A KINDLY ACT.—We are pleased to hear that 2nd Lieut. Skimings of the Goderich Garrison Artillery Co. who contracted a serious lung complaint at the London Rifle Match last year has received from headquarters a superior Snider Enfield Rifle and 500 rounds of ammunition, in token of his valuable sevices as a volunteer officer. We believe it is Mr. Skimings' intention to remove to Perm this summer in order to restore his health. From that point he will be the special correspondent of the Huron SIGNAL, and we hope to hear that he is well and hearty.

☞ The spring races at Brantford are announced for the 3rd and 4th of June next.

☞ A lady residing in New York has a mocking bird which speaks fifty words in the English language distinctly.

☞ A New York chemist has discovered a process for making ice in large quantities in warm weather.

☞ The Mayor of Toronto has been warned of a plot to burn the Drill Shed. Extra guards have been put on in consequence.

☞ Salt Lake papers say the Mormons have collected $50 000 to aid emigration of Mormons in the spring from Europe.

☞ Three young men, students of the Commercial Academy stood an examination in the commercial course of that institution and succeeded in getting a London Commercial College Grade A. Diploma. Two of these began the course on the 6th of Jan. last and graduated on the 18th of April, thus completing the course in a little more than 3 months. All who intend to enter for the summer term should endeavor to do so without delay as the beginning of the term is undoubtedly the best time for entrance.

SEAFORTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MARKET.—There is very little doing here in grain, prices keep high but almost nothing coming in, farmers are busy getting in their seed, and wheat buyers are farming or on fishing excursions.

WEATHER.—The weather on the whole is good but last Wednesday we had quite a little snow storm.

BUILDING.—The masons are commencing to build new houses where the late fire occurred, in a short time the gap will be filled with good substantial brick buildings.

MUSIC.—Mr. Ward will commence a music class this week, which will no doubt be large, as he is known to be an excellent teacher.

D. ARCY MCGEE.—If any one would like a likeness of the late T. D. Arcy McGee let him fall on Mr. F. Paltridge who will supply him with a genuine likeness for the small sum of twenty cts.

BANKRUPT STOCK.—The bankrupt stock of Mr. H. W. McCann is now selling off. People are in general fond of bargains, lately they have had a good deal of such bargains here, and must ere now (to use a common saying) have bought themselves rich.

ACCIDENT.—At Mr. Cole's barn raising last Tuesday, the purline plate broke when being raised, and part of it fell on Mr. Edward Devereaux and smashed his foot so severely that the doctor thinks it will have to be taken off.

ACCIDENT.—Last Wednesday morning when the servant girl at Mr. Lancaster's hotel was clearing one of the windows upstairs, a little girl of Mr. Lancaster's of five years of age got upon the window sill, in the absence of the servant, who on coming into the room and seeing the child in so dangerous a position, called to her to come off when the child lost her balance and fell on the hard road beneath, she did not breath for some time after being lifted and was thought to be dead. Dr. Tracey was in immediate attendance—she is now recovering.

RIFLE SHOOTING MATCH.—Some of the civilians of Seaforth hearing of the good shooting made by the rifle company at the late Match, thought there were some private gentlemen who knew a thing or two about shooting as well as any company.—That they could shoot as well as any military men out. In fact a good deal better. And accordingly sent a challenge to the Rifle Company to shoot against the best two for a champaigne dinner, which was accepted—the match took place on Saturday and the civilians came off second best. A great many spectators were present—the wind was very strong and equally, which accounts for the shooting not being so good as on the former match.

KENNEDY.—This celebrated vocalist gave one of his deservedly popular entertainments in Downey's Hall last Tuesday evening. All afternoon people came crowding into Seaforth, from North, South, East and West, and long before the time, the hall was crowded to suffocation, the stairs and streets round the house were likewise crammed with people eager and determined (if they could not get in to see) at least to hear the great singer. And well did Mr Kennedy sustain his reputation. People (from the singer's fame) were prepared to hear superior singing, but the way in which he rendered those old Scottish songs—songs which every body had heard many a time by good singers,—was beyond any anticipation. The room was uncomfortably jammed yet when Mr. Kennedy commenced there was perfect silence, you could have heard a pin fall. He has the power both in singing and speaking of drawing the audience with him. Some curious remarks were made on his power of taking all out of a song that was in it.—One Scotchman, at the end of one of the songs slapped his knee and exclaimed,—"man that's baith meat and drink tae me;" and another observed "Kennedy's the same tae a Scotch sang that het water is tae a drap Scotch whiskey, he taks a' the guid out o't that's in't." A great many, the following evening went to Mitchell to hear him; he intends to return next March and if he does, or whenever he does, he will always be sure of hearty welcome.

McKillop.

DIED.—Mr. Stewart who was lately caught by the horse power, at Mr. R. Govinlock's and severely hurt, has since died of the injuries received, he died on Monday evening and was buried on Tuesday at Harperhey.

THE LATE HON. T. D. McGEE.

MEETING OF MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

At a meeting of the Parliamentary friends of the late Hon. T. D. McGee, held at Ottawa on Wednesday, Mr. Shanley, M. P., in the chair, the following resolutions were submitted, and on motion of Mr. Gray, M. P., seconded by Mr. Workman, M. P., were unanimously adopted: 1st. That the crime which has robbed the country of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee has left his family to the care and protection of its people, for whose greatness and prosperity he laboured so zealously, and to the promotion of whose interests he devoted his splendid abilities, neglectful of personal gain. 2nd. That the duty of providing for his family from the public treasury has been acknowledged by Parliament, and in order that the allowance granted may not fail to furnish them fitting support, it is necessary that his widow should be freed from any incumbrance of debt found to rest upon his estate. 3rd. That this meeting gladly embraces the opportunity to mark the respect it feels for the memory of the deceased statesman, and their detestation of the crime which has taken him from amongst us by opening a national subscription to raise the necessary fund for the above purpose. 4th. That the Friends and admirers of the late Mr. McGee and all who desire to recognize the duty to provide for the family of one who has died for his country be appealed to, to take part in the subscription. 5th. That members of the Senate and of the House of Commons of Canada be a committee to carry the above resolutions into effect, and to co-operate with local committees to be formed in any part of the Dominion. The following further resolutions were also unanimously agreed to: On motion of the Hon. B. Wilmot, senator, seconded by the Hon. T. Ryan, Senator—6th. That a subscription list for the purpose of carrying out the foregoing objects be forthwith opened, to be filled up with any sums not exceeding five dollars by any one person. On motion of the Hon. G. W. Allan, Senator, seconded by Dr. Brown, M. P.—7th. That the money so raised be applied—1st. To relieve the property of the late Mr. McGee of all incumbrances thereon, and 2nd. To settle such other claims against his estate as the Trustees hereafter appointed may in their discretion deem just and equitable. On motion of Hon. Mr. Benson, Senator, seconded by Mr. O'Connor, M. P.—8th. That if any surplus remain after providing for the foregoing objects and payment of necessary expenses, the Trustees shall report the same to the General Committee at the next session of Parliament, who shall decide in what manner the same shall be disposed of. On motion of the Hon. Mr. McPherson, Senator, seconded by Mr. Jackson, M. P.—9th. That the Hon. Mr. Ryan, Mr. Shanley, M. P., W. Workman, Mayor of Montreal, and Messrs. M. P. Ryan, Walker and McFarlane, of Montreal, be trustees of the funds with power to fill vacancies arising in their number through death or resignation, and that until otherwise ordered by them all moneys subscribed be paid to Mr. Shanly, M. P., at Ottawa, or Mr. W. Workman, Montreal.

A receipt for instanstaneously removing superflous hair—undertake to kiss a spunky woman against her will.

An Irishman, about to be hanged, begged that the rope might be tied under his arm, instead of round his neck; for, said Pat, 'I am so ticklish in the throat, that if tied there, I would certainly kill myself laughing.'

A man got so deep in debt that not one of his creditors was able to see him for months.

THE OTTAWA TRAGEDY,

Startling Revelations.

(From the Leader.)

OTTAWA, April 24.

Mr. O'Reilly, district Crown attorney, continued the investigation in the assassination case throughout the whole of to-day before Mr. O'Gara, Police Magistrate.

The depositions of a number of witnesses were taken, their evidence it is understood being chiefly directed against Doyle, who was to-day formally charged as accessory before the fact to the murder. He thus being made the principal in the crime.

The enquiry was adjourned to the jail for the purpose of hearing the testimony of a man named Hess, who happens to be in jail at present on a simple charge of assault.

It may have been remarked that for some time past there have been hints of certain admissions which Whalen was said to have been overheared making to Doyle. The origin of the affair was as follows:—Doyle was confined in a certain cell in jail and one day when Whalen was brought back he was placed in another cell close by in the same corridor. Detectives Cullen and Hess then took a position near at hand and a slight noise attracting Whalen's attention, he called out, "Who's there?" Doyle, recognized his voice, replied, "Its me, Jim." A conversation then ensued between them, during which, according to the evidence of the two witnesses, Whalen made admissions to Doyle which amount to a confession of the crime. The facts, as related by Cullen and Hess, are as follows:—

We went when the court adjourned at half-past five to the jail, and after the Governor and officials left the corridor on which Whalen and Doyle are confined, we took up our positions immediatly outside the door forming the entrance to the corridor and heard the following conversation:

Whalen said—Are you there, John?

Doyle said—Yes.

Whalen then said—I was nailed bloody tight to-day.

Doyle said—You don't say?

Whalen—Yes, by J——s; you don't know who's the informer.

Doyle—No.

Whalen—Aliek Turner.

Doyle—No! (in a loud tone.)

Whalen—Yes by Jesus Christ; I would not give six-pence for his carcass.—There were boys there to-day that "spot him." I saw a great deal of them here from the country; from Gloucester and all around.

At this time from the other ward a voice called out to Whalen and asked him how did he get on to-day?

Whalen answered—Bloody bad I was nailed very tight.

The voice answered—I am sorry to hear it.

Whalen then said—I had a nod from Slatery's brother to-day.

The voice again said—Is he in town.

Whalen said, yes. You keep as mute as a mouse here.

Whalen then spoke to Doyle and said—It'll go bloody hard with me; I'll either swing or get to Penetentiary for life. I don't care; I'm prepared for the worst. That bugger Turner swore bloody hard against me. He swore we were all bloody Fenians. There were fourteen witnesses examined. He swore that he was an Englishman.

Doyle replied—You're in a bad fix.

Whalen said—I don't care a damn; all I depend upon is in a good jury.

Doyle then asked him if he had a lawyer.

Whalen said—Yes, Buckley—He's not worth two sheets of paper. He's afraid of O'Reilly. O'Reilly's little finger is worth his whole carcass.

Doyle often said—What will happen to me? What will become of me? They can do nothing to me.

Whalen answered him, saying, that nothing would happen to him as they could prove nothing against him.

Doyle said—I wish you'd never done it, and I wish you never came near me that night.

Whalen said—I would not have come near you only I was drunk.

Doyle said—I am sorry James, you ever done it.

Whalen said—I don't care a damn; I an prepared for the worst, I'll either swing or go to penitentiary for life. I would'nt care a damn only for one thing.

Doyle asked—What's that?

Whalen said the old woman; the bloody guts will fall out of her.

Doyle said—Jim, I'm sorry for you; the whole world will know it.

Whalen said—Yes, I'm a great fellow. I shot that fellow. Have you, poor bugger, here, and here I am myself, which makes three of us.

Doyle asked him what he said at the same time.

The witness turned round to Hess bowing his head to call attention to the word, and said—Whalen again repeated the same using these words—I shot him like a dog; you're here I'm hear; I'm a great fellow; my name will go down to posperity.

Doyle said—Jim, Jim, I am sorry for you.

Whalen said—I do not care a damn only for my poor mother.

Doyle said—Is she alive?

Whalen said—Yes, and added, my brother is in prison too.

Doyle asked—What for?

Whalen—Fenianism; for firing the police barrack in Tallough, Ireland. What a fine family my mother had! What a fine lot of boys! One thing they were fond of—Ireland. One was shot at the firing of the police barrack; one is in prison for the same, and I'm here.

Whalen then sung a couple of songs, and there was a long silence. He danced and whistled, and told Doyle about what Murphy and Enwright brought from Montreal here by Cullen.

Doyle asked him what for?

Whalen said—Fenianism. That b——r Turner, swore that Murphy was with me at McGee's, and that was a lie. John, I was in prison before for 18 months.

Doyle—What for?

Whalen—Fenianism.

Doyle—Where?

Whalen—West of England.

Whalen then said, Buckley was before the court to-day. He told O'Reilly he didn't care a d—n for him. When he was giving them the names of the people in the gallery that night, he kept mine out.

Doyle said that was very good of him.

A long silence then ensued.

Doyle then called him, saying—I do not know what they'll do with me.

Whalen answered—You are all right, my boy. They can do nothing to you. They may keep you a week, or perhaps a fortnight. Life is sweet; I wish I was as safe as you.

Whalen said further—They have traced me step by step ever since I came into the country. Every bloody thing I have done they have traced it. It all came out in the court to-day. That O'Reilly is a bugger. I thought I'd faint when Turner came up, but I bore it up like a man. There was not the slightest sign on me.

Doyle then said—An, he's the last man I ever thought they'd bring up. So he'll get the reward. Whalen said—He will, but his evidence amounts to nothing. All he knows is what was said and done in Montreal; but what's to come is the worst. All I depend upon is a good jury.

Whalen said—During the time the above conversation occurred,—"John, you and me must quit telling about what you know. You understand these buggers might be listening around." Doyle—All right.

There was a long silence and a talk about indifferent matters