[illegible] hours knocked [illegible] in Kate's place. [illegible] of your wit, Margy. [illegible] in college.

Mantlock never recognised him, [illegible] be know him well; nay, as boys [illegible] fished and roamed the woods together; but when they grew older, and one realized that he was an heir, and that his companion was the son of an innkeeper, they ceased to associate; and I [illegible] sorry, for Edward loses nothing, but rather gains by the termination of their intimacy."

"So I think, to be sure, Margy; you are always right. Dear bless us, how like a book you talk."

"The sister Isabel is superior to her brother, if one may judge by look. But she has been so long away till last month at school, he has not seen her to have much evil inuence over her; and doubtless she is now old enough—for she must be eighteen or nineteen—to have her character pretty well formed."

"She's amazing handsome, that is certain. I could light my pipe at her eyes, they are so bright. Then she has a toss of her head that is just like that of a deer when it goes trotting along on a ridge of a clear morning, snuffing up the bracing air and feeling his high blood, and scarcely feeling the ground as he passes over it!"

"Why, Davy, you are cracked, man!" exclaimed his wife, looking over the top of her spectacles at her husband, from whom she had never before heard a speech to equal that.

"Not a bit of it, Margy. If I use college talk sometime, I catch it from you and Ned; and if I ever use it, by St. George's dragon! I ought to use it in speaking of pretty Bella Lawrence. She speaks like an Angel, anyhow. Never heard such a musical voice. Says she to me, as her mother stopped the carriage to ask me about the pair of horses she wanted me to buy for her, you know, says she—'Ah, Mister David, I am glad to see you looking so well. You don't recollect me, I suppose, it is so many years since I used to be at home, a little girl; but you look the same only a little more corpulent.'" Here David looked down complacently upon his aldermanic abdomen, and added: "Perhaps I do grow a leetle fleshy, wife!"

"You seem to be too old to be remembering the speeches of young girls, man."

"Old? I never was so young in my life as I am now. By St. George's dragon, I could dance—"

"Sunday?" came so sternly from the dame's severe lips, that the astounded inn-keeper stopped short as if he had been shot, and resumed his smoking with a very repentant look. "David, you must get over this swearing of a Sunday."

"Swearing?"

"Your oath by St. George and his dragon! This is bad enough week days, but on a Sunday—"

"That's a fact; but I didn't know it."

"Hear what the Bible says!" And she turned to the New Testament and opened, with a hand evidently familiar with the places in the holy volume, at these words, which she read with a look at her husband of mild reproof: "Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne! nor by the earth, for it is his footstool! neither by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair black or white."

"But I swear by St. George, dame. Nothing against that, hey?"

"Did I not read 'swear not at all?'"

"True, true—I forgot. You are always right. Bad habit, 'specially on a Sunday. But you mistake in saying I am old. Look at the record. There's my birth set down in black and white. Read it."

"I mean to think of maidens."

"Ah! I can't get the pretty daughter of General Lawrence out of my head. I would die happy to see Ned married to her."

"You are daft, man. I would not. When he is married, I want to see him honored by the family into which he marries. Thinkest thou that he and Manfred Lawrence could ever cross hands in friendship and brotherly love?"

"Hark! There is a gun. Hein shooting rabbits, I guess; but it must be too dark in the wood. You can hardly see to read now, as the sun is down.

"Your age is just fortynine, David," she said, reading from where the births were recorded.

"That is not old. By St.—Dragon—I mean St. George—I don't mean anything. Mustn't swear Sunday. Forty-nine! Wait till I'm fifty, which'll be ten years yet: I mean to keep this side of fifty in the forties as long as I can. Look at Edward's age."

"His age, man. You speak as if the day of his birth were put down here."

"True, true. It is only *the day*—you know! Well, what day was that? Read it."

She reads: "On this, the thirteenth day of September, 18—, the child Edward, about five years old, was found in the river opposite the house, drifting by in a chest, and asleep."

"That is to-day. This is the thirteenth of September. It is the anniversary."

"I did not think of it."

"Nor I, or I would have kept it by an apple-dumpling more at dinner than usual."

"He did not think of it, or he would have spoken of it," said Dame Blacklock.

"That *was* a very extraordinary circumstance, Margy. I haven't done wondering at it yet, though it was fifteen years ago."

"Some mother—some father is now either suffering in the world of woe for this desertion, or repenting in remorse in this life."

"Would you be willing, if the parents were found, to give him up?"

"Not to give up his affection—O no! But I would gladly share him with them, could his parents be discovered."

"I wouldn't give him up if twenty fathers and fifty mothers should come after him—not I, by St. Geor'—'gon! He's like a son of my own bone, to be sure!"

"He loves us as if he were our child."

"He says he knows no difference. Do you know, wife, that he remembers clearly to this day all that had passed just before we found him?"

"He knows it as a dream only. He says that he is not sure that what he has supposed all along as real, may be a dream. He is not certain now that he recollects anything before that time."

"Yet he told us so odd a story, wife, when he woke up. Wasn't it a heavy sleep he was in? Full twelve hours before we could wake him."

"Because he was drugged. O, there was a crime in some one! May they have been spared to repent the deed," said Dame Blacklock, rising to go in; for by this time the sun is down, and the shades of twilight were deepening into the darkness of starry night.

David remained yet a little longer, smoking his pipe, and thinking over the time when, as he was standing fishing from a rock in the rear of the inn, he saw a seaman's blue chest, with the lid down, floating past with the current, and pressing down two-thirds deep in the water, as if it carried weight. His pole was a very long one, and by throwing it skillfully out with the additional length of the line, he succeeded in striking the chest with the hook, and drawing it into the shore. Upon raising the lid, he discovered a boy of five years old, or thereabouts, lying fast asleep in the bottom. He uttered so loud an exclamation, that his good wife ran out and saw the child also. It had dark brown hair cropped short, as if shears had been used to sever clusters of rich ringlets from the head. His complexion was fair and soft, his hands white, his feet, which were bare, tender, as if they had never been used to tread the ground shoeless, and his clothing very coarse, but nearly new, yet of the cheapest and meanest description. There was no paper, no sign in the chest or about him, to indicate his name or whence he came. They at once removed him from the chest to a bed in the inn, and used every means to wake him out of the deathlike repose in which he lay, and which, from the smell of opium on his breath, which Dame Blacklock detected, had been induced by an administered potion by some hand and for some object unknown.

At length, after twelve hours the boy awoke, and looked around with terror; but seeing strange but kind faces regarding him, and feeling the soft touch and gentle kiss of Dame Blacklock, he was reassured.

"O, you will save me—you will not let them hurt me, will you?" he said, in the most touching accents.

"That we will not, by St. George's dragon!" answered David, whose belligerancy was raised to a dangerous height by the indignation of his benevolence that any one should seek to injure so innocent a child. "If they come here, they will go away with broken heads."

"You are safe here, my child," answered the dame, folding him to her heart. "If you have no other parents, we will be your father and mother."

And faithfully had the inn-keeper and his wife fulfilled their pledge up to this day. No one ever came to inquire after the boy, and as at the time he was found no one happened to be in the inn but themselves, no one knew how the child came there; and it was easy for the dame to say that it was one they had adopted, without entering into particulars. So he grew up, no so much an adopted as an old child, and by most persons he was considered their own son.

CHAPTER II.

GRASMERE HALL.

THE young student having lost sight of the inn which was hidden from him by a turn in the road, along which he was walking and which followed the windings of the river, marched along with a free and cheerful air. The walk he had taken nearly Sunday evening for three years past; for, as the university lay about eight miles from the inn, in a northerly direction, he came home every Saturday and passed the following day with his parents, as he called the honest inn-keeper David and his sensible, strong-minded dame.

It was a pleasant autumnal evening. The west was golden-hued, mingled with purple and apple-green tints. A few lances of crimson clouds with banners folded about them, as they seemed to be, were crossed above the sun, which was setting in an arial ocean of fire. The clear stream which he always regarded with a strange feeling of affection and mysterious awe, recollecting how he had been found floating upon it, glided past at his side, blushing with the roses which it stole from the western heavens. A few birds were hopping from tree to furze, carolling their vespers to the departing day, and high in the air with balanced wings sailed the sea hawk oceanward. There was a Sabbath stillness in the air—that absence of the sounds of labor which stir the atmosphere during the six days of the toiling week.

Edward marched on, light-hearted and happy. He knew not a care, he experienced not a fear or an apprehension. He had all that his heart could desire. He had a pleasant home, was beloved by David and the good dame as if he were their flesh and blood; he had sufficient money at all times to meet his wishes, and luxuries and pleasures he cared little for; his rank as a student in the university was enviably high; he was popular among those whose esteem and friendship were truly desirable and he had the confidence of the professors to whose department he belonged. He had not an enemy that he knew on earth. Why, then, should he not feel and be happy? and show that he was so by his cheery air and elastic tread, and humming in a mellow key the air of some favorite piece? All nature reflected his happiness; and he saw in all around him, in the beauty of the skies, the splendor of the sun, the verdant mantles of the forests, the green sward beneath, the clear river, the grey rocks, the winds, the very air he breathed, causes for gratitude to the Giver of all these good gifts.

There were, however, depths and sources of happiness which he went not of, and which he did not suspect!—There were abysses in his soul that he knew not existed, and in whose depths are found diamonds of joy that his experience had never discovered. He had never been in love! He was, therefore, not perfectly happy—or, rather, he was happy only up to his knowledge; he enjoyed that bliss which only the ignorance of what is still more blissful makes perfection.

At length he reached the foot of the cliff or rock on the top of which were the ruins of the old English church. Here the road turned short and wound for full half a mile round the estate which we have before described, and which was called Grasmere Grove, the residence of the late General Washington Lawrence. Edward, however, instead of going round as he sometimes did when the hour was earlier, now left the road, and ascended the cliff by a path once used by the inhabitants of a former day when they sought the place of prayer. It was now wild and overgrown, and but little used—save by a chance traveller who, like our hero, might wish to shorten the way by taking the path in front of the Grasmere lawn.

Upon reaching the top of the eminence, paused to survey the landscape in the light of the rich sunset glow. The first frost of autumn had already turned the foliage of the maple into crimson flakes, and dyed the oak and poplar with the hues of the orange; and he could not but delay, near as night was, to indulge his intimate love for the beautiful by taking a hurried glance of the landscape.

"How many young men have gone forth from those shades of lore to fall in the strife of life with every hope crushed! So it may be with me," was his reflection. "All my ambitious aspirations may become chaff; and, instead of leaving my name as a proud legacy to my country, it may be forgotten another generation that I was even ever an inmate of yonder noble pile. But I will not think so! I will believe that the future will open bright as it now appears, and that the students of the university a hundred years hence shall remember with honor that I was educated there. So it shall be, if a stout heart and a firm purpose and a trust in Heaven can accomplish anything!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Real Charm.

A young farmer found that he was getting seriously reduced, in circumstances. He went to a friend, to ask his advice. This friend, with a grave face, said, "I know of a charm that will cure that; take this little cup, drink from it every morning from the water you must get at such a spring. But remember you must draw it yourself at 5 o'clock, or the charm will be broken.

Next morning the farmer walked across his fields, for the spring was at the further end of the estate; and spying a neighbor's cow which had broken through the fence, and was feeding on his pasture, he turned her out, and mended the fence. The laborers were not yet at hand; when they came, loitering after their proper time, they were startled at seeing "master" so early.

"Oh," said he, "I see how this is; it comes of my not getting up in time."

This early rising soon became a pleasant habit; his walk and cup of water gave him an appetite for breakfast, and the people were, like himself, early at work. He soon acknowledged that the advice his friend had given was as good as it was simple.

FALSE IMPRISONMENT.—At the County of York Assizes a jury returned a verdict against Mr. McNabb, the Police Magistrate of Toronto, in a case where Mr. Frederick F. Passmore sued the defendant for malicious arrest and imprisonment. The damages given were but nominal.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, MARCH 26, 1868

SOLOMON COOLING DOWN.

We are pleased to see that the editor of the Brampton *Review*, yclept "Solomon," in answering our article of last week, has toned himself down very considerably. It is a favorite *dodge*, to use a vulgarism, with our tory confreres when honoring the *Signal* with their attentions, to speak in a half-reverential way of the abilities of the late Mr. McQueen, "whose shoes," it is averred, the present editor is "not worthy to unloose," while, almost in the same breath they quote his utterances for the purpose of holding us responsible for them. We have never claimed that the mantle of THOMAS MCQUEEN'S genius fell upon our young shoulders, and we do not profess to have adopted his view, except in so far as they accord with our own opinions respecting the broad principles of Human Progress. Hence, we have only to point out the inconsistency into which our critics invariably fall to show the fallacy of the arguments based upon it. "Solomon" is not a whit more logical than the "penny whistles" of toryism. He commences his article of the 21st, by saying: "Our ancient gossip 'Tummas,' under a "new spokesman, accuses us of having "dealt 'unjustly' by one of his friends, "i. e., of having misrepresented the mem- "ber for South Huron, in our remarks "last week."

He then enters into a retrospective view of the opinions of Mr. McQueen, quoting opinions writings by him years and years ago, and reciting the castigations he found it necessary to administer at the time. Well, although they certainly amused him, we feel satisfied, from our intimate knowledge of the man, that the "Philosopher of Huron" did not enter into the "Great Darkness" so neeringly alluded to, on account of such flagellations. "Solomon," if we remember correctly, generally got back as good as he gave, and it would, in our opinion, be better for the sage, instead of begging the question, and laboring through a labyrinth of "ifs" and "ands," to sustain his position against Mr. Gibbons, or admit honestly that he was mistaken.

"In the allusion made to the member for South Huron, we entered into no comparisons between him and his opponent, of whom we know but little, save that for years he has been extensively engaged in mercantile and general business. If a comparison was introduced, it was first done by the *Globe* in criticising the orthography of a member of the election committee, and Mr. Gibbons, as its protegee, must bear what his sarcasms may call forth. The *Signal* admits that "Mr. Gibbons does not possess a finished education." In the article he complains of, we did not object to him on that ground. Our objections, and we spoke advisedly, were want of honesty and capacity. The editor of the *Signal*, whose brains, according to his own writing, have been for some time in the "regions of sterility," can hardly be supposed to be a safe criterion by which to judge of other men's merits."

No, "Solomon," you did not enter into the comparison, nor did we accuse you of it, but you *suggested* strongly the comparison we ventured to institute. Mr. Gibbons was "illiterate," "vulgar," everything that was bad, *therefore* he must go out. What so natural as to turn around and ask what the attainments and qualifications of his opponent might be? We tell our friend that Mr. Carling is utterly ignorant as to the construction of the Queen's English; ignorant, in fact, educationally, municipally, and in every way disqualified (excepting, of course, in the matter of property and easy good nature) and then we point out where and how Mr. Gibbons is his superior; but instead of thanking us, he speaks crossly about the mental sterility of the editor of the *Signal*. That won't do, you know, friend "Solomon!" It's bad policy—leads some people to think you have run yourself into an ugly corner from which escape is not quite so easy as you anticipated!

"Solomon" hints that Mr. Gibbons owes his position in the County Council to the working of a "clique." We ask him to prove it. So far from that, indeed, he has been sustained in the Warden's chair for many years because he possesses the very qualities our friend denies him, namely, *honesty and capacity*. The tories of South Huron must feel flattered by being dubbed a *discontented* class. We sincerely trust they will become still more so as time wears on. Our contemporary concludes by saying he now drops the "unclean" subject. So be it, but we reassert that he has most egregiously failed to sustain his first position, or to clear himself of the charge of injustice.

THE SOUTH HURON ELECTION.

The Commission appointed in this case was opened at Turner's Hotel, Varna, on Thursday last. As no jury of the country beyond the Election Committee appointed by the House will be called upon to decide the question at issue, we presume we are at liberty to criticise the affair as it progresses with all freedom. His Honor Judge Brough, the Commissioner, opened the labors before him in a very small room, which held Mr. Carling and his "ites," but only Mr. Gibbons on the reform side. At the outset after the opening preliminaries, Mr. Gibbons objected to Messrs. Spackman, McDougall and Toms acting for the petitioner, in terms of Sec. 109 of the Controverted Elections Act, which clearly sets forth that no person who voted or might have voted at an election shall be employed as bailiff, &c., at a scrutiny.—His honor, having adjourned to a larger room, kindly consented to read a second time to a larger audience, Mr. Carling's objections. The commissioner then proceeded to take evidence as to the alien votes, some thirty five cases being disposed of by Saturday night. Some of the honest Germans objected to have been in the country for thirty years, most have voted at several former elections, and nearly all have taken the oath of allegiance. The man who does the enthusiastic for Mr. Carling does not seem to have very deeply impressed his chief, for he certainly wore a saddened appearance when last seen in the Commission room. On Monday morning the Commissioner commenced his labors in the Court Room, Goderich, and is working away as we write. Really and truly, if what we have witnessed is a specimen of the precious evidence to go before the Committee, Mr. Carling will have ample time to study up for the position he so much covets.

EVIDENCE FOR WHAT IT IS WORTH.

A while ago, the tory confidence man about town was going to have an easy thing of of it. Enough bad votes could be had in Goderich to unseat Gibbons, &c. Now, we find, however, that alien votes and everything else has to be resorted to, even to the offering of evidence "as is no evidence," but which the Carling men wish put down for "what it is worth." Very funny stuff this is. For instance a Squib about the "qualification of voters," printed in German and alleged to have been posted in Hay, is asked to go for what it is worth on His Honor's notes. None of the squibs can be found, nay petitioner's counsel does not know precisely in what office it was printed, but it is the sort of evidence now offered. We advise Mr. C. to introduce a motion of want of confidence in such evidence. It would carry, sure.

TALL TRAVELLING.

We are informed that Mr. Bailiff Spackman of Exeter swore that he necessarily travelled 359 miles (in about 48 hours) to serve the summonses on the witnesses in the election case. Will some one tell us how many horses were ridden to-death in this Weston-like feat, or how many bridges Spackman had to build?

OUR SALT WELLS.

The importance of the development of our salt interest is so great to the town of Goderich and the County of Huron generally that we feel warranted in giving, from time to time full particulars concerning it. Yesterday, having a leisure half-day, we made it our business to visit all the wells and and works now in operation for the purpose of printing a full and correct report of the situation, which we will, without further introduction, proceed to set forth.

THE DOMINION.

This well, situated on Cameron's property, is progressing finely. The derrick arrangements are very neat, and the contractors, Messrs. McKenzie, Biglow and Olin have already drilled to a depth of 565 feet. The timber for the works have been got out during the winter, and there is evidence about the premises sufficient to show that the company means *business*. Mr. H. Howell is the Secretary.

THE ONTARIO

Is the name of the well which was finished, with such satisfactory results last fall. We found the site in a state of bustle. A large quantity of timber, stone &c., was placed on the ground during the winter, the contract for the buildings, blocks, kettles, &c., has been let to Mr. Robert Runciman, and the works are to be in full blast by the first of June. The well is owned by good, energetic Goderich men, and will, we trust, prove to be a paying concern. Mr. John Kay is the secretary.

THE TECUMSETH.

This is a new well, located near the railway, and is the farthest removed from the original well. The contractor Mr. Disney has unfortunately been "stuck" hard and fast for about two weeks, but as Mr. Swan of the Maitlandville has undertaken to withdraw the tools, it is to be hoped that boring will be re-commenced ere long. At present the well is 150 feet deep.

THE HURON WELL

At the foot of Nelson street is progressing finely under the superintendence of Mr. Wm. Morrison, an experienced operative. The derrick arrangements are extremely neat and well-kept, and the operation of boring goes on with the regularity of clock-work. The well is at present 835 feet deep. Friend Runciman has also the contract of erecting the works here, and having the timber, &c. on the ground he is confident that all will be completed on the first of July next. It is quite a race between this and the Victoria as to which shall first strike brine.

THE VICTORIA

Is superintended by Messrs. T. Dancy and J. Shephard, and is a fine affair altogether. They have a good engine, and nice appointments, and, thus far, everything has gone on remarkably well. The well is 775 feet deep, but the rock is just now very hard. Success to Victoria!

ACROSS THE RIVER.

And now, having visited all the wells on this side, we cross the Maitland on a very shaky bridge to take a look at the regions beyond. To the left of the main road in Maitlandville we find.

THE MAITLANDVILLE WELL.

This is a new well, being bored for Messrs. Detlor, Kirkpatrick, and others, and is doing very well. It is a singular fact that while the bed rock was reached in boring the old well only 150 yards distant at a depth of about twenty feet, it was not reached in the Maitlandville well until a substratum of 60 feet of gravel was pierced. The contractor, Mr. Wm. Swan, has bored thus far to a depth of 270 feet, and is making rapid daily progress.

THE PRINCE WELL,

as it is called, is located in a gorge near the foot of the great hill in Maitlandville.—Mr. Thorp, the superintendent, informed us that a boulder had been struck before reaching the bed rock, and, as it could not be drilled in the ordinary way, the intention is to dig down to it.—*(Semi-Weekly 20th inst.*

THE BOTTOM OF A WELL.

We had a peep at the bottom of the Prince Well. It seems rather curious to speak of such a sight, but it is a fact. A lighted candle is fixed in a little wooden contrivance and let down through the tubing by means of a string. Down and down the light went until it was reduced to a spot of light. In fact it was the old story of a little twinkling star at one end and a Signal at the other.

THE GODERICH WELL.

This staunch old well, under the superintendence of Mr. Walker, is doing noble work. The brine holds steadily at 90 to 95 deg. of strength, and the yield of beautiful, pure, snow-white salt is nearly 100 barrels per day. If Goderich only had twenty such establishments paying at the same rate, what an immense benefit it would be to the town.

☞ We conversed with an intelligent farmer, the other day, who has been through a good part of the South Riding of this County since the thaw, he informs us that he never saw the Fall Wheat present such a fine appearance, that he had no idea of such a breadth of ground having been sown; that it had come out from under the snow fresh and green, and that in no instance had he seen any winter killed.

We advise the *Star* man to stand quietly behind the door and refrain from interfering between the SIGNAL and "Solomon," who is quite capable of taking his own part.

☞ The Concert given by Mr. Ward in the Victoria Hall a few evenings ago was a great success.

WHAT a God-send the *Signal* must be to some people! It furnishes editors with texts for yards and yards of editorials.—It is the *Signal* this and the *Signal* that, (with the polite *editors*) and Cox, Cox, Cox, with the anonymous bodies. Really, Mr. Cox is highly honored! So much wholesome abuse must bring him into notice—must make him a man of mark whether he will or no. A young man of Jewish descent commenced his career in England some time ago as a public man.—He was awfully abused, hissed, almost frowned down, but he persisted in saying, "You will hear me yet!" and that man is now Prime Minister of the greatest country on earth. So it has been with all rising men; they are abused by all and sundry of the small fry, until, at last, they are taken hold of by the *people* and elevated to the highest pinnacle of fame. Now, Mr. Cox, is reasonably modest. He has a fair opinion of his powers of oratory and all that sort of thing; but he does not, at present, want to be abused until he is made a member of Parliament or is shelved in some fat office. Gentlemen, we tell you, seriously, that if you keep on abusing us, we—that is Mr. Cox—will be pushed into a "good thing" of some sort, which he does not desire while the delectable joys of editorial life prove so enchanting.

☞ The *New Era* thinks the North Ridingers will stick to their Agricultural Society Hays or no Hays.

☞ We cannot consent to bandy words with a man who writes against us by name in another paper while he shields himself under an anonymous title. The man who will do so is a base coward, and will be regarded as such by all right thinking persons. If our editorials have too much "snap" for him, he should decently subside and resume whatever peddling business or profession he followed before he commenced to bleed a parliamentary candidate.

ONE OF THE SALT WELLS, called by us in our last the "Prince," is we hear to be named "The New Dominion," owned by Henry Prince, Esq., of Bothwell. It is situated about 200 yards from the first, and (at present) only producing well. All the timbers for the derrick, &c., were *brought from Bothwell*, and everything about the establishment is very substantial and systematic. The surface is to be tubed with heavy 1½ inch thick draining pipe, 6 inches inside. The work of drilling will be carried on with great vigor.—The well is now down about 35 feet.

A SERIOUS LOSS.—Mr. Henry Dodd, of this town, lost a valuable horse on Sunday night under the following circumstances: In kicking at its mate, the animal split off the top of the main post of the stall, which was of hemlock scantling, and in its struggles, fell upon the point of the remaining portion which ran entirely through its body, in which position it was found dead on Monday morning.

THE LAUNCH.

On Friday last the new schooner built for Messrs. Waddel and Leonard was launched. A large number of people assembled to witness the affair, but it came off a few minutes ahead of time, thus disappointing some. The British and American flags were hoisted, and a number of sailors having got aboard, the word was given, when at the first blow of the sledge almost, she glided sidewise into her future element with a splash which was far from being pleasant to the passengers. The flag at "the top" being unfurled revealed the rather starting name of "*Nemesis*" She is a staunch, powerful-looking little "peeler," 70 feet keel, 20 feet beam, 79 feet over all, and 7 feet in the hold; is built of oak above water, and of rock elm below, and is what is called butt-bolted, bilge-bolted and edge-bolted, 1 ton of spikes and 3 tons of bolts being used altogether. The rigging is wire and her canvas of cotton, Pot wheel Pot windlass, Pot iron strapped blocks, a Pot spirit compass which cost $50.00. "The main feature of this compass is" Mr. Leonard says, "that if the vessel should roll over two or three times, it will still point North whereas a common one goes round like a flea in a bandbox!" The keel was laid on 20th Oct. last, and Mr. Leonard declared he would launch her on the 20th March, which he accomplished to the letter, thus preforming an unprecedented feat in Goderich shipbuilding. The *Nemesis* will carry 5000 bushels of wheat when finished. Mr. H. Marlton, the builder, is admitted to be one of the best and most reliable workmen in Ontario, and in this case, as heretofore, he has proved that one who on the Northern Lakes can a first-class vessel be built cheaper or better than at Goderich. The word Nemesis, "Means a great many different things," mentioned in the 'Heathen Mythology," one of which is, Daughter of Night and a vengeance on all evil doers!" Long may she discharge her duties, in this respect.

☞ Dr. Stokes wishes us to state that, owing to affliction in his family, his visits to the schools of the township cannot be made just now.

☞ A northern reader asks what is to be done about the bridges destroyed or damaged. Will the Engineer go on to rebuild, the Warden call a special meeting of County Council, or what?

☞ We regret much to learn that the Bayfield mills are at a standstill from the tearing up of the dam by the great flood of Monday last. This is a great loss to the justly well-liked and attentive good miller and owner Mr. Chas. Vanstone, as also a detriment to the public in regard to both lumber and grist. We are, however, glad to hear that the said mills are likely to be put soon again in operation by steam power.

The Lost Bridges.

A Wawanosh correspondent, who has been acquainted with the annual floods on the Maitland for years, throws out a hint which may be useful in rebuilding the bridges lately destroyed: He says they were almost invariably *too low* by several feet, and that the piers are too close together where the water has most force. It is his opinion that it the piers were built with a projecting flange to high ice mark, something in the shape of a plough share, the descending ice would be thrown up and broken before it could do much harm.—His ideas may be worth noting.

WINGHAM.

I am sorry, Dear *Signal*, to have to tell you that the three bridges immediately below this village have been swept away by the freshets. A span of horses were drowned in their stable, so sudden was the flood.

☞ Frauds to a large amount are said to have been discovered in one of the Grand Trunk departments.

☞ The Chathamites are amusing themselves spearing pike along the edge of the river. Large numbers are being taken.

The Liquor Question.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

SIR,—You would oblige me by correcting a statement made by you in reporting my temperance address at Goderich, on the 13th of February last. You have reported me as saying "that a respectable druggist of Toronto told him (the lecturer) that Gooderham & Worts, the great distillers, had purchased more strychnine in one month than would poison the whole of Toronto." I did not make use of such a statement, and never accused Gooderham & Worts, nor any one else of putting strychnine in whiskey; I never heard that strychnine was used by distillers or grocers in whiskey. Messrs. Gooderham & Worts, as business men and citizens occupy the highest position in this city, and from my knowledge of them I would not believe that they would do such a thing except they themselves told me.

Yours, &c.,
ALEX. MCNABB.

29th February, 1868.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.—The necessity of publishing the above, gives us both pain and surprise. We desire to give fair and honest play to all parties, but, surely, Mr. McNabb cannot be sincere in his present statement. The facts are simply as follows:—In the course of a temperance address at Goderich Mr. McNabb said *distinctly* that *he had been informed* that Gooderham & Worts had purchased strychnine enough to poison the whole of Toronto.—As to our ability with reference to short-hand reporting, we refer to Mr. J. K. Edwards of the Toronto *Globe*, (whom we deem the best reporter in Canada,) and, besides, we positively declare and are prepared to prove by the most respectable witnesses in this town, that Mr. McNabb *did* use the language we have attributed to him. In view of the strong personal statements made by him, we asked Mr. McNabb, while conversing with Mr. Crabb after the lecture was over, if he had any objections to having his address published in full, when he answered, "certainly not." He did not say, nor did we report him as saying, that Gooderham and Worts put strychnine in their whiskey, but *he did say* a respectable druggist had told him of the large quantity of that poison they had purchased, and there is no use trying to get out of it. As to the substantial correctness of our report in this respect we give the names of Mark Whitely, James Thomson, Alfred Collins, George Cox—all strong temperance men, and we can bring forward scores of men just as reliable, if need be. In the heat of an enthusiastic speech most men say things which they are sorry for when the excitement has passed away, but a gentleman of Mr. McNabb's standing should not, after stating what he did in the plainest of plain English, try to throw the blame on the shoulders of the reporter. That we are fallible and may occasionally blunder, as all do is admitted, but we would never have dreamt of putting down in our short-hand notes such a statement if it had not been made use of.

"Every week the *Signal* sets up a whine like a whipped cur." Alas, poor Donkey, have you come down to that? Why, man, that expression is as old as the hills and may be used by a boy of ten summers in his "essas." Do try to get up something new in the shape of vituperation, like a good fellow.

Postal Regulation.

The new Postal Act will come into operation on the 1st of April. On and after that date letters will be charged three cents if prepaid in stamps or coin at the time of posting. If sent unpaid, a charge of five cents will be collected at the office where delivered. Newspaper postage, when paid in advance at the office of delivery, is now 26 cents per annum, or 7 cents quarterly. The new regulation reduces it to seventeen cents per annum, or 5 cents quarterly. On transient newspapers; that is, on newspapers forwarded by one person to another other than by publishers, the rate of postage will be doubled after the 1st day of April next. Each newspaper will from that time require to have a two cent stamp affixed to it before the custodians of Her Majesty's mails will consent to allow it to be carried to its destination. By an arrangement concluded with the Government of the United States the postage will also be reduced. The rate which prevails at present is ten cents per letter, but after the first day of April the rate will be reduced to six cents each, if paid in advance at the office of mailing. In cases, however, where payment is not made in advance, the old rate of ten cents per letter will be charged.

THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.

This new branch of our Post Office service also comed into operation on the 1st of April, by which provision is made that every Post Office, being a money order office, at which the Postmaster-General shall permit deposits to be received for remittance to the Central Savings Bank in the Post Office Department at Ottawa, will be open for that purpose, and for the repayment of moneys withdrawn, during the hours appointed for the transaction of money order business. Deposits will be taken in any amounts from $1 up to $300 in any one year, the latter being the maximum figure for the year. No depositor can be an investor for more than $1,000 in all. Interest will be allowed at the rate of 4 per cent upon ordinary deposits. But, if, when a depositor has more than $100 at the credit of his ordinary deposit account, he desires to transfer that sum to a special deposit account bearing interest at 5 per cent, he may do so on application to the Postmaster-General.

Teachers' Association.

Goderich, March 21st 1868.

The teachers of Goderich and vicinity met in the Central School, on Saturday, March 21, for the purpose of forming a Local Association. The Teachers present Messrs. Dewar, Cameron, Malcolm, Ward, Symington, Duff, and Misses, Longworth and McLennan. The following are the officers elected, Mr. Cameron, President, Mr. Symington Vice President, Mr. Duff Secretary and Treasurer. Messrs. Cameron, Malcolm, Symington, Ward and Duff were appointed a committee to draft By-Laws for the Association. Mr. Symington was appointed to read an essay, at next meeting, on "The best mode of teaching Geography to junior classes." The question for discussion at next meeting is. What are the best measures for procuring an extension of the summer vacation in rural sections. The meeting then adjourned to meet in the same place on Saturday sixth of June.

COR.

☞ It is Mr. Waddel who is connected with Mr. Leonard in building the new schooner, not Mr. Seymour, as we erroneously stated last week.

McKILLOP.

(From our special Correspondent.)

ACCIDENT.—Last Tuesday Mr. Thos. Hays of McKillop, was struck on the back by a limb falling from a tree, and severely injured. Dr. Coleman is attending him.

SEAFORTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WEATHER.—The early part of last week was wet, windy and warm, taking away all the snow; the latter part very cold.

BUILDING.—The houses destroyed in this village by the late fire are going to be replaced with brick buildings, experience proving that in the end it is cheaper.

HOWICK.

THE FLOOD AT WROXETER.—We have been visited in this section of country, joined to having rains swelling the rivers and streams to an extent, that the oldest inhabitant here knows nothing of. The river was at least 12 inches higher then it has ever been since the country was settled. On the 17th business was entirely suspended, the communications being stopped, as the roads were laid under water; the Villagers were in great fears the whole day as to the safety of the dam, the river being top flooded, when the news arrived that the dam in Leechville had given way making a gap 100 feet wide through which the water rolled with tremendous power adding greatly to the volume of water and danger here. Still like a good ship in a storm the works here held bravely on, and the crisis is now passed without any damage. The Townships of Howick, Grey and Turnberry have suffered severely in the matter of Bridges, some carried away and others damaged.

Jerry Dash your *Coteen's* "own correspondent" made a narrow escape from a watery grave, he was engaged it is supposed in looking round for an *item*, he stepped on to the end of a plank and miscalculating its strength or his own weight, he was precipitated into the gulph below, but making a desperate effort he managed to land himself on *terra firma*, so that your correspondent only records an accident instead of an obituary.—COM.

EGMONDVILLE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THEFT.—Perhaps no one round here would go so far in wickedness as steal a horse; yet it is very evident that we have people in our midst who do not scruple at robbing an orchard or hen-roost. Last Wednesday night some pretty scoundrel or scoundrels broke into the house in which Mr. Carter keeps his poultry, and made a clean sweep not leaving one. It is a pity but such petty thieves could be caught and a stop put to their wicked career, if they are not totally irreclaimable.

THE LATE FRESHET.—There has been a greater flood this year than has ever before been known at Egmondville. Now that the water has subsided the extent of the injuries done to property is observable. The precautions taken by Mr. Van Egmond in having men watching and working day and night, hindered the dam from entirely giving way, still a great deal of damage has been done to both dam and mill. A good deal of the imbankment between the bridges was washed away, had the flood lasted another day the bridge in all probability would have gone down the river; fences were carried away wherever the flood pressed on them, and one bridge at Mrs. McLean's was floated off.

TUCKERSMITH.

[From our special Correspondent.]

FARMING.—A good many farmers have commenced ploughing and all are preparing, this week will see all commenced.

ACCIDENT.—Last Wednesday when Mr. Beard, school teacher of sec. No 6, was taking a run at Baseball he slipped and fell on the hard frosty ground and broke his leg, he was carried to Mr. James Broadfoot's house where Dr. Bercoe attended him.

The Robbery and Murder on the Cars

The Prescott *Telegraph* of the 18th gives full particulars of the robbery on the Grand Trunk cars of Mr. Sykes the cattle-drover, who, it appears hails from Canton, N. Y. These correspond in every particular with the details supplied us by telegraph, though, of course, the narrative is more full and circumstantial, and was obtained from the unfortunate man himself. We give the account of what happened after Sykes was thrown from the cars:—

"After great difficulty he succeeded in reaching the house of Mr. Geo. Heck, situated on the Brockville road, about four miles above the town. Arousing Mr. Heck, he told his sad tale, whilst his bruised and blood-smeared head and face bore only too plain testimony to its truth, Mr. Heck, with that kindness and humanity which are natural to him, took the man in and cared for him as well as possible until a doctor could be brought to examine and dress his injuries. Meanwhile, Mr. Heck went back to the railway, which intersects the rear of his farm, to search for Mr. Sykes' hat and overcoat. The track by which he had come to the house was marked its entire length with blood so that Mr Heck had no difficulty in following it. He found too, that the man had walked about three-quarters of a mile westward from the place where he fell before he turned off the track in the direction of his house. The spot where he struck was stony or gravelly, and was easily discovered by the pools of clotted blood that lay upon it. Mr. Heck found the missing hat but not the overcoat.

"Dr. Easton, who was summoned to attend the injured man, found that his left jaw was broken, and that the left side of his head and the upper part of his face were severely cut and bruised. His left shoulder was also seriously hurt, but the other parts of his body were apparently uninjured. After his wounds were dressed and he got some refreshments he seemed to feel much better and talked freely, giving the particulars of the terrible affray. His condition remained, to all appearance, favorable till early on Monday morning when delirium and other unfavorable symptoms set in. From that time he gradully sank till 12 o'clock of the same night, when he expired. His father was telegraphed for on Monday morning, but did not arrive in time to see his unfortunate son in life.

"It appears that the man's deposition was not taken, which, in the interests of justice, is perhaps to be regretted. The reason doubtless was that his condition on Sunday was not considered dangerous. In describing the circumstances of the robbery he distinctly averred that one of the three viz., the man who collared him and demanded his money, was one John McFaul, of Prescott. He stated that he recognized him by his voice and his general appearance. On the strength of this statement McFaul was arrested on Monday night, and now awaits examination. He denies in the most positive manner all knowledge of or connexion with the crime, directly or indirectly, and courts the strictest investigation.

"Various surmises have been indulged in as to the probable tactics of the murderers after they got rid of their victim. The most general opinion seems to be that they would leave the train as soon as possible in order to lessen the chances of detection. Brockville would be the first stopping place, and there it is thought they would be likely to get off. Once there they could easily cross the ice-bridge into York State, if so disposed. But it is idle to speculate. We trust the railway authorities, as well as the civil authorities, will spare no pains to track the murderers and bring them to speedy punishment. No crime ever committed in this neighborhood has shocked the moral sense of the community like this. The public mind is deeply stirred by a strong and excited indignation against the perpetrators, whoever they may be, of the diabolical deed.