IN THE BOX.

[(From Chambers's Journal.)

MR. DRUMFICH'S STORY.

(Continued.)

'Have but this moment left him, *mein Fraulein*,' said he; 'and I was to tell you not to wait for him.'

'Not wait for him! Why, we must go home, and we had better all go together; indeed, we have been expecting him this long while.'

'He has gone home, mein Fraulein,' said the manager sadly.

'Gone! and without us!' exclaimed the trio in a breath. 'How very shabby!'—'Did he give no reason?' added Adelaida.

'He was—somewhat—indisposed,' replied the manager, with the air of a prevaricator. 'and—er—slightly—er—overcome.'

Adelaida and her sister exchanged glances, and grew pale, whilst Hermann remarked gloomily: 'It must be more than a slight indisposition which could prevent his coming.'

Then the trio took a melancholy farewell of the manager, and drove away home in silence: not a word was spoken, but each was thinking of Aennchen's words: 'God grant the next success I have may find us all as happy as this;' and they seemed like the raven's croak.

At the door of the hotel they were met by the host, an unusual attention, boding no good; he complimented mein Fraulein in anything but a hearty, easy fashion, and as he preceded the party to the sitting-room, he shot continual glances at them over his shoulder, which glances seemed harbingers of ill. When he opened the door, there rose up to greet them not Herr Tannhauser, but a gentleman whose profession they would have been at no loss to guess even if he had not been introduced to them as Herr Doctor Schwarz. The doctor was of course very polite (for Abernethy was a rule proving exception), and complimented Aennchen upon her 'stupendous success;' but when he was entreated to dismiss that subject, and tell them fully the condition of Herr Tannhauser, he grew short and oracular. By diligent questioning, however, then elicited that Herr Tannhauser must not at present be on any account disturbed; that his daughter's success had been too much for him; that he required long rest and much watching; that doctor Schwarz had, in fact, been forced to send for two colleagues, both of whom were at the moment in attendance on the patient; and at last they wrested an acknowledgement from the reluctant doctor, they discovered that Herr Tannhauser was dangerously ill, was in a high fever, was even delirious, and required force to keep him in bed. They would at once have rushed to the sick-room, but the doctor restrained them. Their presence, he said, could do no possible good, and would most likely do harm; the sight of Aennchen was certain to bring on a paroxysm. He promised to bring them hourly bulletins, and they were forced to be content. Little sleep was there that night for the trio that had been so joyous, little exultation on the part of the successful songstress, little gratulation from her sorrowing companions. All night they kept vigil; and the next day the violence was abated, and Adelaida was admitted as nurse. But Aennchen must be kept carefully out of sight.

For days, Herr Tannhauser struggled with death. Out of doors, the doctor had made cautious inquiries of all the Tannhauser circle in Vienna, and had had his fears confirmed—there *were* traces of insanity in the family.—So Herr Tannhauser escaped death, but reason was for ever unseated. Meanwhile, Aennchen had, twice a week, fulfilled her duties, for the public servant must stifle grief—the father must play Charles Surface tho' his child lie dying at home; and the daughter must warble her sweetest though her father be raving in 'the padded-room.' So Aennchen essayed to sing her best on the very day her father had been placed in confinement; but her eyes were dim, her heart was far away, and her voice was husky with the morning sobs: she broke down again.

Now, the public knew not her troubles; they had pa'd their money to be charmed; they were anything but charmed, and grumbled audibly. She broke down again.

This was, from the public point of view, sheer cheating, of which they shewed their proper sense by a vigorous hiss. They didn't mean any harm; they merely meant to hint to the manager that the entertainment was not worth half a guinea, or whatever they might have paid; and that, if the young lady couldn't sing any better than that, it would be as well to drop the opera, and have a pantomime. They never observed how pale poor Aennchen turned; how she tottered as she hurried behind the scenes; how she swooned in Hermann's arms, who was waiting to escort her home; and they never dreamed, when the manager came forward, shaking like a top-heavy blanc-mange, to apologise for Aennchen's *indisposition*, that they had wounded a fellow-creature to the death. But Aennchen never sang again—except once.

Her nervous system had received a shock from which she never recovered; from her bed she never rose again; and for days and nights Adelaida tended her through fever and delirium.

Poor Adelaida! Hermann had been summoned home by the death of a near relative, just when she needed more than ever consolation, for the doctors had told her that even should Aennchen recover, the hereditary plague would be upon her—her mind would go as her father's had gone. And yet this absence of Hermann's seemed to her afterwards most providential, for it happened on a day that Aennchen fell into a deep sleep, and Adelaida sat by her, and pondered what the doctors had said; and as she pondered, her eyes were suddenly opened, and a horror fell upon her as she reflected how painful a thing it would be should the hereditary plague descend through her to any children she might have by Hermann; and the more she thought, the more she was convinced that a woman with such a taint should never marry; and for a while she sat aghast; but suddenly her mind was made up, and pale with the paleness of a breaking heart, but a determination not to be broken, she seized a pen, and wrote:

DEAREST HERMANN—We must never meet again. Do not start, or think me mad. Alas! that very word should explain my conduct.—See you not that what has befallen the dear father, and what the doctors fear for Aennchen, may also come upon me? As I sat just now and pondered (for Aennchen is sleeping now), a sudden light broke in upon me—I saw the sin I was about to commit, and, thank God! in time to draw back. Yes, sin, Hermann! for how could I answer it to the dear God, that I had been the means of perpetuating a curse amongst his children? This implies a reproach, you will say, upon them to whom I owe my being. No, Hermann; they, my heart assures me, erred through ignorance; but as for me, my eyes are open—alas! my eyes are indeed open. Therefore, I say, Hermann, we must never meet again. Call me not cruel, or unloving; my words are the best proof of my love—my hopeless, my undying love. I could not trust myself in your presence; at your side, my resolution would vanish. And in the name of that love—the more sacred from its very helplessness—let us never meet again! My heart is broken, but my mind is firm; I cannot cease to love, but I dare not—nay, I would not—sin against God. 'Perchance,' we read in our favorite English poet,

> Hereafter in that world where all are pure,
> We two may meet before high God, and thou
> Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine.

Let that be our consolation. And now, dear est, dearest Hermann, farewell—for ever, on earth. Forgive me, that I must pain you; pity me, that I must lose you; and in the name of our sweet, our hapless love, believe me, yours here and hereafter (in the spirit),

ADELAIDA.

Then came the pent-up tears; but lest reaction should set in, she left the room, and gave orders that her letter be posted immediately. When she returned, poor Aennchen was awake.

'You have left me,' she said querulously.

'Only for a few seconds, dear,' was the reply.

'Ah!' said Aennchen, 'I was just dreaming of you: I dreamed that you and Hermann had quarrelled.'

'O no!' replied Adelaida; 'that can never be;' and once more Aennchen slumbered, whilst Adelaida sat wondering what it could mean that her sister should speak so coherently and sleep so peacefully. But so it was for a day or two; Aennchen had such deep sleeps that, without fear, Adelaida might leave her for more than two hours at a time. One day, when she had left her sleeping, and retired to her own room she was startled to hear a well known air. The voice that sang was preternaturally clear and sweet; it was evidently her sister's, and more exquisite than even in her best days. She listened, and heard *Ah! non credea* being sung as she had never heard it before. She hastened to the sick-room, and there lay Aennchen all unconscious. '*Es ist die Schwanenstimme*' (It is the swan's voice), said Adelaida below her breath. Suddenly Aennchen opened her eyes, gazed triumphantly at her sister, said plaintively: 'Kiss me, dearest,' and all was over. The voice returned in melody to Him who gave it, and Adelaida was alone.

Fortune had deserted the house of Tannhauser; the pride of the family was dead; the father of the family was worse than dead; and Adelaida had to win her bread by teaching the pianoforte, for she felt she was unequal to playing in public. The first letter she received from Hermann was fervid, impassioned, full of undying affection, and attempts to prove that her state of mind was brought on by worry and want of rest; soon—for he had judicious parents and friends about him, who thought it a pity for so fine a young man to remain bound to a young woman whom he couldn't marry (they considered the young woman had behaved with great propriety in the matter, for it was certainly a serious matter to marry a mad woman, still, she had only done her duty); and who talked him over cautiously—his letters grew few and cold; in twelve months they ceased, and in 18 he had married another. The broken heart received another wrench, and Adelaida prayed for death.

Still she labored in her weary occupation, which rendered her a bare subsistence; and every quarter, to her unbounded astonishment, came an addition to her slender funds with the simple inscription: 'From one who has gained by the misfortunes of others.'

It was the Nightingale.

Before a remark could be made upon this story, Mr. Quiverful, who had been in a grievous state of anxiety and alarm for some minutes, inquiredanxiously whether we had heard anybody tapping at the window.

'Good Heavens!' cried Simperton, moving his chair with rapidity from that neighbourhood, in which he chanced to be sitting; 'I wish you wouldn't, Mr. Quiverful; you make a person quite uncomfortable, making observations of that kind at this time of night.'

'It is past twelve, and very cold,' observed Crasket gloomily. 'Time is no object to myself; but remember we might immediately procure an admirable supper, and retire to—'

Here a very distinct tap at the window, as loud as any expression of the Cock Lane Ghost's, sent the majority of us—and Crasket for once with it—into the more remote portion of the apartment. Mr. Mooney, however, under the impression that it was his shaving-water, grunted out 'Thank you,' and immediately went to sleep again; Mr. Quiverful exclaimed: 'Hush! I know what it is. I told 'em to do it in case of our being locked up. It is the news of an addition to my family. If it was a girl, they were to scratch; if it was a boy, they were to rap like that.'

The knock was repeated.

'Why, bless my heart and body, if it ain't Twins!' cried the wretched Quiverful. 'But all's well,' added he, as a sort of tattoo was beaten upon the window-pane. 'Let us be thankful; it might have been worse.'

'Worse!' exclaimed Mr. Crasket, testily, 'why, what is Twins, or even Thrins, compared to eleven——'

'Impossible!' exclaimed Quiverful, aghast at such a frightful supposition, and turning his ear mechanically towards the window pane.

'Compared, I repeat, to eleven jurymen, bent upon destroying their constitutions for the sake of bringing in a verdict against evidence, and a man of my powers of endurance! Was anything more incredible ever witnessed?

'Wal, sir,' returned a voice so sharp and dissonant that it quite electrified us, 'if you ask that question, I can answer you. *I* have seen *myself* a sight more incredible than that of eleven honest men determined not to be overbragged by a squash-headed, whitlin of nuthin, sateful old critter——'

'Really, Mr. Richards,' interrupted I—for it was the supercargo who was delivering these unexpected remarks as rapidly as they could find expression through his nose—'I cannot, as foreman of this jury, permit you to use language of this kind; but if you have any personal experience of a striking character to communicate, I am sure it will give us very great pleasure to hear it. In that case, Silence, if you please, Mr. Crasket—(I would not give either of them a minute to spit first in)—silence, gentlemen all, I beg, for

MR. RICHARD'S STORY.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Miraculous Escape.

Rudleigh Salterton was some years ago the scene of a most thrilling incident. Six infant children, on Wednesday morning, got into a boat on the beach, and a mischievous boy shoved it off. The boat drifted away to sea before the children were missed. Terrible indeed was the agony of the mothers when when they knew it. The preventive men went off in all directions; every boat was on the look out till far into the night. Daylight returned, but still there were no tidings of the helpless children; the day wore away and still nothing was heard about them—they were either lost in the expanse of the wide ocean, or buried within its inscrutable depths. A Plymouth traveller, fishing the following morning early, saw something floating at a distance; he bore down to it, and discovered it to be a boat—and in the bottom the six children cuddled in like a nest of birds fast asleep, God having given them that blessed solace after a day of terror and despair.

The trawler took them aboard, feasted them with bread and cheese, and gladdened their despairing little hearts with a promise to take them home. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the trawler was seen in the offing with the boat astern. All eyes were turned to him, the best spy-glass in the town was rubbed again and at last they fairly made out that it was the indentical boat—none to be in the sloop. Intense was the suspense, and all alike shared it with the parents. At last the trawler came in and the word went round 'they're all safe,' and many stout-hearted men burst into tears, women shrieked with joy, and became almost frantic with their insupportable happiness. It was indeed a memorable day—and a prayer, eloquent for its rough sincerity, was offered up to Almighty God, who, in his infinite mercy, had spared those innocent children from the perils and terrors of the sea during that fearful night. Five of these children were under five years of age, the sixth being but nine.—*British Workman.*

SUFFERINGS AT SEA.—The steamer 'Edinburgh,' which arrived at New York on Monday, boarded on the 25th of January the barque Eliza Ann, from St. John's, Newfoundland, bound for Plymouth, England, and took therefrom the Captain and the remaining crew, 10 in number. From the day she left port, the 'Eliza Ann' had experienced such terrible weather that her decks were swept clear of everything moveable, and steering gear so damaged that she became utterly unmanageable. For thirteen days the crew remained on the wreck, seeing seven of their number die from exhaustion and exposure; and all would probably have met the same fate, but for meeting the steamer.

HORSES POISONED.—The Strathroy *Home Guard* says some dastardly person, it would appear, in order to wreak his revenge on a neighbor, on Monday evening 1st Feburary, entered the stable of Mr. John Raymond's, Caradoc, and administered poison to five of his horses. The whole of them have since died. The horses were all young, and were worth $400. The severest kind of punishment should be inflicted upon the perpetrator of this outrage.

NOW, LOOK HERE!

You who have promised to pay your subscriptions in Wood. We want it badly, and you will much oblige by telling Tommy or Billy or some one to hitch up and bring the *Signal* man some good dry maple or beech. We ask you what the result would be if we came to the office some morning and found the Devil frozen stiff as a beetle? Don't put it off until March next, like good fellows!

Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad

TIME TABLE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING EAST.		Day Express.
GODERICH,	DEP.	8.00 A. M.
CLINTON	"	8.46 "
HARPURHEY	"	9.06 "
SEAFORTH	"	9.14 "
CARRONBROOK	"	9.35 "
MITCHELL	"	9.53 "
STRATFORD	ARR.	10.35 "

GOING WEST.		
STRATFORD	DEP.	4.30 P. M.
MITCHELL	"	5.13 "
CARRON BROOK	"	5.33 "
SEAFORTH	"	5.57 "
HARPURHEY	"	6.02 "
CLINTON	"	6.25 "
GODERICH	ARR.	7.10 "

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., FEB. 16, 1864.

SALARIES OF MUNICIPAL OFFICERS.

The present age is one of cheapness.—Durability, efficiency, fitness, solidity, all have to give way before the great desideratum, *cheapness*. Men will pay $12 for a ready made coat, badly fitting and of doubtful material, when they could obtain a superior article made to order and of the best cloth for $16. They missapply Dr. Franklin's axiom that $4.00 saved is $4.00 gained. In reality the $16.00 coat is actually the cheapest of the two, for it will last twice as long, will fit better, and in every way give double the amount of satisfaction, generally speaking. The same rule applies to nearly every article purchased for domestic use. A good article may be dearer at the moment, but in the end it will be found the cheapest. Observant persons have found out this fact by actual experiment, but the great mass still bow down to the idol of cheapness. Did the evil stop here, it might, in time cure itself, but its ramifications are more widely spread than might be apprehended from a cursory glace at the subject. Hundreds there are who will subscribe for a $1.00 a year newspaper published hundreds of miles away, rather than pay $1.50 for their local paper, simply because the former is *cheaper*. Quality of paper used and other things that enter into the composition of the cheap article go for nothing, and the *cheapest* wins the day. This class of men tacitly admit that they have had the worst of the bargain, for, of all others, they are the most eager to borrow the *local* journal, in order to read articles, reports, &c., which are not to be found in their *cheap* sheet. School teachers' salaries, again, are cheapened down in many instances to such a figure that efficient men are effectually *starved out*, their places being taken by third-rate teachers. A few dollars are saved for the time being, but the evil effects of the system upon the minds of the rising generation will be traceable for many years to come. But, above all is the mischievous effect of inordinate cheapening to be found in the public affairs of Municipalities where efficiency, good conduct and respectability in the offices are sacrificed to the desire of obtaining as much work from him as possible for the least amount of pay. In the history of the largest and most successful business establishments in the world you will invariably find that the rule is to employ only first class officers, and to give them in return for their services remunerative salaries. Why cannot the same principle be applied to Municipalities? Can they expect to have good clerks, assessors, collectors, &c., without paying a reasonable amount for their services? The thing is contrary to every notion of common sense. A township clerk, for example, should be a man fitted by nature and acquirement for the office, and so long as he faithfully discharges his duties he should be kept in, at a salary sufficient to remunerate him for the amount of time and energy spent in the public service. So with assessors, collectors, &c. It may, moreover, be safely asserted that the longer a proper man is kept in the same office the better and more confidently will be able to understand and fulfil his peculiar duties.—These remarks have been suggested by the two prevalent practice of Municipalities letting out certain offices by tender to the lowest bidder. It is absolutely impossible that such a system can be ultimately advantageous. A third-rate man will perform the duties of his office in a slovenly manner, however tightly he may be bound down, and however sharply he may be looked after—so slovenly, indeed, that in many cases the work has to be gone over again by a more efficient man. We are no advocate for municipal extravagance, but we are thoroughly convinced that a good officer fairly paid for his labor is invariably the cheapest, and as we before intimated, the interest of the public will be best conserved by retaining his services as long as he continues a course of industrious zeal and painstaking carefulness. Will our Municipal authorities look carefully into the subject? Some of them, we know, might do so profitably.

CHATHAM IN THE HANDS OF THE SHERIFF. We learn from the Chatham *Western Reformer* that a writ has been placed in the hands of the Sheriff of Kent for the collection of the arrears of interest due the Municipal Loan Fund. The default occurred in 1862, and foots up to the tidy sum of $4,000, which will doubtless be considerably increased by law costs.

THE PRICE OF RECRUITS.

It certainly sounds like an anomaly to hear from federal journals that while 'contrabands,'—for *negro* is an unfashionable word—are not worth more than five dollars per dozen within the United States sums varying from eight hundred to *eleven* hundred dollars are offered in bounties for patriots who may be willing to offer themselves as food for confederate powder. How is it that there is any necessity for such unparalleled bounties? We have been taught that the masses of the North have entered heart and soul into the war for the maintenance of the Union—stirring songs have been sung and brilliant orations delivered, all based upon the hypothesis that the country was roused to the highest pitch of devotion and self-sacrifice, and poems have been pealed out in praise of those who rushed so eagerly to the volunteering stations, but things have settled down at last in a most matter-of-fact fashion. The first volunteers, where are they? Visit the bloody fields of Virginia, Maryland, Carolina and Tennessee and you will find the bleached bones of all but a remnant; visit the churches of the North and wherever the eye wanders it takes in a woeful array of widow's weeds and mothers' and sisters' mourning—a black that tells the most callous of broken hearts and crushed hopes. Yes, the nation has had enough of holiday pomp, and men now hesitate to rush into the presence of death, on behalf of the idea promulgated by a few prominent politicians,—whether they be parsons, editors or future Presidents,—and under Generals of extremely doubtful ability, else why should we hear of thousand dollar bounties? Depend upon it, when a great nation is in earnest, its patriotism can be neither bought nor sold. Could money have bought red-shirted followers for Garibaldi, for Kossuth, for Langiewitz, nay, for *George Washington?* Money indeed might buy recruits for Roman cohorts, for Russian and Austrian armies, might bring together from far and near, as it has often done before, hordes of nondescript mercenaries, who always fight for the best paymasters, but it never could and never will, although greenbacks and shinplasters be showered down, produce a single ring of the metal of which pure patriotism is composed. Hunger, and cold, and privations untold fail to quench the ardent flame of a noble love of country; on the contrary they rather serve to call forth all that is manly in man, those glorious qualities which have left their stamp upon the pages of history, and which have been engrafted upon the institutions of every truly great nation. There is something unsound in the system of recruiting that permits sharpers to deal wholesale in the blood of their fellow men—that winks at the polishing-up and rejuvination of ancient negroes, the gathering together of the scum of the earth, and places arms in its hands, bidding it go forth in the name of freedom, of humanity, and of *God*. Well may any nation of patriots, though bleeding, and torn, rejoice to see brought against it such a host. On one side are men fighting for *money*, and conquest, on the other husbands, sons and fathers fighting for dear home and hearth—for sacred soil and national freedom. Such men have been crushed by *such* means ere now, *but not often!*

There is one respect in which this plausible bounty system injures Canada. It draws away hundreds and thousands of our young men, who are foolish enough to draw sword in a quarrel that does not concern them, and not until too late do they discover that they have been egregiously mistaken. Young Canadians stay at home. Expend your energy in the developement of the resources of *your own country*, and your reward in the end will be infinitely more certain.

A YANKEE SWINDLE.

Diverse indeed, are the schemes hit upon by a certain class of Americans to relieve fools and greenhorns generally, of their surplus cash. Peculiar crimes, we are told, visit cities and nations epidemically, and so, we conclude, do swindles.—At one time basswood hams were much in vogue, and a thriving business was done in that rather indigestible article by Eastern American gentlemen; then came the well-remembered epoch of wooden nutmegs. Stimulated by the amount of success that rewarded their efforts, the ingenious swindlers, or *sharp* fellows—for they dislike the ugly name of swindlers—by sharpening shoe pegs at both ends contrived to pass them off as a very fair article of *oats*, but this last experiment soon "played itself out," because Western farmers, when they found that their (maple) oats produced neither a crop of grain nor kip boots, soon "smelt the rat." The next grand bait to catch the public was the *lottery swindle*, and as thousands of Canadians have found out, at a cost of seven cents each, it is at this moment in full force and effect. If you wish to catch a good salmon trout in Lake Huron, just tie a bit of red flannel on your hook and troll it after a vessel. Up jumps the fish presently and swallows what he considers a veritable herring. Stupid thing! you exclaim, to be taken so easily. Hold a moment. There are human beings compared with whose susceptibility to swindles, the cold instinct of the salmon is a flight of the loftiest genius. A cute one goes to the lithographer, hands him a letter to copy, and in a day or two is in possession of some 100,000 *fac simile* copies. The thing thus *printed* cannot be distinguished by one out of a thousand from a *written letter*. There is an object in this, for it purports to be private and confidential, and conveys the offer that the receiver, if he will send $10.00, as a mark of good faith, will receive by mail or express the sum of $1000! The return expected is that he will let his good luck be known to his friends in order that they may be duly taken in and done for. The sender tells his would-be dupe that he writes to him *only* in that particular place, but in reality he writes to all whose names he can find out. Now, alas for our common humanity, this miserable fraud must pay—some poor fool, on the strength of such shallow representations, *must* send on his $10.00, else the lottery man would never realize enough to remunerate the engraver. Another feature of the lottery swindle is this! A huge scheme is got up, bills are printed and tickets are sold by thousands, the proceeds going into the pockets of the sharp managers, who change their names and set their wits to work to get up another brilliant bait. The latest scheme we have heard of is a mammoth $600,000 affair, the drawing to take place in Kentucky some time during the present month. The enterprising scoundrel who is the head officer has been very liberal in the way of advertising, having sent something short of a car load of letters to a party in Hamilton, who directs them to all parts of Canada, using for the purpose, we surmise, a recently-issued Gazetteer. A large number of these letters came to Goderich. They were addressed in fact to every business man in the place, and several have been honored with two apiece, ourselves amongst the number. The cream of the thing is that they were *all unpaid*, thus involving a charge of 7 cents. The wrath and indignation of the receivers may be imagined but not described in print. The chief agent will duly receive, we trust, several large registered packages (postage unpaid) containing newspapers and other valuables, and if the agent at Hamilton can be found out he will get a taste of Canadian law which will be instructive if not palatable. It is a thousand pities that the whole pack cannot be sent to Sing Sing or the Provincial Penitentiary, as the case may be.

LETTER FROM OUR BLYTHE CORRESPONDENT.

The Dinner to Mr. Dickson The Reciprocity Treaty and the Probable Effects of its Abrogation. The Municipal Loan Fund. Injustice to Huron. Rep. by Pop. Drainage. The Crown Lands and the Settlers. Lawyers in Parliament, &c.

BLYTHE, Feb. 13th, 1864.

I have had much pleasure in reading in the *Signal* the report of the Dinner to J. Dickson, Esq, M. P. P. I see it incidentally remarked in one of the speeches that the majority of the company assembled to do honor to Mr. Dickson were from the Northern townships, and I believe that only for a misapprehension as to the day when the event was to take place, many more from those townships would have been present. Some people blame the *Signal* for this; at least the *Signal* containing the definite announcement of the day did not arrive in this part until it was too late to make arrangements to go.* However, those who had not the pleasure of being there, are amply compensated by the detailed report of the proceedings published in your popular journal. Mr. Dickson's revelations about the Municipal Loan Fund will cause a feeling of anger throughout these Counties at the injustice which has been done, and is still being done to them in regard to the management, or, rather, mismanagement, of that fund by the late government; and it is to be hoped that our County Council, even yet, will take the hint and refuse to make further payments to the fund until the defaulting municipalities are compelled to pay up. This would be nothing more than just. It is scandalous that the hard-working people of Huron should be called upon to pay, while the citizens of Hamilton, Niagara and such places are allowed to go free. Where would be the justice to Huron in this? I am satisfied that Mr. Dickson does all in his power for the rights of Huron, but Huron has not got its rights from any government, nor ever will, until we have Representation by Population—until Huron has, at least, two members instead of one. It is to be regretted that this question of Rep. by Pop. is not kept more prominently before the people. It is likewise to be deeply regretted that their Reform members have not remained as true to their principles in this respect as Mr. Dickson. I am well aware that the question is surrounded by many difficulties, but still that is no reason that it should be wholly abandoned. The Reformers of Canada, and especially of Huron, do not wish that it should. Much was said at the dinner about our feeling of loyalty, and we are generally a loyal people. Much was also said about our good government, but that is not so evident. At any rate, both can be sorely tried by injustice and *hard times*. If the Reciprocity Treaty is abrogated, of which there is hardly a doubt, for the people of the Northwestern States and of Upper Canada are only those who are for its continuance, while the people of the whole Eastern States, of Lower Canada and of the lower Provinces are opposed to it, how will it be then with Upper Canada? If we are debarred the privilege of exporting breadstuffs duty free to the United States, and at the same time have no more privileges in the British markets than the States, Upper Canada will be a loser to such an extent as to prove a hard trial to the loyalty of a loyal people, if not to cause them to turn their faces toward Washington. It may be deemed mercenary to say that loyalty can, in any way, be effected by such a sordid consideration as dollars and cents; but the event will show. Our Parliament, now about to assemble, ought to use all endeavors to procure a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty or to secure for Upper Canada such concessions from Great Britain as will compensate us for its loss. I hope you will use the influence of your popular journal to this end. I notice that another of the speakers at the dinner expressed a hope for the improvement of our harbors. That would be good. But it would be really more to the advantage of the county generally if the government would initiate some general system of drainage for Huron. It is gratifying to notice that the County Council of Huron has petitioned for a Drainage Act, and I hope it may be granted. In this County, especially in the new Townships, where a large portion of the land is low or swampy, some system, by which the people would be enabled to drain their land, would be of incalculable benefit to this County, and increase its productive capacity to a marvellous extent, for it is well known that if such lands were drained they would be the most productive in Canada. Then by all means let us have a drainage act. The *Signal* is doing its duty on this question, and I hope will persevere in the good cause. Mr. Dickson, in his speech, spoke of the large number of communications he had received respecting unsettled Crown Land claims, and I think the advertisement now out for the sale of what are called 'forfeited lands' in Huron will be the cause of his having more of them. Most of the lots advertised have settlers on them. The advertisement tells settlers to put in their claims to the Crown Land office before the day of sale; but many of them will never hear of the day of sale. And others, although having the right of possession in the lots they occupy, may yet have difficulty in establishing what may be considered a good claim; and yet can it be that speculators will be permitted to buy these lands over the settlers heads and the poor settler and his family driven out of the county, to seek for lands and a home elsewhere. And yet in many instances I fear such will be the case. The lands should be sold at a fair price to people in the townships where the lands are situated, and who, at present have no lands.

Mr. Sproat in his speech expresses himself as opposed to lawyer legislators, but I cannot agree with him, neither was the patriot McKenzie of that opinion, as Mr. Sproat can ascertain by a perusal of his life by Lindsay. I do not approve of raising a cry against any particular class of people. Some lawyers are good men and good legislators. It is folly to think otherwise. It is easy to show that more good practical legislation has proceeded from Canadian lawyers than from laymen.—Robert Baldwin was a lawyer and a patriot; and moreover he was the father of the Municipal act which Mr. Sproat professes so much to admire. Mr. Price was a lawyer, and his political honesty and usefulness as a public man were never doubted, and when a deputation went from Toronto to his residence out Yonge Street, to offer him a seat in the Baldwin Cabinet, they found him ploughing "a straight furrow." It is good to have some agriculturalists in Parliament, but all agriculturalists would no more do in the house than all lawyers. Take all the lawyers out of it, and the remainder would be a tame assemblage.

H.

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are sorry the announcement could not have been made earlier, but there was no help for it. Foreseeing a much larger gathering than could be accommodated in Seaforth, we delayed advertising the Banquet until after an effort had been made to have it transferred to Goderich, but it was found that preparations had gone too far for that. Hence the delay. Even if the notice *had* been longer, the hall in Strong's Hotel, could not have held twenty persons more. We are glad to learn that our full stenographic report gave so much satisfaction.

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

ADVERSE ACTION OF THE DETROIT BOARD OF TRADE.

From the Dretroit Free Press, 11th.

At the adjourned meeting of the Board of Trade, held yesterday (morning) morning at ten o'clock, Mr. Lewis presented some interesting statistics relative to the workings of the reciprocity treaty, which will be found of interest to those whose attention is directed to the subject. They show the amount of exports and imports of several leading articles between the two countries, commencing with the year 1855, as follows:—

WHEAT.

	Exports to Canada.	Imports from Canada.
1855	$1,561,624	$4,928,866
1856	1,694,091	6,977,843
1857	2,375,638	2,789,975
1858	1,859,489	2,355,096
Total	$7,178,835	$18,451,780

FLOUR.

	Exports.	Imports.
1855	$1,625,735	$5,801,920
1856	808,731	609,809
1857	1,262,445	4,537,542
1858	768,967	3,065,810
Total	$4,460,917	$19,415,181

PRODUCTS OF THE FOREST.

	Exports.	Imports.
1855	$186,800	$2,061,284
1856	302,904	3,345,284
1857	411,820	3,593,068
1858	232,137	3,290,388
Total	$1,33,691	$12045,515

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

	Exports.	Imports.
1855	$1,192,475	$11,801,435
1856	3,809,112	11,864 836
1857	5,282,181	7,100,413
1858	3,335,517	5,740,395
Total	$17,439,255	$36,506,889

The amount of agricultural products exported to Canada for the years 1855-7-8, duty free, was $20,841,765. The amount of the same imported for the same time was $58,613,430. The amount collected by Canada for the same time was $4,032,020. The cost of collecting the duties was $478,238, or an excess of $189,730 above the receipts. The amount of white wheat alone shipped to Ogdensburg was $6,000,000. Imported from Canada in 1863, $1,060,290, specie value; exported to Canada, $1,066,463, currency value. Mr. Lewis made a few practical comments upon these statistics, showing in a clear and business-like manner the practical workings of the treaty, so far as the United States are concerned.

Mr. Langley stated that there had been received at the city elevator of 150,000 bushels of white wheat from Canada, to come in competition with our own white wheat. We lose annually a revenue of $60,000 from the want of a duty on wheat. This sum is needed to support the war, and the current expenses of the Government. We furnish the Canadian farmer with a market equal to that furnished the citizens of any State in the Union, without having to pay any of the burdens that the rest of us have to bear. Two millions per annum, or twenty millions during the existence of the treaty, would be the duty on wheat and flour. Ought we to sacrifice this amount?

Mr. Hawley controverted the statement of Mr. Morrill made in Congress that all the wheat and flour sent to England by the United States in 1858 59 amounted to only $1,736,152, or less than half the amount thrown into our markets the same time, which was $3,565,502. The report of our Secretary for 1860, which he obtained from our ex-President of the board, Duncan Stewart, Esq., shows that for the last eleven years the exports of breadstuffs from the United States have fluctuated very much. In 1846 they amounted to nearly twenty millions of dollars, and rose in 1847 to sixty-nine millions. 1848 they fell to thirty seven millions, and in 1852 twenty-six millions; in 1853 they amounted to nearly thirty-three millions, and in 1854 they rose to about sixty millions, but fell in 1855 to about thirty-nine millions, and again rose in 1857 to seventy-seven millions. In 1858 they again declined to about fifty millions, the latter being one of the two years in which Mr. Morrill says our entire exports were $1,736,152. Mr. Howard told us yesterday the treaty was a violation of the Constitution. We are not the Supreme Court to decide this question. If distinguished gentlemen think the treaty unconstitutional, why is not the matter brought before the Court? Gentlemen seem to have but little faith in their arguments.

Capt. Ward was called upon to address the board. He spoke briefly. He thought but little was necessary to be said. The question had been thoroughly discussed. He thought there was no reciprocity in the treaty. The Canadians take from us nothing that they can make or raise, but send us an abundance of what we have.

Mr. Hawley again spoke upon the question, and replied to several points in Mr. Howard's address. He showed that for the year '62 there was against Canada a balance of upwards of three millions. In the article of corn there was a balance against her of $1,206,918; hides and furs, $716,642; unmanufactured tobacco, $830,767; meats, $876,700; cheese, $72,392; coal and coke, $439,801. Our balances are about seven millions, Canada's about three millions, or about four millions in our favor, in the leading articles mentioned in the treaty. In animals the trade is about even, perhaps $10,000 against us.

The question was then taken on the substitute offered by Mr. Hawley, which was lost. Question referring on the original motion for the adoption of the resolutions, favoring a termination of the treaty at the earliest practicable moment, then were adopted by a decisive vote.

Destructive Fire in Brantford.—LOSS $25,000.

(From the Brantford Courier, Saturday, Feb. 12)

A short time before going to press, a fire broke out in the carriage shop of Mr. Woods Lyons, whose whole establishment was reduced to a smouldering mass of ruins. We are sorry to learn that his loss amounts to $3,000 and upwards, that he is but partially insured, and but a few from amid his splendid collection of carriages have been saved from the total wreck. In a very short time the houses comprising the block where his building was situated, were clasped in the burning embrace of the raging element, that now, evidently bent upon destruction, burst forth upon Baxter's tavern at the opposite side, which in conjunction with its wooden companions in misfortune, shared a similar fate.

The wind, which unfortunately was blowing rather sharply, caused the flames to spread with frightful rapidity from one corner to the other, and not before they had destroyed the last house, occupied by Dr. Preston, did they cease their work of devastation. We trust, in future, that some plan will be adopted whereby water can be furnished with far more facility than it is at present; for in a catastrophe like the one we have just experienced, its scarcity is felt to be a most deplorable calamity. The amount of property destroyed could not, we imagine, amount to less than $25,000, and we fervently hope that we may never have another opportunity of beholding such a fearful sight again in Brantford. The fire companies behaved nobly, and cannot be too highly eulogized for their humanity and daring.

Plot to Assassinate Jeff. Davis and Liberate the Union Prisoners.

(From the Richmond Examiner, Feb. 8)

For several days past the Government has been in possession of facts that hinted, beyond a doubt, to the existence of a secret organization of disloyal men, having for its object the forcible release of the Yankee prisoners held at Libby and on Belle Isle, the assassination of the President, and the destruction of the Government buildings and workshops located there.

Capt. Maccubbin, chief of the defective corps, was assigned the duty of penetrating the mysteries of the case and threading the details through the labyrinths of rumor to their head and source. That official put the matter into the hands of two of his most experienced detectives, Messrs. Beese and Mitchell, who immediately set to work, and on Saturday night they arrested at his house on Seventeenth-street, between Main and Franklin, a German, named A. W. Heintz, a baker, upon the charge of being a prominent member of the treasonable association.—He was furthermore charged with inciting Confederate soldiers to mutiny and the assassination of the President. The detectives seized along with Heintz, a great number of the most important papers, including the roll of membership of the organization, and documents of such a character as to leave no doubt of his crime and the criminality of others. The documents were taken possession of yesterday by General Winder, who ordered Heinz to be placed in secure quarters at Castle Thunder, and to allow him no communication whatever with any outside parties.

Heinz, the reputed ringleader, has always been looked upon as a disloyal man, and his associates in treason are all pretty much of his own character and social standing.

It is possible that other arrests will follow as the treason will be probed to its depth, no matter whom it effects.

Peculiar Blockade Running.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

Dr. William Maclure, M. Harris and Robert Kirby citizens of this place, were arrested, on Friday evening last, on the charge of illegal blockade running, and placed in Castle Thunder to await an examination before a Court-martial. The specific charges against these persons have not yet become fully known, but it is reported that Maclure who has for some time been engaged in the business of disintering and embalming the dead, preparatory to transportation to their distant homes, has availed himself of his peculiar vocation, and instead of boxing up dead bodies, has in several instances packed away live Jews in these tenements of the dead, thereby easily securing for them from our authorities passports to the North, upon the representation that the said boxes only encased the coffins which contained the remains of certain Federal soldiers who had died natural deaths or been killed in our country. At the time of the arrest of the doctor he was driving a waggon on which were two coffins, supposed to contain dead bodies, but upon examination it was found that Harris and Kirby were the occupants.—The hopeful trio were thereupon taken into custody and brought back to Richmond.—The direction in which the waggon was being driven leaves very little doubt that the destination of these parties was Fortress Monroe. Kirby was formerly a Confederate detective. Many novel ways for making money have come under our observation, but this last method of doing so goes ahead of any other which has yet been br