IN A SORE STRAIT.

"We must have a lemon or two, Sam," she says: and so, though I'd just set down to my pipe and drop of beer, I got up again, and I says, "Now, I tell you what it is, lass, it's just two miles to the town, and it snows like fury, so if you can think of anything else you want, just say so, and I'll get it at the same time."

"O, 't is n't worth while to go if it snows," she says; "never mind, and I'll make shift without. But O!" she cried, all at once, "father's coming to-morrow, and you 've no tobacco."

Well, I'd never thought about that, for when I'd had my fingers in the little jar there seemed enough for me, even if next day was Christmas day; but with company—why, there would not be half enough. So that settled it, and I got my stick and hat; when Polly declared I could n't go out a night like that without something round my neck, so she tied a comforter round twice, close up to my nose and ears.

"Now, don't be silly, Sam," she says.

"Why, wot's silly, I says.

"Why, your being such an old goose, and making such fuss after being married all these months. Now, let go, do," she says. But I did n't of course, but held her for just a few moments while I looked down in her laughing eyes that seemed to have been smoch ed—no, I did n't, for no hair could have been smoother,—I passed my rough, chopped about old hand down the bright shiny hair that I felt so proud of, and then kissed both her pink cheeks, and felt somehow half glad, half sorrowful, for it seemed to me that I was too happy for it to last.

"There, now," she says, at last, "make haste, there's a dear good boy! and get back; perhaps I shall be done by that time, and then we'll have a snug bit of supper."

But I could n't get away, somehow, but watched her busy fingers getting ready the things for the next day's dinner,—chopping suet, stoning plums, mincing peel,—and all in such a nice, neat, clean way, that it was quite enjoyable.

"Now, do go, Sam," she says, pretending to pout, "for I do want you back so bad."

So I made a start of it; unlatched the door, when the wind came roaring in, laden with flakes of snow; the sparks rushed up the chimney, the candle flickered, while Polly gave me just one bright look and nod, and then I shut the door. But, there—I could n't get away even then, but went and stood by the window for a minute, where the little branches of holly were stuck, glistening green and with scarlet berries amongst the prickly leaves; and there I stood looking in at the snug, bright, warm kitchen, with Polly making it look ten times more warm and bright. It was n't that it was a handsome place, or well furnished,—for those sort of things don't always make a happy home,—but plain, humble, and poor as it was, it seemed to me like a palace; and after watching my lass for a few minutes as she was busier than ever, —now frowning, now making a little face at her work,—now with a bright light in her eye, as something seemed to please her,—I all at once thought to myself, and what's more, I says to myself, "Sam Darrell," I says, "what a donkey you are, not to get what you want, and make haste back!" which when you consider that it was snowing hard, blowing harder, and that where I stood the snow-drift was over my knees, while inside there was everything a reasonable working-man could wish for, you'll say was just about the truth.

So I gives myself a pull together, hitches up my shoulders, sets my head down to face the wind and the blinding snow, and then with my hands right at the bottom of my pockets, off I goes.

Now, we'd been together into the town that night to bring home a good basketful of Christmas cheer; for even if you do live in the back country amongst the coal-mines and furnaces, and work as pit carpenter at making brattices and the different woodwork wanted, that's no reason why you should n't spend a merry Christmas and a happy one. But now there was this tobacco and the lemons to get; and from where we lived, right across the heath to the town, being two miles, and me being alone I made up my mind to cut off a corner, so as to get back sooner. So I turned out of the road as soon as I was out of the colliery village, makes sure of the town lights, and then taking my stick under my arm, set off at a trot to the left of the old pits.

The wind was behind me now, and though the snow made it hard work walking, I was n't long before I was trudging like a white statty right through the town street, then thronged with people, when I goes into a shop, and after a good deal of waiting, gets my lemons and tobacco, pays for 'em and starts off home.

As soon as I was out of the town again, I gets out of the road to take that short cut; and now I began to find out what sort of a night it was; for the wind was right dead in my teeth, while the way in which the snow cut into your eyes was something terrible.—But I fought my way on, setting up an opposition whistle to the wind, and thinking from the warm fireside at home, with the snug supper table; and then I thought of what a blessing it was in a hard winter to live close to the pit's mouth, and get plenty of coal for n.xt to nothing. We could afford a good fire there, such as would cheer the heart of some of the London poor, while wages were not so bad.

Every now and then I had to stop and kick the snow off my boot-soles, for it collected in hard balls, so as to make walking harder; then, not having the town lights to guide me, I found I'd wandered a bit out of the track, so that the ground grew rougher and rougher, and more than once I stumbled. The wind beat worse than ever; the snow blinded so, that I could not look out for the lights of the village; and at last I began to think that I'd done a foolish thing in trying to make a short cut. But then one is always slow about owning to being in the wrong; so I blundered and stumbled on: but at last, after walking for some time, I was obliged to own to myself that I was lost in the snow.

"Stuff and nonsense!" I says the next minute, and then I has a look round to try and make out where I was for I knew every foot of it almost; but nothing could I see but snow falling almost like in a sheet all round me so that I could only see a few feet each way, while the snow where I stood was nearly up to my knees. I listened, but there was nothing to be heard but the whistling of the wind; I shouted, but the cry sounded muffled and close just as if I had been in a cupboard; then I walked a little one way, and then turned and went another; and at last, to my horror, I found that I was regularly confused, and could not make out in which direction lay town or village, while the snow covered in every footmark in a very few minutes.

Now I did not feel alarmed, only bothered and confused; for I felt sure that if I kept on walking, I must come to some place or other which I knew, unless I walked right out on the great waste, where I might go for miles and miles without finding a house; but I was hardly likely to get there, and the thing I most cared for was my poor gal at home getting upset about me, and thinking that I'd stopped in the town drinking with some mates, being Christmas eve, when I'd promised her over and over again most faithfully that I'd always have my drop of beer at home.

"There's no danger, that's one comfort," I said, "unless I run bang into the canal; and then I shall know where I am," I says, "so that won't be such a very serious matter"; and then I tried again to make out where I was, but the snow came down more than ever; and at last feeling worried and cross I started off afresh as hard as I could go, when all at once I let go of my stick, for I felt one foot slipping, and, as I felt it go, a fearful thought came across my mind.—With an agonized cry, I tried to recover myself; but, from leaning forward to face the wind, this was impossible, and then shrieking out,—

"My God it's the old pit!" I was falling and rolling down—down into the black darkness.

It was like being in a horrible dream, and for a moment I fancied it might be; but no, there I was falling faster and faster for a length of time that seemed without end, as I waited for the coming crash when I reached the bottom—to be found afterwards a mutilated corpse.

I thought all this, and much more, as I fell down the sloping chaft of the old pit; and then came a tremendous splash as I was plunged down beneath the icy water which roared and thundered in my ears.

I had been down pit after pit in my time, working in the shafts at the wood casing, making new or repairing the old, perhaps half way down, hanging in a cage; or I had been working at the traps and doors in the most dangerous parts, where you might hear the gas hissing through between the seams of black slaty shale; but I never before knew so hideous a sense of fear as came over me, when, rising to the surface of the water, I struck out as if by instict, for the side, and then clinging to the roughened wall with one hand, and with the other thrust into a sort of hole, I remained for a few seconds panting and half mad, up to my neck in the cold water, while the darkness was terrible.

It is impossible to describe the horrible thoughts that came hurrying through my mind as it to unnerve me,—thoughts of foul choking gases, of fearful things swimming about in the black water; but worse still, as I began to recover myself a little, were the calmer thoughts of the length of time I could hold on there without becoming numbed. I shouted, and the sound went echoing up the shaft with a horrible unearthly sound that made me tremble. I cried again and again till I was hoarse, but knew all the while that it was useless, for there was not a cottage for at least a mile, and then terror seemed to get the better of me, as I felt that there, in the midst of that fearful darkness, I must drown and then sink to the bottom of the old coal-pit; while no one, not even my poor wife, would know of my fate.

With the thoughts of my wife, came thoughts of the pleasant scene I had so lately gazed upon, when something almost like a sob seemed to come from my heart, and then came weak, despairing tears; but I roused up and throwing my head back to try and see the mouth of the pit, but though imagination peopled the darkness with horrors, there was nothing around but the intense blackness; while to add to my despair and terror, I could feel that my hands were slowly slipping from their hold.

Could any man have heard me down there, two hundred feet below the mouth, it must have been very fearful, for during the next minute I was shrieking for aid, giving vent to the most unearthly yells, praying aloud, and crying for mercy; and then hoarse and worn out, I felt that I must sink back, and I did, shrieking and struggling savagely for life till the cold water gurgled over my mouth and choked back my cry. Then, for a few minutes, I was beating the water frantically, as a dog beats it when it cannot swim; but my nerve seemed to come once more, and even then, in the midst of that horror and despair I could not help thinking of myself as being like a rat in a well, as I swam round by the side trying to find a place to hold on by.

All at once my hand touched the side; then I raised one up, and could touch the roof; and then after a few more strokes, I let my feet down slowly, and found the bottom, but the water was to my lip; still by swimming and wading, I soon stood where it was to my middle; and then pausing to rest for a while, I leaned up against the side, and in the reaction that came on again, cried weakly, and like the despairing wretch I was.

By degrees, the heavy panting of my heart grew less painful, while, heated with the exertion, I did not feel the cold; but soon an icy chill crept over me as I stood there listening to the low echoing "drip, drip, drip" of the water far away to my right. Racking thoughts, too, oppressed me, and, despairing, I felt that there was no chance of my being discovered, since, to keep alive, I must penetrate further into the mine, though even from where I was then, it was doubtful whether my voice could be heard.

I knew very well where I was, and that very little traffic lay by the old pit's mouth; while the next day being Christmas made the chances less. But would not my wife give the alarm, and would not there be a search? Surely, I thought, there must be hope yet; and then in a disconnected, half-wind way, I tried to offer up a prayer for succor. Not standing,—not with my hand resting upon the wall,—but kneeling, with the water rising to my neck; and I rose again stronger, and better able to think.

And now I began to look within, and to think of the dangers I had to encounter. As to there being things swimming about, or anything terrible to attack me, my common sense told me that there was no cause for fear in that direction; but the next thought was a terrible one, and my breath came thicker as I seemed to feel the effect of it already. "Was there any foul gas?" But I found that I could still breathe freely, and by degrees this fear went off; while summoning up my courage, I waded on "splash-splash" in the echoing darkness, farther and farther into the mine, always with the water growing shallower and shallower as I receded from the shaft; and at last I stood upon the dry bottom, but with the water streaming off me.

The place did not feel cold, while as I sat down I could not but wish that my clothes were dry, for they clung to me till I stripped a part of them off and wrung out the water, when I felt on putting them on again comparatively warm. But what a position! Trembling there in the midst of that thick darkness, with a wild imagination peopling it with every imaginary horror, I lay despairing, till, with the thought strong upon me that I was buried alive, I began to run recklessly about, now dashing myself violently against the sides, now tripping over the fragments that had fallen from the roof, till at last the splashing water beneath my feet warned me to go back, when, with my head feeling almost on fire, I crawled back to lie panting amongst the coal and slate,

All at once I recollected the tobacco, and put a wet piece in my mouth, and after a time it seemed to calm me, so that I could sit and think, though at times I would have given worlds to have run away from my thoughts. How time went I could not tell; but it seemed after a while that I must have slept, for I leapt up all at once with the fancy strong upon me that I heard Polly calling; but though I strained my ears to listen, there was nothing but the "drip, drip" of the water; while I feared to call out, for the sound went echoing along, so that it seemed to be repeated again and again, till I felt to creep with dread.

Many hours must have passed, for a heavy, dull, sleepy feeling oppressed me as I lay there, numbed bodily and in mind: but at length I started up thoroughly awake, feeling certain that I had heard a cry which seemed to have whispered like in my ear. I sat up trembling, when again there came the shout faintly heard as it came along the top of the water, and then I gave a loud despairing shriek for help three times, and then fainted.

When I came to again, it seemed like waking from a dream; and I felt that confused that I could hardly believe that I was not in my own room at home; but as I sat up, the thought of where I was come upon me again, while like a faint, buzzing, whispering noise, I could hear voices. To rouse up and give a tremendous shout was but the work of a moment, when my heart rose, for it was answered, though but faintly, and I knew that I was being sought for, and sat listening.

But soon I grew impatient and began wading into the water, so as to be once more nearer to living creatures; and I waded on and on till the water was up to my chin and I could hardly stand, when I shouted again, and now I could hear the reply quite plainly.

After a while I saw a faint light flash along the wall, and knew that a piece of something burning had been cast down the pit; and then again and again I saw similar flashes, while I stood there trembling lest I should sink from exhaustion and be drowned. But now something far more reviving came, for, like a star, shining along the water, I could see the light of a lantern that had been lowered down, as it swung slowly about at the mouth of the passage; while at length close by it I saw something move, when I felt choking, as I knew that a man had been lowered down, and was swinging beside the lantern; while, when his voice came ringing along the passage with a cheery "Where are you, mate?" for a few moments my heart was warm, and I couldn't answer.

"Can't you get to me?" he says, after I had answered.

"No!" I says, "I dare n't try to swim it."

"Then I must," he says; and then he shouted out "Slack out," and an echoing splash came along to my ears. "How far is it?" he says,

"About sixty yards," I gasped; and then he stopped and called out to me to keep up my heart, and he would soon be back; when shouting to those above, he was drawn up once more, and it seemed hours before I heard the sound of his voice again; and, directly after, I could see the lantern coming towards me, and then I've a recollection of seeing some one with a light splashing about in the water, and of having something tied under my arms which floated me up till I was pushed along to the mouth of the passage, where I can recollect clinging to the rope made fast round me; and then I was swinging about and knocking against the rough sides of the shaft, while a voice at my ear kept saying, "Cheer up, mate!" Then in a sort of sleep I heard people talking, and some one said, "Here, catch hold of these life-belts!" and it seemed like the voice of the man who came down to me. But the next thing I recollect is lying in my own bed, with some one sitting at the side, as she used to all she could for the next three days; and told me, she did at last, of her horror when I did not come home, and of the search next day; but there were no footsteps on the waste on account of the snow, so that no one would have searched there, had not a boy been seen with my walking-stick, which he had found sticking up in the snow by the old pit's mouth, just as I must have left it when I fell into the fearful gulf which held me for two long days!

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, JAN. 3, 1867.

THE YEAR THAT'S GONE.

Another year has expired and gone to its fathers, in that *past* which is filled with so much that is interesting to the reflective mind. Few years, within the present century, have witnessed more remarkable events. As our civilization advances with rapid strides towards that material millenium when human progress will have attained to its meridian glory, the world becomes feverish in its desire to accomplish everything with lightning-like rapidity. Many of our forefathers were content to reach the shores of the Western World after weeks and weeks of tossing upon the wild waters of the Atlantic. Then steam lent its aid, and communication became more rapid. It was thought a marvel of progress when we were enabled to read European intelligence only seven or eight days old, but in 1866, by stretching a little wire underneath the ocean, we are enabled to converse with the Old Country as easily, almost, as if it were separated from us only by a deal table. The people dwelling in the heart of the American continent can have in print on their breakfast tables the leading news of yesterday from Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Paris, or London! A fair example that of the scientific victories of the year that's gone. Then, again, what progress we have made in the art of killing each other. Our ancestors, rude, uncouth, but stalwart old fellows, affected bows and arrows, and delighted in close quarters to knock their enemies on the head with war-clubs, and other bruising implements; but compare these, or even the old brown Bess of Waterloo, with the needle-gun, which, on the plains of Bohemia humbled proud old Austria in the dust during the past year! If our modern breech loaders do away with that ancient chivalry which led each strong man to feel his importance in direct personal encounter, they, at least, elevate the dwarf on giant's stilts. A bandy-legged Prussian, with his needle-gun, can kill half a dozen big-bodied, burly looking enemies ere they come near enough to frighten him out of his wits by their formidable appearance, which is certainly a great advantage to the little fellow.—Great changes have been accomplished in Europe during the past twelve months. Italy is free from her yoke of bondage. The Pope has all but lost the last remnant of his temporal power. Hungary is partially released from her chains, and it may be that at the expense of great suffering to individual nations, the cause of civil and religious liberty will be greatly advanced.

At home, the year, on the whole, has been one of prosperity. Canada has been invaded by a band of marauders; an attempt has been made to injure her trade; the harvest was not as good as early appearances indicated, the potatoes have rotted in many sections, and yet we have much to be thankful for. Our commerce is finding new channels, our manufactures are in a flourishing condition, our farmers are rapidly working out of debt, new resources are being opened up, and as the time approaches when all the British American Provinces will be united into one grand nationality, Uncle Sam bites his nails with vexation that his "retaliatory" policy has injured no one but himself.

Let us accept the blessings of Providence as they come, without fretting about future contingencies, and as we eat our Turkey to-morrow (Jan. 1st, 1867) under our own "vine and fig tree," feel truly thankful for the good we have enjoyed during the year that's gone.

SNOWED UP.—The track of the Grand Trunk is so thoroughly snowed up by the prevailing storm that the trains can make little or no progress. It took the train going east nearly all of yesterday to get as far as Stratford. The express did not reach Goderich at all last night, and as we write, (Tuesday noon) it is stuck somewhere between Mitchell and Goderich. Communication will be very uncertain for the next few days.

☞ The severe storm of the last two days has drifted up our streets so as to render them almost impassable. There is nothing doing in the produce market.

THE MAYORALTY NOMINATION.

Although the nomination of Reeve and Deputy Reeve came off at the same time as that for the Mayoralty, in Crabb's Hall, on Monday last, the speaking was confined almost exclusively to the latter. One reason for this, no doubt, was that no serious opposition could be brought against Messrs. Gibbons, Reid, and Horace Horton, as Deputy. The ridiculously verbose speeches of some of the nominators led seven out of eight candidates exhausted the time allowed by statute, and when the hour of 12 o'clock arrived, none of the candidates had had an opportunity of speaking. The Clerk, however, stated the result of the nominations and adjourned the meeting until 2 o'clock, when he again took the chair—a large number of electors being present.

Mr. Detlor in a calm, well considered and manly address presented his case before the ratepayers. He alluded to his residence of twelve years in the town, which should enable the people to judge whether he was qualified to discharge the duties of the office of Mayor, and took up and disposed of, in the most satisfactory manner, the charges brought against him, which were, almost without exception, of a personal nature. His refutation of the infamous slanders hurled against his character was most thorough, and more than ever confirmed the determination of his supporters to carry him through triumphantly. He was followed by Mr. Crabb, who, although temperate enough at times, got off some astounding misrepresentations. The most serious of these is answered by Mr. Detlor in another part of to-day's issue. He went over a long list of the acts of liberality he had performed during the past twenty-five years, most of which were never heard of before, but he had candor enough to admit that some of the most conspicuous of them never appeared in the newspapers.

Some of those who spoke against Mr. Detlor, later in the afternoon made a disgusting exhibition of themselves, and it is well indeed that their whilom friends think fit to keep them out of print, as we certainly intend to do. Never, within the space of an hour have we listened to such a farrago of gross misrepresentation, hardly one *point* of which had the slighest foundation in truth. It was a feeble attempt to set up men of straw, only to have them swept away by the first breath of common-sense intelligence. Every word that Mr. Detlor has publicly uttered, and every act he has performed, during his career in Goderich, was twisted and distorted to mean something else, just as the worst of men sometimes distort the plainest truths of the Bible to prove that they are saints. If shallow sophistry and shallower prevarication can aid a man, Mr. Crabb should rejoice that he has such orators at his back as some of those who spoke for him on Monday.—But we think better of the rate-payers of Goderich—many of whom the speakers last alluded to endeavor to lower in their own estimation—than to believe that any cause can be furthered by such a course. In fact every such exhibition has a tendency to advance the interests of Mr. Detlor. Nothing tends to make a man more popular than *abuse* which can be shown to be based upon a tissue of transparent falsehoods, and the result will show that the *retaliation* which Mr. Crabb scorns with such ill judged temerity will be found in his defeat at the polls, not withstanding the boasts of many of his supporters.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING

Of the supporters of Mr. Detlor was held in the Maitland Hotel, on Wednesday evening last. The large dining room was literally crowded with electors, over a hundred of whom were present. Mr. Detlor made a sensible, telling speech, and was followed by Mr. Platt, who said that an attempt had been made to split Mr. Detlor's vote by nominating him, but those who thought him capable of such a thing would find their mistake, as he did not intend to run. When he wished to stand for the Mayoralty he would give due notice of the fact, but at present his determination was to throw his vote and influence in favor of Mr. Detlor. The speaker was loudly cheered. Speeches were also delivered by Messrs. Horton, Gibbons, Runciman, Dr. McDougall, B. Doyle and others, and a resolution expressing unbounded confidence in Mr. Detlor, after all that had been said at the nomination, was passed unanimously. As the polling-day approaches, the spirits of Mr D's supporters rise, as they are fully confident of victory.

Examination of the Public Schools of Goderich.

The half yearly examination of these schools took place on Thursday and Friday last. Quite a number of parents and others were in attendance, but it is to be regretted that those who are strongest in their complaints with regard to the cost of our educational system, are seldom if ever present on such occasions, and are therefore incompetent to judge of the amount of good actually done. Our educational system is certainly costly, but we think the present trustees have endeavored to keep down all unnecessary expense, and the general progress of the large number of pupils is such as to prove that there is something tangible to show for the amount expended. The recent examination was a very satisfactory one, the proficiency of the scholars, especially in the more practical branches of reading, writing and arithmetic being very remarkable. A very pleasing feature of the exercises was the singing conducted by Mr. James Thompson, one of the most popular teachers.

At the close Mr. H. D. Cameron, the principal, was presented with an elegant *What Not*, on which were several useful and ornamental articles.

The scholars in Miss Walker's department showed their appreciation of the value of that lady's services by presenting her with a handsomely bound copy of "The Land and the Book." The gift was accompanied with a short address, to which Miss W. replied in a suitable manner.

The pupils in Mr. Thompson's department also presented that gentleman with a handsome Writing Desk, and an address expressing their feel and affection for as a teacher. He replied with equal warth and feeling. The proceedings, altogether, were very interesting.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

ONE MAN DROWNED—NARROW ESCAPE OF ANOTHER.

On Friday afternoon last about 3 o'clock, Messrs. Mark Morris and Wm Robinson, employed by Mr. Platt, were sent to cut away a body of ice in the mill-race, above what is known as the gate. As the work proceeded, Mr. Robinson saw that there was danger, and requested Morris to stand to one side, that he might be out, in case of accident, to assist the other. Mr. Morris complied, but the next blow [illegible] the ice [illegible] both men were struggling in the water, the current carrying them under the gate. Grasping a piece of ice Mr. Robinson shouted to his companion to swim for the bank, but [illegible] of the current prevented him, and, the poor fellow found a watery grave. The position of the survivor was very precarious as he was unable to swim. As a last hope he shouted for help. Providentially Mr. Platt was within hearing, and seizing a bit of board he ran to the spot and saved the drowing man at the [illegible] moment. Mr. Platt's escape was almost miraculous. He was hurried to the nearest house and divested of his frozen [illegible] as soon as possible. Although suffering from his exposure to the ice-cold of the water and atmosphere, he will be none the worse. Every effort was made, with the able assistance of a party of sailors from the *Cherub*, (for which the relatives are deeply grateful) to recover the body, but up to the time of writing it has not been found. Morris leaves a widow and seven children to mourn the untimely end of their head and protector.

A BARN BURNT.

On the evening of the 24th inst., the barn of Mr. James Elliott, 4th con. Goderich township, was burned together with a considerable quantity of hay which it contained. It seems that the farm on which the barn stood had originally belonged to Wm. Elliott, James' brother, and he being unable to release a mortgage upon it, the latter purchased the property. Wm. had left the premises only a few days before the fire. On arriving at the spot James and his son saw that it was useless to attempt to extinguish the flames, and looking around saw tracks which they and several neighbors, (amongst them George Cox, Esq., J. P. and two constables) traced to the door of Wm. Elliott. They entered, arrested the accused Elliott, and lodged him and his son in gaol next morning. The case was brought before C. Crabb and Geo. Cox, Esqrs. on Wednesday, M. C. Cameron for accused and Mr. Leftroy for plff, and the son being discharged, Wm. Elliott gave bail to re-appear in one week.

THE EXETER CHEESE FACTORY.

Mr. Manning, the enterprising proprietor of the Exeter Cheese Factory, sends us the following statement of his season's work. It proves the important fact that Cheese making on a large scale is much more profitable than the manufacture of butter. But we will give the statistics and let our readers judge for themselves:—

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

SIR,—According to promise I now furnish you with a statement of the result of my Cheesefactory for the past season. May was almost gone before I began as will be seen by the figures given below for that month, (the milk is calculated in lbs and gals.):

	Milk gals	No. of lbs.	Cons.
May	191	9	24
June	2011	7	27
July	2160	0	34
August	1963	8	34
September	1488	0	33
October	1511	7	33
November	597	2	32
Total	9924	3	

Butter made from Sundays' milk for season from 29 cows, 479 lbs, or 16½ lbs per cow for season, and 16½ lbs butter at 16c $3.61. Total per cow for season 320 gals or $32 per cow. Including butter it gives $34.61 per cow.

If the whole seven days were employed in making butter at the same rate, this would give $18.27 per cow. It will be seen at once from the above the advantage of selling milk as compared with that of selling butter. The foregoing is a statement of my own cows only. As regards the milk I bought, I do not know the number of cows. The whole quantity of milk worked for the season is 17,184 gallons. The amount of cheese made I am not prepared to state at present, the stock on hand not being weighed.

I labored under several disadvantages during the past season, it being late when I determined on trying the business. I had to buy my cows in the spring, and many of them were, therefore, in a poor condition. I was not prepared with pasture land for so many, having the most of my land in crop, and I had to drive them about three miles a day on an average for the summer, which is injurious. I think if I had been rightly prepared for it, and began in proper time, I should have realized $40 per cow without any difficulty.

Yours truly,
R. MANNING.
Exeter Cheese Factory, Dec. 1, 1866.

☞ We beg to draw attention to the advertisement in our columns of William Batherford Bain, Esq., who has opened a Chancery and Law office in Crabbs' new building, Kingston street, Goderich. He is a University Graduate and had, previous to devoting himself to the Law, considerable experience in Banking, Book-keeping and general business, and comes well recommended as a gentleman of energy and the strictist integrity. We trust Mr. Bain will prove to be a valuable addition to our present able staff of Chancery lawyers.

Templars and Temperance.

Mr. S. P. Hammond, P. D., Lecturer for the Grand Temple of Canada I.O.G.T. who has lectured with a great deal of acceptance and success during the past year, in the counties of Lennox & Addington, Hastings, Prince Edward and Leeds, has been appointed to lecture and organize Temples and Bands of Hope, in the counties of Huron and Bruce, and Perth.—Mr. Hammond will lecture in the New Connexion Church, Goderich, on Thursday eve.; at Porter's Hill, on Saturday eve.; at Bayfield, on Monday eve.; at Clinton, on Tuesday eve., and Seaforth on Wednesday.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We take this opportunity of wishing our patrons one and all, a Happy New Year, and many returns of the season.

☞ Our market was lively to-day than it has been for a week past, large quantities of wood and general produce having been brought in.

RECIPROCITY.—The American correspondent of the London *Times* says there are indications that the people of New England, who demanded the termination of the Reciprocity treaty, thinking it would be a blow at the prosperity of the British provinces, finding that it has fallen most heavily upon themselves, will have the subject brought up for reconsideration in Congress.

The New Seminary in London.

By reference to the advertisement in another column, it will be seen that the enterprising Proprietor of the London Commercial College has established a First-class Seminary in connection with that already noted institution. Professors of well known skill will give free instruction for three months to all the Commercial Students of the Colledge, at any time they may desire it, in any or all the branches usually taught in the best classical institutions. This not only afford's them the opportunity of obtaining a knowledge of the French and other languages, but also a thorough grounding in those fundamental sciences which are the indispensable auxiliaries of a sound Commercial education. These are certainly advantages which are not attainable at any other Com'l College, and should result in a very great increase in the already large number of students in attendance. As will be seen the charges to those who wish to attend the Seminary only are very moderate. Our readers will not forget that the Goderich Commercial and Mathematical Academy is in affiliation with this College, and that its students will share in the benefits to be derived from the establishment of the Seminary.

AN INJUSTICE.—Hearing that the Corporation of Goderich endeavors to keep the poor of the town from starving, persons with large families have recently moved in from adjoining townships and demand relief immediately. Feeling this to be an injustice, the Corporation of this town have wisely determined to grant relief to no such parties. The proportion of pauperism in the townships is comparatively small, and should be attended to by the local councils. Nothing will be gained by forcing them to some *here*.

☞ Why are some of the would be stump speakers we have heard lately like uneasy sleepers? Do you give it up? Because they lie awhile on one side and then turn and lie on the other.

THE JOLLY TARS of Her Majesty's gunboat *Cherub* had a lively time of it on Christmas. The upper deck was partially cleared, and beautifully ornamented with evergreens, flags, &c., under the direction of quarter-master Wais. Long tables ranged along the deck literally groaned under the weight of good things from the vessel's stores and supplied by citizens of the town. The Lieut. in command and his amiable wife took their places at the head of the table when dinner was announced, and the former made a short speech to the officers and men, after which an onset was made upon the solids.—After dinner, a fiddle was produced, and the boys had a regular break down.—Altogether it was the liveliest scene witnessed here for a long time.

☞ A battle in the snow-balling line took place on the square one day this week between a number of boys and four sailors belonging to the *Cherub*, whose bared throats formed an excellent mark. The navy triumphed over the land forces, to the great amusement of on-lookers.

☞ Large consignmente of Goderich Salt are being forwarded almost daily to inland dealers, who are highly pleased with it, and ready to pay a trifle more than for the American article.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.—Were we to print all the long accounts of examinations sent in from various parts of the country during the past week, we should have more than enough to fill the *Signal*. We have, therefore been compelled to curtail, trusting our friends will not feel annoyed under the circumstances.

LONDON SOCIETY.—In the hurry of business we have omitted to notice "London Society" and the Churchman's Magazent us by W. C. Chewett & Co., Toronto. The Christmas No. of the former is, as usual, splendidly got up, and filled with interesting matter. For sale, together with all the popular magazines of the day, by T. J. Moorhouse.

Municipal Nominations and Elections.

☞ We are glad to learn that our old friend Arch. Bishop has been returned by acclamation as Reeve of Usborne.

☞ Mr. H. Snell has been returned as Deputy Reeve of Hullett without opposition.

☞ We are informed that William Young Esq. has been elected Reeve of Colborne by acclamation.

☞ Mr. Currie met with no opposition as Reeve of (we think) West Wawanosh.

ST. GEORGE'S WARD.—Messrs. Savage, Seymour, Smith, and D. McKay.

ST. DAVID'S WARD.—Hays, Clifford, and Cattle. These Gentlemen were elected by acclamation.

ST. PATRICK'S WARD.—Cameron, Runciman, Sinclair, Passmore, and McKenzie.

STANLEY.—For Reeve, Messrs. Jno Eason, Dr Woods, Jas Bailey, the latter retired in favor of Mr Eason. Deputy Reeve, Thos Simpson and Thos Baird. Councillors, Jno Cameron, Donald Campbell, Peter Douglas, Geo McDonald, Jas Anderson, Jos Calloway, Geo Forrest Jas Elliott. Mr Wm Plunkett acted as Secretary, instead of the Clerk through sickness, and A. Johnson, Esq., filled the chair.

HOWICK.—Names of Candidates for the ensuing Corporation of the Township of Howick, Nominated and seconded, and for whom a Poll was demanded, by the Municipal electors of said Township, at a meeting held for that purpose on Monday, the 24th inst., at the hour of 12 o'clock noon of the said day, at Orangehill School House. Thomas Gibson, Robt Leech, and W G Walker, for Reeve. Jas Perkins, Deputy Reeve, declared duly elected. For Councillors Messrs. C W Pickford, Thos Wilson, Charles Farrand, Geo Green (old Councillor,) Jas Wiggins, John Pearson (old do), Thos Heritage, John Willigan, Thomas H Boddy.

GODERICH TOWNSHIP.—Hensville, Dec. 24th.—The following gentlemen were proposed and nominated as Candidates for the following offices, viz. Reeve, William Shepard, Jas Churchill, for Deputy Reeve, Henry Ford, David Patton, for Councillors, George Cox, John Rudd, Samuel Pollock, Richard Bagley, Wm. Hall, George Weston, William Jenkins, Andrew Whitely and Charles Middleton.

WROXETER.

On Christmas day, the Rev. G. Brown was visited by an influential deputation of elders and members of the joint congregation of Wroxeter and Howick, under his pastoral care, bringing for his acceptance a horse, cutter and harness, saddle and bridle, &c., and presenting an address expressing their esteem for him as a Christian minister, and their appreciation of his labors as their beloved pastor. Among other remarks, they acknowledged the fact that they are growing in prosperity; that the congregations are cemented by a spirit of true assiminity, and of gratitude to the Great Head of the church, whose gauce alone can set up her gates with praise, and beautify her walls with salvation. The address wound up with affectionate prayers for their pastor, his family and his work, to which Mr. Brown made a brief and suitable reply.

☞ There are six candidates now for the Toronto Mayoralty.

A Letter from Mr. Detlor.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

In this morning's issue of the *Star* I perceive that, in the report of Mr. Crabb's speech, he is reported to have stated that, "a case has lately came under my own observation, in which Mr. D. paid $1 or $3 to have it settled, thus screening the parties implicated, and thereby defeating the ends of justice." Now, Mr. Editor, please allow me to avail myself of the earliest opportunity of saying that Mr. Crabb's assertion is utterly untrue, as I never directly or indirectly settled any judicial matter for money, and now call upon Mr. Crabb to retract or substantiate (if he can) a statement so devoid of truthfulness. In justice to me, I trust the paper alluded to will copy this note.

Yours, &c.,
J. V. DETLOR.

ST. HELENS.

The quarterly examination of the school in this section (No. 3) which has been ably taught by Mr. Wm. Stuart during the past eight years, took place on Friday the 21st inst., and as Mr. Stuart is leaving the section, the pupils of the school presented him a handsome gold watch chain, as a token of their regard for himself and appreciation of his excellent services. The chain was purchased from Mr. I. Frederick, of Goderich, by Mr. James Stewart, who is one of the scholars, and took an active part in the proceedings. The examination was a decided success, and such as is not every day witnessed in a common school, the children exhibiting by the promptitude of their answers that they thoroughly understood the branches taught; problems in simple and quadratic equations were solved with ease; sums in mensuration and the higher rules of arithmetic were worked correctly and with rapidity, and the answers of the several classes in Geography, Philosophy, and Astronomy displayed a proficiency highly creditable to themselves and gratifying to the parents present. The trustees of this Section have furnished the School with a complete set of apparatus, globes, orrery, tellurian, &c., and that the scholars have been thoroughly drilled in their uses their answers plainly evinced. At the close of the examination Mr. John Wilson delivered an address, and Miss Jane McDonald presented the chain. Mr. Stuart replied in suitable terms.

HULLETT.

PRESENTATION.—The examination of School section, No. 1 Hullet, took place on Saturday last, at the close of which several of the Teachers present—eight in number—presented Mr. Shaw, whose former pupils they all were, with Webster's unabridged Dictionary, and a suitable address which was ably and feelingly replied to by Mr. Shaw. It does sometimes happen that pupils make a presentation to their teacher on the eve of his departure, but very seldom that they who have been many years engaged in the profession, meet with their younger brethern who are about to undertake the active duties of a teacher, and unite in according their heartfelt gratitude to their mutual friend and teacher.

PRESENTATIONS.—We receive from time to time long accounts of presentations to clergymen and others, embracing the address of the donors and a lengthy response by the receiver. These, barring in exceptional cases are never read except by the parties immediately interested.—A paragraph of a dozen lines would be quite sufficient, and we are satisfied would attract more general attention.

Berlin Correspondence of the Signal.

BERLIN, Dec. 29th, 1866.

We have not had the pleasure of seeing a *Signal* these many months, hence you may reasonably surmise we have for the same length of time been shut out from nearly every reliable source of information regarding Goderich. Yet we have not failed to hear of your exceeding good fortune, not in striking "ile," but salt—an item of greater domestic utility. The denizens of this locality feel an honest pride in your success, and we all hope soon to have our stews and our sauces tempered by Canadian salt. We have been boring for "ile" in three different localities: Waterloo, Preston and Baden, all with indifferent success. The Preston well is about 1000 feet deep and still no indications. The shareholders were inclined to give up, but news from the Lake City told tales of fortunes to be made in salt instead of 'ile.' If there is salt at Goderich why not at Preston? So the old derrick was again set in motion, but we fear they may find the cost too salt for their financial appetites.

Confederation being the order of the day, this county so stoutly accused of annexation tendency, is patiently awaiting its consumation, and we believe, though far from enthusiastic in the cause, will prefer it to the *status quo*. The press of this county all support the measure, and that with much more zeal than the people, and unquestionably it has had much influence in gaining this passive consent. Whether Confederation will confer these solid advantages so confidently asserted remains to be seen, yet it should be the hope of every patriotic man it may, and all should quietly acquiesce, resolved to give it a fair trial.

The Fenian excitement has subsided entirely. People only say Fenian to raise a laugh. A writer in the *World* last spring, said, "As the Saracen mother hushed her infant to sleep by the name of Cœur de Lion, so the Canadian mother lulls hers by the mention of that terrible Sweeney." We are decidedly of opinion that the name of the "one-armed hero" has lost its soporific effect, as these youthful scions crow quite lustily, and refuse to shut a blinker, though we should read his great proclamation of June 1st (year 1 of the Irish Canadian Republic). That the Fenian organization is aught else than a gigantic swindle, the wildest madcap struggle to tool the brethern, no sane man can doubt. We have really nothing to fear from them. They have been preparing these last ten years, and many times nearly ready; they will doubtless require a few more tens before being quite ready. The leaders are not ready, nor do they wish to be, if their victory as they style it, at Ridgeway has so thoroughly annihilated and demoralized their forces that at the end of six months they are not re-organized, but cooped up in city halls studying declamation instead of military tactics, and firing fiery speeches instead of [illegible] about old country. How [illegible] that must be fought before [illegible] could surrender [illegible]