IN THE BOX.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

(*Continued from Second Page.*)

MR. SUNNYSIDE'S STORY.

'No. 2 is taken at last, aunt!' I exclaimed, as I burst into the breakfast-room one morning.

'You are a day behind the fair with your news, Harry,' said my aunt quietly. 'They came yesterday afternoon—a fat foreigner and his wife, with a few paltry sticks of furniture that a broker wouldn't give ten pounds for. Pretty neighbors we have got at last! I must say I detest foreigners.'

'Let us hope that the ghost of old Bobjoy will look after them, and frighten them away again at the end of the first quarter!'

'Mr. Bobjoy was a very respectable man, Harry,' said my aunt with a little asperity; 'and I don't see why you should treat his memory with levity.'

'Why, you know, aunt, as well as I do, that ever since the poor old fellow was murdered—and that is now nearly five years ago—the house has had the reputation of being haunted; and that the landlord has tried in vain to get a tenant for it, though it's the cheap at house anywhere about; and if that's not all owing to the ghost of the old bill-broker, I'm——'

'Harry, be quiet!' interrupted my aunt.—'If you had been living here, as I was at the time that shocking event took place, you would never bear to hear it lightly alluded to. Mr. Bobjoy may have been a miser, as some people said he was—that I know nothing about; he may have been a hard dealing man in business matters; but it was a terrible ending to a long life—to be found murdered in bed, and the hand that struck the foul blow never discovered. Mr. Bobjoy and I were neighbors for a number of years, and I could not help feeling greatly shocked at his tragical end; but as for ghosts, Harry, neither you nor I believe in such rubbish.'

My aunt lived at No. 1 Laverock Villas; the fat foreigner had come to reside at No. 2; Nos. 1 and 2 comprised the whole of Laverock Villas. They were semi detached; small in size, but strongly built; situated in one of the north-ern suburbs of London; standing by themselves in a little secluded lane that led out of one of the main roads, and having no other house within a quarter of a mile of them. In front of each of them was a considerable stretch of garden, through which ran a gravelled walk, leading to an open-work iron gate, which admitted you into the quiet lane. I was lodging with my aunt at that time, having come up to London about a year previously, a raw country lad of seventeen, to fill the post of supernumerary clerk in the Stamp and Wafer Office; and I considered that Fate, personified in the person of a stern and uncompromising uncle, had treated me very hardly indeed, in obliging me to give up my bat and fishing-rod, and free open-air life, for a pen and a ledger in a musty office in one of the busiest thoroughfares of London.

I think it was on the morning following that on which I discovered that No. 2 had at last found a tenant, that the postman dropped, by mistake, a letter into the box of No. 1, which was evidently intended for our new neighbor. It bore the Dover post-mark, and was addressed as under:

A MONSIEUR,
MONSIEUR EMILE PAPPIGNOL,
LAVEROCK VILLAS,
CLOSTJO HIGHGATE, LONDRES.

Mr. Pappignol was smoking a cigar as he paced slowly round his weed-covered garden; so I went out at once, and leaning over the wall, handed him the letter, explaining how it had come into my possession. M. Pappignol was overcome with confusion at a mistake which had caused me so much trouble; but, on second thoughts, the error was entirely redeemed in his eyes, since it had been the means of introducing to him a neighbor at once so amiable and obliging as myself—all poured out with amazing volubility and gesticulation, in very good English, marked only by a slight foreign accent. He was a stout, strongly-built little man, about forty years old; exceedingly active and supple, considering the amplitude of his proportions. He had short black stubbly hair, which stood out in every direction; a large, round, closely-shaven face, blue-black in color on that part of it operated upon by the razor; immense red ears, in each of which was pendent a small circlet of gold. An expression of benevolence and good nature was lent to his face by the pair of large spectacles. We were still talking, when Madame Pappignol stepped lightly down the steps into the garden, and plucking a sprig of sweet-brier, and smelling it as she came, paced slowly down the walk towards us. M. Pappignol, taking off his black velvet smoking-cap, introduced Madame to me in the most gallant manner as a countrywoman of my own. Madame smiled a little supercilious'y, bent her head slightly, muttered something about the fineness of the morning, and lounged away down the walk, smelling the sweet-brier as she went. A robust, well-built young woman, by my faith! with plenty of color in her cheeks to match the poppies in her hair; with quick glancing suspicious black eyes, shaded by thick black eyebrows; with a mouth hard and cruel in all its outlines: with large white carnivorous-looking teeth; dressed in thick rustling black silk; and wearing, even at the early hour of the day, a profusion of rings, chains and bracelets, lavishly displayed.

'Ma pauvre chere Marie!' said M. Pappignol, tenderly, apostrophizing his wife's retreating figure; 'you have got this morning by malfortune one of your bad pains of the head, which makes you feel triste and ill, and detracts in some measure from your usual charming manner!'

A few mornings later, as I was going Cityward on my way to the office, I heard myself accosted by name from the top of an omnibus, and on looking up, saw my foreign neighbor seated on the knifeboard, smoking one of his everlasting cigars. He signalled to me to get up beside him, and I complied. He was dressed for the day in a blue coat with brass buttons, fastened tightly across his expansive chest, and had on a hat with a very curly brim. In his white chubby hands, on which shone three or four valuable rings, he carried carefully a green gingham umbrella, faded and baggy, which he evidently regarded with considerable pride.

'Like yourself, I, too, am going to the City this morning,' said M. Pappignol, as he offered me a cigar. 'I am a man of business to-day. I go to make a call on my banker. After leaving my banker, I shall go to Regent Street, for to-morrow will be Madame's *jour de fete*, and there I shall look out some pretty bagatelle, as a surprise for *ma petite*, when she rises from her couch in the morning.—Then I shall return to my villa and my early dinner; after which Madame and I will play *ecarte* till bedtime. Voila tout!'

He laughed gaily, and hummed a little air, beating time with his umbrella on the roof of the 'bus. When we alighted at the Bank, I found it impossible to get rid of him till I had joined him over a *petit verre* to the health of Madame at the nearest tavern.

It was shortly after this, I remember, that I was seized with a violent attack of toothache, which lasted, on and off, for nearly a week, and allowed me scarcely any sleep for several nights. During one of those weary watches, as I was pacing backwards and forwards in my bedroom, with my hands pressed to my cheek, I heard a noise of wheels, distant at first, but momently coming nearer, and coming, too, up the quiet lane which led to the two villas. I had no light in my room, so I drew the blind on one side and looked out. The night was clear and starlit, and presently I saw the dark outline of some advancing object, which next minute I recognised as that of an ordinary cab. It stopped opposite No. 2; but while it was still some distance off, M. Pappignol came out of his house, hastened down the garden, and opened the gate; even in the dark, he was easily recognisable by his bulk and his peculiar walk. Three men alighted from the cab; and the driver, apparently after a few words from M. Pappignol, turned and drove back the way he had come; while, M. Pappignol and the three strangers, two of whom were evidently laden with something either in a box or a bag, walked quickly and silently up the garden, and disappeared in the house. Mysterious, certainly, to say the least of it!

Utterly worn out with walking about my room, I sat down after a time on the window-sill, which was of the roomy old-fashioned kind; and the pain in my face being lulled in some measure by the cold, I lapsed after a while into a troubled sleep, which must have lasted for two or three hours, for when I opened my eyes again, daylight was just beginning to break. While I was still looking out, I saw a figure glide down the gravelled walk of No. 2, open the gate, and disappear at a rapid pace down the lane. Ten minutes later, the proceeding was repeated by a second figure; and ten minutes later still, by a third. What could be the meaning of it all?

M. Pappignol was lounging over his garden gate, enjoying his matutinal cigar, as rosy, as fresh, as smiling as ever, when I left the house that morning on my way to the office.

'Good-morning to you, Monsieur Sunnyside!' he said in his blandest tones, as I emerged from the gate of No. 1. 'Haie! haie! I regret to see that you suffer from something this morning. You do not look well.'

'It's the toothache, and be hanged to it!' I exclaimed petulantly.

'Madame suffers from the same malady then and now,' said Monsieur sentimentally. 'I feel for you, my dear young friend. My heart is touched. I am ashamed at myself to enjoy such great health while you suffer so much; but truly the air of these parks—sweeping the horizon with the end of his cigar—'is so pure, so health-giving, that ever since I came here I eat like a horse, as you English say, and sleep like a top. Last night, for example, I go to bed as the clock strikes ten, and in less than five minutes I am fast asleep; and I sleep, sleep, sleep all night like a dormouse, and never awake till the clock strikes seven this morning. Ah! the air of these parks is truly fine!' and he slapped his expansive chest triumphantly, and bade me a smiling good-morning.

'Either Monsieur Pappignol has just told me a bare-faced lie,' I muttered to myself as I went on my way, 'or else what I saw during the night was a delusion of my own brain, and I only thought I saw it. Anyhow, it's no business of mine.'

When nearly a month had passed away, during which time I saw very little of our neighbours at No. 2, I happened to be invited by my friend Fred. Simpkins, who was in the same office with myself, to make one at his birthday-party. Although Fred. was three or four years older than me, we were great cronies; and as I was considered in those days to have a tolerable voice for a song, and had some knowledge of music, Fred. made a great point of my being there on the eventful occasion. I mentioned the matter to my aunt, and took the precaution to put the latch-key in my pocket, knowing that I should not reach home till some time in the small hours of the morning. The party was a pleasant one; my voice was in good order; I sang my best songs; received my due meed of applause; partook of rather more wine than was good for me, as young men are in the habit of doing on such occasions; and set off toward home about 2 A.M., feeling perfectly satisfied with myself and all the world.—My nearest way home was by a short-cut through the fields, which brought me, in about ten minutes, to the outside of the low wall which bounded the garden of No. 1 on the north. A leap, and a short scramble, landed me safe among the flower-beds. I was standing on the step of the front door, fumbling with my latch-key, trying, in a feeble-minded way, to find the keyhole, which seemed to have unaccountably vanished, when the sound of approaching wheels struck my ear, and the same moment there flashed across my memory the scene I had witnessed from my bedroom a few weeks before, and M. Pappignol's speech to me the following morning.

'Ha, ha! Pappignol, my boy,' I muttered to myself as I replaced the latch-key in my pocket, 'I'll see who your nocturnal visitors are this time, you stout old reprobate.'

Close to the wall that divided the two gardens, grew an ash-tree of considerable size which, though it was now late autumn, still retained sufficient foliage to effectually conceal any one—at least by that imperfect light—who might choose to perch himself among its branches. Towards this tree I made my way as speedily and as silently as I could, and two or three springs placed me safely among the branches, with my feet resting on the garden wall. It was the freak of a young fellow who had imbibed rather too much wine, carried out on the impulse of the moment, and was a sort of proceeding which my sober everyday senses would certainly never have approved of. All this took very little time to accomplish, and the cab, or whatever it might be, was still some distance away; but as if the inmates of No. 2 had been on the watch for its arrival, the front-door was opened just as I had got fixed in my position, and M. Pappignol stepped lightly down into the garden, and hastened towards the gate; at the same instant I heard the rustle of Madame's dress as she stood in the doorway of the villa. I remember that it struck me as something singular that, so far as I could see, there was not a single light of any kind visible in No. 2—door and windows were alike dark. The cab had stopped by this time. M. Pappignol had the garden-gate ready opened. Three men got out as before; and after a few words from the Frenchman, the driver turned his cab, and went back the way he had come.—The three men came leisurely up the pathway, passed close under me, and entered the house, two of them being laden with boxes or packages of some kind.

'Got some pretty gimcracks for you this time, mistress,' said one of the men in a low voice, evidently addressing Madame Pappignol.

'Have you?' she said with a little laugh. 'Why, I've almost got more already than I know what to do with. Been lucky this time?'

'More than ever, mistress—more than ever. There will be nice pickings for all of us. Ah, Mr. Pappignol is a clever little chap, and no mistake!'

The clever little chap had lingered for a minute or two at the gate, apparently in order to hear the last of the cab, when all was silent again, he turned back towards the house. He had got within a yard or two of the tree in which I was hidden, when suddenly one of the bricks on which I was standing gave way, and slipped from under my feet, and in trying to save myself by clutching one of the branches, I fell head first to the ground just in front of the astonished Frenchman, and striking my forehead as I fell against a sharp piece of flint, felt a flash of fire shoot from my eyes through my brain, and knew nothing more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MR. THACKERAY'S LATEST WORK.—The story which Mr. Thackeray has left unfinished naturally excites much curiosity, which the editor of the 'Cornhill Magazine' will gratify, it is to be hoped. Every page that this great writer penned has some fine touch of genius, of grace, of humor in it; and, finished or unfinished, his last day's work has another interest beyond its own excellence. A late lounger in these columns announced that this novel was cast in the age of "The Danes and Saxons." Unluckily, the journalist stumbles on false information sometimes, and it must be confessed that our own lounger was wrong. The scenes of the story lie near our own time; and if it be true that Mr. Thackeray finished four parts before his death, a considerable portion of the tale must be written, for he did not propose to go to three-volume length on this occasion, but to write a story of brisk incident which should be completed in seven or eight numbers of the 'Cornhill.' We may therefore expect to see, not a mere fragment (though that would be precious,) but a handsome torso from the delicate and mighty hand which ended its work on it.—*Illustrated News.*

A FINE HEAD OF HAIR.—Rev. J. H. Cornell, N. Y. City, says in a letter: "I procured Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum for a relative. I am happy to say it prevented the falling off of the hair, and restored it, from being grey, to its natural glossy and beautiful black." Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 198 Greenwich st., New York.

Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad

TIME TABLE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING EAST.

		Day Express.
GODERICH	DEP.	8.40 A. M.
CLINTON	"	9.24 "
HARPURHEY	"	9.48 "
SEAFORTH	"	9.54 "
CARRONBROOK	"	10.15 "
MITCHELL	"	10.36 "
STRATFORD	ARR.	11.20 "
"	DEP.	12.30 P. M.

GOING WEST.

STRATFORD	ARR.	3.58 P. M.
"	DEP.	4.20 "
MITCHELL	"	5.03 "
CARRON BROOK	"	5.23 "
SEAFORTH	"	5.46 "
HARPURHEY	"	5.53 "
CLINTON	"	6.14 "
GODERICH	ARR.	7.00 "

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., JAN. 26, 1864.

PIONEER DINNERS.

In this demonstrative age public dinners play an important part. Politicians love to meet around the festive board in order that in post prandial speeches they may expound their pet theories or feel the pulse of the public on some point of more than ordinary delicacy, ere crossing the Rubicon—Doctors sometimes flock together in a similar manner; and so do Editors, Teachers, Farmers, &c. There is a peculiar charm in the meeting of co-workers in any calling or profession, and, in so far as our observation goes, it tends directly to the cultivation of good feeling, while it strikes at the root of those thousand-and-one passions and prejudices which, to say the least, are far from promoting the advent of a Universal Brotherly Love. But a dinner attended mainly by the Pioneers of a county which has but recently emerged from the wilderness state is particularly interesting. There, old friends meet and revert to the adventures and misadventures, the pleasant reminiscences and disagreeable hardships endured in early times, and the contrast between the Past and the Present is certain to be vividly impressed upon the mind. In the older settlements such Dinners have been given during the present winter, with the most pleasing results, and it has occurred to us that a meeting of the Pioneers of Huron, if it could conveniently be brought about, would be attended with the same degree of satisfaction. It is true that the County is not what might be called an *old* one, but its early history is by no means uninteresting. Those who came in first had a hard struggle with the difficulties incident to a commencement in the bush, but they toiled on manfully and *cheerily*, and *now* they have the satisfaction of looking upon rich farms, flourishing towns and villages, and everything almost that can conduce to Agricultural and Commercial prosperity. Death, the fell destroyer, has cut off many a veteran worker, but many indeed of the Pioneers of Huron are amongst us still.—The reader can point them out for himself in every locality, so that we need not particularize, and we think all will agree with us that there are enough to form one of the pleasantest companies that ever met within the bounds of the County. Shall we have a Pioneer Demonstration? When? Where? Who will take the matter up and assist in carrying it out?

DINNER VS. FEED.—The Toronto *Leader* is very careful to correct the country Press when it detects anything in the shape of scurrility, but we submit that in its case "charity should begin at home." When the Opposition meet for feasting and speaking everything is as it should be, it is a splendid *Dinner*—a glorious success, and all that, but when the opposite party goes into the same line of business it is a "feed," a "guzzle," and a "failure." Truly, Metropolitan friend, you might apply to your own case the old adage, "Those who live in glass houses," &c.

FOLEY IN TROUBLE.

At a meeting of the most prominent reformers of North Waterloo, held on Tuesday the 19th inst., Mr. Foley's course during the last session of Parliament and the sentiments of hostility uttered by him at the Mt. Forest Dinner were strongly condemned. After having unqualifiedly pledged himself to support the Ministry, Mr. Foley will be called upon either to do so, or resign. The step taken by his late political friends and supporters is a proper on, and, we trust, will have the desired effect.

GREENWOOD CONDEMNED.

GREENWOOD was found guilty, on Saturday last, of the murder of Agnes Marshall's child, and is sentenced to be hanged in a month from that time. The miserable wretch seems to have been far gone in infamy.

SOUTH LEEDS.

The editor of the Brockville *Recorder*, who knows every foot of South Leeds "like a book," asseverates that notwithstanding the $10,000 of opposition money raised to buy the riding, and notwithstanding the frantic efforts of John A. and the *honorable* Mr. Campbell, Mr. Richards will be returned by a larger majority than at last election. "Of that," says the editor, "we feel as certain as that we exist."

THE MINISTRY IN OTTAWA.

On the 21st a meeting was held in Ottawa, at which a deputation of prominent citizens was appointed to proceed to Quebec, accompanied by several members of Parliament, to assure the Government of the sympathy and support of the Ottawa section. It is stated that Messrs. Currier, Wright and Poupore will give their adherence to the Government during the coming session.—*Globe.*

DEATH OF MR. C. R. CHRISTIE.

MR. C. R. Christie, late Superintendent of the Western Division of the Grand Trunk Railway, was recently appointed by Mr. Brydges to an important situation in the freight department, Montreal. It is with much regret we learn that Mr. Christie, soon after reaching his destination, was taken ill and that he died at 7:30 p.m. yesterday. Mr. Christie had very many friends in this city, who will feel great sorrow at this mournful intelligence.—*Globe.*

THE BRITISH REVIEWS.

At this season of the year, we think it not out of place to direct the attention of our intelligent readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., American publishers of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Quarterlies. New Volumes begin with January, and it is the very best time to subscribe. It has been often said, but cannot be too frequently repeated, that lovers of sound literature throughout the American Continent owe a debt of gratitude to Leonard Scott & Co., who, by some means or other, are enabled to give a fair and *faithful* reprint of those world-renowned periodicals at *one third* of the retail price at home. Such a spirit of enterprise is not always rewarded to the fullest extent, but we hope the gentlemen alluded to have nothing to complain of, pecuniarily speaking, notwithstanding the depressing influence of the civil war. We believe they deserve support, because we believe that the works they turn out are indispensably necessary to every man who wishes to keep himself regularly informed with regard to every important event, if we may so term it, in the progress of human thought.—Subscribe, by all means, for Blackwood and one of the Reviews, if you do not feel inclined to pay $10.00 and get the whole set, which, of course, is the most satisfactory plan.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—We have received from the publishers, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston) an advance copy of the February No. of this the best of American magazines. The contents are as follows: Genius; My Brother and I; A half-life and half a life; On the Relation of Art to Nature; Snow; Home and Home Papers; The Convulsionists of St. Medard; Presence; Glacial Period; Bryant; Annesley Hall and Newstead Abbey; The Last Charge. Northern Invasions; Reviews and Literary Notices. For sale at this office.

☞ We are pleased to learn that friend McDougall, of the Berlin *Telegraph*, has been appointed Registrar of Waterloo.

"REJECTED ADVERTISEMENTS."—Under this head the Brantford *Courier* of last week says, with reference to some scape-gallows places in the United States, "We have merely to state that we cannot advertise Doctor ——'s Pills; to —— M.D., Cincinnati; we have likewise to submit a similar answer touching his "Good News at Last;" and finally, we respectfully decline advertising ——'s Periodical Drops in its present form."

We say ditto to the above. Hardly a week passes but we add a column or so of such trash to our valuable [rejected] collection of American ads. The worst of it is, even supposing they contained nothing decidedly *indecent*, the swindling fellows make it a point of never paying. It is time the Canadian press had "shut down" on the rascals.

The Port Hope Dinner.

We learn that the Opposition dinner arranged to come off to-night at Port Hope has been postponed till after the election in South Leeds. The leading Upper Canada members of the party are now or soon will be in that riding, and the work in which they are there engaged will prevent their attendance at Port Hope for a couple of weeks.—*Leader.*

It is quite evident that the Port Hope people believe that if a man will not work neither shall he eat. Acting upon this rule, they have refused the Opposition leaders their dinner until by hard work in South Leeds they have fairly earned it. It is cruel to act so but at the same time it exhibits a considerable amount of shrewdness. The gentleman who have found themselves so summarily refused a dinner to which they have been invited will now work all the harder in anticipation of the feed they will receive at the close of their labors. The Port Hope philosophers know that hunger makes a man savage, and we may expect that the perambulating members of Parliament, thus robbed of their grub, will be as savage in their stump oratory as the most bitter Tory can wish.—*Hamilton Times.*

RICH.

The Northern journals in their telegraphic despatches publish a letter signed G. V. Fox Assistant Secretary of the Navy, challenging any vessel in the United States to run against a vessel to be selected from the Federal navy. Mr. Fox's head, old Mr. Wells, according to some Yankee papers has been asleep ever since he took charge of the department, but now it appears he has waked up and is anxious for a race. He should invite Captain Semmes, of the Alabama, to put into some Northern port, assure him of his safety from molestation, and then get up a grand match between the great privateer and the fastest vessel he has in the Federal service. The letter of Mr Fox is addressed to Mr. G. W. Blunt of New York, and as it is one of the neatest things that ever emanated from a government of a great country we give it entire. It is dated Washington, Jan 13:—

"The charge against the Navy Department for building slow steamers is best answered by a competitive public trial, and I am authorized by the Secretary to make arrangements to run one of our vessels against the fastest sea-going side-wheel steamer in the country, foreign or American. The Adriatic Fulton, Illinois, Eagle, and some of the Cunard line, are, I believe, in New York at this time. The Eutaw, one of the old class of side-wheel steamers constructed by this department, and known as double end, is now at Washington Navy Yard, and will be sent round to New York if a race can be arranged. Her tonnage is 974, and her draft 8 feet 6 inches. She will run against the same tonnage and draft in any weather. If her competitor is much larger, the race to take place in smooth water."—*Leader.*

A HORRIBLE CITY.—It is a received opinion in the best informed circles in England that Calcutta must be abandoned as the seat of Government for India, because it has a vitiated atmosphere, emanating from innumerable human and other carcasses, torn to shreds by vultures, floating with every turn of the tide under the drawing-room windows of this city of palaces; where every green park is an open privy; where cesspools, graveyards and dungheaps, foul drains and open sewers, pollute by percolation the drinking water, and contaminated by deleterious gases the pure air of heaven.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

Cairo, Jan. 24.—One of the 117th New York volunteers having straggled away from the line of march during Gen. Smith's late expedition in West Tennessee, was hung up by the heels and had his throat cut.

Thirty-two guerillas were captured on the 20th, near Paris, Ky., and taken to Columbus.

Cincinnati, Jan. 23.—A despatch says Capt Ekin, a staff officer from Knoxville, on Thursday, a week ago, brings information that Longstreet had been reinforced with 20,000 men and was advancing on Knoxville, pushing Granger's forces before him. It was thought that our army would be compelled to fall back to the intrenchments at Knoxville.

It was reported that John Morgan, at the head of 5,000 cavalry, was about to make a movement to cut off communication between Knoxville and Chattanooga, or for a raid in Kentucky.

Headquarters, West Va., Jan. 24.—We have captured a rebel mail. The secrets of the mail are curious and interesting and in one or two instances highly important. All of the letters contain remarks on the President's amnesty proclamation. The sufferings anticipated in rebeldom, the disaffected state of the citizens of the South, the complaints of the soldiers, the manner in which rebel officers, high in position, are spoken of, &c., all serve in many respects to confirm the reports in circulation in the Northern papers regarding the condition of the Confederacy. One lady in replying to the other says:—"Your description of the present pains me. I had hoped for better things. It is true we are despondent, but our hope for the future is still strong." This woman admits being a heavy property holder.

The weather continues very mild, but the common roads are hardly in passable condition for heavy trains and artillery.

Several prominent citizens and rebel officers, one of them a widely-known ex-foreign minister, are negotiating to come within our lines under the present amnesty proclamation.

French Successes in Mexico.

Vera Cruz dates received are to January 2nd. It is asserted that the army of Juarez has been dispersed, and he escaped to Monterey. In the battle of Morelia, on the 17th December, the French took 11 cannon and over a thousand prisoners. The French consider this will put an end to all armed resistence to them.

Morelia was defended by 3,500 Franco Mexican troops, while Juarez attacked them with 8,000.

New York, 21st.—Havana advices confirm the flight of Juarez, and add that San Luis Potosi was occupied on the 24th ult. by Meji unopposed. On the 27th he was attacked by the forces of the States of Durango and Seacatus, and the action lasted 4 hours, when the Juarists were driven back and lost all their artillery waggons, &c., and several prisoners. In the battle of Morilla one Juarist General was killed, and four wounded. They penetrated to the public square, and were only driven out after hard fighting.—The Juarists retreated towards Marscatio, where they are reported to have been routed again by the French. The Juarist Governor of Matamoras Seina has brought 10,000 rifles lately from Europe, said to have been intended for the Confederates. A fight took place at Ajasco in the valley of Mexico, in which the Juarists were defeated by a French detachment with the loss of 50 or 60.

Arrival of the Steamship Etna.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.

The steamship *Etna*, from Liverpool of January and Queenstown on the 7th, has arrived.

English news unimportant.

In the French Corps Legislatif several amendments to the Address were introduced, expressing greater sympathy with Poland, and declaring it expedient to recognize the Poles as belligerents.

The report of the committee on the supplementary credits asked by the Government, warns the Executive against any dangerous enlargements. It unanimously advises that an end be put to the Mexican expedition as soon as the honour of France will permit.—The committee winds up by proposing the adoption of the bill.

The King of Denmark had issued a spirited and warlike address to the army, and calls on it to uphold the honour of the country by force if necessary. A Copenhagen telegram says that about 14,000 troops of res rve have been called out.

The report that the English and French fleets will soon visit Copenhagen is contradicted, but the fact that the English Channel fleet is recalled home leads colour to the statement.

The German troops in Holstein showed continued activity.

The official general correspondents of Vienna caution the minor German States against participating in the action against Denmark, and warn them against carrying out an attack.

It is reported that the excitement is increasing throughout Germany, and that at Vienna there is a universal belief in a war in the spring.

The rumour that the new King of Greece had quitted Athens in despair of regulating the confusion, is not confirmed.

London breadstuffs market firmer, and wheat is dearer. Sugar brisk, and 6d to 1s higher. Coffee firm at full prices. Tea in good demand, and partially rather dearer.—Rice firm.

The *Times* is suspicious of the ultra pacific tone of the Emperor of the French, and is of the opinion that such a line of conduct is at this time much more than any other favourable to the schemes of French ambition. At this particular juncture of affairs, for the Emperor and the Chambers of France to confine themselves to preaching the merits of peace is by no means the readiest way to obtain it. It would be better if France were to employ her whole influence in her endeavors to check those suicidal passions which are urging Germany into a war which must before long, sweep into its ever widening vortex every power of the European continent.

THE EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONISTS.—The Paris correspondent of the New York *Commercial* says: "There is no doubt but that the revolutionary party in Italy, Hungary, Germany and France are organizing for a supreme effort the coming Spring. The Emperor sees it, and by private communications is urging his Congress on the different European Powers. What the influence of Napoleon could not effect the pressure of events may, and the chances of a Congress of ministers are now altogether reasonable. What is most singular, the Germans are laboring hard to stimulate the revolution, they believe they can start it in the Schleswig Holstein affair, and that once started, such an upsetting of affairs may take place as will enable them to establish the German liberal Empire under one head. The Hungarians are also moving in the matter, and nobody is as far advanced in it as the Italians, so that if the liberals in any part of Europe can manage to add to that of Poland another movement, the whole series of magazines may explode.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—This road is getting on. Recent California journals report that iron and rolling stock for seventy miles of the California end have been purchased, and that in a few days the road will be in working order for eighteen miles.—Thirty-one miles will be completed in February; in two years it will be completed to Truenee Valley, and once across the Sierra Nevada range, it is asserted, the completion towards Salt Lake will be at the rate of a mile per day. At this end forty miles of the road have been completed, and one hundred miles will be built by the end of the present year. At present sates the passengers may hope to ride from New York to San Francisco by rail in about six years.

☞ Sophia dall'Occa Schaberlechner is the remarkable name of a remarkable Russian opera singer who died recently in St. Petersburg.

Desperate Case of Vitriol Throwing.

From the Cleveland Herald.

When the Cleveland Light Artillery returned from Virginia, they brought with them an intelligent young "contraband" named Charles Sheldon. He has conducted himself with great propriety since he came here, working hard in the summer and attending school in the winter. He is spoken of as an honest and intelligent young man. Some time ago he was ensnared in the meshes of a disreputable woman, and married her.—She is reported to be old enough to be his mother, and of the most violent disposition. He did not live with her long, but left her and went on the lake, where he remained till the close of navigation. After he came ashore he made up his mind to enlist. His wife heard of it, and swore he should not if she could prevent it. Last evening he came to the Western "Hotel," on Frankfort-st., kept by T. Davis. She followed him and begged of him to come out, as she had something to tell him. He refused, when she got over the fence and came in at the back door. Sheldon saw her coming and made a break for the front door, but could not succeed in opening it in time, so rushed up stairs and fastened himself in a bed-room. She followed him and tried to get him to open the door assuring him that she only wanted to talk with him about enlisting. Sheldon finally opened the door, when she rushed in and dashed full in his face and eyes a two ounce vial of vitriol, burning the side of his face horribly, and, it is thought, entirely destroying the sight of one of his eyes. The boarders in the house went to the rescue, and had considerable difficulty in getting the she devil away from her victim. She was finally forced away, and Sheldon was taken to the Johnston House, where he has a brother.—Medical aid was called in, and the police notified. When the police went to arrest her they found her locked in her house, and had to use some force in arresting her. But she was finally taken and lodged in the station house.

Suicides in France.

According to statistical returns just published, suicide has greatly increased in France within late years. The number of suicides, which amounted in the year 1827 to 1,542, rose in 1860 to 4050. The difference of sex between the suicides was not noted until the year 1835. Since then the crime has prevailed considerably more among men than among women. It has been observed, further, that the temptation to commit suicide increases with age up to the period of from 40 to 50. The study of suicide with regard to the seasons likewise is not without interest. The documents collected on that subject are unanimous in declaring that the crime increases from January to June, and that it diminishes until December, in which month the fewest suicides are committed. Drowning and hanging are the means most frequently employed, the two-thirds of the persons who commit suicide having recourse to them; next comes fire-arms, and then suffocation by charcoal. It has been ascertained, moreover, that suicide is least frequent in the centre and south west, the most exclusively agricultural districts in France. Other statistical returns show that there were 55,693 accidental deaths among men, and only 13,285 among women, in France from the year 1854 to 1860.

HOW THE SOLDIER SLEEPS.—You would, I think, wonder to see men lie right down in the dusty road, under the full noon sun of Tennessee and Alabama and fall asleep in a minute. I have passed hundreds of such sleepers. A dry spot is a good mattress, the flap of a blanket quite a downy pillow. You would wonder, I think, to see a whole army corps, as I have, without a shred of a tent to bless themselves with, lying anywhere and everywhere in all night rain, not a groan nor a grumble. I was curious to see whether the pluck and good nature were washed out of them, and so I made my way out of the snug, dry quarters I am ashamed to say I occupied, at five in the morning; to see what water had done with them. Nothing? Each soaked blanket hatched out as jolly a fellow as you would wish to see—muddy, dripping half-foundered, forth they came, wringing themselves out as they went with the look of a troop of "wet down" roosters in a full rain storm, plumage at half mast, but hearts trumps every time. The sleepy fires were stirred up, then came the—coffee, and they were as good as new. "Blood is thicker than water."

DISGRACEFUL.—We learn that on Friday evening last, a respectable stranger, well dressed, gentlemanly in manners and appearance, and well able to pay for his accommodation, wandered up and down our streets for two hours, unable to obtain refreshment and lodging. At the first hotel, as he was about to enter his name, he was informed they could not keep him, and he afterwards applied at four other places, and met with a similar rebuff. When he was almost-wearied out he fortunately fell in with Mr. J. C. Field, to whom he mentioned the above facts, and who went with him to Mr. William Alexander's, where he was accommodated during his stay in town. Of course it will be asked why it was that he was thus refused shelter in professed houses of public entertainment, and answer will hardly obtain credence—he was a black man! And this in a British colony; in Christian community; in the midst of a people who profess to condemn the prejudices against color which were considered disgraceful to the American people. In some cases the excuse was that the house was full. It is rather remarkable, if this excuse were true, as Friday last was an uncommonly dull day in town. Of course it will be difficult to prove that this was not the case, but if it were possible, the fact of refusing a man a night's lodging on account of the color of his skin should be sufficient to deprive a landlord of his license. The stranger was the Rev. Mr. Jackson, of Bronte, C.W.—*Cobourg Star.*

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS AT QUEBEC.—On Monday morning, a ship-carpenter named Pichette, employed in Messrs. Flanagan & Lachance's ship-yard, Have Point, fell from the main deck of one of the vessels now building, into the hold, and was so severely injured that his recovery is considered doubtful. On the same day a man named Dobson, while cleaning the snow from the roof of Reynold's restaurant, St. Peter street, was carried over the eave of the house and fell to the ground, a dis ance of thirty feet.—Strange to say, he was very slightly hurt, and was able to resume his labor in a short time afterwards. On Friday last, a canoe man, whose name we did not learn, was nearly crushed to death between the batture on the Point Levi side and his canoe, which had got entangled in the ice. He was very badly hurt, and was taken to his home insensible.—Yesterday morning a carriage and pair of horses belonging to Mr. Derry, livery stable keeper, were very nearly lost at Connolly's wharf. They were standing in St. Antoine street, when they took fright and started off towards the river, going clean over the wharf. The batture saved the horses from drowning, but they were rescued with much difficulty.—*Quebec News, 20th.*

VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.—The Austrian screw steamer *Marco Polo* will leave Trieste on the 5th of March next, "on a voyage round the world." It has been calculated that eight months will be amply sufficient for the purposes of the voyage, in the course of which thirty different seaports will be visited, or five more than called at in the famous Novaro expedition. About two hundred days will necessarily be spent on sea, while there will be fifty days to be availed of on land for visiting and inspection of the various points of great interest in different parts of the globe. The shareholders will consist of from fifty to sixty persons, and the contribution is fixed at five thousand florins, equal to £400, which will cover all expenses during the voyage, including board and lodging on shore. The expedition, which is being formed under the auspices and superintendence of the Austrian Government, will be provided with influential letters of recommendation to the various Consulates in different parts of the world.

Town & Counties.

☞ See the advertisement of John Fair & Co. Their stock is a very fine one, and *bargains may be expected.*

KINLOSS.—Councillors elected, Messrs. Purvis, Chapman, Campbell, McMenemy, and Millar. Reeve, M. Campbell; Clerk, Peter Reid.

☞ We are glad to see that the Mayor has issued a Proclamation to prohibit dogs running at large. Persons having good dogs, would do well to muzzle them without delay.

☞ Farmers and others will be glad to learn that Mr. Amos Martin, is re-commencing in the Wagon and Carriage making line. Mr. M. will be certain to secure a fair share of patronage.

STEAM MILL IN SEAFORTH.

Mr. Richard Vanstone, of Egmondville, is erecting a steam flouring mill at Seaforth Station. The boiler and other machinery are all on the ground. It will be in operation next harvest.

A FEARFUL DISEASE.—During the past two weeks, a disease has been spreading in the south-east corner of Usborne, which has already carried off nearly a score of victims, proving fatal in every instance up to the present time. It commences with a severe pain in the legs and violent vomiting: the legs soon become spotted and the pain removes to the back, gradually ascending till it reaches the head, when insanity ensues and death quickly puts an end to their sufferings. The medical men of Exeter candidly admit that they don't understand it and that they can do nothing to stay its progress.—*Mitchell Reformer.*

☞ The London "Free Press" tells the story of one Micheal Ryder, who some time ago left his home in Biddulph for the United States. In Vermont he got $600 for becoming a substitute, and donned the Federal uniform. Soon afterwards he deserted, but on his way back some how or other got freed of almost the whole of his bounty—as he richly deserved—and reached home with only ten dollars in his pocket.

MR. EDITOR,

Sir,—You will be glad to learn that our friend Adamson has been re-elected Reeve of Stanley, and an old veteran named Johnston as Deputy Reeve. Mr. J. has not had much municipal experience, but an honest, straightforward man, and who will doubtless perform his duty with the same credit that he served his Queen and Country.

E.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

The Board met for organization for the year at 12 o'clock, noon, Saturday, 23rd inst.

Present, John Longworth, Wm. Kay, Walter Hick, Samuel Pentland, A. Lefroy W. T. Hays and A. Kirkbride.

John Longworth, Esq., was selected Chairman for the current year; Wm. Mackay, Secretary, and James Bissett Curator.

TOWN COUNCIL.

The Council met on Friday evening last.

Present, the Mayor presiding, the Reeve, and councillors Runciman,