thess. Flour's up again, I heerd say," said Nanny, as the boy German came in with a sack on his head; "sureit's an uncommon price. Ye mun tak' heed to the Hobbthursts."

"What's them?" inquired German, with much interest, as he came up behind her, hoping for a "tale," while Cassandra turned round from washing her pans to hear; and even Lydia paused in her spinning to listen.

"Hast thee niver heerd," said the old woman, "o' the big boggat as robs the mills up i' th' Dales, for s' the doors be safe locked?"

"And how does he get in?" asked the boy, with round open eyes peering eagerly into the old woman's face.

"They say giant Hobb hath ever a little un alongside o' him, a dwarf like, as he puts through the window o' th' mill to tak' the meal. And the butter, too, ain't safe; but how that mid be I canna say, for they're all 'fraid to look out when he comes."

"Nay," said old Ashford, "I wunna ha' say lad telled such a pack o' nonsense tales a' thattens, a kippin' him frae his work. There ain't no such things in nature, not a bit. And the Hobb niver was known to come beyont the Dale," he added, conclusively in authority if not in reasoning.

"Well, replied the woman, "any how there's Squire Rivers been a pokin' and a diggin' into things as he'd better leave alone. I doubt the Hobb will be arter his meal any ways. He's been into the cavern they cas' Lucchurch, and t'other side, where the Hobb has been been lodging they allus say."

"Dear heart, what fools there do be in th' world," said Ashford, oracularly. "There were a queer little fella wi' spectacles on's nose, as comed here specrin' questions up and down, mebbe a twelvemonth back. "And what's them figures op' th' house?" sayshe. 'I dunna know,' says I. 'I beant booklearned'—short like, to ha' done wi' un. 'And how do ye ca' this, and what do ye ca' t'other?' he goes on, none daunted. 'And what's the name o' yon little hill nigh there?' 'Lose Hill,' says I. 'And that other t'other?'"

"Ah, that'll be Win Hill he'd mean," said Nanny, much interested.

"'Yes,' says he. 'I've a heerd tell o' that. There were a big battle here atwixt the Danes and them o' th' country-side. And an this be Lose Hill, where were the folks buried as were killed i' th' fight? What's yon mound i' he says, peering wi' his head o' one side, and his sharp eyes and barnacles. 'What, thattens?' do ye mead Deddun's Mead?' says I. 'That'sit, he goes on. 'Dead Man's Mead' (as if he know'd a deal more o' it nor I, as had lived on it man and boy all my days). 'Has ye never digged nor found any thing i' th' "lowe?" 'What would there be? Gold, man?' I cum down sharp on 'im. 'Nay, friend, nowt but dead men's bones, and pikeheads, and cracked jugs mebbe,' he says."

"And what for should ye fash yersen wi' thattens, I wonder?" put in Nanny.

"Well, and that's just what I say to un. 'I want na bones, nor cracked jugs; there's enough o' them, and porringers too, i' th' house, wi' a' the lads and lasses break!' Wi' that he laughed right out—ye could ha' heerd him right over the hill. 'Mebbe ye'r in the right there, my man, they wouldn't be o much account to you!' and a looked so queer out o' his eyes; and I heerd arter as it mun ha' been Squire Rivers from thatside country! Welladay, what maggots them quality does tak' up wi'; cos they hasn't nowt else to do I take it! But if I'd ha' know'd it were the old squirs I wouldna ha' made so free."

"Well, ye'd the best on him about the jugs any how," said Nanny, cheerfully.

"Ay, that had I; hadn't I?" repeated the old man, much pleased. "I tuk the change out on him there, I did."

After all, Nanny had brought a charm with her, and approved herself a good leech. Ashford improved from that time. She had amused him, and listened to and admired him, two of the best sedatives known in any pharmacopœia.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FERN-CUTTING ON THE BRUID'S HILL.

It was a beautiful day late in October about a month after. "German," said his father, co ming wearily into the house, "we mun ha' more bracken cut for fodder down i' th' Parson's Lot. Ye mun go down to-day, or it'll be too wet. I do b lieve there ain't the kip o' a single heifer upo' the whole lot. I mun get what I can out of it. I were a fool to promise thretty shillin' a year for't—the merchmen said as how it werena much above three acre. The old mare can git with the cart as far as the gate. Iannago, and Cassie'd better go i' th stead to helpthee.'

German knew that it was much too late in the season for cutting bracken, but nothing was ever done in time at Stone Edge; and he and his sister took their stickles in silence and went down as they were desired. Nothing, in fact, could be less remunerative or more beautiful than the ground in question. It lay some distance from the farm, where the shelter of the warmer valley began. The steep hill-side was clothed with sweeps of wood, among which the grey piles of rock appeared; the soil was so shallow indeed, and so broken with stones, that one wondered how the tall trees found nourishment of any kind. Here and there were open spaces covered with heather and bracken, which in this autumn time had ripened to a russet brown, diversified with brilliant yellow and green patches of rushy grass, rich in color beyond description. Slender white birch-stems and pendent mountain-ash hung with a wreath of scarlet berries, grew in groups here and there. A strip of this unprofitable beauty had been alloted to the parson in some primitive distribution of the unenclosed soil; and a scraggy heifer or two belonging to Ashford now gained a scanty living on it, with an immense amount of toil. It was chiefly valuable to him for the fern, which saved straw, and German always rather enjoyed the expedition. Presently three men came out of a field on the other side of the lane. Joshua was warmly debating the value of a horse which he had just been trying, with its master, the miller.

"I tell ye the nag's ten year old an she's a day. She ayn't worth five pounds," shouted he.

"She's worth more nor any horse you ever had," retorted the miller. "You might ride her to Youlcliffe without her turning a hair."

At length Joshua, in the necessary passion, all in the way of business, turned suddenly round, seized his horse's bridle out of his son's hand, and rode off saying, "Come, Roland, I'll none waste my time with such roundings."

He was very sharp-eyed was Joshua, but a bargain is a bargain and an absorbing occupation, and he was watching the changes on the miller's face, not the unprofitable quivering of mountain-ashes. Luckily the miller's last words were long. "We'll halve the difference. You'll think on it again," was thrown backward and forward fiercely. Roland could not leave Cassie thus without a word. He took his chance, passed his horse's bridle under a stone on the wall, vaulted it, leaped at the brook, stumbled on the muddy bank and slipped with one leg into the water, sprang up the other side, and seized her by the hands with the greatest difficulty as he clung on to the wall. "Oh, Roland!" said she, bending down from her high estate, and looking like a Druid priestess with her sickle under the oak-tree. "Thee father will be just right down mad. Go off, my lad. Lyddy bid me tell thee thou mustna coupe again till thy feyther and mine agree."

He had no time for remonstrances. In another moment he had cleared the stream and the wall again, he leaped on his horse and followed his father, carefully riding on the off side of him to conceal his wet leg. Joshua was in high glee at getting the cob a few shillings cheaper than it was worth, and chatted on cheerfully to his son without perceiving his preoccupation. Cassie stood listening to the sharp sound of the horses' tread on the limestone which followed the unseen line of road far down the valley, till at a bend in the hill-side it stopped suddenly, when she turned round with a sigh.

"Well, I niver!" said German, laughing behind her. "And that sharp un, Joshuay, not to see a mossel o' it right under his very nose! We shanna get much bracken tho' at this rate. Thee mun help me to stack what I've got intil th' cart, or we shanna get home to-night."

The winter passed on and they never met again, while neither German nor Cassie were suffered to go down to their uncle's at Youlcliffe.

One market-day, however, the old man's rheumatics were so bad that he summoned German to take the old mare and go down with a sample of oats in his stead.

"And I shall go and see my aunt," said the boy, stoutly. His father was grunting a refusal, but Lydia interposed, and his wrath was diverted on her devoted head.

"Feyther keeps her there arguifying an it were her fault he's got a rickin's back," said German to his sister, who came with him to the door.

"Here's the kitling as she axed me for a long time back. How wilt thou carry it?" answered she.

"Gie it me in' here," said German, opening his waistcoat, and the kitten was dropped into rather dangerous proximity to his skin, but apparently quite satisfied with its situation.

"Thou'at main good, lad, to dumb beasts," observed Lydia, admiringly, who had come up. "'Tain't a many as 'ud dare to ha' a cat's claws so nigh their flesh."

"See Roland an thee canst, lad, and bring me word o' him," whispered Cassie in her brother's ear as he mounted the long-legged beast with his burden before him.

"And get me twal shirt-button," cried Lydia as he rode away.

Having arrived at Youlcliffe, put up his horse, and done his business, without seeing any signs of Roland, he betook himself to his aunt's whom he found sitting jovial, cheerful, and red with heat, near a tremendous fire on a very hot day. In the abundance of coal in that district it is thought bad manners and hospitality ever to let down the fire, however much suffering it may entail on one's self and one's friends.

"Well, German," said she, "and I'm very glad to see yer. Yes, I'm purely, thank ye, only I canna get shut o' the pean in my yead."

"I've a brought the kitling, aunt, and it's a black one Cassie bid me say she had a chose," said he, as he drew forth the little wholly bundle and set it on a chair, where it stretched itself after its close packing, and contemplated existence in a grand way very deliberately.

"Dear heart alive, but it's a pretty un! They tell me it's good luck to bring a black cat to a house, but I dunna set great store by a' them things folks says."

"Thou'lt be fine and hungry, lad," said his uncle. "You young uns can eat your bellyful a many times over i' th' day. Thou'st nigh clemmed, I take it. The air's very strong and healthful at Stone Edge."

"Here's wheaten bread and cheese," said the old woman, "while I warm the bacon and broad beans left fra our dinner; there's nobbut a bitin' o' 'em left, I take it. And how's Cassie?" she inquired, standing over the boy and hospitably heaping the food on his plate. "I take it as very hard as I canna see her. One's own niece is a deal more to one nor one's husband's; least, ways when hers like Martha Savage."

"Thee niver can'st abide Martha, my missis," said old Nathan, smiling.

"She've a tongue like a nutmeg-grater, and she's as sharp as a ferret."

"There ain't a mossel o' harm in her," answered her husband; "but she do talk, there's no denying that."

"Talk!" replied Mrs. Broom, energetically. "She'd talk a horse's leg off! And she were the ugliest baby as ever I set eyes on," continued the old woman, in this rather miscellaneous catalogue of Mrs. Martha's crimes.

"'Pon' in the cradle, fairin the saddle, they say, you know," said Nathan, laughing.

"Nay, there ye're quite out," answered his wife, triumphantly; "that saddle wunna fit, for she ain't fair, and she's never been upo' a horse's back in her born days; but thou lovest them proverbs so as thou'lt fit 'una upo' a' heads."

German meantime was doing justice even to his aunt's Benjamin portion of food; his mouth had hitherto been too busy for talk, but there is an end even to boys' appetite.

"Thank yer kindly, aunt, I'm full," he said at last, in answer to her renewed entreatics to eat, as he rose.

"And how's yer father?" she began. "He's very nasty-tempered. I've no patience wi' him for's ways. His head's as full o' maggots [fancies] as an egg is o' meat."

"Hush, wife," said Nathan, who took the side of the authorities. "Ye mustna say that afore his son. He's a bit westy by times is Bahford, that's a.' By r'Lady, is it?"—(the curious old Catholic oath of the district).

"What, when he keeps Cassie mewed up wi' his tantrums, and won't so much as let her own aunt ha' the view on her! And here's my own sister's son as I ha' hardly set eyes on sin' he were knowed up?"

"Besides," said Nathan the wise, correction's good for childer." And he went on charming, in a grave sonorous voice,

"Solomon said, in accents mild,
Spare the rod and spoile the child;
He they man ov be they maid,
Whip them and whollop them, Solomon said."

"I dunno see as man or maid either's the better for cuttin' in to," answered German, meditatively, as he put the finishing stroke to a stick-head which he was making for his uncle with his beloved new knife. "I ain't a bit of wood, as he should carve me into what fashion he fancies. Here's yer stick, uncle, and long health to use it, and I wish I was where the stick will be—along with yer."

"Thank ye kindly, my lad, and the same to you, and dunna ye be in too great a haste wi' your life. There be a deal o' pride i' th' world wants felling."

"I beant a learnin' nothin'; it's just muddlin' and milkin' and wabblin' i' th' mud arter plowtail. I'm like the little donkeys i' th' lane; I canna addle [earn] nought." The burgher blood from his mother was stirring curiously in the lad. "Roland would ha' learnt me to write and cipher, but feyther wouldn' let me nigh him. Well, good-by, uncle. I must go; the minits runs as fast as rats down here."

"I want ye for to go to Amos Young's up your way, German," shouted his aunt after him, "and get me some pills. My inside's very tickle for to fettle, and I main hae 'em from him."

"I'll go and welcome; but I didn't know as he'd a knowed owt o' doctoring," answered her nephew.

"No, but he's a very pious man," said Mrs. Broom, convincedly.

As he went out of the door he fell upon Roland, rushing eagerly after him. "I can see Stone Edge from Win Hill above our close," said he, "for all there's two dales and three shoulders o' the hill betwixt us. Tell Cassie if she'd go up to 'the Stone's wi' you, and make a fire o' weeds, I should see the white smoke plain, and take it as a sign she ha'n't forgotten me. Tell her I shall go up every evening till I see it."

With which injunctions German rode home; prices for his father, buttons for his mother, and this primitive love token for his sister.

*To be Continued.*

# Huron Signal.

GODERICH, 20, FEB. 1868.

## The "Leader" Upbraideth.

The Toronto *Leader* in a long editorial in its issue of Monday, comes down "hefty" on Sir Henry Smith, Mr. Rykert, and "one or two others" who, while professing to support the ministry, have turned tail and gone virtually into a sort of side-wind opposition. "Sir Henry" (and his followers on the ministerial side) "have ceased to be supporters of the ministry in any sense." What is the reason? He and Rykert too, were disappointed in not being chosen speaker. So the cat's out of the bag at last! From the *Leader* to the *penny trumpets of toryism*, it was Mr. Blake who was the disappointed man. Well, when a certain class fall out, honest men get justice, and we are glad to hear from the *Leader* who the *really* disappointed were. Our contemporary sneers at the antecedents of Mr. Rykert. Does it forget its old adulation and defence of the gallant knight of Frontenac. If it does, the people of Ontario do not. Sir Henry, in 1862, was a saint—in 1868 he is a fool, a dishonest person, a tricky donkey, who cannot hide his ears, try as he may. The *Leader* is, at all events, honest in this, that it confesses to a weakness of the Government through the defection of the knight and his party. A fact palpable to any man who listens to the debates is now fully admitted. It may be, indeed, that the Government is quite strong enough without the malcontents, but it is uncomfortable to the Hon. Premier to be opposed at every step by a man capable of so much noise and bluster as Sir Henry. For a time, at least, such characters are sure to make themselves heard. A regiment of soldiers could not stop their tongues, and we opine it will be so in this case.

## THE NOVA-SCOTIANS.

We fear the Nova Scotia trouble will prove to be a thorn in the side of the New Dominion. Because they were treated like ourselves, i. e. were not asked to vote asto whether they were willing or unwilling to enter the Confederation, the people of that roaring little colony have, as it is vulgarly termed, "got their backs up," and right or wrong out of the Union they are bound to go. Like many other countries and communities this little land of coal and codfish is cursed with a number of smart men too great for the limited area offered for the exercise of their talents. These big-guns, as it happens, are opposed to Union. They always were opposed to it, and they have looked at the dark side of things until their vision has become oblique and their judgments unbalanced. They can see every little pressure of tariff, every trumpery change in the routine of Nova Scotian political relations; but they cannot or *will not* see that Confederation offers counterbalancing advantages. They will not tell their people of the great benefits to be derived from the buildingand running of the Intercolonial Railway—they ignore the fact that when news came of great distress prevailing amongst the fishermen of the colony, Ontario and Quebec rushed to the rescue with money and produce without stint, as though they were their brothers in feelingas well as in name. These things are overlooked, and the people are taught that they will be ruined if they remain attached to the Dominion. In addition to the strong legislative resolutions against the Union, it is hinted that only two or three of the Nova Scotian members will attend the next session of the Confederate Parliament. What the result of the agitation will be it is difficult to imagine.

## The Agricultural Meeting.

The late meeting of the directors of the South Riding Agricultural Society was an extraordinary affair, as it turned out. We did think that the appointment of a director for each township would give satisfaction and lead to harmonious action, but we are sorry to say that the reverse is the case, and that local feeling has overborne whatever desire there might have been to work for the interests of Agriculture in this great County. The proposed new Agricultural Bill by which we hope to secure double the sum of Government money formerly received, presents an opportunity for united action and the holding of a great two-days County Show which will not offer again for a long time. It did appear to us at first that there was a strong disposition on the part of the Southern Directors to meet the Northern men half way on broad and liberal grounds but the operating causes we have pointed out have upset these calculations, and the present prospect is that the fall exhibition will dwindle down to a mere township affair, to be equalled and perhaps surpassed by the Seaforth Show. A majority decided that the said exhibition should be held in Brucefield, but like the man who got the present of a white elephant the majority did not evidently know what to do with their victory when they got it. They knew very well that there was no accomodation at present in Brucefield for a Show attended, it may be, by thousands of people, and they looked the blank amazement they felt when the consequences of their act were pointed out. There is an abundance of land about Brucefield to hold the cattle, &c., but if, as often happens, the day is a wet one, what becomes of the great crowd of spectators and exhibitors? The largest room in the place is only about 15 by 20 feet—where are the Domestic Manufactures, Dairy produce, &c., to be placed. Supposing Messrs. Cameron, Johnson, Ross, A. Watson, Cox, Hunter, Torrance, Lomas, Brownson, Gidley and scores of others bring out a liberal selection of their best fruits and vegetables where are they to be arranged? The thing is simply preposterous! Our idea was, and still is, that a large union show should be held at some central point where suitable accommodation could be obtained. It would take two days perhaps to get through with it properly. On the night between the two days a meeting of the most intelligent farmers of the County could be held for the purpose of ventilating and discussing various subjects of vast importance to the farming community. These discussions would immediately benefit the participants and listeners, and if reported and published, would be the means of spreading a great deal of sound information. Now we would ask any intelligent man if an exhibition so conducted would not do more good in one year than one-horse shows can in ten? But we merely express our opinion, and that of a few others. It is for those interested to cachew local feeling as much as possible and endeavor to do what is best calculated to advance the grand object which should be kept in view.

☞ Blank shares are printed at this office in a superior style.

## THE PRINTING TENDERS.

The *Star* returns to the charge in the matter of the printing tenders. The editor of that paper could not help himself. We had exposed some ugly truths respecting his partizan friends, and he could not avoid saying something. What he has said in answer to our charges is about the weakest thing of the kind we ever read. After shambling through a number of meaningless phrases, he says he did not hand his tender to Mr. Pickford. Mr. Pickford held the tender—who did he get it from? Not from the clerk. Who then? Mr. Pickford, we are charitable enough to conclude, did not draw up the document himself, and if the editor of the *Star* did not hand it to him personally, he caused it to be placed in his possession by some means. What is the use of his paltry equivocation. If Mr. Sproat is meant as the prominent member of the committee by whose consent Mr. Pickford pocketed the tenders, we can say that Mr. Sproat tells us distinctly that he asked Mr. P. to hand the documents to the Clerk for safe keeping, which is customary, but no, that would not do—the Clerk might falsify the record—and besides, how could they be *privately compared* and caucussed over? That is equivocation number two, Mr. *Star*. An attempt is made to show that Mr. Greenway voted against the report because he had been informed by some member that the *Star* had got the work several times before and could not do it. We believe Mr. G. was told something of the sort, but he stated after the whole affair was over, in a public place and in presence of the editor of the *Star* that he voted as he did because *he saw from the first that certain parties had made a political question of it, and he would not lend himself to such a thing.* In acting as he did Mr. Greenway proved that he was a man of honor and uprightness, and not to be bullied into partizanship. Before the *Star* asks questions as to our mode of reporting, he had better tell us whether he *did* or *did not* see the printing tenders on that Friday night after the committee rose, and he had better consider whether such an inspection was just or honorable before he talks about "stignatizing" and bosh of that sort. We would also advise him to drop the subject if he cannot find a better string of excuses for the outrageously partizan and unmanly conduct of his beloved Pickford.

## The Temperance Soiree.

The Soiree given by the Goderich Lodge of Good Templars came off last night (13th) and was a great success. The Victoria Hall was prepared for the occasion by an active committee in a most tasteful manner. Festoons of evergreens, colored cloths, emblems, mottoes, &c., were so arranged as to form a very pleasing picture. The attendance was so large that it was difficult for all to find room, but there was no disorder or confusion. The catables provided by the ladies were of the best, and the tables were beautifully decorated with flowers, vases, &c. The supply of provisions we may say was sufficient to feed about 2000 people. After supper all took their seats to hear the music and speaking. Rev. W. Moss occupied the chair and beside him on the platform were several of our local clergymen, the officers of the lodge, and others. After a few pieces had been sung by the choir under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Livingston, the chairman introduced Alex. McNabb, Esq., Police Magistrate of Toronto, who spoke for about two hours, holding the audience in a state of deepest attention all the time. The address was so forcible and so different from what we are in the habit of hearing on the subject that we shall give our readers the benefit of our phonographic notes next week.

☞ The usual Annual Dinner of the Clinton Agricultural Society will be held at the Clinton Hotel, on Friday evening next. Prof. Buckland and other big guns are expected to speak on the occasion.

## Great Salt Discovery in Prussia.

Prussia can now boast of having rivalled the County of Huron in the way of salt discovery. We find the following in an European paper:—"Boring experiments at Sperenberg, thirty English miles south of Berlin, have reached a depth of 448 feet, of which the last 165 is a stratum of pure salt. Neither have they got to the end of the seam, which appears endless."

"The day is past when organised disaffection can be safely disregarded, or when power can wisely withhold a rectification even of accidental wrongs."

So saith the *Scottish American*, in an article about the disaffection in Nova Scotia. That journal held different opinions when the Southern States were in a state of "organized disaffection."

## ANOTHER CARNIVAL.

Another carnival was held in the skating rink on Wednesday evening last, and we are happy to say that it was the most brilliant affair of the kind, by all odds, ever witnessed in Goderich. Under the superintendence of Mr. Cooper, Gooding the rink was fully repaired after the recent accident and every accommodation was provided in the way of seats for spectators, warm dressing rooms, refreshment, &c. At the appointed hour about 100 skaters in costume and duly masked, glided over the ice to the sweet strains of the Bayfield Band, and their evolutions were witnessed by a large and delighted assemblage of spectators comprising the *elite* of the town. The characters represented were of the most diversified description—from angels to Indian chiefs, many of the dresses were costly and the combination, taken altogether, was most unique and pleasing. The efforts of the owner of the rink to secure a success were highly appreciated, and we have no doubt that when the next carnival comes off in a few weeks, there will be a still greater rush.

☞ An awful tragedy took place in the township of Alice, Ottawa district, on the 31st January. A German mother in a fit of insane phrensy took up an axe and dashed the brains out of four of her young children. She now lies in gaol.

TELEGRAPH EXTENSION.—The Montreal Telegraph Co. has determined to connect Goderich and Kincardine by a Telegraph line via the Ashfield road. The poles will be got out immediately, and it is expected the line will be in working order by the 1st June. This line will prove to be a great convenience, but we think it a pity the Lucknow route was not selected.

☞ There is no fresh Fenian news of any account.

CANTATA.—The celebrated Cantata by Prof. Root, entitled "The Flower Queen," will be sung in the Victoria Hall on Friday evening next. Mrs. Simms, Mr. Transom, Mr. D. Watson and others are to take leading parts in the performance, which we are sure will be a grand entertainment indeed. The funds realized are to be applied for the benefit St. George's Church. We hope to see a crowded house.

THE WESLEYAN SOIREE.—The Wesleyan Soiree came off last evening, (17th). The church was well filled, considering the stormy evening. The refreshments were served in the basement, and the arrangements made by the ladies, we must say, were most perfect. There was no hurry, no confusion, and none of the dissatisfaction which is sometimes expressed at such gatherings. After tea, the ladies and gentlemen entered the body of the church to listen to the speeches, music, &c. S. Pollock, Esq., being called to the chair, made a few sensible remarks, after which Revs. Messrs. Moss, Livingston, and Dorion of Montreal, spoke shortly. The remarks of the latter we considered far stronger than was justifiable in an audience composed of all denominations. His limited knowledge of English and the acrimonious feelings existing between the opposite sects of Lower Canada no doubt account for the apparent harshness. The President of the Conference, Rev. Mr. Elliott, was then called upon. He spoke for some time in his own quiet, common-sense, practical way, of various matters interesting to Wesleyans. Altogether, Mr. Elliott will leave behind him an excellent impression as to his noble qualities of head and heart. The singing was ably conducted by Mr. James Thomson, Miss Fletcher rendering the accompaniments with much taste. The new composition of Rev. H. Christopherson, "Let me Dream of Heaven," was well received by the audiance.

ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last Mr. A. Hodge of this town, fell from a load of grain and was badly injured in the region of the spine. He is recovering, we are glad to hear.

☞ A portion of the roof of the skating rink fell in a second time on Monday morning last. A much stronger building will be required next year.

☞ The snow in the woods near Goderich has reached a depth of three feet.

☞ The saloons and billiard saloons of St. Louis are now in full blast every Sunday.

## THE ESTIMATES.

The following is an abridged statement of the Estimates brought down by Hon. Mr. Wood on Thursday evening, the 13th inst. It will be interesting to our readers and should be kept for reference:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Balance in the Treasury | $ 126,229 66 | |
| of Dominion Acc. | 188,878 19 | |
| | | 315,107 85 |
| Of which are receipt | | |
| On Special Funds | | |
| In Treas. account— | | |
| Clergy Lands | $24,877 23 | |
| Common School Lands | 18,934 70 | |
| Grammer School Lands | 599 34 | |
| In Dominion Acc.— | | |
| U. C. Building Fund | 11,225 00 | |
| Law Society of U C | 7,353 19 | |
| U. C. Municipal Loan Fund | 38,534 39 | |
| Clergy Land Sales | 11,792 71 | |
| Common School Land Sales | 8,878 00 | |
| Grammer School Sales | 604 55 | |
| Suspense | 3,128 63 | |
| | | 126,948 74 |
| Leaving available revenue | | 188,189 11 |
| One year's subsidy, half payable 1st Jan., the other half 1st July | | 1,196,872 80 |
| Estimated Territorial revenue | $745,064 00 | |
| Of which are Special Funds | 280,938 00 | |
| Suspense Accounts | 50,679 00 | |
| | | 413,447 00 |
| Probable receipts from Education Department | | 26,010 00 |
| Provincial Lunatic Asylum | | 4,500 00 |
| Malden Asylum | | 600 00 |
| Orillia Asylum | | 200 00 |
| Reformatory Penetanguishene | | 800 00 |
| Law Stamps and Special Funds | $ 15,000 00 | |
| Fines and Forfeitures | | 2,770 00 |
| Tavern and other licenses | $ 22,500 00 | |
| Less cost of collection | 2,260 00 | |
| | | 30,250 00 |
| | | $1,853,638 91 |

The estimated expenditure, as shown under the different heads, is for

| | |
|---|---|
| Civil Government | $174,683 29 |
| Legislation | 91,550 00 |
| Administration of Justice | 203,680 26 |
| Public Works and Buildings | 224,972 00 |
| Agriculture | 66,450 00 |
| Miscellaneous | 12,000 00 |
| Hospitals and Charities | 166,488 50 |
| Reformatory, Penetanguishene | 23,013 39 |
| Literary and Scientific Institutions | 3,600 00 |
| Education | 301,500 00 |
| For unforseen and unprovided expenses | 29,000 00 |
| Total | $1,293,837 42 |

Under the head of Civil Government we we find that the salaries of the heads of the Departments are set down at: Attorney General, as Premier's salary $4,000 a year; and the Treasurer, Secretary, Crown Lands Commissioner and Commissioner of Public Works and Agriculture, $3,200 each, a year. The Speaker's salary is $1,000 a year, and the members are to receive $5 a day and mileage. $50,000 is appropriated for Colonization Roads; $75,000 for continuing the erection of buildings in Toronto for lunatic asylum; and the balance of the $224,972 is for repairing, buildings etc., in Toronto.

The appropriations for agricultural purposes are: For 73 Electoral Division Societies at $700, $51,100; for 1 Electorial Division Society, $350; for 7 Electorial Division Societies at $350, $2,450; for 1 Fruit Growers's Association, $350; for Mechanics' Institutes, $2,000; for Agricultural Association, in lieu of the grant of $4,000 and of the 12½ per cent deducted from the Electorial Division Societies' grants, $10,000.

In the distribution of charities Toronto gets the lion's share. The Hospital for city patients is to receive $6,400; that for county patients, 4,800; House of Industry $2,400; Protestants Orphan's Home $640; Roman Catholic Orphan's Asylum $640; Lying in Hospital $480; Magdaline Asylum $480; House of Providence $320; Girls Home and Public Nursery $320; making a total of $16,480; not a small item for one city. Kingston receives $4,800 for the General Hospital; $2,400 for the House of Industry and Refuge for Indigent Sick; $640 for Orphan's Home; and $800 for Hotel Dieu; making $8,640. London gets but $2,400 for the general Hospital. Hamilton $4,800 for the City Hospital; $640 for the Roman Catholic Orphan's Asylum; and $640 for the Orphan's Asylum and Ladies Benevolent Society. Total $6,080. Ottawa Protestant Hospital $1,200; Roman Catholic Hospital $1,200. Total $2,400.

The appropriation for educational purposes are; Common and Seperate schools, $170,000; Poor Schools, $2,000; Normal and Model Schools, $17,000; Libraries, Apparatus, and Prizes, $32,000; Superanuated Teachers, $4,200; Museum and Library, $2,800; Journal of Education, $1,800; Grammer School Inspection, $2,000; Grammer Schools, $55,000; Salaries and Contingencies of the Department, $14,700. Next follows appropriations for what are termed "Literary and Scientific Institutions," amounting to $3,600, which is distributed as follows: Aid to Medical Faculty, Victoria College, Cobourg, $750; aid to School of Medicine, Kingston, " " " Toronto, " " " " Canadian Institute, " " Ottawa, 300; " Athenæum " "

## Mr. McNabb's Temperance Address.

According to promise we propose to publish the address of ALEXANDER McNABB, Esq., Police Magistrate of Toronto, omitting matters of mere detail, where it can be done without detracting from the substantial correctness of our report.

Mr. McNabb, on being introduced by the chairman, was received with loud applause. He said Mr. Moss had introduced him as a drunkard, which he certainly had been, of the worst kind, for some years; that is, he had been a moderate drinker. He could take a glass when he liked and leave it alone without suffering any loss. It was from this class that the ranks of the habitual drunkards were constantly recruited. (Hear, hear.) In appearing before them on that occasion he might as well say that he was prompted by motives of selfishness. During the past year, 750 *women* had been brought before him for drunkenness, in his capacity as police magistrate of the city of Toronto, and it was to do something towards assisting in putting a stop to drunkenness in the land that urged him to appear in the character of a public speaker. The temperance cause was one which should engage the sympathies and labors of every man and woman in the community who had the well-being of society at heart, but if they could only establish the temperance principle as firmly in the Halls of the Legislature as it was implanted in the minds of the majority of the people, they would have very little left to do. Out of the thousands brought before him for trial every year, he found that in nine cases out of ten whiskey was at the bottom of the trouble, and amongst those so tried were representatives from every class of the community. The country licensed institutions for manufacturing drunkards and then let them go to hell headlong, without attempting to save them, as far as legislation was concerned. His plan would be to take $15.00 for every license granted. That would raise the sum of $100,000, with which he would erect and maintain an asylum for inebriates, in which they might be restored to sobriety, to their families and to the country. (Applause.) He had proposed such a plan to a committee of the House, and they had received it very satisfactorily. In 1858 a committee of the House was appointed to enquire into the causes of the crimes committed, and it was clearly shown—even by the reports of bloated, hard-drinking gaolers, that the use of liquor had led to nearly every conviction. The country was, at present, ripe for a prohibitory liquor law. They should get up a great pet tion, and send the draft of a bill along with it. That would rouse the legislature to action. (Applause). Why did the temperance movement not meet with more success? The clergymen of the land were to blame for it, and he was sorry to have to say that those of the Presbyterian Church, to which he belonged, were amongst the worst. (Laughter.) Clergymen, doctors and lawyers, from the position they occupied as educated men, were perhaps the most influential men in the community, and yet clergymen would not give up drink, doctors would not, and as for the lawyers, they were, generally speaking, the most drunken set in the country. (Laughter.) A young man had been brought before him in Toronto. He was talented and highly educated, but he had fallen through drink. He begged off, and promised amendment, and yet notwithstanding solemn warnings, he fell again and again, until one morning a policeman found him dead in a vacant lot, where he had lain down in a drunken sleep the night before. That was a nephew of Sir Francis Hincks! (Sensation). And we were a Christian community, and had no fit place for such men as that! In Toronto they had 1000 poor people huddled in gaol, and nothing was done for them. He had asked clergymen why they did not try to get some law to stamp liquor out of existence. "No, no," they said, "we cannot pass such a law—moral suasion must be the remedy." *Moral fiddlesticks!* (Laughter). He had talked with such moral suasionists, and it took all *his* moral suasion to keep from kicking them down stairs. The fact was they that would not give up their own glass of wine, and it would not do to tell that old red-nosed deacon under the pulpit to give up drink or he would be damned, because if they did, when they next dined with him they would miss the glass of port wine at dinner and the whiskey and water after it. (Laughter.) They could talk of moral suasion when men were dying in the gutter and women were debased to the level of the brutes of the field. Moral suasion! He would lock such clergymen up in the lunatic asylum. He had preached moral suasion for some time, but he had the advantage of the clergymen, for if people did not believe in his arguments he could pop them into gaol. He knew a young man of fine abilities, who, step by step, became vicious, took to drink, and the consequence was he went down, down, down, until he trembled on the brink of hell. He had descended until he was living in a brothel. He tried moral suasion on him. He knew him well as naturally one of the most generous young men in the country. He was arrested and promised that he would go home if let off. He had never known him to break his word, and he did let him off; but he broke his promise, and he found he could do nothing with him. His parents lived in New York, and he (Mr. McN.) thinking he might have a sister, wrote to her, describing the young man's position and asking her to come for him. Some weeks afterward a young lady came into his office, sat down, and burst into tears. He soon found that she was the young man's sister. She said she had been at his hotel and could not find him. He dispatched a detective who returned with the unfortunate youth in ten minutes. The meeting between brother and sister he would not try to describe. He saw them depart in the train next morning, and three months after that he received a letter from the young man thanking him most heartily for his salvation. He said he was treated like the Prodigal Son—the past had not been once referred to. There was one man in the world he would wish to see at his wedding and that was himself (the speaker.) He would like to kiss the old mother of that young man (laughter) for he was sure she was one of the best of women. That young man was on the very brink of hell, for a young man who lived in a brothel might be saved, but we hardly knew how. He warned the boys and men of his audience if they ever visited Toronto to avoid those haunts as they would avoid hell itself. Many fathers and mothers would hesitate before sending their sons to be surrounded by 1000 prostitutes if they only knew the awful dangers involved. He generally found that the first step towards the brothel was taken when the youth entered the saloon for a drink of whiskey. If a man used stimulants he would find that the things of which he felt most ashamed in the course of his life were done while he was under the influence of liquor. And yet they could not get a liquor law! The statistics of drunkenness in Toronto alone proved that at least 120 years of a man's life were spent yearly in the gaol of that city. If they could not get all they wanted, they should ask the Legislature for, at least, certain restrictions and then show by actual statistics what they could do. (Applause.) He did not believe the preachers were correct in their estimate of man's depravity, for most crimes were committed when they were *not* men. As for the Saturday-night law, he was prepared to shoulder a musket and fight for it. A high church clergyman once told him they did not want the Saturday-night law because it was broken. He said to them why not abolish the clause against the profanation of the Sabbath because it was sometimes broken. Every one knew that if that law were abolished it would not be long till a majority of the callings of the country would be pursued for seven days of the week. Why, what was his vocation but to punish people for breaking the law. They might as well do away with any law because it was broken, and yet that was the plea for the abolition of the Saturday-night law. A great deal could be done with that law! The civil government of the city of Toronto, for example, was in the hands of three persons—a Commissioner, the Mayor and himself. The former were dependent upon the votes of the people, but he was not. The mayor had often said to him if they enforced this law there would be a riot. The answer was, "let them riot." He had a lot of *friends* in Toronto known as the "Licensed Wittalers." They came and asked was he going to carry out the 7 o'clock license law, when he told them they had better not give him a chance. Before he was defeated in his attempts to carry out that law he seldom had more than from one to four drunkards before him on Monday morning, but what had he on last Monday morning? *Forty six* of the most God-forsaken creatures, eyes ever looked upon! There was twenty per cent more arrested on Saturday night and Sunday than on any other day. But he had been defeated by the interference of Aldermen, and even when he fined parties the licensed wittalers would step up before his face and pay down the money. He had seen one of the city aldermen defending sixty parties who were charged with breach of the license law, and actually pay the informer .$60.00 out of his own pocket to stop the prosecution. The remedy for that was to prevent aldermen or others who depended on the popular vote for their position from acting as magistrates. We wanted no elective judges in Canada.—(Cheers.) When he refused to pander to these men they threatened to attend to his salary, and the consequence was that he now stood, in that respect, on an equality with the keeper of the common gaol. That was the bad effect of aldermen magistrates. If temperance men would move they could get anything in reason. They had petitioned the House and the result was that the Licensed Victuallers dare not present their Bill of Incorporation. (Cheers.) He told a committee of the House that they should put two extra columns upon the Assessment Roll, and ask every rate payer in the country whether he was for or against a Prohibitory Liquor Law. (Loud applause.) He would ask every parliamentary candidate whether he would support such a law, and if he said no, he would tell him he could not have his vote; but if he answered yes, he would not only tender his vote but $5.00 along with it toward his election expenses. (Hear, hear.) In allusion to the anomalies of the traffic he might mention that some spoke of the great revenue accruing to the government from the 3,000,000 gallons of spirits manufactured last year. Why it would not pay for the administration of criminal justice. If people only knew how their liquor was made they would be astonished.—A man ordered a barrel of "old rye." The grocer went into his cellar took a quantity of alcohol, water, strychnine and other noxious ingredients, shook them up together, and that was "rye," warranted to be five years old. A respectable druggist of Toronto had told him that Gooderham & Worts, the great distillers, had purchased more strychnine in one month than would poison the whole of Toronto. (Applause.) The speaker said it was a disgrace to the country that there was an unlicensed groggery in