So we stole under the hammocks to the ladder, and as I was first, I crept up, raised my hand above the combings, and looked round, but did not see anything particular; so I crawled quietly on to the deck, and waited for Tom. He was aside me in a moment, and we were beginning to feel rather foolish, and to think we had both of us better go down, when, as we knelt close under the shade of the long boat, we heard a bit of a scuffle aft, and then there was a faint cry, and a heavy plunge in the water, and then another cry, but fainter.

'Hush!' says Tom, grasping my arm; and then several dusky figures ran by us, seemingly barefooted, for you could hear the pad, pad' of their feet on the deck, and directly after there was another short scuffly noise—the sound of some one trying to shout with a hand held over his mouth—and then another splash in the water.

'Come on,' says Tom; and I followed him, and we crept along by the bulwark, and then darted down the cabin stairs, stopping a moment to listen, and then we heard them closing the hatch we had come up, and there was the sound of rope being piled on it.

We were at the bottom in an instant, when I was seized by the throat, and a voice growled: 'Who's this? What's the ship's course altered for?'

'Look out, Mr. Smith,' hissed Tom: 'mutiny! They'll be here in a moment.'

'Damn nonsense,' roared the old fellow, pushing by us, and running on deck; and as we banged at the captain's and Major Horton's door we heard a gurgling cry, an oath, and a heavy body fall. Directly after, there was a rush down the stairs; and as Major Horton's cabin door opened, some one struck me a tremendous blow on the head, and I fell; but was conscious enough to see the major, with a light in one hand and a pistol in the other, send one fellow down; to hear the piercing screams from the two poor girls, whom I could not help; and then to hear the sound of shots and oaths, and blows in the captain's cabin, for a few moments; and then all was still—except the shrieks of the poor girls; while directly after more lights were brought, and I saw lying across a chair with his head and legs upon the floor, the body of the poor old major; and then all seemed to be blank for a bit.

The next thing I recollect was hearing Hick's voice giving orders, and I heard him say: 'Overjwith him; and then there was the sound of a heavy body being dragged along the floor of the next cabin, and then I heard the head go 'bump, bump' up the cabin stairs; then scrape along the deck; and then came a heavy plunge in the water.

'That's the poor skipper.' I thinks to my self; and just then somebody walked right over me, and into the cabin, and I saw it was Hicks.

'Serve this old beast the same,' he says; and Phillips and Johnson takes hold of the poor old gentleman's legs, and drags him along; and as they knocked the chair down, there was a cry from the inner cabin.

'Silence!' roared Hicks, dashing the but end of his pistol against the door; and then I felt the body drawn over me, and the warm blood drip on my face, and smear across it, as it was dragged along. Then followed the 'bump, bump' of the head up the stairs; the creeping, rustling noise on the deck; and then a splash told me the poor old gentleman was gone.

Now, just then I was in a sort of sleepy, dreamy state—half-witted, I may say. I could see and understand all that passed, and yet did not seem either in pain or afraid. I remember thinking that it would be either my turn or else Tom Black's next; for I supposed he was knocked on the head too, and lying in the captain's cabin; and I remember, too, feeling very sorry for those two girls; and then two fellows caught hold of my legs, dragged me up the cabin stairs, across the deck, and then I felt some one give me a bit of a heave, and felt the shock as I struck the water; and then it was as if new life rushed through me, and as I rose to the surface, I struck out, and directly after felt the ship's side.

I suppose that one of the first things they must have done, and the thing which poor Tom and I heard, was to pitch the man at the wheel overboard; for the ship was rolling in the trough of the sea, very gently, for there was no breeze on; and very fortunate this was for me, as I was able to swim along the side and climb up on to the rudder-chains, where I had just strength enough to lash myself with my handkerchief, when I turned dead-sick again, and nearly slipped back into the water. But, somehow or another, in a half-stupified way, I managed to cling where I was, getting my legs well twisted round; and there I hung, drenched with the sea, shivering with the cold, but getting brighter and clearer in the head, which I now found was badly cut; but it soon stopped bleeding; and you may well suppose mine were not pleasant thoughts, holding on there under the stern of the ship—cold, and sick at heart, and waiting for the morning.

CHAPTER V.

If any poor wretch ever longed for the coming of daylight, I was that poor fellow, as clung there, feeling so weak and bad at times that I could have cried like a child; but after a bit I thought of my bacca, and got a bit in my mouth, and it did seem such a comfort. Being quite clear in my head now, and only in pain—pretty sharp pain, too, from the cut—I could think of all the events of the night without getting muddled and confused, as I did at first when I tried to; and now it seemed all clear enough, and just as poor Tom thought, for it was a deep-laid plot to get the treasure, and one which had succeeded only too well. And then I began to think about how many had been killed, and I counted up—two of the men in the watch; old Smith, the mate; the skipper; the poor old major; and Tom Black, si.; and then I wondered whether they'd killed the poor girls; but at that same moment I thought about Hicks and Philips, and a regular shudder, and a sense of going half mad, ran through me, so that for a few moments I felt half blind, as though blood ran to my eyes; and that's how I felt every time I thought of those two scoundrels.

The more I thought of the bloody deed of the past night, the more impossible it seemed; for though we used to hear tell of such things, and the old salts knew many a pirate yarn, yet it didn't seem to belong to these times, and I almost fancied I was making a fool of myself.

But there was no deceit about it—worse luck—and soon I began to count up how how many chaps were left; and I reckoned there would be eight, 'an I not one of 'em as would turn pirate, I'd swear,' I says to myself. And then I wondered what they'd do with them, for they were all caged up safe in the forecastle. 'Why, they'll shove them in one of the quarter boats with the ladies, and cast them adrift,' I says.

Morning at last: first, a faint light; then, a red glow; and then, with a rush, up came the sun, seeming to make every wave a mass of jewels dancing in a flood of red gold, while the sky looked so assuring and sociable that it seemed impossible that such a bloody deed should have been done in the darkness. Every warm ray served to cheer me up, and give hope of life, till I thought again of what was to become of me; was I to be shot, or to fall off for the sharks, or be drowned, or what? But another glance at the warm sun and the bright sky cheered me on again; and I thought I'd wait till they sent the rest of the crew off in a boat, and then I'd swim off to them, and risk the sharks.

And now there seemed some moving about, for the rudder was shifted, and the ship made some way; but, directly after, it fell calm, and she swung round, so that I got the full glow of the sun, which began to dry me a bit, and warmed my stiffened and chilled limbs. Then I could near them dashing water about, and swabbing the decks, as busy as could be.

'That's to get rid of the blood,' I says; and soon after I hears a good deal of noise, and talking, and swearing; and then there was a pistol shot, and directly after a splash in the water; and after a bit I saw a body float along, and knew the face as that of a mate as had been in my watch—a good man and true—and while I was looking sorrowfully at him, there came a sharp rush in the water, and then he was dragged under, and I saw him no more; but at the same moment from above my head I heard a faint scream, and the whispering of voices, and then the closing of a window. The sound of those voices revived me, so that I roused up, or I believe I should have slipped into the water. I felt that sick and dizzy, and then the sharks would have had another meal. I suppose I was weak from loss of blood, and besides, I had never seen any horrors before; while there had been enough during the last few hours to upset any poor fellow. I must have gone; for I had tied my handkerchief round my head, because the cut was painful.

By and by, I heard the boat lowered, and splash in the water; and after a bit, as if they were putting in provision and water, I heard her push off, and made ready for a swim, or else to shout to them. So I leaned out as far as I could, and watched till she came in sight; for I dared not let those on deck see me; but when at last I did see her, my heart seemed quite to sink, for there were only six men in her, and the young ladies were not there; while, after a bit of study of the faces, I made out as it was the cook that was left behind.

'Poor gals, poor gals!' I muttered to myself, and I shrank back in the chains, and sat there thinking, and giving up all hope of going with the boat, for I didn't feel as if I could; and so, without seeing me, the poor chaps rowed away, and at last got to be quite a little speck.

The heat of the day came, and still it was calm; then the evening, and I'd sat there with nothing to keep me up but a bit of tobacco; and now I knew it would soon be sunset, for the sky was getting all glorious again. I had not heard any more of the young ladies, though I fancied once the window opened; but from where I was, I could not climb up, nor yet see; and so I sat and waited, meaning to try and climb on deck when it was dark, for I felt famished.

Every now and then, I could hear the fellows shouting and singing, and it was evident that there was plenty of grog on the way.—This set me thinking again about Hicks and Philips, and I could feel now as nothing was too bad for the villians; and I tried whether I could not climb up to the window where the ladies were, knowing all the time that I, single-handed, could do nothing. But I soon found out that I could not manage it, and made up my mind to wait till it was dark, when perhaps they could hang out something to help me.

I was sitting waiting for the night, when all of a sudden I heard the window-glass up above me dashed out, and the little pieces fell spatting into the water; and then I knew, for a few moments, I went mad, and frothed at the mouth. Shriek after shriek, and the noise of struggling; prayers for mercy, help, pity; and all in the most heart rending tones; the knocking together of furniture and breaking of glass; and still, above all those pitiful cries for help, there came the angry voices of men and oaths; once, I felt sure, blows; and still the cries continued and all at once ceased. Then there was the loud banging of a door, and noise and swearing on the deck; and all the while I was holding my head tight against the side of the ship, to keep it from splitting, for it seemed as though my brain must bust my skull.

After a bit, I heard a loud wailing sob, and such a bitter cry as brought the pitying tears coursing down my rough cheeks, and than seemed to do me good, and I tried to make her as cried hear me. But I could not, and then I listened again, and I heard a choking voice say: 'God! Father, forgive us, for we cannot live!' and then it was quite dark, and I heard in the stillness of the night those two sisters bidding one another good bye, so sweetly and lovingly, and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, for a horrid chill ran through me, and I knew they were going to jump in. 'Stop, stop!' I cried at last, in a voice that I didn't know for mine.

'Who spoke?' I heard from above me.

'Hush!' I whispered, leaning out as far as I could—'hush! it is me—John Cross.—And then I heard a sound as if some one had fallen on the ground. A few minutes after I heard the voice again.

'Pray—pray, save us! For Heaven's sake, help!'

'Yes, yes!' I said; 'but speak low, or we shall be heard.—Miss Mary?'

'Yes,' cried the voice eagerly.

'Is there a rope of any kind there?'

There was silence for a minute, and then she said: 'No!'

'Are you listening?' I said.

'Yes,' she whispered.

'Then take the sheets from the cots, and tie them tightly together, and then fasten one end to the table; tightly, mind.'

I waited while I could hear her busily toiling, but in a few moments the voice whispered despairingly: 'I can never tie them tightly enough.'

'Never mind,' I said; 'only tie them, all you can find, together, and lower them down.'

Soon after, something white was lowered from the cabin window, and hung down, swaying backwards and forwards; and at last after many tries, I reached it. More and more came down, till there was far more than I wanted, when I made the knots fast, and whispered to her to draw up. 'Now,' I said, 'as soon as it is tight, twist all you have round the table-leg, and hold on.'

In a few minutes, I found the sheet-rope would bear my weight, and directly after, I was holding on by the cabin-window, with those two poor girls clinging, crying, to me, and begging me to save them.

I felt most mad, as I looked at them by the light of the cabin lantern. Hair torn down; dresses half dragged from their shoulders; while, right across the face of Miss Mary, was a mark as of a blow, while her poor lip was cut and bleeding.

'Oh, pray—pray, save us!' she cried, putting her poor hand on mine, as I clung there.

'As I hope God may save me,' I said; 'or I'll die for you.'

And then there was silence for a few moments; and if I had dared, I should have kissed the soft hand that nestled against mine so trustingly, but I thought it would be cowardly, and I did not.

'And now,' I whispered, 'I'm going on deck.'

'Ah! don't leave us,' sobbed Miss Madeline.

'It is to try what I can do to get you away' I whispered; and then the poor girl, who seemed half fainting, sank down, kneeling on the floor, and her sister leaned over her, and said to me: 'We'll pray for you, Cross.'

'Then I shall succeed,' I said, for I felt that I should; and so I left them, feeling nerved to have done anything in their defence.

I soon was over the poop, and crawling close under the bulwarks, when I found that the man by the binacle-light was fast asleep, for the ship made no way at all. I stopped in the darkness for a few minutes, listening, and could hear voices in the fore-cabin; and it was evident there was a good deal of drunkenness and carousing going forward. Half-a-dozen stauch, well armed fellows could have secured the ship, I felt sure, and opened my knife that hung by a lanyard to my waist, and then shoving it open in my belt, I crawled to the skylight, and looked down the passengers' cabin, where I could see Hicks, Phillips, and two more playing cards, while another lay on the bulkhead asleep. It was a good thing I had no pistol in my hand, or I should have had that Hicks's blood upon my head then.

I crept away from the skylight and under the bulwarks again, though it was as dark as pitch, and began making my way towards the other boat as hung from the davits; when all at once, some one had me by the throat, and tried to turn me on my back; but I was too quick, for I had my knife against his ribs in a moment, and hissed out: 'You're a dead man if you stir.'

[To be continued.]

☞ There is Russian proverb which says that misfortune is next door to stupidity; and it will generally be found that men who are constantly lamenting their ill-luck are only reaping the consequences of their own neglect, mismanagement, improvidence, or want of application.

☞ On Friday last, at the country gaol of Middlesex, were bound together in the holy bonds of matrimony, Alfred Parks, R. A., and Margaret Downey, both of whom are undergoing a term of six months' imprisonment, on conviction of robbing from the person.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, NOV. 29, 1866.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY SIGNAL.

Our efforts to supply a good, readable Semi-Weekly newspaper have been so well appreciated by the public that we are encouraged to enlarge this edition of the *Signal* to-day to thirty-two columns. The course has been necessitated by the large increace of advertising patronage, and the paper will be published in the enlarged form as long as may be found necessary. To those who cannot afford, or have not time or inclination to read the daily papers, the Semi-Weekly *Signal* will be found most valuable, as it contains all that is interesting of the news of the day, besides furnishing a complete epitome of local news, markets, &c. Our determination is to keep up to the Times, whatever the expense may be.

NO REPRESENTATIVE.

The official appointment of Mr. Dickson, our late M. P. P., as Registrar of Huron, has left us without a parliamentary representative. It may be considered by many that, in view of Confederation, it is unnecessary to go to the trouble and expense of a new election, but we should remember that very grave questions may arise with regard to matters involved in the Confederation scheme, and that a special meeting of the Canadian Parliament may be required to consider them. In such a case Huron and Bruce with 95,000 of population would be entirely unrepresented, which would be a gross injustice. If we understand the law upon the subject, any two members of Parliament can apply for a writ for a new election. Should not a move be made in the matter? The week for holding the next session of the County Council would be a good time for holding a Reform meeting for the purpose of taking steps towards securing a proper representative!

PRESIDENT JOHNSTON'S POLICY.

The President of the United States finds some difficulty in pleasing the Northern people, but influential radical journals now declare that he has adopted a new policy, in order, if possible, to outflank their prejudices, while at the same time he secures nearly all that the South asks for. It is believed that ere the next meeting of Congress he will proclaim a general amnesty to all persons engaged in the rebellion. This of course will delight the Southern people, who are at present completely disfranchised, and will doubtless raise a storm about his ears from enraged demagogues and politicians—if the terms are not synonymous,—but as a set-off it ispropose to give votes to all blacks who can read the Constitution in English. or hold property to the value of $300. The proportion of the late slaves having these qualifications will be necessarily small, and hence we think it not unlikely that the Radicals, having the whip hand, will endeavor to thwart the President in any attempt to carry out his policy.

A Handsome Prize.

Hon. D. McDonald, M.L.C., has forwarded for our inspection a handsome silver ploughman's medal presented by him to the best ploughman at the recent ploughing match of the Harpurhey Agricultural Society. The medal, which was won by a lad of 16 years of age, will be retained for many years and looked upon with feelings of laudable pride by the youthful winner. It bears the following inscription:

"Given by the Hon. Donald McDonald, M. L. C., to Alex. Broadfoot, the first ploughman at the match of Harpurhey B., H. A. S., 23rd Oct., 1866."

The following correspondence speaks for itself:—

Tuckersmith, Sept. 4, 1866.

To the Hon. Donald McDonald:

SIR,—I have been instructed by the directors of the Harpurhey Branch Agricultural Society to ask a small donation for a prize for the young ploughman connected with the society, who ploughed so manfully last year. We want to keep up the spirit of emulation that was aroused amongst them through your liberality last year. Waiting for your early reply.

I remain your old staunch friend,
GEO. SPROAT,
President H. B. A. S.

Tuckersmith, Nov. 12th, 1866.

To the Hon. Donald McDonald:

SIR,—I return you the silver medal with the thanks of the society for your liberality. It was won by Alexander Broadfoot, with a Gray plough; he is only 16, and he was the best on the field either man or boy. There was fifteen ploughs started, and the work was well done. The match came off on the farm of Peter Ramsay, Esq., on the 23rd of Oct. He sends his caste standing looking at the plow.

I am yours, &c.,
GEO. SPROAT,
President H. B. A. S.

FIRE.—On Saturday morning last, about 5 o'clock, the alarm of fire was given. It was found that the waggon shop of Mr. Lewis Elliott was in flames. By great exertion on the part of the fire company the fire was prevented from communicating with the adjoining black smith shop, which was only separated from the burning building by a few feet. We understand that there was an insurance on the premises.

SALT.—The Goderich Salt Well continues to improve, as regards the quality of the brine, but the high price of wood materially retards the manufacture. Several parties are making arrangements to put down new wells during the winter.

After this week the price of admission to the Commercial Academy will be $20 per year. Those who intend to enter will effect a saving by doing so this week.

Parties wishing to attend the night-school during the winter can learn the terms by applying to the Principal.

LONDON SOCIETY, for November, forwarded to this office by Messrs. Chewett & Co., Toronto, is one of the most interesting numbers of this spicy periodical that we have seen. The Churchman's Magazine, from the same source, contains much that is entertaining to the class of readers for which it is specially intended.

WOOD.—The dearth of wood and the high prices asked for what comes in, has elicited much comment during the past week. Parties have asked as high as $4.50, which is considered, and justly, a little too steep.

GOLD.—Some excitement was caused on Monday by a report that Mr. Platt had made an important discovery of gold at the salt well. A yellowish metal was brought to the surface, which will be fully tested.

THE MAYORALTY.

The requisitions for the Mayoralty were handed in so late to day that we are compelled to postpone our remarks until Friday.

Robbery Last Night.

The grocery store of Mr. Henry Horton was entered in a mysterious manner last (Monday) night, and the thief, obtaining possession of the safe key, abstracted over $400 in silver and bills, taking the key with him, and so locking up the door as to leave no trace of the robbery. The affair is one of the most barefaced we have heard of, and we sincerely hope the scoundrel will be brought to justice.

S. P. Y.—Will be glad to hear from you again.

☞ See the adv. of the sale of Prof. Murray's property.

☞ A schedule of the days for which Mr. G. M. Trueman is engaged as auctioneer can be seen at this office.

☞ We have to thank a friend in British Columbia for a file of the British Columbian newspaper.

☞ The score of the Artillery Company at the recent match will appear in our next.

☞ We are requested to announce that a meeting of the reformers of the town of Goderich will be held at the office of M. C. Cameron, Esq., on Wednesday evening, the 28th inst., at half past 7 o'clock.

SALT.—Messrs. Savage & VanEvery offer by adv. splendid salt territory and water power on most reasonable terms.—This is a chance for good investment.

☞ The almost impassable state of the roads has prevented farmers from bringing in much produce during the past few days. Cordwood has been selling during the week at $3.00 to $3.50 per cord.

☞ We have been shown the samples of salt as prepared for the great Worlds Exhibition. They are of both fine and coarse salt, put up neatly by Mr. Platt in handsome black walnut boxes made by Mr. D. Gordon. The quality of the article, we venture to say, cannot be equalled on the continent.

☞ Owing to the number of our advertisements and the space they occupy in to-day's paper we cannot notice them all seriatim, but we would remark that the largest advertisers are sure to be found the cheapest parties to deal with, as they are nearly sure to be the most enterprising.

☞ We publish to-day a very interesting letter from our special correspondent at New York. He has every opportunity of knowing what is doing in American politics, and his views are presented intelligently, as well as being free from anything un-British.

DANGEROUS.—Owing to the narrowness of the dock where the Cherub lies and the slides which are covered with ice in frosty weather several of the seamen in attempting to get aboard at night have tumbled into the river. One man fell in night before last and would have been drowned but for the fact of his being a good swimmer. Some extra precautious should be taken.

ANOTHER GUN-BOAT. — On Wednesday night last H. M. gun-boat Prince Alfred entered Goderich harbor and was laid alongside the Cherub where she will remain all winter. The crew will return by rail to their ship, the Aurora, now lying at Quebec.

The Humorous Side of Life.

BY THE POOR YOUNG MAN,

Human Life may be compared to a house having two doors, one in front, the other at the rear. The front door faces the sunny South. There is over and around it a porch of lattice work, bright with creeping vines, whose delicate tendrils hold on firmly, while flowers—lovely morning glories and sweet honeysuckles, *laugh* out joyousness in the pure rays of the morning sun. Some people love to stand at life's front door, and laugh out the full fatness of their hearts at the ludicrous side of humanity as it surges past. Without, perhaps, having read a treatise upon Wit and Humor, they possess both to a degree which might startle their own sense of propriety were they aware of it. They can no mor help saying humorous things and laughing at the sallies of others, than the sun can help shining at mid-day. It doesn't seem to hurt them, for they grow fat upon it—it doesn't hurt society, for the bulk of society delights in a good hearty laugh, and I venture to assert that most of the good done in the world, most of those noble acts which form the redeeming traits of our common humanity, flow from the genial hearts of men who are just as ready to open the hand of charity as they are to laugh at a good joke or witty repartee. Humor, (or wit, if you please,) is the true spice of life—the faculty from which it flows having been bestowed upon us by the Almighty for the evident purpose of softening the cares of life and smoothing off those asperities which, had they full sway, would make us tenfold more selfish than the selfish animals we naturally are. Very religious people may count this heterodox, and yet I have seen parties of clergymen sit and crack jokes by the hour, and laugh till the tears ran out of their eyes—laugh till they held their splitting sides—laugh, in short, as though they enjoyed the thing. Did it detract one iota from the eloquence, pathos and earnestness of their Sunday pulpit efforts? Nay, verily. I have, at tea gatherings, seen a mixed assembly of good, pious Christians, convulsed with laughter over some humorous outburst, and no harm seemed to come of it. Show me a professed Christian who claims to have outgrown all his former sense of the ludicrous,—whose face is trained to unbending elongation—who sits at life's back door wrapped up in melancholy broodings, and I will show you a man who gives the least to support his minister, who gives three cent pieces at special collections, and who extends to the benighted heathen more of his prayers than of his hard cash. Of such are the "unco guid folk," who whine and weep in sackcloth and ashes, while the big-hearted "muscular" Christian puts his broad shoulder to the wheel of progress, and utters a hearty "yo-ho," as he shoves it vigorously upward and forward. Humor sweetens toil. An innocent joke keeps a room full of shopmates in a day's laughing, and the man in that room who is the soul of humor is, in all probability, the the confidant of his master, as well as the favorite of his companions in labor. The 'toilers of the sea" are proverbially jovial—cut off from other resources, it is their stock in trade—the sweetener of their hard fare, and, humanly speaking, the joy of their existence. Authors delight in keen contests of wit and humor—even newspaper editors and lawyers have been known to perpetrate jokes and laugh at them heartily. A group of field laborers will catch up some chance rhyme or happily hit upon expression and work away merrily to the tune of happy laughter. The children, God bless them, are impersonifications of wit and humor. Fancy free, in so far as worldly cares are concerned, and unversed in the conventionalities of life, they can bring the distant ends of opposite ideas together wittily, and their humorous sayings and doings are of endless variety and extent.

It is perfectly astonishing to reflect upon the extent to which humor is part and parcel of the waking hours of society. It sits in the midst of the well-constituted family group, is current on the street corner, in the shop, on the road. Everywhere, indeed, humor finds a place, and if it is totally absent where people are congregated, be sure that men are engaged in some enthraling mammon-worship or bowed down by some great sorrow. Like everything good in this world, it is liable to abuse. There is a hideous something endeavored to be passed off for humor which is obscenity—so filthy that no man who regards the purity of wife, mother or sister can ever allow it to escape from his lips, much less give it a place in his mind. I love real, honest humor, I wish its influences were more widely extended. I would rather spend an evening with Mr. Pickwick than Count Bismark.

A Letter from S. P. Yeomans.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal:

SIR,—The readers of your journal, while perusing its columns by their quiet firesides, are probably not aware of the extent of its migrations. a copy of which has just completed a journey of nearly two thousand miles in order to reach your correspondent. There are many things in this wicked world which, like chickens, "always come home to roost," and to verify the truthfulness of this old adage I have sent this weary traveller to your (supposed) "Goderich" correspondent at Chicago, so that he may have the pleasure of knowing that "Yeomans, the lawyer" has not been "swallered up" by a she bear in Texas, from the fact, perhaps, that he did not venture on an expedition so hazardous, and which might be fraught with such fatal consequences, had he been serious in telling "Goderich" that he was going to hunt *Bruin* in the wilds of Texas.

Could I induce such of your readers as were once my friends, to draw the veil of charity over the past, just for a moment, and to look two thousand miles from home, in *imagination*, their eye might rest upon a little group of *Canadians* who have "left their country for their country's good," (perhaps) and exchanged the *mush and milk* of their native colony for the "Papaw apples," "muscadines," "persimmons," and "*sweet potatoes*" of a foreign land, scanning the pages of an occasional *Signal*, watching the progress of "Confederation" and "Femanism" sympathizing with the sufferers by the great fire at Quebec, boasting of the land of their birth, and of

"The flag that's braved a thousand years
"The battle and the breeze,"

and backing up their nationality, when occasion requires it, by the most positive "knock-down arguments," as your Chicago correspondent facetiously expresses it. Even our "landlady" boasts of having a *Canadian* for a *beau* in her maiden days, and frankly acknowledges that in his society she spent some of the "happiest moments of her life." Now, alas! poor woman! she is a lonely widow, having sacrificed her *other half* upon the altar of "Southern Rights," in the late cruel war in this country. But having made so frank a confession of her respect for one of my countrymen while in her teens, I now endeavor to pacify her in her bereavement, by eulogizing *his* patriotism and the noble cause in which *he* "fought, bled and died." (I find this a more pleasant occupation than shooting bears in Texas) And how proudly do I refer to the dangers *I have seen* as captain of the Goderich "Home Guards," especially on that memorable morning of the "Bayfield invasion" by the Fenians. How bravely we shouldered our Enfields, shot-guns, and flint-lock muskets; having first cautiously half filled them with "buck-shot," to drive the Fenian armada from our shores, which fortunately for ——(?) turned out to be a half-dozen *fishing boats*. Don't laugh, "*Sammy*." I am serious! And how willingly would I again brave a similar danger to defend my native land against an attack of Fenians or any other enemy who might dare to trample upon her soil or interfere with her rights or liberties, were I in the country to do so.

I have now only to ask, respectfully, the readers of this letter not to be *too severe*; to be *charitable*, and let only those who can place one hand upon their own heart "cast a stone" with the other at one who will yet shew them that "Yeomans, the lawyer" is not a bad *meaning* fellow after all.

Yours respectfully,
S. P. YEOMANS,

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The following is taken from the speech of Mr. Cyrus W. Field at the banquet given to his honor, New York, Nov. 15:

Having thus accomplished our work of building an Ocean Telegraph, we desire to make it useful to the public. To this end it must be kept in perfect order, and all lines connected with it. The very idea of an electric telegraph is, an instrument to send messages instantaneously. When a message is sent from New York to London, there must be no uncertainty about its reaching its destination—and that promptly. This we aim to secure. Our two cables do their part well. There are no way stations between Ireland and Newfoundland, where messages have to be repeated, and the lightning never lingers more than a second in the bottom of the sea. To those who feared that they might be used up or wear out, I would say for their relief, that the old cable works a little better than the new one, but that is because it has been down longer, as time improves the quality of gutta percha. But the new one is constantly growing better. To show how delicate are these wonderful cords, it is enough to state that they can be worked with the smallest battery power. When the first cable was laid in '58, electricians thought that to send a current 2,000 miles it must be almost like a stroke of lightning. But God was not in the earthquake, but in the still, small voice. The other day Mr. Latimer Clark telegraphed from Ireland across the ocean and back again, with a battery formed in a lady's thimble! And now Mr. Collett writes me from Heart's Content: 'I have just sent my compliments to Dr. Gould, of Cambridge, who is at Valentia with a battery composed of a gun-cap, with a strip of zinc, excited by a drop of water, the simple bulk of a tear!' A telegraph that will do that we think nearly perfect. It has never failed for an hour or a minute. Yet there have been delays in receiving messages from Europe, but these have all been on the land lines, or in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and not on the sea cables. It was very painful to me, when we landed at Heart's Content, to find any interruption here, that a message which came in a flash across the Atlantic, should be delayed 24 hours in crossing 80 miles of water. But it was not my fault. My associates in the Newfoundland Company will bear me witness, that I entreated them a year ago to repair the cable on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and to put our land lines in perfect order. But they thought it more prudent to await the result of the late expedition before making further large outlays. We have therefore had to work hard to restore our lines. But in two weeks our cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence was taken up and repaired. It was found to have been broken by an anchor in shallow water, and, when spliced out, proved as perfect as when laid down 10 years ago. Since then a new one has been laid, so that we have there two excellent cables. On land the task was more slow. You must remember that Newfoundland is a large country; our line across it is 400 miles long, and runs through a wilderness. In Cape Breton we have another 140 miles. These lines were built twelve years ago, and we have waited so long for an ocean telegraph that they have become old and rusty. On such long lines, unless closely watched, there must sometimes be a break. A few weeks ago a storm swept over the Island, the most terrific that has been known for 20 years, which strewed the coast with shipwrecks. This blew down the line in many places, and caused an interruption of several days. But it was quickly repaired, and we are trying to guard against such accidents again. For three months we have had an army of men at work under our faithful and indefatigable Superintendent, Mr. M. A. Mackay, rebuilding the line, and now they report it nearly complete. On this we must rely for the next few months. But all winter long these men will be making their axes heard in the forests of Newfoundland, cutting thousands of poles, and as soon as the spring opens, will build an entirely new line along the same route. With this double line complete, with frequent station-houses, and faithful sentinels to watch it, we feel pretty secure. At Port Hood, in Nova Scotia, we connect with the Western Union Telegraph Company, which has engaged to keep as many lines as may be necessary for European business. This we think will guard against failures hereafter. But to make assurance doubly sure, we shall in the spring build still another line by a separate route, crossing over from Heart's Content to Placentia, which is only about 100 miles, along a good road, where it can easily be kept in order. From Placentia a submarine cable will be laid across to the French island of St. Pierre, and thence to Sydney, in Cape Breton, where again we strike a coach road, and can maintain our lines without difficulty. Thus we shall have three distinct lines, with which it is hardly possible there can be any delay. A message from London to New York passes over four lines; from London to Valentia; from Valentia to Heart's Content; from there to Port Hood, and from Port Hood to New York. It always takes a little time for an operator to read a message, and prepare to send it. For this allow five minutes at each station—that is enough, and I shall not be content till we have messages regularly from London in 20 minutes. One hour is ample (allowing ten minutes each side for a boy to carry a dispatch) for a message to go from Wall Street to the Royal Exchange and get an answer back again. This is what we aim to do. If for a few months there should be occasional delays, we ask only a little patience, remembering that our machinery is new, and it takes time to get it well oiled and running at full speed. But after that I trust we shall be able to satisfy all the demands of the public.

The Russo-German Alliance.

(*From the London Standard, Nov. 8.*

The zeal and acuteness of English and French newspapers, working together with an *entente cordiale* very touching to behold, the European public has just become indebted for a most remarkable revelation of the important if true species.—We learn from these disclosures that it is quite a mistake to suppose that Count Von Bismarck's health broke down under the almost superhuman labours of the spring and summer. He looked very ill, indeed; but that was a diplomatic trick. The doctors ordered him to give up business, but every body knows that doctors' directions and certificates can be had to order. The Count is not, as he cunningly gives out, recuiting his health in the retirement of Putbus. On the contrary, sighing for new world's to conquer, he has set himself to find them, and, sad to say, has already been so far successful in his search that a large part of Europe is in imminent danger of being parcelled out between Prussia and Russia. Our cotemporaries, whom the Count, in one of his not uncommon fits of indiscretion, must have taken into his confidence, publish the plan which he has arranged in its most important particulars. The dismemberment of Austria is, perhaps, the chief item in the programme. Both Russia and Prussia want to finish with Poland once for all, and Austria is the great obstacle in their way. Gallicia, is to be taken from Austria and added *to* Russian Poland. Whether Prussia is to receive any equivalent in the extension of her frontier to the Vistula does not seem to be yet decided. However, she has plenty of compensation in other quarters. She is to do what she likes in Germany, annex the Southern States and the German provinces of Austria if she likes, and complete the unity of Germany by embracing the rest of the old kingdom of Denmark in her possessions. As this latter arrangement might provoke some ill will in Sweden and Norway, where the people yet talk of Scandinavian kingdom, Russia is to take those countries under her care.—Our cotemporaries have not yet made up their minds whether the Czar is to at once incorporate them in the Russian empire, or let them exist for a time as dependent States, but they will probably be able to speak decidedly on the subject in a few days. And lastly the Eastern question is to be settled in the way that Russia desires—an intimation which it is reasonably supposed renders any detailed explanation unnecessary. To carry out these aims, the two Powers have entered into an offensive and defensive alliance, and only wait the proper moment to commence operations. Perhaps a weak but pardonable delicacy on the part of the Emperor of Russia causes some delay.—The Czar waits until after the marriage of his sons to the Princess Dagmar, to hand over her country and her family to the civilizing process of Prussianization. The strangest thing about these stories is the singular contempt which they show for the judgment or information of the public on the part of their concoctors.

* * * Prussia cannot afford to do anything which might lead to the outbreak of a European war. She will accept the challenge should it be given her, and she will rush to arms if she is assailed, but she does not want war. Any advantages it could give her would be too dearly purchased. Her policy is to hide her time and let the pear drop when it is ripe. It may be doubted whether the alliance of Russia in any war which was not on her part absolutely one of self-defence would be worth much to her. An alliance with Russia would deprive her of all popular sympathies, and would make French intervention much less unwelcome in Southern Germany; nor has Russia much to offer in the shape of military assistance. She would be a dangerous enemy to Prussia, but would be worth little as an ally, except to expel such an enemy as France from the Prussian territory. Nor is there any reason to believe that Russia has any designs against the peace of Europe and the independence of her neighbors, for which she would be anxious to have the aid of Prussia. She, too, is in no condition to carry on an offensive war. The Russian empire is passing through a process of reconstruction, for which peace in Europe is at least essential. Its finances are in so bad a state that it is utterly without means wherewith to carry on a war any distance from the frontiers. The objects the Russian Government has most at heart, and for which it might seek Prussian support, are objects, moreover, the ultimate attainment of which is probable enough if it will only wait patiently, while any attempt to effect them now would mean war with France and England, a very dangerous game for all the aid of Prussia, who would have enough to do to defend herself. There would be nothing threatening to the peace of Europe in the conclusion of a formal alliance between Russia and Prussia, because, crediting both Powers are with the worst intentions, they have both the utmost interest to avoid provoking a European war, and the better understanding between them, which is the only basis for the alliance story, is to be hailed with satisfaction, as tending to facilitate the amicable solution of more than one question of some importance which the recent treaties have not definitively settled.

MARINE DISASTER.

Detroit, Nov. 24th.—The Detroit *Tribune* of to-day has the following:—It becomes our painful duty this morning to announce another marine Disaster, which, although not so disastrous in its results as the terrible calamity which befel the ill-fated steamer Pewable on Lake Huron, is nevertheless very distructive. Fortunately the disaster occurred in shallow water, and in a locality where there was less damage to be apprehended than in the former instance, and if but few lives were lost, it is no fault of those who may be held accountable, either morally or legaly, for the result. The collision that we are called upon to record occurred in the St. Clair River last evening, a few minutes after six o'clock, between the Lake Superior steamer Lac la Belle, bound down, and the Detroit and Milwaukee Railway Company's steamship Milwaukee, bound up, and resulted in the former being sunk in about 20 feet of water, with the loss of two lives.

STATEMENT OF THE LAC LA BELLE'S OFFICERS.

Before rounding a bend in the St. Clair river about two miles above the flats, a steamer was discerned ahead, which subsequently proved to be the Milwaukee, with proper lights burning, and the Lac la Belle kept on her usual course.

After rounding the bend, the steamer was kept close to the American shore, and blew her whistle once, which was a signal to the Milwaukee to take the starboard or right hand side of the river. The two steamers kept on. After signaling the Milwaukee, the wheel of the Lac la Belle was put a port, and then a second signal was given. At this time the wheel of the latter was put still more a port, and she run as close to the shore as was considered prudent.

Shortly afterward the Milwaukee struck the Lac la Belle on the port side, about 40 or 50 feet from the stem, with terrible force cutting her almost in two, and crushing her timbers, each, like so much paper. She reeled slightly and the damage being great she rapidly filled and sank, inside of five minutes. She went down in about 20 feet of water, and now lies with a portion of her upper works only exposed above the water.

From the moment of the Milwaukee it was supposed that she desired to pass on the port side, but as the Lac la Belle was then close to the American shore, it was impossible, especially as her wheel had been put hard a-port, and she was swinging to change her course in time to prevent a collision.

When the Milwaukee struck the Lac la Belle she penetrated her side so far that for a time she was unable to extricate herself. The Captain of the former, aided by Captain Spaulding of the later, had lines made fast from one boat to the other and by this means the passengers and crew, with two exceptions, which will be referred to below, were transferred from the ill fated steamer to the Milwaukee and conveyed to this city, where they arrived at a late hour.

THE LOSS OF LIFE.

When the collision occurred, the first engineer of the Lac La Belle was at his post, and one of the steam pipes burst. Without first attempting to save his own life, probably not knowing the nature of the accident, he immediately went to examine the pipe, and when he returned he was washed back by the terrible rush of water and drowned. His name is James Evans, and he resided at Cleveland, where he leaves a wife and family.

A colored man named Qudd, who was employed on the same steamer in the capacity of a waiter, attempted to jump from the Lac La Belle to the Milwaukee, but in doing so fell between the boats and was drowned. He also res