Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., NOV. 8, 1864.

GOLD IN N. Y. TO-DAY.

By special Telegraph to the Signal.

N. Y. Nov. 8th 2 p.m.

GOLD TO-DAY 249 !

OUR HOSPITALITY.

For many years past Canada has been a land of promise to refugees from the United States. If a negro upon a Tennesseean plantation contemplated a stroke for liberty, his first object was to discover the nearest route to Canada, well knowing that the moment his foot pressed our soil he was a free man. What has been called the "underground railway" had its terminus in Canada, and over that line hundreds of blacks were hurried into the embrace of a liberty which they no doubt appreciated, although it is certain that in numberless instances they proved themselves but poorly prepared to accept of its responsibilities. The present war has reversed the position of affairs so thoroughly that Canada is now a haven of rest to thousands of persons who find it impossible to live under the rule of Mr. Lincoln, or to render themselves liable to his frequent drafts. A few of these new comers are, no doubt, purely Southern by birth and feeling, but the vast majority are from the Northern States, and represent the feelings of a very powerful class which is bitterly opposed to the war. As far as our knowledge extends, these refugees and "skedaddlers" have neither been taken into the hearts of the Canadian people nor under the special patronage of the Canadian Press. Individual cases of hardship and suffering have called forth it may be an extra degree of sympathy—nothing more. The slaves that came within our territory were expected to conform to the laws of the country—and we have demanded nothing more from the *white* refugees. They find here an asylum—a place of safety—a refuge from the storm of war and political violence which they left behind them, and all we have ever asked of them was that they would respect our laws, and perform whatever work they found just as Canadians do. Our hospitality, we are sorry to say, has not been met, in all cases, in a proper spirit. It has been abused. Shoals of crimps have prowled about the frontier, and even far inland, endeavoring to seduce our youth from their natural allegiance into the ranks of the Federal armies. These wretches have been caught and punished, wherever found at their villainous traffic, and very properly too. Recently, however, certain refugees, as is alleged, have entered into a plan for making raids upon American towns and cities along the border. The Lake Erie affair was a daring attempt by a handful of desperate men to accomplish what a very little commonsense reasoning should have taught them was a physical impossibility. Then came the St. Alban's affair, the boldness of which, together with its partial success, seems to have alarmed the whole American frontier. It is not yet proved, we believe, that the St. Alban's raiders organized in Canada previous to setting out, but the fact of their retreat to this side after the "outrage" has sent the impression abroad that no American city within striking distance is safe from the incursions of rebels in arms. Hence the state of alarm into which Detroit, Buffalo, Sandusky, Rochester, Cleveland, Ogdensburg, &c., have been thrown in rapid succession. In many cases, we believe, the cry of "Wolf! wolf!" has been uttered when no wolf was near. A man goes out to hunt squirrels on the Canadian side of the Niagara river. His shots are heard on the other side. Imagination gets to work, and immediately a raid is reported, and telegrams are sent East for troops, while citizens parade the streets watching for an enemy that does not appear. Some of these false reports of raids may be concocted for the purpose of making political capital, and many are the offspring of brains morbidly excited by four years of war, but there is little reason to doubt that there remains a foundation—slim though it be—for the state of apprehension that exists. In our opinion the plain duty of Canadians in this matter is to show that they will not countenance for a moment any abuse of the hospitality they have extended to American refugees. It would be wrong to comply with any unjust demand on the part of the American Government for the rendition of political refugees—it would be base to stoop to any act not contemplated by clearly defined British law, but it would be *equally wrong* in us to wink at, much less attempt to justify, any breach of our municipal law or the Imperial Proclamation of Neutrality. We trust the day is far distant when a conflict shall arise between the States and England, but, if it should unhappily come to that we must see to it that it grows out of no unjust act of ours.

MUD AND MELANCHOLY.

The present would be a propitious time for the study of the Anatomy of Melancholy. Oceans of mud everywhere—the fair face of Dame Nature all daubed and breaked as when she made mud pies in her happy infancy—roads impassable and business at a stand-still—the Market Question flat, merchants' clerks gazing at the sea of mud, or watching with listless indifference the movements of a flock of wretchedly dissipated geese in yonder street puddle—the merchants looking as cast at the list of Bills *Payable*, and Melancholy weighing down the spirits of all men to the same dead level of Dulness. Talk about energy, and perseverence, and indomitable pluck! Who can be energetic in the presence of mud? Who can conquer the loathsome stickiness of a clay-road? Who can scorn the depressing influence of two feet of mud, or rise superior to the drizzly,slushy,mucky circumstances around him? Show me the man who can whistle "Hail Columbia" as he wades through the mire of concession blank, and I will point you to an example of moral heroism worthy of more than a passing notice in articles devoted to the encouragement of young men in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The young gentleman in the song who adopted *Excelsior* as his motto, climbed Alpine cliffs and plunged through fields of snow; but what of that? Who could not exert himself in climbing when the air is clear and crisp, and when exercise is n itself a luxury? who cares about wallowing in snow which is in itself so pure and beautiful? Let the young gentleman flounder through the mud-holes of the Kinloss road (as *we* have done) at this season of the year, and if the *Excelsior* is not taken out of him by the time he reaches the Durham Line, his name deserves to be enrolled beside that of Napoleon, Wellington, *or any other man* who has conquered States or circumstances!

When the roads assume the appearance of filthy canals, when merchants ruminate in a state of semi-torpidity, when farmers doze in the chimney corners, when youth flattens its nose against the window-panes, when doctors and lawyers sit with their heels elevated to an angle of forty-five degrees smoking and reading the last new novel, which fails to arouse their minds from deep-seated Melancholy, when scandal loses its crispiness and when Miss Mary (bless her) is utterly indifferent as to whether Miss Susan wears her hair *a la corkscrew* or *a la Afrique*, who shall be found philanthropic enough to pity the sad condition of the poor *editor*, who is supposed to be equal to the task of overcoming by the sprightliness of his wit and the force of his argumentation the combined influences of mud beneath and superabundant moisture above. He has no *money difficulties*, of course,—what literary man ever had? *His* business is to be lively, pungent, progressive, mud or no mud, and woe betide him if he falters and lets Melancholy have a corner in *his* soul to roost upon. There's old squire Gruffin, he'd give up the paper at once; and so also would Mrs. Slim, the fat old lady round the corner. Of course neither of them ever paid a cent for their reading, but their mere countenance, you know, is something. But we cannot trust ourselves any farther upon this topic. The voracious imp who haunts our waking hours with his insatiable appetite for *copy*, thrust in his head a few minutes ago, and this was all we could do for him. If the text supplied above be followed out to its legitimate conclusion, it will no doubt prove as beneficial to the reader as it has to the writer.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS" is the title of a new illustrated Magazine for boys and girls, to be published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Mass. An able staff of editors has been secured, and amongst the names of contributors we notice those of Capt. Mayne Reid, J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton, Lucy Larcom, Mr. and Mrs. Agassiz, Mrs. Stowe, &c. The matter promised will be such as to provide the Young Folks with reading of a most interesting and varied description. The size is to be that of "Cornhill," and the subscription price is only $2.00 per year, American money. Address, Ticknor & Fields, 135 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

North Lanark Election.

After giving the Hon. Mr. McDougall the annoyance of a contested election, Mr. Rosamand retired from the field at the end of the first day, thoroughly beaten.

ANOTHER RAID.—Buffalo was thrown into a fresh state of excitement on Saturday by a report that a propeller had been manned by refugees and was about to attempt the destruction of the revenue cutter *Michigan*. She had not been captured at last accounts.

FENIANISM IN TORONTO.—Great excitement was created in Toronto on Saturday and Sunday last by the suspicious movements of some 200 or 300 men,who it now seems were members of the Fenian Brotherhood. The police have found a nest of the brethren, in which was found a supply of pikes, &c. It is said that the Orangemen gave no reason for the display by their proceedings on the 5th Nov. An investigation was going on at last accounts.

"In a recent speech at Jacksonville, Ill., Governor Yates said that he thought he might safely say, from some articles which he had been permitted to read, officially, that Richmond would be in our possession before the 8th of November."

Query.—Were said articles written by spiritualists? We have four years' experience of how little *articles* can do towards taking Richmond.—Ed. *S.*

Garibaldi on the American Struggle.

One Robert McTear writes to the Glasgow *Herald* about a visit he has just made to Garibaldi, whom he says he found in perfect health, and having recovered from his wound, except a slight stiffness in the ankle. Mr. McTear writes:

He expressed great regret at the continuance of the struggle in America, and said that he did not believe that the North desired the extinction of slavery, or that the war was carried on for that end. It is a war for power, and to satisfy wounded pride on their part, and has become a war of self-defence on the part of the South, which has shown the truest patriotic feeling, the greatest bravery, and the finest generalship. He abhors slavery in every form, and believes that it has received its death-blow in America. He denied most emphatically that he ever offered his services to the Federals, and said that he could not see how he could consistently have interfered in the quarrel, under the circumstances. Gen. Turr told me precisely the same thing.

☞ A remarkable subject for scientific men, which recently came to light in the Patent Office, is exciting considerable attention. A patent issued many years since, which had laid in a safe during that time, upon being taken out was found to have contracted to nearly one-fourth of its original dimensions, leaving the letter press and writing perfectly clear and distinct, but also reduced in size, like a miniature photograph copy. This discovery suggests new and important developments in a peculiar branch of science.

Interesting Items.

☞ The California authorities have not yet been able to find an oath that will make the Chinaman tell the truth. You must change the Chinaman and not the law.

☞ The principal hotels at Washington have raised the price of board to $4.50 a day.

☞ The Corporation of Montreal have passed a by-law for the abolition of concert saloons, making it illegal to maintain such establishments in the city under of fine and imprisonment.

☞ The quantity of cotton imported into England from all quarters, during the last year, was 2,500,000 bales.

☞ A New York court has given Nancy Trimble $1,000 for having both her ankles broken by a Broadway stage.

☞ There is a severe commercial panic at Rio—four banks have suspended, with liabilities of £11,000,000.

☞ The war has destroyed 80,000 negroes in three years. Am dis de white man's friendship? Old massa took better care of poor Sambo.

☞ Nearly all the cotton factories in Woonsocket, R. I., are stopped for the want of cotton. There are twenty mills in the town. The woollen mills are in full blast.

☞ A man calling himself Morriss was arrested at St. Louis, and brought to Baltimore, on the charge of having three wives. If guilty, he should be sentenced to live with them all at one time.

☞ Maryland has been proclaimed a free State, and Nevada has been admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States. The Union now consists of thirty-six States!

☞ The other day a woman in New York received word that her husband had been killed, and she immediately procured a coffin. Shortly after, she received word that he was alive and well, and, at the suggestion of friends, put the coffin up at a raffle!

☞ A new silver mine has lately been discovered in Sweden. At a foot below the soil the vein is so rich that heavy blocks of silver ore have been found.

☞ A young bride of eighteen, in Marseilles, was burned to death on the morning of her marriage, by treading on a match, which ignited and set her clothes on fire.

☞ A democrat walked through one of the streets of Columbus, Ohio, the next day after the election, with his shirt fluttering in the breeze, that being his only article of apparel, while behind him walked an abolitionist carrying his clothes. The performance was the result of a wager upon the election of S S Cox.

☞ One day last week, as some parties were digging a test oil well at Beamsville, and had got down to a depth of forty-five ft, the well exploded, owing to the gas, which had been ignited by a spark struck from a stone. Several of the diggers were severely injured.

☞ New names for the great Confederacy are suggested daily. Besides those already mentioned, we have now—"Upona"—and the inhabitants *Albonese*—and "Western Britain." Any more?

A PRESENT.—Her Majesty has presented to Victoria College, of Cobourg, a copy of a collection of "The Principal Speeches and Addresses of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort," which will be valued on account of the esteem in which the Queen's good and great husband was held.

☞ A Dutchman thus describes an accident:—"Vonce, a long vile ago, I went into mine dabble orchard to climb a bear tree to get some peaches to make mine vrow a plumb-pudding mit; and when I gets on the tobermost branch, I vall from the lowermost limb, mit von leg on both sides of the fence, and like to stove mine outside in."

☞ On Saturday night last, a canoe, with several men in it, on the Grand River, near the village of Onondaga, was accidentally upset, and a young man, an Indian, named Abraham Bumham, being unable to swim, was unfortunately drowned.

SHOCKING CALAMITY.—A young lady passenger on the Central Ohio Railroad, on her way from Lexington, Kentucky, to her home in Philadelphia, and a child, were killed on Wednesday, east of Columbus. The *Statesman* says:—When near Pataskala, and in rapid motion, a brakeman ordered a lady who had seven children with her, from one car into another. The mother,while passing out, requested a young lady passenger to assist her across the platform with her family, and the young lady generously volunteered her assistance. Taking a child about three years old in her arms,the young lady attempted to step from one platform to another, but her foot or skirts caught upon something, and she was precipitated under the cars, still holding the child in her arms. The wheels of two cars passed over her, cutting off both her feet above the instep, one arm at the shoulder, and mangling her person in a shocking manner. She lived but a few minutes, and the child was instantly killed.

AWFUL DEATH.—The Almer *Times* learns that as Mr. Thomas, of that township was in the act of stopping up a well for Mr. Francis Armstrong, on the 18th instant, when about eight feet from the bottom—some thirty feet below the surface—the well caved in, covering Mr. Thomas to a considerable distance in the quicksand. Mr. James Armstrong, who was close by, came to his assistance, but was himself in like manner entrapped by a further slide of the well. He was, however extricated from his perilous position without sustaining serious injury, after many hours of hard labour by the neighbors. Poor Thomas was not recovered for some eighteen hours after the accident, when life was extinct.

HEYBOURN, THE LUNATIC MURDERER.—Our readers remember the dreadful occurrence a few days since, when a demented young man, Charles Heybourn, cut his aged mother's throat, under the idea that a higher power impelled him to the commission of the deed. On being arraigned yesterday at the Fall Assizes, and asked the usual question, "guilty or not guilty," he replied with great composure and calmness, "I am guilty, sir,—but, rather say sacrifice than murder." Afterwards, under the direction of Mr. Cornish, he pleaded "not guilty." The murderer is a prepossessing, good-looking young man, and no one would take him to be insane. There is noticeable, however, on close examination, a nervous, restlessness in his eye that proclaims something wrong.—*London Advertiser, 3rd.*

The Privateer Chicamaugua.

Portland, November 4.

Captain Sherwood, of the steamer Potomac, reports that at 12 o'clock last night, when forty miles off Cape Cod, he saw a suspicious looking steamer five miles distant, standing towards the Potomac, which came up within hailing distance and blew a whistle, which was answered by the Potomac, which kept on her course at full speed, when the suspicious steamer evidently became frightened and steered to the north-west under full speed, after taking in all her lights. The captain and passengers agree that she was a long, low, schooner-rigged English steamer, burning soft coal. She is supposed to be the privateer Chicamaugua.

MCGILLIVRAY VERSUS CANADA.—The London *Free Press* says: 'It devolves upon us this week to record two most extraordinary instances of not only remarkable fertility of the soil, but also of the thorough and practical farming operations of two gentlemen living in McGillivray. It appears that two farmers, Mr. J. S. Smith and Mr. Alexander Hocson, living on the 2nd and 7th concessions respectively, have just succeeded in successfully harvesting their second crop of oats for this year, and what renders the case still more remarkable, both these gentlemen affirm that the second crop was superior to the first.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The commissioners appointed by Governor Seymour to visit Washington and investigate charges of fraud against State agents for receiving the soldiers' votes, have made their report. They had interviews with the Secretary of War, and obtained from him permission to visit is prison Col North and Messrs. Cohn and Jones the arrested persons, who were subjected to improper treatment and great deprivation.—They say that they could obtain no copies of the changes against the accused, and have found no evidence that frauds were committed by them. They state also that soldiers desirous of voting the Democratic ticket meet with great difficulties in their efforts to do so. The Commissioners requested the Secretary of War that either Col North and Messrs. Cohn and Jones should be given up for trial to the State authorities, or that proceedings in their cases should be postponed till after the Presidential election, and they released on parole—neither of which being complied with, a communication was addressed to President Lincoln by them, stating the entire case, and their labours being completed, they left Washington.

It will be seen that one of the desires of the commission—the postponement of the trial till after the election—had been complied with by the adjournment of the court to the 14th instant.

Reinforcements to the Spanish fleet at the Chili Islands had arrived, but though matters still bear a warlike aspect, hostilities between the Peruvians and Spaniards had not yet commenced.

The Government of Chili is said not to be so warm in support of Peru as it was at the breaking out of the difficulties, it being considered that the latter republic has acted in a very imprudent and rash manner.

The financial ability of the Peruvians for carrying on a war of any great extent is regarded as somewhat doubtful by many.

It is positively asserted that Gen Butler is not to have a command in the Department of the East. The Government has implicit confidence in Gen Dix, and if it had not, Gen Butler would not be selected for the position. The visit of Gen Butler to New York to attend to private business.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—The reported detention of soldiers' votes for McClellan in Washington post-office is denied by Postmaster Bowen, who is a McClellan man. He has ordered prompt transmission of soldiers' votes, and for some days past more than a thousand of these letters have been forwarded daily.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 5.—On the 3rd instant the rebel army under Hood attempted to cross the Tennessee River at the mouth of the Bluewater, and was repulsed by the Federal army under Gen Sherman, with considerable loss.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 6.—The excitement in regard to the reported raid of the rebels from Canada upon the northern coast has been intense in this city during yesterday evening and to-day. An extra patrol of citizens was last night appointed in additiou to the regular police force. A number of persons were arrested last night, and one of them, it is said, in the act of firing a building, General Diven, the assistant Provost Marshal General is here, and detachments from the 5th New York have been sent to Suspension Bridge and the port of Genesee to guard those avenues of approach of the suspected quarter.

The Greys Battery, belonging to this city, have just returned from Elmira with their six pieces of artillery.

Every precaution has been taken to place the city in a state of defence, and it is well prepared for any emergency.

Great credit is due to Mayor Brackett for his prompt and energetic action in this matter.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 6.—Major Gen Jno Peck, who is charged by the United States Military authorities with the supervision of the defences on our frontier, arrived in town this morning, and after conferring with some of our citizens he will to-morrow proceed to Buffalo and other points on the lakes, to see that every precaution is taken to prevent an incursion from without or disturbance from within.

From Ogdensburg.

OGDENSBURG, Nov. 3.—This village has been all excitement to-day owing to a report brought here by a propeller of the Northern Transit Company that a large organized Confederate force occupy Wells and Maple Leaf Islands, 10 miles above here. There is also a report that a number of armed men were seen on the islands below here, who are supposed to have crossed to the Canada side and gone west to Brockville or to some station on the Grand Trunk adjacent to Wells' and Maple Leaf Islands. There were quite a number of strangers in town to-day, a majority of whom seem to have left town about dusk and gone west. Five strangers were arrested on suspicion who refused to give an account of themselves. They each carried revolvers.

A tug boat passed down this afternoon hugging the American shore closely, with about 40 men on board, which is very unusual and is considered suspicious. A tug well armed and about 30 citizens has gone to the islands to reconnoitre. Troops have been sent for from New York. It is reported this evening that the Confederates are concentrating on the island with the intention of making a raid on the town to-night. The citizens are forming in companies this evening to patrol and guard to town. Large parties well armed are stationed at the different railroad depots to protect the property. The trains have gone from here to-day with parties of armed men to look after the interests of the several companies. The flour and grain merchants have been busy all day shipping their flour and grain to points east for safekeeping.

5 o'clock p. m.—A large number of armed men are on the islands above and below this place. Many strangers have been in town all day. A raid on the town is feared. Business has been suspended, every body is arming. A tug has gone to reconnoitre. Five men have been arrested for firing in the streets. Men and arms have been set for.

The Late Order of General Dix.

From the Montreal Transcript.

The New York *Tribune* seems to give credence to what we believe to be a huge lie, that the rebel agents in Canada have organized a vast body of refugees, deserters, and Southern sympathisers, to be sent into the States, on the border, and colonised at convenient points, to swamp the Unionists, and "swamp the war at the approaching presidential election.' We say we do not believe a word of this, and that for many reasons. The Southern refugees in Canada, with one or two exceptions, who are perhaps agents for the Confederate Government, can only be looked upon as cowardly deserters of their country, at a time when she needs the assistance and aid of all her true sons. The Confederate Government therefore, would not intrust to them the carrying out of these designs, were they even intended, for fear they would betray its confidence. Again, the southern press—if it expresses the feelings of the people—is almost unanimously for the re-election of Lincoln, as the best man to insure their independence, and put an end to the war. The raid at St. Albans, undoubtedly, helps to color any statements about such outrages that may be made; but with out any federal force at hand, this proved un successful; the parties concerned are arrested and in custody, and will doubtless reap the reward of their crimes. It is likely then, that after General Dix's proclamation ordering the country up in arms, such folly will be repeated? It is much more likely, on the contrary, to be the means of frightening the Democrats either to keep clear of the polls, or cast in their votes for Lincoln.

The Horrors of War.

A man, unless he happens to be a devil incarnate, very soon gets tired of killing those whom he can see. Even the surgeon who is dissecting a corpse covers up the face of his subject. Those orbs have sunk their fires into the abyss of death, but they are still human eyes. To mark the death-glaze of the slaughtered—the poor fellow who never did us any harm—to feel our feet slippery in his blood—to have his blood spurt out on to our hands, and his hot brains dash into our face—this kind of business very soon sickens and revolts the bravest soldier. When you have met a few men slashed or shot to death,my christian friend—my melodious poet, with your singing song about the "tented field" and the "embattled strife"—my mellifluous pastor, with your high sounding eloquence about the "God of battles"—you will think as I do, and maybap you may come to acknowledge how comparatively tender and merciful are the men in shoulderstraps whose trade is to kill, and how often the gorge of their souls rises at their dreadful calling. Turn to the Book of Maccabees, and read that one tremendous pregnant passage—that one line: "And Nicanor lay dead in his harness."—When you have seen him thus, lying stark and stiff,his brave clothes all dabbled in gore, his mouth wide open, gnaning awful, the bloody foam on his lips dried into a purple crust, and the camp follower—the Thisard of the army—creeping up to rifle his pockets, and draw off his boots, and cut off his ring-finger, and smash his jaw for the gold setting to his false teeth, you may form some ideas about the "Romance of War," very different from those you have previously entertained.—*Sale in the Telegraph.*

How Much of the Southern Territory has been Regained?

[From the Boston Courier.]

This question can be better answered by consulting a map of the United States, by Lloyd, the great map publisher of New York, in which the progress made by the Union armies in the territories of the Confederates is clearly and truthfully mapped out. This map, the correctness of which is attested by General Grant and Secretary Welles, shows that the Southern authorities to-day hold as much territory as they did two years ago.—The progress of our armies is marked as clearly as a river; all the battle fields are laid down; all the forts. The course of Sherman's army and his captures can be traced with exactness, and the map discloses the fact that in taking Atlanta, we hold only territory corresponding almost literally to the width of the railroad track extending to it; that while taking it we lost most all the territory which we had taken in Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri. The map also shows that we hold no more territory in Virginia than we did in 1862. It is an instructive and profoundly interesting study to trace upon the map the marches of our armies; to pause over fields baptized in blood; to reckon up the vast number of those fields; the dead and wounded who have fallen upon them; and the treasure that has been expended in reaching them. And then to reflect that, after all these years of toil and sacrifice, of suffering and blood, we have made no gains in the enemy's territory, fills one with sadness, and the costly expenditures have produced no more valuable results.

The Rodman Gun.

The grand test of the twenty-inch Rodman gun at Fort Hamilton, on Wednesday, proved to be an entire success. At the hour announced, 12 o'clock, for the first loading of the heaviest piece of ordnance in the world, the parapets of the fort were thronged with distinguished officers and ladies and gentlemen, all anxious to witness the trial of the great gun. Considerable delay was experienced in the proper adjustment of the piece, as it was not until half-past two o'clock, the first discharge, a blank cartridge of one hundred pounds of powder was fired. The concussion following the discharge was slight, said the recoil of the gun much less than was anticipated. The piece was next loaded with a charge of fifty pounds of powder and a thousand pound shell. The time taken in loading was about half an hour. The second trial was as successful as the first, the ball, in consequence of considerable depression of the gun, striking the water at a quarter of a mile distance, ricocheting several times. The gun, on examination, being found to have received no strain, preparations were made for the final test. At five o'clock the piece was again loaded with a charge of one hundred pounds of powder and a ball weighing one thousand and eighty pounds—one of the largest ordnance projectiles ever cast. To the rather impromptu arrangements for raising the ball, it was found to be anything but an easy task to adjust it. However, at the hour mentioned the piece was loaded, and everybody stood clear for the last grand trial. The gun was raised to an elevation of twenty-five degrees and the discharge was deafening. The ball was 24 seconds in the air, and fell at the distance of about three miles and a half.

What War Has Done.

The Macon *Confederate* thus philosophises on the evils of war:—This war has developed the cursed depravity of human nature. In the south it has unmasked the swindler, the speculator, the extortioner,in all their hideous deformity. It has made many forgetful of their obligation to God and their fellow men. In the North it has emboldened the harlot to walk in the spheres of the pure, the beautiful, the innocent. It has done away with the necessity of darkness to mantle the deeds of the midnight robber and assassin. It has fired the breasts of thousands with the spirit of the first-born "Cain," prompting them to slay without cause, and to murder without provocation. It has induced vice to brand virtue with its own shame, without the least semblance of truth. It has given sin a twofold sway over the passions of men, causing them to blaspheme the good and pure. It has verified "man's inhumanity to man," in a cruel disregard of humanity. It has developed corruption in high places, fraud and rascality in low ones. It has brought reproach on the virtuous, wise, and good. It has loosened the hinges of society, and let forth the demons of murder and rapine to gloat upon the victims they assail. In short, it has emboldened the devil to come forth and assume possession, as if his reign was already established.

A MILITARY CUSTOM IN RUSSIA.—The Temple Bar Magazine describes one peculiar method of recruiting the Russian army. We quote:—"Marriage is warmly encouraged among the Russian soldiers, and every facility is afforded to those who desire to take unto themselves a wife. The State supplies the martial Benedict with lodgings, and undertakes to feed, clothe and educate the young olive branches that may chance to spring up around the happy trooper's table. All this is of course kindly meant,and seems benevolent; but often things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour. A bounty that appears on the first blush generous in the extreme has its drawbacks. The male children of the Muscovite sons of Mars, called Cantonist, are claimed by the State; and from infancy are reared and trained with a view of being made soldiers, or of being otherwise employed in the public service. They remain at home until they are breeched and coated, when they are summarily sent off to the military depots to be instructed in their military duties. It is estimated that this Levitical class numbers more than 300,000 souls; and from it the non-commissioned officers of regiments are obtained; the discipline they have undergone, and the education they have received, having contributed, it is supposed, to habits of steadiness and industry, as well as rendering them proficient in the rudiments of the Russian field book.'

Rayme and Reason.

Mary O'Toole, as fierce as a mule, broke her worthy man's head with a three-legged stool; then the chainey and delf, that stood on the shelf, she banged till she made it as cracked as herself; and then she was caught, though like Hector she fought, and off to the magistrates so handy was brought. 'Be this and be that, she half kilt me,' said Pat. 'You deserved it, you bain,' cried the dame, 'and that's that! but it's always your plan.' Then his worship began—'She was drunk, I suppose, when she hit you, poor man' 'She was, sir, said Pat. 'No, the divil of that!' cried Mary, 'so Paddy have done with your chat!' Then said Pat, 'I pray your worship will send her away—for she kills and she murthers me six times a day; an' she drinks like a fish, an' cup, saucer an' dish, she breaks on my head—so her bondage I wish. Then said Mary O'Toole, 'Now, dear Paddy, be cool, till I tell why I hate ye, and prove ye a fool! See, sir, undher the rose to the hussie he goes; and faix sometimes he kisses them right to me nose. 'Ha! 'you're jealous, I see,' said his worship, 'said he. 'No, the divil a jealous,' said Mary, said she.—'Faix no,' cried Pat then; 'for again and again, when I kiss the girls, sure she kisses the men.' 'Tis but fair, tit for tat,' then said Mary, at that. 'O, the divil may tit you and tat you, cried Pat. 'Will you send her below?' then asked Pat, 'an' I'll go.' His worship said 'No! for Master Pat Toole, I see you're a fool, and deserved to be cow'd with the three-legged stool; so go to your home, and take care not to roam, and Mary will soon give up using her *comb*.' When his worship said that, Paddy looked might flat; while Mary ran off closely followed by Pat.

An American Tragedy.

The *Laporte* (Indiana) *Democrat* contains a long account of the arrest of a man named Steitz, in that county, for a murder committed in August of 1861—nearly three years ago. Steitz was building a saw mill a few miles from Laporte, and had in his employment a man named Von Jesseda, both being Germans. These men had frequent quarrels about money which Von Jesseda alleged that Steitz owed him for work done, and refused to pay. The two men, during the warm weather, were in the habit of sleeping in a hay mow. On the morning of the 19th of of August, the old quarrel was renewed, and the men got to scuffling in the mow, and finally both fell through to the barn floor, Von Jesseda not being yet dressed. He ran to the house, his hands bleeding. Steitz followed him, and as soon as he came within reach, struck him a severe blow on the head with a bar of iron, knocking him down senseless. Being near the cellar way when he fell, Steitz kicked him down into the cellar; and fearing that his work was not fully accomplished, he followed down and pounded the body with a board for some time. The whole transaction at the house was witnessed by Mary Steitz, who was aroused from her sleep by the noise at the door. She endeavored to dissuade her brother from his intention, but he rudely thrust her back into another part of the room. After he had beaten the body some time, he came out of the cellar, leaving the body where it fell.—He then left the place and did not return until the next day. As soon as Mary Steitz could dress herself and get ready, she went to a house where Jacob Franzen was working, to whom she was engaged to be married.—She told him all that had happened, and that she was afraid to remain any longer unless he was there. They agreed to get married soon possibly the next day. The day after the occurrance they went back to the house, and remained there; Steitz also returned the same day, or the next, and the night after his return, Franzen and Mary heard him working down in the cellar, and at one time heard a dead heavy noise, like the falling of a heavy body, which they supposed to be caused by Steitz throwing the corpse into the grave which he dug for it. During the time occupied at the burial, he came up stairs four or five times, and drank whiskey, in order to nerve himself for the work. The Franzens agreed to say nothing about the matter, an account of the disgrace it would bring upon the family. But later, Mary wrote to a sister, a Mrs. Brown, in Germany, stating what had occurred. After a time the Browns immigrated to Indiana, and an old quarrel between them and Steitz was renewed, when Brown threatened to expose the murder. Steitz dared him to do so. The Franzens, fearing what had occurred, thought it was time to unveil the whole matter to the authorities, and upon their information Steitz was arrested. On digging in the cellar, only a small portion of the body found. On being asked to make a clean breat of the matter, Steitz did so, stating that he had subsequently taken up the body and burned it.

Death of the Duke of Newcastle.

The *City of Manchester*, which arrived at Cape Race on Sunday, brought the news of the death of the Duke of Newcastle, who for some years past held the office of Colonial Secretary. The following sketch of his life is from the *Globe* of Monday:—

"The deceased, Henry Pelham Clinton,5th Duke of Newcastle, was born in London, on the 22nd May, 1811. As Lord Lincoln, he represented South Nots in the House of Commons from 1832 to 1846, and was afterwards member for the Falkirk district of burghs. In 1851 he succeeded to the Dukedom, and entered the House of Lords. He twice held office under Sir Robert Peel—once for a few months in 1834 5, and afterwards for five years from 1841 to 1846. In 1852 he became Colonial Secretary in the Aberdeen Administration, and, according to the rule then prevailing, performed the duties of the War Department. After the breaking out of the Russian war the duties devolving upon him were divided, and he became Minister of War. As such, he received a heavy share of the censure aroused by the mismanagement which left the British army in the Crimea, during the winters of 1854-5, without shelter, fuel, proper clothing, and sometimes without food. The House of Commons resolved upon an enquiry into the management of the war, and the Duke, after defending himself with great spirit, resigned, as also did his collegues. He again returned to office in 1859, as Colonial Secretary, under Lord Palmerston, and in that capacity accompanied the Prince of Wales on his visit to these Provinces and the United States in 1860. He resigned that position some months since, on account of the lengthened illness which has ended in his death. The Duke of Newcastle was married in 1832, to the only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, by whom he had several children. He was divorced from her in 1850, on account of her misconduct. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Henry Pelham Alex., Earl of Lincoln, who is now twenty years of age."

A Second Ulysses.

An old man of very accurate physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the Police Court. His clothing looked as if they might have been bought second-handed in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

'What business do you follow, Wilmot?'

'Business? None; I'm a traveller.'

'A vagabond, perhaps.'

'You are not far wrong; travellers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, and the former without brains.

'Where have you travelled?'

'All over the continent.'

'For what purpose?'

'Observation.'

'What have you observed?'

'A little to commend, much to censure and very much to laugh at.'

'Umph! what do you commend?'

'A handsome woman that will stop at home, an eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon, a good writer that will not write too much, and a tool who has sense enough to hold his tongue.'

'What do you censure?'

'A man who marries a girl for her fine clothing, a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands, and people who elect a drunkard or blockhead to office.'

'What do you laugh at?'

'I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and mental qualifications do not merit.'

He was dismissed.

THERE never were so many persons carrying on business in the city of London as at the present time. Between 700,000 and 800,000 people enter the city every morning to their daily occupations—200,000 of them come in conveyances, involving the daily employment of no less than between 60,000 and 70,000 public carriages.

GONE INTO WINTER QUARTERS.—An immense potatoe was dug up a few days ago on the farm of Mr. N. Dunn, North Oxford, which, upon being opened, was found to be inhabited by two mice and twelve young ones, together with about a pint of peas, stowed away to another part of the same root.

GRAND TRUNK R. R.

TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.

Express dep. 9 a m, Mixed 12 m & 4.30 p.m.

GOING WEST.

" Arr 4.30 p m, Mixed 10.40 a m & 4 "

WOOD WANTED.

Parties who intend paying their subscriptions in Cordwood will please bring it on right away. Don't bring us a lot of miserable knots.

Town & Counties

☞ We have taken great pains to ensure correctness in our Market reports. Farmers may rely upon it that the prices given are those current on the day of reporting.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—We have not time to notice the new advertisements in this issue separately, but we can assure our readers that they may depend upon it they will find it to their advantage to purchase from merchants who advertise their goods and wares liberally.

☞ The Concert on Saturday night was attended by a very large and appreciative audience. Madame Anna Bishop's singing was very much admired, and repeatedly *encored*. She possesses a rich, powerful voice that has evidently been well cultivated, and her rendering of such airs as "Home, Sweet Home," was peculiarly sweet and impressive. Mr. Lascelles, who accompanies her, has a good voice of considerable compass, and his execution upon the *piano forte* is exceedingly brilliant. As far as we have learned the concert gave much satisfaction. Madame B. leaves Canada in a few days for Europe.

RIFLE MATCH.—On Wednesday, the 26th ult., the marksmen of Montreal shot for a fine pair of stag's antlers sent down for that purpose by Rev. A. McKidd, of Goderich. The ranges were 200, 300, 400, 500 and 600 yards, 5 shots at each. The score made ranged from 61 to 86 pcints. Lieut. Low won with a Whitworth rifle, scoring 86 points.

HOLMESVILLE.

EAGLE SHOT.—A very fine specimen of the American Bald-headed Eagle was shot one day last week in the woods near Holmesville, in the Township of Goderich, by a young man named Devine. Its expanded wings measure 7 feet 4 inches from tip to tip. The bird is but young, as is indicated by the parts on the head and belly, which are a beautiful white in the older specimens, being still of the greyish color common to the younger birds of the species.

WILD CAT SHOT.—A wild cat was shot a few days ago, in the swamp near Holmesville, by a Mr. Nathaniel Grummett. It has been known for some time past that one or more of these animals made this swamp their haunt. Mr.Grummett came across this one in a tree, and succeeded in despatching him with shot.

SOUTHAMPTON.

The "Conservative Committee" of this Village is down upon J. T. Conaway, Esq., with a vengeance because of his alleged traitorous conduct in supporting Snider while acting as chairman of said committee. Your correspondent leaves it to Mr. Conaway to enter his own defence, with the remark that the recent election made a pretty considerable *muddle* of the politics of Bruce, take it altogether.

GODERICH TOWNSHIP.

PLOUGHING MATCH.—The first Township of Goderich Ploughing Match came off on the farm of Mr. Michael McGuire,5th concession, on the 27th ult. The morning looked threatening, but about 11 o'clock it cleared off and kept fair during the rest of the day.

The turn out off ploughmen and spectators was beyond expectation; the competitors, 11 in number, were all on the ground at the appointed time—all the ploughs being iron—with the exception of one. The ploughing on the whole was excellent, and as the ploughmen were mostly quite young it reflects great credit on our township. The Judges were highly pleased with the neat and substantial work performed. At 12 o'clock the ploughmen unyoked and were very hospitably entertained by Mrs, McGuire to an excellent dinner.

The Judges were John Hunter, John W. Elliott, James Teas, and the following are their decisions:

MEN—1st John Bacom $5.00 C Shaw,maker
" 2nd John Cox 4.50 Simson,Varna.
" 3rd W McDougall 3.25 McTavish, Cl.
" 4th C Simons 2.25 C Shaw.
" 5th A Anderson 1.50 C Shaw.
BOYS—1st S McDougall$5.00 Runciman&Co
" 2nd Jno Torrance 4.25 McTavish.
" 3rd Dunc Storkert 3.25 do
" 4th And. McGuire 2.25 wood plough.

FIRE IN CLINTON.

[From our Clinton Correspondent.]

On Friday morning, just at break