'Sims,' said I, 'I have been told that you assert you once saw a ghost in this vessel. Was it in this cabin?'

'No, sir,' he replied, touching his forehead; 'it was on the larboard paddle-box.'

'When was this? I asked.

'The last time we were off Donaghadee, sir,' he replied. 'I seed a bluish light first; and then, sir, as plain as I now see your honour, I seed that poor murdered gal, with her hand a-holdin' of her throat, and drops o' blood running between her little fingers.'

It was the very same vision which had visited me the previous night! I could not refrain from shuddering.

'And believing that you saw such an appearance, you re-entered the fatal ship, Sims?' asked.

'Well, sir, d'ye see,' he said, twirling his hat as he spoke, 'I was aboard when the lady were killed, and I was very sorry for her, poor soul; I knowed her awe'st face again directly when I seed her spirit.'

'You were on board at the time of the murder?' I said. 'Should you recognise the passenger who was with her, if you saw him again?'

'Ay, sir, I think I should, though it's ten years ago since it happened, and I was but a lad then,' said Sims; 'but he was a man o' middle age, and wouldn't he changed, maybe, as much as I have. My mother was stewardess of this here vessel when the murder was so wickedly murdered, and she never got it out of her head—no more did I. Says she to me, 'Joe,' says she, 'the Lord will avenge. You bide the Lord's leisure, and you will see. That poor soul was good and kind, and spoke so gently to me that I quite loved her. I was her last friend on earth, as it were and I shan't rest happy in my grave if the villain that murdered her ain't found out before I die. They do say,' says mother, 'that folks can't keep away from the place where they've shed human blood. You stick by the *A*——' (she warn't the *Viper* then, sir,) 'and you'll see that the murderer will come back some day, and then do you seize him and hang him, Joe.' Well, sir, I bided aboard, though I knew of the ghost—and once I seed her—and mother says as she's sure that the poor soul did come, like the ghost in Hamblet, to stir me up; but I'm blest if I know, cap'n, what to do for her.'

'You can do nothing,' I replied, 'but leave the matter to God. In His good time He will avenge the innocent; nay, He may, perhaps, already have done so.' After a moment's pause, I said, 'So you mean to remain in the *Viper* till you find some trace of the murderer?'

Ay, ay, sir. Ever since I see'd the lady, I felt I must,' replied Sims. 'She wouldn't ha' appeared to me for nough'.'

I dismissed Joe Sims; but from that moment I felt united to him in a bond of mysterious sympathy. The same manifestation from the land beyond the grave had been sent to each of us, and I could not resist sharing his superstitious conviction that it was not for nought that the pale shade thus revisited 'the glimpses of the moon.'

We neither saw nor heard any more of the ghost after we quitted the fatal latitude in which the crime had been committed. Nevertheless, when I went on shore again (the *Viper* being laid up in harbour for the Winter season, when surveying is never carried on) my mother was struck by the singular change which had passed over me I was glossy, absent, and nervous. Never for a moment was that pale sad face absent from my mind; and strangely enough I grew fond of it, and would compare the fair living faces of bright young girls with that pale ghost, and contemn their mere mortal loveliness in comparison with that aerial face of perpetual sadness. It was a morbid and dangerous state of mind for any man, and if indulged in for very long, might have ended in madness. Happily for me a relief came in due time, as will be seen.

CHAPTER II.

About a month after my return home, while I was still the victim of my affection for a shadow, I received a friendly and pleasant letter from my young lieutenant, Harry Desmond, inviting me to spend the approaching Christmas at Castle Desmond, his father's place in Ireland. This epistle was an agreeable surprise to me.

Harry Desmond was the younger son of a wealthy and aristocratic family; but the First Lord of the Admiralty at the time chose to ape quite a Roman virtue of disdain for connection or caste, and gave the good appointments to men who had small naval interest. So Harry, instead of first lieutenant of a crack frigate, found himself my subordinate on board the *Viper* However, he thus gained the advantage of spending his Winter on shore, and as Castle Desmond was a fine old place in a good neighbourhood, he was perfectly reconciled to the loss of a little sea-time, which is not given for surveying service. I was glad to accept the invitation. Harry was a capital fellow. Moreover, I was not unwilling to try and shake off the gloom which oppressed me in my quiet room. There was no reason to decline the invitation. The *Viper* was laid up in ordinary, with only an extra man or two on board her; the other sailors were on shore; Joe Sims, had accompanied me home as my servant. Parker had, with my leave, gone to Ireland with my lieutenant. Very shortly, therefore, I started for Cork, accompanied by my seaman attendant, and in due time reached Castle Desmond, a picturesque Irish country house, where I received a warm and cordial welcome from one of the pleasantest families I ever knew. But I am not going to write an account of Irish country life.

The gaieties and joyous hospitality of Desmond Castle had little influence on my after-life. It is not of them I would now speak, but of an unexpected adventure during my visit, which materially influenced my future fate.

I shall hasten to the period when one day Harry and I took our guns, and walked out alone over a wild tract of country belonging to Mr. Desmond, but at some little distance from the castle. Our sport was singularly unsuccessful; we did not bag a single bird, and being unwilling to get quizzed about our day's bad work, we sauntered on and on over the wild moors and hill side still quite late in the afternoon. The morning had been clear and bright, but the short December day had a good deal clouded over by that time; and Harry, saying that he feared we might be overtaken by a storm, proposed returning home.

I readily assented, for sailors are not good walkers, and I had begun to feel tired. On my saying so, Harry declared that he knew a short cut over the moor, taking which would bring us home in half the time the way by the road would require; and with this object we started off across a wild morass which put me in mind of the 'blasted heath' of Macbeth's witches. Before we had gone half a mile, however, the storm burst over us—a hurricane of wind, a deluge of rain. We could scarcely keep our feet against the fury of the blast. Moreover, the road soon became almost impassable, and we had repeatedly to turn off to the right hand or the left to escape sinking in the bog. To add to our ill-fortune, the short day closed unusually early, the black clouds spreading a premature twilight round us, and after struggling forwards for about an hour, Harry paused, and declared that he did not know where we were. 'Tacking about so often,' he said, 'has made me lose all our landmarks, or the place has become all bog since I was last here. But I am afraid I have lost the way.'

And so, in fact, it proved. To turn back seemed folly. All that we could do was to press on to the nearest shelter; but for many a weary mile, it seemed to me, we could find no human dwelling—only a wild, barren country stretched before us. Suddenly I perceived a light at some little distance in advance of us, and I could not resist a shout of delight at the sight. Harry was as glad as myself, and with renewed energy we pushed on. In a few minutes we found ourselves outside the gates of an inclosure, in which stood a long, low, rambling-looking building, from a turret of which issued the glimmer of the light that had guided our lonely way. Harry uttered an exclamation of surprise, not unmixed with dismay, as he beheld the dwelling.

'By Jove,' said he, 'it is Lismore Hall!—old O'Brien's place. I wonder if he will give us shelter?'

'I shouldn't think he would refuse it to his enemy's dog this weather,' I replied, 'if he has any human feeling.'

'But he hasn't—or too much, at least, said Harry. 'He's an Irish Timon—that phenomenon, an unsocial, misanthropic Irishman.'

'Oh do knock at the door, my good fellow!' I exclaimed (my teeth were now chattering with cold) 'and give his hospitality a trial.'

Harry obeyed, but I thought with singular reluctance, and a moment afterwards the door was opened by a servant, who started at the sight of us, exclaiming, in a tone of astonishment, 'Master Harry, is it you, or your ghost?'

'My bodily self Larry,' said Desmond, smiling. 'Can you give us shelter for the night, or at least for an hour or so?—an outhouse would do,' he added, laughing.

Larry's reply was prevented by the sudden appearance behind him of a tall, stately-looking man, who held a small lamp in his hand.

'Mr. Harry Desmond,'—'Mr. O'Brien!' was exclaimed on both sides.

'Pray walk in,' said the stranger, courteously. 'You have, I suppose, been caught in the storm. How wet you are!'

Harry introduced me to Mr. O'Brien as we entered the hall. He bowed, and welcomed me, with rather old-fashioned ceremoniousness, to the shelter of his poor house, and then, turning to Larry, said, 'Take the gentlemen into the breakfast room, by the fire, and get dry clothes for them.'

'Tolerably civil for a Timon,' thought I, as Harry and I followed our conductor. 'Report has evidently belied Mr. O'Brien, and yet he has a bad countenance.'

Larry led us into a small breakfast parlour, where a good fire was burning; then bustling away, he soon returned with dressing-gowns, slippers, &c. offering to dry our clothes for us if we would take them off We were thankful to do so; and while we sat in our *robes de chambre* by a blazing fire, before which our wet garments were hung to dry, the hospitable attendant brought us two glasses of hot whiskey and water.

We were duly grateful, and Harry laughed and joked about our adventure till our clothes were dry and could be resumed. But the storm still raged fiercely; the rain pelted against the window panes, and the wind howled a blast of defiance round every corner of the old house.

'How are we to get back, Harry?' I asked.

'I can't tell,' he replied, shrugging his shoulders. 'I wish that old buffer would bring us something to eat. I am famished in spite of the whiskey.' At that moment the gong sounded. 'Timon is going to dinner, said Harry, in a low tone

'Supper, more likely,' said I. 'It is eight o'clock.'

'Dinner is on the table, gentlemen,' said Larry, at that moment appearing at the door, 'and the masther sent me to ask you if you'll join him at it.'

We followed instantly to the dining-room, where we found Mr. O'Brien. He told us courteously enough that he had had dinner kept back till we could make our appearance, and that he must therefore beg us to pardon any little defect in the cookery caused by the delay.

Mr. O'Brien was a very tall, thin man, with sinister-looking eyes, which he never raised to one's face when speaking. Our meal was rather a silent one. Our host said but little, and Hrrry, though he made desperate attempts, as I thought, to be lively, succeeded very ill in concealing a singular embarrassment. Meantime the storm howled louder than ever, and the rain was driven violently against the windows.

'There is no possibility of your returning to Castle Desmond to-night, I think,' said Mr. O'Brien, as he stirred the blazing logs together. 'May I offer you a bed?'

Harry hesitated for a moment, then said, awkwardly enough, 'We shall be much obliged for a night's shelter, Mr. O'Brien. I am really quite ashamed,' he added, 'to tax your hospitality thus; but our intrusion on you was absolutely enforced by the pitiless storm.'

Mr. O'Brien bowed, I thought a little sarcastically, as he answered, 'Oh, I am quite aware of the fact. Willingly, I am sure. Mr. Harry Desmond would not have crossed my threshold.'

'Perhaps not,' said Harry, flushing deeply; 'indeed, I should not have ventured to do so, for I certainly have no claim on your hospitality, Mr. O'Brien.'

To be Continued.

An Exciting Scene.

Cor. of the Yarmouth Register.

Two 'right' whales were discovered in the harbor about three o'clock Monday afternoon last. The cry of 'There she blows! was soon repeated along the shore, directly followed by hasty mannings of whale boats, and hurrying into them the weapons and gear for chase and capture. Some half dozen boats, equipped and manned with six men each, soon started in pursuit. After a chase of about three-quarters of an hour, the whales the while deftly eluding their pursuers by soundings and irregular spoutings, a boat steered by Mr. George Smith and 'headed' by Mr. Archibald McCurdy, both experienced whalemen, was run upon the broadside of one of them, and McCurdy, to use his phrase, 'sent the iron home to the seizing into her bilge.'

The scene now became exciting to the actors and hundreds of spectators who were witnessing the proceedings from the town. The wind at the time was blowing a gale from the north, and so cold that the spray froze as it flew.—The whale ran sharply now to windward, now to leeward, then following the shoal water back and forth along the west end of the harbor, the loose whale all the time keeping close company with his wounded mate, and the sea and spray enveloping the crew, and at times obscuring the boat from view. The enraged whale in her frantic career, poised upon her nose, and elevating her flukes 20 feet above water, would again and again strike fearfully for her invisible foe.

Every attempt to haul up and lance was met by her flukes just clear of the boat. Thus the contest without much change of manœuvre or advantage gained by either antagonist, until half past five p. m., when the whale succeeded in delivering the boat a blow with her tail, knocking off the head of the stern-post, breaking the steering-oar into several pieces, and filling her to the thwarts with water. Another boat near at hand took her bow line, but after a short time, the whale still fighting and preventing any near approach, and night setting in the harpooner reluctantly cut the line and let her go. Her wounds are thought to be mortal, as she bled profusely, and it is expected she may be picked up in a few days in the bay.

The crew of the crippled boat on reaching the shore, were completely encased in ice, enveloping even the head of Mr Smith, who had lost his hat. Several of the other crews were badly frost bitten.

THE PRINCE TO VISIT CALIFORNIA.—About the end of April or beginning of May, Prince Arthur and suite intend doing the trip to California by the Pacific Railway. The Company has been negotiated with, and already preparations are being made for the Royal progress. After a stay of a few weeks the Prince will return to Montreal, and take his departure with the Brigade, he having expressed a desire to go home by the troop-ship in preference to the steamers of the Cunard, Inman or Allan Line.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, MARCH 24, 1870.

WHERE IS SANDFIELD?

John S. has not been accustomed to "hide his light under a bushel," and more than to curtail his shirt-collar. What is the reason of his silence? We have looked in vain for the usual specimens of caustic and unprincipled hypocrisy with which his name has come to be associated. Can it be that even he, case-hardened trimmer as he is, is ashamed of the veering of the Government weathercock, Sir Francis Hincks, who does nothing from day to day but "rattle and sing of mutation'—while at the same time he is afraid, for the sake of his position in Ontario, to quarrel with his knightly namesake. There is evidently a growing, though silent spirit of insubordination making its appearance in the ministerial ranks, which will soon destroy the disgusting combination. No wonder! The government has not strength enough to dare to express its real policy on any question, and so Sir John and his confidential satellites have to act the deceitful part of the man in Bunyan "whose grandfather was a waterman looking one way and rowing the other." When Sandfield is ashamed to speak for his colleagues, the situation is tolerably awkward for the Government and very encouraging to the opposition. Before a year is out, we hope to see true men at the helm of affairs. Let the reformers of Huron be prepared to do their duty in the coming struggle. They will soon have the opportunity of returning to the Ontario Parliament representatives that will further and not burke the interests of the people.

Agricultural Statistics of 1869.

We are in receipt of the report for 1869 of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Arts, for Ontario, and appendix thereto; a bulky book of 321 pages. Unlike most publications of the present government, this volume, though the cover is buff, can scarcely be characterised as (*Scotice*) 'buff and nonsense.' Albeit the contents should have been summarised, and general results given in a tabular form (the clerks of the department having nothing else to do.) the information afforded is of a very interesting nature. We propose to boil it down into a concentrated essence, for the benefit of our friends the farmers of Huron

The first 11 pages contain the commissioner's report, which is a combination of self-glorifying twaddle and sentimental fiction, worthy of 'Poor Isaac's' big brother. We gladly pass over it to the instructive facts to be found in the 310 pages of appendix.

In the 81 electoral divisions of Ontario, there were at work, in 1868, 334 electoral division and township agricultural and horticultural societies, having a membership of 41,000. These societies have applied to the advancement of agriculture and horticulture $95,000 of local funds, which the Government has supplemented by grants to the extent of $53.894. If this expenditure has been everywhere as serviceable in the improvement of stock, implements, and husbandry, as it has been in this section, it has been highly necessary and judicious.

The Government has aided Mechanics' Institutes to the extent of $3,307.41, and, as this implies an equal expenditure on the part of Institutes, Standard circulating literature in the Province has received an addition of $6,614.82 worth of books, in 1869. This is a very healthy sign in these days when cursory reading of light literature and fugitive articles is all the rage. The Mechanics' Institute of Seaforth received a grant of $200.

From the Report of the Fruit Growers' Association we clip the following:—

APPLES.

RECOMMENDED FOR GENERAL CULTIVATION.

Baldwin, Duchess of Oldenberg, Early Harvest, Early Strawberry, Fameuse, Spitzenberg, Fall Pippin, Fall Jannetting, Gravenstein, Golden Russet of Western New York, King of Tomkins County, Maiden's Blush, Northern Spy, Pomme Grise, Rambo, Rhode Island Greening, Ribston Pippin, Roxbury Russet, Red Astracan, Sweet Bough, St. Lawrence, Swaar, Snow Apple, Talman Sweet, 20 Ounce Apple or Cayuga Redstreak, Wagner, Siberian Crab.

PEARS.

RECOMMENDED FOR GENERAL CULTIVATION.

Bartlett, Belle Lucrative, Bourre Diel, Buffam, on sandy soil, Dearborn's Seedling, Doyenne d'Ete, Douchesse d'Angoulême, Flemish Beauty, Grey Doyenne, Howell, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Napoleon, Pound Pear, for cooking, Rostiezer, Seckel, Sheldon, Osband's Summer, Swan's Orange, Tyson, Vicar of Winkfield, White Doyenne, Winter Nelis, Windsor or Bell Pear.

The following is the estimated average yield of grain per acre, made up from Returns of Electoral Division Societies to the Bureau of Agriculture, for 1868 and 1869.

	1869—51 Returns.		1868—47 Re.	
Fall wheat	21½	bushels	20½	bus.
Spring wheat	19½	"	14	"
Oats	39	"	24	"
Rye	18	"	17½	"
Barley	30½	"	22½	"
Peas	22½	"	14	"

With the above, our own county bears favorable comparison:—

	North Riding.		S Riding.	
Fall wheat, 1869 average	20		20	
Spring wheat " "	20		11	
Oats " "	40		35	
Barley " "	35		25	
Peas " "	30		20	

Throughout the Province, the result of other crops has been as follows:—

Hay 1¼ tons per acre; Potatoes, excellent crop, increased area but considerable disease; Corn, a failure; Turnips, Carrots and Mangel Wurtzel all a good crop and cultivation extending.

Now that it has been clearly proved that extensive wheat-growing impoverishes the soil without enriching the yeoman, we would seriously advise the farmers of our County to turn more of their attention to fruit and root crops; combining with this the art (for it is an art) of stock-raising. By growing the proper crops for feeding their cattle on the farm, they would speedily enrich themselves and, at the same time keep up the fertility of mother-earth, who is always a generous mother to those who treat her generously.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.—We are requested to announce that the annual meeting of the Goderich St. George's Benevolent Socy. will be held in the Maitland Hotel on the evening of the 1st of April. This has been a most useful society during the past, and we hope it will be fully sustained by all the 'fine old Englishmen.'

GREAT PROTECTION MEETING IN TORONTO.

About eighty of the leading merchants and manufacturers of Toronto and Ontario generally, met in Toronto on Friday afternoon last, for the purpose of discussing the advisability of increasing the duty on certain articles coming into Canada from the United States, and of placing a protective duty on other articles which are now admitted free. The meeting was a most respectable and influential one, and the feeling in favor of the proposed revision in the Tariff was unanimous. With regard to the article of salt,

"Mr Hurrell said he happened to be at this meeting this afternoon to represent the interests of the salt manufacturers.—About $125,000 had been expended on the Goderich salt wells, ninety-nine one-hundreths of which had come from the people of Goderich for the purpose of creating a trade in the country. At the time brine was discovered there, salt was selling at $1.75 to $1.80 per barrel, and the Goderich manufacturers reduced it to $1.55.—But in consequence of the action of the Americans in bringing over their surplus salt and selling it at any price while they forced a duty of seventy cents in gold per barrel on Canadian salt the enterprise was discouraged. And all this while our Government admitted American salt free of duty. He considered this unfair. Last fall the Goderich manufacturers employed between three and four hundred people, and what was the consequence of the policy of our Government? The Americans, just before the close of navigation, flooded the market with salt and sold it at any price, and the result was that all this winter the four hundred people employed at the Goderich wells were thrown out of work, and were on the verge of starvation in the town of Goderich. He contended that the same restriction should be placed on American salt coming here that they placed on ours. He contended that it was our bounden duty to behave towards the Americans in a retaliatory manner. If our Government would assist them in establishing their companies at Goderich, he was authorized to state that they would guarantee that they would not advance the price of salt, no matter what duty might be placed on it. They were satisfied with the present price. It cost them about $1 per bbl to manufacture it, and the freight cost a good deal, and they were satisfied with the present rate. But to crush them out the Americans would sell in the Canadian market at $1 per bbl.—Now, he believed there was no interest deserved protection more than this, and the resolution coincided with his view. Just to show the manner in which the Americans act towards us, when salt was $2.45 per bbl., in American money, in Oswego, which, at the then rate of exchange, was equal to $1.94 in gold, they sold it in Canada for $1.25 in order to crush out our manufacturers and prevent them from developing the resources of the country. He did not care whether it was salt or oil, or cotton or what, he contended that it was the bounden duty of our Government to protect our manufactures and encourage industry and enterprise in the country. (Applause.)"

A motion based on the above was carried unanimously.

With reference to the salt question, the Toronto *Telegraph* of Saturday says:—

"There are various industries, clearly within our capacity as an infant manufacturing community, to which some incidental protection can and ought to be extended, when the Minister establishes his new scale of duties. It does not appear reasonable that we should be undersold by the Americans in such an article as salt, when we have it in such superabundance at Home; and especially unreasonable is it, that the Americans should have the opportunity not only of undersolling our home producers, but of absolutely destroying the home market altogether. That, it is true, is an exceptional case; but the more reason there must be of treating it in an exceptional way, by such a custom's levy as shall give the home producer, at least a fair chance."

From the feeling in the House we are satisfied that the large deputation appointed by this meeting to go to Ottawa will be well received, and that the views of a large majority of the people of Ontario will be carried out very shortly.

We are upbraided by certain journals which are reform only so far as they adopt the *ipse dixit* of the *Globe*, in that we favor this protection movement. We have declared positively, time and again, that we are in favor of free trade, pure and simple, but the veriest tyro can easily see that a free-trade (so called) which is free on one side whilst a contiguous country adopts a *prohibitive* tariff is *no free trade at all*. A great deal of twaddle has been uttered by some of our opponents, but we fail to see that they have ever condescended to anything like common-sense argument.

NATIVE INDUSTRIES.

We have to differ from the Toronto *Telegraph* once in a while, but we must say there is much good sense in the following extract. Be it provided, however, that the custom revenue from imported coal, salt, etc., shall be *only* such as will protect the consumer:—

"The Finance Minister's position is such, at the present time, that he may listen to any appeal from industrial producers, who can show that they are in a position to give us, at reasonable cost, a home article as good as that which we now import, if they are only allowed a reasonable incidental protection. The oil-men complain of the five per cent excise; and we think they complain with a good show of reason.—The Minister answers them—and, we think, he answers them fairly enough, that he must consider, how he is to replace, for revenue purposes, the amount which a remission of the oil excise would involve.—Very well. Here is an opening for our "protectionist" friends. If there is a revenue necessity for an excise on oil is it not possible, without alarming the tax payer, to give the salt and coal interests the benefit of a transfer of the tax in their favor? In the larger towns we are feeling the burden of fuel; but if, by remitting the excise on oil, and putting an equivalent tax on Pennsylvania coal, we can so manage to benefit two branches of native industry at one and the same time, there surely can be no good reason shown for not making an effort in that direction.—How much Sir Francis Hincks gets now from his oil excise, we have not the exact figures to show. It must be some two hundred thousand dollars a year if not more. If that item can be transferred to the Customs' account—whether the item taxed be coal or salt—it would be reasonable, one would think, to make the transfer."

THE WOOD BUSINESS.—Old Goderich is used up, played out, &c. &c. according to our charitable friends; but, after all she still lives. For instance, within the past six months about 100,000 cords of wood have been bought by our salt manufacturers. Some of it has come from as far as Stanley. Not so bad for Goderich after all.

THAW.—The "beautiful snow" has been disappearing rapidly for a day or two past; but still it lies very deep in the woods.

OUR HARBORS.

We are glad to learn, on good authority, that there is every reason to believe that the Government is to make Goderich a first-class commercial harbor without delay. It is hinted that $35,000 or $40,000 will be spent here this year, and a sum at Saugeen. We think it would be doing these great counties no less than justice if Port Elgin, Kincardine and Bayfield were added to the list. We venture to assert that no two counties in Canada have paid up their indebtedness to the Government on the Municipal Loan fund better or contributed more to the best interests of the country, and most decidedly they should not be neglected by the government.

Following the "Sifter."

For the benefit of our old friend Sir Francis with whom we have spent many an (imaginary) half hour in familiar intercourse, and the Emigration department, we wish to say that people are following the American silver to the States from Huron and Bruce by the score. We can count up about fifty fine young men who have left for California within the past month, and not a day passes without large families starting for Kansas, Missouri and other points. This (Tuesday) morning we saw a party of fifteen start for the West, and singular to say they preferred to take silver with them in place of Canada bills. Oh, Sandfield, Sandfield, where art thou?

THE PENNY READINGS.—The Good Templars brought together a very pleasant gathering, in the Temperance Hall, on Monday evening. The intellectual and musical entertainment was well got up. The Misses Fletcher and Barnes presided at the melodeon and excellent Songs were sung by Mrs. R. B. Smith and Mr. James Thompson. Selections were read by Mrs. Free from No. 1, Vol 1, of the 'Maple Leaf' Emma Free, Editress, a spicy, little sheet; some capital local hits in which were highly appreciated. Readings were also given by Messrs James Thompson, W. F. P. Smart, Alex. Cameron, James Young, Donald Fraser and J. T. Garrow. We are glad to see the attendance at these entertainments increasing every fortnight.

LECTURE.—The Rev. W. S. Griffin, M. A. of Guelph, will deliver a lecture, in the Wesleyan Church of this town, on Thursday evening (24th.) Subject:—'The True Sphere of Woman.' Mr. Griffin has the reputation of being one of the best lecturers in the country.

REMOVAL.—We understand that the *Star* office is to be removed shortly to the building on Kingston street lately occupied by Mr. Mark Whitely.

☞ Kincardine wants a new Town Hall badly. So does Goderich. Our Market House cannot be surpassed. Why could not the upper story be utilized as a Town Hall.

SUBSTANTIAL DONATION.—The Rev Mr. Hassard, P. M. Minister of Bluevale, one evening lately, was called upon by some members of his congregation, who presented him with $100.

SERIOUS LOSS.—On Wednesday last Mr. Wm. Blake, of Colborne, lost a fine mare worth $115.00 under rather peculiar circumstances. She appeared well when driven to within a mile or so of town, but soon after being stabled sickened, and died in a few hours.

EXPLANATORY.—The continuation of the History of Huron has been delayed till next week. Cause the snow blockade.

Port Albert.

Graham's hotel was totally destroyed by fire last night. (21st.) Insured.

BENMILLER.

A DOMINIE NON-PLUSSED.—For several days that quiet village has been in a state of intense excitement. A teacher residing not a hundred miles away proposed to enlighten the ignorant natives by delivering a lecture on the highly important subject of 'education, in a School-house at the top of a well-known hill. The day and hour arrived and so did the man and the audience. The pedagogue's modest estimate of his own abilities had made expectation run very high amongst those assembled. The orator arose; 'each man held his breath' and scarcely an eye winked as he made his bow. Alas, for human expectations! The lecturer was so big with thought that he failed to find utterance; and after vainly endeavoring for ten minutes, to open the floodgate and afford outlet to a thousand struggling ideas, he wiped his steaming forehead with his coat sleeve and resumed his seat. 'O, for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun,' the audience might have pitied the sorrows of the poor young man whose power of speech was too limited for his gigantic intellect. But they didn't. One youth proposed to sing a song, a titter followed, which by and by became a loud and general fit of laughter. A respectable resident said he thought as there was nothing but cackling and tobacco spitting going on it was time for him to leave, and his departure was the signal for a general exodus. The irate pedagogue instead of pocketing his discomfiture and trying to turn on the edge of the laugh by joining in it, determined to be revenged on somebody, hauled up a number of the audience before a neighboring J. P. and subpœned a number more as witnesses; the specific criminal charge being we suppose 'contempt of schoolmaster' It would be hard to convince a Canadian J. P. that a Canadian audience has not a perfect right to laugh, if so disposed, at even the most venerable lecturer. Fortunately the accused called in the legal services of a suave and politic M. P. P. who arrived on the scene before the trial and was successful in pouring oil on the troubled waters. We hope the silly affair will end here and that the Trustees may not say to the deluded youth 'that's the door and your name is Walker. Forgive and forget!

The First Colored Senator's First Speech.

Washington, March 17.—Yesterday, the galleries of the Senate were filled long before the hour of meeting of the body, it having been previously announced that Senator Revels would speak on the Georgia question. The larger part of the auditors in the gents' galleries were colored. He read from manuscript, at first in a rather low tone, but as he progressed, he acquired the entire control of his delivery, and lost the embarrassment which was at first apparent. Senators in their own seats, and members of the House, and others on the sofas, listened, as did the entire assembly, with marked attention, and were favorably impressed both with his diction and modesty of manner. On the conclusion of his speech, Senator Cameron was the first to congratulate him, and in this he was followed by Senators Drake, Sumner, Stewart and Fenton, and a number of others.

To the Editor of the Signal.

SIR.—In your issue of the 16th inst, I observe a letter signed 'Sufferer,' commenting on the time taken by me to make up the Kincardine and Lucknow mails. 'Sufferer' has been drawing largely on his imagination. It ordinarily takes me one hour to get the office opened for delivery. On the night in question it took me 1:20 minutes, this was caused by the G. W. R. Train failing to connect at Paris the previous day causing me to handle double mails from the G. W. R. and Hamilton, together with a large English mail. As few are aware of the great amount of work to be done in a large forwarding office like this, I may state that I have 18 mails to make up for Kincardine and Lucknow every night. I have first to stamp all letters, then select the town from the forward letters, then assort the forward letters into their different places, make them into packages, seal them, put into canvass bags, and finally put them into locked leather bags. It would not be too much to allow me 3 or 4 minutes to each mails for all that work, which you will see would occupy fully one hour. I do precisely what sufferer suggests. I make up the forward mails whilst my assistant enters the town registered letters (which average 201 daily) and assorts the letters and papers up to a certain stage. The work has to proceed simultaneously and Sufferer's idea of one making up the forward mails, and the other delivering the town letters is an impossibility. Simply because no one man can attend both wickets, and attend to the delivering of reg. letters. In making up my forward mails first, I have followed my instructions, and the established rules all over, but if the department and the people to the north are satisfied to have the mails delayed, I can deliver the town mail 20 minutes sooner every night. If the mail arrived regularly, I would not have any trouble in satisfying all. But all winter the train has been from 1 hour to 1:30 late ever night, the consequence is that many call for their letters before the train arrives. In conclusion I have to say that I have always endeavoured to do my duty and take this opportunity of thanking the inhabitants of Goderich, and surrounding country for the courtesy and good will extended to me since my arrival in their midst.

I remain,
Yours most respectfully
A. DICKSON,
P. M.

Latest from Red River.

The *New Nation*, of the 25th, says the Canadian movements under Boulton, Muir and others, resulted from enthusiasm and sympathy for the prisoners, who had formed a brotherhood, and vowed that so long as one was kept in confinement the rest would not leave, and on second thoughts, considering that the community was thereby endangered, were abandoned.

Twenty-four prisoners remained under this agreement, refusing to swear to keep the peace and help the Provisional Government to maintain order. These were afterwards released unconditionally to prevent bloodshed.

The Canadian leaders then demanded a general amnesty for Canadian sympathizers, including Dr. Schultz and W. Dease.

This Riel refused, and said while he desired peace he was ready and prepared for war.

Finding no prospect of enforcing this demand without endangering the peace of the whole community, the leaders of the Canadian forces decided to disband.

They at one time numbered over five hundred well armed men, with an eighteen pounder cannon, and two tons of gun powder and canister from the lower fort.

The following representatives have been elected by the English people to serve on the Council Board of the new Provisional Government:—St. Peter's, John Sinclair, Jr., and E. Hayes; St. Paul's Dr. Bird; Kildonon, W. Fraser; Headingly, W. Tait, St. John's and Town of Winnipeg, A. G B. Bannatyne. Remaining districts not heard from up to the hour of going to press.

At the election, the conduct of the delegates at the recent Anglo-French Convention was approved, and a vote of thanks given them

Dr. Bown, formerly of the *Nor'-Wester*, and Dr. Schultz, are on their way to Canada, via Fort William.

The latter has been banished from the Settlement.

An Ottawa paper having paragraphed the arrival of a pair of boots by mail from Cobourg for Mr. Speaker Cockburn, the Hamilton *Times* satirically observes that the country at large must be inexpressibly gratified at the knowledge that the Speaker of the Canadian Commons has received a new pair. People, generally, will also be glad to know that he received them by mail, and, on behalf of Ontario, we beg to suggest that not only his boots, but his furniture, be forwarded to him through the post office. It might be difficult to send his dwelling house by mail, but if it could be done, the Post Office Department would gladly pay the damage.

ONE FOR JOE.—I must give my jocular friend, Mr. Rymal, the benefit of an anecdote which has been related of him within the last few days and has caused a good deal of merriment. The committee to enquire into the purchase of the Dundurn property met one day last week, and Sir John Macdonald was called as a witness. Mr. Rymal is, I believe, chairman of the committee, and when the Premier was called upon to testify he assumed an air of great gravity and addressing the gallant knight said—'I think it necessary, Sir John to caution you against saying anything that may criminate yourself—the law does not require it.' The committee and spectators were convulsed with laughter at the joke, in which Sir John was not the last to join, although it was at his own expense.—*Leader's Ottawa Cor.*

Alexander T. Stewart says, 'He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising.' Robert Bonner says, 'My success is owing to my liberality in advertising.' Barnum says liberal advertising made him a million dollars in ten years. Stephen Girard said, 'Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth.'

Captain Hall proposes to make another search for the Northwest passage. He intends to start with a 1500 ton steam propeller, to be provided also with sails, and will also have a topsail schooner of about 150 tons. His route will be into Jones' Sound, and thence by sea and land, as circumstances favor, to the Pole. After taking his vessels as far as practicable, Captain Hall intends to use Esquimaux dogs and sledges. Admiral Grinnell, of the Japan Navy, and recently of the United States Navy, will, it is said, accompany Captain Hall.

A match-factory in Wisconsin advertises for fifty girls to work at match-making. In other places young girls have small chance, as old ladies monopolise the business.

From increased physical and mental strength of persons who use FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES, their augmented faculty of endurance, the regular and healthy action of the Heart, Lungs, Stomach and Bowels, and their improved appearance demonstrated in thousands of cases within our knowledge, its power of restoring the great sympathetic and muscular system on which full and healthy development depends, is certain. Price $1.50 a bottle, 6 for $7.50.—Sold by apothecaries and by F Cundill & Co., wholesale agents, Montreal

Plea for Early Closing.

Goderich March, 21st 1870.

(To the Editor of the 'Huron Signal.'

DEAR SIR.—I have noticed for some time past the most unreasonable hours which some of the Merchants of our Town keep. Some of them never closing their shops till 8½ and 9 o'clock, two in particular. Now Mr. Editor, how are the young men who serve in those shops and behind those counters from 7 o'clock a. m. to 8½ and 9 p. m. day after day to sustain their health especially during the summer season which is now advancing without exercise and recreation in the open air; which we all know is necessary to sustain the health and vigour of the body? And if they do not take it in the evening when are they to take it? And then again it does not give young men a chance for the improvement of their mind by attending Meetings, Lectures, &c. &c., because it is generally too late to go when they get closed up. And besides that Mr. Editor is not 12 hours long enough for any day's business, that is from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m? If people knew that the shop would be shut at that hour they would come earlier to make their purchases. And I think that if a deputation of young men were to go round and see the principle merchants of the place, there is not one but would be quite willing to close at an appointed hour, provided the rest would do the same. It is one waiting on the other to close, that makes the late hours but if there was a certain hour agreed upon I think it would be much better for all parties concerned. Hoping Mr. Editor that you will give this a place in your valuable paper, and also that the hints here thrown out may be improved upon.

I remain,
A BELIEVER IN EARLY CLOSING.

ASHFIELD MARCH 18th 1870.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

SIR.—In your last issue, 17th inst., I observe a communication from a 'sufferer' in reference to the Goderich Post Office. This gentleman, if he belongs to that 'persuasion'—evidently wants things to suit his own convenience, whether it suits anyone else or not. And in case his demands are not granted, threatens an appeal to the Inspector, and would even bring down the thunders of the Post-master General himself. Alas for poor Dickson! Taken as a whole, the article in question is one tissue of selfishness arrogance and ignorance. It is not enough that ten or a dozen Postmasters on these two Northern mail routes, sit up till eleven, twelve, one and two o'clock to receive the Eastern mails, they sit up an hour longer to suit the convenience of this precious "Sufferer." While I write it is twenty-five minutes to twelve, p. m. and no mail. How would 'sufferer' like that kind of waiting? But then following his reasoning, those Northern Postmasters and those who wait in their offices for letters, &c., are but country boobies, let them wait; it is enough if they get a mail at all, night or day. And those vagabond stage drivers—their convenience indeed! Pahaw! What if they are out half or three quarters of the night; if they are nearly frozen or smothered in the driving snow, what of that, they are but one remove above a brute. Let them take it, so long as this agonising 'sufferer' gets his letters in good time. This, Mr. Editor, is the legitimate conclusion to be drawn from 'Sufferers' reasoning, and is what some people call christianity. In conclusion I would remind this prince of 'Sufferers' of two things which he has either forgotten, or never known:—

1st. The Postmaster of Goderich *knows* his duties.

2nd. He performs them with correctness, and despatch, and does not require either instructions, or threats from *outsiders*. But 'Sufferer, will appeal, 'these things *must* be remedied or he will know the reason why.' This is the language of *authority* which is thus usurped and prostituted by this precious specimen of humanity. I would seriously advise him to appeal to Messrs Parker & Cattle or Mr Jordan, from whom he will be more likely to obtain an antidote to his sufferings, than from an Inspector of Post offices.

A COUNTY POSTMASTER,
12.15 Midnight—no mail.

TURNBERRY.

Feb. 21st, 1870