"...Sophy was to take ... servant leaving me ... had been brought ... care of me in my ... he went away ... parting words and ... again very soon ... I kissed him back ... In the very weakness ... asked strength to resolve ... see him again ... I should ... I would not tell him so. I loved him ... if he had bid me stay, I should ... I could not rebel ... when he was gone, I had determined what I would do. ... next day, my boy was taken from me. Before he went, I made ... puncture a red cross upon his heart, and ... his little neck I tied a miniature ... which I had copied for amusement from one that had been painted of ... an artist in New York, where ... once took me. He was never satisfied with the picture, and left it with me. Sophy said it was very like, and so it seemed to me. At any rate, I thought ... when his father saw that picture, and knew that he never should see me again, he would be more loving to my little Roland, for remembering his poor mother."

"Roland!" whispered Maud, glancing for the first time, with affrighted eyes at Percy, who had hidden his face upon the bed.

"Yes, I had asked them to call him Roland, and his father had promised it should be so. It was my father's name, and my only brother's. I wrote a little paper, and placed in the locket. I hardly know now what I said, but I wanted to have his father keep it, and give it to my boy when he should be a man, and should ask for his poor mother's fate, and perhaps then seek her out, and love her—love her as she loved him."

Mrs. Merriton paused, overcome by fatigue and agitation. The watchful position stepped forward, and held the draught that he had prepared, to her lips. The invalid drank, and seemed revived. After a few moments, she went on:

"When Sophy came back, I told her my resolution. She expostulated, but for the first time in my life, I was firm. I had money—some that had lain in the bank to my credit ever since my school days. I fancy my poor father left it there, thinking I might need it some day, though I believe he never knew what had become of me—and I went to Philadelphia, and lived there quietly, with my little girl and old Sophy, who eked out her income by clear-starching and needlework.

"At last I became acquainted with Mr Merriton. He was my landlord, and when I found I must leave the little house I had taken, I was so distressed that he found out the whole story, partly from me. Then he told me he had loved me long, but had feared to ask me to be his wife, he was so much older than I, and had so few attractions. I married him. I am so weak and weary now that I cannot tell you all I would of my reasons; but he was kind and good, and promised to be a father to my little Maud—and he was—was he not, dear? A good, kind father always. He gave you your present name—at first you were called by my name—the name that Richard Mortimer desired that you should bear—and I do not think any one ever suspected that I was not what I appeared, a virtuous and respectable woman.

"But I knew, child. Through all those years that I have passed, and lived, that terrible lie that I was acting has been gnawing at my heart. Never for one moment did I forget my shame, of yours, my innocent child. It has been killing me, slowly, as prisoners die of torture—but my days were numbered even before that accident which brought us hither. My only dread of death was leaving you, my darling, and when you told me that this youth loved you, and that you loved him, I thought that Providence had forgiven me, and brought us here, that before I closed my eyes, I might see my child safe."

"Providence indeed brought you here, madam," said the inexorable voice of the physician. "But it was to prove that God never lies, and that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the heads of the children, from generation to generation. See, this picture and this paper were taken from the neck of Roland Crowninshield, the reputed twin brother of this man—your daughter's betrothed husband, by an old woman, who to-day upon her deathbed confessed the fraud by which your son has been enabled to usurp the home and station that belong of right to Percy. See, to what a hideous crime you have almost betrayed your daughter—see"

"Mercy, have mercy—" gasped the sick woman, stretching her hand toward the doctor, as if to ward off an actual blow.

The old man paused, but his indignant eyes fell upon Percy's haggard face, and he would have recommenced in the same bitter strain, but the young man rose and confronted him.

"Old friend," said he, in a low voice, "this conduct is unworthy of you. It is neither that of a good physician, nor a good man. Look at that unfortunate woman—crushed, broken—dying, and tell me if she is fit to hear your harsh reproaches?"

"It was all for you," grumbled the doctor, shaking him off. "To think of you, and what has been, and worse, what was to have been."

"My mother has fainted," said a low, cold voice at Dr. Althorpe's elbow, and he turned suddenly, but started, as he met the stony gaze of Maud Merriton.

"My dear young lady," said he, attempting to take her hand, but she withdrew it, saying, again:

"My mother has fainted." Then, as the physician turned toward the bed, paused an instant, and holding out her hand, said, in a strange, choked voice:

"Percy—good-by. Leave us, you and I must never meet again."

"O Maud,' began Percy, clinging to that ice-cold hand, but with one last "good-by, Percy," the girl withdrew it from his grasp, and turned to aid her mother.

Percy left the room, and sought the library. There, in the centre of the room, stood Roland, his eyes fixed upon a note he had just received, his pallid face working, with internal rage and anguish. As Percy entered the room, his brother dashed the paper toward him, exclaiming, with a frightful oath—

"That is your work."

Percy silently picked up the note and read it. It consisted but of these lines:

"Miss Vivian returns Mr. Roland Crowninshield's gifts, and desires him to consider all acquaintance between them as at an end. Any intrusion on his part, in person or by letter, will be considered as an insult, and receive suitable notice as such."

"No, Roland," said Percy, calmly. "This is not my work. I know nothing of it; yesterday, perhaps, I should [illegible] the accusation, but to-day I [illegible] phrase [illegible] doubting in what way to best [illegible] and angry [illegible] that he bore, and Roland [illegible]

"Why no[illegible]," cried: You know I'd [illegible] you are afraid. [illegible] you did."

"Look at these, [illegible] of my house, if [illegible] gry with you. I do [illegible] not [illegible] now because you have [illegible] you another reason. I will tell [illegible]

But Roland, glancing at the [illegible] the picture, heard no more. He [illegible] ed the moment as that of his defeat [illegible] attempted no resistence to the Fate which in his perverted mind supplied the pl[illegible] of Providence.

"Yes, I knew all this some weeks ago," said he, calmly. "You have won, and I am lost—that's all. I suppose you have seen old Peggy [illegible] ... sent for us—Dr. Althorpe [illegible] myself, when she lay on her deathbed," stammered Percy, astounded at his brother's cold audacity. "And you knew it long ago!"

"Yes, it was my secret for a while. Now it seems it is yours and Miss Vivian's."

"But you do not know all," [illegible] without heeding his brother's innuendo. "You did not know—have you heard about—your mother?"

"My mother!" exclaimed Roland, a gleam of feeling breaking through the mask of sardonic coldness which he had imposed upon his features. "My mother! No. Is she living? How do you know her—where is she?"

"She is here, under this roof. She is Mrs. Merriton, the guest you have never seen. She has told all—and, O Roland, Maud—Maud—Maud, whom I was to marry—she is your own sister—your twin sister!"

"A mother and a sister. I have some one at last to care for me!" exclaimed Roland, with more joy at his own gain than horror at the shame of the relationship.

"But, Roland, think, she was to have been my wife!" cried Percy, aghast at his brother's consummate selfishness.

"I know it. A narrow escape for both of you. A mother and a sister, Maud is a fine girl. Percy, of course, Falcon's Eyrie will be yours now. I am not sure but I still might claim it under that will. But I don't want to. I am no Crowninshield—and Rose Vivian always hated me. You may have it, and her. When my mother can travel, I shall go home with her and my sister. Till then, we must claim the hospitality of your roof."

"Roland, your mother is dying," said Percy, sadly.

"Dying! No, but she must not die. She must live to pay me for all these years I have longed for her. Dying—she shall not die. I must go to her, now. She will never die now just as she has found me. Just as I am about to begin my life with her."

Roland, pale and excited, rushed toward the door, but his brother interposed.

"She surely will die, before your very eyes, if you agitate her so fearfully as you would do in seeking her thus; send for Dr. Althorpe, he is with her. Ask him to prepare her. Remember she is very weak and ill."

"Well, I will do so," said Roland, pausing, and ringing the bell. To Xerxes who answered the summons, he gave a brief message, requesting the doctor's presence, and then began feverishly pacing the room, with his soft, panther-like tread. Percy came toward him with outstretched hand, and tears in his honest eyes.

"Good-by, Roland," said he. "I am going down to Dr. Althorpe's for the present. No matter whose this house really may be—feel that it is yours, and your mother's so long as it suits you to stay in it. I shall never come here. You know why, Roland—brother—good-by, dear fellow."

"Good-by, Percy, good-by," said Roland, nervously. "You are very good about the house—of course we'll use it. Will that man never come to take me to my mother?"

Wringing the hand that loosely returned his pressure, Percy turned and rushed from the house, as if he were still the outcast, and his sneering brother were the heir.

CHAPTER XXI.

Somewhat more than a year had elapsed, since Peggy Waterman, her cat, and her beloved gold had been laid in their lonely grave beside the mountain hut; since Charles Vivian had won and carried home his merry little bride; since Percy Crowninshield, the heir, had temporarily abdicated his new possession, in favor of Roland the outcast; in fine, since all the important events that met upon the day chronicled in our last chapter—when Dr. Althorpe sat alone before his study fire slowly unfolding a letter, just handed in from the post-office.

"Poor Maud. It's her hand, her own brave, strong hand," mutters he, and pausing with a sigh, looks for a few moments into the blazing fire. Then turning again to the letter, reads aloud:

"Dear Friend,—To-day is the anniversary of my dear mother's death, and my thoughts turn naturally to you, whose sympathy and untiring care did so much to alleviate her sufferings and my cares, during that last terrible month at Falcon's Eyrie. The long month, after that bitter day, through which she lingered on, longing for death, yet so patient of life. Surely but few of us who have not been tempted, are as worthy of the spotless robe as that angelic sufferer, who expiated the ignorant errors of her youth by a life of holiness and patience, such as the world has seldom seen.

"I wrote to you to-day, also, to communicate a new hope of usefulness, that life has opened to me. You know I have always told you, that I must work, or die. I have tried various schemes, but have found nothing that gave my energies sufficient scope, and satisfied my longing to do something with all my might—until now. A week from to-morrow, Roland and I sail for England on our way to the Crimea—he to join the British troops as a volunteer—I to rank myself among Florence Nrghtingale's staff of nurses. Do yo remember the first time we ever met, you told me I was fit to be head nurse in a soldier's hospital? I remembered it at once when I read of Miss Nightingale's noble scheme, and I saw at once that there was my place.

"It will be a good thing for Roland, too. His character is, I think, undergoing the happiest change—an honorable ambition supplying the place of the morbid discontent that at first seemed likely to paralyze his fine energies. He says he is very fond of me, and I cling to him, as my one tie to home and kindred. He tells me that he has taken all the legal measures that you suggested to him, for the purpose of securing the property of Falcon's Eyrie to our brother Percy. We have enough and to spare, from the fortune that Mr. Merriton bequeathed to me, even after deducting the various charities which you think so extravagant.

"I suppose Percy and his beautiful Rose are married, by the time you receive this. God grant that they may be as happy now and always as my wish would make them. Will you offer to the bride with my congratulations, the little box of jewels that I shall forward to you? There are some fine diamonds' among them, that my mother brought from Brazil. I shall never wear them more, but it would please me to think of them as adorning Percy's wife. Roland will write to Percy and to you, so I send no messages.

"I wish we might see you in New York before we sail. Can you not come to bid us 'godspeed' upon our long journeying? You will if you can, I know, for there is a corner of the heart that duty will not fill—it craves for human love and sympathy, and you, dear friend, are the only one in all the world, to whom my brother and I may look for either. Good-by, dear doctor.

"Your grateful friend,

Maud Merriton."

"I'll go," exclaimed the doctor, emphatically, striking his hand upon his knee, and looking round defiantly, as if he expected opposition from something or somebody; but as we have said, he was alone, and presently, beginning to fold up the letter, he added, musingly:

"Let's see, now, why can't I? There's Mrs. Charles Vivian, her baby is a month old, and she's going on finely—well she may, with her husband, the old folks, the servants and all, ready to stand on their heads all night, if they fancy she'd sleep [illegible] for [illegible] Percy and his bride, [illegible] and started on their [illegible] won't miss the old man, [illegible] fellow, says home [illegible] wouldn't be home, [illegible] could see me every day. What a boy [illegible] never should [illegible] down one half as well as [illegible] Egad, he'll find one of these days, [illegible] doctor has laid up his stra[illegible] well as [illegible] man. Guess a bank-book will equal old Peg's tin box and all for you, my boy. How much like him, to go up there with Frans and bury her, box, and cat, and all, lest the villagers should make a row, and burn her as they threatened.

"Then, there's Mrs. Barrill getting round again, after her 'rheumatiz'—she'll do well enough with 'Lizzy' to tend her. And all the rest may wait till I come back, or call upon that quack at Hilfoot—for go I will, and see my poor Maud once more before she sail, and I hope there may be a woman somewhere in the length and breath of the land, worthy to fill her place when she is gone, but I don't believe it."

THE END.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, JAN. 23, 1868.

THAT PETITION.

For the satisfaction of the friends of Mr Gibbons, we may state that, in the matter of the petition, introduced so *very much* against Mr. Carling's will, everything, thus far, favors the idea that the present occupant of the seat for South Huron is pretty sure to let his voice be heard in the House for the full term of office. It will take some two or three years to get the thing to a climax, and, we repeat it, Mr. Carling and his friends will hear things made public which will make them wish the petition and the petitioner were safely lodged in Jericho.—Little Elliott is down in Toronto figuring away in the old Podsnap style; but he is made a laughing-stock of by members belonging to both sides of the House, for that it is well known that he, Ritchie and Carling, begged for the very votes of the German *electawrs* which are now objected to. The very fact of Elliott lobbying about Toronto by the week is enough to explain *why* the petition was got up (against Mr. Carling's will) and *wherefore*.

Our Branch Agricultural Societies

It has come to be a question with many who are deeply intereste in Agricultural matters whetherthe various branch societies are or are not productive of good in proportion to the time and money expended upon them. We must confess that we were not a little surprised to hear such farmers as George Sproat and other leading men advocating the abolition of all the branch societies They spoke boldly, and as if they were in earnest about the matter,—not in mere whispers and hints thrown out to see how the idea would take. The matter has presented itself to our minds, ere now, in pretty much the same light, but, not being practical farmers, we were naturally a little diffident about broaching it publicly. We have asked ourselves, as we visited show after show, from year to year, What does it amount to after all? In what degree does it enhance the interests of the farmer? Mr. Smith exhibits a certain number of sheep, Mr. Jones some cows and horses, Mr. Robinson a lot of swine, &c. The "inside show," in the effort to witness which you are poked about unmercifully by a crowd of people, is nearly the same as that of last year and the year before that. In fact, you cannot but think that the patchwork quilt which stares at you in 1866 is the very one that you pronounced such a splendid affair in 1856! There is a great "turn out" of people, many lads leading their lassies around by the hand, many lads of various ages drinking raw whiskey at the booths or taverns,—a great noise and confusion—much interest in "a good agricultooral hoss race," perhaps, and very little interest in anything else, and the chances are that the exhibition ends with half a dozen fights. When you witness one branch show, you see *all*, with but a very little variation occasionally. Now, it is agued that if farmers would be willing to forego the small shows, and allow the money spent on them to go towards the introduction of improved stock, new seeds, &c., while they united their strength upon a grand two days' County Exhibition and Fair combined, a much greater amount of good would be effected, and a number of evils effectually done away with. If the two Riding Agricultural Societies of Huron would unite their funds they might have, yearly, a two days' exhibition which would be a real credit to the County, and which could not fail to benefit every farmer who really wished to improve his intellectual and material condition. Such a combination, especially if it embraced ploughing and reaping matches, would be strong—capable of great things, and we venture to assert that those who carried away the prizes for stock, grains, fruits, implements, and what not, would feel a degree of laudable pride which could not be possible under other circumstances. Out of the $1900.00 of government money, there might be sufficient appropriated to grant bonuses to the importers of breeding stock, for the introduction of new seeds, &c. Nor should this be all. Our farmers should talk more with each other about their business than they do An agricultural club on a large scale, a liberal prize for the best essays upon important and suitable subjects would elicit an amount of intelligent information that would materially benefit the whole agricultural community. We know many sturdy farmers entertain a thorough contempt of club knowledge and book-farming in general, but there is to the man who is not lazy as well as fond of reading, a great deal to be gained from books, papers, essays, and club discussions upon a subject even so practical as agriculture. It may be objected that we are chalking out too much—that our scheme is too comprehensive. We think not. Combination is the order of the day. It is generally believed that the interchange of thoughts and the aggregation of talent develope the various resources of art, science, literature, even politics. Why, then, should not the same principle apply to agriculture, one of the noblest pursuits that man can be engaged in. The farmers of this County have now an opportunity of initiating a new era in their history, and if all the good is not accomplished that might be they will only have themselves to blame.

There are arguments in favor of branch society shows. It is held that they give the poor man a chance, who would not dare to meddle with a great county exhibition—that they attract the attention of many who would not be able to attend the greater gatherings, and that, especially, to those living in back townships, they are invaluable. It is only just to state that these and other arguments are advanced to prove that it would be unwise to abolish the minor societies and their shows.

It is for those interested to ponder deeply the questions involved in this subject. They know the pros and cons perfectly well, but we would strongly urge a full, fair and comprehensive investigation of a matter of so much real importance.

THE FIRST VOTE.

The first vote taken in the Ontario Assembly was on the 17th, on the resolution introduced to empower the Ministry to invest the surplus funds of the Province in Dominion Stock. After a long discussion an amendment to the resolution was put and lost on the following division:—

Yeas,—Messrs. Baxter, Blake, Boyd, Christie, Clemons, Eric, Finlayson, Fraser, Galbraith, Gibbons, Gow, McDougall, McKellar, McKim, McLeod, McMurrich, Oliver, Pardee, Paxton, Perry, Sexton, Sinclair, Smith, (Middlesex), Springer, Trow, Williams (Hamilton).—26.

Nays,—Messrs. Barber, Beatty, Beulter, Carling, Carnegie, Clark, Cobourn, Colquhoun, Cook, Corby, Craig, (Glengarry) Craig, (Russell), Crosby, Cumberland, Currie, Evans, Fergusson, Ferrier, Fitzsimmons, Graham, (Hastings), Grahame, (York), Greeley, Hays, Hooper, Lauder, Lount, Luton, Lyon, MacDonald, Watchett, Monteith, McCall, (Norfolk) McColl, (Elgin) Read, Richards, Rykert, Scott, (Grey), Scott (Ottawa), Secord, Shaw, Smith, (Kent), Smith, (Frontenac), Smith, (Leeds and Greenville), Strange, Supple, Swinerton, Tett, Wigle, Williams, (Durham), Watson, Wood.—51.

GODERICH SALT COMPANY.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS.

Splendid Success of the Enterprise.

HALF-YEAR DIVIDEND OF 35 PER CENT.

The semi-annual meeting of the Goderich Salt Company was held yesterday, (20th) in the Town Hall. There was a good attendance of the shareholders, all of whom were highly pleased when the President read the report of the Directors, and announced a semi-annual dividend of 35 per cent. The result of the operations of the Company, as shown by the audited statements of the secretary, proves that thus far, at least, it has been one of the best paying concerns in the Dominion. Since its commencement we find that the receipts for salt sold have been, in round figures, $14,607, and although *over $14.000 have been expended* in sinking the well and erecting the two splendid blocks now in operation, the directors are enabled to declare the handsome dividend we have stated. To show what a benefit the well has been to the neighborhood we may say that $5,334.07 have been spent for wood, $4,318.04 for wages, $325.00 for teaming, $2,185 for barrels, &c. If by any means twenty such wells could be worked at anything approaching this one, the benefit derived by the town would be very great indeed. It was mentioned in the report of the Directors, and we believe with reason, that such large dividends can not be looked for when a number of wells are put in operation, but still there is reason to conclude that those who have already invested, or who have yet to invest, will receive a fair return for their investments. The following are the officers elected for the current year:—

Directors.—M. C. Cameron, J. V. Detlor, S. Platt, Wm. Campbell, H. Johnston, W. Kay, R. Runciman, R. Gibbons, A. M. Ross.

President.—J. V. Detlor.

Secretary.—George Rumball.

☞ At the Police Court this morning before his Worship the Mayor and John V. Detlor, Esq., Wm. Waddington, an employee of the railroad, was convicted for selling liquor without license, and fined in the lowest sum provided by law, namely, the sum of $20, and costs. $10 of which goes to the municipality, and $10 to the informer. A great deal more could be done in the same line if the proper authorities were to look just a little after it.

Stephen.

A Challenge Heifer. — Mr. R. Manning of the Exeter Cheese Factory owns a two years old heifer which may well challenge the Province of Ontario.—She is a most symmetrically built grade, and weighs *seventeen hundred pounds*.—If any one can beat this we hope they will let us know of it.

Tuckersmith.

We are pleased to be able to note that Mr. Wm. Sproat, brother of the Reeve, has with a commendable spirit of enterprise introduced two fine Durham bulls from the County of Halton.

Usborne.—We are glad to hear that the able Reeve and deputy of this Township, Messrs. A. Bishop and Creery have been re-elected by large majorities.

Stephen.—Reeve, James Parsons, deputy, Mr. Greenaway.

Howick.—Reeve, C. W. Pickford, deputy, Jas. Perkins,

Agricultural Meeting at Brucefield

A public meeting, called by the Warden, according to the provisions of the Statute, to consider the propriety of establishing an Electoral Division Agricultural Society for South Huron, was held in Rattenbury's Hotel, Brucefield, yesterday, (16th). There were some 60 or 70 farmers present, each municipality of the South Riding being pretty fairly represented.

At 1 o'clock an informal meeting was held for the purpose of discussing the question of the hour, Thos. Lamb, Esq., in the chair.

Mr. James Dickson read the sections of the statute relating to the formation of such a society, and stated that by forming a society in each of the two Ridings, they would have $800 of Government money for each, whereas, formerly, the whole County only received that sum. He thought, if it could be done, that it would be better for the two societies to unite their funds and have a grand County Exhibition, at convenient places, for instance at Goderich, Clinton and Seaforth, alternately, or as might be agreed upon.

Mr. George Sproat advocated doing away with the small branch societies altogether, and employing the funds towards a County or Riding Exhibition, [illegible] ton, with only four townships, had, last year, such a fine County Show that the Directors collected $400,00 at the gates. (Applause.) Some such system here, he felt satisfied, would tend to promote the interests of agriculture.

Mr. H. Love, sen., said the matter, as explained by Mr. Dickson, lay in a nutshell. They could, it seemed, by the formation of a new Society, secure $800.00, and it was clearly their duty to enter at once upon the preliminary steps.

Mr. J. S. Sinclair having been appointed to receive the signatures of intending subscribers, drafted the statutory heading which was as follows: "We whose names are subscribed hereto, agree to form ourselves into a society under the provisions of the Act respecting the Bureau of Agriculture and Agricultural Societies, to be called the Electoral Division Agricultural Society of the South Riding of Huron, and are hereby severally agreed to pay to the Treasurer yearly while we continue members of the Society, (any member being at liberty to retire therefrom upon giving notice in writing to the Secretary, at any time before the Annual Meeting, of his wish so to do), the sums opposite our respective names, and we further agree to conform to the rules and By-laws of the said Society."

The following is a list of those subscribing to the above:—

Geo. Sproat,	T. T. Coleman,
Alex. Broadfoot,	Geo. Walker,
David Walker,	Jno. Hunter,
A. Elcoat,	Wm. Wilson,
H. Strong,	G. E. Cresswell,
H. Johnston,	R. Fulton,
John Rattenbury,	Jas. Torrance,
R. McCartney,	R. Gibbons,
J. S. Sinclair,	Wm McCaa,
Jas Pickard,	John Hunter,
R. Hunter,	R. Manning,
Thos. Lamb,	Jas. Hatt,
Jas. Broadfoot,	R. Sweet,
Wm. Westicott,	Geo. Anderson,
Wm. Bell,	R. Brown,
M. Zeller,	Wm. Cooper,
Jas. Anderson,	W. T. Cox,
C. McLeod,	C. Dale,
John Hugill,	R. McMordie,
Wm. Arbuckle,	Jas. Ireland,
P. McTavish,	H. Love, sen.,
John Ross,	R. Cameron,
Jas. Dickson,	Thos. Simpson,
James Lean,	John Cameron,
Jas. Dallas.	Alex. Forsyth.

52 in all.

Moved by Dr. Coleman, seconded by Mr. Broadfoot, That the formal meeting be now constituted, and that Thos. Lamb, Esq., continue to occupy the chair. The names were then read over and the members paid in their subscriptions.

Mr. Sinclair, Secretary.

Moved by John Cameron, seconded by Jas. Ireland, That James Dickson, Esq., be President of this Society.

Mr. Dickson said he would rather decline the honor.

Moved by Mr. Dickson, seconded by Mr. Torrance, That Robt. Gibbons, Esq., be President of the Society.

Moved by Mr. Love, seconded by Mr. John Hunter (of Usborne), that George Sproat, Esq., be President. Mr. Love remarked that while he did not have anything against either Mr. Dickson or Mr. Gibbons, he thought the latter had almost as much on his hands as he could attend to.

On the ballot being taken, Mr. Dickson was declared elected President.

Geo. Sproat, Esq., was elected by acclamation as 1st Vice President, and Thomas Lamb, Esq., as 2nd Vice President.

Hugh Love, sen., Esq., was elected Secretary.

Mr. G. E. Cresswell was nominated as Treasurer. Mr. Wm. Bell also nominated as Treasurer.

On a vote being taken Mr. Cresswell was elected.

The matter of electing seven Directors was then taken up. A question as to whether the Treasurer and Secretary had votes at the meetings of Directors was decided in the negative. The following is a list of the Directors elected:—

Goderich Town, W. T. Cox.
Goderich Township, John Hunter.
Seaforth & Tuckersmith, Dr. Coleman.
Hay, Wm. Wilson.
Usborne, Jas. Pickard.
Stephen, R. Sweet.
Stanley, George Anderson.

The meeting, after adopting the standing rules and regulations of the old Society, as far as applicable, adjourned. The directors to hold their first meeting in Brucefield at the call of the President.

The South Riding Ag. Meeting.

The meeting held in Brucefield, a report of which will be found elsewhere, was one of the most harmonious we have ever had the pleasure of attending, and we have no doubt, from the spirit of unanimity displayed; that the Society will be a good one, and that the interests of one of the first agricultural sections of Canada will be materially enhanced by its action. Petty, sectional feeling seemed to be left entirely aside and every one present determined to work for the general weal. This is as it should be. We shall shortly take up some of the subjects mooted, as they are, in our opinion, of much importance to the farming community.

☞ On account of certain Fenian rumors affecting the personal safety of Her Majesty the Queen, extra precautions were adopted on her late visit to Cowes.

☞ A man named Wm. Anthony hung himself in Toronto on Friday last. Cause, whiskey.

The Clinton Agricultural Meeting.

(From our own correspondent)

Clinton, Jan. 16 1868.

The agricultural meeting called by the warden, was held to-day. The object as you are aware, was to form an Electoral Division Agricultural Society. The attendance was pretty good but the outlying townships were either not represented at all, or very poorly, and quite a number of those subscribing hailed form the South Riding. After some stormy discussion, James Biggins Esq. was elected President. The fact that Mr. B., although a good farmer, lives in the South Riding, has caused many to look upon his election with disgust. The question put by many, in my hearing, was: "Have we no farmer in the the North Riding capable of being President of a Riding Ag. Society?" And I can tell you candidly the feeling manifested augurs ill for the success of the newly-formed Society, for it is certain that the election will create much disatisfaction. Mr. Malcomson, of Clinton, was elected secretary, which in my opinion, was a good appointment. We shall see what we shall see.

Fire.

Early on Sunday morning last a large frame building on Victoria St., owned by Mr. P. Nolan and used by Mr. Wm. Brooks as a wagon shop, &c., was consumed by fire. The conflagration occurred at an hour when most people are fast asleep, and but few knew anything of it until a later hour. From the fact that when the fire was first seen, the building was blazing at both ends, and that there was no fire in it on the previous evening, it is almost certain that the work of ruin was effected by incendiaries. We sincerely trust that no pains or expense will be spared in bringing the guilty parties to justice. Mr. Brooks lost all his tools and lumber, besides several jobs he had in the shop.

Not so.—Certain interested parties having industriously circulated the report that the Goderich salt will not cure meat, we need only state that scientific analysis and practical experience have proven beyond doubt that is as pure as any manufactured in America or Europe.

Town Council.

Council Chamber, Jan. 20th, 1868.

The council assembled on Monday a noon, according to statute.

Hugh Johnston Esq. the Mayor Elect, having subscribed his declaration and qualification of office, took the chair. The following gentlemen who were elected as councillors viz:—M. C. Cameron S. H. Detlor, E. Clifford W. G. Smith, and H. Horton Deputy Reeve, also took the necessary declaration of office.

The council being properly constituted the mayor took the chair, members present the deputy reeve, councillors Passmore, Smith, Seymour, Cameron, Detlor Clifford, Rumball, McKay and Leonard.

The minutes of last regular meeting were read approved and signed.

The mayor appointed Wm. McKay as one of the auditors, Messrs. Robertson Thompson were nominated by the council when on a division Mr. Robertson was declared elected.

John V. Detlor Esq. was appointed Grammar school trustee in place of M. C. Cameron retiring.

Moved by Mr. Smith seconded by the deputy reeve, That the Mayor be empowered, should he think on enquiring into the case, to offer a reward of fifty dollars for the apprehension and conviction of the supposed inciendary who set fire to Mr. Nolan's building on Sunday morning last Carried.

The council then proceeded to draft a committee of 5, to appoint standing committees for the current year which resulted as follows Messrs. Seymour, Rumball, Smith, Cameron and Horton.

A committee of five was then drafted to report on salaries, consisting of Messrs. Seymour, Clifford, Detlor, Leonard and McKay.

The council then adjourned until the last Friday in the month, at half past 7 in the evening.

Registrar's Fees.

The house has under consideration the propriety of reducing the fees received by registrars, which are believed to be much too large.

☞ Hon. J. S. McDonald has announced that it is *not* the intention of the Government, just now, to propose the amalgamation of the general functions of County Councils with the Ontario Legislature.

☞ A large number of petitions praying for amendment to tax on dogs, have been referred to a special committee of the House.

☞ See the advertisement of H. Grist, Ottawa. We can confidently recommend Mr. G. as a prompt and reliable agent.

Mr. Brydges, having been made aware of the fact that persons "as are not editors," are in the habit of miscellaneously dead-heading it over the Grand Trunk on passes intended for others, has determined to make such travellers pay their way like other folk in future.

☞ The address of the Secretary of the South Riding Agricultural Society is Hills Green, that of the Treasurer, Seaforth.

Hear, Hear!—An excellent move is being made in the Ontario Legislature having for its object the reorganization of the body of magistrates and coroners.—Such a measure, if carried out in a spirit of fairness would be productive of much good.

Salt.—We understand that Mr. Grace has made up his mind to bore for salt on a piece of ground near the harbor. He proposes, it is said, in case of striking salt to use Chapin's Patent in its manufacture.

THE WATERFALL,

BY THE "POOR YOUNG MAN," REVIEWED.

To the editor of the Signal,

Dear Sir,—In your issue of the 9th inst., you admit a column from the pen of a verdant youth, who presumes to inform his mother and sisters of the way they should dress their hair, and what they should and should not do. I crave, in behalf of my sex, a short space to reply. I am sorry that a more experienced pen did not notice the "Poor Young Man's" audacity, want of grammar, gallantry, and good sense. I do not undertake to defend my sisters and mothers against the dishonorable expressions thrown out by the "Poor Young Man;" I am not yet old enough to have hair of my own to adorn me, and I read that our sex's best ornament is a meek and a quiet spirit. But I do think the youth knows little of woman, if he thinks her first life work is to please his sex. Are there none of us who feel it to be our first duty to please God. He says, "And hence the first question with them, from the lovely morning when Mother Eve dressed her golden locks at the mirror of some Paradisical brook, down to the first of January A. D., 1868, has been, How shall we arrange our hair so as to render our beauty the most striking to all men." The empty conceit of such a writer is almost unpardonable. The fact is, there are a great many "Poor Young Men" who are really not worth striking; they are impoverished in head, hand and heart. The article I referred to is such a specimen of poverty, pride, and self-conceit, that I only intended to ask your newly-fledged correspondent to try again and explain to us poor women what he means by such long sentences and such a number of pollysyllables and such adjectives. Your readers, dear editor, are quite unused to them. I may not have spelled out his meaning correctly, and my sister says he didn't know the meaning of some of the sentences himself. I only select a few. Will he please explain how it is that his spelling is so incorrect. What he means by the terribly sublime odour of Niagara Falls; what he means by "fishing beside a wee thread of a cascade." Do trout not live above or below the falls; men usually fish in the water, and not *beside* it. What he means by the richest "perfumery of hemlock;" by "gushing melody." We have read of "gushing wounds," and "gushing fountains," but "gushing melody!" Poor man. What does he mean by the "throat of a mind." Who ever heard of a mind having a throat; of a manly bosom writing poetry on the back of deformity; of a prematrimonial mind; of umbrageous gloom; of a "Paradisical brook." We read of a river in Paradise. What does he mean by "rose-buds with saucy heads." Not very refined that, to the thousands of Canada's fairest daughters he hopes to address. One saucy head is quite enough for one so elegant in style. Would he name some of those most beautiful and chaste writers who went into those strange fits called ecstacts, over a stray curl about a snowy neck. How could the curl have gone astray if it remained about a snowy neck. He must mean that the curls went into fits and went astray. Poor Young Man, though the neither writes beautifully nor chaste, he is evidently astray. Explain who "St. Paul's fair Gentile headed" was. We thought Paul was a bachelor. I give you his own words. The Poor Young Man treats us ladies to bad English, and a little worse French. He then tells us that every young man has some poetry in him. If he has any poetry in his noddle, we would advise him to try it next time he writes to the ladies of this Dominion, for it is very evident that he has not much prose. He may, perhaps, improve on our "acquaintance when he gets our *Father's money* and a few more—whiskers—." If he has not already led one of my snowy necked sisters astray, he may fish with his wee thread, indulge in his umbrageous gloom—enjoy the perfume of hemlock, and wink at the girls' falsities in female loveliness, and study his grammar and himself, and

FAIRPLAY.

The Square, Jan., 1868.

The "Poor Young Man," who occasionally spends an hour in our sanctum, having called on us since the receipt of the above, we have allowed him to append his response, so as to be done with the thing at once. For our own part we feel indifferent on the subject of waterfalls. They may either disappear altogether or assume the proportions of a peck measure without causing us any great uneasiness.—(Ed. Signal.)

The Poor Young Man's Response.

I have read the above and it has afforded me a good deal of amusement. It was written by *a man* who is now, or probably will be, in due course of time, a member of the great family of hen-pecked husbands. I advise him to borrow vol. 2 of Douglas Jerrold's works and read Mrs. Caudle's Lectures, for he will probably figure in the character of poor Caudle yet. No *lady* would have descended to the vulgarity which is so transparent in "Fair Play's" effusion. Women are *instinctively* logical in matters relating to their own personal adornments, and my readers will, I think, decide with me that there is as little of logic in the letter of "Fair Play" as there is of common sense. Fancy a lady, advocating the claims of her water fall and "a meek and quiet spirit," and "the duty of pleasing God" in the same breadth." The dressing of the hair and spiritual adornments may not be incompatible, but a mere tyro in either divinity or hair-dressing would see at a glance that what I alluded to in my article was *natural* adornment. I wish to say to the writer of the above that I am no "newly fledged" correspondent for I have had the honor of writing many papers for the *Signal* and as most of them have been extensively copied by Canadian journals, I flatter myself they have been pretty well appreciated. But to a criticism of the defender of his "sisters and mothers," (surely he could have had only one of the latter.) He sneers at my grammer, but points, out nothing ungrammatical; he complains of my *pollysylladles* (a critic should always spell correctly) and doubts if he understands the meaning of my sentences. Let me help him. In the first place I claim that I *can* spell the English language correctly. I said with reference to Niagara Falls "order," and the *Signal* compositor made it "oder," not "odour." "Fishing beside a stream" is correct. Fishing is a compound act. Dr. Franklin calls it a fool at one end of the rod and a worm on the other. A man (or a *fool*, but opinions differ) a worm and a fish. The man obtains the worm and may, while he stands beside the falls fish either above or below. "Gushing melody" is correct, nay, classical, if Milton, Dryden, Tennyson and others, are taken as authorities.—"The throat of a mind" is a figurative expression. The gentle Elia, a writer of pure and undefiled English, says that on a certain occasion his trepedition was such that "the *knees* of his mind knocked together." But enough has been quoted to unmask the hypercritical gent who, in attempting to be so extremely literal, has displayed a vast amount of intellectual *softness*, and whom I would advise to stick to his yard-measure until he meets with something in the literary line which is more in accordance with his capacity. The "waterfall" is evidently too mighty a subject for his mental grasp, for in wading through his emusion I do not find a word in defence of the fashion. He has grossly liabled the fair sex in that he has, under a flimsy pretext, put words into their mouths too coarse for the utterance of even a lady who has no hair to dress in the prevailing fashion. I wrote in a good-natured spirit, at least, and it ill-becomes a knight of the yard-stick, such as I believe "Fair Play" to be, to talk of "Poverty of hand, head and heart" as concomitent evils. If I do not wear as glossy a shirt collar or buy as much perfume I believe I am as rich as he is in *every* respect, although I *am*

The Poor Young Man.

☞ The monthly Temperance lecture in connection with the Good Templars was given last evening. The Rev. Mr. Levingston was quite at home on his theme, the lecture was well received by the appreciative audience. The public gatherings on this question show the strong hold those principles have on the public mind, and greatly encourage the hearts of the friends of the cause. We are hoping for better days for our Country when intemperance shall be driven from our land. After the lecture and the usual votes of thanks, Mr. Thomson sang, "Launch the life boat" the Rev. Mr. Levingston playing on the organ. Our National anthum was then sung, and the company said good night.

☞ The Bill introduced by Sir Henry Smith for the holding of elections simultaneously throughout Ontario, has stricken the ultra tories with terror. What does the man mean? they ask. He dashes headlong at every reform measure, snaps important Bills out of the hands of Ministers, and advocates sweeping liberal measures with a degree of vim which is most unaccountable when his past political life is considered. Sir Henry, it is clear, will be pulled up some of these days with a round turn by his compeers, who begin already to murmer that "as a conservist he is not a success."

TRAGEDY IN AUSTRIA.

FEARFUL MURDER OF A FAMILY.

(Vienna Dec. 19 Correspondence to the London Telegraph.)

Just a month ago the following paragraph, extracted from the ultra-Czech journal, *Narodni Listy*, went the round of the Viennese papers:

"The I. R. Telegraph Official, Zohrer, in Bodenbach, is stated to have received the news, through the Bank of England, that a Brazilian Landowner, his relative, has left him the sum of $1,870,000 in silver. Shortly afterwards the Dresden Discount Bank offered to pay Herr Zohrer the entire amount in cash, against sufficient guarantee. The fortunate inheritor accepted, however, only $3,000 from the Dresden Bank, resigned his government post, and is staying for the present in Prague, whence he will shortly travel to England in order to take up his heritage."

The statements contained in the above require verification, except in so far as Nicholas Zohrer's visit to Prague is concerned. It would appear that he did not resign his appointment, but asked for and received six months' leave without pay, and forthwith conveyed his whole family, consisting of Madame Therese Zohrer, 31 years of age, Gustave (8), Ferdinanda (1), and Otto, a baby, of four months old, besides two female servants, viz., a *femme de chambre* named Barbara Priesszler and a nurse. Whilst in Prague Zohrer is said to have made large purchases of jewelry, and to have instituted inquiries relative to estates for sale, ground for building palaces, &c., and to have received countless offers of service, congratulations, and tenders of friendship from all sorts and conditions of men. Prosecuting his journey towards England, he arrived in this city on Saturday, and put up at the Golden Cross, in the Weiden suburb, where he took two rooms, communicating one another by a folding door. In one of these rooms, slept the two servants Barbara Preiszler, having with her in bed Ferdinanda, the little girl, and the nurse taking the baby, Otto. In the other room Zohrer and his wife slept; their eldest child, Gustave, occupying a small bed near their own. The whole family appeared to enjoy perfect health and excellent spirits, and Zohrer, during the two days that elapsed between his arrival and the catastrophe I am about to recount, was noticed to be passionately fond of his wife and children. He conversed freely with everybody who would listen to him upon the subject of his inheritance, ordered a fireproof safe from the celebrated firm of Wertheim, and entered into negotiations for the purchase of a pair of horses at Schawel's. On Monday evening the family retired to rest in the order above described. Between three and four o'clock in the morning, the female servants were awakened by screaming in the next room, and Barbara Preiszler got up hastily, opened the door of communication, and, as she was entering Zohrer's bed-room, received two heavy blows from a life-preserver, one on the head and one on the breast. Shrieking for help, she fled from the room, accompanied by the nurse who had also risen, and added her cries to those of her fellow servant. Immediately afterwards several reports of fire-arms were heard by the occupants of the neighbouring apartments. Nothing, as you will readily understand after reading a little further, is known of what took place in those rooms after the servants had left them. Probably the details of the tragedy enacted within a few minutes of their departure will never be revealed to human knowledge. One of the servants of the hotel appears to have been sent off to the Primarius. Dr. Divstl, who reached the Golden Cross at a little after four and went straight to the rooms occupied by the Zohrer family, proceeded by two chambermaids, with lighted candles. As soon as the door was opened, both the women screamed aloud, and, dropping their candles, rushed down the stairs, leaving Dr. Divstl in total darkness. The doctor felt his way as well as he could, out of the room, and succeeded in finding the landlord of the hotel, who accompanied him back to the room, where the first object that met their eyes was the corpse of a little girl, Ferdinanda, lying in a large pool of blood, shot through the head; hard by was the still breathing body of the infant Otto, also shot through the head. On entering the other room they stepped into a lake of blood, in which a sixbarrelled revolver was lying, and found the body of Madame Zohrer, her skull blown to pieces, lying by the side of the bed, and in a corner of the room the corpse of Zohrer himself, shot through the forehead and the heart, stone dead. Search was promptly made for the eldest boy, who was presently found, speechless and almost dead with fear, hidden under the counterpane of the bed. This child had also received two wounds, one in the neck (severe) and one in the head (dangerous), the skull being fractured. He was in a object state of terror, and as soon as he had recovered himself a little, told the bystanders that his father first fired at him, the bullet passing through his neck, and then struck him on the head with a club; that he had clung to his fathers knees and begged for mercy, and after that he remembered nothing more. The female servant, Preiszler, who is suffering from a severe concussion of the brain, Zohrer having struck her with tremendous force, was removed, as well as the two dying children, to the hospital, where she was shortly afterwards delivered of a child, at present in the Findelhaus. Hopes are entertained of saving her life, and the medical authorities say that there is a faint chance of Gustave Zoherer's recovery, though his wounds are of a desperately severe character. The baby is doomed—nothing can save it; probably by this time, indeed, it is dead.

It is generally believed that Zohrer was out of his mind when he committed this triple murder and suicide. He appears to have been for some time laboring under the delusion that the Jesuits were pursuing him to rob him of his newly-acquired fortune. Great doubts, on the other hand, are entertained whether the inheritance, which is at the bottom of all this guilt and horror, ever existed anywhere except in the brain of the unfortunate man himself. If the whole story of his heirdom were only a myth, his crime might be accounted for simply enough; dread of exposure, humiliation, and indigence may have driven him to so awful an extreme. This view of the case would appear to be supported by the fact that only a few floins were found in his possession, upon the examination of his effects by the civil authorities, and that he had, a few days previous to his suicide, borrowed from the servant, Barbara, her entire savings, amounting to 127fl., about £10 10s. Zohrer and his wife were both good-looking people, Madame Zohrer especially; they had occupied an excellent position in the small society of Bodenbach, and Zohrer was respected and liked by his fellow-officials. I am of opinion that there is a mystery yet to be cleared up which shall reveal the true causes of this awful tragedy. Should the intelligence of the inheritance have been a practical joke, which it may possibly turn out to be, those who devised it and the journals which originally opened their columns to the statement above quoted will have occurred a grave and terrible responsibility. Curiosity enough, on Saturday morning, a man, named Lange, residing in Altona (Brunnerstrasse, 24,) cut his wife's throat, then murdered his three children (two boys and a girl), and, finally, severed his own windpipe. All five were found dead and cold by a person who accidently entered Lange's sleeping room. What with the Chorinsky-Ebergeny murder, and this wholesale butchery of Sunday morning, Vienna is in an unwanted state of excitement, *hors d'affaires politiques*, of which I shall have something to say in a day or two.