"But I can't bear with patience—" began Mary, impetuously, but paused, reluctant to begin upon the most disagreeable phase of her persecutions.

"Why, you see," said Percy, understanding at once all she would have said, and considerably embarrassed at the recollection of his own unwonted disingenuousness—"I didn't tell Miss Merriton anything about Roland, or only just mentioned that it wasn't pleasant for you to see any young gentleman, situated as you are—and it you will be so kind as not to say anything either—because, you know, I m so anxious they should like each other, and I don't really think Roland meant any harm, by you, Miss Mary. It was only a foolish jest of his—"

"A jest at my expense! I don't think you improve the matter, Mr. Crowninshield," said Mary, coldly.

"No, of course I don't mean that, Miss Mary," cried Percy, quite bewildered at the very idea. "I mean—"

"I understand you, sir," interposed Miss Graham, with a tinge of sorrowful bitterness in her sweet voice. "You mean, that though your brother may be a villain, he is still your brother, and a person of far more consequence than a poor seamstress in your eyes. And though he may have insulted such an one in the directest manner, you prefer, in relating the circumstances to her whose opinion you value most, to gloze over his conduct, and throw the charge of unfounded discontent and foolish caprice upon me. It's human nature, sir, and all very proper. I am quite content to have it so, only let us put the matter in plain English, and not misunderstand each other. Good evening, Mr. Crowninshield."

"Now, my dear Miss Mary," began Percy, vehemently, but with a mournful wave of the hand, in token of adieu, Miss Graham dropped her veil, and walked rapidly down the lane.

The young gentleman stood looking after her in a state of bewildered vexation.

"Great blundering fellow!" muttered he, at length. "I'm no more fit to manage these women's affairs than Bayard would be if Maud could only but have come. Well in a few days when she can attend to it, she will set all to rights. Maud knows how to manage everything."

So Percy rode disconsolately homeward in the opposite direction from that taken by Mary. That is to say, he crossed the river, went on the other side, and re-crossed just above Falcon's Eyrie. In spite of this long detour, however, he reached the gates of that mansion as soon as its master, who had been detained by a little business upon the road. It was this:

Stopping at Mrs. Bartell's, he sauntered in, found the worthy woman in her sitting-room, and asked, abruptly:

"Where do you suppose that Mary Graham is?"

"Look, Mr. Roland, is that you? How suddenly you did come upon me. I wor thinkin' very busy—thinkin' of old times 'fore Sarry Ann up and got married, and Lizzy were dead, so I didn't mind as any one com in, and—"

"Where do you suppose Mary Graham is?"

"That gal? Why, she'a a sewin' in her chamber 'thought she's gone for a walk. Poor critter, she needs a mou'ful o' fresh air worst a day, if she will pine arter Mr. Percy—"

"She does not pine in vain. They are walking together at this moment in Love Lane. They met by appointment."

"O, my lordy, Mr. Roland! You don't say that? Well, I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seed it. Leastways if you hadn't a seed it. By appointment!"

"Yes, Mrs. Bartell, by appointment, and I have reason to think it is not the first time, and wont be the last."

"But goodness gracious me, Mr. Roland, what's goin' to be done about it? Things cont go on so much longer. What ll be the end?"

"I'll tell you what end I expect, aunty. The girl will disappear."

"Disappear? And where'll she go, Mr. Roland?"

"How should I know? I'm not going to carry her off. He that does, will know where he carries her."

"And that's Mr.—"

"And that's her lover, Mrs. Bartell,' interposed Roland, gravely. "We'll name no names if you please, now or in the future, and what I came here to say to you to-night, is—if anything of that sort should occur—perhaps it may not—perhaps we have been too easily alarmed—but if any elopement or other open scandal should take place, remember that you know nothing—absolutely nothing."

"But I know that Mr—"

"Again, my dear woman, no names—not even to me. You know nothing except what you have seen, and you have seen nothing. No one has been in the habit of coming here, unless it is me. You have no reason to suspect any one, unless it is me."

"Look, Mr. Roland," said the widow, mournfully; "I just wish I hadn't no reason to suspect any one, any more than I do you."

"Well, you haven't, I say," reiterated the young man impatiently. "And you have not the least reason to speak of any one in connexion with the girl. Certainly not of me you will acknowledge.—"

"Certainly, sir. I acknowledge that," asserted the widow.

"Well, then, there is no one, and don't you mention any one. If you should select one of my family, for instance, and I should hear of it, I should be very angry, for whether it is so or whether it isn't so, nothing could be more disagreeable than to have the name of one neary related to myself handled about the village in connection with such a scandalous story. I don't think any one will imagine the truth, unless they are helped to it, and don't you be the one to help them, aunty. If they come to you, just say, you suppose she's gone where she come from, and as she came."

"I jest wish she would, that's all!" said Mrs Bartell, ner monious'y

"Perhaps she will. At any rate, if she should disappear, that will be the best explanation to give to yourself and to others."

"Ah, well, Mr. Roland, you re a master hand to plan, I allus did say, and to be sure t wouldn t be pleasant to hev all the neighbors a hevin it in my face, that one of my own young gentlemen, that I was allus so fond of, had gone for to do such a thing as o kerry off—"

"Well, well, that'll do, aunty. Don't get in the habit of saying such a thing even to yourself or to me, and you will be much less likely to say it to any one else. Now, good evening, for I must hurry home. Dinner has been ready this hour, I suppose."

"Good evenin', Mr. Roland. O deary me deary me."

"Ah, I forgot one thing," said Roland, stepping back into the room and closing the door. "Don t say a word to the young woman as to what I have told you!"

"I'd jest like to put it to her where she has her," pleaded Mr. Bartell.

"No, no, not a word. She's only trump up some excuse, and puzzle you so you wont know what to think. She's too much for you, aunty. Best let her alone."

"Well, I wont say nothing to-night, but next time she gits out alone!" said Mrs Bartell severely.

"Why, what should you want to keep her for? I should think you'd be glad of a chance to let her go."

"And so I should in a respectable way," said the widow, emphatically. "But I aint a goin to let a gal fling herself into the bottomless pit right out'n my door."

"Well, I must go, aunty. But at any rate, don t say anything or do anything until you s e me again. I'll come to-morrow if I can, and at any rate don't follow her. You might in that case be obliged to more than suspect who she goes to meet."

"Yes, yes, so I might, and I'm sure I don't want to know no more than I can help of the evil of his ways, as he's the baby I've held many a time in his long white gowns. No, I don't want to know nothin', nor I can't, try to know nothin'."

"Now you wont say anything to Mary about it?"

"No—little artful minx. I sure I don't want to say nothin' never no more to her if I could help it."

"Good-night once more."

"Good-night, sir."

And Roland left the house just in time to escape being seen by Mary Graham, who, walking rapidly, approached the house as Mahmoud's flying feet carried his master round the turn of the road, which hid him from her sight. At the same time a light covered wagon, drawn by two horses, whose wet, panting, and dust-stained sides proclaimed that they had travelled hard and fast, approached from the direction of Falcon's Eyrie, and met Mary Graham just as she turned to enter Mrs. Bartell's.

Engrossed by her own gloomy thoughts, the young girl did not look up, and indeed the twilight had now advanced so far towards night, that it would have been difficult to distinguish more than that the occupants of the vehicle were two men, their faces much concealed by their low drawn soft hats and upturned collars.

Her own countenance, on the contrary, was rendered plainly visible by the last rays of daylight in the western sky, toward which it was fully turned, and as the wagon came up to her, one of the men leaned eagerly forward and fixed his eyes upon her delicate features.

"Look, look!" whispered he, nudging his companion, who was driving. "Who's that?"

"Who's who? I didn't see any one."

"We've got past now, and she's gone into the house," said the first speaker, striding over the seat and looking out the window in the back of the carriage.

"Well, did you think it was she?" inquired the elder man, with a little excitement of manner.

"Yes, unless my eyes are playing me tricks in this dim light, it was she herself This is the place. Riverside, you know, where we traced her, by means of that trunk."

"Y s, I know. Well, we can't do anything about it till we know what sort of people she's among, and how she's situated. We'd better get on to the tavern. Of course they'll know all about it there."

"Very well, drive ahead."

A few minutes later the weary horses stayed their feet in front of the little inn upon whose creaking sign beneath the effigy of a pair of spirited steeds restrained with difficulty by a most debauched looking groom, was painted the name of D. Y. Madder, and the promise of "entertainment for man and beast."

The approach of a brace of applicants of both sorts was greeted by the appearance from the stable-yard of a hostler who might in his youth have sat as the original of the groom upon the sign, who, seizing with very unnecessary violence the bridles of the weary steeds, who evidently asked nothing better than to stand still, in pired hoarsely:

"Shell take y'r hosses, gen'l'men?"

"Yes," replied the younger traveller. "Take them, and put them up very carefully. They have made a long journey today."

"Sh, Robert—don't admit anything till you are questioned, and not then if you can help it," whispered the elder, as parsing the other he dismounted first, and entered the house.

"What a sharp old fox you are, governor," muttered his companion, following him.

In the hall the travellers were encountered by the landlady, worthy Mrs. Madder herself.

"Good-evening, sirs. Most happy to see you, I'm sure. Walk right into the parlor, gentlemen, or will you step into the bar-room first, and take a little something to keep the cold out?" inquired the hostess, with hospital zeal.

"Nothing till we have some fresh tea, I thank you, madam," said the elder man, blandly. "Let us have a private sitting room, if you please, some strong tea, and a little hot supper—a few eggs, or a steak, or anything of the kind most convenient to yourself, and may we hope for the pleasure of your company?"

"Thank you, sir, I'm much obleeged, I'm sure," said the landlady. "Step this way, gentlemen, here's a nice snug little room, with the fire all laid ready. I'll just light it, and then I'll go see to your supper myself. The folks is all done at the public table, so it's lucky you'd rather be private. Some folks likes to see all the company they can now, and to them it would be quite a disappointment to have to be private. There, now, that fire'll burn, I venture to say, sir, and I'll run right along, and see after some thing nice for supper."

"No danger of not finding out all she has to tell," remarked the younger traveller, as the door closed behind the landlady.

"Quite communicative—quite so. Very fortunate for us, Robert, that it is so," asserted the other, with a close mouthed smile, as he seated himself before the newly-lighted fire and began to warm and rub his numb fingers. The man whom he addressed as Robert soon followed his example, and the faces of both were at last cleared revealed by the ruddy firelight.

At the first glance they appeared very dissimilar, for the elder, a man of about fifty years of age, was slight, stooping, and narrow-chested, with thin, gray hair, frosty blue eyes, and a smoothly shaven chin, whose pointed form, conjoined to his high cheek bones, large ears, and a certain crafty expression pervading his whole face and figure, gave him a singular resemblance to an old fox.

Robert, on the contrary, showed in face and form the lusty vigor of four or five and twenty years. Tall, broad shouldered, long limbed, with glittering black eyes, and heavy hair and beard of the same color, he might by some persons have been considered a remarkably handsome young man. But a close observer could in a second look have perceived that in the sidelong glances of his dark eyes, in the straight hard mouth, in the narrow retreating forehead, and even in the restless motions of his unquiet hands, he betrayed a cunning equal to that of his elder, combined with a ferocity and vehemence all his own, and when the former expression predominated, it produced a certain intangible resemblance between the two, which would have diminished the surprise one might have felt in knowing that the two men were father and son.

"What a time that woman is, in making a cup of tea, and boiling an egg," said Robert, impatiently, after a silence of considerable length.

"Patience, my son. Fair and softly is the best rate of travel in the end."

At this moment the door opened and a girl appeared with a table cloth and dishes

"Miss Madder says supper'll be right along," said she, after a stare of sufficient length to satisfy her curiosity as to the personal appearance at least of the visitors.

"Ah," returned the smooth voice of the elder gentleman, "The landlady's name is Madder, is it? A widow, perhaps?"

To be Continued.

SERIOUS CHARGE AT HUBBART.—The Stratford *Beacon* says on Saturday evening last, Mr. R. F. Randle, Postmaster, Staffa, was brought before the Reeve, Findlay McCormic, Esq., J. P., charged with opening a letter belonging to a Margaret McDougal, on or about the 22nd November. Evidence elicitated the fact that the names McDonald and McDougal were so written as to leave a liability of mistake in the delivery. The postmaster, or defendant, urged the prosecution to proceed to save time, but the magistrates adjourned the case.

☞ Intelligence from St. Domingo to the 30th ult. has been received. The brother of Montalvo is the head of 8,000 Hayttiens on the frontier, and threatened to invade the republic. A sanguinary conflict between his troops and those of Salnave was expected. President Salnave is determined to set fire to the powder magazines and blow up the capital rather than yield up the government to the rebels.

There are twelve thousand five hundred public journals in the world. America has five thousand and all Europe only seven thousand. Twelve million sheets are issued daily.

Dresden turns out 6,000 reams of albumenized paper yearly—enough for 120,000,000 photographs. Two million eggs are used in this manufacture.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, DEC. 19th, 1867

THE LATEST FENIAN ESCAPADE.

The boldness with which that misguided body, the Fenian fraternity, has carried its operations into the heart of the British Metropolis is perfectly astounding, when the utter hopelessness of the enterprise is considered. Our readers have been kept regularly informed as to the skirmishes in Ireland, the frequent arrests of known Fenians, and ultimately of the hanging of three of the patriots.—It was expected that the hempen ordeal would have proved a salutary warning to the disaffected, and that we should hear but little of British Fenianism, for some time, at least. Not a bit of it. Another daring outrage has been committed, and again the current of London Society has been rudely ruffled Col Lynch, a prominent 'patriot,' was arrested some time since on the streets of London, and thrown into Clerkenwell prison. So far so good, in the estimation of law abiding citizens, but it was a bad thing in the eyes of Lynch's Fenian friends—another act of British tyranny, and therefore Col. Lynch must be rescued. On Friday last, a mine which had been secretly run under the wall s of the prison and filled with powder was fired in the hope, no doubt, of so demolishing the walls of the place and portions of the building itself, that, in the confusion, the prisoner might be rescued. The result of the explosion was the removal of a few stones from the prison wall, and the demolition of a number of buildings outside, by which four persons were killed and some forty seriously wounded. Naturally enough, the affair has created much excitement in the city, and we may expect that henceforth all Fenians caught in attempts at disturbing the peace will be dealt with in a spirit of uncompromising rigor fully warranted by the necessity of the hour. Already, we learn, the Government has suppressed certain proposed funeral processions in honor of the executed Fenians, and the utmost vigilence is to be made use of to bring offenders to justice. This is as it should be. The Loyal British people have been guilty during the past of almost ignoring the existance of an organization that in their feeling of security they deemed contemptible. But the recent outrages will teach them that there is an element in their very midst capable of an indefinite amount of mischief, and demanding serious attention. We all know how much easier it is to tear down than to build up, and that a secret fraternity, animated by the most malignant passions, and widely extended in its ramifications, is much more difficult to meet than a powerful army of armed and openly organized men. Hence the necessity of vigilence and stern determination on the part of the Government to put a stop to the evil while it is yet time. Leniency! Political rights! Freedom of action and of speech! The time is past for the exercise of the mistaken policy of pouring the milk and water of official forgiveness upon the heads of those who seek to attain to 'political regeneration' as they term it by midnight assassination or open brutality. The plea set up by some of the Fenians, when captured, on British soil, that they are citizens of the United States and therefore, beyond the pale of English Law is only equalled in stupidity by the Yankee statesmen and orators who hold that citizens of the Republic have a right to kick up rows in foreign capitals with impunity. Homeforward we are satisfied that Fenianism, whether it comes from Ireland or America, will be treated as it deserves by the British Government, and the late escapade will prove to be the worst stroke of policy ever attempted by the deluded and ignorant disciples of the Fenian Leaders.

Death of a Lunatic in Gaol.

A poor insane woman, named Ann Walker, having died in the Goderich gaol yesterday (Monday) morning, Coroner McDougall summoned a jury and held an inquest, the verdict of which was that deceased came to her death through natural causes. It seems that the poor creature, who was about 65 years of age was sent to gaol on the representations of unnatural relations who live in a back township in October, 1866, and that they have never made the least enquiery about her since. They will now have the satisfaction of learning that she is no more, and that the close of her blighted existance was softened bp the kink-hearted tentions of Mr. and Mrs. Campaine, in the absence of those who *should* have shewn kindness towards her the yearnings of natural affection.

THE NORTH WEST.

The motion by Hon. Mr. McDougall of concurrence in the resolutions reported from the Committee of the Whole for the incorporation of Ruperts Land and the North West Territory with Canada was carried on Wednesday night, 11th inst.—We are glad to observe that there is a disposition on the part of a large majority in the House of Commons to carry out the tacit agreement forming the basis of Confederation. It was distinctly understood that the opening of the North West Territory was to be considered as a *quid pro quo* for the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. It is to be regretted, however, that such men as Mr Howe, should while they insist upon the carrying out of the Intercolonial Railway scheme, throw every possible obstacle in the way of a project which has engaged the attention of Canadians for so many years past. The Ministry are acting a shrewd part in the matter By taking it up in a spirit of apparent determination to secure a prize that may be snatched from us by the Americans if there is further delay, they are doing that which will gain the approbation of nine-tenths of the people of Ontario and Quebec, and who knows but they wish to strike the politicians who might oppose them between wind and water as did Disraeli on the British Reform Bill. Well, it matters not to the people of the country what the political motives of the ministry may be. If the great object is attained, it is all we could reasonably ask for.

A SKEDADDLE.

On Friday evening, the 6th instant, a scene or rather an amusing nature took place in the Court Room. The County Councillors had arranged for an evening session, and met about 7 o'clock for that purpose. While sitting at the tables waiting for the opening of the meeting the violent gale raging outside proved too much for the windows, a large portion of one of them, being dashed right into the middle of the group of Councillors, several of whom were cut about the face by pieces of flying glass. The noise of the crash and the sudden and unexpected rush of wind naturally gave rise to the impression that the fabric was going to pieces, and hence the assembled wisdom without waiting for their hats made a dash for the door. The Clerk seized the most valuable of his papers, and in four strides was standing in the passage. Dr Woods dove under the table and did some wonderful swimming on the dusty floor—Mr Carling tried to crawl through under a chair upon which Mr Brown of Bay had just stepped—Mr Evens of McKillop, did some ground and lofty tumbling which would not disgrace the sawdust ring—Mr Bishop lost for a moment the calmness which usually characterizes the clergy, and passed the door at the rate of 6.40—Mr. Smillie wore anything but a smile as he dodged a heavy window frame, which threatened his instant destruction—Mr. Patton tried to save himself by dodging behind a copy of the *Signal*, but a bit of glass striking him near the eye, caused him to see an immense circulation of (imaginary) *stars*. We may have slightly exaggerated some of these scenes, for the lights were put out by the first puff, (and our reporter was scared as badly as the rest), but the scene was sufficiently amusing. On counting noses, and finding that no great harm was done, a scouting party ventured in and got the caps, when the room was left to blow to pieces if it felt like it.

A Voice from the Township.

DEAR SIGNAL.—As the time draws near for the election of persons to represent us as reeve, deputy and councillors, you will, perhaps, give me room in your excellent paper to state that in my opinion, and in that of nearly every neighbor with whom I have conversed, some changes are demanded. As to the present reeve and deputy, I think they have had as much municipal honor as is good for the welfare of this township. They represent a family compact that can do nothing but harm and breed disturbance. Is it not notorious that a connection of the reeve was made assessor and returned a roll that was of no more use than an awkward school boy's copy—a roll that drove members of the Council who wished to do their duty faithfully almost frantic? Is it not notorious that another friend of the Reeve's, as road commissioner, made a good thing of it by using his own team, hiring his own sons, &c., when others had a right to have a share of the work? Is it not a fact that some friend of the Reeve was sure to get any little far job that was to be let? And, I ask in all sincerity, was not the Reeve backed up in all things by Mr. Patton, who resides in Clinton, out of the municipality? You have published the minutes regularly, and the people are in a position to judge for themselves. Without taking up your space with a long letter I will only put it to the electors whether a change is not demanded, and the sooner the better is the opinion of

A FARMER.

OUR SALT.

The London *Free Press* of the 11th says:—"The *Signal* thinks that the salt discovered at Goderich and Clinton will stand a drain upon it for two thousand years. But it is naturally led to a reflection as to markets and thinks it to be the duty of all lovers of the country to find markets for the salt. Thirty wells will supply Canada. It looks at present, if the development go on success fully, as if Canadian salt will be very much like Canadian petroleum—a giant. We trust that the experience of the oil producers will not be lost upon our friends up at Goderich. Oil which 18 months ago was worth $10 to $12 per bbl, is now reduced, from the fact of an over supply, to 30cts! with a prospect of its still going lower. If the same material success attends boring for salt as has done boring for petroleum, and the outlet remains closed as with it, salt will soon be so common as to be trodden under foot of men. Experience has shown that excessive development is, temporarily, the destruction of such interests."

An Unusual Treat.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. James Thompson of the Central School, with over fifty well trained voices is to give a Musical Entertainment in the Victoria Hall on Friday evening, the 20th inst.

Determined to make the affair worthy of the patronage of all lovers of song, the services of the celebrated Scottish Vocalist, Mr. H. K. Maitland, have been secured for the occasion, who will do justice to some of the most popular Scottish songs.

Our readers will be able to form some idea of the treat in store for them when we tell them that Mr. Maitland was associated with the renowned Mr. Kennedy, in a musical performance given in Montreal, when he was received with marked applause; while as a violinist he was awarded the highest prize by the Caledonian club of that city at their late Halloween gathering—to say nothing of the choice selection of songs, solos, duets, trios, and full choruses—to be sung by our own lads and bonnie lassies.

Mr. Crabb with his usual liberality has given his magnificent Hall, free of charge, and W. T. Hays, Esq., M. L. A. his splendid piano, and the Rev. J. A. Livingston one of his Cabinet Organs, while Mrs. Simms will render with effect the piano and organ accompaniments. We feel warranted in promising all who attend an unusual treat, and Mr. Thompson a bumper house.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

☞ The sergeant-at-arms of the U. S. Senate has amassed a fortune. How?

☞ The position of Juarez in Mexico is said to be quite strong.

☞ South America is still convulsed by revolutions.

☞ Rows are becoming frequent in English Churches. Cause, Ritualism.

☞ They have had a terrible earthquake in the West Indies.

☞ The brother of the Tycoon of Japan is going to visit English.

☞ Millions of bushels of grain are locked up by ice in the Erie Canal.

☞ An old woman named Crosby of Guelph fell into the fire and was burned to death. Whiskey!

☞ Hon Geo Brown is expected back on the 15th of January.

☞ Quarts crushing in Madoc pays from $30 to $60 per ton.

☞ Advertise in the *Signal* if you wish the most wide-spread publicity.

☞ The late storms did great damage on the Atlantic coast.

☞ Fenians are said to be gathering war materials on the American border.

☞ The Southern States are in a horrid condition of anarchy and wretchedness.

☞ The original tomb of Lincoln, says the Detroit *Free Press*, has become a pig sty.

☞ Mr Chandler of the U. S Senate goes in for belligerent rights in Abyssinia. Whew!

☞ It is said a Hamilton man hung Saxie Allen. Honorable distinction!

☞ A temperance orator from the U. S. visited London lately, got drunk, and cut up a regular fandango.

☞ The Mississippi river is frozen up at Minneapolis.

☞ Dreyse, the inventor of the needle-gun is dead.

☞ The Sultan has opened a school for 300 Christian and 300 Mussulman children.

☞ The Pope is going to present a medal to the French and Papal troops who fought at Mantana.

☞ Hon Mr McGee's health is rapidly improving.

☞ The St Lawrence is frozen over at three Rivers.

☞ The stupid strike of the Quebec ship carpenters continues.

☞ A riot is expected in Quebec at any moment.

☞ Three Cornwell men have been discharged from G T service because they refused to work on Sunday.

☞ The Republicans will likely nominate Grant for the Presidency.

GREAT FIRE IN GUELPH.

$150,000 PROPERTY DESTROYED.

(Special Despatch to the Leader.)

Guelph, Dec 14.

The Alma block, a large stone building of four stories, three of which were occupied by J. Massie & Co., grocers, and one by H. Mulholland, hardware merchant, was burnt to the ground at five o'clock this p. m. The fire broke out in Mulholland's cellar, among the oils it is supposed, and spread with great rapidity. The whole block and contents were destroyed in half an hour. Nothing was saved in Mulholland's store. A portion of Massie's goods were saved. Loss estimated at $150,000, which is largely covered by insurance, Smith & Metcalf's saddle-shop, a wooden building adjoining, was pulled down to prevent the flames from spreading

GODERICH TOWNSHIP.

The Council met at Bonesville Dec. 9th 1867, according to appointment, present the Reeve and all the Councillors.

The minutes of last meeting was read and approved, it was moved and seconded. That the parties be paid the sums opposite their names for sheep killed by dogs.

James Hay	$5.00
Joseph Whitely	26 50
Charles Simons	42.00
John Elliott	6 00
John McLennon	4.00
George Retzgen	4.50
	88.00

Moved by Mr. Patton sec. by Mr Murphy, That the sum of one dollar be refunded John Clarke being over charged on his assessment Carried.

The account of the trustees for No 6 S. S. for the use of school house while holding the annual election of trustees from the year 1861 to the year 1867, amounting to $14. Moved by Mr Patton sec. by Mr Murphy, That this council cannot acknowledge the account of the said trustees, as the sum of two dollars has already been paid for the current year.—Carried.

The account of R. Muleaster for work done on the 2nd con. between lots 10 and 11 certified by the road commissioner amounting to $20.50. Moved by Mr Pollock sec. by Mr Murphy, That R. Muleaster be paid.

Moved by Mr Patton sec. by Mr Murphy. That the sum of one dollar 92 cents be refunded John Gibbons out of his taxes he being assessed for 12 acres of land more than he possessed.—Carried

Moved by Mr Pollock sec. by Mr Murphy, That Samuel Burk be refunded the sum of $4.22 out of his taxes he being assessed for 27 acres of land more than he possessed,—Carried.

The account of A. Churchill for putting in a culvert on side road opposite lot 36 on the 9th con. and extra work amounting to $6. Moved by Patton sec. by Mr Murphy, That That A. Churchill be paid,—Carried.

The account of Peter McGee for work done on the 10th con. opposite lot 38, certified by R. C. nine dollars. Moved by Mr Patton sec. Mr Murphy, That the sum of $9 be paid P. McGee for Gravelling a part of road on the 10th con.—Carried.

The account of A. McDougall for timber to build two culverts on the 4th con. opposite lot 24 certified by the R. C. amounting to $9, ordered to be paid.

The amount of H. Young for turnpiking 3½ rods and putting in two culverts on side road between the 10 and 11 con. amounting to $17, ordered to be paid.

Moved by Mr Patton sec by Mr Murphy, That $5 be paid J. Richardson for his services as returning officer for the current year $2 for the use of his house while holding election, and $2 for the year 1864—Carried.

Moved by Mr Patton sec. by Mr Weston, That John Rudd be paid $5 for his services as R. officer for ward No, 5 for the current year; and T. Woods $5 for his services as R. officer for ward No 3 and $2 for the use of school house while holding elections,—Carried.

The account of W. Lethwaite for work done on the Mt. con. certified by R. C. amounting to $5, ordered to be paid.

Moved by Mr Pollock sec. by Mr Weston That D. Sterling be paid $8 50 for putting in a culvert on the 3 and 4 con. opposite Mr Wilkinson's. Moved by Mr Pollock sec. by Mr Murphy, That $1 be refunded G. McCartney, paid for a dog which he did not own,—Carried.

Moved by Mr Pollock, sec. by Mr Weston, That J Rudd be paid five dollars for turnpiking 15 rods on the 16th con. opposite Mr Baker's farm. Moved by Mr Pollock, sec. by Mr Weston, That Jas. Johnston be paid $5.62 for putting in a culvert on the 16th con. Moved by by Mr Patton, sec. by Mr Pollock, That Mr D. McCully be paid ninety four cents for flags supplied to the Volunteers,—Carried.

Moved by Mr Pollock, sec. by Mr Patton That J. Clarke and W. Ross be paid $20 for injuries sustained to their thrashing machine in consequence of a hole made in removing gravel on the 3 and 4 con. Carried.

The Council then adjournment to meet again on next Monday the 16th inst.

JAMES SHAW,
Tp. Clerk.

DARING ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP CLARKENWELL PRISON.

SEVERAL HOUSES BLOWN DOWN AND SEVERAL PERSONS KILLED AND 40 WOUNDED.

BELFAST, IRELAND, Dec. 13 (evening).—Extensive preparations had been made by the friends of Allen, Gould and Larkin to hold a public funeral to-day, in their honor, but the government officers interfered, and under the authority of the Lord Lieutenant's proclamation put a stop to the demonstration.

LONDON, Dec. 13 (evening).—A daring attempt was made to-day to release the recently arrested Fenian Colonel Burke, who is confined in Clarkenwell Prison. Powder was placed beneath one of the prison walls, and was exploded, it is supposed by Burke's confederates. The whole side of the wall was blown into the air. Three adjoining buildings were destroyed and many persons were injured, and it is feared some lives were lost. Much confusion prevails in the vicinity, and it is difficult to ascertain details.

GLASGOW, Dec. 13.—An attempt was made in this city to get up a funeral to-day for the Manchester Fenians, but it was checked by the authorities.

FLORENCE, Dec. 13—Serious apprehensions are entertained of an insurrection in Naples, in which city the demonstrations against the course of the government have been unusually violent.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—The following particulars of the explosion at Clerkenwell prison has been received:—

None of the prisoners escaped. The street opposite is narrow and built with houses three stories high. Twenty houses were almost demolished and rendered untenable. The city firemen were immediately summoned and are now employed in digging in the ruins for dead bodies. Forty persons were wounded and four have already died. A house apposite to where the breach has been blown in the wall, has been suspected for some time as a Fenian headquarter. The wounded have been removed to the hospitals. The ruins are guarded by a strong force of police. The street highway has been ripped up to a considerable distance by the explosion, and the walls of the jail have fallen to some extent into the breach, revealing the interior of the prison yard. No damage has been done to the prison buildings. The whole city is terribly excited. Everybody feels alarmed for the serious reason that no one can foretell where the next blow may fall. The government is becoming exceedingly active. All the Fenian funeral processions projected in Ireland have been strictly prohibited, and measures still more stringent are looked for. It is feared, or at least deemed very probable, that some trouble will ensue from the Fenian movement in Liverpool. The police force in Liverpool or perhaps even in London is utterly inadequate to deal with such a crisis.

Colonel Burke, confined in the Clerkenwell prison, is not the man lately sentenced to death in Ireland and transferred to England after commutation of sentence. He is more than suspected of being a very active Fenian, and is at present charged with having taken a prominent part, both in organizing and directing the Manchester riot movement during which policeman Brett was shot. It is alleged that Burke had charge of the arms and served them out to Allen, Larkin, Gould and others just before the tumult commenced.

THE LATEST.

"LONDON, Dec. 14.—The police authorities this morning report three killed and about forty badly injured by the Clerkenwell explosion yesterday. The entire press seems to be of the opinion that the time for leniency towards the Fenians has passed. The *Times* is particularly decided in its remarks and closes a lengthy article with the following words:—"Let there be no more clemency for Fenianism, which is a mixture of treason and assassination." Rumors are current that Col. Kelly, the Fenian prisoner who was rescued at Manchester, is in England, notwithstanding the stories to the contrary, and that he is still directing the movements of the Fenian Brotherhood, and that the explosion was one of his schemes.

VENICE, Dec. 14.—The new constitution, after a long debate, has been adopted by the Upper House of the Reichsrath.

LONDON, Dec 13 (9 p. m.)—The explosion at the Clerkenwell prison had very serious results, but was not successful in facilitating the rescue of Col. Burke. The prisoner was confined in an inner cell and could not escape by the breach in the wall. He has been removed to a place of greater security.

The explosion was tremendous in its effects. The prison wall and neighboring buildings are a mass of ruins. Some lives must have been lost.

It seems that during the morning the repairs had been commenced on the wall. Later in the day some unknown men were seen to roll a barrel, which doubtless contained the powder, under the place where the repairs were being made, and shortly after this the explosion took place.

Two men and a woman, who were found in the vicinity have been arrested on suspicion of being connected with the perpetration of the outrage.

LONDON, Dec. 14 (evening)—Messrs. Burke and Casey, two of the Fenians who are confined in Clerkenwell prison, were brought up to Bow street to day for examination. Nothing was elicited, and the prisoners were recommitted. During the examination Mr. Burke took occasion to deny all knowledge of the cause of the recent explosion in the prison yard. An inquest on the bodies of those killed by the explosion will be held on Tuesday next.

Timothy Deamond, Jerry Aller, and Ann Justice, who were arrested yesterday near the scene of the explosion, were brought to Bow street to day for examination. The only proof of the guilt of the prisoners was the fact of their being near the spot and flying just after the explosion occurred. The prisoners were subjected to a long and sharp examination in presence of a large crowd of people. Nothing definite was proved against them, and they were remanded to prison.

☞ The Dickens of a Dickens fever is raging in New York.

☞ Mr. Morris moves that executions hereafter take place within prisons.

☞ We regret to hear that Col. (?) Little of Saginaw has committed suicide.

☞ The *Pall Mall* Gazette declares the English Volunteers to be useless for real service.

☞ The British Government is to lay down a cable between Jamaica and Cuba.

☞ Parliament is expected will adjourn on Friday next.

☞ A well dressed woman was picked up recently in Toronto, helplessly drunk.

☞ They had a terrible snow storm in N. W. on Thursday last. Snow 18 inches deep.

☞ The Yankee distillers' convention represented capital of $10,000,000.

☞ For neat job printing the *Signal* bears the palm.

☞ A wool exhibition is to be opened in N. Y. at no distant day.

— Kansas will soon have 1,000 miles of railroad.

☞ The great work of raising the grade of all the business portion of Chicago is nearly completed.

☞ The *Blade* says that Charles Dickens offered to read in Toledo for $2,000, but the offer was declined.

☞ Josh Billings says:—"I am violently opposed tew ardent spiritts as a beverage, but for manufacturin purposes I think a little of it tastes good."

☞ Water is selling in Monitean county, Missouri, at 50 cents a barrel, and scarce at that.

☞ Further confirmation of Dr. Livingston's safety in Africa has been received.

☞ Du Chaillu, the world-famous African explorer intends giving a number of lectures in American cities.

☞ When Lord Eldmouth one day said, "My brains are gone to the dogs this morning," his friend at once ejaculated, "Poor dogs!"

☞ Father, what does the printer live on? Why, child? Because you said you hadn't paid him for three years and still take the paper! Wife, spank the child.

☞ I'll teach you to play pitch and toss! I'll fling you an hour! Father, instantly replied the incorrigible, as he balanced a penny on his thumb and forefinger, I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing.

—"I say, Jones, how is that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear out at the elbows?" "You see, Thompson, my wife always dresses according to the Gazette of Fashion, and I dress according to my ledger."

—The Italian Prime Minister, at the opening of Parliament, justified the Government in its arrest of Garibaldi, but declared it an inconsistent fact the Temporal Power to exist at Rome, as for a foreign power to hold the city of Rome.

Farming in Westchester County.

John Vail's Farm,

In the southern part of the town of Somers New York State, containing a hundred acres with twenty-eight more recently added, affords a fine specimen of mixed farming, the owner taking hold of all kinds of work with both hands, and being familiar with all the details. One year his hundred acres netted him fifteen hundred dollars above all expenses. His rotation is quite similar to that of others—that is, corn on sod the first year then oats or potatoes, followed by wheat. When oats or potatoes have occupied the same field, the wheat has been quite as good and perhaps a little better, after potatoes than after oats. Sometimes potatoes are made to follow the oats, in which case the land is manured before planting. Rye instead of wheat answers well, and mixed in equal parts and ground with oats, forms an excellent feed for horses. Wheat commonly yields not far from thirty bushels to the acre; this year five acres gave one hundred and fifty bushels. The Mediterranean is exclusively sown. Good crops of corn average about sixty-five bushels, and oats forty-five to fifty The best crops of corn have been as high as seventy-five bushels. Underdraining has been thoroughly attended to. A five acre swamp, with a slight inclination, was underdrained four years ago, and gave a heavy crop of corn the first year, an equally successful crop of potatoes the second, and an unusually heavy crop of oats the present year which, not being threshed, the amount is not known. It was covered with a fine growth of young wheat when visited. The effect of underdraining this field was the more striking as it lay alongside another field belonging to a neighbour, being a portion of the same swamp, which yielded nothing but coarse and nearly worthless grass. Two adjacent fields on this farm exhibited distinctly the advantages of good artificial seeding, as compared with what is usually termed the "natural growth" of grass, on newly cleared land. Two or three years ago a small field was cleared of timber, and was not seeded. This natural growth had sprung up, and in the course of two years had afforded moderate pasturage. The timber on a portion of another field was cleared off last winter, and the brush burned early in spring. It was sown immediately with clover seed, with no other crop. The result was a dense and excellent growth of clover, which afforded abundant feed the present season. The deep green appearance of this field exhibited a strong contrast with the dull brown of the other, even when seen at the distance of half a mile. There is no doubt that the fine surface stratum of fea mould, on which the clover seed was sown, was more favourable to its germination than any common ploughed and harrowed surface not so dressed with compost or fine manure.—*Cultivator.*

CHRISTMAS RECEIPTS.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—A pound of suet, cut in pieces, not too fine, a pound of raisins stoned, four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, an ounce of citron and lemon peel, shred fine, a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of flour, and a pint of milk; beat the eggs first, add half the milk, beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the suet, spice, and fruit, and as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take a clean cloth, dip in boiling water, and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast, put in your pudding, which should boil at least five hours.

A GOOD POUND CAKE.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream; and mix with it the whites and yolks of eight eggs, beaten apart. Have ready, warm by the fire, one pound of flour, and the same of sifted sugar; mix them and a few cloves, a little nutmeg and cinamon, in fine powder together, and then by degrees work the dry ingredients into the butter and eggs. When well beaten, add a glass of wine and some caraways. It must be bea