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WEEKLY EDITION.

W. T. COX Editor and Proprietor.] The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number." [VOL. XVI.—NO. 51

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Which will she Choose?

(CONCLUDED.)

As his daughter left him, the squire looked once again at the handsome figure of his nephew; and, like John Clare, felt half inclined to shake his fist and wish that Algernon had stayed at home. He was too handsome. The air of chivalrous devotion which covered his conceited consciousness of his own attractions would take him by surprise, and might please her. The courteous fop might seem the greatest hero in the world to her who was ignorant of his real character; and John Clare's truthful earnestness would be but an old-world, old-fashioned sort of attribute in comparison with all this outside show and glitter.

'Which will she choose?' groaned the squire, for by his own wish, uttered long ago, Rose was free.

Other people, too, asked the question, 'Which will she choose?' with a gossiping curiosity. It had been so long a settled thing amongst the meddlers in their neighbors' affairs that John Clare was a lucky fellow in having won the squire's daughter, that a little flutter of excitement rose in the village with a fresh report. It became patent that John Clare no longer paid his daily visits to the squire. Those who knew the young lawyer said that he had changed into a morose and gloomy man of deeds and parchments; that he no longer understood a jest or joined in a laugh. And then, Mr. Rivers was so handsome and so polite! Wherever Rose went he went. If they rode, he was constantly at her bridle rein, and seemed as if he had no eyes for anything but her. If they walked, he manoeuvred that his sister should have sketching materials, so that she might be no check upon a *tete-a-tete*. His lips dropped poetry, and his lightest speech conveyed, or was intended to convey, the subtlest flattery.

It was even said amongst the gossips that Mr. Clare had once met the riding party in the village, and had been seen to pass them without stopping to speak, merely raising his hat; which report was true. But those who spoke it could not know how hard a thing it was for John to accomplish. The desperate, dogged patience with which he strove to wait the stipulated time before he again spoke to Rose. They could not see, nor understand if they had seen, the deep red that came up into Rose's face at that passing salute; the smart rebuke which stung Mr. Rivers for the time out of his obtrusive gallantry; nor the determined haste with which, when they reached home, she dismounted without her cousin's help, and went straight to that little room wherein she had last parted from John, that she might be alone, for a while at least.

The red spot had not left her cheeks, nor the glistening light her eyes. It looked like anger, and certainly was not favorable to Mr. Rivers.

'They are all mistaken,' she thought; "every one. It is a new Comedy of Errors. My dear old stupid John is afraid I might be dazzled with the polish of that Bristol diamond. He ought to know me better. As for that precious Algernon—I wonder what it costs him annually for perfumes, jewellry, and general adornments? Gifts are pretty equally apportioned, and there's too much beauty outside that conceited head of his to leave much inside. And he is also—ah, Algy, what are you? I can read him like a book. And in his false devotion towards myself I read that he is that pitiable thing—a flirt by profession. Wherever he goes he must have some one to bow down before that mighty Dagon, self. Moreover, Algy saw, with those eyes which are so fine and yet so cold and false, that John Clare was—Well, he read John aright, is so far as a shallow nature like his is capable of comprehending, one so high above his reach; and he resolved in his small idle brain to supplant this unsophisticated country lawyer. What was to become of me is another question, since Algy meant simply to amuse himself. It is reasonable that such selfish wickedness should receive no reward? He shall mean something else before I have done with him. The biter may be bitten sometimes, and his game here is dangerous. Algy Rivers, I'll punish you.

CHAPTER III.

It was the last night of John Clare's term of waiting, and for the first time during its progress John himself had been one of the guests at the squire's dinner table. They were all gone but himself; and he, knowing that he ought to have been a home long ago, still lingered. It was so long since he had seen Rose—so chilly a greeting had passed between them—that it was no wonder, finding her comparatively alone at last, he found it hard to leave her.

John and Rose were standing together at one of the windows. At the opposite end of the room sat Algernon Rivers and his sister, and they were both stealthily observing the two at that distant window. In Mabel Rivers's face there was a look which expressed at once sorrow, anxiety, and shame, as it passed from the figure of John Clare to that of her brother. 'Which would her cousin choose? So strong an interest hung about this question for her brother's sake,—for the sake of his honor, about which he seemed to her to have lost all concern, that Miss Rivers could not wait the result, but must again and again reckon up probabilities and chances in her own mind.

Algernon's handsome eyes were bloodshot, and in them there was an expression of intense rage and jealousy as he watched that window. His proposed amusement had become no longer sport but grave earnest. He did not pause in his madness to wonder that it was so; he flung to the wind considerations which should have pressed upon him heavily; he was actually bent with unscrupulous fatuation upon winning for his wife this little cousin, with whom and her country lover he had purposed to entertain himself. For once in his life Algernon Rivers was in desperate earnest; and the more his cousin avoided him, as lately she had begun to do, the stronger grew his passionate determination and his reckless disregard of those circumstances which stamped him at once with falsehood and deceit.

This evening for the first time, there broke upon Algernon a tormenting jealousy of the rustic lawyer who had before only excited his supreme pity and contempt. Now he, the lawyer, stood beside Rose, to all appearance welcome there, and having a right to be there. No words that they spoke were audible to him, but the very consciousness of his powerlessness either to hear what passed or to interrupt the conversation, made him grind his teeth, and press the rings into his white hands in impotent rage.

When his sister rose and left the room, Algernon sat still. Nothing should move him from that post of observation. The recollection that he had more than once striven to depreciate this man to his cousin came back to gall him; the memory of many a supercilious speech, received either with a smile or a quiet sarcasm which he had been too self satisfied to take to himself, taunted him now. In his madness he swore an inward oath, first of vengeance and then of ultimate victory. This was not like the many other pursuits which he had idly undertaken in vanity and *ennui*; it was a real passion; and that he should weakly suffer himself to be beaten by a clown was not to be thought of. But Rose, once his wife, then he would think of vengeance on John Clare. John, however, was not troubling himself about Algernon just then; neither was Rose; and there was nothing in their conversation to justify so mad a fit of jealousy rage.

'It is true,' continued John, 'that I have kept away, as I said I would. For many reasons I thought it better that I should do so. I am not naturally a patient man, Rose, and daily tantalising would have made a beast of me. I would have come though, once or twice, if I had thought you wished it. But do you know why I am here to-night, Rose? It is because to-night the month of waiting ends.

"No," responded Rose, quietly, 'to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' said John. 'Well, let it be so. I put my fate in your hands. If I was exacting, as you said I was—and the recollection that you said it has vexed me bitterly many a time—forgive me. Set it down to my great——'

'John,' interrupted Rose, 'you had better not say any more now.'

He looked at her inquiringly, but her face, so far as he could read it, told him nothing.

'Well,' said he, 'I will go. To-morrow, then. I may come for my answer?'

'Yes,' replied Rose; 'I will talk to you in that same little room where you left me so angrily.'

'Good night!' said John.

Rose answered him, but shrank back from the hand he held out, and would not give him hers.

Almost before the echo of John's footsteps had died away, others crossed the room rapidly, and Algernon Rivers was before Rose, a suitor, pleading with all the passionate vehemence which he so well knew how to use, but which perhaps had never been so sincere before. Something, it may have been a shadow of remorse—softened her face for a moment at his unmistakeable earnestness, and then she answered him as she had just before answered John Clare.

'No more of this now, Algy. To-morrow I will speak to you.

He would have persisted, but the sudden movement of her head and the look of haughty indignation froze the words on his lips.

'At least,' he said, 'give me your hand as usual before I go.'

She answered by a gesture of refusal; and Algy, half beside himself, bent down impolitely, and kissed the hand refused to him.

Rose looked after him, angry in her turn as he left her. She held up a handkerchief; she struck it against the window-frame, in her disgust that his lips should have touched it.

The opening door startled Rose. Gliding in like some scared ghost, peering into the corners of the room fearfully, and walking with a noiseless step, came in Algernon's sister, Mabel Rivers. She shut the door cautiously, and went up to her cousin.

Rose, hush!' said she, 'Alg. must not know I am here. I have made up my mind, and I must speak to you. I wish I had done it before, Rose. For your sake and my brother's, and for the sake of another, I must tell you something.

'Well, Mabel?' said Rose.

'You spoke so coldly, Rose,' said Mabel, 'and I cannot tell how what I have to say will affect you—whether you will be angry or unhappy, or what. I have thought it over so much that I think I am bewildered, and scarcely capable of judging how to tell you best; and if Algernon knew, he would be so angry. But I must tell.'

'You need not be so troubled,' said Rose. 'If there is anything that you think I ought to know, tell it, and don't measure words.'

Miss Rivers put her two trembling hands on her cousin's arm with a deprecating movement.

'Rose,' said she, 'my brother is engaged to be married to an heiress. He has been engaged twelve months.'

Miss Rivers stopped, afraid to look into her companion's face—afraid of the next words which Rose might utter. To her amazement, Rose took the cold, trembling fingers from her arm, and laughed as she passed her lips lightly across them.

'Does she love him, Mabel—this heiress?' inquired Rose.

'I—how can I tell?' replied Mabel.

'For her own sake I hope not,' said Rose. 'Is she very rich?'

'Rose,' said Miss Rivers, not answering the question, 'I begin to think I must have been strangely mistaken. Upon my word, I cannot understand——'

'My dear Mabel,' exclaimed Rose, 'it is all right—that is, I'll tell you more to-morrow morning, and if after that confession you will consent to stay with me and let Algernon go home alone, why it will be downright charitable and forgiving in you. Now, good night.

CHAPTER IV.

Quietly, as though the dignity of this twenty-first birthday were something which could be felt, the squire's daughter rose up to receive her cousin as he came in, already half exultant and secure; for who could withstand him? Not a muscle of her face changed as she looked down upon him and heard his renewed professions of truth and love. She let him go on until his eloquence was exhausted, and he began to ask, stammering, that she would speak to him.

'As for love,' said Rose, deliberately, 'you don't know what it means; and there is no truth in you. Silence!—I have heard you; now hear me. You came to this house a guest, and brought discord with you. In your idle, shameless selfishness you formed the deliberate purpose of amusing yourself by making me think you loved me; by making me care for you, as you have made others do. You had no other purpose in this than mere amusement.'

'Rose!' exclaimed Algernon, 'I swear—'

'Hush!' said Rose. 'You then saw into the secret of another man's heart; and, instead of causing you to desist, the knowledge only heightened the excitement of the game by giving you another victim. Fine fun for you to rob this simple boor, as you have called him, of all he held dear—to you worthless; you determined to supplant him. That your purpose was alone amusement, no argument is necessary to convince me; but, lest I should seem at fault for once, you were and are engaged to——'

An ejaculation of rage broke from Algernon's lips, to be followed by eager protestations that his engagement was nothing; he would break it off; he would do anything, everything, if Rose would only listen to him.

'I don't doubt it for a moment,' said Rose, contemptuously; 'knowing you as I do, I can readily believe that the most solemn engagement would indeed be as nothing in the way of some new whim for self-gratification.—Algy, go away! If I have caused you to suffer anything, take it as a just punishment, for it is so. I am sorry for your wife and for you.'

'Rose,' said he, 'pity is akin to——'

'Contempt in this case, believe me,' said Rose. 'If you are not yet convinced, I will show you where my dearest hopes, my firmest, proud st faith had been centered long before you came amongst us. See there!'

At the sight she pointed out—at the look with which she turned from him to the window, watching that approaching figure—Algernon's lips opened, and an oath left them. Rose heard it; heard the door close after him, but did not move.

As John Clare came straight up to her, in his impetuosity, it seemed to him that she changed suddenly, and went back once more to the Rose he had known before these troublesome visitors came to disturb him.

'Well,' said John.

'Well,' responded Rose, with lips that would not keep firm, 'I'll try to be very good, John, I will indeed; but you mustn't be hard upon me.'

Hard upon her! John didn't understand it. He was startled, and kept repeating the words in a confused sort of way, till she spoke again.

'Don't let us rake up all this past perplexity,' said Rose. 'I am tired, John. Let it be like a bad dream, shall it?'

'Rose, I want my answer,' said John.—'Does this mean——'

'It means that I am twenty-one,' replied Rose, 'and that I surrender my liberty just when others are most free. Don't be angry with me, John, and I'll never tease you again—that is, if I can't help it.'

'Tease me always,' cried John, exultantly, 'for an old bear as I am! Say it again, Rose. You trust me with your happiness? Rose, say you love me!'

'I do, indeed,' she replied; 'I always did.'

'And,' said John, hesitatingly, 'the cousin?'

'Don't talk about him now,' said Rose; 'it is a tiresome subject. I am never going to have any secrets from you, so sometime we will talk about him; not now. Algy is gone, or going; but Mabel stops with me.'

'And she shall be bridesmaid,' said John, 'Rosebud, I'm afraid I've been an ungracious sort of fellow all this month, but you see——'

'I see,' said Rose, putting her hand over his mouth suddenly, and making him turn round.

The squire stood at the door, with his spectacles high up on his forehead, his custom in any excitement.

'What mischief are you two plotting now?' he cried. 'Eh, Rose, what are you about?'

'Talking secrets, papa,' she replied.

The squire came on into the room, and looked at her gravely; then he turned to John.

'There never was anything in this world so hard to understand as a woman,' said the squire. 'Upon my word and honor, John, I thought it would turn out that she liked the other fellow. However, I must congratulate you, Rose, on having done one wise act in your life; for that vexatious question, 'Which will she choose?' has often perplexed me.—Now I shall go back to my dog well satisfied; for, I take it, you don't want me here.'

L. S.

THE END.

Sala on the American Situation.

We commend to the reader the subjoined extracts from Mr. Sala's second letter to the *Daily Telegraph*. It is dated New York, Dec. 5:

* * It has certainly been my fortune to come in contact with a number of educated American gentlemen, accomplished and high-minded men, possessing wealth and position, who do not so sympathise with the Lincolnian idea, and who claim to be merely solicitous for a strictly legal interpretation of the constitution. They say, 'The North may be right, or the South may be wrong, or *vice versa*; we are willing to abide by the constitution. We do not wish to see the Union broken up. We should hail its reconstruction on a firm and durable basis. But we do wish to see the laws respected, and the rights of the States and of individuals held inviolate.—We do not wish to see the *habeas corpus* suspended by the "Old Abe—corpus." We protest against being suddenly arrested in the street, or thrust into a fort or penitentiary, there to remain for an indefinite period, without bail or mainprise. We shudder at the idea of the authority of the Judges of the land being derided and over-ridden by persons in shoulder-straps, who, a year ago, perhaps, were grocers or bar-keepers, and who are now Colonels and Generals. We claim only the amount of personal and political liberty ostensibly guaranteed to us by our constitution, by our congressional and local statutes, and by the common law of England, which is the basis of our jurisprudence. We wish only to be that which William the Norman, in his first charter, granted to the conquered Saxons, told the citizens of London they should be, "all law-worthy, and their fathers' heirs after their fathers' days." We object to the strong man who, in the name of philanthropy, spoils our goods and hauls us to gaol without a warrant. Civilise humanity by all means, but don't cut our throats and pick our pockets because we fail to recognize a millenium in abolition and an angel in Abraham Lincoln. Carry out the precepts of Christianity to any extent, but don't placard the proscriptions of Sylla side by side with the Ten Commandments; and, finally, don't wage war against women; don't defame, and persecute, and insult them; don't call Belle Boyd a "rebellious jade." Remember that the foulest stain on the memory of Louis XVIII. is the treatment which the heroic Madame Lavalette experienced after the escape of her husband; and that there is no more dastardly act on record than the exposure by Louis Philippe of the frailty of the Duchess de Berri. Even the butcher Cumberland respected the Jacobite ladies who had made white cockades for Charles Edward. That which you are doing with the Southern ladies can only find a parallel in that which Jeffries did with the maids of Taunton. Well, in scores of luxurious drawing-rooms, in studies, and offices, and club-rooms, you hear such sentiments as these. And the next evening, gentlemen as accomplished, as intelligent, as high-minded, as wealthy, and as respectable, tell you, "the measures of severity adopted by the Federal authorities are justified in their minutest point of detail by the emergency of the situation. The country is in danger. The Medes and Persians are at the gate. People don't eat ice creams in a crisis. Traitors are in our midst. With all our arbitrary arrests and suspensions of the habeas corpus, our deadliest enemies are treated with undeserved lenity, and enjoy almost impunity. There are newspapers here rebellious to the backbone. They are not suppressed. Their editors are unhung. Yonder sumptuous hotel in Broadway is full of rampant Southerners, who, like the sceptical Spanish archbishop George Borrows tells of, sit all day long upon the floor, and curse against the commonwealth. Over cocktails and cabanas they are continually plotting for the destruction of the Republic. It was known days ago in New York that the rebel chief, Morgan, was about to attempt an escape from his dungeon at Columbus, and a suit of clothes were ordered from a fashionable tailor, in the Empire City and forwarded to Toronto, in the hope of his gaining British territory. Rebel officers are swaggering up and down Broadway, and one of them, who had been paroled by General Dix, had positively the impudence, a few evenings since, to appear at the Italian Opera in the full uniform of the rebel army. As for the women, *liberavimus animam nostram*. We would wage no war against them; but they wage a relentless war against us. Belle Boyd and her sisterhood have done the North more harm since the commencement of the rebellion, than fifty thousand armed men.—They carry Parrott guns on their bonnets, Dahlgrens in their muffs, and ironclads in their crinolines. Of shopping they make a conspiracy, of flirtation treason. They fetch and carry—they go and come. We don't mind their abusive tongues; they may 'scorn the Northern scum' as much as they like, but we object to their carrying rebel despatches in their hoopskirts. What are we to do with them? We don't prosecute them for misprison of treason, as we have a perfect right to do; we won't guillotine them; we don't whip them, as our friends the Russians do.—We just arrest Miss Boyd or her sister, put her under the care of a polite lieutenant to convey her to the borders of Secessia, and pack her off down South to prevent further mischief. As for the 'atrocities' of General Butler at New Orleans, they simply amount to the fact that, indignant at the conduct of some Southern ladies, who absolutely spat on the coffin of a Northern officer, he issued a discourteously worded proclamation. As to the letters purporting to emanate from Southern ladies maltreated in Louisiana, and published in the English newspapers, those letters were manufactured in Paris by a notorious Copperhead colonel."

Widely and violently conflicting as these statements are, there is something definite and tangible about them. The observer listens to indictment and defence, to charge and replication, to plea and counter-plea. He sees before him Cavaliers and Roundheads, Hanoverians and Jacobites. He sees and hears, and ultimately may be enabled to judge and appreciate. But it is when he is introduced to the men of abstract ideas, to the disciples of Jacob Boehmen, to the Swedenborgians, to the Muggletonians, to the Illuminati, to the Fifth Monarchy men of American politics, that, and at last despair overwhelms him—that he becomes an amazed and confounded Britisher. Half an hour spent in the society of a japanblack, double-eyed, charcoal-martyr-defying, out-and out squid fish, exterminating abolitionist, is an admirable preparation for Colney Hatch and a padded room. You are introduced to a gentleman with a beneficent countenance and manners soft as pumpkin squash, who, in mellifluous accents, talks shambles and blood puddings. Your Christian friend holds the Bible in one hand and a six-shooter in the other. He blesses you as a man and a brother, but he has another brother round the corner whose bowels he longs to rip up incontinently. He will pray for you; but for the other brother he supplicates that fire, famine, and slaughter may be his portion, and may cling to him everlastingly.—He would let him pick up an early worm that never died. He would give him his state rights in brimstone and burning marl. He would hurl him over the rapids of a Niagara of vitriol and caustic soda. This gentleman's God is the God of battles, of wrath and of vengeance. He doesn't care about fighting himself, but he will open his purse-strings liberally to swell the bounty which shall induce Paddy from Cork, or Hans from Bremen, or, better still, the athletic, bony, valiant men from the east and the west of the Union, to become food for powder. There is a story of a Quaker tradesman in Philadelphia who says to his assistant, "Samuel, if thee is determined to go to the wars thy salary will be continued during thy absence; but if thee has made up thy mind not to go, I have no further occasion for thy services." This is your Christian friend's way of thinking. It may almost without exaggeration be assumed that he wishes the war to be prolonged in order that he may have more blood. He likes blood. It is meat and drink to him.—There are thousands, I might say millions, of Americans, who say, "Well, we're bound to whip the South because they've been naughty.—The flag must be preserved. But let them come back, and there's our hand; and we'll see what we can do in making the best of a bad job and arranging the slavery difficulty." This by no means suits your Christian friend. The cause of the white man is with him of no account in comparison with that of his ideal black man. I say ideal, for to the genuine nigger he is slightly more reticent of affection. He desires to exterminate the South; he damns the South from the pulpit; for your Christian friend is frequently dubbed reverend. He stamps his foot on the platform, and wishes the South to be crushed under his heel. Rights! they have no more rights! States! they are no longer States, but must be reduced to the condition of territories. They are to be rooted out, exiled, incapacitated, civilly killed, squelched; and when Secessia has been made into one vast slaughter-house, your Christian friend will be ready to mount the butcher's block and preach about crowning mercies and saving grace.

Happily, your Christian friend is in a minority. Fortunately, he only belongs to a small, crazy and impracticable faction. But his tongue is loud, and his wind long, and his inkstand never dry. He has got just now the ear of some men in power, and he is making the most of his opportunity. With regard to the great mass of the native Northern population—I except the Germans—whose political aspirations cloudily tend towards the erection of some earthly paradise where they can make boots and have sugar-loaves all day, and smoke meerschaums and drink lager beer all night; and the Irish, who would go on fitting to all eternity, first because they are courageous and like fighting, and next, because at the end of the dark tunnel they imagine that they discern a free Parliament in College-green, Archbishop Cullen burning the Astronomer Royal in Merrion-square for asserting that the moon rotates, Lord Palmerston suspended to a lamp iron on Carlisle Bridge, and the base, brutal, and bloody Saxon finally overthrown by the Fenian brotherhood—with regard to the native Northerners, I believe that the vast majority are only anxious for the success of their arms, and for a speedy and honorable termination of the war. For abolition in the abstract they do not, I apprehend, care one cent. They took it up in the concrete because it was a big stone to hurl at the head of the South—a tremendous battering ram to thunder against Sumter with, and because it was their trump card, and there was no other way but to play it. Whether the trump will gain the desired trick is uncertain; but I am convinced that legions of now ardent abolitionists would be content to drop abolition to-morrow if the South would only throw up the sponge and suggest a compromise. There are, however, premises to be admitted before a pacific argument can be held. "We must," says the North, "whip the South, and maintain the supremacy of the flag."

Mysterious Murder in New York.

An inquiry into one of those mysterious and appalling tragedies which are common in large cities, like New York took place on Tuesday last. The facts in the case are that deceased was discovered on New Year's morning lying on the sidewalk in Ninth avenue, near Thirty fourth street, insensible. He was brought to and walked to a friend's house in West Thirty-third street, where upon taking off his clothes, it was discovered that he had been so seriously stabbed in the abdomen as to cause the intestines to protrude. He was then removed to his own house in West Twenty-fifth street, where he received medical attendance; but he expired the next morning. When questioned upon the matter of the wound, he could make no statement whatever, and hardly seemed aware that he had been injured until assured so by his friends. Coroner Ranney had thus far failed to elicit any evidence throwing light upon the case, and the jury returned a verdict of death at the hands of some persons unknown to them.

NOW, LOOK HERE!

You who have promised to pay your subscriptions in Wood. We want it badly, and you will much oblige by telling Tommy or Billy or some one to hitch up and bring the *Signal* man some good dry maple or beech. We ask you what the result would be if we came to the office some morning and found the De'il frozen stiff as a beetle? Don't put it off until March next, like good fellows!

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., JAN. 15, 1863.

LOOKING TO WASHINGTON.

For some years past it has been customary to taunt certain liberal members of the Canadian Legislature with "look to Washington" proclivities. Upon a miserably slight foundation an idea was set up by the tory press that reformers, or, as it delights them to say, "Clear-grits," were, at heart, disloyal, and that the tory party had a perfect right to monopolize British principles. The liberal press, as our readers are well aware, denied that there was a grain of truth in all this. It boldly declared that if Canada were unfortunately drawn into a foreign quarrel—if the flag of Britain were insulted, or our shores invaded, these same Reformers would be amongst the first to spring to arms. When the Trent affair occurred, we had a practical illustration that the declaration was soundly based. No Reformer—no Reformer in private life shrunk from the issue. There was no base whispering from our ranks—no call to submit and "turn to Washington." The tables, however, have been turned. Mr. Isaac Buchanan, an adherent and warm supporter of the Opposition, has given vent to most decided "Look to Washington" opinions. He denounces the free trade principle of England as injurious to this country—he would wish to secure all the advantages accruing from British connection without the responsibilities attaching to it—he would like to establish Canada in such a position that her territory should be considered neutral in case of war between England and the United States. It is astonishing that a statesman of Mr. Buchanan's known ability could have been deluded into such a mistake, if, indeed, he does not see in his pet theory the readiest possible means of throwing ourselves upon the tender mercies of Uncle Samuel. In fact, it is impossible to conceive a more direct looking across the lines than is involved in Mr. Buchanan's peculiar ideas of political economy. Free trade with the United States and *Protection* against English goods! And is the exponent of this idea to be lauded to the skies by the *tory* press? Verily, the times have undergone a change! The Almighty Dollar, according to Mr. Isaac Buchanan, must prevail. What of the time-honored British principles handed down to us through a long line of ancestors? What of the flag of old England? What of our boasted national pride? We must throw all to the winds and prepare to accompish the "Manifest Destiny" of the Great Republic. Mr. Buchanan, of course, does not say this in so many words, but his language will certainly bear such a construction. It is so understood on the other side, and the Americans are rejoicing over the prospect of Canadian Annexation. Read the following, clipped from a Buffalo paper:

"We notice by our Provincial exchanges that our Canadian neighbors are having one of those spasms of discussion and excitement which periodically occur to them, upon the subject of annexation to this country. The immediate cause of the present attack was a speech of Mr. Isaac Buchanan, delivered at a recent Opposition dinner in Toronto. The Opposition press are wild with eager laudation of the sentiments uttered by him, while the Ministerial journals are equally bitter in their attacks upon it.

In the course of his speech, Mr. Buchanan was extremely severe upon the Home Government, and, while not exactly advocating annexation, broadly hinted that the provinces will be forced into such a step by the course pursued by the Ministry in England. He says that in their zeal to secure free trade, they have succumbed to a faction holding the doctrine of Robespiere: 'Perish the Colonies rather than our theory.' The adoption of this principle has all but lost the Colonies, and will, if persisted in, entirely alienate them. He declared that Great Britain can only preserve its empire by yielding the selfish principles of centralization which has ruined Ireland and India, and which lost the American Colonies. He also admits, by a very strong implication, that the Reciprocity Treaty has thus far saved them from annexation, but that there is great danger that the American Government will shortly withdraw from that unequal arrangement.

It has been apparent for many years that the mother country has held its Canadian possessions in light estimation, and that but for its national pride, it would entertain a proposition of separation with complacency. The Canadian colonies have ever been a great financial burthen to it, and at times their importunate demands have been answered with much acrimony. The idea seems to be strongly entertained in England that the Canadas should not only be self-sustaining, but that they should contribute to the revenues of the empire in return for its protection. Hitherto the exact reverse has been the case.

Out of this state of things there has arisen a mutual alienation of feeling, which has been fostered by a sense of cost and ingratitude upon one hand, and a sense of abandonment and lack of affection on the other. Appearances indicate that the time is approaching when England will treat its Canadian child as fathers sometimes treat intractable children, cut it off with a shilling. There is a very large party in the Provinces, who already openly advocate annexation to us, and when the hour which we have hinted shall arrive, the transition into the Union will have become a foregone conclusion. Canada must have protection from some quarter, and when England shall have repudiated her, as she soon will, it will be forced into federation with us.

We allude to this subject to-day, not because we deem such a consummation close at hand, or that any important effect is to come of the stated fit of agitation which our neighbors are undergoing, but simply to call the attention of our readers to the fact, and to note its significance of their gradual approach to the consummation which must come sooner or later. Just now, we are in no condition to be exercised concerning new accessions of territory. We have enough to do to preserve our ancient domain intact.

But in doing so, assuredly will we shall make such political and social progress as to make annexation more than ever palatable and desirable to the Canadas. When it comes, it will come peaceably, and the following cautious warning of the Toronto *Globe* will prove to be idle gasconade:

Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald may well look to the militia! One concealed enemy at home is more dangerous than ten abroad. What with Fenians and their Protectionist allies, we may have enough work upon our hands before long.

APPALLING CALAMITY IN HOWICK VILLAGE, COUNTY OF HURON!

A HOUSE AND STORE CONSUMED!

FOUR PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH!

It is our sorrowful duty to record the particulars of a heart-rending catastrophe, which occurred in the Town plot of Howick, (Lisadel p. o.) about 1 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday last, the 7th inst., by which four persons met a horrible fate.—We will give the particulars as related hurriedly by an eye-witness. The house burned on the morning in question was a two story frame building, occupied as a store and dwelling by Mr. Henry Newton. The store was in the front of the building, in the rear were a kitchen and a sitting-room, the bed rooms being all *up stairs*.—At the time mentioned there were eight persons in the house, viz., Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Wm. McAulay, an old man of 60 years of age, John Millar, aged about 30, (who had been working in the neighborhood,) Michael Bloomley stepson to Mr. Newton, aged 20; Susan Newton, niece of Mr. Newton, aged 11; Esther Newton, a relative, and Charles Hooker.

The first intimation the inmates of the house had of the fire was the rush of flame and smoke into the bed rooms. A scene of awful confusion immediately took place. The rush and roar of the flames, mingled with the death-shrieks of those who were unable to extricate themselves were sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. The instant he was awakened, Mr. Newton sprang through the window, regardless of glass, and rushed for a short ladder to rescue his wife from her perilous position. Mrs. Newton had, in the confusion of the moment, opened the door of the bed-room, thus admitting the flames, which almost enveloped her as she reached the window. She was only protected by a thin night dress, and ere she could follow her husband through the window she was burned severely about the back and arms. Hooker was sleeping with Millar. When they woke up the room was filled with smoke. Poor Millar could not stir, and the last words his companion heard him utter were, "Oh, Hooker, I'm suffocated!" Hooker darted at the window and leaped through it feet foremost, carrying a large quantity of the glass and sash with him. Although much cut about the legs, he recovered that he had escaped so narrowly.—Esther Newton escaped by leaping through a window. All the rest perished miserably in the flames. By this time a number of the neighbors had congregated, some of whom assisted the escaped to places of shelter, while the remainder stood with blanched faces, utterly impotent to assist those in the house, which was now one mass of flames from cellar to roof-tree.—Mr. James Addison, of Goderich, assisted in alleviating the sufferings of the saved, and in searching for the bodies of the lost, after the fire had burned itself out. The remains of the poor little girl were not found, but after a careful search, what was left of three men was dragged from the ruins. The sight was a sickening one. Not a vestige was left to indicate that only a few moments before they were human beings. Legs, arms and heads had been burned off, and nothing lay before the horrified beholder but charred lumps of flesh about two feet in length. No one could form the slightest idea of how the fire originated, but we have no doubt a searching investigation will be made by the Coroner's jury. The house and all its valuable contents will be a complete loss, there being no insurance. Altogether, it is the most terrible catastrophe of the kind that ever took place in the County of Huron.

☞ New York and other American advertisers are politely informed that if they wish to use our columns for advertising purposes, they must remit their greenbacks and shinplasters in *advance*. Those gentlemen seem to have so little confidence in Uncle Sam's post offices that they almost invariably refuse to pay for anything done "on tick."

☞ "80,000 souls," who proposed 'Tom Govinlock' as a fit person to oppose Mr. Dickson, repents of his conduct and retracts what he then said. The praise bestowed on 'Tom' was a libel." Which means, we suppose, that there has been a "muss" between 80,000 souls and his proposed candidate.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

Washington, Jan. 12.—The following is a special despatch to the *Herald*:—

"The army of the Potomac is still subject to occasional incursions of the rebel guerrillas and beyond this the quietude which prevails there is not disturbed.

"Despatches from Gen. Kelly's department in Western Virginia yesterday, state that scouts Gen. Early falling back up the Shenandoah valley, and that all fears for the safety of the railroads are now at rest.

"The latest news from the Kenawha valley is very encouraging. The river is frozen over, and the heavy snows on the mountains prevent any military operations on either side in that direction."

Another despatch to the *Herald*:—It is understood the States of Ohio, Indiana Illinois and Iowa, have been formed into a military department, under Major General Heintzelman. Head-quarters at Cincinnati.

The *World's* special correspondent says:—The passage of the Bounty Bill, it is understood, postpones the draft to the 1st of March.

A special despatch to the *Times* states that the four colossal catamaled war ships, under advisement at the construction bureau, are to be enlarged to 7,000.

A Washington letter to the *Tribune* says that it has been decided to remove the Confederate capital to Columbia, S. C. The writer is a Union man, lately from the South where he had been a clerk in the Confederate war department. He also says that the gunboats and ironclads at Richmond are with one exception, ready for service. On the 17th ult. they were ordered to make a demonstration in Hampton Roads, but after proceeding a few miles below Drury's Bluff the order was countermanded.

The Italian Re de Italia is docked at the navy yard. No serious injury, was done her in running ashore, and she will leave dock in two or three days.

Philadelphia, Jan. 13.

The 'Inquirer' has the following special:

Chattanooga, Jan. 12.—Affairs in East Tennessee are very exciting. A heavy cavalry fight occurred near Strawberry Plains on Sunday last. The enemy were repulsed with serious loss.

General Longstreet has been heavily reinforced from the armies of General Lee and Johnson.

The reinforcements from Johnson's army are on the south side of the Holston river. Gen. Longstreet's headquarters are at Red Bridge. Our picket lines front each other at Blair's cross roads, 20 miles north-east of Knoxville.

Our repulse at Bean's station was very trifling. Longstreet's position is a splendid one, presenting a river and a mountain front. Forest has been badly handled in west Middle Tennessee, but has managed to escape with most of his command.

The Chesapeake Affair.

Halifax, Jan. 9.

The Admiralty Courts is in session, Hon Judge Stewart presiding, J. H. Johnston, Advocate General for the Crown, W. A. D. Morse, counsel for owners of the Chesapeake and J. W. Ritchie, counsel for the Confederates. In opening the Chesapeake case, the Judge stated that the case was entertained upon the ground that the seizure of the vessel was a piratical act. His opinion was that the vessel ought to be given up to her owners.

Mr. Ritchie asked the Judge to contemplate the probability of an application of the Confederates for her.

His Honor declared he would not entertain anything of the kind.

Mr. Ritchie then gave his interpretation of the law upon the validity of seizures, contending that any citizen of the Southern Confederacy, with or without a commission, has an absolute right to seize any vessel belonging to the Federals, and it would be a lawful prize.

The Advocate General said that he felt some difficulty in bringing the case into this court, as there was a pretence of her being a lawful prize, but there was *Prima facia* evidence that the capture was piracy. His opinion was that the vessel should be delivered over to her owners. Adjourned to the 13th inst.

Doings at Charleston.

The *Tribune* Morris Island correspondent says the rebels have in Charleston harbor two iron clad steamers, close imitations of the "new Ironsides" and "Dunderberg." Charleston takes fire and burns badly, from the effect of the bombardment. The fires always spread, and burn hours at a time. Last Sunday they burned eight hours. In one mass of obstruction hauled away from the beach at Morris Island are 16 bars of the iron rails.—The obstructions having been removed by natural causes, nothing now prevents the taking of Charleston when—the Admiral wills it!

THE STORM IN MISSOURI.—St. Louis, Jan. 2, 1864.—Snowed in—we are isolated from the world around us, in the midst of the most terrible weather that has visited this section of the country for twenty-five years. The great change took place last Thursday morning, when a sleety rain turned to a fine driving snow, with a powerful wind from the north-west. The Mercury fell to zero, and at 4 p.m. on New Year's day, it was 25 degrees below zero. All day yesterday the cold was intense and the snow had accumulated to the depth of several feet, making excellent sleighing on an ice foundation. All the railroads are snowed in, and no trains have arrived from any quarter since Thursday noon. The mails from New York are two and a-half days behind, and it is doubtful if we get another for half a week. All the horse railroads have suspended operations, though to-day the salt-sprinklers are at work, trying to melt off the tracks. The river is of course, closed, the ice being firm for foot passengers from shore to shore, and to day, probably, sleighs will cross on the ice with weather bound passengers by railroad trains. This is a terrible visitation for St. Louis just now, and many cases of death from cold are reported. The poor are not sufficiently cared for, and the suffering that is anticipated is fearful to contemplate.

Interesting from Mexico and St. Domingo.

New York, Jan. 11.—By the steamship Columbus, which arrived at this port yesterday, we have highly interesting news from St. Domingo. Our advices from Mexico represent the French as meeting with almost uninterrupted success in the progress of their different columns through the country. Various cities and towns had been occupied by Imperial arms. The invaders were marching on Juarez's capital, which they expected to occupy by Christmas. It was reported by the French and their partizans that Juarez himself would seek safety by fleeing to Texas. Gen. Miramon was engaged in raising forces to march on Durango. The entire State of Tamanligras, it was expected, would soon be in possession of the Imperialists.

From St. Domingo we learn that the Spaniards have gained another victory over the insurgents, in front of Puerto Plato, driving them successfully from various positions, though the number killed and wounded is said to have been comparatively small. Reinforcements for the Spaniards were constantly arriving, and it was supposed they would soon have sufficient force to overcome all obstacles.

Advices from Mexico, *via* New Orleans, state that Vidue had joined the Imperialists, also that Guadalajaro, Queretaro, Guanajuato and Morotta had been occupied by Imperialists.

The Danish Difficulty explained by "Punch."

Punch observes:

"Young persons who dine out, and wish to be considered well-informed young diners out, must desire to be able to answer, in a few simple words, the question so frequently put as to the real value of the difficulty absorbing King of Denmark's succession to the Schleswig Holstein duchies. *Mr. Punch* will explain the matter in a moment. The case is this: King Christian, being an agnate, is the collateral heir male of the German Diet, and consequently the Duchy of Holstein, being mediatized, could only have ascended to the Landgravine of Hesse in default of consanguinity in the younger branch of the Sonderburg-Gl