Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W.T. COX, Editor and Proprietor.] The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE] GODERICH, C. W., THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1864. [VOL. XVII.—NO. 41.

Poetry.

For the "Signal."

GODERICH.

Fair Goderich! thou standest high
On broad Lake Huron's eastern side,
And look'st with visionary eye
Across the waste of waters wide,
Expecting o'er the heaving tide
A future day of pride and power,
And longing as the youthful bride
Before the happy bridal hour.

Thou hast no crumbling turrets grand,
As honor many an ancient town;
No grinning forts around thee stand,
No castled crags above thee frown;
No honors that attend a crown
Around thy humble dwellings lie;
And in the distance, blue or brown,
No mountains mingle with the sky.

Albeit thou wilt well compare
With prouder cities o'er the sea;
Thy lake, with bosom spreading fair,
And restless billows rolling free,
Alone would give the palm to thee,
Were other beauties all denied,
And makes a picture fair to see,
As ever connoisseur descried.

Thou greet'st the fist'ning ear afar
With voices from each busy street—
The noise of Labor's humble car,
The pattering of hurried feet;
While Law and Education meet
Within thy unpretentious hall,
Where Justice finds a safe retreat,
And rules supremely over all.

When over all our land the *breeze*
Is scorched beneath the summer ray,
It leaves the drooping forest trees
And wanders truant far away,
Wiled by the laughing waves to play;
But turns to thee alone and brings
A mem'ry of the mouth of May
Upon its softly fanning wings.

When jocund Day descries our shore,
'Tis Gaspe greets the merry guest,
But Goderich sees him to the door,
And points him to the glowing west;—
O'er all our towns supremely blest!
As she returns his parting smile,
While over Huron's blushing breast
His glances flame for many a mile!

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Across the waste of waters wide,
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R. D. SCOTT.

A Mocking-Bird in London.

I was passing along by the Foundling Hospital, when I heard a musical cry 'Fine firewood!' which seemed to me to be worthy of a concert-room. I walked slowly, to hear it again and again, and I almost thought it was some fallen star of an ancient opera, who had taken to a street barrow and a load of fine firewood. It is wonderful how soon we forget. I lost that man and his musical cry in three minutes: but ten or fifteen minutes later I was going up Guildford Street, when he revived himself in my memory. Again I forgot him, and made my way to a friend's house in the vicinity of Russel Square. My friend's daughter was an invalid, who had left her home and husband in Charleston, South Carolina, when the unhappy civil war began. She was an English girl who had given her fate into the keeping of a young American, who had been educated at English Oxford. Little thought he when he took his fair bride to his Southern home that in three short years the storm of war would drive him in the vortex of a whirlpool, and cast his wife and their two baby children into the refuge of her father's home. So it had been. I had news of him and I hastened to the wife with the glad tidings that a month ago he was safe. I entered the house and stood in the front drawing-room, which was darkened, while the western window that opened out of the back drawing-room wooed all the sunshine there might be at noon, in the cheerful month of of October. Suddenly I heard the cry of a firewood man. It rang out loud and clear, as if he had stood at my side.

At this moment the lady for whom I had news entered. In her frail form and fevered cheek and brilliant eyes, I read what made me in a moment forget the cry of 'Fine, fine, fine firewood.' I told the message that gladdened the faint fast beating heart, and encouraged her to hope for letters, and heard her say, 'I *must* go to him. Better tend him wounded, or bury him dead, than living the dying life I am living here.'

I began to falter words of encouragement that I did not feel, when the musical cry again burst on my ear.

'It is my poor bird!' she said,—'my mocking-bird. He breaks my heart with his songs of home, and he startles everybody with his imitations.'

I looked up at the western window, there hung the bird in a prodigious cage; just the giant bird-house that a mocking-bird ought always to have. Lazily removing his long figure from one side of the cage to the other a few times he began to pour forth a song composed of the music of all the birds he had heard in London. He ended his brilliant *melange* with his own sweet notes, which were exceedingly beautiful. The lady regarded him with a tender interest, with which were mingled her absent husband and lost home. I led her to talk to him, for I thought I saw that, though an object of painful interest, he still served to distract his mistress from her anxiety and misery.

'There is almost a human interest about him,' she said; 'he mimics us, too well. He has a sharp, short cry like the baby when his sister takes anything from him, and he revels in mimicking poor Jip. The other day I heard Jip crying terribly, and I came hurrying down to him, quite sure that he had got in to some unusual difficulty. Jip was asleep on the mat outside the drawing-room door not even noticing his own yelping, and there was the bird doing the dreadful imitation to perfection. At first Jip used to notice him, but he is quite accustomed to his noise now.'

As if to illustrate what she was saying, the bird here began a wonderful series of performances the most difficult of which to me, seemed the click of castanets. Nothing was difficult to him after he had put his head on one side, listened, and apparently decided how it was to be done. He did not practice the sound, but at once got it right into his mind, and brought it forth like a viviparous production, perfect in all its parts. When he had blisted the castanets, and whistled a tune to match, he again edified me with the 'Fine, fine, fine firewood,' cry, immediately setting off its sonorous music with the shrill, quacked quaver that a child envokes for a penny whistle. Then he gave the cry of the milk women when she rang the bell, then the cry of muffins, and then water cresses. Presently the cat mewed as if both the lady's children were both pulling it once, and then Jip got into trouble, and lastly, the lady cried.

'You should hear him whistle my husband's tunes, said the lady, her eyes overflowing.—'Dear Arthur could not beat him at whistling Dixie, or Red, White and Blue.

I whistled first the one and then the other of these tunes, and presently the bird whistled Dixie to a charm, and the poor lady was weeping to the melody, as if it were only made to make people weep. Nor was she at all comforted with Red, White and Blue.

'I wish I had left him with Arthur. I wish I had never tamed him. He does not seem like a bird to me, here in London. He seems like a ghost of the past—like somebody's spirit imprisoned in a bird. I hear him whistle Arthur's tunes, and I almost think my husband has come in, as he used to in our old home, always so cheerful. I cannot bear the strange, sweet imitation in my room, and so I keep him down here; but I shall not have him long. He has done well during the summer; you know we came in June; but he begins to mope, and to-day is one of his bright days. He will not live through the winter; he will not live through the next. He will never survive unhappy November. I wish I had him at home, or had never taken him from the nest! He was such a little lump when I took him, with no promise of the long body and longer tail he has now. His mouth was always open, and he screamed like one file filing another, unless I fed him almost continually. He was always swallowing a paste made of mashed potato and yolks of eggs rolled up in the form of worms and dropped into his gaping mouth.'

'And what does he eat now?'

'He will eat almost anything that I eat; but I feed him mostly on brown bread and milk, which he likes better than eggs, or fresh meat, or anything. He will leave his chicken or his beefsteak untouched, and eat a saucer of brown bread and milk in the day. Every day he goes into his bath-tub and takes his bath, and makes his toilet like a gentleman, and every day his house has to be thoroughly cleansed, or he would soon die. His cage seems large, but mocking-birds never thrive in small cages and I think of their freedom. Then he cannot be as content in confinement as if he had been born in a cage, and his parents before him. I wish he was in the orange-grove in my own dear home, or that he had the chance of stealing Japan plums at the end of our brief Charleston winter. Our garden used to be as full of music as the opera, and a great deal sweeter to me, though I dearly love music.'

'Charleston really seems home then, to you,' I said. 'I thought English people were merely foreign residents; that they were never *at home* anywhere but in England.'

She sunned very faintly, and said, 'I was taken from my home young, like my mocking bird. But oh, far more than that! I went to Arthur's home, and oh, it was a sunny home!'

I tried to speak comfortingly and hopefully. She only said she would go to her husband.

'And the bird?' I asked.

'Oh, he will die next month.'

As I was leaving, the bird again favored me with Dixie, and then with 'Fine, fine, fine firewood,' and ended with a flourishing yelp from Jip.

'He seems to be finishing for the season, giving his last performance,' giving his last performance,' said the lady; and then she thanked me again and again for the good news I had brought her, and bade me good-bye with an appearance of reviving hope.

On a day, in November, a day of sullen gloom, I again sought the home of the lady and the bird. I was the bearer of sorrowful news: but my sad errand could not wait. It must be done, though it was a bitter duty. I must tell her, so near the angel world, that her beloved husband had gone before, and would meet her there. He had been my dear friend; but I counted my sorrow as nothing. Her mother met me, and I saw by her grave, sad mien, that I had bad news to hear, as well as to communicate.'

'*Her* babies—*Our* babies—are orphans,' said the mother.'

The beautiful lady and the brave husband were both in the better land, and the bright bird was dead too. This little sad romance of the time had so died out in an ordinary London street.

"The song was o'er, the last sweet note
Upon the air had ceased to float,
The life that thrilled in melody,
With his wild music passed away.
He longed to fragrance, flowers, and light;
His heart had broken in the night."

Agricultural Population of England and Wales.

From the last census it appears that there were in 1861, in England and Wales, close upon 11,000,000 persons aged 20 years and upwards, of whom 1,605,503 are stated to have been engaged in agriculture—that is, 11.6 per cent. of the total adults. This is a decrease of 44,790 persons since the census of 1851. Among the causes of this decrease, a prominent one mentioned is the conversion of large areas of arable into pasture land; as an evidence of which it is stated that the number of out-door shepherds returned in the census of 1851 was 12,517, while in 1861 it had increased to 27,559. It may also be fairly taken for granted that the increased use of machinery has done something to diminish the necessity of farm laborers; in 1851 no person is separately enumerated as "an agricultural engine and machine worker;" but in 1861 there are 1,205 so returned. In 1851 there were 55 "agricultural implement proprietors;" in 1861 his occupation is ascribed to 236 persons. We presume that by this term those persons are intended who own threshing and other extensive machines, and go about to work them from farm to farm. One effect upon agriculture of flourishing manufactures, is seen from the fact that Lancashire, the great manufacturing county in the kingdom, also employs more persons in agriculture than any other in England, and not only this, but its agricultural population increased during the ten years 5,336 adults—being returned in 1861 as 80,822 persons. Lincolnshire must be considerably more than one-half larger in area than Lancashire, and only employed 67,357 adults. In the latter the farms are all small—in the former, large; but it is probable that the annual profits of farming are about as great in Lincolnshire as in Lancashire in proportion to area, while, if divided among all the adults ascribed to agriculture in each county, they would be £40 per head in the former and only £21 on the smaller farms of the latter.

At Swinfield, Kent, a blacksmith was drinking some ale, when he remarked—"I have swallowed something; I am afraid it was a wasp; if so, I am a dead man." In a very short time afterwards he fell into the arms of a bystander, and immediately expired.

☞ Much sensation is now caused in San Francisco on account of the Chinese temples there. That is the only Christian city in the world where idolatrous worship is openly carried on.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., NOV. 4, 1864.

MOVEMENTS OF THE DELEGATES.

The delegates from the Maritime Provinces must ere this have formed a very high opinion of the hospitality of the Canadian people. At Quebec, at Montreal, at Ottawa, Belleville, Cobourg, on the Grand Trunk Railway, and finally at Toronto, they have been received with open arms, and the ovations tendered to them might gladden the heart of many a monarch on a tour through his dominions. This is, perhaps, as it should be. Their mission to Canada was one of the most important that has ever occurred in connection with the history of this country, and the interest attaching to it is all the greater because of the happy result which seems to have been arrived at in their conference with the delegates representing the interests of our colony. It is perfectly true that in the voluminous speeches uttered at the Montreal dinner we can find no clue to the actual results of the conference—no departure from the cautious reticence that has marked the proceedings throughout, but still these speeches from learned statesmen and noblemen high in authority have a tendency to strengthen the bonds of union between the respective Provinces represented, and to bring out a vast number of facts which we should all consider previous to the final establishment of British American Nationality. Whether that desirable consummation is ever reached or not, one thing is certain, that we now know more about the resources, financial condition and political feeling of the sister Provinces than ever before, long as we have lived side by side. The Delegates arrived in Toronto on Wednesday, the 2nd inst., and were enthusiastically received by all classes of the people. It is almost useless to say that the metropolis of Upper Canada did its very best to please them, and no doubt succeeded. We regret very much that our visitors have now exhausted the time at their command, and must start immediately for home without seeing more of this Western Peninsula—the very garden of the proposed confederation, but we trust that they will bear away with them a correct idea of *our* resources as well as our willingness to join heart and hand, "for better or for worse," in the new Confederation of the North.

THE TOWN COUNCIL.

In reporting the proceedings of the meeting of the Council on Tuesday evening, we are compelled to depart from our usual practice, which is to give what is said and done without note or comment. With the aid of short hand a practical reporter can without difficulty follow the thread of a discussion, supposing that one speaker occupies the floor at a time. But when four or five gentlemen of the Board, and, perhaps, one or two outsiders talk at once, it is obviously impossible to reduce the mass of materials to anything like a readable form. We took a great number of notes, of course, but upon conning them over in the serene atmosphere of our *sanctum sanctorum*, however fine the reading may be, it is somewhat difficult to follow the "thread of the story." For example, we come to a passage like this:—'Hear me sir,'—'or-d-e-r!'—'Mr. Fletcher said—' 'That's not so Mr. Cameron'—'Stop sir, or I'll put you out'—'I'll not stop—constable as well as you'—'What are you doing with that stick, sir?'—'Hish, *keep* quiet, Swanson'—'Mayor's out of order' —'No but you are!'—'*beg* pardon, but I've got the floor'—'no you havn't'—'put him down'—'don't interrupt me, sir'—'ignorance'—'stop him, he's putting that motion in's pocket'—(laughter and loud applause from the opposition benches.) To a person who "knows the ropes" the sample we give might prove a sweet morsal, but to the rest of the world 'twould be as undiscypherable as a column of Egyptian hieroglyphics; hence we must content ourselves with giving an *idea* of what took place at this most extraordinary meeting without promising all the details.

The Clerk read a letter from Mr. Angus McKay to the effect that he wished to withdraw his surity from Rev. Charles Fletcher, as town treasurer, also a letter from Mr. W. E. Grace to the same effect. This was the signal for a scene of word-warfare that beggars all description, and certainly went beyond anything in the shape of a row that we have ever witnessed at the Council Board of this town.—All constraint was thrown to the winds, at it they went, 'hammer and tongs,' for a couple of hours, the confusion being such as to render futile all attempts at reporting. Finally, it was decided that the letters be laid over until the Finance Committee could have an opportunity of looking into the matter, with power to accept fresh security in the meantime, if necessary. Then came an explanation of the circumstances which had so deeply offended the town treasurer's bondsmen. Mr. Cameron said that on the Friday before the committee appointed to negotiate with Mr. Crabb had gone to the town treasurer, Rev. C. Fletcher, and informed him that Mr. Crabb had complied with the conditions embodied in the resolution of Council, and that they wanted the cheque for $4000. Mr. Fletcher hesitated, but at last, conceiving it to be his duty to obey a majority of the Council, consented, and handed over the cheque. The cheque was not handed to Mr. Crabb on account of some disagreement as to terms of payment, and was still held by the committee. This explanation gave rise to a discussion more violent than the previous one. We did attempt to report it, but had to close our note book in despair, and look on it amazement, while we moralized on *the possible* under the boasted municipal system of Upper Canada. Warm discussions have taken place in the Town Council before, and sharp things have been said, but we think that if such exhibitions as that of Tuesday night are to continue, commonsense members should resign in order to save their own reputation and remove the stigma of reproach from the town. One act we wish to characterize as particularly disgraceful: the interruption of a member by an outsider. While Mr. Cameron was speaking, a person sitting near the table spoke out and said he was departing from the truth, and when threatened with ejection, said he was a constable also and would neither leave the room nor stop the interruption unless it suited him, or words to that effect. No matter who was speaking at the time or who the interruptor was, his immediate consignment to gaol would have tended to maintain what was left of the dignity of the Board. We trust that His Worship and members generally will feel in honor bound to put a stopper upon *outside* interference in future, at whatever cost.—They will thereby, certainly, elevate themselves in the opinion of all respectable men.

At the close the Mayor read a formal protest against all action taken by the Council in the matter of the purchase of Market Buillings.

In the matter of the drain that has deprived Mr. Smith's tannery of its water supply, the special committee reported that there was no damage done which the corporation should hold itself responsible for. The Council resolved itself into committee of the whole, and after the whole theory and practice of hydrostatics had been elucidated, the report was adopted, not, it appears, because of the mere expense of so altering the drain as to accommodate Mr. Smith, but on account of the dangerous precedent that would be established by complying with the prayer of his petition.

When the council adjourned, an appeal to *muscle*, which is the last argument, was nearly made by several parties, but the fray was smothered, and the large audience seperated, eagerly discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the extraordinary scene.

☞ Hamilton is all alive on the Mayoralty question. A gentleman named G. H. Mills, Esq., advertises himself as a candidate.

☞ A member of the Fenian Brotherhood in Chicago having claimed British protection to screen himself from the draft, was expelled from the Brotherhood.

☞ Last week, a man named William Hutchinson, living on the Guelph road, a few miles beyond Millgrove, died of glanders, with all the symptoms of that dreadful malady. He had caught the infection from a horse.

Seat of Government.—The correspondent of the *Leader* says that orders have been made to pass all warrants issued to cover the expenses of the removal of the government employees to Ottawa. This indicates the intention of the government to hasten, as far as they can, the removal of the Departments.

☞ A white ox weighing 4,000 pounds, a present from Carlos Pierce to Gen. Grant, recently appeared in a Boston torch-light procession.

☞ The potato rot is making havoc in Lower Canada; in some districts the crop is not worth digging, and where it was taken up before the rain, the tubers are decaying rapidly.

☞ At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his utter hopelessness, draw so close to his wife's side for comfort and assistance as when he wants a button sewed on his shirt collar.

☞ The removal of Gen. Warren from the command of the Fifth corps is reiterated. As most of his staff have left the army for the North, the rumor is now pretty generally credited.

☞ A "live and let live" association has been formed at Manchester.

☞ The Atlantic cable about to be laid will bear four times its own weight.

☞ The Detroit *Free Press* concludes the recent rumored raid on that city was concocted for political purposes—to give the administration an opportunity of placing Detroit under martial law—in anticipation of the coming election.

An Eagle Caught.—On Tuesday, says the *Leader*, a farmer residing some eight miles up Yonge street, captured a large eagle which had alighted in his barn-yard, for the purpose of carrying off a bantam chicken.—The eagle was so intent upon making a meal off the domesticated fowl that it did not perceive the farmer until he had hold of its wings. It wounded his hands while in the act of securing it, but he held on to it nevertheless. The bird is known as a gray-headed eagle, with a black body. It measures seven feet across the wings, and stands as high as a good sized turkey.

The Women Evil to be Drafted.—The Columbus *Journal*, the official organ of the Lincoln party in Ohio, says:—"We go further—if it is necessary, we go for a universal conscription, without respect to age, it would be the means of giving strength and efficiency to our armies in the field; but in all these things let the people know authoritatively what is expected of them."

LETTER FROM MR. CRABB.

Goderich, Nov. 3rd, 1864.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal:

Dear Sir:—Will you please allow the following communication to appear in your paper. I should not have appeared in print had it not been for the remarks of Councillor *Rumble*. It is useless to go into the causes of my first offering to the Council of Goderich the munificent offer of my Market Square property for a Town Hall and Market purposes for the small, or, rather, insignificant sum of $12,000, as compared with its real value. I was informed upon pretty good authority that a gentleman of the town (and who, at present, is one of the opposition in regard to the purchase of my property) was indirectly in negotiation for the sale of a small piece of land in the vicinity of the Market Square for the sum of $4,800, and at the same time offering to erect a Town Hall thereon at a further expense of from 5,000 to 8,000 dollars more. In view of the above I thought if the negotiation was carried out it would be a burden to the town, without any real adduantage, other than the privilege of saying, "We have a Town Hall of our own." Well, sir, you and others may think as you please, but I determined to act the philanthropist, and make the town an offer of my property for the sum of $12,000, never for one moment supposing that such an offer would be refused. My terms were cash; and I naturally supposed that the Council would borrow the money to pay it, there being no manner of risk as the property, at the lowest calculation, would nett 15 per cent. on the sum paid for it; hereby being a direct revenue to the town of several hundred dollars per annum over all outlays for the purchase. On making the offer I did not think it needed any explanation, as most of the councillors were business men and men of property and they would be enabled to see at a glance that it would help to reduce the taxes of the town. But I was asked to take one-third down and balance in two yearly instalments. I agreed, when a still farther time of three years was asked with permission, with due notice of six months, to cancel at two. I agreed. A still farther time was asked, say four years, with the above privilege. I agreed; and the deed is now made out, signed and ready for delivery the moment a By-Law is passed by the Council, so as to enable me to get a mortgage from them for the balance due, and then the town will have a building for a Market and Town Hall second to no other town in the Province; and that at no outlay of capital for the rents, &c., will pay both principal and interest in about five years. How different is that to the above-mentioned offer, where there would be be a direct outlay with no remunerative benefit therefrom. Several of the councillors, when I first made the offer, and among them was our Mayor and Horton, who said by all means accept it, if Crabb is in earnest, but he will never take it, it is too good an offer. They being business men saw at a glance the advantage it would be to the town. [Query—Why their opposition now?] Why the purchase of a piece of property should make our otherwise *sarcastic* Mayor assume the undignified belligerent position he has done is a mystery not very easy to solve. There is one thing certain, the town wants a Town Hall, and must soon either rent or build one, at a considerable expense. It is useless to talk about the value of the property that I offer. If I wish to make the Town of Goderich a present of 18 or 20,000 dollars by giving them a piece of property so much beneath its value, that is my own business. I have received some few favors from the inhabitants and I wish to reciprocate.

With respect,
Your most obed'nt,
C. CRABB.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

Buffalo, Nov. 2.—The subjoined despatch was received this afternoon by the Mayor of this city. Mayor Fargo has already taken the matter in hand, and any attempt upon Buffalo will be worse than futile. The following is the despatch:—

Washington, Nov. 2.—To the Mayor of Buffalo—This department has received information from the British Provinces to the effect that there is a conspiracy on foot to set fire to the principal cities in the Northern States on the day of the presidential election. It is my duty to communicate this information to you.

(Signed) W. H. SEWARD.

Washington, Nov. 2.—Strong efforts are making to obtain a mitigation of the sentence of Perry and Donahue, the New York agents convicted of election frauds, or to procure their pardon.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The Alexandria *Gazette* has been suspended owing to Mr. Snowden, the proprietor, being among those Southern sympathisers detailed as safety-guards on the Ohio and Baltimore railroad against guerilla attacks.

New York, Nov. 2.—This morning Admiral Renaud, of the French navy, accompanied by Admiral Bosse, also of the French navy, who relieves Admiral Renaud in command of the French squadron in these waters, made an official visit to Admiral Paulding at the Brooklyn navy yard. They were received with all the honors due them. Shortly after one o'clock the French Admirals returned to their ships, when the American flag was hoisted and the salutes returned.

New York, Nov. 2.—Per steamer 'Eagle' we have Havana dates to the 29th ult., City of Mexico dates of the 15th, and Vera Cruz of the 23rd, are received but contain little of interest.

The reported occupation of Matamoras by Mejia and adhesion to the empire by Cortinas is confirmed.

A severe earthquake occurred on the 3rd, destroying a church and ecclesiastical court room at the Loxcula, and damaging other buildings; there ware but few deaths. Damages were also sustained at San Meolas Laborra and other places. A water spout fell on the city of Montcalto, flooding the streets and surrounding country and doing much damage.

The 'Estaffe' says some 40 persons have been arrested in the city of Mexico as conspirtors. It is said that Diego at Varez, of the State of Guerro, is about to submit to Maximillion, also that Juarez has crossed the desert of San Carlos into Chihuahua.

From San Domingo we learn that Saleedas, another member of the Government, had been shot by the rebel General Elpolosco.

Yellow fever is still raging in Galveston and Houston. Among the details are Gen. J. M. Howes, D. Sims, just from Mobile, and the Rev. J. M. Gosborn.

It is reported that the pirate Semmes arrived at Havana in the English packet *Salent*, under the name of Smith.

San Francisco, Nov. 1.—The steamer *Brother Jonathan* arrived from the northern coast to day with $340,000 in treasure from Oregon, and $27,000 from British Columbia.

New York, Nov. 2.—The *Commercial's* Washington special says, dispatches received by the state department represent everything progressing favorably with regard to the trial of the St. Alban's raiders in Canada. The Canadian authorities show a disposition to deal justly.

It is expected that the prisoners will be held to await requisition under the Ashburton Treaty.

The 'Raid' Excitement in Buffalo.

Buffalo was in an equal state of exitement with Detroit on Sunday in consequence of the threatened rebel raid from Canada on both of those cities. The information in both cases was sent by the American Consul at Toronto, so that if it was merely a hoax, they have one of their own countrymen to blame. The *Express* says that "on the news being received the city military resorted to the arsenal and to the number of several hundred were distributed along the river and harbor, and throughout the city in the vicipity of the banks, for patrol duty. A tug was also armed and engaged for the night in patrolling the harbor.

The night passed off without any startling occurrence except that certain parties saw, or thought they saw, signals made between this city and Canada. The town has now a large number of new faces within its limits, but who they are, and what they are here for, has not yet transpired. We presume them to be Canadian rebels, who are awaiting reinforcements, or a favorable opportunity to enter upon their nefarious work. The citizens are armed and arming, and it will be a sorry job for any five hundred sneaking rebs, who may undertake mischief after this hour.

It is stated that the Police have arrested a man who was purchasing revolvers, and already had four on his person. Last night a strong patrol guarded the banks, and kept a bright look out Canadaward. We are fully prepared to give secessionists or their aiders a strong rope and a short shrift. Let them come on.

☞ The town of Perigeux a few days ago received a painful shock. M. Daussel, member of the Council General, was on the point of getting his daughter married to a young gentleman of Bordeaux, when a letter, by some mischance, was stung in the arm by a venomous insect. His father, while rendering him assistance, was struck with apoplexy and died. The person who was charged to convey the melancholy intelligence to M. Daussel, executed his mission so abruptly, that the young lady thinking that it was her intended husband who had died, was so affected that she expired in three days after from the effects of the shock.

The Guerillas in Northern Kentucky.—The Louisville *Journal* says: "Many of the leaders of the bands now operating in that portion of the state bordering on the Ohio river claim to be commissioned by the rebel War Department, and say that they are engaged in recruiting for the Confederate army. They do not offer to molest any boats plying up and down the river, and assert that they condemn the murdering, thieving policy pursued by the horse-thieving gangs operating in Kentucky. They argue that many of the depredations committed by these roving scoundrels are unjustly attributed to them. This may all be very fine logic, yet we trust that we may be pardoned if we fail to discover any very great difference between the chiefs, or recruiting agents, and the leaders of the vilest horse-thieving gangs."

Reverend Politicians.—The political blackguards who creep into the pulpits of two of our churches every Sunday evening and slime over their congregations with their filthy abolition expectorations, will continue on their evil way until after election. It is hoped that then they will return to their Master's service.—[Port Huron Commercial.

The Great Napoleon's Head.—Of all the objects of art which I have met with in France, the one which interested me most was a copy of the cast of Napoleon's head taken immediately after his death. I believe only the from part was taken—the rest must have been supplied from imagination. The part taken, however, extends to beyond the ears. I had read of this cast in Blackwood's magazine several years back, but was not prepared to realize, so fully as I now do, the fact that the current likenesses of Napoleon convey the most erroneous idea of his real appearance. The head, so far from being very large, was rather under than over middle size; the features not at all hand same; the cheek bones very prominent; the nose unhandsome and after the Celtic rather than the Grecian model; the chin long and broad, and the upper lip short. The forehead was not high and was far from being imposing. The fact is, you cannot walk the street without seeing heads, which, phrenologically speaking, exhibit a better development. I am now more than ever confirmed in the opinion, that differences in talent and character depend more on the innate energy of the brain than on its form or development.—*Cor. Leader.*

Sunday Amusements in Washington.—The following item, from the Washington *Star*, deploring the profanity and dissipated character of the present Sunday amusements of that city, is going the rounds of the press; "We have now Sunday papers, Sunday dress parades, Sunday gardens, Sunday displays of equestrianism and barouch exercises, Sunday suburban "free and easys," and latest and fastest of the fast, and furious amusements of our modern Sunday carnival, are the Sunday down river excursions, where the gay and festive—those sufficiently sober to stand on their feet—can trip on the light fantastic toe, to the music of the marine band."

Movements and Doings of Royalty.—The Prince and Princess of Wales have brought their pleasant visit to Sweden and Denmark to a close, and are expected home next week. The Prince, *on dit*, will shortly pay a visit to the Emperor of the French.—An interesting event in the shape of a Royal marriage will very likely again enliven the metropolis in a short time. As the matter is now openly talked about, there can no longer be any need for disguise. The lady is no other than the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and the accepted suitor is Lord Hood, an Officer in the Guards and the Princess' junior. The alliance of Royalty with a commoner will, no doubt, create some sensation and may, perhaps, be the cause of difficulties with a high personage, but the Princess is so popular and amiable that everybody hopes she will be permitted to have her own way. Better marry an English nobleman than a petty German Prince, with his army of 25 men and income of 7,400 thalers (£200) per annum. What a contrast these pigmy potentates present to our noblemen of the highest rank! Why, there are the Dukes of Northumberland, Cleveland, Bedford, and Sutherland, the Marquis of Westmoreland, and Earl Dudley, neither of whose incomes is less than £200,000 a year, while some exceed it by nearly a third. The Duke of Sutherland, who is the largest holder of railway shares in the Kingdom, has just taken £100,000 worth of stock in a projected Scotch railway. Parliament was on Thursday, formally prorogued until Friday, the 11th day of November.—[Spectator con.

A Bad Career.

We are informed that a case took place a few weeks ago in London which has not yet been made public in any Canadian journal, but which, for the benefit of society, should have been inserted in every newspaper in the Province. From circumstances and rumor, we learn that a very gentlemanly person in department, and a lawyer by profession, Mr. T. W. Lawford, arrived in London some eight years ago—soon won a host of friends, and added land agency and money loaning to his professional business. Things went on smoothly, and gentlemen of the highest influence and standing were the particular friends of the new comer, who was at all times courteous, affable, and apparently honest. Years passed on, and business of a confidential and important character was entrusted to Mr. Lawford, who ever manifested ability, activity and assiduity. A few weeks ago, however, it is said several circumstances of a most startling character were currently rumored—one, in particular, being to the effect that it had been customary with Mr. Lawford to insert advertisements in the daily papers announcing "money to loan," whilst, in fact, he was doing this with the direct intention of swindling applicants, the plan being as follows:—A farmer would go to him and state that he desired to borrow certain moneys on mortgages; Mr. Lawford would reply that it cost a certain amount to make necessary investigations at the Registry Office, as to titles and so forth, $30 being generally demanded. The applicant would pay this over, and on going to Mr. Lawford next day, was usually informed that the parties for whom he loaned the money could not possibly accept a mortgage, as the required papers were not satisfactory, or some excuse to this effect—the result being that the farmers lost their fees, and left utterly dejected. The climax of affairs, however, was capped by a transaction as dishonorable and criminal as it possibly could be. An old farmer living near London paid a cheque to Mr. Lawford for several hundred dollars; but obtaining it Lawford managed to change the hundreds into thousands—receiving the money and shortly after absconding;—when the full particulars were discovered by the public. Other defalcations are mentioned, but those enumerated appear to be backed by strong evidence and go to show that a man's high position in society is not the only guarantee required to establish his honesty. Lawford has not since been heard of; he is supposed to be somewhere in the United States. It is said that he formerly committed defalcations in England to the amount of $300,000.—[Hamilton Times.

A Man Burnt in an Oven by his Wife.—A horrible murder has just been discovered at Hautes Corbes, Isere. In the beginning of last month a farmer named Moiroud disappeared, and no traces could be found of him, although the police, at the instance of his wife, made inquiries far and near. Last week, however, the authorities were informed of certain rumors, to the effect that Moiroud had probably been murdered by his wife and a man named Chevenas, with whom she had for some time carried on an illicit connection. They were accordingly arrested, and the woman at last confessed that Chevenas, at her instigation, had murdered her husband by striking him on the head with an axe, and that they had then burnt the body in an oven which they had previously nearly filled with wood for the purpose. This confession was proved to be true by the discovery of calcined human bones in the ash hole under the oven. The two prisoners were committed for trial. [Montreal Herald.

Mr. Adderley on the New Nation.

Mr. Adderley has sent the following letter to the *Times*:—

You may think it worth while again calling the attention of your readers to the Conference in progress among the North American provinces about their federation in one political system under the British Crown.

Many of the speeches made have evinced great power and statesmanlike views, among which that of Mr. Galt, one of the Canadian delegates, may be especially named. The speech of Mr. Brown, of Upper Canada, at Halifax, September 13, expresses an earnest desire for the maintenance of connection with the parent State. It is evident, however, that many not only able but patriotic men look on the present form of connection between Canada and England as simply a source of weakness to both. They argue that it is a sham of dependence on one side and a sham of protection on the other, and that its want of truth and reality hazards not only the permanence of mutual friendships, but the safety of each in case of trial.

Canada frames her own laws, spends her money as she pleases, is never deemed to by the Parliament in Westminster, nor by the crown, except as that of Canada equally with England, both having their own parliamentary representation. Canada even taxes English commerce for her own profit, while England taxes herself for Canadian interests. Mr. Brown says:—

"We have enjoyed great advantages under the protecting shield of the mother country. We have had no army or navy or foreign diplomacy to maintain; our whole resources have gone to our internal improvement. We have enjoyed a degree of self-government and generous consideration such as no colonies in ancient or modern history ever enjoyed."

But England spreads her flag of protection over these fellow citizens and as a superior power, and as if they were not as free and vigorous as herself. She spends it without being asked, solely to support it, and not only to bind them, and hinder them from their own preparations, and yet as a line along their frontier, origin aggression on them from enemies of her own.

If the British provinces are now sincerely bent on uniting for the full development of national strength as well as freedom, weary of the indefinite assumption of false pride and false friendship, which only affects to relieve them of duties which remain really unprovided for—if they are in earnest seeking a more definite connection with England, in complete citizenship, under Her Majesty's representative, perhaps under one of the Princes—nurture attachment would spring up more vigorously from such a sounder root, and the dangers which are occasioned on both sides by moral relations would with them vanish away. England would no longer be assailable through Canada, and if the Federals were so foolish as to pick a quarrel with us, which they so loudly threaten, they would have to do so under the disadvantage of having to come across the Atlantic, to which war in our present position would subject us.—They must bring these impressible ships into our waters, which, as at present circumstanced, we must meet them without. If Canadian territory, and not English humiliation, were their object they would find Canadians no longer paralyzed by undefined responsibilities, with an adequate army and navy for themselves, and with the support of England, then indeed powerful, when not a mental ization of, but an addition to, their force.—The North American provinces would rise, in Mr. Brown's words, from the position of half a dozen inconsiderable dependencies to the strength and importance of real British nationality. It would be something, he says, "to be the citizen of such a state. How assuredly should we appear in the eyes of our American neighbors. How it would elevate the position of our own country!

The Conference of Governors now going on at Quebec is for the consideration of the details of this general scheme. These Canadian speeches were well received by the delegates from other provinces. Mr Galt seems to have disposed of the main difficulty, the distribution of debt. The population of the united provinces would now amount to 4,000,000, of the ability of which numbers to maintain their frontiers and their commerce, Mr. Cartier spoke most confidently. There seemed but one voice in expressing attachment to, English sovereignty and British institutions. The composition and distribution of the general Parliament and its special functions presented no bone of contention. It is greatly to be hoped that when shortly the Quebec resolutions are made public, they will receive a kindly and liberal consideration here.

☞ Rev Dr H——, while making an address to the urchins at the Children's Home, asked them, "How old was Methuselah?" No one was able to tell, so he informed them that Methuselah was 969 years old; and then having impressed on their minds the length of this period, asked them, "How old do you suppose I am?" Dead silence ensued for a space of a minute, when a bright-eyed little fellow sang out, "About one hundred and fifty years;" and the rest, agreeing with the first, all sang out, "About one hundred and fifty years." The Rev Doctor enjoyed it greatly, and took another track.

The Derry *Sentinel* narrates the following horrible occurrence, which has just been the subject of a coroner's investigation at Augher, ascribbs, Tyrone. The wife of a labouring man had gone out to a field to dig potatoes, leaving her child, six weeks old, asleep in a cradle. Returning to the house a few minutes afterwards, she found a pig in the act of devouring the child, which it had carried under a bed. The face of the infant was nearly all eaten off, and it expired a few minutes after being rescued.

The other day several gentlemen were discussing the alarming prevalence of the crime of wife-desertion, when some eloping wife men, &c., when a well-known Teuton, who had been listening with great attention, stepped up, and in a decided manner said—"If my vife runs away mit anoder man's vife, I shall shake him out of her preeches, if she had been mine own fader, mein Gott!"

Not Time Enough.—A correspondent of a Nashville paper tells a story about a person who was going to Chattanooga on the railroad. When the train entered the tunnel and total darkness, said person asked a stranger how long it would be going through. Stranger was a bit of a wag, and replied, 'two hours!' Person thought he would start himself of the opportunity to do a clean shirt, and about the time he had slipped himself, the train dashed out into daylight, exposing his person to the astonished gaze of some hundred pairs of male and female eyes belonging to passengers. He had on no linen, and about as much other clothes as the Apollo Belvidere—and no chance to run.

The Lions for the Nelson Monument in London.—In speaking of the progress made by Sir Edwin Landseer is modelling the lions for the Nelson column, the *NY Journal* says:—"A sad rumor has been lately afloat, to the effect that the first and only model of the series in progress, through some unfortunate collapse consequent upon the giving way of a portion of the internal framework supporting the clay block (wood could no longer bear it, if flesh and blood might), is now in a sadly dilapidated condition, and much work will have to be renewed ere the lion is again even in the transition state which has caused such frequent inquiries.

Local Summary.

The Militia of Huron and Bruce.

The County Clerk, who has been for some time past engaged in making out the Militia Rolls for these Counties, has kindly handed in the totals,