pulse the parable; nay, on detecting an hint of his thoughts, he had checked him suddenly, and, turning on his heel, had sought refuge in his study. He had, even at first, always had a study, being fond of reading, and in some degree also, an author; and liking to have a retiring room from company in the evenings, or in his leisure days from town. But in old times there had commonly been a welcome associate there; a little sofa had been placed by him as a lure, and he had not often been alone in his study in the old days. He would have been lonelier now if he had not been alone.

To-day, however, the dead earth had buried its dead. A quiet three hours' snow in the night had thrown a mask over the land. Now there was little to be seen of the more obtrusive desolation. The still, blank snow was over all. The white external calm never told of the decay and death which lay a few inches beneath its surface. More barren and deathly even than the dead earth, its exterior was calmer, and its utter barrenness and death was not an obtrusive thing, as it swelled in rosy mounds edged by the blue slanting shadows; or here and there stretched away in a plain of driven white, sparkling all over in the morning sun. And it was pleasant, if your heart was in good tune, to see the glee of the children over the first snow of the winter.

But Waring paced gravely on, looking neither to this side or that; never reproving the somewhat unruly glee of the young ones, but never showing the lease sympathy with it. The Christmas bells were busy enough now in the still, frozen air. How glad they were! How plaintive! How instinct with memories! How steeped in regrets! How oppresively saddening to a sad heart was their unutterable sweetness! I think they had a secret strong influence upon them both, and set their hearts, as it were, to a music of which the words were to be given presently.

Anyhow, she crept up nearer to him again. She took his arm, which was coldly, but, of course, at her service. Who knows?—perhaps she longed to press it to her bosom as in old days of walking together. But there was no encouragement, there would have been no response, on his part. He walked gravely on, with measured step; eyes bent on the ground. And the bells, seeming full of an earnest meaning which had not a language—which vainly strove for a language; the bells reproached, entreated, expostulated, pleaded, as full of the Christmas message, that hearts which were shut against accepting it, yet could not exclude a certain influence, a process resulting in a sensitiveness for the next impression which might be brought to bear upon them.

So they entered the church. This was not a 'ritualistic church;' but, no doubt, the vicar would have much preferred a far heartier service than he thought it expedient to attempt just yet. He was not one of those men who, for some mere question of ecclesiastical propriety—no really vital matter—will plunge their parish into a turmoil of dissension, split it into two sharply-defined parties, and neutralize their own influence for good with regard, at any rate, to one half of their people. So, having his own preferences, he waived them, and bided his time. Being a wise man, he knew well that the world moves on, and that the greatest obstructions move with it, even unconsciously to themselves. He certainly had once made an effort for a surpliced choir, but Waring, who was the Squire of the parish, had so determinately set himself against the idea, that the worthy priest had gracefully waived it. He had good-humouredly said that it was but for the present that he did so, and that he did not doubt but that the Squire would himself urge upon him its adoption, as the time went by. People were being imperceptibly he said, educated, and the connection between Popery and a white linen garment was daily becoming less a matter of course to the thinking mind. That which, twenty years ago, High Churchmen would not have ventured to attempt, was done now even at some meeting-houses. But the thing was a matter of preference, not one of principle, therefore he could wait. He had a keen æsthetic taste, and he was accustomed to contend that the beauty of service was no mere indifferent matter; that devotion was really stirred, awakened, helped on, by externals; that, constituted as we are, the faculties of imagination, love and appreciation of the beautiful and the fit, ought all to be enlisted, together with the more spiritual element, in our worship, and that each would be found to help the other.

But Waring—whether that the fount of his own imaginativeness and warmth of heart had been really sealed, or from whatever cause—could not concede this; and in his grave, kind way, negatived the force of the vicar's arguments. He would not obstruct but he would not help; and he being the one man in the parish, and employing most of the labour there, and influencing all the farmers and shopkeepers, the parish might be considered to be against the plan, if the Squire was. And the good Priest cared too much for his own influence over the hearts of his people with regard to vital matters, to allow of his risking it for that which was not of vital importance, however it might be a thing desirable.

This, however, by the way. The church was a fine building, well and recently restored, and the ancient use of an extempore shrubbery along the aisles at Christmas time had given way to the more modern of emblems and texts, all forming parts of one well-considered whole. And the old familiar Christmas texts seemed indeed to give that language for which the bells had been anxiously seeking, 'Peace and good will;' 'Good will and peace;' 'Peace and good will to all mankind.' And the hymns and the whole service seemed redolent with this Christmas savour of 'Peace on earth, and mercy mild.'

All these things, no doubt, prepared the ground for the seed of the sermon. 'Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another'—this was the theme—and you could understand why the bells were content to be quiet now; for their earnest hinting seemed now to have found an adequate exponent. Without an idea of how his words went home to some individual hearts, he took up that persuading and pleading which the bells had begun, and opposed the unconquerableness of love to all the hard and cruel arguments with which estrangement would justify itself. 'This is the Christmas time,' he urged, 'the time of love. The time for laying by comparatively new unkindness, and reverting to old kindliness and tenderness. The time for turning back the pages of the Past. He was shooting an arrow at a venture, he knew; but in this cold and evil world winged seeds of dissension were ever flying about, and it was hardly likely that they had found lodgment in no heart here. Ah! there *might* be—there might be instance even among them now—hearts that once were fair and well-kept gardens, but that now were all overgrown with this choking weed; the sweet flowers that once were so well tended hidden, and like to die; the pleasant fruits neglected that once were so precious and so dear; the garden a wilderness now, and that a desert which once bloomed like Eden.'

And some hearts among the hearers had an answering emotion, which ran parallel with the preacher's words, or followed them like a muffled peal. Was there a toll mixing with the sound—an echo of that dirge-bell which had answered the influence of the Christmas chimes in the morning?

But the preacher went on, taking up, it seemed, the thought in the hearer's heart. 'All this may be so, all this *is* so, perhaps some sad thought may silently reply; but if so, why talk vainly of that which has no remedy? The ordered garden of of the former days now a tangled thicket; close the gate, let not the outer world enter to see it. This is all that can be done. It is too late to mend the ruin now.

To be Continued.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, JAN. 27, 1870.

DRIFTING AMONG THE BREAKERS.

We publish, in another column, a brief summary of the history of Prince Pierri Bonaparte, who, in future years, may be celebrated as the Marplot, gifted by Heaven with talents of no mean order, whose life, for want of self-control and discretion, has been an utter failure, except in the matter of dragging himself and those connected with him into scrapes innumerable. The year opened for France with important constitutional concessions, granted by the Emperor; which, though they did not satisfy all the demands of the extreme liberal party, went far to conciliate, for a time, the popular sentiment towards the Imperial dynasty. M. Ollivier was authorised to form a ministry on a constitutional basis, the censorship of the press was abolished, and freedom of debate in the Corps Legislatif permitted. Of these two latter concessions, Henri Rochefort and the passionate young republican Gambetta availed themselves to the verge of intemperance. Rochefort's *Marseillaise* thundered its vituperations from the press, as the editor did personally, in his place as a deputy, without fear or discrimination, and with no little rashness. Employing the channel of *L'Avenir de la Corse*, Prince Pierre Bonaparte published equally intemperate and vituperative article. On the 12th inst., Paschal Grousette, associate-editor of the *Marseillaise*, sent a letter, by the hands of his co-laborers Victor Noir and Ulric de Fouvielle, to the Prince, demanding a reason for the injurious article mentioned above. The Prince refused to explain, or to accept the challenge to a duel sent him, said he would meet Rochefort but not the "carrion and wretches," his tools, and followed up his reply by shooting Victor Noir dead with a revolver and firing at Fouvielle, who, however, was uninjured. The intensity of the consequent excitement it is impossible to describe, and the entire issue of the *Marseillaise*, which appeared next morning commenting violently on the murder, was seized by the authorities. The latest telegraphs bring the tidings that Prince Pierre Bonaparte is to be tried for murder, before the High Court of Justice, at Versailles. The intelligence has also come to hand that the proposed arraignment of Rochefort demanded by the Procurator-General, for stirring up violence against the Emperor, has been authorized by the Legislature, by a vote of 226 deputies against 34. In the course of the debate, Rochefort made a "brief but bitter speech;" Gambetta was very violent; the House was a scene of great disorder; and the attacks on the Government were frequently applauded by spectators within the building itself. Outside, crowds of 20,000 people made great demonstrations in favor of Rochefort, throughout the entire evening, in all parts of the city; and as quickly as the military dispersed the gatherings in one quarter, the people collected in other streets, in spite of numerous arrests made, shouting for Rochefort. Thus, once more in the history of France, the lists are drawn. The destiny of the Empire is trembling on the balance, and it will depend on the result of the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte for murder, and of Henri Rochefort for sedition, whether or not the present hostile attitude shall culminate in a bloody encounter. The "man of December and tyrant of the Tuileries," has no hold on the affections of his subjects. He cannot inspire his soldiers with the enthusiasm and *esprit de corps* which the first Napoleon could at any time elicit. The riddle of the destiny of the political Sphinx of Europe seems very near its solution. It is to be feared Ledru-Rollin's prayer for "liberty clothed in white and not in purple" will hardly be answered. Will it be the Emperor and the military against the people, or the people and the military against the Emperor, or will the Emperor yield to the popular desire, immolate his cousin at the guillotine, and glorify Henri Rochefort by acquittal, to appease the angry Spirit of Democracy? Who is wise enough to foreshadow the end of such a beginning?—The thunder-clouds have closed over France, what sight will the sun witness when it rends them?

An Oswego Journal on Salt.

The Oswego *Advertiser and Times*, of Tuesday, says:—'Since the publication of our remarks yesterday, our attention has been called to the fact that the people of this State, who make a gratuity of their property in the Onondaga Salt Company, are compelled to pay that company sixty cents per barrel more for salt that the same article is furnished to foreigners. And such is the case. The people of New York are robbed of their just revenues for the benefit of the monopoly, and, as a recompense, are charged more than thirty per cent more for their salt than Canadians across the Lake. The reason, probably, of the reduced price to Canadians, is that in those Provinces the Onondaga competes with the imported article which comes there free of duty. But if Onondaga salt can be sold in Oswego to Canadians at sixty cents per barrel less than it is sold to our citizens, and still at a profit, is it not plain that our own citizens, to speak plainly, are robbed by the monopolists?'

It is well that our American cousins are beginning, even at this late hour, to discover that they are the victims of an unscrupulous monopoly, which has an accumulated capital of $6,000,000, besides the large periodical dividends transferred to the pockets of partners; both the capital and dividends having been extorted from the consumers of this necessary of life, by a worse, because less resistible system than that of highway robbery. American citizens need not look to Syracuse for justice. Let them compel their legislators to enact, that brine salt shall be admitted into their territory free of duty and we guarantee that the manufacturers of Huron will speedily remedy the evil by selling in the United States, a better quality of salt at an equitable advance on the cost of production. We are astonished our shrewd neighbors allow themselves to be preyed upon by the vultures of Onondaga.

NORTH RIDING AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting was held, in the Orange Hall, Clinton, on Thursday, 20th inst. The following officers were elected H. Snell, President; Jas Biggins, 1st Vice; Robt Govenlock, 2nd Vice; S. Malcomson, Secretary; M. McTaggart, Treasurer; Directors—Messrs. W. O. Fowler, J Rye, Jos Fisher, Silas Andrews, J. B. Racey, Mr. Hingston, Thos Taylor, Jas McMichael and Charles Morrow. The Treasurer's Report was submitted and unanimously adopted and the figures are as follows:—

Receipts	$1403.00
Expenditure	1216.70½
Balance in hand	$186,29½

ONLY A WORKING-MAN!

In our peregrinations, the other day, we had to pass a group of four young belles, who had met on the side-walk and were engaged in an animated conversation. No doubt, the discussion "on the cards" was the relative value of the several beaux whom the girls dragged as captives in their train; for we were startled by the words of our caption, uttered by a young girl, in an emphatic voice, with a scornful intonation and a contemptuous toss of the head:—"He's only a working man!" We do not know the, probably, respectable and worthy person, so unceremoniously tabooed; although, by "laying this and that together," it is far from impossible to come to an approximate conclusion. The identification of the individuals is a very unimportant matter, but the sentiment involved, in the damning sentence—"he's only a working-man!"—is not unworthy of consideration. Very likely, this young girl's own parents sailed from Liverpool, thirty years ago, in the steerage of one of those lumbering old emigrant vessels, which landed them at Quebec after a ten weeks' passage. Very likely, this young girl's parents set their feet on Canadian territory, with just 16 bright half-crowns in their pockets. But her father was a working-man and her mother was a working-woman, and they labored their way westward. Through privation and fatigue and poverty, they hewed competence out of the forest. By and bye, her brothers and sisters became working-men and working women, and—aided their parents to acquire wealth. Then when she—the ewe-lamb of the flock—appeared on the scene, she was tenderly swaddled, and lovingly nurtured and taught accomplishments, and supplied with beautiful romances. *Now* she is rather ashamed of the horny hands of the old man that gave her life and would shed his blood for her. She would prefer that her mother's back was not so much in the shape of a bent bow; and that the joints of the maternal fingers were not quite so like the pointed apex of a triangle. She is quite willing to meet her *working* brothers and sisters, at the old homestead or on their own farms in the country, whence she got her father and mother to remove, but would rather not walk round the Market-square with them. And when a young man, who soils his hands with work, dares, now that she is on the verge of womanhood, to aspire to her affections, the wrathful verdict, applauded by her companions, is:—'He's only a working-man!' Poor, misguided, silly girl! Have such sentiments, on the part of a too-large class of young women in Canada, anything to do with the Lavender—kid, Rotten-Row, or Broadway style of youth that is cropping out so luxuriantly in our midst. We fear they have! Thank Heaven, that a preserving savour of sensible young men and women is left us. We do not expect those who 'put on airs,' turn up their noses at honest labor, rush after light employments where they can display their more or less elegant persons in fashionable attire, and gravitate towards cities, by preference, to listen to us. The realities of life will wake *them* up. We would adjure our young friends, who desire to be respected and respectable men and women, to be afraid of nothing but vice and meanness; to embrace any department of honest labor within their reach; to seek companions, for their honest worth and not for meretricious surroundings; and, if circumstances are against them for a time, 'to dare be poor for a that.' We know the result if 'they foot it bravely, strong, or weary, trust in God and do the right.' They will get their reward in due time, in the esteem of all who know them, at least, and they may also find the substantial prizes of honor and wealth.

THE RED RIVER.

It is rumored that the insurgents will send a delegation to the Canadian Government to treat for terms. Vicar-General Thiebault and Colonel de Salaberry have had an interview with Riel, and the above rumor may perhaps be the result. Supplies, which have hitherto been stolen from the Hudsons' Bay Company, will not last for ever, and Riel's ranks have every likelihood of being largely diminished, as soon as rations begin to get short. At last he has only been supported by a few hundred French half-breeds, the other inhabitants of the territory being unquestionably loyal, and if the Vicar-General should, as is very probable, detach from the cause the influence of the clergy, the insurrection will assume gradually decreasing proportions. The *Globe* recommends General Doyle as one who would be an acceptable Governor, if he would accept the post. At all hazards, the North West must become a part of the Confederation. As the *Advertiser* concludes an article on the subject:—

"The people of Canada, fortunately, are becoming aroused to the importance of the North West to the welfare and future greatness of the Dominion. They are in no humor to be foiled by ambitious half-breeds, incompetent Governors, treacherous Ministers of the Crown, or inebriate Premiers. "THE NORTH WEST MUST AND SHALL BE OURS."

NEW SALT PATENT.—We understand that Mr. B. Seymour, has sent to Ottawa application for a Patent, for a new apparatus for the manufacture of Salt *in vacuo*; one of the principles being that the withdrawal of the atmosphere causes the brine to boil at 120 degrees, instead of at 226 degrees as in the ordinary kettle system, and nearly all the caloric is saved by the vapor as it rises repassing through the condensing tubes, and giving out its heat regeneratively. This plan is the discovery of Mr. Joseph Killey, the talented Engineer of the *Prince Alfred*. All the scientific men who have examined the drawings and had the working explained to them, express the highest confidence in its success.

Rather Sarcastic.

The London *Advertiser* credits to the Ottawa *Times*, a vigorous article which appeared in a recent issue of our energetic, young, reform contemporary the *Evening Mail*. The editorial contained a searching condemnation of the coalition government, a scorching rebuke to the Reform members who were "outwitted or cheated into joining it," "Howland for ambition, McDougall for poverty," &c., &c., and a demand for a "new dividing of the waters," as "Ichabod" might be written on the habitations of the present administration. That such sentiments should be attributed to the fossil pen of the *Times'* editor, is one of the finest pieces of sarcasm imaginable.

— The English language is to be universally adopted by telegraph companies.

THE RED RIVER MARTYR!

William McDougall will now have to "look to Washington" in earnest. His unprincipled quest of office has left him stranded, with only that white-feather mountebank Col. Dennis, as a "man Friday," for a companion. His old friends, whose esteem he bartered for official dignity, while they pity, cannot but despise the rejected and humiliated Governor. His present associates, true to the maxim that "nothing succeeds like success," turn the cold shoulder on the unsuccessful representative of royalty, to the rebellious North West, and seek to saddle him with the responsibility of the insurrection. Probably he begins to realise what it is to sacrifice principle to attain place, and doubtless sighs for the time when, pursuing the path of political virtue and honesty, he was prosperous and respected. The ingenious triple-shuffle by which he meant to retain his seat in Parliament and his ministerial port-folio, by forgetting to resign them while at the same time accepting the Governorship, will add to his disgrace. The following extract from the Almonte *Gazette* foreshadows the reception his former constituents will give him if he should venture to make his appearance in North Lanark:—

"Of one thing we are certain, was Mr. McDougall to come before the electors of this Riding to-morrow, so utterly has all confidence in his actions and judgment been destroyed, that aside from personal friends, he would not poll fifty votes. Electors pertinently enquire, "can a man who has shown so little judgment in his own affairs be a fit person to represent our interests in the Commons?" The mental reply may be easily imagined. We may here point out the folly of supporting mere political adventurers, tricksters of the oily gammon stamp, who care not a straw for constituents or constituency, save as a stepping stone to some fat berth in the ship of state, men whom we would never have seen had the exigiencies of place-hunting not driven them in this direction. It is but a poor compliment to the electors of Central Canada to see one after the other of these meteoric gentlemen coming forward with the proffer of their valuable services to the different constituencies, and too often succeeded in getting their axes ground, while we have among ourselves men of worth, talent, and political honesty, upon whom we could depend, but who are shoved aside to make room for smooth-tongued declaimers, loud boasters of their past services, and unlimited in their promises for the future, promises which they neither attempt nor intend to fulfil.'

GRAND FANCY-DRESS CARNIVAL.—The Carnival, in the Skating Rink, on Wednesday, 20th inst., was, in every respect, a splendid success; and, being the first of the season, was a satisfactory inauguration of this amusement. Over 300 spectators were present, who were delighted with the brilliant scene on the ice where over 175 ladies and gentlemen disported in fanciful costume. The prizes of a pair of skates by Mayor Hays, M. P. P., to the most tastefully dressed lady skater, and another pair by H. Gardiner, Esq., to the gentleman assuming the best character, produced a marvellous variety of costume both elegant and grotesque, and the judges must have found difficulty in arriving at a conclusion. In the course of the evening it was announced that the Mayor had generously resolved to give other two prizes, one for the boys and one for the girls. The Lady-Judges were Miss Fletcher, Miss Wilkinson, and Mrs. T. Weatherald and the Gentlemen-Judges, Messrs Clifford, Toms and Waddell. The prizes were awarded as follows;—Lady-Miss Sarah Andrews, as 'Pocahontas' the Indian Maiden; Gentleman—Charles Andrews, as "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines;" Girl—Kate Adelaide Lester, in "Buy a Broom;" Boy—Alexander Saunders, as a "Young Count;" The 33rd Battalion Band, if possible, excelled itself, in the music which it discoursed, enlivening the spirits of the spectators and putting speed and grace into the motions of the skaters.

SOUTH HURON AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting was held at Brucefield, on Thursday, 20th inst James Dickson, Esq., presiding. The Financial Report showed the Society to be $10,00 in debt which Mr. Dickson, with his usual generosity, liquidated. Mr Dickson delivered an eloquent address, and to the great regret of all the members, concluded by declining re-election as President, as he had not time to attend to the duties. The following Directors were elected for the current year.

President,	George Anderson, Esq.
1st Vice	A. Bishop, Esq.
2nd Vice	Geo. Sproat, Esq.
Secretary	Hugh Love, Senr Esq.
Treasurer	E. Cresswell. Esq.

DIRECTORS.—Messrs Simpson, Wise, Wilson, Pickard, Luxton, Hunter, Bell, Adamson and Sweet.

SALT BUSINESS OF 1869.—The following figures show the quantity of salt shipped from Goderich from 1st January to 31st December 1869:—

By Rail	Barrels 45710
" Water	" 14856
Total.	60,566

bringing some $72,000 into the town.

WESLEYAN M. ANNIVERSARY.—We have pleasure in calling attention to the fact that the annual anniversary sermons of the Wesleyan Methodist church will be preached on Sabbath, 30th inst., to be followed by a Tea-meeting on Monday 31st. Further particulars will be given in due time.

THE CURLING MATCH, for $10.00 a side, was played, on the Rink, in the Drill Shed, on Monday evening, 24th inst., the sides being as follows:—

D. Strachan	A. Adams
H McKinnon	D Ferguson
James Young	G McKenzie
A Strachan	W Hyslop

After a long, close contest, 'David Strachan's team was victorious. The score stood 21 to 17. The ice is in magnificent condition at present, and any, who want to try their hands at the "roarin' game," will never have a better opportunity.

LONDON SOCIETY FOR JANUARY is, as usual, fresh and interesting. Seven chapters are given of a serial Story, entitled "Riddles of Love." To the ordinary piquant style of illustrations, is added the new feature of "Selections from Artists' Sketch Books." The collection of "Heads" of "respectable people" is well worth studying. There is also a fair drawing of a "Bonspiel" or Curling match, with racy, descriptive letter press. The magazine is for sale by Moorhouse.

THE BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES met in the Central School on Thursday evening, 20th inst., all the Trustees present. Mr. J. R. Miller, of Bothwell, was appointed Principal of the Central School at the salary of $600. per annum. Mr. Miller's testimonials were of a most excellent character.

POLICE COURT.

MONDAY 24th.

Break-up of a House of Ill Fame.

On Saturday last there was quite an excitement in this town over the breaking up of a batch of 'girls of the period.' Three or four of them were ordered to leave town by the Mayor, but, not having complied with his order they were brought up yesterday (Monday) morning, for trial, the police force having had a most exciting chase after the ladies across the commons. Quick, true to her name, made 2.40 time, (the same as a fast mare in town) but Constable Trainer, as he generally does under such circumstances, overhauled her within the mile, and had her under the charge of friend Campaign, in a trice.

It is said that this cruel order of the Mayor broke up two or three marriages; but in the interests of justice few will think he was wrong.

At all events, Harriet Quick, Louisa Lombard, and Eliza Brown, were 'jerked into the pen' yesterday morning, and after admitting that it was so, were on the direction of Mayor Hays, sent down for one month each at hard labor, excepting Quick, who will have two months of it.

CASE OF THEFT.

Robert Renwick and Robert Hyslop were, at the same time, arraigned before His Worship, on a charge of breaking into the Butcher shop of Robert Carman, on Hamilton street, and feloniously abstracting therefrom a quantity of beef, pork and mutton, on the morning of Sunday last. Renwick pleaded guilty and Hyslop not-guilty. His Worship, on hearing the evidence, against Hyslop, deemed it of sufficient importance, to require him to send both for trial to the next Court of competent jurisdiction; and they were lodged in gaol accordingly.

Rochefort Tried and Condemned Paris Jan 22nd.

Henri Rochefort has been tried and found guilty. His sentence includes a fine of three thousand francs, (about £120 sterling) six months imprisonment, and deprivation of civil rights. This, we are told, does not affect his position as a deputy. The six months incarceration, however, must, one would suppose, inevitably interfere with the discharge of Parliamentary duties. Or as the French have a comical way of treating political offenders, will the deputy be kept in custody somewhere on the premises, and be produced by his gaoler whenever he is moved to speak or wanted to vote? It would be amusing to have Rochefort's running commentary on affairs, spiced with the irritation occasioned by the restraints of imprisonment. The French Government have not as yet learned the art of successfully quieting demagogues. —*Globe.*

Latest from Red River.

THE POLICY OF THE INSURGENTS.

Independence, then Annexation.

Canadian Prisoners on their Way Home.

PEMBINA, January 10,
via St. Cloud, Minn., 21.

I arrived at Pembina at 5 o'clock; the mail closes in half an hour.

Twelve miles from here I met Mr. Snow and party, consisting of J. A. Snow, Ottawa; J. F. Snow, Mr. Mulkins, Mr. Nimmons, Mr. Grant, and Mr. Hamilton, *en route* for Canada.

Messrs. Mulkins, Hamilton and Nimmons were prisoners; the latter escaped. Twelve more prisoners are on their way from Fort Garry; the twelve have already been released.

The gunpowder plot turns out false; the only things in the store were the arms of those assembled.

James Ross has taken the oath of allegiance to the new government. Coldwell has sold out to Stultzman, who has started the *New Nation*.

The following is the declaration of the insurgents:—"Something as to our policy will be expected in this number, and we proceed briefly to define our position in common with the majority of this Settlement.

"We regard the Hudson Bay Company's government as obsolete and never to be resuscitated. The Dominion Government, by its criminal blunders and gross injustice to this people, have forever alienated them, and, by its forfeiture of all rights to our respect, will prevent us in future from either seeking or permitting its protection. The Imperial Government, we consider to be too far distant intelligently to administer our affairs.

"The question arises, then, what form of Government is best adapted for the development of the country? and we reply, unhesitatingly, that the United States Republic offers to-day that system of Government which would best promote order and progress in our midst, and open up rapidly a country of magnificent resources; but in our present dependent position we cannot obtain what we need in that direction, and hence we will hold it to be our duty to advocate independence for the people of Red River as a present cure for public ills. Our annexation to the States will follow in time, and bring with it the advantages this land so requires."

The Sioux Indians, to the number of fifty, came to Fort Garry on January first, but Riel gave them ten minutes to think about whether they would start or not. They thought about it, took some presents, and went home.

The prisoners we met are loud in their denunciation of the conduct of the English and Scotch half-breeds.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 19.

A letter from Pembina, dated January 5th, written by a friend of the rebels, says: A party of armed Indians had arrived at Fort Garry, but in a short time returned to their camp, after assuring the French that they would fight for them should they be called on. Meetings were being held in the different parishes by English speaking settlers to discuss the propriety of making common cause with the French speaking inhabitants.

AFRICA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The Department of State has a despatch from Mr. Webb, U. S. Consul at Zanzibar, dated 2nd October last, in which he says, "Last evening a letter was received at the British Consulate here from Dr. Livingstone, bearing the very recent date of May 30th, 1869. The great traveller had at last reached Legigi on Yanganyikse Lake, where he found his supplies. He wrote in good health and spirits, and announced his intention of travelling to windward of Yanganyikse until some boatmen and further supplies, for which he now sends, reach Legigi."

It is now stated on what appears to be good authority, that the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway will be opened to Fergus and Elora on or about the 1st of March.

☞ The Good Templars propose on the evening of Thursday first, (27th inst) to give an Intellectual Entertainment in their new rooms, above D. S. Gooding's, Law Office near the Post office, Goderich. Consisting of choice readings, recitations, songs, duets with suitable accompaniments, &c Admission 10 cents. The chair to be taken precisely at half past seven o'clock, p. m. Proceeds to go for the building of the new hall.

SEAFORTH

From our own Correspondent

Weather, very unsteady, thawing one day, intensely cold next.

Business in grain dull, in pork rather lively. Money remarkably scarce.

REUNION.—The reunion last Thursday evening was a complete success, both in the very large attendance, and the superior talent displayed.

DANIEL MORAN.—On the 27th inst., the friends of D. Moran intend giving him a benefit in the shape of a Re-union, in Sharp's Hall. The ablest speakers, singers and reciters in Seaforth have promised their assistance.

Dr. Vercoe will remove from Egmondvill to Seaforth on the 2nd Feb.

A Grand Masquerade Carnival will take place on Monday evening next at the Victoria Rink, for the benefit of the Egmondville band.

SEAFORTH LITERARY SOCIETY.—The debate last Wednesday evening was 'Resolved that the pen has done more than the platform for the advancement of civilization.' Affirmative gained. The subject for next night is 'Resolved that married life is more conducive to happiness than single.'

PERSONAL.—W. T. Hays, M. P. P. will please accept Mr. Ramsay's thanks for Parliamentary papers received last session.

MAGISTRATES.—The following gentlemen are appointed to form a Bench of Magistrates for Seaforth.—A. Strong, A. G. McDougall, John Beattie and Edward Hickson.

RUNAWAY.—Last Thursday a team ran away from the Market, up Market street and turned down Main street at a fearful rate. Knocked down one team, slightly injuring the horses—on it went to Carmichael's Tavern, turned round and entered the stable at full gallop. The wonder was that more harm was not done, as Main street was crowded with teams.

LOST.—Last Saturday a poor woman from the country sold her pork at the market, she had her son with her (a boy) who drove the pork to the storehouse and received the money, about $50, drove his team to stable, when he found he had lost his pocket book containing the whole of the $50.

TOO SMART.—There is a habit among Pork buyers in order to shows their smartness, and perhaps get the best of a bargain, to buy by the lump, that is by the sleigh load or offer so much for a load without going to the trouble of weighing it. As long as the buyer comes off all right we hear nothing about it, but when the seller has the best of it, then—O then.

A farmer comes in the other day with two loads of splendid pork—was offered so much for the two loads, without weighing. The farmer accepted the offer, but another buyer made his appearance, and offered buyer No. 1 $4.00 for his bargain. No 1 accepted No 2's offer, and away went No 2 with the loads thinking he had made quite a haul. But alas—

"The best laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft agee."

After weighing his pork and calculating his profit, his face began to have a very lugubrious appearance, when he found that instead of making over 4 dollars by his smartness and good judgment, he was actually a loser to the nice little amount of forty dollars. No 2 then waxed wroth and threatened to sue the farmer, upon what grounds no one but himself could see.

LUCKNOW.

To the Editor of the Signal.

DEAR SIR.—In the two last issues of your paper, I find my name somewhat prominently brought before the public in connection with an operation which I performed on the late Margaret A. Savage. The first letter I would have treated with silent contempt, as I have resolved to pay no attention to anonymous scribblers who generally have more time to write than talent, more brass in their composition than brain. As Junius says, these cowardly base assassins stab in the dark without having the courage to sign their real names to their malevolent and wicked productions. But as the last hails from one who claims (whether justly or not I cannot answer) to belong to the Medical profession and seems to cast reflection on me for performing the operation without the assistance of another Medical practitioner, I design to reply. It appears from Dr. Garner's letter and the evidence he gave at the inquest that the "head and front of my offending was in performing it in operation without his assistance, this is where the spleen comes from. If such be an offence or a crime, then I will neither attempt to palliate or deny, as I performed it without him, and have done so nineteen times during the past summer successfully. I will therefor content myself by laying the facts of the operation, and its after treatment up to the time of her demise, before the profession and public, leaving them to arbitrate in the matter. On Saturday the 11th ult., I placed the deceased on the operating table in the house of G. W Berry druggist about 11 o'clock, a. m. Having put her under chloroform, I cut down on a fibroid tumor situated in the anterior triangle of the neck, which I succeeded in removing in a few minutes. No artery being cut, and the bleeding, no greater than I had expected, being arrested I brought the edges of the wound in apposition, by means of an interrupted wire suture, the whole being completed in about one hour. She was then removed to her bed, where I saw her several times during the afternoon. On Sunday morning when I called she complained of weakness, which I attributed to loss of blood at the operation and shock. In the morning the pulse being high and face flushed, I ordered her a sedative. Monday morning she expressed herself a great deal better. Tuesday I ordered a Cathartic and she got out of bed for some time, Wednesday she sat up the greater part of the day, Thursday morning I dressed the wound. I found it looking very healthy and doing remarkably well, so much so that I told her, that from all appearance she would be able to go home in a few days. I again saw her in the evening, when she told me she had a little short cough but it was very slight; up to the present time nearly six days after the operation, there was neither bleeding from the wound nor any amount of swelling in the neighborhood. Friday one o'clock a. m. I was hurriedly called by Miss L. Savage & Mr Berry stating the deceased was bleeding, on reaching the bedside I found my patent deluged in blood, the bed clothes saturated with the sanguinous fluid and blood oozing from the wound. I controlled this by means of cold application and a styptic, and remained with her till after day break. She bled a little during the day, but so little and being easily arrested I had little fear of her safety, about midnight of Friday finding the bleeding continued, I sent for Dr. McCrimmon to assist me in securing the bleeding vessels, but the hemorrhage being so easily controlled we determined to wait till morning, he Dr. McC. agreeing to remain and watch her, and inform me, should symptoms become urgent. The neck was very much swelled, I ordered cold applications to be continually applied. I returned about 8 o'clock, a. m., Saturday morning, for the purpose of securing the bleeding vessels, and had her removed from the bed to the table for that purpose Dr McCrimmon being present. I also sent for Dr Garner. She was then complaining of great difficulty of breathing, and stiffness in the neck. When Dr. Garner came he said he would have nothing to do with her, but would return in an hour. I said if Drs. Cole or McDougall were present I could secure the vessels in a few minutes. Fifteen minutes after this she expired. These are the facts of the case from the time I removed the tumor up to the time of her death, one week after the operation. Let us now look at the result of the inquest. Dr. McDougall, Coroner having summoned Drs. Shannon, McCrimmon, McKay, McGregor and Garner to make a post-mortem examination. The four first mentioned medical gentlemen with myself went to the house where deceased lay. Dr. McCrimmon having made an incision parallel to the one I orginally made, found there had been no blood vessels of importance cut, and Drs. Shannon, McKay and McGregor had just satisfied themselves of this important fact when Dr. Garner appeared on the tapis and after making a careful examination persisted in saying that the cut made by Dr. McCrimmon was the one made by me. This accounts for the difference of evidence of the medical gentlemen, Dr. Garner making oath that the wound was from five to six inches in length, whilst the others swore the wound was only from two and a quarter to two and a half inches in length. He Dr. Garner being unable, even with twenty five years experience, as, he says, to distinguish a wound made, eight days before death, from one made three days after, the profession will be able to distinguish the value of such evidence. The report of the post-mortem was to the effect that deceased came to her death from loss of blood, and infiltration of blood into the cellular tissue of the neck causing suffocation and not from the operation being unskilfully performed or any illtreatment on my part, to which the jury returned a verdict in accordance. Dr. Garner however persisted in having recorded in his evidence that it was unwarrantable in me performing the operation. I would also state that this paragon of perfection examined the body after death, previous to the inquest, removed the clot and otherwise manipulated the wound, contrary to law and all established customs of the profession. This may account for the injury done to the thyroid glad. Having now occupied so much of your space I will but briefly glance at one or two remarks in his shallow letter. First, he says "he wished to be as lenient as possible to a young Medical practicioner.' I thank him! for his lenity as but remind him that a man on his oath has no right to show fear, favor, or partiality to anyone; all I demanded and courted was a fair, honest, open and thorough investigation. Whether he gave that or not the other Medical men and jury can testify.

* * * * *

He says he did not demand the inquest from "spite," why then was he so urgent to prevent Dr. McDougall from holding the inquest, and serve Mr Berry with the following bogus warrant? To G. W. Berry, I. Savage & others, Take notice. The body of Miss. Savage now laying dead at the house of G. W. Berry is under arrest by C. Tait Scott Associate Coroner for the Counties of Huron & Bruce.

Signed,
C. TAIT SCOTT,
Per. J. H. GARNER, M. D.

* * * * *

I am, dear sir,
Yours &c,
JOHN S. TENNANT, M. D.

Lucknow, Jan. 17th, 1870.

REMARKS.—We publish Dr. Tennant's reply above, only excising a few sentences having nothing to do with the merits of the question.

Strangeness of California.

How different in all respects from our New England! Here the winds hurry, and scurry, and change, often many times a day; there they unchangingly blow in one direction for six months, and then the opposite for six months. Here the earth rests in winter, there they have no winter and her rest is in summer. Here we have storms, and heat, and cold; there they have no storms or rain in summer, and only rain in winter. Here our trees shed their leaves; there they wear their varnished covering the year round, while some of them, like the bronzed madrona, shed their *bark* annually, and keep on their bright, green, waxen leaves. Here the woodpecker goes to the old tree and knocks and wakes up the worm, and then pecks in and gets him; there the woodpecker bores a thousand holes in the great pine tree, into each of which he thrusts an acorn, into which the miller deposits her egg, and which the woodpecker calls and takes, after it has become a good sized worm. The blue jay is arrayed in a strange dress, and chatters in notes equally strange. The lark sings in sweeter notes, but they are all new. Here the owl lives in the hollow tree, there he burrows in the ground with the strange, grey ground-squirrel, or in the hole of the rattle-snake, or in that of the prairie dog.

Here the elder is a bush; there I have seen it a tree whose trunk is a foot in diameter. Here the lemon-verbena is a flower-pot plant; there is a bush nine feet high. Here the mustard seed yields a small plant; there it is a tree, often seventeen feet high. Here we have a few grape-vines in a grapery; there you will find five thousand acres in a single vineyard. Here you will see a single oleander beautifying a single parlor; there you will find a hundred clumps in full blossom in a single yard, amid what looks like showers of roses. Here we make the Ethiopian calla bloom in the conservatory; there it blooms in every graveyard, and at the head of almost every grave. Here we have the thick green turf on our soil; there they have no turf, and not a dandelion, daughter of the turf, grows in all California. Here the sun paints the grass, there it turns it brown. Here you see the farmer carefully housing his hay, and little patch; there he cuts no hay except to supply the cities, and reaps and thrashes his wheat in the fields, and throws the bags down to l