Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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

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Poetry.

For the SIGNAL.

THE MYSTIC WARNING.

The other night, 'bout twelve o'clock,
As by the cozy grate I sat,
With Huron's "Signal" 'fore me spread,
Methought I heard a timid knock
Without my cheerful cottage door,
And hast'ly rose to usher in
A fancied half-clad, hungry child.

The door unbarr'd, and open'd wide,
Disclosed a glowing, fairy form
Envelop'd in a spotless robe
Of Ermine caught in North'rn snows
Which springing lightly inward, cried
In silvery accents, "Close your door
Against my heedless, blust'ring lord."

And none too soon the order came,
For while I yet stood by the door
A weird, unearthly whistle came
Across the hilly common bare,
And howlings hence so from the throats
Of yelling demons just let loose
From Pandemonium's drear abodes.

With hair on end I turn'd to see
If still the sylph like form was there;
She stood all smiling at my fears,
Her regal form convuls'd with mirth,
And beckoning me, "Approach," she said,
"I have not flown from Crystal Halls
So long a flight for no good end.

"I'm Queen of Greenland's frozen zone,
And hearing that my lord, the king,
(Who half the year is staring mad)
Had row'd by all the Gods above
That for a fancied wrong sustain'd
With marshal'd hosts he'd waste the plains
Of his warm-hearted rival king.

"In haste I fled with lighting speed
To warn his unsuspecting foe,
'Fore he with all the cunning art
Of Manias' victims had set out
With scouts out-chosen from his hosts,
To spy your sunny Southern forts;
You know the rest," and as she spoke

Her image faded from my sight;
And as in haste I cross'd the floor
To catch a last and distant view,
I stumbl'd, tripp'd and fell, at length,
Across my cushion'd, easy chair;
The shock awoke me (for I slept),
And proved the vision but a dream.

The light was low, the fire was out,
My room was cheerless, cold and still,
And morning's pale, refracted rays
Were struggling through the weighty gloom,
Whilst fiercely shriek'd the North'rn blast
As fierce it hurl'd its frozen darts
Against the trembling window frames.

"OSCEOLA."

Fashionable Suicide.

(From Punch.)

Wishing to expand his mind (if that indeed be possible), *Mr. Punch* the other day devoted a spare minute to read the *Lady's Newspaper*. Among a vast variety of most instructive information, from the last news about bonnets to the very latest novelty in fashion for a ball-dress, *Mr. Punch* was much delighted with the following intelligence, which he trusts that all his lady-readers will attentively peruse:—

"STAYS UNFASHIONABLE IN PARIS.—A Paris correspondent writes:—'The unusual heat of this month has, along with the efforts of the Countess de Castiglione, caused a salutary change in the fashions. Stays, for the present, are thrown aside, and replaced by the more becoming *ceinture Suisse*. Neither does a tight body form any longer an indispensable portion of a lady's dress. It is replaced by a loose one of white muslin or coarse linen, worked in imitation of the bodies worn by the peasants of the Romagna. Loose silk jackets are also greatly worn. It is possible that this style of dress will continue a long time in fashion, the doctors of the Empress having advised her Majesty to imitate the style of dress recently adopted by Madame de Castiglione, who, like nearly all her countrywomen, holds pinched waists in aversion, and, whatever mistakes she may make in other matters, has the good sense to believe that 'stays must produce a red nose or a sallow complexion.'"

If by her example the Empress should succeed in making stays unfashionable, *Mr. Punch* will forgive her for her patronage of crinoline, for he must certainly admit that an absurdly widened skirt is not so dreadful a disfigurement as a pinched-in, narrowed waist. Crinoline is a nuisance, but at least there is no crime in it. Now, tight lacing is a sin, for it is virtual slow suicide; and, if they did their duty, parsons ought to preach against it. The female mind in general is attentive to the pulpit; and the Rev. Mr. Roseleaf might be listened to perhaps upon the sinfulness of waist-pinching, whereas a deaf ear would be turned to a mere medical adviser. The example of the Empress would, however, be more heeded even than a sermon; and if Eugenie succeeds in abolishing tight-lacing, she will earn the lasting gratitude of *Mr. Punch* and all posterity.

By way of a deterrent, there is little use in saying that a shrunken, shrivelled, skinny, stiffened, stays pinched waist is a positive deformity, and as much a bar to beauty as a club foot or a squint. So long as they be fashionable, ladies care little about making themselves frights; and while small waists are thought "the thing," they will at any cost continue to be cultivated. Bent spines and reddened noses will follow in due course, with headache, giddiness, and fainting fits, and other fashionable ailments. "*Mais n'importe*," gasps the victim; "I am in the fashion. My waist is smaller than Miss Crushribbe's, and her's is only 16 inches in circumference. Yes, it *would* be five-and-twenty if nature had her way; *mais la mode change tout cela*, distortion is the fashion." But the Venus de Medici—"Oh! don't talk to me of Venuses! You say her great thick clumsy waist is 27 inches round, and yet those stupid artists speak of her as 'perfectly proportioned!' Now I stand five feet three on my military heels, and measure fifteen inches and three quarters round my waist, and you *don't* mean to compare *my* figure with the Venus!!! Besides, sir, gentlemen—I don't mean nasty smoky slovenly-dressing artists—admire a slender figure, and think it most becoming. And as I'm dying to get mar—I mean, to please the gentlemen, why you see of course I *must* lace in my waist a bit, tho' it makes me feel quite faint at times, and sadly pant for breath, especially when waltzing." So you think, young ladies, do you, that men like slim waists? Well, so they may, perhaps, if it be one of Nature's moulding. But when Nature makes a slender waist, she makes it lithe and lissome, and that is what your staymakers by no art can accomplish. When a man has the good fortune to get hold of a girl's waist, he likes to feel it soft and yielding, and not buckramed and bone-stiffened—Moreover, men before proposing are apt to look a-head a bit; and much as they may value good looks in a wife, they put a higher estimate upon good health and good temper. Now, a large doctor's bill is often caused by a small waist, and so a wife who has this latter proves a dear one to her husband. Then as to temper, Nature won't be outraged with impunity, and if you distort the body the mind soon grows disfigured. So a pinched frame is avenged by a peevishness of temperament, and a woman with a wasp's waist is generally waspish.

So, ladies,—dear, kind, silly, thoughtless, loving, lovely ladies, do let common sense for once gain admittance to the fashion-books.—Follow the example which it the above report be true, has been set you by the French, and throw aside your stays and other instruments of waist torture. Believe us (and Tom Moore) that however much we may admire a pretty dress, we cannot look on it with pleasure when it is laced so tightly that—

"Not a charm in Beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it."

We know you dress to please us (at least you tell your husband so), and depend on it, dear ladies, there is not a man among us—not being a born fool—that does not hate, detest, abominate, and occasionally swear at the sinful, suicidal fashion of tight-lacing, which is every whit as frightful a personal disfigurement as the squeezed skulls of the Flatheads, or the crushed feet of the Chinese.

Things I don't Like to See.

I don't like to see a workman a quarter-of-an-hour or twenty minutes after his time in the morning, and then enter in a jaunty, defiant, independent style. I don't like to see him punctual in going to, but the reverse coming back, from his meals. I don't like to see the same individual uneasy in his mind, five minutes before leaving off time. I don't like to see a man as the clock strikes drop his work as though it burnt his fingers. I don't like to see him, after habitually coming late to his work, unwilling to devote one precious minute of his own time to his employer's service. I don't like to see an apprentice hastily resume his work the instant he hears his master's footsteps, nor do I like his mechanic to coolly turning to his work when accidentally discovered gossiping in the time he has to be paid for. I don't like to see a 'stab' hand invariably loiter over his work, yet ever ready at the pay-table. I don't like to see an employer always dissatisfied on principle. I don't like to see an employer doing the work and the man looking on and laughing in his sleeve. I don't like to see a workman entering into an engagement to do his best, never thinking of carrying it out, except in receiving his remuneration. I don't like to see an employer make familiar companions of his workmen one day and act the tyrant the next. I don't like to see an employer tell the whole of the office his business concerns. I don't like to see a compositor one day 'sticking up for his trade,' and the next secreting sorts from his companions, or surreptitiously getting a look at the copy so that he may manœuvre that the fattest portion shall fall to his own share. I don't like to see a man spend a shilling's worth of time rather than cut up a farthing lead, nor do I like to see him mutilate material rather than give himself a little trouble. I don't like to see a man stay away from his work or get intoxicated when there is a rush or pressure of work, and yet always at his post in slack times, when he would serve his employer by losing time. I don't like to hear a man say he works for a mutual advantage, but all the time with a mental reservation. I don't like the man who cause his employer defrauded and not have the moral courage to declare it. And lastly—I don't like to see a man after a full week's work want an advance at the beginning of the next.

A YEAR'S WORK!—Carefully compiled statistics show that sixty thousand lives! are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States. One hundred thousand men and women! are sent to prison in consequence of strong drink. Twenty-thousand children! are yearly sent to the poor house for the same reason. Three hundred murders! are another of the yearly fruits of intemperance. Four hundred suicides! follow in this fearful catalogue of miseries. Two hundred thousand orphans! are bequeathed each year to private and public charity. Two hundred million dollars! are yearly expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is cast in time wasted from the same cause. Is it not time to drive that which produces such results from our country? Can we be human if we hesitate to lend our aid in such a cause? Do not humanity and religion both demand it as a duty we owe to our race? Let him who reads this lay it to heart.—*Maine Temperance Journal.*

MORE GOLD.—A letter received from Coaticook, last week, has the following passage:—"I must tell you that gold has been discovered in the western part of this township, and, I am told, promise to equal the Chaudiere findings; of this, more hereafter. Copper, the yellow sulphuret, is being discovered in a great many places in Barford and Hereford. From appearances, we may reasonably conclude that at no distant day these townships will be the Cornwall of Canada."

☞ Sir Robert Peel, M. P., has been exhibiting physical force to a considerable extent at Tamworth, (Eng.,) election. He knocked down one elector, and incited the "bonnetting" of several others. It is expected that an attempt will be made at the first opportunity to oust him from the representation.

Delivering Papers in Poland.

A letter from Vienna has the following:—"Perhaps you may be interested in learning how a secret journal is delivered. The newspaper porter in Vienna and other places has an easy job. He takes his paper, and simply hands it in at its address. How different from the practice here, where the wages for delivering the prohibited journal would too probably be banishment to Siberia. How is this danger provided against? Here is the simple process. For a long time I had remarked that my landlady, who had only a very small household, had on several occasions from three to five, and often more, delivered at once. This struck me with surprise, and on making more searching inquiry I learned that my landlady was a subscriber to a secret journal, which she regularly received in the somewhat peculiar wrapper of a loaf of bread. The baker's boy is at the same time a *colporteur*.

"So matters went on for some time until the police 'smelt a rat;' at the present moment the delivery of the secret journal is conducted in a different manner, which I must not now disclose.

"You may ask why did not the baker's boy deliver the journal directly? Neither the boy nor his master knew that he was engaged in the business of distributing a newspaper. Only one individual in the bakery knew the secret, and that was a very intelligent young man, an appointee of the National Government, who had, moreover, never learned the trade of a baker!"

A subscriber writes to a Western editor, "I don't want your little paper any longer," To which the editor replied:

"I wouldn't make it any longer, if you did; its present length suits me very well."

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., NOV. 6, 1863.

THE POLITICAL PARSON.

REVEREND HENRY WARD BEECHER is undoubtedly a man of no ordinary talent. He is possessed of just those qualities which render an orator popular in America. A vivid *imagination*—an unlimited command of language, much of it newly-coined,—great fluency in delivery, and the happiest knack in the world of weaving the occurrences of the moment into his pulpit orations, combine to make him *the* eloquent speaker of New York. He renders himself remarkable by the off-hand manner in which he sets aside the almost universal restraint which clergymen have, from time immemorial, exercised over their expressions, especially while in the pulpit. He seems to feel himself at liberty to pun upon the name of Moses, or to tell a good story; to set his own faith above that of Abraham, or to play, as it were, with the name of Him who is to be had in reverence by all Christians. In short, Mr. Beecher is a kind of Carlyle in Divinity; hence his great popularity with a large class of hearers in the United States, and the bursts of *applause* which frequently ring out upon the *Sabbath* silence when he preaches. Since the breaking out of of the Great Rebellion, Mr. Beecher's utterances have been fearfully sanguinary. A professed messenger of the Cross, he has infinitely more faith in the potency of powder and steel than in the wielding of *moral* weapons, and, therefore, he preaches war and destruction. Slavery must be blotted out, or rather the "Union must be preserved," and Mr. Henry Ward Beecher declares in his own eloquent manner that that object *shall* be effected, though oceans of blood be poured out in the struggle. In the course of an address some time ago, he cried out, "More blood, more blood; pour it out like water, to save the Union!" Now, aside from the horrible nature of this language, as coming from a Christian pastor, we have often thought that it was all very well for a gentleman enjoying a first-rate salary to fulminate such doctrines, but if he were to have an ugly, rusty Confederate bayonet thrust into the pit of his stomach after breakfast some fine morning, his views with regard to blood-letting would change very rapidly. The flesh might prove too much for the spirit, and if the bayonet prick were not too deep, the legs might evince an uncontrollable desire to leave the field. It would not be the first instance of oratorical "skedaddling" we have read of.

Mr. Beecher has been delivering speeches in England and Scotland, for the purpose of enlisting the sympathies of the British people in favor of the North. His arguments, if they failed to carry conviction to the minds of his hearers, were at least quite plausible. He endeavored to prove that Slavery was at the bottom of the war, that the North was battling, not merely for the restoration of the Union, but for the extinction of "the institution," and that, therefore, it was the duty of every good man to pray for the extermination of the wicked Southerners. Well-knowing that there was a serious obstacle in the way of winning over his audiences to the *right* side, the reverend politician set himself to the task of accounting for the hard words used by federal writers and orators (himself among the number) against Great Britain: *It was because America loved England so dearly*, and felt deeply pained to see so many of the British people sympathising with the rebels. If Mr. Beecher could really show that his people *loved* England, it were worth a journey across the Atlantic to do so, but we fear his asseverations upon the subject would not be sufficient. England, as viewed by the orator from his Manchester platform, was a glorious nation,—a nation which had handed down to her children in the New World every principle of freedom and every institution they possessed. That was very pretty, and could not fail to elicit applause from his honest hearers, just as any post-prandial allusion to England's greatness, or half expressed hint that "Britons never shall be slaves," is sure to call forth a round of applause, if "Britishers" are present; and yet, unfortunately for Mr. Beecher's "*love*" theory, at the very moment he was speaking a Russian squadron lay in New York harbor, and the faithful officers of "Poland's oppressor," were receiving an ovation such as had never been extended to the commanders of British vessels. At the great dinner given to the Russian Admiral in New York, General H. Wallbridge, it will be remembered, boasted loudly that the Russian fleet was there to aid the Federals in *sweeping British commerce from the seas!* Does America love England better than she does Russia? Shall we believe the statements of the orator, or the facts which have passed before our own eyes?

Mr. Beecher also gave his astonished English and Scottish audiences a few examples of the semi-blasphemy, to which allusion has been made in the opening portion of this article: In Glasgow he declared that it was "one of the Divine Decrees that the Union shall stand for God and Liberty!" and again in allusion to his desire to see "blood poured out" he said, "Abraham didn't put Isaac on the altar half as quick as I would put my children!" and still again, speaking of the sufferings of the federals, he said it was their "Gethsemane, and they prayed, let this cup pass from us, nevertheless not our will, but Thine be done." In Manchester he said the Rebellion had for its mother "Slavery" and for its father, "oh, no, we never mention him," meaning thereby, we are left to presume, the Devil. Such stuff may be set down as far worse than pure *balderdash*, but it is "just the thing" to set an audience in a roar of laughter.

We fancy Mr. Beecher will make few converts amongst the really thinking portion of his audiences or readers. The pithy little speech of Lord Brougham will perhaps go further than two hours deliverances of American eloquence. In conclusion we give the following letter, which was sent by Rector Campbell, of Liverpool, to the Secretary of the Emancipation Society:

CHILDWALL, Oct. 29, 1863.

In reply to your letter requesting me to inform my congregation that Mr. H. W. Beecher will "deliver a lecture in the Philharmonic Hall on the American war and emancipation," I beg to inform you that I decline to invite my congregation to attend a lecture on that species of emancipation which Lord Brougham, in my opinion, justly calls "a hollow pretext designed to produce a slave insurrection." I return you the platform ticket you sent me, not intending to attend the lecture, being of opinion that persons professing themselves to be the ministers of a merciful God, "the Author of peace and lover of concord," might be better employed than in advocating a fratricidal war, accompanied by atrocities which, as Lord Brougham says again, "Christian times have seen nothing to equal, and at which the whole world stands aghast almost to incredulity."

Your obedient servant,
AUG. CAMPBELL,
Rector of Liverpool.

THE WAR.

The local elections in most of the States have resulted in favor of the Government, but we are as yet without final results.—The bombardment of Fort Sumter and an occasional shot at the city of Charleston was going on. The Confederates are said to be constructing a sand fort inside of Sumter. At Chattanooga, the federals, after a severe struggle, have retaken Lookout Mountain. This, if true, will be of great service to Grant. Nothing is doing on the Rappahannock. Both armies seem to be watching each other—Meade waiting for Lee to retreat and the latter taking it easy until his opponent chooses to advance. In the absence of any important telegraphic news, we give, in another column, a Southern account of Lee's recent campaign, which is well worth reading.

☞ ROWDYISM.—A glance over the pages of our exchanges reveals the painful fact that Rowdyism is rapidly on the increase in Canada. Every town has its young bloods, who, under the cover of darkness, perpetrate acts not in accordance with the character of gentlemen, and they are assisted in their vile work by the idle, and profligate of a much lower class. The presence of the baser portion of American skedaddledom also frequently contributes to the general blackguardism in no small degree. Every day we are called upon to read accounts of lawless violence and mischief, and we think it is high time the authorities of the land were bestirring themselves, else the seed already sown will produce a crop of trouble not easily to be rooted up. Our own good town is not without its band of rowdies, who roam the streets at night to the great annoyance of peaceful citizens, and to the serious detriment of any loose property that may be exposed to the ravages of the "Mohawks." Even during the earlier hours of the evening, it is almost impossible for a lady to pass certain street corners unattended without being grossly insulted.—Some steps should be taken to abate this nuisance before it goes too far. If the town cannot afford to pay a night police, it might at least employ such a man as James Smaill until nine or ten o'clock every evening in breaking up the groups of boys and young men which are sure to be found, and in seeing that foot-passengers in the more crowded thoroughfares 'pass on' about their business. The cost of such an arrangement would be trifling and the advantages, we are convinced, very great. Will our town councillors think the matter over and see if they cannot do something.

☞ GREENWOOD ACQUITTED.—After a trial of five days' duration at the Toronto Assizes, Greenwood, the alleged murderer of Catherine Walsh, has been acquitted. Although the evidence against him was very strong, it was not apparently so conclusive as to warrant the jury in bringing in a verdict of Guilty.

☞ WHAT NEXT?—Some time last summer a gentleman left Goderich without paying up his bill at the *Signal* office.—We set the amount down on the *loss* side of our books, and came to the very reasonable conclusion that it was so much printing for nothing; but, lo and behold, on opening our letters last night, we found that the whole amount was remitted in good honest Canada bills! Our readers will agree with us that such an act is unparalleled. Oh, *honest* friend, go on thy way rejoicing.

Our Volunteers and the Late Reviews.

GODERICH, Nov. 3rd, 1863.

To the Editor of the Huron SIGNAL:

DEAR SIR,—In your report of the Review held at Brantford on the 3rd September, you remarked that a tinge of pride and pleasure suffused your face at the expressions of credit for efficiency so unanimously accorded to the Goderich Volunteers. This feeling must surely have been more or less reciprocated by every one of our townsmen; not merely, Sir, because that your Tom, his Dick, or my Harry may have been in the ranks which drew forth the approving remarks of the General in command as well as of the thousands of bystanders—for this were a narrow-minded view of the subject, although I fear it is too apt to be indulged in by many amongst us—but because that GODERICH had shown to the whole Province that her sons are both able and willing to take their place with credit to themselves amongst the defenders of their Queen and the Home of their adoption, on any emergency which coming events may call forth. Again, the appearance and conduct of our ARTILLERY Company amongst the assembled thousands of Volunteers and Regulars at the Toronto Review on the 8th ult., is another success which we must all feel proud of; and were anything wanting to convince the most superstitious observer that their soldierly appearance at Brantford was no mere accidental display, but the legitimate result of strict attention to drill and discipline, the approving remarks on the ground of Brigade-Major Dawson, who was then in command of the Division in which they were incorporated; and the highly complimentary letter subsequently received by their Captain from the Deputy Adjutant General of Militia for Upper Canada, and recently published in your columns, must surely have set at rest all doubt of the ability and determination of both officers and men to prove themselves worthy of the confidence of the Head of the Department, and of taking their place shoulder to shoulder with the time-honoured soldiers of Britain, should they ever unhappily for our country be called upon to do so. But, Sir, this same "efficiency and perfection in drill," and the hope expressed by Colonel Powell that they "will long maintain" it, is not unattended with difficulty and some danger; for their names having been thus specially bro't before the public has, as we have already seen, rendered them a marked Company, and in some measure aroused the jealousy of the Volunteer corps of other places; and thus is imposed upon our Volunteers the absolute necessity of a steady perseverance in their drill and Rifle practice, so as to save their own credit and keep up the good name of the GODERICH Volunteers. Now, this "efficiency and perfection" can only be maintained by constant and unflagging attendance on drill both by officers and privates; but, can these hundred men afford to *keep up* the good name of Goderich as it now stands, by attending drills, shooting practices and matches, Reviews hundreds of miles distant, &c., &c., at the expense of their own personal means and time? or, rather, is it just or fair that they should be called to do so? I venture to assert that there is not one man in Goderich but who, were he once beyond the Town line, and the subject to arise, would proudly boast of the superiority of OUR Volunteers; is there, then, one amongst us so poor in spirit as to begrudge his mite at stated times in aid of their funds? I am aware that such assistance is generally rendered to volunteers in Britain, and that it is absolutely necessary to insure their existence at all in many places. I know nothing whatever of the current expenses of our two Companies, nor by what means these are defrayed, but I am quite sure that very considerable expenses *must be incurred by them*; and as I have already said that it is neither fair nor just to allow the whole to fall on those who so willingly give their valuable time which, with many of them, at least, could be otherwise profitably employed. It is, therefore, in the hope you will urge this view of the subject upon the public generally, and that some means may be devised to remedy this crying evil, that I have now troubled you with these remarks; but, before closing, there is yet another view of the matter which occurs to me as not unimportant nor unworthy of your consideration. I have ever been of opinion that ARTILLERY is peculiarly the ARM to be desired for the defence of our Town and Harbor, should we ever unhappily be threatened with foreign invasion; yet I have not heard, since the volunteers were raised, that any application has been made to the Government for this means of defence, other than what may have been made by the Captain of the Company; and, if not, is not this peculiarly the time when such application should be made, either by the Mayor and Council, or by general Petition, in order to strengthen and support whatever Capt. Ross may have done in the matter; now that his Company has so recently been specially and so favorably brought under the notice of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief by the Deputy Adjutant General—and, is it not the time to follow up the impression, by such a movement, that they are men well worthy of being entrusted with the Arms that they ask for; and to convey to His Excellency the assurance that they are also men who will exert themselves to the utter most to obtain as much proficiency in the use of LARGE GUNS as what they have accomplished with the Rifle in so short a period.

I really cannot close this long intrusion upon your columns without giving expression to the feeling I entertain of the obligation we are all under to Sergeant McLean, to whom this source of congratulation is in a great measure attributable, for his untiring and gentlemanly attention to our volunteers, and for the ability with which he has brought both Companies to their present acknowledged state of proficiency; and I would fain hope that some early opportunity may occur for conveying to him some mark of our regard as a proof that these services are fully appreciated by the whole community.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours truly,
A LOVER OF FAIRPLAY.

ASHFIELD, SCHOOL SEC. 12,
October 27th, 1863.

Mr. Editor,

SIR,—I would at any time be sorry to obtrude either on your time or the space of your journal in the form of complaint or vindication, but as a communication of mine, sent some time ago to the local superintendent of this district, stating the cause which led to a certain delay in the management of school matters, and reflecting some blame on the management of business at the Kintail Post Office, found its way into your paper two weeks ago, and has thereby tickled the dudgeon of the person holding that office, putting him into the awkward dilemma of attempting to give a public explanation as to the cause of my complaint, trying, doubtless, to make the public understand that I had maliciously arraigned the conduct of his office, the fault being my own the whole time. The subject of my remarks to Dr. Pritchard, however, are before the public, whose servants both I and the Kintail deputy are, and I leave the matter entirely to public judgment whether the explanation he has given has any reference to the matter at issue or not; I beg therefore to state that the entire contents of my note to Dr. Pritchard were facts which defy any disputation, and that the Deputy of Kintail's attempt to clear his own conscience through the medium of becoming a Newspaper Correspondent has just resulted in a ridiculous, futile, and almost laughworthy evasion of the whole matter, seeing that the letters, which he states I had refused to release, had no connection with the two of the delay of which I acquainted the superintendent. The letters he refers to were personally refused by me several months prior to the date of those forming the basis of my complaint.

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
WM. BANNATYNE.

HULLETT COUNCIL.

August 31, 1863.

After the usual formalities the petition of Thomas R. Foster, in reference to the assessment of Non Resident Village Lots, was read and considered.

Moved by J. Warwick, seconded by J. Morgan, that the Clerk give due notice to all parties concerned, that the following alterations will take place in School Sections 5, 8 and 9, viz: Lots 35 and 36, Con. 10, and Lot 35, Con. 11, to be attached to School Section No. 9. Carried.

Moved by J. Morgan, seconded by H. Snell, that the Clerk give due notice to all parties concerned, that the following alterations will take place in School Sections 5, 8 and 9, viz: Lots 35 and 36, Con. 10, and Lot 35, Con. 11, to be attached to School Section No. 9. Carried.

Moved by J. Warwick, seconded by J. Morgan, that Lots 10, 11 and 12, Con. 9, and Lots 11, 12 and W. ½ 10, Con. 8, be attached to School Section No. 4; and Lots 13, Con. 7 and 6, as also Lots 12, 13 and 14, Con. 5, be attached to School Section No. 3, due notice being given to all parties concerned.—Carried. C. Dale dissentient.

Moved by H. Snell, seconded by J. Warwick, that a by-law be passed to impose the necessary taxes for the current year. Carried.

The By-law was prepared and passed.

Moved by J. Morgan, seconded by H. Snell, that the Council now adjourn to meet again at Baxter's Hotel, Kinburn, on Monday, 21st day of December, prox., at 10 o'clock, A. M. Carried. C. Dale, dissentient.

JOHN MORGAN,
D. Reeve.

THOMAS SLOAN, Tp Clerk.

October 24th, 1863.

At a special meeting called by the Reeve and held at Lonsborough, it was

Moved by J. Warwick, seconded by H. Snell, that the arrearages now chargeable on Non-Resident Village Lots in this township, viz: Manchester, S Hill, Lonsboro', Alma and Kinburn be reduced to one-fourth of such arrearages now chargeable on each lot, respectively, and that the Clerk communicate with County Treasurer, accordingly. Carried.

Moved by H. Snell, seconded by J. Warwick, that the Collector receive British and American silver in payment of taxes at the same rate of discount as County Treasurer receives such silver in payment of County Rate. Carried.

THOMAS SLOAN,
Township Clerk.

Imports at Goderich since 17th October to 31st, Inclusive.

Sciota, 1796 bls salt, 9 do ashes, 1821 do salt.—Chicago.

Niagara, from Chicago, 3141 bls flour, 53 bags seed, 385 green hides, 7 chairs, 214 dry hides, 53 bags seed, 11 pig skins, 1 bbl beef, 55 kegs butter, 7 bls corn meal.

Ontonagon, from Chicago, 100 bls pork, 4300 bls flour, 125 do spirits, 3 do beeswax, 143 pkgs tallow, 2 kegs lard, 14 kegs butter, 3 bls spirits.

Sun, from Chicago, 5049 bls flour, 100 pork.

Sciota, 300 bls salt, for Goderich.

Kenosha, 3145 bls flour, 1053 do beef, 20 bags meal, 151 green hides, 41 pkgs tallow.

S. S Noble, 180 tons coal, VanEvery & Rumball.

Cameronian, 10 bls salt, 8 do apples.

Mariner, whiskey from Windsor and general cargo from Sarnia.

Jenny Rumball, cargo of bag salt from Kingston. Lily Dancey do do

Str Bruce, Lake Shore ports, large assorted cargoes.

Cleared.

19. Steamer Sciota, Saginaw, general cargo.
20. Schr Wabamie, Penetanguishine, salt.
" " Cameronian, Beadadard, general cargo.
24. Str Niagara, Chicago, wood and salt.
" Str Sciota, Saginaw, general cargo.
" Str Ontonagan, Chicago, goods and salt.
6. J A Scott, Fishing Islands, ballast.
27. Str Sun, Chicago, salt and goods.
2 " Sciota, Saginaw, goods.

The Sciota is doing a large and profitable business, taking a very large quantity of through goods to and from Goderich, flour, wheat, bran and other goods, with a full complement of passengers.

The Buffalo & Lake Huron Road is doing a heavy business. Through goods have largely accumulated, every available space being filled up, the active agent, Mr. Castles, using his best endeavors to clean them out as fast as possible. Great dispatch has been made all through the season. In some instances, cargoes of flour having arrived from Chicago in the morning and all sent away the same evening in cars to Buffalo. At present, as usual at this season of the year, the steamers do not come with the same regularity as in the summer season. Nearly 400 tons goods are now waiting shipment to Chicago, and about 10,000 barrels salt for the same destination.

E.

The Recent Campaign in Virginia.

SOUTHERN NARRATIVE OF THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE AND RETREAT.

From the Richmond Examiner, Oct. 26.

No connected account has yet been published of the movements of our army during the recent campaign in Northern Virginia. From the information in our reach we make up a hasty and imperfect narrative.

It would appear to have been Gen. Lee's plan to send A. P. Hill's corps by a route west of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to Manassas Junction, there to cut off Meade's retreat, whilst Ewell's corps followed on the right flank of the retreating enemy, and would be ready to fall upon his rear when he should be brought to a stand. In furtherance of this plan Hill left Madison County on or about the 9th instant, and moved towards Sperryville. On the same day Ewell crossed the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford. At this place occurred the first cavalry fight, in which we drove the enemy back, but not without sustaining considerable loss. Here Newton and other gallant officers fell.

Meade having apparently seen through the designs of Gen. Lee, began his retreat simultaneously with our advance, and, having the benefit of the railroad, and moving on a direct line, it is no matter of surprise that he managed to frustrate them.

On Sunday, Hampton's cavalry, under the immediate command of Stuart, moving in advance of Ewell's corps, reached Culpepper Court House, and, moving along the railroad, encountered the enemy at Brandy Station.—The battle took place on the farm of John Minor Botts, one of the charges of our cavalry being made through his front yard. We may here remark that the property on the farm of this extraordinary individual, of whom the Government of the Confederate States stand in such fear and dread, had been religiously respected by the Yankees; who can, the country around was a little better than a wilderness, his fences and crops were untouched. But that Sunday night wrought a change in its condition. Three thousand Confederate cavalry bivouacked there after the battle, and fed their horses in his corn-field. The next morning there were very few fence-rails and very little corn left. The men could be heard to say while building high their fires, "Pile on, boys, they are nothing but d—d old Union rails." Botts came down on Monday morning and said he would like to get a certificate of the quantity of corn used and rails burnt. He was dismissed very cavalierly, and told that we had no time to attend to such matters.

Monday our cavalry came up with the enemy at Jefferson, on the road from Culpepper Court House to Warrenton. There an obstinate fight took place, which resulted in the enemy being driven across Hedgeman's River to Warrenton Springs, from which place the enemy was also driven after a battle. In each of these battles we took several hundred prisoners. Ewell's corps, having changed its line of march, reached Warrenton on Tuesday morning. Meade's army was at this time across the Rappahannock, and believed to have halted at Warrenton Junction, and between that point and Catlett Station. Two thousand cavalry were sent down from Warrenton to reconnoitre in the direction of Catlett. On arriving near the latter place, Tuesday evening, they found the enemy were moving heavy columns of infantry along the railroad toward Manassas; and they thereupon immediately turned to retrace their steps toward Warrenton, but on reaching a road which crossed their route, leading from Warrenton Junction to Manassas, they found that the enemy were also moving infantry in large masses along this road. They were thus completely hemmed in. Night came on as they reached this road. The heavy tramp of the enemy's infantry and the rumble of their artillery sounded right in front of them. Gen. Stuart withdrew his little force to a thicket of old field pines, hoping that the enemy would pass him by unnoticed, and leave his road to Warrenton clear. The enemy were moving so near our position that every word of command and even ordinary conversation could be distinctly heard by us. Our situation was extremely critical—any accident—the accidental discharge of a pistol—would have disclosed our position, and then, in view of the overwhelming force of the enemy nothing awaited us but destruction or surrender. Stuart gave his officers and men to understand that surrender was not to be thought of, but that the enemy was to be fought to the last. A council of war having been called, it was resolved, as the best thing that could be done under the circumstances, to desert the nine pieces of artillery, and for the cavalry in six columns to endeavor to cut their way through the enemy. But after some reflection Stuart resolved not to abandon his artillery, and struck upon a device for informing Gen Lee, who was at Warrenton, of his situation. He called for three volunteers to undertake a desperate enterprise. Crockett Eddins, of this city, and two other young men immediately stepped forth to undertake anything their General might order. Stuart ordered them to put on infantry knapsacks, and shouldering muskets, to advance in the darkness to the road, fall into the enemy's column, and, crossing it to make their way to Warrenton, and say to Gen Lee that he was surrounded, and he "must send some of his people to help him out." Eddins and his two gallant comrades obeyed orders, and reached Warrenton in safety.

The last division of the enemy halted and bivouacked opposite Stuart and within 150 yards of his position—so close that we could hear the Yankees pouring out oats to feed their horses. During the night 2of Meade's men staggered into our lines and were taken prisoners. One of them, a gay young fellow, said to Stuart, "All right, General, we supped with you to-night, you dine with us to-morrow," intimating that Stuart would, by that time, be a prisoner.

At daylight Wednesday morning Stuart was informed by the cracking of our skirmishers' muskets that Lee had received his message, and was sending "some of the people" to help him. As Lee's advancing columns attracted the enemy's attention, Stuart, from the rear, opened on them with grape and canister. The enemy were much disordered by the cannonade from so unexpected a quarter, and, taking advantage of the confusion, Stuart limbered up his guns and, with cavalry and artillery, dashed through the hostile ranks and rejoined Gen. Lee. The enemy suffered a loss of one hundred and eighty killed in this affair.

That evening Hill's corps reached Bristoe Station just after Meade's army had passed that point. What appeared to be a small portion of the enemy was discovered behind a long embankment of the railroad, and two brigades of Heth's corps were ordered to dislodge them. Then followed the battle of Bristoe, which has already been mentioned in these columns. What appeared to be a trifling force of the enemy, turned out to be two full army corps, lying in ambush to gobble up any rebel brigades that might attempt to dislodge them. An hour's experiment convinced our men that a formidable force was in their front, and they withdrew. We had three or four hundred men killed and wounded in the fight. The enemy admit a severe loss, but they left but few dead upon the field. Before the main body of our army could get up the battle was over. That night our men were drawn up in line of battle, but when day broke on Thursday morning, the enemy was gone. Our forces followed them as far as Manassas Junction, and, resting here a day, began a retrograde movement towards the Rappahannock. Our cavalry on Thursday, crossed Bull Creek, near the foot of Bull Run Mountain, and made a reconnoissance as far as Centreville, where they were driven back by the enemy's infantry.

Thus ended this famous retreat and pursuit. Our army returned to the Rappahannock, having lost in the campaign about 1000 men killed, wounded and prisoners, and having taken near 2000 prisoners. Of the enemy's loss in killed and wounded we have no means of making an estimate. During the pursuit our troops never made over twelve miles a day. The results of the campaign are important. We took a large number of prisoners and horses, ascertained Meade's army to consist of not more than 50,000 infantry, destroyed the railroad from Manassas to Rappahannock Station, and removed Meade's headquarters from the Rappidan to the Rappahannock.

During the campaign our cavalry did splendid service. They performed all the successful fighting, and took nine-tenths of the prisoners.

As belonging rather to the period of our retreat than of Meade's, we have made no mention of the cavalry victory gained by Stuart over Kilpatrick on the 19th inst.

Russian Sailors as Substitutes.

The New York *Metropolitan Record* says that while the authorities were feteing the Russian Admiral and his staff last week, a conge it seems was given to the sailors of the fleet for the rest of the day, so that they, too, might enjoy the festivities. The Jack Tars instinctively kept near the shore in their rambling, imagining that they were all right while they were in sight of water. They had been warned of the landsharks, and were bound to give them a wide berth. But unfortunately they were led astray by the aquatic name of one of the streets, and set sail down it perfectly unconscious of danger. It was not long before they got into an undercurrent, consisting of grog cellars and dancing-saloons, with which the place is infested. The phlegmatic Russ forgot every caution in the hilarity of the new scene. The Polar ice began to melt from about his heart, and he was soon as jolly as the Jack Tars of any other nativity around him. There were those about him and his followers who were bent on making them pay for all the fun. No sooner were the sailors overcome with the combined excitement of liquor and dancing, than they were stripped of their bran new toggery, and whipped into suits of old uniforms as fast as the thing could be done. They were then taken and sold as substitutes before they had sufficiently recovered their senses to discern the change in their appearance. We hear that the Admiral has been hunting for his men, but with what success we cannot say.

Horrible Outrage.

The Dumfries *Reformer* says:

"Two females arrived in town on Friday night, and were staying at one Pickard's, on the Macadamized Road, near Hunter's Corner. Here, between ten o'clock and midnight on Saturday evening, they were