Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE] GODERICH, C. W., THURSDAY, SEP. 15, 1864. VOL. XVII.—NO. 33

The Bereaved Skipper.

A STORY OF SOBS AND SMUGGLING.

Two years ago come January next, a ship looking like a collier coming from Newcastle, anchored in the offing; it was a clear frosty morning, with a sharp breeze from the east, which prevented many from going out fishing. About twenty of us were gathered round the benches in front of the coast guard station yonder, when we seen this ship letting down her anchor.

'What ship be that?' said I; 'taint the 'Tilda, what brings coals to the Elruin wharf.

'Jack,' says I to my son, 'cut home and get the glass, and let's see what we can make of it.'

Just as Jack comes with the telescope, up comes Lieutenant Barns, who commands the station. 'What do you make of it my man?' says he.

'Make of it, Captain?) says I, (we allers call him captain), 'make of it?' why nothing at all; 'taint the 'Tilda, though she seems to be a collier.'

'A slave case, perhaps,' says he; 'but we shall hear all about it directly, as they are letting down the boat, I see.'

In a few minutes the boat was at the shore, and a man with a thick serge coat, and very large buttons, jumped out and walked up towards the place where we were standing.

'Does your parson live near here, mate?' says he, as he came up the gangway.

'Parson,' says old John Piller, who loves a joke, 'to be sure he does, and he'll marry you as well as any one along the coast, as no doubt you have heard, and come about.'

This sally was received with shouts of laughter by all, except the man with the big buttons who put on a most uncommon sad face, and pulled out a large handkerchief, with which he began to wipe his eyes.

'Taint my getting married,' says 'he, 'I become about. Yonder ship be the collier Mary Ann Darley, of Newcastle; and it be along of Mary Ann Darley that I be here to day.'

She then wants to get married, only it's not to you,' said Old John; and that's why you put on such an uncommon long face. Well, I be sorry for you mate, that I be.'

'Mary Ann Darley who was the beloved wife of our skipper, George Halfred Darley, and after whom the ship is named, is dead, dead as a red herring,' said the man, with a voice full of anguish which made old John look ashamed of his former jokes. 'Now, mates, without any more trifling with my feelings, which are such as I can't express, tell us where your dear parson lives, because our skipper's mind be in such a state, that he says nothing but the conclusion your vicar can give, of whom he has often heard, can do him any good.'

This compliment to our minister, the Rev. Mr. Coles, whom we all loved and of whom we were not a little proud, and the expression of deep sorrow on the man's face, turned all our sympathies towards him, and we all volunteered to show him the way to the vicarage. In less than half an hour we saw our minister's figure coming down the village with the man with the big buttons, and in another ten minutes he was on board the vessel.

In about an hour's time the boat landed Mr. Coles again, who, as he passed us, stopped to shake hands with the lieutenant, who had again joined us, bringing his own glass with him.

'Most interesting cas,' said the vicar. 'I never saw a man more completely prostrated by grief; poor fellow! his wife dead—just three days—only been married two years! I never witnessed more sympathy exhibited for any one than the whole crew expressed towards him; to see it was quite charming.—The man with these large buttons, is a good honest sailor-like fellow, with the tenderest of hearts. I was deeply interested in all the particulars of the young woman's death, which he told me. He ended by beseeching me to persuade the skipper to bury his wife, as the crew want to take a dead body on board ship, and the skipper, he says, is almost always sitting and crying by it. I could not help agreeing with him that it was no use keeping the poor woman above ground.

'And what have you settled to do?' said the lieutenant, returning the glass into its case.

'Why of course the thing was rather irregular, but as all the men on board seemed very anxious about it, I told the skipper, poor fellow, who seemed as overcome with grief as any man I ever met, that, if he liked, I would perform the last rites over his poor young wife this very afternoon. At first, as I was told to expect, he would not hear to the funeral taking place anywhere but after some persuasion, he yielded the point, and the thing is all settled; so, as I must tell the sexton to prepare a grave by half past three, I must not talk any longer; and, ready the scene I have just come from makes me feel that I should like to be alone for a time. I am most thankful to say that the conversation I had with the poor fellow has done much to make him resigned. He had heard of me often before, he said, and on his table I noticed my little tract on resignation, which, he told me to use his own words, had been as balm to his wounded spirit. Very gratifying was it not? Good morning to you my dear lieutenant; good morning, my good man,' he added as we raised our caps to him, and saw his kindly face turned towards home.

Before long the bell began to toll, and as I went home to dinner I saw the sexton hard at work at the grave, which, at the skipper's request was to be made on the side nearest the sea and farthest from the village, since he told the vicar it would be so comforting, when his ship passed by Elruin, 'to see the spot where his Mary Ann was sleeping.'

The report that there was to be a funeral from the strange ship in the offing, spread like wild-fire through the village, and half an hour before the body was to leave the ship, the cliff was crowded by the villagers, the women, with their shawls tied over their heads, leading their children. Funerals are always a great attraction to our people, but since the last earl at the castle was buried, none had caused so much interest as this.

'Poor Skipper Darley!' says my old woman, 'won't he feel lonesome just when he gets back to the ship without his missus?'

'Werry,' says I, 'no doubt; but he ain't been married more than two years. Lor, what a good sort of female she must have been all the crew seem so fond of her; look you here, old lady, through the glass. D'ye see the figure head of the vessel out yonder?'

'Yes,' says she, resting the glass on my shoulder; a figure of a woman in a green gown and yaller hair.'

'That be no doubt an exact likeness of Mary Ann Darley,' says I; 'it's a very common plan that, as old Cap'n Bist, as commanded the 'Tilda years ago used to say; 'Whenever I follows my wife, I goes right; as I sticks her at the end of my vessel, the 'Tilda allers goes right.'

'Lor!' says my wife again looking through the glass, 'how beautiful Mrs. Mary Ann Darley must have been! Never did I see such a bust, hair and ear-rings. They are coming at last, the boats are being let down.'

The Church bell tolled sadly through the keen, frosty air, and there was not a heart among all those on the cliff who did not feel the deepest sympathy for the widowed skipper. Slowly, and with long measured stroke came the two boats, into the first of which we had noticed the coffin being lowered. The bier had been taken down to the shore, so, when they had all landed, the coffin was placed upon it, and borne upon the gangway by four of the crew.

The other four came behind; the skipper, who appeared dreadfully agitated, lent heavily on the arm of the man with the big buttons, his face buried in his handkerchief, from which at times we could hear a deep sob. Up the little street the procession went, and among all the women there was not an eye that was not filled with tears.

'Poor fellow!' said my wife, 'he do take on terrible, to be sure, that he certainly does, How kind his friends seems to him; 'hain't he crying just a little too?'

Mr. Coles met them at the church gate and with some sixty others they entered the church; I and my wife stood at the corner of the yard and waited until they came out; which they did before long, and the coffin was lowered into the grave as the clock ceased to chime four. After it was all over, Mr. Coles went up and shook hands, in his kind way, with the skipper, and tried to console him. Much he seemed to require comforting, poor fellow!'

'Just let me look once more at my Mary Hann's coffin—one mote look at Mary Hann Darley's grave afore they fills it up forever.'

'Come along, poor mate,' said his friend, 'and dont take on so terrible; I have spoken to the kind vicar, and he says he will see to the monument being erected right, when you sends the design from Newcastle. Only think how comforting it will be, when you be a sailing along past this here place with coals, to be able just to look through the glass and say, 'I can see the place where underneath an elegant tomb, rests Mary Ann Darley, what was so very dear to me as a wife and all those who knowed her as a sister'

These words seemed to have a comforting effect on the mind of the widower who suffered himself to be led away saying, in tones which deeply moved us all, 'Bless your good vicar, that were that tract which alone prevents me following my Mary Hann to the grave broken-harted.'

The bell began once more to toll, as the sexton filled up the grave, and hid from the admiring sight of the boys the rows of brass nails, which told that Mary Ann Darley was cut off at the early age of twenty six.

'Cut off as a tulib,' said the sexton, who always improved the occasion to the bystanders; 'and her husband remains as an ostrich alone in the desert; and how I wonder he did not have a brick grave which would have made her comfortable, and been 2s 4d into my breeches pockets, which, as my wife has twins again, would be very acceptable—very.'

'Bless ye, John,' says my old woman as we walked home, 'I don't know what ye would do without your missus, to get your meals ready and take the insides out of fishes, nor I without my old man; and it's thinking of this makes me feel so sad about th's poor young man as has lost his Mary Ann, which must have been very beautiful, if she was any like the figure on the ship, which was most piercing as seen through your glass.'

I had that evening, I remember, left a net on the sea shore, and as I passed the coast guard station I saw the lieutenant was watching the ship, which had not yet started. He called me up into the guard-room where he was seated. 'Bill,' says he to me, 'three of my men unfortunately are at Darling this week. I must have at least five men to night; so, if you wish to earn a good night's wages, be down at my house before eight o'clock this evening.'

Before the appointed time I was at the lieutenant's house; four of the coast guard were seated round the kitchen fire, each armed with a musket and cutlass.

'This is for you,' said the lieutenant, handing me a cutlass and long pistol; 'now follow after me.'

'Where are we to go?' said I to the man with whom I had to walk.

'To church,' said he.

'To church, says I. 'What a rum go!'

'A rum go indeed' says he: 'only it's orders not to talk, so don't ax any more questions.'

It was a clear night, and the frosty tombstones looked like ghosts as we entered the church, the key of which the lieutenant had got. In a few minutes we were seated round the stove in the vestry, which we had lighted. A window was just opposite, and where I was sitting I could see the light of the strange ship in the offing, and a few yards before us was the new made grave of the skipper's wife. I think we must have sat more than three hours when I noticed the light in the ship, when it was my turn to watch, moving; and through the night glass I could see that a boat was being lowered into the sea. I called the attention of the lieutenant to this fact, who said, 'All right, I thought so; but as they won't think of landing nearer than the rains, we shall have to wait for some time yet, I'll be bound.'

In half an hour after this, just as the clock was chiming twelve, I distinctly saw four figures crawling over the church wall. Two of them stopped short and hid themselves under the shadow of an old tombstone, evident ly to keep watch. The other two keeping as possible out of the moonlight, advanced to the new made grave before the window. I can't tell you my horror, when I saw the two men whom I recognized as the skipper and his friend with the big buttons, proceed to take of their coats and set to work with shovel and pick-axe to open the grave.

'He can't make up his mind to leave his wife arter all,' I whispered to the man next me, who was carefully examining the priming of his musket.

'Don't talk, you fool,' said he, 'let him have his wife if he likes. Remember silence is orders, and no lights'.

For another three quarters of an hour we sat quieter than ever. 'Now's the time,' says the lieutenant, 'they're lifting the coffin out. You, John and George Paukard, go through the south door, and mind you cut them off if they try to get through the village gate; don't use your muskets unless you cannot help it, but don't let them get away.—Now you three others come with me; directly I open the pantry door, rush out and handcuff them before they have time to get up from the coffin, which they are now opening. Are you ready,' says the lieutenant cocking his pistols. 'Now then, here goes, and look sharp.' With a loud crack flew open the vestry door, and out we rushed; and before the two men had time to rise from their knees they were safely secured with the handcuffs we had brought with us.

'Very neatly done,' said the lieutenant as in a few seconds time John came up to say that they had secured both the other men.

'Take the coffin to the station house,' said the lieutenant; and so we did, and opened it at once. In it, instead of the young wife yellow hair, we found a large collection of silks, tobacco and other contraband goods.—The clever rascals had hit upon this plan of getting their things on shore, knowing how strict the officers were in looking over every box that was landed.

'Ah,' said the lieutenant, as he finished overhauling the coffin, 'I expected as much; directly I saw that artful scoundrel with the big buttons, I felt almost sure I had seen him before; and now I know its no other than the man that took me in so cleverly ten years ago when I had the command of Darling but I am equal with him now, anyhow.'—[Once a Week.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., SEP. 9, 1864.

THE LONDON REVIEW.

The Review of Volunteers and Regulars held at London on Tuesday, the 6th inst., was one of the most successful that has yet been witnessed in Canada, a convincing proof that the military spirit of our people has not died out, as some few croakers would have us believe.

THE WEATHER

Is always an important consideration in out-door demonstrations. A fine day covers many defects with genial sunshine, but a cold, wet, drizzly time is sure to throw a damper over the most perfectly arranged programme. On Monday night there were a good many long faces in London. Cold, watery-looking clouds were driven before the strong easterly wind and everybody feared the morrow would see a drenching rain. Committee-men feared for their programme, merchants bemoaned the expected loss of sales, and enterprising apple-women contemplated the financial ruin that stared them in the face with feelings of deep dejection. The night wore away, the glorious sun arose in splendor, and then everybody smiled and rubbed his or her hands in a manner indicative of great satisfaction. The day was to be a magnificent one; that was settled.

HOW THE PEOPLE CAME IN.

The country people in the neighborhood of London, we should say, were about the first arrivals in the city on the eventful morning. At day-break, and even long before it, wagon loads of smartly dressed "yeomanry," attended by their female friends, came rattling in, the frequent cheers and continuous babal of tongues indicating that even at that early hour the expectant tavern-keepers along the roads had placed a few dimes in their tills. People continued pouring in by every loading road until nearly mid-day. Soon, too, the railways began to land huge masses of excursionists, and until the eleventh hour it was one scene of arrival at the various depots. About 10,000 people passed over the Great Western, not, we are sorry to say, without several painful and one or two fatal accidents From Toronto and other points considerable numbers passed over the Grand Trunk, but the trains on this section were not crowded owing to what was considered the exorbitant fares demanded. The boats of our friends VanEvery & Rumball were made use of by a number of Volunteer Companies and hundreds of civilians from Goderich, Kincardine, Southampton, Paisley, &c Landing at Sarnia the Lake excursionists were taken over the Western at a very moderate figure.

THE VOLUNTEERS AT DINNER.

Most of the companies being in about noon, they were escorted to the extemporized dining-hall in the skating rink, near the "Palace," and after undergoing the necessary ablutions, for which ample preparations had been made, were invited to sit down to a good substantial dinner. The arrangements of the committee, in this respect, were perfect, and no complaint, we aver, could be made, with regard to any want of appreciation of the appetizing solids and fluids with which the tables were laden. The hungry volunteers enjoyed their dinner heartily and must have felt materially fortified for the trying exercises of the day when they had disposed of it.

THE VOLUNTEER CORPS PRESENT.

The following is a list of the Volunteers and Regulars, taken from the official minutes kept by officers appointed for the purpose, with some corrections which we have found it necessary to make, nearly all of the journals we have seen having fallen into error to some extent:

Capt Attwood's Rifles, Komoka—3 officers and 25 men.

Capt Graham's Rifles, Delaware—3 officers and 27 men.

Capt Ellison's Marines, Port Stanley—3 officers and 29 men.

Lieut McKenzie's Rifles, St. Thomas—3 officers and 31 men.

Capt Barker's Infantry Co., Kincardine—1 officer and 19 men.

Capt Patten's Rifle Co, Paris—3 officers and 32 men.

Capt McMillan's Infantry, Harriettsville—3 officers and 48 men.

Major Jackson's Infantry, St. John's—3 officers and 42 men.

Capt Greig's Rifles (No 3 Co.,) Oxford—3 officers and 24 men.

Capt Ross's Foot Artillery, Goderich—2 officers and 44 men.

Capt Seymour's Rifles, Goderich—Lieut Hays in command—1 officer and 36 mer.

Capt Brickell's Rifles, Dundas—3 officers and 35 men.

Capt Sproatt's Rifle Co., Southampton—1 officer and 25 men.

Capt Richardson's No. 1 Rifle Co., Woodstock—2 officers and 57 men.

Capt Tisdale's Rifle Co., Simcoe—3 officers, 54 men and fife and drum band (8.)

Capt Henderson's Infantry Co., Wardville—3 officers and 27 men.

Capt Wallace's Oxford Rifle Co., Embro'—3 officers and 28 men.

Capt Howell's Infantry Co., Drumbo—3 officers and 50 men.

Capt Bruce's Infantry Co., Paisley—3 officers and 30 men.

Capt Dawe's Infantry Co., Thamesford—3 officers and 28 men.

Capt Coleman's Infantry Co., Seaforth—3 officers and 23 men.

Capt Hodgins' Infantry Co., Lucan—1 officer and 32 men.

Capt Waystaff's Infantry Co., Gosfield—3 officers and 30 men.

Capt Fox's Infantry Co., Leamington—3 officers and 30 men.

Capt Wilkinson's Infantry Co., Amherstburg—3 officers, 32 man and fife and drum band.

Capt Casgrain's Infantry Co., Sandwich—3 officers and 36 men, Lieut Wright in command.

Capt J I Mackenzie's No. 1 Infantry Co., London—3 officers and 50 men.

Capt A McPherson's No. 2 Infantry Co., London—3 officers and 50 men.

Capt Barber's No 1 Rifles, London—3 officers and 50 men.

Capt Lewis's No. 2 Rifles, London—3 officers and 50 men

Capt Goodhue's No. 3 Rifle Co., London—3 officers and 48 men.

Capt Buckley's Garrison Artillery, London—3 officers and 42 men.

Capt Cole's Cavalry Troop, St. Thomas—1 officers and 30 men.

Capt Burgess's No. 1 Cavalry Troop, London—3 officers and 24 men.

The 47th Regiment, commanded by Col. Lowry.

The Royal Canadian Rifles, commanded by Major Hibbert.

Battery D. Royal Artillery, 6 guns, commanded by Major Penn.

Col Shanly's Volunteer Battery of Artillery, London, 3 guns—4 officers and 70 men.

Several other companies took part in the proceedings, but did not have time to report themselves, and our reporter was unable to distinguish them from the general mass.

There were about 1,355 Volunteers and 880 Regulars present.

THE REVIEW GROUND

Was on a piece of land owned by Mr. Carling, just outside the City limits, and was on the whole very well adapted for the purpose, although the sandy nature of the soil and a piece of stubble at one end were somewhat disadvantageous. A grand stand erected behind the saluting point was covered with a great mass of spectators from an early hour, and the whole field was lined by a deep fringe of humanity which swayed about as incessantly as the waves of Lake Huron under the influence of a N or-Wester. There were, we should say, between twenty-five and thirty thousand civilians present.

THE LINE FORMED.

About two o'clock the Regulars and Volunteers marched out and formed line across the field facing the standard indicating the saluting point. Major Penn's crack battery of (regular) artillery took ground on the extreme right, next came the volunteer cavalry, the 47th regiment and the R. C. Rifles; to the left of these were the volunteer battalions, supported on the extreme left by Lieut. Shanley's battery of volunteer artillery. The scene was a brilliant one. The line extending about a mile, and presenting every shade of coloring in the uniforms, the gay ribbons displayed by thousands of fair ones against a dense mass of more sombrely dressed masculines, the stands resplendent with bright parasols and waving feathers, together with the delicious strains of music from fine regimental and other bands made up a scene the memory of which would not soon fade from the mind of those unused to the panoply of the day war. All being in readiness, the viewing officer, Colonel Lowry, of the 47th, attended by his staff, rode upon the field and was received by a general salute as he passed down the line.

THE EVOLUTIONS.

After the inspection, the Col. retired to the saluting point and the evolutions commenced. The troops being formed in quarter distance columns marched past to the music of the bands. The marching of the regular artillery, 47th and R. C. Rifles was perfection itself. Many of the volunteer companies, however, were not so far behind as one might think. The London Battalion of Volunteers marched past in a firm, soldierlike manner, as did also several other infantry and rifle companies from a distance. Our Goderich companies acquitted themselves nobly.—The artillery corps under Capt. Ross passed the saluting point in a manner that would have done credit to regularly trained soldiers of the line. The action of the corps elicited warm encomiums from Col. Lowry and his staff. A few minutes afterwards we were able to distinguish the Huron Rifles, who were in full heavy marching order. The company was ably commanded by Lieut. Hays in the absence of the Captain, and we must say that it did remarkably well in both wheeling and marching, and richly deserved the expressions of admiration elicited from by-standers. Several of the rural companies cut a most ridiculous figure. They seem to have selected the very smallest of their men for captains, and we could hardly tell which was the most amusing, the unevenness of their line or the appearance of the men as they turned their heads in going past to get a good look at the reviewing officer. The volunteer cavalry, too, we are compelled to admit, were what Burns called a mighty awkward squad. With these few exceptions the Volunteers composed a fine looking body of men, and showed by their movements that they had been well instructed. The evolutions that followed were similar to those witnessed at every review. There were formations into battle array by battalions, supported on the wings by artillery and cavalry, and companies of infantry were thrown forward as skirmishers. These latter at once opened their peculiarly scattered fire, which was kept up vigorously for a few minutes, but a supposed enemy advancing they had to be withdrawn. The advancing foe was, however, exposed to a withering fire of musketry and artillery which must have emptied many a saddle. The booming of the well served cannon and the sharp crashing volleys of musketry combined with the clouds of smoke which completely hid the enemy from view formed a spirited and exciting scene. The foe showing symptoms of demoralization, the cavalry were ordered to charge. The bold cavaliers *did* charge right down upon a body of some dozen unfortunate reporters who were surrounded and captured in a twinkling. The prisoners were handed over to a body of special policemen who ordered them to the rear in a most unceremonious manner, heaping upon the poor wretches abuse of every description.—*Globe* and *Leader, Times, Signal, Free Press*, were ordered to *clear out* as quick as possible. The incorrigible Press Gang, however, fought it out, and generally contrived to elude the vigilance of the rascally specials when anything interesting was to be seen. We may here state that if readable accounts of the Review have been given to the Province, the Press have to reason to thank the committee, for certainly its representatives were never exposed to so much insult as at London. To return to our notes: The cavalry having done its work, the whole line started in pursuit, delivering spiteful volleys as it proceeded, the crowd behind following up closely to see the fun. Then the artillery was sent rapidly to the rear to prevent a flank attack, and the skedaddle of the thousands exposed to danger by the movement was most amusing. This was followed by formations into square to receive cavalry, and other interesting movements, which were executed with much precision and celerity. The allotted amount of powder having been expended, the troops were reformed into line of continuous quarter distance columns on the rear battalions, officers and colors to the front and advanced in review order. The line being halted, the 47th regiment was formed into square, and the gallant Colonel advancing, said he had an interesting duty to perform, which was to confer a good conduct medal on Corporal Gilmore, an old pensioner of the 39th regiment, which had fought so nobly beside the 47th in the Burmese war in 1827. The old man stepped away, proudly displaying the medal pinned upon his breast.

THE COLONEL'S REMARKS.

The troops were then formed into hollow square, officers in front, when Colonel Lowry said:—Volunteers, I have great pleasure in saying to you this afternoon, because you deserve it, that your turn out and general appearance on the field to-day have been most creditable indeed. The movement in coming on the ground was pretty sharp, and the marching past good. It is a very important point, and your proficiency in this respect shows that you have been well drilled in company. The marching past of some of the companies was particularly fine—I mention Capt Ross' company of foot artillery whose marching was admirable, and a rifle company, I cannot say which. The whole was a sight that we could have been expected.—[illegible] company practice. Let [illegible] I am aware that [illegible] perfection. Sir [illegible] that it took two [illegible] Courage and [illegible] men go and make [illegible] a lack [illegible] you turn out [illegible] fear, and expect [illegible] Shanley's battery [illegible] is highly creditable to me, and I am sorry he is not on the ground to hear me say so. The fife [illegible] crack went some soldier's rifle. I don't refer to the shot that has just been fired—that was very good. You have all come a long way, and had no [illegible], but you can go home satisfied [illegible] to your avocations. I may just say, as I am not [illegible] I have read the [illegible] of a review in England, at Tel-el-Kebir, [illegible] in the world [illegible] which [illegible] is the only an [illegible] to-day.

The [illegible] manœuvres were conducted at the [illegible] and partook [illegible] home. A great [illegible] was created in the various stations, as the marching moment approached, and we saw large numbers of volunteers who were left behind accompany the Goderich riflemen were late for the G. W. train connecting with the boats at Sarnia, and have been flying there ever since. We understand that some of the Paisley and Southampton men are in the same predicament.

The city did not fairly settle down to its every-day state of existence until Wednesday afternoon. The feeling in London with regard to the success of the review is sure of a unalloyed satisfaction.

NOTE.—Since our Michigan news was received, we understand that mention was made by Col. Lowry at the close of his address, that there is no reason to doubt that the rifle company alluded to was the Huron Rifles. We are glad to hear it, and hope that both of our companies will labor hard to win fresh laurels in the future. Goderich has certainly great reason to be proud of her volunteers.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—The steamship Scotia from Liverpool on the 26th and Queenstown on the 28th ult., arrived at five o'clock. The City of Manchester and the Virginia arrived at Queenstown on the 27th. The United States steamer Iroquois left Havre on the 24th of August and proceeded towards Boulogne. The *Daily News* and *Morning Post* both have editorials, showing that the seizure of the Georgia was legal, and the British government cannot interfere, as a Confederate war vessel could not legally be sold in a British port. The Liverpool *Courier* editorially states that Mr. Bates did not purchase the Georgia till the customs authorized and informed him that she should be registered as a British vessel, and she was accordingly so registered. It also publishes the evidence that her charter for service to the Portuguese government was bona fide. The *Army and Navy Gazette* admits that the Federal success at Mobile, even in present proportions, is considerable, and as regards peace, it declares its belief that the existence of a peace party is mythical and that as long as there is a ray of hope the North will march onwards to its end—Empire. The *Times* also editorially questions whether the Republicans are any more inclined for recognition or reconciliation than they were a year ago. The French *Courier du Dimanche* has been suspended for two months. The weekly returns of the Bank of France show an increase of cash of four and one third million francs. Arrests continued to be made in Tyrol, owing to the alleged conspiracy to detach Italian Tyrol from Austria. The funeral of eight persons killed in several riots passed of quietly. No renewal of disturbances. BREADSTUFFS—Flour slow of sale at late rates; wheat quiet but firm at Tuesday's improvement; red western, 7s 9d to 7s 6d; southern, 8s 4d to 8s 7d; white, 8s 6d to 9s 3d per 100 lbs. Corn unchanged, mixed 30s, white 32s. PROVISIONS.—Beef dull and drooping; pork steady, but inactive; bacon in retail request at previous prices, 36s to 41s; lard in better demand, 6d to 1s dearer on the week, in most cases quotations 1ls 6d to 41s 6d. PRODUCE.—The Brokers' Circular reports ashes steady, pots 29s 3d to 29s 6d on the spot, and 29s to arrive; pearls, 33s to 33s 6d. Sugars opened firm and dearer, but closed dull, and the advance is partially lost.

Baring Brothers & Co., report breadstuffs quiet but steady, Crude petroleum 1s 9d; refined 2s 1½d on the spot. Beef quiet and a shade lower. Pork difficult to sell even at a considerable reduction. Bacon inactive. Butter scarce and find much wanted.

A DISTRESSING CATASTROPHE—THE PROPELLER SCIOTA SUNK AND NINE PERSONS DROWNED.—On Friday night, about 12 o'clock, the propellor Sciota, owned by Mr. J. W. Gardner, of Buffalo, while on her trip down from Toledo, collided with the propeller Arctic, four or five miles below Dunkirk, and was so badly injured that she sank in two or three minutes, carrying down with her three passengers and six of her crew. According to the Buffalo *Express*, Capt. Chas. D. Roscoe, of the Sciota, states that when he saw the Arctic approaching he signalled her to pass on the starboard side by blowing the whistle twice and that she answered the signal, but, almost immediately altered her course as if intending to pass across the bow of the Sciota, and struck her on the starboard side about five feet from the stem, staving in the whole bow. The Sciota filled instantly forward and went down head first. The captain, one passenger and twelve of the crew were picked up by boats from the Arctic and another propeller.—Mrs. Catherine Dickson and child, and Mrs. Henrietta Harris, of Toledo; George H. Hicok, clerk of the Sciota, two firemen who reside in this city but whose names we are unable to ascertain, and three colored hands named Simeon Blaidso, George Lewis and Samuel Carter, were drowned. Hicok was last seen standing near the lady passengers, and it is thought he lost his life in endeavoring to save them. He was a young man of fine business ability, and much respected. He was a native of Pittsfield, Mass., where his widowed mother now resides. The Sciota was worth about $25,000 and was insured for $20,000. She had on board 1,700 bushels of oats, owned by parties in Erie; 12,000 bushels of wheat, consigned to A. C. Winslow & Co., and 100 barrels of flour, consigned to H. Niles & Co.

The Catholic and Orange Riots at Belfast.

WORKING GIRLS HORRIBLY BEATEN—CHURCHES SACKED.

(From the London Shipping Gazette, Aug. 15.)

The utterly disgraceful and inexcusable riots in Belfast appear to continue. Practically, the town has been for some little time at the mercy of one of the vilest mobs that can be found anywhere—a rabble whose natural blackguardism is inflamed and exaggerated by sectarian bigotry. The Orange party had everything their own way at first and ventured their spiteful and evil tempers on every Catholic who came in their way, even to the length of setting upon the poor hard working girls who were proceeding to work in the factories, whom they "beat horribly." The Catholics deserved and obtained a good deal of commendation for the forbearance they exhibited, but after a while their patience got exhausted and a mob of the lowest of those who profess that faith retaliated. The windows of Dr. Cooke's Presbyterian meeting house have been broken in, also the windows and doors of a Wesleyan chapel and of a church. In revenge for this the Orangemen have wrecked the house of Dr. Dorrian, the Catholic coadjutor bishop.—It is supposed that the military will be called out.

BELFAST, August 16.

The town continues in a very excited state. Onehalf the persons who received a gunshot wound during the riots yesterday died this morning. Mr. Sullivan, the sub-editor of the Belfast *Observer*, the Roman Catholic organ, was brutally maltreated while professionally engaged at a fire last night, and is in a dangerous condition. It is said that five or six others out of the twenty or thirty wounded yesterday died during last night and this morning, but up to the present such has not been confirmed. It is rumored that the navvies of the Roman Catholic party, to the number of four or five hundred, have challenged the ship carpenters, who all belong to the Orange side, to day, and a terrible battle is, therefore, expected. The ship carpenters have just marched through the town to the number of five hundred to six hundred, armed with every kind of weapons. Business is nearly entirely suspended. All houses of business, public houses, &c., were closed at an early hour yesterday. The military was reinforced by a further supply from Dublin last night, and it ought to be hoped, with the large military and police force, at present under the command of the magistrates, further bloodshed will be prevented; but it is very doubtful, as at this moment (10 a. m.) active preparations are being made in all the disturbed districts for a great battle. Knives, pitchforks, pistols, sticks, bludgeons, &c., are plentifully scattered among the rioters.

BELFAST, August 16—noon.

The rioting has assumed a most formidable aspect. The ship carpenters have broken into a gunmaker's in High street, and have taken all guns, pistols, pitchforks, and every other available weapon, and have gone into the town. Firing and stone-throwing is going on in all directions. About an hour ago the police were ordered to fire in Sandy Row, and several men were shot, three reported killed. The windows of hundreds of houses have been totally smashed, and several completely ransacked. All houses closed in every street. Business is entirely suspended. A battle is hourly expected.

BELFAST, August 17, 3:30 p. m.

The greater part of the town is in a state of perfect fury. A dreadful riot occurred in Wilson street and Millfield about half-past 1 o'clock. A great number of men have been injured by bullet wounds and several have been taken to the General hospital. In Barrack street a man driving a bread cart was shot by some person as yet unknown. The man died in fifteen minutes afterward. The ship carpenters and mechanics, to the number of 1300 or 1200, struck work at 2 o'clock, and are parading the streets. Military and police arrived hourly by the train, and this evening there will be about 4,000 soldiers and police in Belfast. The surgeons in the hospitals have been engaged in amputation all day. The military and police are parading the town with fixed bayonets, under the personal superintendence of Major Esmonde. The town is fearfully excited, no person knowing where these disgraceful riots may end. Firing and stone throwing are still going on, and persons are afraid to venture near the disturbed districts, as stray shots are firing in all directions. If the ship carpenters and navvies meet a bloody encounter may be expected, as both mobs are well armed with pistols, guns, pitchforks, bill-hooks, and bludgeons.

The Belfast riots subsided on the 18th—There was a slight outbreak on that day when the remains of one of the rioters were removed for burial, but the presence of the military prevented anything serious. Subsequently tranquility prevailed throughout the town, and the military and constabulary commenced to withdraw. On Friday, the 19th, however, the rioting was resumed with unabated fury. Four constables and about a dozen civilians received gun shot wounds, some of which were serious. An influential meeting was held, attended by both Protestant and Catholic gentlemen, and deputations were appointed to visit the disturbed districts and reason with the rioters and bring them to a calmer and better feeling. The town continued to be patrolled by the military.

United States in Account Current With Abraham Lincoln, 1861-64

Dr.	Cr.
Half a million of men killed and maimed.	Half a million of slaves transformed to vagabonds.
Five thousand million dollars spent and destroyed.	Swarms of contractors enriched.
The Monroe doctrine abandoned.	Shoddy blazing with diamonds.
Our foreign commerce swept from the seas.	
The value of a dollar reduced to forty cents.	
The cost of living doubled.	
The breach between North and South widened.	
Taxes increased five fold.	
Habeas corpus suspended.	
Personal freedom strangled.	
Liberty of the press trampled upon.	
The Constitution abrogated	
The dignity of the government lost.	
Elections carried by terrorism.	

—*World.*

Manslaughter in the Parish of St. Zotique.

The Montreal *Herald* regrets to learn that a case of manslaughter occurred in the parish of St. Zotique on Monday, when one Francois Lalande came to his death in consequence of injuries received from one Monpetit. Both these men were pilots, and lived at the village above named, which is about forty-eight miles from Montreal. They were both very powerful men, and in the habit of drinking, but deceased was particulary addicted to liquor, at which times he became violent. Some misunderstanding took place on the morning of Monday between deceased and prisoner, in consequence of the latter breaking a barrel belonging to the former. An altercation ensued, which soon ceased, however, without any serious result following. But during the evening, whilst Monpetit was sitting in one of the taverns, under the influence of liquor, the deceased entered, and going up to the prisoner seized him by the throat. A struggle then took place, and after a while the combatants were separated. Deceased then threw off his coat, turned up his shirt sleeves, and again assaulted the prisoner, Monpetit. They fell, deceased still holding prisoner by the leg. While on the floor the prisoner, it appears, kicked deceased on the face and head several times, and struck him three blows on the back with his fists. Two men, Sauve and Williams, took the prisoner off deceased, and led the latter on a bench. He was then bleeding profusely from the face and head. Dr. Gleason, of Cotea Landing, was called in, and saw deceased for the first time about 11 o'clock that night. He remained with him all night, and Lalande died the following day (Tuesday) about noon.—Monpetit went to Cotea Landing on Tuesday night, and delivered himself to Dr. Masson and Mr. Dumesnil, Justices of the Peace. These two gentlemen having telegraphed to Mr. Coroner Jones in Montreal, that officer proceeded next morning to hold an inquest. A *post mortem* examination was made by Dr. Masson, assisted by Dr. Dauth, of Cotea du Lac, and after hearing their evidence, and also that of the persons who were present when the disturbance took place, the jury rendered a verdict of "manslaughter" against F. Monpetit, who was therefore brought into Montreal on Wednesday night, and committed to gaol to await his trial at the next term of the Court of Queen's Bench, on the 24th September. Both the prisoner and deceased were married men, with families.

A NICE LITTLE ARRANGEMENT.—A new drinking dodge, in which the ladies are concerned, is thus announced in the New York *Herald*: Persons in the habit of "going shopping," or even of gazing at the windows of stores in Broadway, Bowery and other crowded thoroughfares, must have noticed placards bearing the words, "If you don't see what you want ask for it." Apparently these words are very simple, and bear a very obvious meaning. But it seems there is more hidden in their simplicity than most people would suspect. Any unitiated person reading them would naturally fancy the intention of the placards was to convey the idea that within the store there are many things for sale which are not visible on the counter or shelves. This is so, and yet it is not so. It is so to the extent that many things are for sale that do not meet the eye, and it is not so because those things are not such as one would expect to find vended in such establishments. What is the explanation? If our informant be correct, it appears that the placards referred to, and which are to be seen in the windows of dry goods stores, shirt stores and other establishments where the softer sex "must do congregate," are simply intended to announce to the ladies to the ladies that they can get their bitters within, without let or hindrance from the genus homo. This is the milk in the cocoanut. The ladies have at last managed to establish female bars, where they can enjoy their milk punches, cock-tails, soda or Ojard, all to themselves, and without exciting disagreeable comment.

NIAGARA ELECTION.—The conservative candidate for this constituency, Mr. Morrison, has been elected by a majority of 41 over Mr. Brown.

FIRE AT PRESCOTT.—Wiser's distillery at Prescott was reduced to ashes on Wednesday, the 7th. Total loss $50,000, $23,000 of which is covered by insurance.

☞ The Perth *Herald* is very far astray when it attributes the article in the *Signal* on the Perth judgeship to the joint authorship of Messrs. Lizars and McFarlane. We claim for our humble selves all responsibility in the matter.

CULROSS, Sept. 5th, 1864.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal:

SIR,—We the undersigned desire to say in reply to an address purporting to be from the congregations of this mission to the Rev. W. H. Smythe, which appeared in your issue of July the 21st; that said address does not represent the feelings of said congregations; that the men whose signatures are appended to it as Church wardens do not hold that office; that the great majority of the remaining signatures are not those of members of the church; that we believe the said Rev. W. H. Smythe's conduct to be directly the reverse of what it is there represented to be, that we have no confidence in him as a clergyman or a gentleman; and that we cannot allow the public to be deceived by documents got up, as we believe, in an underhand way for an unworthy purpose. We subscribe ourselves in truth,

James Neil,	James Johnson,
Francis Collins,	Thomas Bailey,
William Collins,	George Gale,
Edward Collins,	John Young, sen.
Dorantine Boyle,	John Young, Jr.
Henry Hogshaw,	Robert Young,
George Hodgins,	Thomas Shilton,
John Hodgins,	George Mannuel,
Thomas Percy,	James Carleton,
William Young,	William Percy,
Samuel Hodgins,	James Young,
Thomas Collins,	John Hodgins,
Francis Guest,	Th