TIME TABLE, G. T. R.
BUFFALO AND GODERICH DISTRICT.

ARRIVE. Description of train.	Time.
Accomodation	12:30 a.m.
Express mail	3:00 pm.
Mixed	10:50 "
DEPART.	
Express mail	6:30 a.m
Accomodation	1:45 p.m
Mixed	4.45 "

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, SEPT. 19TH, 1867.

BROWN ON THE BRAIN.

The tory press, from the Toronto *Leader* down to the little 10 by 12 backwood's starveling, seems to have George Brown on the brain. When Mr. Brown was defeated in South Ontario it was at once announced to the world that the great political chieftain was politically dead and buried. If that was true, why not be magnanimous, sing *requiescat in pace*, and allow the grass to grow over the grave of the fallen? Why does every tory politician from William McDougall to John Holmes insist on digging up the body and killing it over again, hacking and hewing with their blunt weapons until not a vestige of humanity remains? Why do gatherings of tory villagers dishume the remains thus terribly disfigured, and dance about them with howlings worthy of the aboriginal warriors of Canada? Why do the editors of tory Penny Whistles kill Brown afresh in every successive issue of their blatant sheets? If he is dead, politically, *he is dead*; that is the long and short of it, and any further hacking and hewing would be simply barbarous. This Brown-killing business reminds us of a story: 'Out West' lived an Irishman and his wife Betty. Pat, it seems did not personify the characteristic bravery of his race, for one day when a great black bear stepped into his shanty, he, with a howl of fright, leaped upon a beam out of reach. Not so Betty, for she seized an axe and attacked Brain. From his elevated position Pat encouraged her with "hit him again, Bet! Hit him on the hid, the back, the oxther!" At last his bearship gave up the ghost, when valiant Pat descended and cut his head off with the axe, after which he went forth amongst his neighbors proclaiming with all his might, "Me an' Betty killed a bear! Me an' Betty killed a bear!" Just so is it with the thousand and one hirelings we have listened to during the past few weeks. It is "Me and Gibb killed Brown! Me and the *Leader* killed Brown!" and so on *ad libitum*. What ridiculous nonsense these men are guilty of. They do not in their souls believe that Brown is politically dead, and though wounded and stricken down for a moment, if he were to turn on them with renewed strength they would fly like a flock of scared sheep. They know he was defeated, and, being down for a moment, they hope by belaboring his prostrate form to prevent his ever rising. Do these gentlemen actually think that by pummelling George Brown they can destroy *Liberalism* in this Dominion—for that, after all, is what they wish to do? Why, every fact of history, sacred or profane, goes to prove conclusively that whatever may become of individual *men*, Principles go on in an invincible march, sternly trampling down every obstacle that self-interest or passion, or blindly ignorant prejudice can throw in the way. The great principles of Human Progress, in as far as our little Dominion is concerned, cannot be destroyed in the person of George Brown or any one man. They are too widely diffused—they have taken too firm a hold of the popular heart, to be thus demolished. Nero, the tyrant, wished in his blind fury that the people of Rome had but one neck that he might destroy them at a blow. His wish was abortive, but not more so than that of those who wish to destroy Liberalism in Canada by decapitating Mr. Brown. Liberalism is fast becoming the politics of the world, and it will be found that in this soil it will sink its roots deep and spread its branches far and wide, although George Brown should be politically dead and buried and the *Globe* a thing of the past.

We despise this trampling upon the body of a defeated foe. It is unmanly, ungenerous and hateful to every man who is actuated by noble impulses. With Mr. Brown, we, as journalists, have frequently been called upon to disagree. We recognize in his character the absence of certain qualities, the possession of which would have enabled him to hold with a firm hand what his energy had secured. But, notwithstanding his defects, we have long looked upon him as a man who has done more perhaps in exposing public abuses and bringing about much needed reforms than any politician who has entered the arena for the past fifteen years. Let us not cast the man off like a dirty rag, of no more service, and therefore to be thrown aside and to be trodden under foot. God knows, there is too much of this ingratitude in the world just now, without our adding to it by cursing a man who has been so useful during the past, but who may, for aught we know to the contrary, be contemplating a final retirement from the cares and anxieties of public life.

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE?

We mean, can it be possible that a considerable number of the votes of the electors of this Dominion of Canada can be bought with money? It is almost incredible to believe of free-born *Britons*, and yet the elections we have read of and those we have witnessed reveal to us the sad, solemn fact that there are hundreds and thousands of our fellow electors who are ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder. Never before, we believe, in the history of Canada, have there been so many clearly-defined cases of bribery, and never before, we argue, were the morals of the people of this country at so low an ebb. We can imagine that a certain class in our towns and cities, being miserably poor, might be open to money temptations, but when we come to consider the case of farmers who, being comparatively independent, should be far above anything so paltry and mean, the case is very different because the conditions are changed.—"What?" says the candid reader, "an honest yeoman corrupted with money—the thing cannot be!" We freely admit that an honest yeoman cannot allow his franchise to be purchased, but we ask in all sincerity, Have there not been hundreds of farmers who have allowed themselves to be made the meanest kind of slaves during the past few months?—It is a saddening reflection that in this day of free speech, free schools and cheap literature, such a state of things should obtain, and yet the *truth* stares us in the face and cannot be gainsaid. The fault lies partly with our public men who have, during past years, endeavored, many of them, by their public acts to prove that extreme selfishness is not dishonorable.—The main fault, however, is with the people themselves. In every community may be found a class of men who care little for the public weal and whose consciences are of such a pliable nature that they can receive a bribe even when the point of the hook is barely hidden, and a general election is sure to reveal its extent and ramifications. Just so long, then, as people, who should know better hold themselves open to a bid for their franchise, just so long will there be bidders in the market.

During the late contest in Huron, we have repeatedly come in contact with men noted for their respectability otherwise, who could not conceive it possible for one—a journalist, for example—to sacrifice time and energy for the good of a cause *without being well paid for it!* In this way they prove, that they, under similar circumstances, would not bend a finger without having value received. Out upon such a doctrine, say we. Out upon a man who does not love his principles, if he has any, sufficiently to prompt him to some acts of noble self-sacrifice in endeavoring to propagate them.

We saw years ago, that *money* would be the governing influence in Canada—that the length of a man's purse, and not intrinsic merit, would decide in his favor at the polls, and the elections held throughout Canada recently convince us that we are rapidly approaching a climax in this respect. If men all over the country are to be elected merely because they are rich brewers, &c., we would ask, how can the people be properly represented? How can a man who may be talented, but comparatively poor expect to raise himself to the important position of a legislator? How can our legislative bodies command the respect they should inspire? The thing is utterly out of the question. What we want, as a people, is a higher tone of morality, under which it will not be a misnomer to address the electors as "Free and Independent," through which the best talent of the country will be selected to conduct its affairs. Let every good and true man do what lies in his power to foster a principle which is so eminently calculated to ennoble and adorn his country.

☞ A correspondent says the South Riding of Grey was carried by means of the most shocking bribery, and corruption generally.

☞ Blake has been elected for the Commons in West Durham by a majority of 441, and McLeod for the Assembly, by a majority of 805!

☞ Young and Clemens, the reform candidates have been elected in South Riding of Waterloo.

☞ The County Huron Agricultural Society's Exhibition comes off in Goderich on Thursday.

☞ Ira Lewis Esq., our Co. Attorney, has been appointed to conduct the Crown business at both the Walkerton and Goderich assizes. Well done, Sanfield.

PROPELLERS.—The propellers Cuyahoga and City of Detroit are now plying between this port and Chicago and it is understood that very soon the whole Grand Trunk Line will be transferred to the same route. We hope it may be so.

Enterprising.

Our esteemed townsman, E. Clifford, has introduced costly machinery into his baking establishment, and employed experienced workmen for the manufacture of biscuits, crackers, and other articles hitherto brought from London and Hamilton. As they are of the very best quality and cheaper than can be sent in by outsiders we hope our county dealers will by all means encourage such a laudable home enterprise.

☞ We have had since Saturday a spell of unusually warm weather. Yesterday, (Monday) it was quite hot, and from some cause—perhaps humidity of the atmosphere, every article one touched within doors, be it iron or wood, was covered with a damp, slimy sweat most disagreeable to our citizens.

LECTURE.—Rev. Mr. Cameron delivered an able lecture under the auspices of the Good Templars of Goderich in Crabb's Hall, last (Monday) evening. There was a good attendance, and much attention was paid to the learned speaker while he discoursed upon the important subject of "self conquest."

☞ We hear that many of the leading reformers of South Huron contemplate giving a grand dinner to our new members, Messrs. Cameron and Gibbons, in Brucefield, at some early day.

The British Troops,

It is well known to most of our readers that the force of British troops in Canada is being considerably increased just now, but it is not so well known that there is considerable difficulty in finding proper quarters for them. To some towns, such as Cobourg, they are not to be sent because of a want of barrack accommodation. Brantford, Stratford, &c., are more fortunate because the people are public spirited enough to do what is necessary in order to secure advantages of no mean importance. Now, why could we not secure some of these troops for Goderich? We could offer a most healthy position, cheap provisions, freedom from the danger of desertions, and in short every necessary requisite. Barrack accommodation might also be procured. Why should Goderich not be a military as well as a naval station? The presence of a body of regulars would be of vast service to the town, and we are satisfied that if proper exertions were used we might have them. Will some of our 'big guns' take the matter up?

☞ McFarlane and Guest have been triumphantly elected in South Perth!

☞ Apples are being shipped from Woodstock to England. Can our Huron farmers take the hint.

Reform Victories.

Nearly every election that has come off during the past week has resulted in favor of the liberals—in some cases by enormous majorities. What's up? Has that $100,000 of 'secret service' money run out?

THE BRUCE REPORTER.—This is the title of a Reform journal which is to be started at Kincardine about the 1st of October, by Mr Albert Andrews, a gentleman who is, we should say, well qualified to undertake the task. That such a paper is wanted in Bruce has been amply proven during the past contest, and we are satisfied that it will meet with every encouragement and support.

☞ The people of South Bruce may consider themselves particularly fortunate in having for a representative in the Assembly a man will also sit in the House of Commons. It is like having two friends at court, Mr. Blake will do bless do them credit and give every satisfaction.

☞ There must have been some humbugging about the returns of the South Bruce elections. It was nearly a week after the polling before it could be ascertained who was actually elected. Was the object aimed at to injure Mr Blake in West Durham by enabling tory sheets to cry "glorious victory" over his alleged defeat, or are we to attribute it to downright stupidity on the part of some of the returning officers. The *Leader* is so much obfuscated that it does not know who is elected yet.

HOLMESVILLE.

TEA-MEETING.—The Good Templars of this vicinity held a tea-meeting on Friday evening last. The forenoon of the day being wet, and the evening damp and chilly, the turn-out was not so large as expected. The ladies of the Temple had a splendid tea ready at the residence of Sergt. Kelly, which was done ample justice to, after which the company repaired to the Methodist Church to hear an address by Rev. W. H. Poole of Goderich, which was delivered in his usual able manner, to an attentive audience.

☞ Lawson and McCall, reform, have been elected in South Norfolk.

☞ Stirton and Gow, reform, are elected in South Wellington.

☞ In North Perth, Tom Daly, has been elected to stay at home by Mr. Bedford. Mr. Monteith, a very liberal conservative, goes to the Assembly.

☞ T. Ferguson and Mr. Little have been elected for South Simcoe.

As the principal business intended for the Quarter Sessions has been traversed to the Assizes, we omit our promised report

Goderich Salt at the Paris Exhibition.

We learned some time ago, but failed, in the midst of the election contest to announce, that the Goderich Salt sent to the Paris Exposition had been awarded the palm over the world, thus bearing out the statement of Dr. Sterry Hunt. Our information is gathered from the supplementary report of Mr. Tache our commissioner in Paris. Goderich, therefore, produces the best and purest article of Salt in the known world! We believe the fact will prove of more importance to us than we can yet conceive. And yet how slow the developement goes on. Month after month passes away, one well does a splendid business, another is going down, and the community rests on its ears to see what will turn up. More energy should be manifested by *some body*.

☞ The Princess of Wales is still suffering much from the stiffness of her leg. It will, it is feared, be long ere she is completely convalescent.

☞ Russia, it is said, has sent an ultimatum to Turkey demanding the cession of the island of Candia to Greece, and also the full equality of Christians and Mohamedans in Turkey.

☞ A species of nettle growing in the Mississippi Valley is being used for making paper.

ANCIENT POTTERY.—M. Fonque, of the College of France, has recently returned from a journey of exploration in the Island of Santorin, where he has found interesting because he has gathered them himself from a vegetable soil, at a depth of from five to six metres, were they were strewn with objects carved in silver, and other little objects, of gold. These objects, such as knives, points of arrows and sharp blades, appear to indicate that the age of working in clay and stone was followed immediately and easily by the use of metals, and that the employment of vessels and tools of stone was active at the moment when commercial relations with one and another nation were in their infancy, for these potteries appear to have been fabricated upon the coasts of Asia Minor.

THE LAMBTON ELECTIONS.

McKenzie and Pardee Far Ahead, First Day.

By special telegraph to the Signal.

Sarnia, Sept. 7.

Our elections commenced yesterday. A large vote was polled, and at the close it was found that McKenzie's majority was 672 and Pardee's 848!! The greatest enthusiasm prevails amongst reformers.

NOTES FROM LONDON.

VISIT OF THE GREAT ENGLISH PREACHER, THE REV. NEWMAN HALL—HIS SERMONS—EAST MIDDLESEX ELECTION—GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

(From our own Correspondent.)

London, Sept. 14th, 1867.

Our little city has been honoured with a visit from one of the most noted of English divines, the Rev. Newman Hall, L.L. B., and the Rev. Robert Balgarnie, also an eminent Congregationalist. They arrived here yesterday, from the East, at noon, visited the various places of interest about the town; preached in the evening, and started again on their journey to Chicago and the West by the mid-night train. Immediately after their arrival, extras were distributed announcing their presence, and that they would preach in the Congregational Church in the evening. At the hour appointed for the service, though the notice had been short, and the streets muddy after the rain, the house was crowded to excess, the aisles, gallery, vestry, and even pulpit and door-steps being thronged with God-fearing citizens who desired to hear this great apostle of Dissenting Protestantism and popular advocate of the temperance cause. The Rev. Robt. Balgarnie opened the meeting by giving out the hymn,—

"Come! holy spirit, heavenly dove,"

which was sung to a familiar old air, the whole congregation heartily joining in with the choir. The Rev. Newman Hall preached from the words "Lord, increase our faith," entered immediately into the subject, of his sermon, without any preliminaries whatever, and with a constant flow of pure and undefiled English, without a stammer, without an inappropriate or misplaced word, with a few simple, graceful gestures and many striking similes and homely illustrations drew the fixed attention of his audience throughout the whole service.

Newman Hall, though 52 years of age, is, apparently, in the very prime of life. He is a tall unassuming man with black hair and beard, high Shakspearian forehead, and an eye as keen as that of a hawk. Since his sixteenth year he has worked earnestly for his master and has zealously labored for the promotion of Educational, philanthropic, and religious measures. He has published many valuable works. His little volume "Come to Jesus" has been translated into many languages and scattered throughout the wide world. In England he is considered second only to Spurgeon, and is claimed to be the champion of teetotalism. He preaches in Chicago to-morrow. His visit will long be remembered by Londoners and it is the desire of many, that he should visit us again previous to his return to England.

The election of members for the East Riding commenced on Monday last, and ended in the election of Mr. Willson, a Conservative, to the House of Commons, and Mr. Evans, a Reformer, to the Local Legislature. The result of the election was the cause of considerable demonstration by the Reformers of this city, who took an active part to insure the return of the Reform candidates. At an early hour on Tuesday evening, the Willson men built fires in various parts of the city, but they gradually dwindled down and were left alone in their glory. In the meantime the Reform fires were blazing up in several places, the principal one being in front of Strong's Hotel. Mr. Billy Wilson, a young man of rather spicy character and a stanch Reformer, though his father does the voting, was the founder, and until a late hour, when he was compelled to succumb to the influence of the contents of his stomach, he might be seen, every now and then, riding up to the fire in a wagon loaded with boxes and barrels, drawn by boys, swinging his arms with all the eloquence of gesture, and replenishing his fire, much to the glory of the party and the discomfiture of the police, who were opposed to the demonstration, and found it impossible to remove Billy, who called upon the crowd to assist him whenever they made the attempt. It was truly wonderful how they kept from more seriously injuring one another. They fought the policeman, fought with their enemies, and fought with their best friends, and rolled and danced about the fire sometimes for half an hour together, and as degreed quiet you expected to see somebody carried off the field, but each time it was "nobody hurt." Billy's last exploit, previous to retiring, was to get a barrel of pitch, but when he brought it to the fire, small as was the police force, he, and all his bold assistants, could not "push it in," and as a last resort he stood it upon end, mounted it, made a brief speech, acknowledged himself defeated and retired. The streets did not become quiet till about four the next morning.

LENTULUS.

Toothache as a Convenience.

A thin, spare looking man, of rather pleasing address, but whose dress, however, had seen better days, seems to be very much angered with that painful affliction known as the toothache. With him it is chronic, and it seems to have affected his mind to such an extent that he has become extremely forgetful. He has been a sufferer for two years from a decayed molar, and the only palliative remedy he has found is tobacco. How many tobacco shops he has visited during the term of his affliction in Philidelphia, to obtain just a small piece of the weed to stop his aching tooth, it is not possible to enumerate.

This singular individual stepped into a tobacco and cigar store the other evening, with his hand pressed against the side of his face.

"My dear sir," said he to the proprietor, who was behind the counter, "will you be kind enough to give me a little piece of tobacco to stop my aching tooth."

The proprietor was too good natured to refuse granting the request, and gave him an 'end,' which is first edge or end of a plug of cavendish.

"Thank you sir," replied the afflicted individual, as he received the proffered piece, a part of which he placed in his upper gum aside the aching tooth.

"Good evening sir," said he retiring. "I am very much obliged to you."

The proprietor of the establishment says that the same individual had been in the habit of visiting his place every now and then for two years past on the same errand.

By this *ruse* the suffering individual has probably contrived to keep himself in full supply of the narcotic weed, and it matters little to him whether the price goes up or down.

"HANDS OFF!"

Goderich Sept. 16th 1867

To the Editor of the Signal.

The County Exhibition, takes place on Thursday next, the 19th inst, when I hope we shall see a good display of Agricultural and Horticultural products, as well as industrial and mechanical objects. I trust the ladies will not be behind in exhibiting both the useful and ornamental; but my main object in writing is to try to induce parties from taking fruit and vegetables from off the tables without consent of owners, and appropriating them to their own use, the way this has been practiced in our annual exhibitions is disgraceful. I know our principal exhibitors such as Mc. Johnston, Mr. Ross and others have been far from pleased with such doings, and some have actually refused to show articles on account of it. I do not write on account of selfish motives, as I never yet exhibited any thing, but I trust I shall yet be able to furnish my quota, when I hope to see this abuse remedied, and what makes the practice still worse, it is done by parties that ought to set a better example, they being themselves placed in a position to look after the interest of our Town and citizens at large. I hope this will not be the case this year, if it is I shall certainly expose both it and them, a word to the wise is sufficient.

I am yours truly,

WATCHFUL.

EVERY SATURDAY.

This popular Weekly presents its readers just those portions of European current literature which every intelligent American wishes and needs to see. Omitting the heavier papers, discussions of topics of local interest, it gathers from all sources the readable and instructive articles which express the best current thought of England and the Continent, and with the utmost promptness places them before American readers. Any good story, any popular sketch or essay, any interesting semi-scientific paper, any striking poem, or literary intelligence appearing in a European periodical, is sure to reappear speedily in the pages of *Every Saturday*. It is published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston.

The Crops in England.

Mr. Meei writes to the *Times*:—Sir,—the tropical heat of the last few days, produced by a brilliant sunshine and drying easterly wind, has effected a marvellous and beneficial change in our grain crops. A week ago they were, in too many instances, laid flat, partially mildewed, and of a dark, unhealthy green color, and likely to be late in ripening and poor in yield. Now they have a fine gold color, and, although there must be much thin grain, the whole appearance of the crops has become comparatively healthy, the fungus of mildew having been almost destroyed, certainly checked, by the intense heat and dryness of the atmosphere. Harvest is general hereabout, but opinions differ very much as to whether our wheat crop will approach an average; there can certainly be no superabundance. Crops vary much, according to soil and style of farming, there being an unusual advantage in favor of well-drained and highly-farmed lands. After these thunderstorms, dry weather will be acceptable.

The *Mark Lane Express* says: Our anticipations that the extraordinary changes of temperature in winter and spring were indicative of the character of the year throughout have hitherto been regrettably confirmed. Plunged during the last week into a glowing temperature, which on Wednesday night brought us an unusual amount of rain, with thunder and lightning, which suddenly changed the face of things, till Friday's return of comparatively fine weather revived the farmer's hopes, though the frequent gatherings of clouds reminded us that we were not out of harm's way. We hear, however, that the rain has been partial, and let us hope the damage has been small; for those portions of the crop which were laid, being near the ground, were in great peril, for, with the present temperature, such corn might sprought in six hours. No serious harm has been yet reported, and let us hope that we shall hear of none. In the meantime some farmers have been active, and a fair portion of the new crop was exhibited on Friday in Mark lane. We cannot say much of the stoutness or weight of samples, but the condition exceeded our calculations. As to the yield, complaints increase here as in France; so we think Europe will commence immediately on its new crop, with very little left of the old, and upon the truthfulness of American reports we shall be obliged to depend to make up our deficiencies. There have been failures in Portugal and Spain, as well as in Algeria and elsewhere, and other southern regions; and though the present range of prices will doubtless bring large supplies early to market, we may find ourselves running short towards the end of the cereal seasons. The quotations of old wheat will be very short-lived this autumn, stocks being scarcely ever worked up so close. The late tropical heat experienced in Europe will mature the crops one week earlier than expected, and on the general exhibition of new samples we must expect a lower range of prices. All prices this week must be deemed uncertain; and our colonists at New York, finding themselves with 30,000 qrs. old stock, with the prospect of large arrivals of new, have been venturing on shipments to Great Britain.

Crops in the United States.

The New York *Evening Post* says:—"The grain and other staples of the country being now fairly harvested and the yield known, the following statement, copied by an accurate observer, may be of interest as showing the relative capacity of the different States for producing the various staples. Illinois, according to this report, is much the largest producer of Indian corn, more than one sixth of the whole crop of the country being grown there, and also the largest producer of oats, yielding more than 20 per cent of the whole, and of hay more than 20 per cent. Pennsylvania takes the lead in the production of rye, giving nearly one third of the product of the whole country, and in buck wheat over 42 per cent. New Jersey produces more rye than any other state, according to population. New York takes the lead in the production of barley, about 40 per cent of the whole product being raised here. Virginia takes the lead in tobacco; her crop is about 30 per cent of the whole. New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey together produce two-thirds of all the rye. New York stands the tenth state in the production of Indian corn, being exceeded by Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucy and Missouri. In wheat New York is exceeded by Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa. Illinois alone has in corn about 5,000,000 acres; in wheat, 2,196,000 acres; in rye 345,000 acres; in oats, 883,000 acres; in barley, 41,000 acres. The southern staples, cotton, rice and sugar cannot, of course, enter into this estimate, but the statistics of these crops for this year are considering all thing, exceedingly favorable. Altogether the harvest of 1867 is one of the most beautiful ever gathered in this country."

A Swiss farmer was recently convicted of watering his milk, and sentenced to eighteen month's imprisonment and forfeiture of his civil rights. A little Swiss justice in this country would be decidedly a good thing.

☞ The Listowell *Banner* says:—We go in strong for election by ballot. Let the voters have a chance at the polls with out fear. Let us have vote by ballot by all means.

One exceedingly warm day in June a neighbour met an old man and remarked that it was very hot. "Yes," said Joe, "if it wasn't for one thing I should say we were going to have a thaw." "What is that?" inquired his friend. "There's nothing froze," says Joe. The man went his way.

How Napoleon Travels.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The special train in which the Emperor Napoleon went with his suite from Paris to Salzburg, is described as exceeding in comfort and elegance anything of the kind that has hither to been known. The train consisted of nine carriages, communicating with each other by tastefully decorated bridges. In the middle was a handsome sitting-room, furnished with chairs, ottomans, sofas, mirrors, pictures, clocks and chandeliers. On one side of this room was the dining-room, and the other the Emperor's study. In the middle of the dining-room there was a table, capable of being extended or contracted at pleasure, with easy chairs placed parallel to the sides of the carriage. The Emperor's contained an elegant writing-table, a clock in the style of the renaissance, a thermometer, a barometer and a telegraph apparatus, by means of which telegraphic communication was established with the apartments of the various court officials travelling with his Majesty. Next to the study was the bedroom of the Emperor and Empress, with two beds placed transversely against the sides of the carriage. Two dressing rooms were attached to the bedroom. The remaining corriages consisted of a Kitchen, a wine cellar, and the apartments of the Emperor's suite. There was also a conservatory filled with the choicest flowers."

STRANGE VISITORS "BY EXPRESS."

For the last three months a box marked "J. Ward, Toronto," and booked with $25 collection, lay in the bonded warehouse attached to the American Express office, in this city, without attracting any attention, until yesterday, when it was thought that certain indications of putrefaction within, justified the express authorities in examining the contents. The box was an ordinary circumstance. It was consequently not to be wondered at that in an ever-moving mountain of boxes, bales, and parcels, one with even peculiar contents should pass unnoticed. Since the fourth of June last, this box remained "until called for," or, as at afterwards occurred, until turned out, into the street. For some time past, however, strange noises had been heard in the vicinity of the box with the unknown contents, and the night watchman's slumbers had frequently been disturbed by such peculiar sounds that, had he been at all superstitious, he would have at once suspected the presence of something supernatural in the vicinity of his apartments. Yesterday, however, a sequel to the affair presented itself. The box emitted a peculiar odour, and a clerk was commissioned to ascertain the cause. When opening the securely-nailed top, out jumped two well grown rattlesnakes, one about five and the other seven feet long. The shorter reptile, although fingle in the box for three months, was in a healthy condition and in full possession of its faculties, for its first impulse was to raise its venomous fangs at its deliverer. The other exhibited serious signs of infirmity, for one half the body was in a bad state of decomposition. The astonishment of the officials at the unusual sight gave way to a feeling of security, when the porter of the establishment dispatched the larger but less animated reptile by a well directed blow on the head. The other required more stringent measures and decomposition was resorted to before life became extinct. The snakes were booked from Great Bend, Indiana, and were evidently intended for some itinerant showman traveling in this locality.—*Globe.*

SCOTCH DIVORCES.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says the general English public has come to the perhaps hasty conclusion that in Scotland nobody knows who is married and who is not, and therefore does not care to hear any more about the Yelvertons. But perplexing as the Scotch law on divorce may be at present it was worse a generation ago. Then it was every whit as easy for a married couple to get themselves legally divorced in Scotland, with permission to marry again, as it is now in the most lax of German kingdoms or dukedoms. And what would be more surprising to ordinary people is the circumstance that English born people, married in England at an Anglican parish church, had only to travel to Scotland, go through certain formalities, and at a cost of about fifty pounds have their nuptial knot untied, and they might then return to England free to marry whome they pleased. More than all, although the whole affair was publicly arranged by the parties acting in concert, it was held to be a fair and not immoral thing for the wife to take what was called the "oath of calumny," and to swear that there was no collusion between her husband and herself to procure the divorce.

A very curious instance of the operation of this law is given in a recently published book. A respectable Englishman and his equally respectable English wife separated. There was no quarrel nor even a violent dislike, only they did not enjoy each other's society. Presently the husband fell in love. He wrote to his wife about divorce. They met in Edinburgh. The notes of the conversation in the wife's diary are amusing. They not only made arrangements about present and future money affairs, and the custody of their sons, of whom they both professed to be equally fond, the lady specially objecting to the father's taking him to the Trivia Court, but on one occasion they discussed the pictures at Dalkeith, and the beauties of Roslyn Castle, and on a third they drank tea together, and finally settled that the moment the lady should have taken the "oath of calumny," on proper legal advice, she should make up a parcel containing "the joiful intelligence," and send it off by a messenger, that so the husband should know what was done at once, without waiting for the slow-going post to carry a letter in its ordinary course.

After a little tour in the Highlands she returned at her lawyer's summons, took the oath, despatched the messenger, and then went to visit her late husband's relatives in Devonshire. After the gentleman's second marriage they met at Paris, apparently without embarrassment.

Retribution, an Austrian Colonel Hacked to Death.

A curious case of retribution took place the other day at a country seat near Grate, in Austria. The proprietor of this country seat, Baron Praugen, had in 1840 been a colonel in the Austrian army, and chief of the military police at Verona. In that position he had displayed extraordinary cruelty, and had repeatedly inflicted severe corporeal punishment on prominent ladies of the Italian aristocracy. Among other instances, he caused the punishment of the *verges* to be administered to the young Countess Bovina, who had been arrested for concealing a young relative of hers, a member of the revolutionary party. The sentance was carried into execution with unheard of brutality. The Countess was stripped almost naked, tied to a bench in front of the military barracks, and whipped unmercifully by three Croats, in presence of a large crowd of jeering soldiers. The poor lady was almost grazed with shame and indignation at this infamous outrage, and the speedy death of her husband, an officer in the Sardinian army brought about her death a few months after the horrible scene in front of the barracks of Verona. She left a young son, two years of age. When the boy grew up, and heard of the cruel fate of his mother, he made a solemn vow to avenge her. A few weeks ago he repaired to Baron Praugen's country seat, and struck him several times in the face in presence of a number of witnesses, for the purpose of compelling him to challenge him. The challenge was sent, and the young Italian had the choice of weapons. He chose Turkish sabres, in the use of which weapon he had, by long practice, acquired particular skill. When the duel took place, the Italian told the Austrian who he was, and attacked him furiously with the sabre, and hacked him almost to pieces. The authorities only heard of the horrible affair after all was over.

A Carnival.

It is impossible for those who never visited the glowing East to form an adequate idea of the exceeding beauty of an oriental night. The sky, which bends enamored over clusters of graceful palm trees fringing some slow-moving stream, or groves of dark, motionless cypresses rising up like gothic spires from the midst of white, flat roofed villages, is of the deepest, darkest purple, unstained by the faintest film of vapor, undimmed by a single fleecy cloud. It is the very margine of purity and peace, idealizing the dull earth with its beauty elevating sense into the sphere of soul, and suggesting thoughts and yearnings too tender and ethereal to be invested with human language. Through its transparent depths the eye wanders dreamily upward until it loses itself on the threshold of other worlds. Over the dark mountain ranges, and lonely moon walks in brightness, clothing the landscape with the pale glories of a mimic day; while the zodiacal light, far more distinct and vivid than it is ever seen in this country, diffuses a mild prasidial radiance above the horizon, like the after-glow of sunset. Constellations tremulous with excess of brightness, sparkle in the heavens, associated with classical myths and legends which are a mental inheritance to every educated man from his earliest years. There the ship Argo sails over the trackless upper ocean in search of the golden fleece of Colchis; there Perseus, returning from the conquest of the Gorgons, holds in his hand the terrible head of Medusa; there the virgin Andromeda chained naked to the rock awaits in agony the approach of the devouring monster; there the luxurient yellow hair of Berenice hangs suspended as a votive offering of Venus; while the dim misty track formed by the milk that dropped from Juno's breast, and which, as it fell upon the earth, changed the lilies from purple to a snowy whiteness, extends across the heavens, like a ghost of a rainbow. Conspicuous among them all, far up toward the zenith, old Orion, with his blazing belt, meets the admiring eye, suggestive of gentle memories and kind thoughts of home; while immediately beyond is seen the familiar cluster of the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, glittering and quivering with radiance in the amethystine ether, like a breastplate of jewels—the Urim and Thummim of the Eternal.

Itinerary of the Fenian Bark Plato.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of August 26, says:—"The itinerary pursued by the Fenian bark Plato, 500 tons register, Capt. McGroom, after she had made Tory Island, on the coast of Donegal, is, to say the least of it, unusual. Leaving Tory Island, she cruised about the coast of Donegal, and effected a landing at the head of Kinsale, which, as the crow flies, is 250 miles north of Donegal. Leaving Kinsale, to avoid an English frigate in the neighborhood, the Plato made the coast of Wexford, and under cover of the night put into Bantry Bay, which, as the crow flies, is 100 miles west of the nearest point of Wexford. Standing out again to sea from Bantry Bay in the extreme southwest of Ireland, the Plato hovered off the coast of Antrim, in the extreme north of the island, and ultimately put into Antrim Bay, a locality unknown to hydrographers. Shaping a northeast course from Antrim Bay, the Plato soon made Belfast Lough, which lies due south of Antrim; but finding the people there unprepared for insurrection, she steered boldly due west slap through the very centre of Ireland, and came out at the Cove of Cork, whence she returned to the United States. The letters which contain these ludicrous blunders have been triumphantly cited as genuine by the whole of the Fenian Press."

HORRIBLE EVENT AT AN EXECUTION.—Of the execution of Charles Chase at Brookville, Pa., on Wednesday last, for the murder of an old woman named Elizabeth McDonald, the *Herald* of that date says: "We have, at this time, no heart to gratify a morbid curiosity of appetite by descanting upon the revolting particulars of this first, and it is hoped, the last execution in Jefferson county. From a private source we learn that the hanging was conducted in such a bungling manner that the knot slipped and the victim fell to the earth, where he for some moments remained insensible. When consciousness had returned, he was again placed upon the scaffold, and while the rope was being adjusted for the second time, the unfortunate man vehemently exclaimed, 'My God, this is too hard! For God's sake make sure of your work this time.' Our informant states that the most intense excitement prevailed for a time in the jail yard, persons running to and fro, the sheriff among those most violently agitated, and not one daring to touch the body of the but half executed murderer which lay upon the earth writhing in agony."

A STRANGE LADY GODIVA.—At the South Pewable in Lake Superior, a man and his wife had a severe quarrel, resulting in his packing his bundle and starting out. Outonagon, thinking that he would live with her no longer. She followed him along the road, begging for his return, but he was inexorable, and trudged on. Finally she became so exasperated that she vowed that if he did not turn about she would strip herself stark naked, and in that condition follow him to his journey's end. As he did not stop she was as good as her word, and taking her clothing by the bundle, she followed him in that good fascinating costume of nature. This only made him laugh. When they came to the intersection of the road they were surprised by meeting with a party of young men who had been out fishing, and then the husband began to think his wife's costume was not entirely that prescribed by court etiquette, and cutting a short sharp, he started her back on a keen run, not allowing her to stop and gather up her clothes. Our informant says she made speedy time in going from the clearing to the house, probably because she was not encumbered by extra clothing. Since then both parties have indefinitely postponed their trip to Outonagons.

The Accumulation of Gold.

The steady accumulation of bullion in the two great money centres of the world—London and Paris—is exciting much comment and not a little apprehension, in Europe. The phenomenon seems to baffle explanation. One of the strangest circumstances attending it is the fact that, as yet, prices and consols have not been affected. At the Bank of England there is an almost total absence of discount demand, and lenders find it difficult to obtain even one per cent for money. The city article of the London Times (Aug. 10) says that, since the beginning of the year, the increase of gold in the Bank of England has been £4,125,000, and in the Bank of France it has amounted to eight millions sterling, the total amount being five times as large as it was in 1864. Notwithstanding this plethora, governments find it extremely hard to effect loans, and the shares of companies earning from five to fifteen per cent, are heavy unsaleable on any terms.

Without undertaking to explain this financial phenomenon, it is safe to predict a flow of capital to this country before long, in obedience to the attractions of a higher rate of interest and a steady, safe employment. But for the political uncertainties of the South, the tide would have set in ere this. In our opinion, the time is not far distant when the demands of our marvellous but healthy material development will create an American standard of financial movement, and locate the world's clearing-house upon the western shores of the Atlantic—probably in New York.

Tyranny of Habit

In 1866 a lady sent for a physician to see her husband. He was highly esteemed, at ease in wealth, and had no special disease, but no strength, appetite or enjoyment. The physician frankly told the wife that her husband was the victim of long and incessant stimulation by liquor. Not drunkenness, but to such degree that he could not live three months unless the habit was broken. She told him, and his answer was, 'I can't do it.' He died a victim, too weak to be saved by friends, family or fortune.

In 1825, when yellow fever raged in New Orleans, nearly 5,000 drinkers died before a temperance man was taked. In the same year cholera swept off one in sixty at Albany but one in twenty-five strictly temperate were taken. Let our habits be good, and their power will be freedom, lifting up, never tyranny, dragging down.

The consumption of beef, bread, fish, and other commodities of daily life, has diminished in Jamaica during the past two months; the main reason for which is, that in the 'mango season,' while fruit is abundant, 'negroes will not work, being satisfied to live upon superfluity of its supply, and in many places actually live and sleep under fruit-trees, in pastures.'

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Prepared for the Signal by John Holden, Esq., Station Observer at Goderich.

DAYS. Time, 7 a. m.	Barometer reduced to 32° Fah.	Temperature of Air.	Direct'n and Velocity* of the Wind.	Extent of sky clouded†	Rain, inches.
1867.					
Mon., Aug 26	29.314	63.9	E .0	5	
Tues. " 27	.327	67.6	E .0	0	
Wed. " 28	28.996	69.9	W .1	10	.2610
Thurs. " 29	29.170	69.9	N W.1	9	
Fri., " 30	.393	34.4	N W.1	10	1.311
Sat., " 31	.252	60.9	S .1	10	.0037

* The "Velocity of the Wind" is expressed approximately by numbers, thus:—0. Calm; 5. Moderate Gale; 10. Very heavy Hurricane, &c.

† The "extent of sky clouded" is expressed by numbers, from 10 to 0; thus: 10, denotes that the sky is covered with clouds, 5, that it is half covered; and 0 that it is perfectly clear.

BAROMETER.

Highest Barometric pressure during the week was 29.430