away in a manner that made me jot down temper as another failing in this very faulty young person.

The entrance of Charley, a languid, delicate looking boy, put an end to the discussion. Mrs. Bingham certainly gave him as cordial a welcome as if she had asked him. Even the two Miss Binghams greeted him with more demonstration than is usually bestowed on boys of sixteen. "Very kind," I thought; but it was a kindness Charley did not seem to appreciate, as he moved away to Lizzie in the window, and stood by her there in a languid yet easy way till we went in to dinner.

I found myself between Mrs. Bingham and her daughter Elizabeth. Miss Bingham took the foot of the table; their cousin and Charley were opposite me. Mrs. Bingham conversed a little with me about my mother and loneliness here, sympathetically; so that what with hot soup and the startling loudness of my replies, I became very warm in deed.

Elizabeth was—retiring. She wanted setting off on a subject; even then she did not go any extreme way, but replied modestly, and retired again. Miss Lizzie, too, was silent, and again offended my taste at the beginning of the meal. (I had many particular notions about young ladies.)

"I am so hungry," she said; "riding round Drayton Hill with all that delicious heather out, is beneficial to me. May I have some beer, Jane?"

"You can have what you like," said Miss Bingham, acidly.

And Lizzie's glass was filled. To drink beer seemed to me as masculine as a coquettish bonnet looked worldly.

I looke I at Elizabeth's glass. Pure water! and felt thankful.

The dinner was quite a plain one. After the soup, chickens and a shoulder of mutton. I trembled at the chickens, but Mrs. Bingham declining my aid, I was feeling able to converse with Elizabeth, when Miss Lizzie's clear voice came out for the benefit of the table.

"I've been offered two tickets to-day for the Beaconsfield ball; it 's in a fortnight."

Mrs. Bingham, busy with the chickens, did not hear. Miss Bingham exclaimed,—

"One does n't hear a sensible word there."

"Does n't one," said Lizzie; "well, I must be indifferent to sensible words, for I want to go very much. Do you recollect, Charley, the ball last year, and how you got spoony on Miss Brett, and quite deserted me?"

"No, I don't Lizzie. I recollect being sent off by Percy."

"Hush," said Lizzie, laughingly but I was busy with my thoughts.

Spoony!! A young lady use such a word. I felt electrified. I turned to the gentle Elizabeth.

"Do you, too, care for balls?" I asked somewhat anxiously.

"No," said Elizabeth, in a very low voice, and blushing; "at least," she added, "I always like the school treat more."

Here was a disciplined mind for you. The carnal nature conquered,—desire under control.

Said Miss Bingham, "You must regret the absence of your vicar, Mr. Williams."

"I do indeed; he seems such a superior man. He was divided between the wish to stay and help me, and his anxiety to be with his sick child."

"Did he leave you the key of his kitchen garden?" said Lizzie, irreverantly.

"No." I replied, not seeing the force of the question.

"He has such nice peaches," continued Lizzie. "When I was here last year the bishop came down, and the bishop had as many of them as he liked to eat, and Dr. Walsh was so pleased to see the bishop eat them. Has Mrs. Spinx any peaches in her garden?"

"No, of course not"; but I said I was independent of peaches.

"Dr. Walsh says his have a peculiar flavor," said Charley. "Percy got a whole lot sent last year."

"Don't you know the proverb, Charley.—'Stroke me and I will stroke thee'? Dr. Walsh strokes Percy with the peculiar flavored peaches; Percy must stroke the Doctor with a pne. Dr. Walsh, my dear, is partial to stroking, and does not object to an English pine."

I felt aglow with indignation, though the young lady opposite seemed quite unconscious of such a feeling being possible.

Mrs. Bingham observed (it was wonderful, sometimes how she heard), "It's a pity his eldest girl is so delicate."

"O Aunt Bingham," burst out Lizzie, "you know very well she is n't. Dr. Walsh finds Marsden dull and Scarborough the reverse, and just because Emily has n't a color—"

I could not wait to the end of the sentence, —I could stand it no longer.

"You seem to forget who you are speaking before, Miss D'Arcy. I am Dr. Walsh's curate. Am I to sit and listen to slander against my vicar? There is always some one to impute evil motives to the best of men and deeds."

Mrs. Bingham looked pleased, Charley began,—

"Mr. Williams, it's not slander; it's as well known—"

When Lizzie stopped him with a look, and then turned on me a straightforward glance out of her large blue eyes. She was certainly very pretty, especially with the flush on her cheeks they had now; but then, is not beauty deceitful?

She said nothing at first, to my surprise; but after her steady look the corners of her mouth curled with smiles, and she said demurely,—

"I still think Dr. Walsh ought to have left you the key of his kitchen-garden, Mr. Williams."

Then she turned to Charley, and the two talked together for the rest of dinner, alone.

If beauty is deceitful, there was no deceit in Elizabeth; if placidity is estimable in a woman, Elizabeth was much to be esteemed. On principle I did like and esteem her, on principle, also, I disliked and thought little of her cousin. Our views on so many points coincided; indeed, I might say on every point, about parish work, society, books, &c.

It was still daylight when dinner was over, and Lizzie said,—

"O, let us have a game at croquet. Mr. Williams, shall we teach you?"

It seemed a veiled attempt at reconciliation. I had reproved Miss Lizzie in a way many young ladies might have resented, so I gave in to the croquet.

Then Elizabeth said she had work to finish.

"One of those everlasting flannel petticoats?" suggested Charley.

(Another virtue,—she made flannel petticoats!)

"Charley, you're a goose," said Lizzie.—"It is just because they are n't everlasting she makes them; but put them by for to-night, and be good natured, Elizabeth."

(Could she be anything else?)

So Elizabeth sacrificed the flannel petticoats at the shrine of croquet, and we had to choose our sides.

I have seen men linger over this, as if preference in croquet showed preference in life. Charley, however, showed no such hesitation.

"Come, Lizzie, I won't desert you to night," he said, as we began, and of course I was beaten. Elizabeth played in a tranquil manner, while her cousin's ball was like a shooting star, and a shooting star had far the best of it.

"Don't you think this rather a poor game to be made so much fuss about?" observed Elizabeth to me.

(She had tried three times at one hoop, and we stood side by side.)

"I did not like the notion of it," I said, "but it seems harmless."

"O yes, or I should not play, of course'. And then Lizzie made a swoop down, and sent me to a laurel-bush at the antipodes.

I was not near my partner again till just the end of the game. Lizzie was advancing to the stick, and Elizabeth asked me,—

"Do you think her pretty?" (How very feminine!)

Yes, I thought her very pretty, but I did not think it was the kind of beauty I admired the most.

"O Mr. Williams," said Elizabeth, with more animation than I had seen her display, "you think exactly like I do. I call her pretty, only it's a pity she's such a flirt."

I did not quite like this. I did not doubt Lizzie being a flirt, only the good-nature of Elizabeth in telling me so. Or was it that she had detected something inflammable about me, and so set up a fire guard as a precaution? I would not believe that anything but good-nature could dwell in that Miss Bingham, whom I believed Providence had selected for me.

"She has only an invalid father, and he spoils her so," continued Elizabeth. "I am very fond of her; but we are so different; she likes balls and things, and I—" Miss Elizabeth's autobiography was closed by Lizzie coming up.

"There! we've beaten you, Mr. Williams, so now there's nothing left for you but to make the best of it by saying something polite."

Was this flirting? It might be, yet somehow it seemed harmless, like the croquet. Then we went in, and had some tea and music. Elizabeth played, certainly not professionally, but nicely, and I did not like too much time devoted to music.

"Now, Lizzie, sing something," said Charley.

"Lizzie," called out her aunt, "remember your sore throat."

Lizzie said it was quite well.

"I'm responsible for you," said Mrs. Bingham.

So Lizzie, with very flushed cheeks, gave up her own opinion and sat down with Charley to a game of chess, over which they talked a great deal. Then Elizabeth drew a low stool near her mother's chair, and we made quite a little home picture, with Lizzie excluded; and yet—and yet—I wished (as Mrs. Bingham gave out her improving sentences, and Elizabeth sounded a gentle accompaniment) that if such a thing were possible, blue eyes, and pink muslin, and golden hair with pink ribbon in it, were n't of this world worldly. I wished it very calmly, but the wish was there, even as I felt "safe" with my mother's views of safety, seated beside a girl in gray silk who was suited to me.

So the evening calmly to an end. Charley said he would go with me as far as the inn where his horse was, and we took leave together. We had just got to the end of the drive when pattering feet behind us made us turn round.

Ghosts are not in my category of beliefs, of course; yet I should as soon have expected to see one as Lizzie.

Charley exclaimed, "Why, Liz, what is it?" as she stood panting, and I waited, supposing she had some girlish message to a friend.

I started when she began: "Mr. Williams, I wanted to tell you I was sorry for what I said at dinner. I should not have spoken what I thought so decidedly. You were quite right in telling me every one may be mistaken, and I respect you for it. Good night."

She held out her hand, (what a little white hand it looked in the moonlight!) and, giving me no time to speak, she ran back to the house.

I could not help thinking about this. Was not the proceeding unusual? not quite in accordance with the Williams' rubric. That was true, but then, was the Williams' rubric infallible? A young girl running out to tell a gentleman she was in the wrong! It might be impulsive, but it was honest and genuine. What a pity she was so fond of balls! What a pity she dressed herself in attractive webs to dazzle the eyes of foolish men! Was she a flirt? at all events she had not thought it worth her while to try me. Was I duly grateful? I could not doubt Elizabeth's word. If the Williams' estimate were right, she was all a shepherdess should be,—while Lizzie was one who, with the crook in her hands, would lead the lambs all astray. I felt sure of this,—almost sure,—and yet, as I fell asleep, I did wish jam tart was not so unwholesome.

I did not see anything unwholesome for many days, though I often saw Elizabeth in the cottages, seated by the aged, like a ministering angel. Was it necessary that such angels should be clad in sober garments and the most unattractive of bonnets? I believe so.

I was sorry not to see Lizzie,—sorry in a vague sort of way, when an old woman asked Elizabeth one day in my presence why Miss Lizzie never came now.

Elizabeth colored, said she did not know, and soon after took her leave. So, there had been days when Lizzie, too, had been a ministering angel. I liked to think of those blue eyes bent on the complaints of the poor,—those small hands busied. Johnny Williams, your imagination is wandering. The fair worldling had tried and gone back, while Elizabeth was daily at her post. Daily, indeed; and so I could not fail to carry her books sometimes, or see her to the Beech Grove gates, or put up her umbrella for her if it rained, and thinking what a good wife she would make on the Williams' principle. I tried to love her. The loving had not come yet, however, and I was surprised, and took my own heart to task about it. I was so taking my heart to task one afternoon, when I met Charley Langton as I turned from the Beech Grove gates. I had declined entering, as somehow I felt as if Mrs. Bingham were beyond me. She was Elizabeth's mother, of course, but perhaps I had not got over that undiscovered report about her fishing,—at all events, I did not seek her presence. I met Charley on a fine young horse, but riding somewhat moodily. He pulled up at the sight of me.

"Have you been in there?" (meaning Beech Grove) he asked naturally, seeing me so near the gates.

I said "no" without thinking it necessary to allude to my *tete-a-tete* with Elizabeth, and then asked if he had been.

"No. I can stand as much as most fellows, but I can't stand that woman often," and looking back, he shook his first at the Beeches; "but perhaps you are an old friend," he added, smiling.

I did not feel called upon to defend Mrs. Bingham, at all events yet. *She* was not my vicar. I said I had never seen them till I came here.

"Lizzie is kept in a complete state of imprisonment; it's horrid shame," Charley went on; "she got into such a row about the other night, so now she declares she won't go into the village, for her aunt said she went to meet—people," added Charley, pulling himself and his horse up at the same moment. But could I doubt who "people" were simple as I was? No—no.

"Why does she stay?"

"Why," pursued Charlie, she has only an invalid father, and she don't like bothering him about such a trifle."

I gulped down the insult to myself of being "such a trifle."

"I should think Mrs. Bingham's clever woman, only rather masculine, is n't she?" (Here was a neat way of getting to the truth of the "fishing.") I had misgivings as to the lawfulness thereof, but then she might be my—not a pleasant word.

"She don't smoke or hunt, if you mean that by 'masculine,'" said Charley; "perhaps if she did, it would improve her."

This was shocking, but I was "hot" now.

"Does n't she fish?" I inquired.

Charley looked slightly astonished. "How! fish?"

"For the support of her family?"

"O yes,—fishes for her daughters; Elizabeth's often the bait,—regularly poked down, too."

What a light broke in on me! about my future, —too. So it was slang on the excurate's part, and Johnny Williams had n't seen it. I felt the awakening dreadful. The subject was not a pleasant one, and I could only say, "O, I see," and change it. Perhaps Charley had not noticed my inferior sagacity to his own. I hoped not, for he began,—

"A whole lot of the 6th Dragoon fellows want me to get Lizzie out. Captain Grey saw her last year. She is awfully pretty, and a regular brick too. O, and I say," continued Charley, "my cousin Percy has some people the day after to-morrow, and he told me to look out for some men,—will you go? He's an awfully jolly fellow."

I had misgivings that "awfully jolly fellows" and I were not suited. However, the world seemed just to have been turned upside down, and I felt a little extra shake on one side would be trifling.

"I don't care much for society,—gay society I mean."

"O," said the boy, a smile curling his lips, "it's all right then,—just the sort of place for you."

And here, after saying I would go, we parted. Parted—to think. Could it be that Elizabeth was in the secret of her mother's plans? No, O no! Could it be that Elizabeth had not known why her cousin had given up the village? My thoughts turned to Lizzie. If it had not been from the force of Dr. Watts and my mother combined, those deep, trustful blue eyes, and that frank, lively manner would have attracted me very much; as it was—

I was going to the party.

* * * * *

Just what would suit me! The "jolly fellows" then turned over Continental views with an anxious eye on the young lady near them. Having finished looking at them, they tried to remember a riddle, which they rarely could, and they made a rush at the light refreshments, which ended the evening, to relieve the monotony of nothing to say by asking if somebody would have a sandwich. It was half past eight o'clock when the cross between gig and dog-cart brought me to the jolly fellow's abode. Then I found that Mr. Langton had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. I saw it in the pretty, though not extensive park we drove through; in the blaze of light which dazzled me when I found myself, with some misgivings, in a handsome hall.

There was a sound of laughter through a door on my right, which did not remind me of anything I had ever heard over "Continental views." It was with no misgiving, but with a certainty that Charley had taken me in, that I entered a room on the left,—a room which had been despoiled of all furniture and carpeting, and had only ominous candles and mirrors, clad in flowers, on its walls,—a room that was not suited to a Williams. At the other end there were folding doors open, and a tableau of ladies beyond,—not a single man. As I followed the servant across the floor (slippery as ice), I wished vainly it were ice, and that I could sink under it before we reached that other inner room. I had been punctual, and this was the result.

A large room with corners and recesses, and ladies everywhere! I was in it, hot, cold, agonized!—the only man. And then, O relief! a snowy vision came and stood before me. What matter that the pearls on the white neck and the flowers in the golden hair betoken preparation for the slippery foundation of the next room? The hand stretched out to me, the sweet voice speaking to me, were Lizzie's,—she had come to befriend me.

"You are the only person who thinks punctuality a virtue, Mr. Williams," she said, blushing for she had come across the room to speak to me, and perhaps Mrs. Bingham haunted her. "Mr. Langton has some of the gentlemen to dinner, so we must try to amuse you for a little while. Shall I introduce you to Miss Blake, Mr. Langton's aunt?"

She crossed the room with me, —she *guardanteed* me, so to speak, and made me no longer a stranger. She told Miss Blake (an old lady with white hair and a face which had essence of kindness in it) who I was, and a stranger here, and Miss Blake grew "double distilled" essence at once.

"Shall I introduce you to any one I know?" asked Lizzie; and I thanked her and said, "By and by."

Might there not be a time when a man wanted tempting with jam-tart, having been on plain diet very long? It was very nice having that pleasant voice saying "Mr. Williams" (my name had never sounded musical before). And then, all too soon, there was a sound of opening doors, and some men came in. One crossed over in the easiest, most careless way (I felt it was so different to my way) to where we were. Not the sort of man I had ever seen carrying about sandwiches in my mother's circle,—it was the "jolly fellow." He had light whiskers and mustache, and rather languid blue eyes. The languor vanished as he shook hands with and welcomed me.

"Have you been fighting over that election, Mr. Langton?" asked Lizzie.

"Yes, and I've won, of course. Just fancy yourself in the oldest time, Miss D'Arcy, there's been a (consult Bulwer for correct names); and being victorious, I come up to get the prize from you."

"It was usual in the old time to see the result one's self, before giving the prize," laughed Lizzie.

"Exactly so, mademoselle; but then, you see, we are in the new times now, not the old ones, so you will dance the first with me."

"Really! are you equal to it? A quadrille, I suppose!"

"No,—as I go in for exertion at all, it may as well be a waltz, Please accompany me to the fiddler."

I heard her lower her voice and say something about "old ladies," and then the answer, also low, of which I only caught the words "old woman" and "hanged."

She shook her head, laughed again, and then put her hand on his arm, and he led her away. It seemed to me as if the little white gloved hand rested confidingly there.

"A flirt!" Was it for the dislike to think her such, and the condemnation in which I held such things, that I watched her so narrowly? There were many other men now, and girls fair, dark, pretty, and yet I did not trouble my head about their morals. I only saw one couple, and how—after the young host had led Lizzie to the 'band—he whirled her round the room with the blue eyes looking over his shoulder. How I condemned dancing! I would preach against it next Sunday, for Lizzie's benefit, if she would not fall asleep,—only I believed she would. And just then I turned, and found myself being spoken to by the old maid.

"You don't dance the waltz Mr. Williams. Ah! we must have a quadrille pre ently. Do you know any of these young ladies? There's one of the Miss Binghams looking at those prints by the recess,—shall I introduce you?"

And then for the first time I saw Miss Elizabeth. She was not joining in the giddy dance, though she was arrayed in custom that looked like it. Her arms were bare; they were also red; and at the moment when I first saw her, her face looked cross below a green wreath.

I said to the old lady I knew Miss Bingham, and went up accordingly to the table by the recess.

"I did not see you before, Miss Elizabeth."

"And I did not expect to see you," was the reply.

"I was deceived as to the nature of the party."

"Many people are deceived," said Miss Elizabeth, somewhat tartly. (Did this mean deceived in me.)

I was silent. The young lady looked "put out." Had she been an ordinary girl, I should have set it down to the fact of her being left out in the dance; but then Elizabeth was not an ordinary girl,—or I had tried to think not,—and I supposed she did not dance.

She seemed to think better of her crossness, and gathering her garments together, said,—

"Won't you look at these views, Mr. Williams? They are very good."

I sat down beside her, and together we surveyed cities, and steep mountains, and decorated cathedrals. Was I not at home now? Was not this the sort of thing to which I was accustomed? And yet, and yet—the heart is deceitful above all things. As I sat by the side of Elizabeth, and turned over the views, I felt as if I should like to throw my scruples to the winds, and be in the position of Mr. Percy Langton.

"I should like to go Cologne to see the cathedral; should not you?" said the young lady.

I answered abstractedly; her words fell flat. I wondered what she had in her mind when she put on her green dress and wreath. Surely a plainer custom would have done to turn over the views in. And then the music stopped, and we saw the dancers sauntering about in the other room. I felt my *tete-a tete* growing irksome, and was glad when Charley, looking mischievious, came up and broke it, with a tall lanky man in tow.

"Did not I say this was the right sort of thing, Mr. Williams? Ah! Miss Elizabeth! may I introduce Captain Crossfell for the galope?"

Elizabeth blushed violently; she hesitated; she glanced at me, and then she stammered, "I don't dance round dances."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Elizabeth," said Charley, "but as you always used to dance round dances, I was not aware of the change. Captain Crossfell, I will soon find you some one who dances everything."

The tug went its way, and again I was left with Elizabeth. Could I mistake the way in which she looked at me when refusing to dance? I hoped I could mistake it, because I felt to night, as I sat by her side, it was not a position I should voluntarily choose. Lizzie came up to us next, on Mr Langton's arm,—came and stood by her cousin.

"Elizabeth, you have n't been dancing; I will introduce you to some one for this."

Again Elizabeth's cheek flushed. "I don't dance the round dances."

Lizzie for one moment looked astonished, and then I saw the same disdainful curl on her lips I had noticed there before, as she merely said, "Oh!"

A tall, dark, fashionable-looking man here made his way to us.

"Miss D'Arcy," he said, "I've timed myself exactly, and this is ours."

I thought Mr. Langton eyed the speaker with rather less than his usual nonchalance, as he bent down to Lizzie and led her away.

Even I, Johnny Williams, eyed him with small satisfaction. There was admiration of his pretty partner in his dark eyes. Mr Langton stood near me through the dance; but he was n't clerical, nor did I feel so. I forgot all the bread-and-milky notions on which I had been nourished. My eyes followed Lizzie's movements and that dark man's.—Why did they dance so little? Anything was better than the way he had of talking to her.

"Mr. Williams," said the host, suddenly, "you will dance this quadrille."

Dance!!! And then, before I had replied, Lizzie was near us again, with very bright eyes, and cheeks, and her golden hair floating over her shoulders.

I felt like St. Anthony. I would burst the trammels. Elizabeth was looking up. She danced quadrilles,—well, let her.

"Will you dance this with me, Miss Lizzie?"

She opened her bright eyes very wide.—"O yes; with pleasure"

It seemed to me that there was a barometer near me, which sank to "stormy" in a moment.

Could I believe, as we took our places, that my feet were on that slippery floor?—that I had beside me a blue wreath and a gossamer dress?—that instead of instructing Miss Lizzie in the way she should go, here was she teaching me the figures?

Had it come to figures?

We had *vis a-vis*, of course; that *vis a-vis* was Elizabeth and a youth, nondescript as to age, and looked upon by the young ladies as some one who might so snubbed him; but her expression was not favorable to any attempts at conversation on the part of that youth. Silently she advanced; silently gave her cousin her hand; and if ever lady's eyes said "Traitor!" Miss Elizabeth Bingham's eyes said it to me, when she got near enough in the ladies' chain. I cared little (though it might be ungrateful) for such talk. There were other speaking eyes near me, and a sweet voice too. If only she would change a little!—and yet, what did I wish to see changed? The delicate dress which added to her beauty? The winning manner which made men love her? No.—Round dances; and I would speak to her about these same round dances.

There was little time to speak in the figures; but, alas! they came to an end; and with her hand still on my arm, I did not much care.—I could promenade with her more conscientiously.

"Have you been the conservatory, Mr. Williams? and should you like?"

Like! I felt as if I should not object to living there, as we strolled through the rooms (with that dark man envying me—I felt he was), and got among the ferns and flowers—Miss Lizzie and I. Now was my time, I had read of sermons in stones; this should be in a conservatory.

"Your friend, Charley," I began, "took me in about this party; he did not give me to understand it was to be a dance."

Lizzie laughed.

"And you were startled by the absence of carpet. Well, is n't this far nicer than what you expected? We talk far less gossip; and it makes one feel happy, going round to that delicious band."

I could not help confessing to myself that it was nicer than I expected; but I must not shrink from my subject.

"Going round!" she had said it; here was an opportunity.

"I do not see why people should not be as happy going square as going round," I said. I wanted to put it as gently and pleasantly as possible. Miss Lizzie, who was smelling a rose, continued doing so. I must speak more plainly. I was n't understood. Miss Lizzie's face emerged from the petals.

(*To be continued*)

☞ DEATH OF AN OLD SETTLER.—On the 13th instant, Mr George Reeves, of Elora, a well-known and eccentric character, died at his residence in that village, after a protracted illness, in the 94th year of his age. "Old King Reeves," as he was pleased to style himself, was, we believe, the oldest settler in this locality, having first settled in that part of the township of Woolwich now known as Pilkington, over fifty years ago. For over forty years he resided on the farm at present owned by Arthur Ross, Esq. near Elora, to which gentleman he sold it some ten years since, and located in the village, in company with his ever faithful "Lucy." "The King" owned the first grist mill ever erected on the Grand River, north of Preston, which was swept away by the flood one fine morning in the year 1825, while the miller was at his breakfast, and left not a vestige of its former self, except the stone foundation, marks still marks the spot where stood the pioneer mill of the north.—*Guelph Advertiser.*

Terrible Effect of the Prussian Needle-Gun.

The London Daily *News* of July 4th, says: It is impossible not to look forward with anxiety to the news which may be expected from Bohemia within the next few days.—Considering the losses which the armies have sustained, the generals on both sides might well be inclined to suspend for a with the work of mutual destruction. The most recent battles have been exceedingly sanguinary. The Prussian needle gun, as all bear witness, has been wielded with a terrible effect, which has made a deep impression on the ill-armed Austrian troops. A military correspondent who saw the fighting at Podoli declares that the Austrians who fell under the fire of infantry were, compared to the Prussians, six to one. On the other hand, the Austrians have more than once, and notably at Gitschin, had the advantage of strong positions, which enabled them to inflict heavy loss upon their adversaries. The Prussians are publishing extraordinary accounts of their enemy's losses. To these little importance need be attached. But if we could be certain that the Autrians had taken as many prisoners as the Prussians, the losses of the two armies, from all causes, since yesterday week could not be estimated at less than 50,000 men.

☞ A pretty specimen of French savageness was brought up recently in Paris and committed for trial. He was of colossal height, great strength, and frightfully marked with the small-pox. The man was crossing the Place du Phanteon, when one or two young men near him said, in an under tone, "He looks like a sieve in the face." The Frankenstein, however, heard it, and seized both, holding them aloft by their waists. One he flung to the ground on one side, and broke his thigh; the other he cast the other way, and fractured his skull.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, JULY 26, 1866.

THE WAR.

By the latest advices from Europe we learn that the position of affairs with regard to the war is unchanged, excepting that the Austrians are still getting the worst of it. They have withdrawn their large force from Venetia, only leaving strong garrisons in the Quadrilateral fortifications. Prussia feels herself in a position to reject the some what extraordinary peace proposals of France, and, as far as we can judge, seems determined to push her advantage to the utmost. The Garibaldians seem to be pressing the Austrians hard beyond the Po. The superiority of Prussia in the conflict is evidently owing to the use of the much-berated needle-gun, which has proved itself to be infinitely superior to any ramrod or even breech-loading gun yet invented. The improvement in this important arm will, no doubt, be seized upon by other countries—by none more eagerly than Britain.

PARLIAMENTARY.

The Bill amalgamating the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway with the Grand Trunk was strongly opposed in the House, but it is evident that, with a few slight alteration, it will become law. Well we opposed it as having a tendency to dangerous monopoly, but there is no use "kicking against the pricks," and we must just grin and bear it. The interminable debate upon Mr. Galt's tariff, &c., has protracted the session so long and delayed action on the question of Constitutional changes so late that we understand, there is not now the slightest hope of our delegates being able to go home in the interests of Confederation during the present session of Imperial Parliament, so that, *per force*, the matter is staved off for another year. In consequence, it is almost certain that certain Legislative Council elections will take place this fall. In view of the position of affairs, we had prepared an article upon the election for the Tecumseth Division, but the press of other interesting matter has compelled us to defer it until Friday. In the meantime, we urge it upon Reformers in Huron and Perth to be up and doing. A meeting of delegates should be appointed *at once* to choose a candidate whom we may carry through triumphantly.

Affairs in the United States.

Our American cousins are getting into trouble again apparently. On account of the action of the President with reference to the Freedman's Bureau and his exercise of the power of veto several prominent members of the cabinet have resigned, and it is believed others will go out. The President himself seems determined to check-mate the ultras by consolidating the Democratic party, or rather by forming a *new* party of which it will be an important element. The aspect of affairs is such that another terrible civil war is predicted, upon the strength of which Gen. Paine of Wisconsin has proposed a resolution calling on the States to organize, and equip their militia, and providing for the distribution arms in the Northern States. The resolution was pushed through successfully, and with a haste that is ominous, to say the least of it. Another such war as the last would be ruinous in the extreme.

FROM CHICAGO.

A special correspondent says the excursionists from Goderich did not enjoy themselves at Chicago, owing to the extreme heat. D. L. Sills is there engaged in wood and coal speculations. If it were not for some little embarassments he might labor under, he would run for "South Huron" at next election. Tom Nicholls has left for Minnesota.

DANGEROUS SPORT.—On Friday last, about 11 o'clock a. m., a ball from a rifle passed through the front door of the residence of Mr. James Breckenridge, of this town, and after breaking glass and woodwork fell in the hall, in which children were playing. From the direction in which the ball entered it was evident that it had come from a piece of woods about half a mile distant, where, no doubt, parties were practicing. Such an occurrence proves that rifle-practice within the corporation, besides being contrary to by-law, is very dangerous, and it is to be hoped that more caution will be exercised in future.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.—On Saturday last Capt. George Allen of the sch. Patton, while the vessel was lying at Inverhuron, dropped overboard and was drowned. The body was recovered in five feet of water. The unfortunate man, while under the influence of liquor or recovering from its effects was lying on a pile of wood from which he rolled overboard.

THE LATE SUICIDE.—From the description published in the *Signal* of the man poisoned by laudanum, near Ben Millar, the body has been identified as that of a Wm. Clark, of the Township of Stanley. Deceased was a married man, without children, and was in fair circumstances. From his known tendency to mental depression, and a statement which he made to the man who rents his farm, it is feared that he fully intended suicide.

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of a nice lot of new potatoes from Mr. Richard Young, jr., of Goderich Township. They are the best and have been the earliest we have yet seen.

PERSONAL.—Col. Jarvis, we are sorry to say, suffered a slight attack of apoplexy last night, (19th) but is nearly well today, and hopes to leave to-morrow morning.

1st cresting Cricket Match.

WINDSOR VS GODERICH.

The gun boat Michigian arrived at Goderich harbor yesterday morning (19th) at 3o'clock, having on board the best cricketers of Windsor, who had asked for a game with the Goderich club. As the Windsor men, who are, perhaps, the best players of the "noble game" in the Province, were strengthened by the officers of the Michigan, the Goderich club thought it only right to call in the aid of several "smart" hands from Clinton and Seaforth. Judging from the phisique and reputation of their opponents our men thought their chances rather poor, but they determined that, at least, they would not be beaten in one innings. Wickets were pitched at 10 o'clock and the sport commenced.—Windsor went in strong, running up an ugly score of 74 in the first innings, followed by Goderich with 38, and the odds were many to one that Huron was about to be awfully beaten. Nothing daunted, however, the Goderich men took to field for the second innings of Windsor. Gordon and Smart bowled splendidly, Ross, Saunders, Briggs and others caught brilliantly and the score was kept down to 42. In the second innings Goderich had a heavy odds to overcome, but the men met the dangerous bowling very cautiously at first, and the capital hits of O'Connor, Hodge and two or three others hind, As the score ran up, but a few fortunate balls produced "duck's eggs," and Goderich was ultimately beaten by 24, after playing one of the best contested games we have seen in these parts. The following is the score:—

WINDSOR—1ST INNINGS.

Sutton 0	0
Hobbs 111331131111311 b Gordon	22
Jackson 111122111111311 b Smart	18
Wilkinson 2 c O'Connor b Gordon	2
McEwen 0 b Smart	0
O'Connor b Gordon	0
Sneath 12111211 b Smart	10
Heron 11111 c Smart	5
Stiff 131 b Gordon	5
Calvert not out	0
McMicken c Mills b Gordon	0
Byes 6—Wides 6	12
	74

WINDSOR—2ND INNINGS.

Wilkinson 2131111 c Ross b Gordon	10
McKicken 131111 c Griggs b Gordon	8
Jackson c & b Smart	0
Sneath 11 c Ross b Gordon	2
Sutton 1111311 b Gordon	9
McEwan b Smart	0
Hobbs 11121 c Ross b Smart	6
Heron 1	1
O Connor 2 c Sanders b Smart	2
Stiff b Gordon	0
Calvert 111 c Griggs b Gordon	3
Byes 1	1
	42
First Innings	74
	116

GODERICH—1ST INNINGS.

Hodge 2111312111 b Sutton	14
Smart 1 c Wilkinson	1
Griggs b O'Connor	0
Brydon 111 c Heron	3
Ross 2 c Wilkinson	2
Saunders 1 b Wilkinson	1
O'Connor 11131 c Sutton	7
Robertson 11 b Wilkinson	2
Cavan b Sutton	0
Mills not out	0
Gordon c Heron	0
Byes 3, Wides 5	8
	38

GODERICH—2ND INNINGS.

Hodge 221131 b McEwan	10
Ross 1111 b Heron	3
Mills 11111 b Sutton	5
Smart 0 b Heron	0
Griggs 0 b Heron	0
O'Connor 142231 run out	13
Saunders 0 c Wilkinson	0
Robertson 12121 b Heron	7
Cavan 2212 b Heron	7
Brydon b Heron	0
Gordon not out	0
Byes 4—Wides 5	9
	54
First Innings	38
Total Goderich	92
Total Windsor	116
Windsor wins by	24

The match was witnessed by Col. Jarvis and other military men, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen of the town.

At 8 o'clock p. m. the visitors were entertained at one of those sumptuous dinners which Mr. Dark knows so well how to get up, and after giving and responding to a number of appropriate toasts and listening to the fine music of the Goderich Glee Club for a few hours departed for home about 11 o'clock, highly pleased with their entertainment.

LONDON SOCIETY.—The July No. of this beautifully illustrated and lively magazine is to hand from Messrs. Chewett & Co., Toronto. It is the best work of the kind issued from the British press, and is deservedly popular in Canada. We have also received the current number of the Churchman's Mag. from the same source.

OUR SALT WELL.

Yesterday (Monday) at 2 o'clock p. m., the Goderich Salt-Well was tested in presence of the Directors of the Company. The pump worked first rate and threw out a heavy body of water, but the per centage of salt was so small as to create much discouragement.—However, by persevering, the fresh water was got out about 9 o'clock, and brine pumped 80 per cent in strength, when something suddenly got wrong with the lower valve and stopped proceedings. We hope energy and perseverance will yet conquer every obstacle.

THE MIDGE.

A correspondent, from the South part of the County, sends us a head of Spring Wheat. It is almost completely destroyed by the Midge. He says, all the Wheat fields he has examined are badly infected, with the exception of Fall Wheat, which will be fit to cut in a few days. Fall Wheat, that was winter killed, or eaten by Hessian fly, thereby making it later, is fall of Midge also, and rusted likewise.—Their are fields here and there of splendid looking Fall Wheat. But for the Midge, the Spring Wheat would have been extra.

☞ The Globe's Ottawa correspondent says,—It is expected that the British troops in Canada will very soon be armed with the Enfield rifles altered to breech-loaders. The conversion is now going on in England.

☞ The Examiners have got through with their labours in the examination of the pupils attending the Common Schools of this Town. On Friday morning at 10 o'clock, there will be a public assembly of all the pupils attending the Central School, when the successful candidates will be presented with the prizes awarded them. The prizes will be presented to the pupils in the Ward Schools on Thursday afternoon beginning with the St. Andrews Ward School at half past one o'clock. Parents, Trustees, and others interested are invited to attend.

SERIOUS AFFAIR.—On Friday last a sailor named McLeod had a dispute with Mr. Leonard, which resulted in his (McLeod's) getting a slight choking. He then proceeded up town, but finding that the strong arm of the law was likely to intervene, he hastily retreated, and has been anxiously inquired for ever since.

Masonic.

The following are the officers of Grand Lodge elected for the ensuing year:—

M W. Br. Wm. M. Wilson,	G. Master.
R. W. Br. A. A. Stephenson,	D. G. M.
V. W. Br. John Kerr,	G. S. W
V. W. Br. Isaac Stearns,	G. J. W.
V. W. Br. Rev. V. Clementi,	G. Chap.
V. W. Br. Henry Groff,	G. Treas.
R. W. Br. T. R. Harris,	G. Secr.

DISTRICT DEPUTIES.

V. W. Br. F. Westlake,	London District.
R. W. Br. D. Curtis,	Wilson "
R. W. Br. Dr. Kahn,	Huron "
V. W. Br. James Seymour,	Hamilton "
R. W. Br. A. DeGrassi,	Toronto "
R. W. Br. W. H. Weller,	Ontario "
W. Br D. Fraser,	P. Edward "
W. Br. McNeil Clark,	Central "
R. W. Br. Richd. Bull,	Montreal "
R. W. Br. J. H. Graham,	Eastern Townships District.
W. Br. John Turner,	Quebec District.

The next sessions of Grand Lodge will be held in Kingston.

The Amalgamation Bill.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal:

DEAR SIR.—It is one of the dictates of common justice that when the crown creates a corporation, and bestows on it privileges which excludes competition it should take efficient security against their extortionate use. Such being the fact would it not be as well if our Member (instead of wasting his time in useless declamations,) was to get inserted a clause—making it imperative on the Grand Trunk when such Amalgamation takes place, to place this end of the line between Goderich and Stratford in the same relation as to the fare per mile as it is between Stratford and Toronto or in other words no part of the line at any one time shall charge a greater sum per mile for passengers than another.

I might fill half a dozen sheets in support of my argument, but I think every reasonable man will agree with my proposition.

C. CRABB.

The Tecumseth Division.

SEAFORTH, July 23rd, 1866.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

DEAR SIR,—The Seaforth correspondent, X. Y. Z. of the Mitchell *Advocate*, has taken upon himself to open the Ball, respecting the approaching election for the Tecumseth Division, and writes to that paper as follows:—"I am not a little surprised at the apparently *icy* interest manifested by the public at large concerning the approaching election for this Division, you scarcely ever hear it ment