the older of the boatmen to the others, in a whisper of horror.

"Yes, it be so, for I see the glitter o' his knife stickin' in him."

"An' he's robbin' him, too, mayther," said the boy.

"Get up the duck-gun, Ned," whispered the old man coolsuely, "and gin it to me! That's it. Now pull the oars softly—don't let him hear ye—and swing her right in, sonny, to shore."

All this was said and done in less time than we are relating it. The old man, who was one of those tall, strong men of the revolutionary stock, having examined the priming of his gun, sprang ashore followed by his son armed with an oar, and his grandson, with a hatchet. Tunstall was so much occupied, that if they made any noise he did not heed it, his vigilance being directed towards the road, and not towards the river, towards which his back was turned, and from which he evidently expected no observers of what he was engaged in.

"Yes, I have done better by Lawrence dead than alive. I must have got at least, a thousand dollars. This is a fair night's—"

He is startled by a noise behind him. He sees the three river men advancing and jumps to his feet, while the guilty blood leaped to his face-head ripe lightning.

"Who you been murderin' there?" called out the old man. "Gimm yoneself up, or I'll blow you into the middle o' next week!" And he levelled his long duckling at his head, while the two others brandished, one his oar, and the other his hatchet.

"I didn't murder him—I—only—I—"

"Down on your marrow bones, I say! Down, quicker!" called out the old Yankee, in a stentorian tone, advancing upon him, the greenish moonlight gleaming along the barrel in a line with his body.

"I tell you I didn't kill him! It was—"

The son would not let him finish, but running forward with his uplifted oar, was about to fell him to the earth with it, when Tunstall, as the safest course, under the circumstances, dropped on his knees. The old man then advanced, and sending his boy to the boat for a line, soon had him securely bound with his hands behind him, in spite of his lamentable and ludicrous protestations of innocence; to all which the stout yeoman gave no heed. They then raised him and put him down in the little boy cuddy of the boat and locked him in. Then returning they examined the body, which they had already recognized as that of Lawrence, whom they knew, as they dwelt not far above the Brown Bear. While they were looking at the corpse, and wondering that one man should kill another to rob him, Ket came on the ground, followed by three servants, who brought a rude barrow used by the gardener in carrying about heavy plants. The former was not a little suspicious at finding the three countrymen there, and Tunstall absent. He was about to ask where he was, when the old man who was well known to him, said, as he drew near—

"A dreadful murder, Mr. Ket. We see him stick a knife in him after he had knocked him down, and robbing him. But we've got him safe."

"Got who safe?" asked Ket, with bewilderment.

"The murderer. We heard a shot away up the river a long piece; and when we got down here we found him quietly plunderin' him."

"Got it be Mr. Tunstall?" thought Ket "Where is he?"

"Locked up in the cuddy."

"Let me see to that, Mr. Tunstall," said Ket, hastening on board.

"Who is it, in here?" he asked, stooping down.

"It is me—Tunstall!" came a voice, as if from a tomb. "Is it you, Ket?"

"Yes. How came they to think you murdered him?"

"I don't know. I suppose because they saw me by the body. Let me out. Undeceive them, for heaven's sake! I am suffering for want of air."

"No, no! Don't think of letting the villain out!" said the old man. "He was a robbin' the body, and here's a watch that my boy, there, called out of his trousers pocket, a'ter we tied him, the chain hanging out a foot."

"It's Master Manfred's watch," exclaimed Ket, with indignation. "And you saw him robbing him, did you?"

"To be sure we did."

"He's no doubt, the murderer, then," said Ket, savagely.

"O Ket, don't believe them. It is false!" cried Tunstall, from the cuddy.

"We'll see to that, Mr. Tunstall," said Ket with malice; far, though he had no objections to pilfering Lawrence's pockets, himself, he had no favor towards any other person who would forestall him in the privilege. But he resolved to ascertain the fact, before yielding up Tunstall, altogether. He, therefore, approached the body again, and searching the pockets, found them all empty, the coat pockets out, and was shown by the boatmen, Tunstall's knife, which they had taken up from the grass. The result of this search made him numerciful; for the very idea which Tunstall had practically carried out, had occurred to his own mind, as he was returning from the hall with the three serving-men. He now went on board, and called out to Tunstall:

"I see you have turned spoilsport, if you are not the murderer. Where is his pocket-book?"

"I don't know. I have done nothing. You are not going to turn against me, Ket. You know I didn't do the murder?" O, let me out. I shall be smothered."

"But the robbery?"

"I didn't rob him?" he yelled, in anguish.

"Skipper," said Ket," will you unlock and let us search him?"

The cuddy door being opened, Tunstall was searched, and the pocket-book and purse being found on him, as well as Lawrence's diamond ring, Ket's pity turned to hatred, and he said coolly to the skipper:

"Lock him up again, and keep him safe. I will hand these things to the family."

They truck him in again, crying and shrieking:

"I didn't rob him! I only took them from him to keep them safe. I didn't murder him! It was Edward Blacklock that killed him! He murdered him!"

"That is a foul lie," said the skipper's son, who was about Edward's age, "I knew Blacklock, and he would no more do such a deed than I would. If you try to lay it to him, I will throw you overboard, you bloody villain!

"Did we not see you on the body with your knife in your hand?" demanded the old man. "Have not his things been found on you? You'll hang for it, high as Haman was hung for killin' Mordecai."

Tunstall was about to reply, but he was silenced by a threat that he should be gagged if he spoke again. The men's rise was fairly up that he should presume to lay the murder upon one whom they knew, and loved and honored, as above suspicion of such a deed. Tunstall lay on the deck of the cuddy, groaning in anguish of spirit, and lamenting the dreadful issue of his night's adventure.

The body of the unfortunate Lawrence was placed on a barrow and borne away, followed by Ket, after he had had some talk with the steersmen about the disposal of their prisoner.

"You had better take him into Boston, where you are going," said he. "He'll be safer there."

"I was thinkin'," said the old man, "whether to do so, or to leave him at Cambridge; but then we'd have to land and walkthap to the jail, and he might get away from us; and besides it would detain us too long, as we must be in Boston by daylight, to be in the market."

"I think we'd best take him right into the city father," said the son.

The course was decided on, and Ket, shaking hands with the two men, left them, and went after the body, leaving Tunstall in the hands of his captors, under the charge of this murder, without one feeling of compunction. To his vicious and selfish mind it was a just revenge upon him for robbing the body which he had intended to rob himself; and secretly, he resolved, that, in order to get himself avenged on Tunstall, he would never breathe the name of Edward Blacklock as connected with Lawrence's tragic end. Coming to this resolution, he stopped to hide the watch, purse and pocket-book in a hollow tree; and having safely concealed them, he went on after the bearers of the dead.

We will follow Edward in his retreat from the painful scene of his conflict with the fallen Lawrence. For some minutes he marched rapidly forward, with a fixed gaze on vacancy, and set lip, as if his mind was strung to its utmost tension, by this strong affection which had befallen him. At length when he found himself once more back, where he hadeo short time before been made so happy with the sweet confession of the beloved sister of Manfred, he cast himself upon his face on the step, and wept long and bitterly, like a very child. His loud sobs rang terribly through the echoing pile, and his whole frame was shaken wit the mighty emotion of his soul. It is a fearful thing to witness manly grief—to see the strong man give way to womanly weeping! To man, tears are natural as the falling dew. But it is man's nature to hide his grief—to let its fierce current flow within, like those subterranean rivers that hide their deep side underneath the earth's bosom; but as those sometimes find a sudden outlet and then gush forth in delighting torrents, so will man's hidden tide of grief oftentimes find vent, and pour forth its flood of long pentup waters in terrible strength, amazing all with its unexpected force. So Edward Blacklock! He wept over the total wreck of all his hopes! He wept that the life of a human being lay at his hand! He wept at the grief Isabel would feel, when she should learn that her brother was dead; and these flowed his tears, mingled with groans, and moaning at the overwhelming horror which would take possession of her when it should be told her by whose hand he had fallen. He wept too, for his mother's woe, whenshe should hear that her son had slain a man!

"O, this is more than I can bear! more than I can bear! It will crush me to the earth! Would that it might crush me! Would that I could die here! Would that I could yield my life here, in atonement to Isabel for the life of her brother. Never can I be forgiven by her. She will loathe me! Whither shall I fly! What is to become of me? I am an outcast and a wanderer on the earth; and I can say with Cain, 'Every man that seeth me shall slay me.' Farewell, dear spot! Farewell, spirit of Isabel, once here present! I shall see thee no more! Henceforth welcome death—welcome any fate my dark destiny has in the future, for a wretch like me!"

He knelt. He kissed the stone slab! he rose and stood upon his feet, and raised towards heaven his clasped hands, and said:

"Mercy—mercy—mercy! Thou knowest I am innocent in heart of this man's death! Spare me, and let me not be punished greater than I can bear!"

He then left the ruin, and precipitately descended the side which led northward and down the river. He would gladly have gone to the inn to have seen his mother and taken leave of her; but he apprehended that he should fall into the hands of some persons who might be in pursuit of him. It lacerated his very soul to leave his mother, on her first widowed day, a prey to her lonely sorrow. Onward he hastened, keeping close to the river, and moving with a speed that, at the end of half an hour, brought him in sight of the cottage. He was surprised to see it, for he had hardly realized where he was, or the rapidity of his movements.

"I will stop here and say farewell!" he said, sadly. They cannot yet have heard of my crime. I will send by Catharine a last farewell, and ask forgiveness of Isabel—but O, how can she forgive me!"

The unhappy young man advanced to the cottage door. As he drew he heard a voice mingled with the notes of deep grief. He recognized it as that of the widow. He opened the door with forebodings of evil tidings to bear; for he now recollected the forged note which had drawn Captain Wat from his home, leaving it unprotected. The door was ajar. He entered softly, and beheld the widow on her knees, and her face buried in her hands, while the tears trickled down through her fingers.

"O, mercy—mercy, for my poor child! Shield her from her enemies, thou who art the Father of the widow and the orphan!" These were the words of earnest supplication which Edward heard, and he knew that some outrage had been committed.

"Do not despair! You do right to trust in Heaven, Mrs. Wynyard," he said approaching, and speaking with deep feeling. "It is our only support in deep troubles. But what has happened to Catharine.

"O, have you heard of her?" cried the widow, rising as he spoke to her, and taking him wildly by both hands. "Where is my child?"

"Indeed, I do not know. Pray explain yourself, dear Mrs. Wynyard; what has happened?"

"Catharine has been carried off again! O, my child! my child! What will become of her, Mr. Edward?"

"Where is Walter?"

"He was here half an hour ago, and soon as he heard what had been done, he set off with his four men up the road in pursuit. He told me you had written no note to him."

"I did not. It was a trap, I see to get him out of the way. I deeply sympathise with you, Mrs. Wynyard. I wish I knew where to go with any hope of finding her," he said forgetful for a moment of his own danger, in the anxiety to relieve the distracted mother, and rescue the lovely girl.

"It is, no doubt, Manfred Lawrence, who had done it," said the widow.

Edward's cheek became the hue of death at this name, and then, with all the blood of his heart rushing to his brain, he answered, with an entirely changed voice that made her stare at him:

"No, not he! He has nothing to do with it; of that be assured."

"Then you know who it is?"

"O, would that I did, madam. I would not stand here. O, this has been a dreadful night."

"You look faint—you are ill, Mr. Edward. Do sit down. What is the matter?"

He made no reply. The recollections of the slain Lawrence, rushing with all its consequences upon his mind, overpowered him. He felt the room swim with him, and had just time to avail himself of the chair to save himself from falling at length upon the floor. In a state half conscious to things external, and his inward consciousness fearfully vivid, he long remained like one nearly insensible, utterly broken down and prostrated by his dreadful destiny.

In the meanwhile Captain Wat and his men, after quitting the cottage in search of Catharine, continued their way along the road which led towards Grasmere Hall. The track of the carriage which they had taken up at the head of the lane, followed by the print of its tire, which was marked by the absence of one of its nails, led them unerringly. They were without horses, and continued their way on foot, Captain Wat fully assured in his own mind that it would bring them to the residence of Manfred Lawrence,

At length they came near the head of the turning which led to the old brick farmhouse, and beheld the hack there in waiting with Tunstal in it. It will be remembered by the reader that this worthy, after leaving Catharine in charge of the woman, got again into the hack and drove back to this point to wait for Lawrence to come and give him his reward, while Ket crossed over the fields by a shorter way. It will be remembered, also, that Tunstall gave as a reason for being found by Ket after the conflict in the wood, that he had, while sitting in the carriage, heard persons coming along the road, and he had, therefore left it. These persons drew Captain Wat and his four seamen. As they drew near the carriage they saw it driving to meet them, Tunstall having ordered it to return at once back to Cambridge.

"We'll stop this carriage, lads, if it were a duke's," said Wat Wynyard. "If it isn't ours, it may give us some news. Heave to!" shouted the sailor captain.

Deaf Jacob, however, continued to drive on, when the captain and two of his men caught the horses by the head. They saw the carriage was empty. Jacob being interrogated soon showed that he was deaf. The captain now examined the wheels, made the coach move on a few yards to see the impression, and exclaimed, with an oath which we do not think it expedient to print:

"This is the very carriage! Now we will make this fellow understand us, orcut his ears off!"

CHAPTER X.

ESCAPE OF KATE FROM HER PRISON.

"DEAF JACOB was not long in comprehending that his nautical captors desired him to turn round and go back whence he came. They seated themselves four inside, and Captain Wat upon the box, and in twenty minutes driving they were at the door of the lonely brick mansion. Deaf Jacob had sense enough to know that he had been engaged in a lawless affair, and he very reluctantly found himself in the power of the power which now had control of his movements. He was, however, perfectly submissive, and pointing to the door with his whip, he uttered a strange squealing sound, in his efforts to talk, and to tell them the young girl was within the dwelling.

Captain Wat was soon hammering away for admittance, and no one coming, he broke open with a log of wood, and entered. All was silent and dark. There was some fire in a grate, by which he lighted a candle that he saw by its faint glare. With this he went all over the large old house—only three rooms of which, out of ten which it contained, having any appearance of being inhabited.

"There is nobody here!" said Wat to his men, who had followed him in the search. "The deaf fellow has hung out false signals to us. But here's fire, and people have been here."

"Perhaps, captain," said one of his men, "they heard us coming and hid her away."

The idea led the captain to institute a search through the cellars and garret; but with the like results. He then went out to give the driver a railing for his deception, and saw him drive off at full speed, and too far off to be odertaken on foot. At this he roared line gale, and resolved that he would strike at once for Grasmere Hall, which, from his boyish recollections of the country, he knew was not far distant through the wood. He expected to find Lawrence there, if not Kate—or at least to get some intelligence of her. As he finally got through the forest, and was passing round the wall of the garden, he encountered the bearers of Lawrence's body. Upon learning from them as they stopped to rest, whose corpse it was they carried, his exclamation expressed his surprise to hear of his sudden death.

"He did'nt run off with my sister, that is certain," he said to himself, as the men moved on again. In three minutes more, while he was making his way with uncertainity down the road towards the river, hardly knowing were to go next, and quite shocked at the death of Manfred Lawrence, he met Ket. Upon seeing the five men swinging down towards him, he recognized Captain Wat at once, and divining his errand, turned short to avoid meeting him, and tried to climb the wall into the lawn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Monday the 27th April a laboring man named John McDonald, while assisting to coal the *Prince Alfred*, fell into the hold, and was injured about the head. He was at once placed under the treatment of Dr. McMicken, but medical skill proved unavailing, and he died last night, (4th.)

☞ We commence to-day our statements of arrival and departure of vessels at the Port of Goderich.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, MAY 7, 1868.

THE DISRAELI DEFEATS.

The second defeat of the Disraeli Ministry by a majority of 65 renders it certain that the days of the new Prime Minister are numbered, unless by an appeal to the country he can strengthen his hands. The present Parliament is clear in its determination to sweep away the whole fabric of the Irish Church Establishment, and we do not believe that any appeal to the country will retard the progress of events towards that grand result which has been aimed at for years by those whose in the Establishment the prime cause of Irish dissaffection and semi-rebellion. There are few reflecting persons who do not believe that it is unjust to the last degree to perpetuate a system which is so galling to the great mass of the people of Ireland, and get there are difficulties of no ordinary character in the way of a harmonious adjustment of the grievances complained of by Irishmen. It may be expected that the strife of a general election will create a politico-religious war of the bitterest kind, in which demagogues will prevent the soundest political doctrines to further their own ends, and in which the people will display as little as possible of the genuine principles of the Christianity which they profess to defend. Indeed Irish Orangemen are already on the qui-vive, and if we are to believe such orators as Rev. Mr. Flanagan, whose remarks we published some days ago, they are going to rebel, if "unholy hands" are laid on the Irish Church. *They*, the purely loyal, devoted, Christian defenders of the Crown will, it is declared, withdraw their allegiance from Queen Victoria, if a majority in Parliament dares to act contrary to their wishes and pass a measure of justice demanded alike by the wants and wishes of a large majority of the Irish people and by the spirit of the age in which we live. It has ever been so, since the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, which is a case in point, and it will ever be so, but we suspect that the legislators of Britain will have courage enough to work out the great problem of "The greatest possible good to the greatest possible number," irrespective of the opposition of *any* minority.

Returns Brought Down.

A return was brought down to-day of the expenses of the Fenian prosecutions and of the Halliday case. The items of the former show that F. W. Jarvis received to pay for the support of the prisoners, &c., $15,212; R. A. Harrison for professional services and disbursements in procuring evidence, &c., $11,317; J. H. Cameron $3,500; J. R. Ramsay, $632. The total expense of prosecutions being $36,629. The Halliday case cost $14,233. Mr. Thomas Galt reciving $10,143 for services and disbursements.

The above, which we clip from the *Leader* of the 30th, will surprise some of our readers, who will ask themselves and each other, how in the name of common decency the prosecution of a few blackguard Fenians could have cost a tithe of $36-629, and how it comes that Mr. Thos. Galt got $10,143 in the Halliday case. How many farmers, we ask, in Huron, nay, in Ontario and Quebec, can, after the toil of a life-time, claim to be worth $10,-000; and yet here we find Toronto gentlemen coolly fobbing ten, eleven or fifteen thousand dollars each, for services extending over a few months.—It is all right, pile on the costs, charge the highest price for your services, ye big-guns of the law, the country is rich and will pay the piper without so much as a grimace! That, indeed, would appear to be the doctrine set before the greedy commorants who are fattening on the misfortunes of their country.—And are not many of our people blameable, indirectly, for such iniquities? Do they not run open mouthed at the beck of every time-server who wears a good coat and wags an oily tongue? True, they would be astonished if they could see how much of their hard earned tax money is squandered by just such men, but let an election take place, and they are prepared, once more, to cast themselves with enthusiastic plaudits into the ditch to enable the dainty ones of the earth to pass over dry shod and "possess the goodly land." We hope and trust Mr. Cameron will look into the items of this precious return.

THE LABOR QUESTION.—We are assured by those who ought to know that labor is scarce in this town,—by no means, in fact, equal to the demand. For example, some of our shippers a day or two ago found it almost impossible to get even fourth-rate men to load a vessel, and those they got demanded from $1.25 to $1.50 per day. Four good men who came up from some inland town, (having seen the notice in the *Signal*) obtained instant employment at first-rate wages. Let those who affect to believe that there is a sufficiency of labor, ask the Messrs. Detlor, Seymour & Co., Rumball & Co., or the masters of vessels unloading here, and they will be very soon undeceived.

A RICH MAN.—On Friday evening last we had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Richadson, the former owner of the now famous Richardson gold mine, Madoc. It is interesting to look at and speak to a man into whose lap Fortunata has suddenly poured the contents of her magical cornucopia. How will the man accept his sudden wealth? Will he buy fast horses and run himself high and dry in a few months? Will he craze himself with drink, and spend his easily-got thousands in chambering and wontoness? Will he come out as a full-fledged, high-pressure member of the Shoddy Aristocracy? It is a disagreeable fact that eight men out of ten would, under such circumstances, make consummate fools of themselves, but Mr. Richardson is not so easily upset. For years he looked upon the rocky farm upon which he could barely live as worth no more than about $400.00, but when he came to get $73,000 for the same property, he laughed and took the whole thing as one of the richest jokes in the world. Notwithstanding his wealth he, last year, worked at farming as if nothing had happened, thereby setting four fine sons a noble example. He has purchased fine farms in the township of Bruce, where he intends shortly to settle down with his sons. We wish him many years of health and happiness in the sister County.

DESTRUCTIVE WHIRLWIND.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 29th April, a most destructive whirlwind passed over a portion of this County, doing much damage to property. The phenomenon was the most singular ever witnessed in these parts. As first seen and during its progress it presented the appearance of a vast black inverted cone, having its base far up in the aerial regions and its apex of about 20 feet in diameter on the earth. Revolving within this narrow circumference with fearful velocity, and with an inward and upward motion, the whirlwind destroyed all that it came in contact with. It entered the woods from the Lake about a mile below Bayfield, and, seizing upon the largest trees, literally tore them out by the roots, casting them frequently into distant clearings.—Having swept a clear passage through the forest it completely demolished the house, barn and sheds of Mr. Gorman on the Brownson line, thence it proceeded in a North Easterly direction. Eye-witnesses describe the effect when a fence was met with: About twenty feet would be, as it were, licked up, the heaviest elm rails being whirled up endwise as far as the eye could follow them. On the next line it passed directly over the large frame barn of Mr. D. H. Ritchie which was a total wreck in a moment. Shingles, rafters, beards, timbers, &c. were whirled together in one mass of confused debris—even the heavy elm sills being displaced. The boards were seen ascending until they had attained a height of half a mile at least and some of them were afterwards found at a distance of three miles. It next struck the toll-house, destroying it, Mrs. Johnston, the toll-keeper's wife only escaped with her life, being seriously injured by a falling brick. It then carried away the barn of Mr. Erritt, and another barn, in its course, about a mile this side of Clinton, which is the last we heard of it. It is probable that the destructive monster got out of wind before it travelled far into Hullett. Fortunately no lives were lost. Had the whirlwind passed over Goderich . . n the consequences must have been terrible. Altogether it was a remarkable phenomenon.

Our Advertisements.

Without entering into full details, we wish to say that the Great Public will find it advantageous to deal with these who advertise in the columns of the Huron *Signal*. It is a singular and significant fact that, with but two or three exceptions, every live energetic, dealer or merchant in town finds it necessary to use the advertising pages of the *Signal*, to "diffuse the intelligence" of their being ready to sell their various wares at the lowest rates, throughout Huron and Bruce. Without boasting, and in pure self-defence, we challange a comparison of our subscription list with that of any paper in Huron or Bruce. We believe we print double, at least, the number in these Counties, and treble most of them.

A BIG PRAIRIE SHUBB!—Mr. John Salkeld sen. has handed us a "Murphy," which, for size, beats anything we have seen or heard of. The crayther measures 2 feet 1 inch in circumference, and 1 foot the other way, and weighs 2¾ pounds. If any one can produce a more enormous specimen of the potato tribe, we should like to hear of it.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last, by the falling of a beam at the Ontario Salt Works now in course of erection, two young men were injured. One of them named Grant, will not recover, it is feared.

☞ The Regular Monthly Meeting of the Mechanic's Benevolent Society will be held in the Firemen's Hall, on Thursday eve., May 7th, at 8 o'clock. A full attendance is requested, as important business is to be brought forward.

TYPES.—We are glad to see that in compliance with the urgent request of Canadian newspapers the Government has lowered the duty on printing types from 20 per cent to 5 per cent. That is certainly a step in the right direction.

☞ The *Star* man unwittingly compliments the *Signal* on its influence, by stating that our call for more laborers is calculated to bring into town a number of laborers who could not find work. Let him name one who has complained. The only complaint we have heard was from Minister John, whose fear was that an increase of laborers would tend to lower wages. We think we understand the wants of this town quite as well as our critic of the Nineteenth century, as Mr. Smith would say.

THE ESTIMATES.

On the 28th Hon. Mr. Rose made a long speech on the financial affairs of the country, claiming that they were in a healthy state. The fleating debt had been reduced from nearly $4,000,000 in December last to less than $1,750,000 on the 15th of April. The reduction is effected by the sale of Public Securities and Dominion Stock, $1,600,000, which had been taken up. Nova Scotia had drawn $666,000, and New Brunswick $358,000, nearly more than paid into the general revenue. Mr. Rose anticipated a surplus of $1,500,000 of revenue over the ordinary expenditure for the year ending June 30th, 1869.

The estimates for the year ending June 30th, 1869, are as follows:—Management and redemption of public debt $6,533,737; Civil Government $651,366; Administration of Justice $444,150; Penitentiary $245,733; Legislation $482,138; Scientific Institutions, $9,750; Geological Survey, $36,000; Arts, Agriculture, and Statistics, $7,000; Immigration and quarantine, $36,805; Militia, $1,041,607; Pensions, $51,358; Ocean and River Service, $347,600; Light-house and coast, $204,622; Marine Service Hospitals, $67,000; Public Works and Buildings, $2,485,000; ports, $75,000; railway and steamboat inspection, $11,550; Fisheries, $35,800; compensation to Seignoors, $182,086; Seignoral indemnity to Townships, $45,402; subsidies, $2,369,648; Indians, $154,787; miscellaneous, $216,262; collection and management of revenue, $563,261; inland revenue, $158,556; post office, $751,000; Public Works, $694,695; miscellaneous, $12,000. Total, $17,960,915.

The Bible Society in Canada, as Viewed by the Parent Society, England.

To the Huron Signal

DEAR SIR,—Please insert the following letter from the honored Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Fatherland. It may encourage some timid heart, confirm some wavering friend of the Bible cause, and do good to the many friends and supporters of the good cause in these counties.

Yours, &c.,

W.

April 20th, 1868.

British & Foreign Bible Society,
London 19 New Bridge st.,
Blackfriars, E.C., March 20, '68.

The Rev. J. Durrant, Stratford.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge your letter of February 23, enclosing a remittance of £20 9s 6d. in aid of the general operations of this society, from the Stratford Branch, formerly connected with the Upper Canada Auxiliary. Pray accept our best thanks for this very gratifying proof of sympathy and interest in our great work. Contributions are especially welcome at this season when we are reaching the close of our financial year and forecasting the final results. I trust our increase may be better this year than last, but we are still in uncertainty; and shall be so almost in the last moments, for large payments are commonly made just before closing the account. We cannot expect, however, that our receipts will equal our expenditure. The last three years our sphere of labor has vastly increased, and the financial balance has been on the wrong side. We are deeming it prudent to contract some of our operations, much as we regret the necessity laid upon us. The committee will speedily issue a statement to show that while there has been a gradual increase in the income, our range of action has so widened that a much larger sum is required if we are to maintain operations even on the present basis. Under these circumstances, your contribution is very acceptable, and as a separate auxiliary you will perhaps be stirred up to do more than when affiliated with the organization at Toronto. We regret, of course, that there should be any cause of separation. *It is highly important that the principles of the Parent Society should be maintained in their integrity, for a deviation on one point may lead to a deviation on another;* I do not think all our *Protestant Friends will cast us off*, and where their wants in Bibles with the metrical version can be easily supplied, without grafting that supply upon the action of other in Ireland, they should hardly break up an organization which has stood so many years, and in most respects worked so well.—We have been long apprehensive that this vexed question would been in trouble. I trust, however, there may be no formal rival organization where our societies are planted, as much misunderstanding and alienation might arise. I am afraid that the National Bible Society of Scotland has been seriously endeavoring to push its cause in Canada. If so, it is to be regretted, as nothing will be gained to the Bible cause in efficiency and honor by sowing the seeds of division.

Again thanking you for your remittance, and hoping to be favored with future correspondence,

Believe us,
Yours sincerely,
T. R. BIRKETT.

SMOKED WHITEFISH.—Lake Huron whitefish, as smoked by Mr. Saunders, form one of the most delicious of breakfast dishes. We have to thank Mr. Saunders for a few of the fish.

RATHER FAST.—Our cotem announces that the attempt to take the life of Prince Alfred occurred on Good Friday. We have failed to see any intimation of it in the reports, and imagine it would take a rather longer period of time for the news to come from Australia. Try again.

So saith the *Star*, of this morning. Pretty sharp of the *Star* man to trip us up for an error attributable more to haste than ignorance, but before he enters into any such criticisms he should look well to his own utterances. In his leading editorial, —written, of course, calmly and deliberately—he speaks, anent the same subject, of "*an insane attempt on the life of the Duke of Cumberland, Prince Alfred.*" Now it is well-known that the Prince's title is the Duke of Edinburgh, and that the Duke of Cumberland is H. R. H. George Frederick Alexander ex-King of Hanover. Surely the *Star* does not wish us to believe that the poor blind *old* ex-King was shot! Study the "British Peerage' and try again, yourself, Mr. *Star*. You can't do worse.

SEAFORTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

DRAMATIC.—The Townsend family are giving entertainments in Downey's Hall, they are well received and draw crowded houses.

SINGING CLASS.—Mr. Ward has commenced his class in the school house; this is a good chance for both adults and juveniles as the charge is but a trifle and Mr. Ward is master of the art.

HOW THE STREETS LOOK.—Before Seaforth was incorporated there was no getalong the sidewalks for boxes barrels and such like trumpery; but now, (thanks to our village fathers) there is some pleasure in walking up the street—so much for incorporation.

PIGS,—The pigs too, are no longer free commers, and find it dangerous to appear in public, for if they do they are immediately marched off to pound; again thanks to our village Council.

VILLAGE COUNCIL.—The Municipal Council of Seaforth met on the 23rd ult., at Downey's Hotel. The Reeve and Councillors, Beaty, Strong, and McDougall being present. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. A communication was received from Mr. Hill regarding the removal of earth from the front of lot No. 40, on Main Street, and a communication from Mr. Dickson Registrar of Huron, in regard to a copy of market property deed. It was moved, seconded, and carried, that the sum of six dollars be paid to Mr. Harris for putting the earth from Mr. Hill's cellar on the sidewalk from the north-east corner of Mr. Markee's property down to Mr. Darby's Store, and to the proper grade, and laying down the sidewalk. The account of Mr. Dickson, for copy of deed $1, and William Clement for 60 loads of earth and levelling the same $3.50 were ordered to be paid. It was moved, seconded and carried, that T. P. Bull, Clerk, be allowed leave for one hour to attend drill. It was moved, seconded and carried, that the Clerk be authorized to obtain from the Registrar an abstract of title of lot No. 121, known as the market property of Seaforth, from the time of the Jarvis title. It was moved, seconded, and carried that the Council hire a competent person to repair the broken planks in the sidewalk in this village, under the superintence of the Council, and that Messrs. Strong, Beaty, and McDougall, be a committee to ascertain the necessary amount of lumber required and obtain the same. Leave was given to introduce a By-Law to prevent the injury or destruction of public property. The By-Law was read a first, second and third time, and passed. It was moved, seconded and carried, that the Council do now adjourn, to meet again at Downey's Hotel, on Tuesday evening next, at half past seven o'clock.

HE COULD'NT HELP IT.—A person having imbibed too freely of the *good things* of Seaforth, attempted to walk down the sidewalk to Egmondville, his legs not being equal to the task bent under him, he made a vigorous effort to hold on by the air, and ultimately gravitated on a very filthy portion of this mundane sphere, causing a mundification to be absolutely necessary.

McKILLOP.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ACCIDENT.—Not long ago, A. McMichael, who is working at Mr. Thompson's Sawmill, got the ends of his fingers cut off by the circular saw, and they were no sooner healed than he ran a very narrow escape of breaking his neck. He was running a car-load of heavy planks down the inclined plane, when car, planks, himself and all, went over, and were precipitated some fifteen or sixteen feet. He elighted on his head, and lay a long time stunned before he showed any signs of life. He ultimately rallied, and was glad to find it no worse, at the same time observing that in his case misfortunes never came single.

☞ It is probable that Parliament wil not be prorogued before June, owing to the quantity of business yet to be transacted.

KINBURN

(From our own Correspondent.)

ELOPEMENT.—The wife of Mr. Mulholand, last Tuesday week ran off to the States with a man by the name of Campbell. The night before, she asked her husband for some money to go Stratford, and not returning, it was soon found out that she was "o'er the borders and awa." This has caused quite a talk among the orderly and well conducted inhabitants here, who were quite shocked that such a thing should happen in their midst. But one and all agree that, Mr. Mulholland who is well liked, is better without her.

STEPHEN.

May 5.—We had a severe thunderstorm in this section last night. Torrents of rain poured down, fallowed by a discharge of very large hail stones. I hope our crops will not be much damaged by the visitation.

THE DISRAELI MINISTRY AGAIN DEFEATED.

LONDON, May 1.—The Government was again beaten in the House of Commons last night by a larger vote than before the Easter holidays. The majority against it was 65. Mr. Disraeli then stated that the Ministers needed time to consider their future action, and the House adjourned to Monday next.

LONDON, May 1.—The belief has become general that after the passage of the Reform Bills for Ireland and Scotland the Disraeli Ministry will dissolve Parliament and appeal to the people on the Irish Church questions.

The *Globe*, of this afternoon, in an editorial confirms this opinion.

LONDON, May 1.—In the house of Commons, last night, Mr. Walpole, member for Cambridge University, opposed the resolutions of Mr. Gladstone. In the course of his remarks he acknowledged that it would be rawme at this time to erect an Established Church in Ireland, but he declared it would be a far more serious thing to destroy such an establishment. All the arguments brought to bear in favour of such action were equally valid against the existence of the Established Church of England. He warned the House against the consequences which would follow the destruction of the Irish Church.

Dr. Livingstone's Safety A Certainty.

The Transvaal *Argus* of January last publishes the following interesting intelligence on the authority of Capt. J. Fenwick Wilkinson:—"The Captain informs us that he has just arrived from *Marico*, where he had seen Mr. Marthinus Swarts, an elephant hunter, well known in this Republic, and who had just returned from one of his annual shooting excursions in the interior, near the Zambesi. That while engaged in hunting at a certain point above the Victoria Falls, in the month of July last, he had spoken to a number of natives, who informed him that they had acted as guides to Dr. Livingston, whom they praised highly, and who, they stated, had missed them at the residence of Chief Retanga, giving them, at the same time, various presents. These natives had come a distance of twenty days' foot journey from Central Africa to where Mr. M. Swarts met them, viz; at some distance above the Victoria Falls, as already stated. The doctor was well at the time they left, and no attempt had been made on his life; on the contrary, he was exceedingly popular, and was every where well received. From what these guides stated to Mr. Swarts, it appears that the doctor had explored some very large river, and was about retracing his steps when they left him. Cepopo is the name of a chief the "other side" of Retanga, whom they stated the doctor had visited. We have no reason to doubt the truth of this information; on the contrary, we have every reason to believe it correct, particularly as the information was voluntarily given to Mr. Swarts by the natives who seemed to be proud of having acted as guides to the doctor, and at the time this information was volunteered to Mr. Swarts he was not even aware that considerable anxiety was felt for the fate of the doctor; had he known this, he states he would have been more particular in his inquires. This intelligence will, we doubt not, be hailed with extreme satisfaction wherever it is received."

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

☞ The Gulf line of steamers to Gaspe will commence running on the 8th May.

☞ Several ships on the St. Charles are now completed and waiting the moving away of the ice in the channel for launching.

☞ A paper in the interest of the Repeal party, called the *Chronicle*, is now being published in St. John, N B. It is a sickly looking sheet, and not likely to survive long.

☞ They "run" a bar-room in the basement of the Senate chamber, Ottawa, at which Whelan primed himself before murdering Mr. McGee.

☞ The fishery trade of Nova Scotia amounts to the large sum of $4,000,000 annually.

☞ Thirty young men left St. Andrews (N. B.) and vicinity for California within the last fortnight.

☞ Mrs. McGee's health has been alarmingly bad since the murder of her husband.

☞ The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Carnarvon eulogized the late Mr. McGee in the British House of Lords on Thursday night.

☞ The fund for the proposed monument to the late Mr. McGee is being largely subscribed to, and will contain the name of almost every member of Parliament.

☞ It is said that Dr. Tupper is a guest of the Duke of Buckingham at his country residence.

☞ In the St. Francis River, a Mr. Wright of Kingsley, recently caught a fine sturgeon, five feet long, and weighing 52 pounds.

☞ The total amount desposited in the post savings-banks for the first four weeks was $80,000.

☞ Four car loads of Canadian barley sold in Buffalo on Thursday, at $2,33 per bushel.

☞ The water in Lake Ontario is 2 feet lower than at this time last year.

☞ Fall wheat promises unusually well in all parts of the Province.

The Germans are beginning to print their books in Roman type. It is found much clearer and less trying to the eyes. Ophthalmia—which killed half the poor compositors before they had been ten years at the business, and caused a German printing office to be the funniest assemblage of pale faces, small forms, and big green goggles ever seen—will be banished by the change.

THE LIFE OF A FLOWER.

On a bank of Maitland's stream
'Neath a thrutree's spreading shade,
Never touched by noontide beam,
A May-flower rear'd its tiny head.

No companions round it grew,
Modestly it stood alone,
Chilling winds around it blew,
And whitry snows had hardly gone.

Still it rear'd its lovely head—
Still it braved the wintry wind;
Never crush'd by wanton tread,
Patient, modest, and resign'd.

April winds at last had gone,
Bright and golden spring appear'd,
Companions came—no longer lone,
Other sweets its presence shar'd.

Humming-bird and busy bee
Tasted of its honey'd sweets,
O'er its head on thorny tree,
Warbling songs its joy'ning greets.

Modestly its life had passed,
Unassuming—without pride—
It slowly closed its leaves at last,
Left its fellows, wither'd—died.

In finest garden—greenest bower,
Brighter hues than its may be,
But modesty's the sweetest flower,
Though its sweetness none may see.

E. G.

☞ A family quarrel has been going on for the past two years in Bloomfield, Connecticut, over a matter in cash value not exceeding 25 cents, and $1,500 have already been expended in the courts about it with no better prospect of a settlement than ever. The parties are members of good standing in the Methodist Church, and own property to the value of $20,000.

Wine and Temperance.

In an interesting letter from Germany, published in the N.Y. *Tribune*, Mr. Bayard Taylor writes