almost before he had lost his taste for caudle.'

With a sarcastic laugh she fled from the room, leaving me to my own bewildered and salven thoughts. I snatched up my hat and left the house, returning not till late in the evening.

The next day my cousins left The Elms.—The last earnest glance that fell with a sad, yet hopeful gleam upon me, from Jane Stornaway's eyes, came to me in my slumbers, and haunted my waking dreams. When thousands of miles of dreary sea rolled between us, it became to me a strength and a solace.

On the evening of their departure my mother and I were seated in the old, shadowy dining-room. Twilight was merging its sombre shades into the clear beams of the full moon. The windows were open, and the Summer air, laden with the breath of flowers, scattered a delicious perfume around. A mysterious silence was abroad, broken at intervals by the low rustle of the leaves, and the occasional song of the nightingale.

'Mother,' I asked, somewhat abruptly, 'did Captain Stornaway squander away his wife's dowry, or did he lose it in some unlucky speculation?'

'He spent it at the gaming-table,' she replied, in a bitter tone.

'And they are very poor now?' I asked.

'Poor almost to penury,' she sighed.

'Poorer than we are?' I continued.

'What do you wish to infer, Hugh, by that absurd question?' asked my mother, in a querulous tone. 'My expenditure has never exceeded my income, and your own observation will tell you that I have enough for all our requirements.'

'And if I wanted a hundred pounds or so, I presume it would not distress you to give me that sum?' I asked.

My mother was dumfounded at my request, and answered it by a blank stare of surprise.

'A whole quarter's income!' she at length said.

That was the first time that I came to a knowledge what her precise income was.

'If it will inconvenience you,' I said, 'I will not press it.'

'For what purpose do you require it, Hugh?' she asked, after a pause.

'To defray the expenses of an outfit and passage to Australia,' I replied composedly.

'For whom?' she gasped.

'For myself, mother,' was my cool answer.

I pass over the scene that followed this announcement of my crudely matured plan of self-exile to the Antipodes. The public mind was all astir at that time. Wild tales had been wafted to England of men acquiring fabulous piles of wealth in a single day at the gold diggings. It was the old song, to another tune, of London streets being paved with the precious metal. The mania seized me in an intensely rabid form, and, after a month's ceaseless importuning, I succeeded in gaining my mother's reluctant consent.

Six months after, I disembarked on the quay at Melbourne in company with a motley throng as the most imaginative mind could possibly depict. My stay had been only a few days in that city, waiting for the departure of the teams, when I followed the human stream to the gold fields. Into what a murky atmosphere my fanciful palaces all vanished as I returned to my tent, after my first day's weary toil, with as much reward for my labor as if I had been digging in a granite quarry. Weeks lapsed into months, and the stern realities of my hard, wild life, had thoroughly tamed and sobered me. A year passed by, and the fortune I had ventured so many thousand miles to seek, was still in the dim, far off future. A less resolute heart might have been tempted into despair, as indeed many hundreds were, and returned home, sick and disgusted; but I bore up unflinchingly and determinatly.

I survived two fevers and a broken limb, and at the end of five years arrived in the Mersey, with a tanned complexion, a bearded visage, a stalwart frame, full of vigorous health, and the possessor of four thousand pounds. What strange emotions thrilled my heart as we slowly passed up the river!—There were the same gay little steamers crossing to and fro; outward-bound ships crowded with emigrants, waiting for the tide; throngs of busy people on the quays; and the cheery chant of seamen hauling their vessels out of dock. But, let my eye rest where it would, my old home at The Elms rose palpably before me. I saw it amongst the masts and cordage; I saw it dancing on the restless waves, on the warehouses, on the piers, until, blinded with tears, a friendly voice whispered in my ear, 'Safe in England at last, Mr. Stanebright.'

'Yes,' I replied, joyously—'under the old roof once more to night.'

The autumnal moon was scattering her pale rays on the full roses and green ivy that grew luxuriantly over every nook and cranny of my dear quaint home, as the post chaise that conveyed me drove up to the front entrance. My mother stood expectant on the doorway. There was a low cry, a long gushing sob, and her kisses and tears fell fast upon my bronzed, bearded face. Then we passed into the dining-room, and her dear old arms nestled round my neck, and her pleasant eyes seemed never to get tired of gazing on my changed features.

We had both an eventful history to tell.—I gave her, however, only a glimpse into mine. There was something of deeper import to me than the recital of my own past adventures.

'Are the Stornaways still in England?' I asked.

'Oh, Hugh!' cried my mother, 'why do you mention that name in this happy hour?'

'Has any evil befallen them?' I inquired.

'I fear so,' she replied; 'but I cannot speak beyond my surmises. Three years ago the captain disposed of his half pay for a certain amount in ready cash. Shortly after, they went to reside in France, but the last letter I received from my sister was from Baden Baden.'

'How long ago is that?' I asked.

'Nearly two years,' sighed my mother.

'Was Jane still unmarried at that time?' was my next hesitating question.

'Oh, yes, poor child, and likely to remain so, I fear,' said my mother, with a feeble smile.

'Mother,' I said, after a pause, 'if Jane Stornaway is still living, still free, with your permission I will make her my wife.'

'Hugh,' she cried, fairly taken aback, 'what has put that absurd notion into your head?'

'Love, mother,' I laughed; 'and it must be a good tough love, too, that can fill a man's heart with hope and courage for five years, racked as I have been with a held of men as lawless and savage as wolves, in whose esteem a human life was less sacred than a dog's. But I never once swerved from my purpose, because Jane Stornaway's image was my star of happiness.'

'But she may have forgotten you,' said my mother.

'No,' said I. 'I read plainly by the last glance of Jane's eyes that her memory and heart would remain faithful to me till death. I would put a holier faith in that glance than in all the uttered vows of any other woman.'

'Be armed against the worst, said my mother, warningly.

'That has been my motto, mother, as night y I laid down in my tent to sleep with a revolver in one hand, and a knife that would penetrate a tenpinch board in the other,' I replied, smilingly. 'Now, keep nothing from me, but give me every particular of their movements since they left England.'

My mother had nothing to communicate beyond the scanty intelligence contained in the two letters from my aunt. I perused them, but they were vaguely worded, and the second letter bore no address beyond the Baden Baden post-mark.

I remained at home only three days, and then started on a wild chase to Germany.—Captain Stornaway's inveterate passion for gambling was the only clue by which I hoped to trace him. Baden-Baden was my first resting-place, and I stopped there a month. I looked into every face, watched every gaming house, and passed half my nights in those dens of pestilence, but in vain. I next visited Homburg, but with no better success. Finally, I searched every city and town on the Rhine, until, baffled and dispirited, I set out on a tour for Baden-Baden.

I arrived there on a bleak, rainy day towards the close of November. The gloomy weather seemed to infuse a chilly [illegible] into my spirits, rendering me depressed and miserable. More than two months had passed since I first entered Baden-Baden, and now I had returned to it, defeated hitherto, but still hopeful and buoyant. Early in the evening I quitted my hotel, and once again resumed my phantom chase; the air was keen, and the rain was falling in a drizzly mist as I pursued my solitary way through the dismal streets. At length I paused before the door of a large, fashionable gaming-house. I had believed that not one of those pandemoniums had escaped my notice in my former visit, and yet this one was entirely new to me. Ascending the steps I passed through a pair of folding doors, and quickly found myself in a lofty apartment, brilliantly illuminated and luxuriantly furnished. The room was hung with costly paintings and glittering mirrors, and tastefully adorned with graceful statues of purest marble. Carpets of softest pile caressed the feet, and the table was overlaid with massive velvet covers; the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, and the harmonious sounds of a concealed orchestra, playing the most popular airs, lent a magical charm to the scene. I appeared to have come suddenly into the land of enchantment, and might have readily imagined that some genii had wafted me into one of the celestial regions, but for the human throng gathered at the different tables. On almost every face there was a hard, pallid hue, or a feverish flush; in almost every eye there gleamed a hungry glare, and a peculiar, nervous twitching of the muscles was perceptible on every lip.

I stood at a roulette table watching the fluctuations of the game for some time, until, yielding to a momentary impulse, I threw a trifling stake upon the board; the next moment the croupier swept it amongst his glittering pile. I had lost. I staked again, doubling my first amount, and again my money vanished as before; I felt irritated and vexed, though not at my losses, for they were a mere bagatelle, but at the derisive sneers which my blind fancy pictured upon every countenance. I ventured a third stake for ten times the sum I had played for before, and an imprecation escaped my lips as it was swept from me.

The gamester's evil demon now held me fairly in his grasp, and my blood shot through my veins in a whirl of excitement. Thought, reflection, had all left me, and I stood a madman, denied brain and fevered pulse on the brink of a precipice, whilst fiendish tongues with soft words kept tempting me into the fatal gulf. I played on until the last coin was counted from my purse, and then I rushed from the house, hurried through the lonely streets, heedless of the piercing wind or midnight rain, until I reached my hotel. After hastily fortifying myself with my letters of credit, cheque book, banknotes, and all the money I possessed in the world, I returned to the gaming house. One burning, thirsting thought alone filled my delirious brain, and that was to retrieve my losses.

My foot was on the steps of the house, when a low, plaintive voice, sad and wailing, struck upon my ear. I paused, looked down, and saw through the yellow glare of the gas lamp, the white, emaciated face of a young girl. Her eyes were closed in a dreamy slumber, her slender form was huddled under her wet, threadbare garments, and her small wasted hand lay open on her knee.

'For my mother,' she murmured in a feeble whine.

There was a refined softness in the voice, and a delicate expression in the wan features.

'Poor creature!' I whispered, as I bent down and slipped a gold coin into her open palm.

'For my mother,' she again pleaded, as I closed the thin fingers over the coin and drew her ragged shawl further across her face.

I heard no more; but, yielding to my alluring tempter, re-entered the house. I strode to the board, calm and collected as I then thought, infatuated and mad as I now believe. At first the tide of fortune flowed sluggishly in my favor, then it swiftly turned, and on the crest of every ebbing wave the fruits of my five years' weary toil drifted rapidly away.

Let me hurry over the painful remembrance, let me close from my memory, now and for ever, if possible, the ghastly spectre that stood grinning before me as my trembling hand threw my last coin on the table. I stood as if transformed into stone, cold and rigid, with every feeling withered and dead within me. A sudden blight seemed to fall upon my brain and I was several minutes before I could realise the bitter fact that I was absolutely penniless. There was a sullen weight at my heart, heavy and passionless as lead. With a tottering, reeling step I turned from the room, one hand clutching my fevered head and the other battling vacantly with the air. Descending the stairs, I gained the outer door, and as the cold wind blew across my bare head brew a glimmering consciousness of my late folly came like a dash of light into my mind. My voice, which till then had been soundless, poured out a volley of bitter curses. Then the fair face of Jane Stornaway seemed to rise before me, not with the old hopeful grace that had been my beacon in the past, but with a stern, reproachful look in every feature. She appeared to be turning slowly away, with outstretched fingers pointing to the ground. I looked down, and there between us lay an open grave.

Suddenly a sight sound, like a sigh of the wind, swept to my ear, and recalled me to consciousness; then, as the vision vanished, my gaze rested on the still sleeping form of the young beggar girl. Her head was leaning against the stone pillars, and through a rent in the shawl that covered it a long tress of golden hair floated in the chilly breeze. Her slumber seemed placed, tranquil as death, and the dim rays of the lamp above gave a more ghastly warm as to her features.

Oh the remorse that stung me as I thought of the misery I might have spared that young life by a bestowal of the loundredth part of the wealth I had that night so recklessly squandered!

I was turning despairingly away, to wander I scarce knew whither, all hope crushed within me, when suddenly the glitter of the golden piece I had left in her hand sparkled before my eyes. My gaze became riveted to it by some fascinating spell. My fingers were about to clutch it, when from her thin, luckless lips, came the sad, plaintive wail, 'For my mother!' and I started back as though a serpent rose before me. Still the tempter released me not, but drew me nearer and nearer to the brink of crime—and what a crime! He urged me to walk the world with the stain of that act upon my conscience, the paltry robber of some starving beggar-child. And yet that piece of gold might win me back the fortune for which I had delved and toiled, endured sickness and fatigue, and braved death in a thousand shapes. And Jane—she would be mine yet. I should find her, and bear her back to my mother's home, my bride, my wife!

I no longer saw the shrivelled, hungry form, and pinched face of the sleeping mendicant; I saw but the tempting piece of gold in her thin white palm; and as I gazed, the coin appeared to multiply into a countless pile. Irresistibly I snatched it from her hand, darted through the doors, hurried back to the table, and threw the coin with a wild haphazard on the board. It fell on the number thirty-six, and the number of golden pieces were handed to me. I next threw for the red, doubled, and won again. Like one in a dream, with no forethought, no calculation, I played on, each time trebling the stake, and each time winning. A mound of gold was now rising before me, encircled by layers of bank notes. There were murmurs of wondering voices, and exclamations of surprise from the lookers-on. Still I threw with the same reckless spirit, and the chances of the game never fluctuated a single point. All my lost fortune kept rolling back in one continuous, steady stream. Hope returned to my throbbing heart, and a delirious ecstasy coursed through my veins. With frantic humor I joined in the peals of laughter that hailed my success. There was an exuberance of childish delight in my mad gaiety, and I hurled sarcastic jeers at the croupier, whose visage assumed the expression of dismay.—Suddenly a voice behind me whispered, 'Lucky fellow! You have won nearly four thousand pounds. Four thousand pounds!—the whole of my lost fortune.

I stopped, drew the gold and bank-notes towards me, gave a polite bow to the astonished croupier, cast an exultant glance at the [illegible] red group around the table, and walked from the room. As I descended the stairs my first thought was for the poor girl, whom I inwardly resolved to enrich beyond her wildest dreams. Pressing hurriedly forward I reached the portico, and looked round, but she was gone. I gazed through the dark, misty night, in the anxious hope that I might catch a glimpse of her, but I could discern no shadowy trace whatever. I rushed along the deserted street, peering into every nook and doorway; I described her to solitary strangers, returned to the gaming-house, and questioned the servant, but all my inquiries were fruitless. Still I never relaxed, never appeared to grow weary of the search, but through the lone, dismal night I traversed every street in the town. What was my restored wealth to me? what the priceless blessing of Jane Stornaway's love? what even life itself if it was doomed to be covered by the dark shadow of that night's crime.

At length, when morning had fairly dawned, I strode back to my hotel, jaded and worn, and crept to my restless bed, after a feverish and uneasy slumber I awoke, and again prepared to renew my search. I visited the most wretched quarters of the town, where want and vice stood forth in every shape.—Faces pinched by famine flitted before me, but not hers—not the wasted, but gentle features of that young, sleeping girl, who, like a pitying angel, had barred the door which led to my destruction. Where was she? Perhaps weeping by the side of some miserable pallet, her tears falling on the haggard cheeks of her dying mother—that mother for whom she had wandered forth on a bleak wintry night to solicit the charity of strangers. Pursued by these spectral fancies, I continued my search till past midnight, and then, fairly overcome by fatigue, I returned to my hotel.

(To be continued.)

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, DEC. 7, 1865.

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

The absence of political excitement may be good for the country at large, but it is bad for newspapers. They breathe best in an atmosphere of excitement, and when human affairs settle down as flat and insipid as—a barrel of small beer, the poor fellows are driven to their wits' ends for subjects of sufficient importance to give scope to their diversified talents. Canada is just now, enjoying a season of quiet. There being no opposition to speak of, Government has everything pretty much its own way, and as its members seem to behave themselves tolerably, no one abuses them as of old. Confederation is calmly waiting for the Maritime Provinces to come to their proper senses—the Flanagan subject is written threadbare—the Reciprocity Treaty is amongst the uncertainties—and really it is not surprising that an editor should almost unconsciously write 'what shall it be?' when he sits down to indite his leader. In some quarters, where County officials are to be appointed, they are having a high time of it. Such a wearing out of shoe leather in running to and fro; such canvassing; such a button-holing of illustrious personages who have patronage to bestow! To the student of human nature, a scramble for office is almost as good as reading 'Pickwick' or 'Our Mutual Friend.' 'Money makes the mare go,' and money certainly sharpens the wits of the office seeker. We question very much whether Mr. Wilkie Collins in his sensation manufactory could invent more intricate 'wheels within wheels' than some of these gentlemen. How cunningly devise are their plans for catching the breath of popularity in their apparently careless attitudes—how Talleyrand-like their canvassing diplomacy—how artful their approaches to the Man who can by a word crush their hopes or elevate their souls to the glorious pinnacle of material beatitude, and how nicely calculated the mines which, when exploded, are to send their opponents sky-ward! A fat office is a very good thing in its way, and many a good and virtuous fellow falls into one now and then, but Heaven help the man who has to crawl through *too much* dirt to obtain it. Indeed, considering all things, we are inclined to the opinion that offices generally should be conferred by a direct vote of the ratepayers. We do not include the judiciary, because it is not, in our opinion, safe to place the administration of justice in the hands of certain men merely because they are popular. A very popular man might make a very bad judge. But, there is another class of offices which is not open to this objection, and the very fact that popularity is offered as a recommendation to office by the exhibition of largely signed *petitions* is a pretty good proof that the appointments are now virtually elective. If so, why not establish the principle, as adopted in the election of Mayors, and let the candidates settle their respective claims before the people to be served? It would save a great deal of heart-burning, and sacrifice of self respect on the part of honorable men, if they could come out openly and settle the question of precedence fairly and squarely at the polls. The doctrine, however, that to the victors belong the spoils, and that a change of officials should follow upon every rise or fall of party, is a most demoralizing one, and we trust it will be long enough before it is adopted in Canada.

The material progress of our country at the present, is a subject that comes into our chit-chat very naturally. Canada, this year, has a good deal to sell, and she is getting such good prices for her surplus produce that money rattles in 'both pockets.' During the past few years farmers have labored under an accumulating load of debts without seeing their way clear out of difficulty, owing to poor crops and low prices, and hence many of them were ready to adopt annexation or anything else that could give them a better means of securing the comforts of life.—What an astonishing change has taken place in one short year. Providence blessed us with a bountiful crop, and the hard-working producer has the satisfaction of knowing that he can now receive a *high* price in cash for any article he wishes to dispose of. It is a golden opportunity for farmers, and we would sadly belie our hard-working settlers if we even hinted that they were inclined to neglect their own interests. The very large sums paid in this fall to loaning companies and money lenders, proves that an incubus of debt is being got rid of.—True, it would be better for business men if debts of this nature had never been contracted, as in that case a much larger amount of money would be afloat, but it is a luxury to be out of debt, and the country will ultimately feel the benefit of it. The lessons of the past should never be forgotten by Canada. No matter what degree of prosperity we are blessed with, it is the clear duty of our people to keep clear of the wild-cat spirit of speculation, which has proved so ruinous to many an honest man, and so detrimental to the interests of the country at large. If our farmers find themselves in possession of surplus funds, they should let it out at interest by improving *their own farms*, and thus pave the way for more extensive production in future.—Mechanics, merchants, manufacturers and others can find ample scope for their means and energies in the encouragement of home enterprises, and the development of the vast resources of the country. The great danger of prosperity is that it blinds men to the contingencies of the future, and causes them to go beyond their depth. We do not advocate the slow-coach principle, but we advise the exercise of great caution. Let every man make all the money he can, pay his debts, and try to make provision for the rainy day if it should come. In this way alone can Canada become a desirable home for the emigrant, as compared with the superficial superiority of the Western States.

At this stage of our musings, and before we have decided "what it shall be," that arch enemy of the editor, the printer's devil, pops in his head, and we are forced to hand over the sheet to His Majesty, just as it is.

THE N.Y. "HERALD" AND THE FENIANS.

Of all the unprincipled, lying sheets that disgrace the press of a civilized country, the New York *Herald* undoubtedly deserves the palm. From its inception as a black-mailing medium down to the citizenship of Fenianism, it has been most thoroughly and consistently infamous. A proslavery advocate before the war, it changed its whole tone in a single night and turned around to revile and malign the South with a bitterness unequalled in the North. Against England and everything English it hurls the vilest garbage to be found in its extensive laboratory, and now it pets Fenianism, the most fitting occupation it could possibly engage in. All right-thinking Americans hold the *Herald* and its utterances in supreme contempt, but what cares the renegade Bennett—his object is popularity, and if he can elicit the applause of a mob, however degraded or how vile low in the scale of humanity, his mean soul is satisfied. To secure this end no lie is too heavy for his stomach, no vile trickery too low to be stooped to. In the service of O'Mahony, the *Herald* has a correspondent in Toronto, who, to give him all credit, certainly comes up to any of the writers who used to lie so horribly from the Potomac and the James Rivers. The object of this Toronto man is to convince the Fenians of America that they may expect a great deal of assistance from their brethren in Canada, and that the loyal people of this Province stand in mortal fear of an uprising. In his list he goes so far as to give the number of Fenians in our principal towns and cities, and we must say he has succeeded in telling the biggest lie yet—which is saying *a great deal*. As a large number of our readers do not get the daily papers we give this mendacious scribe's figures as a sample of the precious stuff he is thrusting down the throats of an ignorant and deluded people:—

'From returns just made to the Provincial Centre of the Brotherhood of Canada I am enabled to give the following figures, which will surprise everybody not familiar with the sentiments of the Irish of Canada. I give only a few of the towns. The first column shows the number in sympathy, and of course cannot be relied upon; but the last shows the number already enrolled.—

	In sympathy.	Enrolled.
Toronto	4000	156
Quebec	12000	3150
Montreal	25000	5000
Kingston	1800	250
Hamilton	2500	427
Ottawa	3000	510
London	1500	253
Oakville	190	52
Port Credit	400	49
St. Catherines	200	102
Niagara	400	210
Suspension Bridge	150	265
Paris	160	57
Woodstock	175	75
Ingersoll	175	73
Chatham	100	107
Aylmer Township	1000	526
New Market	250	101
Bradford	100	72
Barrie	220	135
Collingwood	250	112
Lishtown	1000	367
Port Hope	150	53
Cobourg	250	111
Whitby	160	56
Oshawa	120	73
Peterboro	400	100
Lindsay	400	227
Brighton	75	34
Prescott	250	121
Cornwall	125	61
Brockville	250	119
Belleville	500	257
St. Mary's	150	122
Brampton	175	112
Georgetown	100	76
Guelph	425	207
Galt	200	110
Berlin	100	53
Stratford	300	211
Sarnia	300	103
Goderich	200	117
Owen Sound	250	51
Simcoe	100	54
Iroquois	71	56
Cruprior	70	36
Atherly	75	51
Aylmer	200	107
Milton	100	53
Bell Ewart	95	61
Bowmanville	75	31
Brooklin	200	65
Bruce Mines	400	211
Brock	100	54
Cayuga	65	44
Bradford	170	112
Danville	100	564
Elora	192	51
Fenelon Falls	225	109
Fergus	100	61
Fort Frie	95	58
Freelton	210	104
Gananayne	275	150
Georgenia	250	126
Grand River	225	171
Hastings	226	107
Holland Landing	75	63
Total		16,028
Returns from other towns and rural districts given		65,727
Making total number enrolled and drilling		81,755

'These figures, I am informed, include many persons residing outside of the corporate limits, but members of the local centres or lodges.

'The number armed is also given in the returns; but it is one of the secrets of the Brotherhood which I am unable to get at. I am assured, however, that over half of the enrolled members are armed either with rifle, gun, revolver or pike—many with rifle and revolver, which seem to be the popular weapons.

DARING ROBBERY.

$155 AND FOUR NOTES STOLEN.

Three of the Suspected Parties Arrested.

On Thursday evening, the 30th ult., a most daring robbery was committed on the premises of Mr. Anthony Allen, Innkeeper, Millburn. The facts as since ascertained are these:—On that evening, John Gentles, the bar-tender, was known to be at a "ball" in Loutit's tavern, Maitlandville, and four boys named John Thomas, Joseph Mills, Robert McIntyre, and Jack McLennan, being made aware of the fact drove out to Allen's. Mr. Allen being ill in bed still further favored their plans. They had a drink or two, after which McIntyre and McLennan went into the hall. The other two kept Mrs. Allen in the bar on pretence of treating, &c., and, she noticed, contrived to keep a continuous noise of one kind or other. At that time the other rascals were breaking open Gentles' trunk up stairs. From the trunk they took the sum of $155.00, mostly in $2.00 Bank of Montreal bills, and a number of notes of hand. The party then hurried into town, spent a few dollars in taverns, and started for Buffalo by the express train next morning. When Gentles missed the money next morning, he fastened upon the only person who knew that he had money in his possession, and that was Jake Hobson. Information was then laid against the suspected parties.

Hobson was arrested in town on Friday and the case examined before C. Crabb, Esq., on Saturday afternoon.

John Gentles testified that about a week ago Hobson came up to Allen's tavern, and that, wishing to trade chalks with him, he took him (Hobson) up to his room. When he had his trunk open Hobson saw a cigar box in it and asked if there were cigars in the box, at the same time lifting the lid. When he saw that the box contained money, Hobson put down the lid and said no more. On the night of the robbery he was at Loutit's ball. Previous to going to the ball, was at McPherson's tavern. While there the boys drove up to the door and Hobson went out apparently to speak to them. There had been some talk about Hobson going to take a gift from McIntyre. He suspected Hobson because he alone knew where the money was. There was $155, mostly in $2.00 bills, and some notes in the cigar box. He missed the box next morning when he went up to get some money for a man.

The prisoner was then remanded until Monday morning. On Saturday, chief constable Trainer cleverly overhauled Mills and Thomas at Stratford, secured and brought them up by the evening train.

On Monday, Hobson, Mills and Thomas were placed at the bar, C. Crabb and S. Pollock, Esqrs., presiding.

John Gentles said that on Saturday Thomas told him that McIntyre had said to *him* that if the plan didn't work, Hobson was to sleep at Allen's and let him (McI.) through the back window, to assist in the robbery. When Hobson was arrested he told him (Gentles) that he thought the money was John Mitchell's as he heard the boys say they intended to rob his shop.

Mrs. Allen said on Thursday evening last, Thomas and Mills were acting in a very singular and noisy manner in her husband's house about half-past eight o'clock. She saw another boy outside. They all left about 20 minutes to 9. They said they had been up to Mrs. Ross' with a turkey buyer.

Joseph Shannon saw the boys when they arrived at McPherson's tavern about 9.30. Hobson went out saying something about taking a girl from one of them. Hobson came back in about an hour.

George Hilton said he boarded at McPherson's. Between 9 and 10 o'clock on Thursday evening, Hobson, Gentles and himself were sitting in the bar-room talking about the dance, when McIntyre appeared and motioned with his finger for Hobson to go out. Thought there was something about a girl, but didn't know. Suspected something was wrong. Hobson went out.

Jno. Murray had let the horse and buggy to McIntyre about eight o'clock; it was returned at 9.30. McIntyre asked what was to pay, and when he said $1.00, took two half dollars, a ten cent piece, and three pennies out of his pocket, saying, "d— it, take it all, I'm in a hurry!" He then left by the back door of the stable. Hobson came in at the front door, asked for McIntyre, and was informed that he had just gone out of the back entrance.

Wm. J. Johnston said that about 9.30 on Thursday night, Mills, Thomas and McIntyre came into his tavern covered with mud, stating that they had been out the Huron Road and had got an upset out of the waggon. McLellan produced a $2.00 bill and called for drink. He seemed to have a quantity of paper money. Hobson, who was in, called Arthur Cantelon out. The boys did not stop long.

Geo. Hamilton testified that on Thursday evening he saw Thomas, Mills, McLennan and McIntyre at Miss Clark's. They all appeared to be flush of money, and he told the lady of the house he didn't think it had been come by honestly and she ought to keep what she got of it. McLennan took a chain from Mills and threatened him if he divulged something. McLennan told witness he had broken open something, and that they were all afraid to do it but him.

Bella McDonald said the boys were at the house where she resides on Thursday evening. Saw a roll of bills with Thomas. They spent money very freely. Had never seen any of them there before but McLennan.

Eliza Valentine, an inmate of the same institution, gave evidence similar to that of McDonald. The boys stopped at the house for an hour and a half.

On the prisoners being warned and asked if they had any statement to make, all remained silent but Mills. He said the money found on him was part of that stolen. McLennan wanted him to go up and get the money, but he refused. McLennan then said he would go if he (Mills) would stop at the foot of the stairs and watch while the others went into the bar-room. When he came back down stairs he had the cigar box with him, which he gave to deponent to put under the waggon seat and ran away down the road. When they came as far as Black's tavern, a private room was obtained and the money divided all round by McLennan, who opened the box. McIntyre and Thomas told him Hobson was going to sleep in Allen's and let the former in through a window to get the money.

Arthur Cantelon said Hobson called him out of Johnston's and asked him to go and look for some girls the boys had. They went to Donaldson's shop, to Beggs' stable and then back to McPherson's.

The prisoners were remanded for trial at the ensuing sessions.

☞ The Huron Board of Instruction will meet for the examination of teachers, on the 27th and 28th insts., at Goderich.

☞ The third regular meeting of the County Huron Teachers' Association will be held at Clinton on the 23rd inst.

☞ Farmers from the North complain of the deep ruts made in the Northern Gravel Road, which, they assert, will be permanently injured if not repaired soon.

MOORHOUSE'S CANADIAN FARMERS' ALMANAC FOR 1866.—A copy of which is before us, is an excellent work including blanks for diary, besides a large amount of useful information. For all practical purposes it is just as good as Maclear's, and the price is only *two pence*.

☞ Mr. A. Smith advertises by bill and otherwise that he has on hand and for sale (cash) a large stock of articles in his line. Mr. S's. stock is well worth inspection by those who wish to get a really good article of clothing for the money.

HOW TO SELL CHICKENS.—A countryman of the Peter Simple persuasion had a lot of chickens for sale on Wednesday. Being offered a York shilling each for them, he refused very promptly. A few minutes afterwards another lover of chicken pie asked what they were per pair. "Twenty cents," responded Peter, and for twenty cents a pair he sold them.

☞ Yesterday, 30th, was very wet and gloomy,—so much so that professional and business men whose offices are somewhat dark could not see to work. Lamps were lit in the Bank of Montreal about 2 o'clock. This is the "mugginess" we read about.

A DOOMED JUDGE.—Our County Judge, we understand, has received from Detroit a polite hint to prepare for his departure from this mundane sphere, which runs somewhat after this fashion:—"Revenge is sweet! The hour of retribution is at hand!! Prepare for the worst!—FENIAN!" As the learned judge persists in going about without a body guard, we suppose he is not badly frightened.

A NEW BOAT.—Messrs. J. V. Detlor & Son have purchased the steamer *Silver Spray* for the Shore route next season. From all we can learn she is a beautiful, staunch boat, much larger than the Bruce, and in every way adapted for the trade for which she has been especially purchased. It is pleasing to see that the lake business of this port continues in the hands of men so well qualified to make the most of it as our enterprising townsmen.

The Late Concert.

At a meeting of the congregation of Knox Church, which took place on the evening of Tuesday last, at the conclusion of the usual weekly service, resolutions were passed expressing cordial thanks to the various friends who tendered their kindly offices in connection with the recent concert. Mr. Ure, who occupied the chair, made a few remarks at the close of the meeting, in the course of which he observed, amid obvious signs of hearty concurrence on the part of his audience, that while he fully appreciated their late reunion in view of its financial result, he valued it still more in consideration of the kind and genial sentiments manifested toward them on the occasion, by so large a number of their fellow townsmen.

The exact gross amount realized by the concert, as ascertained at the meeting was $147.00.

☞ The warning of President Johnson to the people of North Carolina seems to have had some effect. Governor Holden has telegraphed to the President that the Legislature has ratified, with but six dissenting voices, the Congressional amendment abolishing slavery; that five judges have been elected, all good selections.

MANCHESTER.

☞ Mr. Elkin is cutting a race for a new carding mill at this place. An establishment of this kind is much wanted, and will no doubt be well patronized.

TURKIES EMIGRATING.—On Thursday last Mr. Wm. Fowler of Harpurhey, shipped 700 turkies for Buffalo. Quite a sensation was created by his driving the birds in a solid drove through that city.

☞ Mr. Hugh McMath informs us that he has struck oil on his farm near Dungannon, at a depth of 21 feet.

THE COUNTIES' COUNCIL met in Goderich on Tuesday, the 5th. We will give the proceedings in our next.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE.—This admirable Magazine is forwarded to this office from Messrs. Strachan & Co., Montreal. We are glad to see that under the management of its talented editor, Dr. Guthrie, it is improving with each number. No work of the kind could be more suitable for an intelligent Christian household. For sale at this Office.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The contents of the October number are not altogether such as the general reader would seize upon with avidity, but there are several papers of rare merit. The following are the Articles:—Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry; Life in the Criminal Class; The Rock cut Temples of India; Life of Carl Maria von Weber; Campbell's Frost and Fire; Posthumous Writings of Alexis de Tocqueville; Palgrave's Arabia; The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland; Sir Thomas Wyse's Peloponnesus; American Psychomancy. L. Scott & Co., New York, T. J. Moorhouse, Goderich.

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of a new trade paper, the *Typographic Messenger*, published by James Conner's Sons, N. York. It will be welcomed in every go-ahead office in Canada.

Scenes at Tom Sayers' Funeral. His Will and Children.

The London News, of Nov. 16, contains the following:—Soon after mid day a vast crowd had assembled in High Street, Camden Town, where the ex-champion lived, and the main road and pavement from the Mother Red cap, for several hundred yards towards Hampstead, was infested by what looked like an execution mob. The shops were nearly all closed, partly perhaps out of respect to the memory of Sayers, and partly, there can be no question, out of deference to the evidently predatory instincts of the crowd. Jesting, swearing and rough chaff, wishes that the music would come, jesting and horse play were the occupations most in vogue. All the way from High street to the cemetery the same class of people on foot, in cars, on the roof and inside of over laden cabs, were to be seen steadily making for the hero's grave. At the cemetery itself the gates were guarded by what seemed a strong body of policemen, who only admitted people who either "gave the number of their tomb," or otherwise justified their claim to enter. At 2 p.m. this crowd was easily kept in order, but half an hour later a successful rush was made, and some hundred sturdy vagabonds carried the gate by main force, amid the yells and shouts of their companions. The police succeeded in re-closing the gates, and in again exercising discrimination as to whom they admitted. As it was, the tombs and covered crypts were crowded with people, who turbulently jostled and laughed, trampled on the great, and derided the graves with as little reverence for the place they were in as if it had been an old prize ring. The succeeding two hours were taken up in watching the crowd to head off between the police outside and rapidly increasing crowd of roughs, in the attempt and admission of tavern credit, each admission being the signal for a struggle on the part of those who wanted to force their way, and in securing vantage ground from which to see the procession. Soon after 1 o'clock, the sound of drums and trumpets was heard, and the hearse and mourning coaches struggled through the surging disorderly mob. Sayers' pony and dog cart, with his magnificent dog, the sole occupant of the latter, followed immediately after the hearse. The police contrived to keep back the attendant mob for a few moments; but as soon as the coffin was taken in to the cemetery chapel, and the hearse carriages had turned in, the crowds of thieves and blackguards proved too strong for those opposed to them, and the gates were again stormed. The members of the band, while in the act of playing the "Dead March," were scattered in a moment, their instruments flying overhead and themselves running for safety. Hundreds of the foulest scum of the race's courts and alleys of London, the creatures who only come to light in the aggregate at an execution or race course, or an illegal betting ground, rushed in to hold saturnalia at the grave side. For a few minutes the police were completely overcome. They were a mere handful of men against the enemy, but they subsequently rallied, not once more single handed, but in the cemetery gates. Many of the roughs were tumbled down in the raid, and after it was over, the gaping spectators formed stretched at an unfrequent interval on the grass, or reared by their luckier comrades against the tombs, while neck cloths were torn away and animation restored, spoke of the severity of the conflict.

TOM'S WILL AND HIS CHILDREN.

The London Telegraph of Nov. 16, says A will was read on the return of the friends from Highgate Cemetery, and the substance of it is, that the £4,000 collected for him at the fight with Heenan, and invested in Northern Railway stock, will be divided between his two children, together with an additional sum which, on the realisation of his estate, may be nearly another thousand pounds. The sole trustee is Mr. Bennett, who was also one of the trustees for the management of the money subscribed by persons of all classes for the benefit of the champion. To this same Mr. Bennett, and to the Mr. Mensley, in whose house Tom Sayers died, the poor fellow clung with an almost childish affection, his last words in consciousness having been addressed to the former of the two.

He had literally gone to the house of Mr. Mensley—a boot and shoe maker, who, it seems, had made all Tom's fighting boots for him—to die. His two children had been placed at school by Mr. Bennett. The girl appears to be about fifteen or sixteen, and has a face for which the face of the Puritan maiden, in Millais' picture of the Concealed Royalist, might very well pass as a portrait. Her brother is younger by a year or two, and seems a frank, intelligent lad; but they were both so painfully effected, that judgment of character was for that time out of the question.

RATHER AWKWARD.—The following anecdote has been associated with the name of more than one clergyman's help-mate. The ministers had been entertaining at dinner a clerical friend from a distance. The evening was unpropitious, and the friend was invited by the minister to remain during the night.—They walked together for some time in the manse garden.—At dusk the minister asked his friend to step into the manse, while he would give directions to his manservant in regard to his friend's conveyance being got ready in the morning. As the stranger entered the manse, the minister's wife mistook him for her husband, she raised the pulpit Bible which chanced to be on the table, and bringing the full weight of it across the stranger's shoulders, and excl