Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE] GODERICH, C. W., THURSDAY, OCT. 8, 1863. [VOL. XVI.—NO. 36.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

—OR,—

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

(CONCLUDED.)

As evening crept on, and the sun cast his last rays upon the forest trees, this little family of father, son, and daughter, sat around the wounded warrior as he lay under the dreamy influence of a powerful narcotic.—Monsieur St. Hilaire had been rendered truly unhappy at the unfortunate occurrence which had stretched the warrior upon a bed of pain, and he sat near him, watching his every breath, and fearing in the setting in of fever. He constantly moistened his lips, and felt his pulse, while the concerned expression on his face conveyed his fears to the anxious Clotilde, who sat near, watching alternately the countenance of her preserver and of her father.

Towards the latter part of the evening the chief was in a high fever, and his mind wandered delriously as he tossed to and fro upon his couch. Now, he was leading on his braves to the fight, and he sounded the fearful whoop; anon, he joined in the councils of his tribe; and again, the more recent scenes of that afternoon flitted before his disordered imagination, and he was struggling in the water, bearing Clotilde up the bank, asking the Great Father to unseal her eyes, confessing to her his simple heart, and his fingers sought the chain and cross, turning the latter over and over; now, a shadow passed over his frame, and his lips were compressed as if to subdue a terrible pain, and again those words, "The White Fawn has won the heart of Tisha-Mingo—he will forgive her 'ative," while a smile passed like a gleam of sunshine over his dark features.

Monsieur St. Hilaire had watched tenderly his patient, holding him when he struggled, that he might not injure himself, occasionally moistening the bandages upon his wound, and paying little heed to what he muttered in his delirium; but at these last words of the unconscious man he started with surprise. The kneeling attitude of the Indian, as he first caught sight of him, was explained, and the truth flashed upon his mind; nor could he refrain from tears as his manly heart received from the lips of the sufferer this assurance of forgiveness for the rash act of his hand.—Emotions of generous friendship towards the sick man, and of gratitude to him for having rescued his daughter from a watery grave, alternated with feelings of pride—fear concerning what might be the consequences of the events which had already transpired, and tender solicitude for his daughter's happiness, while he deplored every occurrence of that unfortunate day. But he ceased not in his exertions to relieve the sick man's pain; and morning dawned as he sat alone by his couch. The fever had passed, and the sufferer, though much exhausted and very weak, showed symptoms of recovery.

Some days elapsed before the chief's returning strength enabled him to rise from his couch; during which time Clotilde, Adolphe, and their father had taken turns in administering to its wants; although the latter found frequent excuses for keeping his daughter away from the chief. The quick-witted Indian observed this, and discerned the cause; but he made no betrayal of his knowledend, only keeping the cross which Clotilde had given him concealed under his dress.

It was many weeks before Tisha-Mingo recovered the use of his arm, and during that time he remained under the care of Monsieur St. Hilaire, who though he saw with pain the growing friendship between the chief and his daughter, and secretly longed for their separation, was yet too hospitable, and felt too keen a sense of the wrong he had innocently inflicted upon the chief, to allow him to depart until his wound had entirely healed.

Notwithstanding the watchfulness of her father, Clotilde held many a secret interview with Tisha Mingo, whose noble and generous spirit she had, from the first, respected and admired, and whose character, which had developed many a hidden beauty, and almost womanly tenderness, under her tuition, she had learned to love, as his dark skin became familiar to her eyes, and his eloquent tongue spoke of a passion such as her whole romantic nature responded to.

Tisha-Mingo had passed several years of his life among the French in Canada, where he had acquired their language, and received those strong early impressions which ever influence the after life of the White Man or the Red. He had seen the courtesies of the French officers towards their ladies, witnessed their devotion to the other sex, and had been familiar with every scene of "court and hall," for which at that early day the French in Canada were somewhat noted. Being thrown once more among the French people, it was not strange that these early scenes came back to him, and entered into his very nature as it were; so that, not only did his handsome and stately bearing, and his Indian eloquence, so novel, so touching in its simple earnestness, combine to win the heart of Clotilde; but added to these, the grace and delicacy of address and action, which reminded her of her own people, the wooing in her own tongue, and a half French gallantry and devotedness, could hardly fail of leading captive her unresisting heart; and so it was that the beautiful and accomplished Clotilde bestowed the matured and maiden affections of her heart upon the brave Tisha-Mingo.

At length the day arrived when their Indian guest was to return to his tribe, and Monsieur St. Hilaire, with Adolphe and Clotilde, stood with him on the river's bank, where the canoe lay which was to bear him away. Monsieur St. Hilaire embraced him affectionately, and presented him with a costly rifle as a souvenir of his visit. Adolphe stuck a black plume in his belt, which had once graced his father's *chapeau*, while Clotilde placed in his hands a book, out of which she had many times read to him during his sickness.

Brushing away a tear from his cheek, Tisha-Mingo waved three times an adieu, and then, stepping lightly into his little bark, paddled swiftly away, never once turning his head, but, as he passed out of sight, sending back a wild whoop.

All felt the absence of their Indian friend, for he had been a favorite with all; but Clotilde wept in secret, and continually recalled to mind the many little acts of kindness and attention that he had performed. She wandered alone in the woods, and visited every spot where they had sat and talked together: here they had watched the setting sun as he went down to the land of the Great Spirit; there they had gazed upon the moon and stars; there had he given her the wampum string which should bind their hearts together.

Months wore away, and winter bound the river in icy fetters, and covered up the forest paths. As yet nothing had been heard from Tisha-Mingo; and the heart of Clotilde was drooping within her. Suddenly she was taken ill of fever, and, despite every attention and all the skill of her father, she grew rapidly worse, and died. She was buried under the old oak tree, where she had requested her body might be laid, and the grief-stricken heart of her father was buried with her. He refused to be comforted, and from morn till night, from night till morn, mourned her loss with passionate grief, blaming in the bitterness of his soul the Providence that had taken her away. Adolphe shared his father's sorrow, but as Spring, with its varied charms, came on, his young heart rebounded from the shock.

One evening, towards the end of Spring, Monsieur St. Hilaire and Adolphe were sitting under the oak-tree, talking about removing into Canada, and leaving a place where everything so painfully reminded them of their lost Clotilde. The thought of leaving a spot where so many happy years had been spent, cheered by the presence of her so recently lost, filled with sadness the minds of Adolphe and his father. They sat silently, buried in their thoughts, for more than hour, when the unusual sound of an Indian whoop startled them, and caused them to look in the direction whence it arose. The next moment a tall figure approached, and, dropping his bearskin, Tisha-Mingo stood before them. The moon shone brightly down upon the three, revealing to Tisha-Mingo the bowed form and sorrowful countenance of Monsieur St. Hilaire and the tearful face of Adolphe.

Fearful apprehensions filled the mind of he chief, and he advanced to shake hands with his friends, without uttering a word. He looked from one to the other, and then pointed to the vacant seat beside them with trembling finger and a heaving breast; and, as the bereaved parent pointed to the mound close by, and to the cross which surmounted it, the chieftan's head drooped upon his breast. His staggering footsteps just bore him to the grave, when he fell upon his face, and poured out his grief in low moans; nor could he be induced to rise, and in the morning he was still stretched upon the ground. The paroxysm of grief at length subsided, and the chief arose when Monsieur St. Hilaire called him.

Alas for the ravages those few short hours of grief had made upon the brave warrior! His forehead was marked with one deep furrow; his eyes were glazed; and the flowing scalp-lock had turned from black to grey.

Monsieur St. Hilaire started back with horror as he marked the fearful change that one night had wrought upon his Indian friend; and, as he extended his hand to him, he could only say to him, as he pointed to the little mound, and looked upward, "She is in heaven."

The breast of the chief rose and fell with stifled emotion, and the feeling of his heart burst forth in words.

"The White Fawn was Tisha-Mingo's eye," said the chief. "She is gone to sleep.—Tisha-Mingo will see nothing beautiful any more. The White Fawn has carried away his thoughts. The White Fawn's spirit is gone to live with the stars. Tisha-Mingo will wait here until the flying star brings it back again; for the white Fawn said that her spirit would visit him if the Great Father took her away too soon."

* * * * * * *

Months had passed; and Monsieur St. Hilaire and his son had gone to Canada to pass the summer; but the mournful warrior still waited under the oak tree for the coming of the White Fawn's spirit. He had encircled the little mound with a high osier fence, and built two seats of stone and moss near it, in one of which he every day sat and read aloud for hours out of the little book she had given him; and, in the long evenings, he sat waiting for her spirit to come and take the other seat beside him.

At length, one day, Tisha-Mingo went into the woods to kill some game, and in the pursuit of a deer he wandered so far that he could not back until the following morning. When he returned, he found the house of Monsieur St. Hilaire burned to the ground, the fence he had made around the mound torn away, and the mound itself dug up, the cross broken, and the grave empty!

At this spectacle the chief was overwhelmed with surprise; then frantic grief took possession of him as he marked the empty grave; and, rushing to the smoking ruins, he saw in their midst a blackened heap of bones within a half burned box; then all the revengeful spirit of his fathers returned and burned within his breast. Seizing his rifle, he brandished it above his head, and gave the terrible war-whoop, for his experienced eye detected the footprints of some Indians who were the deadly enemies of his own tribe. In the first transport of passion, he wished that his yell of defiance might reach their ears; then, casting a rapid glance over the ruins, with every sentiment of grief and love changed to revenge, he turned from the spot, and struck into the forest upon the trail of the foes, whose doom was already sealed.

Burning with revenge the maddened chief followed on the trail of his enemies, and at dusk overtook them as they were preparing to encamp for the night. Concealed in some thick bushes, he waited until their fires had gone out and the warriors were stretched upon the ground in sleep. Then, as a tiger creeps upon his prey, he came out from his hiding-place, and with stealthy steps approached the sleepers unconscious of their impending danger. Eight had already expired without a groan, when the relentless chief, turning to strike another victim, accidentally trod upon the arm of one of the sleepers, who sprang to his feet with a cry of alarm, rousing the three survivors. Tisha-Mingo, having cleft his skull with his unerring tomahawk, rushed upon the others with uplifted rifle, felling the nearest ere he could avoid the blow; then, hurling away his rifle, he attacked the other two with his knife, both of whom, after a severe struggle, fell by the might of his powerful arm.

An exultant yell rose from the lips of the victorious warrior as he gazed upon his victims, upon whose ghastly features the moon shone so calmly. Hastily removing their scalps, disdaining to plunder them of their weapons and ornaments, he piled their bodies one upon another, and pinning a piece of braided wampum to the nearest tree with his knife, in token of defiance, that their fellow warriors might know by whose hand they had fallen, he plunged into the forest to return to his own tribe.

Every emotion, save that of revenge, had been crushed out of the heart of Tisha-Mingo, and from that time his name became a terror to his foes. His belt was now always hung with reeking scalps, and his arm was never raised but to slay.

The Oniedas were then at war with the White Man, and the captive whom Tisha Mingo had rescued from the death that awaited him had been taken by a war party in a skirmish. Tisha-Mingo immediately recognized the captive youth as the boy Adolphe, the brother of the "White Fawn," whom he had loved and lost. The memory of his more peaceful days, when he learned his first lesson of love at the feet of Clotilde, and listened to her gentle voice, was revived in his heart, and he resolved that the captive should go free. But it was no easy task to bring the minds of his brother warriors to consent to this, for many of their number had been but recently slain, and their bodies brutally disfigured by the colonists, and they had sworn to be revenged.

Finding that his words were received with great disfavor, it was then that the brave Tisha-Mingo related to his brother warriors the story of his love. He told them of the "White Fawn," who had nursed him in his sickness, and of her father, who had dressed his wound (with Indian sagacity concealing from them who had inflicted it) and watched him through the ravings of his delirium; then he told them of her death, drawing off their thoughts from the present object of their revenge, until he turned it upon the tribe whose warriors had desecrated the "White Fawn's" grave, and whom he had slain with his own strong arm. With Indian eloquence he pictured the many touching scenes of his visit to the "White Warrior," who had given him his own rifle, and flattered their pride by telling them that the "White Fawn" had consented to become the Red Man's squaw; then, dropping his voice, he asked them if they would kill the "White Warrior's" son the "White Fawn's brother.

It was in answer to this appeal—when they learned why it was that Tisha-Mingo wished the captive set free—that all exclaimed, "He shall go free!" And, after loading him with presents, they sent the captive on his way rejoicing.

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Progress of the Civil War.

New York, Sept. 30.—Special to the *World*. Washington, Sept. 29th.—No fears need be entertained that the army of the Potomac is in greater danger than the force in its front. From the latest advices it appears it appears that it largely outnumbered the enemy's army, placing infantry against the rebel line of all arms, while we have a very large force of cavalry seldom idle, but daily hanging over the enemy, and making any movement on his part difficult.

The *World's* New Orleans letter of the 23rd, says the advance to Texas is still an onward movement, and as yet nothing more. For more than a fortnight Brashear city has been the base of concentration for the new movement. Men and supplies have been forwarded as rapidly as possible by railroad, while ordnance stores and ammunition in large amount have been sent.

The whole of the 13th army corps, under the immediate command of Weitzel, had crossed and camped on the other side. The 13th army corps was to follow, leaving, of course, sufficient force to hold the base of Brashear, while a regiment or two will remain at Thibodeaux. It is presumed with the experience of our generals, that an effort will be made, not only to accomplish the advance successfully, but to hold the Lafourche, while the new movement is in progress. When Weitzel's men began to cross the bay, Majors' men commenced their movements. Those who came back from Brashear Sunday evening, say that the line of retreat along the Bay was marked by blazing fires. Up to a late hour we have not heard of the advance of Franklin's army from the west bank of Berwick Bay.

It is not presumed that so good a General as Franklin will leave an enemy 10,000 or 15,000 strong, in his rear to cut off his trains to recapture Brashear, or occupy the Lafourche. The Confederate force on the Teche must be destroyed or dispersed before the movement to Texas can be made with any premise of success.

New York, 30th.—The *Herald's* Morris Island letter reports the arrival of two or three divisions of Lee's army in Charleston. Beauregard's force now numbers from 25,000 to 30,000 men. Gen. Evans' division is known to be with him. On the 24th, one of our heavy rifled guns opened for a while on Fort Johnson with great effect.

The *Herald's* New Orleans letter, dated Sept. 20, says—From a high official in Gen. Grant's command, I learn that rebel deserters who have entered our lines at Vicksburg within the last few days, report that General Kirby Smith has proclaimed himself military dictator of the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, and has issued a proclamation calling out 200,000 negroes, and is conscripting all the white men in these states between the ages of 16 and 60. From the same officer we learn that Union meetings have been held in the States of Mississippi and Tennessee, and that the stars and stripes have been raised nearly 100 miles to the rear of Vicksburgh.

Cincinnati, Sept. 30.—Major-Gen. Hooker arrived last night. The *Gazette* says:—"An official despatch was received from Major-Gen. Rosecrans last night, dated yesterday p. m. The situation was unchanged. Our army help a strong position, and no attempt had been made by the enemy to dislodge them."

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., OCT. 2, 1863.

PARLIAMENT.

Since the date of our last issue, the House of Assembly has been quietly engaged with the Estimates, nothing of special interest transpiring. The Motion of Want of Confidence, which, it was expected, would be introduced this afternoon was anxiously looked forward to by both sides. The vote will doubtless be a close one, and no person who has watched the proceedings of the Session thus far can fail to see that it will be, perhaps, the severest test the Ministry has yet been put to. Through the great exertions of the opposition and the lavish expenditure of *Grand Trunk* money the constituency of St. Hyacinthe has been carried against the liberal candidate. With the help of this fresh accession to their ranks, the opposition claim that they will be able to oust the Ministry on Mr. Galt's motion; but the same amount of confidence has been expressed before, and has ended in chagrin at defeat. There are grounds for hope that such will be the case this evening should the decisive vote be taken. On other hand, if the Ministry *is* defeated, of which we can discover no immediate danger, the opposition will not find itself in a very enviable position, for we find its chief organs, such as the Quebec *Chronicle* already coming out with the declaration that, from the *evenly-balanced* state of parties, it is impossible to carry on the Government with the present House, and that, *therefore*, a dissolution must ensue. This, at least, furnishes us with a hint of what the opposition would *wish* to do, if it had the opportunity. We trust, for the good of the whole country, that Mr. Galt's Motion will share the fate of its predecessors.

BOOK NOTICES.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October is an entertaining number, several of the papers being unusually interesting. The best writers in the United States have written for the number. Messrs. Ticknor Fields, Boston. For sale at this office.

BLACKWOOD comes out as fresh and lively as ever. The present number is a most excellent one. Every article may be read with profit. No recommendation of ours can render it a greater favorite than it is already with all intelligent readers. Also to be had here.

BRITISH AMERICAN.—This excellent Canadian Monthly maintains the high position it has already attained. It combines, in a happy manner, every department of literature, thus adapting itself to the capacity of the reader, whether his tastes be grave or gay. The October number contains articles from the most talented writers in the Province, and is, perhaps, the most interesting of the series. Buy a copy at this office.

FALL ASSIZES.

The court opened on Wednesday at 9 o'clock. The civil business was resumed, but we do not deem it necessary to give any extended report of the cases.

R. Gowanlock vs. Adam McDougall.—This was an action brought by pltff. to recover damages alleged to have been sustained by him in consequence of the deft.'s having refused to answer to subpœna ordering him to attend as witness in a case that had been instituted against pltff., at Brantford Fall Assizes, 1862. The damages were set down at £112 4 5. Verdict for plaintiff $400. Harrison for pltff., H. Cameron for deft.

Haacke vs. Adamson, false imprisonment. This was a case of considerable interest. Mr. Haacke, it appears, had been brought before P. Adamson and D. H. Ritchie Esqs., on a charge of selling liquor without license, whereupon he was convicted, and fined $40, in default to be imprisoned 21 days. The sentence was not immediately put in force, in order to allow the deft. to appeal to the township council to remit a portion of the fine. This was refused, and a warrant was issued against Haacke, although, as was alleged, the case had been placed beyond the magistrates' jurisdiction by writ of certiorari, of which notice was served upon Mr. Adamson by Messrs. Shaw & Sinclair. It appeared also by the evidence that by some means the conviction had not been properly sealed. A number of witnesses were examined on both sides, when, the hour being late, his Lordship adjourned the case until next morning.

Next morning, at 9 o'clock, precisely, Court opened, and the jury took their seats. Mr. H. Cameron not being present to address the jury on behalf of the defendant, Mr. Harrison, thus doubly fortunate, proceeded to deliver a powerful, if not perfectly logical, address for plaintiff.

His Lordship delivered a lengthy charge to the jury, which retired, and, after a short absence, handed in a verdict of $100 on the first count and $100 on the second count, against deft.

The Queen vs. Charlotte Scales.—Arson. The indictment against the prisoner, a girl about 13 years of age, was that, on the 4th of July, 1862, she had burned a barn belonging to Mr. Henry Armstrong, of the township of Morris.

R. Armstrong, sworn, said that his father's barn was burned about 2 o clock on the 4th of July, 1862. When he came up the prisoner was standing near the fire. She denied having had anything to do with setting it on fire. On the 27th of March last, his father's new frame barn was burned. Shortly afterwards a temporary stable was burned, and still later, a cook shed near his father's house was fired. Witness ran from his own place near by on hearing the prisoner shouting. She told him a certain man had set it on fire, and on being questioned, changed the name to that of some other. On the day of the last fire the insurance agent and Witness's father questioned her about the fires, and she confessed that she had kindled a fire in a trunk in his (witness') house. After the agent left, we asked her about the various fires that had taken place. She confessed that she had set fire to the first or log barn, and next morning she said she had fired the frame barn.—Witness told her it would be *better* for her to tell the truth. On the occasion of one of the fires he observed the prisoner looking on and laughing.

Wm. Mooney Esq., J. P.—Sworn, said the prisoner had been brought before him in his capacity as magistrate, on a charge of having burned Henry Armstrong's barn. Having heard the evidence against her, he admonished her not to say anything in answer without she wished. She then confessed that she was guilty of the charge that had been preferred against her. When asked what had induced her to commit such a crime, she replied that she didn't know, and also added that she had been well treated in the family of Mr. Armstrong. Verdict, Guilty.

Prisoner is an orphan girl, and has been kept by the family she has injured so deeply through her monomania, if it may be so called, for several years, out of pure charity.

SENTENCE.—His Lordship, after solemnly addressing the prisoner, and expressing his regret that she could not be sent to the reformatory prison, sentenced her to five years' imprisonment in the Provincial Penitentiary at hard labor.—The prisoner wept silently as she was removed.

The Queen vs. Janet McDonald.—Arson. The prisoner stood charged with having, on the 15th of May last, set fire to the house of John Curry, of the township of Culross, Co. of Bruce.

George and Sarah Ann Fountain were called as witnesses but failed to appear, and therefore forfeited their recognizances. The evidence for the prosecution went to show that Mr. Curry acquired a right to the property upon which McDonald's house was built. Curry had erected an addition to McDonald's house, with his permission, and lived in it. A few weeks before the house was burned it took fire where the stove pipe passed through the roof. On the 15th of May the house was burned, including the addition occupied by Curry. Mrs. McDonald had threatened to burn the house before her family should be ejected from it, and her actions at the time of the fire were such as to give rise to suspicions that she had fired it.—The evidence was not direct. Verdict, Not Guilty.

H. McDermott for prisoner.

The Queen vs. Samuel Appleby, Arson. The indictment set forth that the prisoner, on the 1st day of June last, set fire to a house belonging to one George Pollock, 2nd, a house owned by David Dickinson, and 3rd, a work shop owned by George Pollock, of the village of Clinton. David Dickinson, sworn. Lives in Clinton, knew the prisoner and the property alleged to have been feloniously burned. The part south of where I lived was burned first, and consisted of a long building originally intended for two tenements, although one of them had been used as a cooper's shop.—There were no occupants at the time. My house was about three feet distant and was partially destroyed by the fire. That was on the evening of the first day of June. The prisoner was drunk frequently. Heard him tell his wife on the Friday before that I would not live there safe very long. The fire took place about ten o'clock at night. I was up in the village and suspected at once when I saw the light that it was my place, as I had been told that he threatened to burn me out.

Wm. Smithson recollected the evening of the fire. Prisoner was in my house about half-past nine on that day. He had been working for me, and told me in the afternoon that he would burn Dickinson out; not his shop, though, as that would injure me, (I owned it,) but his own dwelling. He said Mr. Dickinson had thrown away some whiskey belonging to him.

Walter Cook.—Prisoner was at my place on the night of the fire. He said his neighbors were too fast for him but he would teach them that he understood law.

Wm. Core said he knew the prisoner. Was at the fire. Prompted by suspicion I left the fire and went to Appleby's house. He and his wife were at home. There was no light in the room. I remained some time and heard their conversation. They seemed to be intoxicated. There was a little window in the room, at which they took turns to look at the fire, expressing hopes that Dickinson's house would be burned. Appleby said to his wife, "Did thou burn it, pet?" He also said if it was known they had set fire to it they would go ten or fifteen years to penitentiary.

Robert Eakens.—Saw the prisoner ten or fifteen minutes before the fire broke out, standing on the street near Dickinson's house. There was no light at the time in Dickinson's or the other house. I went on to the village and heard the alarm of fire in a few minutes afterwards.

Isaac Jackson testified that he went along with Core on the night of the fire to Appleby's, and assisted in taking him after he was arrested, to the lock-up.—While there he heard Mrs. Appleby tell her husband he had set the buildings on fire. He said it served Dickinson right, and further that he meant to burn up the whole bloody street.

Mr. McDermott submitted that the prosecution could not include three counts in the same indictment. His Lordship ruled that Mr. Cameron must elect which count he would take. Mr. Cameron rested the case upon the first count.

In charging the Jury, His Lordship said that during his seventeen years' experience as Judge he never had so many cases of arson brought before him consecutively. There was something alarming in the fact of the increased frequency of this serious crime, as it was one more difficult of detection than most others.

Verdict, Not Guilty. The prisoner was not discharged, Mr. Cameron signifying his intention of proceeding upon one of the other counts.

The Queen vs. Albert Rush, forgery.—The prisoner was charged with having uttered a promissory note with intention to defraud. The note was drawn in favor of Seth Rush, and purported to be signed by Thos. Kay and John Kay, of the township of Usborne. It appeared by the evidence that the note was in the handwriting of prisoner, and also that the signatures were not genuine. Verdict, Guilty. Sentenced to four years imprisonment in Penitentiary at hard labor.

THE MURDER TRIAL.

Immediately after the opening of the Court this (Friday) morning, John Drought was put upon his trial on a charge of Murder. Our readers will remember some of the particulars as published in the *Signal* at the time of the fatal occurrance. We, however, now give the evidence in full. The prisoner is a stout-looking young man, apparently about 28 years of age. The expression of his countenance is frank and open, and the closest inspection fails to discover anything sinister or malevolent in it.

The witnesses on both sides were sent out of Court until they should be called for. There were about twenty-five in all.

Mr. Cameron on behalf of the Crown, opened the case, defining clearly to the jury the law relating to the crime of murder. He explained that the fatal fray took place in the township of Usborne, on the 14th of April last, and that it originated in a dispute about a piece of land.

Richard Wilton, sworn. I am a son of Thomas Quinton, deceased; knew the prisoner; he lives near my father's place. Recollect the 14th day of April last. I was at home. On that day I saw my father and Drought in the field of the latter. I was at our house, which was about 40 rods from where they stood. I heard them talking in a loud tone. I next saw my father crossing the fence to his own lot. He stood on the fence, and prisoner came towards him, with a stick in his hands. I thought my father told him to come on. I heard a loud blow, and saw my father fall on his back. My father was then on his own side of the fence, leaning against it, and Drought on the other side. My father rose a little and then fell back again. Can't say that I saw the first blows struck. My father fell forward upon his face, and Drought, who had crossed the fence, struck him several times. My father had a small stick in his hand, I think. Drought, I think, carried his stick with him. I ran towards the spot and shouted, upon which prisoner ran away. I spoke to my father, and found that he was quite dead. I crossed the division fence to follow Drought.—When I came up to him, he turned and ordered me off his premises. I told him to lay down his stick and I would fight him. When I returned, I found Maria Carrol near the body, and Wm. Thomas soon afterwards came up. My mother was also there. Drought lived on the farm next ours. My father and he had a dispute about a line fence three months before that time. Last winter there was a dispute about a mare that came from Drought's into our place. On Good Friday I went down with my father and the hired men to plant a post as a starting-point for running a line fence. N. Alexander, P.L.S., was also present. Drought was sent for and came up. He had an axe with him and his wife tried to take it from him. He retained it, and when he came where we were he took hold of the post to pull it up. The Surveyor told him to touch it at his peril. He then commenced to abuse my father. Prisoner's father came to us with a stick in his hand and threatened my father with it. My father took up a stone and Drought said if he touched his father he would put the axe in him. He said the line should not be run, and that the next time we went we might be prepared.

Cross-examined.—My father was about 50 years of age at the time of his death. He was a stronger man than Drought. When I first saw my father in Drought's field they both had sticks. When I ran up my father was lying with his head near a stump.

Wm. Thomas.—I was in the employ of deceased. On the day in question I saw Mr. Quinton in his own field, and Drought standing on the other side of the line fence. Mr. Quinton crossed the fence into Drought's field. They were standing several yards apart. Quinton then re-crossed the fence and stood on his own side leaning over it. Saw Drought approach Mr. Quinton with a stick in his hand. The next thing I saw was deceased rising from the ground; Drought stood near him on the same side and struck him again with the stick. I ran up. I asked Mr. Quinton if he was dead, but got no answer. Drought went away. Several of those who came up went with me into Drought's field and picked up a stick with a drop of blood on it. I was present on Good Friday when Mr. Quinton and his son went to plant a post. The witness spoke so low he could not be heard distinctly by our reporter.

Samuel Davis.—Lives in the neighborhood. On the day in question while standing in his own yard heard an unusual noise. Heard a woman scream. Ran and stood on Drought's fence, and on looking towards the place from whence the screams were coming, saw Drought running towards his father's house. Proceeded to the spot and found that Quinton was stone dead. The two were not on good terms. Prisoner and I had some talk about a piece of land which was in dispute. Heard no threats then. Was present on the Good Friday but heard nothing in particular.

Maria Carrol.—I reside in Biddulph. I recollect the 14th of April when this occurrence took place. Saw Mr. Quinton in Drought's field. The both held sticks in their hands. Heard Drought say something, and Quinton told him to come and do it. The latter turned away and Drought followed him. Next saw deceased standing on his own side of the fence. Drought ran towards him, and struck apparently at Quinton's head. He then got over the fence, and through the fence I saw the stick rise and fall several times. I then ran to the spot and found Mr. Quinton dead. Drought had been ploughing in his field near the spot where the fray took place.

Eliza Ann Wilson.—Was living with Mr. Quinton on the 14th of April last. About noon he went to drive Mr. Drought's cattle out of his field as she thought. The cattle had to be driven out of Mr. Quinton's field several times a day.

Mrs Davis swore that she heard a conversation between Drought and his wife. Mr. Drought pointed out where he wished the stake, and said if old Quintin passed that line it was where he would be killed She told him not to do that or he would be hung. He answered, "Let me hang, I say so, and I will do it." There was a report that my husband was intimate with another woman. Did not blame Drought for spreading it; nor did I ever say to Mrs Sarah Hodgins that I wished Drought hanged.

Wm. Atkinson.—I know Drought. Never heard him threaten to kill Quinton. To Mr. Harrison. I have known Mr. Drought for 13 years and always considered him a quiet, sober boy.

John Hodgins.—I know Drought. Never heard any threats from him.

Richard Hunter.—I know the prisoner. He said he would not allow Quintor on his land to run lines. That was three years ago.

William Quinton.—Was not present on the day his father was killed. Never heard any threats between the two.

Dr. Hyndman.—I live in Exeter. Was called upon about 1 o'clock on the 14th of April last to see the body of Mr. Quinton, found several wounds in the scalp; all penetrated to the skull. Did not detect any fractures. The wounds might have been inflicted by a piece of board, or by the stick now shown me. I think they were all inflicted on the same day. The wound on the left side of the head was sufficient to cause instant death.

To Mr. Harrison. I do not think the wounds were inflicted by a fall against the stump. I entertain no doubt with regard to the cause of death. There was a depression in the skull behind the left ear.

DEFENCE.

Robert Blackwell was the first witness called for the defence. I live in Usborne. Drought's land is on the boundary. On Good Friday I heard Quinton say he would have the land he wanted or have Drought's life.

James Culvert.—I have known the prisoner for six years. Never knew any thing bad against him. Quinton was not quarrelsome man to my knowledge.

Previous to Culvert's examination his Lordship ruled that the words of the deceased could not be brought up in evidence.

Geo. Drought.—I am prisoner's father. On the Good Friday I was about to strike Quinton, when my son stopped me and said the dispute would be settled by law.

Sarah Hodgins.—I know Sarah Davis. Had a conversation with her. She thought he might be hung—he may be hung—she didn't want him back as a neighbor.

Margaret Smith.—I know Maria Carrol. Had a conversation with her about Mr. Quinton's death. She told me that when she went up she saw them taking up two sticks. The witness seemed quite willing to say whatever the counsel on either side desired.

Thomas Alloway.—I have known prisoner for 14 years, and believe him to bear a good character.

Rev. Sterne Tighe.—I always knew prisoner as an honest, upright, sober man.

Wm. Diamond, Joseph Case, Isaac Carling J. P., testified to the general good character of the prisoner.

Mr. Harrison addressed the jury in his usual learned and impassioned manner, dwelling carefully, but with extreme caution, upon every point likely to tell in the prisoner's favor. Our limited space renders it impossible to give a full report of his powerful speech.

His Lordship read over the evidence as he had taken it down, and dwelt at considerable length upon the different points involved in the case, evidently taking much care to remove the difficulties which surrounded it.

(*Continued on Second page.*)

MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.—We are happy to inform our town readers that, at the special meeting on Wednesday evening it was decided to keep this valuable Institution in operation until the 1st of January, at least. In the meantime an effort will be made to pay off the old debt, in order to do which all good men and true will be asked to contribute their mite. We have not so many good institutions in our midst that we can afford to let this one die out for lack of a little honest, hearty support. Let us maintain it in vigorous operation, and hand down to our successors such a means of enlightenment and intelligence.

*FATAL ACCIDENT.—A most shocking accident took place on Tuesday evening last on the B. & L. H. Railway. A German lumberer, who had come up on the Express train, got off when it arrived at Carronbrook, and in the endeavor to get on again at the starting of the train missed his hold and fell across the track. The wheels passed over his thighs, leaving him a horribly-mangled mass of mortality. On being taken up he exclaimed, "God have mercy!" and expired almost immediately. A brakesman made a gallant but ineffectual attempt to save him as he fell. Railway men tell us that a person endeavoring *at all* to get upon a train in motion should always seize the iron rod *next the body of the car*. That swings him *upon* the platform. Grasping the outer rod, as in the case of the unfortunate German, tends to throw him between the wheels.

A FREAK IN NATURE.—Mrs. Kay, of the Township of Usborne, has in her garden an apple tree, which is at present loaded with apples, and until the last few frosty nights was likewise covered with blossoms, fresh as May, and while the gentle breeze was bringing the ripe fruit to the ground, the busy bee was gathering honey from it opening flowers.

A FINE DROVE.—On Monday morning last we were in the Village of Seaforth, and about nine o'clock we thought that a squad of Yankee cavalry was in the vicinity of the village, but our fears were soon quelled when presently we saw a drove of cattle coming, roaring and bellowing, down from Harpurhey. It was the finest drove of cattle we ever saw, all steers, of no small dimensions. The above belonged to Mr. Fowler, and numbered two hundred and seventy.—COM.

SHEEP.—The same gentleman feeds a drove of about seven hundred sheep in the vicinity of Harpurhey.

PROSPECTS OF THE PRESENT HARVEST.—Now that the Separators are at work all over the country, we have a better chance of judging of the yield of the present harvest, and a tour through the Counties of Waterloo, Oxford, Perth and Huron, confirms our previous opinion that there is going to be a far greater deficiency than nine-tenths of the farmers expected. We made enquiries in passing along and found, in a great many instances, that spring wheat was turning out from ten to thirteen bushels per acre. In Oxford, in some instances, we found winter wheat yielding twenty-five bushels per acre. Oats and other crops in general will be an average.

THE POTATO CROP.—This crop, which promised so fair throughout the season, bids fair to be a total failure. In a great many localities the rot is progressing rapidly. In some parts of the County of Oxford farmers say that one half is already diseased. In the County of Perth it is also making ravages, and also in the South end of Huron, and not till we reached the sandy plains of Goderich Township did we find it altogether disappear. In general farmers consider it best to dig as soon as possible.

"HONEY IN THE HOLLOW BEECH TREE."—Mr. Robert Wilson, of the Township of Usborne, went one day last week to haul some firewood, when he heard an unusual humming and finding that it proceeded from a hollow tree, he had it cut down, and secured upwards of a pailful and a half of honey.

FALL PLOUGHING.—Ploughing is progressing rapidly in almost every locality throughout these western Counties, and farmers seem determined not to give up hopes that "there's a good time coming," and all are acting on the principle of "Try, try again."—COM.

ASHFIELD, Sept. 23, 1863.

SIR,—In forwarding you the enclosed order I beg leave to state that the reason why so much delay has occurred in connection therewith, causing me to make the enquiry about it a week or two ago, I discovered only yesterday on going to the Kintail Post Office I received the answer to my note, dated by you on the 1st September, 3 weeks after date, together with the original note, directed to Donald McKenzie, Trustee, bearing date of the 7th August, consequently 6 weeks and four days after date. Now, during the lapse of this time, both the Trustees and myself have personally called; besides having sent frequent messengers, to none of whose enquiries were any letters forthcoming. This is surely a state of things in Post office management well worthy of comment. If Public business requires any punctuality whatever, matters of this nature ought not to be tamely submitted to. You will, however, favor me much by forwarding your reply, to my address, by the Saugeen Post Office, as the person who holds that office is at least civil and obliging.

I am Sir,
Your ob't serv't,
WILLIAM BANNATYNE,
Section 12, Ashfield,
Saugeen P. O.

F. W. PRITCHARD Esq., M. D.,
Post Office, Goderich.

Lancashire and Cheshire Relief Fund.

MANSION HOUSE, 7th Sept., 1863.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your favor of the 19th August, enclosing a further remittance of £5 18s 2d, being the amount of a contribution from the Township of Hay, in the County of Huron, Canada West, in aid of the above Fund.

I am, Sir,
Yours obd't,
JOSEPH GIBBS.

F. W. THOMAS, Esq.,
Treasurer,
Goderich, Lancashire and Cheshire Relief Fund, Bank of Montreal, Goderich, C. W.

Shocking Tragedy.

The little English village of Fillangley, near Coventry, was thrown into a state of great excitement last month by the remarkable suicide of a man and wife, who agreed to poison themselves, and did it after the most approved French fashion. The husband, named Dalby, a laborer, left the following explanatory epistle, which was produced at the coroner's inquest:—

"Dear friends, I take the pleasure of writing to satisfy you all that the death of my wife, so that you need be at any trouble to cut me all to pieces. The bottle by my side with the label on with Prussiac acid is what puts us both to death. You need not blame my friends, for they know nothing at all about it. It was not me that poisoned my wife, for she did it herself with her own good will, and I promised I would follow her that day week when I had seen her buried all comfortable. *We was too lovin' to live together in this world*, so we wished to meet together on the throne of God to part no more. So farewell all dear friends farewell till we meet again on the throne of God. This is E. W. Dalby handwriting to satisfy them all round. E. W. DALBY, no more.

☞ At the late annual show of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, at Kelso, the Dukes of Buccleuch, Hamilton and Athole and the Earl of Sutherland were all large prize takers, and the Dukes of Montrose and Sutherland also appeared in the premium list. Taking in fact that the Judges are kept in ignorance of the exhibitor's names till the awards are made, the result affords proof of the great interest taken by the higher Scottish nobility in the department of