Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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

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Poetry.

For the Signal.

LAKE HURON.

And this is Huron? great and far-famed lake!
How many a traveller from the East has come
To gaze upon thy waters, and to take
A pleasing memory to his distant home
Of thee, and of thy beauties. We may roam
Far through this earth of wonders, and ne'er see
A sight more glorious 'neath the heavenly dome
Than thy wild dashing billows far and free.
All hail! thou mighty lake, I cry all hail! to thee.

Full many a big stream and purling rill
In clam'rous homage murmur on to thee,
Each with its share of waters to fulfil
Thy high behest. Queen of the waters free!
For mighty rivers bow to thy decree.
While standing on thy sounding, pebbly shore,
And gazing on thy waves, it seems to me
That thy blue bosom heaves with pride the more
That I recount thy powers, and tell thy beauties o'er.

Thou art the path of commerce, many sails
Whiten thy breast, and flutter on thy gales.
And as the sun, with bright and golden ray,
Glistens upon thy billows' dashing play,
So shines the sun of freedom on the land
Contiguous to thy waters. May its sway
Continue while thy billows wash the sand,
And ne'er may War's red foot leave traces on thy strand.

Far other scene wert thou, when years agone
The squaw steer'd her canoe where steamers rave.
Where once an Indian wigwam stood alone,
There stands a busy town. Upon the grave
Where lies the dust of some old Indian brave,
The city children shout in noisy play;
And once the war-whoop echoed o'er thy wave,
Which hears but now the sailors' joyous lay.
Alas for bygone times! All hail the present day.

And hast thou not a bard to sing thy praise?
Pride of the western country! is there none
To celebrate thee in the poet's lays?
Ah no! but there was once a gifted one,
Whose sounding harp sent forth a thrilling tone,
Who took upon himself thy praise to sing,
And worthy was his lay; but he is gone!
For the "great darkness" closed its dusky wing
Around him; but his songs still to our memories cling.

And if men call this humble lay of mine
A sacrilege, pardon from them I crave.
I stood a pilgrim at his holy shrine:
The harp hung on the willow boughs that wave,
Like angel wings, above the poet's grave;
I touched the strings—they sounded as of yore—
But faint the sound; and not like that it gave
When in his hands it thrilled us to the core.
Farewell to it, and thee great lake; my song is o'er.

Hallett, May 31st, 1.63. R. S.

NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

A TALE OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER I.

THE BORDERER.

(Continued.)

Though at liberty, the maiden had not power to fly from the spot. She saw their athletic bodies meet in a gigantic effort to crush each other. She saw their arms inter laced, and the muscles rising and swelling in a fearful test of their potency. She saw a series of rapid motions, a whirling and scattering of leaves, a sudden and continuous changing of place; and presently a fall to the ground, where the combat assumed a new intensity. Anon all this ceased, and the hunter arose panting, wiped his knife and returned it to its sheath.

The maiden cast a terrified look at the last scene of the conflict, and saw the form of Eagle-plume, lying still, and stained with crimson spots.

"Thanks, brave stranger!" she said, turning from the spectacle faint and giddy. "You have risked a life-struggle with the boldest and most powerful of the Chickasaws. It is little short of miraculous if you have escaped without dangerous wounds."

"I believe, young woman, that I am unharmed—though the strength and dexterity of the savage was wondrous," replied the woodsman, with a courtesy of manner not to have been expected from one clad in the plain garb of the backwoodsman.

The maiden had been missed, and at this juncture a man came hurrying to the spot where the parties were standing.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAMP.

The person who appeared was rather past the prime of life, but yet hale, bearing upon his features and phisique generally, the prestige of many good years. There was not, perhaps, so much of the hunter in his garb as is sometimes seen in the wilderness; but still enough to show an acquaintance with woodcraft and the necessities and demands of the times. He was of manly height, and carried himself erect and with dignity. His face might be called stern in expression. Indeed, his brow was somewhat deeply set with furrows, produced either by much care or settled melancholy, or a long indulged habit of frowning; although for courtesy's gentle sake, we will not believe in the latter. He was quick, firm and energetic in movement, being, clearly, one accustomed to decide without hesitation and execute a purpose without faltering. Like the border er, he was armed with a rifle, and the handle of a hunting-knife protruded conveniently from its leathern sheath.

"Judith?" he cried, in a raised and anxious voice, as he approached; "Judith?"

"I am here, and safe," the young woman answered, making what haste she might to meet him.

"What has happened, my dear? You are very pale, and tremble like a frightened doe," he added, casting at the same time a suspicious look at the woodsman, who was leaning against a sturdy oak, relaxing his overstrained nerves.

The latter saw her commence speaking with the man, who was obviously her father, or some near relative, in low yet animated tones, recounting briefly, doubtless, the startling events of the last ten minutes. Her communication had the effect to change his manner and dispel that shade of misgiving that momentarily added to the natural sternness of his countenance. He had stopped during this hurried narration, but now came forward with alacrity and saluted the borderer.

"My daughter, sir, has been telling me what has occurred. First, let me ask if you are wounded? There will be time enough, I dare say, for thanks when we have broken bread together; for I trust you will not refuse our humble shelter and humbler fare for the night."

This salutation—not so much the salutation, as the manner of it—assured the woodsman at once that he was beginning an acquaintance with a man of no ordinary stamp; one who came without circumlocution to practical matters, and seasoned his speech with common sense.

"My bodily powers, it is true, have been severely taxed, but save a flesh wound or two, that are scarcely worth noticing, I may answer that I am little worse for the unexpected encounter. To be sure, there was considerable muscle in yonder fellow—more than I have met for many a day; but he lies there quiet enough, now—as quiet as if the power of a giant was never his."

The borderer replied with as much composure as if nothing remarkable had transpired.

"Truly, he is as passive as the brother clod upon which he rests. Are you certain that you have dealt with him effectually?"

"I care not to strike twice; it is repugnant to my feelings to strike once. There is, sir, something sacred about human life, however low in the scale that life may be. One is apt to reflect, too, that this mysterious spark that animates us, when once dismissed, either by natural decay or the conflict of untamed passions, can never be called back to resume its connection with the corporeal form. As inconsistent as it may seem to you, sir, I would willingly recall this red child of the forest back to that robust life which he inherited but a few moments ago."

"That state of feeling I conceive to be the legitimate outgrowth of a meditative and philosophic mind," returned the other, gravely, but with sufficient warmth to witness to his sincerity.

"The air here does not agree with your daughter, I think," said the woodsman, observing that Judith clung closely to her father's arm, and studiously looked from the object which had formed the subject of remark.

"You are right. We will go, if you please, to our encampment—if you will allow me to bestow such a term on such a flimsy and unskilful affair."

"I left my friend and companion—my horse—some half a mile hence. I will return for him and join you as soon as practicable."

"You will be spared that trouble, I imagine. That must be your animal that stands just in the edge of the copse there, with ears erect and inquiring. He has sagaciously followed his master's trail."

"Yes, that is my good beast, and I am not sorry that he has followed."

The woodsman whistled, and the horse, with a pleased neigh of recognition, came on like a dog, seeming glad of human companionship again.

"You will not expect from me and mine, sir forester," said the elder of the two men, "that courtesy and gentle keeping that was in vogue among the knights errant of the olden time. We are, as you see, simple wayfarers, seeking an abiding place in a new country where danger is imminent, and vicissitude an expected visitant. That we may be more at our ease, and make what progress we can toward good fellowship, I will inform you at once that my name is Waldron. I am from South Carolina, on my way to the hunter's paradise—the Kain-tuck-kee of the Cherokee. A disastrous change of fortune, combined with the natural love for the life of a pioneer, has induced me to this adventurous step. All of wife or child that remains to me is comprised in this girl, who is by no means averse to this flight across the border to the land of flowers, and forests, and forays; though I could wish that she had been content to stay behind until I had laid the foundation of a home, and the Indian troubles were amicably settled. A few hardy adventurers have borne me company, and whom you will know, I doubt not, in good time. My own immediate household consists of my daughter, a maiden lady of eccentric habits, and a poor, underwitted lad, whom we consider it our duty to befriend and care for."

"In return for your frankness, I will say that I am called Lockwood—Theodore Lockwood; a name not so distinguished as yours, but one I trust that is not disgraced by any act of mine. If I am not mistaken, you are the same who was governor of a neighboring State. Surely, fortune is changeable. I could find it in my heart to regret the kind of life you have chosen. A peaceful residence within the area of the 'dark and bloody ground' cannot be expected. It is unquestionably known to you that Indians are in arms harassing the footsteps of the white settlers, allowing them few hours of quiet rest. They lurk upon the banks of rivers to cut off unwary boatmen; they lie in ambush in forests and near the stockades of our countrymen; they have even had the boldness to attack the forts at Boonesborough, and their deeds are such as fill the heart with horror and sorrow."

"Accounts of this nature have reached my ears; but I have hoped, and still do, that this state of things will not long continue. Here we are at our camp; it is a flimsy affair, but I dare say you have fared worse, if you are the arrant man of the woods I take you to be."

"I have passed many nights in the open air, the great arch of the sky being my only roof. My sleep, under such circumstances, has sometimes been sweet, too, environed, as I was, by dangers, with the chorus of the wolf for my lullaby."

Lockwood followed Waldron into the camp, which was of considerable size, with a fire in the centre—after the Indian style—over which some women were cooking supper.

Judith's adventure was soon told, whereupon some of the men took their rifles and ran to the spot indicated, to see the body of the famed Chickasaw chief. They returned soon with the intelligence that no such body could be found, though they had discovered blood upon the leaves.

"His wound, then," said Lockwood, "was not mortal. Probably we left him in a swoon; or, possibly, he simulated death, with the deep cunning of his race."

"Perhaps," said Waldron, "it would be well to pursue him. Wounded as he is, his flight must necessarily be slow."

A tall man in a buckskin hunting-shirt, who had just come in and was standing by the fire, holding a long rifle by the barrel, while the breech rested upon the ground, turned toward Waldron and replied to his suggestion in a low, moderate voice:

"You might foller him, but that would be all. You can foller anything—your shadder, if you feel like it—but follerin' and overtakin' is two things, as you'll find if you try it. I examined the ground thereabouts. He went straight as an arrer for the lodges of the Chickasaws. His trail was as light as the step of a dainty-goin' gal in velvet slippers; and as for blood there was none to be seen on the leaves. Perhaps our new friend has a prejudice agin killin' Ingins, thinkin' they are sort of human-like."

There was enough of sarcasm in the concluding period to be perceptible, but not offensive to Lockwood.

"In self-defence I am not influenced by motives that can justly be considered very philanthropic. I strike an enemy for the preservation of life, without stopping to philosophize, taking it for granted that the right to preserve my life is bestowed upon me by the God of nature. That Indians have strong claims to relationship to humanity, I am, without question, inclined to believe," Lockwood answered, glancing furtively at the spot where Judith stood receiving the congratulations of the women.

"I deem myself not a little favored," said Waldron, "in having the privilege of making you acquainted, Mr. Lockwood, with the prince of foresters and the master of woodcraft. You may or may not have heard the name of Neverfail, connected with tales of the border. If not, you must indeed have sojourned in a distant region. If you have, then you will need to know only that he is before you."

"The name of Neverfail is not new to my ears," returned Lockwood. "I have heard it associated with stirring stories of adventure in the forest of Kentucky. I am happy to meet one whose fame has been earned by courage and sagacity."

"I take all praise kindly that is well meant," replied Neverfail; "but I might as well tell you at once that I aint over fond of fine sayin's and pretty speeches. Smoothness of the tongue is French and Ingin all over; and I can't say that I like anythin' that's French and Ingin. I'm called Neverfail, and I don't greatly object to it. It got fixed on me, by one means and another, some years ago, because people was good enough to imagine that I was death with the rifle, and sure on the trail. Well, perhaps I've a knack of doin' these things with tolerable certainty, but I'm by no means parfict, stranger; but there may be sich in the world, though it hasn't been my lot to meet 'em, more's the pity."

"Verily, we don't look for perfection in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation," drawled an individual in a long-waisted, long-skirted and seedy black coat, buttoned close up to the chin. This person was favored with a face somewhat elongated by nature, and by a serious cast of mind which forbade him to join in the common, innocent pleasantries of life, causing him to draw back into himself like a turtle into its shell. His face was smooth and solemn, and no one could remember of having seen its gravity relaxed by a cheerful smile; his hair, which was long and of a flaxen hue, was parted from his forehead to the crown with precision, and combed down straight upon each side, adding materially to the rather ludicrous sombreness of his expression. He spoke with moderation, and generally in an unnecessarily raised voice, rising upon his toes when excited, and letting himself back upon his heels again; while at the same time he rubbed his hands together, as one is wont when his digits are cold, or else kept them clasped upon his diaphragm in a very impressive manner. When earnest above the ordinary level of his feelings, he lapsed into a nasal twanging quite awful.

Being considered a simple-minded, well-meaning man, Obed Slingsby was usually allowed to have his own way and say, and he had slipped along through the world, thus far, as a personage of no slight importance, destined to exercise a saving influence on the moral and religious worlds. Obed was as prone to Scripture quotations as Sancho Panza to proverbs; though, unfortunately, he was an inveterate perverter of the true and lawful rendering of Bible texts. His quotations were rarely correctly given, which sometimes distracted from the dignity of his subject and produced merriment where he was expecting tears. Nor were his citations always apposite. It often happened that he produced a passage from the venerable book that was as applicable to the "man in the moon," as to the theme of remark; although there were times when he was tolerably happy in argument, illustration and reproof.

"Truly, my friend," added Obed, "it savors of earthly vanity to talk of perfection when the heart of man doeth evil, and that continually. And as for the red Philistines that come against the Lord's anointed with the tomahawk and the spear, they will pass from hence like smoke, and their days will not be long in the land. They will be driven out before us and scattered as chaff at the winnowing."

Slingsby put the points of his fingers together, twirled his thumbs and elevated his chin.

"Are you ready to risk your body in the work of scatterin' 'em?" inquired Neverfail, with a curl of the nether lip, indicative of contempt.

"My vocation is not to wield the weapon of human warfare; but verily I will lift up my voice mightily in your behalf while you go forth to smite the heathen hip and thigh. In this way I shall do more for our cause than an army with banners. It is written, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.'"

(Continued on Second page.)

Dressing with Taste.

It is strange that, with all the time American women bestow upon dress, so few know how to prepare a simple toilet with taste. To be well dressed means, with most, to wear rich material, made up in gorgeous style, and with all the usual accessories of lace and jewellry, to add to the magnificence of the general effect. Never was a greater mistake. To be well dressed is only to have attire suited to time, place and circumstance, made in a becoming manner. This attire may be a shilling attire or a rich silk, and yet, in either, if it be adapted to the conditions we have mentioned, a woman may be said to be well dressed. Where household duties have to be performed, and the care of children devolves partly upon the mistress of the house, a neat dress, gracefully fitted to the figure, is much better for morning wear than the faded remains of a more pretentious costume. Nothing looks more forlorn than to see a would-be lady performing household duties of not the most refined character in an old torn or dirty silk dress, or a soiled or dragged open wrapper. One of the secrets of dressing well is to dress appropriately, another to be careful of the details, the minutæ of the toilet. Thorough personal cleanliness, glossy and well-brushed hair, neat shoes and stockings, are as essential to a good personal appearance as the material and fashion of the dress. Indeed, a lady who is particular in these minor matters can hardly ever be said to be ill dressed, as this delicate refinement will not only excuse faults, but naturally show itself in the taste which will guide her selection, no matter how small the cost may be. Some persons have an extreme horror of being 'caught,' as they call it, in a morning dress. Why they would be sensitive on this point, it is difficult to say. If it is clean, and adapted to the work in which they are engaged, there is no shame in wearing it, and, above all, it ought to be remembered that no attire is good enough for the family, which is not good enough for mere acquaintances who may chance to favor you with their society. It is much better to be caught overdressed, as some unlucky individuals are, at a small evening party. In one case there is real cause for mortification; in the other there is none. Mothers should carefully impress this lesson upon their daughters. Many a young lady has lost an eligible match through the discovery that the belle of the evening was the slattern of the morning, and that she paid more attention to the number of her flounces than the cleanliness of her person, more care on the brilliancy of her headdress than the condition of her hair.

JOB'S PROPHECY OF THE IRON CLADS.—"His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal—one is so near the other that no air can come between them. When he raiseth himself up the mighty are afraid; by reason of breakings they purify themselves; he esteemeth iron as straw and brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him flee; strong stones are turned with him into stubble. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot, he makes the sea like a pot of ointment; he maketh a path to shine after him; he maketh the deep to be a hoary."

Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad

TIME TABLE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING EAST.

		Day Express.
GODERICH,	DEP.	8.30 A. M.
CLINTON	"	9.08 "
HARPURHEY	"	9.30 "
SEAFORTH	"	9.36 "
CARRONBROOK	"	9.55 "
MITCHELL	"	10.11 "
STRATFORD	ARR.	10.50 "
"	DEP.	12.35 P. M.

GOING WEST.

STRATFORD	ARR.	2.28 P. M.
"	DEP.	2.50 "
MITCHELL	"	3.33 "
CARRON BROOK	"	3.52 "
SEAFORTH	"	4.15 "
HARPURHEY	"	4.21 "
CLINTON	"	4.45 "
GODERICH	ARR.	5.30 "

Connects at Stratford with Grand Trunk and at Paris with Great Western. Daily Stages from Goderich to all parts of the surrounding country. Passengers reach Ports on the coast by VanEvery and Rumball's steamers.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C. W., JUNE 5, 1863.

THE FEELING IN LOWER CANADA.

While Upper Canadian tories are making a great ado about the abandonment of principle on the part of the Reform party, the Cartier prints of the other section are anything but easy on the point. This lull in the political storm is tenfold more ominous to them than open denunciation. The *Bleus* of Lower Canada *do not* believe that the Representation Question is to be laid on the shelf—they *do not* believe that those who have so long agitated that question are going to lose the first favorable opportunity of carrying some measure based upon it, and hence they are denouncing every man who is suspected of being tainted in the slightest degree with liberalism. More than this, they declare that if the present Ministry is sustained by the country and in the approaching Parliament, and swayed by *le terrible George Brown!* her institutions, her language, her religion—all, all are to be swept ruthlessly into the dusty lumber-room of the past. The reason assigned for the *comparative* silence of Upper Canadian reformers upon the Vexed Question, is that it is only a ruse to gain power; that accomplished, farewell to the champion Mr. Cartier, and his fast friend, John A. Macdonald—farewell to Lower Canadian dominancy! We do not exaggerate. This is but a mild statement, compared with the terrific denunciations of the French journals generally, and making due allowance for the eagerness of the Cartier organs to make political capital in every possible way, we think it would be impossible to produce a more conclusive and striking refutation of the charge so often flung in our teeth that Upper Canadians have thrown overboard their long-cherished principles. Some of the French journals alluded to, seem inclined to receive the coming change with as good a grace as possible, but by far the greater number, in the strongest terms, announce that any innovation will be resisted to the last, and one or two hint darkly at the final resort of baffled politicians the world over. "Far better," says Mr. Cartier's special organ, "*far better to dominate* than to be dominated over!" It is a thousand pities that such a spirit should be engendered in the people by those whose duty it is to bring them to listen to the voice of reason and of justice; and yet nothing is more natural than for men who glory in intolerance to expect from others the full measure of what they themselves mete out. What a terrible thing it would be if an attempt were made to bully Upper Canadians into unanimity of feeling on certain subjects as Mr. Cartier and his pliant tools are doing at the present moment in Lower Canada! And yet, is it not evident that our rights are sold by a few men who are ready to sacrifice the interests of their own section in order to further their private ends? Only let us have the same amount of union amongst Upper Canadians as is manifested by the *bleus*, and the wrongs under which we have been so long laboring might be rectified at once and for ever. The change is coming. Gradually toryism is relaxing her exacting sway over the minds of men, and in both sections of the Province liberal ideas and principles are working their way into the front rank. We hail the advent of better government, and join heartily in deprecating any thought of sectional domancy, or intolerant persecution. What we want is our Rights! We cannot desire more, and it were the veriest political poltroonery to ask less.

NO MORE, THANK YOU.—We have just received from different firms in New York about a column of advertisements, accompanied by profuse instructions as to to how we are to publish them. We would, with Ned Corkery, much rather have less instructions and *more money*. Without value received in advance, we will not insert another advertisement from the centre of American Civilization; not, perhaps, that we doubt the honesty of our neighbors, but then they have such short memories! Send along your greenbacks and postage stamps.

WAR NEWS.

Plenty of dispatches reach us from the War, but there is very little worth relating to be found in them. There is nothing definite from Vicksburg—indeed, the difficulty of getting news from that distant point is such that Grant might be whipped or the city taken several days before we could know anything about it. That the struggle for the possession of the Mississippi is a desperate one, is certain, and all accounts agree in confirming the statement that the garrison of Vicksburg, aided by Gen. Joe Johnston in Grant's rear, will hold out to the last. It would not very much surprise us to hear that the fortunes of war had turned in favor of the Confederates. The news is equally as meagre from the Rappahannock. From the disposition of Gen. Lee's army, and sundry flying rumors, it is by no means improbable that that wary and skillful officer intends an offensive movement on Washington. If this should be the case, stirring times may be expected.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTH WENTWORTH.—A correspondent says: "The work in South Wentworth goes on all right. Messrs. Rymal and Sexton have agreed to leave their claims to the decision of a convention, which is to be held here on Thursday, and whichever of the two receives the nomination, will be elected beyond doubt. The Tory convention met in Hamilton yesterday, and nominated Mr. Samuel Kern, who was defeated at the last election, and will be again. No Tory can be elected for South Wentworth, and Mr. Kern may as well save himself the trouble of going through a contest."

WEST DURHAM.—The Conservatives in West Durham have brought out a Mr. Milne against Mr. Munro. The writer of these lines asked a Conservative resident of West Durham what were Mr. Milne's chances of election. He replied that *perhaps Mr. Munro might die between the nomination and the polling*; that was the only chance.

EAST BRANT.—There are four candidates in the field by the last account in this county, Mr. Finlayson, Dr. Bown, Mr. G. S. Wilkes and Mr. Whiting, of Onandaga. Why can not arrangements be arrived at, so that only one Reform candidate shall run?

CARLETON.—Mr. McLachlin, the late member for Renfrew, who voted for the Government against John A. Macdonald's motion, has determined to run against Mr. Powell in Carleton. The fact that Mr. McLachlin could have been elected without opposition for Renfrew, leads us to think that he will not attempt Carleton without good prospects of success. Mr. Lyon has made way for him.—*Globe.*

PERTH.—The canvass for Mr. McFarlane is going on bravely, and if he is beaten it will not be through any laxity on the part of his friends. Honest Thomas and his supporters are also straining every nerve, but they begin to tremble for the result. Query.—How can the Lambs help going astray if their beloved shepherd is taken away and sent to Quebec? Electors of Perth, see to it that Mr. Daly is returned—to his home and Lambs!

WEST TORONTO.—Judging from present indications, the Hon. Mr. Robinson will be run out by Mr. John McDonald, a wealthy and highly respectable merchant of that city. Many of the conservatives are forsaking the standard of the Opposition. The election of Mr. McDonald will be an acquisition to Toronto and the Reform party. Success to him.

MONTREAL.—Mr. Young says in his address to the electors of West Montreal:—

"For myself, I hope that a life passed among you gives me some claim to the reputation of true independence; but, though far from offering myself as a mere partizan of the present Government, I am bound to say that, comprising as it does two gentlemen with whom I have before laboured in the representation of this city, and who, with myself, were for many years the advocates of a policy which has since been inaugurated and has resulted in so many benefits to the trade of this Province, and especially of this city—comprising, I say, as the Ministry now does, those two gentlemen, I think it would be very wrong and very impolitic on the part of the electors of Montreal if it should not have a fair chance of success afforded it. Messrs. Dorion and Holton occupy very important places in the Ministry; their honesty of purpose, industry in the public service, and capacity for business, have never been impeached, and are well known to myself."

KINGSTON.—The Prescott *Telegraph* says:

"John A. is going to have a tight one in the old Tory borough of Kingston. He has been driven already by his antagonist, Mr. Gildersleeve, to canvass the town from house to house, and to enter upon a regular series of meetings. This, a short time ago, did not seem necessary; now it is a matter of necessity. To a supposed pet like John A., in such a close borough as Kingston, this course must be felt to be humiliating, but it exemplifies the tendency of public opinion—the reign of the Corruptionists will never be revived, if the people do their duty at the coming elections. At the last election John A.'s friends sent all the way to Ottawa for voters; and one man, in company with several others who had been working out the Parliament buildings, (we could tell his name,) stated on the wharf at Prescott, that he was to receive a hundred dollars for going up to vote for the ex Attorney General. Fortunately the public purse is no longer at his command."

The Distress in Ireland.

We are glad to see that the tidings of terrible suffering and want in many of the Districts of Ireland has called forth more in Canada than mere lip-sympathy. A meeting was held in Toronto on Wednesday evening, which was well attended by Englishmen and Scotchmen, as well as Irishmen. Bishops and M. P. P.'s, as well as laborers, and at which the handsome sum of $864 was subscribed. The Province has acted nobly with reference to suffering Lancashire, and we think it is now our duty to do something for the suffering poor of Ireland, who are brought to want through adverse circumstances. The example set so nobly by Toronto should be followed by everytown and village throughout the country.

Arrival of the "Persia."

NEW YORK, June 3.

The "Persia" left Liverpool on the 23d, and Queenstown on the 24th, at 8 o'clock.

The "New York" and "City of Manchester" arrived out on the 22nd.

The United States corvette "Mohican" was at St. Vincent on the 2nd of May.

The *Times* says that Hooker's operations, preceded by more than the usual gasconade, resulted in the usual miserable failure, and expects that Hooker was so ill disabled that Sedgwick's defeat was an opportune excuse for recrossing, leaving the wounded on the field, clearly indicating something like a rout. The *Times* sees no end to the war but in the slow process of exhaustion, either of men or enthusiasm. A few months must decide whether the war ends with the present year, or at the close of Lincoln's term, or later.

The *Daily News* adds the campaign to the list of Federal disasters, but points to Lee's inability to follow it up, and to the fact that he does not hold a foot more ground than before.

The *Star* thinks that an honest confession of disaster would be more dignified on the part of Stanton than statements of a retreat on prudent ground and a speedy resumption of hostilities.

The *Star* thinks Fremont will have his day.

The *Morning Post* sees good reasons why Lee should not follow up Hooker, but cannot understand why Hooker was allowed to retreat so easily.

The party who was alleged to be the Federal recruiting agent in the county of Cork, turned out to be a swindler and had decamped.

It is announced that the cargoes of the ships "Clara Louisa Hatch" and "Charles Hill," bound from England to the East Indies, and destroyed by the "Alabama," were shipped and consigned to British subjects.—The Government is called upon to, and it is thought will, interfere in the matter.

At a meeting of the Foreign Anti Slavery Society, it was stated that Lord Brougham declined to preside, on the ground that such a course was more consistent with the neutrality which every one ought to observe in the American contest.

Parliament was not in Session.

The race for the Oaks was won by "Queen Bertha."

The French electoral contest was waxing warm. The Opposition candidates are daily increasing.

Persigny, in a letter to the Prefect of the Seine, denounces Thiers as being connected with the avowed enemies of the Emperor.

The bourse was flat at 69f. 35c.

Polish affairs are unchanged. Engagements continue frequent, and no diminution in the insurgents.

It is reported that Russia called on Prussia for military assistance.

The Prussian Chambers had not done anything yet on the King's message, disapproving of their course towards the Ministers. It is believed that the King's message must bring matters to a crisis and produce important results.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, May 23.—Business for the week has been 28,000 bales. On Friday, under the "Glasgow's" news, there was a better demand, and the week's decline partially recovered.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour steady; extra State 21s 6d to 22s. Wheat firm and partially a shade dearer; red Western 9s to 9s 6d; Southern 9s 6d to 9s 8d; white 10s to 10s 3d; Southern 10s 3d to 11s. Corn very firm; mixed 29s 9d to 30s; white 30s to 31s per 480 lbs.

PROVISIONS.—Beef firm for fine—dull for superior. Lard in good demand at 6d to 11d.

LIVERPOOL, SATURDAY EVENING, May 23.—Breadstuffs market quiet and steady at unchanged prices. Provisions dull but steady. Produce generally steady.

LONDON, Saturday, May 23.—Consols closed at 93¼ to 93⅝. American Stock market is firmer, the advices from America causing better feeling.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday Evening, May 23.—It is reported that the Trinity Board has resolved to establish a floating beacon off the extreme southern point of Cape Race.

At the meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society yesterday, a letter was read from Mr. Adams thanking the Society, in Mr. Lincoln's name, for the proceedings in January last. Speeches were made expressing sympathy for the North, and hopeful of the extinction of slavery. Resolutions were adopted, rejoicing at the various steps taken by the United States Government in furtherance of the emancipation of the slaves of the Southern States, and expressing the gratefulness of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society at being recognized by the Washington Government as a friend of freedom.

ORNOTHOLOGICAL INCIDENT.—A lady residing in Brighton, says the Journal, recently owned a pair of beautiful Java sparrows, which were the pets of the family and objects of admiration to all who saw them. One of them died. Its disconsolate mate refused to taste the food offered it, but sat upon its perch, looking wistfully about, and with sad and gentle notes seemed to be calling its mate. The bird refused to sleep, and after various devices to banish its grief, the lady placed a small looking glass inside the cage. This reflected its own image, and wrought in a few days an entire change in the manner of the bird. It commenced singing loudly, which it continued to do, but receiving no response from its mate, it is continually quarrelling with its shadow. In its anger it occasionally flies at the glass, striking it with its beak, and it is only prevented from injuring itself by removing the glass from the cage until it recovers from its passionate outbreak, when the glass is replaced.—*Boston Bee.*

PROPOSED MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN COOK.—Measures are taking at Honolulu to erect a monument to the celebrated navigator, Capt. James Cook, who was killed by the Hawaiian natives when on his third voyage of discovery. The sum of $889 had been already collected, and $200 more had been subscribed. A meeting of the subscribers was held at Honolulu on 16th March, when it was resolved that a light-house near the entrance of Honolulu harbor, to be called "Cook's Lighthouse," would be the most appropriate monument to the memory of Captain Cook. A public meeting was called for 30th march, to take steps to raise the necessary funds.

A downeaster sold another man a horse for a certain number of sheep, to be delivered such a day. They came promptly, but to the purchaser's astonishment, all nicely sheared! It was a cool transaction, especially for the sheep.

Exercise Book.

Minister.—'Well, John, may I ask if you have begun—what I know your heart inclines you to—the regular observance of morning and evening sacrifice by family worship?'

Gudeman.—'Deed, sir, I ken it is my duty. I read a chapter, as I do every nicht to the weans, but I canna speak a prayer loud oot, though it's a' here.'—[Laying his hand upon his heart.]

Minister.—'Keep your mind easy, my worthy friend; it's all bashfulness, for which I shall give a cure. If you can read a chapter, you can read a prayer. You say that you are going to the market to-morrow; well then, when you are in the town, call at ——'s shop, and ask for the 'Manual of Family Devotion;' but, for fear you should forget the name, just ask for the 'Exercise Book.' When you come home, before retiring to bed, call your children and servants together; give out four verses of a psalm to be sung (and you know well that all the youngsters can sing,) then read a chapter, and after that kneel, and read, *hidlans*, the prayer from the 'Exercise Book.'

Gudeman.—'Weel, a-weel, my gude friend, I'se try to do your biddin,' e'se ill-fare me. I'm thinkin' that the 'Exercise Book' 'll be mair in my heed than the wheat stack!'

On the following day, farmer John was at market, in the county town, where the sale of his wheat was an easy matter, but his respected minister's instructions were not forgotten. He forgot, it is true, everything about 'manuals,' recollecting only the more familiar word; but, determined not to go home without his *primer*, he went to the shop of the leading bookseller, asked for and obtained for 6d, the 'Exercise Book.' In ploddin' his way home, the farmer was in what we call a quandary. How to commence, but worse still, how to carry out, such a reform in his household as he had resolved to make, puzzled his imagination. What would the wife say? How would the lasses and lads behave?—These were puzzling questions to the mind of the perplexed man; yet firm principle put them to silence. Being once resolved, his determination was to persevere, and that he did so, you shall presently see. On reaching home, he found the teaching set and the tea ready to be poured out. These he looked upon to be unseemly interruptions, all the worthy man's thoughts being concentrated upon the great coming event—family worship. He had, on coming home, admitted his faithful helomate into his confidence, who promised to have 'a' ready in proper time.' To John, however, the present appeared to be the only proper time. He was fidgetty and restless until the tea things were cleared from off the table—more fidgetty still about the 'buoks' being laid down, chairs set in order, and all made ready immediately for his first appearance as a praying patriarch. His desires were all anticipated. Two arm chairs, at each fire cheek, were set for the heads of the household; and, on the table, beside the gudeman, was laid in reverent fashion, the big 'buoke,' while all around the table were placed the Bibles 'forneent the chairs.' The lads and lasses having taken their places, John commenced the service by giving out a psalm, which was more melodious by sung than, according to our old friend, it was likely to have been done by the Canongate choristers. He then read a long chapter, all the longer that he might have the more time to get reconciled to the novelty of his position, and, at last, being well *fugled* by the female head of the house, all solemnly knelt to the act of prayer.

John (slipping the 'Exercise Book' quietly from his breast pocket, and clearing his throat by a preparatory 'hem,') thus began! 'Attention! Eyes front! Shoulder noop!'

The Gudewife (aoto voce.)—'Dear me! that's no the least like the minister's prayers.'

John:—'Ground arms! Prime and load! Recover arms!'

Gudewife (half rising from her chair:)—'What nonsense is a' this. Something has come owre 'im. He's either gane gite, or tasted owre muckle after the market, for it's no like 'im;' and she got upon her legs.

John (with loud voice:)—'Make ready, Present! F——.'

But his anxious partner supplied the '*fire*.' Giving him a smart cuff on the side of the head, she laid the novel devotionalist sprawling on the floor, and the chair along with him.

Gudewife:—'Get up ye sacreligious ass! Is that an example for ye to set to oor bairns? To lie there on your knees, an' trying to make a fule o' your Maker. It's disgraceful. Get up wi' ye, and ye'll see if I'll no tell the guid minister.'

Tell him she did. An explanation took place, and in course of time John got the valuable gift of praying as it ought to be, without the adventitious aid of an *Exercise Book*.

Ancient Curiosities in Canada.

Some glass beads of unquestioned Phœnician manufacture are reported to have been found while riding through Waterloo, Ala., stopped to make some inquiries. One of the women asked for some tobacco. He gave her some smoking tobacco (Daniel's best) but she said she wanted a "chaw." He referred her to a friend who *chawed*, who passed his pig around. The whole family used it, from the mother to a little child six years old.

During the reign of Bonaparte the arrogant soldiery affected to despise all civilians, whom they, in their barrack-room slang, termed Pekins. Talleyrand, one day, asked a general officer, "What is the meaning of that word 'Pekin?'" "Oh," replied the General, "we call all those Pekins who are not military." "Exactly," said Talleyrand, "just as we call all people military who are not *civil*."

Not long since one of the field officers of the 19th Wisconsin rode up to headquarters, his horse reeking with foam from hard riding, dismounted and threw the reins to his servant Miles, saying, "Feed him." "Is he not too warm to feed now?" inquired Miles. "No, you may feed him now with impunity. "Impunity? Quartermaster Edenwood has furnished the usual quantity of forage, but nary pound of impunity!"

The vulger ostentations of the shoddy gentry may be pardoned when when we think of their ignorance. It happened a good many years ago that an ill-bred fellow, who had suddenly risen to wealth by some profitable government contracts, stood up at the opera with his hat on.—"We must forgive the man," whispered the Duchess of Gordon, "he has so short a time been used to the luxury of a hat that he doesn't know when to pull it off."

A clergyman, finding his people almost frantic with joy at the reception of the news, on the 10th instant, that Richmond was taken, laid aside the manuscript sermon he had prepared, and preached *extempore* from the text, "Rejoice with trembling." The first head was, "Whilst you rejoice in the hope, you may tremble with the fear *that the report is not true*."

GONE TO POLAND.—Mr. Russell, the special war correspondent of the London *Times*, has gone to Poland to report for his paper the events of the revolution in that country.

Queen's Birthday Celebration at Lucan.

The Lucanites certainly deserve the palm this year for the manner in which they have celebrated Her Majesty's Birthday, from first to last, the whole affair being a decided success. Saturday, the day selected, was ushered in by the booming of the village cannon, a splendid piece of artillery, cast for the occasion at the foundry of Messrs. Diamond and Jackson. At 9 a.m. the ancient order of Kallathumpians (Maginquichockshocking) made their appearance, dressed in the grotesque regalia of their order. After parading the principal streets, and going through a variety of military evolutions, these mysterious beings disappeared for the present. This being their first appearance in these parts, the effect on the uninitiated may be imagined. At 9.30 the athletic exercises commenced on the grounds near the drill shed, and were kept up with great spirit till 5 p.m., the performances being enlivened by the presence of the St. Mary's Brass Band. At 6 p.m. the horse races came off on another part of the grounds. The chief prize was won by a beautiful little mare of Sir Tatton Skyes breed, owned by Mr. Robert McLean, of Luc