missioned officers and privates of the Artillery Company. I was not aware that such a thing as this was intended at all, and therefore must be pardoned if my feelings overcome me so far as to prevent a suitable reply to such a flattering address. The efficiency of the corps was due to their zealous efforts as well as his own. Had it not been for the zeal of the officers and the ready obedience of the privates they would not to-day occupy such a proud position. He certainly felt strongly on his dismissal, but he did not and could not feel that he had been *disgraced*; on the contrary he was satisfied that he now stood higher, if possible, than ever, and that the sympathy of the public generally was with him.—(Applause.) Mr. Ross' feelings would not, evidently, permit him to proceed any further.

The following toasts were given by the chairman and enthusiastically responded to:—"The Queen," the Prince and Princess of Wales and Royal Family," "The Administrator of the Government, Gen. Sir J. Michel," "The Army and Navy." The last toast was responded to by sergeant Pacey and 'Commodore' Crabb.

Song by Mr. Thompson, "The Red, White and Blue."

The chairman said the next toast on the programme was our home guards, "The Volunteers of Canada." (Enthusiastic cheers.)

Lieut. Kirk said he could not say a great deal for the Volunteer system of Canada, considering the manner in which they had been treated by the Government.

Mr Horton also responded. He said he hoped redress would yet be done and that again the right man would be found in the right place. [Applause] He thought Capt. Ross had been a victim of injustice, and that it would be long before his superior as an officer could be found in Canada. [Applause.]

The Vice Chairman, in a very eulogistic speech proposed the health of A.M. Ross Esq.

Mr. Ross, on rising to respond was loudly cheered. He said he felt embarrassed when he heard the flattering expressions from gentlemen that they were unable to express their feelings, but he could not realize what such an emotion was. Such expressions, he now felt, frequently came from full hearts. If he could not at that time express his feelings fully, the members of the Artillery Co., who knew him well, could do them justice.—The attendence of such a large number of respectable gentlemen unconnected with the company was most gratifying, as it convinced him that he still enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his fellow townsmen. He did not know that it was necessary to go into the particulars of this unfortunate dispute. They knew the merits of the case, and through the press the whole affair had been laid before the public. He thought it was a small thing for the Government to engage in these little disputes, and he believed no other man in Canada would have been mean enough to make such an affair a matter of formal complaint. He had been, as it were, hastily condemned, and then a commission of enquiry was instituted to see whether he had done anything wrong. He had applied several times for a copy of that report, but had not been able to get it to this day, and did not know what statements had been made against him. That he certainly considered unjust. He had been given to understand, however, that that report condemned Capt. Seymour almost in the very words he himself had used in his letter, but it had been studiously withheld. He did not blame the members of the little Company generally—many of them subscribed to the funds for the erection of the Drill Shed and would have paid if called upon at once. But on the return of Capt. Seymour he advised the company to repudiate and they at once assumed that attitude. The charge of want of *esprit de corps* had been made by him against the company and not individually.—He had always felt a pride in his own company, and it was very hard to be turned out so summarily, but he did not feel the disgrace sought to be "heaped upon" him. He had endeavored to do his duty, and one thing could be said without egotism, that few better companies were to be found in the Province. (Applause.)

"The Land we live in" was responded to in a happy manner by Mr. VanEvery.

The Vice Chairman in a most appropriate manner proposed "The Memory of Lord Palmerston, late Premier of England."—Drank in solemn silence.

Mr. Horton in humorous style proposed the health of a gentleman who had been termed the Major General of the Company, on account of the great interest he had taken in its prosperity, viz: Mr. John Harrison.—(Applause.)

Mr. Harrison, (who is an old man) in response, said he had always felt a deep interest in the company, so much so, that if they had ever been called to active service he would have been ready to shoulder a knapsack and march along with them. (Cheers.)

Mr. Ross, in a complimentary speech, proposed 'The Press' in connection with the name of Mr. W. T. Cox of the *Signal*. Response by Mr. Cox.

"The Bar" was ably responded to by Mr. Sinclair. "Commercial interests" by Mr. Crabb, "Educational Interests," by Mr. Cameron, Principal of the Central School, and the health of Messrs. Gibbons and T. Kidd was proposed and suitably acknowledged.

"Our Mechanics" was responded to by Messrs. Portland and Ryes.

In acknowledging the toast of his health, Mr. Platt spoke of the importance of the manufacturing interests of this place.—He had tried various places, but he would say that he could make a barrel of flour out of less wheat here than in any part of Canada. There was a good mill site in the possession of Sheriff M'Donald. Mr. VanEvery had also a good one, and what they wanted was to go to work and manufacture every bushel of wheat grown in the neighborhood. (Applause.) He would also like very much to see flax cultivation and flax mills established here. Mr. Savage proposed the "Farming interests of Huron." Mr. Gibbons responded.

Mr. Thompson said the Mayor had requested him to express his regret that he was unable to be present. The company then drank to "Our worthy Mayor;" which was duly honored by Mr. S. H. Hector.

The proceedings closed about midnight—everything having passed off in a very agreeable manner.

SCHOOL OPENING.

The ratepayers of Union S. S. No. 3, Colborne, thinking that an extra effort was demanded of them if they wished to keep pace with the times and get rid of the old log school in which for so many years young ideas have been taught to shoot, determined a year or two ago to erect a more substantial and commodious edifice. Accordingly funds were raised, the necessary preparations made, and the work commenced. A good many difficulties were encountered, but the work was at last completed, and the result is 'the finest and most elegant brick school house that we have yet seen in the rural parts of the County of Huron.' The building, which occupies an elevated position commanding a beautiful view of the Young Settlement, is solidly built of the best brick, is 20 by 40 feet in the inside, with ante rooms, handsome little desks of the most modern description, black-board, and all appurtenances complete. The school room is well lighted and ventilated, and in a nice little cupola atop hangs a bell the tones of which may be heard almost throughout the entire section. When the proper apparatus is furnished, it will be a model of neatness. The teacher, Mr. Wm. Symington, who has done excellent service on the spot for the past 15 years, will now have full scope for the exercise of his talents, and we wish him the greatest success in the performance of his onerous duties.

The Building, which is intended also as a place of worship, was formally opened on Sabbath last, when appropriate sermons were preached, in the afternoon by Rev. A. Mackid and in the evening by Rev. Mr. Rogers. A choir under the able leadership of Messrs. J. McN. Breckenridge and J. Halliday, of this town, furnished appropriate music for the occasion.

On the Monday following two soirees were held, one, in the afternoon for the children and young folks, and another in the evening for the general public. At the latter there was a large attendance, the building being crowded in all parts. After a bounteous repast had been served out by the ladies and their attendants, Mr. Robert Young was called to the chair, and appropriate addresses were delivered by the Revds. Messrs. Rich, Rogers, Demmick, Mackid and by Mr. W. T. Cox, of the *Signal*. The tone of the speaking was earnest and instructive. The Philharmonic Choir of Manchester, led in fine style by Dr. Tamlyn, gave, during the evening, a selection of excellent music, the brilliant execution of which added very much to the pleasure of those present. The whole affair, notwithstanding the most unfavorable state of the weather, was completely successful.

We congratulate the honest ratepayers upon the permanent proof of their public spirit now established, and trust it will be made a great blessing to their children.

ARE THE FENIANS COMING?

If the Fenian movement in the States means anything at all, it means, we think, that some kind of an attempt is to be made ere long to invade Canada. A provisional President may be appointed—Irish currency may be printed by the ream—the Irish Republic may exist, on paper, just as some of our Canadian towns did during the high days of speculation—but the most intelligent 'head centre' on the Continent must know by this time that the cause, in so far as Ireland itself is concerned, is utterly hopeless. Hope being extinct in that quarter, it is but natural that the eyes of the fanatics—for such they really are—should be directed to that point where a blow might be struck against Great Britain. Canada is the nearest and most vulnerable portion of British territory, and we think there are some pretty strong indications of a determination on the part of the Finnigan leaders to make a raid upon our frontier as soon as they possibly can. The project is certainly a wild one, and could only be entertained by the most unprincipled of filibusters, but we think the Brotherhood embraces a class of men who are unprincipled enough to embark in any wild scheme, and, therefore, while we would wish to assist in keeping down anything like undue excitement, it will be just as well for the Canadian people to prepare themselves quietly for any sudden emergency. It is difficult to see how an organized, equipped, and supplied Fenian army could be gathered at any given point and thrown upon our frontier, especially as the American Government would be perfectly aware that by allowing such a demonstration a *casus belli* would be established between that country and Britain, but a good deal of mischief might be done, to guard carefully against which should be the first object of our authorities. Again, our people are enquiring in their own minds whether such an attempt would meet with assistance from supposed Fenians in Canada itself. In the large cities there is a certain class of men who would be ready and willing to give the mad enterprise their assistance, merely because they would have nothing to lose, and because they might be fanatical enough to think that this fair Province could be wrested from Victoria's diadem. But in the rural districts the case is very different. Nearly all there possess property, which the disaffected know in their souls would be confiscated on the first manifestation of active sympathy with Fenianism; and surrounded as they are by a loyal population, they would have regard enough for their personal safety to keep quiet. Nothing, in our opinion, would unite Canadians together in a more stern and terribly earnest phalanx than an attempted Fenian invasion—nothing could so completely call out the patriotism and bravery of our vigorous and hardy populations. We deprecate war and its horrors, but we must acquit ourselves like men if the occasion should require it.—The Government has acted wisely in ordering the volunteers to look closely after their trusty rifles, and we think it will act wisely if it makes in an undemonstrative way any preparations that may be called for by the exigencies of the hour. The danger of a raid may be, after all, very small, but it will be greatly lessened if we are seen to be prepared to give the filibusters a hot reception, should they visit our shores with hostile intent.

☞ The *Globe* castigates Mr. Ogle R. Gowan, very properly, for issuing as he has done, an address to the Orangemen of Canada, calling upon them to come forward and defend the country from the Fenians. We heartily endorse the sentiments contained in the following extract from our contemporary:—

"This address is simply atrocious. It is bad enough to try to alarm people with a sensation story and with solemn pretences of secrecy. But Mr. Gowan's recommendations are even worse than his story. What right has he to take the business of preparing for the defence of the country out of the hands of the Government? Who authorised him to issue a proclamation telling the people to arm? And above all, how did he dare specially to appeal to one class in the community? No one doubts the loyalty of the Orangemen of Canada, and it a necessity did arise they would fight bravely in defence of the Province and of British connection. But no man would think of marshalling them as Orangemen. They would go to the front simply as loyal subjects like the rest of the community. All loyal men would forget party and religious differences and join in defence of the common cause. No other way could an effective defence be made. It would especially be necessary, if there were reason to expect a Fenian invasion, to include the Roman Catholics in the appeal which would be made to the country, in place of confining it to an order known to be obnoxious to them."

Letter from Ogle R. Gowan.

Ogle R. Gowan has sent the following letter to the *Leader* for the perusal of Orangemen. Our readers may or may not think the epistle uncalled for:—

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—Nothing but a high sense of duty could induce me to step from the path of private life, and to address you publicly at this time.

I have reason to believe that danger is at our doors!—that the enemies of Great Britain are plotting her overthrow, and that Ireland is not to be the first point of attack. As I am informed, the object of the Irish agitation is *merely to prepare* the disaffected for future action, and to arouse the fears of the "home authorities," and so prevent any more troops being sent here before the close of the navigation. When "the cold weather sets in," our source of supply from Britain will be cut off—their's from America will be open. *Then the blow is intended to be struck*, and should it prove successful at the onset, it is the general belief, both of the "Fenians," and their sympathizers, that no army would be sent out in the spring to attempt the reconquest of the country.

British Americaore in the possession of the enemy, a base would be secured, from which to plot further aggressions for the dismemberment of the Empire. I am not aware of the steps—if any—which the present government of Canada have taken, or what course they intend to pursue, upon this subject, so vital to all our interests, if not our lives. Neither am I at liberty to disclose the source of the information which I have received, and which leads me to the conclusion that not a moment should be lost in arming the loyal, and in preparing for the worst.

One. Where there exists militia volunteer corps, regularly organized, armed and drilled, commanded by proper officers, and with trusty companies, I would recommend every "true man" to enrol his name, and adopt such a course, in conjunction with his commanding officer, and with the sanction of the brigade major of the division, as may afford greater confidence and security for the protection of his family and the defence of his country.

Two. Where circumstances are such as to prevent the volunteer militia enrolment and arming, those steps should be taken, if possible, by each individual Orangeman (and indeed by every loyal man) to arm himself with a good *rifle and bayonet*, and with, at least, fifty rounds of *ball ammunition*.

Three. Where the individual with a loyal heart, but with an empty pocket, may be unable to procure the arms and ammunition necessary for his defence, steps should be at once taken by the master of the Lodge to which the individual belongs, to see that the arms, &c., may be supplied to him, with as little delay as possible.

Rest assured, my dear friends and brethren, that the enemy meditates the overthrow of British power, and that nothing but the dread of defeat will prevent the attempt from being made here during the approaching winter. If, then, you desire to resist the intended attack of the wicked, be prepared! If you desire to live peacefully, and to prevent the attack being made, be prepared! What I say to one, I say to all, be ready, steady and prepared! From your old Grand Master for twenty years, and who cannot now desert you in the hour of approaching peril.

OGLE R. GOWAN.

Nobo Lodge, Toronto, 1st Nov., 1865.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE STEAMER MOHAWK.—The steamer Mohawk plying between Goderich and Saginaw, had a very narrow escape on Wednesday last, (the 1st). She left this port about 11 o'clock a.m. with a heavy load of valuable merchandise consisting of hardware, dry goods, &c, and about 40 passengers. When about 25 miles out she was struck by a very heavy squall from the S. W. which compelled her to turn about. The sea was running high, and the vessel soon began to leak so badly that Capt. Young, after consulting his officers, gave orders to throw off the deck load as the only means of saving the lives of those on board. This was done at once, and it is roughly estimated that between $50,000 and $80,000 worth of goods was committed to the waters of Lake Huron, together with a large quantity of passenger's baggage. All hands were then put to pumping and bailing—and by great exertion the vessel was brought into Goderich harbor at 11.30 next morning. The Capt., his mate, engineer and Mr. Wilson the clerk exerted themselves nobly, and we believe no blame can be attached to them in the matter. It is as great a shame that such a vessel should be passed by the inspectors at Detroit as seaworthy, as it was wrong that the steamer Huron which had no serviceable boats should have been allowed to sail so long in that condition. The goods lost by the Mohawk belonged to Saginaw merchants, but we can say nothing as to the amount of insurance.

A COUPLE OF ROUGHS from the other side paid us a visit on Monday evening, the 30th inst. and endeavored to have it all their own way. At Shepherd & Strachan's they acted very rudely, after which they went to Mr. Black's tavern and by drawing a pistol, knife, &c, contrived to get a quantity of whiskey without paying for it. Next morning they purchased tickets at the depot for Detroit, but next moment they were cleverly collared by constables, Tranber and Addison, who disarmed and sent them off to gaol. In the morn. they were brought before the magistrates and persuaded to subscribe $10 apiece to the town funds besides seven dollars or so in the shape of costs. The pistol taken from the men had seven chambers loaded and ready for use. The names of the scamps are R. Garman and Jno. Morgan.

☞ At the Perth Assizes, our friend A. J. Belch, of the *Argus*, was mulcted in the enormous sum of *sixpence* for libelling a Dr. Wilson. 'Twasn't surely much of a libel, or else the jury placed a very low estimate upon the injured reputation of the libelled.

ANTI-SENSATIONAL.—The New York Commercial Advertiser, referring to a sensation report in the Herald, as to the getting ready of the American navy for service—probably for a war with England—says:—"It is absurd to suppose that this Government, whose foreign relations are unchanged, should be getting ready for war now when all the facts of the present situation were known to them months ago. The ultimatum of the Adams Russell correspondence was known in May." The fact that the correspondence lately published is now some months old is certainly worth remembering, amid all the sensation which its publication has created.

☞ There is a move to get a steam fire engine for London, C.W. It is a good opening for the 'steam engin' business.

STANLEY.

CURIOUS ACCIDENT.—Two Pea stacks, containing from 250 to 300 bushels of Peas, the property of E. Roy, Esq., living on the 6th con. of this township, took fire last Wednesday night, the 1st inst., between eight and nine o'clock, and were completely destroyed. It was at first supposed that it was the work of some incendiary, but on examining the circumstances more closely, it was concluded that a spark from the stove-pipe caused the mischief. It was blowing a heavy gale of wind at the time in a direct line with the stacks. It fortunately came on a heavy shower of rain, or Mr. Roy's whole buildings would have shared the fate of the stacks—so great a fire will a small spark kindle.—COMM.

MR. SIGNAL—SIR,—The Committee of the Ploughing Association of Colborne desires to return their warmest thanks to their kind friends in Goderich for their liberal subscriptions to our late ploughing match, the sum subscribed being the handsome sum of $54; which was expended as follows:—for the 1st prize for the men a set of plough harness, valued $25; 1st prize for the boys a Mahaffy plough valued $20; cash to the committee $5. I would also beg to correct an omission made in the prize list for the boys, which should read thus—1st prize John Bacom a Mahaffy Plough valued $20; 2nd prize Hugh Henly a pair of Harrows valued $12, from our liberal friend Mr. Alex. Kirkbride of Goderich; 3rd prize Stewart McDougall $4, 4th Edward Gleason $3, 5th Hugh Girvin $2.

I am also desired to say that one of the judges was surprised at the account given of the field and work done at the match, as he has attended many, and he considered that the field although not first rate, upon the whole was good and the work quite respectable.

P. ROBERTSON, Sec'y.

Colborne, Nov. 6th, 1865.

DEATH OF CAPT. M'AULAY.—Capt. George McAulay, late of the steamer 'Bonny Maggie,' was accidentally drowned on Thursday last. It appears that the captain was engaged in fishing operations at the Fishing Islands, and while endeavoring to cross the shoal at Whitefish Island in a stormy sea, with an open boat, he was washed overboard and drowned. His companion contrived to save himself by clinging to a rope. We have not heard whether the body has been found. The deceased leaves a wife and family to mourn his untimely end.

THE ARSON CASE.—Boulton was up again before our magistrates on Monday last, and no satisfactory evidence being adduced, he was discharged.

☞ A breach of promise case was tried at Berlin the other day, the plaintiff being Isabella McCartney, of North Dumfries, and Robert Lamont, of Shakspeare, the defendant. The lassing of the injured fair one was soothed by a verdict of $500 in her favor.

☞ A lad named Krouse met with instant death on Thursday last in a saw mill in Beverley. One of his fingers got twisted in a leather band, and in a few seconds he was drawn around the shaft and had almost every bone in his body broken.

THE CARROLBROOK MURDER.—Our readers will remember the case of murder near Carrolbrook in July last, when an old man named Purcell shot his nephew. Purcell was tried at Stratford last week and condemned to Penitentiary for life.

DEATH OF LORD PALMERSTON.

Lord Parlmerston, Britain's greatest Statesman, has passed from the scenes of time to those of eternity. He literally died "in the harness," after having spent his entire life from the time he reached his manhood in the active duties of public service. Henry John Temple, third Viscount Palmerston, was born at Broadlands, near Romsey, Hampshire, England, on the 20th of October, 1784, and was consequently 81 years old at the time of his death. Lord Palmerston commenced his education at Harrow, went thence to the University of Edinburgh, and was finally graduated M. A. at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1806. At the age of 21 years he was elected to the British Parliament for the proprietory borough of Bletchingley, and in 1807 was made a junior lord of the admiralty in the Tory Cabinet of the Duke of Portland. It is not the least remarkable among the points of the noble lord's career, that he entered public life a Tory of the highest order; and his gradual changes from the principles on which he started, to his Liberal position, may be taken as a type of the change which has gradually come over the whole British nation, with a few insignificant exceptions, since that period. In 1811 he succeeded in securing the representation of Cambridge University, which from the outset had been an object of ambition with him, and which he retained for the next twenty years. In 1809 he succeeded Lord Castlereagh as Secretary of War in the Percival Cabinet, an office which he filled uninterruptedly, in five different administrations, during a period of nineteen years. About 1830 he definitely separated himself from the Tories—and upon the accession of the Whigs to power, was appointed, by Earl Gray, Foreign Secretary. He advanced Lord John Russell's Reform Bill, and thereby lost his seat for Cambridge University—a case much similar to Mr. Gladstone's, at the late English election. Since 1835 until the time of his death, he had been regularly returned to Parliament by the electors of Tiverton. During the brief administration of Sir Robert Peel, from December, 1834, to April, 1835, he remained out of office; but upon the formation of the Melbourne ministry, he was restored to the Foreign Secretaryship, the functions of which he discharged until September, 1841.

☞ While three men were engaged in digging a well at Kintoss, county of Bruce, on Saturday last, the earth caved in and almost buried one who was at the bottom named Forbes. A brother of this man and another Taylor then went down to extricate him, when another lot of earth gave way, severely injured these two and completely buried the man which they were endeavoring to rescue. Every effort was made to rescue him by men who went down for the purpose, but although he could be heard praying and asking those above to pray for him, the earth could not be removed, and he was literally crushed to death. Of the wounded men Forbes, brother of the deceased was so badly injured that his life is despaired of.

☞ A foundling was discovered in a railway passenger car at Windsor the other day, and has been cared for since at London. It is to be christened in a few days by the name of George G. W. R. Windsor.

☞ Sheriff Hoderwell, of Perth, fell on the ice a few days ago and broke his arm.

Poetry.

Written for the Signal.

LINES.

BY WILLIAM BANNATYNE.

I.

A SCOTTISH muse remote from home,
'Mong western deserts dreary,
Must oft forgo life's social song,
And carp both woe and weary;
He oft must loose the silken string
That woke the notes of pleasure,
And thrum on Discord's jarring wires,
Her sullen wayward measure.

II.

'Tis not because the wint'ry gloom
Is Nature's face o'ercasting,
'Tis not because his ruthless storm
Her fairest blooms is wasting.
The fading glories of the year,
Tho' pensive oft she views them;
But sleep a while in native rest,
And every spring renews them.

III.

But 'tis the cold, unkindly breath
Of man's malignant nature,
That stings her breast, and sours her love,
And mars her every feature;
The darkling, cancer-tooth of pain,
The ban for blessing render'd,
The festering, heart-corroding cares,
By human falsehood gender'd.

IV.

There's many a wrong we should not bear,
And yet we're doom'd to bear it;
There's many a tale we should not hear,
And still we're doom'd to hear it;
There's many a phase of human guile,
Our scrutiny defying,
Base selfish webs, whose warp and woof
Are enmity and lying.

V.

How vain at times Life's social bonds,
We duly toil to strengthen,
With industry and harmless joys,
Would all its blessings lengthen;
Mean Envy scans our aims awry,
Fell Malice strews its canker,
And all our cherish'd soul dreams lie
Profaned by human rancour.

VI.

'Tis not in human nature's pow'r,
When knaves and fools surround us,
To ward the slanderer's demon dart,
When elyent poised to wound us.
The tongue that loudest in our ear,
Can laud our every action,
Will oft those very actions jeer,
And lair us in detraction.

VII.

The hope that's based on mortal trust,
We rarely can sustain it;
Our confidence a rope of dust,
That breaks if e'er we strain it.
The dog that fawns to earn our crust,
May straightway turn to rieve us;
The heart to which we most may trust,
Be foremost to deceive us.

VIII.

'Tis hard to wear suspicions blight,
Unconscious why we wear it,
To bear at heart the viper's fang,
And silently to bear it.
Mute victims of a gradual death,
A voiceless woe sustaining:
To feel the vampyre's pow'r within,
Our life's best currents draining.

IX.

"Ah! base, ungenerous, coward man,
Foul, crouching, vile gainsayer:—
Thou vain idolater of self!
Thy brother's secret slayer!
Proud nature loathes thy dastard art,
Her outraged laws shall spurn the —
The brand of Cain shall mark thy brow,
And Conscience inly burn thee!"

X.

Forbear my whilom cheery dame,
This bitter tone repining;
Hopes holy beacon-star still o'er
Our heritage is shining.
Thy native lyre is in thy hand,
No discord dares unstring it;
Make social worth and love thy theme,
And loudly, boldly sing it.

XI.

Forthwith depart, thou haggard cloud,
Thy shade no more appals me—
Beyond the limits of thy gloom,
A brighter vision calls me;
I waive the charge of slavish dread,
I scorn the wily traitor,
I boast a Scottish minstrel's name,
And own no boasting greater.

XII.

He who would tread upon my brain,
Unmasks his pigmy stature,
Confirms his mental dwarfishness,
And compliments my nature;
Murkest oblivion hath a den,
In which he well may hid him,
And he who winks and deems him wise,
May hurkle down beside him.

XIII.

My hate of hollow vanity,
No favor can disguise it,
The crouching, supplicant, servile mind,
I rigidly despise it;
The self-poised calloo grants yoke,
I'd die before I'd wear it;
Place honors wreath on villain's brow,
As quickly thence I'd tear it.

XIV.

The simplest gleam of virtuous pride,
I fondly could adore it.
But shallow pompous insolence,
I earnestly abhor it.
I venerate the humblest mind,
That climbs to worth's ascendance;
But conscience rack his happiest thoughts
Who'd crush my independence.

Ashfield, Oct. 23, 1865.

BLACKWOOD.—The October number is to hand from the American publishers, L. Scott & Co., of N. Y. The contents are:—Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence, by Heros Von Borcke, Chief of Staff to General J. E. B. Stuart—Part II; Miss Majoribanks—Part IX; Giacomo Leopardi; Switzerland in Summer and Autumn—Part II; The Ostritude Titan; The Laying of the Atlantic Cable—by Henry O'Neil, A.R.A.—For terms of Blackwood see adv. on the opposite page.

A COUNTRY schoolmaster, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils and wrote down the questions which he would put to them on examination day. The day arrived, and so did the hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question of the absentee came, when the teacher asked. 'In whom do you believe?' 'In Napoleon Bonaparte!' was the answer quickly returned, 'You believe in the Holy Catholic Church do you not?' 'No,' said the youngster, amidst roars of laughter, 'the boy that believes in that church hasn't come to school to-day.'

Meggie Courtenaye's Lovers.

(*Concluded from 1st page.*)

CHAPTER VI.

Meggie left home for her new life, and its duties, the day before her mother's wedding. Sir Carl Goodacre went abroad.

Before taking up their residence at Courtenaye Grange Mr. and Mrs. Shore took a six months' bridal tour upon the continent. So it happened that foreign letters arriving for Meggie Courtenaye and Sir Carl Goodacre never reached their destination, and they did not learn that Philip Jerrold yet lived, almost miraculously preserved with two others only, of all who had sailed in the ill-fated *Orion*. Philip wrote to inform them of his safety, of his romantic adventures and of his final appointment, by a foreign Science Congress, as one of an honored few to sail to the southern hemisphere, still in prosecution of his favorite studies in astronomy.

It is not necessary to pry into the details he related, with glowing pen, for Meggie's perusal, since she never received them. He told her it might be two or three years yet before he could hope to set foot on the shores of old England. Oh, would that Meggie had received those letters! how they would have strengthend her endurance of the trials that beset her path! The latter it is not our intention to describe; to do justice to them would lengthen this little story beyond all prescribed limits; for the sorrows, hardships, and indignities of a governess's life cannot be compressed in a few words. Meggie met her difficulties bravely as she had undertaken them, not succumbing even when her spirit was most weary and worn. She performed every duty simply and earnestly as it presented itself, looking for no outer appreciation or approval, satisfied with an inner consciousness of right, and a strength that came from the generous Author of all good.

Towards the close of the last of those three years, one bri liant September day, Meggie sat in the close little schoolroom, wearily leaning her aching head on her hand. Her duties were over for the day, and her pupils were preparing their tasks for the following one, when a servant rapped at the door with the very unusual message that a gentleman was waiting below to see Miss Courtenaye.

Meggie's thoughts flew to Sir Carl, and the weariness fell like a veil from her brow as she rose to descend. She turned the handle of the door of the little sitting room, and entered. A stranger rose to greet her, but his eager movement was checked, as was Meggie's. In all these years Meggie was scarcely less altered than himself, for the stranger was none other than Philip Jerrold.

Meggie neither screamed nor fainted. I question if she would have done either, even had she known that he who now stood before her was none other than the fondly-loved and much-abused Philip of her childish days. Believing him to have been dead for four long years, how should she recognise him thus wonderfully transformed by time and foreign travel! The ungainliness of his boyhood had been completely lost in mingling as he had done with men of superior age, position, and attainments. His long pale features were brought and bearded; nothing remained by which to trace the old Philip, save the broad, thoughtful brow, and kindly, honest brown eyes. And Meggie—well, she looked as though it would require years of tender care to bring back the bloom to her cheeks, the old bright, sparkling light to her eyes, to wipe out all the bitter sorrows of the past.

Philip took her hand and looked down into her face with the old pitiful, tender gaze.

Did Meggie recognise his right to hold her thus this bearded stranger? She started, but did not withdraw her hand. The color forsook her face, and she trembled from head to foot. Philip felt the quiver that ran through her slight frame, and saw her pale face with alarm.

"Meggie, Meggie!" he exclaimed, "is it possible you do not know me?"

Then she read the truth in those well-remembered brown eyes.

"Philip, is it true?" she said. "But I thought—I heard that you were——"

"What do you think, little cousin?" said he, bending down to her, "Is this real? and this?"

Travel had certainly made Philip audacious since he touched so freely Meggie's lips. She reddened beneath such proof of his individuality, but she gathered both breath and power to bear the joyful truth, which Philip soon explained to her; and then, by comparing notes, they understood why the news of Philip's preservation had not reached her.

Tea had been waiting in the back parlor some time, and Mrs. Dancomes's speculations as to who Miss Courtenaye's visitor could be were exhausted, ere Meggie found time to ask, "Do Sir Carl and my mother know of your arrival?"

"I landed yesterday, Meggie," he replied, "and having received no intelligence of you all for years, I hurried as fast as steam power could carry me to Courtenaye Grange. There I found your letter dated, and obtaining your address from my aunt, came here without delay. What further I may do rests with you."

"How?" she said, looking up with a blush and a smile.

"Unless you will agree to return with me to Courtenaye Grange, I must make arrangements for seeing you every day here for some time."

"I cannot do that, Philip."

"I do not look to you for both," he said, smiling; "but if you will not do the former, I shall most certainly accomplish the latter."

So it was arranged, for in this interview Philip did not urge more strongly what he was resolved to accomplish.

The next morning Meggie received a long letter from her mother, in which she learned more of Philip's public success than she had learned from himself. Philip, the quiet, methodical Philip of her childhood, whom once she had so grandly looked down upon, was now a student and a hero, known and admired in that little world of science he had loved so well; not less for his deep researches and successful operations, than for his gallant conduct when danger and death threatened the devoted few. Had he been like the Philip of old in other ways, Meggie would shyly have met him now when fame wove the wreath for his brows; but to her, he was still so completely the devoted friend and champion, that she felt nothing but great happiness in his presence.

So sunshine once more beamed forth upon Meggie's life, and she was fast forgetting the shadows under Philip's presence and care. He staid a week in the neighborhood of Masterton; then business he would fain stail have postponed called him to town for a few days.

CHAPTER VII, AND LAST.

A second time, and this the day after Philip had left, was Meggie called from her duties to receive visitors.

"Philip, Philip!" she exclaimed in alarm, for he it was who waited her coming.

"Meggie dear, I come at your mother's bidding to fetch you home to Courtenaye Grange, if you will come. Mr. Shore has had a dreadful fall from his horse, and his life is despaired of. Your mother is in great trouble and alarm; and can only command herself sufficiently to ask for you. Will you come?"

"Philip, can you doubt it?" she asked.

"How soon must I be ready?"

"At once, dear Meggie, if you can," he replied. "Mr. Shore was conscious when I left, and he bade me ask you to extend to him on his death bed, the forgiveness you have hitherto refused. Meggie, he has always entertained great affection and respect for you; and apart from his pitiful striving to attain a position in society higher than his birth entitled him to, and his grasping, money getting spirit, I believe him to be a warm-hearted man. His very best qualities shine forth now in the prospect of death."

When Mrs. Dancome heard the cause of Mr. Jerrold's sudden appearance, she urged Meggie's immediate departure, and did all in her power to facilitate arrangements.

It was quite dark when the carriage that had met them at the railway station approached the Grange. As it rolled through the familiar lodge gates, Meggie hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, Philip," she murmured in a scarcely audible tone, "if these three years should, after all, merely have been an oblation to my pride! Perhaps it would have been the nobler to have conquered my own feelings, to have been less ready to judge and condemn."

"Dear Meggie," he said, "who is there who, in looking back upon his past life, cannot find something to regret? You acted according to your convictions of right."

"Nay," she said frankly; "rather, according to the dictates of wounded feelings and haughty prejudices. Ought I to have forgiven him?"

"Meggie," he said, gently, "I have found, so far as I have travelled on life's highway, that so liable are ourselves to sink into the pitfalls that surround our paths, that they who take least umbrage at the actions or words of others, forgiving and pitying most, are themselves happiest in the end, for their mercy is returned to them doubled."

Lights soon flashed through the darkness, and, guided by Philip's hand, Meggie Courtenaye entered once more Courtenaye Grange, the home she had not seen for nearly five long years.

Between the paroxysms of dreadful suffering Mr. Shore was conscious of all that transpired. It was in one of these lucid intervals towards midnight that he asked for Meggie; and Philip, who sat by the bedside, left the room to fetch her.

Meggie had not retired, but kept watch with her mother, for neither of them could sleep when the physician believed that any one of these attacks of pain might prove fatal.

Meggie entered the sick room with Philip, with no trace upon her features that could betray to any one the tumult of feelings in her breast. She thought of Philip's words in the carriage, and still holding his encouraging hand with her left, she took that of the sick man in her right. Then looking upon that strong form laid low, his emaciated, pain-drawn features, she remembered that he too was stricken down in the very prime of life as her father had been. She forgot her father's sudden ruin and death, the long estrangement from her mother, and all the woman rose within her, and a tender commiseration beamed from her eyes. Mr. Shore raised himself to catch the beaming glance.

"Meggie," said he, "grant me your forgiveness, and let me die in peace. I feel that I have blighted your life; but I have tried to make restitution."

Meggie's soft silvery tones came from some deeply stirred fountain of feeling, as she replied, "I have been wrong; very wrong.—It is I who should ask forgiveness. Freely do I pardon all the pain you have indirectly caused me."

He looked doubtfully questioningly into her face—then his gaze wandered to Philip.

"No, no," he murmured. "What can I have to forgive one so pure and lovely as she? When last I saw her she was looking bloom ing and happy; behold the change, Philip Jerrold, and curse me, for this is my work."

Philip felt the little hand he still clasped tremble convulsively.

"Hush, hush!" she said, softly; "think of this no more. What can I do for you?—how show you that the past is all forgotten?"

"You can do one thing that will indeed make my last moments peaceful ones," said the dying man, painfully raising himself from the pillow.

A bright gleam crossed Meggie's features and she said, "Tell me and it it be within my power, I will do it."

"Only give me the promise that you will faithfully observe my last wishes as expressed for your guidance in my will," said Mr. Shore.

A feeling of doubt and dismay trembled at Meggie's heart, and she glanced towards Philip.

"Nay, Meggie dear, you cannot well deny him this," said Philip.

"Promise," gasped the wretched man.

The physician added his entreaties, for he saw that another paroxysm was being hastened by his patient's agony of suspense, and Meggie bending down spoke the desired words that eased the mind and conscience of the sufferer.

Ere the dawn of another day Mr. Shore had breathed his last. He was buried by the family vault with the usual pomp that attended the interment of the Courtenayes.

At the reading of the will Meggie heard with blanched cheek that Courtenaye Grange and the estate pertaining thereto was left to her, with the sole condition that even upon her marriage, it such should take place, she would still retain the name of Courtenaye.—To his widow, Richard Shore willed his estates in the North, with a jointure so ample that never again would she be compelled to marry in order to be able to exercise that selfish indulgence in luxury that had now become to her second nature.

In deep mourning robes Meggie once more stood in that shaded garden by the old sundial with Philip. She was now mistress of the old Grange; but its possession had come with such humiliation that as yet there was more pain than anything else in its ownership. But for that promise, Meggie would rather have gone back to her weary governess life than be enriched from such a source.—Had Mr. Shore wished to how her proud spirit to the very dust, he could have devised no more successful scheme; but he had thought of nothing but reparation. Gently, tenderly as he could, Philip won her from these thoughts, for ever he had gained power both to control and direct its wayward course.

"Meggie," said he, "do you remember how we stood once by this sundial, and compared our visions and plans for the future?"

Did she not, when at his allusion the crimson rushed over neck and brow!

"I always considered that as the turning point in my fortunes, as indeed that evening was," he continued. "Ah, Meggie, you little know the vows I silently registered then, dependent only upon one thing for their fulfilment."

"And what was that, Philip?"

Would Meggie have asked that question as composedly had she known what was passing in his mind?

"That you did not find your Apollo," he said.

The rosy hues of the down were not lovelier than the light on Meggie's open brow, though her eyes fell to the little slipped foot that was tracing mystic characters on the moss beneath.

"Meggie," said Philip, and the tone that asked the question was faltering, "did he ever approach?" Has not one of your many lovers in my absence found favor in your sight?"

"No," she replied softly.

"Dare I ask for what those more highly favored than myself have failed to win?" he continued. "Oh, Meggie, from my boyhood I have loved you with deep, true devotion; will it not win one word of encouragement after all these weary years?"

"Dear Philip," said Meggie, rousing herself and throwing back her shrinking timidity, "I never have loved, and never can love any one as I have loved you."

"Meggie, my own, my darling," he exclaimed.

But why should we linger over words old as the hills, and as commonplace as grains of sand? Surely none who have patiently travelled with me thus far can fail to imagine the future of Philip and Meggie. A few words concerning their characters, and we have done.

Mrs. Shore staid at Courtenaye Grange until the marriage of her daughter; she then retired to her Northern estates and organized a system of silken luxury, which she continued to enjoy until her death. Sir Carl Goodacre returned to England in time to be present at Meggie's wedding, and to give away the bride. No heartier congratulations were given than this kind old gentleman's; and now, amidst their large circle of acquaintances, there is no friend they so delightedly welcome to Courtenaye Grange as Sir Carl Goodacre, an opinion heartily seconded by little Carl Courtenaye, the godchild and namesake of the baronet.

THE END.

☞ On Tuesday last,