provided you accede to my terms, otherwise you cannot take me alive."

"Well, sir, what have you to offer?" said the English officer, positively quailing before the stern and manly front of the young commander.

"That you accept my word of honor to obey your directions as a prisoner, but that you shall not bind my arms nor confine me otherwise."

"Have your own way," replied the Englishman, doggedly; "but give up your weapons."

"Do you promise me this, Captain Bramble?"

"I do."

"It is well, sir; there goes my weapon;" replied he, hurling it far into the river's bed.

As soon as Maud saw him, she sprang to her feet, and with all the bitterness of expression which her countenance was capable of, she scowled upon his upright figure and handsome features. It was evident she felt a bitter disappointment at his absence from the hot affray, and would only have rejoiced had she believed he was blown to atoms with his vessel, by the wild explosion which had lately shaken the very earth upon which she now stood. It was plain to all at this very moment, however, the commander had never suspected treachery, or even jealousy towards him; he would have been blind not to have seen and feel the deep malignant feeling that lurked on her dark but handsome, in a low, but reproachful tone, "you who have betrayed me!"

"Quickly and with a vengeance," a double heart deceives it with. It sees I hoped either, and I hoped your ship's company to be—but you are a—I hope yet!"

"Have wronged you or your vessel intentionally, good girl you brought me?"

"Wrong is that to thee?" said the angry girl. "Just wrong, Maud; one word. I forgive you—to blame."

"Only aggravated the wound, and she turned from vegetable growth, among the branches to the English officer who had just passed, to whom now no further appeal, and unfavored glances harshly upon those borne upon litters past, dry leaves of the forest.

The spot where stood the Quadroon, they found on reaching, the watch, the heavy chain having secured the truth to the state of affairs. The commander, and officers, when but over betray the Quad[illegible] proved thus treacherous to be a prisoner, and [illegible] that he must forth as such, he desired to say a [illegible] her daughter, a request which hardly had grounds for refusal. He took occasion to explain to them the [illegible] and to advise them to the best of his [illegible] their own best course in order to safety.

[illegible] felt that his advice was good, as truly disinterested, and both agreed to abide strictly by it; but doubted not that Captain Ratlin had not been engaged in any slave commerce, and had not been in the late action at all, that he would be very soon liberated, and free to choose his own calling.

Captain Ratlin was conveyed on board the ship in the harbor, and Mrs. Huntington and her daughter also, with Maud and some other witnesses that Captain Bramble desired; and the vessel shaped her course along the coast towards Sierra Leone, where there was sitting an English court of admiralty, with extraordinary authority relative to such cases as Captain Bramble was now about to lay before them, and who would be only too much gratified at the bringing before them of an offender to make an example of him.

Captain Bramble took good care that his prisoner and rival should have no degree of intercourse with her whom he knew very well Captain Ratlin loved.

Under pretence that he feared his prisoner would attempt to escape, he kept him under a close guard, and did not permit him even upon the deck during the entire trip from the factory of Don Leonardo to the harbor of Sierra Leone.

This chafed the young commander's spirit somewhat, but yet he was too true a spirit to sink under oppression he was brave and cheerful always. Of course, Miss Huntington saw and understood all this, and the more heartily despised the English officer for the part he played in the unmanly business.

Maud kept by herself. She felt miserable, and as is often the case, realized that the success of her treachery, since her, which, in her anticipations had promised so much, had but still more deeply shadowed her heart. The English officer looked upon her with mingled feelings of admiration for her strange beauty, with contempt for her treachery, and still a thought that she might be made perhaps, the subject of his pleasure by a little management by-and-by. It was natural for a heart so vile as his to couple every circumstance and connection in some such selfish spirit with himself; it was like him.

'Maud,' he said to her, one day.

"'Well,' she answered, lifting her handsome face from her hands, where she often hid it.

"'You have lost one lover!'

"The girl only answered by a flashing glance of contempt.

"'How would you like another?'

"'Who?' she said, slowly.

"'Me!' answered Captain Bramble.

"'You!' she said contemptuously, and with so much expression as to end the conversation.

No, he had not rightly understood the Quadroon; it was not wounded pride, that sentiment so easily healed when once bruised in the heart of a woman; it was not that which moved the daughter of a Spanish Slaver. It was rather love, or something very like it, turned to actual hate, and the native power of her bosom for revenge added to be now the food upon which she enfeebled life itself.

Poor, untutored, uncivilized child of nature she was very, very unhappy now.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRIAL.

At the immediate time of which we now write there had been some very aggravated instances of open resistance to the English and American cruisers on the African station by the slavers who thronged the coast, and the home government had sent out orders embracing extraordinary powers, in order that the first cases that might henceforth come under the cognizance of the court might lead to such summary punishment of the offenders as to act as an example for the rest, and thus have a most salutary effect upon the people thus engaged. It was under these circumstances that Captain Will Ratlin found himself arraigned before the maritime examination at Sierra Leone, with a pretty hard case made out against him at the outset of affairs.

Indeed, Captain Bramble found that he had people about him who would swear to anything, and he had little doubt in proving so strong a case as to jeopard to the life of his prisoner, since many of the crew had died outright in the attack upon the 'Sea Witch,' to say nothing of the seriously wounded. Atleast when Captain Ratlin was formally brought into court, he was little less than condemned already in the minds of nine-tenths of the entire court.

He was rather amazed to see and hear the free way in which evidence was given against him, corroborating statements which amounted to the much manufactured Letchwoode, but above all to but Maud unhesitatingly declare that she saw him in the fight, and that he shot with a pistol one of the men whom same had been reported among the dead, and that he had wounded another. But in the meantime, the case was steadily progressing, and began to wear a most serious aspect as it regarded the fate of Captain Will Ratlin.

There still remained one other witness to examine, whose illness had kept him on board ship up to the last moment, and who, it was said, could identify the prisoner as one of the party engaged in defending the deck of the slaver. He was a servant of Captain Bramble's, had attended his master in the attack, but having received a blow from a handspike upon the head, was rendered insensible at the first of the action, and had been carried on board his ship in that condition, from which state he had gradually recovered until it was thought he would be able to testify before the court at the present time. After a few moments of delay, the man made his appearance, evidently not yet recovered from the fearful blow he had received, but yet able to take his place in the witness's box, and to perform the part expected of him.

No sooner had the court, through its head, addressed the witness, than he answered promptly the preliminary queries put to him, while the effect upon Captain Ratlin seemed to be like magic. Was it guilt that made him start so, rub his eyes, look about him so vaguely, and then sitting down, to cover his face with his hands, only to go through the same pantomine again? We ask, was it guilt that made him act thus? The judges noted it, and even made memorandums of the same upon their record of evidence. It was observed as significant, also, by every one present. Captain Bramble himself looked at the prisoner with surprise to see him thus affected by the presence of his servant.

"For the love of Heaven!" exclaimed the prisoner aloud, as though he could bear this intensity of feeling no longer, "who is this man?"

"It is my servant—an honest, faithful man, may it please the court. Leonard Hust, by name, born in my father's service," said Captain Bramble.

"Leonard Hust!" mused the young commander, thoughtfully; "Leonard Hust!"

"Yes, sir," added Captain Bramble, somewhat partly, "do you find any objection to that name?" If so, sir, I pray you will declare it to the court."

"Leonard Hust!" still mused the prisoner, without noticing this interruption. "There is a strange ring upon my ears in repeating that name."

"Prisoner," said the judge, "do you recollect having done this man a severe and almost fatal harm in the late conflict?"

"I—I," said the young commander, somewhat confused in his mind from an evident effort to recall some long-forgotten association.

"You will be so good as to answer the question put by the court," repeated the judge.

"The court will please remember that I hurt no one, and that I was not even engaged in the action referred to. These good people are mistaken."

Now it was that the attention of all was drawn towards Leonard Hust, who in turn seemed as much surprised and as much moved by some secret cause as the prisoner had been. He hastily crossed the courtroom to where the prisoner sat, and looking full into his eyes, seemed to be for a moment entranced, while the court remained silent, observing these singular manifestations which they could not understand.

"Leonard—Leonard, I say!" repeated Captain Bramble, "what trick is this?"

"Trick!" whispered the man; "trick, Captain Bramble: Tell me, sir—who is that man?"

"Why, they call him Captain Will Ratlin, and we know him to be a slaver."

The servant still hesitated, looking from the prisoner to his principal accuser, the English officer, then at the court, and finally drawing his master a little on one side, the man again went through the pantomime described, and placing his mouth to his master's ear, whispered something which started him as though a gun had been fired at his very ear. The shock was like electricity, and made him stagger for support. Two or three times he repeated "impossible! impossible!" and finally begged the court to stay proceedings, as he was taken suddenly ill, and not able to attend until to-morrow. Being the principal prosecutor and witness, of course his presence was requisite to the progress of the trial, and therefore as he made this request, it was at once formally granted, and the court adjourned for the time, while the prisoner was remanded on shipboard for safe keeping until the next day.

That the reader may understand the singular conduct of both the young commander and Leonard Hust, he must follow the latter worthy into his master's private room in the government house, where they proceeded at once after the occurrences described.

"In Heaven's name, Leonard, what do you mean by such an assertion?" asked Captain Bramble, throwing himself into a chair, and wiping the cold perspiration from his face

"I mean, sir, that the man on trial today is no more nor less than *your brother!*"

"Charles Bramble!"

"Yes sir."

"How strange is all this! How know you beyond all cavil, Leonard?'

"By the scar over the right eye. You gave it to him yourself. Don't you remember, sir, just previous to the dog affair, for which he ran away from home?"

"By Heaven! I believe you speak truly; and yet how strange—how more than strange is all this, that we should meet again in this way!"

"It quite nonplussed me, sir. I thought it was a ghost, at first."

"Strange, strange!" mused the elder brother. "In those days, long ago in our childhood, he crossed my path constantly, and here he is again athwart my hawser By Heaven! but it is strange—wonderful—that fate should have thrown him and Helen Huntington together again, and that neither should know the other; and yet not so very strange, for she was but eight years old when Charles ran away. Yes, he thwarted me then—for even in childhood the girl fancied him above me, and now she affects him even in his fallen fortunes."

"What shall we do, sir, now that Master Charles has turned up again?" asked Leonard Hust, in his simplicity. "We cannot testify against him now, sir."

"No, no, no!" said the elder brother, hastily; "he must not be further examined."

"How he has altered, sir—only to think!" continued the servant; "why, when he went away from Bramble Park, he wasn't much more than nine years old."

"Yes. I remember—I remember, Leonard," replied his master, hurriedly; while he walked the apartment with quick, irregular, steps. "I remember only too well."

This was indeed that elder brother who had, when a boy, so oppressed, so worried, and rendered miserable his brother Charles as to cause him in a fit of desperation to stray away from home, whither he knew not. His parents saw now—alas! too late—their fatal error; but the boy was gone, no tidings could be had of him, and they believed him dead. The honest tar, whose yarn the attentive reader will remember, as given on the deck of the "Sea Witch," spoke truly to his commander. He had, years before, strayed alongside a vessel, as has been related, from whence he hardly knew himself, or was afraid to say. Hunger and neglect even then had grately changed him, and he shipped, as has been related. The fall he got at sea threw a cloud over his brain as to past recollections up to that time, and hence if the wish ever possessed him as to returning to his early home, he knew naught of it.

When he heard the voice of Leonard Hust in the court, it seemed to strike upon some stiring in memory's harp which vibrated to old, familiar recollections; and the more he heard him speak, the more the sensation come over him which led to the demonstrations we have already witnessed. And yet he could not recall aught that would serve dim as value—the early injury to his brain seemed to have obliterated the connecting links that memory could not supply. The reason, probably, why the servant's voice, and not the brother's thus recalled him was, that the former had been kind, and his voice had ever sounded like music in the neglected boy's ears; but the brother's voice had never had that charm or happy association connected with it. As to little cousin Helen—as she was then called—it was not strange that Miss Huntington, after years of estrangement in India, meeting him under such circumstances, himself so changed, should not have recalled enough of the past to recognize him; and yet we have seen that at times she dwelt upon the tender accents of his voice like sleeping memories, herself quite ignorant of the cause of this peculiar influence.

She was now with her mother on shore at the mission house, in an agony of suspense as to the result of the trial which was taking place. She feared the worst, for Captain Bramble had taken measures to instruct those about her to the effect that the prisoner would be found guilty, and either strung up by the neck at once, or be sent home to England for the same purpose. Mrs. Huntington felt sad and borne down by the position of affairs—for although she did not understand her daughter's sentiments towards Captain Ratlin, yet she recognized the fact of her and her child's indebtedness to him, and that he had evinced the characteristics of a gentleman.

"Mother, if they find Captain Ratlin guilty, what can they—what *will* they do with him?" asked Helen Huntington anxiously of her mother, on the day of the trial.

"Why, my dear, it is terrible to think of, but the penalty of such a crime as charged to him, is death; but we must hope for the best, ad—why, Helen, how pale you look?"

'It was only a passing spasm, mother. I am—I believe I am already better," said the daughter, in agony of suffering that she dared not evince.

"Come, Helen, lean on me and go to your bed for a while; these sudden changes and so much exposure has rendered you weak. Come, my dear—come."

And the poor girl, all trembling and pale, suffered her mother to lead her to her chamber, where a gentle anodyne soothed her nerves, and she soon fell to sleep. Had her mother not been little better than blind, she would have easily read her daughter's heart, and have seen that she loved with all her woman's soul the man that was that day on trial for his life. What mattered it to her that he was nameless, a wanderer, a *slaver?* She loved him, and that covered each and all faults, however heinous in the sight of the law. She felt that it was not the outward association which made a man. She had looked beyond the surface of his soul, and had seen the pure crystal depth of his manly heart—frank, open, and as truthful as day itself. To her he was noble, chivalric and true, and if all the world had blamed him, if all had called him guilty, her bosom would have been open to receive him!

Could he have realized this as he lay in chains on board his elder brother's ship—could he have know that he was really loved by that fair, sweet, and gentle creature, how it would have lightened the weight of the iron bands he wore—how cheered his drooping spirits!

Continued

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, NOV. 13, 1868.

What the Ontario Government Promises.

The Ontario Parliament opened on the 3rd instant. The Governor's Speech, which will be found elsewhere, is a lengthy document, and one which will, as a matter of course, attract considerable attention throughout the country. If the programme, as laid down by Ministers, is carried out in its integrity, we shall be placed in possession of nearly every reform for which we have been fighting for years. But it is well-known that by a strange fatality the acts of ministries do not always tally with their professions, and it is just possible that, in the present case, Hon. J. S. McDonald may stop short of the various good things he has spoken of. It will be fresh in the memory of our readers that at the opening of the last session reforms almost identical with those now foreshadowed were promised, and we all know how lamentably they failed in the performance. Mr McDonald, has a singular idea that true political economy consists in the holding back of every cent of public money that ingenuity *can* withhold, and we shall not be at all surprised if the sweeping reforms spoken of are so hampered with provisoes and restrictions as to become prastically inoperative. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the hon. premier has to deal with died-in-the-wool tories who may not be able to reconcile his desire to steal a march on reformers with their preconcevied notions of how the provincial affairs should be managed. Two or three of the measures to be introduced are of vital importance to the best interests of Ontario, and it is very important that they should be dealt with in the most liberal spirit. The opening up of the waste lands of the province, alone, is a question which should engage the most serious attention of our legislators. The halfway measure adopted last session has been shown by the most irrefragable evidence to be inefficient. It is well known that the unoccupied lands of the province are not of the very best description, and the voice of the whole country is that they should be thrown open to actual settlement with the most unstricted freedom. No other policy will enable us to keep within our borders the hardy young men who are being driven to seek homes in the Western States. Delegations may meet to discuss questions affecting emigration, agents may be appointed by the score and pamphlets published by the million, but nothing can be done unless we are able to direct the emigrant when he reaches Quebec or Montreal to a spot where he can settle down upon a spot of land that he can look upon as his own from the very first, free and untrammeled, except by some wholesome provisions touching actual settlement, the opening of roads, &c. The mineral policy must be based upon the same principles of liberality, if the vast resources of the country are to be thrown open to the safe investment of capital. The same may be said of every reform promised, and we cannot help expressing the hope that these rose-tinted foreshadowings may not end in the thinnest of Ministerial smoke.

The Presidential Election.

The returns already in prove conclusively that Gen. Grant has been elected President of the United States by a sweeping majority. Deprived as they were of their old-time Southern votes, the Democrats found it impossible to achieve success.—Indeed, they lost whatever chance they might have had by selecting Seymour, than whom, outside of New York State, no more unpopular man could have been pitched upon. The feeling became strong weeks ago amongst the more far-seeing leaders of the party that they had made a great mistake in not taking up Mr. Chase, who would undoubtedly have made a better run. But the influence of New York wire-pullers prevailed over wiser counsels, and the result is an ignominious defeat, from which the Democratic party cannot hope to recover for many long years. Now that Grant has reached the top of the ladder it will be interesting to watch whether he will prove as successful as a statesman as in the capacity of a military leader. We all know that many a brilliant general has made a notoriously bad leader. It will be well for the future of the United States if the reverse proves to be the case in the present instance.

☞ It is something new to hear of newspaper men refusing to accept money for papers to be sent, but such things do occur. The Ontario Government wants 37½ cent's worth of all the Provincial journals, and we note with extreme pleasure that in nearly every case the offer is indignantly spurned. In fact, such conduct on the part of a Government boasting a million dollars of surplus revenue is universally considered what Crockett used to call "small potatoes and very few to the hill!"

Well done, Hays.

In the course of some remarks on the Address debate, Mr. Hays took occasion to state that he was opposed to the passage of a Homestead Law. Of course he is.—Such a law would be bad for the business of a certain class of lawyers.

NO MONOPOLY.

A farmer informs us that some of his neighbors think the *Signal* is in favor of creating a *salt monopoly*. Nothing could be farther from our mind. What we wish to see, above all things, is a freedom of trade which will enable the people of this county to develope fully an interest second in importance only to its agricultural resources. But we do say that it is unjust for the Americans to be allowed to bring in *their* salt free when they place a duty of 70 cents per bbl. on *ours*. All we have written upon the subject hinges on the words Unrestricted Free Trade. The time is close at hand when it will be admitted by even the most 'canny' of our county friends that we have not uttered an unnecessary word on the salt question. If five wells have done so much towards increasing the population of Goderich, what, we ask, would not from 50 to 100 wells between Goderich and Seaforth do towards creating a *home* demand for the produce of the soil. No reasonable person can attribute *selfishness* as a motive for the prominence of this subject in our columns.

PORK PACKING.

There can be no doubt that no place in the country presents a better opening for a pork packing establishment than Goderich. The country around produces annually a large number of the best hogs, which are, at present shipped to distant markets, *salt*, of which so much is required in the business, could be obtained on the spot at a remarkably cheap rate, and those engaged in the enterprise could ship their barreled pork to any point by either rail or water, as the case might require. Establishments of the kind at other points have proved highly remunerative and why not in the County of Huron? We trust some capitalist will, ere long engage in this branch of business in Goderich.

AT IT AGAIN.

The tory chronicle does not like the bit of fun we poked at him last week, but really we cannot read his effusions on the Harbor of Refuge in any other than a humorous spirit. All the answer he deigns to make to our statements is a reiteration of the corrupt idea that Goderich is likely to be left out in the cold because we sent Cameron and Whitehead to the Commons. And yet this quintessence of political purity will support a government that he believes capable of such an act!!

We omitted to mention in our last that the editor of a newspaper printed in Walkerton has given us an overhauling on the Harbor of Refuge question. This said editor is a terribly bitter body, who delights above all things in pouring out his vials of wrath (and he has a large stock on hand) upon the devoted heads of his victims. The violence we can forgive in a spirit of charity, the names he calls us break no bones, and as he does not condescend to argue, we are, perforce, under the necessity of leaving him alone in the midst of his little political desert.

Death of a Pioneer.

On Friday the 6th inst., Mr. Hugh Chisholm Sen, of Goderich township, in the 77th year of his age. Deceased was a man well-known and highly respected in the township. He emigrated from the County of Glengarry to the Huron Tract in the year 1828, in time to assist two other men in putting a bark roof on the first shanty ever built in this town. Taking a farm in the township, he raised a large and respectable family, lived at peace with all about him, and has now passed away at a good old age. The body was followed to the Catholic Cemetery on Monday by a large concourse of people.

DUNGANNON.

DEAR SIGNAL.—Yesterday (5th) being the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, a large number of the orangemen of the neighborhood assembled here and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. An amusing scene occurred a few miles back: A young Briton aged about 11 years got his grandfather's old Derry musket out to fire a salute. He loaded it but could not muster courage to pull the trigger for fear of a good kick. Loading being good fun he stuck in another charge, and still he was afraid to fire. Thus it went on until he had seven loads in the musket. Putting it to his shoulder, he still flinched, when his old grandmother came out, chided him for a little coward, and putting up the gun (which she supposed contained only one charge) banged away—and over she went on her back, about twenty yards away. As she struggled the little fellow exclaimed, "Lie still granny, there's six more loads to go off yet!"

A Severe Hit.

In the performance of the Fish & Thornton's Minstrels, a genius named Harry speaks as follows: "I was going along on de side walk one day when I slipped and fell, bustin my head open. Day carried me into a drug store an' all my brains run out. De druggist kep de brains to clean em'. Wall, one day as I was a gwine past de druggist calls out, 'Harree! Harree! come in an' git yer brains!' I don't want 'em sez I, cause *I'se gwine to run for a town councillor.*

Stanley Ploughing Match.

VARNA, Nov 7th 1868.

The annual ploughing match of the Stanley Branch Agricultural Society, came off on Wednesday the 4th of Nov., on the farm of Thos. Boles Esq. ½ of a mile West of Varna. When the following prizes were awarded, viz:

FIRST CLASS, (man)

First prize	$5, John Cameron,	McTavish plough
Second "	$4, Leslie Herbison,	" "
Third "	$3, Duncan McEwen	" "

SECOND CLASS, (man)

First prize	$5, Alex. Thompson,	McTavish plough
Second "	$4, Peter McDougal	" "
Third "	$3, Wm. Reid	Simpson plough
Fourth "	$2, James Logan	" "
Fifth "	$1, James McFarlane	" "

THIRD CLASS, (boys)

First prize	$3, Arthur Forbes	Simpson plough
Second "	$4, John Watt	" "
Third "	$3, Thomas McNab	" "
Fourth "	$2, Robt. Youel	McTavish "
Fifth "	$1, Wm. Logan	Simpson "

The morning being fine a great number of spectators were present at an early hour, but towards evening it began to rain slightly but not enough to stop the ploughing or to disperse the crowd that was looking on, every one watching to see the last furrows turned, and to see who would get the first prize. After the judges had done their work, and the prizes had been read out, the crowd began to vanish, and the judges and ploughmen repaired to the house of Mr. Boles, where there was an excellant dinner provided for them.

The judges were Mr. Wm. Bell, Mr. John Watt, Mr. Geo. Anderson.

JOHN WALKER, Secretary.

— A quantity of lace and diamonds was recently discovered in the chignon of a suspected French servant girl in New York. Another use for this valuable and ornamental adjunct of female beauty.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

☞ Wanted at the office of the tory sheet a witty man to go around and indicate where the points of its jokes come in.

☞ Mr. Pollock being about to retire from the Deputy-reeveship of Goderich township, Dr. Hoken has been mentioned as a fit and proper successor. If elected, the Dr. would no doubt make a good representative.

☞ The County Toll Gates are to be let at Clinton on the 23rd inst.

☞ The weather during the past week has been wet and sloppy, the roads are bad, and business is comparatively dull.

☞ See the list published by Mr. Moorhouse of exceedingly cheap books.

☞ We give the particulars of the South R and other ploughing matches. They will be read with interest.

☞ RIFLE MATCH.—The Goderich boys beat the Hamburg men on Saturday last by a few points. They were treated splendidly by their victims.

☞ Black squirrels, chipmonks, owls, hawks and other birds of prey, (to use a Scotchman) had better look sharp—a shooting match is to come off shortly.

☞ The Goderich Brewery has been rented to Mr. Chas. Wells, who, it will be remembered, raised his own hops this year.

☞ The County Council meets on Tuesday the 1st day of December next.

☞ Trespassers are warned to keep off the property of Mr. Seale, Wawanosh.

☞ Like Mrs. Partington the Seaforth *Expositor* has no faith in the "infernal" improvements of his village fathers. We suppose internal is meant.

☞ Seaforth wants 30 good servant girls. So does Goderich. Where is Miss Rye?

☞ Leechville calls on Mr. Pickford to resign his position as a Capt. of Volunteers.

☞ Somebody has discovered that Bayfield possesses unrivalled facilities for a harbor of refuge.

☞ COW KILLED.—Mr. Dennie of Harpurhey, had a fine cow killed the other evening by the wood train on the G. T. R. His little girl was driving the cow from pasture, and when crossing the track she stopped and the whistle of danger not being sounded until too late, she was thrown off the track and fearfully mangled. The Harpurheyans carved her up and packed the beef before next morning.—*Expositor.* Query.—Was it the girl or the *cow* that was killed, cut up and eaten by the Harpurheyans?

☞ Kincardine is rejoicing over an entrapped wild cat.

☞ The Port Elgin well is 871 feet deep and there are indications of salt.

☞ A branch of the Merchants Bank has been established at Walkerton, A. Sproat, agent.

☞ Some person or persons tried to enter Mr. Frederick's jewelry store on Sunday night, but a noise in the house caused him or them to decamp.

☞ We are glad that our venerable Clerk of the Peace, Mr Lizars, has been entirely exonerated by the Government of Ontario, from certain charges made against him by the reeve and other municipal officers of Southampton.

ON DIT.—That the *Signal* has greatly improved in regard to *original* matter and *short articles* since the demise of the late Thomas McQueen.—*tmr.*

CONTRA ON DIT.—That no article of the *Star* either long or short has been worth reading since McClenaghan left. Further, that no correspondent of the *Signal* has ever been known to hang himself owing to a decrease in its circulation or any other cause.

☞ A RELIC OF THE PAST.—Mr. James Wiggins, an intelligent fisherman of this place, says that when at the Sauble river last he saw a very old schooner which had been imbedded in the sand but partially uncovered by a recent change in the river bed. Its situation is about a mile from the mouth of the river. The people who have lived long in the vicinity had no idea of the vessel's existence, excepting one very old man who relates a legend to the effect that about 90 years ago the British built the vessel on the Niagara river above the falls, and that when she reached the Sauble her entire crew were murdered by Indians. The matter is one of much interest.

☞ On some of the streets team steers are keeping out of the mud by driving on the sidewalks. That should be stopped at once

☞ Goderich has been literally deluged with commercial travellers during the past few days. No less than 20 were in town on the 5th.

☞ Waterloo battalion having accepted the challenge sent from here, the crack shots from our Volunteer Companies will proceed to Hamburg to-morrow morning, (7th), when of course, the Hamburgers will be duly polisked off.

☞ From hints that have been dropped it is evident that Syracuse men are under the impression that Goderich could pay the duty of 70 per cent. on salt and compete with American manufacturers of the article.

☞ Clinton is to spend $6400 on a school house.

☞ The S. H. Ag. Socy. has sent Mr. Toms the cheese for which he gave a prize of $5.00.

☞ We are informed by some of our salt men that coopers are still wanted very badly in Goderich, some of the Companies being put to great straits for barrels.

☞ Some playful youths hurled a huge cabbage through the window of the "New Era" office on Hallow e'n.

☞ Mr. D. Morrow, bootmaker, &c., formerly of Goderich, has started in Clinton.

☞ The Presbyterian congregation of Brucefield have raised $9.00 for the relief of the Red River sufferers.

☞ Prof. Hunt is impressed with the idea that coarse salt can be manufactured more cheaply by solar evaporation. There is an abundance of land along the line of railway that could be used for the purpose.

☞ Mr. D. Gordon, the well-known cabinet maker of this town has on hand just now, an immense stock of articles in his line.

☞ The Townsend Family performed here for several evenings giving ample satisfaction to the Play-going public.

☞ Business has been quite brisk at our harbour during the past week, several vessels being in at once, with coal and reloading with salt.

☞ Professor Hunt was in town yesterday (4th) and inspected all the salt wells now in operation. It is the learned Professor's intention to make a fresh analysis of brine from each well in order to discover whether working has increased the imperity to any appreciable extent.

☞ In another place will be found the card of Mr. Danter, a Homœopathic physician, who, in coming amongst us bears documentary evidence of the highest excellence of character, and thorough training in his profession. No doubt he will be called on by those who incline to his system of physic.

☞ Any person wishing to procure a first-rate farm should read the adv. of Mr. Crawford.

☞ Robt. Sturgeon of Belfast had a house warming on the evening of the 5th.

☞ Haag's father was in Walkerton last week circulating a petition to commute the death sentence to penitentiary. A very large petition to the same effect was signed in Buffalo.

HARBOURS OF REFUGE.—We believe that there is at last a probability of harbors of refuge being established by the Dominion Government on the northern shore of Lake Erie and the eastern shore of Lake Huron It is likely that Port Burwell will be selected on Lake Erie on account of the depth of water and the small expense required to render the entrance into the harbor safe and easy during a storm; while Goderich will probably be one of the ports chosen on Lake Huron; but another will be required further north, where vessels are still more liable to be driven ashore during heavy gales, and where there is no harbor into which vessels may run and ride out the storm in security.—[Exchange]

News of the Week.

(PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SIGNAL)

— The *Telegraph* is criticising John S.'s stand up collars.

— The yield of cotton South is 2,100,000 bales.

— A boy was shot in the arm at Ancaster on Hallowe'en.

— The *Spectator* is in favor of gymnasiums. There is not much need for the *Spectator's* patrons to learn summersaults.

— The Paris papers are glad Grant has been elected.

— Two soldiers were whipped at Ottawa last week.

— A railway accident occurred near Newham, Wales, last Friday. Several persons were killed.

— Miss Rye has arrived at Toronto with another batch of girls.

— Wall St. N. Y. was in a panic on Friday last.

— A Brantford editor was rawhided the other day. Look sharp, brethren.

— The All-England Eleven have started home.

— Spain has not selected a King yet.

— Gen. Grant received the news of his election quite coolly. He lit a cigar and said "who'd a thunk it?"

— Stratford is said to be "the Wickedest Town in Canada.

— The Pacific Railway is within 150 miles of Salt Lake City.

— They had a 'tidal wave' at Cobourg harbor a few days ago.

— The people of Weedsport, N. Y., have invented a new church entertainment—a "mush and milk sociable."

— They have a "wickedest" man in Dundas. He is said to be a town Councillor.

— There is a man in Danbury, Connecticut, who was divorced, married again, and applied for a second divorce within three weeks.

— There is to be another Fenian Congress in Philadelphia. We thought the fellows were tired of it by this time.

— The liberal party at home claims that it will have a majority of 100 at next Parliament.

— California is still shaky.

— A Miss Becker is testing the question of women's rights before an English court.

— Spain is sending out a force of 6000 men to re-construct the Cubans.

— Goldwin Smith is expected at New York in a day or two. He ought to stay there.

— There have been 761 murders in Texas since the close of the war.

— The *Leader* advocates such a change in our school law as will empower trustees to hire teachers for more than one year at a time.

— There are twelve New York city clergymen receiving over ten thousand dollars a year for their clerical services, and a hundred ministers in the same city who do receive over one-tenth that amount each.

— At Erie, it took a justice of the peace, two lawyers, six jurors, and about twenty witnesses, the whole afternoon to try a case in which a little girl, about nine years old, had slapped the face of a playmate.

— Wales is going to leave his wife at Alexandria and proceed up the Nile, to see what kind of girls there are along this historical stream.

— The English "upper-ten" are at present troubled by an elopement case, in which a clergyman's daughter ran away with a coachman.

— The Providence newspapers are fighting a gas monopoly which is fastened upon the city. They will not kill it, or ameliorate its abuses. There is but one way to kill a gas monopoly, and that will never be resorted to. That is, everybody must refuse to burn gas.

— A certain barrister, cross-examining a witness in Dublin somewhat rudely, asked him if he had ever been before a police court? 'Yes,' said he, 'I was fined for assault. A barrister so annoyed me by cross examination that I knocked him down when he came out of court.'

— A horrible tragedy occurred in Greencastle, Ohio. on Tuesday, the result of a quarrel between a man named Warwick and his wife. They had been united fifteen years and had six children. Warwick was abusing his wife, and, in self defence, as she says, she shot him with a pistol; but, after he fell, she mangled and crushed his head in a frightful manner with an axe.

— Mr. James Campbell has sold out the Whitby *Gazette*.

South Huron Ploughing Match.

From a Special Correspondent.

TUCKERSMITH, Nov. 6th 1868

Things looked rather flat, on Mr. McMordie's farm, this morning, for a ploughing match. A good inch of snow, which had fallen through the night, had magnified the Canada thistles, of which the field intended for the match had a good share, into rather alarming proportions, to a ploughman who intended to make all matters smooth. The field was not as level as might have been desired, but it was as near as could be all alike, and the chances were equal. By 10 oclock the ploughmen were ready to enter, by the time tickets were drawn, locations pitched, and stakes set, 11 o'clock had arrived, and then a start was made. There is no doubt but a much larger turn out of ploughs would have been seen, had the previous day been less disagreeable and stormy. The day turned out an excellent one for the occasion, and by noon the snow was nearly all gone. By this time a very large number of spectators had assembled, and entered, with great zeal apparently, into the discussion of the important question, Who will get the prizes? At about 1 o'clock p.m. the excitement was at its height, what with the great gathering of spectators, the keen and anxious ploughmen, holding on as if their lives were at stake, and "the old flag, which has for a thousand years, braved the battle and the breeze," flying from a pole in a commanding position on the ground, the field presented an animated appearance. At about this time also, the judges, all complete strangers to every one of the ploughmen I believe, entered upon their duties. As the day advanced, the prize ridges began to assume shape, and opinion to concentrate upon the victors. It was evident that J. L. Courtice, and wee Davie McLean, were the favourites, but which was best, was a question eagerly, and sometimes angrily discussed by the lookers on. It is certainly a feather in wee Davie's cap to beat a veteran like Courtice, and he deserves great credit for it; but, Mr. Courtice, is certainly an able ploughman, he steps off straight and easy, and manages his ridge from "feren to hint" in a workmanlike manner, and had he not unfortunately broke a piece off the point his coulter when only 4 rounds of his prize ridge had been done which ruffled the skin of his furrows afterwards, a fact of which the judges were not aware of till after the awards were made, he might have been declared No. 1; McIntosh made good honest solid work; Thompson cuts a sweet furrow—and Robbie Bell will bother the auld fellows some day, if he lives. I heard experienced ploughmen repeatedly say, that taking everything into consideration, the whole of the work was exceedingly well done, that there was less scheming and falsework, and more good solid substantial work done, than they had ever seen at a match. Five hours was the time the third of an acre. The hoisting of the flag at 11 a. m. was the signal to start, and down it came at 4 o'clock p. m., and only only second class man and two boys done—Courtice was some 15 minutes behind and McLean nearly an hour. Five hours I think too little time—the majority of the ploughmen present at work to-day, would require nearly 6 hours. The directors seing I suppose that so few were in time, waived the question of time altogether and treated them all alike. I need not trouble you by trying to give you a statement of the prize list, as I understand the Secretary of the Society intends sending an official statement of it to each of the newspapers published in the County. There were some good teams on the ground to exercise the judgment of the judges. The best kept harness would be hard to decide upon, and I never saw better "ins and outs," at a ploughing match in America. The match as a whole may be stamped as a great success. "God speed the plough.

PRIZE LIST.

The Secretary of the Society has kindly sent us the prize list, which is as follows:

FIRST CLASS, (men).

1st prize, David McLean, Tuckersmith.
2nd J. L. Courtice, Goderich Tp.
3rd C. McIntosh, for J. Gray, Egmondville.
4th James Herburn, Hibbert.

SECOND CLASS, (men).

1st Alexander Thompson, Stanley.
2nd John McLean, Tuckersmith.
3rd Wm. Stinson, Stanley.
4th Alex. Broadfoot, Tuckersmith.

BOYS.

1st Robt. Bell, Jr., Tuckersmith.
2nd Wm. Reid, Stanley.
3rd James McFarlane,
4th John Carnochan, Tuckersmith.

For the best kept harness, the Seaforth *Expositor* for one year, to James Patterson, Rodgerville, P. O.

For the pair of horses in the best condition for farm labour, the Goderich *Star* for one year, to Chas. McIntosh, for J. Gray, Egmondville.

For the best "ins and outs" the Huron *Signal* and *Canada Farmer*, for one year to James Patterson, Rodgerville P. O.

Seventeen ploughs competed. The Judges were Geo. Byde Esq., County Perth; Robt. Gardner Esq., County Perth and Wm. Taylor Esq., Stanley, County Huron.

H. LOVE, Sen.,
Secretary, S. H. A. S.

Red River Relief.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

WROXETER, Nov. 6th, 1868.

DEAR SIR.—I am happy to inform you that $140.86 has been sent to the Mayor of Hamilton from the village of Wroxeter, for transmission by him to the proper quarter to aid the settlers in Red River; made up as follows:

Collected by Wroxeter C. P. Church, on thanksgiving-day,	$30.09.
Collected same day, at Lisadel, C. F. Church.	9.42.
From the Mason's Society.	20.00.
By subscriptions in the village	71.35.
Total	$130.86.

COM.

SEAFORTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE WEATHER,—was damp and cold last week, some snow, Saturday night and Sunday, very wet.

MARKETS.—There is not much grain coming in just now, prices have a downward tendency. Wheat-buyers are cautious in buying.

CROMBIE'S MILL—runs night and day. Scobies Mill makes excellent flour.

Alex Kneeshaw, Cabinet Maker was robbed of $40, last week.

Mr. Combs was burried at Harperhay last week. He was an old settler in McKillop, had been out shooting, by accident his gun went off and wounded him in the foot, the Doctors had to amputate his leg, but mortification set in and caused his death.

Curtice the Champion plough-man of Ontario was beat at the South Huron ploughing match by a boy named McLean in the Township of Tuckersmith—Well done Tuckersmith.

Stoves.—If you want a good stove go to Sydney Jacob's