"Incredible!" cried Menschikoff.

"It is even so."

"Is the number of the siege trains increasing?"

"There are no additions. I, of course, in all my replies to your highness allude to the British army."

"Of course. What is the reason that the men are not better cared for?"

"Horrible carelessness and stupidity."

The Russian generals looked at one another.

"How are the men clothed?" pursued Menschikoff.

"Not at all. The men are clothed in rags. Look at them yourself from your own towers."

"Why do not their gallant countrymen help them?" asked the prince sneeringly.

"They don't know. Raglan is silent."

"Good heavens, what an army! What is it that holds them together?"

"English discipline and despair."

"You answer well, Philippo. What is the rate of their deaths, for I have heard that many are dying?"

"From sixty to one hundred per day among the British, and among the Turks over one hundred. But the Turks die from cholera—the British from fatigue and starvation."

"And yet they keep together. They are too obstinate to yield. English obstinacy is proverbial. Have they no hope of bettering their condition?"

"None; for their countrymen believe them to be comfortable, and enjoying all the necessaries of life, if not its luxuries. They will not know the truth till it be too late. I declare to your highness, that the British soldiers have only their summer clothing on, and cannot have any other till spring. It will then be too late."

Menschikoff turned triumphantly to his fellow generals. "Gentlemen," said he, "we may rest. No assault, no sortie is needed. Generals January, February, and March, will do the fighting far better than we. This is the decision. Ostensacken and Liprandi please remain, and assist me to examine these reports. Gentleman, the counsel is at an end. Philippo, go, and be ready at my call. Captain Alexis Arianoff—see after this man, and keep an eye over him."

Upon this the council broke up, and the tidings spread over the whole city that the British army was dying and wasting away. Report increased and added to the rumour, until at length it was generally believed that plague, famine, and fatigue, were rioting in the three branches of the allied armies, and carrying thousands to the grave. This news diffused a fierce exultation through the whole town. The soldiers, who alone inhabited it, rushed to ring the bells, and fire cannons, as demonstrations of their exultant joy, at the sufferings of those wretches, who had dared to place their sacrilegious feet upon the soil of holy Russia. Bells, and cannon, and rockets, and musketry, all added their clamour in one undistinguishable volume of deafening noise, which rose far into the air, and spread away to the camp of the astonished besiegers. There the weary soldiers rose and stood to arms, expecting a surprise and the cannon and the rifle were loaded, to give a warm reception to those who would dare to emerge from the town and attack an army of desperate men!

Captain Alexis, whom we have seen at Odessa, led Philippo to an ante-chamber. He at first eyed him with the same expression with which a delicate boy views a toad.

"What's the matter, captain?" said Philippo in Greek.

A axis was surprised, though indignant. "Whose servant are you?" he asked.

"I be servant of Lionel D'Arcey."

"Lionel D'Arcey! Good heavens! You his servant? Why, you are an infamous spy!"

"Thank you. But if you know Captain D'Arcey," rejoined Philippo, sarcastically "it may gratify you to learn that he is under arrest as a spy, himself—"

"Impossible!"

"It is true, and he will be tried to-morrow. I am going back to see it."

"You base wretch!" cried Alexis, rising and seizing Philippo by the throat; but suddenly, with an expression of disgust, he pushed the valet from him and eyed him with a glance of unutterable loathing.

"Monster! accused spy! You are at the bottom of his misfortunes, especially since you are his valet. I have heard of you and of him. You are rushing to your own doom, for I will revenge any of the injuries which you may cause to be inflicted upon D'Arcey." And Alexis strode from the room in haste.

(To be continued.)

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, JULY 18, 1867.

POOR SPIRITED BUSINESS.

Messrs. Ritchie and Carling are still engaged (or have been for the past few weeks,) holding hole and corner meetings in the Southern Townships, without extending an invitation to their opponents. When it is remembered that Messrs. Cameron and Gibbons invited *them* to attend their series of meetings in the South Riding, such conduct will be looked upon as mean and cowardly to the last degree. The tory candidates know that they cut a ridiculous figure before the electors when brought face to face with their opponents, and they therefore prefer to dodge about from concession to concession holding safe little meetings of the faithful, where they may enjoy that immunity with regard to the reckless assertions made which best suits the sorry texture of their minds. They try to creep out of the exposure of their moral cowardice by stating that they are merely holding committee meetings, but when fairly cornered they say, "oh, we were not invited to your Seaforth meeting."—Invited or not, printed notices were issued for that meeting, and Mr. Ritchie, who attended it, apologized for the absence of Mr. Carling, saying he was kept away by private business. That excuse will not do. Neither will the statement that they are committee meetings. The usual course is to stick up a few written notices, a day or so before hand, (Elliott does that and other heavy work,) calling the meetings in a general way. Here is a sample of them:—

NOTICE.—Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Carling will meet the Electors of Hay at Lake View to-morrow, Tuesday the 9th of July inst., at 5 o'clock p. m.

Exeter, 8th July, 1867.

Surely that cannot be called a committee meeting. Altogether it is a miserably poor spirited business, and we should have expected more pluck from the gents who engage in it. But the electors will be able to appreciate the paltry spirit by which it is dictated.

☞ If our readers could but see Dan Moran, the Seaforth correspondent of our town luminary, they would know how to appreciate his shambling abuse of the *Signal*.

☞ We should like to know what meeting it was at that Mr. Hays *refuted* the charge about the Salt Well.

THE 12TH OF JULY.

This Orange Holiday was celebrated by the brethren of the County of Huron, on Friday last, with considerable *eclat*. A few of the lodges met at some of the leading villages, but the great majority came to Goderich by team or excursion train, as happened to be most convenient. The crowd of Orangemen assembled in town, together with friends in the shape of pretty girls, lads, and 'old folks', was the largest we have ever seen here on any similar occasion.

The following Lodges were fully represented on the occasion:—

No. 24	Wm W Connor,	W. M.
145	Richd Touchbourne,	"
153	John Cox,	"
182	John Fewler,	"
189	James Russell,	"
306	David Cook,	"
308	Wm Wilson,	"
317	Wm Wilson,	"
324	John Black,	"
241	Wm Durvin,	"
383	Robt Johnston,	"
499	Joseph Alton,	"
513	George Armstrong,	"
526	Robt Beacom,	"
710	Arnold R King,	"
813	Francis Campbell,	"
832	Wm Elliott,	"
1025	Thos Simpson,	"
1052	John Pentland,	"
932	Thos Latimer,	"

Total—20 Lodges.

County Officers present W W Connor, County Master; Chas Ryan, Deputy do; Thos. Cooper, Secretary; John Joslin, Treasurer; Wm Sheppard, Director of Ceremonies.

There was some little marching and counter marching during the forenoon, but the principal gathering was after dinner, when the procession was formed by the mounted marshals in the usual order. When the word was given to move, the fluttering banners, scarlet jackets, robed officials, (red, purple and black) and the music furnished by the Bayfield Band and fifty-two drums and twenty-one fifes, made up an aggregate of sights and sounds not soon to be forgotten. After parading the principal streets, the processionists and spectators entered Hosker's grounds to listen to the speeches.

W. W. Connor, Esq., County Master, being called upon said he was happy to see such a great crowd of Orangemen—men whose hearts were in the right place. They had met to celebrate the battle of the Boyne, and he hoped it would be done in the proper spirit. The memory of the great and good King William was fresh in their hearts, and he trusted it would continue so as long as time should last. After that day they could say that the Orangemen were not merely a moiety of the County of Huron, and he hoped that, when called upon, they would be always be prepared to do their duty,—not merely to celebrate the 12th of July, but wherever loyalty called them. (Hear, hear.) He wished to tell them that a protestant who was not an Orangemen was no protestant at all. They should not be taken back by snakes who tried to sow discord amongst them, or be led astray. Let them rather keep in view the object which, on their naked knees, they had sworn to maintain. If they stood loyal, true and united they might defy any one who opposed them. There were loyal men in the country who were not Orangemen, but let no one come forward and say they were *as good as Orangemen*. (Cheers.) Why did they not come forward and make links in the chain. Instead of having 1800 Orangemen in Huron, they would then have twice the number. He was happy to see so many Orangewomen present; if it were not for them they would not have so many Orangemen, and he would advise the young men to select wives who would not be against their going out to their lodges.—(Cheers.)

Rev. Mr. Walker, of Lucknow, then delivered a lengthy address, in which he reviewed the moral aspect of Orangeism, alluding to the great victory gained by King William and his followers over tyranny and oppression. The system was perpetuated in order to keep alive in the minds of their children the heroic deeds of their forefathers in the cause of religion and truth, and if the Roman Catholics objected to it as stirring up the smouldering ashes of past bitterness, they would object all the same to anything that was Protestant. They should, however, rather than say "To hell with the Pope," pray that the Lord might save him and all Catholics. (Laughter.) He closed by giving the Orangemen and their adherents some strong advice against the sins of drunkenness and swearing, and retired amidst loud cheering.

A Lefroy Esq. was the next speaker. He said it was not the first time he had so addressed the Orangemen of Huron and he hoped it would not be the last. He understood they were going to have some of the great guns to address them—amongst them some of the candidates for Parliamentary honors. (Mr. Hays had his speech cut and dry, but thought better of it,) but he was left alone. He might be told he was not to say anything of politics, but in the qualifications for Orangemen he found they should be zealous in promoting the prosperity of their Queen and country. They stood before him in a two-fold capacity—as orangemen and as British subjects. He did not want to assume for them especial loyalty, others should have credit for their loyalty too. He had been gratified the other day in reading an Irish paper in which an old friend of his—Judge Keough—a Roman Catholic referred to the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne, saying it should be as dear to the Catholics of Ireland as to the Orangemen on account of the liberties and privileges it secured to all classes of the people. He then went on to speak of Confederation, pitching into George Brown as a dangerous man, and advising the Orangemen, and Catholics too, (having mollified all the harsh things said, and made matters right) to vote for—Well, he did not say Ritchie and Carling, but he gave as broad a hint in that direction as he could. Mr. Lefroy left glory and immortal memory to the other speakers, and did the political part of the business in his usual quiet style.

A few humorous remarks from Mr. Joseph Williamson closed the speaking.

Cheers were given for the Queen, the Grand Master, County Master, &c., after which the brethern reformed and marched back to the square, where after renewed cheering, they dispersed quietly, each lodge taking its departure in good order. Considering the large crowd, it is only fair to say that the Orangemen, on this occasion, behaved themselves with the utmost propriety and decorum. There was hardly a drunken man to be seen on the streets during the day or evening.

SOUTH BRUCE.

In another column will be found the address of Mr. Edward Blake, candidate for the House of Assembly for Ontario, in South Bruce. It will be observed that Mr B. comes out pointedly on leading questions of the day, and there will, no doubt, be a wonderful shaking of the dry bones of that section, in consequence. His opponents are Mr. James Broselbank and Mr Wm Hall. From private sources we learn that Mr Blake's canvass is being prosecuted with a vigor and success which is astonishing the no-party folk to the last degree. Having no immediate opposition in the field, they considered everything settled, but the acceptance by Mr Blake of the nomination of the Reform Convention, within the past few days, has fallen like a bomb-shell in their camp, and they have wakened up just in time to see that he is being taken hold of by some of the best and most influential men in the Riding. In our opinion Mr Blake's chances of success are first-rate, and from the manner in which the contest has begun we feel warranted in predicting for him a triumphant return.

Mr. Ritchie's Taxes.

Some time ago we asserted that Mr. Ritchie, although such a wealthy man, did not pay his proper proportion of taxes, whereupon his organ denied that such was the case, and indignantly demanded proof Knowing that a case was to arise out of the last municipal election in Stanley, which would set the matter at rest, we waited patiently until it should be decided. That case has been decided, and the result is that what we asserted has been proven, *to the letter*. After hearing all the evidence on the point, in the Court House, on Friday last, His Honor the County Judge decided that the Assessment Roll of Stanley should be amended by *raising Mr. Ritchie's assessment on Income for 1867, from $400 to $925.00!* We will leave the intelligent reader to judge what the discrepancy must have been when Mr. R. was County Clerk, and when his income from the Division Court was much greater than at present. And this is the man who "has no monetary wants."

☞ The editor of the *Signal* flatters himself that he is, at present, the best abused man in the County of Huron. A newspaper has been started for the special purpose of attacking and dragging him into notoriety. Irresponsible literary tyros and hacks, from the editor of said paper up to the most stupid of his correspondents, (we think the Seaforth fellow bears the palm,) write by the yard, the joint effort of the lot being to prove that Mr. Cox, (they have begun to come out with the name) is a man who has had too much to do with politics in Huron and should be put down as soon as possible. We assure all these parties that Mr. Cox can afford to smile at their displays of childish vindictiveness, feeling assured as he does, that they are doing the very thing best calculated to advance him in public life. We assert, without the least fear of contradiction, that no man ever rose to anything like eminence amongst his fellows until he had heaped upon his head a good deal of highly concentrated abuse. If these moncontinue their course they will make a member of Parliament, or something of that sort, of Mr. Cox, before he dies, although he has never been ambitious for such a distinction. Go on gentleman, we shall yet reap a rich reward from your gratuitous advertising.

☞ We have the *best* reason to believe, what we *know* to be a *fact*, that "Citadel," who recently wrote a first rate article for the *Signal*, was never connected with the Goderich Post Office, and is entirely independent of the Co. paps. The gentleman so venomously attacked wields a pen which could easily probe to the bottom of the puny editor of the "machine," and his whole tribe of correspondents, but he has not written a *single line* for this paper since the present contest began.

☞ It is *not* true that Mr Cameron asked his *Scotch* friends to drink with him at Kintail. The invitation was to his *friends generally*. The writer sat within a yard of where he was standing at the time, and is just as positive on the point as any person can possibly be.

☞ The precise period when the elections will come off is not known, it appears, "even to the immediate friends of the government."

Hon. J. S. McDonald has, thus far, found it impossible to get Reformers to join him in forming a Coalition Cabinet for Ontario.

☞ We are informed that the weevil is making sad havoc in the Fall Wheat in this County.

Several handsome evergreen arches graced our streets on the 12th of July.

☞ Several editorial items and letters have been crowded out of this issue.

☞ The alleged Russian note about Ireland was a N. Y. *Herald* lie.

SWORN LOYALTY.

Although this is a free country, and people have a right to express themselves freely on almost any subject, many of our readers will be considerably surprised at the statements made by Mr. Connor, the head of the Orangemen of Huron, on Friday last. The assertion that a man must be an Orangeman before he can be a good Protestant, or truly loyal, is a direct insult to a great majority of the people, and we believe that intelligent Orangemen will be amongst the first to deprecate the use of such language. It is too late in the day for Mr. W. W. Conner to attempt to monopolise the whole of the loyalty of this County, and he will find that what he intended for good to a certain cause will redound against it. We can overlook the toadyism of Mr. Anthony Lefroy, but we cannot quietly brook the implied charge of disloyalty uttered against so many of our fellow-electors. If what Mr. Connor states is true, the only candidate in the field in Huron who is really loyal is Dr. Sloan, who is an Orangeman, and who is running professedly on the reform ticket! Is it true that a man must be sworn to it, before he can be looked upon as an upholder of the principles of Protestantism or as a loyalist? We think not, our Government does not think so, and we verily believe that a large number of Orangemen are of the same opinion. If trouble threatened our country to-morrow all classes would be called out in its defence, and there can be no doubt that the spirit of loyalty would be general.

☞ The wheat crop of Illinois is expected to foot up to 112,000,000 bushels.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—A very successful temperance meeting was held in the Victoria Hall last (Monday) evening. The hall was densely crowded with intelligent people. Rev. Chas. Fletcher, being called to the chair, introduced the Rev. Mr. Pool, who delivered one of the ablest and most original lectures we have ever listened to. We are sorry that the crowded states of our columns will not admit of an abbreviated report of his remarks at present. Several pieces of good music were given under the direction of Mr. James Thomson.

LONDON SOCIETY is to hand from Chewett & Co., Toronto. A fine number.

STRAYED.—A boy named Wm Lacourse, aged 8 years, strayed from his home on the Sable line, Stanley, on Wednesday, the 10th inst. Wore a white cotton shirt and brown derry pants. He is of French extraction, dark complexion and does not speak English.

☞ We understand that Mr. Chandler, Provincial Land Surveyor, leaves Goderich to-morrow morning (16th) *en route* for India.

☞ It is said that one of the first acts of the government of the New Dominion will be extension of the Confederation to *all* the British North American territories.

☞ The Sultan of Turkey has been received in grand style in Great Britain.

GRAND MASONIC LODGE.—The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons met at Kingston on Wednesday the 10th inst. There was a very large meeting, over one hundred and fifty lodges being represented. The following are the Grand Officers elected: M W Wilson and A A Stevenson, re-elected unanimously; J H Stearns, Senior Warden; Dr Turquaud, Junior Warden; R W Bro. Rev. V Clementi, Chaplain; Groff, Treasurer; A Murray, Registrar; Thos B Harris, unanimously re-elected Secretary. It gives us pleasure to announce that M C Cameron, Esq., of Maitland Lodge 112, was elected Deputy District Grand Master for this District.

QUEBEC, July 15th.—Hon. Mr. Chauveau has been successful in forming an Administration. The following are the names of the Ministers:—Mr. Chauveau, Premier, Secretary, and Registrar; Mr. Dunkin, Treasurer; Mr. Ouimet, Attorney-General; Mr. Archambault, Commissioner of Public Works; Mr. Beaubien, Commissioner of Crown Lands; Mr. De Boucherville, Speaker Legislative Council, and Mr. Irvine, Solicitor General.

☞ The Atlantic Telegraph brings us the intelligence that a note has been addressed to the representatives of Russia at Washington, London and Paris, expressing the opinion that the affairs of Ireland demand the joint consideration of the four governments. The rumour is discredited, as it well may be, for the traditional oppressor of Poland should be the last nation in the world to complain about the affairs of Ireland.

W. M., Grey,—We do not pay postage here, but have credited you 8 months.—By paying your postmaster 6½ cents per quarter you effect a reduction.

My Views.

July 11th 1867.

Mr. Editor,—Having attended two or three political meetings held by the members running for the North Riding of Huron in the coming election. I was particularly struck with the style of addresses used by the candidates for the local Legislature. I put off writing thinking some one of practice would give some light on the subject. But seeing none to suit my ideas, I must come out in my own rough way, you must excuse all blunders as I do not pretend to be a writer or a critic. When Mr. Gibson was introduced by the chairman he came forward, and in his usual easy manner of address cleared up his past career to the general satisfaction of all present and stated his politics and views on the questions of the day in a plain and lucid manner. Next was introduced his opponent a man called Mr. Hays,—who is he,—I am informed a Lawyer of note from the town of Goderich, noted for what, for being the biggest fibber in the county of Huron, if public opinion serves me right. A very good recommendation surely. He went on in his usual eloquent style of showing up the bad doings of Mr. G. in the form of the County council illegal proceedings for a number of years which he saddles upon the back of Mr. G. who is to answer for the sins of the whole county council according to his theory. Evidently the sum and substance of his speech was running down the character of Mr. G. to elevate his own, the wrong plan to pursue in my estimation. If he cannot find something better to recommend him he may as well stay at home. Let him advance something about himself, let him tell something that he himself has done to recommend him to the suffrages of the sturdy yeomen of North Huron. If he thinks he is going to pass himself upon them in that way, he is mistaken. He may succeed in pulling the wool over the eyes of a few of them but I am happy to say only a few in this quarter. If they have no better material in Goderich they had better keep him at home. He will be very serviceable to watch over the proceedings of the county council in future. It is a very strange thing to me that Mr. Hays being a resident of Goderich these number of years as I understand that he did not discover and expose the illegal doings of the county council ere this, if he had such an interest in the welfare of the county as he pretends. But no he was not likely to make anything of it. But now when the opportunity occurs he is going to make an electioneering thing of it, and ride into parliament on the back of the county council, a very small principle I think.

A BACKWOODSMAN.

Goderich as a Watering Place.

During the past few days a large number of American visitors have been turned away from Goderich through the want of Hotel accommodation. These people, belonging to the wealthier class of American society, have plenty of money to spend in ways which would be highly beneficial to our store keepers and clothiers, and it is a very great pity that they should not be able to find here the accommodations which would enable them to remain in Goderich for a few weeks. We have a number of good well-kept hotels at present, but they are entirely inadequate to meet the wants of the pleasure-seeking multitude which would annually visit our beautiful town. The proprietor of the Huron Hotel informs us that if his house were twice its present size, he could fill it to repletion in a very few days' notice, and we have no doubt the other principal hotel-keepers of the town could say the same. What we want, then, is increased accommodation for summer parties. That, in our opinion, could be best secured by the construction of a large hotel, on some one of the many splendid sites to be found here, with special reference to a flourishing business during three or four months of the year. Such a hotel could be built, we presume, for fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, and if the proper spirit of enterprise would but take possession of some of our capitalists, it would be undertaken without delay. That it would prove a most profitable investment, under judicious management, is unquestionable, and the advantages secured to the town of Goderich would be very great.—The capabilities of this town, as a watering place, together with the development of its resources in salt should build it up into a fair sized city within six years. Let a united effort be made, and success will be the inevitable result.

"There is but one opinion in North Huron, and that is that Mr. Hays will be triumphantly elected, and I can assure 'Citadel' that I have heard Mr. Gibson's friends admit it."

Balderdash! Mr. Gibson's friends are not fools enough to say anything of the sort, whenthey know that their candidates' prospects are as bright as they could possibly be.

☞ We are accustomed to hear a great deal of idle boasting on the part of the tory editor about the superior length of his subscription list. It is the old story. The *Gazette*, *Times*, *Colonist*, *Empire*, &c., always attained to the greatest circulation of any paper in the two counties, but they invariably died very soon afterwards—probably from some kind of an apoplectic plethora. It was with them very much the same as in the case of a paper published some time ago in a neighboring village. The editor declared that if subscribers rushed in as they were doing he would soon have to get a steam press; but the steam press was not required, for in less than a month the affair became defunct. The stories of the *Star* man about his great circulation have just about as much in them. Let those who wish to know how far he is below the *Signal* in this respect enquire at the post office where the papers are mailed, or take any other means, and they will soon discover how little reliance is to be placed in vainglorious bragging.

To the Editor of the Signal.

Goderich July 13th, 1867.

DEAR SIR.—Following *Observer* in his pictorial pilgrimage, I will now, according to promise, take it in hand to exhibit *my* pen and ink portrait of Mr. Gibson, who has been highly honored by Observer with about a column of condensed misrepresentation in the last issue of that reputable and disinterested journal—the *Star*.

According to *Observer* I have undertaken a huge task as he represents Mr. Gibson to be "such a heterogenious compound of physical and mental qualities," that he can't be described. "I cannot for my life understand what *Observer* means by this, and consequently am not much startled or terrified thereby; and not tearing the lurking danger that may be contained in his sage remark, I hope to straighten out a few of the kinks from the contorted outlines of *Observer's* masterpiece.

He sets out with the assertion that "the clownish appearance and awkward address of Mr. Gibson produce a painful uneasiness in the minds of his auditory."—The puerile charge of 'clownishness' needs no contradiction. Mr. Gibson is *there* and can be seen; nor will any of his many supporters be ashamed to stand by his side and acknowledge him as their chosen representative. I quite agree with *Observer* as to the feeling of uneasiness produced in many by Mr. Gibsons speeches; an uneasiness doubtless felt most painfully by *Observer*, judging from the way his memory retains the impression. I think it speaks volumes in behalf of Mr. Gibson, as an orator, that his speeches, driven straight home as they are with a steady hand, have caused so much commotion in the enemys camp. When I see a man, *proceeding with a triple coat of brazen assurance*, squirming uneasily on his seat beneath a merited castigation, administered by one whose straightforward and manly remarks can neither be denied on account of their self-evident truth,—nor *dodged* on account of their cleaness and cogency, I cannot but feel that the speaker could not fail to be successful in a field when he would be met half way with honesty and integrity; and that his words will always cause *those feelings of uneasiness* manifested by *Observer* and shared in by Mr. Hays under the severe but honest lashes of Mr. Gibson's logical utterances before the electors of North Huron.

Observer says that Mr. Gibson has not formally stated that he appears before the electors as the nominee of the reform convention. What a wonder Mr. Gibson gets credit for even one piece of consistency. And is it then a sin that a man should have so far won the confidence of a strong convention of the intelligence of the several Townships composing the Riding which he is requested to represent! and is it a heinous sin for one man to solicit the support of his friends in the coming contest—in a manly and straightforward manner,—and a *virtue* in his opponent to seek in an underhand and despicable manner (and long before the former thought of coming forward as a candidate) to endeavour to make a false capital out of his *sneaking tender* for offices in the gift of the county council; not made through any patriotic desire to reduce the burthens of those who contribute so willingly their share of the taxes annually levied in this municipality; but in the dastardly hope that the *unanimous action* of the whole council might be heaped on the devoted head of Mr. Gibson (or who ever else might stand in his way) contorted and twisted by the unscrupulous hands of the *tenderer* to suit his own base ends, and betog if possible the better judgment of the honest electors of Huron before whom he has the impudence to stand in the position of a solicitor of their votes as their *disinterested* benefactor,—antizing advocate, and best friend.

Observer says Mr. Gibson's conscience is very elastic,—but we be to the North Riding of Huron, when he becomes its representative, if it be *but half* as elastic as the veracity of Mr. Hays whose *fitting advocate Observer* has chosen to become.

Mr. Gibson will doubtless feel much flattered when (if ever) he reads the character 'Observer' has given him for humility:—I suppose he has as much of that virtue as is good for a public man, but he never displays it for the purpose described by *Observer*, whose eyes have, I fear, become jaundiced by steadfastly gazing on the amusing squirms of his *honest pet* while robing himself in a borrowed garb of dishonest humility, stolen for a time to serve as a sort of forlorn hope when brass and other metals fail. I fear that "Observer" is fast becoming infected with a desease which has become chronic in his veritable patron, Mr. Hays, when he says Mr. Gibson hesitated about the proper locality for a separate Registery office should one be established, and that Wroxeter would be the most fitting place. I believe Mr. Gibson did mention Clinton as a proper place to have it, but his main idea expressed with reference to this was to have the Registry in the most central part of the Riding, where it would be most accessible to all concerned; an idea which will commend itself to any one of whatever shade of political opinion, though they may be (as in "Observer's" case) disingenuous and puerile enough to carp at it.

Mr. Gibson's sentiments in reference to annexation are indeed; as *Observer* says, covered with a very thin veil,—for an honest and loyal British subject wants but a thin gauze, in ONTARIO at least, to cover such sentiments for the good old flag and the New Dominion as spring spontaneously from the breast of THOMAS GIBSON and every other loyal man from "our own broad lake" to the wide Atlantic.

The annexation cry was raised in the South Riding, and its effect is now forseoth to be tried in the North. Mr. Gibson is not a soldier (tho' none the less willing to shoulder his musket if need be) but had he been one when our country was invaded in June a year ago, I do not think he would have disgraced the uniform he wore by such unmanly whining and lamentations in private, and pitiful agitation in public, as was displayed in Goderich by a certain attorney on the eventful morning which witnessed "the battle of the Bayfield Road."

Mr. Gibson's career as a leading man for many years in the County Council has been sufficiently ventilated to his credit in the columns of the *Signal*, and as it much better known to the farmers of North Huron than to me, I will leave it to speak for itself—knowing that it needs neither apology from him nor eulogium from me; nor to be brought more prominently before the electors of North Huron to be rewarded as it deserves.

Observer closes his letter with a frantic appeal to his *fellow*-electors to vote for the incomparable and unimpeachable Mr. Hays, and diligently to close their ears to the dictates of common sense and honesty urging them to vote for Mr. Gibson.

I wish with *observer* that this may be the case that we may be favoured with a view of *the very few* who would desire to be classed as a *fellow*-elector (or anything else) of that rather pliant but most truthy champion of the redoubtable Mr. Hays; I am very much afraid, that—counting "observer" in—Mr. Hays would hardly in that event, muster sufficient to form a corporals guard to bray forth to the world his excellencies. Mr. Gibson has no need to call on the electors to vote for him right or wrong, nor does he wish a single vote recorded in his favour which is not conscienciously given; and to that end he is ready and willing, and rather desires it than otherwise, that the acts of both himself and Mr. Hays in public or private may be closely scrutinized and carefully weighed by the Electors of North Huron, and to let the election tell which one the Electors consider the most fitting man to advocate most ably and honestly the great interests of the noble constituency the successful candidate will have the honour to represent.

There is one thing I think that Mr. Gibson will never be found doing, viz: "voting for anything or anybody by mistake!"

Perhaps Mr. Hays will be able to explain whether his boasted ability and other numerous excellencies, discerned by himself and "observer," lay in voting for Mr. Detlor (by mistake?) at the last Mayoralty election, when he had been working, or pretending to work, for months to secure the election of Mr. Crabb. Mr. Hays has a happy method, unmistakably his own, of squirming his way out of tight places and doubtless he will wriggle out of this also, but I would ask—ARE WE TO SEND A MAN TO PARLIAMENT WHO VOTES BY MISTAKE? He might vote money into his own pocket by mistake; and if "annexation or no annexation" came up this loyal young man in the excess of his Patriotism might vote "Yea," and we find ourselves tight and fast tied up to the tail of the mighty bird south of 45° listening to the explanations of Mr. Hays "that it was all a mistake"—Mistake—Fudge.

This much for our candidate, his friends and enemies, and now a line for myself. I observe that my last communication has stirred up the diseased bile of some silly young man on whose corns I have inadvertently stepped without as much as saying "by your leave," and who in the height of his rage has been unlucky enough to dive forth into the darkness, and somewhat at random, for his oppressor, not a little to my amusement. I would earnestly advise him *to try again*, and for his guidance would add that I am not a Postmaster; never was a Postmaster and (if Mr. Hays were unfortunately to be elected) in all probability never will be a Postmaster. I don't think I even got a cent from the County or one of its officers, so "Anticlique" need not be *jealous* of me. As for my "bread and butter" I have no fear for that as I can saw wood to a charm and can handle a spade with no little agility, being an Irishman, tho' I do thank "Anticlique" for his kind hints about "the crumbs." I very much fear, however, that what falls from his pocket would scarcely do to keep me up to my weight.

Should "Anticlique" go on in his present benighted state of helpless bewilderment he may pommel into some one who will repay his scurrilous personalities as they deserve, and much more ably than I could do so, did I deem them or him deserving of a more serious notice.

Having now trespassed perhaps to largely on your space, I shall close by subscribing my self as ever,

Yours faithfully,

CITADEL.

Bluevale Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

SIR,—The correspondent of the "Goderich Star" must be very precise in their contributions of late, particularly the Bluevale man, who have given, to the public, quite an effusion of political matter, strongly permeated with religion and sometimes a little poetry; on account, I suppose, of his occasionally filling the pulpit when his services are required. He complains hard of my laudations of Mr. Gibson and abuse of Mr. Hays. I generally strive, if possible, to give "praise to whom praise is due." Had Mr. Gibson come to Bluevale, or to any other place, and taken up such an undignified position, and made as many false statements for the express purpose of damaging Mr. Hays unjustly, in the estimation of his electors, to serve his own private purposes, I should have stamped him "Mr. G." as a man, unworthy of the confidence of this constituency or any other in Canada.—It would matter not, whether he was a Reformer or a Conservative.

Again, he says, "for want of an expression he seems almost lost and partly quotes a word or two from the 4th Book of lessons." I certainly do pity his unhappy state and also his position, as he should have certainly been the very last man to have made such a statement. His first communication to the *Star*, after the Bluevale meeting, for the purpose of correcting the descrepancies in the *Star's* report of said meeting; he, with the exception of the language used for the correction, took the remainder of his long letter "verbatim" out of the *Leader*, and passed it off for his own composition.—I could not have given credit, not even, to a juvenile to this side of his "teens," far less, to a man of mature age and experience, to pursue such an undignified system of writing for a paper. He also complains of my saying "fulsome things" against Mr. Hays,—"things which he never did say or do." I think "Mr. Editor" it would be a hopeless undertaking for any person to engage, or take in hand, "to soil a scavenger by putting him with mud."—and as for his (Mr. Hays') contradiction of the accusations preferred against him, it is an easy matter to make a simple denial, without producing, or even a promise to produce proof of any kind to establish his innocence. The Bluevale correspondent knows right well, that all I preferred against him is true, and will be proven as such, if he (Mr. Hays) attends the next political meeting to be held here before the elections come off. It seems that the Bluevale man and Mr. Hays have been sailing in the same boat a good deal lately; consequently, if the Bluevale correspondent has no more respect for "Bible Truths" when in the pulpit, than he seemingly has when out of it, especially in political matters, I pity the unfortunates who are guided by his ministration and depend on his teachings for their future happiness. He also stigmatises my letters as being "puerile compositions" which, in my opinion, betrays a feeble mind and an ardent conviction that they were the very opposite of puerile compositions,—being too strong for him to digest the matter contained therein. I must now, in return, make an attempt to criticise his composition.—In so doing, I will just quote one of his expressions among many others to be found in his letters—Thus, "he and they will find in due time, that he is, and will be landed successfully in Galway." Here we have both the present and the future, jumbled into a heterogeneous mass of ungrammatical matter, that will defy any logician in Canada to make common sense out of it. If the Bluevale correspondent would allow me to substitute Goderich for Galway, I could still make some little sense out of it,—Thus, he and they will find in due time that he (Mr. Hays) is in Goderich, and will be again landed successfully in Goderich, and I may add, will have to stay there. This is the only sense Mr. Editor that I can take out of the above expression. If the *Star* man would take the trouble of running the Bluevale correspondent's rhapsodical composition a couple of times or so, through his Smut Machine as his letters come to hand, and purge them of their superfluous matter they could be condensed into half their dimension and would contain just as much common sense matter.

The Bluevale correspondent did make strong threats and say some hard things against Mr. Hays, previous to the Bluevale meeting; but, it is said, that they made a compromise there, on condition, that if the Bluevale correspondent should succeed in lauding him successfully in Galway, he will reward him with the Registership for the North Riding of Huron; and would compel Gibson (the big Council chief) to build a branch gravel road from Wingham up to Bluevale—opposite to Leech's Mills and Mr. Stuarts chairfactory, in order to rival the Wroxeter people and, if possible, to run poor Nathan. What a pity it is that Mr. Hays should have such a lean prospect of being sent down to fight in Galway. Next comes Niclo Fenton's epistle,—purporting to be from Wingham. On reading it over the first time I thought, from its style, that he must have late y made his escape from some lunatic asylum, as Niclo showed the most rabid symptoms of lunacy; but, on a second perusal of said article, I thought it had a strong, sensitive smell of the Goderich Smut Machine; consequently, I will address him by the appelation of "Niclo Smut?" Mr. Smut says "according to H. Y. Mr. Hays is a compound of every thing that is bad."—Well! I do believe, that, if he were seperated into his component parts and properly analized, there would be very few of them found to be of a genuine stamp; and, as for his qualification, I have as yet fail to discover where, either his mental or property qualifications are to be found, and Mr. Smut would confer an obligation by giving the necessary information. Mr. Smut makes a feeble attempt to hide his infirmities in the art of figures, "an I affirm, when correctly added the amount was $7483 20, instead of $7138. 20, as given by Mr. Hays. I say the figures were correctly added,—the mistake of nearly $400 against the Council was in the multiplication of the different items. I would advise both Mr. Smut and Mr. Hays, yet to take lessons in the simples rules of arithmetic.—I have grave doubts of Mr. H's superior knowledge of financial matters, as the Bluevale Correspondent would make people believe. With reference to the mileage question, he has ridden nearly twice round the Riding on it, and failed to make an impression; consequently, his imbecility is either to be "justly pitied or at the worst, laughed at." Does Mr. Smut really think that the people of any township of Huron, are so far lost to all sense of honor and dignity, as to elect a properly qualified person,—one in whom they can place every confidence,—to look after their interests in the Council, and not pay all expenses necessary for his time and trouble? Certainly not. A juryman is allowed his mileage; a witness in all civil cases, is allowed his mileage, and so is an M. P. P.; and why not a Councillor. Mr. Smut also alludes to a motion made in the Council by a Mr. McMichael, seconded by a Mr. Churchill, both Huron men, against the mileage, and Gibson and his colleagues cannot get out of it.—I tell you "Mr. Smut" that you are a contemptible humbug.—Mr Gibson did not occupy a seat in the Council for two long years after that motion was made in said Council; which proves that you are as far behind the times, in Council matters, as the minister of Fort George was "who was still praying for King George the Third after he had been dead five years." Mr. Hays, on his last appearance, in the Riding, was determined to dig a pit, deep enough to bury, not only Mr. G. but the whole County Council along with him, but it now appears, that the electors are about to bury Mr. H (poor man) in the very pit, in which he was determined to bury Mr. G. He has preached more politics to the people than policy lately, and without some supernatural agency he cannot now be saved. Mr. Smut and some of his ultra supporters may still support him, but they must allow that they have certainly overrated his abilities, never looked his faults, and received his ready assertions without due consideration; but the more intelligent part of the Conservatives round here, have now abandoned him and left him to struggle in the last ditch,—the sooner he quits the field it will be the better for his own reputation. Mr. Gibson's election is sure;—and I can tell Mr. Smut that a three Bluevale Spinning Wheel is able to card and twist a thread both long enough, and strong enough to hang an elder and Mr. Hays by the neck till both are politically dead.

H. Y.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

Bayfield, 15th July, 1867.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of the 11th inst., I observe a letter over the signature of "A Loyal Catholic," stating that on the occasion of the Bayfield road sale, Billy Batt, the auctioneer, I gave instructions to post the doors of the Roman Catholics on the Brownson line, as people not to be trusted when opposed to the Roman rabble of the United States. To that statement I give a most unqualified denial. I never gave such instructions, or directed such to be given, with reference to the Roman Catholics of the Brownson line, or any other place, or any other denomination of people. The Roman Catholic population of the Brownson line are now neighbours of mine, I have as much respect for them as any other class of citizens, and have no hesitation in saying that their loyalty and willingness to turn out are equal to the individuals who wrote the letter referred to.—I now defy any one to the proof of the allegation contained in said letter, and may mention that I have the authority of the officer under me to state that the same is false.

I am