"That is a question for the lord of the manor to answer, not for me," replied Reginald, resuming some of his unwonted assurance. "I am not the proprietor of Beacon Hall."

"We will waive that question, then," said the queen. "Yet another. Heard you ever of one Walter Freelove?"

"I decline answering that question."

"It is well," said the queen. "Yet another. Saw you ever this ring?" and she extended a golden circlet to the prisoner. Reginald glanced at it, and handed it back remarking:

"Not to my knowledge."

"I thought not," said the queen. "It is a troth-plight from a gay wooer to a gipsy girl. A mere trifle." She waved her hand and nodded to an attendant.

At that signal, a curtain which hung at the farther end of the cave was partially withdrawn by the person she addressed—the young gipsy Mark and Zerlina, dressed in virgin white from head to foot, and attended by two gipsy girls, similarly attired, advanced to the feet of the gipsy queen; Zerlina never raised her eyes from the floor, from the moment she made her appearance, to the time when she stood meekly, with folded arms, before her mother, like a culprit awaiting the sentence of death. Every motion of hers was watched by the young gipsy, Mark, with intense anxiety.

Reginald was powerfully affected at the sudden appearance of Zerlina, and not less so at her exquisite beauty, enhanced as it was by an attire which would have been considered graceful in a metropolitan drawing-room, and which now, seen in this wild cave and by torch-light, produced a theatrical effect. The whole seemed like a wild dream, so utterly at variance was it with the times, and with the usual course of events, and D'Arcey found it difficult to persuade himself that he was awake.

"Will you deny that you know this maiden?" asked the queen, sternly.

D'Arcey replied in the negative, by shaking his head. He was under the spell of that beauty he had once sought to make his possession.

"Zerlina!" said the queen. "raise your eyes and look upon this man."

The look which the maiden bent upon the prisoner was cold and steadfast:

"I have seen him," was the answer.

"When and where?"

"First at a fair—afterwards in the forest"

"In secret?"

"In secret."

"And what passed between you?"

"He protested his love, and I gave him mine. He promised to wed me, and we exchanged rings as a troth plight."

"And what name did he give himself when he wooed you, my daughter?"

"The name of Walter Freelove."

"Were you aware that was not his real name?

"I was not."

"Do you know his real name now?"

"I know not, mother."

"That person," said the queen, "is Reginald D'Arcey, of Beacon Hall."

A slight colour rose to the cheek of the gipsy girl, and she trembled violently.

"We are called, by you men of the world, a lawless people, Mr. Reginald D'Arcey," said the queen; "but I will prove to you that we have been belied, and that, in our wild way, we understand justice quite as well as your magistrates and lawyers and people. Patrico!"

The priest came forward.

"Have you that document prepared?"

"I have."

"Present it to the prisoner."

Reginald glanced at the paper handed him. It bore date of that evening, and was in the same handwriting as the anonymous invitation he had received at the hall, and which he made no doubt was part of a conspiracy against him. The paper read as follows:

"I, Reginald D'Arcey, of Beacon Hall, acknowledge and declare, upon my honour, that, under the feigned name of Walter Freelove, and by earnest protestations and asseverations, I obtained the effections of Zerlina, daughter of Ella, known and acknowledged queen of a gipsy tribe. I do furthermore confess that I promised marriage to the said Zerlina, and I do hereby covenant and agree to marry the said Zerlina, and acknowledge her to be my true and lawful wife; and this I do of my own free will, and not from any compulsion, or from any threat or menace made by any person or persons whosoever, nor because I stand in any personal danger or difficulty. And in proof whereof I hereunto affix my hand and seal."

D'Arcey glanced around him. He was surrounded by ill-looking fellows, with knives and pistols in their girdles, and looks of hatred in their eyes.

"Are you prepared to sign that paper?" said the queen.

D'Arcey reflected for a moment. He still loved Zerlina as much as he was capable of loving any one; the marriage in any case would be illegal, and easily dissolved, he thought while refusal would be dangerous, if not fatal.

"Give me a pen," he said.

The partico handed him one. The declaration was signed by D'Arcey, and handed to the queen.

"Now, priest," said she, "perform your duty."

Muttering over the marriage service, the patrico united Reginald D'Arcey and Zerlina in the bonds of holy matrimony. D'Arcey prepared to salute his bride, when—in an instant, every torch was extinguished. The bridegroom was seized and blindfolded as before. He was hurried from the cavern—and through the forest, but this time with more precipitancy than before. Arriving at the brook, he was forced through its icy waters. On the other side of the stream, he was lifted upon his horse; and the bandage torn of his eyes. It was pitch dark—not a star in the sky.

Suddenly a hundred voices rent the air with terrific yells. D'Arcey's frightened horse dashed forward like a deer. As he sped upon his arrowy path, more than once the branches came near sweeping the rider from his saddle, and he was forced to bow upon his horse's neck to avoid destruction. Shaken, terrified, with his clothes almost torn from his limbs, he arrived at Beacon Hall, gave his horse to a servant, and hurried to his room, to throw himself upon his bead, and pass the remainder of the night in reviewing the surprising incidents with which it had been crowded.

"Should the worst befall me and my father's schemes," was his final conclusion—"I have acquired a claim to a lovely woman—and if her story be true, her mother has hidden wealth, that I shall know how to get hold of. Better that even a D'Arcey should acknowledge a gipsy bride, than to wander a penniless vagabond in the land of his ancestors."

CHAPTER XI.

ODESSA.

In Odessa, the southern Russian metropolis. Here a brilliant sun shed down its rays upon the sparkling waters of the Black Sea, and in the smooth harbour, the long line of massively constructed quays, with the palatial edifices that were reared upon them, were reflected with added beauty. Numerous ships lay within the harbour, in the docks, and at the wharves; but their number was not now so great as in time of peace, when the forest of masts rises up from the multitudinous shipping. Still the shipping was large, and the crowds of men who paced the streets—men of foreign and fantastic appearance truly, to an English eye—spoke of the greatness of Odessa. The city had in a good measure recovered from the dreadful effects of the terrific bombardment, with which the allied fleet had favoured it in the fall, and the newly-constructed and thoroughly-repaired quays and wharves showed the elastic and recuperative power of Russia. Boats glided along the surface of the water, but not boats belonging to merchant ships, for the vessels here were idle, and war had put an end to the incessant bustle and tumult of commerce.

Crowds of people walked along the broad street which faced the water, and appeared to be intently watching the sea; at Odessa, where the inhabitants trembled in hourly fear of another bombardment, the distant horizon was always keenly watched, and the slightest sign of a sail was closely scrutinized. Upon the imperial mole stood knots of soldiers and citizens, conversing upon the war, and discussing the last news from Sebastopol. Every other day couriers came with news from the beleaguered city, and every other day some reinforcements would leave Odessa for the Crimea.

At this time a large army was entering the city. It had just arrived from the west, and was composed, in a great part of veteran soldiers. As the long and thick set lines marched down the street, the thrilling sounds of martial music arose into the air, and thousands of people walked along to gaze upon the newly-arrived troops. They marched on till they came to the Place of Arms before the commandant's palace, and there were gathered up. Fifteen thousand men stood in their stern and imposing array for a few minutes, during which the commandant received them, and then at the word of departure, they entered the ranks, and, to the sound of music, marched away.

Two ladies were at the deep window of a house which stood upon the grand quay, and viewed the long array of soldiers, as they passed along on their way to the barracks. They gazed with the utmost interest upon the brilliant scene, where the flashing bayonets and floating banners, and the martial strain of the glorious music, all acted in unison upon the senses. As the rear of the army passed under the window, a hands me young officer chanced to look up. He caught sight of the two ladies. He started in great surprise, and looked as though he thought his eyes might have deceived him. At length seeing them bowing and smiling at him, he recovered himself, and bowed low to them.

"Irene, did you see Alexis?" said the elder lady, whom, perhaps, the reader has but rightly conjectured to be Madame Arban on.

"Yes, mamma. I wonder where he has come from?"

"From Poland, I believe; or else it must be from the Dobrudscha, where troops, I hear, have lately arrived."

"He will be up here to see us, of course?" said Irene.

"O, of course, Alexis will come up. He looked surprised—did he not?"

"Yes, he thought that we were in England."

"I dare say. It is three years now since we have seen him."

"Yes, just three years. But look there! Good heavens! the man will be killed.

Her attention and that of her companion was attracted to a dragoon, whose horse rushing madly from the ranks, was now rearing wildly and shaking himself furiously, threatening to dash his rider to the earth. The rider's presence of mind had forsaken him, and, in the effort to retain his seat, he forgot that his spurs were galling the sides of his excited charger. The furious plunges of the animal finally overcame the resistance of the rider; pale and inanimate his limbs relaxed, he reeled in his seat, and his destruction appeared imminent. Dreadful as the spectacle was, there was a fascination in it which seemed to rivet the gaze of the two ladies.

At that moment the young officer whom they had called Alexis rushed to the spot. Swinging the fainting soldier unharmed from the saddle, to the ground, he sprang into his place. For a moment the horse, taken by surprise, remained quiet; but the next, with a furious snort, he bounded with all four feet from the ground, and the moment he struck it again, commenced a series of plunges and whirls which struck even the veteran troopers who witnessed it aghast. But they need not have feared for the rider. Alexis sat unmoved, his pliant body following every movement of the maddened horse, in firm hand twisting and turning him, till at last the charger, in despair, threw himself down, and prepared to roll over the rider. But Alexis pulled him instantly upon his feet, and then commenced his punishment. Striking his spurs deeply into the sides of his horse, he compelled him to dash forward at top speed; then, while in full career, he checked him so suddenly as to throw him on his haunches. At last, breathless, panting, and trembling, the Arab steed—for he was of eastern blood—acknowledged his master. The slightest touch to the rein—the slightest pressure of the leg, was sufficient to ensure obedience. Satisfied with his victory, Alexis leaped to the earth, a conqueror, having wicked the whole command with his unrivalled horsemanship. Throwing the rein on the pummel of the saddle, he commanded the steed to follow him. The animal obeyed with drooping head. Leading him to his former rider, the dragoon, after seeming gratefully to express his thanks, mounted, while Alexis, as he resumed his position in the column, was received with cheers which even the rigidity of Russian discipline could not suppress.

(To be continued.)

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, JULY 11, 1867.

MR. GIBBONS' CANDIDATURE.

Having given up Mr. Ritchie as a "gone case," the leaders of the No-party in South Huron are concentrating their forces against Mr. Gibbons. A favorite dodge of theirs is to give it out, and cause it to be given out, wherever they can, that Gibbons has not the ghost of a chance—that the winners in the legislative lottery are to be Cameron and Carling. They know that Cameron will be elected, and they wish to catch loose fish by spreading the notion that Carling is just as safe.—Mr. Carling, himself, is by no means so sanguine, for he is tramping the Southern portion of the Riding day and night in a state of nervous perturbation that gives the lie most positively to the assertions of his followers. If further proof were necessary, we might refer to the fact that the *Free Press*—that political nondescript—has recently flown to his rescue. Of course, Brother John, of London, had nothing to do with it! Such a course as this is just what might be expected from *some* of Mr. Carling's supporters, and indeed it is the only one that is left open to them, for they know perfectly well that their candidate cannot for a moment compare with Mr. Gibbons in point of fitness for the duties of a legislator in the Assembly of Ontario. What are Mr. Carling's qualifications? He is almost entirely unacquainted with public business of any sort, he has no definite idea of statesmanship, he cannot grammatically (or ungrammatically) utter half a dozen consecutive sentences bearing upon any topic now before the public, or likely to arise, and it is not in the nature of things that he should be in a position to think and act for himself, if elected. True, he is reputed to be a good-natured, easy, jolly-good-fellow, but these are qualities, which, if allowed to predominate, would be fatal to the usefulness of any legislator, and certainly not sufficient to secure the confidence of the electors of South Huron. We leave it to Mr. Carling's friends to point out whether there is anything in his educational acquirements, or mental constitution, to act as a counterbalance to the constitutional *easiness* which would render him such an *easy* supporter of the representative of the astute Sir John A. McDonald in the Assembly of Ontario.

Mr. Gibbons, on the other hand, is a man who has had a long experience at the head of the public affairs of the great municipality of Huron and Bruce, and it speaks volumes for him that, intimately as he has been connected with those affairs, in both theory and practical detail, *no charge of partiality or wrong-doing can be brought against him*, such as can be established in truth. His character for veracity, honesty and honorable uprightness stands above reproach, and the success attending his efforts to advance the interests of Huron and Bruce, during a long period of years, together with the marked confidence reposed in him by his fellow-reeves, who have elected him Warden for nine years in succession, point him out as a man well worthy of a trial in the higher walks of Parliamentary life. True, he has not received all the outward polish of a professional man whose business it is to address large assemblies, but he has been favored with an amount of native tact, common sense, and business capability, which, joined with a thorough independence of character, would place him at once in a favorable position amongst his fellow-legislators.

What are the objections brought against Mr. Gibbons? That he has proved faithless as a public servant? That he has, in an official capacity, been guilty of any dishonest or dishonorable act?—That he is incapable of discharging the duties incumbent upon a legislator? No! None of these! What then? Why that on a certain occasion he burned a portion of Her Majesty's gunpowder, intended for the legal destruction of rebels or Yankees! That falsehood has been nailed in the most positive manner, and no one now believes there was a tittle of truth in the venomous charge. Then, again, it is said that on a certain occasion he publicly declared himself in favor of annexation. The occasion alluded to was last summer, the place in front of Mr. Cassady's shoe shop, and the *public*, half a dozen loungers, who were laughing and joking together after their business hours. The words used by Mr. Gibbons were of a trivial nature, suitable to the occasion, and not one of the persons then present looked upon them as of the slightest importance, *which would not have been the case had they been of a disloyal import.* The only thing we blame Mr. Gibbons for, is that he did not remember that a newspaper capable of employing eavesdropping reporters of private conversation, would rejoice at the opportunity of magnifying an annoticed molehill into a mountain covered over with stars and stripes and belching forth destruction to British interests. The story that Robert Gibbons had uttered disloyal sentiments was forthwith heralded in the *Empire*, or *Star*, or whatever name the tory sheet bore at that date, and since then, enough trash has been written to fill a quarto volume of the largest size, all hinging on the (false) premise that Gibbons had come out as an annexationist. We stated at the time that the whole story was a cooked-up affair—that there was no foundation for it in fact.—But then, say the uncharitable, "Straws show how the current runs." We answer, not in a case affecting a man's loyalty. Take the whole of Mr Gibbon's life in Canada and point out, if you can, a single instance in which he has *acted* disloyalty. He left the United States to make a home for himself in Canada when his material prospects as a young man would have been brighter in the former country, and when danger threatened this country in 1837, he was one of the first to shoulder his musket and come forward to assist in defending the flag that sheltered his forefathers. Was he disloyal then? Not in the estimation of the military authorities of the day, for they promoted him, and if we mistake not he is still in possession of his officer's commission. Since then his public conduct as well as his private character have been above reproach. Does any sane person believe that if Robert Gibbons had been a disloyal man at heart, one of his outspoken honesty of character could have so controlled his utterances as to secure the uninterrupted confidence and esteem of a body of men who would have discarded any one tainted with anti-British sentiments? We think not, and we point to that fact as the most irrefragable evidence of his loyalty to the Crown of Great Britain.—Had Mr Gibbons belonged to *the other side*, the charge brought against him would be pooh-poohed at once. It ill becomes the followers of Cartier, Galt, Rose & Co., to fling stones at others, especially now that they have opened the doors of their glass house for Messrs. McDougall and Howland. It is fresh in our memories how the tory press abused William Washington McDougall and Yankee Howland, and we cannot help smiling at the change that has come o'er the spirit of their dream. The McDougall of to-day is second in their estimation to Sir John A., and Howland is a man of the higest standing for his public virtues. So mote it be, but let not petty detraction throw its stones at such men as Robert Gibbons, whose public course has been manly and consistent throughout.

Let the Reformers of South Huron be on their guard lest a march is stolen upon them. Let them see to it that the election of M. C. Cameron is secured by a sweeping majority, but let them also remember the important fact we have stated in the commencement of this article that their opponents are concentrating their forces for Carling. If the battle is to be a hard one, let it be fought, as Mr Rhymal says with drums beating and flags flying! Let the committees work as though they intended to win, and *win they must*. Let every man go into the contest as energetically as though his personal success depended on the issue, and we have no fear of the result. That is the spirit which has borne the flag of *Progress* in triumph over over so many election fields in the past, and like efforts now will produce proportionately happy results just as sure as effects follow causes. We write in a spirit of warning, lest the ranks of Mr. Gibbons' supporters should not be fully formed to receive the shock of the Carling brigade. Being warned they will be armed and ready, not only to fight, but to WIN!

THE GREAT REFORM CONVENTION.

The Reform Convention convened in Toronto on the 27th ult., was the greatest political gathering that has ever taken place in Canada. Like its prototype of 1864 it was hooted at by the enemies of political progress as an insignificant assemblage of the fanatical followers of George Brown, but if its results are to be as important as those following the first great meeting of Reformers,—of which there can be little doubt—its promoters will have good reason to congratulate themselves and the country at large.—The Convention embraced nearly seven hundred leading Liberals from all parts of the Province, including many prominent members of Parliament and reform candidates, and that it fairly represented the Reform element of the society of Ontario, is proven from the admission of Messrs. McDougall and Howland—either or both of whom would have been glad of the opportunity of denying truthfully that such was the case. It is, of course, impossible for us to give anything like a report of the proceedings, which were necessarily voluminous, and hence, we must content ourselves with stating some of the results arrived at.

The great question before the Convention was, "shall the impending Coalition be sustained?" The answer was, emphatically, "No!" The principle of Coalition of parties was denounced as destructive to public morals, and directly opposed to good, pure, healthy Government. The responsive cheers from all parts of the room which greeted every speaker who declared himself pointedly against Coalition under any circumstances, was quite sufficent to satisfy any person open to conviction that the sentiment thoroughly pervaded the assembly, and would be spread by its members throughout the whole Province of Ontario. It was argued with much force that if Messrs. McDougall and Howland did enter the new Ministry it would simply be no Coalition at all, as those gentlemen did not enjoy the confidence, and could not, therefore, be truthfully put forward as the representives of the views of the great Reform party of Upper Canada.—In proof of this, allusion was made to the fact that only *three* reform members of parliament responded to the invitation given out by them for their political friends to meet them in the Queen's Hotel on the Wednesday preceding, and the determined stand taken by the leading members of the Convention.

We think the allegation that the Convention was a packed assembly of men pledged beforehand to a certain policy, and invited there because they were so pledged, is utterly devoid of foundation. The *Leader* and its followers of the No Party Press continue to harp on the idea that the Convention met to glorify George Brown and vote anti-coalition without rhyme or reason. What nonsense that is. If the delegates wished to hear only one side of the subject—that which coincided with their peculiar views—why should they send a special summons to Messrs. McDougall and Howland in order that they might, if they wished, state some reasonable grounds, if they had any, for their determination to take office under John A. Macdonald? They were not in any way bound to invite them, but they *did*, and we hold that by an action so manly, they gave the lie to those petty detractors who were standing ready to distort every expression of honest opinion and twist every word uttered into something derogatory to the Convention.

The appearance of Messrs. Howland and McDougall was an important and interesting feature of the meeting. The former was too honest not to feel the weakness of his position, and the carefulness with which he talked and talked without saying anything in particular, combined with the sorrow he expressed in words and manifested in his embarrassed looks, enlisted the pity of the hundreds who listened to him. It was different, however, with Mr. McDougall. He took a bold, if not defiant stand, from the first, and wound up his brilliantly sophistical speech, by declaring that the Government into which he was about to enter *would* rule the country whether the Reformers of Ontario were willing or not. Very pointed language, but passing strange from a gentleman chosen as a representative liberal in the formation of a *Coalition* cabinet. The only argument advanced by him or his colleague for the step they were about to take, was that it would be unfair to leave the liberals of the maritime provinces in the lurch after they had staked their political existance on the issue of Confederation, and yet there was no attempt on their part to show how it could be right to ignore the sentiment prevalent in the West.

For our own part, we do not see that it would be well for the country if the Reform party, as a whole, should fall in with the Coalitionists. To it we are indebted for nearly all the civil advantages secured to us during the past twelve years—secularization of the clergy reserves, representation by population, even confederation itself—and it would be an act of stultification to quietly hand over the reins of power permanently to men who have ever refused to concede a single measure of governmental reform until it was wrung from them. Besides, wholesale coalition means a government without opposition—an executive untrammeled—extravagant waste, unchecked and unrebuked. Would it be well for our country to place such enormous powers in the hands of men even more scrupulous than John A McDonald, Cartier and Galt have proved themselves to be? We think not, and we would urge upon every Reformer to do all in his power to secure the election of men who are closely opposed to Coalitions on principle. It may not be judicious to pledge Reform candidates to vote for a motion of want of confidence in the new ministry at the very outset, but it will be safest to have representatives who, if they are willing to listen to the policy promulgated by the Coalitionists, and give them a fair trial, will be on the watch for the first indication of corruption, and ready to turn them out on the instant. Moderation, in the present crisis, is advisable, but not the moderation of full-blown Coalitionism, which is rank toryism in disguise. Reformers of Huron, beware of the No-Party-Coalition net that is being woven for your feet—beware of the smooth milk and honey smothering the bitter poison—beware of the glittering bait spread over the wildest trap that was ever set to catch unwary liberal votes! Look your responsibilities sternly in the face, and there will be little danger from the voice of the siren charmer, sing he never so sweetly.

THE MEXICAN OUTRAGE.

The Mexicans have executed Maximilian, and in doing so have brought down on themselves the indignation of the civilized world. No other nation under the sun could have been guilty of such an act of cold-blooded atrocity. It is not probable that any punishment more tangible than expressions of supreme disgust will be visited upon the rascally perpetrators, but there are hundreds of ways in which they will be made to suffer for their barbarity, and where throughout the world will they meet with a single spark of sympathy? The rapacious scoundrel who ordered poor Maximilian's death declares he will, ere he lays down his sword, have the life-blood of every foreigner on Mexican soil, and it is clear that he is capable of carrying out the fiendish threat to the letter. May the execration of every good man rest upon all such wretches in human form.

AT WORK.

From all parts of North Huron we have the intelligence that the friends of Progress are forming themselves into committees to *work* for the Reform candidates. Mr. Hays is going to be defeated—*that's the side a.* Leading men in every township are taking up Gibson's cause with a zest and energy which must secure his return by a *large* majority.—Go on, make assurance doubly sure.

SOUTH BRUCE.

We are delighted to see that Edward Blake, Q C., of Toronto, has accepted the nomination of the Reform Convention of South Bruce to stand for that riding as candidate for the Assembly of Ontario. Mr. Blake is a young lawyer of great promise, and if elected will make a first-class representative. He will, no doubt, be taken hold of warmly by the Reformers of the Riding, and make a splendid run. It is full time that Bruce was shaken from the lethargic No-Partyism into which she has sunk. It is given out that a Reform journal is to be started at Walkerton without delay.

Too Bad, Really.

The *Leader* comes out viciously against Mr. Adam Crooks, Mr. Edward Blake, and other rising lawyers on the reform side, who are at present seeking seats in Parliament. It accuses them of office hunting, traders in politics, &c. That is really too bad of the *Leader*, when so many of its friends in Parliament for the past ten years have been tory lawyers. Why should not a few rising liberal lawyers be sent to the legislature to watch the other fellows? Besides, if the argument of the *Leader* is sound, does it not strike some of its friends even more severely than it does Mr. Crooks or Mr. Blake. If it is wrong for a Toronto Q. C. to run for parliament, how can it be right for a Goderich Attorney to take such a step? In fact, it would only require the change of a name to render the article in Thursday's *Leader* more telling against Mr. Hays than it is against the Toronto men alluded to.

THE ELECTIONS

There is not the last indication of the time when the elections will come off.—We think it quite possible that they will be put off till September, although some hold to the opinion that the latter part of this month or the beginning of August will be fixed upon. At all events it is not safe for the friends of Reform candidates to lie upon their oars.

☞ We hear that the irrepressible Mr Holmes is about to issue a pamphlet to prove (if he can) that *he didn't do it.*—If Mr H.'s speeches are heavy, his pamphlet will be still more so. Mrs Winslow's soothing syrup would be a most irritating beverage, in comparison.

To Correspondents.

The number and length of letters sent us compels us again to keep over a large quantity of correspondence. We do wish our friends would consider that *brevity* is the very soul of successful letter writing Again, we must direct attention to our rule that persons writing letters for anonymous publication *must* send in their names, as an evidence of their sincerity. It is easy enough to write sharp personalities, but quite another thing to bear the brunt of them as the editor has to do.—Those who have not moral courage enough to give us their names in confidence will, hereafter, receive no attention from the editor of the *Signal*.

☞ We have had several splendid rains during the past few days, which are most acceptable on high ground. Thus far the crop prospects are splendid.

☞ Encouraged by the success already achieved, the Goderich Salt Company has decided to lay down a second block of of kettles, for which there will be an ample supply of brine. The prospects of the Company are exceedingly bright.—Indeed, we believe this is the most remunerative enterprise now afloat in the Dominion. The Madoc gold mines cannot compare with it in richness or certainty.

☞ We are requested to announce that a public temperance meeting will be held in the Victoria Hall, on Monday evening, the 15th inst. Several popular speakers are expected to give addresses. A large attendance is solicited.

☞ We learn that a party of our townsmen are about to take an extended trip to the north shore on Mr. Waddel's pleasure yatch, *The Explorer*. We wish them a pleasant time of it.

What Printer's Ink can do.

The stock of D. Kerr, Jr. & Co., of this town was purchased some time ago by Mr. Stewart of Sarnia at a moderate figure, and it has been sold by retail at a handsome profit. How? By the extensive use of printer's ink. The shrewd purchaser knew that by extensive advertising alone he could sell off his goods, and he went to work with a will. Of course great bargains had something to do with it, but to the free use of the magical printer's ink he owes his success. He has now introduced another stock, and, as he advertises his wares still more extensively, he is sure of a great rush. Judicious advertising *pays*, always. D. Kerr, Jr., was one of the best advertisers we have known, and if it had not been for difficulties arising outside of his regular business he would have succeeded admirably.—The moral is that a man who wants to keep pace with the times must give a portion of his energy and money to the use of *Printer's Ink!*

Our Bluevale Correspondence.

Seems to hit pretty hardly in the right quarter, if we are to judge from the wriggling attempts of Mr Hays' champions in that quarter to extract the sub-pointed arrows fired into their tough hides by "H. Y." No doubt the truth is poisonous to them, as it is quite foreign to their nature, but it will do them good in the end. They had better leave the editor of the *Signal* and his talents alone, for they will find H. Y. himself, quite enough to keep the whole set of them in order until polling day.

Montreal and N. Y. Markets.

We have perfected arrangements by which we will receive per special telegraph, the Montreal and New York markets up to two o'clock of every Tuesday and Friday for the *Semi-Weekly Signal*. As considerable expense is entailed in the matter, we hope for an extension of public patronage in proportion.

The new ministers are so busy with their own election canvas that they will not be likely to find time to come to the rescue of Mr. Hays, if, in fact, they ever promised such a thing.

MONEY.—In this age, when the ruling passion is *money*, it is important to know that directly underneath Goderich lies a still undeveloped wealth of the *purest salt in the known world*, representing millions and millions of dollars. All it wants is the expenditure of a reasonable amount of capital.

The city of Mexico was surrendered to Gen Diaz on the 21st, Juarez sent him a congratulatory note with directions for the disposition of the prisoners, saying:—"The native prisoners you will transfer to your own command, or give them liberty, according to the circumstances in which you find them. The foreign prisoners you will retain for the disposition of the Government. Gen Escobedo writes from Querataro:—"I have several executions of these master traitors made terror the order of the day every where. I have imposed large contributions on the rich, and confiscated their property and their all. Where I could not do so in person, my delegates have strictly complied with my orders. I hope before closing my military career, to see the blood of every foreigneer spilt that resides in my country."

☞ Dr. Sloan requests us to contradict the report that he has resigned or been bought out of the field; but that in the words of his address, "he intends to poll the vote to the last man, and that man too."

☞ An Austrian fleet is to be sent to Mexico immediately to demand the body of Maximilian.

LATEST.

Montreal, 9th—It is rumored here that the election writs will be returnable on the 2nd August.

WILLIAM WALLACE Esq.

SIR.—Your fellow Townsmen have learned with feelings of regret that you are about leaving Goderich, to take up your residence in the Western States. We can assure you that your long residence here, your kindness of heart and your energy of character have made you conspicuous among us, and we feel satisfied that in whatever part of the West you reside the people among whom you cast your lot, will soon learn to appreciate and respect you. Trusting that you and your Family may be prosperous and spared to visit us often. We are &c.,

J. McDonald Sheriff of Huron. ; Ira Lewis County Crown attorney ; Thomas Kydd ; W. T. Hays attorney at law ; A. M. Ross R. C. Bank ; G. Rumball &Co ; J. Y. Elwood ; G. B. Johnston ; S. H. Detlor ; J. Seemiller ; B. Wilson ; W. G. Smith ; D. C. Strachan ; G. Cattle ; B. Trainer ; G. Parsons ; D. S. Gooding Barrister ; G. V. Elwood ; H. Reed ; H. Horton ; W. F. Cox Signal office ; A. Nasmyth ; M. C. Cameron ; B. Runciman ; Toms & Moore Barristers ; J. R Gooding ; G. M. Trueman. Robert Ure, Presbyterian Minister.

Goderich, July 5, 1867.

McKillop Pic-Nic

A union pic nic of School Secs. Nos. 2 and 4 McKillop the former taught by M. McShea and Miss. Hannah the latter by Mr. Elliott and Miss. Calloway, was held in the beautiful grove of A. Govenlock Esq. on Monday July 1st.

At an early hour when the various waiters had assembled the great number of baskets together stored with "good things" clearly evinced an amply sufficiency for the large number of people already in attendance, after the tables were served and the edibles ably discussed, Mr. McShea was called to the chair who after a few introductory remarks called on the choir for one of the many excellently performed pieces. The Rev. Mr. Forest was then introduced to the audience who chose for his subject 'little things" when after some instrumental music Mr. McLeod was called to the platform selecting as his topic "The New Dominion." Next came Mr. Paltridge of Seaforth who spoke on the influence of education after whom the Rev. Mr. Barr Local Superentendent spoke on the moral bearing of education upon the youthful mind. The chairman then summed up by respectful reference to the various addresses together with other remarks relative to our school system, when after three cheers being proposed for the New Dominion and a hearty response by the audience, singing the National anthem, all resorted to the various athletic and social amusements such as jumping, swinging, ball playing and the like. In connection with these were two rather novel performances the one called by the celts "Kill Callum" better known in these localities as the "sword dance" the other very justly denominated the "frog dance" executed in exact and admirable imitation of that graceful little reptile in all respects save the croaking, which I must confess even surpassed that of common frogs. These novelties proved a wonderful source of diversion to the large circle of astonished and much delighted admirers. In fact all seemed highly pleased and gratified with the day's entertainment. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves better than everybody else indeed it seemed as though they would have been there yet had not that dread and to me frightful spectre night came stealing on "to mar delights superior to own."

JIM PAGOT.

TOWNSHIP OF GODERICH.

S. S. No. 1, PIC-NIC.

A Pic-nic took place in connection with the Day and Sunday schools on Friday last, the 28th ultimo. The day proving all that could be desired, a large concourse of pupils and friends assembled on the school ground about one o'clock, and shortly afterwards formed themselves into regular marching order for the purpose of proceeding to the delightful grounds kindly offered for the occasion, by Richard Buxton Esq. The procession was headed by two little pupils Misses Jane Porter and Hannah Wilson, dressed *a la mode* style, and each carrying a gay *bouquet* of flowers.—At regular intervals five beautiful banners procured for the occasion were borne by boys. It was a lovely afternoon, the air was bright, pure, and fresh, for the most part the sky was droped with soft silvery clouds, as if forming a veil over the sun's brightness to prevent an excess of heat. As onward we marched verdure and flowers were overspreading every fold of the robe of mother earth. The sportive lambs were playing a thousand fantastic gambols in the fields, and the sweet warblings of birds were heard amongst the green leafage of the blossoming trees, as the procession moved on every heart seemed elated with delight, and every countenance sparkled with pleasurable emotions. On arriving at the grounds they proceeded towards what may be termed the *Cuisine*, where a table was spread under the sheltering boughs of a few stately trees, here they formed themselves *tout ensemble* and after giving expression to gratitude, they bounded off with the airy fleetness of the Antelope or the frolicsomeness of the young Gazelle of the plain,—with cheeks blooming like wild roses, with lips like coral, crowned by sporting dimples, and with bright lustrous eyes; how lovely youth then appeared, "upon whom is laid heaven's own signa-manual, grace, and beauty."

After having engaged themselves in various kinds of sports and amusements with a spirit and heartiness, which can only be truly relished by youthful innocence. About seven o'clock it was considered time to return home, before doing so, however, three hearty cheers were given to the following parties who had interested themselves greatly in the getting up of the Pic-nic, in providing so many sources of amusement, and so many comforts for the children and friends, viz: Mrs. Mosely, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Warrington, Mrs. Joseph Wilson, Misses Annie Salkeld, Mary Ann Porter, Jane Hunter, Masters George Buxton, Robert Rutherford, and George Quick, and a special cheer was given to Mr. Isaac Salkeld, who added much to the evenings hilarity in superintending the various games, &c.

There are perfumes we remember,
When their sources are no more;
There are flavors that will linger,
When the banquetting is o'er.

And there is no doubt but the Pic-nic of Section School No. 1, held in the year 1867, will long be remembered with delight and pleasure, by all who were privileged to be present on that auspicious occasion.

Our Berlin Letter.

Berlin July 3rd, 1867.

Special Correspondence to the Signal.

Since I last wrote we have enjoyed unusually growing weather; the crops look excellently, and the growth has been so rapid that harvest will be very little later if any, than usual. Fall wheat is pronounced splendid every where in this section, and doubtless, it it escapes the midge, will be one of the most abundant yields we have had for many years past. The show for a good yield of fruit is promising. The favorable appearances have affected the markets very materially, hence dissatisfied having fallen to a purchasable rate. Wheat is now $1.25, having dropped 80 cents a bushel in a few weeks, the "drop" in ordinary years would be reckoned a fair price.—Farmers are busy haying.

Last Wednesday a great fire took place in Waterloo, loss estimated at $10,000. On Thursday morning, the large tannery of Mr Breithaupt, took fire and was totally destroyed, the loss is upward of $30,000, only $12,000 of which is covered by insurance.

In former communications I mentioned the dissatisfaction of the German element in the South Riding, but they have now got it into a working shape. They have held several hole-and corner meetings, and though Cowan was unanimously chosen last spring by the Reform Convention, Our Teutonic cousins, on reconsidering the matter find he is not the man to take charge of "Dutch" interests. They therefore as bluntly, as the end of a sausage could make it, requested him to resign—alleging no earthy reason save that he was not able to preserve the Reform vote united—A large convention assembled in Dion last Saturday, (the 29th) but nothing was done, save the harmless—explosion of some, indignantly offended, patriotic gas—The Convention broke up, to meet again. Being aware these matters can have but little interest to your readers I will cut them short, but it is really too bad the way that some idle, hairbrained fellows have been trying to work up the minds of the Germans, that they must have a German to represent them. The bulk of the electors in the North Riding are English yet they allow two illiterate Pennsylvanians to walk the course—One an old school teacher the other an old s—d horse leader! but the special interests require so much exclusivism that nothing short of lagerbeer, sausage or sauerkrout can possibly satisfy them in the S. R.

On the First, the New Dominion was duly inaugurated, here, by the Volunteers parading and exercising generally—The companies of this battalion have not been long organised, yet judges affirmed the manoeuvering creditable. The men personally were as fine a looking set of fellows as could possibly be found; tall, athletic, sinewy men, when properly disciplined could be matched with their number the world over—Canada may well feel proud of her Volunteer force.—and all rag-a-muffin Fenians have good reason for keeping on 'tother side."

Considerable feeling has been manifested here, from the awful neglect, or misusage immigrants are subjected to on the G. T. R. R.—Trains pass this station, comprising of freight cars, in which these poor people are packed, these cars are destitute of seats, air, water and privys- Nor, do the trains wait long enough at stations, to allow the demands of nature to be satisfied. Not long ago—a train passing here, stopped, when out sprang the sweltering mass, and allayed their thirst by drinking like cattle out of a dirty ditch near the station, someman to the tank house but the humane officials ordered them off—Several deaths are said to have occurred on the cars doubtless from misusage. The German society of Montreal have taken up the matter, and Brydges asserts he has made every provision to prevent misusage of immigrants, and if the usage complained of took place it was contrary to regulations. The emigrant agent at Quebec affirms that many German and Norweigian emigrants contract with forwarding companies, at cheap rates making no provision for comfort and the desire to make, money tempts these companies to procure the cheapest railway conveyance possible—This may all be yet humanity forbids a continuance of such brutality, and it is hoped that steps will be taken to compel better treatment in future.

Operations have been suspended, for some time past, in the Waterloo Oil or salt well, but a pump is to be fixed in shortly to test properly the worth of the liquid. It is almost a hopless enterprise. The well is about 1200 feet deep, from which flows a large stream of clear soft water, of a disagreeable soppy taste. The "Chronicle" man says it is lake Huron water so you need not be surprised, if you wake up some morning and find yourself minus a Lake—Our folks having *accidently* tapped, in quest of oil and salt, cannot be called on to make restitution, and having failed in the object, of their search, may reimburse themselves by taking up the fishing trade though alas, Goderich will be left out in the cold.

SAUER KRAUT.

At Milwaukee, on Friday, a child was born with a perfect dog's head.

☞ We have received the current number of Chambers' Journal from Mr. Moorhouse. It is filled with a number of very interesting articles.

☞ An attempt is to be made to stock the River Avon at Stratford with live fish from Goderich.

☞ The marriage of King George of Greece with the Grand Duchess Olga, of Russia, will take in September, and their majesties will make their entry into Athens in the middle of October.

The New Cabinet: Provisional Lieutenant Governors.

Although no official announcement of the arrangement of offices in the new government has yet been made, the following will be found substantially correct:

Sir J. A. Macdonald, Minister of Justice.
Hon Mr Campbell, Post-Master.
Hon Mr Howland, Exercise.
Hon Mr Macdougall, Public Works.
Hon Mr Blair, President of the Council.
Hon Mr Cartier, Minister of Militia.
Hon Mr Galt, Finance Minister.
Hon Mr Chapais, Minister of Agriculture.
Hon Mr