and, yet, for all that, I began to wish I had trudged on through the rain. And then that immense dog that lay close to the fireplace, did not keep its small suspicious eyes fixed upon me. And the walls were shining with grease and soot, and the smallest cords fixed against them, and shelves ——Sir, Beware! I could hardly suppress a cry of surprise when my eye fell on an old woman like woman who rose from the dark corner where she had probably been sleeping, toward me and the fire. She was a model of ugliness and disgust, this old woman with her tangled masses of grey hair tangling over her forehead and temples, her sunken cheeks, hollow eyes, and wrinkled neck, as she stood there shivering with cold, and stretched out her thin bony hands to the fire. I fell back a step to give the old creature room, but on my first attempt to quit the chimney-place, the dog growled, and as I turned toward him his eyes sparkled so vividly that I thought it advisable to stay where I was, and not anger him unnecessarily. The woman now turned her face to me, and after gazing fixedly at me for a moment, whispered a few hurried words in a language of which I did not understand a syllable.

'What a pity,' I thought to myself, 'I did not not retain a little Hebrew.' I then looked carefully at the old woman, trying to find out from her gestures what she really meant. Again she began her whispering, turning her head fearfully toward the door, and pointing at the same time to the table.

'I can't understand you!' I said in the usual parcels, saying she would understand me at any rate.

'Hush!' the crone said, quickly and fearfully, holding up her finger in warning at this moment the door opened, and the Jew, on seeing the old woman by my side, went angrily to her, and spoke harshly to her in the same unknown tongue. The woman crept humbly away, wrapped herself more closely in her old cloak, and lay down again in her corner. The Jew then said, pleasantly enough to me,

'Don't bother about the old cat, she is quiet and harmless, but not quite right here' he said pointing to his forehead. When we're alone I let her do as she likes, but when strangers visit me, which is seldom, she must keep in her corner, but here,' he added 'is something for you to eat—bread and Munster cheese! Lately brought from Strasbourg, and a famous glass of brandy, which will do you more good, I fancy than all the rest; the water will be hot by this time. Ah, I see it's boiling, and I'll mix you a glass of punch in the meantime. So now go to the table and begin.'

I was really almost starving, and yet, I could not swallow anything. That confounded dog had his eyes still fixed so dangerously upon me.

'The dog won't hurt you,' said he calmly; 'he is only not accustomed to strangers.'

'But if I had stirred while you were out of the room he would have sprung at me,' I said rather angrily.

'It's an old dog,' the man continued, with a smile, 'and hasn't a tooth left in his head; but he often pretends to be savage. The time is long since past he bit any one, and you can go up and pat him and he won't say a word.'

However, I did not feel the slightest inclination to try the experiment; I therefore pressed the tableaux and a bunch of bread and cheese, while the old Jew stooped down to the fire, and after shaking something out of a paper into the glass poured the water upon it.

'There!' he said as he came to table, 'now put in as much brandy as you like, but the stiffer the better as it will keep you from catching cold.'

'What have you put in the glass, my friend?' I asked as I held the glass to the fire.

'Sugar and water; the sugar is good, and takes off the strength of the brandy.'

'I'm not so fond of sugar,' I replied suspiciously; 'and if you're no objection, I'll mix for myself.'

'Not like sugar! why it's the best part of it,' said the Jew, 'only taste it, and you'll see how good it is.'

However, I persisted in throwing the mixture away, and after carefully washing the glass out, I filled it afresh with water, and poured in some brandy.

'More, my friend—more,' the Jew advised me; 'that's not half enough, and won't draw the cold out of your limbs. Why my old woman will drink stronger punch if I gave it to her.'

'Thanks, thanks!' I said as I turned away the bottle, from which the Jew persisted in pouring more into my glass, 'I'm not accustomed to strong drinks, and shall have a headache to-morrow morning.'

'*Bah! I'm answered I'll guarantee you against that,' the old man laughed to himself; 'the brandy is capital, and no one has a headache from it.*'

'I really felt such a shiver come over me at these words (though of course, I ascribed it to my wet clothes), and the brandy really tasted so good, that I emptied it in a draught. By Jupiter! it burned!

'And now you had better lie down,' the Jew said, after removing the brandy and other things from the table; 'it is late in the night, and after your sleeping draught, you will sleep sound in spite of your hard bed. The best place for you will be here by the fire.—Before we go to bed I'll put on some fresh wood and by the time that is burnt out you'll be warm enough. The nig's are beginning to grow fresh.'

I was glad enough to lie down, so I took up my knapsack, which had dried a little by this time, to serve as a pillow, and the old man brought me a blanket and a sheepskin, regretting that I had nothing better to offer me, but all bedsteads were occupied. 'But I'll bring you something to keep your feet warm,' he added, 'that's the chief thing, and by the morning you'll be all right again.' With these words he took a canvass sack, which appeared to me to be ominously stained, from the chimney nook, and then, bringing it to my feet (for I had lain down by this time), requested me to put them in it.

'In the sack?' I said, in amazement—'why?'

'Oh! you'll see how warm that will keep your feet.'

'No, I'd rather lay it over them; that will answer the same purpose.'

'Not half so good, I tell you,' the old man continued, as I tried to draw the sack over my feet, but I strenuously resisted. There was something so dangerous, in my opinion, in knowing my feet were in a sack, which I could not easily remove in the dark, if I were obliged to spring up in a hurry. If ——! Besides the old fellow's pressing made me feel uncommon uncomfortable (I may tell you so in strict confidence) What on earth reason could he have for insisting on my putting my feet in the sack. However, when the Jew found that I was obstinate, he laid the sack over my feet, and went back to the fire instead of retiring to bed as I had expected, and sat cross-legged, staring fixedly into the flame. Well, I shut my eyes and tried to go to sleep, but somehow I could not manage it; the fire burned low, and I could see the old fellow still sitting there; but I felt that his eyes were fixed upon me, and that he was watching my every movement, every breath. Why? I lay thus for half an hour, and the strangest feelings came over me. Then I had a curious taste in my mouth—the brandy, of course, but why was it so metallic? And my head began to go round, and my eyelids grew heavy as lead. At last I could stand it no longer, and determined to jump up; but I was unable to do so; my limbs refused me their service; a veil seemed to be let down over my eyes, and I felt that a deep irresistible sleep was overpowering me.

How long I lay in this sort of half-dreaming condition I do not know although I struggled against this unnatural state with all the strength of my mind, and should finally have yielded to it, had not a slight sound just at the right moment come to my aid in rousing it. The Jew, who was still seated at the fire, moved, gently and noiselessly, it is true; still he got up, and now stood with his face turned toward me. I tried to close my eyes, and dispel the odious vision which my fancy seemed to summon up, but at that moment I felt the light, crawling steps of the old man on the floor, felt that he was drawing nearer and nearer, and when I half opened my eyes, cautiously enough lest the scowling fellow might see I was awake, I saw him standing a few paces from me, with his body half bent to listen, and watching my every breath. What was he about?—what did he want? Should I jump up and meet him, in case he attempted to attack me?—but then the dog which was still lying at the door! And again, was the Jew really going to attack me, or might it not be mystery whether I slept comfortably? I determined to wait and judge for myself, even at the risk of exposing myself to his attack; for I was young and strong, and if the old man designed evil he should meet with a resistance he little anticipated. So, in order to leave the children at liberty to carry out his designs (that very they might be, I began breathing heavily and regularly, while watching him carefully through my half-closed eyelids.

The Jew hesitated for a while observing me, as if to make sure that my sleep was real; but then, as if every doubt were removed, he crept quietly back to the chimney, threw some brushwood on the glimmering charcoal, which began to glisten and crackle, and went to the opposite end of the room, where the crockery was kept. Anxiously I watched him; but I must confess that my blood appeared to stagnate, and an icy feeling ran down my back, when I saw him take up a long gleaming knife, and while trying its edge with his thumb seem to measure the distance between himself and his victim.

As have told you before, I believe I am any thing but a coward; I looked behind a four foot barricade and looked up into the gaping muzzles of the cannon as they poured a shower of bullets on our slight defences, but I am bound to say that the present was the most uncomfortable moment in my life. The calculating villainy of the old scoundrel, and the simplicity with which I had entered the snare, seemed to render escape almost impossible.—Still, I made up my mind to sell my life as dearly as possible. Fortunately I had in my pocket a huge clasp knife, with a strong blade, which I employed all the powerful desire of cutting bread and cheese—German and French knives being made like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell, and not to cut—and I cautiously moved my hand to my breast pocket and noiselessly drew it out. When I once held it in my hand, my confidence returned to me. I opened it very quietly, and then laying my left arm across my breast, to parry the first blow, which would probably be aimed there, I held my knife firmly clutched in my hand, and awaited the attack with ground teeth but no failing determination. My heart, though, would beat so loudly and so tumultuously that I feared the Jew must hear it; but who can blame him approaching the knife cautiously held behind its back—when I felt the cold against my cheek—when he bent over me and felt along the wall with his left hand, to find a spot on which to rest it and give his blow more certainty, my fears entirely disappeared. It is a well-known fact that danger really exists only so long as it threatens us, and it is rubbish of more than half its terrors when it breaks over us with undiminished force. This was just my case. I had felt terrified, and could hardly struggle against the feeling, so long as the danger was drawing nearer and nearer to me, but every thought as to that self-defence had disappeared when I saw that the knife was directed against my breast; so soon as I struck at me, I determined to parry the blow by means of the left arm, and the blanket lying over it would afford me great protection; but then I would start upon hearing my knife in the villain's ribs, before he could recover from his surprise or remove the blanket. I should soon be able to overcome the weak old man, and, as for the brave, once on my legs I dare say I could keep him from doing me anything.

Such was my line of thought, and I was quite prepared to carry it into effect. But why did the Jew hesitate so long? He had advanced a step or two, but a little, his arm was still supported against the wall, yet he did not raise the other arm to strike the blow. Was he afraid? I bit my teeth more closely together, and almost begged for the decisive moment to come, so excited did I feel—anything, sooner than endure this horrible suspense. Suddenly the Jew drew back; he did not strike at me—his left arm quitted the wall, and he held it to it—I hardly knew whether I was awake or dreaming—the same hot from which I had been cutting. He walked with it to the fire, cut off a bunch with his heavy long knife, laid the remainder on the chimney-board, and, after poking up the wood fire till it threw a brilliant light over the room, he began quietly eating, without troubling himself any further about my presence.

I drew a deep breath—it was as if a large stone had rolled off my chest—and I lay for a long while in a sort of dreamy condition, hardly able to realise this state of perfect security following closely on the danger which I had fancied so slightly before had menaced me. I really began to feel ashamed of the cruel injustice I had done, though only in thought, to a man who had so hospitably entertained me; and I almost felt inclined to jump up and tell him of my foolish suspicions But no, that would not do—he would laugh at me; still I felt I must do something, if only to reconcile my own conscience. I therefore sat up my knife as quietly as possible, returned it to my pocket, and then pretending to wake from a deep sleep, I threw off the blanket, took the sack, and put my feet quietly into it.

'Aha!' chuckled the host, who, on hearing my movements turned his head quietly toward me, 'your feet generally feel cold on nights if they have been cold during the day; but the sack will keep them warm enough.'

'I think so, too. I fancy it will be better so,' I replied; then felt back on my pillow, had pillow, drew the blanket up to my chin, and in a few seconds had fallen into a deep and sweet sleep. When I woke up I found that the sun was high in the heavens, and on the table a comfortable breakfast had been laid. A pretty little girl was tidying the room, and her presence rendered it quite cheerful.

'Sir, sir,' she said good humoredly, 'you are awake at last. I wole had not like to disturb you. I am sorry, though, you had no better bed than this, but I only came home last night from Strasbourg on a visit, and we had all gone to bed for the night.'

The old Jew came in and gave me a hearty welcome. I hardly had the heart to look him in the face. I was then forced to sit down to the breakfast table, at which the old man sent a fine young fellow of twenty-four joined us. Hearing from him that he was going back with his light cart to Strasbourg that morning, I willingly accepted his offer of accompanying him. I had quite enough of adventure for this bout, I'm sure. Gualior had been attacked and plundered by the insurgents. Fears of disaffection prevailed all over Southern Mahratta. Much difficulty was experienced in disarming there, and reinforcements had been sent. The natives of Delhi were beginning to get insolent again.

GREAT BRITAIN.

On the 28th ultimo, in the House of Lords, after a debate, a motion was agreed to in favour of striking similar special political services including that in regard to Gunpowder Plot, &c., out of the liturgy of the Church of England.

In the House of Commons the financial position of the country and management of the war department were debated on the 29th ultimo. Proceedings of no great interest.

INDIA.

BOMBAY Dates to June 4.—Sir Hugh Rose captured Calpee, and took 58 guns with immense stores of ammunition. There was no resistance, and 500 rebels were killed in flight. Quite is still disturbed The rebels were again approaching Lucknow. The garrison is strong, and there is no fear of attack. The rebels had twice ineffectually attacked Sir Hugh Rose's force during their advance. The fall of Calpee was regarded as of great importance. Sir C. Campbell was at Futtepore on the 25th of May. Chundee had been recaptured from the insurgents. The rebels who surrounded Shah Jehanpore, after its relief, had been dispersed by the commander; the chief, who at one time took to flight without opposition. In the Southern Mahratta country, Mr. Manson, and political agent, was murdered, as well as all his escort. Gualior had been attacked and plundered by the insurgents. Fears of disaffection prevailed all over Southern Mahratta. Much difficulty was experienced in disarming there, and reinforcements had been sent. The natives of Delhi were beginning to get insolent again.

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Gold discoveries in Vancouver's Island has attracted considerable attention in England, the London *Times* in an article on the subject, urges the resumption of Sovereignty by British Crown without delay, in order to prevent interference by Americans.

Queen Victoria will cruise up the Baltic this season and receive a visit from her recently married daughter, at Cologne.

ARRIVAL OF THE CANADA.

HALIFAX, July 16.—The royal mail steamship *Canada*, Captain Lang, left Liverpool at noon of the third instant, and arrived at Halifax at half-past nine o'clock this morning, having been detained 55 hours by fog off the harbour. The British revenue returns for the year ending the 30th June, show a decline of over five millions sterling. The Judicial Committee of the previous council had affirmed the decision of the lower Court holding the steamer *North American* liable for damages in her collision with the American ship *Leander*. The demand for money in the London market on Friday was very active, and full rates were obtained. The *Canada* experienced strong westerly winds during the entire passage. She reports having seen nothing of the Telegraph fleet.

The royal mail steamship *Arabia* from Boston has arrived in the harbor, but cannot come to the dock until the *Canada* leaves, The *Arabia* will probably sail for Liverpool about two p.m.

PITTSBURGH, July 15.—The steamers *Arctic* and *Great West* were destroyed by fire this evening at the Marine Railway, a few miles below this city. The *Arctic* was valued at $15,000, and the *Great West* at $18,000. The former was insured here for $6,000; the latter was also insured, but to what amount or in what office is not known.

NEW YORK, July 16.—The New Orleans papers, of Thursday week, contain details of Mexican news. The earthquake in the valley of Mexico on the 18th of June was very disastrous. The loss in the city of Mexico alone is estimated at five or six million dollars. Churches, theatres, convents, railroads, &c., were either damaged or entirely demolished. Villages along the valley are all more or less injured. The country seat of General Golesian, late Minister, was almost entirely demolished. Fifty lives were lost as far as yet known. General Ozelios, of the government forces, died at San Luis on the 18th ult. Guanajuato had been captured and sacked by the constitutionalist troops. The vomit was making fearful ravages among the troops at Vera Cruz.

When the 5½ o'clock express train, of last evening from this city, on the Erie Road, was at Shah Hollow, just this side of Port Jervis, a rail gave way, and the two hind cars were thrown down an embankment of thirty feet. Nine passengers were killed.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—The War Department, it is said, has issued instructions to our Minister at Mexico not to abandon his post under existing circumstances but to enter a protest against all improper acts of the Mexican Government towards American citizens. The Court Martial in Commander Bulwell's case sentenced him to dismissal. The President approves the finding, but has mitigated the sentence to five year's suspension from duty.

ST. LOUIS, July 16.—Letters from Fort Kearney, June 30, say that Gen. Harney's headquarters had been encamped there six days in expectation of the arrival of new instructions from the war department. A teamster had been tried and acquitted on a charge of exciting his companions to rob Capt. Hancock of $20,000, under his charge for meeting incidental expenses. Cols. May and Morrison had passed Fort Kearney; the latter gave General Harney his first salute as Brigadier General. A postscript to the letter says that an express has arrived, but brings no news from Washington. They will resume the march to-morrow.

New Advertisements

Dissolution of partnership.—Knell & Vautlier

Doyle & Daly

Money—H J Griffin & Co.

Notice—A M Ross

Lost or Stolen—J Quarry

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1858.

"The Daily Atlas."

Such is the title of a very respectable looking Journal started last week in Toronto and though we seldom take the trouble to notice the in-comings and out-goings, the births and deaths, of Canadian newspapers, we cannot allow the "Atlas" to come and go without a word of friendly recognition. We do not feel alarmed lest the *Atlas* shall supercede the *Colonist*, as has been boldly predicted, nor are we afraid that it shall "live a thousand years" to propagate an unpopular and a dangerous policy. These are matters of comparative indifference. But the peculiar political circumstances which mark the advent of this new enterprise—the imposing, if not startling position which it takes up, and the cool confidence with which it assumes that position evidently demand some extra attention. The *Atlas* is certainly, not the result of mercantile speculation, for in defiance of Vankoughnets columns of *fat* Advertisements, such a journal must, for a long time, be a *losing* speculation. It is not the result of political partyism, because each party is already amply and ably represented by the Toronto press.—It cannot be the result of chagrine and revenge towards the *Colonist*, for the object were too small to warrant the outlay; and the starting of a large, costly daily newspaper for the purpose of defending a Ministry, whose corrupt Government has disgusted the intelligence of all parties, savors too much of insane chivalry to be attempted in these pressing *into existance?*

One, looking at the zeal and tact with which this new Journal gleans up every little scrap of abuse which the few insignificant organs dead out to the *Colonist* is almost persuaded that the literal death of the *renegade* is the real object of its mission. Such, however, cannot be the case. Every man, even the rabidest old-fashioned tory, feels in his own soul that, though too late in being adopted, the present views of the *Colonist*, in reference to the Government are the *true* views; and though base considerations might prevent him from joining in the universal condemnation of the Ministry, yet surely, even the veriest abandoned Ogle Gowan would not start a new Journal to defend them!

We have never received a hint respecting the projectors, proprietors or editors of the *Daily Atlas*, and therefore, from conjecture on those points should happen to be wrong, they are only conjectures. The *Atlas*, it is, true displays much anxiety on behalf of the falling Ministry—a hopeless prospect certainly—and more especially on behalf of Mr Cayley—a still more hopeless prospect—and this it calls representing Conservative principles and interests. But will the conservatives of Upper Canada come boldly and unanimously forward, and acknowledge that the policy of Mr Cayley is a true representation of Conservatism? We really think not, and we might refer to Mr. Cayley's late travels in search of a constituency, in proof of the correctness of our opinion. Eight months ago the Conservatives were equally active with the radicals, in hissing him from the polls; and we have no inducement to believe that they have since changed their opinions. To be brief and plain then, we cannot help thinking that, *the Atlas has been got up for the purpose of crushing the political influence of George Brown.* Has been got up by the Cayleys and Beverly Robinsons, and that the whole staff of scribbling Ogles and Egerons will lend a willing hand in crushing a man who has made such scorching exposures of their black spots! This, in the meantime, is our candid opinion of the origin and present position of the *Atlas*. We may be wrong, but really we cannot help thinking that the political destruction of George Brown is the real object, and we honestly trust it will be as hopeless as the attempts to bolster up the falling Administration.

But if George Brown is to be destroyed it will not be by the Cayleys and the Beverly Robinsons, and the *Daily Atlas*. It must be by a power which he himself has fostered and extended, and strengthened, namely the "Bob Moodie" power. Had George Brown contented himself with the good old Scotch Presbyterianism which his father taught him—had he depended entirely on it for political success, the Cayleys and Beverly Robinsons might have gnashed their teeth in vain—their machinations would have been utterly powerless against the faith which knows no *treachery*. But, though George is fall and strong though he has become a great fact among the Powers of the State, he cannot hold the "Bob Moodies" in the bonds of amity, against the dark machinations of the Ogles and the Cayleys! Even wise men sometimes cut sticks to break their own heads, but still, still, George Brown is a useful man, and we trust there is yet gratitude enough in the province to sustain him triumphantly against the intentions of the *Daily Atlas*, even when influenced by the "Bob Moodie" power!

THEY COME!—THEY COME!—We direct attention to the Address of Wm. F. McCulloch, Esqr. which will be found in our columns to-day.—In one or two points it *strikingly* resembles the sentiments put forth by Mr. McDonald, but this of course is only a "curious coincidence." Mr. McCulloch is now the fourth candidate in the field, and who has Addressed the electors through the Press; and as the time is just drawing on, we advise our friends to read and compare, not only the four Addresses, *but the four men*; and make up their minds on the subject. Our own views and intentions, in relation to the candidates will be announced in a few days.

☞ From the hundred handsome and very satisfactory, not to say flattering, tributes to our town and townsfolks, which have reached us during the past week; we extract the following from the private letter of a most special and esteemed friend and author

Editor:—

"It was certainly a great success and I will long remember the kindness shewn by all with whom I came in contact, especially Dr. McDougall Remember me to Gowan; he was of much service to me in giving such information as I required; to Ignatius I am also under obligations for his great kindness—Please thank him, for me, the first time you see him. In the whole, I am glad I went up to see what you could do in Goderich. I am equivically assert that the jubilee was far beyond my expectations; indeed, it was in advance of any other I had ever seen; and recollect I was at the Boston, Montreal and Toronto celebrations. The people of Goderich have found themselves infinite credit, and I hope they may largely benefit by the completion of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway."

Town Council.

FRIDAY, July 16, 1858.

The Town Council met at the usual hour at their Council Room, on Friday evening.

Present:—Messrs. Donogh, Horton, McDonald, Nicholls, Cameron, Trueman, Dutlor and Johnstone—Mr. Grimson in the Chair.

The Secretary of the Public Meeting of the rate-payers, of the 1st inst., produced and read a certificate to the effect that the Cemetery By-Law had been rejected by the Electors.

Moved and seconded, and resolved, That the Cemetery Committee do again put themselves in correspondence with Mr. Longworth and others, in reference to Cemetery ground, and report to this Council previous to any action being taken on the present By-Law.

Certificates were presented from the Engineer in favor of the following contracts, viz: Doll, $800; Chambers & Co. $1599 00; Whitely, $150; Duggan, $75. The above amounts were ordered to be paid.

Resolved, That the side-walk on East St be 6 feet wide instead of 4.

Moved and seconded, That that portion of Elgin Street not under contract, be graded, and Tenders be at once received for same—Referred to Road & Bridge Committee.

Resolved, That the side walk on Victoria St. to Buttania Road, be constructed 6 feet wide instead of 4 feet.

Resolved, That the Engineer employ parties to construct a plank walk on south side of West Street to Mr Grace's platform. Also from corner of Mr Crabb's store to Mr. Allan's.

The motion was carried by vote of 7 council lors.

Moved and seconded that the side-walk from the Square to Dagg's buildings be planked—Mr. Donogh planking in front of his own premises—carried 5 to 2.

Moved and seconded, that Mr. A. M. Ross be Treasurer for the Town of Goderich, for the current year.

Cameron & McDonald having retired from the board, and a quorum not being present, the Council adjourned till this night two weeks, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Communications.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'HURON SIGNAL.'

Sir,

Yesterday being the 12 of July and anniversary of the glorious victory of the Boyne, our Village of Ireland had a grand appearance. Six orange lodges, with fifes and drums beating and orange flags floating, met at Fireaway Flanagan's Corners, and marched in procession to the English Church in Bidulph, which was quite insufficient to contain the number. The day being favorable, they all repaired to a pleasant spot in the edge of the woods, where a pleasing and humorous lecture appropriate to the occasion was delivered to the fraternity by the Rev. M. Vicker of the Episcopal Church of England whose eloquence and jocative remarks causes all present to wear smiling countenances, and many to break out with a hearty laugh. After the lecture was over each Lodge, under their respective masters formed into procession headed by the master wearing his scarlet cloak, while the thrilling shrieks of the fife and the rattling shudder of the big drum drove the "Protestant Boys" into the heads of all present. On arriving at their appointed place for refreshment all sat down to a sumptuous dinner, and with beef, mutton and plum pudding satisfied their appetites. The procession then formed again under their worshipful masters, who, from their gentlemanly appearance and conduct would be a credit to any society, and halting in front of Mr Galbraith's store gave several hearty cheers for the Queen and Constitution, and separated, each member repairing to his home to enjoy the peace and comfort of his own domicile.

Too much credit cannot be attached to the whole of the Orangemen for their respectable conduct on that day, for peace sobriety and good order, which speaks volumes in favor of the different masters and other officials belonging to the fraternity. Not a man was known or seen to be under the influence of liquor. No reflections were thrown out by any one that might mar or injure the feelings of any creed or denomination, but, as a body all conducted themselves becoming of the loyal order they believe in and support.

The whole day was spent in a cheerful and agreeable manner, until about nine o'clock in the evening a lot of ragamuffins and loafers that hang around Pat Flanagan's Bar, assailed the tavern kept by Owen Lloyd with stones and broke nearly all the windows in the front of the house, knowing that there were no Orangemen in and about the premises at the time they made the cowardly attack. Paddy himself, who was looking on, called the assailants into his bar-room and treated them, after which they all went out and made a second attack upon the house with stones driving the inmates out of doors, and all this was done under the nose of Paddy Flanagan, "One of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the said County of Huron." Now if such is the conduct of our Magistrate the sooner we get rid of him the better for the place; the people of Bidulph never considered Pat any ornament to society. He has disturbed the peace of the place long enough, and the sooner they get rid of him and make room for some more useful man the better.

Yours &c.,

A. CAMERON.

Village of Ireland
12th July, 1858.

To the Electors of the Tecumseth Division.

GENTLEMEN

Many of you, no doubt, are aware that the Convention of Delegates, which assembled at Harpurhey in February last, decided upon supporting me as Candidate at the approaching election of Legislative Councillor for this important Division.

At that time I entertained the hope that I could so arrange my business matters as to be able to take the field, and thoroughly canvass the District. In this, however, I have been disappointed, and finding that I could not succeed without seriously embarrassing myself and family, I have been reluctantly compelled to decline the contest. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I have resigned in favor of no other candidate. I trust that a staunch Reformer will be obtained to represent us in the Legislative Council—one who is a resident of the Division, and acquainted with the wants and wishes of the people, and who has the welfare of the country at heart.

Canada has been plunged into difficulty and debt through the immorality and extravagance of her present rulers. It must be evident to every reflecting individual, that the country cannot prosper until the present corrupt Administration has been hurled from office. We must have an honest parliament, and reconstructions of the Cabinet; none save an entire change of the Ministry will restore confidence and satisfy the people.

It is high time the hard working men were better represented in our Legislative Halls—The Farmers and Mechanics are the people, the men who have clear head, and a good country, and who pay taxes. If we necessary then that some of their number should represent their interests in parliament, men will be prepared to resist every attempt to impose burthens upon the people, and who will exert themselves to curtail the public expenditure. It will require the greatest economy and retrenchment, for several years, before its country will enjoy the same prosperity that it did at the time the Cayley-McDonald Administration assumed the reins of office.

Assuredly Lawyers and mere politicians and office seekers are not the men who will exert themselves to accomplish this, and so long as we place the management of our affairs in their hands we may expect nothing but disappointment.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen

Your obedient servant,

JAMES DICKSON.

Tecumseth, 17th July, 1858.

OUR CELEBRATION.

It will no doubt, be gratifying to many of our townsfolks to see the very favorable opinions formed by good judges of our good town and its late celebration; and hence, we have pleasure in presenting them with the following very agreeable picture from the *Advocate*, a religious Family Journal published in the City of Buffalo:—

OPENING OF THE BUFFALO AND LAKE HURON RAILROAD.

As we were permitted to participate in the festivities attending the completion of the Buffalo and Goderich road, we are inclined to pay our compliments to the enterprise, to the gentlemen interested in it, and to the country which it honors.

THE OCCASION.

The Managers of the road fixed upon Thursday last, 8th inst., as the day when the celebration should take place. They could not have made choice of a pleasanter and more genial day, or one that could have attracted a larger attendance. Hot and fully summer-like though it was, still there was life in the elements and joy in the guests. To those who have watched the enterprise from its inspiration to its completion, a good deal of interest might reasonably be expected. It was so with us. We were glad, that although a multitude of difficulties had attended it, the day had dawned when complete success and triumph was to cheer the undertaking. It we mistake not in judgment it has a bright and popular future before it.

THE COMPANY.

At about seven o'clock, Thursday morning, the train and guests left Fort Erie. We were fortunate in securing a seat in the midst of an intelligent and social class of gentlemen, and among them one efficient and daring Mayor, with whom we passed the gliding hours very pleasantly. The two trains which left within an hour of each other, contained near two hundred of our citizens who had wisely concluded to participate in the festivities of the occasion. There is not a country more beautiful, variagated, and rich in production on the Continent; and when wise and great plans now projected shall be matured, there will not be any which will excel it in point of intelligence, moral worth, and what constitutes fully the conservative and expansive power of a great and growing Province. Dunville, Brantford, Paris, Stratford, and Clinton, are all fine and rising towns on the line of the new railroad. The farming country is said to be rich and productive, and when a few years more shall fashion it by improvement, it will be sought with avidity by thousands who now know but little about the attractiveness of the region we are describing.

THE RECEPTION.

At about 12 o'clock, the advanced train arrived at Goderich, a multitude had gathered around the place of our disembarkation to greet and cheer the Buffalo delegation, and a right good hearty round they gave us, too.—The Mayor of Goderich, the very picture of a man, and gentlemanly and very agreeable in his manners, read a high toned and exceedingly complimentary speech, to which Mayor Lockwood responded in forcible and appropriate remark, saying just enough and no more. Soon the party were quartered on the various hotels, and at the private mansions of the citizens. We were fortunate in dropping in at the *Exchange Hotel*, kept by a prince of Landlords, Mr. SAMUEL DURRON. He gave us the cheer of a big heart, and the strong grip of a most friendly hand.—We were welcome, and we invite all travellers visiting the lake to call on him, look into his eye, and once feeling the power of his grasp, they are pinned to his house during their visit.

THE TOWN OF GODERICH.

We were disappointed, but favorably and joyfully. Goderich is a pretty town, really attractive. It contains about two thousand inhabitants, who are an intelligent and enterprising community. It has an elevated position above Lake Huron, and is near one hundred and fifty miles north of Detroit. Through the politeness of Mr. JAMES A. BALDWIN, of this city, we had a carriage ride to the lake and around the town, and saw more of the attractions of the place than we otherwise should. We judge, with the advantages of its natural and excellent harbor, with what must necessarily fall to it from the railroad, the time is not distant when it will take its place and rank among the first towns and cities of the Upper Province.

THE DINNER.

The citizens provided a most sumptuous entertainment for their guests. The hall erected an extensive building adjoining the Court House, commemorate, in all respects, to the demands of the day. The Hall was profusely and elegantly decorated with flags, mottoes, and whatever else was attractive and taking. We should judge that some five hundred sat down to dinner. From some cause unusual animation and flow of spirit governed the occasion.

Our gratification, was much enhanced by seeing the notables who attended the celebration, among whom was the Governor General of Canada, and a high minded and honorable gentleman we should judge him to be.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

We took the early evening train on our return to Buffalo, well pleased with the complete and admirable arrangements of the celebration—We return our thanks to the gentlemen of Goderich who entertained us, and to Managing Director BARLOW for civilities extended to us. Though we are not authorised to assume the responsibility of speaking in behalf of the Buffalonians who were present, we may, however, say that we heard but one expression given, and that was universal admiration for the road, its management, and for citizens of the town who so pleasantly and generously welcomed them on Thursday last.

Now that the Buffalo and Lake Huron Road is in complete running order, it becomes a question of interest to our citizens, to what extent it shall contribute to our advantage and honor. The road passes thro' a rich and extensive country, the trade of which should tend to its eastern terminus. A lively interest in it, by promoting its popularity and success, is certainly nothing more than should be expected from our citizens. They have already substantively evinced that concern and liberality towards it, and, we judge with no regrets for the outlay. The time has come when our exertions of trade, the tendencies of whose ear on profits, our lake commerce, with our canal interest, should be looked after and guarded as indispensable to our present and future prosperity. The Lake Shore road has many larger benefits.—We look it this, is opens well, and its prospects, as it appears to us, are cheering.

News of the Telegraph Fleet.

THE VESSELS SEEN NEAR THEIR RENDEZVOUS IN MID-OCEAN.

The New York papers contain the following:—

St Johns, N. F., July 11, 1858.—The steamship *Blue Jacket* just from Liverpool, in twenty-eight days passage reports having seen on the 24th of June a large and small steamer, both British, in latitude 51 32 north, longitude 32 west. They made signals, but the *Blue Jacket* had no code and could not understand them. The same evening she saw a large steamer bearing down upon the others, but could not make out whether it was English or American.

St. Johns, N F., July 12, 1858.—The captain of the *Blue Jacket* says that one of the steamers was a large double deck frigate, with eight wheels fore and aft, (she passed within a mile,) and the other was a large paddle steamer, and was distant half a mile from the other. A large steamer was bearing down upon them in the evening, when they were lost sight of.

The *Blue Jacket's* log on the 23th of June reports a strong breeze from south west by by south, and weather hazy, with a westerly swell; latitude, by observation, 52 12. The weather continued moderate and thick, till the morning of the 3rd instant, when there were strong gales from south-west by west with a high sea

The *Herald* says.—At last we have tidings of the Atlantic telegraph fleet. The British steam ship *Blue Jacket* arrived at St. Johns Newfoundland, yesterday, after a passage of twenty-eight days from Liverpool, and reports seeing, on the 24th ult., in latitude 51 32 north, longitude 32 west a large and a smaller British steamer—doubtless the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara*—and the same evening saw a large steamer—the *Niagara*, no doubt—bearing down upon the others. The *Blue Jacket* reports the weather on the 25th ult., as hazy with a westerly swell, and that the weather continued moderate, but thick, till the morning of the 3rd instant—a period of eight days when there were strong gales from south west by west with a high sea. At the time the fleet was seen by the *Blue Jacket* it had not reached latitude 32 02 north, longitude 33 18 west the spot where the splicing of the cable was to be effected and the paying out commenced The arrival of the *Niagara* cannot, therefore, be reasonably expected before the last of the present week.

The Gold Discoveries!

GREAT EXCITEMENT ON THE PACIFIC COAST!

We have given as many details as our limits will allow, of the news by the California steamer, in reference to the gold discoveries at Frazer's river. There appears to be no question that the richness of the mines exceeds even that of the gold fields of Australia or California, and the effect will, undoubtedly, be to attract an immense population to British Oregon, within a very short space of time. Eight thousand people have emigrated there already, and numbers are making ready with all speed to follow. Six steamers besides eight or ten sailing vessels have been laid on the route, from San Francisco to Puget's Sound, and every ship leaves crowded with adventurers. One of the correspondents states that an agent has already been despatched to England, for the purpose of securing a line of vessels to run from Southampton to the Isthmus of Panama, and ere many months are gone, thousands will be crossing the Atlantic to seek their fortunes in this hitherto despised portion of the British dominions. Meanwhile, the Americans are looking with no small degree of anxiety to the effect the exodus will have upon California. Landed property is reported to have already decreased in value; owners of stores in the interior are thronging to the coast, waiting for vessels to take them to the country whither many of their customers have already gone, higher prices are demanded for labor, everything seems to be in a state of transition. In the American papers the subdued expressions of regret that 50° 40', instead of 49°, was not made the boundary line, which were at first heard, are waxing stronger as the value of the territory they have lost, become more and more apparent. The 'Herald' perhaps the greatest adept of which the United States can boast in the art of "tall-talking," nevertheless tells some truths on this occasion, and truths too which require instantly to be inculcated in "John Bull," it says, "must manage these new mines with skill and discretion, or the invading legions of 'popular sovereignty' men will be very apt to game him an ugly specimen of popular sovereignty government a la Yankee Doodle. Again, "unless between the two Governments some timely measures of reciprocity and liberality in reference to these Frazer River mines shall be adopted, there may be a collision or two between our invading California diggers and the Hudson's Bay Company's local managers which may hazard the safety of her Britannic Majesty's possessions all the way up to 54° 40'. The reports of the discoveries having reached England, we are glad to observe that public attention was directed to them, and we doubt not that instant measures will be taken to establish the colony of British Origon, with such arrangements for the preservation of law and order as the exigencies of the case demand. It will indeed be a sorry affair if the British Government cannot soon render life and property as secure as it was in California during the reign of the Vigilance Committee. In the meantime, the Hudson's Bay Company will make a considerable sum of money by the tax they are levying on the emigrants, and if they good a whether they invest it in their sole right to supply. But, it is perhaps, a matter of rejoicing that they should be in possession of the country, so as to provide for the preservation of order and prevent its annexation to the United States. Practically, their reign is at an end, and they will not be able to present any obstacles to the settlement of the whole territory.

These gold discoveries present a future to Canada of a most dazzling kind. The settlement of the Pacific coast, by the British people will inevitably lead to a demand for communication across the continent, which can be supplied through our territory much better than by that of the United States. We look to see the fertile prairies of the Saskatchawan traversed by the iron horse within a very few years, and a trade passing through Canada, such as no one has hitherto even imagined to a dream. The north west country will be settled more rapidly than Iowa or Minnesota, and it ought to form part of Canada.

VOTE OF WANT OF CONFIDENCE!

Defections from the Government

MAJORITY OF TEN ONLY!

From the Daily Globe.

Mr. LUIS SAVERIO MACDONALD moved his vote of want