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## THE ORANGE ADDRESSES.

The addresses of the Orange orators delivered at the Lake Park on the 12th inst.—a full report of which appears elsewhere in this issue—were not of a particularly high order of merit, so far as matter was concerned, and, if we except the remarks of Dr Oronhyetehka—the big medicine man—were not delivered in a manner to either make converts or enthrall the brethren. Of course, we must make all due allowance for the absence of Clarke Wallace, M.P., who was to have been the orator-in-chief on the occasion, but even when allowance is made, the bill of fare was meagre, and the platform performance "flat, stale and unprofitable." With the attendance and conduct of the Orangemen present at the great demonstration we have not the slightest word to say other than of praise. The attendance was large; the arrangements for the reception of the visitors perfect; the order throughout, good; and the appearance of the large gathering far ahead of many previous demonstrations which we have witnessed. Under these circumstances we exceedingly regret that better preparation was not made by the committee of arrangements for a higher grade of intellectual treat than that furnished. The short, impromptu address of welcome delivered by Mayor Seager, (which was not on the program) was received with perhaps more appreciation by the gathering than any of the speeches of the "orators," and showed that the large audience was ripe for an enthusiastic reception of words of thought, of admonition, or of wit and humor. Mr Fitzgerald's address contained little or nothing to instruct or amuse, and even the most enthusiastic brother on the ground was gratified when the Grand Master for Ontario West thanked the audience for its patient hearing of him, and took his seat. The speech of Dr Oronhyetehka, was a pleasant, ad captum one, and caught the audience immensely, but to most of us accustomed to the doctor's orations there was a "chessnut" flavor about even the most telling points. He worked the Indian racket for the Orangemen after the same fashion that in years gone by he made it do service for the Oddfellows, Foresters and other sister societies with which the dusky redman has been allied. He conclusively showed that it was a good trade to be a "professional Indian," and went through his recitation cleverly. He gave some solid advice on the temperance question, and to hear him talk one would imagine there had never been sin or sorrow amongst the Indians until the depraved white man set foot upon America's soil. But Dr Oronhyetehka, (whose real name is Martin, and who is of good German extraction on his father's side,) made a "catchy" address to those who were not familiar with the speech, and deservedly carried off the laurels of the day, for eloquence and platform ability. He was succeeded by H. A. L. White, a lawyer of St. Marys, and Past Grand Master. Mr White has a presence and a voice, but outside of a number of time-honored platitudes, and an anxiety to make political capital out of every wind that blows, is lacking in matter to qualify him for a platform. His attempt to discuss the question of commercial union only showed how little thought he had given the subject, and many staunch Conservatives expressed disgust at his effort to foist his ill-digested and crude opinions on this important question upon the meeting. The large and intelligent gathering deserved a better platform exhibition than that to which they were treated, and it is to be hoped that on a future occasion when Goderich is chosen as the place of meeting, as much care will be taken to select orators for the occasion as in making the celebration a success in all other respects.

When Dr Martin, (Oronhyetehka) stated that at Ridgeway and in the recent Northwest rebellion the members of the Orange association on the militia master roll, who went out in defence of the Dominion, outnumbered all others by 2 to 1, he talked claptrap, and he knew it. The Orangemen are no more loyal than any other class, and if the muster rolls were examined it would be found that if they mustered one out of every twenty volunteers at Ridgeway or in the Northwest, the ratio would be more nearly in accordance with facts. If a man is not loyal naturally, joining an Orange lodge will not make him loyal; and if he has inbred loyalty to the laws of his country, the fact of non-membership in an Orange lodge will not make him disloyal. The 9th Batt. of Quebec, and the 65th of Montreal, were as loyal to Canada during the Northwest rebellion as the 10th Royals, of Toronto, or the 7th Fusiliers, of London, and we doubt if there was an Orangeman in the two first-named battalions.

## TORONTO LETTER.

### The Heated Terms in the Queen City of Ontario.

The Secret Society Parades—The Case for Cockeyed Hats and Bogus Gold Braid—The Church and the World.

Toronto, July 11, 1887. We have had a fortnight of exceedingly hot weather, and the thermometer has danced around the nineties in a fashion to make one long for a shade in some deep forest, an island in the Muskoka lakes, or a reserved seat in an ice-house. Happily but few accidents in the way of sunstrokes have resulted from this intense heat. Toronto's situation by the lake shore is in her favor, and the ferry boats darting in every direction can quickly bear her over-heated population to cool retreats at a very small expense. In fact many merchants do not now go to the seaside or to distant points in the country or up the lakes for summer vacation; they simply move further out of the city into the country, or build or rent a cottage near the lake shore, within an hour or two's call of business. There is little pleasure for any but beaux and belles at the crowded watering places or fashionable summer resorts.

The Orangemen had a special sermon preached to them yesterday. Mr Joseph Beck, of Salford, was in the city, and I understand he took in the proceedings. The members of the Order attended in regalia, and attracted a good deal of attention. Toronto is running to seed with its garish Sunday displays. The volunteers lose no opportunity of airing their uniforms and many forms on Sundays to the smart music of the military bands. The Knights of This, and the Venerable Orders of That, with cocked hats, bogus gold braid and tinsel trappings, march and countermarch along, the streets on Sundays for "special sermons." The various Orders get big advertisements from this Sunday display, and the church coffers get an extra collection. I wonder, if the "brethren" are so anxious to hear a special sermon, that they do not invite the preacher to their lodge room, and there (after the rules are suspended) have the sermon preached and the prayer uttered. It would be better than turning the church into an advertising stand for a secret society, and we would be spared the exhibition of the men who stand in place of Peter and Paul and Philip and Barnabas using platitudes from the sacred desk in favor of societies that boast that they are doing more good than the church itself. "My house shall be called a house of prayer," said the Saviour, as he drove out the money changers from the temple; "but ye have made it a den of thieves." Had a lodge or secret order of "Knights" of the first century been thus assembled, with cocked hats, and shining belts, and snide decorations and tawdry imitation gold decorations, I wonder if the Master would have let them go without reproof?

A Great Orange Procession. Toronto, July 12, 1887. The Orange parade today was an interesting spectacle. The procession was almost a repetition of that of the 1st, minus the volunteers and firemen, and plus a number of lodges from the rural districts. I must say that the Orangemen turn out with a more military strut than they did ten or fifteen years ago. The old generation is dying off, and a city-bred one has taken the place of old timers in the ranks. The present day Orangemen runs less to scarlet cloaks and white trousers than his father did. He courts the military cut—the sword, the axe, the peaked cap and belt. He delights to perform evolutions in military drill as he marches before the admiring gaze of the city's tens of thousands; in short he is more desirous of showing his fine shape and cutting figures in drill than he is of toiling along with an old fashioned plug hat, and a venerable pair of white trousers, like his predecessors did in the historic past. As a parade, the celebration today was a success. As a means of grace; as a source of fraternal feeling between the members of the church of Rome and those of the Protestant churches; as an exhibition of the gospel of peace on earth and good will to men, I cannot say that it was calculated to be equally successful. I suppose, however, that this opinion will be declared by some to be another attack on Protestantism by THE SIGNAL.

## AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Hon. A. M. Ross' Address at the Closing Exercises.

The following, from the Guelph Mercury, is a report of the address made by Hon. A. M. Ross, of Goderich, Commissioner of Agriculture for Ontario, at the thirteenth annual closing exercises of the Ontario Agricultural College, recently held:— Hon. A. M. Ross, Commissioner of Agriculture, made the closing speech, and held the close attention of his audience. He has pleasure in welcoming the neighboring farmers with their wives and daughters, and their attendance was an incentive to all engaged in seeking the advancement of the farmers. It was refreshing to him to hear such warm words of approval about the College; he generally heard all the adverse criticisms. The interests of agriculture were today occupying more public attention than for some time past. The Agricultural College, the annual agricultural reports, and the College experiments had had their share in bringing about this increased prominence, but he thought the Farmers' Institute was the main cause. The farmers were finding agriculture not so productive as formerly, they had to put forth every effort to meet competition, and they were seeking how to keep up with their changed requirements. Farmers' Institutes were first established two years ago, and today thirty three county institutes were in existence, organized and subsidized to a small extent by the Ontario Government. Though the most important class in the country, the farmers could never exercise their legitimate influence until they were organized. Manufacturers had their associations, merchants had their Boards of Trade, mechanics had their trades unions, the professions had their societies, and the agriculturists were now opening their eyes to the fact that they too must combine to exert any influence whatever on legislation. Quite recently a Provincial Farmers' Institute had been formed, and the question of Commercial Union or unrestricted reciprocity had been laid before county institutes and the farmers generally. This was a most important question, and they should discuss it from their standpoint, as other bodies in the community viewed it in the light of their several interests. They should not overlook the claims of others but it was their duty to see that any legislative action taken should be for the benefit of the majority. He did not intend to touch on the subject further. He was pleased to see that the Dominion Government had established Experimental Farms and stations. Ontario's progressiveness had thus been demonstrated, as she was supporting a College at her own expense, which no other Province was doing, but she could afford to be generous. In looking over Prof. Brown's summary of the experimental work done at the College during the last thirteen years he found that two hundred distinct sets of experiments had been carried out. The difficulty was not to get a new field, but there was gain in repeating an experiment again and again, as this was needed to establish a principle. He wished the Dominion experimental stations every success and complimented the Government on their choice of Prof. Wm. Saunders as head; he was a good man. During the last two years some important changes had been made in the College administration, and they had been very successful. The Advisory Board of practical men had given the agricultural community more confidence in the management. As a result of the adoption of the scheme of county students, 27 farmers' sons, with two years of practical experience, had taken the advantage of this provision the first year out of 47 counties. These students were giving better satisfaction to the faculty than any they had had. They intended to make a third year course for those who wished to perfect themselves in their agricultural studies, and they would grant a degree. They had established a dairy department at the College. The dairy exports of Canada were the most valuable of her agricultural exports. Of these they exported to the value of over eight million of butter nearly one million and a half, and of cattle seven millions. Their main work was to place their butter alongside of their cheese in the first place in the English market. They wished to convince the farmers that this could be done by adopting the cooperative or factory system. Under Prof. Robertson's management the College creamery had been a success. He had been trying to get a competent successor to Mr. Robertson, but so far without success; he did not want a second class man. The new barn buildings were also proving satisfactory. All these advances showed that the department of Agriculture was doing its utmost to further the interests of its special charge. By an act of last session, any farmer desiring to drain his farm could get the necessary money from the Government at four per cent instead of five as heretofore. Mr. Ross closed an excellent address, by expressing his satisfaction with the prospects of the College.

The body of Timothy Sullivan, an Exeter shoemaker who disappeared last fall, has been found in the river at that place. On Saturday sixteen section hands on the Canada Southern Division of the Michigan Central Railroad at Windsor, who have been working for \$1.10 a day, struck for higher pay. There is some fear that the trouble may not end here.

## WHAT'S UP?

### Things That Are Happening Around Us.

What the Old Man Saw on the Twelfth—The Tunaful File and the Sounding Drum—The Dawn of Peace.

—Well, I've just recovered from the effects of the big drum and file oratorio of the glorious, pious and immortal Twelfth. "It was a great day for Ireland," I heard one of the old heads say, and a lot of Canucks took in the fun. Some of the neighbors from the old concession line came into town bright and early, and routed me out, so that I got a full benefit, and was up street betimes. Early and often must have been the instructions given with regard to dealing with the big drum, for the continuity of the pounding was marvellous. By-the-way, it is wonderful the amount of big drum it takes to hold the shrill notes of a little, shrieking, wizened bit of life in subjection. On no occasion was the life left without the accompaniment of one big drum; sometimes there were two big drums to one file; occasionally there were two big drums and a snare drum for the heavy tragedy business; but when my old and esteemed friend, councillor Jack McClelland, of Goderich township, lifted his tunaful file, and it took three big drums, worked as with trip hammers, by three brawny, double-fisted experts, to hold its tones in subjection, the climax was reached. For bringing Orange melody to the extreme of perfection, councillor McClelland has, I think, the first place in the hearts of his "trooly loil" countrymen. But the town was full of the melody that day, and ever and anon, over the shriek of the historic file, could be heard the blare of the E-flat cornet, accompanied by the diapason of the circular bass, sounding forth the ancient history of the "Boysie Water," "Ennikillen," "The Protestant Boys," and other props and pillars of the glorious British constitution, or words to that effect.

—And the purple and fine linen was on deck, as well as the melody that carried the "b'ys" to victory and Derry a couple of hundred years ago. It was gorgeous in the extreme; it was numerous, if not costly, and the man who didn't sport his riband, or saah, or tassal, or beiled shirt and badge on the occasion, was looked upon by the faithful as a heathen, a publican and a sinner—by a large majority. But there were some who wore their colors that day that bore love to all and malice toward none, for I saw a quick recognition between two men on the Square, and then I saw a man who was walking with a badge conspicuously upon his breast, leave his Orange friends and walk to where a Roman Catholic was standing, and grasping him warmly by the hand, talk of boyhood's days and the happy years gone by; and the Roman Catholic was not outside, but was as warm in his grasp, and as kindly in his manner; and as I looked upon the two grey-haired men, each happy in the recognition of the friend of his youth, the shriek of the file seemed to grow faint, the big drum gave forth softer sounds, and the tune of "Croppie Lie Down," died quietly away. Two women were shaking hands, who, though opposite in their religious beliefs, were experiencing the gospel of peace, and the brotherhood of man despite creeds, and the words of the Saviour seemed to ring in my ears: "Another commandment I give unto you: That ye love one another." And when they separated, and the Orangemen passed on to join his walking friends, I enquired of his friend the Roman Catholic the name and address of this Son of William. The information asked for by me was duly given, accompanied by the further sentence, "John is a decent fellow, and that bit of Orange ribbon on his breast only hides one of the most honest hearts in the country."

—The day was all that could be desired, and those of the brethren who came from outside parts must have envied the people who lived in Goderich. I never saw the old town look better than it does now, and no one visited it on the 12th who wasn't pleased with its appearance. —I was glad that nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of the day; that no man was wantonly insulted, or had occasion to resent a insult; and that the old acrimonious spirit between men of different creeds was fast dying out. The demonstration assumed the shape of a gigantic pleasure outing, and were it not for the banners and badges, and the files and drums no one would have known that it was intended to celebrate an event which had made a great change in the page of history.

—The girl Lindenberg, of Inwood, who ran away with and married a colored man and was taken back home by her father Thursday, ran away from home and joined her husband at St. Clair. On Thursday night last the barns, driving and other sheds on the premises of Timothy Kennedy, ex Deputy Reeve of Salford, were destroyed by fire. The damage was heavy and the insurance light. The fire was caused by burning rubbish.

## Leoburn

By a fall from a swing, the collarbone of Lizzie Horton, aged six years was badly hurt. Dr J. R. Shannon, of Goderich, set the fracture, and under his care the little sufferer is doing well.

Saturday rain routed the busy hay makers, who by the rays of old Sol were baked brown and drier than the hay they were making last week.

The tall laird has put aside the reaper, and invested in a September binder for the coming harvest.

Miss Jessie Stringer, of Port Austin, Mich. is visiting Mrs A. Horton.

Joe Combs and family, of Grey, rested here last week.

## Dunlop.

LEFT US.—Our Indian camp is broken up, and our redmen, with their squaws and papooses, have gone back to their old home at Southampton. During their stay they proved good residents, steady and hardworking, doing quite a trade in baskets and bead work.

Among the young folks resting from the tedious tasks of school and enjoying their vacation here are Garnet Hyndman, of Exeter, Teresa Young and Harry Vidan, of Goderich.

Our jovial engineer, being only used to steam power, was a little bothered fixing up the knife of a mower the other day, when the horseflesh attached to it suddenly started off, and put the mower in gear, the knife cutting a bad gash on the fourth finger of his right hand. With great pluck he stopped the team and mine host dressed his wounded hand with the skill of an army doctor.

Martin Finland attended the church opening at Kingsbridge Sunday last.

Our Irishman with his new driver visited his old neighbor, the Yorkshireman, the other day in Goderich township, and there is a whisper floating that there will be a trotting match soon with some of the local drivers about his friend's home.

## Advert.

Alf Askwith has returned from the "Old Country," looking much improved after the trip. The voyage was an unprecedentedly short one, and beat all previous records as to time. Some say he took the overland route, via Morris township.

The members and adherents of the Methodist church here and at Westfield have raised a subscription to put up a dwelling-house for Mrs Turner, the widow of their late highly respected pastor. The building is on Main street and is now in a very fair way of completion. An energetic townsman, J. P. Brown, was the prime mover in the laudable undertaking.

Wm Sturdy, the stalwart young farmer, left for Muskoka Tuesday last. He is a thoroughly reliable young man, a good workman, and will make his presence felt in the land of rocks and birch bark canoes.

Rev Mr Gee, the new pastor of the Methodist church here, has already made his mark, and is going to keep the church well-filled during his parorate. A week ago last Sunday evening he preached his first sermon here, and was heard by a large congregation. Sunday morning last he again occupied the pulpit, and the attendance was in excess of the previous gathering. His discourse was the plain, unvarnished story of Christ, and Him crucified, but was delivered in a realistic, powerful and convincing manner. We are satisfied that in Rev Mr Gee we have a man who will wear well with the Methodists of this section.

The Presbyterian church has been without a regular pastor since Rev J. Pritchard left last fall, and up to the present time no choice has been made although many candidates have filled the pulpit. Whosoever the chosen one will be will have to satisfy the congregations of Auburn and Smith's Hill, as the pastors in a joint one, and thus far no man has received the support of the members of the two churches. Rev Mr Somerville, of Toronto, thus far has the support of Auburn churchmembers, and if the members of the Smith's Hill congregation can join in the call, there is every reason to believe that he will be a very successful pastor. He is an exceedingly clever preacher, and it is believed an effort will be made to secure him.

We understand Geo Tindall proposes opening out a bakery, a butcher's shop, and a general store shortly. Our town is booming, and all we want now is a spur of the C. P. R. from Wingham or Goderich.

Harry Phillips, 11 years of age, only son of widow Phillips, was drowned in the Maitland River at Wingham on Friday.

Neil McPhail, an old settler of Erin township, died of Paris green the other day. It is not known whether it was suicide or accident.

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## FROM WASHINGTON

### What Has Transpired at the United States Capital.

How Harvey Beat the Government—Real Estate: Room in Washington—Censuring the Secretary of the Navy.

From our Special Correspondent.

(WASHINGTON D. C., July 11, 1887.)

The latest scandal up to the present writing in Washington, is the forgery of Oscar J. Harvey, late chief of a division in the office of the Third Auditor of the Treasury. Harvey's fraudulent practices have been singularly original inasmuch as they have been conducted without accomplices. While Chief of the Horse Claims Division he discovered which had been perfected but never finally acted upon. He took these cases under his special protection, and by an official correspondence written by himself under the assumed name of "W. W. Wynn, Att'y." to the Auditor, urging payment of these claims, he succeeded in having paid to himself the nice little sum of \$12,000. As the business of W. W. Wynn before the Auditor, was carried on entirely by correspondence, no personal appearance of the imaginary attorney at the Department was necessary, and by means of such simple tools as an assumed handwriting, and a fraudulent stamp, Harvey easily conducted his dishonest work. If he had not added his own name to that of Wynn on the endorsement of the checks made payable by the Government to Wynn, and readily cashed by Harvey at one of the city banks, it is doubtful whether he would have been detected so soon. He probably was afraid to trust any one as accomplice to cash the Government drafts for him, and did it himself, thus waiving the first thread of the evidence that led to his detection. He now lodges in a dirty cell in district jail surrounded by negro criminals, and other lodgers in the jail, characters not at all resembling Mr Harvey's former associates or his appearance, which is described by one of the Washington journals as "Aesthetic." It is certainly remarkable the wonderful capacity and ingenuity developed by one of the most commonplace ability in ordinary matters, when they form a dishonest purpose. The same skill and patience if used in honest efforts might make them great.

Secretary Fairchild of the treasury has just purchased a very handsome residence in this city. It is situated on New Hampshire avenue near the residence of Jas G. Blain, S. S. Cox, Gardner Hubbard and other prominent men, who have residences in the vicinity of Dupont Circle, the newest and most valuable part of Washington. Secretary Fairchild's purchase differs, however, from the houses in this locality of various and complicated styles of architecture. His house is a solid, square, red brick English looking mansion, exceptionally free from modern ornamentation.

Another real estate transaction of a Cabinet officer is also attracting attention here this week. This time it is Secretary Whitney, who sells his farm of seventy-five acres, called "Oranlands" for \$75,000. A thousand dollars an acre. The original tract of a hundred acres cost Mr Whitney about \$37,000 two years ago. A few months ago, he sold twenty five acres of the original farm for a little more than that sum. By this final sale of the remaining part, the Secretary of the Navy clears \$75,000 in two years. Opinions may differ as to what are the duties and obligations of a Cabinet officer. No one argues that a man, in becoming a member of the Presidential Cabinet, surrenders any of his rights as a private citizen, to invest his money as he pleases, but when a Cabinet officer uses the notoriety and importance of his official position to buy up a tract of land to three times its original value in two years he commits an act that lays him open to public censure, and the Secretary cannot justly complain if he is severely criticised.

It is quite certain that if Mr W. C. Whitney, a lawyer from New York, and not the Secretary of the Navy had bought and sold a farm on the Tenallytown road near Washington, he would not have made 70 per cent by the transaction at the end of two years. A reasonable and gradual increase in value, is the legitimate expectation and result of an all fair investment. Those expectations are naturally greater in growing and improving localities, but such extravagant increases in the prices of real estate in the district, such as have prevailed during the last year, are unnatural, and will result in disaster to somebody. These speculators in real estate and their agents are so greedy they will kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Perhaps not before they have saved their own bacon, and unloaded their surplus land lots on some victim who does not scent the decline as they do.

About six weeks ago, Queen Kapio-lania visited Washington and was received like the Queen of Sheba, though she did not arrive like that great Queen, for her train was meagre. She now returns to our shores, after a short visit to the English Court, but alas! how different. She is now a dethroned monarch. Her husband Kalakula is no longer King of the Sandwich Islands. Let her keep away from Washington this time.

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