"O, you took this at the same time, did you?"

"Yes."

For Irene had related to Lionel the whole experience of her past life since they had been asunder, when they were at Odessa.

"And this letter, is in Russian?"

"No, you obtuse fellow. It is an unknown language."

"You said a cypher—a secret writing."

"I said so, because I thought it looked so. It is formed of grotesque symbols, which can be nothing else than a secret cypher."

She went to a desk which stood upon a table in the corner of the room, and took from it the paper. Lionel looked at it. It was written in strange and unknown signs, which were evidently cypher invented for the purpose of sending a secret communication.

Lionel glanced upon it, and then putting it upon the table before him, looked at it long and earnestly.

"No use, Lionel" said Irene. "No use at all. That writing defies you—you have no key with which to unlock it."

Lionel smiled, and still continued to pore over it.

"It must be some important communication, or it would not be written thus," said Irene. "Would that it were possible to read it; but this of course cannot be."

"Ah?" said Lionel.

"Ah?' yes—it cannot be read. How can it, I should like to know? If you could only get out one or two letters, then the rest could be known."

"Ah, yes—one or two—and it is those one or two that I am after."

"After? Why, are you really trying to decipher it?" said Irene.

"Certainly I am. Have you ever read a story written by an American—Edgar Poe—

"Gold Bug—no."

"Well, if you had, you would not laugh."

"Why, what relation has a Gold Bug, or a story about one, to this?"

"It tells how a man found a parchment inscribed with secret letters, and how he deciphered it, and became rich."

"I do not see how it is possible."

"Nothing is easier to certain minds! but every one cannot do it."

"Can you?"

"The reading of that story put the idea of trying it into my head. I immediately perplexed half dozen friends, by getting them to make up some secret cypher writing."

"And did they?"

"Yes."

"And could you make them out?'

"Every one."

"But they were not hard?"

"No?—why not? Indeed they were. Some of them were infinitely harder than this, inasmuch as not only the writing, but the matter, and the mode of writing, was arranged to puzzle. This, however, is an ordinary letter, ordinary written, and the cypher alone is the obstacle to prevent reading it."

"To me the greatest conceivable obstacle," said Irene.

"And to me inconsiderable," said Lionel."

"Can you read that?"

"Not just now."

"Will you soon?"

"I can make it out in a few hours."

"How much have you discovered?"

"The order and arrangement."

"But the words are not divided; how can you discover the divisions?"

"That comes on along with the other discoveries; the division of words I do not care for."

"What are you doing now, prey?" asked Irene, taking a deeper and deeper interest in the discovery of that which had seemed to her an impenetrable secret.

"I am counting the number of repetitions of each letter."

"For what purpose?"

"To see the proportions these repetitions bear to one another."

"What will you do then?"

"I will take the most frequent one, and build up from that. The frequent one will be either the letter 'e' or 'o.'"

Lionel pored over the letter for a while longer, and then having finished it for the present, he put it in his pocket, reserving the complete decyphering of it until another time.

"It would be good amusement in the cars," he said.

"You will examine it while travelling," said Irene.

"Yes. I expect it to be of service."

"It must be important."

"And I will confront him with this."

"I can imagine his surprise."

"However, I will not look at it any more just now. We must take measures for our return to Beacon Hall. Are you ready?"

"Are we to go?"

"Certainly."

"We did not know, but we are ready to leave. All that we have is in trunks."

"Why, did you suppose, Irene, that I would ever part from you again? Never!" and Lionel pressed her to his heart.

"No, but I did not know how your plans would be laid."

"You might have been assured, Irene, that, however they might have been laid, they could not, under any circumstances, require an absence of either one of us from the other."

"Good, Lionel."

"You will therefore return, of course, to Beacon Hall, and you can take up your quarters at your old apartments, just as though nothing had happened. You will probably find them in the same condition as they were left. Nothing ever changes at the hall. Everything continues the same."

'As to going back quietly, we cannot manage that," said Irene.

'O, that must be done. That will be the best part of it. To come publicly would lead to an unpleasant collision between you and my uncle. But come privately, and I will see that you are led in quietly. I can leave you in Norbury, two miles away, and while I hurry to see my poor father, I can send the man, Richard, to bring you in the required manner.'

'Richard will understand all about it?'

'O, yes. He will see at once what is to be done.'

'And how will you go?'

'It will be evening when I arrive. I do not intend to see my uncle at once. Or rather I shall guide my conduct by my father's condition and advice.'

'You yourself, then, will go home secretly?' she said.

'Of course I wish to see a little of my uncle's conduct towards my father, so as to bring these charges more irresistable upon him.'

'And then—'

'Then will come the denouncement. I will close with him, and take vengeance on him and his villainous son, for all their fiendish machinations against me; for all their prosecutions of my helpless father, for all their wicket designs against you.'

The two lovers then left their subject to speak upon one of a more tender nature. They sat long beside one another, conversing upon this pleasing theme, and reaping glorious edifices of hope and hopeiness in the future.

At last midnight arrived, and the deep tones of the midnight bells, tolling on every side, warned them of the hour of rest.

D'Arcey retired to bed, but not to sleep A thousand vengeful thoughts agitated soul, as he vainly tried to slumber, and when a fitful sleep would visit him, it would be disturbed by dreams of maddening and exciting scenes. His mind, restless and uneasy, quickened and rendered more active than usual by his wakefulness, went over all the past, and brought up before him every imagined scene of misery, every pang of real woe. He saw his father suffering and lying; his Irene compelled to flee away, and seek refuge in a far, foreign land; himself the victim of a cruel plot, a convict, a suspected criminal, a double prisoner. Behind the scenes—the mover of all these things—the causer of all this manifold misery—the manifold misery—the malicious designer of every one of these intricate plots and diabolical schemes—Lionel saw his unprincipled, corrupted, unnatural, most hateful uncle—the abandoned Henry D'Arcey.

The morning came and illumined the chamber, here Lionel had passed through a sleepless night. He did not delay long in

(*To be continued.*)

THE TRUE UNION TICKET

SOUTH HURON.

M. C. CAMERON, FOR THE COMMONS.

ROBERT GIBBONS, FOR THE ASSEMBLY.

NORTH HURON.

JOSEPH WHITEHEAD, FOR THE COMMONS.

THOMAS GIBSON, FOR THE ASSEMBLY.

Rally to the Standard.

NOMINATIONS

SOUTH HURON.

AT BRUCEFIELD,

On Friday, the 30th inst., at noon.

NORTH RIDING.

AT BLYTH,

On Thursday, the 29th, instant., at noon.

POLLING.

South Riding.

SEPTEMBER 6th and 7th.

North Riding.

SEPTEMBER 5th and 6th.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, AUGUST 22, 1867.

THE DAY AT HAND.

At last, thank goodness, the Proclamations for the elections are out in both Ridings of Huron and in three weeks' time we shall know the result. The Reformers of the County have long and ardently wished for the moment when, at the polls, they could measure strength with their opponents. That moment is at hand and it behoves every lover of his country to see that there is no supineness in the ranks of the Reform party. True men, one and all, raise the standard in every section and rally round it, determined to fight until *victory* crowns your efforts. You have two weeks in which to *work*. Let there be an effort made proportionate to the vast interests at stake and the field is ours!

To The Electors of Huron.

GENTLEMEN,

Immediately before you is the crisis of our country's history.—At the polls, in the exercise of the glorious suffrage of Britons you are to decide whether the government of this Dominion shall pass into the hands of men who have systematically, for many years, wasted your public funds, perverted your representatives, and heaped the grossest injustice on this section. During past years the great cry was that nothing could be secured for us because the great counties of Huron and Bruce had but one member. What a change now awaits us as a people! Instead of one man, who was exposed to the wiles of the man desirous of *buying* him, if he happened to be better than a mere *chip in porridge*, you will have, from this County alone, four representatives in the popular branches of the Legislature. Think of it: Four wide-awake men may be secured where, formerly, we had but *half* a representative! And what has secured for us this great measure of justice? What but that very principle of *Representation by Population*, which we dinned into the ears of the government until it became a by-word and a reproach. Our opponents when they wished to raise a laugh amongst themselves had only to point at us and thunder out Rep. by Pop.! But what a change has come o'er the spirit of their dreams;" we forced them, after a struggle extending over a long series of years, to grant us the principle we demanded, but, *mirabile dictu*, they now ask us to turn our backs upon the very man whom we have to thank for it, as well as Confederation and Union under which we hope to build up a great Northern Empire!

Oh, but, say our opponents, We have taken in William Macdougall and Mr. Howland, your old friends. Yes, but under what conditions? In the next breath we are told that Sir John A Macdonald is the most astute statesman of the country—that he can wind the other members of the cabinet around his little finger at will. If we admit that, we must admit that the Coalition is such only *in name*, and that John A. reigns as paramount at the present moment in the councils of our country as though three of the rankest tories of the old *regime* stood in the places of the three men who, having been won from our ranks, are now stumping the constituencies against reform candidates. Have we faith in the political principles which have actuated us in the battles of the past, or have we not? If we *have*, we will not allow ourselves to be hoodwinked until we are saddled with toryism in its grossest form. We belong to the great Cosmopolitan party of *Progress*. Let us rise, like men, to the duties of the hour! In the mother country, what do we see? The old fossilism, true to its ancient grasping, office-holding-on-any-terms instincts has been *forced* to concede reforms to the people. So it is in old despotic Austria, Russia, Prussia, so emphatically in redeemed Italy. So it has been in our beloved *Canada*, and now we put forward men worthy of the confidence of the people, and we confidently ask the *progressive* men of this county to rally around the standard they raise. In Huron, North and South we have four men in the field, who, if elected, will do honor to the people. They have each their faults, no doubt, as we all have, but they have each done good service in the cause of human progress.

M. C. CAMERON, a self-made man, and a noble follower of a noble profession, has ever been a man dear to the popular heart. He has made money, a good deal of it. Where has it gone? With a part he has spread the beautics of nature about a simple but charming retreat for himself and his loved ones, and the rest has gone, not into mortgages which gall the poor man's back, but into *enterprises* which have assisted hundreds of our workers to earn an honest day's wages. What say you to a man of that stamp?

ROBERT GIBBONS is and ever has been a son of toil. He has never feared the face of an honest man, and has never turned aside from a plainly indicated path of duty. His education was acquired mainly in the School of Hardship and struggle, but he has had his reward in the good will of those who could properly estimate his worth. A pioneer of Huron, he has made his mark in everything stamped with *progress*, and his political knowledge is peculiarly adaptable to the exigencies of the hour. Workers of South Huron, what say ye to honest Robert Gibbons?

JOSEPH WHITEHEAD is emphatically a man of *Progress!* There is not a fossilized bone in his large generous body. He is shrewd but honest—active and energetic, yet not tyrannical—too strongly, honestly Yorkshire, perhaps, for the regions of Podsnappery, but just the man for North Huron. Place noble old Joseph beside canny John, or the honey-lipped Doctor. What an antithesis!—How soon the popular voice will shout with a sound to be heard from Kintail to the extreme corner of Howick, "Give us Whitehead, the man of Progress!"

THOMAS GIBSON,—the man of genial soul, of high mind, of sound culture, of indomitable Scottish perseverence,—what shall we say of him? He went into the wilds of Howick years ago, but while he loved to sing the sweet songs of his own rock girded, heather crowned land, he was no idle dreamer. He went to work with a will, established some of the most useful manufactures of the County, and to day has the proud satisfaction of beholding around him a garden township, material prosperity, and a large number of the warmest friends that ever stood shoulder to shoulder in an election contest or on the battle-field. A noble, honest, intelligent man is Thomas Gibson, and pre-eminently a man of *progress*.

Such, electors of Huron, are the liberals seeking the highest honor it is in our power to bestow. Are they not men worthy of our confidence and support.—Yes! Go to the polls, then, resolved to place them foremost on the list, against all comers, and you will find no one more ready to rejoice with you, than

Your humble servant,

THE EDITOR OF THE SIGNAL.

HUMBUG RAMPANT.

The word "humbug" is certainly not a very elegant one, but it is the best we can find to express the conduct of a great many people at present forcing themselves upon the attention of the ever-patient people. We have humbugs in nearly every walk and relation of life, and it is a saddening reflection that in this Nineteenth century of light and spreading knowledge, it is as powerful for evil as ever. We have great faith in the quiet intelligence and general true-heartedness of *the masses*, but there is no disputing the fact that the Great Public is intensely, unaccountably gullable. Prof. Tumblety waxes fat and makes money through the sale of his nostrums while an honest, toiling, educated physician is starved. So it is in commerce, in literature, in law, and it is glaringly so in *politics* and *religion*. In times of ordinary quiet, it is not so easy to gull the public, for the simple reason that the people allow commonsense to guide them to a very considerable extent; but start some new doctrine in religion, and, however wild, illogical and stupid it may be, the propagator is sure to secure a following—as soon as he has created an excitement—not a very difficult task. In the matter of politics, which should engage the most serious and thoughtful consideration of intelligent men and women, the case is even worse. When an important political crisis arises, people expect to be excited, and the exercise of reason and good sense, unfortunately, seems to decline just as the inflammatory *furore* rises in intensity. Then comes the carnival of humbugs. Some demagogue wishes to float into public life on the tide of popular excitement. Does he act on the principles of elevated morality, and recognizing the latent good there is in society, endeavor to bring all classes to the contemplation of public virtue and private patriotism? Does he disdain to pander to the passions, the prejudices, or the pecuniary weakness, of a class always too large, even in British communities? No! He sits down quietly and studies the people he has to deal with, and, by concocting a lot of little petty *cries*, and using a number of miserable subterfuges and baseness, enters deliberately upon the work of *humbugging* those whom he facetiously denominates, "the free and intelligent electors." He secures hirelings, and as their dirty work proceeds, he laughs in his sleeves, at the success of his attempt to dupe the Great Public. His only fear is that he will be discovered, and his schemes exposed ere he can gain the coveted goal.

The reader may say "that is all very true, as a generality, but have we any such humbugs in our midst?" We say yes! *W. T. Hays is a political humbug!* In former elections in this County he was a violent grit—almost a *radical*, and he now a *tory* candidate. How long has he been a tory? Why, just since two weeks before he announced himself a candidate. He denounced Cauley and Holmes, Galt and John A.; now he is a rampant coalitionist, ready to support the men he once opposed as corruptionists. In the Donald McDonald election he went all the way to Derwick, and his Clear Gritism was of a violent a tinge that he was fain to beat a hasty retreat from the spot which he now brags will give him a majority. An office seeker, himself, he now denounces office holders. He raised a stock that Mr. Holmes gave the money to paint a Catholic church in Ashfield, and he *now* leans on the catholic vote, to conciliate which he was wise enough to keep his carefully prepared Twelfth of July speech in his breeches pocket. A denouncer of all who oppose him as "malicious, lying accusers" of his sacred character, he spends his days and nights in concocting little mean stories,—and he is *constitutionally* addicting to story telling—and manufacturing two-penny-half-penny squibs. These are *facts*, and this is the "able lawyer," the pink of political perfection who opposes a man who is too honorable to stoop to meanness and too noble-hearted to return evil for evil, but who *will be elected*, just as sure as there is more of uprightness amongst the honest farmers of the North Riding than of faith in political humbugs of the Hays stripe.

Mr. Isaac Carling is also a political humbug—of a more lymphatic and harmless stamp, it is true, but still *a humbug*. He told his friends before the Clinton Convention that *he* was not fit to go to parliament, and he told the honest truth, but his counsellors soon wheedled him into the belief that he had concealed about his person the stuff out of which statesmen are made. If he toppled on a heap of (to him) incomprehensible political ideas, of which he had not so much as dreamed before, little Podsnap was at his elbow to bolster him up, and so he has gone floundering on, all unconscious that he was being made a ponderous humbug of by men who who would as soon have thought of bringing out a good-natured hay-stack, if he had not had *a good long purse*. Devoid of political knowledge, practical experience in public life, or any mental qualification under the heavens, Isaac Carling is thrusting himself on the people. Will they be *humbugged* by him? Not a bit of it!

Mr. Ritchie is so far behind in the race that it would be cruel to talk of him in this connection, and we might speak of poor Holmes or Dr. Sloan as humbugs of the first degree, but we refrain for the present. All we ask of the electors is to keep their eyes open and see that they are not hoodwinked by the political charlatans we have indicated.

MUCILAGINOUS JOHN.

Feeling a slight touch of *ennui* a day or two since we took up Mr. Holmes' rejected epistle to have a fresh laugh at some of the awfully hard names he heaped upon our devoted heads, when we were struck with a peculiar stamp on the paper which he has always used in his long letters to us, and lo and behold! what did we see wrought indelibly in the first-class article used by our canny friend? "Legislative Assembly, *honi soit*," etc., around the lion and unicorn of official authority! What, we asked ourselves, has Mr. Holmes actually saved enough of that liberally supplied parliamentary paper to use to this day. No longer let us wonder at the length of his letters! Oh, ye shades of mucilage and pen knives, what a hearty laugh we enjoyed! But, seriously, it is surely adding insult to injury for friend Holmes to show thus conclusively that he saved up a ten years' supply of stationery after getting his $6.00 per day.—No wonder Mr. H. wants to get back, and less wonder that he supports such liberal patrons!

NEW TYPE.

We have this week added largely to our stock of material by introducing a considerable quantity of new type, &c. We do not believe in preaching PROGRESS without practicing it, and when our new Power Press arrives we shall display a *Signal* enlarged and fitted out in a perfectly new dress. For fine and elegant printing we flatter ourselves that this office cannot be surpassed by any of our country cotemporaries.

Not having the faculty of the grocer who put five gallons of vinegar in a three gallon keg, we find it impossible to work in all the matter intended for this issue. Our friends must exercise the virtue of patience.

Christopher rinnin' awa', wi' the barrows!

What's wrong with friend Christopher? Will not some one hold him or he'll explode! Such a rage as he has flown into is most dangerous in these dog-days. Is the man demented or simply paving his way for his ninth or tenth attack on the mayoralty, that he must parade a lot of affidavits, some of which purport to be signed by men years after their decease, to prove that *he didn't do it*. In our humble opinion *that whiskey* ought to be left alone by Mr. C. for the longer the matter is stirred the worse it will become. He may talk for a month—fly into a passion—raise a storm which *will not effect three votes*, and yet those who know the facts of the case will still believe that his puling spitefulness owes its origin to the case he has dragged up, in which Mr. Gibbons as *one* of a *bench* of magistrates endeavored to discharge his duty faithfully and impartialy.

☞ American visitors in large crowds are seeking temporary homes in Goderich. Our hotel-keepers are doing their best to accommodate them.

☞ Cameron and Gibbons have called meetings at Carling and Ritchies' doors—when will the conservative candidates have the pluck to call a meeting at Goderich. Bring wee Elliott, Mr. Carling, a number of people here would like to see him at 50 cents a head, children half price.

We are requested to state that Mr. David Moor, a blind man, will address a religious meeting in Knox's church to-morrow evening after which a collection will be taken up on his behalf.

PIC-NIC.—The officers, teachers, and friends of the West Street Sabbath School, of this town, anticipate a delightful pic-nic in a neighboring grove on Monday last. The time was occupied with eating, swinging, and the candid singing of the children under the able leadership of Mr. James Thomson, who kindly volunteered for the occasion.

The Kippen Reaping Match,

Will come off on Thursday the 27th, on the Farm of Mr. William Cooper, Tuckersmith, adjoining Kippen on the London Road. As Mr. Love, the talented Secretary, has ably disposed of the stupid charges brought against Messrs. Cameron and Gibbons for their alleged electioneering speeches at the mowing match, we deem the matter unworthy of more than a passing notice. If Carling and Ritchie had the interests of the working man at heart they ought to have been there. That is the long and short of it.

HAY.

August 16th, 1867.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal:

SIR,—I am informed that there is to be a glorious demonstration in the noted Village of Exeter on the day Isaac Carling is returned to Parliament. The following will be the order of the programme:

1st. D. H. Ritchie will exhibit between 40 and 50 mortgages, drawing interest at 15 per cent.

2nd. Isaac Carling will exhibit a speaking machine made of leather. This machine is got up by Elliot, Spatchman and Mr. Isaac Carling.

3rd. Mr. Ritchie will be called upon by Mr. Carling to exhibit the best living specimen of a lying Editor; whereupon Mr. R. will bring forth the editor of the Smut Machine. (Now, Mr. Editor, won't this be a great recompense after all his work.)

4th. Jolly Carling will show the way to dig ditches at the expense of the County, to drain his own land, and undermine other's fences.

5th. D. H. Ritchie will then show a cheap way to get the Dutch votes; far cheaper than buying them.

6th. Carling will then show Elliott as a specimen of a rattle-brained tory lawyer. (Pity the people of Huron, if he is the best lawyer in it.)

7th. The wee man of all work will then propose three times three for Ritchie and Carling, which will be responded to by every one in the town with a venomous. It is reported that the Stars and Stripes will be hoisted over the Exeter Tannery, and one over the store, with the fac-simile of Sir John A. McDonald, K. C. B., Howland and McDougall on one side, and Ritchie and Carling on the other. HOMA.

LETTERS FROM MR. GIBBONS.

GODERICH, Aug. 16th 1867.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

SIR.—Would you be kind enough to give place in the columns of your first issue to a few remarks in answer to a communication in the Goderich *Star*, of the 16th inst., signed by one D. Patton. Now, Mr. Editor, my young friend commences his abuse by stating that "from a report he saw in the *Signal*, the Electors of the South Riding of Huron might be led to believe that he (Patton) was going to support Mr. Gibbons." In answer to that part of his letter I can only say that I never expected anything of the kind. He then goes on to state for many reasons he "cannot support Mr. G.," and commences first with the Audit Committee of Quarter Sessions on Public accounts, that I "admitted each member received one dollar and fifty cts. per day." This I admit is true, but that I never admitted that it was illegal to take the money either for mileage, or for auditing the public accounts. I would here ask Mr. Patton why he voted for said committee, and how came he to take the illegal mileage, and one dollar and fifty cents per day when acting on said committee? He then goes on to say that he never found me attending on any except the Audit committee, and gives as a reason that there was no pay for any other committee but this one, and therefore I did not care about acting on any other. Now, sir, he states what is utterly false; I ask him to name any committee that ever sat in or out of the Council, who did not receive payment for their services. So much for Mr. Patton's knowledge of matters connected with the County Council. Mr. Patton wants the Electors to understand that I never did anything for the benefit of the country, unless I was well paid for it. Now, Mr. Editor, I will take the liberty of telling the Electors of the North and South Riding of Huron what I have done, and let them be the judges of my acts, whether they were right or wrong, allow me here to enumerate some of the extra services I performed free of charge, as follow:—Two journeys to Toronto of 5 days each to get the By Law legalized by the Legislature to raise money for Gravel Road purposes; one journey to Guelph on Gravel Road suit, Wilson, Rowe & Co., against the United Counties; one other to Toronto on same suit, which lasted eighteen days; also one journey to Ailsa Craig on the seperation of the Township of McGillivray from the United Counties. I also attended the arbitration which sat in Goderich on the seperation of Biddulph and McGillivray from the County of Huron, which lasted for several days. Now, sir, I defy Mr. Patton or any one else to show that I ever received one dollar for any of the above extra services, except my travelling expenses when absent from home. And this is not all, Mr. Editor, I have acted as one of the government auditors on the criminal administration of Justice accounts, which takes from one to two days after every Quarter Sessions—this duty I perform by virtue of being Warden of the County, now, sir, I have performed this duty for eight and a-half years, which takes at least 6 days in each year, making in all fifty-one days. I would ask Judge Toms or his honour Judge Brough, how much we receive for performing this duty. The answer will be, *not one cent*. I also make it a point to meet the County Clerk at his office, one day in every week to attend to County matters. If any of my predecessors, as warden, have performed those duties as faithfully as I have done and for as little renumeration as I have received, let them speak out. What do we find in one of the reports of the Council? that the criminal administration of Justice Accounts were not audited for three years, which does not speak very well for Mr. Holmes, he being one of the auditors by virtue of being Warden, more particularly when he received for extra services in four years the nice little sum of $650.00 over and above his salary as warden. I would now ask Mr. Patten to go and search the County Treasurer's books and tell the Electors how much I have received for extra services in the nine years that I have been Warden, and I pledge myself to pay him liberally for his trouble in so doing, and I hope he will do so without fail. As for the latter part of Mr. Patton's letter with reference to my knowledge of Municipal matters as compared with Mr. Carling, I leave this matter entirely with the Electors of the South Riding of Huron, knowing they will do us both justice in the premises, and who can tell but the *thousand majority* spoken of by Mr. Patton, may (and I believe will) be in my favour. *Wee Davy* must try again after searching the County Treasurer's books and tell the Electors of the wonderful discoveries he has found in them.

ROBERT GIBBONS.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal:

SIR,—I see in the last issue of the Goderich *Star*, a letter signed 'C. Crabb,' which asserts that Robert Gibbons and Lawyer Sinclair are making assertions behind his back that they dare not make before his face. Now, sir, what are the facts? This is the third scurrilous letter Crabb has written about me since our first meeting in April, but I treated all his productions until now with that contempt which they deserved at my hands. Now for a few facts connected with the last one. Several years ago Mr. Wm. E. Grace came to me and laid an information against C. Crabb for feloniously stealing and carrying away two barrels of whiskey, the property of the deponent. Upon this information Crabb was summoned to appear before me and other magistrates, who examined the witnesses without fear, favor or affection to any man. After the examination was over, the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say; he said he had, he then went on to state that his whiskey was shipped without any marks by Mr. Black of Detroit, and further, if we would only give him time, he would produce a letter to that effect; but no such letter ever came to hand. The investigation closed; all the depositions and documents were deposited with the Clerk of the Peace, and Crabb was bound to appear at the next Quarter Sessions to stand his trial for said offence. On those depositions an indictment was framed, which was sent before the Grand Jury in the usual way, and a true bill found by said jury on this indictment. Crabb was arraigned, and put in a plea of not guilty. He was then tried by a jury of his countrymen and ably defended by the late Judge Strachan. Nevertheless, after the evidence was all taken, and an able address delivered by his Counsel, the Jury retired and in a short time returned and brought in a verdict against the prisoner, declaring him to be guilty of the crime laid to his charge. The magistrates on the bench at the time were, John Longworth, Chairman; James Watson, Esq., and your humble servant. After the verdict was brought into Court and the names of the Jury called over, the Justices retired to consider the amount of punishment the prisoner ought to receive. The chairman delivered his judgment first. He said nothing short of penitentiary would satisfy the demands of justice. Mr. Watson and myself thought the punishment too severe, and overruled the chairman on that point. We then unanimously agreed that the punishment should be six months in the Common Gaol, and here the case ended so far as the magistrates were concerned. His Counsel drew up a memorial to his Excellency the Governor-General, and got it signed by a few friends. On that memorial the government remitted or commuted three months of his sentence, which ended his term in goal. Now, Mr. Editor, if any party was to come again and lodge an information on oath against Crabb, that he had stolen two barrels of whiskey, I should follow the same identical course I took in the case above recited. He may thank himself for having this matter brought up at this time. Crabb attacked me once before at a municipal election, about this same matter. I told him then there was a black spot on his back which all the whitewash in Canada could never efface or obliterate. I cautioned him then that he had better bury the hatchet for his own sake, and let it rest forever, but, sir, he has seen fit since this election commenced to again unbury the hatchet, which, so far as I am concerned, he is perfectly welcome to do if it suits his purpose. After all his bluster I am prepared to meet him face to face and defend my own character against any vile slander he sees fit to vomit out against me, and I have no doubt my friend Mr. Sinclair is prepared to do the same.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, you will give this an insertion in your valuable paper, and oblige yours,

ROBT. GIBBONS.

Crabb in his second letter thanks God that he knows the Lord's Prayer; I would recommend him, for his own sake, to *put it in practice in future*.

WHITEHEAD'S SUCCESS.

We have a reason for the wrath displayed by Messrs. Sloan and Holmes in the fact that it is now conceded on all hands that Joseph Whitehead is to be the man for the Commons in North Huron. From all parts of the riding, almost, we receive cheering tidings of Whitehead's success, and his return is *sure*. Hence the anger of his opponents, who were buoyed up with hope until they say that they were to be left in the lurch. The Dr. talks about Whitehead's spelling. That gentleman will have learned to spell *all right* when the polling day arrives.

If the Hundredth Regiment is to be recruited again, Mr. D. Patton is in a fit state of mind to re-enlist, for we hear him saying in a public print that Carling's election is sure by "at least 1000 majority"! Well done, Davy! make it 2000!

EXCURSION FROM LONDON.—About 1000 Londoners visited Goderich, as excursionists, yesterday (15th). Although detained on the way by an accident to the locomotive, they enjoyed a delightful afternoon, in sailing on the *Spray* and inhaling the fresh breezes of Lake Huron.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

DEAR SIGNAL.—In travelling through the world, the longer we travel and the farther we go, one cannot help being surprised at so much inconsistency to be seen in our fellow men. This has been fully evinced since I came to Goderich—not that I believe *all* the people of this Township inconsistent, that would be unjust; for the majority of them are intelligent, shrewd, liberal minded men, and men upon whom it would be difficult to play a trick. But extremes meet, and has exemplified here lately, viz., a set of people, who, like the Yankees would do anything for the "Almighty dollar," even to the length of sacrificing principle; but it is a credit to the community here that these people are a long way in the *minority* and are a people in general, who *can scarcely read, and the most of them can't write*—it is those who need our pity; if it had been an educated people I would have said *Scorn*. Here as elsewhere these people are pounced upon by unscrupulous persons professing themselves friends, who speak very fair, and would tender advice such as "We won't have that man but Barabbas." Now we all know the character of that individual, and though he was very bad, we never heard of him being stoned out of any *Dutch* settlement for *disgraceful talk or acts about women, nor of having cheated his assessors out of three hundred per cent of taxes*,—blackguard as he was, to have attempted being a *member of the Legislature*, would have been monstrous impudence, not to speak of the absurdity, but as I referred to unscrupulous persons, I may mention one *Judasbilly*, a pedlar, (who like Judas the first, would do anything for money,) goes round the country for the *ostensible* purpose of selling fruit trees, but in reality bartering these people's privileges for whiskey, and trying to get modern Barabbas supported by offering "base bribes" in the shape of ridiculous prices for teams at some forthcoming election; occasionally Judasbilly gets laughed at in his face by persons whom he plied with whiskey, as a "feeler," by being told that "he can't come over it that way" and advised to try "the next house, we know our own mind;" but for all that, it has no effect on him—with a persistency worthy of a better cause, he continues his calling, his face like every other piece of brass, getting brighter at every rub. Now, sir, I would ask you as a respectable person, Can these hawkers not be punished for imposing on our fellow creatures? At anyrate, I think he ought to give an account of how he came by all the money—*seeing he has been short all along*—perhaps his friend Barabbas has filled the always empty purse? However, I hope they may be wise enough to make sure of the money before they go too far, or he may betray them (as a namesake did before him.) with coin—counterfeit like himself—for "all that glitters is not gold" and "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Apologizing for trespassing on so much of your valuable paper,

I am yours, &c.,

TOURIST.

MORRIS.

August 15th, 1867.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

DEAR SIR,—In a recent issue of your contemporary, there appeared an article upon the mileage question—(Mr. Hays' principal stock in trade, and which has been discussed *ad nauseam*, both at public meetings and through the press) the writer of the article I suppose to be Mr. Hays himself, and he endeavours to fasten the charge of being *disingenuous* upon Mr. Gibson, it can easily be shewn, that the writer of the article is a man of considerable ingenuity himself. As the fourth meeting of Council was discontinued in 1861 on a motion brought up by Mr. Gibson, so that excepting in 1865, when there was a special meeting on account of the separation between the two counties. Mr. Gibson (from a careful examination of the minutes) was not present at more than four years, three meetings annually, and two years four meetings, in all making the total of twenty meetings, which, at $9.40 per sitting, makes the sum Mr. Gibson received $188.00 instead of $272.00, which the admirer of ingenuity tots it up to. Further, the writer says that a man can travel between Wroxeter and Goderich for two dollars, but that is only of recent date, as until a few months the fare from Wroxeter to Seaforth, was one dollar, from Seaforth to Goderich 65 cents, and likewise for the greater part of the time Mr. Gibson had to leave home the day previous to the Council meeting, and return home the day after, so that the expenses on the road, would consume the most of the money, but such garbled statements as those to which I have replied are in keeping with the *disingenuousness* of the Goderich division court lawyer, and I am not astonished at his signature, as "an admirer of ingenuity," as that faculty shines pre-eminent in his own composition and he has self complacency enough to admire anything in another, that he possesses himself in a large degree.

I am sir, yours truly.

DONALD SCOTT.

The Automaton Horse-A Wonderful Invention.

The following description of a new invention now on exhibition at the great "show" in Paris, we clip from a private letter published in the Charleston *Courier* of the 7th:

"I was fortunate enough to be present yesterday evening at a private view of this wonderful invention. The throng at the exposition is so dense in the day time that any attempt to work it during the exposition hours was impossible. Through the kindness of M. de M., whose acquaintance I made in 1858, when he was attache at Washington I formed one of fifty persons provided with permits. On entering groups of the *Cent Gardis* made me think the Emperor was present but I did not see him until the middle of the exhibition. I saw among the curious, Nasmith, of hammer celebrity, and Whitworth, arm in arm with Howe, of sewing machine notoriety.

"The iron horse bears no resemblance to its equine namesake. Imagine a trunk-shaped box about seven feet long, and five feet high the whole concern mounted on five wheels; the wheels concealed, however, under the machine. It is covered with leather, and has a saddle, only the saddle is very high in front and back, so that there is no chance of being unhorsed. In front is a steering apparatus of the simplest kind—two silk cords—just before the saddle a steel bar, which regulates the speed. If you pull it up, you start the machine; pull it higher up you increase the speed; if you depress it, you slow until a point is reached, when the apparatus stops.

"The inventor, quite a young man, commenced winding up the machine with what seemed to be a crank motion, and as I distinctly heard the click of the ratchet, I therefore supposed it was worked by a coil spring but I have reasons since to think that I was mistaken. I suppose it took two minutes to wind it up when he mounted it, and started it by pulling up the steel bar. It moved gradually on, so that for the first minute I could walk alongside it, but presently it started at the speed of a fast horse, and in a moment more was lost, going round the curve of the circle.

I suppose you know the great exposition is formed of a series of concentric rings, each one devoted to a peculiar branch of industry. The one the machine was running on was the *Numero Quartre, section del Mecaniques*, and is among the largest measuring some yards, more than an English mile. It seemed to me to be incredible that he should have performed the circuit in two minutes and twelve seconds. A hearty clapping of hands greeted the machine as it came careering on and gradually stopping without any apparent trouble.

I noticed the emperor, generally taciturn, loud in his applause, clapping his hands as lustly as I did, and I was assured by M. de M. that he had never seen his majesty on any occasion before show the least sign of commendation. The inventor then said that he would put it up to its speed, but to do that he must give the machine a start. He then wheeled round, and just like a jocky starting a horse, got it up to its maximum as he passed us he seemed to be flying. The circuit was made to fifty seconds. A new salvo of applause met him as he brought the machine to where the emperor was standing, and I must say I felt some just emotion when the emperor took the Legion of Honor from his button-hole and placed it on the young inventor's breast.

"M. told me that its endurance, if I may use the term, was extraordinary; that at its highest speed it would keep on going for four hours. I was led to believe that the mechanical power was secondary in it, and that a galvanic battery was the real motive power. It is rumored that a battery of constantly increasing elements sustains the motion. Anyhow the secret is well kept, the Emperor having with the inventor, the only knowledge of it. M. also told me that at Vincennes a battery of artillery was to be moved with it instead of horses.

I may add that I saw four persons mount it, and it moved much more rapidly than would a carriage. An interesting experiment was made as to its capability of going over rough country. Several loads of dirt were shot on the floor, and it passed over it with apparent ease. One thing I remarked was that there was a perpendicular play in the wheels and that as a difficulty was surmounted, one wheel would be higher than the other whilst the body was on the same plane.

I think that it has been placed purposely in a retired part in the exposition, and I learned this morning that the secretary of war has had it removed from the exhibition.

'The inventor's name is Victor de Nardea.'

CHINA.

LONDON, Aug. 13 (Evening.)—Advices received here from Shanghai, give the following account of a conflict between two steamers of the American squadron in the Chinese waters and the pirates of the Island of Formosa. The United States authorities having received neither satisfaction nor apology for the murder of the crew of the American bark Rover, the men-of war Hartford and Wyoming were ordered to the scene of the outrage on the Island of Formosa. They sailed early in June, and on arriving off the shore a demand was made for the murderers, which was not complied with. Meantime it was apparent that the natives were preparing for a fight, and the shore was vigorously shelled by both vessels. Several boat loads of sailors and marines subsequently effected a landing, and a sharp fight ensued with the Formosans, which lasted over five hours. The heat was intense and fifteen officers and men are reported to have been sunstruck. Lieut. Siddell Mackenzie, one of the landing party, was shot and died of his wounds. At nightfall, the fighting party was withdrawn from the shore and the bombardment resumed and continued until the natives had all dispersed and disappeared. The Hartford and Wyoming then sailed for Shanghai.

Among the general items of news from Shanghai it is stated that the Chinese merchants refuse to receive as currency Mexican dollars coined during the reign of the late emperor, Maximilian.

A laughable incident occurred at the depot in Savannah, Georgia. The train from Mobile brought up several barrels of shell oysters. A number of country negroes stood by, and never having seen oysters before, were somewhat surprised at the appearance of the bivalves. 'Where he mouf?' exclaimed one of the most inquisitive. 'How um eat Golly! I think am nothing' cept gum. Yah yah!' he continued, laughing at his wit. 'I spec sum white man tink nigger a fool when he call that ister.' Just then he discovered an open oyster, and seizing it, he eyed it closely. Not satisfied with the examination he placed it to his nose; but no sooner was that organ inserted between the shells, than they closed. Nigger howled with pain, and called out, 'pull um off! pull um off!' But the more the oyster was pulled the more he would not let go; and as poor Cuffee danced and yelled, his frantic efforts to rid himself of his uncomfortable nasal ornament were both ludicrous and painful.—Hit um wid a stick,' sugested a buxom wench; and in a moment the oyster was knocked right and left with a hearty will; but Cuffie's head went with it.—'Pinch his tail,' cried a