now. Lights from watchfires and camp flashed out into the thick darkness, but it served to render "no light, but rather darkness visible!"

At this time, a figure closely muffled up emerged from D'Arcey's tent, and after looking with seeming carelessness but apparent earnestness all around, he strode forward. As he walked he could scarcely be seen amid the intense gloom, even when he was in the vicinity of a light, and when away in the thickest darkness was utterly invisible. He walked along silently, and shunning all places where the camps were assembled most closely, and avoided every spot where there was any light whatever. His course lay directly toward Sebastopol. It was no easy task to walk through that horrible slough which formed the soil around the British camp, and so the wanderer was longer than one might imagine, in passing over the space which intervened between him and the outskirts of the camp. Here there was a rough and ragged rock. At its foot the customary watch was held by a half-dozen sentinels. Here the figure paused at first, and seemed to doubt about passing. At last, favoured by gloom, and by his own silent steps, he clambered over the rocks and escaped the gaze of the sentinels. Passing the rocky space, he saw in the distance the flashing lights and fires of Sepastopol. He kept directly on his way. There was a sharp rock before him. He hardly noticed it. He walked on—passed it—turned an oblique corner and—up sprang a half-dozen soldiers—

"Who goes there?"

Put none waited for an answer. That black figure so mysteriously wrapped up, with such a silent step, must be examined more closely. They surrounded him.

"Who are you?"

"An officer—on duty."

"What brings you here?" said the commander of the guard. "Have not your orders forbidding you to cross the first line of sentinels?"

"I am on particular duty."

"Strange duty which lead a soldier toward yonder city. What proof have you?"

There was silence.

"Have you no proof—no answer?

"It is most important duty, which I forbear to mention;" said the other, haughtily.

"Then you are under arrest."

"Be it so."

"Soldiers, do your duty!" cried the commander. They advanced to their prisoner. They seized him unresisted, and unwound from his form the hugh cloak with which he was enveloped.

"Bring the lights closer," said the commander.

The soldiers brought up lanterns to see the face of there prisoner. They pulled away the cloak and raised his slouched hat. It was an officer who stood before them.

"Captain D'Arcey!" cried the leader of the guard.

"You know me, then? I think my name will be sufficient guarantee of my good intentions," replied D'Arcey. "You can let me go, therefore, Signor Galeron, can you not?"

"I am deeply grieved," replid the other, "but I cannot. You are my prisoner. You have been arrested under suspicious circumstances. You must be searched, Captain D'Arcey. It's an unpleasant duty, but it must be done."

"Searched?" replied D'Arcey, haughtily; but the stern looks of the soldiers around him told him how vain would be resistance.

"Ha! what is this?" cried Galeron, drawing out the letter which D'Arcey had received in the morning—"letter—Whistling Dick'—white post.—Captain D'Drcey, this is indeed suspicious."

D'Arcey did not speak a word.

"It is death to hold communication of this kind with the enemy, Captain D'Arcey."

But D'Arcey coolly whistled a tune.

"Back to the camp with the prisoner—men!" sternly cried Galeron. "You will be relieved by the next vidette. Back at once with the prisoner!" and the guard departed with him.

Suddenly, as they neared the next line of sentinels, a cry was heard, and Philippo came running towards them.

"Stop—stop!" he cried, while several sentinels already were seizing him. "Deliver up your prisoner, it's Captain D'Arcey—the brave captain. What right have you to him?"

"He was caught outside the lines!" said Galeron.

"He was not, I tell you. And why did you not catch him when he was out before? Why should he not go this time too? Let him go," and Philippo, apparently in a paroxism of fear, threw himself at the feet of Galeron.

"Out before!" repeated Galeron, looking at D'Arcey with a glance of the deepest meaning. D'Arcey appeared puzzled and bewildered at the strange behaviour of Philippo.

"I know not what the poor wretch means."

"He only went after his signet, I suppose," cried Philippo, in a pertectly frantic manner.

"A Russian soldier has it—"

"Stop, you infernal fool!" shouted D'Arcey.

"Signet? Russian soldier? Hold your prisoner well, my men," said Galeron, sternly; "for he is a precious traitor!"

—o—

CHAPTER IX.

POISON.

Beacon Hall was hidden from veiw by an impenetrable canopy of mist and fog. The rooks sat lazily upon the branches of the old oaks and elms around the Hall, and cared not to fly in the dark and drizzly weather. The deer had slunk to their coverts, and the hounds to their kennels; the horses were feeding in their stables, and the sheep in their folds; the swans no longer floated over the unruffled bosom of the crystal lake, and the song-birds no longer poured forth their music from the grove. For why? Because it was the gloomiest season of the year, the third week in November; November, when all in England is buried in gloom and melancholy; November, when the country is covered with a funereal veil of fog and clouds; November, when miserable Britons, impelled by the blues, vapours, ennui, misery and dispair, leap into the friendly waters of the surrounding sea, and leave their miserable lives forever.

And now was Beacon Hall gloomy and forlorn. Now was its naturally cold air greatly increased by the dampness of its venerable walls, and the indistinctness of their appearance as they loomed through the thick mass of fog which gathered all around them.

Yet, if gloomy without, it was not so by any means in that little turret chamber which has previously been brought forward upon the scene. There, within a large fire-place, which took up half one side of the room, a stove had been inserted, and the glowing coals, piled up high within the grate, sent forth a most grateful glow of heat, and presented a cheerful and enlivening appearance. Here, at his table, turning over a large number of papers, sat Henry D'Arcey, and upon the sofa near at hand, in his usual lounging position, reclined his son, Reginald. There was an expression of anxiety upon the brow of the elder D'Arcey as he leaned low over the papers, and examined them minately—an expression of unsatisfied curiosity, of baffled vigilance, of disappointed endeavour. He leaned his brow upon one hand, and with the other turned the papers over and over again; yet nothing among them seemed to satisfy him. He rose from the chair, and standing with his back to the fire, gazed intently upon the floor, in the attitude and with the expression of one who is wrapt in the most intense thought.

Reginald lay gazing earnestly at his father, as it waiting for some observation. He, too, appeared anxious, as though some danger was near.

(To be continued.)

☞ "Can you tell me," asked a blooming miss of a suitor, "what ship carries more passengers than the Great Eastern?"—"Well, madam, I really don't think I can." "Why, is it courtship," replied the maiden, with a conscious blush.

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, JULY 4, 1867.

MR. WHITEHEAD AS A CANDIDATE.

From the weak-kneed objections brought against Mr. Whitehead, the Reform candidate for the Commons in the North Riding, by the local manufacturer of tory thunder, we judge that he is about the best man for the position he aspires to.—All his detractors can bring against him, it seems, is a string of charges, none of which have a foundation in truth. The statement that Mr. Whitehead "assigned as a reason for his preferring to run for the Commons because he could do business with his eastern customers, is utterly untrue, as he denies that he gave Mr. E. Holmes, or any one else, authority for using the language made use of at the Clinton Convention, and no man in this County bears a higher character for veracity. The assertion that he refused to state his opinion as to the advisability of the continuance of the Coalition is also incorrect. He declared distinctly that should a Coalition Ministry be formed under Confederation, he would, if elected, be in favor of giving it a trial, until he saw good reason to vote against its further continuance in power; but he declared, as positively, that he was, on principle, opposed to Coalitions generally. His answers to questions were direct enough to satisfy all but those who wished to entrap him into statements which they might use against him elsewhere. Another wordy hitch is used in the attempt to prove that he wished to convince the Reform Convention that he conferred rather than received an honor by accepting the nomination. He said no such thing.—His remark was that he did not consider it a honor to be dragged through the mire by his opponents in an election contest, and he was not far wrong, but that is a very different thing from stating that he would consider it no honor to represent North Huron. Then we are treated to a dished-up account of Mr. Whitehead's change of politics. And what are the grounds for such a wild statement?—Why, he once voted for Cayley. Well, he has explained over and overagain, that, he has only voted three times in the country—twice for reformers and once for Cayley, when he was running against Holmes, who was also a conservative.—What a splendid array of proof upon which to charge a candidate with having turned his coat! Why not attack Mr. Holmes, who allowed himself to ride into Parliament on the platform of reform?—What about Mr W. T. Hays, who was a violent radical, until the eve of this contest? The fact is, some of the *Star* men, themselves, are said to have sailed in the Reform boat in times past, and the less they say about inconsistency in this respect the better will they be prepared to conserve their naturally small stock of common-sense.

Mr. Whitehead is what he pretends to be—a Reformer in principle and practice—a man against whose public character no reasonable objection can be raised, and the advantages he has conferred upon the farmers of North Huron, through his energy and enterprise, gives him a reasonable claim upon them at the ensuing election. The numbers who have promised him their support during the past two weeks is a sufficient evidence of his popularity. Depend upon it, Mr. Whitehead is not to be written down very easily.

TOO BAD.

It is really too bad of the Conservatives of North Huron to turn the cold shoulder to Mr. Holmes, as they do, after his being brought out by that Convention. Even those who support him do so in a cold manner. They say: You are the only party man we can get just now, and if we vote for you, it is to be distinctly understood that we do so under protest. You are what the *Signal* terms you—a political chip-in-porridge—you are a very poor specimen of a tory, a makeshift, and if we had a better man you would get your walking papers instanter. Even the tory organ has nothing to say in poor Holmes' favor. It "goes in" for Mr. Hays, a tory of three months standing, who has yet to learn the *a, b, c*, of his new politics, it tears away at Whitehead and Gibson, supports Sloan quietly—*and ignores Holmes*. Such conduct is outrageous, and we think Mr. Holmes should enter an action at once against the conservative convention for trying to elect a tory commoner under false pretences. It is a solemn fact that Mr. Holmes sticks terribly in the conservative throat—he won't go down at all. At the late meetings, when he began to speak, even to a conservative audience, his supporters would sidle out of the room, one after the other, until he was left to explain how it was that the Yankees cribbed that £125,000 to bare, unsympathising walls. In the words of Dr. Sloan, "It was too bad of the conservatives to stick Mr Holmes' neck into the yoke in his old age. He has served them for nearly 30 years. He was in the District and County Councils—he was warden a number of years—he was member of Parliament for four years—and they should now allow him to retire to the bosom of his family, to enjoy the repose to which his long labors in their service so fully entitle him."

☞ Hotel accommodation is becoming scarce in town already. Mr. Wright, of the Huron, informs us that if his house was twice its present size he could fill it with summer visitors with ease.

☞ Mr. Foot, the talented manager of the Saginaw *Enterprise* is spending a few days in Goderich.

The New Dominion.

GREAT CELEBRATION IN GODERICH.

The New Dominion was ushered in by the loyal people of the County of Huron in a most joyous manner. All classes seemed to appreciate the great change that was about to take place in our political relations as colonies, and all entered heartily into the preparations for the celebration of an event so important. The gathering of the various corps forming the Huron Battalion of Volunteer Militia at the County Town marked it as the proper place in which to unite the feelings and sentiments of the loyal inhabitants of this great County, and we are happy to be able to say that the programme drawn up by an energetic committee of management of our townsmen not only attracted one of the largest gatherings we have ever seen in Goderich, but gave universal satisfaction.

HOW THE DAY WAS USHERED IN.

The Birth of the New Dominion was ushered in by the ignition of a huge bonfire on the square, between 12 and 1 o'clock, a. m., which, we are told, attracted quite a number of those who were anxious to see the whole affair through from the first. When the flames had subsided, the boys, who had made up their minds to be out all night so as to be up early in the morning, amused themselves by hoisting a huge white flag on the top of the American Consul's flagstaff, barricading door steps, &c, but as such will be done on occasions of the kind, no attention was paid to their performances, beyond a laugh at the folly displayed by those who indulged in them.

At daybreak a party of artillerymen fired five or six rounds from Big Bess at the point, the hoarse summons warning those who wished to be early astir that it was time to shake off dull sloth, and be up and doing.

THE GATHERING

of people commenced at an early hour. From all parts of the country, by private conveyance, on foot, by any means found most convenient, crowds of well-dressed people poured in. Old men and their aged wives, stout middle aged farmers with their better halves and children, young men with their gaily be-ribboned, lasses, by the score, all determined to have a day of rejoicing—to see and be seen. The excursion train at 10.30 brought 500 visitors, and the *Silver Spray* at a later hour landed a large number of passengers, so that when all were on hand the gathering was a very large one, numbering, we are afraid to say how many thousands. It was a splendid sight to stand at the Square and look down West Street, the side-walks of which were packed with a moving mass of human beings, all the way down to the bank of the lake.

THE MILITARY.

The outlying volunteer companies came in between ten and eleven o'clock by train and waggons, and having paraded on the square were marched to the Drill Shed where refreshments were liberally supplied. This provision was very welcome, as the heat and dust had been very annoying on the way up. When the battalion was drawn up on Nelson Street, in front of the Shed, we found that it numbered seven companies, viz:—

No. 1. Goderich G. Artillery, Capt. Kirk, Lieut. Thomson, 2nd Lieut. Skimings, 4 sergeants, and 36 privates.

No. 2. Huron Rifles, Capt. Hays, Lieut. Seymour, 2nd Lieut. Davidson, three sergeants and 30 privates.

No. 3. Seaforth Infantry, Capt. Bull, Lieut. McPhillips, Ensign Wilson, two sergeants, 25 privates.

No. 4. Clinton Infantry, Capt. Murray, Lieut. Dinsley, Ensign Grigg, 3 sergeants and 37 privates.

No. 5, Bayfield Infantry, Capt. W. W. Connor, Lieut Jackson, Ensign Woods, 3 sergeants, 36 privates.

No. 6, Exeter Infantry, Capt. Hyndman, Lieut Speckman, Ensign Howard, 3 sergeants and 40 privates.

No. 7, Goderich Township, Infantry, Lieut. Sheppard, Ensign Cantelon, 3 sergeants and 32 privates.

The Battalion, which was under command of Lieut. Col. Ross, attended by a mounted staff consisting of Major Coleman, Lieuts. Seymour and Davidson, presented a fine appearance when drawn up in regular order. A finer looking body of men could not be found in the Dominion. All it wants is more drill on the part of a few of the companies.

The Goderich Firemen, also a fine body of men, under Capt. Bates and Chief Engineer Saunders, drew up in rear of the of the volunteers, their handsome colors adding much to the beauty of the spectacle.

At half past eleven, the order was given to "form fours, left wheel, march," and the battalion proceeded to the square where a great assemblage had gathered to witness the

INAUGURAL CEREMONIES.

On the steps at the West entrance of the Court House were His Worship Mayor Detlor, Rev. Canon Elwood, Sheriff McDonald, and several of our most prominent citizens. When all was in readiness, the Mayor came forward and said that as it was our duty to acknowledge a Higher Power at the outset of our new Nationality, he would call upon the Rev. Mr. Elwood to read a prayer suitable to the occasion.

Rev. Canon Elwood, dressed in his robes of office, then arose and read the following impressive prayer, amidst the most profound silence:—

Almighty God, from whom all power is derived, we humbly beseech Thee to bless Thy servant the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. Grant that he may use the sword, which our Sovereign Lady the Queen hath committed into his hand, with justice and mercy, according to Thy blessed will, for the protection of this people, and the promotion of true religion amongst us. Enlighten him with Thy grace preserve him by Thy providence, and encompass him with Thy favor. Bless, we beseech Thee, the whole Council: direct their consultations to the advancement of Thy glory, the good of Thy Church, the honor of Her Majesty, and the safety and welfare of this Dominion. And this we humbly beg in the name and through the mediation of Jesus Christ, our only Redeemer and Saviour. Amen.

Mayor Detlor then come forward again, and in a loud, clear voice read the following Proclamation by the Queen:—

A PROCLAMATION.

For Uniting the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick into one Dominion under the Name of Canada.

VICTORIA R.

Whereas by an Act of Parliament passed on the Twenty-ninth Day of March one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, in the thirteenth year of our Reign, intituled an act for the Union of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and the Government thereof, and for purposes connected therewith, after divers Recitals, it is enacted, that "it shall be lawful for the Queen, by and with the advice of Her Majesty's most honorable Privy Council, to declare by Proclamation that on and after a day therein appointed, not being more than six months after the passing of this act, the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick shall form and be one Dominion under the name of Canada, and on and after that day those three Provinces shall form and be one Dominion under that name accordingly:" And it is thereby further enacted, that "such persons shall be first summoned to the Senate as the Queen, by Warrant under Her Majesty's Royal Sign Manual, thinks fit to approve, and their names shall be inserted in the Queen's Proclamation of Union:" We therefore, by and with the advice our Privy Council, have thought fit to issue this our Royal Proclamation, and we do ordain, declare, and command, that on and after the first day of July one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick shall form and be one dominion under the name of Canada. And we do further ordain and declare, that the persons whose names are herein inserted and set forth are the persons of whom we have, by Warrant under our Royal Sign Manual, thought fit to approve as the persons who shall be first summoned to the Senate of Canada.

His Worship said he believed the great desire on the part of the people of the country that day would be to establish the Dominion on a proper basis. He rejoiced that he had lived to see our country become great and united. He knew it when it was without roads of almost any kind, without steamboats and those various means of communication since introduced, and he believed no country in the world had increased in wealth and population in a greater ratio. In no country were the people in possession of liberty in a purer form, and he sincerely hoped our new Dominion would henceforth, as in the past, be the home of freemen and the asylum of the oppressed. (Hear, hear.) He wished the New Dominion every prosperity.

Mr. C. Cameron Esq. being loudly called upon, said it would be injudicious in him to offer any lengthened remarks when there was still so much to be done during the day, more especially after the short but eloquent address given by his friend the mayor, who if not a U. E. Loyalist himself, was directly descended from the good old stock. (applause) To such men as those were they indebted for the progress our country had made and the glorious privileges it enjoyed under

"The flag that's braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze."

It was the duty of every true Canadian to endeavour to carry out the principles on which the New Dominion was founded in a spirit to fairness and moderation, and as far as he might have anything to do with it, that was the course he intended to pursue (Here hear, and applause.) It was necessary that much of the bitterness that had marked our political history during the past should be sunk in oblivion, and the people join together with the grand object of developing our national resources in a spirit of patriotism which should build us up into one of the greatest countries on the face of the earth. He would say no more then, but, at no distant day, he hoped to address a still larger audience on the advantages flowing from confederation. Three cheers were then given for The Queen. The Governor General, and three times three for the New Dominion.

THE FEU DE JOYE.

At noon, precisely, the Volunteers took up their position on the bank opposite Sheriff McDonald's residence, the cannon on the point was prepared for work by a firing party, and, the word being given, a splendid *feu de joye* was fired, the roar of cannon from the point and the two gunboats in the harbor being mingled with the sharp rattle of the volunteers' rifles. The scene at this time was a truly grand one. The shady banks of the Maitland and old Huron were thronged with a gaily dressed multitude of spectators, the gunboats were decorated with flags and streamers of every pattern, the Union Jack waved from every available point, and the long line of Volunteers completed a picture of surpassing beauty.

After the firing; cheers for the Queen, the Governor General and the *New Dominion* were given by the Volunteers, and taken up by the crowd, the tars in port winding up with a round of practical cheers which did great credit to the strength of their lungs.

THE LAUNCH.

The Launch of the Schooner built this summer for Messrs. Seymour and Horton, was the next event of the day. There was a fine view of the whole affair from the adjacent bank, and thousands of people availed themselves of it. Everything being in readiness, the workmen commenced to loosen the vessel's supports at once, while a crowd of the curiously inclined clambered aboard. A number of Her Majesty's fearless tars lashed themselves to the cross-trees and manned the boom. An arbor of evergreens at the bow was prepared for the christening ceremony, which was performed by Miss Allcock, the amiable daughter of our esteemed U. S. Consul, General Allcock. A few more blows at the wedges, a few tremors through the great mass of wood, and the vessel slowly started on the ways. The traditional bottle of wine was then broken on the bow by the fair young christener, the name given, and with ever-increasing velocity, the schooner ONTARIO darted towards her native element, into which she dashed with a great plunge,—the passengers cheering, and the tars on the bowsprit and aloft waving their hats wildly. Then the streamer bearing the name was thrown to the breeze, the vessel settled on the water most gracefully, and one of the prettiest sights of the day was over. The schooner is a stoutly built vessel intended to carry 10,000 bushels of grain, and reflects much credit on Mr. Marlton her builder.

THE BOAT RACE.

The boat race, for which there were eleven entries, commenced immediately after the launch. The start was very good, but the wind died away towards evening, which detracted much from the interest of the affair. The following were the prizes taken:—

1st Prize,	Wm Saunders, ...	$10 00
2nd "	Colin Murray	8 00
3rd "	Rory Murray	6 00
4th "	James Craig	4 00

A balance of money, left on the hands of the boat race committee, will be expended in prizes for a rowing-match in a few days.

EXCURSIONS ETC.

During the day and evening the steamers Silver Spray and Clinton gave short excursion on the Lake, which were well patronized.

The games on the square commenced about 4 o'lock p. m. the country boys carrying away most of the prizes after a hard contest. We refrain from publishing the prize list as some of the winners are not desirous of appearing in print.

The confectioner shops were crowded all day and must have done a handsome stroke of business. The Bayfield Band, hired for the occasion, did excellent service during the day.

In the evening the Cool Burgess Minstrels gave a concert which was very largely attended.

A number of the Good Templars had a strawberry festival together at Galt's Point, and enjoyed themselves very much.

ILLUMINATION.

We must not forget to mention that in the evening the Colborne Inn, Mr. Thompson, proprietor, was illuminated in a handsome manner. The fine appearance of the building when thus lit up, gave a good idea of the splendid effect a general illumination would have produced.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

The firemen closed up the proceedings of the long, tiresome day with a torch-light procession, about 11 o'clock, after which the town sank to rest.

This was decidedly the most successful demonstration of the kind ever held in Goderich, as for once everybody seemed satisfied. Good order and decorum prevailed throughout.

Goderich Grammar School.

The half-yearly examination of the Grammar School, took place on Friday last, in presence of several of the trustees and parents of the pupils, and seemed to give very general satisfaction to those present. We notice with particular commendation the mathematical demonstrations by C. Buchanan and I. Lewis, as well as the accuracy of the answers given by the classes in History and Geography generally. We think there is a decided improvement in the English reading—the opinion of the visitors being a good deal divided as to the merit of the different readers, both boys and girls. The prizes were finally awarded to Miss Alcock and I. Lewis. Two pieces of recitation also excited much amusement, the parts being exceedingly well sustained by Misses Lyster, Alcock and Haldan, and Masters Lewis and McDermott. Two specimens of drawing in pencil were exhibited, which were pronounced by some of the ladies to be very meritorious.

We subjoin the full prize list:—

Class.	Form.	Names.
1st Greek	5	Colin Buchanan.
2nd do	2	Henry Johnston.
1st Latin	5	Colin Buchanan.
2nd do	3	John Macdonald.
3rd do	2, 1st div.	Thomas Whitely.
4th do	2, 2nd do	Emily Haldan, Agnes Goldthrop, Agnes Wilson, equal.
5 do	1, 1st do	Ann Shannon.
6 do	1, 2nd do.	Troy Savage.
French	5	Julia Lyster.
1 Algebra	5	Colin Buchanan.
2 do	2	Henry Johnston.
3 do	1	Ann Sharman.
1 Arithmetic	5	Henry Johnston.
1 Euclid	5	Colin Buchanan.
2 do	2	Henry Johnston,
3 do	2	Scarlett Haldan.
4 do	1	John McLaren.
1 Ancient Hist.	5	Colin Buchanan.
2 do	2	Henry Johnston.
1 Eng. History	2	Julia Lyster.
1 Ancient Geography	5	Henry Johnston.
1 Modern do	2	Jerome Lewis and M'y Williams equal.
1 Eng. Grammar	2	Agnes Goldthrop.
1 Scripture	2	Julia Lyster.
2 do	2	Elizabeth Alcock.
1 Reading, Boy	1	Jerome Lewis.
1 do Girl	1	Elizabeth Alcock.
1 Drawing	3	Caroline Haldan.
Writing		Agnes Goldthrop.

Honorable mention for Recitation: Julia Lyster Jerome Lewis, William McDermott.

Attendance:—Wm. McDermott, Jerome Lewis.

"They were such a disreputable body, that he must be low indeed in honor and principle whose presence or countenance of their proceedings would not cause at least a ray of respectability to shine on them."

So saith the *Star*, anent the Reform Convention at Clinton. Rather uncomplimentary that. Why *Mr. Crabb* was there—a very perfect man in the *Star's* estimation. Was he the only man present who was not low and disreputable. What about the tory convention that took up a man who was styled a "cut-throat" by some of the members. It would be as well to leave the matter of conventions alone. "Comparisons are odious."

☞ Mr. Hays' organ admits that his salt well vote for $500 bonus was *illegal*. The attempt to drag Cameron and Gibbons into the affair is perfect bosh. They believed they were doing right as we all do yet, (except, perhaps, Mr. Crabb, who is asking to have a portion of the sum refunded,) but they are not preaching through the country, like Mr. Hays, that no councillor is warranted in deviating a hair's breath from the strict letter of the law. Therein lies all the difference.

FOLLOWING LEADERS.

The very moment a man stands up and advocates the principles of Progress and Governmental Reform, he is twitted with being a blind follower of George Brown and the *Globe*. What ridiculous nonsense it is coming from people who are standing open-mouthed ready to run and obey the very moment Mr. J. A. MacDonald crooks his finger.

☞ The prisoners confined in Walkerton gaol do not like it, and every now and then one of them jumps over the wall and escapes.

The Coming Celebrities.

At some of the meetings held lately, Mr. Hays stated that John A., McDougall, and perhaps McGee were coming to Goderich soon to—well, we could hardly make out what, but, we suppose, to try, by a superhuman effort, to avert the political destruction of Mr. Hays himself. The case of that gentleman is serious enough to warrant the most extreme of remedies, but the story is, most probably, one of those very fishy ones to which the North Riding has been treated by him for the past month.

☞ We are glad to see that our old friend, Rev. G. Cochran, has gradually risen until he is thought worthy of being stationed in Toronto. His has certainly been a case of the successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

Fire.—About 12.30 on Monday morning, an old building on Victoria Street, used as a Paint and Carpenter shop, was destroyed by fire. As everything about the building was very dry, it burned very rapidly and all that could be done was to save the property adjoining, which was done with difficulty. Mr. F. Mann, painter, lost about $60.00 worth of tools, &c., and two young carpenters, Elijah Moore and P. McBrine all their tools—a serious matter, as some of them were very costly. No doubt it was the work of some rascally incendiary.

☞ The late Emperor Maximilian has been shot by the Mexicans on the 19th June.

☞ The Queen has conferred on Mr. J. A. McDonald the dignity of K. C. B., and on Messrs. Howland, McDougall, Galt, Cartier, Tilley and Tupper that of C. B.

☞ Cool Burgess Minstrels' give their last concert to-night. Those who like such things will find this to be the best troupe in America.

☞ Our article on the great reform convention, together with communications, and other matter will appear in the next issue of the *Signal*.

☞ The weather on the First was cool but very dusty.

☞ For a special telegraphic report of the Montreal and New York markets up to 2 o'clock p. m., to day see our market article.

An Excursion party of about 75 ladies and gentlemen arrived here on Wednesday morning, *en route* from Saginaw to the Falls. Unfortunately for them a *dense* fog prevented the *Clinton* from entering port in time to connect with the 6.30 express, and they had to lie over for several hours in consequence.

☞ Lord Monck arrived in Quebec on Tuesday last and was cordially welcomed.

☞ It is now almost certain that a North-Western Railway will be commenced ere long. the favorite route being from Guelph to Saugeen—the one we advocated years ago in the Bruce *Herald* touching at Walkerton and Paisley.

☞ Our volunteers were inspected on Wednesday evening, the 26th, by Major Baretto. The turn-out was comparatively small.

CRICKET MATCH.

At Goderich, between "Prince Alfred" eleven and Clinton.

CLINTON, FIRST INNINGS.

NAMES.	RUNS.	HOW OUT.	TOTAL.
Wm Smart	1 2 1 1 2	s Jackson b Heron	7
Edw Dinsley	0	b Heron c Heron	0
W Smithson	1	Run out. b Gissing	1
A McKeon	1	c Freeman b Heron	1
John Burns	1 3	b Heron	4
John Harland	1 1 3 1	c Freeman b Gissing	6
Edw Grigg	0	b Heron	0
Chas Counter	1 1 1	b Heron c Jackson	3
Jas Burns	0	b Gissing	0
Wm Jackson	1	Run out. B. Gissing	1
Wm. Counter	0	Not out.	0
			23

2ND INNINGS.

Dinsley	1 1 1	c Hemmit b Heron.	3
Smart	0	c Allan b Gissing	0
McKeon	1	b Heron	1
Smithson	0	b Heron	0
Josh Burns	0	s Jackson b Heron	0
John Harland	1 1	Run out. B Gissing	2
Grigg	1	do	1
Wm Jackson	1 1	do	2
Chas Counter	1 1 2 1 1 3	Not out	9
Wm Counter	1 1	c Dr. Keelan b Gissing	2
Jas Burns	2 1 1	b Gissing	1
Wide 1			4
			25

Total for Clinton, 1st and 2nd Innings..48.

PRINCE ALFRED—FIRST INNINGS.

R Jackson	1 1 1 1 2 1	c C Counter b Grigg	7
Wm Passmore	1 1	Run out. B. Grigg	2
H Hemmit	2	b Stuart	2
Chas Gissing	1 1 1 2	b Grigg	5
Wm Kingscote	1 3	Run Out. b Stuart	4
Lieut. Heron	1 1 1	c Burns b Smart	3
Freeman	2 1 1 1	L. B. W. b Grigg	5
A J Allan	0	b Stuart	0
Stewart	1 1 1		3
Dr Keelan	1 1 1	b Smart	3
Bennet	0	c Burns b Grigg	0
Byes	1		1
			35

2ND INNINGS.

Jackson	1 1 1 1		4
Stewart	1 1 2 4	c Jackson b Smart	7
Passmore	0	b Grigg	0
Kingscote	1	b Smart c Smart	1
Lieut. Heron	2	Not out	2
			14

Total by "Prince Alfred," 1st and 2nd innings, 49; thereby winning by 1 run, and 7 wickets to go down.

SEAFORTH.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

Seaforth July 1 1867.

Fatal Accident.—A man named Sullivan, who resided in Irishtown was killed on the railway, last Thursday night. It seems, that he went on the railway track at Carronbrooke and was coming west when the 9 o'clock train was going east, he did not go off the track and the engine struck him, broke his leg and factured his skull, causing instant death. The engine driver saw him and immediately signaled for down brakes but was too near to save the unfortunate man. It is supposed he was intoxicated, or he would have left the track. The body was brought to Lancaster's hotel Seaforth, where an inquest was held by Dr. Coleman, and a verdict given in accordance with the above facts.

Accident.—At Mr. W. Walker's raising on Saturday, one of the bents fell among a crowd of men and only two were hurt; John Lapsly and John Grieve. Dr. Coleman was in immediate attendance and found them very severely but not fatally injured.

☞ The first time Jerrold saw a celebrated song writer, the latter said to him; "Youngster, have sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh, yes," said Jerrold, "I have all the confidence, but haven't the guinea."

☞ It is said that red haired men ought to make the best soldiers, for they always carry their firelocks on their shoulders.

☞ An old German in Indianapolis boils up dead dogs to obtain an oil which is considered a specific for croup in children.

PARIS EXHIBITION.

From the Trade Review.

In my last I promised you a glimpse of the reserved garden, and I will briefly endeavour to give you a short sketch of this delightful spot, which is separated from the rest of the grounds by a high railing executed with good taste. On my first entering I could scarcely believe my eyes. Six months ago, I had walked over the spot a dirty, muddy plain, a spot well adapted for the drilling of troops since it presented a dead levil, without a tree or even a ditch to break the waste. The garden before me presented many rocks and hills clothed dotted with firs and other plants, ivy creeping through the stones, parasite plants hanging down in clusters: while up the rugged and broken steps cut in the rock, or along the well gravelled paths winding up the hill, firs, ferns, and flowers, spring forth as though they had been here planted for many years, while in some cases conservatories or mimic ruins crowned the hill, from which the eye looked down and beheld an undulating surface on every side, superbly covered by the greenest grass I ever beheld, cropped and kept with the most scrupulous care. These slopes are by first-rate hoticultural skill, made to appear interminable, and are filled with lakes and fountains, while cascades pour down every rocky crag, and liliputian islands dot every sheet of water. A stream some six feet deep serpentines through the ground from one end to the other over which the most elegant rustic bridges are thrown. The Empress's summer-house is placed close to the orchestra, and beyond it stands the establishment of a world-famed *glacier*. In every point in which a statue can dominate with good taste; in every retired nook in which a cooling fountain may attract, you are sure to find one. The manner in which this wonderful garden is laid out throws all former efforts into the shade. Even our own respected horticultural architect, Sir Josh. Paxtor, would had he seen this have confessed that it surpassed Chatsworth, Sydenham Grounds and Barkenhead Park—his three noblest efforts. No wonder, then that I was struck on my enterance with the beauty of the scene lit up by a brilliant sun and enlivened by the fine strains of a military band, which plays here daily.

On examination, I found the seeming rocks to have been hollowed out inside, and most romantic grottos (or caverns) former by them from the roofs of which well displayed stalactites were hanging of every length, and apparently every age so well imitated that the English traveller might, without any very great stretch of imagination, fancy himself wandering again through one of the fine caves in Derbyshire. Large fissures are here and there left, through which the cascade pouring down might be seen, while in large recesses, lit from the top, and glazed with thick plate glass, both fresh and salt water continually poor in, serving to support living flesh of every kind and sort, viewed, as it were below the surface of the stream, and showing mimic rocks and gravelly bottoms, amongst which the piscatory tribe most frequently grubbed for food or recreation. Of these grotto like Aquaria there are several through the reserve which not only serve to amuse the visitor, but afford a cool retreat in summer. There are at least a dozen superb greenhouses and conratories, which display the most splendid show of rare flowers; there are precious plants blooming in the open air, and shrubs of the most exquisite beauty. But it would require the education of a botanist, the taste of a universal florist, to describe them. I therefore merely mention them, and, ascending a winding path, arrive at the great conservatory a building perfect in itself, and stocked with a collection of trees and flowers which would drive a real judge of such matters into extatic delight. The dome which surrounds the body of the conservatory is, at least 60 feet high and this affords room for the display of some of the finest specimens of palms, aloes, and other Eastern trees in Europe. There is also an aviary and aquarium, and a fine statu of the Empress Eugenie: but the gem of all—I think I may go so far as to call it the triumph of the garden—is a batch of azalias, which have gained the first prize, exhibited here by Messrs, Vietch & Co., of St. Johns Wood, London. An additional entrance, richly ornamented with a superb brose fountain is being added to this already magnificent conservatory, which by-the-by, is entirely covered with a new sort of Venetian blind, or semi shutter, recently patented which while excluding the rays of the sun, admits that warmth required. But to pourtray half the charms of this lovely spot a spot reserved for the better classes, the enterance fee being half a franc, I am aware that I should require, to afford me proper space every column of the Montreal *Gazette* and even then I feel I had not fully described its various attractions.

North British Review.—For June, 1867 is to hand "Contents."—A Dutch Political Novel, Modern views of the Atonement, Facetiæ, Archbishop Sharp, Characteristics of American Literature—Poetry, M. Prevost-Paradol, Report on Scotch Education.

Marmora Iron Works.

The Peterboro *Examiner* has an article respecting the Marmora Iron Works, in which it says:—"We found 150 men at work on the face of the mountain, boring, blasting wheeling, piling and levelling. Huge piles of the ore are ready to be removed as soon as the Marmora Railway will get into operation, which will be opened this day. We also passed along the railroad where all was activity. Night and day the men are at work on the road, they had only a few rods to grade, and the rails are all laid but about a mile Mr Thomas Dumble was just paying the hands, and huge roll of bills and baskets of silver were scattered round him that week he had paid nearly $4,000. Dr. Beatty, too, was at the works, and paid the men over $4,400 of wages, making nearly $9,000 in cash scattered over the Township of Belmont in two days. There is also a little village springing up, named Blair, after the principal director of the Marmora company. There are already 15 houses erected and 20 more are to be erected soon." $60,000.

The wife of a celebrated physician, one day cutting her eye out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed: "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions—it appears too much like a tailor carrying home his work.

The Fenian Prisoners in Ireland.—Nearly all the Fenian prisoners in Ireland, so far from being almost penniless, have been found well provided with money one of them having concealed in a belt round his waist £200 in gold. The Fenian landing from sea at Dungarvan, Ireland, still remains clouded in mystery. The two prisoners in Cork jail—"General" Nagle and Colonel Warren—who belonged to the party, are kept in custody under the *habeas corpus* suspension act. Their remand expired on Tuesday, June 11, and on that day, in the absence of the committing magistrate, or further or