Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W. T. COX, Editor and Proprietor.] The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE] GODERICH, C. W., THURSDAY, JUNE. 7, 1866. [VOL. XIX.—NO. 19

Business Directory.

NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to Wm. E. GRACE, by note or book account, will please

CALL AND SETTLE

The same without delay.

Office on Lighthouse St.
Next to Mr. Andrew Donogh's.

For Sale
200 BARRELS SALT!
AT
$1.25 PER BBRL.
A QUANTITY OF
IRON!
Assorted, at
$2.50 PER 100 POUNDS!
WM. E. GRACE.
Goderich, December 22nd 1864. w32-tf

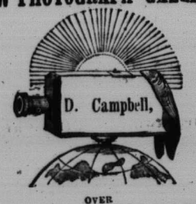
J. & J. SEEGMILLER,
TANNERS!
DEALERS
IN
LEATHER FINDINGS!
&c., &c.
GODERICH, C. W.
February 4. w42w

CABINET WAREHOUSE

(THE OLDEST IN THE COUNTY.
D. GORDON,
CABINET MAKER
AND UNDERTAKER,
Manufactures and has now on hand a complete assortment of Furniture, at his Warerooms,
WEST STREET, GODERICH,
SUCH AS
Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Hair, Cane and Wool-seated Chairs, Gilt Moulding and Looking Glasses, in variety of
Home Manufacture and Imported!!
D. G. has always on hand a complete assortment of COFFINS. Also, HEARSES TO HIRE.
☞ Lumber and Cordwood taken in exchange for Furniture.
Goderich, 27th Oct., 1863 w27

THE Subscribers having commenced the Axe making in connection with the Blacksmith business at their old stand, corner of Waterloo and Lighthouse street, where farmers can get
A Good, Home-Made Axe
At a reasonable figure. We are also prepared to jump old axes and make them as good as new.
GIVE US A TRIAL.
Mill Picks Made or Sharpened!
And warranted to do good work.
JOHN McPHERSON & Co.
Goderich, Dec. 5. 1865. wsw37

NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY



OVER
ARCHIBALD'S STORE, Crabb's Block,
GODERICH.
SUPERIOR LIGHT AND TASTEFUL ROOMS.
PICTURES taken in every style and in all kinds of weather.
☞ PRICES LOWER than elsewhere in Canada.
D. CAMPBELL.
Goderich, Dec. 1, 1865. sw27

WILLIAM'S
Victoria Organs and Melodeons,
IN ALL THE DIFFERENT STYLES.
Illustrated Catalogues Free.
ADDRESS—R. S. William's, Toronto or W. T. Cox, Esq., Goderich, who will supply catalogues. w50

GEO. RUMBALL & CO.,
FORWARDERS,
And COMMISSION Merchants,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
PRODUCE, COAL, SALT, WATER LIME, &c.,
☞ Agents for first class Marine and Fire Insurance Companies.
sw01] HARBOR QUAY, Goderich, C.W

Business Directory.

DRUGS, DRUGS!

F. JORDAN,
(Successor to R. B. Reynolds)
Medical Hall,
Court-House Square, Goderich,
DISPENSING CHEMIST & DRUGGIST
Dealers in, and Importers of
GENUINE DRUGS
Chemicals, Perfumery,
Hair Tooth, and Nail Brushes
PAINTS, OILS, COLORS, DYE STUFFS,
HORSE & CATTLE MEDICINES
GARDENSEEDS, &C., &C.
Orders from Medical men punctually attended to at *Lowest Trade Prices.*
N.B.—Physician's Prescriptions carefully dispensed.
Goderich, Jan. 10, 1858. 49

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!
ROCK & COAL OILS,
Burning Fluid, Lamp Oils.
For Sale by F. JORDAN.
Goderich, Jan. 17, 1859 50

GODERICH

MARBLE WORKS,
W. C. TRELEAVEN.
Monuments, Headstones, Tombs,
Tablets, Table-Tops, &c.
Ohio Free Stone kept on hand for Building purposes such as Caps, Sills, Bases, &c., Cheap for Cash.
GODERICH, C. W.

NORTH BRITISH
AND
MERCANTILE FIRE AND LIFE
Insurance Co.
ESTABLISHED 1809.
CAPITAL £2,000,000, STERLING.
Fire Department.
INSURANCES effected on all classes of risks at moderate rates. Losses promptly paid.
Life Department.
In virtue of the guarantee afforded by their large Capital and accumulated profits, this Company can adopt rates lower than are practicable by many other offices.
To Farmers.
Special low rates have been made for farm buildings and other isolated risks.
The undersigned having been appointed agent of the above Company for Goderich and surrounding country, will be glad to receive proposals for insurance in both branches, and will always be ready to give information to parties wishing to insure.
Wm. RICHARDSON, Agent,
Bank of Montreal, West St.
Goderich, May 1st, 1866. sw70

Sign of the
Large Padlock.

H. GARDINER & Co.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware Merchants,
Market Square, Goderich,
HAVE now on hand a complete and well assorted stock of Hardware, consisting in part of
Adzes,
Broad Axes,
Chopping Axes,
Augurs, Brushes, Borax,
Waggon Boxes, Canada Plates,
Chains, Curry-Combs, Cordage, Dung Forks, Hay Forks, Files, Glue, Glass, Putty,
Grain Tin, Grindstones, Powder, Shot, Caps
Hinges all kinds, Iron, Steel, Spring Steel,
Hubs, Spokes, and Bent Stuff, Bar Lead, Lamp Glasses, Looking-Glasses, Looking-Glass Plate, Horse Nails,
Cut Nails,
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And Boiled Oil, Benzoline, Coal Oil, Machinery Oil, Varnish, Paints and Colors, Coal Oil Lamps, Plough Moulds,
Muley Saws, Cross-Cut Saws, Hand Saws,
&c.
☞ The above will be sold cheap for Cash.

GILLING and STURGEON TWINE
FOR SALE CHEAP.
Agents for Commercial Union Assurance Co., of London, England.
1st September, 1865. w43

MAITLAND HOTEL, GODERICH
E. HOSKER, PROPRIETOR. THE above is most pleasantly situated on an eminence 120 feet high, overlooking the Harbor and Lake Huron;—good Orchards, Gardens and Rural Walks attached. Board $1 per day; single Meals or Beds, 25 cents. w15o10vly

Commercial Hotel, Mitchell C.W
JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Good stabling for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire, on the Shortest Notice. 14:7

Business Directory.

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FIRE, LIFE & MARINE.
British American Insurance Co. Head Office, TORONTO.
Capital $400,000. Marine Department.
GEORGE RUMBALL, & Co., Agents.

Western Insurance Company Limited,
NON-TARIFF OFFICE, ENGLAND,
FOR FIRE, LIFE AND MARINE.
CAPITAL, £1,000,000 STERLING.
Chief Offices—7 Waterloo Place, London; 77 King St., Manchester.
Chairman—J. Tomlinson Hibbert, Esq., M. P. for Oldham, Reform Club, London, and the Grange, Urmston, near Manchester.
General Manager—Arthur Scratchley, Esq., M. A., formerly Fellow and Sadlerian Lecturer, Queen's College, Cambridge.
Head Office for B. N. A., Ontario Hall, Church Street, Toronto.
SCOTT & DEGRASSI,
Managers, B.N.A.
CAPT. R. THOMAS, Marine Inspector.
GEO. RUMBALL, & Co., Agents.

QUEEN FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Capital Two Millions Sterling.
Chief Office, Queen Insurance Buildings, Liverpool.
CANADA BRANCH OFFICE, UNION BUILDINGS, MONTREAL.
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Bankers—Molson's Bank. *Legal Advisers*—Messrs. Torrance & Morris. *Medical Adviser*—Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M. D. *Surveyor*—James H. Scringle, Esq. *Auditor*—Thomas R Johnson, Esq. *Resident Secretary and General Agent*—M. Mackenzie Forbes, Esq.
Union Buildings, 26 St., Francois Xavier Street.
GEO. RUMBALL, & Co., Agents.
The above Companies take risks on the most favourable terms.
GEO. RUMBALL & Co.
Goderich, 3rd April, 1866. w10

MONEY TO LEND.
THE HURON & ERIE
SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.
The above Society is prepared to make
ADVANCES
ON IMPROVED
Farm Property.
ON MOST ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.
The cost of effecting a Loan will be found much lower than in other Societies of a similar nature. The attention of the Borrower is called to the fact, that he will receive the full amount of the Loan, without any deduction being made for interest or payments in advance.
Advances may be repaid Monthly or Yearly, extending over a period of from one to fifteen years.
FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY TO
S. POLLOCK,
Agent and Valuator for the Society at Goderich.
Goderich, C.W., 1866. w13

MONEY TO LEND
ON IMPROVED FARMS,
AT 8 PER CENT!
—ALSO,—
Some to Invest in Town Property
J. B. GORDAN,
Barrister, &c., Goderich.
Goderich, Sept. 13, 1864. sw3-tf

Money to Lend,
ON very reasonable terms. Apply to
B. L. DOYLE,
Crabb's new Block.
Goderich, 9th Jan. 1865. w50-1yr

Consulate of the United States of America.
DARKS HOTEL.
Office hours from 9 o'clock, a. m., to 3 o'clock, p. m.

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT,
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS of Buildings, &c., got up in a neat and correct style
☞ Office at the Huron Auction Mart, Market Square, Goderich. [sw v1n7 1yly

G. M. TRUEMAN
LANDACENT,
Market Square, Goderich.
Teeds CLINTON every Wednesday, from 11 a.m to 4 p.m. 81:10

DENTISTRY.
Dr. PHELPS,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL
DENTIST, (successor to T. B. Montgomery,) Goderich, C. W.
Rooms over Mr. F. Jordan's Drug Store
January 13th, 1865. sw38-yly

John Campbell,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT
Commissioner in Queen's Bench, for taking affidavits, Conveyancer, &c., &c. Office on Broadway, Village of Kincardine, C.W. 9:9

Peter M'Rae,
FORWARDER AND COMMISSION Merchant, INVERHURON, C. W. Notes and Accounts collected. Business of any kind entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. w40-1y$oex

D. McDougall,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD County of Huron. Sales in village or county punctually attended to. w9-1yr$o

W. M. SAVACE,
BUYS and sells New York Drafts—Greenbacks—National currency—State notes, and uncurrent money, at current rate of exchange.
19th Dec., 1865. w47-1yr$

British American Assurance Co.
FIRE & MARINE.
JOHN ESSON Agent.
Bayfield, C. W., April 16, 1865. w12

GEORGE FORBES.
AGENT of the C. W. Farmers Mutual and Stock Company, Hamilton, C. W.
G. Forbes, Lot 26, Con 3, Morris.
Dingle, P. O.
w8 1y*

A CROSS WORD,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"Lucy, if you mean to sew this button on, I do wish you'd do it—I can't wait all day."

Tom didn't speak a bit cross, only emphatic; but I was out of temper that morning, and my head ached badly from sitting up too late the night before. Tom had gone to a supper for the second time since our marriage—given by some of his bachelor friends, and had come home the worse for it. It had provoked me intensely. So I had followed him to bed in sullen silence, and awoke, none the better pleased after my sleep, on the morning alluded to. To make the matter worse, just as he spoke about his button, the knife, with which I was cutting bread for his lunch, slipped, inflicting a deep gash on my hand; and the baby awoke, and sent up her sharp, little cry from the cradle, all in one and the same moment.

"You can wait as well as I did last night, I reckon," I replied, sharply, really angry at last. "Don't hurry me—I do all I can, and more than I am able to do, with one pair of hands."

Tom dropped his button, and turned toward me with a startled, "Why, Lucy!"

"Don't Lucy me." I retorted, throwing down the bread, and catching up the baby, while the blood streamed from my hand over her white gown. "You've done enough—you've broke my heart. I wish I had never seen you—I wish I was back with my father and mother."

I broke down with a burst of hysterical tears, and seeing the blood on my hand, Tom came over and knelt down beside me.

"Why, Lucy," he said, his voice and eyes full of tenderness, "you've cut your hand.—Why didn't you say so? Here, give me the child while you bind it up—just see how it bleeds!"

He held out his hands for the baby, but I snatched her away and went on sobbing.

Don't cry, Lucy," he continued, stroking the hair back from my forehead—"please don't. I know I've done wrong, dear—but I didn't mean it. I fell in with some of the old boys, and they persuaded me against my will. But its the last time, Lucy—the last time."

Why didn't I turn to him then, and help and encourage him? Because my mean, tyrannous temper got the best of my woman's heart.

"Oh, yes," I said, sneeringly, "it is easy enough to make fine promises—you told me the same thing before. How can you expect me to trust you now?"

Tom was spirited and quick-tempered—great, loving-hearted men always are. He sprang to his feet like a flask, and, before I had time to think or speak, had left the room. I tossed the child into her cradle, and rushed to the door—but it was too late—he was gone, I just caught a glimpse of him turning the corner.

I went back to the little breakfast room. How blank and drear it looked, and what a sharp, stinging thorn there was in the very core of my heart! I loved Tom, and he loved me. We had been married only eighteen months, and this was our first quarrel. I sat down, with the babe in my arms, heedless of my morning work, and fell to thinking. All the old, happy days came back; and one day in particular, when we sat in Dunberry Wood. It was in autumn, and all the world seemed in a blaze of gold, as the sun slid down, and the squirrels chattered overhead, dropping a ripe nut, now and then, into my lap, as I sat there, with the last rose of summer in my hair, knitting a purse for Tom.

"Lucy," he said, as I wove in the last golden stitches, "you've knit my love—my very life—up in that purse. Tell me now, before you finish it, how is it to be? Am I to leave you, and—and——Oh! I won't think of it even, Lucy it would be too dreadful!"

"No, Tom," I answered. "you are to have the purse, and the hand that knit it, too."

Poor Tom, he cried then just like a little child—he, the bravest man in the village.

"No fault to find, only he's a *leetle* too wild—too fond of gay company; but you must tame him, Lucy, as your mother did me."

That was my old father's advice on our wedding day. My heart smote me dreadfully as I called it to mind that morning. Had I done my duty? Had I followed the example of my mother, who never let fall an unkind word?

But Tom would be home to dinner! The thought brought me to my feet. I did up my work briskly, and went about cooking just such a dinner as I knew he liked. The plum pudding was done to perfection; the baby in a clean slip, and myself all smiles to receive him when the clock struck one. But he didn't come.

I put by the untasted dinner and prepared supper, and lit a bright fire in the little parlor. He should have a pleasant welcome. But he did not come. Eight, nine, ten o'clock, and I put by the untasted supper, and baby and I went to the nursery to watch and wait. How the little thorn in my heart pierced and rankled! Tom had broken his promise, and my unkindness was the cause! Nothing else rang in my ears through the long hours.

About two o'clock I heard a noise below, and went to the window. There was a man on the porch, I could just see him in the dim light.

"Tom, is that you?" I asked softly, putting out my head.

"Yes; open the door, Lucy—quick. The police are after me."

My heart sunk. The police after him? What could he have done? I ran down swiftly and unlocked the door. But as I did so, two men, wearing official badges, stepped up on the porch, and one of them laid his hand on Tom's shoulder, and said, "I arrest you, sir."

"For what?" I cried.

"For murder!"

The floor seemed sliding beneath my feet, but I caught at the door to steady myself, and looked at Tom. At that instant, the official uncovered his lantern, and oh, my God! there was blood upon my husband's hands.

All the rest is blank. When I came to life again, I was in bed in my own room, and kind, compassionate faces were around me. I asked for Tom. He was in prison awaiting his trial. There had been a quarrel at the tavern, whither my cruel words had driven Tom; and Tom had struck his antagonist. The man was not dead—though they thought he was at first—but he was badly hurt about the head. But if he recovered—well, it would not go so hard with Tom.

I arose and went down to the prison—but they would not admit me. No one was to see my husband until after the trial. Another day crept by—a night—and then a morning came. I went down to the door, and opened it, with the vague feeling of expectation which always accompanies severe affliction, and looked out. The sun was rising—God's sun—rising grandly and brightly over the black stone jail. The frost hung thick and sparkling over everything, even on the scrap of folded paper that lay at my feet. I stooped and picked it up idly, as we catch at a straw or twig, sometimes, without any motive or power of volition. The superscription caught my eye—it was my own name—and my husband's writing. I tore it open and read:

"Dear Lucy,—I have broken out of jail, and am going—well, no matter where. I didn't strike Hastings with an intention to kill him. I was intoxicated, and it was more his fault than mine; but he may die—and then—at any rate, it is better for you, Lucy, for me to go. I never was worthy of you. Now, you can go back to your father, and forget me and be happy. You will find the bonds for that money I have in the bank, in my desk; it is enough to make you and the child comfortable. Forgive and and forget me, Lucy. God bless you—you and the baby! TOM."

That was the end! That was the reward that my cross word had purchased for me! Truly, truly, the wages of sin is death. We shall not need one pang of corporeal suffering, one spark of real fire, to perfect our torment, if we are lost. Conscience is all sufficient—remorse, that worm that never dies. It is useless for me to attempt to talk about what I suffered in the weary, weary days that followed that morning! Words cou'd not express it, and no soul, save one that has passed through the same furnace of affliction, could begin to understand it. But I lived, for sorrow and death rarely walk in each other's steps, and nursed my babe, and did the work that my hands had to do. I did not go back to my father. I remained in Tom's home, and kept his things all about me, even to his cap hanging on the wall. Forget him? Does love ever forget?

Hastings did not die. He recovered, and made a public statement. He was more in fault, he said, than Tom was. Then he put a notice in all the papers, telling Tom to come back; but he did not come.

The winter passed away with long, long nights of bitter remorse, and tender recollections of the dear husband, whose strong arms had once been my stay and support. The spring came—the summer—another winter. Three years went by—crept by.

My child, Tom's little baby, grew to be a fairy little thing, with fair blue eyes golden hair, and a tongue that never wearied of prattling. All day long she sat on the door-step where the evening sunbeams slanted in, lisping to her doll, and listening, while I told her of the father who would come back to us one day. For surely he would come. Surely God's mercy would vouchsafe some compensation, some pardon for such tears, such bitter repentance as my soul had poured forth.

That third spring was peculiar somehow; the far-off sky seemed to drop down in nearer, bluer folds; the sun wore softer radiance; the trees, the grass, the flowers a diviner, tenderer beauty. I rose in the morning, and looked out of my little window at the kindling glories of morn, with a feeling of strange, tremulous expectation. I seemed to feel the shadow of some great event that winged its flight above me—the one prayer of my heart seemed about to be answered.

One evening! oh, that evening! A May sky, soft and blue, hung over a green, blossoming earth. The turtle cooed in the distant wood, and the robin twittered to her young brood amid the misty bloom of the orchard. God's love shone in the golden brightness of the westward-going sun. My child, little Effie, sat on the door-step, talking to her doll, and watching the birds. All at once, she clapped her dimpled hands and bounded to her feet.

"Mammy," she cried, gleefully, pappy comin'—pappy comin'; Effie go meet him!"

The words stirred my heart to its utmost depths, and, dropping my work, I followed her out at the door. A man was coming up the garden path—his garments tattered—his steps slow and uncertain. A beggar, no doubt! I called to Effie to come back, but she ran on, heedless of my command. Tom's little spaniel, that I had petted and taken care of for his sake, darted from his kennel with a peculiar cry, such as I had never heard from it before. What did it all mean? My heart throbbed and my knees began to tremble. Little Effie ran on, holding out both dimpled hands, her golden curls blown all about her rosy face.

"How-de-do, pappy? I's your little girl, Effie," she lisped, as she reached the man's feet.

He stoped and raised her in his arms, and then his glance rested on me. And such a glance—such a face! Pale, haggard, worn by sorrow and suffering to a mere shadow. Tom's ghost come back from the grave. Not that either, for my frantic arms grasped something, some tangible form.

"Oh, Tom!" I cried, "is it you? Speak, speak, and tell me?"

"Yes, Lucy, it's me. I couldn't bear it no longer—I'm dying, I'm dying, I believe—and I couldn't go without seeing you and the little one again."

My arms held him fast, tattered garments and all; my tears fell on his poor, pale face like rain. I would never let him go again.

"Tom, Tom," I sobbed, going down on my knees before him, "oh, forgive me! forgive me!—I have suffered so much."

"It's one that must ask forgiveness, Lucy," he said humbly, "not you—I was wrong——"

But I stoped him short.

"No Tom, my cross word did it all," I said; "but for that we might have been happy together all these weary years——"

"Mammy, mammy," interposed Effie, twisting herself round on her father's shoulder, "don't cry no more—pappy's come back."

Yes, thank God, he had come back, poor, and tattered and hungry—like the Prodigal, but my Tom, my husband, nevertheless. I would never speak cross words to him any more.

It is spring-time again. The sweet May sunlight steals in at my window, as I write and I hear the turtle cooing" in the distant wood. My husband is a man now, standing up proudly, his feet upon the grave of old temptations. I know that God's mercy is equal to His justice, and his love greater than either.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

☞ The Spider is a friend to agriculture, although it is considered disgusting and poisonous, and many there are that will start back and screech at the sight of a spider, as if it were a venomous reptile. This probably is because tradition and superstition have got possession of our senses. We have been bitten by spiders and received no more injury than from a flea; yet there may be some spiders whose bite is poisonous. The spider has eight legs and eight eyes; it sheds its skin like the snake; it sometimes survives the winter in a torpid state; it is like other beasts of prey, capable of enduring hunger a long time; its food consists of flies and other insects which otherwise would devour our crops. Look at the multitude of webs in the morning after the fog has left the air, and you will see your field nearly covered, and all these little nets are set to catch insects. How many thousands are daily destroyed? Yet prejudice has got such a hold of our minds that we frequently step aside to crush them and destroy their nests. Whoever is guilty of doing so, is not acquainted with the history of the spider, or acts against his own interest.

☞ Another attempt to cross the Atlantic in a jolly-boat will soon be made by Capt. J. M. Hudson, of New York. His craft is a metallic life boat, 26 feet long and 6 wide, to be full ship rigged. Only one man will accompany him on his fool-hardy voyage.

THE FENIANS AGAIN!
GEN. SWEENEY IN THE WAR PATH.
The First Shot—Policeman Fired at!

From the Buffalo Express, May 31st.

Buffalo seems to have become for the nonce the geographical "head centre" of Fenianism—Fenianism, that is, of the Roberts and Sweeney pattern, as distinguished from the article for which James Stephens certifies. As was announced in the special dispatches of the *Express* at the time. Gen. Sweeney began movements for a serious demonstration, of which Buffalo was supposed to be the point of departure, about two weeks ago.

GEN. SWEENEY IN BUFFALO.

Last week, Gen. S. with other Fenian military leaders, was in this city, and we understand that his plan of operations was finally discussed here, adopted and arrangements perfected for carrying it into execution immediately.

On Monday or Tuesday evening of last week a council of war was held, and its sitting continued until three o'clock in the morning. The debate upon the question, to do or not to do, was long, earnest, impassionate. Gen. Sweeny declared that something must be done, or attempted to be done, in Canada, whatever its result, in order to rescue the order and all belonging to it from disgrace. His desperate arguments prevailed against a feeble opposition and when the Council broke up the die had been cast, the programme of Canadian invasion laid out, the orders for striking pronounced.

DEPOTS OF ARMS—MILITARY AUCTIONEERING.

The first business seems to have been the establishment of depots of arms at convenient points. At Erie this was ill managed. The agent there had been instructed to advertise a sale of military weapons and equipments, in order to cover the reception and storage of such property as a legitimate transaction of commerce. He misunderstood his instructions, failed to advertise, and the muskets in his hands were seized by the government officers.

In Buffalo there was more cuteness, as we infer without any positive knowledge, from an advertisement which has appeared for several days past in the columns of THE EXPRESS, announcing a "peremptory sale of Muskets, Rifles and Commissariat stores, by R. O'Day, at his Auction and Commission House, Nos. 20 and 22 Pearl street, Friday morning, June 1st., at 10 o'clock, on account of whom it may concern." Our reporters visited Mr. O'Day's establishment yesterday in persuit of information, but were assured that the boxes of muskets, pistols, etc., had not been opened—would not be opened until Friday, and that the consignee knew nothing, whatever yet as to the quality, manufacture, pattern or value of his weapons—not even sufficient to recommend them to a purchaser. One side of Mr. O'Days establishment seemed to be filled with formidable boxes, sufficient to contain, if packed with muskets, enough for the arming of a brigade. The cellar of his establishment has long been understood to be the arsenal and drill room of the F. B., but darkened windows have kept its secrets well from prying eyes.

THE GATHERING OF FORCES.

On Tuesday last, from all the information we can gather, the concentration of Sweeney's forces began. From Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnatti, Indianapolis, Columbus, and other western points, a quiet movement of men commenced, tending to this point. Our despatches yesterday morning announced the passage of one body through Cleveland.

THE ADVANCE GUARD.

About three hundred of these men reached Cleveland by a special train from Nashville just before midnight on Monday, and immediately separating into small bands were quartered among their friends in that city. On Tuesday morning another party, of about forty, arrived from Columbus, and at night the entire body started for this city. As a general rule, they are stated to have acted in an orderly manner while in Cleveland, though some of them were much demoralized. Transportation was provided for three hundred and forty two, which number took the ten o'clock train, by the Lake Shore road, Tuesday night.

ON THE ROUTE

The demoralization became general, and fights were frequent. At one time an entire car load were engaged in a general scrimage, and many of the party were severely injured. At Astabula one man was so badly hurt in the temple that little hope of his recovery is entertained. All along the road men were droped at the way stations, more or less, badly wounded, so that of the three hundred and forty-two which left Cleveland, it is reported only about three hundred reached Buffalo.

AT BUFFALO.

Towards six o'clock yesterday morning the train reached this city, but instead of, as usual, running directly into the depot on Michigan street, it was stopped about a mile outside, and the party landed near the Union Ironworks. They conducted themselves in a most orderly manner, and soon separated into small parties, and disappeared under the charge of various parties belonging to the Brotherhood in this city. After breakfast many of them could be seen making their way across Main street singly and in groups of two or three, but all seemed to be without any definite aim, though it was noticed that they asked no questions as to localities, and appeared to know as much about the city as the natives.

AT THE DEPOT.

During Tuesday night various despatches were received in the city, warning the authorities of the approach of the party. The Mayor of Cleveland telegraphed to Mayor Wells, and the Police commissioners and United States Marshal also received information of the departure of the "army." The note of preparation was immediately heard at headquarters, and fears being entertained that disturbance might arise from the presence of so large a body of men in our midst without restraint, the Commissioners and the Chief of Police remained on duty all night, and were present at the depot on the arrival of the train, but no Fenians were to be seen.

PRECAUTIONS.

Telegrams were sent by Mayor Wells and the Police Commissioners to the Mayors of Toronto and Hamilton, giving all the information that could be obtained.

Major Dyer, now stationed at Fort Porter, was also informed of the facts. The force at the fort, however, consists of but fifty men belonging to the regular army, and there is little material of war or means of any kind to prevent any attempts at crossing that might be made.

The U. S. Marshal and the Collector also notified the commander of the U. S. steamer Michigan, and everything was put in readiness for immediate service.

DURING THE DAY.

The utmost secresy was thrown around every movement if any unusual ones took place. A portion of the Fenians were quartered at Ira Cahin's restaurant and boarding-house, on Commercial street, near the Canal bridge. Another party of men billeted on Hugh Mooney's saloon, on Ohio street. The largest number, however, were stationed at Dudley Hall, on Main street. During the afternoon these places were visited by our reporters, but in the neighborhood of the first two nothing was to be seen of the invaders. It was reported that a meeting was being held at Dudly Hall before which guards were stationed. One of our reporters managed to pass these grim sentinels and gained the entrance to the main hall, but instead of the formidable bodies of armed men he expected to see, could catch through the opening door only a sight of half a dozen individuals of decidedly peaceful description. No information was to be obtained save the gratuitous and to him welcome statement that he "had better be getting home to supper." A knife seemingly of the kind used for mutilating human flesh added force to the remark, and baffled at all points for the time being, he changed his base of reportorial operations and started for new fields of inquiry.

AT NIGHT.

As the evening came on the strangers were to be seen issuing from their quarters in various parts of the city. They were dressed in every imaginable custom the only approach to uniformity being the fact that many of them wore black felt army hats. No signs of arms were to be seen, but from what happened later at night it is inferred that many of them carried pistols or knives. Unfortunately the good order and seeming discipline which had prevailed during the day were by no means maintained throughout the night. The groggeries and rum shops were thronged, and as the liquor began to show the demoralization began to spread. Throughout the worst quarters of the city the presence of a new element was unmistakable, and in several cases disturbances took place, but fortunately nothing serious resulted. The dens of Canal, Lloyd and Rock streets, were the scenes of frequent disputes, but it seemed as though with each party there were some who had authority which they used in enforcing order. Whatever disturbances arose were occasioned by a few, and must be confessed that the majority conducted themselves with considerable respect for law and order, and frequently remonstrated with their companions for their conduct.

A SERIOUS FRACAS.

About seven o'clock one of these roving parties coming out of a saloon in Canal street, where they had evidently been drinking, came to words and finally to blows. An officer promptly attempted to arrest the contestants but was knocked down, and on again endeavoring to make an arrest was fired at by one of the party who was armed with a revolver.

Luckily the bullet went wide of its mark, as did also a second, and assistance being procured two of the men, whose names we were unable to learn, were captured and marched off to Station No. 1, where they are now detained. Up to a late hour no information had been received at the Station Houses of the various precincts of any disturbances, and no other arrests were reported.

AND STILL THEY COME.

The Lake Shore train arriving here at ten o'clock last night, brought reinforcements to the extent of four car loads, numbering from 200 to 250 men. As in the morning, those mysterious passengers were quietly dropped from the train about a mile and a half out from the depot. Thence they marched in grim silence up Swan street, not forming a continuous procession, but trailing along in successive squads, as though to conceal their numbers and attract as little attention as possible. Not a word was spoken. Every man looked steadily before him, and all were evidently in the best of moral order. Most of the number carried black traveling bags; a few had knapsacks, but no sign of arms appeared.

AT TOWNSEND HALL.

They were marched to Townsends Hall, at the corner of Main and Swan streets, reaching it about midnight, and disappeared up the stairway leading to its interior. Our reporter attempted to elicit some information concerning the strangers, but his questions entirely failed to awaken confidential impulses in the stern bosoms of those to whom they were addressed. He was informed that a citizens meeting was being held in the hall—perhaps he would like to go up—nothing to hinder—by all means he should go up and see; and the invitation was accompanied with such grim, sarcastic smiles that the unfortunate reporter has not yet recoved from the chill shudders into which a lively imagination thereupon threw him. He retired from the field of investigation utterly demoralized; but at a latter hour—about two this morning—a more adventurous spirit made his way to the door of the Hall, and contrived to ascertain for us that its floor was crowded with the sleeping forms of Ireland's avengers—dreaming no doubt of valorous deeds which may be in reserve—for when, or where? Who knows?

MOVEMENTS IN CANADA.

Just before going to press the telegraph brings the announcement that a special despatch to the New York Herald, dated Toronto, May 30, states that Mayor Wells's telegram had been received by the mayor of that city, to the effect that six hundred Fenians were known to have left Cleveland.

The Great Western Railway managers had sent all their surplus rolling stock into the interior, and it was rumored in Toronto that the Canadian Government would to day again call out the volunteers who had been dismissed.

Municipal Assessment.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

SIR.—As the time is approaching when the selected wisdom of the County shall assemble to determine the precise value of each Township, and fix the proportion that each Municipality will have to pay of the enormous amount that the County will require.—It is to be hoped that a more careful enquiry into the peculiar features of each township will lead to a different conclusion from that formerly arrived at, the overlooking of which with serious local misunderstanding has caused some of the new Townships to groan under an almost intolerable load of taxation. On examining the equalization committee's report of 1865 it will be seen that the difference made between a first and third class township is but trifling. Of the difference on cleared land we would not complain, but to make a difference between Tuckersmith and Wawanosh of only two dollars and a half on uncleared land is to say the least a miserable attempt at equalization. Now it is well known that one uncleared land in some of the old settled Townships is as valuable as the cleared land on account of its locality, value of timber, &c., whereas in "Wawanosh" the best wild land in the *front* of the Township can be bought at from nine to ten dollars per acre. What then is it worth when averaged from front to rear with sixteen thousand acres of swamp that is almost worthless, if thus offered for sale it would not bring *six* dollars per acre. How then can conscience and judgement value such land at ten dollars and a half per acre. It will be understood from this the difficult position in which the poor settler is placed. He not only pays a heavy assessment on his own land, but also his proportion of the increase over the local Assessors conscientious valuation of almost worthless land held in speculation. There is no test so trying to the conscience as when a man is made a judge in his own cause, the result of that test time will show.—We ask no favour but that of justice which in the present case would be quite a boon.

Yours truly,
A RATEPAYER.
Wawanosh, 29th May, 1866.

South Huron.

From our Special Correspondent.

THE WEATHER.—The Spring so far has been dry, cold and barren. We had a few days in April of genial growing weather—since then we have had a series of hard frosts at night, and high cold north winds by day. Now and then the wind would veer to the south, get warmer, threaten rain, and perhaps come a slight shower; then away to the north again, and more frost and bleak winds, the mass of ice at the north has, I suspect something to do with this.

THE CROPS.—I have lately been in portions of Hay, Stanley, Usborn and Tuckersmith, Fall wheat as a general thing looks bad, patches of new land where sod has been followed, and the wheat well put in, and well manured the crop looks average and may turn out middling; but all else at present has the appearance of making about half a crop where cut off by the Hessian fly last fall, when the snow went off this Spring the roots were fresh and sound, the few growing days we had in April started it finely—A continuance of such weather would have insured a good crop; but the tender shoots sickened and died in the frosty nights. To day plenty of fields can be seen through which with a rifle one can scarcely travel a dozen rods and never touch a stalk of wheat. The Spring crops have been put in in splendid order—and I think rather more than usual have been put in, this may be accounted for by the fact, that there is not the Stock to pasture that has been; and more over the ground has been in fine order—the weather cool for teams to work, and plenty of hay and oats to feed them. The appearance of the braird so far, is all that could be desired. Pastures are very backward—Cattle feels a feed of hay yet as greedily as in January. Unless warmer leaky weather comes soon the next hay crop will be a slim one.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.—Yesterday was a "Queen's weather"—Spring work being well over and the weather favourable, a general move appears to have been made to go somewhere to celebrate it. Seaforth, Exeter, Bayfield, Varna, Zurich all offered attraction, and many, and anxious, no doubt were the deliberations in concluding where to go to. After, examining the programme your correspondent decided upon Seaforth. I thought of Exeter once where a "Sheep Shearing Match" was to come off, thinking I might learn something, and thus combine profit with pleasure; but another item in the bill of fare I thought more than neutralized this, viz, a prize for making an ugly face through a horse collar, so off I went to Seaforth. I found a large gathering of farmers, their wives and daughters, and young men and maidens at Seaforth. There never from what I could learn had been such a congregation in the village before. The centre of attraction was a field to the east of the village where the fun was to come off. Saw no Callithumpians,—I suppose these gentlemen had either no den in those diggings, or like Yorick's starling had been locked up and couldn't get out. On the field Dr. Coleman was busy manœuvering some 30 of his Volunteers, the sight of the red coats did bring one in mind of Britain's Queen and Britain's glory, but it was too small an affair to be very impressive. Jumping, throwing the stone and footraces followed, but the crowd was so great that I had no opportunity of knowing either how far they jumped, or how fast they ran. Horse racing finished the programme, there was plenty of it, but if I am any judge there was nothing very fast. The last race over I left the field, greatly amused, as I wended my way through the crowd, at several groups of noisy disputants who with fierce gesticulation and fervent invective were trying to settle bets on the last race—it appeared that the winning horse by some flaw was not entitled to the money.

I believe in having a holy day on the birth day of our sovereign, and I believe also that spending it in the above style is a good thing for Liquor vendors and Confectionary venders, but I cannot help asking the question, can something more rational not be found to amuse or if possible to instruct ourselves and family on a Queen's birth day than the above programme? I got home not extra well pleased at the way I had spent the day—rather sorry that I had not went to the Sheep shearing rights. All I had seen through the day had considerably mitigated the disgust I had felt in the morning at the idea of a bad race through a horse collar.

May 25th, 1866.

A BRAVE MAN," said the Danish creed of honor, "should attack two—stand firm against three; give ground a little to four; and only retreat for five." Pa, we Canadians establish a new creed. It is to attack four—stand firm against eight; give not an inch of ground to a dozen—and retreat under no circumstances—and the Fenians will find us up to our creed it they try us.

Burglaries at