...ests of fire and smoke from the windows; one thrilling scream, a shrill shriek from a child; then a deep and terrible silence. The house glows like a red-hot crucible. Look in at the windows and you see only a raging volume of flame. At last the red rafters of the roof fall in, crashing and snapping, a storm of sparks glitters before the wind, a gust of flame rises up, then a tall pillar of illuminated smoke. The fire abates, and settles down over the eight poor murdered people. Devan and his men discharge their guns in noisy joy, the circle of one hundred monsters toss their hats, huzza, and cry,—

"Lynch, we wish you luck of your hot bed."

Malone and another man say, as they go,—

"All is well now, if we only had Mr. Filgate' (the Louth magistrate, who tried the three Ribbonmen whom poor Lynch had convicted).

It has been a glorious night's work for the Ribbonmen. When they leave the house—an hour ago so cheerful, now a charred vault—Campbell shouts to Gologly and the others, who have been holding the horses in the boggy part of the lane.—

"We burned the little ones as well as the big ones, and left no one to tell the story, Begor! Lynch and Rooney won't go and inform against us again."

This very Gologly to whom he thus spoke betrayed Campbell, and brought him to the gallows.

Early in the morning after this dreadful event, a man named Owen Reilly, whose cab in is about four miles from Lynch's house, hears voices in the road, and, being alarmed, barricades the door. A body of armed men at that hour can mean no good. There is a loud and angry rapping, but he is still unwilling to open, till the voices insist on it, assuring him that no harm is meant to anybody in that house. They merely want something to eat and drink. Reilly opens the door, and sees some savage-looking smoke blackened men, who call for oaten bread and a bowl of milk. They are sullen, tired, and one of them has a black scorched wound on his face. That is Keenan, whom Lynch had wounded.

Next day the ruin is visited by half the country-side. Mr. Filgate rides over and inspects with horror the four blackened walls, and the charred and ghastly remains of the eight murdered people. The peasants stand silently round, in secret sorrow or secret approval. The sunshine falls on the white ashes of the roof, the broken door, and the trampled garden strewn with half-burned straw.

The crowd opens and parts, when an old woman, bowed with grief, and tossing her arms like a keener at an Irish Funeral, comes to look at the black mumies that, so short a time ago, were human beings. She recognises two of them,—her son, whose shoulder, with a birth mark on it, is still unconsumed; and Biddy Richards, one of the maid-servants. The rest she cannot guess at, they are so dreadfully burned. Poor Rooney is found sitting beside his wife, with the blackened body of his fine little boy, only five months old, sheltered between his knees. The sledge-hammer lies on the grass near the door, and the garden is littered with straw and flax.

There are too many people in this horrible conspiracy for the whole to remain long undiscovered. Devan is at once seized. It is noticed that a neighbour named M'Cabe is not among the people who flock to see the ruins of Lynch's house. A labourer, named Greenan, who goes to Lisdinny to tell Mr. Filgate, the magistrate, of the event, is told M.Cabe is lame, and confined to the house with a "touch me not," or boil on his knee. But Alice Raspin sees, him, two days after the fire, vaulting over a ditch, and in perfect health, and soon after an informer deposes to his having been at the fire.

Approvers soon come in, tempted by the reward of fifteen hundred pounds,—not very reputable men,—generally thieves or outlaws,—but still clear and consistent in their stories, all witnesses of the crime, all active sharers in its accomplishment. The first, Bernard M'Elroy, was once a soldier in the Meath militia. He informs to Mr. Filgate. He had been forced into the business by Devan, and had not dared to refuse to help burn Wildgoose Lodge. A second approver, Peter Gologly, who was in jail for a murder, held the horses in the lane, saw the blaze, heard the shots fired, and the huzzaing. Micheal Kernan, a third approver, will confess afterwards that he knows nothing, except on hearsay from M'Elroy, who told him they would share some seven thousand pound's reward. Thomas Gabby, another approver, is a thief; Patrick Murphy, the last approver is sentenced to be hung at Trim as a thief and murderer, when he comes forward as a witness against the men by this time seized and thrown into prison.

These wretches were tried before the Honorable Justice Fletcher at the Louth Lent assizes, held in Dundalk on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of March, 1817, for the burning of Edward Lynch and his whole family of eight persons.

Sergeant Joy, in opening the case with much force and eloquence, "deplored the wretched state of deprivity into which the lower orders of people in this country seemed to have fallen. No sooner did an honest individual seek redress of injuries from the impartial laws of his country, than an infernal conspiracy was entered into for his ruin. The unfortunate Lynch had evinced his courage and honesty in the prosecution of these ruffians, and was therefore devoted to destruction. A conspiracy was immediately entered into to deprive him of his life. Villains from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; from the counties of Monaghan, Louth, Cavan, and Meath; all combined in a diabolic appeal to the laws of his country for protection and redress. It was a remark worthy of attention, that religious parties had nothing to do with this most horrible transaction. The murderers and the murdered were of the same religion.—all Catholics. It was founded solely upon an utter abhorrence of all law, of all distributive and impartial justice." After giving a resume of the evidence of the approvers, the sergeant said: "But soon the devouring flames became general, the cries and lamentation were heard no more, silence ensued,—it was the silence of death. The assassins now thought and boasted to one another that all was safe, that they were secure from all future punishment. Vain delusion! Idle boast! There was an eye that saw them, and the hour of their punishment was at hand. How could they think to escape the view of the God who fills all space! But they were seen by their fellow-mortals. The very fire which they had lighted for their infernal purpose had spread so strong a glare on their countenances, marked as they were with the character of crime, that they were fully displayed; and all who beheld them received such forcible impressions as nothing can deface. The wretches themselves, having glutted their revenge, closed the scene with malignant huzzas!"

The three first prisoners, M'Cabe, Keenan (the man with the black wound), and Campbell, were first found guilty. They received the sentence of death with a savage and sullen obduracy.

Next day, craven, Morron, Gainer, Malone, Lennan, and Butler were also found guilty, and sentenced to death; the judge ordering their bodies to be delivered over to the surgeons for dissection. On the verdict being passed, the murderers broke out into a clamorous protest of adjurations and curses. Their hard and cruel faces showed with how little remorse they would have thrown the judge and jury into flames. They would scarcely be pacified or induced to listen to the judge's address, in which he twice broke down, overcome by the poignancy of his feelings. Before the sentence of death was finished, Malone seized a Testament which lay near him, and swore in the name of God and the Virgin that he was innocent. The crier snatching it from his hand, he broke into shouts and curses against the judge, the jury, and the police. He was removed still pouring forth those black, bitter, semi Oriental imprecations with which the Irish language abounds.

The next day, three other prisoners were also found guilty. During his cross-examination, Murphy, the approver, confessed that, as a Ribbonman, he was sworn to obey his brethren to the utmost of his power, and that if ever again at liberty he would do the same under similar circumstances.

In summing up Judge Fletcher said:—

"The crime with which the prisoners stood charged was perhaps the most enormous which had ever come before him in his judical capacity. How it was proved it was for them to decide. He knew (he said) that they would fully discharge their duty. Then, addressing himself with much energy to the crowd which filled the court, he said "that the madness of enthusiasm or religious bigotry had no part in producing these monstrous crimes. There were not here two conflicting parties arrayed under the colors of orange and green; not Protestant against Catholic, nor Catholic against Protestant,—no; it was Catholic against Catholic. Why do not their clergy exert their power over these people? We all know that, by means of confession they possess much information of what is transacting in the country. Why then do not the priests perform their duty, and deny the rights of the Church to all who participate in such crimes, or who refuse to discover the conspirators? Can a combination extending over four counties be yet a secret to all the Catholic clergy in those counties? They at least see its effects, and it is their bounden duty to investigate the causes of those effects. But if they will remain inactive, surely the bishops should exercise the authority with which the Church has invested them, and stimulate the priests to a discharge of their duty.

"Where was the diabolical scheme planned and matured? In a chapel. Who conducted it? The clerk. Catholics were the agents and perpetrators of the crime,—Catholics the miserable sufferers. Why did they suffer? Because the unfortunate Lynch and Rooney had resisted a midnight attack upon their house with manly fortitude, and had afterwards prosecuted to conviction those miscreants who were since hanged for the crime. Pos. their offence was simply that they had appealed to the mild and beneficent laws of their country for redress and protection. It was incumbent on the Catholic clergy of Louth, Monaghan, Cavan, and Meath, to vindicate the sacerdotal character. He knew not whether any of that order was then present, nor did he care, but he was desirous that what he was now saying should be published. It ought to be widely promulgated. He was known to be no party man, and he spoke only from the impulse of an honest indignation. It was his peculiar study to fulfil his duty to the utmost extent of his knowledge and ability. He was always an advocate for the Catholics, and sincerely sought to have their grievances redressed."

His lordship then exhorted the jury to consider the whole business dispassionately and maturely. If they entertained any doubt, the prisoners at the bar were to have the full benefit of that doubt. Such is the beneficial spirit of that law, which the wretched and infatuated people who have perpetrated the crimes in question have sought to destroy.

The jury retired for a short time and found a verdic of guilty.

An indescribable scene ensued. The most dreadful imprecations burst forth from the wretched prisoners. M'Elarney, an old and malignant convict, vented his rage by cursing the counsel who had pleaded against him, and by frequently interrupting the judge in pronouncing the awful sentence of death. "I don't care! I don't care what you do with me!" was the incessant cry of the inhuman miscreant.

The ten murderers were hung at Dundalk on the 9th of March. The ninety other villians who had danced round the funeral pile of the Lynches escaped.

In his charge at Armagh, immediately after these executions, Judge Fletcher gave a history of the bygone persecutions of the Catholics of Armagh by the Orangemen and Break of Day men, who had ruthlessly driven thousands of persons from the country, or, to use their own cruel language, "to hell or Connaught." These wanton and unprovoked persecutions, unchecked by the magistrates, magnified by designing and traitorous persons, had led to the fatal origination of the Ribbonmen's associations and subsequently to the deplorable rebellion of 'Ninety-eight, with all its attendan atrocities and cruel massacres.

The excellent and wise judge concluded with a few sentences which were as thoughtful as they were true, "No good," he said, "can accrue to you from the persecution of your neighbors who may believe a little more or a little less, who may worship God in a different temple, or with different observances. The law knows no difference, regards no distinction of color or pretension. For myself, I think it right to say to you, gentlemen, that I regard all these associations as illegal. I care not what the body, whether green or orange, nor what the pretence, nor what the profession,—all, I say, are illegal."

It is in crimes like this burning of Wildgoose Lodge that we see the darker side of the fine Irish character, its impetuous courage turned into cruelty, its deep religious feeling into fetish superstition, its pining for liberty into secret and cowardly conspiracy. Can we wonder that such crimes as the Shanaboguee, Wexford, and Vinegar Hill massacres, forced the English into severity and repression?

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, MAY 23, 1867.

"ONE OF YOURSELVES."

In his speeches throughout the South Riding, Mr. Ritchie stuck to it that "he was one of themselves"—meaning the hard-working farmers. In what respect he claims a fellow-feeling with the sturdy, hard-handed sons of the soil we cannot conceive. It is true that he came into the county of Huron when a young man, took up a lot from the Canada Company, and made a clearing on it, but the comparison ends there. He was one of those fortunate few into whose laps favors of a "Monetary" nature are showered. He was not an *office seeker*, oh no! But he got an office—a very nice little one. He got two offices! He got a third! He got a fourth! At one and the same time he—one of the common farmers, mind you—was County Clerk, Division Court Clerk, Secretary of the Board of Instruction, Magistrate and Conveyancer. These offices combined brought Mr. Ritchie a large income and as hard times pinched and drove poor farmers to the wall by the score, money became, in *some* cases worth (?) fifteen per cent. Having few to "look to him for succor or support," Mr. Ritchie had an investment before him, in the way of mortages, of a very seductive nature, and on the principle that money is always worth what it will bring, he did well for *himself*. We do not say there was anything wrong in Mr. Ritchie's acceptance of so many offices, or investing his surplus funds at the highest rate of interest, but we do say that he is not on that account entitled to sympathy and political support from men who earn their livelihood by the sweat of their brow. In fact the only man who seems to have ever regarded Mr. Ritchie as being on an equality with the farmers surrounding him, was the assessor who kindly set down his income at $400 a year, when it should have been at least $2000!! He, "one of yourselves"! Farmers of South Huron, we ask you to discover if you can, a single point in which the sympathies and interests of Mr. Ritchie touch yours! He is a man of money and broadcloth—you are men of hard work and homespun. Whatever there is in him of adaptability, of honesty, of general legislative capacity, should be fairly weighed, but beyond that, nothing, for

"The gow'd is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the man for a' that."

It is true Mr. Cameron is not a farmer,—one of yourselves, in the strict sense of the term, but he makes no pretensions in that direction. He tells you what he is and what he believes he can do for you, in plain English, a much better course than to claim sympathy where it is not due.

Amalgamation on a Large scale

Long as the Great Western Railway has held out against the influence and opposition of the Grand Trunk, and independent as its management has been conducted, it is now evident that they are on the eve of a virtual amalgamation. A few days ago we noticed a paragraph pointing in this direction, from a London paper, and now the matter comes before us in a still more positive manner. The London *Railway Times*, of the 4th of May, says the agreement binds the two Companies to charge equal rates and fares between competitive places reached by the two companies in Canada and in the United States, also some provision for division of the local traffic commanded solely by the two Companies. The *Railway News* of the 4th May says:—The mutual understanding is for the adjustment of rates and fares, and the avoidance of the system of competition which has so long prevailed to the disadvantage of the proprietors of the respective concerns. An official statement informs us, that it is an understanding in fact with regard to the rates and fares to be charged, and perhaps to a division between the parties, in agreed proportions, of the local competitive traffic. The remarks of these papers, which are authorities upon railway matters, are undoubtedly based on tangible facts, and it will be surprising indeed if we do not see a sudden change in the policy of our two great railways, whose interests have hitherto been diametrically opposed to each other. The principal effect of their competition for some years back has been a discriminating tariff in favor of American forwarders, and if the new arrangement should put a stop to the strange anomaly we have witnessed, no harm will befall Canadians. But what we have reason to fear is that a monopoly will be created by amalgamation which will place the carrying of the produce of the farmers of Canada in the power of a union of railway men, armed with the most dangerous of monopolizing powers. Competition is not *always* the "life of trade,"—for any article or service performed is worth a certain sum which must be realized, if the seller or servant is to escape impoverishment,—and yet, where the interests of the great body of the people are immediately concerned, monopoly is ruinous to the last degree. It may be that the arrangement between the Great Western and Grand Trunk has been affected merely for the purpose of putting an end to unnecessary competition, at which the public could not justly complain, but we trust it will not be discovered that a great deal more is meant than appears on the surface.

A NAME WANTED.

There is at present an opening for some enterprising Canadian to render himself immortal by inventing a proper name for the No-party portion of the body politic. It has been proven clearly by the *Leader* that the old conservative party has now ceased to exist, hence the spasmodic efforts of local papers to find a name which fulfils euphonistic requirements and is calculated to *take well* with the greatest possible number of people. A great many names have been tried, just to see how they will look in print, but as yet nothing definite has been decided on. We think it would be well for these gentlemen, (following the example of the illustrious Bonner, who offered a reward of $500 for the best name for his paper, *The Ledger* gaining the prize over some hundreds of competitors,) if they would advertise somewhat as follows:—

"WANTED—A NAME!

$500 REWARD

Will be paid to the person who will be awarded the palm for the most appropriate and taking name for a party to be formed out of the remains of the old conservative body. Something that will tickle the fancy of disaffected reformers is respectfully suggested, as strength is required, above all things. Address, post-paid,

Central Committee Esq.,
Toronto.

It is worthy of remark that those who have invented names for themselves have a great hankering for anything that has "liberal" stamped upon its face. That is an old dodge, and has been tried too often to gull any intelligent person. The great success of the principles of Liberalism has endeared it to the hearts of a vast majority of the people of Upper Canada, and while its adherents see no reason to change either their coats or their names, they should carefully heed off those who are now so eager to enter the political world under a trade-mark to which they have no right whatever.

☞ It is amusing to witness the agonizing effort of Mr. Hays and his friends to prove that Thomas Gibson is a man not to be believed. A question of veracity is the last thing we should have expected from them. It is easy to call others liers and other bad names, but when it comes down to a sober comparison of character, we have not the slightest fear for the result, as far as Mr. Gibson is concerned. As a man of probity and honor he has nothing to fear from the most searching investigation.

The Influence of Great Britain.

It has been the habit of Red Republicans of every class, during the past few years to belittle everything British. Britain, according to their statements was no longer to be considered *Great*.—Ever ready in the past to embroil herself in war the moment it became known that the nation saw in Peace and its attendant blessings something more desirable than the glories of the tented field, detractors predicted its lapse into a fourth-rate power amongst the nations of the earth. So far, however, from this prediction being fulfilled, we find that her influence in the councils of Europe are as potent as ever. England it was that prevented the recognition of the Independence of the Southern Confederacy by France—for which she was repaid with hatred and foul reviling—and England it is which has been mainly instrumental, during the past few weeks, in preventing the outbreak of a terrible war. The glory attaching to our noble Queen and her advisers, in consequence, is not that of Waterloo, but of Christian enlightenment and civilization which has signally triumphed over those principles of bloodthirstiness which have caused the sacrifice of such vast numbers of human lives on the altar of Kingly ambition. England, *mighty for good*, is, at the present day, better entitled to the name of *Great* than at any former period of her history. Republicans, standing on the very verge of anarchy and lawlessness, turn their eyes, at last, longingly, to Britain, as the country which stands before all others in the enjoyment of constitutional liberty, and well will it be for them, if they will borrow a leaf from the book open before them before it is too late.

HER MAJESTY'S PROCLAMATION.—We hear it intimated, proceeding indirectly from an official source, that Her Majesty's proclamation of the confederation of the Provinces in the grand Dominion of Canada, will be promulgated on the 24th inst., rendering that joyful anniversary doubly endeared in the hearts of the loyal subjects of the dominion, and memorable for all time. Should the expectation prove to be well founded, the fixing of a permanent national holiday will be most opportune, and the season at which it falls will make the appointment universally acceptable.—*Hamilton Times.*

The British Ensign hauled down.

On Sunday morning an affair took place at this port which has excited considerable comment. It seems that the propellor City of London, Capt. Pollock, called here early on that morning, on her way to Bruce Mines. She had flying at her mast-head, in honor of the sacred day, the ensign which is peculiar to the Royal Navy, viz., the British cross on a white ground. Soon after she drew up to the dock, a boat's crew from the *Cherub*, commanded by an officer, boarded her, when the latter, having ascertained that she was a British vessel, at once gave his orders to one of the blue-jackets, who took down the ensign, which was rolled up and removed to the *Cherub*. Capt. Pollock was, of course, highly indignant, not so much at the act, for, strictly speaking, a merchantman has no right to fly such an ensign), but at the manner in which it was done. Capt. Pollock was in command of the City of London last summer when a large number of Canadian excursionists were grossly insulted at Cleveland by Fenians, and it was only by his gallantry that the rascals were prevented from hauling down the British flag on board his vessel. His noble conduct so pleased the loyal owners of the boat that they gave him his choice of a flag for presentation to him, when he selected the naval ensign we have alluded to. He avers that he flouted it under the guns of the men-of-war in Montreal harbor, and not a word was said to him. Law may be with the officer who commanded the ensign to be taken down, but we think, as the citizens of Goderich generally think, that it might have been done in a less offensive manner. We trust that the rudeness complained of by Capt. Pollock, was not under the direction of the superior officers of the gunboat.

☞ The conservative candidates were brought out by "the unanimous voice of the *Liberal*" party of South Huron, were they? What party is meant—the *liberal* Liberal or the *conservative* liberal?—What about the caucus meeting in a Goderich *lawyer's* office, (before the Clinton Convention) presided over by a conservative lawyer, and addressed by conservative lawyers? Were not Messrs. Ritchie and Carling invited, nay urged, to stand, by that meeting, and did not the former consent, if a good strong requisition could be got up. The Clinton convention saw the requisition and confirmed the nomination quite as a matter of course. The polished and erudite young gent. who grinds Mr. Ritchie's organ, may denounce everything that doesn't suit his ideas of men and things as *untrue*, but if he is spared to live a little longer in Huron he will learn that the ratepayers are not "Wallace Lambs" that they should be treated to his absurd *ipse dixit* on such questions.

Temperance Meeting.

A well attended and successful Temperance meeting was held last (Monday) evening in the basement of Knox's Church. Rev Mr Shaw occupied the chair, and deeply interesting addresses were delivered by Revs Messrs Livingston and Ure. Accompanied upon the fine new melodeon purchased by the Good Templars, Mr Thomson led several appropriate pieces of music in good style.

The Bruce Registrarship.

The Leader says the Court of Queen's Bench has decided that the dismissal of Mr. Hammond was illegal, and that besides being disposed from office, Mr. M'Lay will be forced to refund the fees received since his appointment. The registrations during his term of office are also illegal.

Was he Justified?

On Sunday morning last, a propeller called the "City of London," of Port Stanley, C. W., came into this port flying what to some appeared a peculiar flag. Immediately on the arrival of the steamer, an officer and two men were despatched from the gunboat *Cherub*, who without delay proceeded to haul it down. This flag, apparently so *obnoxious* to the officers of Her Majesty's said gunboats, was taken aboard that vessel as "a trophy" of its exploits on Lake Huron. Its return was refused to the Captain of the "City of London," although intimation was given that if he came or sent for it he might have it. This he declined doing. We are informed that this flag was presented by many of the merchants of London, owners of the boat and others; that it is not the representative of anything hostile or of an enemy, but such as any ship of the English mercantile navy could, with a slight addition, use with perfect propriety. That as it was *in strictness*, none but a war ship could use it *on the high seas*, but its propriety has never been questioned on our lakes. The rights and duties of the officers of English gunboats on Canadian waters are not well known or defined, but certain it is that no such right exists as was assumed to be exercised by the officers in question on Sunday morning. These gentlemen should remember that their duties are to regard law, and not be its violaters; that Canadians have rights which they must respect, and that such a high handed measure can receive no countenance from a law-observing people. Had this been a Fenian vessel, or one sporting a Fenian flag, he might have been justified in so doing, but knowing as he did that she was a Canadian steamer, with a captain who was himself an English tar, the act was unjustifiable. We hope the matter will be represented to our government, and we are greditably informed that that will be done.—[COM.

☞ By advertisement elsewhere it will be seen that the steamer Clinton is to give excursions on the Queen's Birthday. They will be well patronized, of course.

PERSONAL.—Having received a second-class certificate from the Military Board, James Thomson, Esq., of this town has been Gazetted Lieutenant of the Goderich Garrison Artillery company.

PERSONAL.—Lieut. T. R. Jackson, of the Bayfield Volunteer Company, has received a first-class certificate from the Military Board at London.

☞ Those who say that the influence of the *Signal* has been purchased for electioneering purpose, are guilty of deliberate *falsehood*. We challenge proof from those who are so ready to measure others by their own half-bushel. *Prove* your sneaking assertions if you can.

HIGH PRICES.—The prices now offered for grain throughout Canada are, we believe, without a parallel in the history of the country. They are far above the highest figure touched during the Crimean War, and the tendency is still upward. It is worthy of notice that farmers have more to spare than was anticipated. It must be a good thing for them, and a much better for speculators who bought largely last winter, but it is a serious business for the poor man.

☞ We are informed that Mr. Crabb is so much better that strong hopes are entertained of his recovery.

☞ A great deal Mr. Dan Moran of Seaforth knows about whats disgust the farmers of Tuckersmith. Mr. Cox was a nice enough sort of a man until he refused to give his stupid correspondence paper room.

DAILY INTELLIGENCER.—The Belleville *Intelligencer* is now published as a neat little daily. It contains an excellent summary of gold, local and foreign news. We hope friend Bowell will receive the amount of support his enterprise deserves.

NORTHERN GRAVEL ROAD.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

A. Bay, Esq., Co. Engineer, having inspected the Northern Gravel Road, reports as follows:—

COUNTY SURVEYOR'S OFFICE,
Clinton, 11th May, 1867.

The President of the Goderich Northern Gravel Road Company,

SIR,—In pursuance of instructions from the Judge of the County Court, I have inspected the Goderich Northern Gravel Road, which in certain places I find so much out of repair as to endanger the travelling community, and beg to notify you thereof.

The repairs required are as follows:—

Break the stones small enough to pass through a two and half inch ring, on those parts of the road newly repaired, and on such parts as may be repaired before the expiration of the time specified in this notice. Fill up certain breaches in the road between the first toll gate and the gravel pit on Dunlop's Hill. The drainage there is very defective, and the breaches referred to have been made by the water from the hill running across the road in place of being carried off by the side drain.

Repair with gravel the road from Millburn, Village, extending easterly five-eighths of a mile.

Supply a new cover to culvert fifty rods east from the Millburn Tavern.

Repair culvert near the Farmer's Inn.

Repair with gravel or broken stone, all those isolated parts of the road where the repairs have not been made continuous between the Farmer's Inn and the Nile Village.

Cover anew, and otherwise repair, a broken culvert 1¼ miles north from Smith's Hill.

Take down and rebuild the large culvert thirty rods south from Allan's Tavern at the Nile; one of the bench walls is undermined, the covering plank quite rotten, and the whole structure unsafe.

Repair with a heavy coat of gravel between Wawanosh and Ashfield, from the Nile Village to the rear of the 3rd concession.

Repair or rebuild a small culvert thirty rods south of School House, and also a large culvert a few rods north of school house in the same section. The culverts should be repaired forthwith. The small one is completely broken down, and the other in the worst possible condition.

Fill up with gravel sundry holes, in the surface of the road, near Dungannon Church.

Continue the repairs over such parts of the road between Dungannon and Lucknow as have not been repaired since October last, and renew the gravel through the swamp in the seventh and eighth concessions, where the repairs last fall were insufficient.

Supply a new culvert for the present unserviceable one, forty rods south from the Belfast Post Office, and repair such culverts as may fail before the fifteenth day of June next.

The bridge over the Nine Mile River also requires a thorough repair.

MANCHESTER AND SMITH'S HILL.

Culvert eighty rods east of Carlow Post Office should have a new cover.

Repair low part of the road with gravel for a distance of twenty-five rods, at same place, and also, a very low part of road between aforesaid point and Carlow.

Repair with gravel, for a distance of thirty rods, a wet, low part of the road three-quarters of a mile east from Carlow.

Fence, or widen, an embankment built on culvert twenty rods east from Symington's tavern; this short embankment is only fourteen feet wide, and cannot be safe after nightfall.

Repair with gravel a very low part of the road, three-eights of a mile, west of Symington's tavern. Also, a low bad place near the bridge opposite the residence of Wm. Young, Reeve of Colborne.

The said repairs to be finished and completed on or before the fifteenth day of June, 1867.

A. BAY,
County Surveyor, Co. of Huron.

MORIS, 18th May, 1867.

To the Editor of the HURON SIGNAL:

SIR,—I would not have trespassed on your columns at this time had not my name been dragged by the correspondent of the Goderich *Star* before the public, with a nick-name attached, as being present at a political meeting held at Grey Town Plot. I was of opinion that this was a free country, and that a man could attend any public meeting without fear of bodily harm or any other interference, as long as his conduct was in order. The correspondent of the *Star* must have thought that he could do as "he pleased" and to show his respect for good manners he assumes the school boy's way of running away to a safe distance, and turning round, yells, Mr. Gibson's bugler or fugler. The Press Association should take notice of such a school boy's feat and award to the correspondent a good leather medal. I see by the *Star* that Mr. Hays has another version of the amount that the audit committee received for attending the session, what he said at Gray was $90 per quarter that is $300 a year. He stated if he had got the Clerkship of this County Messrs. McKay, Thompson, or Dr. Stokes, was to do the work. You will have seen, no doubt, in the last number of the *Star* that low and slanderous article on the qualification of Mr. Gibson, as a Legislator, which ought to be dated, "Banks of Lake Huron," with the characters changed from "Sawny & John" to the classic names of *William & Bill*, the same argument came out in Mr. Armstrong's Hotel, at Ashleyville, after the meeting, (when John Barley corn got possession of the little moral faculty.) I would just say to Mr. Hays, friend *John* rest on your oars. Mr. Gibson will when the proper time arrives produce his property qualification in accordance with law. Then Mr John can have an opportunity of rebutting or exposing what *honest* affidavits *can* do. Mr. John is next made to say that Mr. Gibson is an illiterate and presumptuous man, rude, assuming, overbearing in his neighborhood, as sly as a fox, and as stubborn as a mule, right or wrong; - but when any selfish object is to be gained he is as smooth as oil, and always under a mask of humility. Then the writer calls on heaven to witness a falsehood, and adds that Mr. Gibson is as hollow as an oaten reed. Now, sir, go to those who have transacted business with him for the last ten years, and ask them if such is the character of Mr. Gibson as a business or public man, and they will invariably answer no! and state that it is a low slanderous accusation; and that the writer must be one of the meanest of men when he had not the manliness to sign his lawful name to such a charge. Mr. Gibson's literary qualification will compare favorable with the generality of public men, in this County. Will Mr. Gibson not compare well, and is he not equal in that respect with Mr. Carling the conservative candidate for the South Riding of Huron? Take as an example Messrs. Gibbons and Horton Reeves for Goderich Town, or Mr. Holmes conservative candidate for the House of Commons in this Riding. Until Mr Hays friend, John, comes out with his lawful name and proves that Mr. Gibson, is not equal to those gentlemen every man must say, that he (Mr Gibson) is wronged by this assassin, who dares not face Mr. Gibson or the public with such a charge. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I hope you and the literary part of your readers will forgive any grammatical errors, as I am not what is termed an educated man.

Your obedient servant,
DONALD SCOTT.

The Jinklin Correspondence

DEAR TOM,

From the perusal of your letter I came to the conclusion that you entertained rather extravagant views. Such sentiments as you gave expression to might have been tolerated in older and more experienced individuals; but remarks and statictures on such men as Mr. Ritchie, of Bayfield, and Messrs. Carling and Elliott of Exeter, come with a very bad grace from one of your age. From the tone of your epistle one would judge that Mr. Carling was no speaker; but admitting the fact, is that a sufficient reason for debarring him from parliament. It is working not speaking men we want there. Give him a chance, and by a little experience he may shine in public life as much as his brother John, of London, who has represented that city for the last ten years. Again is his lack of education any just reason why he should not obtain a fair and impartial trial as legislator? Education, you should know, is not so much required as good sound judgment—which quality the man's very appearance would amply indicate. If he was not a man of good ability he certainly would not have obtained so numerously signed a requisition. Surely all the people who signed that requisition could not have been at fault in judgment in reference to his qualification for the post to which he aspires. Now, it seems to me, Tom, why you are so much opposed to Messrs. Carling and Ritchie, is because they are avowedly Conservatives; now you well know, as I do, from your papers, that there is no great leading question before the country at the present time, and consequently can be no necessity for party lines, as of old. When the time shall come for the people of Canada to take sides on some great question, then will be the time to harp about party, but as things are at present I cannot see that there is any great necessity for it.—This party strife has been awakened by the influence of George Brown's faithful organ, the *Globe*. A strife, a party warfare, as futile in its designs as it is disgraceful in its effects. I see by a local paper sent me that Messrs. Cameron and Gibbons are candidates for the first and second houses respectively, in the South Riding. Now, with regard to the first, I myself, believe he will make a good member, as he has a great deal of experience in public life. I, however, somehow think that although running on the Reform ticket, he is a Conservative at heart. As for Mr. Gibbons, I wonder at any Canadian standing up for him, for if Mr. Crabb's letter is to be believed, he will sell the South Riding over to Mr. Seward as a park for a few choice Russian-American rein-deer for his own immediate use.

Your Father,
ANDREW JINKLINS.

Ann Arbor, May 20th.

(Tom's answer will appear in our next.)

JEFF. DAVIS.

This eminent man is not to be "hanged on a sour apple tree" yet. After a weary incarceration of our two years in Fortress Monroe, he was brought before the Court at Richmond, and no sufficient reason being adduced for his retention, was admitted to bail in the sum of $100,000. The illustrious chief was received with enthusiasm on his release by those he has served so long in a public capacity. Even the negroes, we are told, cheered lustily and crowded around to grasp his hand. Mr. Davis is coming to Canada to visit his children, who, it will be remembered were placed in an educational institution near Montreal.

EXTENSIVE SOWING.—Stimulated by the extraordinary prices offered for their produce, the farmers of Huron are, this spring, sowing every spare acre to grain. If we have anything like an average yield, it is safe to predict that the County will export from one-third to one-half more grain this fall than at any former period. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, the prospect of a fine crop is flattering. The weather has been excellent for seeding, and the brairl generally has a healthy appearance. The fall wheat in most places is also "picking up" wonderfully.

STANLEY.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

DEAR SIR.—A letter signed "Observer" having appeared in the Goderich *Star* a week or two ago, making an attack on Messrs. Rumball and Cameron, and knowing full well that they are perfectly capable of defending themselves, I merely wish to make a few observations touching that part which relates to Dr. Woods', municipal career in Stanley. It is superfluous for Observer to mind us of all the obligations we are under to the Dr., and the great treasure we possess in having such an indefatigable person to direct our township affairs, and lucky for us the day he left his country, (I hope not for his country's good but for our benefit) and sacrificed all the prospects that a superior and brilliant intellect could bestow, to live and make his home with us a set of uncivilized creatures, and waste his sweetness on the desert air of Stanley. He found the township a howling wilderness, he made it a blooming Eden. He found us not much better than the redman of the bush, he cultivated and civilized as he spread his paternal hands over us, and was always ready to help us in mind, body, or estate particularly the latter, as he is deeply read in all sorts of law, a very "Coke or Thurlow." He built bridges, mills, made roads, and constructed one of the best harbours of refuge on lake Huron; in fact the harbour is a magnificent engineering skill, and an astonishment to all travellers; the cost being thirty-two thousand dollars, a small sum when you take into consideration the immense benefit we receive from it. It is whispered in the influential circles of Stanley, that the brains of the Dr. are constructed on quite a different plan from those of his fellow man, and to a certain extent I believe this, as he is so retired and modest in his manner, not puffed up with vain conceit or egotistical nonsense, and far be it from him to apply his lips to a brazen tube to sound his own praise, no! he would scorn such an act, he would leave that for "Observer" to do,—alas; the Council here has been organized by him, and is now fit to transact any business he may call on them to do, from the framing of the most intricate By-Law to the cooking of an Assessment Roll; In fact he is everything to us and the township, the "Primum Mobile" of Stanley—as I remarked before, his brain being formed on improved principles, we immediately put the writing of the squire's eldest born to him. It is a fine specimen of composition whose grandeur is a result of elevated thought, dressed in the classic attire which people of superior intellect love to don, he has not only done justice to his scientifical and literary reputation, but has set a much needed example to all. If the Dr. would only say he had failed in two or three other walks in life, he might boast himself fit to use the pen in as powerful a manner as he does the lancet against all comers! Such a man as this, the Romans would have erected temples, the Greeks statues. Stanley some day may do justice to the name of "Ninian." The only thing that we are surprised at is, that such a superior creature like this, should be found playing second fiddle to David Hood, and revolving in the same political zodiac with Simon of Exeter, and Cancer the Crab, respecting the reflections made by "Observer" on poor dear James, I have only this to remark, that his letters are not altogether "Chesterfield," but with all his faults he never attempted to come the word "belittle" and pass it as current on an intelligent public, thanking you for your kindness and wishing you many happy returns of the season,

I remain
Dear sir,
your most obedient serv't,
MARY A. BOSSWELL.

HAY

The Court of Revision for the above Township for 1867, composed of the Reeve, Deputy Reeve, and Councillors met, pursuant to public notice, in the Town Hall, on Tuesday the 7th of May, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

There was no appeal against assessment, but several parties being complained against for not giving in a correct statement to the Assessor as to the number of dogs and bitches they owned, the Court ordered that the Assessor require a written statement from the undermentioned parties of the number of dogs and bitches they owned respectively at the time of the Assessment, viz., John Prang, Jacob Albricht, John J. Trimner, Thomas McLeod, Charles Spade, and Jacob Thon.

The Court adjourned to meet again in the Town Hall, on Friday, the 31st of May 1867, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

The Council having requested the Reeve to hold a Council meeting there being business to bring before the Council that might be attended to. The Reeve complied with the request by ordering the Clerk to read the minutes of the previous meeting, which was read, approved of, and the Reeve requested to sign them.

Moved by William Carrick, sec by Michael Zellar, that John Collingwood be paid the sum of $3, being amount paid by him for repairing a plow, broken at statute labour—Carried. Moved by William Carrick, sec. by James Smillie, that the balance of the expenses of the burial of Donald Budjie, amounting to $4.52 be paid to William McDonald—Carried.

Moved by James Smillie, sec. by Michael Zellar, that the following parties be paid the sums after their respective names out of the dog tax fund, for sheep killed by dogs, viz., John Shinay $9., also $4., magistrates fees by him paid on said cases, and Archibald Neismith the sum of $6—Carried. Moved by William Turnbull, sec. by Michael Zellar, that Gledion Smith be notified by the Clerk, to remove his fence off the side road at lot 16, from the Sable Line road to the lake shore—Carried. Moved by Michael Zellar, sec. by William Carrick, that Lewis Dauthier be relieved from paying taxes for a bitch as he is leaving the province and taking said bitch with him—Carried. Moved by William Carrick, sec. by Michael Zellar, that the Clerk notify Henry Voland to remove his fence off the side road at lot 20, in the 11th concession—Carried.—The Council adjourned until the adjournment Court of Revision.

WILLIAM WILSON.
Township Clerk.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS COMING TO ST. CATHARINES.—The St. Catharines *Journal* of yesterday informs us that ex-President of the late Confederate States, Mr. Jefferson Davis, has purchased Mr. McGiverin's property in that town, for a summer residence. Mr. Davis could not come to a better section of Canada than this to be heartily welcomed and highly esteemed.

DUNGANNON, May 16th, 1867.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

SIR,—I notice in your issue of the 16th inst., a rather strange effusion from the pen of John Holmes. I say strange, because such a letter coming from a man who has for the last month been travelling through the country, preaching zealously to try to convince an incredulous people that his public acts were without fault his private character unimpeachable; and his truthfulness and veracity unequalled, seems to me to cap the climax for impertinance. I think, however, that the publication of M