Huron Signal.

"THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER."

TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, JAN 8, 1852.

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never forget that breakfast, and the past associations it calls up, were I a lived century. As Mr. Cornish ushered me into room, where a large table was laid for ten persons, a slender woman, bending under the weight of a huge dish, piled high with wheat cakes, hot from the oven, entered by an opposite door. A large dish of toast, saturated with melted butter, and with cream, was already upon the table, together with a broiled chicken, beef, cold ham, and cold roast veal. Mrs. Cornish having placed the cakes on the table, returned to the kitchen for something else.

"What is the woman about?" said Mr. Cornish impatiently, at the same time looking at his watch. "She knows how much I depend on punctuality."

The clock now commenced striking, and just as the last stroke died away, Mrs. Cornish re-entered the room with an air of hurry and trepidation, with a dish of boiled potatoes in one hand and of baked ones in the other. Unless than seven sturdy-looking young fellows entered the room directly after her.

Mr. Cornish had already seated himself at the table, and indicated the place which I was to occupy, but I waited till the overtasked wife, in what appeared to me a painful state of exhaustion, sunk into her place. While Mr. Cornish asked a blessing, I thought she must feel more than repaid for the trouble she had taken in preparing the repast, by the evident relish with which her husband partook of the various viands with which the board was loaded. He handed me a cup of coffee, when he said—

"How is this? Why, here is tea! I thought that you understood that when a stranger was expected to breakfast, there should be both coffee and tea."

"I can make it now in a minute," said Mrs. Cornish, rising and bringing it back from the table.

"But I interfered, and assured him that I preferred coffee in the morning. The repast satisfied my hospitable host, and the ruddy glow irradiating his bread, ruddy face, and a sunny light scintillating in his grey eyes, he addressed himself to the business task before him.

"Of gastronomy in the abstract, of all the delicacies of the Lucullan philosophers could not have been more devoted. Of the ... with all the subtle skills derived from the precepts of the master, have employed a repast with a gusto more lively and intense than did Mr. Cornish his breakfast. It was the same with the young man, a circumstance of which he was fully advised, as was evident by the look of complacency which, every now and then, he cast round the table.

"Nonsense," said her husband. "All you will have to do is to put a little more into the spot. I have heared my mother say that she had as lief cook for a dozen as two, and we all know that a hen can scratch for a dozen chickens as well as for one. If girls would work for two shillings a week, as they used to when I was a youngster, it would do to talk about hiring one; but the extravagant wages they ask now would run off with all the loose change I could rake and scrape. Come, Lucy," he added smiling, "rouse up a little, and have a little more resolution; it won't do for you to set up for a lady quite yet."

"Thus rebuked, his wife, who was proud spirited, did not revive the subject, and probably must have failed, at once, had it not been for her eldest son, who stole every opportunity to assist his mother, even at the risk of being called idle and lazy, at not doing, on some occasions, what his father thought a fair day's work for a boy of his age.

"I had entered the house with the keen appetite, consequent on youth, vigorous health, and three miles drive in the fresh morning air; but it was entirely destroyed by the sight of the drooping, overtasked woman, who, unable to eat herself was constantly employed in waiting on others.

"To Mr. Cornish, it was evident, by his self-satisfied air, that everything was exactly as it should be, and the indignation caused by his obtuseness I felt burning on my cheeks, as I recalled to mind the solicitude he expressed concerning his horses, which, to use his own language, he always treated as if they were made of satin. I could not help imagining to myself what he thought his wife was made of. I determined within myself to leave at once, knowing that the addition of one to the family, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Cornish to the contrary, must add to her care and labor. On reflection, however, I decided to remain, for having once kept 'Bachelor's hall,' I tho't that I might lighten, instead of increasing her labor, during those intervals of study, which I had intended to devote to rambling in the woods and fields. I, therefore, at once set about winning the approbrious cognomen of husband or Bettyneedle, and of being declared worthy of having a dishclout or any other garment as a task only others, undertook myself to the bringing in wood and water, vegetables, roasting, boiling over the fire, and doing a variety of things too numerous to mention. Mr. Cornish, except at his meals, seldom in the house, the same jovial, smiling man he wore when he had earned the reputation which he wore so honorably pleasant and agreeable, was particularly the case when he succeeded in picking up a fault. This witness and partake of his unfortunate as to think of something he might have increased the luxury and variety of the repast.

"He used, when in his happier moods, to dwell with considerable ostentation on the shrewdness and foresight, which had contributed towards making him the greatest landholder in the county, and was accustomed to remark, that he thought he had a right to live at his ease, and enjoy himself. And he was not backward in availing himself of what he considered his right in this respect. Every day, when the weather was fine, he took a drive in his buggy with his superb bays, besides which Harefoot, as he called the finest saddle horse I ever saw, was regularly brought to the door after tea, when he used to ride eight or ten miles.

"In addition to the air and exercise thus obtained, he daily walked over his fields, overlooking the labors of his sons and his hired men. He thus, by daily placing his oblations on the altar of Hygea, enjoyed an exuberance of health and spirits.

"One day, having gone to the village on some errand, a woman came to the door and said to me, 'I wish you would do me the favor to give my love to Mrs. Cornish, and tell her I expect a few friends to take tea with me this afternoon, and that I sho'd be much pleased to have her join us.'

"When I returned, I delivered the message to Mrs. Cornish, and could see that her wan, careworn countenance brightened. The next morning, however, she remarked, that she did not think it would be possible for her to leave home.

"After dinner, I heard her ask Mr. Cornish, if he thought of going to the village, that afternoon.

"I probably shall," was the answer. 'Is anything wanted? Are we out of tea, coffee or sugar?'

"No,' she replied; but Mrs. Bright has sent me an invitation to take tea with her this afternoon, and I thought I should like to go.'

'Poh!' said he, 'what would be the use of that? You know, Lucy, that if there is one thing on earth which I despise more than another it is this gadding around from house to house, to talk scandal over a dish of tea, which women practice so much in our days. I thought you were above such things. My mother used to say that a woman's place was at home, and I am exactly of her mind. What think I and the boys, and the hired men, and Mrs. Sinclair are to do for supper, if you go off to a tea-drinking? Besides, he added, looking out of the window, the horses are already harnessed, and I cannot allow them to stand an hour to be tormented with the flies, waiting for you to dress up in your frills and furbelows. It would take more flesh off of them, than two bushels of oats would put on.'

"Mrs. Cornish made no reply, but meekly turned away, and commenced washing the dishes. She looked out of the window when her husband left the house, and as with a merry laugh, and a countenance indicative of the highest health, and spirits, he jumped into the buggy, at the same moment giving rein to the pancing steeds, I saw her lips quiver, and tears start to her eyes. My own thoughts were, and perhaps hers were not dissimilar, that though she was looked upon as the mistress of the princely establishment of the rich Mr. Cornish, her real situation was no better than that of a slave; while the labour she was obliged to perform daily, was double that, which any humane and considerate master would require. The last week I boarded in the family, I thought that I could see that she was failing rapidly, and one day I said to her in the presence of Mr. Cornish that I thought she did not look well.

"I don't feel very well,' she replied,—'and I have had some thoughts,' she continued, addressing her husband, 'of asking you if you were willing that I should send for Hannah Williams to come and assist me a week or two, so that I could get a little rested.

"The countenance of Mr. Cornish changed,—'if you cannot get along with your work,' said he, 'I must let one of the boys go. You, if it is harvest time. I don't see the use on what such a little flirt of a girl as Hannah Williams can do, any more than women and did. She always said they were a boy. My mother used to say that more than profit. The expense of a family of children, when I was a boy, was a thing of which, but half that nothing of having enough to eat, is because it is scanty to take care of, it would be a-days, for you to work a little more than eight a little more.'

"Mrs. Cornish said his wife, 'I work as another as an excuse. She was a worthy, as well as an excellent wife, respect—very proud of her husband, as I had good reason in every respect, kind-hearted, and being blessed with almost every wish she was able to accomplish a great deal, as you must remember, she had a sister, that lived in the family, who always lived in the family, and was much better than any hireling, and could have been obtained.'

'Poh, poh—that's where you are taken Aunt Kitty did some chores, mother was always round seeing to things.'

'Here the conversation ended. I left the next Saturday, and early Monday morning I saw Mr. Cornish at the village. Two gentlemen, from one of our larger cities, with whom he had formerly transacted some business, had been stopping at the hotel a few days, and unfortunately, Mr. Cornish caught sight of them. He of course, as he always did in such cases, invited them to come with him, and in reply to some excuse which they attempted, assured them that he would not take no for an answer. He spoke to me aside, and told me he was going to let them see how a farmer fared.

'It may be unnecessary to attempt to relate how Mrs. Cornish succeeded in getting through the task of preparing a dinner which satisfied her husband, which she could not find time to partake of a circumstance, as Mr. Cornish forgot to introduce her, that caused the two city gentlemen to imagine that she was a kind of a head servant, whose health and spirits had been broken by some great sorrow.

'The same day, about sunset, I saw Benjamin Cornish ride up to the door of Dr. Lewis, in great apparent haste.'

'Your mother is sick?' said I, approaching him, after he had spoken to the Doctor.

'Yes,' he replied. 'When we came in from work we found no preparation had been made for supper. As father had gone on some excursion with his two guests whom he had made promise to return with him and spend the night, I did'nt know but that he had given orders to have it delayed. At that moment, I thought I heard my mother's voice, and on going to her bedroom, I found her lying on the bed, in a high fever. Father don't much approve of physicians, but we were all of us so frightened, we thought it would not do to wait for his return in order to obtain his consent.'

'Dr. Lewis succeeded in subduing the fever, but it left her in a hopeless decline.—It was the last day of September that she sunk under her burden, and the sere leaves of November fell upon her grave. Six months afterwards, Mr. Cornish married a young and pretty wife, whose health, as he soon ascertained, was so delicate, that he was obliged to purchase a saddle-horse, expressly for her benefit.'

'I don't think,' said Mrs. Windle, when Mr. Sinclair had finished his story, 'that it would be fair to judge all rich farmers by that Mr. Cornish.'

'Perhaps not,' yet as far as my observations has extended, no class of women in the country, work so hard as the wives of farmers, who are comparatively wealthy.—A man who owns a little snug farm, can, as a general thing, cultivate enough with his own hands to enable him to procure all that is necessary for the comfortable subsistence of himself and family. It would not do to think of hiring a hand, hence the wife's task is seldom so hard but that she can perform it without injury to her health whereas, if the increasing possessions of her husband would render it profitable to hire half a dozen hands, it would add to her labor twofold.'

'But if a farmer is able to pay half a dozen hands, he can certainly afford to hire a good strong girl to assist his wife,' said Mrs. Windle.

'That is true, yet I have found comparatively few men in that station of life (there are honorable exceptions I know) who seem perfectly willing to do it, and most women possessing a common share of sensibility, prefer doing the whole of their work themselves, at the expenses of much physical suffering, rather than to be almost daily reminded of the great expenses of having a girl board and wages, for doing a little work about house, which, after all, turns out no less than five premature graves, the farmers, who children, the careless reply, 'O, she kill—we board the—confess the—'To confess the—But the savagery and stupidity of blood similar instances my thought that the women are facts forcing themselves on to blame—as their husbands. The dark delusion is became aware that they were which supports themselves by over-exertion, they signs present the necessity of having assistance.'

"The truth is, such women as Mrs. Elwyn, and others I could mention, preferred physical to mental suffering. They could not bear to be continually reminded, that a farmer could not expect to get along in the world when there was 'a poor inner door,' and of hearing women quoted as examples, who were 'wives worth having.'

"There is something in that, I know, but a woman of sense should be above minding anything of that kind."

"It would be well, if they could rise above it, but I am convinced that it is not always possible, and for that reason I shall never feel willing for my daughter to marry a man, whose education has not been of a kind to give him such a liberal and expanded views as will him to resist the narrowing influence of avarice."

"You may be right," said Mrs. Windle, as Mr. Sinclair rose to take leave, "but I hope that my Sally will never fare worse than to be the wife of John Mitchell."

"If she should," said Mr. Cinclair, "I hope that he will not prove to be a second Mr. Cornish."

THE CHELMSFORD EXECUTIONS.

From the Standard of Freedom.

On Tuesday morning there were two legal murders at Chelmsford, just because there had previously been two illegal murders. "Blood for blood." What the savage does the British law does, and the Lord Chief Justice of England awards just what would be awarded by the least civilized of the human species. We are glad to read in the Times a declaration of humiliation at this circumstance. *At last it is openly acknowledged that we ought to be ashamed of the gallows.*

But the gallows, it ought to be borne in mind, is as stupid as it is savage. Instead of protecting innocent life, it is a lesson in murder. Example is stronger than precept. It teaches what it practices—blood for blood. Combatting horrors with horrors, it only adds to the affliction of the community, and increases the general violence from which all the innocent and sensitive suffer. It is not merely savagery we have to be ashamed of, it is also what has been called worse than a crime—a blunder.

The criminal, Chesham, it is said, was once tried before, and acquitted in deference to the scruples of a Quaker opposed to capital punishments. But for this escape, it is insinuated she would not have poisoned her husband. But this circumstance tells against capital punishments.—Punishments should be certain. But savage, stupid, and mischievous punishments will always be rendered uncertain in their application by those who regard them in their true light. Thus the guilty escape. Thus bad laws expose innocent lives to additional perils. No punishments are worse than uncertain punishments; and this is a powerful and additional argument for the abolition of the stupid, savage, and uncertain gallows.

Statistical researches prove that when executions are fewest, and when executions are rifest, murders are rifest. We have heard of vicious circles, but of all vicious circles the most detestable and horrific is this of blood for blood. Rascalty resorts to violence, and legality combats it with violence. Savage laws produce demon crimes, and demon crimes savage laws.

Really, it is wonderful the whole people were not long ago ashamed of the gallows. Instead of its being remarkable that there occur jurymen who obstruct the action of it, there is something marvellous in the fact that legal functionaries are found to carry it out. No wonder judges of sagacity and observation like Lord Campbell complain of it as something, the pain of which makes their duties intolerable, and almost their offices untenable.

"From money ... the place where once stood the him of what was once a beaver, 'that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both.'

served, and in a few years after an offer of marriage was made to her by a respectable

ing, in the bark Neptune—Starkey, ...