HURON SIGNAL.

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE. "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER." TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME III. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1850. NUMBER I.

Card.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL,
CAN be consulted at all hours, at *Mrs. Wm. F. Gooding's, Front-St.*
Goderich, Sept. 13th, 1848. 33–

I. LEWIS,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &C.,
June, 1848. GODERICH.

ALFRED W. OTTER,
General Agent & Conveyancer,
COLLECTOR OF ACCOUNTS, &c. &c.
GODERICH.
Oct. 1, 1849. 2–n25

A. NASMYTH,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR:
WEST-STREET,
GODERICH.
Goderich, April 12, 1849. 2v–n10tf

J. K. GOODING,
AUCTIONEER,
W'LL attend SALES in any part of the District, on reasonable Terms. Apply at the *British Hotel.*
Goderich, March 9th 1849. 2v–5n

DANIEL GORDON,
CABINET MAKER:
Three doors East of the Canada Co's. Office,
WEST-STREET,
GODERICH.
August 27th, 1849. 2v–n30

Stokes,
CHEMIST and *DRUGGIST*,
WEST-STREET,
GODERICH.
March 8, 1849. 2v–5n

JOHN J. E. LINTON,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner Queen's Bench,
AND CONVEYANCER,
STRATFORD.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL,
AUCTIONEER,
BELL'S CORNERS,
SOUTH EASTHOPE.
March, 29, 1849. v2–n8

DR. JOHN HYDE,
[LATE FROM LMBRO.]
MEDICAL HALL,
STRATFORD.
July 31, 1849. 2v–n26

WM. REED,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, &c.,
LIGHT-HOUSE ST. GODERICH.
Oct. 25, 1849. 2vn38

EDWARD CASHELL,
PAINTER & GLAZIER,
Corner of Light-House Street,
GODERICH.
October, 25, 1849. 2vn38

WATSON & WILLIAMS,
DIXIE WATSON of Goderich,
GEORGE WILLIAMS, of Stratford,
BARRISTER AT LAW, &c. &c. and late of the firm of Hector, Weller and Williams, Barristers, &c. Toronto, having this day entered into co-partnership, in the Practice, and Profession of LAW, CHANCERY and CONVEYANCING, will in future keep their Offices at Goderich and Stratford, respectively, under the name, style and firm of WATSON and WILLIAMS.
DIXIE WATSON, Goderich,
GEORGE WILLIAMS, Stratford,
24th December, 1849. 2v–n47tf

JOHN STRACHAN,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Has his office in West Street, Goderich.
Goderich, 2nd January, 1850. 2v–n49

DANIEL HOME LIZARS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Conveyancer, Solicitor in Chancery, &c.,
Has his office as formerly, in Stratford.
Stratford, 2nd January, 1850. 2v–n49
N. B.—Mr. Strachan, of the late firm of Strachan & Lizars, continues to act as Agent and Counsel for Mr. Lizars in all matters referred to him from Stratford.

ALEXANDER WILKINSON,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
And Civil Engineer.
Office at Mr. ROBERT ELLIS'
GODERICH.
January 19, 1850. 2v–n52

NOTICE.

To the Clerks and Bailiff's of the Division Courts.

THE increased demand for SUMMONSES and other BLANK WRITS, in connection with the business of the several Division Courts in the District, has warranted us in printing them in much larger quantities than heretofore, and consequently enables us to sell them much cheaper—therefore we intimate to the several Officers requiring these Blank Forms, that from this date, Summonses and all other Writs belonging to the Division Court, will be Sold at the *Signal Office* at the reduced price of TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE PER HUNDRED.

Signal Office, Goderich,
6th September 1849.

SUMMONSES required by the New District Court Act, and all other *BLANK FORMS* used in the District and Division Courts, on Sale at the *Signal* Office. Also, all kinds of JOB PRINTING executed on the shortest notice, and on moderate terms.

Goderich, July 19, 1849.

Poetry.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

Thou art not gone; thou could'st not go;
True friends can never part,
Our prayer is one, our hope is one,
As we are one in heart!
Nor place, nor time, can e'er divide
The souls which friendship seals;
But still the changing scenes of life
Their mutual love reveals.

Body from body may be placed
Remote as pole from pole:
But can our fleshly frailties bind
The fellowship of soul?
'T is when removed from grosser sense
My spirit claims her right;
My friend is often *least* away
When *absent* from my *sight*.

AGRICULTURE.

EXPERIMENTS UPON SOWING WHEAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ESSEX HERALD,

SIR,—Having produced some experiments at our annual meeting upon sowing wheat, perhaps a few remarks in explanation will prove acceptable to those who feel interested in the results, much care and great pains having been taken to render them accurate.

The land selected for the trial is a mixed soil, deep steple resting upon marl, after a good plant of clover summer fed, and in good cultivation, and was planted on the 7th November, when it was wet and rather unfavourable for dibbling; and the rain which succeeded operated much against the experiments, as numbers of holes failed entirely, besides the loss of a great portion of seed which could not be detected; nevertheless the results are in unison and tolerably conclusive, and agree with a previous experiment.

Various opinions are given by different writers of the number of grains contained in one bushel, and the difficulty of ascertaining correctly induced me last year to adopt the Rev. George Wilkins' calculation of 456,000, which was soon corrected by an anonymous correspondent to 600,000, and soon afterwards appeared another statement with only 300,000, consequently with such conflicting opinions, and a desire to obtain the truth (without which these experiments would be worthless) I have had a small portion of three samples carefully weighed, and calculating the bushel at 63 lbs. gave the following numbers—537,176 new white, 543,320 new red, and 624,960 old red; and as many kernels will not germinate, I have for my experiments adopted 522,720 as a fair average of good sound kernels contained in one bushel, and as there are 43,560 feet in one acre, four pecks of seed will allow exactly twelve grains to each square foot.

It is a curious fact that as three barley corns so correctly represent one inch, so also 480 *selected* kernels will be one ounce troy, and that as barley represents length, measure, and distance, so also grains of wheat regulate weight of gravity, and that as 7,000 grains troy are equivalent to 16 oz. or one lb. avoirdupois, and calculating 64 lbs., a bushel of the finest wheat would contain exactly 448,000 kernels.

The experiments alluded to were for the purpose of ascertaining the quantity of seed which was most productive, and also whether the grains should be allowed to germinate singly or otherwise.

In reference to the thick and thin planting, there were nine experiments, containing fourteen feet each, and four holes upon each foot, in which were dropped from one kernel to nine that is from 56 to five hundred and four, consequently from four to thirty-six kernels per foot, and at the rate from one-third to three bushels of seed per acre, and the greatest weight came from 304 ears, the produce of 280 kernels sown; but what number of these perished it was impossible to determine, otherwise it appears from this experiment that the greatest produce is not from the greatest numbers of ears, but from that number which approaches nearest the number of grains sown, so that if the soil will produce twenty-one good ears per square foot, twenty-one kernels, or seven pecks of seed, may be sown per acre.

The other experiment shows the products of 168 kernels, or twelve per foot, planted in nine different ways, allowing fourteen feet for each trial; and the produce from eighty-four holes with two grains in each, was the greatest yield, although there were twenty-six holes missed in planting and there were three deficient, wherein twelve were deposited; otherwise but little difference would have appeared in the results, which are somewhat extraordinary and conclusive that twelve kernels per foot, planted in any way, were not sufficient, as neither of these produced so much as a greater number in the former experiment:

I have also to repeat, in further elucidation of this interesting subject, that the gross produce varies according to circumstances. But a sheaf of wheat weighing twelve pounds will produce four pounds net; but if weighed immediately after the sickle or scythe, only one-fourth or one-fifth can be expected. But it only requires one ounce per square foot to produce by weight something more than forty-two bushels per acre, allowing sixty-four pounds to the bushel.

Trusting the foregoing remarks will induce others to assist in the attainment of that formation which shall prove the most valuable, and "to settle the question" upon which so much difference of opinion now exists.

I remain, dear Sir,
Your most obliged,
THOS. KING THEDAM.

THE SLAVER'S LAST CARGO.

BY A FORETOPMAN.

Not many years since one of the finest specimens of a clipper built brig I ever stepped on board of, had successfully run large cargoes of Africans into sly ports on the Brazillian coasts, in the very teeth of lynx-eyed English and American cruisers—and after discharging she would sweep in by the Sugar Loaf, and come in the placid and romantic harbor of Rio de Janerio, divested of every appearance of the regular 'blackbird.' Her repeated success was no flattering compliment to those engaged in suppressing the 'traffic,' corresponding exertions were made by several gentlemen, who sported the goldes band, to capture the slippery slaver.

About three days sail to the southward of Mozambique, on the coast of Africa is a noted slave pen, so admirably bulwarked by rocks and quick sand bars, that none save an adept at negro stealing, would ever suppose that a vessel could be safely piloted through the doubtful entrance. One of light draught, however, might pass the bar when the tide was full—but should a flaw strike her head sails, it would send her keel beyond hope of escape, for the ebtide would beat the ribs out of a seventy-four. The entrance was critical and for the purpose to which it had been devoted, it was invaluable.

Under the covering of so lowering a sky, the 'blackbird' referred to, effected her entrance through the contracted channel one night, and running up the creek to which it led a short distance, dropped her anchor.—The process of taking in an 'assorted cargo' was speedily executed, and forty-eight hours from the time her long raking masts hovered back of the towering cocoanut grove skirting the narrow stream in which she lay secure from observation by sea, the caskets confining her head sails were cast off and she was gradually edging her way towards the dangerous entrance, her middle deck crowded to suffocation with the manacled forms of over three hundred beings cursed with skin darker than Christian white man's. As intimated she was a model craft—a Baltimore built clipper. Her ability to beat to windward, was equal to that of most vessels for running free—and as for a chase nothing pleased her handsome captain so well—for so fortunate had she been, that a spy-glass view of the ginger-bread work, adorning her cabin windows, was all that her pursuers had been able to gain. The main defence of the Sea Bird, was the long tapering engine of death hung on a pivot, amid ships, although for an emergency she carrried guns capable of doing execution in close quarters. The splintered bulwarks of more than one slave chaser could bear testimony to her gunner's practiced eye.

Having an unusual valuable cargo on board, the captain of the Sea Bird felt solicitous of making short work of it, and to that end kept his brig trimmed to her best sailing point, and nobly she requitted the care. For several days a vessel had been hovering on her bows, but too far ahead to be made out with certainty evidently watching their movements. Did the slaver alter his course a point, the phantomship ahead followed suit—was sail shortened in order to increase the distance between them, the vessel ahead did the same. As they approached the Brazilian coast, every nautical feat was called into requisition to mislead the curious sail, forever hovering on the horizon's verge, but in vain. Thus situated, the slaver was enabled to recognise the far famed English man-of war-brig, whose captain knew from observation almost every slave pen on the African coast, and who had taken more prizes into Rio than any other two vessels afloat. The snare into which the slaver had been decoyed, was enhanced in danger by its being in the great thoroughfare of transient cruisers, sent up and down the coast by the commanders of the naval station at Rio, for the purpose of exercising the men. No alternative remained but to pull for the land, and if interrupted, fight his way through.

Early the next morning the two brigs were under sail, the Englishman ahead to the windward. The Sea Bird speedily lessened the distance between them. As they neared each other, not more than one or two of the slaver's crew were visible from the Englishman's deck, and the ugly customer aft her foremast was screened by a tarpawling, which soon brought them in speaking distance of each other, and as she dropped under the lee of the slaver, a clear voice hailed;

'Brig ahoy!'

'What Brig's that?'

'The Sea Bird, at your service,' returned the Captain.

'Send your boat on board,' said her Majesty's officer.

'Aye, aye,' was re-echoed back from the slaver, but no effort was made to lower a boat. Well knowing the character he had to deal with, an iron messenger from the English Brig intimated to the slave that her Majsty's officers was in earnest. But the smoke from the discharge had scarcely lifted from the breach of the gun, before a broadside from the Sea Bird came crashing along the deck, prostrating three noble sailors! Incensed at the piratical rejoinder of the 'Black Bird' the deck of the English brig was cleared for action.—Bracing his yards sharp up, he positioned her to speak to some purpose. A shot from one of her forward guns sent the head of the Sea Bird's top mast flying from its place, which brought it thundering upon her deck, her topgallant and royal mast yards, lap hammer and all, so effectually cripling her head sails that she refused to obey her helm, and playing off before the wind, was in momentary danger of running the English brig aboard.

Taking advantage of her disabled condition the Englishman luffed up just in time to swing clear, and while running by each other the grappling irons were thrown and in a twinkling the two vessels were fast.—Above the crash of the meeting brigs, and the hurrying to and fro of men, arose the order of 'boarders away'

But the desperate slaver's were ready for the charge, and hand to hand disputed every inch the boarders advanced. The contest was all in favor of the English, when suddenly the slavers retreated in a body, just in time to escape the discharge of 'long tom,' which had been loaded with spikes and chain links by the gunner during the melee, in anticipation of the result. The match was applied, and a mangled mass of flesh and blood strewed the forward deck of the slaver. The rolling of the two vessels snapped the graplines at this moment, and they slowly separated only to renew the combat in another form. As the English brig settled down in the trough of the sea, a shot from the Sea Bird shivered the head of her main mast.

Both vessels were terribly cut up, the slaver's starboard was shot entirely away, and the lights shone through her bulwarks fore and aft, while the Englishman's boats were completely annihilated, his main mast in danger of falling, several of his men killed or disabled, and big vessel leaking badly. So intent were they upon the mutual destruction of each other, that a sloop of war hearing the firing several miles to windward, bore down upon them, and was within two miles of the scene of action before her presence was observed. The silky folds of the meteor flag of England proudly wooed the breze from the mizen peak and while its appearance was hailed with wild and prolonged cheers from the English brigs deck, hope yielded to despair in the hearts of the slavers.

The contest had been desperate and fearfully destructive, but the most heart sickening scene was in the reserve. After the survivors on board the Sea Bird had been cared for, the tightly battened cover of the main hatch was removed, and a spectacle more revolting to humanity never presented itself than was discovered by the bright sunlight as it penetrated the dark and densely packed hole of the slaver. The poor slaves had been packed in rows along the decks, and closely as they could be crowded together, and all ironed. The rolling and tumbling of the vessel had thrown them together in an undistinguishable mass, while the shots from the English brig ploughed the piles of helpless living beings, sundering bodies and severing limbs until the deck became slippery with the crimson tide of life, and the dismembered bodies of the dead and dying were heaped up with living and breathing survivors.

Libraries have been written, tracts distributed, and sermons have been preached to set in bright colors the infinite train of evil emanating from this trafic in human blood, but could those who deal in human flesh like goods and chattles who contend for whiteman's right to dispose of his dark skinned neighbour—could they have looked on the scene I have attempted to describe, the auctioneer's hammer would drop nerveless by his side, the lash of the slave driver would never again disfigure the persons of the injured sons of Africa.

One hundred of the unhappy wretches incarcerated in that living sepulchre, gazed upon the clear sky, and respired the free air to appreciate their worth, the remainder formed a choice banquet for the monsters of the deep.

Years rolled by and I was again a landsman. One pleasant afternoon I stood admiring the glittering throng that swept by, forever ebing and bowing through that mighty artery of New York—Broadway—where, who sho'd I observe approaching, the gayest of the gay, his really elegant figure decked in extreme of fassion, but the man—the desperado whose hand applied the match to 'Long Tom,' in the terrible conflict between the English brig and the slaver! It was the captain of the Sea Bird. He was now a Spanish Count, rolling in all the luxury wealth could purchase. Two years later, painful surmises as to the fate of a relative, introduced me to the Coroner of New York. I visited the dead house and among the cold white votarics of the lurid tomb, exposed for recognition, I beheld the corpse of the slaver captain! He who had fettered so many in life, had been forced to yield an unconditional surrender to the grim messenger whose keys unlock the portels of eternity.

THE FATAL SECRET.

BY D. WEBSTER.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stair, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continual pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters and holds his victem before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the grey locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raised the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poinard! To finish the picture he explores the wrist for the pulse!—He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him.—The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

Ah gentleman, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe no where. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that 'murder will out.' True it is, that Providence hath so ordained and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turned at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and readily to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistable impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it over comes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It becomes his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicion from without, begin to embarrass him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, *it will* be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

A PICTURE OF EGYPT ON THE SPOT.

BY MISS MARTINEAU.

One impression has taken me by surprise I used to wonder—and always did till now—at that stupidity of the Israelites which so angered their leader,—their pining after Egypt, after finding it impossible to live there. It was inconceivable how they could long to go back to a place of such cruel oppression, for the sake of anything it could give. I now wonder no longer, having seen and felt the desert, and knowing the charms of the valley of the Nile. One evening lately, just at sunset, the scene struck upon my heart, oppressing it with the sense of beauty. A village was beside an extensive grove of palms, which sprang from out of the thickest and richest clover to the height of eighty feet. Their tops waved gently in the soft breeze which ruffled the surface of a blue pond lying among grassy shores. There were golden lights and sharp shadows among the banks where a stream had lately made its way. The yellow sand-hills of the deserts just showed themselves between the stems of the more scattered palms. Within view were some carefully-tilled fields, with strong wheat, lupins and purple bean blossoms; and some melon and cucumber patches were not far off. Cattle were tethered beside the horses; and on a bank near sat an old woman and a boy and a girl, basking in the last rays of the sun with evident enjoyment, though the magical colouring given by Egyptian atmosphere could not be so striking as to English eyes. But what must it have been in the memory of the Israelites, wandering in the desert, where there is no colour except at sunrise and sunset; but only glare—parched rocks and choking dust or sand!—I will not attempt now, for no one has ever succeeded in such an attempt, to convey any impression of the appaling dreariness of the depths of the desert. I can only say, that when it rose up before me at sunset I then understood the surrender of heart and reason on the part of the Israelites, and could sympathise in their forgetfulness of their past woes in their pining for verdure and streams, for shade and good food, and for a perpetual sight of the adored river, instead of the hateful sands which hemmed them in whichever way they turned.—*People's Journal.*

NEVER GIVE UP.

Here is something for those who are [illegible] York *Morning Star*. Read it, and 'try again.'

All young men have to be ruined once, if they begin rich or prosperous. Nothing but a miracle can save them. They either get married before they can afford the luxury of a wife, or fail—and then, and not till then, are they good for anything. Men are not made by coaxing. They seldom thrive on sugar plums. To be men they must be taught it. And the sooner they begin the better. Oaks are rooted in wind and storm. Oaks are therefore trustworthy. Hot house plants come up in a few days and perish accordingly.

Look about you and you will hardly find an old or rich man, who has not, at some period of his life, been a bankrupt, either in health or in poverty. Such men, having learned by God's providences the value of what they have lost, and being undiscouraged, have always found themselves strengthened by their fall.

From Bell's Weekly Messenger.

DINNER TO MESSRS. GIBSON AND BRIGHT AT MANCHESTER.

Mr. Bright observed that this was the first time he had met his constituents by special invitation since the election of 1847, though he had had opportunities of expressing his views on public questions on more than one occasion in the Freetrade Hall.—He could not forget the struggle in which they had been engaged—the struggle which interested them as much now as it did then—decrying, as they did decry on every hand, how fully all the predictions they had made were now being fulfilled. They saw the country emerging from the deepest misery and distress. It was not distress brought on by Free-trade, but was in itself the cause why Free-trade triumphed at the time it did. They beheld this country steadily emerging from a state of difficulty rarely equalled; employment becoming more abundant, and wages tending rather to rise than fall. They found food abundant everywhere, poor rates gradually falling; and they found also the bulk of the laboring classes, for whom they worked as much as for any class, had the means of living to a degree which they scarcely ever enjoyed before (cheers). It might seem unnecessary to make these observations on a question with which they were all familiar; but they must not forget that the party they overcame was yet unconvinced, and would endeavour to force the legislature to go back to the principles which he thought the parliament of 1846 had discarded for ever. He asked their attention to one or two facts which bore upon the question. He assumed, founded upon some inquiries which he had made, that the actual expenditure of each individual in the United Kingdom for flour was 1d. per head per day; and assuming the population to be 30,000,000, that gave a total annual expenditure of 45 millions and a half pounds sterling per annum (hear, hear). That is when wheat is 40s per quarter. Now, then, what do the Protectioniste want? Why, that they should have a remunerating price. He assumed that by this they meant such a price as the Corn-laws were intended to secure them, viz., from 55s to 60s per quarter; so that they made the modest request that the price of corn should be raised nearly 50 per cent., or something over £20,000,000 sterling per annum.—Their opponents attributed the present low prices entirely to Free-trade, but he held in his hand an extract from the circular published by Messrs. Sturge, of Birmingham, whose authority would not be disputed, in which they state that the average price of wheat in the *Gazette* of last week was 44s 4d—lower than it has ever been in the present century, except in parts of 1832, 1835, and in 1836, when it was below 40s., and came as low as 36s 7d per quarter, which was during the period that the highest sliding scale was in force. It seemed to be the prevelent idea that if wheat was low, it was the duty of parliament to raise the price, forgetting that manufacturers might on the same principle ask for a law to raise the price of yarns and cloth (cheers). Farmers were in an unfortunate position, for they have been led to look upon government as something quite different from that which it had appeared to our eyes. All their members and their candidates for 30 years past had asked the farmers to send them to parliament to raise the price of agricultural produce, and now, when the price is low, they turn round upon those gentlemen who have not fulfilled their engagements, and they express themselves in a most violent and intolerant manner against a parliament which legislates to give freedom to the industry and freedom to the nation. They suppose that agriculture is to be free from the fluctuations incidental to the other branches industry, and they are now only launching forth on the ocean track which should have been followed 30 years ago, and then they would not have found themselves so astonished and so distracted at the changes they must inevitably meet with. He thought the landed proprietors had no right to come to them with certain facts which he believed were true throughout a great portion of England.—Hitherto there had been no reduction of rents (hear). If the Corn-laws were intended to maintain rents, they are perhaps right in asking for it; but ask them freely if they have done anything to meet the case of the tenant farmer (cheers). And of the farmers he would ask if they had taken the advice of a very able agriculturist in the county of Devon, Mr. Fowler, who recently recommended, in a letter to the farmers of the county, as one means of competing with foreigners, to confine the number of their acres to the number of their £10 notes; for if the farms corresponded to their capital, they could much more easily sustain foreign competition, and live well with present prices, than they could under a system of large farms and small capitals, which has been so long pursued in all parts of the kingdom (applause). He was not surprised at what was going on in the agricultural districts. There was agricultural anarchy (laughter). The farmers were astonished [illegible] were so unwarranted (cheers). But still they talked of re-electing the Corn-laws, and spoke of a certain election where a Protectionist has been returned. Well, it may be that the burden of taxation presses very heavily on some of the electors of Cork. What can be more monstrous than the delusion that they will, for the sake of Ireland, repair to the old and exploded fallacy of Protection? It was not the influence of this district—it was not the clamours of this district—but it was the sufferings and starvation which had overtaken, after 30 years' protection, the most agricultural portion of the British empire (cheers). It was the absolute necessity of supplying with food millions of