Huron Signal.

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VOLUME V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 61, 1852. NUMBER XXXIV.

THE HURON SIGNAL

Is Printed & Published every Thursday

BY GEO. & JOHN COX.

Office, Market Square, Goderich.

☞ Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

Terms of the Huron Signal.—TEN SHILLINGS per annum if paid strictly in advance, or Twelve and Six Pence with the expiration of the year.

No paper discontinued until arrears are paid up, unless the publisher thinks it his advantage to do so.

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Terms of Advertising.—Six lines and under, first insertion, £0 2 6
Each subsequent insertion, 0 0 7½
Ten lines and under, first inser., 0 3 4
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Stratford, 2nd Jan. 1850. 2vn49

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JOHN J. E. LINTON,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Commissioner Q.B., and Conveyancer, Stratford.

WILLIAM REED,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, &c. Lighthouse-street, Goderich,
October 25, 1849. 2vn38

STOKES,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, West-street, Goderich.
July 1850. 20–3

HURON HOTEL,
BY JAMES GENTLES, Goderich.—Attentive Hostlers always on hand.
Goderich, Sept. 12, 1850. v3–n30

STRACHAN AND BROTHER.
Barrister and Attornies at Law, &c.,
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WHERE she intends to carry on the above business. *Dresses* made in the very latest fashions.
June 24th, 1852. v5n22 3m

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Feb. 19, 1852. v5–n4

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TWO good BOOT and SHOE Makers, who will find constant employment and good wages, by applying at the Shop of the subscriber, West-street, Goderich.
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(Near the Market Square,)
BY MESSRS. JOHN & ROBT. DONOGH.
GOOD Accommodations for Travellers, and an attentive Hostler at all times, to take charge of Teams.
Goderich, Dec. 6, 1850. 43—tf

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Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co.,
CAPITAL $1,000,000.
EZRA HOPKINS, Hamilton, Agent for the Counties of Waterloo and Huron.
August 27, 1850. 3v15

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MR. T. N. MOLESWORTH,
CIVIL ENGINEER and Provincial Land Surveyor, Goderich.
April 30, 1851. v4n11

DR. HYNDMAN,
QUICK'S TAVERN, London Road.
May 1851. v4n12

JAMES WOODS,
AUCTIONEER, is prepared to attend Public Sales in any part of the United Counties, on moderate terms.
Stratford, May 1850. v4–n14

PETER BUCHANAN, TAILOR,
NEXT door to H. B. O'Connor's Store, West Street, Goderich. Clothes made and repaired, and cutting done on the shortest notice, and most liberal terms.
December 3rd, 1851. v4n42

W. & R. SIMPSON,
(LATE HOPE, BIRRELL & Co.,)
GROCERS, Wine Merchants, Fruiterers and Oilmen, No. 17 Dundas Street, London, C. W.
February 25th 1852. v5–n5

ROWLAND WILLIAMS,
AUCTIONEER, is prepared to attend Sales in any part of the United Counties, on the most liberal terms. Apply at the First Division Court office, or at his house, East Street, Goderich.
N. B.—Goods and other property will be received to sell either by private or public sale.
January 6, 1852. v4n47.

Poetry.

FOR THE HURON SIGNAL.

SONGS OF A LOITERER:—No. II.

To Miss L. A******.

BY THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

Farewell! and when our fading shore
Shall meet thy earnest gaze no more,
And thou art far o'er the boundless sea,
O, then fair rover think of me!

May Guardian Angels watch o'er thee
By mount, or stream, or boundless sea—
Where'er thy wandering feet may rove,
Mayst thou receive their guardian love.

Farewell! and when my wandering feet
Our much loved scenes again shall greet,
Though other friends be at my side,
I'll think of thee—the "Minstrel's pride!"

And if long years of pleasure or of pain
Should chance to bring thee to our shores again,
May those who bid thee now a fond adieu,
Be then as loving, and as kind and true.

London, Sept. 14th, 1852.

AGRICULTURE.

SUPERFICIAL FARMING.—A prominent cause of small profits and poor success in many of our farmers, is a parsimonious application of capital, in manures, implements, physical force, and convenient buildings. In their eagerness to save at the tap they waste freely at the bung.—They remind us of the cultivator who candidly admitted his unprofitable system of the farming; "but." We observe by the late number of the *Mark Lane Express*, that the present medium estimate in England, of the capital required to carry on the business of a farm is £8 (about $40) per acre, and no prudent man ought to rent more than he has that amount, at least, of available capital to go on with; for a smaller possession, with ample means to manage it, will yield better returns than a large quantity of land "inadequately stocked." Now some of our best farms can be *bought* for about the same sum that the English farms are *rented*, and if the above remark is applied to purchasing, instead of renting it will constitute excellent advice to Americans. This is a subject for a large volume; and we have only space now to say that if the land-owner has not suitable buildings, the value of the grain and fodder wasted in consequence would soon pay for them; and the food and flesh wasted by exposed and shivering animals would soon pay for them a second time. The want of manure will prevent the value of crops from rising higher than the cost of cultivating them; and the wants of heavy crops to feed animals, will preclude keeping enough to make plenty of manure. In other words a poor and badly cultivated farm will react, and only support a poor and badly fed race of animals and men; just in the same way that a fertile and thoroughly tilled piece of land will sustain animals enough to manure it and keep up its fertility, and men enough to give thorough tillage.—*Albany Cultivator.*

SALT YOUR HAY.—It is a first rate practice to scatter a little salt on every layer of hay or clover when you are stacking it. Those who have never done so can scarcely imagine the avidity with which horses and cattle eat the salted in preference to the unsalted hay.—Especially, would we recommend the practice in bad season, and in stacking damaged, or low, wet, meadow hay. It retards fermentation, and imparts such a relish that cattle sometimes prefer it to good, well cured hay. We have often used it at the rate of four quarts to the ton, and have derived much benefit from so doing.—Try it.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Literature.

THE FATE OF A COQUETTE.

BY J. J. JONES.

Where now stands the suburb edifice, there was once a neat little two sotry building, in the then suburbs of the city. It stood some thirty paces from the street, and in front was a most beautiful yard, abounding with a great variety of shrubbery and flowers. A widow in moderate circumstances lived there, who entertained a few boarders. She had but one child, a blue-eyed daughter of fifteen. Emma Murray had imbibed the meekness of her mother and all her acts were characterized by a graceful moderation. She was passionately fond of flowers, and every morning she might be seen placing the green wire cage in her chamber window, from whence sweet carols emanated enlivening and inspiring joy for the one that left her early couch in time to wander among the blooming lilacs and geraniums beneath, while the fresh dew of morning yet rested upon them.

At the time spoke of, these were the boarders: the two Miss Turleys, Henry Walton and Jacques Pearson. Miss Anne Turley was an old maid, very neat in her appearance, perhaps more particularly so, than when she was not so old, she possessed a somewhat haughty disposition and irratable temper. Her sister, Melinda, was exquisitely beautiful, and full of romance. The parents of the Miss Turleys resided in the country, and had sent the latter to the city to complete her education. And thither Miss Anne accompanied her for protection. The spinster herself feared not to face the fortune hunting adventurer; and if perchance she smiled on such a visitor, it must certainly have been in derision, for she constantly warned the unsuspecting Melinda to heed not the flatteries of the strange young gentleman, however prepossessing might be their exterior.

Henry Walton was an orphan, but protected by a childless, affluent uncle. He was about nineteen years of age, and was studying one of the learned professions.—Jacques Pearson was a tall, handsome man, perhaps thirty; possessed of many accomplishments, he was a general favourite with the ladies. His reputed fortune vested in the stocks, detracted nothing from his other qualifications in the eyes of Miss Anne.—This she whispered to her sister.

It happened ere long that Jacques whispered her flatteries to Milinda, and received smiles in return. But, this was not the only smiles, for he was not the only one who had her smiles, for he was not the only one that flattered. At length every evening brought a crowd of admirers, that hung in admiration over the beautiful Melinda, whilst her delicate fingers, as white as the ivory they swept over, elicited the thrilling tones of the piano. Her voice, which was fine, was extravagantly lauded, and she soon conceived those dangerous fancies of her perfection which result in coquetry.

Once when strolling in the flower garden she observed Henry Walton present the gentle Emma with a rich bouquet. Melinda admired the beauty of the youth, and was now resolved to be the mistress of the hearts of all the handsome young men.—She therefore culled the most exquisite flowers she could find, which, when formed into a wreath, she gave to Henry. Emma cast down her eyes with something like an expression of mortification, and taking from her bosom the boquet said—

'Take this, too, Henry.

'No Emma, I will not take back the gift Melinda but teaches me to be more magnificent in my next present.'

'And she hopes she has taught you to whom to give it,' said Melinda, casting her dark eyes on Henry.

Though Emma observed this, and well understood its import, yet her lowly circumstances had imparted to her innocent nature a mild humility, and she remained silent.—She then glided away, perhaps to indulge a tear in secret.

Henry was much attached to Emma, but never thought of love. With a blithe aspect he enjoyed the practiced witcheries of the coquette, until Miss Anne's voice was heard calling to Melinda.

'Come away, sister, Mr. Pearson is coming.

'Tell her Mr. Walton is already here,' remarked the somewhat nettled youth.

'I will return soon,' said Melinda;—'you know I don't care anything for Mr. Pearson.

But Henry hurried away, stung most bitterly. He did not love Melinda; but how is one to escape the upas influence of a coquette? Love is not the only passion they excite. Henry was piqued, too, at the effrontry of Miss Anne, who might at least have whispered her intelligence to her sister, and he now hated the old maid most heartily.

Turning, he beheld Melinda endeavouring in all her power to fascinate Mr. Pearson.

'Not care for him!' muttered Henry, who now beheld a glittering ring on Melinda's finger placed there by Jacques.—'Now continued the ambitious youth, 'just for my own gratification I am determined to be revenged. I will court her every opportunity I have, and then play their own game on her.' Saying this, he strolled on amidst a labyrinth of rose bushes and mazy vines, meditating the means of effecting his purpose. He paused suddenly when he heard these words.

'Alas, thus it is to be poor!' Through the mistertices of a clustering honey suckle he beheld the pale, thoughtful face of Emma. She was standing in the summer house with her eyes resting on the boquet, which she yet held in her hand.

Without supposing what might be the cause of her abstraction, Henry entered and placed his wreath on her white forehead.

'Did I not say I was taught to make my next gift more magnificent?'

'And were you not at the same time taught to whom it should be given?'

'I know what she meant,' replied Henry, 'but methinks she has already a sufficient number of presents from others.'

'And I but few—yet I am content,' said Emma.

'You appreciate yours, Emma, which she does not. She is a coquette and can never love.'

Emma smiled at this remark of the youth, and they then returned to the house together.

It was not long before Melinda assailed Henry with an indignant frown upon her brow.

'I saw the wreath I gave you decorating the brow of Emma.'

'I see,' replied he, 'Mr. Pearson's ring decorating your finger.'

'Had you cared for the giver, you would have respected the gift.'

'Had you cared for the donor, you would not have accepted the ring,' said Henry, with some warmth.

'I will soon convince you that I care nothing for Mr. Pearson,' said the deceitful Melinda.

That evening they were all at the opera. Jacques, who almost courted the spinster as much as Melinda, was now paying marked attention to the former. Melinda, true to her promise, and assured of having too great a power over her rich beau to endanger his feality, now practiced all her art on Henry, without scarcely once turning to Jacques. Henry could not but yield attention to her incessant clatter, and during a considerable length of time, he could find no opportunity of bestowing a word on the mute and silent Emma. The spinster's frowns and nods had no effect. Melinda continued the assault until the curtain rose, and the charming voice of the celebrated vocalist inspired silence.

Jacques affected all that was fashionable. Now his splendid opera glass was pointed to the performers, and now to some parts of the audience.—He sported his jeweled spectacles, his diamond pin and jeweled watch. He learned and practiced attitudes of the last foppish cast, and thought himself a being of much importance, as did also the spinster and Melinda. After the end of the first act, Jacques turned to Melinda, and perceiving the ring he gave on Henry's finger, remarked—

'Your ring has gone; has some one stole it?'

'I have it; I persume it you would not insinuate that I am capable of becoming a thief!' said Henry.

'We know not who are honest,' replied Jacques, evidently intending to produce a quarrel.

'Let it rest for the present; to-morrow you shall hear from me.'

'Give me the ring, Henry,' said Melinda.

'Not till you have said you placed it on my finger yourself,' said Henry.

Just then two strangers entered the box, and after scanning the Company some moments in silence, addressed Jacques—

'Is your name Pearson?

'It is; what is your will with me?'

'We wish you to accompany us to prison!' remarked the other, at the same time arresting the horror-stricken man. Without the ability to utter a word, the fine wealthy beau was instantly conducted to a vile prison. The next day it was ascertained he had long been a counterfeiter!

Melinda protested she had always hated Mr. Pearson, and but lightly regarded his catastrophe. But Miss Anne afte denouncing all the male race as base deceivers went into hysterics.

Melinda redoubled her efforts to make a conquest of Henry, and he, in conformity with his solve, sought her gracious smiles but often changed them into frowns by speaking a word to Emma. At length he became more interested than he anticipated, and felt that he must inevitably fall in love with one or the other of them. His perplexity for a time was removed by the arrival of a messenger, with whom he instantly set out from the city. In his tender farewell to Meldina, her serious expression of features puzzled him a little.—Emma did little more than give him her hand in silence.

After the lapse of some months, Henry returned, a changed being. His clothes became threadbare and his face dejected.—Melinda yet taintly strove to exert her influence over him, though she at the same time had her host of admirers. Emma the gentle Emma, was ever the same in all things.

A few more months elapsrd, and Henry's thoughtful brow assumed a deep despondency [illegible]

'My uncle,' said Henry, 'has ceased to remit me anything, and all friendly intercourse between us, is forever at an end.'

'There! that's just what I thought the great mystery was,' said the spinster rising and joining the family to whom she delivered the news. Henry soon met Melinda, who expressed her sorrow in a few cold words, and passed on.

'Alas! it is too true that even the young and innocent have instilled into them a venal estimate of wealth. But a few months since, when she believed me the heir of thousands, I was everything desirable in her sight.' Saying this Henry sought Emily among the flowers.

'Here, Henry, is a beautiful rose.—Cheer up—I am sure none respect you the less in consequence of your misfortunes.—An honest heart is better than gold. A villain may possess the one but not the other.'

Delighted, he caught her hand and pressed it to her lips, and whispering something departed abruptly.

That night a gay party assembled at the widow's. Mirth, music, and dancing a bounded. Henry was inquired for by some of the guests, his story was told, and was soon forgotten. But when the revelry was at its highest glee, a splendid carriage drew up and halted in front of the house. Soon a servant in livery announced the arrival of Henry Walton, the sole possessor of his deceased uncle's fortune. Henry entered in rich attire, and bowing to the astonished company, seated himself near Emma. That night Emma was his promised bride! He never repented his stratagem, and long lived a happy husband.

One at a time, Melinda's lovers left her, convinced that a lady who had favors for all, could have no heart for any. The coquette died an OLD MAID.

AIM HIGH.—TO YOUNG MEN.

BY G. P. MOORE.

In this age of progress and improvement he who would rise to eminence and usefulness must aim high, or fail of attaining any great end. No age has equalled the present in its advantages for the developement of mind, and for carrying out the great designs for which man was created. For in addition to the means which those enjoyed who have gone before us, we have their wisdom and experience to aid us in our researches and investigation, in forming our decisions, and executing our plans. The attainments of the past will not suffice for the future. Starting at the point where others closed their labors, we may advance in the paths of wisdom, and prepare the way for our successors, in their turn to roll forward the car of human improvement. A great field is open before us for noble enterprise and laudable exertion; and we may, if we will, accomplish a greater amount of good than any generation on which has preceded us. It is vain to suppose that the day of great achievements passed away with the age of miracles, or with the death-struggles of those whose names came down to us on the page of history.

The spirit of enterprise will never lack channels in which to develop itself, and the aspiring mind will ever find ample fields for the exercise of its noblest powers. Tis true there are crowds in every department of labor and science, but too many rush into a calling for the purpose of being honored BY it, rather than conferring honor upon it. Man's aims mark his destiny. He whose aspirations, do not soar above mediocrity in his calling, will never rise to distinction, nor move in a sphere of extensive usefulness. But, with the ordinary blessing of Providence upon well directed efforts, there is no sphere so extensive, no station so exalted, that the persevering, energetic, and aspiring may not hope to attain. If a laudable ambition to excel, in all honourable pursuits, was more prevalent among mankind, there would be fewer hollowed pretenders, and more men of sterling worth. For the latter, our country loudly calls.

Many, whose lives were spent in her service have been gathered to their rest; and others bending under the weight of years, will soon follow. The responsibilities, which now rest upon THEM, will soon devolve upon OTHERS. Then let the rising generation cherish exalted aims, and noble purposes. Let them realise the fearful weight of obligation that is so soon to rest upon them, and prepare to discharge their duty faithfully to their country, their race, and their God.

Thus shall the measures of their days be filled with usefulness, and departing from the world, made wiser and better by their having lived in it," they may not only leave on Fame's imperishable tablet, their own initials, covered in letters of living beauty," but may leave behind them a noble example, and an influence which shall be measured only by the bounds of eternity.

WORDS ALTERING IN MEANING.—What a multitude of words originally harmless, have assumed a double or [illegible] meaning; how many worthy have acquired an unworthy. Thus 'knave' meant once no more than lad; 'villian peasant,' a 'poor' [illegible] 'strong fellow.' 'Time-server' was used two hundred years ago quite as often for one in an honourable, as in a dishonourable sense, 'serving the time.' There was a time when 'conceit' had nothing conceited in them; 'silliness' had reference to offices of kindness, not of busy meddling; 'moody' was that which pertained to a man's mood, without gloom or sullenness implied.—'Demure' (which is *demeures*, of good manners) conveyed no hint as it does now, of an overdoing of the outward demonstrations of modesty; in 'crafty' and 'cunning' there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied but only knowledge and skill; 'craft,' indeed, still retains very often its more honourable use, a man's 'craft' being his skill, and then the trade in which he is well skilled. And think you that the Magdalen could have ever given us 'maudlin' in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honour in the world?—*R. Trench on the Study of Words.*

Provincial Parliament.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

SPEECH OF MR. ROLPH.

He said—From the allusions which had been made to him by the hon. member for Kent, he deemed it his duty to offer some observation in reply; and he should endeavour to do so with that temper and forbearance which best became both personal and political vindication. The hon. member had joined others in subjecting the vice regal speech to the severest parliamentary torture. Each had subjected it to his own bed of Procrustes. One says it is too long—lop something off it; another says it is too short—stretch it; one says it is too broad—shear it well; another says it is too narrow—spread it wider. Now he would make every allowance for this difference of opinion, and only complain that any speech from the throne should be expected to suit such diversity, or be liable to the severity of criticism for failing to do so. Passing from the speech, the hon. member for Kent had indulged in the severest vituperation against the Ministry of which he had the honor to be a member. He had charged them with fraud, deceit and corruption.—(Here the hon. member for Kent interrupted to explain.) Hon. Mr. Rolph continued—no explanations could wipe away the aspersions the hon member for Kent had cast upon them. Had he not accused the Ministry of forming a corrupt combination, preferring the emoluments of office to an upright course? Had he not said that they had banded together without principles, without unity of purpose, or honesty in action? Had he not applied to the hon. Inspector General the epithets, chicanery and deceit, and charged him with covering his falsehoods with trickery and the technicality of words? He would not attempt to quote his exact words, forming a choice selection from the vocabulary of the bitterest vituperation. It was enough for his present argument that he had held them up to the country as an air unprincipled Ministry, banded together without principle and against principle. Such was his exordium—a fearful picture of an unprincipled banditti. And what, sir, was his peroration? That he would, after all, support them!—Support them!—yes, he concluded with a declaration that he would support the bad speech, and the rascally administration.—The week-mouth-blushing avowal of a corruptionist—a wish to sustain a corrupt Ministry. He announces himself a *participeps criminis.* The proverb says that receiver of stolen goods is as bad as the chief; and he (Mr. Rolph) could see no difference between the men who are corrupt, and the man who knowingly and willingly sustains them in corruption. If the hon. member for Kent really believed what he had said against the Government, surely he ought to vote against them—vote them out of the posts of honor they unworthily hold, and call upon the House and the country to sustain him in a virtuous and patriotic course. The hon. member emphatically exclaimed, "what is to become of Responsible Government under such unprincipled conduct?" Alas! what was indeed to become of it, when such corruption can be supported by such men as the hon. member for Kent! Responsible Government need every possible constitutional check. No check so powerful as the overawing vig large and admonitory vote of honest representatives in this honourable House. But what effective influence, what restrictive power, or what constitutional renovation can there be, when the very safeguards of public liberty are of such easy virtue as to become the prostitutes of a venal, a selfish and unprincipled banditti of unscrupulous ministers? Yet such was the politico-moral creed inculcated and promulged to be practiced by one of the public expounders of the constitutional law and electoral honesty. He full well knew that the hon. member could not for a moment, either from his own knowledge of the past or the present, expect or consent to accept any corrupt offerings from a corrupt Government; but it might be well to ask him to consider how far, in rendering his services subservient to such corrupt agencies, he might not expose his fair fame and generous purposes to the misconstruction of his opponents, and lead to the imputation of motives which every honorable man would scorn, and to inducements as corrupt as his political proteges, the Ministry of the day.—Perhaps the hon. member was prepared to say that he did not mean what he had said, and that having merely indulged in the accustomed wide latitude, to be sure, of Parliamentary debate, he could consistently support the Ministry, as worthy of his confidence, and of course, the confidence of the country.

The hon. member might choose as his alternative that he had accused the ministry unjustly; that he had prostituted the privileges of the House to hold them up to unjustified odium; that for mere party spleen he had traduced them; that knowing and believing it to be wrong, he had played toady to the Governor to the double gain of an avowed partizan, who nevertheless undermines them in the estimation of the people, and spreads abroad in all time with a thousand tongues against the sanction of truth and the honest convictions of his own mind. He could see for the hon. member no other alternative. If he sincerely believed all he had alledged against Government, his protest of support was unconscionous and ought to be repelled. If he sincerely disbelieved all he had alledged against them, he admitted himself their public parliamentary detamer, [illegible] The hon. member had condemned the office of President of the Council; and he (Mr. Rolph) supposed that having original [illegible] bear it. He always thought, and now knew (perhaps differing from his honorable friend from Huron) that the office was sufficiently important and onerous to demand its continuance, and honorably occupy the gentleman filling it. But waiving these matters of opinion, they had the paramount authority of Parliament, which had continued it, and provided remuneration for the Minister occupying it. Deference to the law and to the dictates of constitutional duty, alike required any man to fill that office at the pleasure of the Crown. The hon. member for Kent had asked how we could unite together to form a Ministry. To make out a case of discordance, he had ransacked the newspaper lyies for ephemeral political scandal, and drawn in gaily no doubt, upon those advantages he derived from his relation to the Head of Government. If he was not mistaken, the hon. member was in their confidence, and perhaps was sufficiently behind the curtain to possess, at the present, a knowledge of men and things to which he (Mr. Rolph) could not attain under an immersion in professional pursuits. While indulging in those ungenerous scrapings from every source, he had forgotton with candour to allude to the peculiarities of political position; to the inevitable difficulties from varying shades presented between the soundest views of the soundest men; and to the sincerity with which, in public life, some actions and some points may be conscientiously and admirably kept awhile in abeyance. In truth, the hon. member had mistaken his party.—He was not progressive. He had [illegible] out, or tried to do so, how a man accustomed to think and act at a certain [illegible] period; and there he fixed [illegible] slightest movement from [illegible] as inconsistency. The [illegible] (Mr. Rolph) in a [illegible] obstacles that [illegible] he should never keep [illegible] he would at pleasure [illegible] arena of truth, and [illegible] when the [illegible] He had joined his [illegible] found them as good [illegible] endeared himself [illegible] find that its co[illegible] and his estimate [illegible] had been with [illegible] and unanimity, that [illegible] with his colleagues, [illegible] that the same [illegible] unanimity, would [illegible] and the country ext[illegible] to them. And he [illegible] colleagues, to meet [illegible] ever pursuing, from [illegible] course of progress [illegible] Rolph) used the term [illegible] ty. A progressive [illegible] revolutionary advance. [illegible] night, men will be [illegible] farther, and complain [illegible] too debate on the S[illegible] right step, it ought to [illegible] might or might not be [illegible] held, that public opinion [illegible] the way, and be ahead of the action of public men. As he had ever [illegible] the duty of a Reform Government, it was to carry out the well [illegible] of the people; and those [illegible] must be well understood before they are rashly or presumptuously assumed and acted on. You can properly be called in your action for others, only when you know that your acts comport with your professed colleagues.—A public man in a responsible situation, has to steer between timidity on the one and rashness on the other hand. The hon. member for Kent declared he saw no progress in the Speech. Here it is to declare for itself. Here is a single announcement enough to redeem it from the charge: the extension of the franchise and the registration of the voters. The hon. member treated it with a sneer, as a temporary matter. It was impossible that the hon. member was a Reformer, or such language could not escape his lips. The clerical right, so lightly regarded by him, was the foundation of public liberty. It was the only way in which the people could express their will or aid in framing the constitutional authorities of their country. Was this a trumpery matter? Was the extension of so vital a right of trifling concern? The hon. member could only be a recent scholar in reform to indulge upon this subject the unbecoming levity he betrayed. He could not fairly represent the freemen of Kent in this contemptuous allusion to their high-prized franchise. Let him recommend the hon. member to study as a matter of history what, from his recent immigration to this country, he could not personally have known. In the era of Sir R. Maitland, it was discovered, or supposed to be discovered, by lawyers, that a large portion of the electors had no right to their lands, and consequently no right to vote by virtue of them. It was proposed to confirm their titles, but not their franchise. The proposition naturally aroused those feelings which, the hon. member had yet to learn, animate the freemen of Canada. One sentiment seemed to prevail: with one voice they declared, perish our titles rather than our liberties. A protracted struggle between the rights of property and the rights of man, ended in obtaining from the British Parliament such an alteration in our Constitutional Act as empowered the Provincial Legislature itself to settle the question. He (Mr. Rolph) had ever since regarded them as noble freemen; as freemen who, at the peril of their homesteads, bravely fought the constitutional battle for their electoral rights. What would these electors, or their worthy descendants, think of the hon. member for Kent, who can allow his heart to approve or his mouth to utter a disrespectful or light regard for privileges they so justly value! Let him recommend the hon. member to leave his arm chair, and instead of educating the people in the science of politics, to mix with them from year to year as a willing scholar learning from them the inestimable value of the elective franchise and the well known principles of progressive reform. In connection with the extension of the suffrage we have recommended to us from the throne a system of registration, intended to facilitate the exercise of the right thus extended. The speech, therefore, not only emulates the hon. member for Kent, in respect for popular rights, but in concern to remedy the vexatious delays, objections and cavils, by which the act of voting is rendered often doubtful, annoying or fruitless. If this is not evidence of progressive reform, I shall like to hear what are the elements of constitutional liberty and what constitutes a progress in their favorable development. We have further recommended to us the increase of the representation. Assembled here, we afford an evidence of the free exercise of the people's will. We do or ought to collect their views and reflect them, to know their wants and to supply them; and when from the throne the representatives of the people are invited to increase their numbers, their influence and their power it bespeaks a sincerity towards that progressive enlargement of the Commons House of Parliament, which every honest reformer will welcome, and which political cynics abroad will, alone, disparage and despise.—With the same spirit the government have announced their intention of bringing under the notice of the House, the question of the elective principle into the Legislative Council; not, indeed, as a matter upon which they apprehend public opinion to be [illegible] sideration. It is now mentioned only to aver, that it comports with the speech from the throne in respect for the elective principle and a desire to extend it when clearly conducive to the interests and wishes of the country.

Yet, Sir, the government is denounced, as having no progressive element in it. The extension of the suffrage, the registration of voters, and the increase of the representation, and the surrender of the Legislative Council from the nomination of the crown, into the hands of the people, are unblushingly denounced as no evidence of sincerity in the crown or its advisers in the promotion of constitutional liberty. Could the same announcements be made from many of the European thrones with the same princely sincerity with which they have been uttered here, the people would sing a 'Te Deum.' And could they be announced in the same way and to the same extent from the throne to the people of Great Britain and Ireland, there would be national jubilees. And are the people of Canada, of all people in the world, alone thankless, querulous, impatient and unjust? The