lowest populace, without any aim, it could not be the subject of any serious or religious consideration; hardly so much as the earthquake or tornado. We do not look upon it in this light. We regard it as a great and solemn epoch in human affairs, and one that is worthy of the deepest meditation. We believe that it is a distinct step—we do not say the best that could be taken, but a distinct step—in the progress of the world. When, in future centuries, some philosophical historian shall investigate the course on earth of that grand element of all progress, human freedom, we believe that he will speak of this great movement in Europe as the most remarkable development of that principle yet known in the world. We believe he will speak of a time, and that the present time, when, instead of rising and falling here and there, amidst this and that struggling people, this high leading-staff and standard of all human progress swept with its train through the whole civized world. We believe that he will speak of a time of great promise, but of great peril too; and it is this latter consideration that especially draws our attention to it.

In this view, we deem it of the utmost importance, that all sober and thoughtful men, who are accustomed to communicate with the public mind through the press, should utter their thought, and their soberest thought, on the present crisis. And what word goes out from this country, from this great examplar republic, to Europe, we believe to be of the utmost importance.—Lord Brougham asserts, in his Late Letter on the French Revolution, that the press in America and England has had the most powerful influence upon the proceedings of the French people. Never, indeed, was the utterance of grave and sober thoughts more urgently demanded. Solemn hours are passing over the world. A stupendous drama is bringing forward its events and its actors, one by one, upon a theatre curtained in the background with impenetrable shadows. The world is heaving from side to side, with the throes of a moral earthquake, such as never was known before, since the beginning of time.

It was natural that we in this country, and that many thoughtful men in all countries, who were waiting and watching for better fortunes to rise upon the world, should hope that the day was even now breaking. Visions we have had—visions, all meurative and philanthropic men have had throught all ages—of better days to come; of times when kings shall rule in righteousness and the people shall dwell in safety; when wars shall cease and oppressions shall come to an end; when justice shall be enthroned in the high places of the world; when a just equality and a gentle brotherhood shall take the place of class and caste, Oriental or feudal; when every man shall sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree, to eat the fruit thereof in peace and freedom, unmolested by any unlawful exaction, tax, burden, annoyance, or restraint. Let us dwell upon the picture, (alas! it is only a picture,)—a grand mansion for him whose lawful means, inherited or acquired, can afford it, yet fuller of love than of luxuries; but a neat cottage for him who has not such means; a green sod or a swept floor for his children to play upon; a sufficient garner for his simple waute; a shelf of books for quiet Sundays and leisure evenings; a life lived in this world as in the house of the common Father, a life lived as among the children of God; reverence in the heart, love, content, gladness, in every heart's abode; and when trouble comes, when sorrow comes, something better to meet it, than ignorant stupor, or wild and brutal rage, or despair; and when death comes, that comes to all, a looking out with hope from this primary school of being to the realm of eternity. O, is this too much to ask for a human existence? Is it too much to expect, that a world of intelligent beings will, in some far time, come to this?

Is the day breaking *now* that is to lead to it? We know not. Those words of the prophet, once uttered in answer to a similar question, strike upon our ears with a stern significance.—"The morning cometh, and the night also!" The world's order is mutation. Backward and forward the pendulum swings, that moves on the slow register of human progress. The morning cometh, and the night also. It is yet night. The morning of the better day that is to come is hardly yet spead upon the mountains. In the night-time are we yet living; groping in darkness, pursuing shadows, phantoms of good, or flying from phantoms of evil, flying from toil, from moderate place or fortune, and struggling for power, wealth, fame, as for life: when love, ay, a little truthful love, generosity, disinterestedness, would fill our lives with happiness, dignity, and honor. In this night-time, what masses of misery lie heavy and dark upon the world! The lives of thousands and millions of our fellow-beings, to-day, are filled with gloom and despair.—It must not be thought strange, if there be strife and wrath and revolt among them.—Who of us could bear their lot with patience? They live like brutes, and they die of starvation. Starvation! gaunt and slow-wasting hunger! Well did one among us say, "I have seen and witnessed every other form of human calamity, but I do not know what starvation is." But in the thronged abodes of the Old World there are multitudes to whom that is no incredible or inconceivable horror. The denizens of *nature*, bird and beast, are better lodged and better fed than they. Can *men* be content with this? Can men,—men of the Saxon or Celtic or Gallic race, worse off than Russian serfs or Roman slaves; can they be schooled to submission or hushed to silence? No, they must speak. Out of their great misery they *must* speak, and they must be heard. From the gloom that surrounds them they lift up their voice above them, and they say, "Watchman! what of the night? Is it ever to end? Are we and our children to go down deeper and deeper into this pit of darkness and misery, and are we never to find a way out of it but by the gate of death? Must we welcome the far-coming Asiatic pestilence as our friend, and bid it sweep us down into the bosom of our mother earth, more merciful than the living hearts above it?" If we believed that there was no humanity in high places to hear this cry, we would say, Let that which wears the semblance of humanity be swept away in a storm of blood and fire! But we believe there are many, and an increasing number, who feel for this terrible condition of things. We believe that, amidst many reviling and scorning of their brethren, there are many who say,—to the Irish insurgent, to the English Chartist, to the Parisian operative,—"Poor brother! thy lot might have been ours. Born in the same condition, indentured to the same calling, pressure of the same circumstances, might have made us such as thou art; and we, like thee, might have seen wife and children of ours, dearer than life, sinking, in one mass of penury and woe and filth and festering corruption into the beggar's grave."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CHURCH BELLS.

There's somet ing beautiful in the church belle. Beautiful and hopeful! They talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice; there's sound in them that should scare pride and envy, and meanness of all sorts, from the heart of man; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes, there is a whole sermon in the very sound of church bells, if we have only the ears to understand it. There is a preacher in every belfry, that cries, "Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your folice, your week-day cra', your heart-burnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye that for all your gilding, and your colours, ye are the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away; come, cries the church bell, and learn to be humble; learn that, however dinted and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay! Come, Dives, come; and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Heaven, as the scars of uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint,—stabbed and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come cries the bell with the voice of an angel—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart, and walk amongst the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly, as Daniel walked among the lions."—*Douglass Jerrold.*

NATIVE TALENT.—At Marlborough-street, on Tuesday, a tall, toothless, spectral-looking man, who gave the name of Joseph Cracknall, was charged by the police with having broken the public peace by volunteer specimens of vocalisation, and also with having made his inharmonious vocation a mere cover for mendicancy.—Mr. Bingham: Well, what do you say to the charge? Defendant: I don't deny, your vorship, that I tries to get my living by singing, and if ladies and gentlemen chooses to give me a penny or twopence, I won't tell no lie, I takes it and touches my hat. I comes regular twice a week to sing to a gentleman's little gal, as always sends me out summut.—Mr. Bingham: Are you a professional singer? Defendant: Never been taught, your vorship, but I ketches all the populous hairs from the nobby singers by my ears, and then I goes afore a nobleman's or gentleman's house wot's a judge of music, and, sings songs arter song until they sends the servant with a trifle. Pon my word, your vorship, I sings only the wery first of opera tunes, such as "The Soger's Tear," "The gal of my Art," and "Bust your Biles." I never sings no songs as is low or dirty, at the Vest Hend.—Mr. Bingham: An old man like you, with such an amount of music skill, must find it very hard to make a subsistence. Defendant: Hah, your vership, the singing trade's very bad for us all just now. There's no encouragement for native talent; foreigners gets it all. I only arnt fourpence all yesterday; though I sang upwards of fifty songs which every house in the neighbourhood must have heard.—I tried every thing before this. I tried the lucifer match line, but I couldn't get a crust at it. I opened a crossing, but nobody gave me a halfpenny, so I took to singing.—Mr. Bingham: Would it not be better if you went to your parish and ask for work? Defendant? Bless you I've been to Clerkwell, and they only laughed at me. They set me to stone-breaking, but as they only gives out the hardest kind of stuff, I could only break the walley of 3¼d, out of which I'd to pay 3d for my bed.—Mr. Bingham: Could you not have asked the overseers to change the stone breaking to oakum picking. Defendant: That's wusserer than tother. I couldn't earn more than twopence a day at oakum work, cause they makes you beat out the oakum afore you pick it, and this weather beaten oakum is as hard as flint. Mr. Bingham: I am quite sure if people give you money, it is not because they admire your singing, but because they wish to get rid of your detestable noise, and they are willing to have peace at any price. You have made a mistake in coming into such a fastidious district as the West End to exhibit your vocal powers. Such singing as yours might be appreciated in a proper locality, such as Bethnal Green or Mutton-hill. Defendant: Mutton hill! Vy, bless your vorship, I might as well go into Pye-street, vere they're all street-singers and cadgers themselves. If I went to Mutton hill, I might sing till I was as hoarse as a pig without getting a mag, and the boys all the time benneeting ov me, and chucking vun mess or tother over me.—Mr. Bingham: Well, there is just a shade of difference between your occupation and begging.—The native singer made his obeisance and was liberated.—*Bell's Life in London.*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The subject of Capital Punishment is beginning to occupy, to a considerable extent, the attention of the public. It is one which deserves temperate and careful examination. No man would contend for such shocking and disgusting exhibitions, if he did not believe them necessary to the safety of society. The most enlightened advocates for death punishments limit them to those guilty of murder. The chief arguments by which they support their opinions are, 1st, that they are sanctioned and enjoined by the scriptures; and 2nd, that in some states in which they have been disused, those crimes to which they were formerly awarded have greatly increased. The leading arguments on the other side are,—that other, and less revolting punishment may be employed. That death punishments may deprive a wicked man of an opportunity of repentence, and thus an injury be inflicted which will last forever—that no man ought to be punished for the purpose of deterring other men from doing evil—that the numerous instances in which innocent persons have been put to death, and thus placed beyond the reach of compensation when their innocence came to be fully ascertained, ought to make nations abandon a punishment in which the danger of committing so horrible a deed is so great, and with regard to the sanction given by the Scriptures to capital punishment, it is maintained that when rightly interpreted, it belonged to the Theocracy, and ended with it, besides, it is maintained, that if the law enjoining death punishments under the Theocracy was intended to be perpetual, then they ought to be inflicted now for all the crimes for which God commanded them to be inflicted; but inasmuch as the advocates for death punishments do exempt certain crimes without any warrant from Scripture, they must be held as disqualified for appealing to Scripture, which they have already altered to suit their own views.—Whatever difficulty may be supposed to arise from that quarter will be cleared away, as all similar difficulties are, by examination and discussion. The existence of a growing desire in the public mind to secure life without resorting to extreme punishment is indicative of an advance in civilization, of which France and Britain may be the first. The former has abolished capital punishments for political offences, and the latter seems to have no intention of resorting to them.—*Canadian Free Press.*

ROBERT BLUM.—On the 9th of november, Robert Blum, the champion of German freedom, was shot, pursuant to the sentence of a court martial, at Vienna. He was of humble birth, and a self-educated man.—His death caused a great excitement, and tended more to forward the cause he advocated than anything that could have been done, had he been permitted to live. The extreme measure of tyrants defeat their own object. The following letter was written by Blum, to his wife, an hour before his execution:—

"MY DEAR, GOOD WIFE,—Farewell! farewell! for the time men call eternity, but which will not be so. Bring up our—now only your—children to be honest men, so that they will never disgrace their father's name. Sell our little property, with the aid of our friends. God and all good men will help you also. All that I feel and would say at this moment escapes me in tears; only once more then, farewell, my dearest. Consider our children a treasure, of which you must make the best use, and honour thus the memory of your faithful husband. Farewell, farewell! receive the last kisses of your Robert.—Vienna, November 1848, five o'clock in the morning: at six all will be over.

"P. S.—I had forgotton the rings; on that of our betrothel; press for you a last kiss: my seal ring is for Hans, the watch for Richard, the diamond stud for Ida, the chain for Alfred, as memorials. All the rest divide as you please. They are coming—farewell!"—*Niagara Mail.*

INCREASED PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION.—As great anxiety prevails in some quarters respecting the changes to be made in the electoral divisions of the country by the proposed Representation Bill, we think it may not be inexpedient to state what we have been led to believe are those in contemplation. In the Eastern section of Upper Canada little changes will be made. It is proposed to give two members each to Glengary, Carlton, Lanark, Grenville, Leeds, Frontenac, Cataraqui, [now the united Counties of Lennox and Addington.] Prince Edward, Hastings, Northumberland and Durham. The County of renfrew, which has been attached to Lanark, will have one member, as also the small Counties of Dundas and Stormont. Russell is to be united to Prescott—its population being less than 2,000, and the population of the united counties being under 12,000, will have only one member. The County of Peterboro, will be divided, each half of the resent county being entitled to one member. The county of Simcoe will also be divided—the southern half getting two members and the northern one. The Ridings of York will have each two members. The most important changes proposed are in the counties of Halton and Waterloo.—In the former it is proposed to include Esquesing, Trafalgar, Nassagaweya, Nelson and the two Flamboroughs. The County of Waterloo is to consist of Puslinch, Beverley, Dumfries, Waterloo, and Wilmot. A new County of Wellington is to consist of Mornington, Wellesly, Maryborough, Peel, Woolwich, Guelph, Nichol, Garafraxa, Erin, and Eramossa. These Counties will have each two members. The northern Townships will be united and will have one member. *The County of Huron will be divided and will thus send two members.* So will also the county of Kent. It is proposed to set off that portion of the County of Middlesex south of the Thames as the County Elgin. This will consist of Aldborough, Dunwich, Southwold, Yermouth, Malahide, Delaware, Westminster, Bayham and part of Dorchester. These Counties will each be entitled to two members. Such are the pricipal changes contemplated. It has never been intended so disfranchise any of the towns either in Upper or Lower Canada. We say this, simply because some Opposition journals have thought proper to declare that such disfranchisement was at one time contemplated.—*Pilot.*

PUBLIC MEETING.

Agreeable to notice issued by the Sheriff, a Public Meeting was held in the Court House on Saturday last. The assemblage was not large. It consisted principally of Merchants, Manufacturers, Millers, Lawyers, and Doctors, with a portion of the laboring or productive classes. The Sheriff was called to the Chair, and Robert Watson, Esq., requested to act as secretary. The Chairman briefly explained the object of the meeting, namely: "To take into consideration the subject of the Repeal of such parts of the Navigation Laws of Great Britain as relate to Canada."—On this subject a unanimity of feeling prevailed. All parties seemed impressed with the opinion that the measure sought was highly desirable for the best interests of the province.

This very general feeling was no doubt the cause of the limited number of persons present. The Resolutions as given in the Secretary's Report were passed after some interesting remarks from some of the movers and seconders.

Before the close, however, a movement was nade on the subject of protection. It was afterwards withdrawn and the proceedings relating to the Navigation Laws closed. A number of persons present then organized a meeting to take into consideration the subject of protection.

The Resolutions as copied by us from the columns of the "Statesman," where subsequently passed. Before which, however, it was strongly objected to by Mr. Matthie, Mr. W. S. McDonald, Mr. Richards, and others that it was not fair to attempt to thrust this subject, on which great diversity of opinion prevailed, on the notice of a meeting assembled for another object, on which no difference prevailed. The meeting having been called for a spesific purpose, many might not attend, satisfied that their neighbors would do what was necessary in the premises. Whereas if another object had been contemplated, such as the discussion of questions relating to Free-Trade and Protection, the assemblage might have been very differently composed. The remonstrance however had little effect, and it was tolerably apparent to those acquainted with the persons present that the matter had been previously arranged among the high tariff men, with Mr. Gowan as their champion. He seems to have been a recent convert to the measure of a high protective tariff, and he acknowledged that he had been applied to only the evening before to assist in the matter, and been furnished with papers and statistics in relation to the subject about to be brought up. It being apparent the traff men were determined to push their resolutions, Mr. Richards oserved that to prevent any misconception, he would state his views in relation to the matter. He said he was neither a protectionist nor a free-trader in the sense usually applied to those terms. But under the existing circumstances of the country he was in favor of levying such imposts for revenue as the necessities of the country require and so shape them as to render them productive, having an eye as much as practicable to the protection of our manufactures. This he thought would not be accomplish by a high tariff, the facilities for smuggling being so great along our extended frontier. In these opinions he was confirmed by their very general adoption at various meetings he had recently had with a large portion of his constituents. He then went into argument to show the basis on which he grounded his views. He then left the place, as many others had previously done who were opposed to the course taken in organizing the second meeting; consequently no opposition was made to the Resolutions when put from the Chair.

Our cotemporary of the *Statesman*, in his usual characteristic style of misrepresenting facts, wishes to palm the opinions expressed by the Resolutions adopted at this meeting as those of the people of the District of Johnstown. Now whatever the merits of those resolutions, they most certainly are not entitled to any such weight; and we are sure that our Reform protectionist friends, are not prepared to sustain the assertions of their new-born friend in this matter.—*Recorder.*

HURON SIGNAL.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1849.

TORY PROPHESIES AND THEIR FULFILLMENT.

If only one twentieth part of the Tory predictions which have been uttered during the short period of our own recollection, had been verified, there would have been no *Millerites* in the world at present, for, assuredly, the world, or at least the inhabitants of it, would have come to an end ere now. When the Catholic Emancipation Bill was about to be carried, the doleful prognostications of the *immovables* threw a gloom over Britain, like as if a cloud of locust had passed over it. Lord George Gordon's phantom of Popery and the wooden shoes, again haunted the midnight dreams of men and maidens. Convents, Monastries, Nunneries, Friars, Monks, Nuns and every variety of Orders and Institutions appertaining to the Romish Church, were seen or anticipated in the dim distance; and it was positively and loudly asserted that blood, bonefires, and St. Barthlolemews were approaching with the besom of utter desolation to sweep Protestantism from the face of the earth! The Emancipation Bill passed—and the Irish Catholics are just the same restless, powerless, bickering, battling, discontented and subjugated people that they used to be; and it is questionable if their condition, at this moment, is not as hopeless and as unenviable as at any former period of their history!

When the British Reform Bill of 1832 was under discussion, the *Heralds of Ruin*, again blew the trumpet of alarm, so furiously that old women fainted and half-grown men waxed pale. "The Demon of Democracy was seen stalking through the land" in the gaunt form and gigantic stride of red Republicanism, smashing thrones to atoms, and strewing the shapeless shreds of Monarchy to the four winds of heaven. And the Infidelity of France, and the Godless Institutions of America were raging rampant over the length and breadth of the land; and Sir Andrew Agnew proposed a "Solemn Fast" for the day of trial and sore tribulation that had come upon the Church of his fathers. The Reform Bill passed. The inhabitants of Britain are just the same thinking, industrious, iron-hammering, muslin-weaving, over-worked, overtaxed people that they were before. The number of Scotch Presbyterian Preachers is nearly doubled since that time. Infidelity and Red Republicanism are in the background, and the British Monarchy stands bulwarked by perhaps a greater amount of public affection today, than has surrounded it at any other period during the last hundred years.

About twelve months ago Louis Joseph Papineau the "exiled and proscribed," came back to Canada, and was elected Member of Parliament for St. Maurice. And really, any person not acquainted with the Alarm department of Tory tactics, would have supposed that a flaming Comet had struck the earth somewhere down about Quebec. The Radical Ministry were represented as having brought him back, with the intention of carrying him shoulder-high into some most important situation, so as to give him an influence to create another rebellion, and successfully root out British Origin, and British Loyalty, and British Connection from Canada, henceforth and forever! Poor Louis Joseph Papineau is now in the House of Assembly, and during the few days which have elapsed, of the present session, he has, out of pure chagrine, divided the house, in opposition to the Government, two or three times! And, alas, alas! such is his influence and his popularity, that he finds himself, each time, the *leader of a minority consisting of four!* The only Upper Canadian who seems disposed to endorse his impracticable notions, is the celebrated Colonel John Prince of ultra loyalty notoriety!!

The Alarm trumpet is blown again! His Excellency the Governor General, has announced that the Imperial Government is willing to forgive the folly and imprudence of all who were engaged in the small Rebellion, of Bond Head's making, in the years 1837-38. And as the Tories can find nothing else in the Speech whereon to hing a quibble, they have laid hold of this act of mercy; and their leading organs are playing a loud tune on it! Already William Lyon Mackenzie is beheld in deadly conflict with Don Quixote's windmills, or throwing up barricades in Toronto, or building forts of brushwood on Navy Island, or compelling everybody to eat frogs and speak French; or, in short, doing and saying every thing that is allied to the romance of knight-errantry, and in opposition to British supremacy, and British connection!

Alack and well-a-day! Is there to be no end of this system of gulling and sham-work? Will there always be hireling quibblers, and men who will read and pay for such productions? Will mankind never learn to believe and act upon that one simple fact in the history of our common nature, namely, that all civil convulsions, and rebellions and revolutions, result from attempts of the minority to trample on the rights of the majority, either through the strength of hired *fighting men*, or through the enactment of iniquitous laws? The act of indemnity *will* pass—and William Lyon Mackenzie will return to Canada if he is able, and pleased to do so; and if he conducts himself with wisdom and propriety, he will meet with hundreds, yea, thousands who will extend the right hand of fellowship to him, and will view him in the light in which the British Government wishes to view him; a rash man provoked to deeds of rashness by the arbitrary and trampling policy of Sir F. Bond Head, and the iniquities of the family compact of ungodly Toryism. But if William Lyon Mackenzie were here to-day, and offer his opposition to the present Government, he would then be recklessly flying in the face of popular opinion, and would, consequently, subject himself to derision and contempt. And should he be foolish enough to attempt another winter's campaign on Navy Island, we cannot say whether or not Colonel Prince might bear him company, but assuredly his associates would not outnumber the minority of Louis Joseph Papineau.

IS IT TRUE?

Rumour is busy in circulating the report, that Thomas Mercer Jones, Esq., Commissioner of the Canada Company, has been making a tour of the District in company with Mr. Alfred Otter, in order to secure votes for that gentleman to the office of District Superintendent of Common Schools! We hope the report is not true. We neither know, nor care about Mr. Otter's pretensions or claims to this office, but we *do* know, that had the people of Huron a free choice, which they should have through their Councillors, then Mr Otter would *not* be elected. And we should be exceedingly sorry that Mr. Jones should be induced to assume a position which our duty to the public would compel us to censure. Whether true or false, it is generally believed that he was very influential in obtaining the Superintendency for Mr. Bignal, and we think the result of that appointment will be quite sufficient to deter him from interfering in such matters again. We have no objections that the Commissioner should appoint an Agent on every Concession in the District, to attend to the interests of the Canada Company and their lands. But we have a decided objection to the Company, or the Commissioner, or the Agents, using a landlord's influence in a question where the whole inhabitants are interested. In fact, we absolutely deny the right of any man or body of men to exercise an undue private influence in any question affecting the public.—We have, during the past year, written much in favour of the Huron District, but we honestly declare, that we would never purchase a farm in it, nor allow any of our friends to do so, did we suppose that the influence of the Commissioner, or of the Company, through him, was to be exerted in opposition to a majority of the people; or did we possess property in the Huron, we would upon the very first appearance of such injustice, whether it was manifested in the election of a member of Parliament, or of a District Councillor, appeal by a public memorial to the Directors of the Canada Company; a failing redress, we would sell or bestow the property and flee from oppression. The feudal tenure and the landlord's supremacy have existed long and been seriously felt in other countries, and we hope never to see them existing in the same debasing manner in Canada. We could endure poverty and hardships, and hard labor, but we could not endure political serfdom. We write these remarks in our usual spirit of honest conviction, regardless alike of fear or favour; at the same time, trusting that they are entirely uncalled for, and that Commissioner Jones is too shrewd and discriminating, not to perceive that his interference in such matters would be imprudent and unjustifiable, both as regards the interests of the Canada Company and the rights of the people.

THE PRISON-HOUSE.

There is a look of gloom, a somber cloud—a *something* irksome to a good man's heart, hinging forever on the prison walls! And men of modern times stirred by the breath of pure philanthropy and christian love, even such as noble Howard breathed of yore, have rent in twain the melancholy veil that wont to shroud this sepulchre of life. The grated wicket and the dungeon damp are gone, and spacious windows, light, air, room, are all admitted to the prison cell. And yet its dreary still! We gaze upon the modern Jail, the massive building with a silent awe—and think we feel a strange, cold, chill creep through our blood, which finds an utterance, without our will, in a mysterious shiver and a *sigh*. And why is this? The stones and mortar differ not from those which build a church, or rear the mansion for the great rich man. Even architecture lends her minor charms, to decorate and make the Jail look gay. But still the gloom is visible, and still we feel a lonely feeling which we cannot speak! Ah! Nature! thou, despite of man's deep art and subtle sophistries to keep thee in disguise, art in all times and climes true to thyself. Deep in this massive dome, immured from life and all the gay things of his Maker's world—shut out from speech and social intercourse, from man's regard, and woman's living love, and doomed to drawl his weary nights and days in exile from the world, lies one who is our brother, who lives and moves and breathes as one of us! An outcast prodigal of Adam's race, a creature of the one Creator, sharing with us those feelings and desires—those thoughts and wishes, which in every land are known as features of humanity.

This is the secret of the prison's gloom. For him we feel the shiver and the sigh. The cord of sympathy which like a charm, deep and mysterious, unites all human hearts, binds man to man with strange magnetic power, and spite of all our shades of clime and creed, oft makes us feel, and with reluctance own the sameness of our nature, binds him too! He may have erred and wandered from the path—have violated law, or trampled recklessly on others' rights, even till society has cast him off, and doomed him to perpetual solitude: but in the deepest depth of degradation the thrill of sympathy will find him out, and looking through his guilt, perceive the fragments of an erring brother man. Bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—warmed by the same blood, moved by a spark of that mysterious spirit which *dies not*. We feel or *think we feel* his solitary lot. The summer sun, the balmy gale—the gurgling brook—the verdure of the fields, and every note of nature's melody are lost to him. Night follows day, and morn succeedeth night, and seasons roll, and change comes after change—but change nor cheer can mitigate his doom. He lives and lives not, nature will not own such strange unnatural life! 'Tis a monstrosity which man alone, of all God's creatures, has the power to form! The brutes that perish are not thus debased. They live and breathe—obey their instincts and enjoy all that their Maker measured for their doom. They build no prisons for they have no crimes.

Ah, man! Is this thy pride? Thy boasted glory, and superior power? Is thy gigantic reason only given to sink thee down below the common beast? Does thy supremacy consist in guilt? Or must thy civilization still be marked by larger Jails, and more expensive modes of treating crime? Poor frail humanity! How abject and how great! Man, with his powerful intellect, has tamed the beasts, improved their dispositions and their powers, made them subservient to his lordly will, and gathered comfort from his arduos task. Even the ferocious Tiger is subdued, and trembles when he meets his keeper's frown! But man tames not himself. His passions rage and swell in reckless fury, and urge him on impetuously to crime, for which he hitherto, has failed to find a remedy, except the *Jail, the manacles and rope!* He knows that education tames the horse—that *breeding*, training, makes him what he wills—subdues his nature and creates new powers; and yet he will not educate himself! His pride will not permit him to apply to his more noble nature, those same means that he applies with success to the brute. Culture he deems effectual to the beast, but scorns the thought of cultivating man! Poor, vain, purblind man! will thy delusions never have an end? Must age on age roll over thee, and still find thy annals stained with guilt, and read thy folly in thy spacious Jails?

THE HURON SIGNAL!

Here ends the first volume of the Huron Signal! This is the first mile-stone on our literary journey in Canada, and it must be admitted that if we have not wrought miracles, we have at least done wonders! It was asserted roundly by some who pretend to be great judges of the public feeling, that *a Radical paper could not breathe in Huron!* Now we suppose even our enemies will allow that the *Signal* has been *radical* enough! A great deal more so, at times, than we naturally desired to make it.—We believe they are satisfied that it has *breathed*, and breathed loudly, and for their consolation we can assure them that its *lungs* are much stronger to-day than they were during the first three months of its existence. The number of our subscribers is nearly doubled during the course of the year, and from the daily proofs of fresh support which we are receiving, we have every reason to believe that the Huron Signal will be *the* paper of the District long after its present Editor has breathed his last. We have had a hard up-hill battle of it; and we have fought it single-handed. We have had four or five writing against us, all at the same time, most of them anonymous, and disposed to use weapons of the most unjustifiable description; and yet we neither sought nor obtained aid from any man. There is not, so far as we aware, one article in the whole volume, directly written against our opponents, that is not written with our own hand. We have admitted no anonymous communication reflecting upon the character or conduct of any single individual. We have written truth in the love of it. We have published our conscientious convictioons fearlessly, in our own name, and we are neither afraid nor ashamed of the responsibility. It is true, that under peculiar aggravations, we have sometimes been likely to lose the equilibrium of our temper, and to say harsh things which, with any degree of fair play, we would not have said. But for this we are not sorry. Long experience has convinced us that the easiest way to get quit of a troublesome opponent is to beat him soundly with his own weapons—except he uses falsehood, then, *stick to truth and he will soon beat himself.*

There is one thing, however, in our brief career which we do regret, and that is, that so much of our columns should have been occupied in this bandying of left-hand compliments, which possess so little interest to our readers, and are calculated to do so little good. This error is now finished. Under the existing circumstances it was absolutely necessary, both for our own sake and for the sake of our Huron readers. But now that we have satisfactorily and substantially established the position which the Huron Signal *must* occupy in the District, all further wrangling on that point would be superfluous. And we now commence our second volume, under far more favorable circumstances than we did the first, and with the determination to write nothing but what will be practically useful. And while we will refuse to notice anything which may be written or spoken against ourself *personally*, we will, at the same time, consider it our first duty to expose every species of tyranny, fraud or *jobwork*, from whatever source it may emanate. The rights and interests of the people are the rights and interests of the