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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 II. | GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT, (C. W.) THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1849. | NUMBER XXXVI.

Cards.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL,
CAN be consulted at all hours, at the *British Hotel*, (LANCASTER'S.)
Goderich, Sept. 13th, 1848. 33-

ALEXANER WILKINSON,
Provincial Land Surveyor,
OFFICE AT GODERICH,
HURON DISTRICT.
Nov. 24, 9. 43

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DR. JOHN HYDE,
(LATE FROM EMBRO.)
MEDICAL HALL,
STRATFORD.
July 31, 1849. 2v-n26

1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND
FOR SALE IN
CANADA WEST.

THE CANADA COMPANY have for disposal, about 1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND dispersed throughout most of the Townships in Upper Canada—nearly 500,000 Acres are situated in the *Huron Tract*, well known as one of the most fertile parts of the Province—it has trebled its population in five years, and now contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants.

The LANDS are offered by way of *LEASE, for Ten Years, or for Sale, CASH DOWN—the plan of one-fifth Cash, and the balance in Instalments being done away with.*

The Rents payable 1st February each year, are about the Interest at Six Per Cent. upon the price of the Land. Upon most of the Lots, when *LEASED*, NO MONEY IS REQUIRED DOWN—whilst upon the others, according to locality, one, two, or three years Rent, must be paid in advance,—but these payments will free the Settler from further calls until 2nd, 3rd or 4th year of his term of Lease.

The right to PURCHASE the FREEHOLD during the term, is secured to the Lessee at a fixed sum named in Lease, and an allowance is made according to anticipated payment.

Lists of Lands, and any further information can be obtained, (by application, if by letter post-paid) at the COMPANY'S OFFICES, *Toronto* and *Goderich*; of R. BIRDSALL, Esq., *Asphodel*, Colburne District; Dr. ALLING, *Guelph*, or J. C. W. DALY, Esq., *Stratford*, Huron District.
Goderich, March 17, 1848. 7

TEAS!! TEAS!!!

THE Subscriber in returning his most sincere thanks to his friends, and the public, for their most liberal patronage, begs leave to inform them that he has just IMPORTED a choice Lot of TEAS, &c., which he offers for Sale for CASH, BUTTER, WOOL, TIMOTHY SEED, WHEAT, or any other kind of Produce, lower than ever offered here before.

OHIO WHISKEY!!
And FINE SALT for Sale, cheap for Cash.
CHRISTOPHER CRABB.
Goderich, May 10th 1849. 2v-n18

FARM FOR SALE.
ONLY FIVE Miles from GODERICH.
LOT No. NINE, in the 9th Concession, Township of Colborne,
CONTAINING 100 ACRES,
Fifteen of which are cleared, and under cultivation. The Land is of excellect quality, and well watered. For further particulars apply to JAMES CLARK.
Claremont, August 29, 1849. 2v-n29tf

FARMER'S INN STRATFORD.
MRS. DOROTHY DOUGLAS, widow of the late Thomas Douglas, of the Farmer's Inn, Stratford, begs to return her thanks to the Inhabitants of Stratford, and the public generally, for the very liberal support which they received during the short time they have been in Stratford.

Mrs. Douglas begs to intimate that she intends carrying on the business as heretofore at the Old Stand, in her own name, and hopes by strict attention to the comfort of her guests, and moderate charges, to merit a share of the public patronage.
Stratford, 21st August, 1849. 2v-n29tf

TRAVELLER'S HOME,
STRASBURG, WATERLOO,
28th February, 1849.
THE Subscriber hereby intimates to his friends and the Travelling Public generally, that he has removed from New Aberdeen to the Village of Strasburgh, and will now be found in that well-known house formerly occupied by Mr. Jones,—where he will be ready and able to conduce to the comfort of those who may honor him with their patronage. And while he returns thanks for past favors, he hopes, by strict attention to the wants and wishes of his customers, still to merit a continuance of their patronage.
JOHN ABEL.
N. B.—Good STABLES and attentive Grooms. v2-n4tf

TO BE SOLD,
AN excellent Farm, being Lot No. 12. Maitland Concession, Township of Goderich, containing 100 acres—30 of which is cleared. The land is of a superior quality, and well watered. It is situated exactly nine miles from the town of Goderich on the Huron Road, and at the junction of six different roads; and as it is in the center of a populous and prosperous locality, it is excellently adapted for a Tavern stand or a Store. This farm is well entitled to the attention of persons desirous of an eligible situation for business, and will be sold on very reasonable terms. For particulars apply to Thomas Dark, Tavern-keeper, Goderich, or to the proprietor
JONAS COPP,
Village of Harpurhey.
June 15. 1849. v2n19tf

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the "CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO.," is prepared to receive proposals for Assurance, and will be happy to afford to any person the necessary information, as to the principles of the Institution.
JAMES WATSON.
Goderich, 13th June, 1849. v2n19tf

Blank Deeds and Memorials,
AND all kinds of DIVISION COURT BLANKS, and BLANK PROMISSORY NOTES, for sale at the Signal Office. Every discription of BOOK and JOB Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

LAND FOR SALE,
CHEAP FOR CASH!!
FIFTY-SIX Acres of excellent Land, being the West part of Lot 16, 7th Concession of Wawanosh, will be sold for less than the Government price. One half of the purchase money will be required down, and two years will be allowed for payment of the remainder. Intending purchasers may apply to Mr. JOHN ALLAN, Tavern Keeper, Goderich.
Goderich, 13th July, 1849. v2-23

STRATFORD HOTEL.
(LATE MAY'S.)
THE Subscriber informs his friends and the Travelling Public, that he has leased the large BRICK TAVERN, at the East end of Stratford, (now the county town of Perth,) lately occupied by Mr. Isaac May,—where he will be ready at all times to afford the usual comfort and supplies and promote the personal convenience of his guests.
WINES and LIQUORS of the best description. A steady Hostler always in attendance. ALBERT G. HATCH.
Stratford, 13th July, 1849. 2v-n25tf

TO MILL PROPRIETORS.
A YOUNG MAN wanting a Situation as Miller—also a good Accountant. For further particulars apply by letter post paid, to F. G., Tuckersmith, Huron District, Canada West.
August 20th, 1849. 2v-n29tf

BURLINGTON
LADIES' ACADEMY.
THE ACADEMIC YEAR for 1849 and 50, will commence on *Thursday, the fourth day of October*, and close on the first Thursday of July. Circulars giving full information, may be obtained at the office of the *Huron Signal*, or by application to
D. C. VAN NORMAN,
Principal.
Hamilton, 7th August, 1849. 2v-n28-7t

HURON HOTEL,
GODERICH.
JAMES GENTLES, would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Goderich, and its vicinity, that he will constantly
Keep Horses and Carriages
FOR HIRE, for which he respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.
JAMES GENTLES.
18th Sept. 1849. v2n33-tf

From the Tales of the Borders.

THE LEGEND OF FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

Concluded from our last.

This new extraordinary element in the subject of her meditations and fears, disarranged all her ideas, and sent her thoughts in new channels for a discovery of what might be the secret plans of her cousin.—She sighed for an interview with her lover; but that, she was satisfied, would be attended with great danger; and thus reduced to her own resources, she passed the night following her meeting with Blacket House in still increasing pain and difficulty. In the morning she was visited in her own chamber by her mother, who had, from the serious aspect of her countenance, something of great importance to communicate.

"Helen," began the good matron, "though your father and I have seldom broached the subject of love and marriage in your presence, we have, with heartfelt satisfaction, observed and understood that the man who alone has our consent to win your virgin heart is your own choice.—Your wooing has lasted so long that the very birds in the woods are familiar with your persons and converse; and surely this is not to last always. You are twenty years old, my dear Helen, at the next Beltane, the first of May; and I know that it is Blacket House's wish that your happiness may be crowned by a union within as short a period as we will agree to fix. I have broken the matter to you, my love; and as I am well acquainted with the fluttering of Love's wings when Hymen enters the bower, I will not urge yet to fix a day at present, but leave you to the pleasant meditations my communication cannot but call forth. I shall send your breakfast to your bedroom this morning, my love; but I hope we may walk in the afternoon. Say nothing, Helen. Adieu! adieu!"

And the mother left the room rapidly, as if to avoid noticing the blushes of the supposed happy damsel. Helen heard the words uttered, as one may be supposed to feel the syllables of a condemnation falling upon the heart. It was well that her mother departed so rapidly, for the agitation the kind parent attributed to joy was but the prelude to a faint which retained her cold and struggling in its relentless arms for a considerable period. The first indications of consciousness, were, if possible, more terrible than the last thoughts that frightened it away. For a long period she sat upon the couch where she had heard the dreadful intelligence, and, passing her hand over her brow, tried to collect her thoughts, so as to be able to contemplate the full extent of her evil. She thought she could now see some connexion between the announcement made by her mother, and the extraordinary and mysterious conduct of Blacket House, though she was satisfied that neither of her parents possessed any knowledge of her intercourse with Kirkpatrick. The scheme of the early marriage might originate in the fears of her cousin, while his secrecy was only still maintained, till he found that she would not yield to her parents' authority, when would be the time for using his threat of disclosure to Helen, to compel her consent. All this reasoning seemed founded in existing circumstances and appearances; but so confused were her thoughts, and so painful every effort of her mind to acquire clearer views, that she felt inclined to renounce reasoning on a subject that seemed at every turn to defeat all her efforts to come to the real truth. Her misery was at least certain; for now, while the absolute necessity of a disclosure of her secret love became more peremptory and inevitable, the circumstances under which it would be made were such as would add to the unhappiness of her parents, and to the apparent deceit and treachery of her own nature, which was, notwithstanding, incapable of guile.

Meanwhile, the effects of so much mental anguish acting upon a tender frame, became soon apparent in her pale countenance and swollen eyes. She would not leave her apartment; and when her mother again visited her, she saw a change on her daughter very different from that accompanies the character of a bridge in prospective.—The circumstance surprised the old lady; but still so satisfied was she that there could exist no objection to a lover whom she had (as was thought) cherished for years, that it never occurred to her that the change in her daughter was attributable to the announcement she had made to her; while Helen herself, oppressed with the secret which she struggled (as yet in vain) to divulge, shunned a subject which she found herself unable to treat in that way which would insure to her relief from her sorrow. Every effort was made to get her out into the woods, where her former scenes might enliven her mind and bring back her wonted spirits, which, chiming the musical bells of youth's happy glee, used to charm the age-stricken hearts of her parents.—But these scenes had lost their power over her. The secrets Blacket House had to divulge still lay like an unholy spirit upon her heart, killed its energies, and rendered her miserable. She expected the additional source of sorrow of his society, in these forced walks, and her grief was mixed with surprise at his absence. He was often at the house, but he avoided her. She even saw him turn into a by-path, to get out of the way in which she walked—a circumstance as inexplicable as any of the prior difficulties with which the whole affair was beset on every side. She continued her disclosure, and, with many a sigh, felt them die away, and the tongue cleave to her mouth, as the unavailing effort shook her frame.

She had been in the habit of meeting Kirkpatrick at regular intervals; but two of the stated periods had passed without an interview: the third was approaching; and she trembled as the necessity of throwing herself on his bosom and seeking counsel in her difficulty, appeared to her in such a form as to shake her resolution not to encounter a second night meeting with her cousin. On the morning of that evening when she must repair to the burying-ground, or lose the chance of meeting Kirkpatrick for a considerable time, it was announced to her parents, in her presence, at the table of the morning meal, that Blacket House had, on the previous day, gone on a visit to a relation in a very distant part of the country, and that he would not return for eight days. She heard it, and her eyes were involuntarily turned up to Heaven in thanksgiving for the opportunity she now enjoyed of sobbing out her sorrows on the bosom of her Kirkpatrick, and getting good counsel in her distress. She said nothing when the announcement was made, and heard, without heeding, the remarks of her parents. Her thoughts were in Death's Mailing, and the pallid hue of her cheek gave place, for a moment, to the flush that followed the fancied touch of his lips, and the pressure brought her nearer to the bosom where lay all the relief she now had in this world. She sought more freely than she had done for some time her old retreats, and again the song of the merle had some music for her—so ready is the oppressed soul to seek its accustomed pleasures that it will clutch them in the interval of a suspended grief, though sure to return. Her cousin was gone for a time. He could not cross in these paths of the wood; and, oh, happy thought! she would lie on the bosom of her Kirkpatrick, and breathe forth, uninterrupted, love's sweet tale, rendered sweeter and dearer by the grief with which it was shaded.

The evening fell that night beautiful and serene. No vapour clouded the "silver sheen," and no breath of wind rustled a leaf on the trees. "Hail to ye, bright queen!" ejaculated Helen, as she folded her mantle round her, and was on the eve of seeking the wood. "Once more light me to my lover, if, after this meeting, you should for ever hide your face among the curtains of heaven." And, breathing quick with the rising expectation of being enclosed in his arms, she issued from the house and well-known loaning that led to the burying-ground. Her grief had sunk for a time amidst the swelling impulses of her passion, and it was not till she had been pressed to his bosom, her brow kissed by his burning lips, and deep-drawn sights exhausted the ardour of a first embrace after so long a separation, that one single thought of the cruelty of her situation arose in her mind. They sat on the tumulus where they had sat often before. The gravestones around them lay serene in a flood of moonlight; the soft "buller" of the wimpling Kirtle was all that disturbed the silence of the night; calmly there reposed the dead of many generations; if their lives were ended, their griefs, too were past, and Mary of the Lee, whose grey monument reflected clearly that moon's light, was free from the anguish which, in struggling sighs, came from the bosom of her who was *yet* above the green mound. Helen told her lover all the extraordinary circumstances of her situation. She went at every turn of a new difficulty, and Adam's eyes were also suffused with tears. He pressed her again to his breast, and bade her be of better heart, for that better days were coming on the wings of time.

"I confess," he said, "my dear love, that I am unable to understand the conduct of that dark-minded man, but, what can he do if my Helen should yet redeem her error, and make this necessary disclosure? That is alone the cure of our pain. O Helen! what a load of evil might have been averted from our heads by the exercise of a little self-command!"

"I see it, I feel it," replied she; "but there are powers higher than the resolves of mortals. I have struggled with myself till the blood was sent back in my veins, and frightened nature saved the powerless victim of grief by the mantle of unconsciousness. What, Adam, shall I do? I feel I am unequal to the task of speaking a daughter's rebellion, and a traitor's resolution."

"When everything is explained, Helen," replied the other, "the treachery disappears, and a father and mother's love will not die under the passing cloud of a little anger.—Think of our bliss, love! Did hope never bring courage to your tongue, Helen?—Ah! what would that bright goddess make Adam Fleming dare!"

"And what," said she, "would Helen Bell not dare for the love she bears to her Adam, if that sacred feeling of a daughter's duty were overcome? But it must be. I shall fall upon my mother's neck, and weep out with burning tears of repentance a daughter's contrition. I will appeal to the heart of a mother and a woman. I will conjure up her own first love, move against the spring of her earliest affection, and feign to her my father lost, and her heart wrecked. Ay, Adam, hope—the hope of the possession of you—will accomplish all this. Helen has said it, and the issue will prove."

This burst of generous resolution produced a flood of tears. She crept closer to him, and the throbs of her heart were heard in the silence which reigned among the graves. A rustling round among the trees roused her; she lifted her head, and fixed her eye on a part of the wood, on the other side of the Kirtle. For a moment she watched some movements not noticed by her lover. They rose, and Adam stood aside to get a better view of the cause of the interruption. In an instant she clung to his bosom; a loud shot reverberated through the wood; Helen fell dead—the ball destined for Kirkpatrick, having been received by the devoted maiden, who saw the hand uplifted that was to do the deed of blood. Neither scream nor audible sigh came from her; one spring when the ball entered the heart—and death!

Kirpatrick saw at once death, and the cause of it, and in an instant he gave pursuit. Springing with a bound over the Kirtle, he seized Blacket House in the act of flight. The murderer turned sword in hand, and a battle was fought in the wood, such as never was witnessed in the heat of the contest of armies. Had his opponent had twenty lives, the fury of Kirkpatrick would have been unsatiated by them all.—His spirit was roused to that of a demon; a supernatural strength nerved his arm; he despised life and all its blessings; the world had in an instant lost for him any charms, but as the place where lived that one man whose blood was to glut his vengeance.—His sword found there the heart of Blacket House; and twenty wounds verified the ballad—

"I lighted down my sword to draw—
I hacked him in pieces sma'—
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me."

He returned to the burying-ground. His Helen's body was as cold as that of those who lay beneath.

"O Helen, fair beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for ever mair
Until the day I dee."

Such is the story of Helen Bell, a subject that has employed the pen of many a poet, and brought tears to the eyes of millions.—We sometimes, according to our privilege, amuse our readers with pure unadulterated fiction. Would that our task had been such on this occasion!—for we prefer the sorrow which fancy, imitating truth, rouses in the heart, to the depressing power of "owre true a tale." We may add, that the maid of Kirconnel is more frequently called Helen Irving than Helen Bell, in consequence of some doubt as to whether her mother was not really one the Bells, and her father an Irving. After giving the matter all due consideration, and searching several authorities, we are satisfied that the truth is as we have related it. Our very ingenious friend, in a section of the "Gleanings of the Covenant," says, that the beautiful ballad, some of the lines of which we have quoted, was written on "Helen Palmer." We must have his authority.

European.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* publishes a decree reinstating eleven Lieutenant Generals and fourteen Major Generals, who, after the revolution of February, were placed on the retired list of the army, by the provisional government, against their will and contrary to law.

The French government continues to refuse passports to the German refugees, who, on their way to America, are forced to traverse France.

The President has made several trips to the departments, and made speeches at public dinners. He was well received everywhere.

General Oudinot was expected at Paris on the 20th.

Lamartine has refused a public subscription for his benefit, because his writings gave him sufficient.

Lucien Murat's appointment to Madrid is considered as a conciliation of the two parties in the cabinet.

The annual sittings of the Councils General commenced on the 31st ultimo, in every department of the Seine, where the meeting is postponed till October. Almost all the candidates chosen as Presidents of the Councils belong to the conservative party.

AFFAIRS IN ROME.

On the 21st ultimo, General Oudinot officially announced his departure from Rome. M. Savelli, the Pope's Minister of the Interior, has arrived, and installed himself as head of the police, but entirely under the control of the French authorities. His first decree was regarding the paper money, and says that the State guarantees notes for their declared value, and imposes a fine and imprisonment on all who refuse to take them when tendered for payment.

A military commission has been established for reorganizing the Roman troops.—All promotion since the 16th November, is annulled, until the commission shall have reported upon the conduct of each man, which, if found satisfactory, will enable him to regain his rank.

The Triumvirate of Cardinals has instituted a commission for the purpose of prosecuting the authors and accomplices of the outrages committed during the revolutionary period, against religion, its ministers, the majesty the sovereign, and public security.

General Rostolan has assumed the command of the French army of occupation.

The *Sentinel de Toulon*, of the 1st inst., says very pressing despatches relative to Roman affairs, to secular functionaries, have been received.

From the Nonconformist.

THE PEACE CONGRESS AT PARIS.

The tendency of demonstrations such as that made last week in the city of Paris, in favor of organized and universal peace, is to lead those who originate, who take part in, or who attend them, to give too free a rein to their anticipations, and to look for larger and more immediate results than the slower progress of events will permit them to realize. Certainly, if ever sanguine expectations might be cherished with some show of reason, the character and proceedings of the Peace Congress at Paris would excuse the most desponding in giving way to the generous impulses of faith, and hope, and joy. A more impressive, a more assuring, a more pregnant moral spectacle, it has never fallen to our lot to witness. In the very heart of the metropolis of the most martial country in Europe—in a city whose business appears to be the pursuit of frivolities and the enjoyment of sensual pleasures—amongst a people lamentably wanting in all that constitutes healthy religious sentiment, and who seem all but incapable of rising to any higher conception of means for accomplishing their ends than the use of brute force—the holding of Peace meetings for three successive days, the attraction to them of evidently interested throngs of auditors, the enthusiasm excited, the unanimity secured, the orderly discussion, each day, for five hours on the stretch, of doctrines opposed to the common sentiments of the nation and finally, the regret expressed by Parisians themselves that the Congress was not prolonged for three more days—this is a phenomenon well calculated to excite astonishment, and to lend wings to hope. We need not be told that it is possible to overrate the occasion—we know it. But we cannot but regard with pity those who can see nothing whatever in it but child's play. There have not been wanting in any age since the promulgation of Christianity men who have laughed at "the foolishness of preaching"—and, happily, for the world, there have not been wanting men who have gloriously proved its power. In the long run, the scoffers are always glad to forget their jokes.

Now, we will not rate the Peace Congress at Paris above what it is worth—we will content ourselves with asserting that it was well worth the sacrifice of time, money, labor, and anxiety expended upon it by its promoters. It was a step forward in a good cause. It was force employed where force must tell. It was a reasonable effort in a right direction. It was a doing what *must* be done in order to the accomplishment of the object proposed—of what, if done repeatedly, perseveringly, consistently, will as certainly effect the object as rain and sunshine will promote vegetation—and of what cannot have been done without putting those who did it nearer the realization of their wishes. "Utopian," we believe, is the favorite epithet by which the wise caterers for public amusement and instruction designate the movement of which the Congress was a wheel. Utopian! If it be Utopian, what in this world is practical?—Let us see!

The grand aim of the Congress is to put down war. The means it employs is the enlightenment of public opinion on the folly, madness, crime, and consequences of war. The particular method selected is that of periodically converging in one focus all the brightest thoughts and warmest emotions, and most glowing aspirations, in favour of universal peace, so as at once to attract the notice, teach the reason, and interest the sympathies, of all the great families of civilized humanity. Is there anything wild or visionary in such an enterprise?

War, be it remembered, at least so far as Europe and America are concerned, is not an ebullition of natural passion—nor the development of an instinct—nor an insuppressible outburst of the fermenting elements of human nature. It is an organized *system*. It supposes forethought, deliberation, preparation, science. It represents, not human passions, but human will. It is not a winter torrent, but an artificial reservoir. It is factitious, not spontaneous—a contrivance growing out of design,—not a conflagration kindled by a momentary flash. The system is one of machinery, and that which puts it in motion is the deliberate determination of those who have this machinery at command. Break it to pieces, and, in the present age, war becomes all but impossible.

The war *makers*—they who have it in their power to decide whether or not the destructive organizations they have at their disposal shall be put in motion—are few.—And yet, if their will could be either gained or coerced, the object aimed at would be achieved. Peoples, now-a-days, no more think of going to war with each other, than counties meditate the subjugation of counties. Governments alone can originate wars; and to put an end to them, it will suffice to raise up insuperable obstacles in the way of their doing so. Can this be done, and if it can, how?

The evils of war are too palpable for denial. Fortunately, moreover, they are too universally felt to be listlessly regarded.—Why, then, is war tolerated? Simply because men have groaned under its burdens without knowing the cause to which they were attributable, and without reflecting that the cause is as needless, as it is mercilessly exacting. They gain nothing from war but a momentary glare of vain-glory—they lose by it everything which would elevate them in comfort, self-respect, and freedom. However the prizes won may be distributed, *they* never get them. The horrid game is played at their expense, and, whether won or lost, must be paid for by their blood, treasure, industry, and morals. Could they but be made to see this, they would resent the commencement of a war with as much earnestness as they now dread the introduction of a pestilence. Is it impossible to teach them? May not assiduous, persevering, and well organized exertion, lay bare the whole secret to the eye of every people of the civilized world? Have we not with us their interests, both material and moral—their experience—their reason—their social affections—their religious sentiments? With all these advantages in our favor, is it impossible to convince them that by destroying the war system, they will destroy what can never be worked to their profit—what is always worked to their injury? The attempt may require, for complete success, time, expense, untiring effort, systematic agitation, large sacrifices. But let it not be said that it must be fruit-