'We must have been seen from the shore long ago, and pilot boats ought to be coming out, though I don't see any. If you meet one, bid him be smart; there may be a chance yet.' All this scene, this long agony, which has taken me so many words to depict, very imperfectly from my own recollections, and those of others, only lasted, I was afterwards informed by Desmond, 8 minutes from the embarkation of Senora Argullas till the last boat left the Neptune.

We had not rowed more than a couple of hundred yards, when the flames reached the rigging and the few sails set. Captain Starkey, not to th row away the chance he spoke of, had gone out on the end of the bowspit. At length the hail:—'What ship is that,' rung in our ears.

'The Neptune and that is Captain Starkey on the bowsprit!' The boat pushed off to the rescue

Great God! the terrible suspense we all felt while this was going on. I shut my eyes, and listened with breathless excitement, for the explosion that should end all. It came!—at least I thought it did—and sprang convulsively to my feet. So sensitive was my brain, that I had mistaken the sudden shout of the boat's crew for the dreadful catastrophe. The bowsprit was empty! and both the pilots were pulling with the eagerness of fear from the ship. Suddenly a pyramid of flames shot up from the hold, followed by a deafening roar. I fell or was knocked down, I know not which; the boat was rocked as if caught in an eddy; next came the hiss and splash of heavy bodies falling into the water; a deafening shout from the boats in which the voice of the captain was recognised, told us that all were safe. Half an hour afterwards we were on shore.

A piece of plate was presented to Captain Starkey at a public dinner given in his honor at Lingston. In his speech, on returning thanks for the compliment paid he explained his motive for resolutely 'declining to fight M. Dupont.

"I was very early left an orphan," he said "and was very tenderly reared by a maternal aunt, Mrs.———." (He mentioned a name with which hundreds of newspaper readers in England must be still familiar.) "Her husband—as many here may be aware—fell in a duel in the second month of wedlock. My aunt continued to live dejectedly on till I had passed my nineteenth year; and so vivid an impression did the sorrow of her like make on me—so thoroughly did I learn to loath and detest the barbarous practice that consigned her to a premature grave, that it scarcely required the solemn promise she obtained from me as the last sich trembled on her lips, to make me resolve never, under any circumstances, to fight a duel.

As to my behaviour during the unfortunate conflagration of Neptune, which my friend Mr. Desmond has spoked of so flatteringly, I can only say that I did no more than my simple duty in the matter. Both he and I belong to a maratine race, one of whose first duties is to protect and preserve the passengers and crew confided to his charge."

I have but little more to say.

Captain Starkey has long been settled in Havanna, and Donna Antonia has just as long been Mrs. Starkey. I don't know what has become of Dupont, nor do I care, Lieutenant Argeullas has been promoted to the rank of major, and I, gentle reader am well.

LOVE OF LIGHT IN DENMARK.

A recent traveller in the northern parts of Europe, remarks on the extraordinary feature of the domestic architecture of the Danes, that their houses almost resemble conservatories, being so greatly formed of glass. Every house contains a prodigious number of windows—the lower parts in some instances presenting an appearance as if all glass. Even in the poorest "stud and mud cottages," in the suburbs of Copenhagen and other towns, had rows of windows not 18 inches apart. This is a very pleasing feature, and a happy constrast to the condition of the cottages of the poor in this country, where, under darkness, filth, disease and wretchedness brood, and spread moral pestilence abroad. Science and facts testify that the light of heaven is a priceless boon, conducive alike to mental and physical health and tone—a blessing which ought to be at every man's most absolute command, and one which is no less impolitic than sacrilegious to pretend to tax. "Many a little cot in Denmark," says Mr. Horton, "has more glazier's work about it than a substantial three or four stories house in Great Britain." We hope, that, as the old latin proverb has it, "The times being changed, we too shall be changed with them." The duty being removed, and glass being cheap, we trust a new style will commence, and that the Crystal Palace will not only form the model of many a nobleman's conservatory, and many a municipal hall, but also render it fashionable to give customarily to our houses and cottages, a much larger space for the entry of light, thereby contributing directly to the cleanliness, the sanatory weal, and the enjoyment of our population. If their houses were more aggreable, more wholesome, better lighted, there would not be so dense a resorting to public-houses, vicious habits would not be so rapidly and extensively acquired: and their inmates, spirits being less gloomy and oppressed, work will become less irksome, poverty less unbearable, and the ills of life less murderous. There is more in a man having a home according to his mind, than is dreamt of in some philosophies; and hitherto the miserable, low, sepulchral, fœtid hovels [illegible] have been the hot beds of disease, and one of the sub-causes of their vices and crimes.

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.—To prevent evil, we hear it said, cultivate and strengthen the higher faculties of man. Now Christianity, is the one appointed means of doing this. To attempt doing this without Christianity, is repeating the sin of Adam, who sought a knowledge of things on grounds other than the will of God; but with this aggravation, that it is done after the melancholy experience of six thousand years have shown how ruinous was its nature.—*Gladstone.*

VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

Of more than twice the size of the Mississippi valley, the valley of the Amazon is entirely inter-tropical. An everlasting summer reigns there. Up to the very base of the Andes, the river itself is navigable for vessels of the largest class. The Pennsylvania 74 may go there. A natural canal through the Cuciquiari, connects it with the Oronoco. Giving drainage and fertility to immense plains that cover two million square miles, it receives from the north and south innumerable tributaries, which it said, afford an inland navigation up and down, of not less than 70 or 80 thousand miles in extent. Stretched out in a continuous line, the navigable streams of that great water shed would more than encircle the earth around at its largest girth.

All the climates of India are there. Indeed, we may say that from the mouth to the sources of the Amazon, piled up one above the other, and spread out, Andean like, steep after steep, in beautiful unbroken succession, are all the climates and all the soils, with the capacities of production that are to be found between the regions of everlasting summer and eternal snow.

The valley of the Amazon is the place of production of Indian rubber—an article of commerce, which has no parallel as to the increase of demand for it, save and except in the history of our own great staple since the invention of the cotton gin. We all recollect when the only uses to which India rubber was applied, were to rub out pencil marks and make trap-balls for boys.

But it is made into shoes and hats, caps and cloaks, foot-balls and purses, ribbons and cushion boats, sheds, tents and bags; into pontoons for pushing armies across rivers, and into camels for lifting ships over shoals. It is also applied to a variety of other uses and purposes, the mere enumeration of which would make us tedious. New applications of it are continually being made. Boundless forests of the Saringa tree are found upon the banks of the stream, and the exportation of this gum from the mouth of that river, is daily becoming a business of more and mode value, extent and importance.

In 1816 7, gotoons for the British army in India, and tents for the American army in Mexico were made in New England from the India rubber of the Amazon. It is the best in the world.

The sugar cane is found here in its most luxuriant growth, and of the richest saccharine developement. It requires to be planted but once in 20 years.

There too are produced of excellent quality, and great profusion, coffee and tobacco, rice and indigo, cocoa and cotton, with drugs of virtue the most rare, dyes of hues the most brilliant, and spices of aroma the most exquisite.

Soils of the richest loam and the finest alluvions are there. The climate of India—of the Moluccas and the Spice Islands are all there. And that too, lying contiguous are the boundless agricultural and mineral capacities of the East and West, all clustered together. If commerce were but once to spread its wings over that valley, the shadow of it would be like the touch of a magicians wand! those immense resources would spring at once into life and activity.

In the fine imagery of their language, the Indians call the Amazon the "King of Rivers." It empties into the Ocean under the Line.

MOVEMENTS OF RUSSIA.

The Stockholm paper, *Aftonbladet*, for January 2, contains the following important, although sorrowful, political intelligence:—It has been remarked that the letters which have lately arrived here from Finland have been more than usually cautious—almost mysterious. This has given rise to fears that the Russian despotsruler had some new violence in store against the weak remains of their former Swedish liberties, which our unhappy brethern on the north eastern shores of the Baltic still possess. Of late these fears have assumed the shape of the most distressing rumors. A private letter, which has fortunately evaded the control of the Post Office, [states that the provincial governors have been declared by an Imperial ukase to be independent of the Finnish Senate, and for the future, answerable to the general governor alone, who resides in Petersburgh. Another report says that the Senate has been altogether dissolved. It is not yet known how far these statements are to be believed, and we anxiously await further intelligence." The *Journal of St. Petersburgh*, of the 9th, has accounts from the Caucasus, which state that, though since the closing of the summer campaign, there has been no general engagements had taken place between the Russian troops and the mountaineers at Natou Khais, on the Souoja, and at other places, all of which had terminated favourably to the Russians, and had been followed by the submission of some of the chiefs and their bands. The *Post Gazette*, of Frankfort, of the 15th ult., says. "The *Constitutionnel* was right in saying that the Emperor of Russia had approved of the act of the 2nd December. But not by an autograph letter that he expressed his satisfaction; it was by a confidential letter of Count de Nesselrode to the Russian Charge d' Affaire at Paris, who caused Prince Baladini to make known its contents to Count Turgot, Minister of Foreign Affairs. No copy was, however presented to the minister, the Prince confining himself to a perusal of it. The letter congratulated the President on having saved European civilization from the dangers of 1852.'—*Colonist.*

Music.—How many emotions are there indigenous to the human breast that can only find vent in song! Man could never have been without it, else he would not have possessed the soul capable of such emotions. Our earliest knowledge of the first tribes of the earth show us that they were no strangers to the art divine. Music led fond an early home through all the world: even the wild Indian has his chant, his war songs, [illegible] Let us daily appreciate an art which is so peculiarly calculated to add to our happiness, to assist in the cultivatian of the better feelings of the heart; let us cultivate an ammusement so rational an innocent, thereby adding to the pure, fird-side enjoyments of home.

There is a knitting Machine in operation in Philadelphia, which knits three hundred and eighty stitches at each turn of a small crank, which crank may be easily turned by hand from one hundred to nne hundred and fifty revolutions per minute, making from forty to sixty thousand stitches per minute, or the rate of about three million per hour.

SAULT ST. MARIE CANAL.

The *Lake Superior Journal*, contains an account of meeting recently held at Detroit at which a petition to Congress was adopted, praying for an appropriation to construct a canal around the Falls of St. Marie. The petition sets forth that both the British and American shores of Lake Superior contain the richest ores of copper in the world; and that the best quality of iron is also found in abundance. It further states that "the transit from the copper regions to the principal ports on Lake Erie, at which vessels are unladen, is by water; uninterrupted, except at the Falls of St. Marie, on the river of that name, which discharges the water of Lake Superior into Lake Huron; and this interruption is caused by a rapid of not quite one mile in length, but completely impassable for vessels of every kind. A ship canal around this fall would establish an unbroken navigation for vessels and steamers of the heaviest burthen, from the head of Lake Superior to Buffalo, a distance of 1200, all on American waters and along the frontier between American and British possessions." The importance of the proposed canal, in a military point of view, is also set forth. The petition say:—

"Such a work is necessary as a means of national defence, and as the sure means in case of war with our British neighbors of commanding the whole chain of lakes."

We believe that the construction of a canal around the Ste. Marie Falls, on the British side, is a work that is much more demanded than a railway below Quebec.

THE INVASION.—The Albany *State Register*, speaking of the invasion of England by France, speaks in the following manner:—"It seems scarcely possible that Louis Napoleon really contemplates the invasion of England, and yet it is plain that he must war with some country, in order to divert the minds of the French people, or rather the army, and thus secure his position. Although he has been elected President for ten years, it is somewhat improbable, even were he possessed of as many lives as a cat that he will be permitted to have out his term. But if, in the meantime, he should really make war upon England, assisted by the European powers, the U. S. would not sit quietly looking on. Defective as the British Government may be, it is yet the only shield of civil and religious liberty in the Old World, and the people of the United States would feel a glorious pleasure in assisting the mother, who had, in times past, so wronged them. We cannot remain indifferent to a contest such as is now threatened. If the combined powers of Europe war against England, it will be a war more against the principle of free Govern ment than an individual hostility, and that is a principle but feebly carried out in Great Britain, compared to this country. When that principle is attacked, the people of the United States must share in its defence."

STEAMBOATS ON THE PACIFIC.

The Potteville *Register*, an United States paper, says that the Atlantic ocean is getting too small for American enterprise, and that therefore they (the Yankees) must turn to the Pacific, where they will have room enough. It says:—"There are ten steamers plying between San Francisco and Stockton. There are ten also, plying between San Francisco and Sacramento. The latter are, for the most part, of a larger size than those on the San Joaqsin river, and make the trip of 130 miles in from seven to eight hours. In the elegance of their accommodation and the luxuries of their larder, they might compare favourably with any passenger vessels in the world. There are ten other steamers plying from Sacramento to different places above that city. One year ago, there was but one steamboat in Oregon, the *Columbia*; now there are eleven steamboats of different kinds running in the Columbia and Willamette rivers, not including the Pacific steamers *Sea Gull* and *Columbia*, running between Oregon and California. The United States will soon be mistress of the Pacific. Steamship lines will, in a few years, be running from San Francisco to Australia, China, and the East Indies. On the great Ocean our go-ahead people will have room enough to strike out; the Atlantic being too small for us and other European nations; we need all the Pacific for ourselves." What a great people.—*Colonist.*

WAR STEAMERS.—We learn from an English paper that the vessels building for screw war steamers are the 'Agamemnon,' 90, of 600 horse-power, at Woolwich; the "Euryalus," 56, of 360-horse power, at Chatham; the 'Imperieuse,' 50, of 350-horse power, at Deptford; the "James Watt," 90, of 550-horse power, at Pembroke; the "Royal Albert," 120, of 600-horse power, at Woolwich; the "St. Jean D' Acre," 100, of 650-horse power, at Davenport; and the "Tribune," 30, at Sheerness. There is not a single paddle-wheel steam-vessel building at present at any of her Majesty's dock-yards, but there are several screw steam-sloops not enumerated in the above list, as they are to be fitted with engines of 60-horse power.—*Colonist.*

STATE RELIGION.

THE CAUSE OF INSURRECTIONS AND REVOLUTIONS.

Our readers will bear us testimony with what zeal and constancy, from the commencement of our career as a public journalist, we have advocated the emancipation of religion from civil thraldom and State trammels. To us it has always seemed, that the alliance between the church and the State in however modified a form, must be, in the highest degree, detrimental to the interests of both. Such a union has been aptly designated—and sacred scripture itself more than justifies the epithet—as *adulterous*; for it is a union which cannot be effected but by violating the terms of the social compact, and corrupting and degrading our holy religion; and we confess that every day's experience of what is taking place in our own land, as well as our observation of what is transpiring abroad, does but add intensity to our convictions on this subject. Scarcely a steamer arrives on our seaboard, from the old world, but it brings tidings supplying a melancholy confirmation of the views we have propounded on this subject. Though not before unaware of the fact, it was with a thrill of indignation and grief that, in reading over the names and offices of Louis Napoleon's ministers, the other day, we observed that, among the agencies and appliancies by which that heartless despot carries out his nefarious projects, he numbers a "minister of worship." What a burlesque on the sacred name of religion! What an outrage on all of those holy and tender sentiments with which the term *worship* stands associated in every devout mind! Yet it is a fact palpable to the whole world, that not among the army or the navy, the legislature or the civilans, but among the *priesthood* of France it is that Louis Napoleon finds the most pliant and effective instruments of his tyranny. It is, therefore, natural and befitting that this force should be marshalled under an Executive officer of State. And at this moment the fact is obvious to all Christendom that in every land cursed with religious establishment—and not less in Great Britain and her colonies, than in Austria, France, and Italy—the State clergy are in the closest alliance with despotism being led, no less by their sympathies than by their material interests, thus to make common cause with the enemies of the people, against the most sacred rights of humanity. Nor is the history of Canada wanting in numerous examples of precisely the same character; and illustrative of the same tendencies. Again and again has this province been goaded on to the very verge of rebellion, by the efforts of an encroaching church and a dominant priesthood to secure for themselves a monopoly of civil and religious privileges and immunities; nay, there are not wanting high authorities who trace the "troubles" of '37 and '38 to this very cause,—and it is important that public attention should be called to the fact that these same Episcopal clergy, in order to sattate their lust for plunder and pelf, with characteristic unscrupulousness, are ready, not to compromise merely, but utterly to *sacrifice* whatever of the semblance of principle pertains to them, by making alliances and entering into combinations by which they will become implicated in the maintenance of religious systems, and be seen to fraternize with ecclesiastical communities to which they are sworn foes. And not far hence may we find ourselves involved in a struggle whose convulsion shall shake the very foundations of civil order. How thoroughly has this sect retained its identity through the two centuries which have elapsed since that corrupt period when the second Charles swayed the British sceptre. John Toronto and his clergy are the very counterpart of their ecclesiastical ancestors of that reign. The same "capacious greediness" the same "towering ambition," the same "prelatical usurpation," and the exercise of the same disgospelling jurisdiction, as set forth by the "divine" Milton, are common alike to both; nay, still further may we trace the lineaments of kindred as brought out by the same master-hand. We give a further section of the portrait, that our readers may verify these for themselves: —"*The Prelates are oft times of mean and lowest birth*, making show as if they were called to the spiritual and humble ministry of the gospel,—yet meanwhile think it a hard service, unless, contrary to the tenor of their profession, they may eat the bread and wear the honours of princes: so much more covetous and base are they than Simson Magus, for he proffered to reward to be admitted to that work which they will not be meanly hired to." Well and truly has the same great and good man characterized this sect (the Episcopal bishops and clergy) as a species of ventriloquists, *i. e.*, persons having their voices in their bellies, and whom, therefore, no argument can silence, but such as is addressed to their viscera. The whole passage is so apropos to our present subject, and withal so replete with good council adapted to our circumstances, that we transfer it to our columns entire:—

"Thus ye have heard, readers, how many shifts and wiles the prelates have invited to save their ill-got booty, and, if it be true, as in scripture it is foretold, that pride and covetousness are the sure marks of those false prophets that are to come; then may ye boldly conclude that these are as great seducers as any of the latter times. For between this and the judgment day do not look for any arch deceivers who in spite of reformation, will *use more craft or less shame* to defend their love of the world and their ambition than these prelates have done And if ye think that soundness of reason or any force of argument soever, will bring them to an ingenuous silence, ye think that which will never be; but if ye take that course which Erasmus was wont to say Luther took against the Pope and monks; if ye denounce war against their mitres and their bellies, ye shall soon discern that that turban of pride which they wear upon their heads is no helmet of salvation, but the mere metal and horn-work of Papal jurisdiction, and that they have also this gift like a certain kind of some possessed *to have their voice in their bellies*, which being *well-drained* and taken down, their great oracle, which is only there, will soon be dumb, and the divine right of episcopacy forthwith expiring, will put us no more to trouble with tedious antiquities and disputes.

This is the work to which, in this province, we have now to address ourselves; not to the silencing of Episcopacy, but to the taking down of its belly, by forbidding it to replenish its maw from the provincial larder.

It is a truly discouraging circumstance that after he lapse of four years, we have again to fight the battles of the Reserves and Rectories, and to renew the same contests which we had hoped had been terminated by our suffrages at the polls in the winter of 1837-'8. It is discouraging, not so much on account of any positive advantages which the enemy has gained, or is likely to gain by the delay, but rather because the circumstances which have rendered it necessary for us to renew the fight are, lamentable to the treacherous dealings of men in whom reformers had reposed unlimited confidence. And when a great generous people are thus betrayed by those in whom they trusted, the revulsion of feeling and of sentiment that ensues is such as every patriot must deprecate and deplore, inasmuch as it leads to destroy all confidence in public men, and in the same degree to relax if not utterly to hinder all united action for a common object. But however discouraged, we know the people are far from being despondent. Strong in the conscious righteousness of their cause, and in their own power to vindicate it, they will not suffer their zeal to abate until they shall have received the property of the province inviolate from the rapacious grasp of a cormorant priesthood. In pursuance of this end, the time which will elapse before the meeting of parliament should be diligently employed in agitating the public mind on this question and getting up petitions to the legislature, praying for the secularization of the Clergy Reserves and the abolition of the Rectories. Upon this subject we direct attention to a letter of the Hon. Adam Ferguson in another column. Legislative bodies in relation to great reforms, are like clocks and watches which move merely as they are moved, and the motive power must be applied by the pressure from without. Let not our readers forget this. The anti-Clergy Reserve Association of this city might appropriately enough take the initiative in this matter.—*Examiner.*

HURON SIGNAL.

THURSDAY, FEB. 26, 1852.

☞ We would inform the different Township Clerks, that next week we will forward the Assessment Rolls to their orders. And we hope those not yet supplied will send in their orders as soon as possible.

JOHN GALT.

"Who is this John Galt?" recently asked a friend of ours, taking his Huron *Loyalist* Election Address from the table, and carelessly glancing over its contents. An important question, at this epoch and one which we confess we can but imperfectly answer. We have heard it said that he is one "who lives in quite an humble way in the Township of Colborne—and was once proposed for a Councillor in that Township, but no person having the hardihood to second the proposition, he was constrained to remain in quiet retirement. He was not born to titles—men have conferred on him no patent of nobility, nor is he rich in houses, or lands, or gold. His sole wealth and honor lie in possessions of another kind those of "political consistency!" For ourselves we have known him only—in earlier times, that is to say, some ten or fifteen years since as the contributor of sundry articles in the various political papers of the day—among which, in passing we notice especially the article on "Disappointed office-seekers." It was the out pouring of an earnest and feeling heart, and couched in such terms as none could gainsay or mistake. But of late, "Ceaser has grown ambitious." The stout and well—tried armour with which nature and the English language had arrayed him, does not satisfy his aspiring genius; but with the march of fame, he must assume a more striking—shall we say more *chaste* and affective panoply? Being an original thinker, he must of course adopt an original style in which to convey his ideas, one which should clearly distinguish him from the vulgar crowd, and most indubitably establish his claims to be considered "the lion" of political purity. Accordingly we have known John Galt in later times as the writer of certain mysterious "warnings," "custom house rappings," &c., the exact purport of which has not, in all cases, been clear to our comprehension. It is with no little mortification, however, that we feel constrained to make this admission, since, by all the admirers of John Galt, who possess the "inner consciousness," we are liable to be considered "consummate blockheads," "shallow brained ninnies," with other appelations of a like nature, which, however clear the evidence of one's own mind or to others, of their being correctly applied, are notwithstanding, to the truly modest man, (like ourselves) not less painful than to the man of genius.

The first manifest indication of all utter political charlatanism, appears in the late Address of John Galt to the Electors and other inhabitants of these United Counties. The "wha wants me," doctrine is visible throughout the whole Address, and the writer appears therein in his true character, "The forked, stradling animal he actually is," he loads himself with a heavy charge and takes deadly aim at the political conduct of our worthy member the Honorable Malcolm Cameron. Decidedly the richest and most irresistably ludicrous specimen of pen and ink balderdash we have met with in these degenerate times, are the efforts of this youthful tyro, who, possessing not a spark of political consistency, thus endeavors to injure the reputation of Mr. Cameron—a man who has been struggling in and out of Parliament for the last twenty years for the equal civil and religious liberty of mankind. We will not undertake to review the Address, as it would be a most absurd and fruitless waste of time, but would simply call the attention of our readers to the Hamilton *Spectator*, and other Tory papers of the last month, where they will find the Address piecemeal. We have no objection to John Galt going over to the Tories, bodily and mentally. But we have a decided objection to his setting himself up as the mouth-piece of the Reformers of these United Counties, and asking by what right "the Honorable Malcolm Cameron now comes to *us* to ask to be again returned as member for this County." John Galt forms no part of us—neither he nor his vote, nor never did—so long as he considered there was any chance of obtaining office under the present Government or of getting an enemy turned out of office—so long he pretended to be a Reformer. It has been said "if imposters will find impudence the world will find faith." But in this instance we have too high an opinion of the good sense of the people of these United Counties, to imagine for a moment that they will place any reliance in the political writings of John Galt.

☞ We have heard it rumoured through the Town, that the Tories have out a Requisition, which they, of course, are doing their best, in a quiet way, to have well crowded with names. Their object in doing so is to induce the Hon. William Cayley to oppose the Honorable Malcolm Cameron.

THE "CANADIAN CADET."—This is the title of a new Temperance periodical, to be published monthly, at Toronto, commencing about the first of March next.—It will be managed by four Cadets, members of the Toronto Section No. 15.—Terms, per annum, 1s 3d, currency. Its size will be Imperial 8vo., 4 pp.—Wiman, Dadson & Co., publishers, Toronto.

THE "LIFE BOAT."—The *Life Boat* will be devoted to the interest of the Cadets, and other Youthful Associations of a like nature. It will be commenced about the first of May next. The annual price will be 2s 6d. Each number will have one or more well executed Pictorial Illustrations—16 page 8vo. E. W. Campbell, publisher, Montreal.

Communications.

GLENBURNIE, 17th Feb., 1852.

TO THE HURON SIGNAL.

MAISTER EDITOR:—I'm no a reader of your neebour the *Loyalist* in general, but my freend John Tamson some times gies me a read o' his ane. Sae, on Saturday nicht he sent his lassie ower by wi' it, sayin' there was something in it by common, and that my aequantans John Galt had turned tail on his freend Malcolm Cameron. And, sure enough it was sae, for there was a screed o' a letter as lang as my leg (an' ye ken that's nane o' the shortest) frae John himsel' telling a' aboot it, how Mr. Cameron had said this an' that which wasna true, and had promised this thing and that thing, and didna keep his promise, an' heaps o' fau'ts o' that sort, a' vera plausible to look at, but theres aye twa sides to a story.

As I'm no muckle o' a politeeshen, howsever, I s'all lat John an' Cameron an' the tories fecht it out atween them on what they ca' public grunds, an' lat the thickest shin hand langest out. But, I hae heard it said that folks wha live in glass houses shouldna fling stanes, an' ye ken we hae it frae high authority that they should hae pure hands themsel's that flings the first stane, e'en at a great sinner.

Now, Sir, there are some things in John's epistle, (a sort o' layin' claim to great public virtue on his pairt) that brings auld stories intil anes mind, that a body wadna thocht had made my impression on't at the time. And, as John's now a public man, an' what some wad ca' fair game. If your paper's no ower ful' already, I wad like to lat some of my neebours ken a little of the doin's o' by-gane days, for I as weel as Maister Galt, hae been in the Huron track frae the earliest stage o' its feezekal existance. And I think it but right atween man and man that the auld settlers should tell the new-comers a' that they ken aboot a man that comes wantin' them to mak him an M. P. P.; or, as John vera justly says himsel', "its a duty that every one owes his fellows, to explain the truth in order that *chicanery* and falsehood may be exposed." And its a' nonsense on his pairt to try to bamboozle the like o' me, that's kent him sae lang, by pretending that he's no wantin' that, and, by this same letter feelin' what chance he wad hae. Od, sir, I'm sadly mista'en i'the man, if that hasna been his main drift, his rulin' passion, frae the vera cradle of his political, if not of his feezekal existance. And, ye may draw yere ain inferens frae what follows, as to how far he has been guided by selfishness in a' his dealings, or how lang he's likely to stick to ae notion either political or otherwise.

Mr. Galt commences his story wi' a regular flourish o' trumpets an' penny whistles in his ain favor, as if he deserved mair credit than the rest o' his neebours for bein' here see lang syne, but he doesna tell us that either by gude luck, gude guidin,' or maybe pairt haith, he managed to get a lions share o' the fat o' the land at the vera cutset, and, I wadna wonder but that's what maks him try to cock his beaver sae heigh noo, but he should mind that

"It wasna the hat, but the head that was in it,
Garr'd a body speak o' Rob Rorryson's bonnet."

Sae, sir, I'm thinkin' that its no just a son of John Galt, of worthy memory, that will please the Huron folks as their representative now-a-days, if that sons cap doesna cover a head and a heart that's free from feezekal fickleness, and political inconsistency of sae deep a dye as some folks think his is. Theres muckle in a name, sir, and that name has done muckle for John Galt, but theres a limit to all earthly good, that sun has set, *the talisman has lost its charm*, and John maun now stand or fall on his ain merits. And, theres great truth in what he says about having stood by us in past struggles, its no ilka' ane can say sae muckle as John can on that score, for most folks are sae stupidly mulish that if they are nince a tory they mann aye be a tory. And then they can only *stand by* aboot half o' their neebours. But John first stood by the tories (that is, until he thocht they were gaun down hill,) then by the radicals, (perhaps he thinks they're gaun down hill too). And noo I'm thinkin' he's fund out that thae twa classes doesna include a' the bush-whackers, and gaun to stand by the balance, a new sort o' the clear grits as they ca' them; maybe he thinks *they're* climbin' up the hill on the ither side. He's a cute chap John.

I nince saw my worthy freend and neebour Mr. Daly in great wrath wi' a witness that, afore he wad say whether or no he had seen ae man gie anither man a cloot on the head wi' a stick, had to begin his story aboot a week back, and tell a' that he had done himsel' frae that day up to the time o' the row. Sae I'm thinkin' ye'll be tired o' me afore I get my yarn weel begun, but, ye maun just do as Mr. Daly did, hae patience, an' I'll maybe tell ye something ye havena heard afore. But I maun do it my ain way or no at a'; and if I canna finish the subject in ae letter, I s'all e'en gie you anither ane, for its only by puttin' the numerous wee acts o' a man's life thegither, and no by a lang screed o' a letter now and then, carefully prepared for public observation, that we can judge of the fickleness or steadiness, the selfishness or public virtues of his character; and I can tell ye, its nae sma' matter to decide correctly on the real worth of a would-be M. P. P.

Now then, Maister Editor, if ye're inclined to gang on we'll begin at the beginning; but I'll no promise to gae vera straught forward. The first time then that I met wi' John, was when he passed by owre place on his first trip to Goderich, a thin raw callant, he was then, no onything like what he is noo, an' forty mile a day on shanks naggie wadna hae cost him a thocht, but at that particular time he lookit scared like about the cholera. And an auld jade o' a dutch wife shortly after I saw him turned him out of her hoose, on account o' his looks, but it seems that a sniff of the lake air set him a' richt again. I believe ane o' his first trials at the money makin' business was a little speculation in land jobbin', but as *cash down* was the order o' the day at that time, it was said that it turned out very unsatisfactory to John, and mair sae to some of his freends. He tried his hand at farmin' on his ain hook, but his owsen gat ower muckle stump fodder to like hard wark lang, mair than their maister, sae they mutually agreed to gie up the job. He helpet the auld Captain (wha liket better to spin yarns than to handle the pen) to copy the Deeds intil a big book, an by that means gat acquant wi' the wark, and an inklin' o' what the job was worth. And, when the Captain puir man was ta'en awa; it was but nat'ral that John should seek the birth, and sae he gat it. Its true that that fulish body, Mrs. Dunlop, thocht that she was fit to do sic wark, and wantit to get it, or that she should get a share of the pay. And she sometimes keeps claverin' aboot it yet, how she was cheated out of it, but ye ken a' that maun be sheer nonsense.

Puir, auld, unfortunate Brewster, the only Collector that ever could hae keepit office for the space a' twa or three years without puttin' pen to paper, lost it at last. John had only to whistle for't an' he gat it. I fear its o'er true, sir, that the "Old gentleman's" aye gude to his ain! The gude forgive us.

John nince took a notion that he wad be a lawyer. Sae he set to wark an' studied hard at Greek an' Latin for twa three months, and then fand out that it was dry wark, an' naething to be made o't without mair persevayrance than he was possessed o', sae he gave that up. Some folk said that he couldna be a lawyer and Collector baith, but at ony rate he wadna gie up the Customs for the law, although we noo see that he could do sae to oblige a freend like Cameron. But if he didnae mairgude for him about Goderich, than he did down here (whare deil a single vote he got him,) he might just as weel keepit his office an' stayed at hame. But, Johns cunnin'; did he no', e'en at that time, think ye, see a chance o' Cameron's gettin' into office o' some sort, o' anether election comin', o' writtin' his lang letter as a feeler, and the shadow of a seat in Parliament for himsel', in the distance. He's a deep ane, but if he did see a' that an' some folk think it, he's also a double faced ane.

I hae muckle mair to say, sir, afore I can bring my story down to this present date, and I'll maybe gie you some harder nuts to crack, and to crack aboot in my next, but it'll no do at this time. I hae written ower lang already; but if your readers will only keep thinkin' about it, they'll maybe mind some things themsel's that'll help them to come to a fair decision when the richt time comes. Sae gude nicht, Sir.

I am your obleeged ser't,

KIRSTY FORSYTH.

THE DUTIES OF ASSESSORS.

The duties to be exercised by Assessors being of great importance, the following synopsis, taken from the Acts of Parliament, may be of some use. Especially would we warn our friends took well after the Tory Assessors to see that the duties are properly and impartially performed.

By the 13th and 14th Vic. chap. 67, sect. 61, it is enacted that if any assessor,