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 V. | GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1852. | NUMBER XI.

TO THE ELECTORS OF HURON, PERTH AND BRUCE.

GENTLEMEN:

You are aware that when I appeared before you at the late General Election I had not accepted Office, although I had been gazetted as President of the Executive Council. My reasons for refusing that Office I stated to you plainly and in full. I then explained to you, that although it is necessary to have a Chairman or President, the duties hitherto devolving upon the President were not such as to warrant the country in paying *eight hundred pounds a year* for his services. Since that time, however, the office of President of the Council has been materially altered and other important duties, till now neglected, have been attached to it—so that it is now in reality no longer a sinecure and hence my principle objection to it is entirely removed. Indeed, it may be presumed that the duties allotted to the President of the Council, in future, are equal in number, and almost equal in importance to the duties performed by any other member of the Cabinet.

So early as the year 1841, I urged in strong terms, upon the attention of the then Government, the justice and utility of establishing a Department of Agriculture, feeling then as I do now, that if any one interest or department was entitled to the consideration and vigilance of Legislature, that one should be the Agricultural. This is Canada's great interest—the foundation of all our hopes of wealth and prosperity; and notwithstanding the comparative indifference with which it has hitherto been regarded, it is the one which must furnish the "men women and money," that will ultimately raise us in the scale of nations.

The Government has now established a Department of Agriculture the management of which, together with several other duties connected with emigration, and the statistics of the Province, are entrusted to the Chairman of Committees or President of the Council. And His Excellency having been pleased to offer me this office in its altered and improved character, I felt it my duty and esteemed it an honor to aid in the deliberations of an Administration in which I had full confidence—which I had assisted to form, and of which I expected to have been, from the first, a member.

And although I still feel that a gentleman of superior literary attainments would more properly discharge the duties of Chairman of Committees, yet as His Excellency and his Advisers have been pleased to consider me competent to the several duties now attached to the office, *I have accepted it.* And in doing so, I affirm in contradiction of the statements of the opposition and discontented Press, that my acceptance of it, in its present form, will be a considerable saving to the country. It has been alleged by certain portions of the Press that I am at liberty to accept and hold this office without again appealing to my constituents. But, Gentlemen, whatever the *law* may say on the subject, I have too much respect for public opinion and the principles of our Constitution, to evade both by availing myself of a legal quibble. I shall, therefore, so soon as a writ can issue, that is, so soon as Parliament meets, resign my seat and give you, the Electors of Huron, an opportunity of expressing, at the Polls, your opinion of my conduct in thus concurring in the first attempt of any Canadian Government to recognize and elevate the agricultural interests by a distinct Governmental Department.

I have the Honor to be,
Gentlemen,
Your obed't serv't,
MALCOLM CAMERON.

Old Parson M., of Torringford, was a queer sort of a man. One time when his congregation had most of them fairly dispersed themselves for their afternoon nap, he startled them, as well as their ideas of propriety, by saying, [illegible] "*What's the price of butter?*" At another time, some strangers coming to church with him, the congregation paid more attention to them than they did to him. Losing all patience he stopped in his sermon and said. 'Those folks in my pew are my cousins from H.; so you needn't stare at them any more.' *Boston Post.*

Why is the first chick of a brood like the foremast of a ship?—Because it is the head of the main-hatch.

"Man," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another.

Poetry.

WAKING.

I have done at length with dreaming—
Henceforth oh this soul of mine,
Then must take up sword and gauntlet,
Waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, combat, victory!
Wherefore have I slumbered on,
With my forces all unmarshalled,
With my weapons all undrawn!

O how many a glorious record,
Had the angels of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept!

But begone Regret, Bewailing!
Ye but weaken at the best—
I have tried the trusted weapons
Rusting first within my breast.

I have wakened to my duty—
To acknowledge strong and deep
That I reckon not of aforetime,
In my long, inglorious sleep!

For to live is something useful,
And I knew it not before,
And I dreamed not how stupenduous
Was the secret that I bore—

The great deep mysterious secret
Of a life to be wrought out
Into warm heroic action,
Weakened not by fear or doubt.

In this subtle sense of being
Newly stirred in every vein,
I can feel a throb electric—
Pleasure half allied to pain.

'Tis so great and yet so awful—
So bewildering, yet brave—
To be king in every conflict
Where before I crouched a slave.

'Tis so glorious to be conscious
Of a growing power within,
Stronger than the rallying forces
Of a charged and marshalled sin!

Never in those old romances
Felt I half the sense of life
That I feel within me stirring
Standing in this place of strife.

Oh those olden days of dalliance,
When I wantoned with my fate—
When I trifled with a knowledge
That had well nigh come too late.

Yet, my soul, look not behind thee!
Thou hast work to do at last!
Let the brave toil of the Present,
Oversearch the crumbling Past.

Build thy great acts high and higher—
Build them on the conquered sod
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
And thy first prayer rose to God!

Literature.

THE LONG COURTSHIP.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"They have been engaged these six years."

Such was the reply which Charles Irvine made to his friend Mrs. Alton, as the latter pointed out to him a couple on the other side of the way, and asked him if he knew them.

"Yes," said he, "and I thought every body knew Horace Duval and Esther Marlowe—they have been engaged these six years."

"What is the reason they do not get married?" inquired Mrs. Alton.

"Oh! it is the old story—the gentleman is poor and the lady is faithful. They met when both were very young, and fell in love The gentleman was only a student, it is true but his heart was young and full of hope, and he looked forward to a speedy realization of his dreams of wealth. He pleaded his case so eloquently that Miss Marlowe pleaded herself to become his bride when she was only seventeen, and he had just entered his twenty-first year. Six years have since passed and they are yet unmarried; for Duval is a physician, and you know how difficult it is for a young practioner in medicine to obtain a livelihood. I hear he has at length given up all hope of being able to establish himself in this crowded city, and has determined to try his fortune in some place where there is less competition. He talks of going to the west."

"I hope not."

"Why?"

"Because I fear for the fidelity of the gentleman. Unless Mr. Duval is different from most of his sex, his feelings will, nay, *must* suffer a partial, if not total estrangement from Miss Marlowe, should his absence be protracted for any great length of time."

"Fie, fie, my dear aunt, you slander our sex. You would question the truth of all men."

"Understand me before you blame. I do not condemn *all* of your sex, nor do I say that a protracted separation in the present case will *certainly* produce a disruption of the engagement. I only mean to say that the probabilities are in favor of such an unhappy termination to this long courtship; and in saying this I base my conclusion altogether on the chararacter and situation of your sex in contradistinction to those of my own."

"Very clearly stated—you could not have done it better had you been Chillingworth, the prince of logicians. But do you mean to say that the fault will be Duval's in case this engagement should be broken off through his absence?"

"Certainly—at least if Miss Marlowe instead of Dr. Duval should be the cause of it, this case would be the reception, and I believe you lawyers say that, 'the reception proves the rule.'"

"Really you do not stint yourself in praising your own sex."

"Now don't be unfair. Hear me out before you condemn me."

"Well."

"I say that a long separation betwixt persons engaged to each other is apt to result in breaking off the match, because the gentleman becomes either indifferent or unfaithful. I am afraid you have not noticed facts, or you would not condemn my opinion so quickly. I can now look around the circle of my acquaintance and call to mind at least a dozen instances, in which the protracted engagements, combined with a long separation betwixt the parties, have ended unfortunately. I see by your looks that you also, although younger than I am, can recollect instances of a like caracter. I confess I am not surprised at this result, although I deplore it. In the cases to which I have alluded, the parties have usually been engaged while quite young, perhaps before they were capable of that study of each others character which ought always precede a contract of so high and solemn a character as this. When therefore, they grow older, and learn to know human nature better, they cannot fail to see faults in those they love to which they were at first blinded. This does not always happen I grant, for often the illusion of passion keeps us ignorant for years of the defects in the character of the beloved object; but the scales often *do* drop off, especially in the case of the gentleman, or when the parties come to be separated for any length of time. I say in the case of the gentleman, because your sex unite more intellect with your love than our sex does. With us the passion is all heart, with you the head is at least prime minister. You analyze character more, you are apt to become hypercritical. When removed from the immediate influence of her you love, your affection insensibly cools. It does this from the very nature of your character, and from your habits of life. With a woman fidelity is every thing, putting aside coquetts—who are not true woman—is there not more fickleness naturally in your sex than in our own? But apart from this, our different habits of life make a wide difference in the character of our love. You live in the bustle and excitement of active existance—domestic happiness is the relaxation of your evening hours—the by-play of your life. But with us our home is every thing, the centre around which all our feelings and thoughts revolve. We have but one engrossing passion—love: you have a dozen which divide with it the empire of the heart. Wealth, pleasure, ambition! these are but a few of the passions that absorb the energies of men; but with us love is every thing. If we surrender our hearts to one of your sex, we have no rival feeling in our bosoms to disturb our thoughts from the adored object. At morning and at night, through every hour of the day, his image is constantly before us as we sit at our in-door, quiet occupations, until at length to think of him we love grows necessary to our very being. Our love becomes a part of ourself, its roots striking daily deeper and deeper into our hearts. If we are disappointed in love, our health gives way because we brood helplessly on our sorrows: and an intimate connexion exists betwixt the mind and the body. The secret why so many of our sex, and so few of yours die of broken hearts, is that in our case there is, from the solitude of our daily life, so little to divert our attention from our disappointment, while in your case numerous other passions step in and prevent your thought from dwelling on the shipwreck of your hopes. A woman's life is spent in comparative solicitude, in holding communion with her own heart. A man soon learns to forget disappointments and griefs of every nature in the exciting contests of business or ambition. To apply these principles to the case of Dr. Duval. He will at first, after his separation from Miss Marlowe, imagine that he loves her dearer than ever, but by-and-by new occupations will insensibly divert his mind from the contemplation of his betrothed, and then new persons will cross his path, in whom quite as insensible he will learn to take an interest—and so in the end, he will find himself brought to think so little of Miss Marlowe, that he will gladly surrender her for some newer intimate. And all this will be brought about so insensibly to himself, that he will be totally ignorant of the ten thousand immeasurably fine links in chain which led to this result. I have seen this case so often, and it is so natural a consequence of the active life led by your sex, that I fear for the future happiness of Miss Marlowe. But yet—as I said before—Dr. Duval may prove an exception to the general rule."

"And these are the reasons why you always oppose long courtships?"

"They are. Often a long courtship is a benefit rather than an injury, but I fear in general the reverse is the case."

"Well, I scarcely know what to say. You certainly have argued your opinions in a clear and masterly style. But I'm afraid my vanity in my sex will not suffer me adopt your conclusions. But here we are at your door, and I find the the time has come for me to fulfil an engagement."

"Good bye then; but don't forget, if we live to see the end of this betrothal, to come to me and tell me then what you think of long courtships."

Mrs. Alton was one of the most sensible women in the city. She had a tinge of romance in her disposition, but she never suffered this to interfere with her plain, common sense views of the duties and situations of life. A keen observer, she had accumulated a large store of facts, from which to deduce her opinions. In no one did her nephew, Charles Irvine, place such reliance in points in which her sex's opinions were generally sought for. He was staggered by her arguments on the present occasion, and as he thought on the subject he inclined more to her opinions. But yet he would not wholly admit the force of the reasoning.

Time passed on. Horace, or rather Doctor Duval, had left the city, according to his determination, and was now settled in a thriving town in one of the Western States. His letters to Esther Marlowe were at first frequent, and filled with hope and glowing pictures of the happiness that was in store for them. His business slowly increased, and he wrote to her that in eighteen months or two years at furthest, he would be able to return to the East, and claim her for his bride. At length his letters became less frequent, and often contained passages which Esther feared were cold, although she tried to persuade herself that they were not. Then came an interval of silence, and then a missive saying that he had been sick, but was now wholly recovered. How the tears fell from Esther's eyes as she read, how she wished that she had known of his danger, and could have flown to his side. Alas! little was she aware of the change in her lover's affections. He had indeed been sick, and to the kindness of others he had perhaps been indebted for his life. He had learned to think less of Esther, and more of her who had attended him with such constant care. New scenes, as Mrs. Alton said had colored his mind—new friendships had struck their roots into his heart, insensibly pushing out the old occupants of the soil. He no longer thought hourly of Esther. He had begun to dream of another face than hers. There was a new voice sweeter to him than that of his affianced bride. Gradually his letters to her became less frequent and more formal. Miss Marlowe at length could shut her eyes no longer to the coldness of his language. Perhaps she noticed it in her reply—perhaps she suffered in silence. We willingly draw a veil over the sad story. It soon came to be known that the long engagement betwixt Doctor Duval and Miss Marlowe was at an end. How the rumor became public no one knew; for the lady herself never alluded to such a thing; but there needed no other confirmation to it beyond the pale dejected air and hollow cough of the suffering victim.

"Poor Miss Marlowe," said Charles Irvine to his aunt, "she is failing fast. Consumption, they say, has fastened his tooth of poison on her vitals, but alas! I fear a broken-heart would be the better name for her disease."

"I fear so too," said Mrs. Alton, "do you recollect our conversation some eighteen months ago on Esther and Dr. Duval?"

"I do," said Irvine, "and I confess I am now a convert to your opinion."

While this very conversation was transpiring, the object of it was sitting in an easy chair, propped by pillows, in the last stage of her fell disease. Every few minutes a racking cough would seize her frame. Her eye was sunken, her voice was feeble, her cheek burned with the fitful hectic of consumption. Her mother and sister sat with fearful eyes gazing on the invalid. A servant entered the room bringing a phial which she laid on the little stand before the sufferer. Her mother, with a trembling hand, took up the phial, and unrolling it from the envelope, turned away to prepare the potion for her daughter. The newspaper in which the phial had been wrapped, still lay on the stand. A word in the torn envelope attracted the attention of the sufferer, and she took it up. She had scarcely ran her her eye over the paragraph which first attracted her notice, when a faint shriek burst from her lips, the paper dropped from her nerveless grasp, and she fell back apparently in a fainting fit. The mother let fall the phial, and sprang to her daughter's side. Alas! it was only to grasp the hand of the dead.

The paper which had fallen from the grasp of the invalid was picked up. It contained the following announcement, under the head of marriages:

On Sunday, the 23rd inst., by the Rev. James Atwood, Doctor Horace Duval, to Miss Mary Estelle, daughter of John Estelle, Esq., all of this place.

This fatal paragraph had driven the last barb into the already bleeding heart of Esther Marlowe. She died a victim to the perfidy of her lover.

THE TRUE EXPLANATION OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Every eye is familiar with the aurora borealis, or northern lights, but no satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon has yet been made. So various are its appearances, that any accurate description of them is difficult. Generally towards nightfall, streaks of light, which are constantly changing their positions assuming the most fantastic shapes, and which spread themselves out semi-circularly in the heavens, appear in the north, on an unclouded atmosphere. We gaze upon the phenomenon with a feeling of wonder. The beauty and grandeur of the scene impress the mind. Curiosity; which has hitherto remained unsatisfied, arises in the beholder. This phenomenon lately appeared in more than ordinary splendor. It was witnessed over the whole of North America, and has been described in every newspaper of the province, and in the United States.

An observer, who writes to the Toronto Globe, speaks of it thus:

"Early in the evening, while twilight was still visible, it made its appearance, first in long white streams of light, shooting from an angle of about 20 deg. towards the zenith from the N. N. west and east. As twilight diminished, these streams appeared to grow broader and longer—the waves were visible, rolling one after another, like the sea in a heavy storm. Then a broad crimson curtain was hung out in the east and west, from which waves of crimson and white, rolling one after the other, seeming to meet at the zenith, till the whole firmament seemed like the battle field, while a tremendous conflict was being fought by the elements. The vulgar opinion concerning this phenomenon is, that it is produced by the reflection of the sun on the ice in northern regions while being disturbed or broken up by violent storms. Some say that it is electricity, and some say that they have heard a crackling noise, similar to that which the emission of electric sparks produces; and some imagine that it is caused by the turning on of Hydrogen gas in the upper regions of the atmosphere. Of these notions, however, the vulgar opinion is the most nearly correct. That the aurora is only reflected light, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Last fall we observed a very singular aurora over Beauport, and noticed its appearance in this paper. The prismatic colours were beautifully plain. The corruscations were as rapid as an ordinary aurora; and it disappeared, having gradually receeded northward as the night fell. Without then being assured of the vulgar opinion, we ascribed the aurora to the refracted light, and intimated that it was produced similarly to a rainbow. It was, in our opinion, the moon's light refracted through the clouds of an approaching storm. We now modify that opinion, and state, on closer observation, that the aurora borealis is the sun's light refracted through storm clouds upon the dark blue, juncloaded northern sky. That it is the sun's light refracted through the storm clouds this proof presents itself—the aurora invariably followed by rain or snow, and indeed its last appearance which attracted so general attention was followed by one of the heaviest snow storms of the season, the circular and rapid progress of the storm accounting for those beautiful variations which were characteristic of the phenomenon. The mirage which exhibits a vessel or a troop of cavalry in the sky is another of that phenomenon which has been termed the aurora borealis from the circumstance of its always being seen in the north; and from the circumstance that the mirage is most generally visible in those northern regions where the atmosphere is highly rarified, we perceive a similarity in these appearances which have hitherto been considered quite distinct. All storms come from the equator, and are caused, it is well known, by the rush of heated air to supply the vacuum caused by rarification. The dryness of our atmosphere is admitted, and hence the frequency of the aurora. It may be said that the rays of the sun cannot be refracted after sunset. The fact is otherwise. The penumbra of an eclipse, and the twilight of northern latitudes are the result of refraction of the solar rays.

Let the general reader believe this, the scientific reader knows this to be the case, and then take into consideration that, as the clouds are higher than the earth, light can, through their medium, be refracted up on the leaden sky of the north east long after the orb of day has sunk below the horizon. The description of the appearance of the last aurora by the Globe's correspondent strengthens our opinion of what the aurora is. He says the whole firmament, seemed like a battle field, while a tremendous conflict was being fought by the elements. The conflict of the elements was the coming storm reflected on the colest of mirror—the uncloaded atmosphere which is characteristic of that highly rarified state of air and intense cold, which we, and the Greenlanders more especially, experience at times, and which has ever been followed by a rush of clouds from the warmer latitudes and which, being condensed, produce or but rain or snow.

A FEMALE SHIP CAPTAIN.—Amongst the fleet lately wind-bound in Lyndam last week, not the least, but perhaps the greatest wonder was, the good old brig Cloetus of Saltcoats, which, for more than twenty years, has been commanded by an heroic and exceedingly clever young lady, Miss Betey Miller, daughter of the late Wm Miller, Esq., ship owner and wood merchant of that town. The owners of several vessels both in the American and coasting trade. Miss Betey, before she went to sea, acted as "ship's-husband" to her father, and, seeing how the captains in many cases behaved, her romantic and adventurous spirit impelled her to go to sea herself. Her father gratified her caprice, and gave her the command of the Cloetus, which she holds to the present day, and she has weathered the storms of the deep when many commanders of the other sex have been driven to pieces on the rocks. Her position and attitudes on the quarter deck in a gale of wind are often spoken of, and would do credit to an admiral. We must not omit to state, that during the long period of this singular young lady's diversified voyaging, no seaman of her crew or officer under her command, could speak otherwise of her than with the greatest respect. The Cloetus is well known in the ports of Belfast, Dublin, Cork &c. She is familiarly known by the name of "Highland boatmen as the ship with the old captain."

EARLY MARRIAGES.—One of the causes of discontent arise from early marriages, which is a distinguished feature of this country. Long before a girl has gone into her studies, useful and ornamental, she is thinking of getting married, and falls in love with a young gentleman with curly locks, who danced with her at last party; and if she receives any encouragement, she is unsettled until a match is arranged and a hasty marriage opens the eyes of both parties to the silly step they have taken. No girl should marry under twenty—and it would do no harm to remain single until twenty-five, for then the mind is matured and the constitution formed. A proper course of studies for a young lady cannot well terminate under fifteen or sixteen, and then her domestic duties should begin. On a sound education and accomplished, she should engraft a perfect and practical knowledge of domestic affairs—design to make herself useful in such departments of household duties as are exclusively the task of woman; and after she has full experience—after all romance has vanished, the sober, sedate, yet joyous and happy state of matrimony endues, she enters on her duties with confidence, based on that experience; her choice is cautiously not hastily made, and she has the prospect of every happiness in her new position, and such things as separation or divorce never enter into her imagination.

SINGULAR PRIDE IN A HORSE.—A respectable farmer, from the adjoining county, came to the city, a few days since, in a one horse sleigh without bells. In passing down Western Row, another sleigh approached in a different direction, announcing their proximity with a merry peal of their jingling bells. This caused the farmer's horse to come to a dead stand; neither coaxing nor force could induce the animal to budge a foot, although prior to this occurrence there had been no difficulty. While in this quandary, a person present suggested the propriety of placing bells on the horse's neck; no sooner said than done—which acted like a talisman; and, to the amusement of the bystanders, the horse moved with "pride and pomp" as if sensible of the honor conferred. One of the lookers on observed that when countrymen come to town they ought to treat their horses *like gentlemen.*—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE WHEEL BARROW EMIGRANT RETURNED.—Many of our readers will remember the account published in all the newspapers, nearly two years ago, of a California emigrant who crossed the plains "on foot and alone," with a *wheelbarrow*, conveying all his earthly goods, that is his provisions, clothes, tools, &c., in that humble vehicle, and outstripping his march numbers who started for the rapid of gold, with more showing and expensive appointments. His name is Brookshire, and he is an Irishman by birth. His residence is at Warren, in Pennsylvania, where he left a wife and family of children in very indigent circumstances; when he went over the Rocky Mountains to "try his fortune."—Brookshire has lately returned from California, with about $25,000 of the "dust," all of which he dug and washed out with his own hands. And as it is very apt to pour when it rains, his wife received fortunes during his absence to the amount of $13,000, falling to her upon the death of some relations in Scotland.

COLLISION ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—The engineer of the freight train, which came into collision with the grave train on the Hudson River Railroad, on Saturday, was severely handled by a number of labourers present at the time of accident. The engineer jumped off in the engine, and not so much reached the ground that he was struck with a stone which knocked him down. He was then struck again with a shovel, causing a severe gash on the side of his head, and left lying insensible along-side of the fence. A friend finding him in this situation and wishing to put him out of sight, and away from the reach of the enraged labourers, pushed him through the fence, when he rolled down a hill to a creek.—The motion restored sensibility, and regaining his feet, he proceeded to cross the creek on the ice. He was discovered by the labourers, and they instantly set off in pursuit of him, but the ice gave way under them, and they were unable to continue their chase. The engineer reached the house of a friend, procured a horse and came up to greenbush.—[Albany Argus.

THE PLAGUE.—It is stated that much apprehension is felt in New Orleans of the approach of a new disease which is called the plague, and is now said to be prevailing in some of the West India Islands. A disease called by the same name has made its appearance in some parts of the West. It is said to be like the cholera, but more fatal. Whether it is the same disease as that which goes by the name of plague in the East is not stated. The Boston *Medical Journal* alludes to the subject as follows:—It is very certain from the accounts received here and in England, that the true plague has been introduced into Malta, and the work of death has been really appalling, with that dreadful disease ever reach this continent? There is reason to believe it will; the wonder is why it has not been already. Our commerce and intercourse is extensive with various parts of Africa and the Asiatic shore of the Mediterranean, where this great scourge is never dead or sleeping, but simply reposing from one period to another, like a fatigued giant, to gather strength for a renewal of its work. Should it come, it may be hailed there with no feeble more science, and a stronger infusion of medical skill to meet and combat it of its terrors, than has been exhibited in tropical climates, or in the filthy, reeking, reeking regions of Mount Toursey. Plague appertains to the Arabs in the age as I where the same condition of things exists as Constantinople [illegible] their social condition, and the absence of all common-sense efforts to avert or arrest it, will have an abiding foothold."

PREPARED FOR A STORM.—A few nights ago a Mr. Bodkin, who had been out taking his glass and a pipe, on going out late borrowed an umbrella, and when his wife's tongue was loosened, he sat up in bed and suddenly spread out the *parapluie*. 'What are you doing with that thing?' said she 'Why my dear, I expected a very heavy storm tonight, and so came prepared.' In less than two minutes Mrs Bodkin was fast asleep.

Press the Canadian.

THE PRESS.

The printing-press stands at the head of all human inventions and discoveries—not because it is the most complicated or ingenious piece of mechanism, nor because it is the most stupendous or gigantic work of art—but because it exerts the greatest influence on the destinies of the human race; because it transmits the knowledge of the past and present, to accelerate the progress of the future—because it combines the intelligence of all ages, and of all countries, in one formidable and unconquerable phalanx, to the end of all time, and forms a sure and enduring rampart around the gradual progress of our race, and prevents a relapse into primitive barbarity. These are the causes which constitute the real superiority of the printing-press, and surround it with a halo of renown which has never yet encircled any other human invention. In every country where it is in operation,—where its productions are known, its power is felt, and its supremacy is acknowledged. The despot and the patriot, the bigot and libertine, the dignified oppressor, and the ground-down serf, all, all proclaim with equal enthusiasm the power and the majesty of the press.—Even in countries whose modes of thinking are defined by Acts of Parliament, and whose meagre quantity of ideas have been stereotyped for ages, the printing-press is respected and revered. Whether we intend to disseminate good or evil, to promulgate truth or error, to establish justice or oppression, our acknowledgement of its power, and our dependence on its agency, are the same. The man of science reveres and extols it, because it enables him to communicate his discoveries for the benefit of his fellow-men; and the quack and the demagogue praise and laud it as a powerful medium of propagating their nostrums. In short, the printing-press is alike mighty in the perpetuation of good and evil, and almost every man estimates its value, not from the amount of positive good which it accomplishes, but from the facility which it affords for the perpetuation of his views and theories; and the incalculable amount of good which the operation of the press has actually secured to mankind, has not resulted from any intrinsic virtue in the operations, but from the everlasting supremacy of truth over error.—There is an omnipotence inherent in the nature of truth which will always secure a victory for it, if it can obtain fair play; and the value of the press consists in its power of bringing truth into more immediate and more forcible contact with error. Supposing a printing-press employed to publish and perpetuate the ancient superstitions and mystic absurdities of Iceland, its influence would be just as great in that undertaking as in any other means of establishing these errors; but a wise man could not laud the advantages resulting from this exercise of the great power—he could not in this instance hail the press as the harbinger, the accomplisher of good. But suppose the ancient errors of Iceland to be in existence, and allow the press the liberty of exposing these errors, then, in defiance of all the power and prejudice of the deluded mystics, who are interested in their countenance, the majesty of the press will be illustrated in their downfall. The press will be the medium of truth, and consequently the recipient of victory. Thus, then, the value of the press resides only in its freedom—in its power of opposing truth to error; and wherever it is free it will ultimately gain a triumph for truth. The most despotic governments of the world have no desire to crush the press; they are aware that it can be used as a powerful instrument in hallowing tyranny, and in reconciling men to bondage; hence it is not the press, but the liberty of it, that they seek to crush.—It is true that it frequently produces evil by its unbridled freedom. The wrongs and sufferings of an enlightened populace may be portrayed in such strong and glowing colors, and inflammatory language may be so employed, as to exasperate ignorance and enthusiasm into mad and hopless rebellion, and virtue and innocence may suffer death. This is a great and grievous evil, but it is an evil apparently associated with the progress of truth, and not wholly unproductive of good. The rebellion will pass away, and the memories of those who have perished will be forgotten; but the eternal truth of injury and injustice, leading to resistance and revenge, will be established in the minds of ten thousand thinkers, who will endeavor by other means than fighting to upset the dynasty of oppression. Their mode of warfare will be the press, directed in a more judicious manner, and it will be successful. In short, wherever the press is free and independent, it is not the fourth, but the *first* estate. It is not only the palladium of liberty, but the creator of public opinion—the moulder of a nation's thoughts. But while we are thus willing to exalt the character and power of the press, we are at the same time sorry to admit that no instrument is more the creature of sycophancy, or less independent, than the newspaper portion of the press. So far from being the leader or guide of public opinion, it has become the mercenary hireling of paltry, bitter factions. So far from being the harbinger of universal truths, or principles, it allows itself to be dragged along by the selfish unprincipledness of a few individuals; and of nineteen editors out of every twenty, Whig, Tory Radical, the question is not, "Are these [illegible] with the unshaking truth of nature?" but "Will these views serve and please the party for whom I write. We are the mere tools, the creatures of little joint-stock companies, of narrow views and sinister interests, and not the heralds or advocates of universal harmony and justice; and, at this moment, there are few newspaper offices, from that of the London "Thunderer," down to that of the modest village sheet, that might not candidly write over the door, in large legible letters, "The modern art of *gulling* practiced here on the most approved principles." But though