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☞ All kinds of Book and Job Printing, in the English and French languages, executed with neatness and despatch.

CORTEZ'S CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

The conquest of Mexico by Cortez is unquestionably the most brilliant achievement in the long series of remarkable events connected with the discovery and early settlement of the New World. There we find the outline, at least, of a great empire, and some civilization, the monuments of which have begun, in our own times, to engage the attention of the learned. In Mexico there was a dense population, there were large towns, and there was that prime mover of human labour and daring—gold, in abundance. This great empire was conquered and the gold won by a handful of Spaniards, led by one who owed his elevation wholly to the caprice of fortune, for Cortez had no experience of war or command, nor had he shown in his early career much passion for romantic adventure. But great prospects gave birth to great hopes, and these kindled inextinguishable passions; hence the disregard of bodily fatigue and the perseverance, in spite of frequent reverses, which certainly mark the progress of all the Conquistadores. Cortez had the advantage, too, of being the first who trod that elevated stage; those who came after him, if they were his equals in heroic qualities, fell short of him in opportunities. Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was but a coarse imitator of Cortez; the courage and cunning of the latter became with the former ferocity and perfidiousness. The extraordinary rapidity with which the New World was explored and colonized, was due in no slight degree to the success of Cortez.

The philosopher, it is true, undazzled by the surface of things, may doubt the genius and heroism of the first conquerors of America. Looking at the great inequality in point of arms between the Indians and the Spanish soldiers, he may argue that the conquest of the Mexican empire was, under [illegible] an easy achievement for a European of the meanest capacity.— Men nearly naked, armed with wooden swords, edged with flints, and frightened at the sight of horses, which were new to them, could not, it is evident offer any effectual resistance to cavaliers in full armour, wielding Toledo blades, and provided with matchlocks. If Cortez had, therefore, only boundless ambition and constancy under the reverses arising from his own miscalculations, his eventual success was inevitable. Whatever truth may be in this reasoning, it would leave the world but few heroes. All history—nay, the great globe itself if analyzed in this way, would go off in vapour, leaving behind but a small residuum of colouring matter and *fæx mera*.— We are willing, therefore, to take Cortez for a hero, since he did what appears to the bulk of mankind to have been a great thing. But his exploits are what we admire, not his writings. His letters to the Emperor Charles V. give us but an imperfect, and on many grounds suspicious, account of the conquest of Mexico. For a full and impartial history of that event, as well as for the personal history of the hero himself, we must look elsewhere. Cortez was by no means an elegant of the original.— Though his narrative is in general tedious and artful, yet it offers some curious passages, and late researches give us reason to believe that his description of the opulence and civilization of the country was not so exaggerated as might be at first imagined. For a picture of national prosperity, long since extinct, take the following account of Tlascala, which still exists, though much decayed:—

"This city is so extensive and so well worthy of admiration, that although I omit much that I could say of it, I feel assured that the little I shall say will be scarcely credited, since it is larger than Grenada, and much stronger and contains as many fine houses and a much larger population than that city did at the time of its capture; and it is much better supplied with fowls and game, fish from the rivers, various kinds of vegetables, and other excellent articles of food. There is in this city a market, in which every day thirty-thousand people are engaged in buying and selling, beside many other merchants who are scattered about the city. The market contains a great variety of articles both of food and clothing, and all kinds of shoes for the feet; jewels of gold and silver, and precious stones, and ornaments of feathers, all as well arranged as they can possibly be found in any public squares or markets in the world. There is much earthenware of every style and a good quality, equal to the best of Spanish manufacture. Wood, coal, edible and medicinal plants are sold in great quantities. There are houses where they wash and shave the head as barbers, and also for baths. Finally, there is found among the a well regulated police; the people are rational and well disposed, and altogether greatly superior to the most civilized African nation."

Add to this the description of the neighbouring state of Cholula:—

"The inhabitants are better clothed than the Tlascalans in some respects, as the superior classes of citizens all wear cloaks over their other dress; similar in shape, material, and bordering, to those of Africa, but unlike them in being provided with pockets. Since the late troubles they have been and continue true and obedient vassals of your Majesty, performing whatever is required of them in your royal name, and I believe they will remain so hereafter.— This state is very fertile under cultivation, as there is much land, most of which is well watered; and the exterior of the city is more beautiful than any in Spain, as it contains many towers, and is situated on a plain. And I assure your Majesty, that I have counted from a mosque or temple four hundred mosques and as many towers, all of which are of mosques in this city. This city is more suitable for the Spaniards to inhabit than any of the towns we have yet seen, as it has unoccupied lands and water for cattle, which none of the others have that we have seen: and the multitude of people who dwell in the other places is so great, that there is not a hand's-breadth of land which is not cultivated."

According to Cotez, the houses and gardens of the chief people in Mexico were fully equal to those of Spanish grandees.— He describes with much detail his meeting with Montezuma, or as he writes the name Muteezuma, and tells how he took off his own neck a coller of glass diamonds, and put it on that of the Mexican chief—for Cortez never styles Montezuma king or emperor,—and received two golden collars instead of the glass. But here is a passage still more characteristic:—

"Six days having passed, most powerful Prince, since I entered the great city of Temixtitan (Mexico), and having seen some things in it, though but a few compared with what there was to be seen and noted, it seemed to me, judging from these things, and from what I had observed of the country, that it would subserve the interests of your Majesty and our own security if Muteezuma was in my power, and not wholly free from restraint; in order that he might not be diverted from the resolution and willing spirit which he showed in the service of your Majesty, especially as we Spaniards were somewhat troublesome and difficult to please; lest feeling annoyed on any occasion, he should do us some serious injury, and even might cause all memory of us to perish, in the exercise of his great power. It also appeared to me that if he was under my control, all the other countries that were subject to him would be more easily brought to the knowledge and service of your Majesty, as afterwards actually happened. I resolved, therefore, to take him and place him in my quarters, which were of great strength; and resolving in my mind how this could be effected [illegible] ance, I recollected what the officer whom I had left in command at Vera Cruz, had written me concerning the occurrences in the city of Almeria, which I have already related, and which, as he was informed, had all taken place in pursuance of orders from Muteezuma. Having used the precaution to station guards at the corners of the streets, I went to the palace of Muteezuma, as I had before often done to visit him; and after conversing with him in a sportive manner on agreeable topics, and receiving at his hands some jewels of gold, and one of his own daughters, together with several daughters of his nobles for some of my company, I then said to him, 'that I had been informed of what had taken place in the city of Nautecal or Almeria, and of the fate of the Spaniards, who had been killed there; that Qualpopoca alleged in defence of his conduct, that whatever he had done was in pursuance of orders from him, which, as his vassal, he could not disregard; that I did not believe it was so, but nevertheless, in order to clear himself from the imputation, it seemed to me proper that he should send for Qualpopoca and the other principal men of that city, who had been concerned in the slaughter of the Spaniards, that the truth of the matter might be known, and those men punished, by which means he would satisfy your Majesty of his loyal disposition beyond all dispute; lest instead of the rewards which your Majesty would order to be given him, the reports of these outrages might provoke your Majesty's anger against him on account of his having commanded the injury to be done; since I was well satisfied that the truth was contrary to what those men had declared.'"

The offending cazique, Qualpopoca, was brought to the capital, as our readers are probably aware, and, with his followers, was burnt alive. Cortez tells this part of the story with much *naivette*. "So they were publicly burnt in a square of the city, without creating any disturbance; and on the day of their execution, as they confessed that Montezuma had directed them to kill the Spaniards, I caused him to be put in irons, which threw him into great consternation." All this was manifestly done merely from the motives above intimated, namely, "to subserve the interests of your Majesty and our own security;" yet Cortez had some apprehension lest he might offend royal sympathies, and so, in respect of his demeanour towards Montezuma, he writes to the Emperor:—

"Such was the kindness of my treatment towards him, and his own contentment with his situation, that when at different times I tempted him with the offer of his liberty, begging that he would return to his palace, he as often replied that he was well pleased with his present quarters, and did not wish to leave them, as he wanted nothing that he was accustomed to enjoy in his own palace; and that in case he went away, there would be reason to fear the importunities of the local governors, his vassals, might lead him to act against his own wishes, and in opposition to your Majesty, while he desired in every possible manner to promote your Majesty's service; that so far he had informed them what he desired to have done, and was well content to remain where he was: and should they wish to suggest anything to him, he could answer that he was not at liberty, and thus excuse himself from attending to them."

Cortez thus describes the original city of Mexico, which he soon afterwards totally destroyed:—

"This great city of Temixtitan [Mexico] is situated in this salt lake, and from the main land to the denser parts of it, by whichever route one chooses to enter the city, the distance is two leagues. There are four avenues or entrances to the city, all of which are formed by artificial causeways two spears length in width. The city is as large as Seville or Cordova; its streets, I speak of the principal ones, are very wide and straight; some of these, and all the inferior ones, are half land and water, and are navigated by canoes. * * This city has many public squares, in which are situated the markets and other places for buying and selling. There is one square twice as large as that of the city of Salamanca, surrounded by porticoes, where are daily assembled more than sixty thousand souls, engaged in buying and selling; and where are found all kinds of merchandise that the world affords, embracing the necessaries of life, as, for instance, articles of food, as well as jewels of gold and silver, lead, brass, copper, tin, precious stones, bones, snails, and feathers. There are also exposed for sale wrought and unwrought stones, bricks burnt and unburnt, timber hewn and unhewn, of different sorts. * Every kind of merchandise is sold in a particular street or quarter assigned to it exclusively, and thus the best order is preserved. They sell everything by number or measure; at least so far we have not observed them to sell anything by weight.— There is a building in the great square that is used as an audience house, where ten or twelve persons, who are magistrates, sit and decide all controversies that arise in the market, and order delinquents to be punished. In the same square there are other persons who go constantly about among the people, observing what is sold, and the measures used in selling; and they have been seen to break measures that were not true.

"This great city contains a lage number of temples, or houses for their idols, very handsome edifices, which are situated in the different districts and the suburbs; in the principal ones religious persons of each particular sect are constantly residing, for whose use besides the houses containing the idols there are other convenient habitations. All these persons dress in black, and never cut or comb their hair from the time they enter the priesthood until [illegible] it; and all the sons of the principal inhabitants, both nobles and respectable citizens, are placed in the temples and wear the same dress from the age of seven or eight years until they are taken out to be married; which occurs more frequently with the first-born who inherit estates than with the others. The priests are debarred from female society, nor is any woman permitted to enter the religious houses. They also abstain from eating certain kinds of food, more at some seasons of the year than others. Among these temples there is one which far surpasses all the rest, whose grandeur of architectural details no human tongue is able to describe: for within its precincts, surrounded by a lofty wall, there is room enough for a town of five hundred families. Around the interior of this enclosure there are handsome edifices containing large halls and corridors, in which the religious persons attached to the temple reside. There are full forty towers, which are lofty and well built, the largest of which has fifty steps leading to its main body, and is higher than the tower of the principal church at Seville. The stone and wood of which they are constructed are so well wrought in every part, that nothing could be better done, for the interior of the chapels containing the idols consists of curious imagery, wrought in stone, with plaster ceilings, and wood-work carved in relief, and painted with figures of monsters and other objects. All these towers are the burial-places of the nobles, and every chapel in them is dedicated to a particular idol, to which they pay their devotions."

These idols were soon precipitated from their pedestals, and images of our Lady and Saints were set in their stead. The following we do not believe:—

"The figures of the idols in which these people believe surpass in stature a person of more than the ordinary size; some of them are used for food, ground and mixed together, and kneaded with the blood of human hearts taken from the breast of living persons, from which a paste is formed in a sufficient quantity to form large statues. When these are completed they make them offerings of the hearts of other victims, which they sacrifice to them, and besmear their faces with the blood."

The Machiavellian character of Cortez is manifest in every page of his dispatches. He constantly avows his dissimulation and fraudulent intentions; policy was his sole morality, and his occassionel frankness was but an artifice to entrap others. While he thus expounds his crafty schemes to the Emperor, are we to place implicit faith in all his representations? Certainly not.— It is obvious that his object was to describe his success in the most glowing colours, to figure as one devoted to the Emperor and religion; as an invincible warrior, and beneficent ruler; and, finally, while claiming to have done wonders for the imperial treasury, to excuse himself at the same time for not remiting large sums to Europe. Mr. Folson demands for him the praise of humanity to the Indians, but we believe that it would require no great research to disprove his claim on that score. Cortez names among the Indians who served with him, "one Istrisuchil, twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, of great gallantry, beloved and feared by all;" and there is reason to believe that this gallant follower of the conqueror is the identical Ixtlilxochitl who wrote in the Mexican language an account of the fall of Montezuma and destruction of Mexico, not by any means flattering to the humanity of the Spaniards, and which account has been translated into Spanish by Don Carlos Maria da Bustamente, himself of Indian descent.

The piety of Cortez has also been much eulogized, particularly by the best of his editors, Lorenzana, Archbishop of Mexico; and, in truth, he showed much zeal in the destruction of Pagan idols; but, on the other hand, he had a leaning to the moral and economical institutions of Paganism, of which the Archbishop, had he been aware it, would most certainly have condemned for its heretical tendency. Cortez, when at a loss for suplus revenue, bethought him that he could manage the tithes much better than the clergy. In fact, he proposed to the Emperor to vest the tithes in tithe-commissioners, for various uses; but this very bold and curious proposition deserves to be set forth in the words of its author:

"The plan I recommend is, that a number of religous persons (or priests;) as I have already mentioned, zealous for the conversion of this people, should come out, for whom houses and monasteries should be erected in the provinces wherever it may seem proper; and that tithes be assigned them to defray the expenses of building their houses, and for their support, the surplus to be applied to the erection and ornamenting of the churches in the village where the Spaniards reside, as well as to maintain the clergy who officiate in them. Officers appointed by your Majesty should collect and keep an account of the tithes, and with them supply the monasteries and churches: for which purpose they will be more than sufficient, and a balance left for the disposition of your Majesty. Let your Majesty petition his Holiness [the Pope] to grant you the tenths of these parts for this purpose, giving him to understand the service rendered to God our Lord by the conversion of this people, which can be accomplished in no other way; for if bishops and other prelates are sent, they will follow the custom practised by them for our sins at the present day, by disposing of the estates of the church, and expending them in pageants and other foolish matters; and bestowing rights of inheritance on their sons or relatives. A still greater evil would result from this state of things; the natives of this country formerly had their priests, who were engaged conducting the rites and ceremonies of their religion; and so strict were they in the practice of honesty and chastity, that any deviation therefrom was punished with death; now if they saw that the affairs of the church and what related to the service of God were entrusted to canons and other dignitaries, and if they understood that these were the ministers of God whom they beheld indulging in vicious habits and profaneness, as is the case in these days in Spain, it would lead them to undervalue our faith and treat it with derision, and all the preaching in the world would not be able to counteract the mischief arising from this source."

BENEDICT TO A BACHELOR.

Don't tell me "you haven't got time"—
 That other things claim your attention:
There's not the least reason or rhyme
 In the wisest excuse you can mention.
Don't tell me about "other fish,"
 Your duty is done when you buy 'em;
And you will never relish the dish,
 Unless you've a woman to fry 'em.

You may dream of poetical fame,
 But the story may chance to miscarry;
The best way of sending one's name
 To posterity, Charles, is to marry.
And here I am willing to own—
 After soberly thinking upon it—
I'd very much rather be known,
 Through a beautiful son than a sonnet.

I could give you a bushel of reasons
 For choosing the "double estate;"
It agrees with all climates and seasons,
 Though it may be adopted too late.
To one's parents 'tis (gratefully) due;
 Just think what a terrible thing
'Twould have been, sir, for me and for you,
 If our's had neglected the ring!

Don't search for an "angel" a minute;
 For, suppose you succeed, in thes equel,
No happiness e'er could be in it,
 For the match would be mighty unequal:
The angels, it must be confessed,
 In this world are rather uncommon;
And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest,
 You'll be better content with a *woman*.

[*Knickerbocker*.

MOTHER, THY NAME!

Mother, thy name is holier far,
 Than aught that tongue of man can tell;
Thou wert to me a guiding star,
 To know thee was to love thee well;
To love—to worship—for e'en now
Fond memory blends me with the past,
Ere grief had marked thy silent brow;
 That love was first—'Twill be last.

Mother—dear mother!—on thy breast
 I bow my head—with anguish deep,
The joy—poor joy—that lulls to rest,
 Comes o'er me—like my childhood's sleep;
When nestling to thy bosom pure,
 I thought not—felt not—pang of pain,
But, hushed, lay in thy arms secure;
 More than I e'er can be again.

Mother—kind mother!—all of thought
 That life can give—affection prove;
Is thine—and only thine—for naught
 Can be beloved—as you I love:
And could I choose my dying place,
 When God shall call me to my rest,
After I have run through life's long race,
 I'd breath life's last breath upon thy breast.

Before a revising barrister, the other day a witness being asked how he knew that a man and woman were husband and wife, replied, because "he had often heard the lady blow the gentleman up." The "proof of marriage" was held to be conclusive.

SMYRNA.

As soon as the sun began to sink, we set out, passing through the streets, rapidly filling with the population, just rising from their mid-day repose; even yet the air, heavy with the strong perfume, seemed as though it blew from a furnace. * * It certainly was this aromatic scent pervading the whole atmosphere, which brought so vividly before us that we were in the East in good earnest now. It proceeded principally from the various spices, which form so universal a commodity of merchandize there, and also from the penetrating odour of flowers, altogether strange to us, rising from the numberless gardens around. The doors of all the houses were now thrown wide open, fully displaying to view a sort of vestibule or outer hall paved with white marble, and amply furnished with sofas and cushions, where each separate family assembled to amuse themselves by watching the passers-by, and have the full benefit of the evening air, in this sedentary manner. We on our part found considerable amusement in examining the successive groups whose 'interiour' was thus laid open to our view. The party was almost always much the same. Two or three young girls extremely pretty, for Smyrna is famous for its beauties, talking and laughing together in their dainty little velvet jackets and embroidered slippers. A grave old papa lazily smoking his pipe, and winking owl-like at intervals; * * and an old lady seated on a great cushion, and dressed in a long fur pelisse, conversing with a kindred spirit very like herself, in a low mysterious voice, as old ladies are wont to do all the world over, according to their unalterable propensities, whether they carry on the conversation in Greek or in English. * * We enjoyed the shifting scenes of this panorama of domestic life, all through the town; and then we proceeded on by narrow quiet lanes, dark with the thick shade of the mulberry-trees meeting overhead, and green with the massive foliage of the prickly pear, and long clustering vines spreading themselves in wild luxuriance far beyond the limits of the low garden walls. Here we had to employ ourselves, continually darting from side to side to avoid the large Turks mounted on small asses, who, jogging stoically along, looked neither to the right nor to the left, and threatened to run us down every moment. * * The Bridge of the caravans is long and narrow, built over a rapid whirling stream, and connecting the town with a much-frequented road leading into the interior of the country. * * It is surrounded by a vast number of lofty and luxurient trees, which renders the moving picture hourly to be seen on it still more striking. First, distinctly heard in the intense stillness of the air, comes the low tinkle of the camel bells, and then, appearing and vanishing again among the waving branches, the long undulating procession is seen to wind along the road.— As they ascend the road, the various objects of striking interest, which form as a whole so picturesque a scene, are gradually displayed in slow succession; then descending on the other side, the train is lost among the green woods and projecting rocks, till, long after, it may be seen, like a dark serpent, winding over the brow of the hill.— At the head of the line, walks the demure and modest little donkey, leading, without bit or bridle, the whole procession, and under whose guidance alone, his magnificent companions will consent to move a step; and, meekly following him, a string of some eighteen or twenty camels move along with slow majestic step, wreathing their long necks with their own peculiar and graceful movement, and looking with their half-shut eyes as gentle and mild, as in reality they are vicious and dangerous. The drivers, who guide them by the voice alone, are mounted on their backs; the flowing draperies of their oriental dresses gathered round them, as they sit with folded arms musing thoughtfully. * * On one side of the stream, in an open space lying at the foot of a green and vine-clad hill, the whole of the gay world of Smyrna was assembled, reposing on seats placed beneath the shade of the numerous trees, or eating ices at the doors of the little fantastic cafes erected for their accommodation; and on the other side, directly opposite, lay the beautiful Turkish cemetery, with its mournful cypresses, its gloomy shades, its silence, its sadness, and its dead. All the Europeans were walking about, talking and laughing, and looking exactly as Europeans do everywhere else, except that they were so thoroughly out of keeping with the yellow gloves, the bonnets and feathers, the cigars and fans, were quite insupportable under that gorgeous Eastern sky, and surrounded by all the striking attributes of Asiatic scenery.

The hill rising above us is crowded by an old ruined castle, which, while it adds to the picturesque appearance of the town, is not in itself interesting either from antiquity or historical tradition. Some of the party clambered up to it; but I preferred staying to watch the dispersion of the strange fantastic crowd around me. As soon as it grew dark, or rather (for it seems never to grow dark here) as soon as the flashing blue of the sky had deepened into an intense purple, and the painfully vivid glare been replaced by the soft faint starlight, the whole of the varied assembly prepared to return to their homes. The negro slaves gathered up the innumerable carpets and cushions, which they had brought for the accommodation of their Mahommedan masters, whose desire at all times to make themselves comfortable is so strong, that they regularly bivouac wherever they go, even for an hour or two. The gentlemen themselves taking out their pretty little paper lanterns, proceed to pick their way through the lanes aided by their light, which is just sufficient to guide their own steps, and render the darkness more intense to their neighbours. * * On our home, we passed an Armenian church brilliantly lighted by the lamps which at all times hang before the gorgeous image of the blessed Virgin, all decked out in tinsel and gold. * * As we walked along, we observed that most of the population betook themselves to the roofs of their houses, in order to prolong the Kef so pleasantly commenced at the Bridge of Caravan.—*Travels of a Lady*, 1848.

The Good Man.—What can produce happier reflections than a well-spent life? If we have passed the morning and noon of our days and arrived far into the evening of existence, how blissful is the contemplation of a virtuous and active life! No vicious propensities have been gratified; no unhallowed deeds have been perpetrated; but all behind is beautiful to contemplate as a glowing landscape in the distance. How beautifully has Blair expressed the last days of the good man:

Sure the last end
Of the good man is Peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the eventide of life!
A life well spent! whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting.

If you wish that such an end may be yours, live an upright and virtuous life, and you may depend upon joy and triumph at last. The good man dies in peace. His thoughts are not filled with dread, when he contemplates his end, but his heart is full of peace. He looks beyond the bounds of existence, and feels there is in reservation for him joys which the heart of man cannot conceive.

Industry.—Every young man should remember that the world always has and always will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of mind and body are rusting for want of exercise—the mistaken being who pursues amusement as a relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercises that produce no useful end, may look with scorn on the smutty labourer engaged in his toil. But his scorn is praise. His contempt is an honour. Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience and give that hearty self-respect which is above all price.

Toil on then young men. Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find the well-spring of enjoyment in your own souls, and secure the confidence and respect of all those whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

There is no art or science that is difficult for industy to attain; it is the gift of tongues and makes a man understood and valued in all countries, and by all nations; it is the phiosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant's ship as soon to him as he can desire—in a word, it conquers all enemies, and make fortune itself pay contribution.

Hints to the Ladies.—While Ladies persist in maintaining the strictly defensive condition, the men must naturally, as it were, take the opposite line—that of *attack*; otherwise, if both parties held aloof, there would be no more marriages, and the two hosts would die in their respective inaction, without ever coming to a battle. Thus, it is evident that, as the ladies *will not*, the men *must* take the offensive. I, for my part, have made, in the course of my life, at least a score of chivalrous attacks upon several strongly fortified hearts. Sometimes I began my works too late in the season, and winter suddenly came and rendered its completion impossible. Sometimes I have attacked the breach madly, sword in hand, and have been plunged violently from the scaling ladder into the ditch. Sometimes I have made a decent lodgment in the place, when—*bang!* blows up a mine, and I am scattered to the deuce!— And sometimes, when I have been in the very heart of the citadel—ah! that I should say it!—a *sudden panic* has struck me, and I have run like the Romans out of Carthegena.

One grows tired after a while of such perpetual activity. Is it not time that the ladies should take an *innings?* Let us widowers and bachelors, form an association, and declare that, for the next hundred years, we will love no longer. Let the young women come and make love to us; let them write us verses; let them ask us to dance—get us ices, and cups of tea, and help us on with our cloaks at the hall door; and if they are eligible, we may, perhaps, be induced to yield, and say, "*La! Miss Hopkins! I realy never—I am so agitated!* Ask Papa!"

Useful Rules for sundry sorts of People.—If you are a singer, sing a little *after* the rest of the singers; because the *more there is* of a good thing, and the *longer it lasts*, the better.

When you sleep at meeting, do it without disguise or concealment—a Church is no place for hypocrisy; besides, to sleep at your ease on such occasions shows that your conscience does not trouble you.

When you are telling a story keep laughing yourself, and then, by sympathy, the company will be inclined to do so too. It will be well to praise the story somewhat before you begin—it will awaken attention.

When you gape in company do it manly and above board, and do not be so clownish as to cover your mouth with your hand.

When you have done eating your dinner, always pick your teeth with your *fork*—it is a prodigious saving of goose quills.

THE BUSHMAN.

OR LIFE IN A NEW COUNTRY.—E. W. LANDOR.

The above is the title of several years, experience in Australia. The author has a high opinion of the resources of the country, which consist of horses for India, wine, dried fruits, cotton, coal, wool, corn, whale oil, cured fish and ship-timber. Mr. Landor gives an amusing account of the elements of which society is made up in an English Australian settlement; which he thus concludes:—

"A great deal of discontent and repining generally prevails in a colony. People who have long doubtfully hovered between suicide and highway robbery, determine at length to adopt the still more melancholy alternative of emigration. After bequeathing a few tender sighs to the country which they have hitherto regarded rather as a step mother than a parent,—and having pathetically solicited the sympathy of those who more readily bestow upon them a few pounds than a few tears, in the pious h[illegible] of never seeing them more,—our [illegible] betake themselves to the [illegible] their adoption, in the [illegible] lief that they have [illegible] to live 'like [illegible] means, [illegible] lead them to [illegible] ently feeds the [illegible] the rooks or the [illegible] very short time, however, they [illegible] they are no better off in the new [illegible] they were in the old country.—The gum-trees do not produce bread, nor the banksias shoulders of mutton; and, consequently, their hopes have been miserably disappointed, and they loudly proclaim their wants and sorrows in the streets.—There are unfortunately, in all colonies—those *refugia peccatorum*,—many emigrants of this class, idle and worthless, who have never done well, and never will succeed in any part of the world. A colonial life is not for these men, and we recommend them to pass on to some other region as quickly as possible."

The following pertinent remarks may be added as the sequence of the above:—

"Nothing can be more absurd than to imagine that a fortune may be made in a colony by those who have neither in them nor about them any of the elements or qualities by which fortunes are gained at home. There are unfortunately, few sources of wealth peculiar to a colony. The only advantage which the emigrant may reasonably calculate upon enjoying, is the diminution of competition. In England the crowd is so dense that men smother one another. It is only by opening up the same channels of wealth under more favorable circumstances that the emigrant has any right to calculate upon success. Without a profession, without any legitimate calling in which his early years have been properly instructed; without any knowledge or any habits of business, a man has no better prospect of making a fortune in a colony than at home. None, however, so circumstanced entertains this belief; on the contrary, he enters upon his new career without any misgivings, and with the courage and enthusiasm of a newly enlisted recruit. Alas! [illegible] ointment which so soon and so [illegible] brings a crowd of vices [illegible] train."

[illegible] and botany of the Eng[illegible] settlement [illegible] Swan river are thus [illegible]

"The river Swan issues forth into the [illegible] passage for boats, or vessels drawing from four to five feet water. Upon the left bank of the river is the town of Fremantle. The most prominent object from the sea is a circular building of white limestone, placed on the summit of a black rock at the mouth of the Swan. This building is the gaol. On the other side of the roadstead, about ten or twelve miles distant from the main, is a chain of islands, of which Rottnest is the most northern.—Then come some large rocks, called the Stragglers, leaving a passage out from the roadstead by the south of Rottnest; after these is Carnac, an island abounding with rabbits and mutton-birds; and still farther south is Garden Island. Fremantle, the principal port of the colony, is unfortunately situated, as vessels of any burthen are obliged to anchor at a considerable distance from the shore. Lower down the coast is a fine harbour, called Mangles Bay, containing a splendid anchorage, and it is much to be lamented that this was not originally fixed upon as the site for the capital of the colony. The first impression which the visitor to this settlement receives is not favorable. The whole country between Fremantle and Perth, a distance of ten miles, is composed of granitic sand, with which is mixed a small proportion of vegetable mould. This unfavorable description of soil is covered with a course scrub, and an immense forest of banksia-trees, red gums, and several varieties of the eucalyptus. The banksia is a paltry tree, about the size of an apple-tree in an English or French orchard, perfectly useless as timber, but affording an inexhaustible supply of firewood. Besides the trees I have mentioned, there is the xanthorea, or grass-tree, a plant which cannot be intelligibly described to those who have never seen it. The stem consists of a tough pithy substance, round which the leaves are formed. These, long and tapering like the rush, are four-sided, and extremely brittle; the base from which they shoot is broad and flat, about the size of a thumb nail, and very resinous in substance. As the leaves decay annually, others are put forth above the bases of the old ones, which are thus pressed down by the new shoots, and a fresh circle is added every year to the growing plant. Thousands of acres are covered with this singular vegetable production; and the traveller at his night bivouac is always sure of a glorious fire from the resinous stems of the grass-tree and a comfortable bed from its leaves."

Mr. Landor gives the following description of the aborigines:—

"The native inhabitants of Western Australia are only superior in the scale of human beings to the Bosjemans of Southern Africa. Their intellectual capacity appears to be very small, and their physical structure is extremely feeble. In some respects the Australian peculiarity assimilate to two of the five varieties of the human race. In the form of his face and the texture of his hair he resembles the Malay; in the narrow forehead, the prominent cheekbones, and the knees turned in, he approaches towards the Ethiopian.—There is a remarkable difference between the jaws and the teeth of the Australian and those of any other existing race. The incisores are thick and round, not, as usual, [illegible] into edges, but resembling truncated cones; the cuspidati are not pointed, but broad and flat on the masticating surface, like the neighbouring bicuspides.—This may be attributable to mechanical attrition, depending on the nature of the food which the teeth are employed in masticating. The upper does not overlap the under jaw, but the teeth meet at their surfaces. This peculiarity of teeth has been noticed by Blumenbach as a characteristic of the Egyptian mummy; but he thinks the nature of the food not sufficient to account for it, and imagines it to depend on a natu[illegible] variety. He observes, that 'althou[illegible] seemed most easy to account for [illegible] pearance by attributing it to [illegible] the food used by the [illegible] generality of its [illegible] mummies, and [illegible] are remark[illegible] bility [illegible] in the identifica[illegible] any human race were [illegible] materially in its dentition [illegible] rest of mankind, the fact would [illegible] rise to a strong suspicion of a real specific diversity. I have examined the [illegible] of infants and children, and found them in every respect similar to those of Europeans of similar ages. Moreover, the process of degradation may be traced in natives of different ages up to the teeth worn to the level of the gums in the old man. I therefore consider it the effect of attrition; but it becomes an interesting question to determine what may be the nature of the food which produced the same character in the ancient Egyptian and the modern Australian. Did the fathers of science live on barks and roots like the wretched Australian? Although attrition may cause this singular appearance of the teeth, the real question is, why does the lower jaw so perfectly and exactly meet its fellow? And is this continued to these two examples?"

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.—Intellectually speaking, man is not gregarious, but every mind has a track of its own as well as a body of its own. To force incongruous numbers to the same irksome tasks, is a violence to nature which extends disorder alike to the moral, the intellectual, and the corporeal being. Mental fellowship and cooperation are indeed essential to enlarged success; but to drive boys, like a herd, to the same pasture, is neither to strengthen the bonds of sociality nor to develope individual character. Those who have felt the value of mental culture, and have taken their course untrammelled by task-work, have generally shown their intellectual vigour by a greater capacity of endurance, as well as by freedom, boldness, and healthiness of thought. We may as well look for easy walking in a Chinese lady, whose feet have grown in iron shoes, and those very small ones, as for easy thinking in a mind that has been cast in a mould constructed to suit the minimi of the million. The reflective and perceptive faculties are too generally sacrificed at school for the sake of mere verbal memory: and hence those who were really most highly endowed, appeared, while there, most deficient scholars; such [illegible] Newton and Walter Scott. [illegible] observe, that the modern system [illegible] appears to [illegible] undoubtedly it [illegible] the fearful [illegible] many both [illegible] qualifies none [illegible] business, knowledge, useful[illegible] but rather, together with the [illegible] the memory valuation of intellect, causes the most heroic spirits of our age to hang upon vulgar opinion and the state of the market. No less so, indeed, when the lessons are introduced by prayer and ended by flogging, that when the riotous spirit of youth is left to itself to gather motives and morals from the poetic didactics, bewildering ethics, and impure histories of an emasculated heathenism.—Instruction should be valued only as it helps the mind forward to an acquaintance with natural and revealed facts; and as the proper inducement to study and research is enjoyment, this should be made to depend on the example and pleasure of those who can rightly direct us. Heaven claims our hearts for no other reason and on no other principle.—*Dr. Moore.*

BOOKS.—In the best books great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

GUTTA PERCHA.—This is the name of a new substance or gum, which is said to be destined to eclipse India rubber for all the purposes for which that article is now used. The gum is from a peculiar tree which grows on the Island of Borneo and throughout the peninsula of Malacca. It differs from the Caouchouc gum, inasmuch as it immediately becomes hard after exudation, and by exposure to the air. Its utiltarian application is endless. It is purified by being boiled in hot water, when it becomes soft and plastic; below the temperature of fifty degrees it is nearly as hard as wood; it is extremely tough but becomes plastic when it is cut into thin strips; at a temperature below boiling water it becomes as soft and yielding as melted wax, or putty, and may be moulded into any form or stretched out thinner than the finest paper. When it cools it becomes hard and tough again and retains its plastic shape without the slightest change by contraction or warping.

The preparation is said to be already known in England, where it has been employed in book-binding, for which purpose it has been preferred to leather. Ornaments as elegant as those of *paper mache* are made of it, and is said to have been made use of also for mouldings and cornices.—Acids and chemical agencies have no effect upon it, whilst its tenacity in resisting weight is so wonderful, that a thin slip will sustain a weight of fifty pounds. A leaf of this remarkable Gutta Percha no thicker than bank note paper is as impervious to water as glass; for umbrellas [illegible] coats, roofs of houses, bottom of [illegible] coverings of boxes, and in all cases [illegible] protection from wet is desired, its [illegible] be invaluable. It can be formed in[illegible] pipes and water-pipes of any size, [illegible] degree of strength that may be re[illegible] and used for such purpose will [illegible] compos[illegible] wear out; and being [illegible] and [illegible] may be applied in a th[illegible] of purposes where [illegible] now be used. [illegible] it is said that it will su[illegible] of all other materials, as it [illegible] extreme thinness, perfectly [illegible] to air or water, and of greater [illegible] than any other flexible material. In its hard state it can with difficulty be cut with a knife or a saw, but when it is soft, it can be moulded into the most delicate forms by the hand of a child.

SUPERIOR MODE OF CURING HAMS.—[illegible] W. Stickney communicates for the [illegible] benefit the following superior mode of [illegible] ing hams:—I make a pickle of two qua[illegible] of salt to which I add one ounce of sum[illegible] savoury, one ounce sweet marojum, [illegible] ounce allspice, half an ounce of saltp[illegible] and one pound of brown sugar; I bo[illegible] whole together and apply the mixture [illegible] ing hot to one hundred pounds of ham, [illegible] keep it in pickle three or four weeks. [illegible] process of smoking is not the most expensive but may not be the less available [illegible] that account. I smoke the hams in a [illegible] cask, with one head in, with a small h[illegible] for the smoke to get out; and hang the hams to the head. I use about a peck [illegible] mahogany sawdust for fuel and smoke them only a week. In feeding with corn 60lbs. ground goes as fare as one hundred in the kernel. Corn meal should never be ground very fine, as it injures the richness of it.—Ruta Baga is the only root that increases in nutritious qualities as it increases in size.

SHEEP BREEDING.—Many are the opinions and very diverse, as to the proper seasons for turning the Rams to the Ewes in this part of the province; and as it is a matter of some importance, we would be glad to hear some of our readers on the subject. There are some few so careless as to let the Rams at large at all times; some allow the intercourse as early as October, and others as late as January, each having theories. Some few years since, when no shelter was prepared for the poor animal, and when the lee side of a barn or shed, or even fence, was denied them by the more powerful animals throughout the most inclement seasons, and when scanty subsistence was procured by scratching through the snow, to reach the sour frozen herbage of the field; and of the worst portion of the fodder of the yard, shared alike by cattle and young horses, and trodden under foot by the pigs, was thought sufficient for their support. And when root crops were not grown or stored to keep them in condition then indeed it was necessary to have the lambs dropped before the beginning of June when there might be subsistance for the dam and her offspring; but now that the turnip and carrot are or may be grown in abundance, and can be easily stored, there can be no occasion for late lambing; which [illegible] recruit her strength for another period of gestation,—this we think the main cause for the deterioration in many of the flocks.

There is yet another objection to this practice; the flock should be shorn by the last of May, and in washing, prior to shearing, much danger is incurred in handling Ewes before lambing.

Sheep should not be allowed to go out of condition; but they do so, a few thriving old crones excepted, and it cannot be conceived otherwise than that the Ewe, to do justice to her offspring should be far removed from poverty; and we certainly think that if the needful food and shelter be provided, lambs may, with perfect safety and little loss, be dropped by the first of April. If intended for the butcher, the earliest command the best price (such as it is,) or if for home consumption, the fleece will be increased in weight and value; and if kept for stock, the wethers *at least* might be profitably shorn at the end of August.—*Newcastle Farmer.*

HOW JONAH FELT WHEN HE WAS IN THE WHALE'S BELLY.—No one doubts that Jonah remained for a considerable space of time; and some ancient writers have endeavoured to account, philosophically, for his existence in such a singular and awful situation. One says that the fish which swallowed Jonah, had seven eyes, which served as so many windows for the prophet to see all that was in the sea, and among other things to discover the way which the Iseralites took in crossing the Red Sea. Garassee says that Jonah himself acknowledges that his preservation was miraculous and that he more than doubts whether he remained in such a greasy disagreeable place for such a long time without nourishment. Though he certainly saw daylight three times return, it is very possible that the monster by passing through the centre of the world might have been in opposite places on the globe within twelve hours and thus exhibited to him a day and a night within that time; and by this reckoning Jonah would have remained but one and a half days instead of three days within the body of the fish. But Jonah's whale has been found! Strange as it may appear, Pliny details the curious fact, that the skeleton of an enormous sea-monster, found inland near the coast of Joppa has been satisfactorily identified as the very fish to which the history of Jonah refers. Mr. Jacob Bryant has enlarged upon this subject, and supports the opinion of Pliny by consideration of the size and proportions of the monster, and from the nature and situation of the coast near where its remains were found.

A WILD ANIMAL SUCKLED BY A WOMAN.—We noticed the fact at the time, that while Raymond & Waring's Menagerie was at this place some six weeks since on exhibition, a Bengal tigress, belonging to it, gave birth to a cub, the male parent of which was a lion. While in New York the other day, we were informed by a gentleman connected with the Menagerie, that the little cross-breed is alive and growing finely, a woman in the city, who lost her child having taken it to raise at her breast! We are told that Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were suckled in infancy by a wolf; but we never heard before of a woman adopting a young ferocious animal [illegible] suckling it as her own child! The [illegible] mother to the half lion and half-tiger, [illegible] her charge in a bureau drawer; and [illegible] morning when her husband gets out [illegible] he takes the little sharp clawed fel[illegible] and places it in the bed with his [illegible] to suckle. When hungry, the little [illegible] makes a terrible racket, and seems [illegible] to get at the breast from whence [illegible] its substance! Though it shows every sign of attachment and fondness for its foster-dam we should advise her to wean it as soon as possible. This curious cross breed is a male, its head and foreparts being the complete lion, the mane already beginning to show itself; while its body is striped and bears full resemblance to the tiger.—*Eastern State Journal.*

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ *We send the Huron Signal to many of* [illegible] *friends in the District, whom we* [illegible] *had an opportunity of soliciting* [illegible] *subscribers, on account of the bad state* [illegible] *roads, and will be happy to place* [illegible] *our list as subscribers. Those* [illegible] *not choose to patronize us will return* [illegible] *with "No Subscriber" written* [illegible] *We hope that every well wisher* [illegible] *District will give us their support and* [illegible] *in extending our circulation.* [illegible] *hundred will be of no use—we want* [illegible]

☞ *We furnish our townsmen with a* [illegible] *those who do not choose to be*[illegible] *subscribers will please notify us before* [illegible] *issue—parties that we may omit* [illegible] *hand in their names and resi*[illegible] *where they will be served by the Carrier.*

HURON SIGNAL.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1848.

TO OUR READERS.

In issuing the first number of the first newspaper that has been printed in this important District, it may be expected that we should say something of our views and intentions. And although, it is admitted, that the age of prefaces and apologies is past, we will introduce the "*Huron Signal*" with a very few remarks.

It is necessary that a newspaper should in some degree be the medium of political intelligence. There are in every country, at least two distinct political parties, hence, it is again necessary that every newspaper must be the organ or the advocate of a party, and it may be presumed that our motto is a sufficient intimation that the "Huron Signal" will endeavor to advance the views of the *Liberal* party. "The greatest possible good to the greatest possible number," is a sentiment which must certainly meet the approbation of every honest upright man. But while we are disposed to maintain the principle embodied in our motto with zeal and earnestness, we will carefully avoid all uncharitable feelings to our opponents. We will not indulge in vituperation or scurrility. We will have no fellowship with anonymous communications containing personal slander or anything calculated to injure personal character—in [illegible] principles of truth and justice.

The principal [illegible] questions which [illegible] of the [illegible] King's College and the Clergy reserves, in such an impartial manner as will allow a participation of the benefits to all the members of the community. An honest and equal destribution of the patronage of the Crown without regard to any other claim than that of merit.—Equal parliamentary representation, and a national system of Education upon improved principles.

But, although, we intend to be thus far political from a conviction that the study or knowledge of political economy, is an incumbent duty on every man, (in fact we always dread those characters who are forward in declaring that they do not understand nor take any interest in politics. We have some doubts of their eligibility to the blessings of civilized society.)—Still there are other subjects in which much of the happiness of a country is involved, and hence, we shall study to make the "Huron Signal" the vehicle of as many Essays and as much knowledge on all subjects of practical importance, as our space and time will reasonably allow.

THE CONTEST.

The Elections are over. They have resulted exactly as they ought, and as was reasonably expected. In almost every civilized country in Europe, and in America, the age has passed away when any Administration would be suffered to squander the people's money without giving some sort of acknowledgement for it.

Perhaps one of the strongest and most popular governments upon record, was that which succeeded to power immediately after the passing of the British Reform Bill in 1832. We are not aware that the annals of politics can furnish an instance of an administration being supported by as large a proportion of the people's representatives. During the first three years after their ascension to power, the Russel and Melbourne Ministry could have brought forward any measure with the almost absolute certainty of carrying it; but their measures were few and of small importance, and ultimately they became emphaticaly designated "The do-nothing Ministry," and were obliged to retire from office with much less credit than they assumed it.

The present Canadian Administration have done a little. They have been three years in office, and it must be admitted that they have passed a few minor measures which have a tendency to benefit the country. The great measures which affect the present peace and prosperity, and involve the future destiny of the Province, they have either left untouched or offered to adjust upon such partial and impolitic principles as have actually disgusted many of their own supporters. Their majority was small and consequently it required cunning and stratagem to enable them to retain place—but some of the means employed for this purpose were worse than cunning, they were positively dishonest; for instance, the flagrant conduct pursued with regard to Election Committees, and the base act of purchasing constituencies for some of their favorites. The efforts necessary to ensure possession of power occupied so much of their time and ingenuity, that the public business was neglected. And as we remarked before, the public have resolved not to pay money without receiving something in return; hence the result of the present general election. It is a mere *sham* in the still tenacious adherents of the Sherwood Cameron faction, to attribute their defeat to their own inactivity during the electioneering period—they deserve much credit on this point. Their zeal and activity would have done honor to a much better cause. The truth is they have defeated themselves by their evident desire to legislate for their own interests rather than for the benefit of the Province.

It is in fact a libel upon the Electors of Canada to insinuate that a large number of them voted against conscience, simply because the leaders of the Conservative party were not present to drag, or *whip* them into a knowledge of their duty—such insults will certainly have their proper effect. But in looking at the several majorities of votes on each side, it appears that every Liberal member returned, is, in reality the representative of a much greater number of Electors than the Conservative. So that supposing the number of members returned, on each side, to be exactly equal, the forty-two Liberals would represent about THREE-FIFTHS more of the Electors than the forty-two Conservatives. This fact if taken in connection with the fact that the Liberals have a majority of about twenty-five, will make it evident that Conservatism represents *now* but a very small fraction of the Canadian people; and upon a system of equal representation it would have required a most gigantic effort on the part of the *few* Conservatives to have returned a majority of members. The Die is cast—still the ultra adherents of ultra Toryism, manifest the same determination to resort to the most unjustifiable means to shew their unqualified detestation of honest principle. We allude to the conduct of Mr. Vansittart, returning officer for the county of Oxford, who in defiance of the fact that Mr. Hincks was returned by one of the largest majorities recorded in the Province, has been so far influenced by his hatred of freedom, as to declare Peter Carroll the legitimate member for Oxford!! We know not how far the Ministry are chargable with this outrage; rumour is implicating the Solicitor-General very deeply, and the following extract from the *British Whig*, a Conservative paper, seems to insinuate that the crime is ascribable to some other quarter than to the deficiency of conscientiousness in the head of John George Vansittart:

"From Oxford we learn, that malgre the overwhelming majority of Mr. Hinks, over his Conservative opponent, Mr Carroll, the Returning Officer has thought proper to declare the latter gentleman the winning candidate, in consequence of some want of technicality in Mr. Hincks' qualification. We cannot speak with sufficient detestation of such paltry conduct.—Instead of being an ill-tempered Radical, were Mr. Hincks the devil himself, he should have fair play. He was once before illegally unseated, and now another attempt is made to perpetrate the same cruel injustice. How can the Electors of Oxford ever become warmly attached to the existing form of Government, when they see their dearest rights grossly violated and set aside, to suit the convenience of a party. There is no portion of Canada more thoroughly Conservative than this good City of Kingston; and yet we can assure our distant readers, that on every side, we hear nothing but the severest reprobation [illegible] his pretensions would be disgracefully scouted."

[illegible] And certainly the Conservative party ha[illegible] some laudable examples of persevering [illegible] in their endeavors to prevent this dreaded advent of the Liberals getting in—but there is a preparatory step to this dreaded advent to which perhaps a great portion of their terror and zeal is attributable, namely the great fact, that before the Liberals can get in *the Conservatives must get out!!*

We sincerely trust that the coming administration will endeavor to study the real interests of this great country, and to enact such measures as have a tendency to allay the demon of discord that is paralysing our best energies. Let us only have peace and unanimity of action, and the progressive and permanent prosperity of Canada is sure.

And to prevent society, from Gaspe to Goderich from being shaken as if by an earthquake during a general election, let us have a fair and equal representation in Parliament, and let every possible means be employed to disseminate sound practical information so that all classes may be enabled to perceive that, in this New country at least, there should be but one interest—namely, *General Improvement.*

WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?

We think it was the first Earl of Chatham who said: "give me the making of a country's Ballads, and I care not who may make the Laws," However strange this sentiment may appear, it is expressive of a great fact. There was a period in the history of our race when Ballad-makers and Ballad-singers exerted a much greater influence on society than the Lawmakers. The age of the Bards was long past before the time of the first Earl of Chatham; but still it is a fact that the spirit of patriotism, of war, and of bravery, is more forcibly awakened by a national melody than by an act of parliament. If you wish to arouse the native daring of a Scotchman, sing him "the garb of Old Gaul" or "Bruce's Address." If you wish to stir the chivalry of an Irishman, sing

"O! for the swords of former times,
O! for the men that bore them."

But unfortunately for Canada she has no national melody—there is no song—no ballad—no poem to produce a common feeling among the varied inhabitants of Canada. The people of this country are all Englishmen, or Scotchmen, or Irishmen, or Dutchmen; each clinging to and hugging his own peculiar national prejudices, but having no common bond of union. Would nobody write a few songs for Canada? Would nobody write something calculated to produce some kind of national sympathy amongst us? Are we to live as aliens to each other, and to transmit the same national prejudices to our posterity? Is Canada not worthy of a people who are willing to acknowledge her as their country? In the absence of a national melody, however, could the newspaper press not be conducted so as to produce a salutary effect on the national mind? We do beleive that the press is the great creator of public opinion in this country at present, and if judiciously conducted might be productive of the most happy results. And in answering the question, "What is a Newspaper?" it may be proper to observe that exclusive of the two great political distinctions of Radical and Conservative, there are at least four distinct classes of newspapers. There is first the paper of Principle which tries every question upon its own merits, and decides upon the broad bright principles of eternal justice. Such is the Edinburgh *Scotchman*. Next is the paper of Precedent, which wades back through the misty records of past ages, and draws deductions and conclusions from the wisdom, the errors, and blunders of our ancestry. Such is the English *London Times*. The third is the paper of local utility, which without much pretension to talent or originality, devotes its pages to the dissemination of real practical and useful information, and the fourth is the Sectarian, which has a direct tendency to foster and keep alive those party feelings which are producing the misery of the country.

We have omitted to mention the "London *Examiner*" from a conviction that it is the representative of no class of newspapers, embodying, as it does, the paper of precedent and the paper of principle, and sanctifying both with, perhaps, the most correct literary taste in the great Metropolis.

But reader we do not intend to allude to these distinctions of the newspaper press, merely for the purpose of making distinctions, but for the purpose of inculcating the important fact that the varied divisions of the press must exert an influence on the public mind; and should consequently be modified and regulated so as to produce the most beneficial results. And at the same time we wish it to be remembered that every newspaper, however tame or trifling, is the vechicle of a certain amount of human thought, and forms some link of that infinite chain of mind which is destined to accomplish the moral and intellectual redemption of the world—hence do not despise or wilfully destroy the newspaper, lest possibly you should destroy a portion of thought that can never again be brought into existence. The formation of a national mind is the task of few individuals, and it is wrong to destroy any portion of the materials of which that mind is to be composed.

There is, however, one feature in the Canadian press which must not be overlooked. It is that disgraceful tone in which its members talk of each other. Every man is certainly justifiable in maintaining, with spirit and energy, his own principles; but, can this not be done without descending to that abominable depth of personal debasement—will that class of men who hold the power of moulding public opinion be injudicious enough to pervert the social mind by an exhibition of the worst taste and worst feelings which stain our common depravity. Shame! shame! Let us throw aside these ugly dispositions; and while we try honestly to advocate our own opinions, let us avoid every expression that has a tendency to engender bad or bitter feelings; and whatever may be our difference of opinion let us *agree to differ*, and to be at least unanimous in the one great object of producing a national mind in Canada.

POLITICAL ABSURDITIES.

[illegible]

The English statute book contains several acts decreeing that there are three persons in the Godhead, but the doctrine of the Trinity is neither more nor less true in consequence of these acts; and Lord Brougham informs us that there is actually an act of Parliament decreeing that 1728 inches do constitute one cubic foot.

And however much we may feel disposed to smile at these instances of folly in the Legislators of former days, it is a fact that the Lawmakers of our own times have been equally unhappy in the choice of their subjects for legislation. These remarks were suggested by a speech which we heard delivered by Mr. Boulton in Toronto on the morning after the recent election. We have no inclination to tax Mr. Boulton with the wilful intention of endeavoring to do evil. We believe that men's errors in general arise from a deficiency of judgment or from want of a proper consideration of the subject; in other words, we believe that the whole conduct of man results from the peculiar configuration of his brain, and as we have no convenient means of altering this configuration, our first duty is to counteract the pernicious effects of these errors. Mr. Boulton instead of defending Mr. McDonald's University Bill as he ought to have done, cautiously avoided the verist allusion to it, and endeavored to divert the attention of the crowd by expatiating upon the necessity of dissolving the Union; and of removing the seat of Government immediately to Toronto. So far as this proposal is concerned we have certainly no objection—but we do object seriously to the severe attack which he made upon the French Canadians, and certainly not one of the political absurdities to which we have alluded will bear a comparison with the proposal of Mr. Boulton.

The evils which have afflicted Canada and which have thrown the darkest stain upon the pages of her history, have resulted from a long series of unjust and injudicious attempts on the part of the British population to deprive the French Canadians of the right of acting, speaking, or even *thinking* according to French customs and usages. They sought to transform them into Britons. The attempt is a political absurdity. In the year 1066 when William of Normandy conquered Britain, he used every imaginable means for *Normandizing* the inhabitants—the curfew or coverfire bell was rung.—All acts of Parliament and all public documents were written in the Norman tongue, and in short everything was done that was supposed to have a tendency to metamorphose the ancient Briton into the similitude of his conqueror—but in vain.

Nature is not to be moulded or modeled by capricious edicts or acts of Parliament. The curfew bell still continues to be tolled in many parts of England and Scotland as a matter of amusement; but few regard it as a signal for extinguishing their fires. The ancient Britons never became Normans, and the Norman tongue never became the language of Britain.

But we ask in the first place as a question of justice: Is it not suficient that a people should live contentedly under the government of a foriegn power without being deprived of those customs, habits and language, which constitute their identity as a people, and which make up perhaps more than one-half the happiness of their

whole existence? We ask in the second place: where is the wisdom or utility of spending time and money in passing acts of parliament on subjects, where nature has passed irrevokable decrees, because it is evident that the nationality of any people can only be destroyed by the extermination of the people themselves?

It is truly lamentable to hear men of superior talent and education talking of using means and measures for the purpose of converting Frenchmen into Englishmen, and it is equally ludicrous to hear Mr. Boulton the representative of the intelligent Electors of Toronto endeavoring to disseminate the bitterest feelings of human nature among her Majesty's subjects of United Canada, simply because Mr. Lafontaine had taken the liberty of addressing his countrymen of the House of Assembly in his own language.

But the worst feature in the conduct of Mr. Boulton was the bad spirit he displayed, and the reproachful and ugly epithets which he flung at the whole French population. Our opinion of Mr. Boulton leads us to think that he cannot have altogether overlooked the fact, that the prosperity of this our common country depends much upon the harmony and unanimity of the whole veried materials of which it is composed. And whatever may be his aversion to French laws, language or customs, he should be aware that violent or harsh treatment will never be productive of a more amicable understanding between us and the French Canadians.

Such is not the constitution of human nature, and we have made these remarks with the view that Mr. Boulton may profit by them, and that they may be the means of rectifying, and of furnishing him with more correct motives for his future conduct.

POLITICS FOR THE PEOPLE—NO. I.

We have often heard it remarked by good men, who had paid particular attention to the subject, that a general election was a serious visitation on a country. But we, certainly, never had occasion to witness its baneful effects so fully as in the election just terminated. We had an opportunity of being present at a considerable number of the contests in Canada West, and assuredly our observations have not tended to give us a higher opinion either of general elections, or of the real value of human nature.

The civil government of a country is a subject in which all the inhabitants of the country are equally interested, for though it may be true that every man does not possess the same amount of property, nor pay the same amount of taxes, it is also true that taxation is not exactly proportioned to the value of property, and that the poor man always pays rather more than his share, that is, taking *property* as the standard of taxation. But it is farther true, that the *life* of the poor man, the lives, and safety, and happiness of his wife and family are just as dear to him in his poverty as though he were proprietor of a province. Hence we do maintain that his interest in the government, and his desire for the prosperity of the country, are intrinsically [illegible] With these views, it is truly mortifying [illegible] their own interests, that they would actually allow the election to pass over, without taking the trouble of traveling a few miles to tender their votes. And only for the exertions of a few worthy and active individuals who, as we remarked before, have no more interest in the matter than themselves, they might as well have been disfranchised and the country put under the government of a Baronial Aristocracy, if such a thing had existed. Nay, in fact, so little interest do they take in the politics of their own country, that many of them, when the morning of election arrives, are scarcely prepared to say which candidate they should support, and are almost ready to be carried away in the first Cab or Car that offers them a ride to the polling booth. We would be sorry even to insinuate that they vote against principle or that they are bribed or otherwise induced to violate their own consciences. This we do not—could not believe, for a moment.

But we do tax them with having no principles, no consciences on this important subject, in other words we do tax them with indifference, and want of knowledge where their own interests and the interests of their posterity are so deeply involved. If every man would only take the trouble of studying even partially, the first principles of civil government—if he would deliberately review, for a few moments, some of the important questions that effect the well-being of the country—all this dragging and driving, and running, and riding would be entirely superfluous. Because most of these questions are resolvable upon the simple principles of common justice, and every man who is capable of understanding these simple principles, (and who is not,) would just perceive that he had as much interest in the spread of justice and honesty, as any other man, and consequently he would blush to entertain the idea of putting his neighbour to so much trouble in endeavoring to coax him into his duty.

We are aware, that in a new country, such as this, there is some difficulty in obtaining information, particularly among the rural inhabitants, owing, in the first place, to the distance to which, in many instances, they are removed from towns, from circulating Libraries, and even from intelligent society; and in the second place, to the fact that the greater part of the agricultural peasantry require to occupy nearly their whole time in attending to their avocations.—Still, they ought to remember that the more judiciously, and the more economically the country is governed, the sooner will they be able to rise above the fear of want, and above the necessity of excessive labour. Newspapers are much cheaper in this country than in Britain and much easier paid for, as in most cases they can be paid in farm produce. Post Offices are now being pretty thickly established throughout even the remoter parts of the province—the postage on newspapers is merely nominal, and although a few miles of travel should be required, when the importance of the subject is taken into consideration, no farmer should content himself to live in utter ignorance of his country's political condition, lest by his negligence he should incur a portion of the guilt of subjecting generations of posterity to a state of degraded thraldom.—All despotisms throughout the world have arisen from the indifference of the people; for no government has ever yet existed which dared to encroach upon the just liberties of an intelligent people.

It is only justice, however, to the farmers of Canada West, to state and to *publish* the statement that the majority of them have done their duty during the late election, which appears evident from the fact that out of 23 Reformers returned, 22 have been *returned by farmers!*—Bytown, we think, is the only town in Upper Canada which has returned a Reformer! What is the cause of this? Are the inhabitants of towns less intelligent than farmers? certainly not, at least their opportunities afford very superior advantages. Is it a proof that Conservatism is the policy of justice and common sense? We shall shew the absurdity of this suppossition in our next. But it is a proof that the same boroughmongering system which kept Britain under its dominion for a long, long period, till the weight of its oppression had nearly produced a civil convulsion, we say it is a proof that that same rotten borough system has obtained an existence in this new country. Reader, do you know what a rotten borough means? It means that a few men shall build a few houses together and obtain a charter of incorporation and call it a "borough," and return a member to the House of Assembly, whose chief duty shall be to represent the interests of these few houses and their owners. In fact the seat is very freqnently purchased on the condition that he (the member) will do something for the "borough," perhaps the man has not a shilling in the world, and therefore, the "*something*" which he promises to do, just means that he will endeavor to divert as much as possible of the revenue paid by the farmers, to the benefit of the little village of Cornwall! and were there 24 such little villages in Upper Canada the whole revenue of the province would be directed to the aggrandisement of these two dozen Hamlets or *Clachans* because the 24 borough members would out-vote the 23 county members—that it may appear plainer, take the following statistical facts as an illustration. The aggregate population of Bytown, Cornwall, Brockville, Kingston, Hamilton, Niagara, and London is about 35,800 represented by 7 members in the House of Assembly. The population of the county of Huntingdon is about 36,200, being 400 souls more than are contained in the 7 "boroughs." Yet all these 36,200 are represented in the single person of Mr. Savaugau who must be indeed a giant if he can maintain his ground against 7. What amount, then, of political influence of the farmers of Huntingdon is likely to be expended annually on the aggrandisement of these 7 little Cornwalls. Now it is the duty, the intest of the whole community to petition and insist upon an equal representation in Parliament; that is, if Cornwall with 1600 inhabitants returns a member, every equal number throughout the province should enjoy the same privilege. We will return to this subject in our next.

KENT.—Malcolm Cameron has been returned for Kent by a majority of FIVE HUNDRED & FORTY over the other Cameron called the Solicitor-General! Names, and wealth, and power, are no longer available. That curious, rare, and [illegible] ligence will be erected around the rights of the people, and the prosperity of the Province, which the strongest efforts of intrigue and selfishness will never dare to overturn. There is enough of talent in the Canadian press to do good. Let it be directed to that purpose, and the great and glorious object of producing peace, prosperity and happiness, will be secured.

READER,

Were you ever at Goderich? If not, you have yet to witness one of the best sections of country—one of the most beautiful situations—and one of the finest scenes that Canada contains. We would advise you to come (*but not till the roads get better*) and see Goderich, and forty or fifty miles of the Huron District, and we are assured you will agree with us. In our next, we will endeavor to give you a description of Goderich and a portion of the Huron Tract and the Huron Lake, and whatever other information we may be able to collect respecting the statistics of this important and beautiful District.

THE FARMER.

When hearing men talk of the independence and respectabilily of certain trades and professions, we have often wondered if the farmer, who by his own industry and economy has placed himself beyond the fear of want, is not entitled to stand at the head of all independence and respectability. You will always meet him as a friend—he may be blunt or bashful, but you cannot forbear associating honesty with his very appearance; and when you speak of the comfort, the improvement, the happiness of society, the idea, the picture of a healthy, hearty farmer will somehow or other push itself upon your imagination. He may be deficient in polish or the graces of etiquette, but the frankness of his smile tells you that it comes from the heart; and though he neither knows nor cares anything about fashion, he knows and *feels* the virtue of hospitality. He is the most peacable subject, the best prop, and the surest taxpayer of our country. He is independent because his food, his drink, and his cloathing are the productions of his own labour, and he is respectable because of his honesty and good behaviour. Laugh not at his rusticity, or want of cultivation. He has learned to cultivate that which keeps you in existence, and is therefore entitled to your respect.

☞ A rumor, whether true or false, is afloat that the Hon. William Cayley is going on a visit to England. If true we think it sound policy, at least it is entitled to a place under the head of "*Political expediency.*" We would seriously advise the whole crew to manufacture some kind of apologies for abandoning the ship. For however little credit may attatch to resignation at, not the eleventh, but the *twelfth* hour, there is certainly less mortification in thus making a virtue of necessity than in being subjected to an ignominious defeat.

PRICE OF PROVISIONS.—Pork per cwt. 12s 6d to 17 6; Wheat per bushel 3s; Herrings per bbl. 20s; White Fish and Trout per bbl. 35s.

LITERATURE.

We have just received the fifth number of the "Victoria Magazine," edited by Mr. and Mrs. Moodie, and published by Mr. Joseph Wilson, Bellville; and we are happy in being able to state, that notwithstanding the talent and respectability of the former numbers, the present is a decided improvement upon its predecessors. In fact there are some articles in the present number that would do honor to any periodical.

It would be superfluous to recommend the Tales or Poetry of Mrs. Moodie to the reading population of America or Britain—they are already well known and admired in both countries. With the popularity of the contributors we are not so well acquainted, but they certainly possess talent to render them popular. But the article to which we would particularly direct attention is the article by Mr. Moodie himself, entitled "Religion and Loyalty," which would certainly do honor to any author or to any Magazine. The extensive circulation of such sentiments would do more, in one generation, to dissipate the prejudices—to smooth down the sectarian asperities, and to produce peace and good-will among men—than has been accomplished by all other means during the last century. Such Magazines should be encouraged and patronised by all who have the good of the country at heart.

THE WINTER.

Up to the present date it has been a remarkable winter. We have had but a very few days of even indifferent sleighing, and of late it has required some computation to convince us that we had not advanced into the month of April.—There has been no fishing on the ice, or rather there is no ice that can be ventured on. The roads are occassionally dry and hard, but there is no snow. And men are wondering, and wishing and looking anxiously to the heavens but still there is no snow. And the farmers of Huron have plenty of farm produce to dispose of, and the merchants of Goderich have plenty of cash (?) and merchandise to give in exchange, and the farmers are longing to get quit of their produce and the merchants are weayring to get rid of their merchandise. And the men of London have business at Goderich, and the men of Goderich have business at London. And young gentlemen have been promising sleigh-rides to young ladies, and the young ladies are impatient for the fulfillment of the promise. But, alas, alas!—*There is no snow.* Even the "Huron Signal" has been some weeks later in making its appearance in consequence of the incontrovertible fact that *there is no snow.* It is a lamentable case! And as our District Council which met upon the first instant has apparently more business than it can properly accomplish, and as the new Parliament is likely to have enough to do with its own affairs; we would propose an immediate petition to Sir John Herchel, requesting him to enquire at the Board of the Weather and ascertain the causes why we have had *no snow.*

The New Parliament will contain from 25 to 30 of a majority against the present Administration consequently the Catholics, Methodists and [illegible]

A meeting of the Goderich Total Abstinence Society was held in the Methodist Chapel on the evening of Tuesday the 1st instant, which was addressed respectively by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Thomas Macqueen.—The meeting was respectable and apparently interested; and at the close, a number of additional names were added to the List.

ENGLISH COLONIAL EXPENDITURE.—The following extract, from an article written in the *Edinburgh Review* by the Rev. Sydney Smith, the late facetios cannon of St. Paul's proves how little England gains by the maintenance of her views of territorial aggrandisement:—

"The world never yet saw so extravagant a government as the government of England.—Not only is economy not practised, but it is despised; and the idea of it connected with disaffection, Jacobinism, and Joseph Hume. Every rock in the ocean where a cormorant can perch is occupied by our troops, has a governor, deputy-governor, storekeeper, and deputy-storekeeper' and will soon have an archdeacon and a bishop. Military colleges, with thirty-four professors, educating seventeen ensigns per annum, being half an ensign for each professor, with every species of nonsense, athletic, sartolal, and plumigerous. A just and necessary war costs this country about one hundred pounds a minute; whipcord fifteen thousand pounds; red tape seven thousand pounds; a pension to one man who has broken his head at the Pole; to another who has shattered his leg at the Equator; subsidies to Persia; secret service money in Thibot; an annuity to lady Henry Somebody, and her seven daughters—the husband being shot at some place, where we never ought to have any soldiery at all; and the elder brother returning for a member of parliament. Such a scene of extravagance, corruption, and expense as this must paralyse the industry, and mar the fortunes of the most idustrious spirited people that ever existed."

STOPPAGE OF WORKS.—The Stoppage and partial suspension of works goes on throughout the country to an extent beyond all that was anticipated. There appears no lack of orders with many establishments but there is with these a most unprecedented tightness in money. We have heard of various respectable houses who have refused extensive orders, from parties whose credit was undoubted, solely on account of the very extravagant rate at which discounts stand. Greenock, not so subject in ordinary times to the convulsions of trade as many other locallities, is feeling intensely the present severe crisis. One or two of the most extensive establishments in the neighborhood, have this week put all hands on half-time, and others are from day to day reducing the number of persons in their employment. In Paisley, it is stated that there are upwards of four-thoupand people including dependants, in a state of the utmost destitution.—*Renfrewshire Advertiser.*

The Rev. T. Spencer, the eloquent advocate of temperance, states that the people of England, Ireland, and Scotland, pay $40,000,000 annually for tobacco! With a population consisting of about 27,000,000, they can pay annually $35,000,000 in poor rates; $250,000,000 for the support of government; and $300,000,000 for intoxicating drinks! He states that there were among the 27,000,000 of people 600,000 drunkards, and that 50,000 of them died annually whose places were supplied by 50,000 more from the ranks of moderate drinkers.

FREE TRADE WITH THE UNITED STATES.—In consequence of the important movement in the United States House of Representatives to which we refered in our last, the American merchants have begun to establish Agencies for purchasing grain in different towns of Canada, under the expectation that it will be admitted duty free into the United States, in a short time.—*Examiner.*

We certainly think that this is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and one upon which much of the agricultural prosperity of our country depends; as flour at present is about two dollars per barrel higher in the New York market than it is at Toronto.

HERRING TRADE.—*Wick, Nov.* 11.—Five vessels are presently loading herrings at Pulteneytown harbour. Two of these are destined for Stettin; two for Irish ports and one for Liverpool. Of the total quantity of herrings remaining here for shipment, it is impossible to speak in numbers exactly correct. It is estimated, however, by competent judges, that 20,000 are unshipped; being fewer than at the same period last year. The local markets continue dull.—Occasional inquiries are making for crown brand; but the curers do not seem extremely anxious to sell at present. Our quotations may be made as formerly, at from 17s. to 18.—*John o' Groat Journal.*

LEAP YEAR IN 1848.—The present year will give those lovely tyrants, the ladies, the privilege of making love. The gentlemen must remain in a state of calm quiescence for at least three hundred and sixty-six days during which time they will not be permited to refuse any lady who shall make love to them. To prove this to be the case, and that it is no new notion of ours we will, quote an extract from an old volume published in the year 1606, and entitled "Courtship Love and Matrimony." "Albeit, it is nowe a parte of the Common Lawe in regard to the social relation of life, that as often as every bissextile year both return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth, of making love unto men, which they may doe either by words or looks, as unto them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who does refuse to accept the offer of a lady, or who dothe in any wise treat her proposals with slight or contumely." So long ago as the above was printed, it seems to have been a "parte of the common lawe" that the ladies should have the sole privilege of making love every fourth year, and what was then binding as common law is equally binding now, since it has never been superseded by any statute.

TRIBUTE TO BACCHUS.—Jerold's Weekly Newspaper published in England, states that the victuallers pay to Government yearly for their licenses, their taxas, and the duties on spirits sold by them, the immense sum of £11,000,000. The cost of the British army yearly is £3,000,000; that of the navy, £5,000,000; the cost of the metropolitan police force, £500,000; and that of the rurel police throughout the kingdom, £750,000 making a total of £10,750,000.—Thus, then, it appears that the publicans of London pay to government more than it costs to support the army, navy, and the whole of the police force established throughout the kingdom.

HEIRESS.—A footman, who had unfortunately [illegible] he had married her.

DON'T GRUMBLE.—He is a fool that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot forward, is an old and good maxim. Don't run about, and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate.—People do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit: if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can.—Poverty is like a panther—look it steadily in the face, and it will turn from you.

An immense elm tree, which served as far back as 1565 for a boundary mark of the borough of Statford on-Avon, and under which it is not improbable that Shakespeare may have reclined during his youth, was felled on Wednesday last, by the orders of the town council of Stratford, to whom it had been represented that it obstructed the road.

CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS.—A constant frequenter of city feasts having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back—*Widened at the expense of the Corporation.*

It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose will restore him to sight. So much for the horse. To open a *man's* eyes, you must bleed him in the pocket.

Died,

In this town, on Thursday morning, the 3rd inst., of lingering illness, Hannah Burnham.

TO CAPITALISTS.

GOOD and safe Investments. Valuable MILL SITES and FARMS for sale on Lake Huron.

A good Mill Privilege on the Lake shore within six miles of Goderich, having 36 acres of excellant Land, the Mill can be built on the rock, and within 50 feet of ten feet deep water in the Lake; the Mill dam can be made 16 to 18 feet high at a trifling expense and on a never-failing stream, abundance of Saw-logs in the vicinity.

Also, a splendid Mill privilege half a mile up on the Eighteen mile River which is navigable to the Lake, having [illegible] acres of first rate land, plenty of Pine and other Saw-logs in the vicinity.

AND ALSO—Four of the best description of FARMS on and near the Lake Shore, with improvements.

The above well selected and very valuable property will be sold low for cash, or half the purchase money may remain for three or four years on mortgage.

Apply (if by letter post paid) to Lawrence Lawrason, Esq., London, Robert Parke, Esq., Goderich, or to the proprietor

JOHN HAWKINS.

Port Albert, Goderich, Feb. 3, 1848. tf1

HURON DISTRICT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE Annual General Meeting of this Society will be held at the Huron Hotel, in the town of Goderich, on Tuesday the eighth day of February, 1848, for the election of Office-bearers, &c., &c., for the present year.

R. G. CUNINGHAME, *Secretary.*

Goderich, Jan. 27, 1848. 1td

GODERICH WHOLESALE AND RETAIL STORE.

THOMAS GILMOUR & CO.,

HAVE always on hand a choice assortment of all kinds of fancy and STAPLE DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Crockery, &c., &c., &c.

And as their stock is selected from the principal warehouses in New York and Montreal they feel confident that they can furnish a superior article for less price than it can be obtained elsewhere in the Huron District, as in all cash transactions they have resolved to deal upon the principle of small profits and extensive sales. They solicit an examination of their ample stock of New Goods from all intending purchasers.

N. B.—All kinds of farm produce taken in exchange for goods, for which the highest market price will be allowed.

Goderich, Feb. 3, 1848. tf1

DIV. COURT BLANKS,

PRINTED on a superior quality of paper, for sale at the Huron Signal Office, cheap for Cash.

Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848. 1

A. NASMYTH,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

RESPECTFULLY acquaints his friends and customers that he continues to make men's wearing apparel, in the most approved and fashionable style and on short notice. And in returning thanks to the inhabitants of Goderich and the surrounding neighbourhood, for the liberal encouragement he has received, hopes by assiduity and punctuality, still to merit a continuance of their patronage.

Goderich, Feb. 3, 1848. tf1

BRITISH HOTEL, GODERICH.

LATELY OCCUPIED BY MR. ISSAC RATTENBURY.

THE Subscribers having Leased the above SUPERIOR HOTEL, beg leave respectfully to intimate to their friends and the public in general, that they have opened for the reception and accommodation of Boarders and Travellers, where they will be happy to receive those who may honor them with their patronage. It will always be their study to furnish the Table with an ample portion of the best productions of the season, and to keep their Bar supplied with Wines and Liquors of the best description, so as to merit the approval of their customers.

J. K. GOODING,
JOHN LANCASTER.

Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848. 1tf

N. B.—Excellent Stabling will be afforded, and an active and attentive Groom will be always in attendance.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

RE-PUBLICATION OF THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, EDINBURGH REVIEW, FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, WESTMINSTER REVIEW, *and* BLACKWOOD'S EDIN'G MAGAZINE.

THE above Periodicals are reprinted in New York, immediately on their arrival by the British Steamers, in a beautiful clear type, on fine white paper, and are faithful copies of the originals—*Blackwood's Magazine* being an exact fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition.

The wide-spread fame of these splendid Periodicals renders it needless to say much in their praise. As literary organs, they stand far in advance of any works of a similar stamp now published, while the political complexion of each is marked by a dignity, candour, and forbarance not often found in works of a party character.

They embrace the views of the three great parties in England—Whig, Tory, and Radical—*Blackwood* and the *London Quarterly* are Tory; the *Edinbugh Review*, Whig; and the *Westminster*, Radical. The *Foreign Quarterly* is purely literary, being devoted principally to criticisms on foreign Continental Works.

The prices of the Re-prints are less than one-third of those of the foreign copies, and while they are equally well got up, they afford all that advantage to the American over the English reader.

TERMS.

PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

For any one of the four Reviews,	$3,00	per an.
For any two do do	5,00	"
For any three do do	7,00	"
For all four of the Reviews....	8,00	"
For Blackwood's Magazine....	3,00	"
For Blackwood and the 4 Reviews,	10,00	"

CLUBBING.

Four copies of any or all of the above works will be sent to one address on payment of the regular subscription for three—the fourth copy being gratis.

☞ Remittances and communications must be made in all cases without expense to the publishers. The former may always be done through a Postmaster, by handing him the amount to be remitted taking his receipt, and forwarding it by mail, post-paid; or the money may be enclosed in a letter, post-paid, directed to the publishers.

N. B.—The postage on these Periodicals is reduced by the late Post Office Law to about one-third the former rates, making a very important saving in the expense to mail subscribers.

☞ In all the principal cities and towns throughout the United States to which there is a direct Railroad or Water communication from the City of New York these periodicals will be delivered free of postage.

LEONARD SCOTT & Co.,
Publishers, 112, *Fulton st.*, N. Y.

☞ Subscribers in Canada may receive their numbers at the nearest American Post Offices.

Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848. 1

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to L. PECK, for FRUIT TREES, either by Note or Book Account, unless settled immediately, will be placed in the hands of the Clerk of the Division Court for collection.

I. RATTENBURY, *Agent.*

Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848. 1

CHATHAM. DISTRICT OF KENT.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE—A RARE CHANCE FOR CAPITALISTS.

THE subscriber having commenced business in Goderich—and with the view of carrying on his operations with more facility and success, is in want of cash—offers the following valuable property for sale, situated in the flourishing town of Chatham, the District seat for Kent, for cash only, viz:—

That advantageously situated property in Chatham North, containing FOUR water Lots—according to the town plot survey—with a good and substantial two story Dwelling House thereon, Kitchen, an excellent garden, summer house, &c., &c., suitable for a large family or a public Hotel, a Barn 40 feet by 24, and a large enclosed Building well adapted for distilling or for storage, being erected on a substantial wharf, mooring vessels of over 800 tons burthen. On the premises is also an invaluable Spring, the excellencies of its waters are not surpassed in the District.

—ALSO—

Two Building Lots in Chatham North Block G, well situated, being opposite the new Bridge, shortly to be erected.

—ALSO—

A large two story Frame House fronting the Barracks, 40 feet by 26, nearly finished, with half an acre Lot belonging.

—ALSO—

SEVENTY-FIVE Acres of excellent Land situated on the banks of the River Thames, only three miles below the town of Chatham, with a dwelling House thereon, about 40 acres cleared, and in a high state of cultivation.

All, or part, of the above property will be sold on reasonable terms for cash down, or one-fourth down, and the remainder in three yearly instalments. Title unquestionable. For further particulars enquire of M. & O. Dolsen, Chatham, or to the proprietor at Goderich.

CHARLES DOLSEN.

Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848. 1

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS.

THE high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminant Medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

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A single trial will place the LIFE PILLS and PHŒNIX BITTERS beyond the reach of competition in the estimation of every patient.

The genuine of these medicines are now put up in white wrappers and labels, together with a pamphlet, called "Maffat's Good Samaritan," containing the directions, &c., on which is a drawing of Broadway from Wall street to our Office, by which strangers visiting the city can very easily find us. The wrappers and Samaritans are copyrighted, therefore, those who procure them with white wrappers can be assured that they are genuine. Be careful, and do not buy those with *yellow* wrappers; but if you do, be satisfied that they come direct from us, or dont touch them.

☞ Prepared and sold by
DR. WILLIAM B. MOFFAT,
335 Broadway, corner of Anthony street, New York. For sale by
BENJ. PARSONS,
Sole Agent.

Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848. 1

JOHN WINER,

WHOLESALE DRUGGIST; dealer in Paints, Oils, Varnishes and colors; Importer of *Genuine English Chemicals*. Every article sent from this Establishment Warranted Genuine. No 5, Stinson's Block, King Street, Hamilton.

January 28, 1848.

Poetry.

CANADA—A POEM.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE HURON SIGNAL.

And this is Canada! the land
Where rumour rears the great and grand,
The land of deep, dark, desert woods,
Of broad bright lakes and foaming floods:
The land, where once, in ages wild
Roam'd nature's generous untaught child;
The destined land in times to come,
Of mankind's and of freedom's home.
Yes, changful time is sweeping on
To shake oppession from his throne,
To break dire slavery's irksome chain,
To close dread superstition's reign,
Benignly to obliterate
The germs of rival nation's hate;
To quench each paltry party strife,
To pluck the bane from human life,
And hence to fling the truth abroad
Of one—one universal God—
Whose intellectual sons should be
But one harmonious family,
Thrown o'er this earth all-times—wheres,
As bounteous nature's common heirs.
Time hurries on, and with his wings
An age of peace and plenty brings;
A cloudless golden age, when mind
Shall scale as nature's God designed,
Her latent energies revealing
'Gainst every sordid selfish feeling;
And seeking individual bliss,
In all creation's happiness.
Then Canada, thy forests drear,
Like mountain mist shall disappear;
The cheerful husbandman shall toil
With ploughshare on thy rugged soil;
And where thy low rude huts arise
'Mid thickning woods that veil the skies,
And scarce afford a safe retreat
From winter's cold or summer's heat;
Yet partly screen the wretched poor,
Who seem but destin'd to endure,
And brood o'er happier bygone times
Which once were theirs in other climes;
Hope leads them on and deigns to give
One-half of all that makes them live,
Ev'n these rude huts shall pass away
For mansions of a better day,
And many a lawn and happy home
Shall rise where wild beasts prowling roam.
A sure presage. I see, ev'n now,
Where the grey squirrel leaps on the cedar bough,
And ruthless wolf howled for his prey,
As the wandering Indian crossed his way
By Mississippi's lone dark stream,
Fair cultivation deigns to gleam,
The desert turns an ample plain,
Deep waving with the yellow grain;
The mossy swamp and watery swell
Assume the beauties of the dell.
And Halls and Churches rise to bless
The wild and woody wilderness;
The borders of thy ocean lakes,
Erewhile besprent with rugged brakes
And marshes where were heard to float
The echoe's of the Bullfrog's note,
Or pathless, sunless thickets where
The growling wolf and grizly bear,
Oft sought their secret hiding place;
To screen the hardy huntsman's chace,
Now raised with [illegible]
Give promise of a prosp'rous land;
Whose infant cities hold to view
The feats that science dares to do,
Or where thy Ottawa's Chaudiere,
Foams headlong down her dread career;
Even there has art presumed to swing,
A pathway o'er the appalling thing,
To trace on earth and air and water
The mighty power of mind o'er matter;
And soon as man's contentions cease,
And earth becomes the home of peace,
Proud Mind shall fling her rays abroad
As emblems of her father—God!
Rays brighter far than burnished gold
Or the fireflies glancing on thy wold,
Till nature's every element
Beneath her soverign power is bent,
And tamely owns from pole to pole,
The prowess of the human soul.
Then on thy wavy waters blue,
Where leaps the dizzy bark canoe,
With snowy sails spread to the breeze,
Shall commerce ride thy inland seas,
To bear thy surplus treasures hence,
To lands less blest by Providence—
Then where the desert's deepest gloom,
Frowns shadowing like the timeless tomb;
Where sound itself seems half debarr'd,
Save when at intervals is heard
The distant cataract on the breeze,
Foaming its music to the trees;
Or where perchance some mighty oak
Resounds the woodman's ponderous stroke.
The busy jocound harvest throng,
Shall raise the reapers lively song,
And the rosy milk-maid ever gay,
Shall lilt her rural roundelay.
No more shall nature's artless child
Roam houseless o'er the dreary wild,
No more his lov'd precarious food,
Shall range at random through the wood;
His Bears, Bucks, Beavers—all he prized,
Shall flee before the civilized,
The generous Redman, ev'n he,
Seems wrapt in the same destiny;
For mind's bright banner when unfurled
Must make one conquest of the world.
Yes Canada thou art the clime
Of promise for a coming time;
A land where man may find a cure
For half the ills mankind endure,
For thou, as other lands grow worse,
Art still the land of blest resource;
And lavish nature seems in thee,
To sport in vast immensity,
Thy streams are rivers—and thy groves
Are forests, where the moose deer roves;
Thy rivers are like lakes—thy lakes
Are seas, where the great billow breaks,
And foams white as the oceans wave,
Thy tempests do not howl but rave
Like madden'd fury, till the wood
Bends neath its rage—trees that have stood
A thousand winters, are hurled forth
And strewed in fragments o'er the earth.
Thy fork'd and sheety lightnings blaze
Like the last conflagration's rays;
And thy terrific thunders roar,
As if the mighty angel swore
That earth and time should be no more.
Thy very soil seems limitless,
Thy boundary lines are but a guess;
Kingdoms and states of other lands,
Are patches gauged by human hands;
But line nor chain e'er measured thee,
Thou art as nature bade thee be.
And though at times my soul may stray
Back to the land of life's young day;
And wander with a fond regret,
Through scenes that hang on memory yet,
Those witching scenes of boyhood's dawn,
Associations now withdrawn;
Loves hopes and joys that thickly rose
To lead to manhood's varied woes;
Those scenes that make my native isle,
The sweetest on earth's chequer'd soil;
Scenes that start up to make me deem
My banishment a hideous dream,
Which bursting, leaves me long to mourn,
And idly wish I could return,
Yet my native Isle compar'd with thee,
Seems time compared with Eternity.

A CONTRAST.

ORIGINAL.

In the heart's summer Fancy is a fairy
That gilds her wand with dreamings of delight,
Whereon sits Hope, with smiles that never vary
From the glad hues that mark them in their flight.

Then every flower we gaze on, in its beauty,
Is an embodiment of hope and joy!
Then every bird seems singing love and duty,
And warbling sweet-tongued praises upon high.

Then look we on our fellows with no feeling
That is not born of Charity and cheer;
And if we weep, 'tis only drops of healing,
Such as renew the verdure of the year.

But when the clouds of sorrow darkly low'ring
Drink up the dew that cherishes the heart;
When misery's black frost is overpow'ring
The buds of joy—and bids them all depart.

Then, stern-eyed Fancy—like a beldane howling,
And twining serpents in her hideous hair—
Conjures up visions, that from darkness prowling,
Come to connect us with their fierce despair.

Then—all untouch'd by nature and her gladness:
Each smiling flower seems mocking of our woe
Each feather'd songster goads the heart to madness,
Seeming his joy triumphantly to show.

And every face looks like a demons' glaring,
Lit up with scorn, or darkly scowling hate;
We deem ourselves of heavenly cares unsharing,
And curse, despairingly, our bitter fate.

Almighty Lord! look on us with compassion,
And pluck the rebel spirit from our breast,
Teach us to feel that faith in thee can fashion
For us—tho' sorrow-struck—a holy rest.

Teach us to bow all humbly to thy chastening,
And hail thy mercies with a perfect love;
Believing that the grave, to which we're hastening,
Is but the portal to a home above.

Goderich, Jan., 1848. A. W. K.

THE SISTERS.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

There is not a period of deeper luxury and delight than the season when the nightingale raises its charmed voice to welcome the pleiades, and the glorious spring, like the spirit of life riding upon sunbeams, breathes upon the earth. Yielding to its renewing influence, the feelings and the fancies of youth rush back upon our heart, in all their holiness, freshness, and exultation; and we feel ourselves a deathless part of the joyous creation, which is glowing around us in beauty beneath the smile of its God! Who has seen the foliage of ten thousand trees bursting into leaves, each kissed by a dew drop;—who has beheld a hundred flowers of varied hues, expanding into loveliness, stealing their colours from the rainbowed majesty of the morning sun;—who has listened to melody from the yellow furze;—to music from every bush;—heard

"The birds sing love on every spray",

and gazed on the blue sky of his own beautiful land, swimming like a singing sea around the sun!—who has seen, who has heard these, and not been ready to kneel upon the soil that gave him birth? Who has not then, as all nature lived and breathed, and shouted their hymns of glory around him, held his breath in quivering delight, and *felt* the presence of his own immortality, the assurance of his soul's eternal duration, and wondered that sin should exist upon a world so beautiful. But this moralizing keeps us from our narrative. On one of the most lovely mornings of the season we have mentioned, several glad groups were seen tripping lightly towards the cottage of Peggy Johnstone. Peggy was the widow of a Border farmer, who died young, but left her, as the phrase runs, well to do in the world. She had two daughters both in the prime of their young womanhood, and the sun shone not on a lovelier pair; both were graceful as the lilies that bowed their heads to the brook which ran near their cottage door, and both were mild, modest, and retiring, as the wee primrose that peeped forth beside the threshold. Both were that morning, by the consent of their mother, to bestow their hands upon the objects of their young affections. But we will not dwell upon their bridal; only a few short months were passed, when their mother was summoned into the world where the weary are at rest. On her deathbed she divided unto them equal portions, consisting of a few hundreds. Their mourning for her loss, which, for a time, was mingled with bitterness, gradually passed away, and long years of happiness appeared to welcome them, from the bosom of futurity. The husbands of both were in business, and resided in a market-town in Cumberland. The sisters' names were Helen and Margeret; and, if a preference could have been given, Margaret was the most lovely and gentle of the two. But before the tree that sheltered her hopes had time to blossom, the serpent gnawed its roots, and it withered like the gourd of the angry prophet. Her dark eyes lost their lusture, and the tears ran down her cheeks where the roses had perished for ever. She spoke, but there was none to answer her;—she sighed, but there was no comforter, save the mournful voice of echo. Her young husband sat carousing in the midst of his boon companions—where the thought of a wife or of home never enters—and night following night beheld them reel forth into the streets to finish their debauch in a house of shame!

Such were the miserable midnights of Margaret the beautiful and meek, while Helen beheld every day increasing her felicity in the care and affection of her temperate husband. She was the world to him, and he all that that world contained to her. And often as gloaming fell grey around them, still would they

'Sit and look into each other's eyes,
Silent and happy, as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side of heaven!"

A few years passed over them. But hope visited not the dwelling of poor Margaret. Her husband had sunk into the habitual drunkard; and, not following his business, his business had ceased to follow him, and his substance was become a wreck. And she, so late the fairest of the fair, was a dejected and broken-hearted mother, herself and her children in rags, a prey to filthiness and disease sitting in a miserable hovel stripped alike of furniture and the necessaries of life, where the wind and the rain whistled and drifted through the broken windows. To her each day the sun shone upon misery, while her children were crying around her for bread, and quarreling with each other; and she now weeping in the midst of them, and now cursing the wretched man to whom they owned their being. Daily did the drunkard reel from haunt of debauchery into his den of wretchedness. Then did the stricken children crouch behind their miserable mother for protection, as his red eyes glared upon their famished cheeks. But she now met his rage with the silent scowl of heart-broken and callous defiance, which, tending but to inflame the infuriated madman, then! then burst forth the more than fiendish clamour of domestic war! and then was heard upon the street the children's shriek—the screams and the bitter revilings of the long patient wife—with the cruel imprecations and unnatural blasphemies of the monster, for whom language has no name!—as he rushed forward, (putting *cowardice* to the blush,) and with his clenched hand struck to the ground, amidst the children she bore him, the once gentle and beautiful being he had sworn before God to protect!—she whom once he would not permit

"The winds of heaven to visit her cheeks too roughly"—

she, who would have thought her life cheap to have laid it down in his service, he kicked from him like a disobedient dog!—These are the every-day changes of drinking habitually—these are the transformations of intemperance.

Turn we now to the fireside of the happier Helen! The business of the day is done, and her sober husband returned homeward, and he perceives his fair children eagerly waiting his approach, while delight beams from his eyes, contentment plays upon his lips, and he stretches out his hand to welcome them; while

"The expectin' wee things toddlin' stacher through,
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily—
His clean hearth-stane and thrifty wifie's smile,
Do a' his weary carkin' cares beguile,
An' maks him quite forget his labour and his toil."

And, while the younglings climbed his knees, "the envied kiss to share," the elder brothers and sisters thronged around him, eager to repeat their daily and Sabbath-school tasks, and obtain, as their reward, the fond pressure of a father's hand, and behold approbation and affection sparkling from his eyes; while the happy mother sat by, plying her needle and

"Gauring auld claise look amaist as weel's the new,"

and gazed upon the scene before her with a rapture none but mothers know. Here there was no crying or wailing for food—no quarrellings—no blasphemies; but, the cheerful supper done, the voice of Psalms was heard in solemn sounds—the book of God was opened—the father knelt, and his children bent their knees around him. And could an angel gaze upon a more delightful scene, than an infant kneeling by the side of its mother, gazing in her face, and lisping *Amen!* as the words fell from its father's lips! Surely, surely, as he flew to register it in heaven, a prayer-hearing God would respond—So let it be.

Again must we view the opposite picture. The unhappy drunkard, deprived of the means of life in his native town, wandered with his family to Edinburgh. But on him no reformation dawned. And the wretched Margaret, hurried onward by despair, before the smoothness of youth had left the brow of her sister, was overtaken by age its wrinkles, and infirmaties. And all the affections, all the feelings of her once gentle nature, being seared by long years of insult, misery, brutality, and neglect, she herself flew to the bottle, and became tenfold more the victim of depravity than her fallen, abandoned husband. She lived to behold her children break the laws of their country, and to be utterly forsaken by her misery, she was seen quarrelling with a dog upon the street, for a bare bone that had been cast out with the ashes.* Of the extent of her sufferings, or where to find her, her sister knew not; but in the midst of a severe winter, the once beautiful Margaret Johnstone was found a hideous and a frozen corpse in a miserable cellar.

"Last scene of all,
Which ends this strange eventful history:"

Upon Helen and her husband, age descended imperceptibly as the calm twilight of a lovely evening, when the stars steal out, and the sunbeams die away, as a holy stillness glides through the air, like the soft breathings of an angel unfolding from his celestial wings the silken curtains of a summer night; and the conscious earth, kissed by the balmy spirit, dreams and smiles, and, smiling, dreams itself into the arms of night and of repose. Fourscore winters passed over them. Their heads became white with the "snow of years"—But they became old together. They half forgot the likeness of the face of their youth; but still the heart of youth, with its imperishable affections and esteem, throbbed in either bosom, smiling calmly upon time and its ravages; and still, in the eyes of the happy old man, his silver-haired partner seemed as young, as fair, and as beautiful, as when, in the noontide of her loveliness, she blushed to him her vows.—Their children have risen around them, and called them blessed; and they have beheld those children esteemed and honoured in society.

* A fact.

HARRISON & M'LEAN,
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CHATHAM, C. W.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY H. MACNAMARA.

There does not exist a more perfect feature in human nature than that affection which a mother bears towards her children. Love, in its true character, is of divine origin, and an emanation from that spirit, who Himself 'is Love;' and though often degraded on earth, we yet find it pure, sublime, and lasting within the maternal breast. Man is frequently captivated by mere external graces, and he dignifies that pleasure, which all the experience in the contemplation of the beautiful, by the title of love; but a mother makes no distinction, she caresses the ugly and deformed with kindness, equal to, if not surpassing, that she bestows on the most favoured. Too frequently are interested motives the basis of apparent affection, but it is not so with her, who clings more fondly to her children in their poverty, their misfortunes, ay, and their disgrace. The silken chains by which we are bound one to the other are broken sometimes with facility; a word, a look, may snap the links never to be reunited; friendship decays or proves false in the hour of need; we almost doubt the existence of constancy—away with this doubt, while the maternal heart continues, as a temple, for the dwelling of God's holiest attribute.

She has watched her infant from the cradle; she will not desert him until separated by the grave. How anxiously she observes the budding faculties, the expansion of mind, the increasing strength of body! She lives for her child more than for herself, and so entwined has her nature become with his, that she shares in all his joys, and alas! in all his sorrows. "Not because it is lovely," says Harder, "does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of her own nature. Therefore does she sympathise with his sufferings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him closer to her."

Say that her son falls into poverty; a bankrupt in fortune, he is shunned by his former acquaintances and despised by most of his fellow beings, but one there will be found, like a ministering angel at his side, cheering his despondency, encouraging him to new exertions, and ready herself to become a slave for his sake.

Say that he is exposed to censure, whether merited or unmerited,—all men rush to heap their *virtuous* indignation on his head. they have no pity for a fallen brother, they shun or they curse him. How different is the conduct of that being who gave him life! She cannot believe the charge; she will not rank herself among the foes of her child. If at length the sad truth be established, she still feels that he has not thrown off *every* claim; and an object of blame, he is also one of pity, Her heart may break, but it cannot cease to love him. In the moments of sickness, when stretched on the bed of pain, dying perhaps from a contagious disease, he is deserted by his professed friends, who dare not, and care not, to approach him—one nurse will be seen attending him; she will not leave his precious existence to the care of hirelings, though now every instant in his presence seems an hour of agony. His groans penetrate her heart, but she will not let him hear the sad response; she weeps, but turns away, lest he should see the tears. She guards his slumbers, presses his feverish lips to here, pours the balm of religion on his conscience, and points out to him the mercy of that Judge before whom he may shortly appear. When all is silent, she prays for his life; and if that may not be, for his happiness in the life to come.

He dies—the shock perhaps deprives her of life, or, if not, she lives as one desolate and alone, anxiously looking forward to that world where she may meet her darling child, never to part again.

With equal simplicity and eloquence, the tender affection of Hagar for her child is expressed in the Old Testament. In a wilderness, herself parched with thirst and fainting with fatigue, she beholds her infant—her only companion—dying from want of nourishment. The water-bottle was empty. Placing her boy beneath a shrub, and moving to some distance, she cried, 'Let me not see the death of my child!' "Let me not behold the severance of those ties, which nature compells me to support and cherish; let not mine eyes witness the gradual departure of that angel spirit, which I had hoped would afford me comfort and consolation in my declining years." And "she lifted up her voice and wept." But she was not left childless, for "God was with the lad."

If we reflect upon the inestimable value of this parent, we can appreciate the beauty of the psalmist's expression, when he compares himself, labouring under the extreme of grief, to one "*who mourneth for his mother.*" And was it not in accordance with the perfect character of our Saviour, that some of his last thoughts should be for the welfare of her who followed him through all trials? When extended on the cross, pointing to the disciple whom he loved, he said to Mary, "Woman, behold thy son," and to the disciple, "Behold thy mother." And from that hour the disciple took her to his own home.

Among the greatest and best of our fellow creatures, we shall find that they never forgot the duty owing to her from whom they not only received life, but frequently inherited superior powers of mind. We are too apt to disregard blessings to which we have long been accustomed, and to appreciate them only when it is too late.—Many of us have cause to regret the past on this account, and some would willingly begin life again, solely from a wish to serve and please those of whose worth they are now aware.

Trifle not with a mother's love. It is too valuable, too elevated, and, though it last to the end of life, too transitory. Like many objects of inestimable worth and power, it is yet delicate and sensitive;—then wound it not by a thoughtless word or an unkind action, but cherish its existence with feelings of the strongest admiration and respect.

THE DRESS OF AUTHORS.

Anthony Magliabechi, who passed all his time among his books, had an old cloak. which served him for a gown in the days and for bed-clothes at night; he had one straw chair for his table and another for his bed on which he generally remaind fixed in the midst of a heap of volumes and papers until he was overpowered with sleep. Emerson the mathematician made one hat last him the greater part of his lifetime, the rim generally lessening bit by bit till little remained except the crown. Another 'shocking bad hat' which belonged to a celebrated geologist of the present day, is honoured with a place among the curious relics of costume in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, to which valuable collection it was presented by some waggish university youths. In the 'History of Holy Ghost Chapel, Basingstoke, (1819), p. 51, it is stated that the Rev. Samuel Loggon, a great student of antiquities, used to wear two old shirts at once, saying that they were warmer than new ones.' Dr. Paris in his 'Life of Sir Humphrey Davy,' tells us that this great philosopher was, in the busiest period of his career, so sparing of time, that he would not afford a moment to divesting himself of his dirty linen, but would slip clean linen over it. This practice he would continue, until as many as even six shirts were on his back at a time. When at length he had found leisure to extricate himself from all except the one that was clean his bulk was so visibly and suddenly reduced, that his friends, not knowing the cause, would remark that he was getting thinner with alarming rapidity. But their fears of his being in a consumption would shortly be removed when shirt over shirt began to accumulate again. He was then like a plump caterpillar, existing under several skins. In later days, Davy became more attentive to the toilet; in fact, the thinking and busy philosopher merged into a frivolous fop, cultivating curls, and wearing piebald waistcoats of patchwork pattern. Shenstone was somewhat of an exquisite. He loved showy colours in dress, delighted in trinkets and perfumes, designed patterns for snuff-boxes, played music, sung, and painted flowers. He had however, great antipathy to cardplaying and dancing, yet he says that ecstatic, rough, unsophisticated dancing, is one of the most natural expressions of delight, for it coincides with jumping for joy; but when it is done according to rule, it is, in his opinion merely *cum ratione insanire.* Benjamin Stillingfleet generally wore a full dress suit of cloth of the same uniform colour, with blue worsted stockings.

In this dress he used frequently to attend Mrs. Montague's literary evening parties, and as his conversation was very interesting, the ladies used to say, 'We can do nothing without the blue stockings:' hence arose the appellation of *bas bleu*, or 'blue stockings' to literary ladies. Mezerai, the French historian, was so extremely susceptible of cold, that immediately on the setting in of winter, he provided himself with twelve pairs of stockings, all of which he sometimes wore at once. In the morning he always consulted his barometer and according to the greater or less degree of cold put on so many more or fewer pair of stocking. In reference to the general seediness of literary costume, a recent writer has justly remarked, that to laugh—as has been the custom since the days of Juvenal—at the loutish manners, threadbare cloak, and clouted shoe of the mere man of letters, is a stale and heartless joke, for the poorest threadbare, ungainly scholar [if he be indeed a scholar] is a gentleman in his feelings.

Death of Pizarro.—"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword.,' By the sword he had risen—by the sword he was to perish; not on some well-fought battle field, with shouts of victory ringing in his ear, but in his palace-hall, by the assassin's blade. In his own fair capital of Lima, the City of Kings, the gem of the Pacific, which had sprung up under his auspices with incredible rapidity—for Pizarro seemed to impart his great energy to all about him—a score of conspirators, assembled at the house of Almagro's son, plotted his death. It was on a Sunday, in June, 1541, at the hour of dinner, that they burst into his apartment, with the cries of "Death to the Tyrant!" A number of visitors were with him, but they were imperfectly armed and deserted him, escaping by the windows, and his half-brother, Martinez de Alcantara, two pages, and as many caviliers, were all who stood forward in defence of their chief. They soon fell overpowered by numbers, and covered with wounds. But Pizarro was not the man meekly to meet his death. Alone, without armor, his cloak around one arm his good sword in his right hand, the hero kept his cowardly assailants at bay, with a vigor and intrepidity surprising at his advanced age. "What, ho!" he cried, "traitors! have you come to kill me in my own house?" and, as he spoke, two of his enemies fell beneath his blows. Rada (the chief of the conspirators,) impatient of the delay, called out, "Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant!" and taking one of his companions, Navarez, in his arms, he thrust him against the Marquis. Pizarro, instantly grappling with his opponent, ran him through with his sword. But, at that moment, he received a wound in the throat, and reeling, he sank upon the floor, when the swords of Rada, and several of the conspirators were plunged into his body. "Jesu!" exclaimed the dying man, and tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent his head to kiss it, when a stroke, more friendly than the rest, put an end to his existence.—*Blackwood.*

STRACHAN & LIZARS,
BARRISTERS and Attornies at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notary Public.
Goderich, Lake Huron, Canada West.
JOHN STRACHAN,
DANIEL HOME LIZARS.
Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848. 6m1

GODERICH CABINET
AND CHAIR FACTORY.
LATSCHAW & ERBE, Southwest st., Sign of the Big Chair, beg most respectfully to acquaint the public generally, as well as new settlers coming into the Huron District, that they will find it to their advantage to purchase at the above establishment, as they continue to manufacture Cabinet Ware of every description, such as Sideboards, Drawers, Sofas, plain and fancy Bedsteads, Centre, Telescope, Dining and Breakfast Tables, &c., &c., &c., to suit purchasers, and as cheap as any other establishment in the District.
They also manufacture Grecian, Fancy and Windsor Chairs in good workmanship-like manner, and of the best meterials.—Country produce always taken in exchange for any of the above articles of their line, at market prices.
N. B.—L. & E. request all those indebted to them, after long credit by note or book account, to call and settle the same before the 15th of March next, or otherwise they will be collected after that date with Costs.
Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848. 1 tf

ALBION HOUSE,
JAMES' Street, one door west of the Commercial Bank, Hamilton, by
January, 1848. I. ESMONDE.

H. B. O'CONNOR,
IMPORTER, WEST STREET.
TAKES this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal support and distinguished patronage he has received since the opening of his Establishment in Goderich, and begs to assure them that he will still continue to supply them with the best and cheapest articles in his line as usual. He would direct their attention to his varied and extentensive importations which he is now receiving of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY and HARDWARE, the low prices of which he is certain will speak for themselves, and for quality and variety cannot be surpassed in Western Canada.
H. B. O'CONNOR.
Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848. 1tf
☞ Butter, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Corn, &c., and every description of Farmer's Produce taken in exchange. Cash will be paid for good Grass Seed, Hides and Furs.

H. O'CONNOR, & CO.,
STRATFORD,
BEG respectfully to announce to the public at large, that they are now opening out at their store, next door to Mr. Lenton's, and opposite Mr. Daley's, a new and Select Stock of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &c., which having been purchased by an experienced buyer, and for Cash, in the Home and Montreal markets, they are determined to offer at prices that will defy competition. They only request the favour of a call from intending purchasers to convince them of this fact.
H. O'CONNOR & CO.
Stratford, Jan. 28, 1848. 1tf

NOTICE,
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
THE subscriber intending to leave Goderich, takes this oppertunity of returning his grateful acknowledgments to his numerous, honest and punctual customers for the liberal patronage which they have extended towards him during his residence in this place; while at the same time he wishes to intimate that a much larger number of his customers have been very far from *punctual;* and these he requests in a friendly manner to call upon him at their earliest convenience and settle their accounts, as the nature of his engagements requires that all his business in this District shall be fully arranged before the first of April, 1848, at which date all unsettled accounts will be handed over to an Attorney for collection.
THOMAS WATKINS.
Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848. 1 tf

HENRY NEWMAN,
BREAD, CAKE and PASTRY BAKER, respectfully solicits the patronage of the inhabitants of Goderich and its vicinity, and trusts, by strict attention, to merit a share of their favours.
N. B.—Hard Biscuit and all kinds of Crackers on hand. Cakes made to order.
Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848. 1tf

GODERICH FOUNDRY.
FARMERS, ENCOURAGE YOUR HOME MANUFACTORIES.
THE Subscribers beg to inform the inhabitants of the Huron District, that they have in full operation, their NEW FOUNDRY, which for convenience and the facility with which the work is done, equals, they feel proud to assert, any country foundry in Canada.
They further pledge themselves to the public to sell all Goods in their line, as cheap, if not cheaper; as good, if not better, than they can be obtained from any other foundry in Canada or elsewhere.
The patronage they have met with during the short time they have been in business here, warrants the above statement, and they take this opportunity of informing their friends and the public that they will use every exertion in their power to maintain the character, they trust, they have fully established for themselves.
They will have on hand Threshing Mills, Saw Mill and Grist Mill Castings; Re-action Water-wheels, Smut Machines of the latest and most approved plan, Steam Engines, and all kinds of Hollow-ware, such as Bake Kettles, Bellow Pots, Tea Kettles, Sugar Kettles; also, various sizes of Cooking and Parlour Stoves, and every description of Ploughs, &c., &c.
In addition to the above, they are ready to receive orders for BELLS from five to ten hundred pounds weight, and warranted to be well toned.
GEORGE MILLER & CO.
Goderich, Januaay 28, 1848. 1y
N. B. In order that the subscribers may be enabled to discharge the pledges given in the above advertisement, they must insist upon prompt payments, therefore, of all Notes and Book Accounts now due, immediate payment is requested.

CROWN LAND DEPARTMENT,
Montreal, 10th March, 1846.

NOTICE is hereby given, by order of His Excellency the Administrator of the Government in Council, to all persons who have received locations of land in Western Canada, since the 1st January, 1832, and also to parties located previous to that date, whose locations were not included in the list of unpatented lands, liable to forfeiture, published 4th of April, 1839, that unless the claimants or their legal representatives establish their claims and take out their Patents within *two years* from this date, the land will be resumed by Government to be disposed of by Sale.

TERMS OF THE HURON SIGNAL.—TEN SHILLINGS per annum if paid strictly in advance, or TWELVE AND SIX PENCE with the expiration of the year.
No paper discontinued until arrearars are paid up, unless the publisher thinks it his advantage to do so.
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☞ All kinds of Book and Jo
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neatness and dispatch.

THE BROKEN H

A TALE OF THE RE

Early in the November of reached Cambridge that C the head of his hardy and d ders, had crossed the Bor possession of Carlisle. gazed upon each other wit swords of the clansmen had all opposition; they were r the multitude as savages, ignorant as cannibals. others who rejoiced in the young Adventurer, and w it was to confess their joy, pains to conceal it. Am James Dawson, the son of the north of Lancashire, s at St. John's College. T vited a party of friends who entertained sentimen own. The cloth was wi rose and gave, as the toast "*Prince Charles—and s* His guests, fired with his rose and received the t The bottle went round drank deep, and other to nature followed. The so toast, and James Dawson ing, which seemed to be the day:—

"Free, o'er the Borders, the
The dirk is unsheathed,
gleaming,
The Prince and his clan
vance,
Nor needs he the long-p
France.
From the Cumberland m
moreland lake,
Each brave man shall sn
his sake;
And the 'Lancashire W
shall wear
The snow-white cockade
there."

But while he yet sang, s but the first verse, two c or four soldiers burst in nounced them as traitor soners.

"Down with them! Dawson, springing for down a sword which the mantelpiece. The resisted the attempt to ers, and several of the tainer, escaped.

He concealed himsel when, his horse being road towards Manche the ranks of the Adven midday, on the 29th, w town which is now t manufacturing world. Market Street, he p crowd, some uttering nation expressed on th in the midst of the mu Dickson, a young wor boy, beating up for cockade streamed fro geant; the populace tion against him, but him, for he continue round, with a blun and threatening to s approached, who was Prince, and to mour The young woman c ribbons in her hand, them in triumph, yet!" Some dozen lowed at the heels o Dawson spurred his

"Give me one of addressing the serg

"Ay, a dozen, you son.

He received the breast, and placed head. His conduct multitude; number geant, his favours when the Prince a town in the evenin an hundred and e that day enlisted.

The little band to what was call ment, of which t made Colonel, and the Captains.

Our business movements of Ch we describe his da by, which struck t land, and for a throne and its dy particulars of his Scotland—suffice of December, the tered Carlisle.

On the followi it; but the Ma was now compo men, was left a town, against t Cumberland. sacrifice, that th might be save and the young not ignorant of hopelessness of strove to impar garrison, and t last. On the n