

THE HURON SIGNAL

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Our Signal.

"THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER."

TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1852. NUMBER XXV.

Poetry.

THE DAYS OF AULD LANGSYNE.

Long before ten o'clock, Streetville was in a perfect fever of bustle and expectation, and a martial odour pervaded the very atmosphere!

My heart was light, my joys were sweet; No hind upon the trees; Was'er more glad its mate to meet, Or sing with greater glees.

Literature.

A TERRIBLY STRANGE BED.

(Concluded from our last.)

In the nervous unsettled state of my mind at that moment, I found it much easier to make my proposed inventory, than to make my proposed reflections, and soon gave up all hope of thinking in La Maitre's fanciful track.

My bed-room was on the first floor, above an entry, and looked into the street, which you have sketched in your view. Knowing that on that action, hung, by the merest hair's-breadth, my chance of safety.

Curds.

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altere. fore I had. ed all the papers. put on his hat, supplied. (for I was bare-headed). soldiers, desired his expert follow. ready all sorts of tools for breaking doors and ripping-up buck flooring, and I, my arm, in the most friendly and liberal manner possible, to help you with the... I was taken for the first time... was not half as much pleased... at the job proposed... bling House... A way we went through... tulating me in the street... ed the head of one of the... his. Sentinels were placed... and front of the gambling-house... we got to it, all framed... knoxs, was directed to... light appeared at a window... conceal myself... came more knocks, and a... the name of the law... summons, belts and... Sub-Prefect was in the... a waiter, half-dressed... This was the short dialogue... diately took place... "We want to see the Englishman who sleeping in this house?" "He went away hours ago." "He did no such thing. His friend... away; he remained. Show us to his room?" "I swear to you, Monsieur le Sous-Prefect he is not here!" "I swear to you, Monsieur le Caron; he is. He slept here; he didn't find your bed comfortable—he came to you to complain of it,—here he is; look my men—and here am I, ready to look for a flea or two in his bedstead. Pardon! (calling to one of his subordinates, and pointing to the waiter) call that man, and the his hands—band him Now, then, gentlemen, let us walk up stairs!" Every man and woman in the house was secured—the "Old Soldier," the first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept, and then we went into the room above. No object that was at all extraordinary appeared in any part of it. The Sub-Prefect looked round the place, commanded everybody to be silent, stamped twice on the floor, called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on, and ordered the flooring there to be carefully taken up. This was done in no time. Lights were produced, and we saw a deep raftered cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity there ran perpendicularly a sort of case or pipe, thickly greased; and inside the case appeared the screw, which communicated with the bed-top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled—levers covered with felt—all the complete upper works of a heavy press, constructed with infernal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below—and, when taken to pieces again, to go into the smallest possible compass, were next discovered, and pulled out of the floor. After some little difficulty, the Sub-Prefect succeeded in putting the machinery together, and leaving his men to work it, descended with me to the bed-room. The smothering canopy was then lowered; but so no noise as I had seen it lowered. When I mentioned this to the Sub-Prefect, his answer, simple as it was, had a terrible significance. "My men," said he, "are working down the bed-top for the first time—the man whose money you won, were in the better practice!" We left the house in the sole possession of two police agents—every one of the inmates being removed to prison on the spot. The Sub-Prefect, after taking down my "procès-verbal" in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport. "Do you think," I asked, as I gave it to him, "that any men have really been smothered in that bed, as they tried to smother me?" "I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the Morgue," answered the Sub-Prefect, in whose pocket book were found letters, stating that they had committed suicide in the Seine, because they had lost everything at the gaming-table. "Do I know how many of those men entered the same gambling-house that you entered? I won as you won! I took that bed as you took it! I slept in it, were smothered in it! and were privately thrown into the river, with the exception of one man, who was afterwards placed in his pocket-book. No man can say how many, unless he has suffered the fate from which you have escaped. The people of the gambling-house kept their bedstead machinery secret from every one, and their secret was the dead kept the rest of the secret for them. Good night, or rather good morning, Monsieur Fallowell! Be at my office again at nine o'clock—in my uniform, as usual." The rest of my story is soon told. It was examined and re-examined; the gambling-house was strictly searched all from top to bottom; the prisoners were separately interrogated; and two of the less guilty made a confession. It disclosed that the "Old Soldier" was the master of the gambling-house—justice decreed that he had been drummed out of the army.

in a regulated, some years ago, that he had been guilty of all sorts of villainy...

THE LIABILITY OF THE CANADA COMPANY FOR STATUTE LABOR. Judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench...

Diek at a "high-lying express train" speed, towards the terrible precipice, and away went his executioner...

Had they been a short distance further down the road, their fate would have been inevitable, as the avalanche seemed thick...

SPAIN. According to a Barcelona paper the French exiles in Spain are ordered to remove beyond the Ebro.

PORTUGAL. The question of the Salt monopoly at St. Ubes has occasioned the liveliest discussion in the Cortes.

ALGERIA. A despatch from Constantinople to Paris announces that the insurrection of the Barbares had been put down and the Arabs had sued for peace.

TURKEY. There are intimations amounting to little more than rumours, of an attempt by the Russian party to oust the ministry.

INDIA. A late despatch from Trieste announces that India Mail with dates from Bombay to the 2nd of May.

Two good results were produced by my adventure, which any censorship must have approved. In the first place it helped to justify the Government in forthwith carrying out their determination to put down all gambling-houses...

Under our telegraphic heading, we lately alluded to a fight between the whites and the blacks, near New York.

THE QUEEN VS THE MAINE LAW. Her Majesty the Queen has disallowed the Act passed by the Legislature of New Brunswick prohibiting the sale of liquor on the express ground that it is a violation of the liberty of the subject.

NEWS BY THE CANADA. BRITISH PARLIAMENT. A motion for the production of the papers in connection with the charges against Ali Murad an Ameer of Scinde, who is asserted to have fraudulently altered the Indian treaty of Nowahava, was made.

STILL FURTHER DETAILS. Since the above accounts were in type, we have received Montreal papers of Saturday, containing still further details of the most melancholy calamity—perhaps the most melancholy that ever befell a Canadian city.

THE ARMY OF EUROPE.—A late London letter says: "We have very good authority for stating that in 1851 there were no fewer than 2,773,833 men under arms in Europe as regular soldiers, and if to this number be added the various corps of volunteers, national guards, &c., the aggregate would swell up to 3,000,000—

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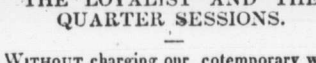
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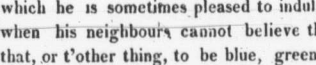
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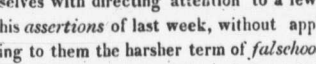
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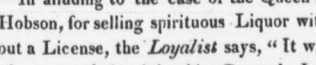
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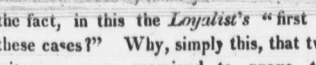
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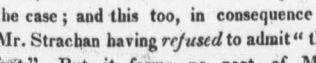
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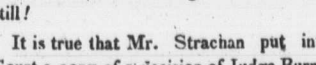
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