HURON SIGNAL.

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE. | "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER." | TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME I. GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT, (C. W.) FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1848. NUMBER 25.

SCHEDULE OF CONVICTIONS

By Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, within the District of Huron, from the April to the July Sessions, 1848.

Name of the Prosecutor.	Name of Defendant.	Nature of the Charge.	Date of Conviction. 1848.	Names of Convicting Justices.	Amount of Penalty Fine or Damage.	Fine when Paid or to be paid to Justices.	To whom paid over by Justices.	Remarks.
Noble Johnstone,	Thomas Splan,	Threats,	June 8,	William Bennett Rich, Esq., J. P.,	To pay Costs,			Bound to keep the peace one year.
John McKinnon,	John Longworth, Esq.,	Threats,	July 5,	Do.				Do.
Hugh Archer,	Thomas Henderson,	Non-Performance of Statute Labour,	June 13,	John Holmes, Esq., J. P.,	£0 15s 0d,	Forthwith,	Town Clerk,	Time given—one month.
Jane Wallis, on the part of James Wallis,	William Aldsworth,	Threats,	May 27,	A. D. Naftel, Esq., J. P.				Bound to keep the peace two years.
Eliza McDonald,	William Jackson,	Non-payment of wages,	May 9,	D. H. Ritchie, Esq., J. P.,	£1 1s 4½d, with costs,	Twenty-one days,	Prosecutor,	Paid.
Thomas Robinson,	James and Rachael Stinson,	Injury to Property,	June 10,	Do.	£0 0s 6d with costs,	Forthwith,	Treasurer,	Paid.
Samuel Grimes,	Henry Kanuta,	Injury to Property,	May 18,	William Chalk, Esq., J. P.,	£1 7s 6d,	Forthwith,	Prosecutor,	
William Van Egmond,	James Ryan,	Misdemeanor,	May 22,	L. Meyer, Esq., J. P.,	5s,	Eight days,	Treasurer,	
Robert Govenlock,	William Hammell,	Do.	May 22,	Do.	5s,	Eight days,	Treasurer,	
James Kelly,	John Welsh, Jun'r.,	Assault and threatening language,	May 8,	W. F. McCulloch, Esq., J. P.,	£1 costs,	Forthwith,	Clerk & Constable,	Dismissed with Costs—Paid.
John A McCarthy,	J. C. W. Daly, Esq.,	Assault,	May 8,	W. F. McCulloch, Esq., J. P., D. McPherson, Esq., J. P.,	5s costs,			Dismissed—charge not proved—with costs.
Caroline Hilman,	Andrew Miller,	Violent Assault.	May 8,	W. F. McCulloch, Esq., J. P., D. McPherson, Esq., J. P.,	13s 9d,			Dismissed with costs—charge not proved.
W. F. McCulloch, Esq.	Mary Decay,	Defraud,	June 5,	D. McPherson, Esq., J. P., A. Helmer, Esq., J. P., G. Wood, Esq., J. P.,	£3 13s,			Dismissed for want of evidence to support the information, with costs.
Charles R. Dickson,	Mary Decay,	Defraud,	June 21,	D. McPherson, Esq., J. P., W. F. McCulloch, Esq., J. P.,				Entered into recognizance to appear at the next General Gaol Delivery, Huron District.
Alexander Mitchell,	Patrick Degnon,	Leaving his service before the expiration of his engagement,	June 29,	J. C. W. Daly, Esq., J. P.,	10s costs,			Dismissed with costs.
John Fox,	Michael Kelly,	Assault and Battery,	March 29,	John Sparling, Esq., J. P.,	£1 5s 0d, fine and costs,	Within one month,		Not paid because not levied by Warrant.
Robert Cruise,	John Haw,	Threats,	March 30,	Do.	Costs 6s 3d,			Entered into recognizance.
Jacob Ennest,	David Burns,	Malicious injury to property,	April 15,	Do.				Dismissed—parties settled.
David Swanson,	John Henderson,	Obstruction of the Highway,	April 19,	Do.	£0 15s 0d, costs,	Paid down,		Ordered to remove the obstruction.
Eleanor Browne,	Francis R. Bell,	Assault,	April 19,	Do.	6s 3d, do.			A very frivilous case.
The same,	The same,	Robbery,	April 19,	Do.	12s 6d, do.			Unsatisfactorily proved—settled between the parties.
George Ranson,	Frederick Parker,	Threats and Assault,	April 19,	Do.	17s 6d, do.	In one month,	Constable,	Entered into Recognizance.
Robert Cruise,	William McColly, Robert McColly,	Assault and Battery,	April 29,	Do.	£2 0s 0d,	In fourteen days,	Constable and Treasurer,	Parties fought while in a state of drunken insanity.
William McColly,	Robert Cruise,	Assault and Battery,	April 29,	Do.	£1 0s 0d,	Do.	Do.	Do.
Mary Smith,	Alexander Jackson,	Threats,	May 10,	Do.	Costs 17s 3d,			Entered into Recognizance.
Thomas Moore,	William Oliver,	Malicious injury to property,	June 13,	Do.	Costs 17s 6d,			Unsatisfactorily proved — Defendant agreed to pay costs.
Mary Chittock,	John Slack,	Assault,	June 20,	Do.	Costs 17s 0d,	In two months,		Assault complained of was unjustifiable.

Certified to be a true Copy of the Records filed in this Office,

OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE PEACE,
Goderich, 12th July, 1848.

DANIEL LIZARS,
Clerk of the Peace.
Huron District.

THE POOR MAN.

God grant the poor man constant health,
To toil for daily bread;
He has no earthly wealth,
And must be clothed and fed—
The proud of pace will grind his face
The hard withhold his hire—
Great Parent! heed his piteous case
And guard his cottage fire.

Thou carest for the little birds
That own no earthly lord—
Thou carest for the flocks and herds
That crop the flowery sward—
Hear'st the young ravens when they cry,
Heed'st the young lion's roar—
And wilt reward the poor man's sigh,
And meek petition, mere.

Then grant the poor man constant health,
And strength for earthly toil,
With sweet content, the dearest wealth
Of weary mortal moil;
And grant him power to rule his mind,
To own affection's sway,
And nurse the charities designed
To smooth his pilgrim way.

THINGS LOST FOREVER.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health regained by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from the record of eternity the blot of wasted time?

Time once lost never can be recalled.

AN UNGALLANT RETORT.—One day lately, in a town in the Mearns, a buxon damsel, somewhat furrowed in the face by the ravages of the small-pox, accosted a well-known painter with—"Tam, are ye gaun to gies a paint?" The knight of the brush, being well stored with mother wit, instantly replied;—"D-e-ed, l-a-a-adie, ye've m-a-air need o' a p-p-puttie first."

From the Christian Examiner.

PRESENT CONDITION OF IRELAND.*

The three journals named below are in opposition to the British Government in Ireland, but with different degrees of antagonism. "The Tablet" is a paper in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, and though English in its spirit and editorship, it sympathizes with the struggles going forward in Ireland; it denounces the Union, it pleads for Repeal; but it does not commit itself to any danger of legal prosecution. "The Nation" is a journal pledged violently to mere than Repeal,—peaceably if possible, forcibly if it must be. It contains much spirited writing, and reports of speeches, that defy the legal authorities, and despise all compromise. This is the organ of "Young Ireland," and of a portion of the physical-force party. Still, though it hints at republicanism, it does not openly avow it. It professes loyalty to the imperial crown, but disowns the right of the imperial legislature to make laws for Ireland. The real purport of its views is, not simply repeal of the Union, but the absolute nullity of the Union. Meagher is its leading genius. "The Nation" was strong enough for Mitchell, or Mitchell was too strong for "The Nation," and so he set up "The United Irishman." The United Irishman carries the doctrine of resistance out in its most logical consistancy, and to its utmost consequences, it spits upon repeal, it cries for independence; it calls not only for a national parliament, but for national sovereignty. It laughs at "the golden link of the crown," and holds no terms with O'Connell, to whom this phrase, we believe, is attributed. It scouts Victoria, and mocks Conciliation Hall with as much scorn as it does conciliation. It demands a republic at any cost, and with fierce earnestness it preaches the gospel of the pike. It tells the starving masses of Ireland that they cannot be worse off, and that with courageous hearts and a strong right hand, they have the power to be better off. It goes even beyond a mere republic. It attacks the present laws and distribution of property, reprobates political economy and its theories, and insists on a reorganization. The editor, John Mitchell, is the son of a Unitarian minister, esteemed by all men who knew him while he lived. He closed a good life, and a long and useful ministry, a few years ago, in the town of Newry, in the north of Ireland. His son, John Mitchell, is undoubtedly a young man of fine talents, ready to do, and dare, and die,—and, if we can judge, prepared for either fortune, —for victory or death, the tribune or the scaffold. His eloquence is brief, bold, fiery, and condensed. If Meagher be the Cicero of the confederates, Mitchell is the Demosthenes of the democrats. The Tablet calls him "the Irish Danton," and so far as strong and burning words, that neither modify nor compromise, are concerned, the designation is not unsuitable. Yet those who know him speak of him as singularly gentle in personal temper. It is not our design to enter into either the politics or the purposes of these journals; but they suggest some remarks on the present condition of Ireland, physical and social.

"Ireland" and "Irish" seem very simple terms, yet do they stand for very complicated things. Ireland, to an American imagination, consists of space extremely limited; yet, from its earliest history, that space has been most minutely divided. It would not in mere space form a leading State of this Union. Yet it was once an empire, comprising kingdoms, princedoms, cheftainries. These kingdoms, princedoms, cheftainries, had their respective customs, laws, prejudices, with the feuds and factions that spring from such a constitution. Even now, Ireland has her provinces, counties, baronies, in the civil arragement, with archdioceses, dioceses, parishes, in the ecclesiastical. The English invaders found Ireland a country of manifold partitions, with a people as subdivided as its surface.

Irish is a word of most composite signification also. We wonder at the ignorance of writers on this country in their strictures on American character. But *surely the ignorance* of our own writers on the character of other nations is scarcely less, and much less excusable. We wonder authors of any intelligence should confound under one general idea the reckless men of the West with the orderly men of the East,—the ardent men of the South with the cool men of the North,—the men who hold slaves, with peculiar training as well as peculiar institutions, with other men who have no such training and no such institutions. Yet we are, ourselves, in much grosser error in our popular conception of the Irish. We have, in general, no notion of them but as exiles and drudges. "Irish" means with us a class of human beings, whose women do our house-work, and whose men dig our raidroads. Judging merely by the senses, we are not much to blame, for these are the relations in which, from infancy, we are accustomed to know them. We have indeed heard of Burke, and Grattan, and Curran, with many other great names besides; we have a sort of persuasion that these were Irishmen; but when we try practically to consider them as the compatriots of mud-covered laborer in the bed of a canal, the contrast is too violent, and by no force of imigination can we bring such extremes together. We, as a people, are intolerant of ragged garments and empty paunches. We would replace the rags by decent rament, and we would fill the paunches with wholesome food, but we have only small respect for those who come to us in tatters and who rush to us from famine. We are a people who have had no experience in physical tribulation; and we do not understand the virtues or the vices which such tribulation can produce. We do not know the fearful selfishness which exceeding want may generate; but neither do we know the blessed charities which it may exhibit, the holy self-denial which it may manifest. As a consequence, the ill-clad and destitute Irishman is repulsive to our habits and to our tastes. We confound ill-clothing and destitution with ignorance and vice; for thus they are associated among ourselves, and that fancy is a rare one which can emancipate itself from the power of habit and the impressions of experience. The crowds that cross the Atlantic to seek a refuge here are in general a ragged contrast to our own well-covered masses; and, thus rude in external appearance, many find it hard to reach the kindred and immortal which is so coarsely tabernacled. Many of us look only at the outside. We do not enter into the soul. We observe the crushed animal, but we hold no converse with the hidden spirit. We have abundance of pity, but we fail in reverence.

It is a foolish thing to judge of a building by a brick; but the folly is yet greater not to examine even the brick. Irish society is but very partially represented by the portions of it that we have the opportunity of seeing. The structure of Irish society has been very variously and gradually built up, and by materials from a great many quarries. First, there was the old Celtic race; then the Milesian; then the Danes; then the Anglo-Normans and Anglo-Saxons; then the Scottish colonists sent by the first James; then the troopers of Cromwell and the boors of the third William. Now each of these successive invasions deposited a new element of discord, and stratum was laid upon stratum of rebellion and confiscation have proceeded perpetual strife and hatred. But among the worst results we must regard that condition of things as the most unfortunate, which transferred the whole soil of the nation to the hands of strangers, and which placed over the people an alien an unsympathizing aristocracy. We have some observations to make on this condition of things as we proceed. The English in the beginning found the Irish broken up among themselves into conflicting factions. This, too, was unhappy. Had it been otherwise, —had the Irish been *one*,—had they been concentrated into a national integrity, as the Saxons were when William the Conqueror gained the battle of Hastings, then either the invaded would have repelled the invader, or one would have absorbed or exterminated the other. Neither of these results followed; and the strange paradox is accordingly exhibited in the universe, of a progressive physical amalgamation of the bone and sinew of Ireland with the bone and sinew of Britain, carrying along with it an unceasing, an undying hatred of its government. It is, therefore, very absurd to speak of the Irish as if they were a single, simple, primitive, unmixed race. The very contrary is the fact. Perhaps there is not a country on the whole earth, so limited in its dimensions, so complicated in its population; and this, not only in the elements that still continue seperate, but also in those that have mingled and coalesced.

It has been common to ascribe the agitations and disorders which so frequently convulse Ireland to the impatient and turbulent passions of the Celt, to his inherent love of battle and disturbance, to his unruly and rebellious disposition. No position was ever more false than this; not only is it without proof, but against proof. The Celts are not especial rebels; and, indeed, they never have been. The districts in Ireland most troublesome to Britain have always been those which the British colonized.—And thus it has been from the days of Strongbow to those of Mitchell. The region in which Cromwell found his hardest task, and that in which he left the most atrocious memory, was that which had its population from English blood. If England has done Ireland wrong, Providence has brought a chastising retribution on her, by means of her own children. The sins of English fathers are not merely visited on their children, but through their children the visitation comes. The most sanguinary page of Cromwell's campaign in Ireland is that which opens at Drogheda and concludes in Wexford. Likewise in 1798, the counties which earliest entered the conflict, and which longest sustained it, were those wherein the descendants of the British chiefly resided. Wexford fought with desperation, and fought to the last; and Vinegar Hill, with its broken windmill, remains to this hour a memento of courage and a monument of despair.

Let us now take a rapid survey of the two broad divisions of Irish society. We begin with the aristocracy. And by the aristocracy we mean, principally, the owners of the soil. We mean, in general, the landlords, and their immediate kindred.—Most of those who have fortunes sufficiently large live in England, or on the Continent, deserting at the same time their country and their duties. The greater number have inherited their estates by conquest or confiscation; and they have never become native to the land that gives *them* luxury, but that denies life to the wretched men who till it. Accident has made them Irish, and their life is a long regret for being so. They scourge the unhappy nation in which they have had the misfortune to bear them. The members of this class who have to stay at home because they are not rich enough to go abroad constitute the local magistrates, and fill most of the influential local offices. A large majority of the class is utterly bankrupt, insolvent over and over. Most of these men have but the name of property; for what are called their estates lie under piles of mortgages and encumbrances. Debt has been heaped upon debt, by each generation in its turn, so that it would be as puzzling to a lawyer to discover the original possesion, as it would be to a geologist to describe the primitive condition of this planet. Entails, and other artificial contrivances, have long kept estates in families, and held them from the last action of the law on the part of creditors. But even if they could be sold, they would afford only a miserable percentage on the sums for which they have been, time after time, pawned. There is a story of an Irishman who travelled over England with a pig of peculiar sagacity and buoyancy.—The pig was lean, lank, and rough; but she had the vigor of a race-horse, and the elasticity of a greyhound. Walls she despised, and gates could not confine her. Her master, each morning, was a little space on his road, when she was after him, and each morning they began a new day most lovingly together. Availing himself of the animal's excellent qualities, the fellow sold her at every stage of his journey, being certain, at each successive sale, that he would have her to sell again. The pig which was thus so often sold was, probably, not honestly come by at first. This elastic animal is no bad representative of landed property in Ireland; we leave it to the imagination of our readers to find out the analogy and to apply it.

Nature has its laws in society, as irrefragable as those it has in matter. Not in one case more than in the other can there be any permanent violation of them. Soon or late, they vindicate themselves. A state of things like that which we have just described cannot last. It must die of its own corruptions, or it must explode, by the force of a pressure that has reached the limit of enduring capacity. The ancestors of Irish landlords bequeathed them broad domains, but with them they bequeathed titles to them that were written and sealed with blood, guarded by a system of legislation that was shocking to humanity. They bequeathed memories of rankling irritation, which the descendants of the injurers were as unable to forget as the descendants of the injured; which the descendants of the injurers were more unwilling to forgive. Wealth that is acquired by violence is seldom spent with wisdom. Economy is as much the offspring of virtue as of labor. We manage that, and that alone, well, which we gain, not simply by toil, but by honest toil. Let no body of men imagine that they can grow rich by conquest. It is not merely a crime to assume such a position, it is a folly, a delusion; it is a blunder. The most dearly purchased treasure is that which is acquired by the sword. The highest price for land or gold is blood. Every nation which has gained either, on such conditions, has perished by them; and it deserved to perish. The ancestors of the Irish aristocracy, from the Catholic Normans to the Puritan Cromwellians, thus obtained their propety; they left it to their children, adding to it the penal legacy of prodigal extravagance and profligate habits.

Our description is general. We know that among the gentry of Ireland there are many and noble exceptions; and being exceptions, they have our greater admiration. The most common virtues become sublime, when the opposite vices are all but universal. When neglect and oppression of the poor spread over land, spots on which they receive some degree of care and kindness appear as little Edens; but they are Edens in a desert. We speak of the Irish gentry as a class,—and as a class neither their origin nor training, neither their temper nor circumstances, fit them to conciliate, to foster, or to improve the masses that surround them. They never had power over the hearts of the people; and that power of coercion which they once possessed they have not ceased to love, though they have for ever lost it. We mean, especially, their monopyly of political influence. Their power as proprietors they yet hold and love; they do not fail to use it either, and to use it as badly as ever. Becoming, as we have seen, deeper in debt with each generation, one anticipating the income of the other, their tastes and desires have, in the same order, been growing more costly. They may have become more refined, but they also have become more expensive. The deadly competition for land in Ireland enables them to raise rents to the highest sum that human labor can produce, and to press down living to the lowest condition that human nature can endure. The tenant is cast upon the ragged soil, to tear from its bosom payment for his master, and starvation for himself. In the latter he always succeeds; and when he fails in the former, the master, by means of arrears, holds in his hands the power to expel him. The owner spends no capital on the soil; he builds no houses or offices; he furnishes no implements; he pursues no experiments in agriculture; he does not instruct the tenant, either by theory or example; and when some year worse than others leaves the tenant at his mercy, the mercy that many a landlord shows is to turn him off, with neither allowance nor compensation for such improvements as he has struggled in his poverty to make.

We fancy some of our readers complaining about the everlasting historical references to account for the state of Ireland.—Why, we conceive them saying,—why this reiteration of matters that are gone to the grave of centuries, to explain what our eyes see and our ears hear? But they are *not* gone to the grave of centuries; they were but sown in the living soil of centuries, and now they are ripened into a heavy harvest of a most black and bitter crop. We cannot understand present events without understanding their historical connection, and least of all can we understand those of Ireland. And to us, especially, young among the nations, the example of our elders is important. As it is, the lesson that history teaches does not seem entirely needless to us. Recent as is our independent existence, we have gone far in the pathway of the Old World, and, instead of looking to it as a beacon, we seem rather to follow it as a star. It is more our model than our warning; we study the lesson the wrong way; and it is well if we do not in that wrong way outrun the instruction.—We, too, have our oppressions and our injustice. Under the very shadow of our Capitol, while the welkin rings with gratulations which are to stir with joy the heart of France, a mob gathers to crush free thought,—thought dedicated to the widest liberty and to the highest humanity; nay, at the very time that shouts of execration were sent across the broad Atlantic; to blast a fallen monarch in his exile, tyrants with hearts harder than the hearts of the tigers were tearing off their human brothers and sisters from the region of their native affections, consigning them to a slavery compared with which their former slavery seemed freedom—dead to their agonies of spirit—chaining them with iron that did not gall half so terribly as the iron that had entered into their soul—and all because, prompted by instincts which God and nature had implanted, they sought that freedom for which God and nature had designed them. What a mockery is this! What right have such men to hoot at Louis Phillipe, contrasted with whom Louis Phillipe is an angel of light? What title have such men to vociferate acclamations for liberty? Liberty is but insulted by their praise.—We, too, seem in a fair way to enthrone the soldier, and to idolize the sword; to give strength the place of virtue, and victory the place of right. But let us not be deceived. God is more *mocked* by nation with impunity than by individuals, and nations, as well as individuals, will reap according to what they sow. We may despise the lesson of history, but we cannot reverse its law; and this law is made evident in the records of all ages. Wrong and right make no account of time; they are certain and eternal; their consequences may not be instantly seen, but they are not lost,—nay, they do not even linger.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* 1. *The Tablet*. London. May 20, 1848.
2. *The Nation*. Dublin. May 20, 1848.
3. *The United Irishman*. Dublin. May 20, 1848.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"Louis Napoleon was born in 1808, and was the son of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, King of Holland, and of Hortense de Beauharnais, the daughter of the Empress Josephine. In 1815, when the entire Bonaparte family was expatriated, his mother fled with him and his only brother from Paris to Switzerland. Here he received a military education from General Dufour, and remained in quiet until 1830, when, with his brother, he joined the Italian patriots, who had raised the standard of independence. After having both participated in several engagements, his brother died in consequence of the rigor of the service, and he soon after quitted