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 II. GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT, (C. W.) FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1849. NUMBER 1.

EXTRA ASSORTMENT OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS!!

THE Subscribers have just received from the New York and Montreal Markets, the largest Stock of Merchandize which has yet been brought into the Huron District. And as the purchases were made personally by one of the Firm, the quality of the goods is as superior as the quantity is extensive—"*prompt payments and small profits*," is the motto which they have adopted, and the public may depend upon being suited with every description of goods in their establishment, at the very lowest remunerating prices. Their Stock consists of every variety of men's and women's Clothing; Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Saddles, Bridles, Haberdashery and Groceries of every description. Intending purchasers are solicited to call and examine for themselves.

THOMAS GILMOUR & CO.
Goderich, Nov. 16, 1848. 42

GROCERIES.

THE Subscribers would call particular attention to their extensive Stock of GROCERIES, as they flatter themselves that the quality and variety of their Teas, Sugar, Coffee, Tobacco, &c. &c. &c., will be a sufficient recommendation to intending purchasers.

N. B.—Groceries of every description will be sold for cash or produce, at a reduction of, at least, 15 per cent. below former prices.

THOS. GILMOUR & CO.
Goderich, Nov. 16, 1848. 42

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

SPRING & SUMMER FASHIONS, for 1848.

A FULL variety of the newest and most improved SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS for 1848, have been received by the subscriber, who will promptly attend to the orders of all who may favour him with their patronage.

A. NAYSMITH.
Goderich 12th April, 1848. 1y

FARM FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD by private bargain, Lot No. 23, on the 5th Concession of Goderich, containing 80 acres, 20 of which is cleared and under cultivation: ten acres are newly underbrushed and ready for chopping. The land is of excellent quality and well watered. There is a good substantial log Dwelling House on it, and one acre of superior fruit trees in bearing condition. And as the proprietor is desirous of entering into other business, he will dispose of it on moderate terms. One-half of the price will be REQUIRED DOWN, and the other half in three equal annual instalments.

☞ For further particulars, apply at this Office, or to the Proprietor on the premises.

GEORGE ELLIOTT, Junior.
Goderich, 13th Oct., 1848. 37tf

CASH FOR WHEAT.

THE Subscriber hereby intimates that he has now on terms of lease and part ownership, the entire management of the Goderich Mills, and that he is prepared to pay cash for any quantity of good merchantable Wheat at the said Mills; provided the same be delivered there in time for manufacture before the close of the navigation.

WM. PIPER.
GODERICH MILLS, September 5th, 1848. 32tf

CASH FOR SAW-LOGS AND SAWING DONE ON SHARES.

THE Subscriber will pay cash at the Goderich Mills for Good Black Cherry Saw-Logs, and will saw any other description of good Saw-Logs for any parties on shares.

WM. PIPER.
GODERICH MILLS, September 5th, 1848. 32tf

HARDWARE.

THOMAS GILMOUR & CO., have largely increased their former stock of useful and Ornamental Cutlery, Hardware Jappaned Ware, and are ready to supply their customers and the public generally, with the latest improvements in every description of knives, Forks, Spoons, Trays Locks, Hinges, Screws, and all other articles of Hadware at reduced prices.

They have also on hand a good assortment of

ROPES, TWINES AND CORDAGE

of various sizes and qualities; also several patterns of superior Carpeting.

A large supply of Salt from the cheapest market.

Apples of the very best quality in barrels.

N. B.—The terms are *invariably Cash or Merchantable Produce*, and no abatement from the price asked.

Goderich, Nov. 16, 1848. 42

J. K. GOODING, AUCTIONEER,

WILL attend SALES in any part of the District, on reasonable Terms. Apply at the *British Hotel*.

Goderich, 14th Sept. 1848. 33–

D. WATSON,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, BANKRUPTCY, &c.
OFFICE IN THE MARKET SQUARE, GODERICH.
Feb. 1848.

1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND FOR SALE IN CANADA WEST.

THE CANADA COMPANY have for disposal, about 1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND dispersed throughout most of the Townships in Upper Canada—nearly 500,000 Acres are situated in the *Huron Tract*, well known as one of the most fertile parts of the Province—it has trebled its population in five years, and now contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants.

The LANDS are offered by way of *LEASE, for Ten Years, or for Sale, CASH DOWN—the plan of one-fifth Cash, and the balance in Instalments being done away with.*

The Rents payable 1st February each year, are about the Interest at Six Per Cent. upon the price of the Land. Upon most of the Lots, when *LEASED*, NO MONEY IS REQUIRED DOWN—whilst upon the others, according to locality, one, two, or three years Rent, must be paid in advance,—but these payments will free the Settler from further calls until 2nd, 3rd or 4th yea of his term of Lease.

The right to PURCHASE the FREEHOLD during the term, is secured to the Leasee at a fixed sum named in Lease, and an allowance is made according to anticipated payment.

Lists of Lands, and any further information can be obtained, (by application, if by letter post-paid) at the COMPANY'S OFFICES, *Toronto* and *Goderich*; of R. BIRDSALL, Esq., *Asphodel*, Colburne District; Dr. ALLING, *Guelph*, or J. C. W. DALY, Esq., *Stratford*, Huron District.

Goderich, March 17, 1848. 7

MARBLE FACTORY, *SOUTH WATER ST., GALT.*

D. H. McCULLOCH continues to manufacture HEADSTONES, MONUMENTS, OBELISKS, TOMB TOPS, &c., in Marble and Freestone, as cheap as any in the Province, all work warranted to order, or no charge will be made. Prices of Marble Headstones from 10 to 50 dollars; of Freestone from 6 to 30 dollars; Monuments &c., from 50 dollars upwards.—Written communications addressed to the undersigned containing the Inscriptions, and at what price, in Marble or Freestone, will be punctually attended to.

D. H. McCULLOCH.
Galt, Nov. 8th, 1848. 42m3

REMOVAL. A HOPE,

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to return his sincere thanks to numerous friends and the public generally, for the liberal patronage heretofore received,—and informs them that he has REMOVED his TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT from Lighthouse street to East street, next door to James Bissett, Carpenter, and a few doors west of the Goderich Foundry, where all orders will be promptly executed; and customers may depend on having their garments made up in the most improved and fashionable style.

☞ A full variety of the newest Fall and Winter FASHIONS for 1848–9 just received.

Goderich, Oct 27, 1848. 39

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his Customers, and the inhabitants of Stratford and vicinity, that he intends carrying on business on

"A READY PAY SYSTEM."

And that after the first day of January, 1849 he will give no credit. He will pay the highest price for produce of all kinds, Black Salts &c. He begs to return his sincere thanks to his Customers for their liberal Patronage, and hopes still to receive a Share.

THOMAS M. DALY.
Stratford Nov. 29th, 1848. 44tf

DR. GEORGE HARVEY,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

HAVING practiced his profession for several years in the Province of Nova Scotia, takes leave respectfully to offer his professional services to the inhabitants of Goderich and its vicinity.

Residence in the cottage lately occupied by Mrs. Montgomery.

Goderich, Nov. 16th, 1848. 42

VALUABLE LOT OF LAND FOR SALE.

LOT 8, Lake Shore, township of Ashfield, containing

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO ACRES,

Within two miles of the thriving Village of Port Albert, in which there is a Grist Mill, a Saw Mill, and an Oat Mill. The Lot is boundedon the west by the Lake, and on the east by a cut road,—and is well watered.

☞ For particulars, apply—if by letter post paid—to

DAVID CLARK, Esq.
CLAREMONT, 14th Dec. 1848. 45tf

DR. HAMILTON, *SURGEON*, WEST STREET, GODERICH.

Poetry.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

The great achievements of thy race
They sung: their high command:
"How valiant MANFRED o'er the seas
First led his northern band.

Brave GALFRED next to Normandy
With venturous ROLLO came;
And from his Norman Castle won
Assum'd the Percy name*.

They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
Lord William shipp'd his powers,
And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
With all her lands and towers.

Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and dy'd:
But first the silver Crescent won,
Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

They sung how AGNES, beauteous heir,
The queen's own brother wed,
Lord JOSSELINE, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred.

How he the PERCY name reviv'd,
And how his noble line
Still foremost in their country's cause
With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the master's song:
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell:
Their perils past recall:
When, lo! a damsel young and fair
Step'd forward thro' the hall.

She Bertram courteously address'd;
And kneeling on her knee;
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helm
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.

Young Bertram took the shining helm,
And thrice he kiss'd the same:
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord PERCY, and his barons bold,
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late opprest,
And Scottish wrongs to pay.

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse and more:
Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,
The PERCY standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round:
Down the green slopes of Tiviotsdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunter's cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes;
So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant on their chief's command,
A thousand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel, keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest;
Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd.

Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helm,
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd with glad assent,
And spur'd his eager steed,
And calling on his Lady's name,
Rush'd forth with wirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends;
So fiercely, 'mid the opposing ranks,
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces thro';
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round;
But, dauntless, he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field;
When, ponderous, fell a Scottish axe,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helm in twain;
That beauteous helm, his lady's gift!
——His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord PERCY saw his champion fall
Amid th' unequal fight;
And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in with stretch'd out shield
He o'er the warrior hung;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire:

Now gathering round, on every part
The battle rag'd amain;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
There all their courage shew'd;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield.
And, after wonderous valour shewn,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
To WARK's fair castle bore*.

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love,
Her father kindly said;
And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went; no daughter came:
Fair ISABEL ne'er appears:
Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up my son; thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride:
And she shall nurse thee in her bower;
And she shall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd;
He bless'd the soothing sound:
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

FIT THE THIRD.

One early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose;
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had, in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen:
And he would tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
E'er they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
E'er he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear:
What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss,
To see thy lady fair.

Now out alas! (she loudly shriek'd)
Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
And ready was he to fall;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee:
And sure, if no sad harm had hap'd,
Long since thou wouldst her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas! I've slain the comliest knight,
All thro' my foolish pride!

And to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And sooth his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeoman went with her
To guard her on her way.

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
Till I thy lady find.

That night he spent in sleepless care;
And sad with boding heart,
Or e'er the dawning of the day,
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range:
Do thou go north, and I'll go west;
And all our dress we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den:
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she's restor'd agen.

*In lower Normandy, there are three places of the name of *Percy*: from whence the family took the surname of *De Percy*.

*Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, not far from Kelso. It is now almost entirely destroyed.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

From the Christian Examiner.

THE CRISIS OF FREEDOM IN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

We have now presented the worst of the case in Europe, but it is not the whole of the case. In general, there are no just relations yet established between man and man. There is no just regard to man as man. And there is no fair representation of rights and interests and wants in the European systems of government. Wide-sweeping entails absorb and drink up the substance of some countries. Heavy taxes, to support expensive courts and royal families and sinecure places and standing armies, distrain the life out of others. Men are environed by unjust limitation and restriction on every side. Their faculties want freedom. They have no fair chance to work out their own welfare.

But now, having gone thus far, having presented, according to our honest conviction, the great crisis that has come in the world, and the great and just demand for relief,—looking, indeed, upon the present movement in Europe as the insurrection of humanity itself against wrong,—we go on to say that we are advocates for gradual rather than sudden relief, for moral force rather than violence and bloodshed. In short, we prefer the English method to the French method, English reforms to French revolutions.*

The great question is, How are long established abuses to be remedied? How are governments founded in injustice and intrenched in wrong to be modified? There are those who say,—"Only by immediate and utter overthrow." There are those who say,—"Let us not be soft-hearted in this matter; let us have revolt, let us have desolation, let us have blood. Good will come out of it." Now, for our part, we do not agree with them. There is a reasoning about this matter,—stout-hearted or reckless, we hardly know which to call it,—which seems to have been learned from the late French writers, who discourse about the horrible atrocities of their own Revolution of 1789 as if they were blessed agencies for good, and appear to regard those days of frenzy and blood as if they deserved to be canonzed and made saints' days in the calendar of the world's history. We protest, with the amiable and venerable Chateaubriand, against such reasonings, and say with him,—"No, no; think of the fusillades! think of the guillotine! think of that sea of blood and murders and mangled victims!" We do not believe that this is the best method of mending the world's ways and manners, or of healing its diseases. In short, we make a distinction. Take the case of an individual. Here is a man who, during twenty of the early years of his life, plunges into reckless excesses, and at length, through all sorts of vice and misery and disease, finds his way out to a pure and happy life. Would not a gradual course of improvement to the same end have been better? It will be said, that great communities cannot improve so; that they must proceed by revolutions, by violent wrenchings off of great abuses. We do not believe it. We do not believe it, especially in this age of education and books and Bibles, and of easy communication, of steamships and railways and telegraphs. But, at any rate, it must be admitted that this reasoning has a perilous look as to the future. If it is adopted, it will push the masses of men, it will precipitate the world, into unbounded violence, war, disorder, and misery. This may be man's method; but we do not believe that it is God's order.

It is easy for us, who sit in our quiet homes, three thousand miles off, to look with a calm eye upon the anarchy and strife and bloodshed of Europe. Calmly we can calculate the cost and sum up the account for generations and ages,—the account that is to be settled by the blood and sinews of other men—the account that is to be written in fiery and bloody lines on other thresholds and other hearthstones than our own. But it is a different thing to those over whom the dreadful scourge is passing. And we were admonished of the difference by the feelings of the Irish emigrants in this country, who, whatever may have been the voice of public meetings here, were suffering, in the late threatened crisis, very painful anxieties for their friends and kindred at home. We may be told, that, in Europe itself, the public press, and public meetings, and clubs, and processions are cheering on the great enterprise. But we do not hear the sigh that is rising by ten thousands of lately peaceful hearths over their dangers and desolations. Think of two thousand in Holstein slain on one field, buried in one grave. Think of the eight or ten thousand in Paris shot down in the streets,—in Paris, that barely escaped the grasp of a mob, which, if triumphant, would have carried rapine and murder through all her dwellings. Think of the pleasant fields and beautiful cities of Northern Italy deluged in blood. No tongue can tell, no mind can imagine, the amount of distress which this violent uprising has brought upon the world. The general insecurity of property and of life, were there even no loss of them, is a terrible calamity. The Parisian merchant leaves his family for his counting-room, not knowing but, before he returns, the dread *rappel* may summon him into the street, to conflict and death.—In Paris and all through France, and all over Europe probably, men are burying the little coin they can realize, in their inclosures and gardens and secret places, to prepare for the days that may be coming. The financial distress alone is immense and incalculable. And all this, perhaps, is but "the beginning of sorrows."

If, indeed, new and free and prosperous government could rise like an exultation from this blood stained soil, it were well. But we do not believe that governments are to be pulled down and built up again, in this easy and summary manner. We distrust the capacity of the people of Europe, in their circumstances, for self-government. We conceive, that, if the process of gradual change through which they were passing had brought them to republican forms in a century, it had been better. We may be wrong in this opinion, and certainly we offer it with the most profound humility upon a problem so stupendous; and we would to God that the solution might be better than many wise men fear. But one thing is very plain. The common inference here from our own condition, that it is well for the people of Europe to try our great political experiment, is rash and thoughtless and of no value. The difference between the cases is immense, and almost inappreciable. It forbids all inference from one to the other. We had a century of preparation for our form of government. M. de Tocqueville was the first traveller from Europe who had the sagacity to point to the municipality of our townships as the very *nucleus* and school of republicanism. We have a widely diffused education. We have competence and abundance among us. We have an immense back-country opening its gate, a great safety-valve for the pressure and peril of an overcrowded population. The people of Europe, the mass, that is to say, unused to suffrage, unused to making their own laws, and to the tremendous power of popular control over the goverment, uneducated, too, and ignorant, and pressed in many quarters by poverty and need and desperation, hemmed in by narrow limits and crowding interests and competitions, without any chance of escape,—how are they, on the instant, to take up and carry on the great enterprise of self-government? And the danger, in our view, presses harder upon ten or twenty years hence than it does upon the present moment.

Besides, great changes were already going on in the European system. The voice of the press and the people was growing more penitential every year. Concessions, reforms, constitutions, were becoming the order of the modern day. Public opinion was gaining constant victories. The awakening mind of the world was fast coming to be expressed in governments, and the tendency was irresistible. If ever a large seeing man might adventure a prophecy, it was, that in less than a century popular forms would prevail through Christendom. Christian men, too, the friends of peace and humanity, were hoping that the age of moral force had come, and that physical violence was passing away. And now the world is flung back upon that barbarous resort. And to fight what battle? The battle of opinion; the battle, not for territory, not for commercial advantages, not for national honor,—sectional strifes these, comparatively; but the battle for opinion; a contest which may array the whole of Europe into parties, and spread the flame of war over the whole civilized world.—Whether the cause of freedom itself is to gain ground by the conflict is perhaps questionable. It may be put back for many a year. Alas! we do but faintly conceive of the horrors of this wide-spreading civil war. It will be a sad account for the world to settle,—to have waded through seas of blood, to find at the end only severer restrictions and perhaps military despotisms.

In fine, this throwing open of the gates of power to a rushing populace, we must say, fills us with terror. We are affrighted at this levity in the overthrow of governments, and at the threatened contempt of all government. It is found alarmingly easy to achieve such tremendous results. This violent wrenching of the whole order of civil polity,—this prying up by main strength of its foundations, and sudden unloosing of all its bands,—this is not, to us, the right way of dealing with a structure so awful, so complicated, so connected with the whole fabric of society, of business, of every-day life.—And the conduct of those who have put themselves at the head of this enterprise gives us no supplementary assurance that things will go well. How different was the manner of proceeding of our own Revolutionary guides! They fought, indeed, but it was under Fabian leading. They fought; but they reasoned, too,—in a way more patient and practical, indeed, than ever was seen elsewhere under similar circumstances. John Adams's Defence of our Constitution was a most careful and elaborate analysis, through three volumes, of all the free systems of policy from the beginning, with a view to educe the wisest and best. The papers of "The Federalist,"—the immortal labors of Hamilton and Madison and Jay,—and the State Papers of that period, were filled with the most sage and deliberate reasonings upon the practical working of the system we were adopting. Here were statesmen qualified to guide a people, worthy to preside over the birth of a new order of things. How was it in France? What

*We agree in principle and faith and hope with the language of the Democratic Republican party of Germany, addressed to the people of the United States of America.

"The German republic must come and will come. Our task is but to level the path and shorten it. As long as peace is maintained, and we are not deprived of our right to propagate the principles of pure democracy by the way of a free press and a free speech, and to introduce them into practice by the way of a peaceable organization of our party and by free elections, we will be far from using any other means to achieve our ends. Truth, so be victorious, needs nothing but the right to show itself. Already the ranks of thinking and determined republicans are getting thicker and thicker; already the soldiers, influenced by the spirit of liberty, are beginning to desert to the republicans; and if we only get means enough to keep the talents of our party in free action, by and by all will join our movement, except those who see in the triumph of reason the end of their living. Our people, being quiet and strong, will not shed any blood so long as they are not absolutely forced to it."