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, NOVEMBER 24, 1848. | NUMBER 13.

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 year of his term of Lease.

The right to PURCHASE the FREEHOLD during the term, is secured to the Lessee 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

STRACHAN & LIZARS,

BARRISTERS and Attornies at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, and Bankruptcy, Notary Public and Conveyancers, Goderich and Stratford, Huron District, C. W.
JOHN STRACHAN, Goderich.
DANIEL HOME LIZARS, Stratford.
Goderich, April 20, 1848. 6m1

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the next Session of the Provincial Legislature, for leave to bring in a Bill to constitute and form the following Townships and Gore, and Block of Land, viz:—North Easthope, South Easthope, Downie and Gore,—Ellice, Blanshard, Fullarton, Logan and Hibbert,—Wellesley, Mornington and Maryborough, and Western half of Wilmot, and the Block of Land behind Logan,—into a new District.
ALEX. MITCHELL,
Sec'y of Committee.
Statford, [Huron], 1st of April, 1848. 10m6

FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale Lot No. one in the seventh Concession of the Township of Colborne, West Division. There is on the premises a small Log Barn, with 15 acres under good cultivation, and well fenced. The Land is of excellent quality, and within 6 miles of the Town of Goderich, containing 100 acres.

TERMS of Sale will be made known by applying to William Robertson, Esq., Canada Company's Office, Goderich, or to the subscriber.
DAVID SMITH.
Goderich, March 1st, 1848. 6tf

TO THOSE IT MAY CONCERN.

MR. OLIVER, having left the whole of his unsettled accounts with the Clerk of the 1st Division Court, Goderich, advises all parties indebted to him to see that gentlemen before the 20th of next month.—Any information required, will be given at the office only, where a person will be always in attendance.
Goderich, June 29, 1848.

JOHN J. E. LINTON,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner Queen's Bench,
AND CONVEYANCER,
STRATFORD.

NOTICE.

THE inhabitants of the town of Goderich will apply to Parliament for an Act to Icorporate the said town.
Goderich, July 25th, 1848. 2tif

DR. HAMILTON,
SURGEON,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH.

E. C. WATSON,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER,
PAPER HANGER, &c. &c.
GODERICH.

D. WATSON,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, BANKRUPTCY, &c.
OFFICE IN THE MARKET SQUARE,
GODERICH.
Feb. 1848. 3y

Poetry.

THE SNOW.

From the Buffalo Commercial.

The tempest is out,—Oho! Oho!
Right merrily falls the fleecy snow;
And trellis and fence, and drifted pane,
Are gay in their wintry garb again:
While naked bramble, and bending spray,
Have garlands fit for a king to-day,
And childhood is up with a shout,—Oho!
How merrily falls the fleecy snow.

The willow, still in her summer leaves,
On the winds her varied fret-work weaves,—
Her delicate twigs, and fairy form,
Are ever the last to bide the storm,
As over the garden, and the tomb,
She watches and wails the passing bloom;
In sorrow and beauty, well fit to be,
Alone and unchanged, the mourner's tree;
While over the ice-touched hearts below,
So carelessly falls the fleecy snow.

The mountain ash, with her crimson freight,
Is jeweled and plumed, in regal state,
And flaunts abroad, in her winter's sheen,
As bright a belle at gay sixteen;
While under the graceful, white-robed vine,
The filling leaves of the homesick pine,
To the gathering burden gaily lift,
And dream old dreams of the mountain drift;
So merrily falls the snow,—Oho!
Right merrily falls the chrystal snow.

Away through the storm's grey depths profound,
There's a sail on the waters outward bound;
What seek ye of joy where the cold wave flows?
Come back to your cheerful homes,—it snows;
Doth the glitter of wealth,—the hope of gain,
Shine, luring you over the frozen main?
But ah, in the hearts ye leave behind,
There's a pang as they list to the howling wind,
A thought that stifles the pluse's flow,
Though merrily, merrily falls the snow.

Oh! better than gold is the peaceful home,
Where gather the loved when dark hours come,
No matter how humble, if on its shrine
The gems from the heart's rich treasures shine;
The proud may glitter,—the storm may shout,—
The winds, and the wealthy may flaunt without;
I'll heed alike their dazzle, and din,
If they leave me love's warm boon within;
While merrily falls the snow,—Oho!
A welcome guest is the falling snow.

H. E. A.

Buffalo, Nov. 8, 1848.

POETRY!

Yes, Poetry! We love Poetry! As Goldsmith says "It found *us* poor at first and keeps *us* so." Still we love it. And when it shadows forth the spirit of the "awfully sublime," like the productions of our *Byronian* friend Quigley, of Fitzroy, we get regularly enraptured with it. But we get enraptured in a kind of a left-handed way when we are made to pay *sixteen pence* for Quigley's poetry in these hard times. And had the cunning little spirit who was kind enough to act as *amanuensis* to the talented Bard, not written "*in haste*" on the back of the letter, Mr. Quigley's poety would have found its way to the dead letter office. We will, however, publish it with some annotations which may perhaps afford us sixteen pence worth of laughing.

THE BRITISH QUEEN.

To the Earl of Elgin, I have commenced it
(An excellent beginning!)
With poetic strains and pathatic lays;
If his Royal Highness!! will do me justice,
(A king in Canada!)
I'll n'er forget for to sound his praise.

From the Hon. Malcom I have received an answer. (How poetical!)
He says my claim he will bear in mind,
If I placed my confidence upon his Honor,
A trusty friend I should always find.

But there is many a gem is both bright and brillient;
Man's eyes or thoughts shure n'er have seen,
(Exquisite!)
It shall not be mine, for I do intend it,
To make myself known to the British Queen.
(Great courage!)

For my name and nation it is early traced,
My birth and breeding is to be found;
But to tell you plainly I am a Bard of Erin,
And my habitation was near *Fernor's Town.*

Down by the banks of the gentle Sleney,
(Free Navigation!)
I have oft sourneathed both night and day;
The pretty females I have oft embraced,
(Emblem of the Reciprocity Bill!)
And caressed their charms that was fair and gay. (Melting!)

Where they appeared to me as bright as Venus,
Or the great *Menerva* that sprung from the foam:
(Classical!)
But now exiled in a foregn nation,
A forest ranging in a lonely home. (We think the wrong end of this line is foremost!)

See the great Homer all nations own it,
(Grammatical exercises!)
And Robert Burns from the town of Ayr,
I will not yield nor quit the field,
I'll n'er give up for I do'nt despair.

Poetry is a gift by nature,
To every creature I am very sure,
(Universal benevolence!)
Although his fame will last for ages;
But in the mean time he is always poor.
[Incomprehensibly sublime!]

But the time is approached, and you surely know it,
There are far compeers to be seen,
But you and I in co-operation;
Will raise the fame of the British Queen.
(Loyalty!)

The *supon* legislatures did surely cheat me,
(Beautifully original!)
When my claim from England went through their hands,
They said to me you are entitled,
But in the mean time you'll get no lands.
[Hard fate!]

But in Downing street from the Colonial Office,
[Splendid!]
The Earl Bath to me did say,
Your recommend gives you a tittle,
To any lands in the Canadas. (What pathos!)

The new legislature I have now embraced,
And wait with patience my claim to see;
If not like Cobbet there is new reformation,
In contemplation you will surely see.
(Great rhyme!)

To the Hon. Baldwin I dout my petition,
And with submission he received the same,
For I really think he's a second Byron,
(How chaste!)
As bright as Herchel and a man of fame.

See Col. Prince now your next door neighbour,
In Montreal where he spoke to me;
He says your poem it deserves a premium,
It is well composed in its loyalty.
(Climax of sublimity!)

There is not a member that I discoursed with,
Both Whig and Tory, all did agree
(And an odd ox!)
To scan my merits and put me in office,
Their word and honor sure they pledged to me,

I was advised to get the Governer's answer,
[Melodious as a boy hammering a tin pan!]
And I proceeded both stout and bold:
He sayed to me you shall have an office,
Your name for it then it is enroled

There is not a *genii* that has been for ages,
But their fame and birthday has been raised with joy;
But you an orator and I a poet,
Would gain the premium for sweet Fitzroy.
[Tremendouus cheering!]

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

In all attempts to acquire a knowledge of any science, it is perhaps the best to commence our inquiries as if we were entirely ignorant of the subject. Let us therefore suppose, that a native of the artic regions, or of some other district, where vegetation is equally unknown, was brought into a field of corn, and shewn, for the first time, a growing crop of wheat;—and further imagine that he began to inquire into the chemistry which belongs to the phenomena of this, to him, novel vegetation;—what would be, under these circumstances, the probable result of his observations, enquiries, and easily-performed experiments? and to what conclusion would these reasonably lead him?

In the first place, he would be speedily led to suspect, and his suspicions would soon ripen into certainty as he proceeded with his observations, that the plant of wheat, originating from a seed, and by a mysterious and wonderfully-arranged system of evident contrivances, all adapted, not only to the present, but to the *future* circumstances in which it would be hereafter placed, finally attaining to maturity, and producing other seeds, like that which originated the plant, and possessing the same power of reproducing other plants; these, and similar facts, would, I say, speedily lead him to the conviction, that the hand of some great, some Divine Architect, was clearly apparent in its construction.—By no arguments, however apparently learned or plausible, would he be led to believe, after observing some of the mysteries of vegetations, that the plant of wheat was placed there instead of a lump of clay, or a block of marble or ice, by mere chance.

But further let us suppose, that such a discoverer of a growing plant began to examine some of its chemical properties; what experiments could he make, without much difficulty, to increase his knowledge of its composition, its habits, and its food? He would observe, amongst other things, that the plant upon being separated from the soil, speedily died; that when it was burnt, earthy and saline ashes only remained.—Earth and salts, then, he would perceive, were necessary to the growth of a plant, for they not only mechanically supported the growing plant, but they entered into its very composition. Upon continuing his observations, he would as readily find that a plant would not grow, even in earth, without a certain portion of heat, for that all vegetation ceased at the freezing point of water; that the plant lost its colour when deprived of light, and died when moisture and air were withheld from it. Hence a few of the primary results to which such an enquirer would readily arrive, are apparent; he would be convinced that earth, salts, air, (the gases of the chemist), water heat and light are all essential to the perfect vegetation of a plant. Now in furtherance of these conclusions, and to increase our knowledge on these heads, let us proceed to examine these primary observations more in detail, and they will therefore be the subject of the following sections.

And let me here remark, that if, in following me through the following pages, the young farmer should meet with a chemical term which he does not exactly comprehend, he will find an attempt at an explanation of it, by referring to the brief notes at the end of this little volume.—Each section will be preceded by a few questions and answers, relating to the subject which it treats; and these, in schools, might perhaps be well to commit to memory before proceeding to the notes and subsequent observations.—*Agricultural Jour.*

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

From the St. Catharines Journal.

It is with great pleasure we have to record the progress of temperance principles throughout the eastern parts of the province; also, we note that something is still doing in the more western sections. We have read with great satisfaction the address of Judge Mondelet, delivered to the Grand Jury in Montreal; as also, the reply of Judge Sullivan, to the presentment of the Grand Jury, Toronto. The opinion of the Judges of the land, delivered thus solemnly from the Bench, reprobating, as they do, the traffic in intoxicating liquors, as carried on by many of our taverns, and as producing so much of the crime coming before them, will, we trust, have a salutary effect on community.

Can it be possible, after all that has been demonstrated on this subject, that no steps will be taken by the Government of the country, or by District Councils, to abate this fearful source of crime, and expence to the country.

To suppose, for a moment, that we gain anything by the traffic, in the shape of revenue, is a great mistake. The most of what liquor is used in the province is smuggled; and as to what we derive from licenses, it is lost four-fold in the expenses, incurred by prosecuting the violaters of the law, under the influence of intoxication.—There is also a vast amount of idleness produced by it, which is so much labor extracted from the common wealth; and then comes the moral pollution to our youth, which all the monies in the richest exchequer would not compensate us for.

We reiterate the appeal of the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, when addressing the trafficers in liquor, at the Mass meeting in Montreal—"Have we not given you enough of our blood for an interrogatory which does the speaker more honor, whether we consider the *animus* or importance of the sentiment, than any speech ever delivered in Canada.

We hope to see something done this coming session of Parliament, as it regards the license question. We can assure the members of the House, and the Administration, that they could not legislate on a subject of more importance to the country, nor on any that would secure to themselves more pleasurable reflections in retirement from the busy and active employments of office, or of life. We can furthermore say that from the present House; and some members of the present Administration, we have reason to expect action in these premises, if they would not appear different in office from what they are when out. We want no shuffling of this question from the Government to the people, who have plainly and respectedly expressed their views and wishes on the subject. The people will sustain the Government in any law they make to suppress drunkenness, and to limit the irregularities and improprieties of those engaged in the trade.

As regards our own town, we may safely say, that by far the greatest quantity of crime coming before us, is the result of drinking habits; the sober and orderly portion of community being taxed to pay the expense of punishing the violations of law committed by the grog drinkers.

We admit, however, that every inducement is held out to those disposed to indulge in the habit. We have it in the most of our stores, so that the more respectable consumer may be accomodated, and have his jug filled, where he buys his groceries and dry goods, and may occasionally find it in juxta-position with the Bible, and buy both at the same time: well may he exclaim, on such occasions, my "bane and antidote are both before me." He will find it in every recess and oyster shop, promenade and reading room! Should this be so! When will community frown down the pernicious practice, and cease to sanction the most corrupting and degrading vice of our day and of our country? We would, by all mild and rational arguments, appeal to those engaged in scattering ruin, poverty and crime through the community for the sake of a few paltry dollars that might be earned by some other pursuit, without inflicting any evil on others. We would dissuade, if we could, those men now engaged in the traffic from ruining our youth, from rendering homes wretched, from increasing our taxes, and from filling our jails. We would appeal to them as fathers, as husbands, as citizens, as patriots, as Christians, to desist from spreading devastation and ruin among us; we would appeal to community at large to frown down the trade, and withdraw their support, directly and indirectly, from those who persist to poison and break up the holiest ties of society!

This much we say at present, and intend frequently to recur to the subject, and notice with no sparing hand any violaters of our law as it now stands, and endeavor by appealing to that, to accomplish what we may fail to do by our first appeal to the trafficers themselves. We give fair and timely warning, for we have seen on our streets what should not, and could not, occur if our law was respected. We have seen the poor Indian basely drunk on our streets—we have seen the men who have just returned from jail, staggering round our town—we have seen—but no, we stop here for the present; let us not be forced to say what we have seen.

CLOSE OF THE IRISH TRIALS.

From the New York Spectator.

The accounts from Ireland this week virtually conclude the history of the rebellion. Mr. Meagher, of whose acquital the expectations were stronger than in any of the other cases, has been found guilty, with a recommendation to mercy, on account of his youth and for other reasons; sentence has been passed on all the prisoners—Meagher, McManus and O'Donoghue—the minor trials have been adjourned till December; and it has at length been authoritatively announced that the lives of all parties will be spared.

The only points to be noticed in connexion with these circumstances are the terse and spirited speeches made by each of the three prisoners above named, upon their being brought up to receive sentence, the words of which sentence, profaning every sentiment of Christianity, dishonoring the monarch, and fit only for the shambles, were precisely the same as those addressed to Mr. O'Brien. At that time it was of course not announced that the penalty would be commuted. McManus (who was recently in the American trade at Liverpool) was the first called up. In reply to the question if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he replied that he was enough of a Christian and a man to understand its awful responsibility, and that standing on his native soil and in an Irish court, he might have had much to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced, but he had placed his life and honor in the hands of two advocates, who had done all for him that he could have desired. One thing, however, he wished to be understood, namely, that whatever part he had acted in his short career, he stood at that moment with a free heart and light conscience ready to abide the issue. Whether he was or was not to ascend the scaffold, he wished also to put on record that in what he had done he had been actuated by no animosity toward Englishmen, since among them he had passed some of his most happy and prosperous days, whatever he may have felt of the injustice of English rule in Ireland. He had only therefore to say that it was not for having loved England less but for having loved Ireland more that he was then about to be condemned.

O'Donoghue was the next to speak. He did not complain of the way in which his trial had been conducted, strict as it was; but he complained that some objections taken by his counsel to the composition of the jury had not been attended to. He also objected to a part of the judge's charge, that he, O'Donoghue, was guilty of treason, in having assisted Mr. O'Brien even supposing he might not have known of their gentleman's real intent; and although his lordship had thus laid down the law, he trusted, as no earthly judge was infallible, that such a startling doctrine would be reserved for consideration, so that if it should be erroneous the error might be repaired, or that if confirmed it might become widely known, and put upon thier guard other men whose lives and liberties might be endanged by it. He was grateful to all who had defended him, and also to the Judge for his patient hearing.

Meagher then stood forward. He desired that the last act of a proceeding which had occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration, and he had not the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a state prosecution with a vain display of words. Did he fear that his country might think ill of him hereafter, he might desire at that solemn moment to vindicate his conduct; but he had no such fear. His country would judge him in a different spirit from that in which he had been convicted; his sentence would be regarded only as an attestation of his rectitude and truth, his fate would meet with sympathy and his memory be honored. To the efforts he had made in a just and noble cause he wished to attach no undue importance, but it would ever happen that those who tried to serve their country, no matter how weak their efforts might have been, would be sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. He felt no animosity to those who had decided against him—after the charge of the Lord Chief Justice perhaps they could have found no other verdict—but he would ask his lordship to appeal, when the passions and prejudices of the hour should have passed away, to his own conscience and to satisfy himself if it was such a charge as it should have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown. This might sound unbecoming, but it was the truth. He was not there to regret anything he had ever done, to retract anything he had ever spoken, or to crave with lying lips the life he consecrated to the liberties of his country.

"Far from it," he continued. "Even here, where the thief, the libertine and the murderer have left their foot-prints in the dust—here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unconsecrated soil is opened to receive me—even here, encircled by those terrors, the hope which beckoned me on to embark upon the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked still consoles, animates, enraptures me.—No, I do not despair of my poor old country. I do not despair of her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift up this isle, to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being what she is—the meanest beggar in the world—to restore her ancient constitution and her native powers—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know that this crime entails upon me the penalty of death, but the history of Ireland explains this crime and justifies it. Judged by that history I am no criminal; you (turning and addressing Mr. M'Manus) are no criminal; you (turning again, to Mr. O'Donoghue,) are no criminal; and we deserve no punishment. Judges by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted losses all guilt, has been sanctified as a duty, and will be ennobled as a sacrifice.

"With these sentiments I awart the sentence of the Court. Having done what I conceive to be my duty—having spoken now, as I did on every occasion during my short career, what I felt to be the truth—I bid farewell to the country of my birth, of my passion, of my death—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies, whose factions I have sought to quell, whose intellect I have prompted to lofty aims, whose freedom has been my fatal dream. To that country I now offer, as a pledge of the love I bore her, and a proof of the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honorable home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence the law directs, and I shall be prepared to hear it—I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope I shall be able, with a light heart and a clear conscience, to appear before a higher tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness as well as of infinite justice will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed."

This speech produced a great sensation, although upon looking at it calmly, we observe that it has the sad defect of a want of naturalness, since it is founded upon the assumption—under the circumstances, a theatrical one—that there was a probability if not a certainty of the sentence of death being carried out. As a piece of oratory, however, it is likely to find a place in every future volume of Irish elocution, and it may fairly be believed that even if death had been certain, the sentiments it contained would still have been felt and expressed.

MR. YOUNG'S LETTER.

LONDON, October, 1848.

Your old Birmingham Reformers must be considerably amused if not much perplexed, at the fuss there is being made about the letter produced in Smith O'Brien's business from Tom Young, Melbourne's Secretary in 1832, to Peninsular Napier, saying that the Reform Bill would have been carried by revolutionary means, had not the King and the oligarchy succumbed. Why, there wasn't a man or woman, and hardly a child, in the Hardware Village at the time, that didn't well know the fact at which the whole country now stands aghast—viz., that the Whigs were prepared to play out the same game to the letter, if necessary, that they had done in 1688.

It is only necessary for those whose recollection won't carry them back so far, to turn to a file of the *Birmingham Journal* for 1833, and there, under date Saturday, May 19, they will find evidence of a universal spirit throughout the country, from peers in place to peasants at the plough, that will make this much-denounced missive of Young's poor and spiritless composition, which, if published at the time, and with Melbourne's own signature to it, instead of his secretary's, would not have obtained one hour's special notoriety. That was the week, it may be necessary to remind you, when Wellington was scared from attempting to govern, and Grey was recalled; and it is of that week that Young's letter, dated June the 25th, treats. Here are one or two of the incidents which characterised that ever-memorable speech:—Mr. Jos. Parkes reached Birmingham at six o'clock on Wednesday morning with the intelligence of the great retreat of the Duke. Expresses sent to all the towns within thirty miles. 50,000 persons in procession to Newhall Hill by ten o'clock. The King, and other emblems, which had been covered with crape, and turned upside down, were reproduced. Mr. Attwood advanced to the front of the hustings, and "expressed his gratitude to Almighty God for the escape which the nation had from a most tremendous revolution." Rev. H. Hutton spoke an extempore prayer for "deliverance from designing and bloody-minded men." What said George Frederich, you ask, on that occasion? Why here's what he said—what he has always said, and always will say—"It was the currency pressure that did it!" Behold!—"Mr. G. F. Muntz knew that the demand for gold would send the Anti-Reform Government to the devil. His recommendation had produced that good and he was therefore careless of the animadversion and imputations that had been cast upon him!" But here is something more significant:—"A gentleman from Worcester announced to the Birmingham Political Union that Lord Plymonth's troop of Yeomanry had sent in their resignation. Several of the Scots Greys now in Birmingham have joined the Union, and are seen in the streets wearing the Union badge. One of them attended the meeting of the Council. As soon as Mr. Attwood entered the room he made his way to the soldier, and shook him cordially by the hand, amidst the cheers of the people." The very week after, a splendid dinner was given to Attwood at the Mansion House here in London. His name was associated with her Majesty's Ministers and the Duke of Sussex by the Lord Mayor. Ebrington, afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, now Earl Fortescue, praised him to the stars for his