

HURON

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, SEPTEMBER 15, 1848.

NUMBER 33.

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 Installments being done away with.

The first 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 1/2 POUNDS NO MONEY IS REQUIRED DOWN—while 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 the 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 COMPANIES OFFICES, Toronto and Goderich; or R. BARNES & CO., Agents, Goderich, Colborne District; Dr. ALING, Goderich, or J. C. W. DALY, Esq., Stratford, Huron District.

Goderich, March 17, 1848.

STRACHAN & LIZARS, BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Solicitors in Chancery, and Bankruptcy, Notary Public and Conveyancers, Goderich and Stratford, Huron District, C. W.

DAVID HOME LEAZERS, Stratford, Goderich, April 29, 1848. 6ml

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 Grants, and the Block of Land, viz:—North Easton, South Easton, Howno and Gore, Ellice, Hamshard, Fullarton, Logan and Hibbert, Welsley, Monaghan and Maryborough, and Western half of Wilnot, and the Block of Land behind Logan, into a new District.

ALVIN MITCHELL, Secy of Committee.

Stratford, (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 13 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. 6lf

TO THOSE IT MAY CONCERN.

MR. OLIVER, having left the whole of his unsettled accounts with the Clerk of the 1st Division of Goderich, advises all parties indebted to him to see that gentleman 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 incorporate the said town.

Goderich, July 29th, 1848. 27lf

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.

SONG OF THE GIN-FIEND.

[Mr. George Cruikshank has published another pictured story, "The Drunkard's Children," in eight plates, designed as a sequel to "The Bottle." This second issue is accompanied by an illustrative poem from the pen of Dr. Chas. Mackay, who has varied and moralised the harrowing incidents depicted by the artist. The following spiced song of the Gin-Fiend is part of Dr. Mackay's illustration.]

The Gin-fiend cast his eyes abroad, and looked o'er all the land,
And numbered his myriad worshippers with his hind-like, long right hand;
He took his place in the teeming streets, and watched the people go
Around and about, with a buzz and a shout, for ever to and fro.

"And it's hip!" said the Gin-fiend, "hip! hurra! for the multitude I see,
Who offer themselves in sacrifice, and die for the love of me."

There stood a woman on a bridge; she was old, but not with years—
Old with excess, and passion, and pain—and she wept remorseful tears.
As she gazed to her babe her milkless breast; then grieved by its cry,
Made a desperate leap, in the river deep, in the sight of the passer-by.

"And it's hip!" said the Gin-fiend, "hip! hurra! for the multitude I see,
In life or death, whatever she did, was all for the love of me."

There watched another by the hearth, with sullen face and thin;
She uttered words of scorn and hate to one that staggered in.
Long had she watched, and when he came, his thoughts were bent on blood;
He could not brook her taunting look; and he slew her where she stood.

"And it's hip!" said the Gin-fiend, "hip! hurra! for the multitude I see,
In life or death, whatever she did, was all for the love of me."

And every day, in the crowded way, he takes his fearful stand,
And numbers his myriad worshippers with his hind-like, long right hand;
And every day the weak and strong, widows, and well-to-do, and wretches;
Blood-worn, blood-wind, young men and old,
One the blind, one the young,
And it's hip!" he says, "hip! hurra! for the multitude I see,
That sell their souls for the burning drink, and die for the love of me."

From the Bathurst Courier.

MARY MELROSE.

BY THE EDITOR.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Away went lovely Mary to her first lover, and away went Nancy Shiel with her through the fields by the nearest path. They went over the first stile, and the second stile; but as they approached the third, they perceived the minister coming on the path to meet them. Then Mary took her mantle from the maid, and said she might return home, for here was her uncle, who would convey her to the village; and Nancy returned while yet from thirty to forty yards distant from the worthy parson. He took them stand on the first step of the stile, as if with the intent of having some parley with his niece before she got over, and there he stood, viewing her intently with a pitying look. "Good even to you, sir," said Mary.

"Good even, good even, Mary. You are to your appointment, I see."

"I am going to Mrs. McGalle's, at the post house, to drink tea," said she.

"I know it, I know it," returned he. "But, Mary, I would hardly have expected of you to have made this appointment, and far less to have kept it, after due consideration. Did you ask permission of your father to fulfil this engagement?"

"Yes, I did, and had his assent too, which he granted with the greatest readiness, good man."

"Did you tell him that you had an appointment to meet with the young laird to-night?"

Mary was thunderstruck. The query went to her heart like a burning brand, and from then to every pore of her body swelled with indignation. Her ears rung, and her face took first the flush of the peony rose, and then grew as white as her muslin gown. She had not the time either to deny or confess; but at length she faltered out, "How do you know that?"

"You see I do know it;—and I know more, when you do not know. If you go to Mrs. McGalle's, you are to accept with him there at night, and the phrase so laid, that it is impossible you can evade it."

Mary continued dumb with amazement, her eyes fixed on the evening sky, and her heart full of indignation.

"One thing she knew, that no living flesh could have divulged these things; but her lover himself, and she thought it most ungalant and ungenerous in him, thus to expose her weakness before she had committed any fault. Then she shed some bitter tears, but uttered not a word.

"Go away home, Mary," said the good man. "That God in whom you trust, and to whom you commend your soul, keep you in custody so lately, hath preserved you at this time, and you will soon know better than you do at present what great reason you have for gratitude to him."

Mary went a deep sigh, and indignation. Her uncle desired her; but she said within herself, "I have offended my good uncle; for he neither shaves hands with me, nor proffers to see me on my way home, and to whom you commend your soul, keep you in custody so lately, hath preserved you at this time, and you will soon know better than you do at present what great reason you have for gratitude to him."

When she entered the parlour, her father, who was hearkening little Sarah a lesson, was astonished when he saw her. "What's that matter, Mary?" said he, "have you forgotten any thing?"

"No, no; but I have taken the rue, and turned again."

"That's something queer and capricious-like, I think, Mary; a deep sigh, and indignation. Her uncle desired her; but she said within herself, "I have offended my good uncle; for he neither shaves hands with me, nor proffers to see me on my way home, and to whom you commend your soul, keep you in custody so lately, hath preserved you at this time, and you will soon know better than you do at present what great reason you have for gratitude to him."

Mary and Miss H— were handed out by their beau; but instead of alighting at her father's door, as she expected, Mary perceived that she was in a strange place, she knew not where; and she the smallest conception of the distance they had travelled. "Where are we?" said she. "Up on my word I do not well know," returned her then turning to the driver, he said, "Deek, who bade you come here, you rascal?" The coachman, who had got his lesson before, answered, "It was your father, sir."

"O! very well," said the other, giving each of the ladies an arm, and conducting them into the inn.

"Good Lord, Mr. James, where are we?" enquired Miss H—, with well-tempered indignation. "I declare I am terrified, and must tell you I don't understand this."

"Hold your tongue, foolish girl," said he; "are you not satisfied enough with me anywhere?"

"Am I so indeed? But I have a reason to know otherwise, and oh me! I have some plot on my honour, and this shall I do if I am bereft of my honour!"

But I'll raise the whole village, that I will, and I'll have you apprehended, and incarcerated, by, and hanged, for the detraction of a virgin."

In this state did she go on, till Mary became afraid of some terrible calamity; and, not being able to utter a word, she took part with her betrayer in calming the lady's terrible alarm, trying to assure her, that though she believed well in the same predicament, and knew not whether they had some other chance, or by destiny, yet she had so much confidence in Mr. James's honour, that she felt very little, if any, alarm. Then the lady rose in a flame upon Mary, protesting that she was a country cousin of his, and that she would not be so trifled with; and she determined to have full and ample amends of them both; and for that purpose she ordered the doors to be all locked, and the keys delivered up to her. They were taken out, guarded, during the night, in the parlour, and she and her sister, and her haughty maid remained there both in confinement, and constables to be placed on the house till he could procure a regular warrant from Edinburgh for their removal; and there were they all locked up again together, and kept there for several days. It was Miss H—'s own country house, and no very good one;—but well known to many of the Edinburgh beaux of a day. At a late hour, the young laird had carried her off; he went straight and applied to his father, hoping to find him at least reasonable. He never was farther mistaken. The laird broke out into a rage, as passion as he had never seen him in before.

"And why come to me with these news?" said he. "Was I your daughter's keeper? I'd take neither blame nor interest in that, I assure you. You might as well have taken letters of your daughter, and have her to you."

"Alack, sir, I little thought that ever your son could have had the heart to have carried off my beloved Mary," said the father, "and to have done so, as he has done, and so amiable, and so virtuous, and so much the support of my small family, that I could not have thought the heart of man could have betrayed her, far less Mr. James, whose honour I trusted as much as my own."

"You trusted to a great rascal, then," said the laird, turning hastily away, and dashing a tear from his eye; and so you may get and redeem your trust to the best advantage you can."

Poor Melrose, finding he could do nothing here, posted to Edinburgh, where he soon found his young master, and a more ardent and distressing meeting, than he secretly conceived. The young man was deeply affected by the eloquence of the parent's grief, but would confess nothing, save that Mary got a ride with him to town, and went off with a female acquaintance who came with her; and with this answer, and a forged direction where there was some chance of hearing of her, was the heart-sick parent dismissed. He had not gone far, before he met a messenger, who delivered his master, and he was not long in recovering his lost child; indeed, that was the only hope he could entertain; and he had recovered that darling lamb, who he was sure had been driven astray, and not gone voluntarily; he would have given all he possessed in the world.

The laird going abruptly into his son's apartment, found him leaning his arm on the chimney, and his eyes gazing with wildness on the wall. He was so much smitten him to the heart; and at his late enormities had then been to act as they were before acted, I believe he would rather

THE GIN-FIEND.

When she took the last look of ANOTHER, A hallowed spot in a far distant clime—
And she longed to be laid with her brother,
But the tears of His love who for Lazarus grieved,
Which for sorrowing sisters were given,
Now sprinkle the soul of the "doubly bereaved."
And she bows to the mandate of Heaven.
Montreal, June 16, 1848.

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BY THE EDITOR.

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