CANADA-A POEM. THE EDITOR OF THE BURGE SIGNAL And this is Canada ! the land Where ramour rears the great and grand, The land of deep, dark, desert woods, Of broad bright lakes and foaming floods: The land, where once, in ages wild Rosm'd nature's generous antaught child ; The destined land in times to come,

Yes, changful time is sweeping on To shake oppession from his throne, To break dire slavery's irksome chain, To close dread superstition's reign, Benignly to obliterate The germs of rival nation's hate ;
To quench each paltry party strife, To pluck the bane from human life, And hence to fling the truth abroad Of one—one universal God— Whose intellectual sons should be But one harmonious family,

Thrown o'er this earth all-times wherea, As bounteous nature's come of heirs.

Time hurries on, and wath his wings.

An age of peace of plenty brings; As age of peace of plenty brings;
A cloudle wolden age, when mind for latent energies revealing

Guinst every nordid selfish feeling ;

And seeking individual bliss,

In all creation's happiness. Then Canada, thy forests drear, Like mountain mist shall disappear The cheerful husbandman shall toil With ploughshare on thy rugged soil; And where thy low rude huts arise Mid thickning woods that veil the skies And scurce afford a safe retreat From winter's cold or summer's heat ; Yet partly screen the wretched poor, Who seem but destin'd to endure, And brood o'er happier bygone times Which once were theirs in other climes : Hope leads them on and deigns to give One-half of all that makes them live. Ev'n these rude huts shall pass away For massises of a better day, And many a lawn and happy home Shall rise where wild beasts prowling A sure presage. I see, ev'n now, Where the grey squirrel leaps on the

bough,

And ruthless wolf howled for his prey, As the wandering Indian crossed his By Mississippi's lone dark stream, Fair cultivation deigns to gleam, The desert turns an ample plain, Deep waving with the yellow grain; The mossy awamp and watery swell Assume the beauties of the dell. And Halls and Churches rise to bless The wild and woody wilderness; The borders of thy ocean lakes, Erewhile besprent with rugged brakes And marches where were heard to float The echoe's of the Bullfrog's note, Or pathlese, sunless thickets where The growling wolf and grisly hear, Of sought their secret hiding place : To cerea the herdy huntuman's chac Now smeet with some and allow

Give promise of a prosp'rous land; Whose infant cities hold to view The feats that science dares to do, Or where thy Ottawa's Chaudiere, Foams headlong down her dread career ; Even there has art presumed to swing, A pathway o'er the appalling thing, trace on earth and air and water The mighty power of mind o'er matter And earth becomes the home of peace. Proud Mind shall fling her rays abroad As emblems of her father-God! Rays brighter far than burnished gold Or the fireflies glancing on thy wold, Till nature's every element Beneath her soverign power is bent, And tamely owns from pole to pole,

The prowess of the human soul. Then on thy wavy waters blue, Where leaps the dizzy bark canoe, With snowy sails spread to the breeze, Shall commerce ride thy inland acas, To bear thy surplus treasures hence, To lands less blest by Providence-Then where the desert's deepest gloom Frowns shadowing like the timeless to Where sound itself seems half debarr'd. Save when at intervals is heard The distant cataract on the breeze. Foaming its music to the trees; Or where perchance some mighty oak Resounds the woodman's ponderous stroke. The busy jocound harvest throng, Shall raise the reapers lively song, And the rosy milk-maid ever gay, Shall lilt her rural roundelay. No more shall nature's artless child Roam houseless o'er the dreary wild, No more his lov'd precarious food, hall range at random through the wood His Bears, Bucks, Beavers-all he prized, Shall flee before the civilized, The generous Redman, ev'n he, Seems wrapt in the same destiny : For mind's bright banner when unfurled Must make one conquest of the world. Yes Canada thou art the clime. Of promise for a coming time ; A land where man may find a cure For half the ills mankind endure, For thou, as other lands grow worse, Art still the land of blest resource ; And lavish nature seems in thee, To sport in vast immensity, Thy streams are rivers—and thy groves Are forests, where the moose deer roves : Thy rivers are like lakes-thy lakes Are seas, where the great billow breaks, And foams white as the oceans wave, Thy tempests do not howl but rave Like madden'd fury, till the wood Bends neath its rage-trees that have sto A thousand winters, are hurled forth A id strewed in fragments o'er the earth. Thy fork'd and sheety lightnings blaze L.k. the last conflagration's rays; And thy terrific thunders roar, As if the mighty angel awore
That earth and time should be no u
Thy very soil seems limitiess,

by boundary lines are but a guess : ms and states of other land Are patches guaged by human hands; But line nor chain e'er measured thee, Thou art as nature bade thee be. And though at times my soul may stray Back to the land of life's young day ; And wander with a fond regret, Through scenes that hing on memory yet, Those witching scenes of boyhood's dawn, Associations now withdrawn; Loves hopes and joys that thickly rose To lead to manhood's varied woes: Those scenes that make my native isle, The sweetest on earth's checquer'd soil : Scenes that start up to make me deam My banishment a hideous dream, Which bursting, leaves me lone or mourn, And id'y wish I could resord.
Yet my native Isle suppar'd with thee,
Seems time suppared with Eternity.

A CONTRAST. ORIGINAL. In the heart's summer Fancy is a fairy That gilds her wand with dreamings of delight, Vhereon sits flope, with smiles that never vary From the glad hues that mark them in their

Then every flower we gaze on, in its beauty, Is an embodiment of hope and joy ! Then every bird seems singing love and duty, And warbling sweet-tongued praises up high.

Then look we on our fellows with no feeling That is not born of Charity and cheer; And if we weep, 'tis only drops of healing, Such as renew the verdure of .he year. But when the clouds of sorrow darkly low'ring

Drink up the dew that cherishes the heart When misery's black frost is overpow'ring The buds of joy-and bids them all depart. Then, stern-eyed Fancy-like a beldane howling, And twining serpents in her hideous hair— Conjures up visions, that from darkness prowl-

Then-all untouch'd by nature and her gladness Each smiling flower seems mocking of our wo

Each feather'd songster goads the heart to madness,

Seeming his joy triumphantly to show. And every face looks like a demons' glaring, Lit up with scorn, or darkly scowling hate; We deem ourselves of heavenly cares unsharing

And curse, despairingly, our bitter fate. Almighty Lord! look on us with compassion, And pluck the rebel spirit from our breast, Teach us to feel that faith in thee can fashion For us-the' sorrow-struck-a holy rest.

Teach us to bow all humbly to thy chastening And hail thy mercies with a perfect love : Believing that the grave, to which we're haste

panding into loveliness, stealing their colours from the rainbowed majesty of the morning sun;—who has listend to melody from the yellow furze;—to music from every bush;—heard

"The birds sing love on every spray", and gazed on the blue sky of his own beautiful land, swimming like a singing sea around the sun!—who has een, who has beard these, and not been ready to kneel upon the soil that gave him birth? Who has not then, as all nature lived and shouted their hymns of glory around him, held his breath in quivering delight, and felt the presence of his own immortality, the sequence of his own immortality the sequence of his own immo ed, and shouted their hymns of glory around him, held his breath in quivering delight, and felt the presence of his own immortality, the assurance of his soul's eternal duration, and wondered that air should exist tion, and wondered that sin should exist upon a world so beautiful. But this moral-izing keeps us from our narrative. On one of the most lovely mornings of the seaone of the mo: t lovely mornings of the season we have mentioned, several glad groups were seen tripping lightly towards the cottage of Peggy Johnstone. Peggy was the widow of a Border farmer, who died young, but left her, as the phrase runs, well to do in the world. She had two daughters both in the prime of their young womanhood, and the sun shone not on a lovelier pair; both were graceful as the lilies that bowed their heads to the brook which ran pear their cottage door, and both were mild, modest, and retiring, as the wee prim-rose that peeped forth beside the threshold. Both were that morning, by the consent of their mother, to bestow their hands upon the objects of their young affections. But the objects of their young affections. But we will not dwell upon their bridal; only a few short months were passed, when their mother was summoned into the world where the weary are at rest. On her deathbed she divided unto them equal portions, consisting of a few hundreds. Their mourning for her loss, which, for a time, was might and of repose. Fourscore was mighed with bitterness, gradually, passed away, and long years of happiness appeared to welcome them, from the bosom of futurity. The husbands of both were in business, and resided in a market-town in Cumberland. The sisters' names, were the resembled she titer bosom, smiling calmly upon time and its ravages; and a still, in the most lovely and gentle of the two. But before the tree that sheltered her hopes had time to blossom, the serpent grawed its roots, and it withered like the gourd of the earry prophet. Her dark eyes lost their literature, and the tears ran down her cheeks where the roses had perished for the literature and the tears ran down her cheeks where the roses had perished for lovely are gentled the mont of the site of the face of their literature, and the tears ran down her cheeks where the roses had perished for lovely are not cheeks where the roses had perished for lovely are not cheeks, where the roses had perished for lovely are not cheeks, where the reason and please those of whose worth they are not be seen in the silken curtains of a name and and selled the soft in the standard of the literature of the their lusture, and the tears ran down her cheeks where the roses had perished for ever. She spoke, but there was none to answer her;—she sighed, but there was no comforter, save the mouraful voice of echo. Her young husband sat carousing in the midst of his boon companions—where the thought of a wife or of home never enters—and night following night beheld them reel forth into the streets to finish their debauch in a house of shame!

felicity in the care and affection of her tem-perate husband. She was the world to him, and he all that that world contained to her. And often as gloam around them, still would they ' Sit and look into each other's eyes.
Silent and happy, as if God had green
Nought else worth looking at on this side
heaven!"

Silent and sappy, as if God has been also of heaven?"

A few years passed over them. But hope visited not the dwelling of poor Margaret. Her husband had sunk into the habitant drunkard; and, not following his basiness, his business had ceased to follow him, and his substance was become a wreck. And she, so late the fairet of the fair, was a dejected and broken-hearted mother, herself and her children is rags, a prey to fithireess and disease sitting in a miserable hovel stripped alike of furniture and the necessaries of life, where the wind and the rain whistled and drifted through the broken windows. To her each day the sun shone upon misery, while her children were crying around her for bread, and quarreling with each other; and she now weeping in the midst of them, and now curaing the wretched man to whom they owned their being. Daily did the drunkard reel from haunt of debauchery into his den of wretehedness. Then did the stricken children crouch behind their miserable mother for protection, as his red eyes glared upon their famished cheeks. But she now met his rage with the silent scowl of heartbroken and callous defiance, which, tending but to inflame the infuriated madman, then then burst forth the more than fiendish clamour of domestic war! and then was then burst forth the more than fiendish clamour of domestic war! and then was heard upon the street the children's shrick he screams and the bitter revilings of the tions and unnatural blasphemies of the monster, for whom language has no nonzer, for whom language has no name!—as he rushed forward, (putting contardice to the blush,) and with his clenched hand struck to the ground, amidst the children she ore him, the once gentle and beautiful being he had sworn before God to protect!—she whom once he would

ot permit The winds of heaven to visit her cheeks too

she, who would have thought her life cheap

she, who would have thought her life cheap to have laid it down in his service, he kicked from him like a disobedient dog!—
These are the every-day changes of drinking habitually—these are the transformations of intemperance.

Turn we now to the fireside of the happier Helen! The business of the day is done, and her sobest hand returned homeward, and he perceives his fair children eagerly waiting his approach, while delight beams from his eyes, contentment plays upon his lips, and he stretches out his hand to welcome them; while welcome them ; while

The expectin' wee things toddlin' stucher through,
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnily—
His clean hearth-stane and thrifty wife's smile,
Do a' his weary carkin' cares beguile,
An' make him quite forget his labour and his

gentle nature, being seared by long years of insult, misery, brutality, and neglect, she herself flew to the bottle, and became tenherself flew to the bottle, and became tenfold more the victim of depravity than her fallen, abandoned husband. She lived to behold her children break the laws of their country, and to be utterly forsaken by her misery, she was seen quarrelling with a dog upon the street, for a bare bone that had been cast out with the asses. Of the welfare of her who followed him that been cast out with the asses. Of the welfare of her who followed him that been cast out with the asses. Of the welfare of her who followed him that been cast out with the asses. Of the welfare of her who followed him that been cast out with the asses. Of the welfare of her who followed him that been cast out with the asses. Of the welfare of her who followed him though all trials? When extended on the cross, pointing to the disciple whom he axtent of her sufferings, or where to find nad been cast out with the ashes. Of the extent of her sufferings, or where to find her, her sieter knew not; but in the midst of a severe winter, the once beautifal Maragaret Johnstone was found a hideous and a frozen corpse in a miserable cellar.

"Last scene of all.

Which and the through all trials? When extended on the cross, pointing to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple, "Behold thy mother." And from that hour the disciple to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple, "Behold thy mother." And from that hour the disciple to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple, "Behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to Mary, "Womap, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom he looked, he said to

"Last scene of all, Which ends this strange eventful history :" Upon Helen and her husband, age descended imperceptibly as she calm twilight of a lovely evening, when the stars steal out, and the sunbeams die away, as a holy stillness glides through the air, like the soft breathings of an angel unfolding from his releasist, wings, the alken cuttains of

society. * A fact.

HARRISON & M'LEAN, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Soliciters in Chancery, & CHATHAM, C. W.

called them blessed; and they have beheld those children esteemed and honoured in

A MOTHER'S LOVE. BY H. MACHAMARA.

off every claim; and an object of blame, he is also one of pity, Her heart may break, but it cannot cease to love him. In the scholar is a gentleman in his feelings. moments of sickness, when stretched on the bed of pain, dying perhaps from a contagious disease, he is deserted by his professed friends, who dare not, to approach him-one norse will be seen attending him; she will not leave his precious

If we reflect upon the inestimable value of this parent, we can appreciate the beauty of the psalmist's expression, when he

compares himself, labouring under the externe of grief, to one "who mourneth for dying man, and tracing a cross with his his mother." And was it not in accordance finger on the bloody floor, he bent his head to kiss it, when a stroke, more friendly than

forgot the duty owing to her from whom they not only received life, but frequent! inherited superior powers of mind. We are too apt to disregard blessings to which we have long been accustomed, and to appreciate them only when it is too late.—

papers until he was overpowered with sleep. Emerson the mathematician made one hat last him the greater part of his lifetime, the rim generally lessening bit by bit till little remained except the crown. Another 'shocking bad hat' which belonged to a celebrated geologist of the present day, is honoured with a place among the curious

relics of costume in the Ashmolean Mus at Oxford, to which valuable collection relics of costume in the Asamotean and at Oxford, to which valuable collection it was presented by some waggish univesity youths. In the 'History of Holy Ghost Chapel, Basingstoke, (1819), p. 51, it is stated that the Rev. Samuel Loggon, a great student of antiquities, used to wear two old shirts at once, saying that they were warmer than new ones.' Dr. Paris in his 'Life of Sir Humphrey Davy,' tells us that this great philosopher was, in the busiest period of his career, so sparing of time, that he would not afford a moment to divesting himself of his dirty linen, but would slip clean linen over it. This practice he would continue, until as many as even six shirts were on his back at a time. When at length he had found leisure to extricate he himself from all except the one that was and anddenly There does not exist a more perfect feature in human nature than that effection which s mother bears towards her children. Low, in its true character, is of divine origin, and an emanation from that epirit, who Himself is Love; and though often degraded on earth, we yet find it pure, sublime, and lasting within the maternal breast. Man is frequently captivated by more external grace, and he dignifies that pleasure, which all the experience in the contemplation of the beautiful, by the title of love; but a mother makes no distinction, the core pleasure, which all the experience in the contemplation of the beautiful, by the title of love; but a mother makes no distinction, the core pleasure, which all the experience in the requently are interested motives the basic of apparent affection, but it is not so with her, who clings more fondly to her children in their poverty, their misfortunes, ay, and their disgrace. The silken chains by which we are bound one to the other are looking may shape the links never to be related that the search of antiquities, used to wear it would not afford a moment to divisit phimself of his dirty linen, but would slip clean linen over it. This practice he dispatched in the would not afford a moment to divesting himself of his dirty linen, but would shirtly serve on his back at a time. When at length he had found leisure to extricate a their disgrace. The silken chains by which we are bound one to the other are looking may shape the links never to be related that the Rev. Samuel Loggon, a great student of antiquities, used to wear great student of antiquities, used to wear it would shirtly an one ones.' Dr. Paris in his 'Life of Sir Humphrey Davy,' tells us that the great philosopher was, in the busiest period of his career, so sparing of time, that he she at a length he had found leisure to extricate where in the Animolom was presented by some wagish to wear student of middle that the Rev. Samuel Loggon, a great student of middle that the Rev. Samuel Loggon, a great student of middle t

stribute.

She has watched her infant from the cradle; she will not desert him until separated by the grave. How anxiously she observes he budding faculties, the expansion of mind, he increasing strength of body! She lives for her child more than for herself, and so that she shares in all his joys, and she in all his sorrows. "Not because it is love ity," says Harder, "does the nother love her child, but because it is a living part of her own nature. Therefore does she sympathise with his sufferings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him closer to her." Say that her son fails into poverty; a bankrupt in fortune, he is shunned by his former acquaintances and despised by most of his fellow beings, but one there will be cheering his despondency, succuraging him to new exertions, and ready herself to become a slave for his sake.

Say that he is exposed to censure, whether merited or unmerited,—all men rush to heap their virtuous indignation on his head, they have no pity for a fallen brother, they shu or they curse him. How different is the conduct of that being who gave him life! She cannot believe the charge; she will not rank herself among the foes of her child. If at length the sad truth be established, she still feels that he has not thrown off every claim; and an object of blame, he is also one of pity. Her heart may break, but it cannot cesse to love him. In the morning he has been the cus will not rank herself among the foes of her child. If at length the sad truth be established, she still feels that he has not thrown off every claim; and an object of blame, he is also one of pity. Her heart may break, but it cannot cesse to love him. In the morning he laves in a continuation of the mere man of letters, is a stale but it cannot cesse to love him. In the morning he in the love in the morning he always for some and the provided himself with twelve we may more or fewer pair of stocking. In a reference to the general seed

DEATH OF PIZARRO .- "They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword,' By the sword he had risen—by the sword he was to perish; not on some well-fought battle field, with shouts of victory ringing And hail thy mercies with a perfect love; Believing that the grave, to which we're haatening.

Is but the portal to a home above.

Goderick, Jan., 1849. A. W. K.

A. This is not a period of deeper luxury and delicht that the social religious points are the following and the following and the following and the principle of the pirit of life riding upon sunbeams, breakes upon the earth. Yielding to its plants are not a period of youth rush back upon our heart, in all their holiness, freshness, and exultation; and we feel ourselves a deathless part of the joyoud creation, which is glowing around us in beauty beneath the smile of its God! Who has seen the following a point on the leaves, part of the joyoud creation, which is glowing around us in beauty beneath the smile of its God! Who has seen the following of the things of the company of the polyoud creation, which is glowing around us in beauty beneath the smile of its God! Who has seen the following of unit of the thing which and the smile of its God! Who has seen the following of unit of the will not leave his precious abstances of youth rush back upon our heart, in all their holiness, freshness, and exultation; and we feel ourselves a deathless part of the joyoud creation, which is glowing around us in beauty beneath the smile of its God! Who has seen the following of the father kneel, and believe the proper dank, the world where she may meet her dailing and the children bent their kneels and his captured the company of the proper dailings—no blasphemies; but, the life to come.

His were vitable will not be dealed the may be a way to every but turns a way, leave the will not leave his precious and his toil.

In the envise with the precious and his toil.

A. W. K.

have you come to kill me in my own house?" and, as he spoke, two of his ene-mies fell beneath his blows. Rada (the chief of the conspirators,) impatient of the delay, called out, "Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant!" and witness the gradual departure of that angel spirit, which I had hoped would afford me comfort and consolation in my declining years." And "she lifted up her voice and wept." But she was not left childless, for "God was with the lad." electronic transfer out. "I have been the spirit, which I had hoped would afford me taking one of his companions, Navarez, in his arms, he thrust him against the Maryurary. But she was not left childless, for "God was with the lad." sword. But, at that moment, no received a wound in the throat, and reeling, he sank upon the floor, when the swords of Rada, and several of the conspirators were plung-ed into his body. "Jesu!" exclaimed the

> the rest, put an end to his existence.-Blackwood. STRACHAN & LIZARS, BARRISTERS and Attornies at Law Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers Notary Public. lerich, Lake Huron, Canada West. JOHN STRACHAN, DANIEL HOME LIZARS. Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848.

GODERICH CABINET AND CHAIR FACTORY.

LATSCHAW & ERBE, Southwest st.

straw chair for his table and another for his bed on which he generally remaind fixed in the midst of a heap of volumes and before the 15th of March next, or otherwise they will be collected after that date with Costs.

Goarich, Jan. 28, 1848.

1 tf

ALBION HOUSE, JAMES' Street, one door west of the Commercial Bank, Hamilton, by I. ESMONDE. January, 1848.

H. B. O'CONNOR

Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848.

Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848.

Butter, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Corn, stc., and every description of Farmer's Produce taken in exchange. Cash will be paid for good Grass Seed, Hides and Furs.

H. O'CONNOR, & CO., STRATFORD,

BEG respectfully to announce to the public at large, that they are now opening out at their store, next door to Mr. Lenton's, and opposite Mr. Daley's, a new and Select Stock of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &c., which having been purchased by an experienced buyer, and for Cash, in the Home and Montreal markets, they are determined to effect activations. Cash, in the Home and Montreal markets, they are determined to offer at prices that will defy competition. They only request the favour of a call from intending purchasers to convince them of this fact.

H. O'CONNOR & CO.

Stratford, Jan. 28, 1848.

NOTICE. TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE subscriber intending to leave Goderich, takes this oppertunity of returning his grateful acknowledgments to his numerous, honest and punctual customers for the liberal patronage which they have extended towards him during his residence in this place; while at the same time he wishes to intimate that a much larger numwishes to intimate that a much larger number of his customers have been very far from punctual; and these he requests in a friendly manner to call upon him at their earliest convenience and settle their accounts, as the nature of his engagements requires that all his business in this District shall be fully arranged before the first of April, 1848, at which date all unsettled accounts will be handed over to an Attorney for collection. for collection.

Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848.

HENRY NEWMAN, BREAD, CAKE and PASTRY BAKER, D respectfully solicits the patronage of the inhabitants of Goderich and its vicinity,

and truste, by strict attentior, to merit a share of their favours.

N. B.—Hard Biscuit and all kinds of Crackers on hand. Cakes made to order.

Goderich, Jan. 28, 1848.

GODERICH FOUNDRY. FARMERS, ENCOURAGE YOU HOME MANUFACTORIES.

THE Subscribers beg to inform the in-habitants of the Huron District, that they have in full operation, their NEW FOUNDRY, which for convenience and the facility with which the work is done,

the facility with which the work is done, equals, they feel proud to assert, any country foundry in Canada.

They further pledge themselves to the public to sell all Goods in their line, as cheap, if not cheaper; as good, if not better, than they can be obtained from any other foundry in Canada or elsewhere.

The patronage they have been in business here, warrants the above statement, and they take this opportunity of informing their friends and the public that they will use every exertion in their power to maintain the character, they trust, they have

tain the character, they trust, they have fully established for themselves. They will have on hand Threshing Mills, Saw Mill and Grist Mill Castings; Re-ac-

Saw Mill and Grist Mill Castings; Re-ne-tion Water-wheels, Smut Machines of the latest and most approled plan, Steam En-gings, and all kinds of Hollow-ware, such as Bake Kettles, Bellow Pots, Tea Kettles, Sugar Kettles; also, various sizes of Cook-ing and Parlour Stoves, and every descrip-tion of Ploughs, &cc. &c. In addition to the above, they are ready to receive orders for BELLS from five to ten hundred pounds weight, and warranted to be well toned.

to be well toned. GEORGE MILLER & CO. Goderich, January 28, 1848, 17

N. B. In order that the subscribers may No. B. In order that the subscripes may be enabled to discharge the pledges given in the above advertisement, they must insist upon prompt payments, therefore, of all Notes and Book Accounts now due, immediate payment is requested.

CROWN LAND DEPARTMENT,
Montreal, 10th March, 1846. NOTICE is hereby given, by order of His Excellency the Administrator of the Government in Council, to all persons who have received locations of land in who have received locations of land in Western Canada, since the 1st January, 1832, and also to parties located previous to that date, whose locations were not included in the list of unpatented lands, liable to forfeiture, published 4th of April, 1839, that unless the claimants or their legal representatives establish their claims and take out their Patents within two years from this date, the land will be resumed by Government to be disposed of by Sale.

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of the year.

No paper discontinued until arrearars are paid up, unless the publisher thinks it his advantage to do so.

Any individual in the country becoming responsible for six subscribers, shall receive a seventh copy gratis.

IJ All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they will not be taken out of the post office.

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BY CHARLES D MARKET-SQUARE, GO THOMAS MACQUEE LTAll kinds of Book and Jo English and French language teatness and dispatch.

THE BROKEN H A TALE OF THE REE

Early in the November of reached Cambridge that Cl the head of his hardy and ders, had crossed the Born possession of Carlisle. gazed upon each other wit swords of the clansmen had swords of the clansmen had all opposition; they were re-the multitude as savages, ignorant as cannibals. others who rejoiced in the young Adventurer, and wi it was to confess their joy, pains to conceal it. Ame James Dawson, the son of the north of Lancashire, si at St. John's College. T at St. John's College. T vited a party of friends who entertained sentimen own. The cloth was wi rose and gave, as the toast "Prince Charles— and su His guests, fired with his Tose and received the t The bottle went round-drank deep, and other to nature followed. The so toast, and James Dawson

ing, which seemed to be the day :-Free, o'er the Borders, the The dirk is unsheathed, The Prince and his class Nor needs he the long-p France.
From the Cumberland me moreland lake,
Each brave man shall sas

his sake;
And the 'Lancashire V
shall wear
The snow-white cockade
there." But while he yet sang, but the first verse, two cor four soldiers burst in nounced them as traited

"Down with them!
Dawson, springing foredown a sword which resisted the attempt to ers, and several of the tainer, escaped.

He concealed himsel when, his horse being road towards Manche

the ranks of the Adver midday, on the 29th, town which is now manufacturing world. Market Street, be crowd, some utteting nation expressed on th in the midst of the mu Dickson, a young wor boy, beating up for cockade streamed from geant; the populace tion against him, but him, for he continue round, with a blun and threatening to shapproached, who was Prince, and to moun The young woman c ribbons in her hand, them in triumph, yet!" Some dozen lowed at the heels o Dawson spurred his
Give me one of
addressing the serge

He received the breast, and placed head. His conduct multitude; number geant, his favours when the Prince a town in the eveni an hundred and e that day enlisted. The little band to what was call ment, of which t made Colonel, and

"Ay, a dozen, you

the Captains.
Our business movements of C we describe his d by, which struck t land, and for a throne and its dy particulars of his Scotland—suffice of December, the tered Carlisle.

On the following it; but the Ma was now compo men, was left as town, against Cumberland. sacrifice, that th might be saved and the young not ignorant of hopelessness of strove to impar