

THE HURON SIGNAL

Is Printed & Published every Thursday

BY GEO. COX

Office, Market Square, Goderich.

Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

Terms of the Huron Signal.—TEN SHILLINGS per annum if paid strictly in advance, or Twelve and Six Pence with the expiration of the year.

No paper discontinued until arrears 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.

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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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 VI.

GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 1, 1853.

NUMBER 30.

Hurrah for Goderich!

CLEAR THE TRACK!

OLIVER & CO. HAVE on hand an immense Stock of the very best Description of BOOTS and SHOES, on sale at the New Brick building, adjoining Mr. Hare, Watch-maker, which will be sold at the Lowest Prices for Cash or approved trade, call and see.

Improved Farm for Sale. BEING Lot No. 12, 2nd Concession, Township of Tuckersmith, Huron Road, the property of John P. Smith, Esq., containing 100 acres, adjoining the Building Lots in the rising and flourishing village of Egmondville, the land is of first rate quality, beautifully situated on the banks of the Bayfield river, and well adapted to agricultural purposes.

ROBERT SNODGRASS. FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER. (Over door East of C. Crab's Store.) WOULD inform the inhabitants of Goderich and neighborhood that he is prepared to make to order or otherwise, any kind of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine or Fancy work, in the newest and most fashionable style.

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Poetry.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

Ye whose light fingers wander through the strings, Seeking high meters for your melodies, And finding none; oh, leave the wretched Past!

And turn ye to the time that liveth now. Will ye be looking in the fallen leaves? For the grove's beauty of the spring? Or will ye seek in last year's faded nest The speckled eggs it cradled—? Oh ye wretches!

Gather from all the golden four cups That bloom even now! the winter dew Cometh to thee and them, and shall it fly? Thy sunshine slighted, and thy summer gone, And for the after-noon no honey is shed!

Time hath three daughters: one with drooping head! Sit in the shadow she herself doth cast,aving a winding sheet; and one hath charge Of marriage-robes and wedding coronals, Wherein his heart's ease, and the hemlock-bud;

And one the last, doth with averted face And so that shepots not itself in words Spin the small wrapper and the tiny band To swathe the yet unbearing—! of the dead.

One is not for thee, one thou seest not, And one is all thine own—a willing bride Cleave to her like a lover; she will tell Things that shall sink into thy soul, and come Out of the harp-string like a voice that lives.

And holds the hearer with its solemn tones

Uncle Bill Griffin, or Uncle Bill, as he was commonly called, with an irreverent disregard of his patronymic, did not retire from the ship chandlery business till he was worth something more than a plum. Not being blessed with a son to continue his name and inherit his fortune he lavished all his care and tenderness upon his daughter.

Sweet Molly Griffin, thou wert as unlike thy papa as a canary bird is unlike a bull dog. His face was as hard as a Dutch water-cracker—his tone as soft as a rose leaf. He was the wisest miser in all creation—thou didst spend thy pocket money as the prince of Wales. In his household management Uncle Bill was a consummate skin flint; the infatigable he used to soak the back-logs in the cistern, and water the lamp oil, and he was aided and abetted in all his biggery schemes by a vinegar faced house-keeper, who was the sworn enemy of all good beer, and stinted from a pure love of meanness. Yet pretty Mary did not so much as complain of her father's parsimoniousness, as far as she was concerned. He sent her to the best schools, and gave her a carte blanche on the most expensive milliners, and when she walked Washington street on a sunny day there was not a more gayly dressed damsel from Cornwall to Essex street.

Of course, several nice young men in varnished leather and white cravat, fell overboard and were lost with her, and there was a larger number outside of her, who attended on Sunday, that darkened the door of any other metropolitan church.

Yet cold was the maid, and tho' legions advanced. All drilled in Ovidian art, Tho' they laughed and ogled, protested and danced. Like shadows they came, and like shadows they glided.

Besides, Uncle Bill was a formidable guardian to his attractive daughter. Did he not fire a charge of rock salt into the inexpressibles of Tom Bilkins, when he came serenading with a cracked guitar—Didn't he threaten to kick Towel for leaving a valentine at his door. Wasn't he capable of unboard-of atrocities. The suitors of pretty Mary were all frightened head and ears in her agone of a father, except a steady young fellow who rejoiced in the name of Sampson Bittles, and who was addicted to book-keeping in a wholesale grocery store in Commercial street. The old gentleman really liked Bittles, he was so quiet, so full of information.

He was a regular price current, and no man on change was better acquainted with the price of stocks. Why Mary liked him the more difficult to conjecture, for he was very deficient in the small talk ladies are so fond of, was averse to mountebanks, disliked the opera, thought the ballet immoral, and considered waltzing indecent. Perhaps his good looks compensated for other deficiencies, or perhaps the horrors of dying in a state of single blessedness, induced her to countenance the only young man Uncle Bill was ever known to tolerate.

One evening Bittles screwed up his courage to the task of addressing the old man on the subject nearest his heart. "Mr. Griffin," said he, "I've had something here for a long," and he made up a horrible face, and placed his hand somewhat near his heart. "Dyspepsia," said the old man. "Your daughter," gasped the young man. "Well, what about her?" asked Uncle Bill, sharply.

"I'm in love with her," said the unhappy clerk.

Hamburg and Uncle Bill.

"Fact," rejoined Bittles.

"What's your income?"

"Eight hundred," answered the supplicant.

"It won't do, my boy," said Griffin, shaking his grim locks. "No man on a salary shall marry my daughter. Why, she's the finest girl in Boston, and it takes capital to marry a fine girl. When you have thirty thousand dollars to begin with, you may come then and talk with me."

Bittles disappeared. Six months after that, Miss Mary Griffin received a letter, with an endorsement of Uncle Sam, acknowledging the receipt of forty cents.

It ran thus:

San Francisco, California, 1852.

Dearest Mary—

Enclosed you will find a specimen of California gold, which please hand to your father, and oblige. Have to advise you of my return to Boston. Please tell your father that I have made fifty thousand dollars at the mines, and shall, with your permission, soon call upon him to talk over that matter, and arrange terms of partnership.

Yours to command,

SAMPSON BITTLES.

Mary, as in duty bound, handed the epistle to her father, who was overjoyed.

Some weeks elapsed, and the return of the steamer to New York was telegraphed. Griffin was on the qui vive on purpose to see his future son-in-law.

On the day of his expected arrival, he met a California who had returned home in the ship.

"Where's Bittles?" he enquired.

"Oh, you will see him before a great while, replied the Californian.

"Has he been lucky?"

"Yes; fifty thousand dollars at the lowest calculation. But he's going to try a game over you. He means to tell you that he's been robbed of all his gold on the way home, to see if you have any generosity of disposition to see whether you would give your daughter to him, gold or no gold."

"Sly boy!" chuckled old Griffin. "I'm much obliged to you for the hint. I'll act accordingly. Good morning."

Now it happened that the Californian was a good friend of Bittles, and that the story of Bittles' misfortunes was absolutely true, he having been robbed of every ounce of his hard earned gold dust on his way home. So it may be supposed he called on Griffin with a very lugubrious and woe-begone air.

"My dear boy," said Uncle Bill, "I am delighted to see you, and pleased to hear of your luck. I welcome you as my son-in-law. But what the deuce is the matter with you?"

"Alas, Sir," said Bittles, "I made \$50,000 at the mines."

"Very hard luck!" interrupted the old gentleman, chuckling.

"But on my way home I was robbed of every ounce, and now how can I claim my daughter's hand?"

"Sampson Bittles," said Uncle Bill, very cunningly, "if you haven't \$50,000 you do deserve to have it; you've worked hard enough to get it. You shall have my daughter, and the marriage shall be celebrated to-morrow night. In anticipation of your return, I have had you published. And while you are talking to Mary, I'll draw you a check for \$30,000, so that you may go into partnership with sufficient capital."

"But, Sir, I am a beggar."

"So much the better; you'll work the harder to increase your fortune."

"My dear sir, how can I thank you?"

"By making my girl a good husband."

"There—go—go and tell Mary the news!"

Bittles did tell her the news, and they were married. He went into business of the \$50,000 furnished by his father-in-law, and was so extraordinarily prosperous, that Uncle Bill was more convinced than ever that the story was a regular Munchausen. Once or twice he tried to repeat it, but the old gentleman always said, "What wretches! I know all about it. Had it put in the papers, no, eh? Oh, that was a terrible affair! Lost all! Poor fellow. Well, I made it up to you, and now I won't bear another word about it."

When Uncle Bill departed this life, his immense property was found to be equally divided between his daughter and son-in-law; the testator bequeathed to the latter his share to compensate him for the loss he sustained on his return for California. The old miser had died in the full belief that Bittles never lost the gold dust.

How CARELESS.—An anti-totterer, who had his load on, 'teched up' against the side of a house which had been newly painted. Showing himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took one glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, and exclaimed, "Well, that are a darn'd careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for the people to run against it!"

COULDN'T! COS HE SUNG SO!

Leaningly over a fence a few days since, we noticed a little fair year-old bird of the creation' amidst himself in the grass watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple-tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the robin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, he picked up the insect of his baser part, he sprung a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a goal aim.

The little warbler was rescued backward without striking the bird, and B. B. was within an ace of damage, when lo! he thrust a swelled, and forth came Nature's plea.—"A link—a link—a link, bob o link, bob o link! no woe! no woe! I know it—I know it! a link—a link—I link! don't throw it—throw it, throw it, &c., &c., and he do't." Slowly the little warbler subsided to its natural position, and the despised insect dropped. The minstrel charmed the murmurer! We heard the singer through out, and watched his unbarred flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feeling, we approached him, and inquired.

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home."

"The poor little fellow looked up doubting, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expressive half sorrow he replied.

"Couldn't see his song so!

Who will say that our nature is wholly depraved, after that—er ever that music hath so charms to soothe the savage breast—Meadow awakens Humanity, and Humanity—Merry! The angels who sang at the creation whispered to the child's heart."

The bird was saved, and G. B. was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys, don't stone the birds.

FROM LONDON PUNCH.

What I saw heard, and thought at Chobham.—(By one who had mentally been here.)—I saw the light Cavalry so heavily accoutered, that it seemed a perfect force over to have ordered them on active service.

I saw the infantry dressed in such torturingly tight coats, that it appeared a better mockery to add them "squad at ease," and I thought that what made them smart on parade, must make them anything but smart on actual service. I saw the troops generally learning to stand water as well as to stand fire; and I thought a drenching shower rather seemed to damp their military ardor.

I thought that most of the regiments, in attacking a sham enemy, would be attacked by a real one in the shape of rheumatism; while many a brave fellow who never quailed a defeat, would return to his quarters completely weather-beaten. I heard young Ensign Drawington complain that it was a "horrid bow fa fa who's—a-wad—of Opwa and Clabs—and aw—that sort of thing to be fawced to learn to for this ferocious campaign?" and I thought this gallant officer would feel considerably more at home in the Theatre of St. James, than in the theatre of war. I saw a force of nearly two dozen policemen, sent to keep in order nearly by ten thousand men; and I thought that the "force" should be rather called a "weakness" on the part of the Government.

I saw all sides afford sufficient ground for thinking that the army are few in number.

I saw the great roads of Europe, the Danube, the Elbe, &c., were so hard frozen as to bear heavy waggons for a month.—In 1809 the Adriatic was frozen.—In 1891 everything was frozen, the crops to tally failed, and famine and pestilence closed in upon the world.—In 1877 most of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1814 the Po was frozen from Cerebona to the sea; the wine sacks were burst, and the trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1336 the Danube was frozen to the bottom and remained long in that state. In 1316 the crops wholly failed in Germany, wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6s the quarter, rose to £2. In 1308 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1322—23—24 were uncommonly severe. In 1363 the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut with hatchets. In 1693 it was excessively cold. Most of the bottles were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1809 occurred the cold winter; the frost penetrated the earth three yards into the ground. In 1716 booths were erected on the Thames. In 1714 and 1745 the strong-

A NIGHT WITH CHARLES FOX AND WILLIAM PITT.

(From the London Press.)

Yes, there stalks the stately figure of William Pitt, marching along the gangway to the Treasury bench. He looks like one born for power, with that wide imperial brow—that lordly air of supremacy—that sovereign stare at the front of Opposition. There is something of his sire about his carriage, but his features have the Greaville look, as his blood partakes of his plume. He is dressed with elaborate formality, in his customary black waistcoat and blue-body coat. And now there is fresh noise about the gangway; and while the speaker is roaring "Order, order, below the bar," it comes the much desired Charles Fox, greatly to the relief of the discomfited opposition, who now have the worst of the debate.

At last Pitt rises. All is hushed. His figure seems too tall for an orator, and his aspect is forbidding with its stern and haughty air. But his voice is that of a demigod. How gloriously it fills the hall, as the speaker's swelling sentences are fluently rolled forth in melodious harmony. The action is flowing and facile, too unvaried for perfectly artistic grace, but with enough of elocutionary art. Not only every word, but every syllable is distinctly caught. If we had not heard him, we could scarcely imagine this blended force and harmony, this energy without discord, this marvellous felicity united to imposing stateliness. In his words, as in his matter, there is no appeal to our imagination; but the whole man, with his air of heaven-giving dictation, his awe-inspiring severity of deportment, his lofty scorn for his foes, his evident faith in himself—justified by his vast powers,—we say the whole man does kindle up our imagination, and vitalizes our recollection of Athenian and Roman history. For three hours with unflinching force he has defied his adversaries, and defended his resolves; and amidst reverberating volleys of charges, resumes his seat himself the only unshaken human being in that spell bound assembly.

Well, Fox can never answer that display. You cry, "What a pity that he spent all his day sauntering about! And last night, too, how he wasted his in the orgies where Capt. Morris sung his Bacchanalian strains." You think that Fox must break down, and you feel for him as with heavy lumbering air he advances slowly to the table, and fumbles awkwardly with his fingers. There he stands, amidst a deal of silence and expectation. Look at his careless, half-buttoned vest, his crumpled linen, his almost slovenly attire. What is he saying? We cannot hear him distinctly. He seems quite confused, and his sentences are all entangled. Ah, he must fall to his father before him did when "battling it out" with another Pitt. His voice, too, how different in its course and husky sound from the sonorous organ of his gifted foe. His gestures also how common-place—his whole air how ungainly as we contrast it with the stateliness of the last speaker. But how very still the house. The Opposition do not seem dispirited, nor does the Treasury bench look prematurely glated. Both sides know, by experience, the nature of the man before them. His voice is getting more clear—he has got rid of that unseasonable obstruction to his utterance. We find that he is saying, in every plain and unaffected words, that the minister, though adroit and artful, is, after all, very superficial in his views. He (Charles Fox) does not mean to deny that a case of apparent strength and reason may be made by the minister. Well, he fancied the case, and we are surprised to find him re-stating his adversary's case. He does it with clearness, precision, and transparency of style. The case could not be more strongly put for the other side than Fox has put it. He listens attentively and sympathetically by the equity of his statement. 'Tis his art which died with him. Now then, he has the case fairly before the house. Now the matter-in-dispute is fairly seen. Ha! with what overwhelming vengeance, what terrific impetuosity he annihilates the contemptible sophistry of the case which he had recently just stated.—He scouts its utter absurdity, and reads to pieces the whole argument. He analyzes it and refutes each assertion separately; he returns again and again to the main proposition, never gliding away with ambiguous language, or skulking from a difficulty. This plain, down-right manner disarms all suspicion of sophistry, and you evidently see that he is making havoc with the substance of Pitt's speech. Now, he glows with ardour as he approaches a part

of the question where humanity is concerned.

He becomes more intense every moment. A new view of the whole question, not thought of before, is bursting upon the astonished house. The speaker's masculine sense is translating into parliamentary English the ever-subtle and abstracted conclusions of the "E. B." paper.

Vast prospects of great social good flash into the speaker's soul, and he pours forth all his thoughts with the fiery impetuosity of an enthusiast. His argument becomes impassioned; his reasoning blends into the speaker's soul, and he pours forth all his thoughts with the fiery impetuosity of an enthusiast. His argument becomes impassioned; his reasoning blends into the speaker's soul, and he pours forth all his thoughts with the fiery impetuosity of an enthusiast.

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