

FRONT... Corner of... Book-keeping... From the Trade... N... Division... Clear and Produce... the Kincaid... GENERAL... O.X... VES... TEL... AE... N... EN... OT... OT

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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 V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1852. NUMBER XXXI.

Poetry.

THE COUNTRY GIRL AND HER MOTHER.

"To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes the lover,
Has popped the question to me, ma,
And wants to be my rover.
To-morrow, ma, he says, mamma,
He's coming here quite early,
To take a pleasant walk with me
Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my daughter, dear,
There's no use now a-talking,
You shall not go across the field,
With Billy Grimes a-walking,
To think of his presumption, too,
The dirty, ugly, drower!"

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, mamma,
And Billy is so love!"
Besides, they say of Grimes' estate,
That Billy is the only
Surviving heir to all that's left;
And that they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars,
About six hundred year."

"I did not hear, my daughter, dear,
Your last remark quite clearly;
But Billy is a clever lad,
And no doubt loves you dearly!
Remember, then to-morrow morn'
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the field of barley."

FORTITUDE.

BY JOHN B. L. SULLIVAN.

Sigh not with unmanly sorrow
O'er joys that once have flown,
Nor from future darkness borrow
Fears that never may be known.

If upon life's crowded highway
Thou art trampled by the throng,
Place no ignominious way,
To let it pass in wrong.

But press onward! nothing shunning,
Yielding to no man's scorn,
For it is by always running
Thou wilt ever reach the goal.

Stay not for some sunny hour
To begin thy high career;
Waste not for the budding flower,
When the golden fruit is near.

Life was not to mortal given,
To be wasted in despair;
He who will not climb for Heaven,
Never will be welcome there.

Time has not a leisure hour,
To be spent in idle fears;
And the barren gates of Power
Are not battered down by fears.

They are onwards, who have never
Lilted with a hope forlorn;
For the soul hero ever
Marches with his armour on.

In the race of men departed,
They have been surmised the Great,
The bold, the lion-hearted,
Who have wrestled long with Fate.

Forming then a strong alliance,
With thy brave and honest heart,
Thou may'st bid the world defiance,
Who and where'er thou art.

SPEECH
Of David Christie, Esq., M.P., for Westmorland, in answer to an address to his Excellency.

MR. SPEAKER—After the very able speech which has been delivered, it is difficult to say anything more in praise of the Governor-General. That difficulty, it is increased by the fact that I have not seen the original copy which I have ventured to present to the House; and although I feel my inability to do justice to the subject, I rejoice to have an opportunity of bearing testimony to the great principles which I believe Her Majesty's Government to have in view in the discharge of this duty. I shall not in any way detract from the merits of the Hon. Gentleman's speech.

I have stated, Mr. Speaker, that the Hon. Gentleman's speech is generally regarded as a model of eloquence. I am sure I only represent the feelings of my fellow-Deputies of Upper Canada when I say that they will not only read it with pleasure, but also with admiration. I believe that the Hon. Gentleman's speech will be regarded as a model of eloquence, not only in this country, but in every country to which it reaches.

The Hon. Gentleman's speech is a model of eloquence, not only in its style, but in its substance. It is a model of eloquence, not only in its style, but in its substance. It is a model of eloquence, not only in its style, but in its substance.

AGRICULTURE.

TELLING MUCH GOOD WITHOUT PROFIT.

—If an American travels through Wales or England, and observes the manner in which the people of those countries cultivate their soil, and the vast amount of produce which they get from a comparatively small parcel of ground, he must be at once convinced that, as a general thing, the American farmer ploughs too much ground for his own advantage. A small farm, well cultivated, is far more profitable than a large one tilled in the "skinning manner," that is, ploughing four inches deep, taking off everything the soil will produce, and returning nothing in exchange for that of which you have robbed the land. Now I know many well-to-do farmers who have adopted the "skinning manner" of farming for a series of years, and I would ask, What has been the result of their mode of agriculture? The question is easily answered.—We can sum up the result in a few words, thus: Their soil becomes impoverished; it refuses to yield to the farmer, who so abuses it the amount of produce necessary to make it profitable.—Those substances which give life and fertility to soil have been drawn from it, and it is not in a fit condition to plough, sow, or anything else.—The disappointed farmer complains much and often, because he has not derived more benefit from his land. Now every one must, or should know, that the soil is not in fault in such instances, for not affording the necessities of life in abundance. The man who has exhausted it of the constituents of fertility is the one who should receive the blame, for he has taken from those substances which he has to make crops. He has tilled too much ground, and has not returned it sufficient fertility matter to render it suitable for cropping purposes. We do not use grass and clover seeds, and we do not sow them in the proper manner, and we do not sow them in a proper manner, and we do not sow them in a proper manner.

LITERATURE.

THE PIRATE'S LOVE.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

The broad blue Atlantic was unbroken by the slightest breeze and the rising sun was reflected in its mirror-like surface. Stumbling on its bosom lay a small schooner, a model of symmetry which rose and fell with the long gentle undulations of the water; the sails hung idly from her yards, and bosoms, and not even a zephyr stirred through the light rigging that fell from her mast; her hull was entirely black, but from the stern-head to the quarter stanchion was a thick range of guns whose red muzzles formed a striking contrast to the broadside to the front which they projected. She was a noble vessel; and her calling was easily distinguished from her appearance.

Her commander Walter Macarthy, was the only son of a wealthy merchant who had carried on extensive commerce from the city of Limerick, but who, from the heavy misfortunes was reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty, and who finally died miserably of the uncertainty of earthly hopes, leaving his son heir to a barren world. "The youth was about twenty years of age when his father died; nature seems to have concentrated all her art in moulding his outward person in all the symmetry of manly beauty, while his mind was a strange intermixture of recklessness and benevolence; he had a heart which the charms of woman alone could unstring; but when the spirit of revenge or anger nerved it in wrath, the mad courage of the lion lay in his arm, and he who provoked him had soon to repent his ill fortune. In the days of his prosperity he