

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, FEBRUARY 11, 1848.

NUMBER 2.

The Huron Signal,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY CHARLES DOLSEN, MARKET-SQUARE, GODERICH.

THOMAS MACQUEEN, Editor.

All kinds of Book and Job Printing, in the English and French languages, executed with neatness and dispatch.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A TALE OF THE REBELLION.

Early in the November of 1745, the news reached Cambridge that Charles Stuart, at the head of his hardy and devoted Highlanders, had crossed the Borders, and taken possession of Carlisle. The inhabitants gazed upon each other with terror, for the sword of the clansmen had triumphed over all opposition; they were regarded, also, by the multitude as savages, and by the more ignorant as cannibals. But there were others who rejoiced in the success of the young Adventurer, and who, dangerous as they were to confess their joy, took but small pains to conceal it. Amongst these was James Dawson, the son of a gentleman in the north of Lancashire, and then a student at St. John's College. That night he invited a party of friends to sup with him, who entertained sentiments similar to his own. The cloth was withdrawn, and he rose and gave, as the toast of the evening—

"Prince Charles—may success be his!" His guests fired with his own enthusiasm, rose and received the toast with cheers. The bottle went round—the young men drank deep, and other toasts of a similar nature followed. The song succeeded the toast, and James Dawson sang the following, which seemed to be the composition of the day—

"Free, o'er the Borders, the tartan is streaming, The Dirk is unsheathed, and the claymore is gleaming, The Prince and his clansmen in triumph advance, Nor needs he the long-promised succours of France, From the Cumberland mountains, and Westmoreland lake, Each brave man shall snatch up a sword for his sake; And the Lancashire Witch on her bosom shall wear the snow-white cockade, by her lover placed there."

But while he yet sang, and as he completed but the first verse, two constables and three or four men burst into the room, and denounced them as traitors and as their prisoners.

"Down with them!" exclaimed James Dawson, springing forward, and snatching down a sword which was suspended over the mantelpiece. The students vigorously resisted the attempt to make their prisoners, and several of them, with their entreaties, escaped.

He concealed himself for a short time, when, his horse being brought, he took the road towards Manchester, in order to join the ranks of the Adventurer. It was about midday, when he reached the town which is now the emporium of the manufacturing world. On proceeding down Market Street, he perceived a confused crowd, some uttering threats with consternation expressed on their countenance; and in the midst of the multitude, was Sergeant Dickson, a young woman, and a drummer boy, beating up for recruits. The white cockade streamed from the hat of the sergeant; the populace vented their indignation against him, but no man dared to seize him, for he continued to turn round and round, with a blunderbuss in his hand, and threatening to shoot the first man that approached, who was not ready to serve the Prince, and to mount the white cockade. The young woman carried a supply of the ribbons in her hand, and ever anon waved them in triumph, exclaiming—"Charlie yet! Some dozen recruits already followed at the heels of the sergeant. James Dawson spurred his horse to the crowd.

"Give me one of your favours," said he, addressing the sergeant.

"Ay, a dozen, your honour," replied Dickson.

He received the ribbon and tied it to his breast, and placed another at his horse's head. His conduct had an effect upon the multitude; numbers flocked around the sergeant, his favours became exhausted; and when the Prince and the army entered the town in the evening, he brought before him an hundred and eighty men, which he had that day enlisted.

The little band so raised were formed into what was called the Manchester regiment, of which the gallant Towly was made Colonel, and James Dawson one of the Captains.

Our business at present is not with the movements of Charles Edward, nor need we describe his daring march towards Derby, which struck terror throughout all England, and for a time seemed to shake the throne and the dynasty; nor dwell upon the particulars of his masterly retreat towards Scotland—sufficient to say, that on the 19th of December, the Highland army again entered Carlisle.

On the following morning they evacuated it; but the Manchester regiment, which was now composed of about three hundred men, was left as a garrison to defend the town, against the entire army of proud Cumberland. They were the devoted as a sacrifice, that the Prince and the main army might be saved. The dauntless Towly, and the young and gallant Dawson, were not ignorant of the desperation and the hopelessness of their situation; but they strove to impart their own heroism to the garrison, and to defend the town to the last. On the morning of the 21st, the entire army of the Duke of Cumberland arrived before Carlisle, and took possession of the fortifications that commanded it. He commanded the garrison to surrender, and they answered him by discharge of musketry. They had withstood a siege of ten days, during which time Cumberland had erected batteries, and procured cannon from Whitehaven; before their fire the decaying and neglected walls of the city gave way; to hold out another day was impossible, and there was no resource left for the devoted band, but to surrender, or perish. On the 30th, a white flag was hoisted on the ramparts. On its being perceived, the cannon ceased to play upon the town, and a messenger was sent to the Duke of Cumberland, to inquire what terms he would grant to the garrison.

"Tell them," he replied haughtily, "I offer no terms but these—that they shall not be put to the sword, but they shall be reserved for my Majesty, to deal with them as he may think proper."

There was no alternative, and these doubtful and evasive terms were accepted. The garrison were disarmed, and under a numerous guard placed in the cathedral.

James Dawson and seventeen others were conveyed to London, and cast into prison, to wait the will of his Majesty. His parents were ignorant of the fate of their son, though they heard of his being compelled to flee the university, and feared that he had joined the standard of the Prince. Two soon their worst fears were realized, and the truth revealed to them. There was another who trembled for him, whose heart felt keenly as a parent's—she who was to have been his wife, to whom his hand was pledged, and his heart given. Fanny Lester was a young and gentle being, and she had known James Dawson from her childhood. Knowledge ripened to affection, and their hearts were twined together. On the day in which she was made acquainted with his imprisonment, she hastened to London to comfort him—to cheer his gloomy solitude—at the foot of the throne to see for his pardon.

She arrived at the metropolis, and was conducted to the prison-house, and admitted. On entering the gloomy apartment in which he was confined, she screamed aloud, she raised her hands, and springing forward, she met with a sword in her hand, which she exclaimed, "You here!—weep not, my sweet one—come be comforted—there is hope—every hope—I shall not die—my own Fanny will be comforted."

"Yes!—yes there is hope!—the King will pardon you," she exclaimed, "he will spare my James—I will implore your life at his feet!"

"Nay, nay, love—say not the King," interrupted the young enthusiast for the Stuart; "it will be the Elector cannot seek my life."

He strove long and earnestly to persuade, to assure her, that his life was not in danger—that he would be saved—and he wished she believed. The jailer entered, and informed them it was time that she should depart, and again sinking her head upon his breast, she wept "good night!"

But each day she visited him, and they spoke of his deliverance together. At times, too, she told him with tears of the efforts she had made to obtain his pardon—of her attempts to gain admission to the King—of the repulses she met with—and the applications to the nobility connected with the cause—the compassion she experienced from others—the interest that they took in his fate, and the hopes and the promises which they held out.

She looked into his eyes to perceive the hope that they kindled there, and as joy beamed from them, she half forgot that his life hung upon the word of a man.

But his parents came to visit him; hers followed her, and they joined their efforts to hers, and anxiously, daily, almost hourly, they exerted their energies to obtain his pardon. His father possessed an influence in selecting matters in Lancashire, and here could exercise the same in an adjoining county. That influence was now urged—the members they had supported were impetuous. They promised to employ their best exertions. Whatever the feelings or principles of the elder Dawson might be, he had never availed himself openly—he had never evinced a leaning to the family of Stuart—he had supported the government of the day; and the father of Fanny Lester was an upholder of the house of Hanover. The influence of all their relatives, and of all their friends, was brought into action; peers and commoners were supplicated, and they pledged their intercession. A high officer took an interest in the fate of James Dawson, and professed to take it; promises, half official, were held out—and when his youth, the short time that he had been engaged in the rebellion, and the situation that he held in the army of the Adventurer were considered, no one doubted but that his pardon was certain—that he would not be brought to trial. Even his parents felt assured—but the word of the King was not passed.

They began to look forward to the day of his deliverance with impatience, but with certainty. There was but one who that feared, and it troubled the bosom of poor Fanny. She would start from sleep, crying—"Save him!—save him!" as she fancied she beheld them dragged to execution. In order to soothe her parents and his, in the confidence that pardon would be extended to him, she said that the day of his liberation should be the day of his trial. She knew her fears, and her heart struggled with her belief to believe the flattering tale. James tried also to cheer her, and said that his life would be saved.

He endeavoured to smile and to be cheerful.

"Fear not, my own Fanny," he would say; "your apprehensions are idle. The Duke's word is law."

And here his father would interpose earnestly, "speak not against prices in your bed-chamber, for a bird of the air can carry the tidings. Your life is in the hands of a King—of a merciful one, and it is safe—only speak not thus—do not as you love me—as you love our Fanny, do not."

Then would they chase away her fears, and speak of the arrangements for the bridal; and Fanny would smile pensively while James held her hand in his, and as he gazed on her finger he raised it to his lips, as though he took the measure of the ring.

But, "hope deferred makes the heart sick," and though they still retained their confidence that he would be pardoned, yet their anxiety increased, and Fanny's heart seemed unable longer to contain its agony and suspense. More than six months had passed, but still no pardon came for James Dawson. The fury of the civil war was spent—the royal Adventurer had escaped the vengeance of the sword was slain, and the law of the land, called for the blood of those whom the sword had saved. The soldier laid down his weapon, and the executioner took up his. On the leaders of the Manchester regiment, the vengeance of the blood-thirsty law first fell. It was on the evening of the 14th of July 1746, James Dawson sat in his prison, Fanny sat by his side with her hand in his, and his parents were present also, when the jailer entered, and ordered him to prepare to hold himself in readiness for his trial, in the court-house at St. Margaret's, Southwark, on the following day. His father groaned, his mother exclaimed, "my son!"—but Fanny sat motionless. No tear was in her eye—no muscle in her countenance moved. Her fingers grasped his with a firmer pressure than she would have been capable of, and her head bowed down, and she wept in silence. They rose to depart, and a low, deep sigh issued from her bosom; but she showed no sign of violent grief—her feelings were already exhausted—her heart could bear no more.

On the following day eighteen victims, with the gallant Towly at their head, were brought forth for trial before a grand jury, and James Dawson was one of the chief, was James Dawson. Fanny had insisted on being present. She heard the grand jury pronounced with a voice of sympathy that she had evinced at the trial, and she held her hands upon her bosom, her lips moved as in prayer, but she shed not a single tear, she breathed not a single sigh. She arose, she beckoned to her attendants, and accompanied them to the court-house.

Still his friends entertained the hope that the Pardon Power might be moved—they redoubled their exertions—they increased their importunities—they were willing to make any sacrifice so that his life might be saved—and even then, that at the eleventh hour, they hoped against hope. But day after day she sat by her lover's side, and she, as her turn, became his comforter. She no longer spoke of his trial—she spoke of eternity; she spoke of their meeting where the ambition, the rivalry, and the power of princes should be able to cast no cloud upon the happiness of the soul.

Fourteen days had passed, and yet she seemed to have mastered her grief, and her soul was prepared to meet her God. Let her name be spoken to any man, and she appeared entranced, and her body lighted. On the 29th of July an order was brought for the execution of the victims on the following day. James Dawson, who had delivered the warrant, and calmly answered, "I am prepared."

The cries of his mother, as though through the prison-house, she tore the entranced Heaven to spare her child. His father groaned, he held the hand of his son, and his tears gushed down his furrowed cheeks. Fanny alone was silent—she swelled her bosom, she dashed in her countenance, or burned in her eye. She was calm, speechless, resigned. He pressed to his bosom, and they took their way to the gallows.

"Alieu!—my own!" he cried.

"My Fanny, farewell—an eternal farewell!"

"Nay, nay," she replied, "say not eternal—we are met again. 'Tis a short farewell—my own!—my own!—my own!"

Next morning the prisoners were dragged to the gallows, and James Dawson was the first to be hanged. He was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

"Fear not, my own Fanny," he would say; "your apprehensions are idle. The Duke's word is law."

And here his father would interpose earnestly, "speak not against prices in your bed-chamber, for a bird of the air can carry the tidings. Your life is in the hands of a King—of a merciful one, and it is safe—only speak not thus—do not as you love me—as you love our Fanny, do not."

Then would they chase away her fears, and speak of the arrangements for the bridal; and Fanny would smile pensively while James held her hand in his, and as he gazed on her finger he raised it to his lips, as though he took the measure of the ring.

But, "hope deferred makes the heart sick," and though they still retained their confidence that he would be pardoned, yet their anxiety increased, and Fanny's heart seemed unable longer to contain its agony and suspense. More than six months had passed, but still no pardon came for James Dawson. The fury of the civil war was spent—the royal Adventurer had escaped the vengeance of the sword was slain, and the law of the land, called for the blood of those whom the sword had saved. The soldier laid down his weapon, and the executioner took up his. On the leaders of the Manchester regiment, the vengeance of the blood-thirsty law first fell. It was on the evening of the 14th of July 1746, James Dawson sat in his prison, Fanny sat by his side with her hand in his, and his parents were present also, when the jailer entered, and ordered him to prepare to hold himself in readiness for his trial, in the court-house at St. Margaret's, Southwark, on the following day. His father groaned, his mother exclaimed, "my son!"—but Fanny sat motionless. No tear was in her eye—no muscle in her countenance moved. Her fingers grasped his with a firmer pressure than she would have been capable of, and her head bowed down, and she wept in silence. They rose to depart, and a low, deep sigh issued from her bosom; but she showed no sign of violent grief—her feelings were already exhausted—her heart could bear no more.

On the following day eighteen victims, with the gallant Towly at their head, were brought forth for trial before a grand jury, and James Dawson was one of the chief, was James Dawson. Fanny had insisted on being present. She heard the grand jury pronounced with a voice of sympathy that she had evinced at the trial, and she held her hands upon her bosom, her lips moved as in prayer, but she shed not a single tear, she breathed not a single sigh. She arose, she beckoned to her attendants, and accompanied them to the court-house.

Still his friends entertained the hope that the Pardon Power might be moved—they redoubled their exertions—they increased their importunities—they were willing to make any sacrifice so that his life might be saved—and even then, that at the eleventh hour, they hoped against hope. But day after day she sat by her lover's side, and she, as her turn, became his comforter. She no longer spoke of his trial—she spoke of eternity; she spoke of their meeting where the ambition, the rivalry, and the power of princes should be able to cast no cloud upon the happiness of the soul.

Fourteen days had passed, and yet she seemed to have mastered her grief, and her soul was prepared to meet her God. Let her name be spoken to any man, and she appeared entranced, and her body lighted. On the 29th of July an order was brought for the execution of the victims on the following day. James Dawson, who had delivered the warrant, and calmly answered, "I am prepared."

The cries of his mother, as though through the prison-house, she tore the entranced Heaven to spare her child. His father groaned, he held the hand of his son, and his tears gushed down his furrowed cheeks. Fanny alone was silent—she swelled her bosom, she dashed in her countenance, or burned in her eye. She was calm, speechless, resigned. He pressed to his bosom, and they took their way to the gallows.

"Alieu!—my own!" he cried.

"My Fanny, farewell—an eternal farewell!"

"Nay, nay," she replied, "say not eternal—we are met again. 'Tis a short farewell—my own!—my own!—my own!"

Next morning the prisoners were dragged to the gallows, and James Dawson was the first to be hanged. He was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

James Dawson was the last to be hanged, and he was the last to be hanged.

"Fear not, my own Fanny," he would say; "your apprehensions are idle. The Duke's word is law."

And here his father would interpose earnestly, "speak not against prices in your bed-chamber, for a bird of the air can carry the tidings. Your life is in the hands of a King—of a merciful one, and it is safe—only speak not thus—do not as you love me—as you love our Fanny, do not."

Poetry. HAUNTED GROUND. ORIGINAL. Nay, tell me not—O! tell me not, All places are the same; The gifted rose would smell as sweet, By any other name.

How dear unto the Switzer's soul, The father land of Tell, As is unto the exiled Pole, Where "Kosiuska" fell.

How calm and silent! the sweet moon Sheds on the wave her light, The bright stars smiling twinkle down, Upon the lovely night.

How heavenly calm! the wooded bank, Seem to be shadowed from the light, Upon the placid, sleeping lake, And sweet romantic town.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER. Be kind to each other! The night's coming on, When friend and when brother Perchance may be gone!

From the Montreal Agricultural Journal. AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS AND MODEL FARMS. We are happy to have it in our power to announce to our subscribers that several gentlemen have offered farms to the "Lower Canada Agricultural Society"

How calm and silent! the sweet moon Sheds on the wave her light, The bright stars smiling twinkle down, Upon the lovely night.

How heavenly calm! the wooded bank, Seem to be shadowed from the light, Upon the placid, sleeping lake, And sweet romantic town.

How calm and still! there is no sound, But soft sighs on the shore, Where waters ripple on the sand, Weary of splash and roar.

climate are calculated to produce—the breeding and feeding of castled sheep, and the management of the dairy. Not less than two acres of green crop of any one plant, and five should be experimented upon on a Model Farm.

How PAT TAUGHT HIS BROTHER SOLDIER SPANISH.—Now you see, my honey, this speaking Spanish is just the assist thing intirely, especially if you have a good knowledge of your own mother's tongue.

H. B. O'CONNOR, IMPORTER, WEST STREET. TAKES this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal support and distinguished patronage he has received since the opening of his Establishment in Goderich.

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

SCHEDULE OF CONVICTIONS by Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace within the Huron District, from the November Sessions 1847, to the January Sessions, 1848. Table with columns: NAME OF THE DEFENDANT, NAME OF THE CHARGE, DATE OF CONVICTION, NAME OF THE COURT, and REMARKS.

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. Dale's, a new and select Stock of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &c.

NOTICE, TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. THE subscriber intending to leave Goderich, takes this opportunity 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.

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 Western Canada, since the 1st January, 1832.

HENRY NEWMAN, BREAD, CAKE and PASTRY BAKER, respectfully solicits the patronage of the inhabitants of Goderich and its vicinity, and trusts, by strict attention, to merit a share of their favours.

GODERICH FOUNDRY. FARMERS, ENCOURAGE YOUR HOME MANUFACTURES. THE Subscribers beg to inform the inhabitants 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, equals, they feel proud to assert, any country foundry in Canada.

GEORGE MILLER & CO. Goderich, January 28, 1848. N. B. In order that the subscribers 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.

A. NASMYTH, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, RESPECTFULLY acquaints his friends and customers that he continues to make men's wearing apparel in the most approved and fashionable style and on short notice. And in returning thanks to the inhabitants of Goderich and the surrounding neighbourhood, for the liberal encouragement he has received, he hopes by assiduity and punctuality, still to merit a continuance of their patronage.

DIV. COURT BLANKS. PRINTED on a superior quality of paper, for sale at the Huron Signal Office, cheap for Cash. Goderich, Jan. 26, 1848.

PURIFY THE BLOOD. MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS. THE high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent Medicines have acquired for their invincible efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them.

IN ALL CASES of Asthma, Acute and Chronic Rheumatism, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Bilious Fevers and Liver Complaints. In the South and West where these diseases prevail, they will be found invaluable. Planters, farmers, and others, who once use these Medicines, will never be without them.

THE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS PURIFY THE BLOOD, and thus remove all disease from the system. A single trial will place the LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS beyond the reach of competition in the estimation of every patient.

GODERICH CABINET AND CHAIR FACTORY. LATSCHAW & ERBE, South-west st. Sign of the Big Chair, beg most respectfully to acquaint the public generally, as well as new settlers coming into the Huron District, that they will find it to their advantage to purchase at the above establishment, as they continue to manufacture Cabinet Ware of every description, such as Sideboards, Drawers, Sofas, plain and fancy Bedsteads, Centre, Telescope, Dining and Breakfast Tables, &c., &c.

JOHN WINER, WHOLESALE DRUGGIST: dealer in Paints, Oils, Varnishes and colors; Importer of Genuine English Chemicals. Every article sent from this Establishment is warranted Genuine. No. 3, St. James's Block, King Street, Hamilton. January 28, 1848.

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 advantageous to do so.

Levi, I caught an the beautiful whose bright eyes been leaping than two hundred torrent of liquid bed below.

THE HURON. VOLUME I. The Huron. IN PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY CHARLES MARKET SQUARE THOMAS MACQUI. All kinds of Book as English and French lang business and dispatch. THE DEAD OF 1 BY W. F. With blood, and each Goring himself in gloom All earth was but one the death. Immediate and inglorious Of fame fed upon all on Dead, and their bones were The meager by the meag