Huron Signal.

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VOLUME [VI.] IV

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BY THOMAS MACQUEEN,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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☞ Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

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☞ A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the incense of the soul,
The odor of the flower;
And rises as the water roll
To God's controlling power!
Within the soul there would not be
This infinite desire
To whisper thoughts—in prayer to Thee,
Had thou not lit the fire.

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth
To Thee, whose love divine
Steels gently down, like dew to soothe,
Or like the sunbeam shine:
For in the humblest soul that lives,
As in the lowest flower,
The dew-drop back His image gives,
The soul reflects his power!

At night, when all is hushed and still,
And e'en soft echo sleeps,
A still small voice doth o'er me thrill,
And to each heart-throb leaps:
It is the spirit-pulse which,
Far ever deep and true,
The atom which its Author meets,
As sunlight greets the dew!

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

By the shore of Time now lying,
On the lucky flood beneath,
Waits for the the ship of Death.

He who on that vessel startetb,
Sailing from the sons of men,
To the friends from whom he parteth,
Never more returns again.

From her mast no flag is flying,
To denote from whence she came,
She is known unto the dying,
Azael is her captain's name.

Not a word was ever spoken
On that dark, unfathomed sea;
Silence there is so unbroken,
She herself seems not to be.

Silence thus, in Darkness lonely,
Doth the Soul put forth alone,
While the wings of angels only
Waft her on a land unknown.

NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIBERS IN AMERICA.—COLLECTING THE ACCOUNTS.

THE following amusing account of the patronage of which the newspaper press in America can boast appears in a number of a "far west" journal, which has just reached us. It is no wonder, after reading the report which follows of the progress made in collecting the subscriptions, that the American contemporaries should subscribe to the third heavens, as the noblest heaven in creation, the "man who pays for his paper." The collector, it will be observed, reports progress to the unfortunate newspaper proprietor.—

"I have just returned from a tour through this state, and proceed to furnish you with an account of my labours and their success. I have been gone for three months, and assure you, in all sincerity that I am fully satisfied. You furnished me a list of 117 owing subscribers, as you will recollect. I have called upon 104 of them, and have the honour of paying over to your order 3 dollars and 12½ cents, being the amount to which you are entitled. I return you the list numbered from 1 to 117, and now give you the reply of each:—

"No 1—is a minister. He says, in the first place, he never got one half of the numbers (a lie according to the account of the postmaster), and, in the next place, your jocker's column was too scurrilous. He cant think of aiding to sustain a paper that advertises horse races and gander pulling. Besides he knows from the tone of your editorials that you drink, and paying you would only be the means of ending your days in the kennel. He wondered at your imprudence in sending this off, after publishing the great prize fight between Left-handed Smoke and Bittering Bill. He wants nothing to do with you—never wants to hear from you again.

"No. 2—is in jail for debt. He has not seen a half-dollar for a year. Says he would pay with the utmost cheerfulness if he only had the money, but had to borrow a shirt to put on last Sunday. Admires your paper wonderfully, and hopes you will continue sending it to him. He wishes you to take a bold stand in favour of the abolition of imprisonment, for debt, as he thinks it would be a very popular move with gentlemen in his situation. If you send him any more papers, he hopes you will see that the postage is paid, or otherwise he will be unable to enjoy your incubrations. Sends his best respects.

"No. 3—Is a young doctor. Says your paper is beneath the notice of a gentleman. Wouldent give a ——— for a cart load. Says you inserted an article flouting on the profession. Only wishes he could catch you here. Is going to persuade everybody that takes your paper to stop it. Cursed your all, and says you may collect it the best way you can.

"No. 4—Is an old maid. Says you are always taking a thing at single ladies of an uncertain age. Wouldn't pay you if she was rolling in wealth, and you hadn't cash enough to buy a crust of bread. Sent all the papers she had back a month ago, and says now that she had sent them back, she dont owe you anything. She is even with you, and intends to keep so until the day of judgement. Asked me not to forget to tell you that you are no gentleman, or you wouldn't undertake to slander a large and respectable class of the female population of the country.

"Number 5—Is a gambler—a sporting gentleman—says he got completely cleaned out last week at the races. Couldn't accomodate his grandmother with a hell cent, if she was starving. Likes your paper tolerable—would like it better if you published more races and would occasionally give an account of a cock fight. Liked the description of the prize fight amazingly—it reflected a multitude of your faults. Hopes you won't think hard of him for not paying you now; but has got a prospect of soon having some loose change, as he is after a rich young greenhorn who arrived here last week. Will pay your bill out of the plockings.

"No. 6—Is an old drunkard. Hasn't got anything, and never expects to have. Gathers up all the papers that he can, and sold them for half a pint of rum to the doggery keeper to wrap groceries in. Wish you would send him a pile, as they cost him no postage, his brother-in-law being postmaster, and permitting him to take out letters for nothing. Winked at me when I presented your bill, and inquired if I wasn't a distant relation of the man that owed the bill out West.

"No. 7—Is a cooper. Swore he never owed you a cent, and told me I was a low rascal for trying to swindle him in such a barefaced manner.—Advised me to make tracks in little less than no time, or you would get out a warrant against me as a Toronto thief, and have me sent to prison. Cut me I have. I, by all odds, the mean cooper I ever seen yet. Will never go near him again.

"No 8—Is a politician. Says you profess to publish a whig, although not so. Thinks he has seen enough of your squinting towards the side to which you are a sick. Meant to have told you a year ago to stop the paper but forgot it. Tells you to do so now, and thinks you ought to be ashamed of yourself for not loosing any more by him. Believes you to be a rascal, and not too honourable to have anything to do with you, as it might compromise him and injure his prospects.

"No. 9—paid up like a man. The only one—likes your paper first rate, and means to take and pay for it as long as you publish it or he lives. Asked me to dinner and treated me like a king. An oasis in the desert! A man fit for heaven!

"No. 10—is a merchant, expects to break shortly. Must save all he small change. Offered me a pair of breeches and a cotton handkerchief for the debt. Rejected them with scorn. Had a long jaw. Threatened to break my head. Dared him. Threw a hatchet at me. I dodged it and put out.

"Nos. 11 to 117—Much as not. Had no money—wouldn't pay—didn't owe. I swore I'd sue. They said I might sue an hickory. Cursed all the little ones and hurried from the big. Never got the first red cent from one of them.

"The foregoing is a true extract from my note-book. I have not succeeded a whit better with the patrons of the other publications for which I am agent, and it is impossible to collect from those who are determined not to pay. I have sued I have seen away three months. I have expended in that period two hundred and twenty dollars travelling, and my entire commissions amount to eighty-two dollars and forty-five cents. I am willing to do my share towards the propagation of news, but more than that no reasonable man could ask. This business don't exactly suite me—I can't stand it.

"Please accept my resignation, and strike my name from your list of agents. I admire your paper very much myself, but it would be a queer-looking sort of a concern that would come nearer to the requirements of every body. One wants independence in an editor—another dont want any. One wants all slang—another wouldn't touch a journal that contains an irreverent line within ten foot pole. One sentimental, lackadaisical Miss in pantalettes, wanted nothing but love poetry, another never reads anything but the marriages.

"All kinds of abuse I have to bear, too. I wouldn't mind it so much if they only cursed you and your paper, but they curse me, too! Swindler, rascal, villain, blood sucker; these are some of the names they think proper to bestow upon me. Once I was put in jail for assault and battery, and only escaped by breaking out.

"Send me a receipt for the three dollars twelve and a half cents, and believe me, yours in despair.

"AARON SWEATWELL."

THE REVOLUTION OF THE RIO GRADE.—A despatch from New Orleans, dated the 12th inst., says that *Tehuantepec*, had arrived at that port from Vera Cruz, and reported that the news of final capture of Montamoras by Carajival and his party had been received at Vera Cruz. No dates or particulars are given.

☞ A poor fellow in one of the Western jails says that although he has been in jail six months, the only thing that has "dropped him a line" is a friendly spider that belongs to a burglar in the next story above.

SUMMER FALLOW,

Or a Hint for Farmers' Daughters to give to their Sweethearts.

"Well, Tom my old boy, I congratulate you with all my heart. And so you've got married at last, eh!" exclaimed a jolly young farmer to his friend on meeting him at the Provincial Exhibition at Brockville the other day. 'But pray tell me,' he continued, 'for I am very curious to hear, how you managed to obtain the stubborn old father's consent.'

'Oh, that's easily told; it was the summer fallow that did it,' was the curt reply.

'The summer fallow! What in the world had the summer fallow to do with it?' asked his interlocutor in no little bewilderment.

'Every thing,' was the calm reply; 'but I see,' he continued, 'I must tell you how it was and all about it.'

'Well! then,' he said, 'to begin at the beginning, it was agreed on all hands that Bella and I, we had been brought up together from childhood, should be married as soon as I had got my farm clear of debt; but this turned out to be a much heavier job than I anticipated; the farm was large and the land good, but quite exhausted, and so my crops failed, and I was in utter despair. The period when the last payment would become due was rapidly approached, and I had no means for meeting it. Poor Bella was as much distressed at the dark prospect before us as I was. It produced so complete a change in her whole conduct and deportment as to attract the notice of her father, who, with a very little questioning elicited from her a true statement of the cause. The old man cheered her up with some kind encouraging word and said he would ride over and see what I was doing.'

"Well over he came; I knew the old poney half a mile off, and my heart leapt to my mouth when I saw who was riding it. I was not sure that he was coming to see me till he turned in at the open bars, leading into the largest field on my farm, about twenty acres, where I was at work plowing, with my hired boy picking off stones.

After kindly shaking hands with me, he asked me to walk over the farm with him, he would like to see it he said.

So after I had given some directions to the boy, off we started; but before we got half way across the field, he stopped and [illegible] going to do with it.

"Why, sowed with wheat, of course, and next year—your seed agricultural.

"Oh yes!" said he, looking as good a face upon it as I could, although my heart was more than half right, "I was afraid he was more than half right, "I certainly expect that and a little over to be able to make up my last payment," which will become due next winter—this was the spring.

'And what other dependence have you?'

I was silent, for indeed it was my only one.

I took him over the rest of the farm, and he seemed to *know* a little as he observed the fields well cleaned up and the fences in good repair, and when we reached my solitary homestead every thing about it was so neat and trim, and the provision of fuel so ample as to elicit from him a smile of approbation.

On taking his leave he kindly invited me to his house that evening, a thing he had never done before, and I worked harder that day and in better spirits than I had ever done for months before.

The evening came, and of course I went to his house, not doubting but that I should see Bella; but no, when I knocked at the door it was opened by the old man himself. His daughter and her mother he said in answer to my anxious looks had gone over to a neighbour's house to spend the evening. But never mind he continued, come in. I want to have a little talk with you about that unfortunate farm of yours, and then abruptly added as he handed me a chair, 'That big field must be summer fallowed.'

'And what,' I replied, 'will old Hebson say to that when he sees I have no means of paying him? This was the man I owed the money to.

'Oh, he said, 'I have been to see him, and have settled the matter so far that he is willing to wait another year for you.'

I thanked him with all my heart and promised to follow his advice about the big field.

I went home that night you may be sure with a light heart; only fancy the old fellow driving away on my account, full twenty miles or more. M. Hebson's house where he had been was at least ten miles off. I certainly considered the circumstance altogether as a very favorable omen, and so did Bella when I told her all about it the first time I saw her about three weeks afterwards, but I might have saved myself the trouble as she knew as much about it as I did, and asked me with no small degree of anxiety and earnestness if I was going to summer fallow the big field.

Well, I *did* summer fallow it; bestowing the utmost pains upon it—working at it almost night and day,—actually giving it the last harrowing by moonlight. The soil was a light loam, and, therefore, easily tilled, and I had it all like a garden, and the seed in by the twenty-six of September.

It came up beautifully and soon covered the ground, and in less than two months, just before the winter fairly set, in, when Bella and her father came over to see it, it was nearly ankle deep. The crop, in short, was so promising that I ventured to urge my suit anew, and to ask his consent to our immediate union; but no, it wouldn't do.' 'Ther's many a slip,' he said, 'between the cup and the lip,' and I must see the debt paid or the means to do so fairly secured before I can give my consent.

Fifty pounds was the amount of the debt I owed, and I owe it yet; but on shewing him the heaps of wheat in my granary from that field—nearly six hundred bushels and not quite all thrashed out—he was perfectly satisfied, we were married three weeks ago, and a right jolly wedding we had of it. The old man was the merriest of us all, especially while impressing it upon the people present that they could never get married without a 'SUMMER FALLOW.'

Pleased and as we were, and as we hope our readers will be, with this little story, and happy and successful as the results of a 'summer fallow,' in this instance, appear to have been, we by no means concur in the old man's decision. In other words, we think that the young farmer can get married *without* a 'summer fallow.' A thorough naked fallow is of course here meant. We object to it as unnecessary and unprofitable. In the instance before us, for example, our young friend need not have lost a crop. He ought to have given this 'big field' another plowing and then sown it with tares, which could have cut green and made into hay by the middle of August, and had a thick and luxuriant second growth to have plowed in three weeks or a month afterwards. This would have cleaned his land as well as a fallow, and the after-growth would have materially enriched it. Tares, as a fallow crop, appreciated as they ought to be, such at least in our opinion: but, as it is not founded on actual experience, we should be glad to receive, from the more intelligent portion of our readers, any communications on this interesting and important subject.

A FIRST ATTEMPT AT KEEPING SCHOOL.

The following is the experience of a friend, who began public life as a schoolteacher, and now holds an honorable post in the government of the United States:—

When we were about seventeen years of age, we thought we had sufficient dignity and science to take charge of a country school, as we doubt not we had. Having received, therefore, from the chief committee-man of an obscure district in the State of Maine, an invitation to "flesh our virgin quill" [illegible] school, we mounted our best horse, and with a valise containing a change of linen, and a few dollars in money, we set forth to the place of our destination.

On a fine, bright, Monday morning we found ourself on the scene of action.

It was in a cedar swamp, on the back or northern side of a bleak and barren range of Hills, called Appleton Ridge—an appropriate name, excepting the apple! All the houses and buildings in the place were built clogs with the exception of the respectable seat of learning, over which we were have the honor to preside.

At o'clock we took our magisterial seat, with becoming gravity, promulgated a few of laws.

The usual exercises of reading and spelling were been gone through with, we began find our flock rather unruly.—"May I go out?" said one; "Please, sir, may I go?" said another. Of course, in our [illegible] we conciliate and make friends of all, gave permission. That moment we were one for. Every scholar was up and every tongue was loose. "May I go out? May I speak?" so all were going and all were speaking. Thus passed first day. Night never descended on a weary man. We sought our boarding place—and what a place! a log hovel alst as large as a down east snow drift, containing one room and an attic, a stone fireplace, a red haired couple, and ten children of all sexes, one dog and two cats.

At supper, all parties surrounded the table, consisted of tea, sweetened with molasses fried pork, and boiled potatoes, and corn and baked to the hardness of a rock. Rather the tea was musty, the butter was rancid and the pork—we never eat pork—solid in fact our supper left us hungrier than it found us. We slept in the attic, to which we ascended by the aid of stones that projected from the chimney! So ended our first day.

The second day.—Arose early, went to Squire Leeches's to board. House of same material and dimensions. Breakfast—fried pork and rye coffee, and butter made of hog's fat. Carried our dinner to the school house in our pocket; it consisted as we found on opening it, of two slices of rye bread with pork fat spread between them as substitute for butter. At school we found the scholars worse than ever—whipped six boys and four girls and got whipped ourself, and thrown out into a snowbank!

Third Day. We were not in [illegible]—At the earliest dawn we fled to a place called Hope. We have never heard from that place since, nor have they, probably, ever heard from us or to what country we fled. Thus ended our first attempt at school-keeping.

MACHINEY FOR COOPERAGE.—A novel method of constructing casks and barrels, and all vessels connected with cooperage, may be seen in operation at the pail and cooperage works, in Wenlock-road, City-road. By the employment of the steam engine, the circular saw, and a recently invented jointing and backing machine a cask of the largest dimensions can be completely formed and made ready for use, in the short space of five minutes from the raw material—viz., a piece of oak.—The staves of the cask are first cut with straight sides, the circular saw being placed at a right angle with the oak plank. The stave is then placed horizontally, and bent into a curve by a powerful machine, and brought into contact with a circular saw on each side of it, placed at an angle.—This process gives the proper shape to the stave, the sides being gradually tapered at the ends, and made to bulge in the middle. The Jointing and backing machine, the new invention, is also used for this purpose, and is more rapid in its execution than the angular saws; it, in fact, works with the most marvelous rapidity and precision.—The staves and one end of the cask are then placed in a machine, formed of iron rods, called a trusting machine, each rod acts upon a separate stave, and the whole of the staves being equally compressed into a circle, the hoops are placed around them, and the cask is complete.—The neatness and finish of the work is equal to what a good cabinet maker can produce, every part being true and accurate. The calculation is that 15 workmen with the use of this machinery can make 150 casks a day; whereas the same number of persons using only manual labor, could scarcely produce a seventh part of that number. The importance of this invention, and the application of steam power to it may be imagined from the fact that the great brewing firms of the metropolis alone expend many thousand pounds annually, in cooperage, that the expenditure of the navy is still greater, and that the demand of the vintages of the continent is so great that a great deal of wine is lost from the difficulty of furnishing vessels to hold it. The process of the invention will repay the time of a visit to the works.—*London Times, Oct. 23rd, 1851.*

AN ELOPEMENT.—On the evening of the 10th inst: a respectable farmer, turning the scar of life, made his exit to the land of freedom with a lovely fair one, aged about 19, leaving a wife and two children bewailing his loss. The following is a verbatim copy of a letter which the wife received on the 16th ult.:—"Liverpool October 13, 1851. My dear Margaret—I have arrived in Liverpool safe, on board the Iron Duke, in company with Mary Ann, the other part" behind, I trust it will make ample provision for its own offspring. As for my part, as soon as I am united to my young fair one at the other side of the Atlantic, I shall have a sweet paradise of my own for the remainder of my days, and shall labor most strenuously to endeavor to please and support her. By assured, my dear Margaret, when God sends me anything I will not forget you and the children. Give my love and best respects to all inquiring friends, and tell them that I will always kindly remember them when far away.—I remain, not yours, &., ..."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate:—

Whenever there was a plum pudding made by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game, he prevailed upon the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw that he had the wrong end of it, Picking up the dish and turning it in his hands as if merely examining the china, he said this dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down again as though without design with the plums next to himself. "Is it possible," said the mate, taking up the dish, "I should not suppose it was worth more than a shilling," and, as in perfect innocence, he put the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the captain; the captain laughed. "I tell you what," young one, said the captain, "youve found me out; so we'll just cut the pudding lengthways this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

THE SWEETNESS OF HOME.

He who has no home has not the sweet pleasures of life, he feels the thousand endearments of that hallowed spot to fill his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joys. In misfortune your lot you will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your lot; has a smile of approbation when others have deserted, hand to help when all others refuse, and a heart to feel your sorrows as her own. Perhaps a smiling cherub, with prattling glee and joyous laugh will drive all sorrow from your care-worn brow, and enclose it in the wreaths of domestic bliss.

No matter how humble the home may be, how destitute its stores, or how poorly its inmates are clad; if true hearts dwell there it is yet a home—a cheerful, prudent wife, obedient and affectionate children, will give their possessor more real joy than bags of gold and windy honour.

The home of a temperate, industrious, honest man, will be his greatest joy. He comes to it "weary and worn," but the merry laugh and happy voice of childhood cheers him; a plain but healthy meal awaits him. Envy, ambition, and strife have no place there; and with a clear conscience, he lays down to rest in the bosom of his family, and under the protecting care of the poor man's friend and help.

GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT TO THE ENGLISH.

At a Dinner recently given to Commodore Stevens, (the late owner of the American Yatcht) at New York, to celebrate his return from England, the following graceful tribute was paid by that gentleman of the authorities of this country:—"Our arrival was greeted with every hospitality and courtesy, not only by the Royal Yatcht Club, but by the officers of government. Lord Palmerston sent down an order that the Americans should be admitted in all the English ports on the footing of English yatchts the custom-houses were all free to her, and the admiral of the station at Portsmouth offered every assistance and civility. The Earl of Wilton and the venerable Marquis of Anglesey, now 80 years of age, were among the first visitors on board, and they and all the members and officers of the Yatcht Club, and numberless others, evinced in every manner the kindest feelings, and showed us the most delicate attention. From the Queen herself we received a mark of attention rarely accorded even to the highest among her own subjects; and I was given to understand that it was not only intended as a courtesy extended to myself and friends, but also as a proof of the estimation in which she held our country, thereby giving a significance to the compliment infinitely more acceptable and valuable. Long may the bond of kindred affection and interest that binds us together at present remain unbroken. As a further proof of the feeling of the government and of the people towards us I will mention the following act of kindness:—We had the misfortune, the day before the race with the *Titania*, to knock off a part of our outer shoe. This rendered it necessary that we should haul her out, and we repaired to the government dock at Portsmouth for the purpose. On the last, the application was made an order was issued by the admiral to repair her in the shortest time possible. If you could have witnessed the vigour and good will exhibited, from the admiral down to the humblest mechanic of the yard, to complete her for the next day's race, you would, I am sure, have felt the obligation (rendered doubly binding by the manner in which it was rendered) as deeply and sincerely as ourselves, and would regret, as much and as sincerely as ourselves, that any cause of quarrel should arise to separate two nations that want but to be better acquainted with each other's good qualities to become and to remain fast friends. She was docked at twelve and finished by eight o'clock the same evening. For this important service, no remuneration, in any shape or way, would [illegible] should occur, this delicacy and feeling will be as promptly and as delicately reciprocated."

FRANKLIN'S POLAR EXPEDITION.

A fresh effort is about to be made in a region hitherto untried to discover traces of this long-missing expedition. From the remains found at Cape Riley it is now pretty generally inferred that the exploring vessels passed *through* Wellington strait, beyond which and to the north of the Parry Islands it is thought by many geographers and navigators that they may meet with a more open or "Polar" Sea. On these data Lieutenant Pim, a zealous and able officer, who has served on board Her Majesty's surveying ship *Herald*, Captain Kellett in Behring's strait, has formed the following plan of research: He conceives that when Franklin reached the lontitude of Behring's Strait, he would be foiled in all his efforts to get southward through the only passage from meeting with a great east and west barrier of ice and land, and that consequently he may have struggled on along its northern shore further to the west, until he became inextricably entangled in a region which, though devoid of human beings, is supposed to abound in animals on which the navigators could subsist, Lieutenant Pim has in consequence suggested the following bold plan of research:—He proposes to leave London on the 18th of November for St. Petersburg, whence if the project should meet with the approbation of the Imperial authorities, he wishes to travel directly across Siberia to the mouth of the river Kalyma. Thence, accompanied by two or three persons only, he will proceed either to the islands of New Siberia and others visited by Wrangel and Anjou, or in whatever other direction he may be led by the information obtained from the Samoyedes, who roam farthest from the north in those parallels of lontitude, there occupying himself in a thorough survey during two or more years. This arduous project has met with the approbation of many geographers, and is warmly advocated by Lady Franklin; whilst, in order to facilitate its success, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison, has written urgent to the chief authorities of St. Petersburg. Our own Government has also offered every assistance to the intrepid voyager.—*London Times.*

A MOST TOUCHING CASUALITY.—A poor but industrious widow woman of this city, whose name is Mahoney, besides supporting three children, had been enabled by close economy and hard work, to scrape together a small sum of money which she remitted to her son John Mahony, a youth of seventeen, whom she had not seen for many years, to enable him to emigrate to this country, where she fondly hoped he might prove a support to her declining years.—The young man crossed the Atlantic in safety, and when almost within sight of the home of his expectant mother he fell overboard, on Monday, near the mouth of the Detroit river, and was drowned. It can readily be imagined that the blow to the parent, under such circumstances, was almost insupperable.—[Detroit Advertiser.