

THE HURON SIGNAL

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BY GEO. & JOHN COX.

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Book and Job Printing executed with

dispatch and neatness.

Terms of the Huron Signal.—TEN

SHILLINGS per annum paid strictly in

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No paper discontinued until arrears are

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Advertisements without written instructions

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discontinued until the time of withdrawal,

unless by the consent of the publishers.

Drds.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL, CAN be consulted at all hours, at Mr. LeTard's Boarding House, (Formerly the British Hotel), Goderich, April 29th, 1852.

IRA LEWIS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c. West-Street, Goderich, June 18th, 1848.

DANIEL GORDON, CABINET MAKER, Three doors East of the Canada Company's office, West-Street, Goderich, August 27th, 1849.

DANIEL HOME LIZARS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Conveyancer, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. has his office as formerly in Stratford, Stratford, 2nd Jan. 1850.

J. DENISON, CIVIL ENGINEER, &c. GODERICH, C. W. Aug. 25th, 1852.

JOHN J. E. LINTON, NOTARY PUBLIC, Commissioner Q. B., and Conveyancer, Stratford.

WILLIAM REED, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, &c. Light-house-street, Goderich, October 29th, 1849.

HURON HOTEL, BY JAMES GENTLES, Goderich.—Attentive Hostlers always on hand, Goderich, Sept. 12, 1850.

STRACHAN AND BROTHER, Barrister and Attorneys at Law, &c. Goderich, C. W.

JOHN STRACHAN, Barrister and Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Conveyancer, Goderich, 17th November, 1851.

ALEXANDER WOOD STRACHAN, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Goderich, 17th November, 1851.

WILLIAM HODGINS, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Office 27, Dundas Street, LONDON, C. W. August 16th, 1852.

HORACE HORTON, (Market square, Goderich.) AGENT for the Provincial Mutual and General Insurance Office, Toronto.—Also Agent for the St. Lawrence County Mutual, Ogdensburg, New York. Local Agent for Samuel Moulton's Old Rochester Nursery, July 1850.

A. NASMYTH, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, one door West of W. E. Grace's Store, West Street, Goderich, Feb. 19th, 1852.

THOMAS NICHOLLS, BROKER AND GENERAL AGENT, Agent for Ontario Marine & Fire Insurance Co., Goderich, Dec. 6, 1850.

NOTARY PUBLIC, ACCOUNTANT AND COMMISSIONER IN Q. B. &c. INSURANCE effected on Houses, Shipping and Goods. All kinds of Deeds correctly drawn, and Books and Accounts adjusted. Office over the Treasury, Goderich, July 22, 1852.

VICTORIA HOTEL, WEST STREET, GODERICH, (Near the Market Square.) BY MESSRS JOHN & ROBT. DONOHOO Accommodations for Travellers, and an attentive Hostler all times, to take charge of Teams. Goderich, Dec. 6, 1850.

WASHINGTON Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co., CAPITAL \$1,000,000. EZRA HOPKINS, Hamilton, Agent for the Counties of Waterloo and Huron, August 27, 1850.

DR. HYNDMAN, QUICK'S TAVERN, London Road, May 1851.

MR. JOHN MACARA, BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c. Office: Ontario Building, King-St. opposite the Gore Bank, and the Bank of British North America, HAMILTON, 4 10

MR. T. N. MOLESWORTH, CIVIL ENGINEER and Provincial Land Surveyor, Goderich, April 30, 1851.

JAMES WOODS, AUCTIONEER, is prepared to attend Public Sales in any part of the United Counties, on moderate terms. Stratford, May 1850.

DEEDS, BLANK DEEDS and Memorials, with and without Doves, for sale at the Office.

Huron



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, JANUARY 20,

NUMBER LI.

Poetry.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. A MEA FOR OUR PHYSICAL LIFE

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

We do our nature wrong,

Neglecting our long

The bodily joys that help to make us wise;

The ramble up the slope

Of the high mountain cope—

The long day's walk, the vigorous exercise

The froth luxuriant bath,

Far from the trodden path,

Or mid the ocean waves dashing with barn-

leys rowing,

Lifting us off our feet upon the sandy shore.

Kind Heaven! there is no end

Of pleasures as we wind

Our pilgrimage in life's undeviating way,

If we but know the laws

Of the Eternal Cause.

And for his glory and our good obey.

But intellectual pride

Steals half those joys aside,

And our parental care sheeps the soul so

That life burns cold and dim beneath its

deadening touch.

Welcome, ye plump green meads!

Welcome, ye corn fields, waving like a sea!

Welcome, the leafy bowers,

And children gathering flowers!

And farewell, for a while, sage doggerel!

What! though we're growing old,

Our blood is not yet cold!

Come with me to the fields, those man of

many ills,

And give thy limbs a chance among the

diffidites!

Come with me to the woods,

And let their solitude

Re-echo to our voices as we go.

Upon thy weary brain

Let childhood come again,

Spite of thy wrinkles, learning, or thy wit!

Stretch forth thy limbs and leap—

Thy life has been asleep!

And, though the wrinkles deep may furrow

thy brow,

Show me, if thou art wise, how like a child

art thou!

HOPE FOR THE BEST.

BY B. H. BROWN, ESQ.

Let us hope for the best—it is better

To struggle than yield to despair,

Hope breaketh each link of the fetter,

And scotcheth at the bonds of care!

It mucks at the hand of affliction,

It smiloth at shadows and tears:

And with the warm rays of conviction

It lighteth the valley of tears!

Then throw off the sorrowful bond,

Dispel the dark yoke from your breast;

Oh! who would submit and depend!

Better struggle and—hope for the best!

Let us hope for the best—never fear,

Though the last in the list we appear,

The breath of a sigh, or fall of a tear,

Will do little in guiding us back.

Meet misfortune as you would a stranger,

Be cautious and quicken your pace,

And shrink not in trial and danger.

But meet the foe full in the face!

Oh! who would run off from the strife,

When the shaft of adversity presseth!

Who would flee the great battle of life?

Better struggle and—hope for the best.

Literature.

DEACON SMITH'S BULL;

OR, MIKE FINK IN A TIGHT PLACE.

MIKE FINK, a notorious Buckeye hunter,

was contemporary with the celebrated David

Crocket, and his equal in all things appear-

ing to human prowess. It was even

said that the animals in his country knew

the crack of his rifle, and would take to

their secret hiding places on the first intima-

tion that Mike was about. Yet strange,

—though true, he was but little known be-

yond his immediate "settlement."

When we knew him, he was an old man

—the blasts of seventy winters had yel-

lowed from his limbs; yet in the whole of his

life Mike never was without except upon one

occasion. To use his own language, he

never "gin in, used up, to anything that

travelled on two legs or four," but once.

"That once we sat," said Bill Slasher

as some dozens of us sat in the only bar-

room of the only tavern in the "settle-

ment."

"Gin it to us now, Mike—you've prom-

ised long enough, and you're old now, and

needn't care," continued Bill.

"Right, right! Bill?" said Mike, "but

we'll open with a feller all round fast, it'll

kind o' save my feelin's—I reckon—"

"That, that's good. Better than t'other

barrel, it anything?"

"Well, boys, commenced Mike, "you

may talk o' your scrimmages, tight places,

and such like, and subtract 'em altogether

and you'll be left with a big 'un, but they ain't

no more to be compared to the one I war in

than a dead kitten to an old sh' b'ar! I've

fought all kinds o' varmints from an Injan down

to a rattlesnake! and never was will'd a

bull! "

"You see, boys, it was an awful hot day

in August, and I war nigh running off into

goun' in when I seed the old deacon's bull

makin' a B-line to whar I stood.

"I know'd the old cuss, for he'd skereed

more people than all the persons o' the 'settle-

ment," and come nigher near killin' a

few. "Think I, Mike, you're in rather a

tight place, get yer kinn' on, for he'll be

drivin' them horns o' his in yer bowch

afore that time! "Well, you'll hev to try

the old varmint naked, I reckon."

"The bull war on one side o' the creek,

and I on t'other, and he war makin' the

'side' fly for a while, as if he war a diggin'

my grave, war distressin'!"

"Come on, ye bellerin' old heathen,"

said I, "and don't be a standin' thar; 'for as

the old deacon says o' the devil, 'yer not

comely to look on."

"This kind o' reached his understandin',

and made him more vicious; for, he loof-

ed a little like, and made a drive. And as

I dop't like to stand in anybody's way, I

gin him plenty sea-room! So he kind o'

passed by me and come out o' t'other side,

and as the Captain o' the Mid-Swamp

Rangers would say, 'bout face for t'other

charge."

"Though I war ready for 'im this time,

he come mighty nigh runnin' foul o' me!

So I made up my mind the next time he

went out he would not be alone. So when

he passed I grappled his tail, and he pulled

me out on t' side, and as soon as we were

both a-top o' the bank old bridle stopped

and war about comin' round agin when I

begin pullin' t'other way.

"Well, I reckon this kind o' riled him,

for he first stuck stock still and looked at

me for a spell, and then commenced pawin'

and bellerin', and the way he made his hind

gin pair in the air war beautiful!"

"But it warn't no use, he could not

stop, so he kind o' stopped to get waid for

sumthin' devilish, as I f'gedged by the way he

started! By this time I had made up my

mind to stick to his tail as long as it stuck

to his back bone! I did not like to holle

for help, neither, as he war agin my prin-

ciple, and then the deacon had preachin' at

his house, and it warn't far off neither.

"I knowed if he hears the noise, the bull

congregation would come down and a half

o' hankerin' arter a gal that war thar I did

not feel as if I would like to be seed in that

predicament.

"So, says I, ye old sarpant, do ye cus-

seedest. And ye do; for he drag me

over every briar and stump in the field, un-

til I war a sweatin' and bleedin' like a fat

bear with a pack of hounds at his heels.

And my name ain't Mike Fink, it's the old

critter's tail and I did not blow out some-

times at a dead level, with the varmint's

back!"

"So you may kalkilate we made good

time. Bimby he slackened a little, and

then I had 'im for a spell, for I just drap-

ped behind a stump and that subbed the

critter! Now, says I, you'll pull up this

'ere white oak—break yer tail or jest hold

on a bit till I blow!"

"Well, while I war stin' thar, and an

idea struck me that I had better be gettin'

out o' this in some way. But how a zack-

ly was the pence! If I let go and run he'd

be a foul o' me sure!"

"So lookin' at the matter in all its bearings

I come to the conclusion that I'd better let

somebody know whar I war! So I gin a

riding the old bull than where I war. Says

I, old feller, if you'll hold on, I'll ride to the

next station any how, let that be whar it

will!"

"So I just drapped aboard of him, agin,

and he took me to see whar I'd gaine,

and he took me to see whar I'd gaine,

and he took me to see whar I'd gaine,

and he took me to see whar I'd gaine,