

THE HURON SIGNAL

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accuracy and dispatch.

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advertise by the year.

Curds.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL, CAN be consulted at all hours, at

Mr. LeTendre's Boarding House,

(formerly the British Hotel),

Goderich, April 29th, 1852.

IRA LEWIS, BARRISTER SOLICITOR, &c. West-

street, Goderich. 2nd 25

DANIEL HOME LIZARS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Convey-

ancer, formerly in Stratford, and

Stratford, Jan. 1850. 2nd 49

DANIEL GORDON, CABINET MAKER, Three doors East of

the Canada Company's office, West-

street, Goderich. August 27th, 1849. 2nd 50

JOHN J. E. LINTON, NOTARY PUBLIC, Commissioner Q.B.,

and Conveyancer, Stratford.

WILLIAM REED, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, &c.

Lighthouse-street, Goderich, October 25, 1849. 2nd 53

STOKES, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, West-

street, Goderich. 20-3 July 1850.

HURON HOTEL, BY JAMES GENTLES, Goderich.—

Attentive Hostlers always on hand.

Goderich, Sept. 13, 1850. 2nd 52

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

Goderich C. W.

JOHN STRACHAN Barrister and Attor-

ney at Law, Notary Public and Convey-

ancer. ALEXANDER WOOD STRACHAN,

Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chan-

cery, Conveyancer, and Notary Public,

Goderich, 17th November, 1851.

THOMAS NICHOLLS, BROKER, House, Land Insurance, Ship

and General AGENT. Produce and Commission Merchant, Ac-

countant, &c. Produce bought and sold on Commission

good carefully stored, and forwarded. Books

bound, Partnership settlements adjusted. Goderich Feb. 25, 1852. 2nd 55

A. NASMYTH, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, one door

West of W. E. Grace's store, West Street Goderich. Feb. 19, 1852. 2nd 54

WANTED, TWO good BOOT and SHOE Makers,

who will find constant employment

and good wages, by applying at the Shop

of the subscriber, West-street, Goderich.

BUSTARD GREENE. Sept. 9th, 1851.

VICTORIA HOTEL, WEST STREET, GODERICH,

(Near the Market Square).

BY MESSRS JOHN & ROBT DONOGH,

GOOD Accommodation for Travellers, and

an attentive Hostler all times, to take

charge of Teams. Goderich, Dec. 6, 1850. 43-1f

WASHINGTON, Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co.,

CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

EZRA HOPKINS, Hamilton, Agent for

the County of Waterloo, and Huron, August 27, 1850. 34-15

MR. JOHN MACARA, BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery,

Att. Gen. at Law, Conveyancer, &c. &c. Office: Ottawa Building, King-St.

opposite the Court House, and the Bank of

British North America, Hamilton. 4-10

MR. T. N. MOLESWORTH, CIVIL ENGINEER and Provincial Land

Surveyor, Goderich. 4th 11

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

May 1851. 4th 12

JAMES WOODS, AUCTIONEER, is prepared to attend

Public Sales of any part of the United

Counties, on moderate terms. Stratford, May 1850. 4th 14

PETER BUCHANAN, TAILOR, NEXPT

to the N. B. O'Connell's Store,

West Street, Goderich. Clothes made

and repaired, and cutting done on the short-

notice, and on liberal terms. December 3rd, 1851. 4th 13

W. & R. SIMPSON, (LATE HOPE, BIRRELL & Co.),

GROCERS, Wine Merchants, Fruiterers

and Olives, No. 17 Dundas Street,

London, C. W. February 5th 1852. 4th 16

LOST a note of hand to the amount of

\$26, which was given to me by George

Whitford on twelve months, I hereby for-

feit any person that may find this note or

collecting it, or I will prosecute ac-

cording to law. MURDOC M'PHEE,

Stephen, April 20th, 1852. 4th 15

JOB PRINTING of every description, neatly

and promptly executed at this office.

December 25.



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, JULY 1, 1852. NUMBER XXIII.

Poetry.

"NOTE THE BRIGHT HOURS ONLY." BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

A lesson in itself sublime, A lesson worth enshrining. In this—'I take no heed of time Save when the sun is shining.' These motto words a dial bear, And wisdom never teaches To human hearts a better lore Than this short sentence teaches, As life is sometimes bright and fair, And sometimes dark and lonely, Let us forget its pain and care, And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad earth, But hangs a bird to cheer it; So hope sings on in every heart, Although we may not hear it, And if to day the heavy wing Of sorrow in every heart will bring, Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring The weary heart a blessing; For life is sometimes bright and fair, And sometimes dark and lonely; Then let us forget its pain and care, And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste, And then forget their glitter; We take the cup of life, and taste No portion but the bitter; But we should treat our hours as deemed Its sweetest drops the strongest, And pleasant hours should ever seem To linger round us longest.

A life is sometimes bright and fair, And sometimes dark and lonely, Let us forget its pain and care, And note its bright hours only.

Though darkest shadows of the night, Then let us wait the coming light, All boiling passions soaring; And while we're passing on the time Let time's feet bounding o'er, Let's pluck the blossoms by its side, And bless the gracious ever, As life is sometimes bright and fair, And sometimes dark and lonely, Let us forget its pain and care, And note its bright hours only.

AGRICULTURE.

Wagon Milk Cheese.—This well known substance appears to have been used as food at an early date. Both the earliest Hebrew and Greek poets mention cheese. It is understood that the ancients used rennet, but, after the milk was curdled, it was allowed to stand until it was as thick as butter, and the curd afterwards pressed. There are doubts if cheese was known in Britain at the time of the invasion of the Romans; who were understood to have used rennet. In Scotland, cheese making was very imperfectly understood up to the middle of last century, when the making of full milk cheese was commenced. Since that date, cheese-making, in some districts in the West of Scotland, has been successfully followed, but as a whole, Scotland does not manufacture cheese extensively, nor export a considerable quantity, from England, Holland, and America. We consider, in the process of cheese-making, we are better understood, the manufacturing of it would be considerably extended. Unfortunately, Scotch milk cheese does not stand high in the estimation of the public. Develop cheese will bring a higher price sold as English cheese, than sold as Danish, and this plan is said to be not infrequently adopted by retailers. Where the whey of the milk is converted into a cheese, the proportion of cheese to the milk is about 12 per cent. Where the cream is removed from the milk about 7 per cent. As to judging of the profiteness of making full milk cheese versus butter and cheese, or butter and churned milk, this can be best ascertained by those more immediately connected with a dairy. The total cost for the produce must always be taken into consideration, the profitableness of one system over another. We have frequently alluded to the influence which a clean cow house has upon the quality of the milk. We would, therefore, present upon the assumption that this is understood and acted upon. Where the number of cows is considerable, say a dozen to twenty, the cheese should be made twice a day. No soon as the milk is withdrawn from the cow it should be placed in a large vessel, being put through a fine wire strainer, if necessary, the milk falling from one into the other. In Scotland, from the general want of accommodation, this vessel is placed in the middle of the kitchen floor. This is perhaps, the worst possible place, with the exception of an unventilated barn. During the heat of summer, a shed attached to a milk house, or about the best, being the coolest place. It is not necessary to keep up the temperature of new milk, as many dairymen suppose, but rather the contrary, the richness of the cheese being in a part dependent upon the coolness of the curd when the whey is removed from it. If hot at the period they will carry off not only a part of the phosphates, but also a part of the oily and fatty matter, which as much as possible should be retained in the cheese. So soon as the milking is completed, the rennet should be added. It is important that the rennet should not have a feverish smell, other wise it will affect the cheese. The vessel should be covered up till the milk is coagulated. So soon as this has taken place, it should be gradually broken, the vessel placed a little on its side, and the whey should be removed as it collects on the surface. When the quantity of whey abstracted will admit of the curd being put in a cloth, this whey and curd may be pressed by the hand. As it becomes firm, the curd should be again removed out of the cloth, and broken down by the hand, and salt added from the period of milking, the curd should be placed in a cheese or mould, and slight pressure applied for the first six or eight hours, when it should be again renneted, and so on, until it has become firm, and should be again submitted to the pressure of the cloth, which should now be increased. In two to four days, the cheese will be moved twice a day, the cheese will be ready for being placed in the cheese-room, and should be carefully turned every day, or every second day, and wiped with a dry cloth, and a little salt rubbed in if deemed necessary. When coloring matter is added to the cheese, which is deemed essential in making some varieties of cheese, an imitation of Gloucester or Stilton, it should

Literature.

"I WISH I WAS RICH."

So said Tom Tobey, in our hearing, a short time since. The remark was made in a grocery store, where Tom spends nearly all his time, with his leg on a level with his nose, cap pitched defiantly over his left eye, a cigar between his teeth, and his hands in his pockets. This is the way Tom lives, and the only way in which he earns his living. Laziness is a permanent feature of his physical fabric, except at fires, when he is wide awake—never impatient, however, the lunch that comes afterwards.

'Well, Tom, if you were rich, what would you do?'

'Do I'd do everything. I'd own a machine myself, and hire the boys to run it. I'd keep the fastest cars that ever crawled to the cottage. I'd go it you'd better believe me.'

'I can put you on the road to wealth, if you'll follow my directions.'

'As how?'

'Take your legs down, pull your hands out of your pockets, throw that cigar away, put your cap on your head in fashion, roll up your shirt-sleeves, and go to work!'

That's the way men get rich in this country. Leaving away your best days in idleness, and wishing for wealth, will finally land you, not in the palace, but in the almshouse. You are 'going it,' Tom, full blast enough, but in the wrong direction. You ought to be thoroughly ashamed. Who supports you? Don't look savage. I know all about it. Your widowed mother, by her hard daily labour.'

Tom looked amazed, he had many good qualities, and good nature was one of them. He reflected a moment, 'His under jaw fell, and the cigar fell with it. His legs found their legitimate position slowly on the floor. His hands crawled out of his pockets.'

'I'll do it. You have told me the truth in old-fashioned English, just as I like it—and I'll do it.'

At that moment the cry of 'Fire' was raised. Tom was on his taps, but paused.

'No, yer don't,' said he. 'I've run an honorary member hereafter. I'm on another haul now. Nobody shall say again that my old mother supports me.'

We have seen Tom but once since. He was then redemning his pledge, and is on the high road to the ultimate attainment of his wish.

The desire to be rich is a natural one in the present state of society—for money now-a-days, unfortunately, is a accredited passport to all doors, and nearly all hearts; while poverty is regarded too often as the index of dishonour. Still, though the desire is natural, it is unwise. Providence manages these things for us better than we could for ourselves.

We have had the opportunity to sit on the fence, and watch the two extremes; and really, for pure happiness, it is about a penny toss which is preferable. 'Give me neither riches nor poverty, said the wise man, and his prayer showed that he was a very sensible and observing old gentleman. The middle grade is after all the most comfortable. There is generally found the most contentment, the truest religious faith, the most permanent domestic love, and the highest physical health. It is not so!

Quaint old Jeremy Taylor had the right of it, when he stripped of his early possessions. Thus did he philosophize over his short condition:—

'I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me. They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, and a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some religiousness; and I can still be honest; and, until I list, they have not taken away my merry constancy and my cheerful spirits, and a good conscience; they have still left me the province of God, and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion, and my hope of Heaven, and my charity to them too. And still I sleep, and digest, and eat, and drink; I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and I see the varieties of natural beauty; and delight in all that God delights in—that is in virtue and wisdom in the whole creation and in God himself.'

Those are always rich enough to think

so. A person once said to a wealthy citizen of Portland, 'I wish I had as much as you.' 'You have,' was the unexpected response.

'How so? You have a comfortable house?'

'Enough to Eat?'

'Warmly clothed?'

'Plenty of air and sunshine?'

'Of course.'

'Then you have as much as I, without the trouble of looking after the surplus, which I can never use.'

Nature has been profuse in her endowments. If the sweet scenery of earth and sky—if the sweet air—if the heavenly sunshining—if the gentle showers—were all saleable articles, what would you take for your interest, reader? Why your riches are inexhaustible, and may accumulate for ever!

THE GARRET.

Sarcastic people are wont to say that poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others neither sarcastic nor simple, send them up aloft, among the rubbish, just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs and 'among folks,' and so they class them under the head of rubbish, and consign them to the grand receptacle of dilapidated 'has been' dipped 'used to be's,' the old Garret.

The garret is to the other apartments of the homestead, what the Adverb is to the pedagogue in parsing—every thing they do not know how to dispose of, is consigned to it. I'd keep the fastest cars that ever crawled to the cottage. I'd go it you'd better believe me.'

'I can put you on the road to wealth, if you'll follow my directions.'

'As how?'

'Take your legs down, pull your hands out of your pockets, throw that cigar away, put your cap on your head in fashion, roll up your shirt-sleeves, and go to work!'

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Those are always rich enough to think

world! And you occupied it once—aye, great as you are, it was your world once, and over it, the only horizon you beheld, bent the heaven of a mother's eyes, as you rocked in that little barque of love, on the luller shore of time, fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.

And there attached to two rafters are the fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you remember it, and what it was, for who fastened it there? 'Twas the children's swing! You are here indeed, but where are Nelly and Charley? There hangs his little cap by that window, and there the little red frock used to wear. A crow's nest resting on his cherub brow and her robes are spotted in the better land.

But we must not tarry longer now, but will return some other day, for Mr. Old Garrett is more nearly like a human heart full of gentle and fearful memories, than might else on earth but human hearts themselves. God keep that Garret with all its treasures safe, though fame may prove its fortune, fortune, an idle dream!

CAREER OF A SHIPOWNER.

Mr. Lindsay met the electors of Dartmouth borough a few days ago, and in replying to an attack made upon him by a Tory elector, gave the following interesting account of his fortunes:—'He should be the last to mention a word about himself had he not been taunted with falsehood. He was told he was a mere common-place ship-broker—God knew he was common place enough; and he was the architect of his own fame, and he hoped no one would despise him on that account. He was but a young man now, and at the age of 14 he was left an orphan boy to push his way in the world. He left Glasgow to find his way to Liverpool with 4s 6d in his pocket, and so poor was he that the captain of a steamer had pity on him, and told him he would give him his passage if he would trim the coals in the coal-hole of the steamer. He did so, and thus worked his passage. He remembered that the freeman gave him a part of his lonely dinner, and never had he as a dinner with such a relish, for he felt that he had wrought for it and earned it—and he wished the young to listen to this statement—he had derived a lesson from that voyage which he had never forgot. (Cheers.) At Liverpool he remained seven weeks before he got employment; he abode in sheds, and he did maintained him, until a last he found shelter in a West Indian man. He entered as a boy, and before he was 19 he had risen to the command of the sea, his friends, who when he wanted assistance had given him none, having left him that which they should no longer keep. He settled on shore his career had been rapid, he had acquired property by close industry, by constant work, and by keeping in view that great principle of doing to others as you would be done by. (Cheers.) And now instead of being a common-place shipbroker, he would tell them that at 25—for he was no older—what was the amount of business which the firm he established, and was at the head of and the acting partner in, transacted. During the last year alone their charters executed amounted to upwards of 700, and this year it bore fair to be larger. The amount of their insurance was 3,000,000, sterling; they shipped, as contractors, upwards of 150,000 tons of iron. They had imported in the fame as brokers, 1,600,000 quarters of corn. (Hear, hear.) Then, as to the next charge, that he was no shipowner, and did not own a ton of shipping!—In consequence of this statement he had been induced to copy out a list of the ships in which he owned, proportionally, and was managing owner of all a large and high class of British-built ships. He then read a list of 18 vessels, besides steamers and others, ranging from 850 to 310 tons burthen, the total tonnage being 21,002—the largest portion he owned himself and was manager for the whole. (Loud cheers.)

Here we are now, in the midst of the garret. That old barrel—shall we rummage it? Old files of newspapers—dusty, yellow, a little rattered! 'Tis the 'Colony Star.' How familiar the type looks, how it mends you of old times, when you looked over the edge of the counter with the letter or papers for father? and those same 'Stars,' damp from the press, were carried one by one from the fire-side, and perused and preserved as they ought to be. Stars? Damp! Ah! many a star has been induced to copy out a list of the ships in which he owned, proportionally, and was managing owner of all a large and high class of British-built ships. He then read a list of 18 vessels, besides steamers and others, ranging from 850 to 310 tons burthen, the total tonnage being 21,002—the largest portion he owned himself and was manager for the whole. (Loud cheers.)

There you have hit your head against that 'plate.' Time was when you ran to and fro beneath it, but you are nearer to it now by more than the altitude of a copac. That plate is filled with forgotten papers of seeds for next year's sowing—a distaff and spindle—remnants of flax remaining, as thrust in a crevice of the rafters' overhead, and tucked away close under the leaves of the little wheel, that used to stand by the fire in times long gone. Its sweet, low song has ceased, and perhaps she that drew those flaxen threads—but never mind—you remember the line, don't you?—'Her wheel rest, rest, the matron charms no more.'

Well, let that pass. Do you see that little cart careered in that dark corner? It was red once; it was the only carpet in the house once, and contained a mother's jewels. The old red Cartle, for all the

and powerful stream, of whose source even the tribes that dwell in those far regions are ignorant. I am confident that when the problem of twenty centuries is solved, the entire length of the Nile will be found to be not less than four thousand miles, and he will then take his rank with the Mississippi and the Amazon—a sublime trinity of streams! There is, in some respects, a striking resemblance between the Nile and the former river. The Missouri is the true Mississippi, rolling the largest flood and giving his color to the mingled streams. So of the White Nile, which is broad and turbid, and pollutes the clear blue flood that has usurped his name and dignity. In spite of what geographers may say—and they are still far from being united on the subject—the Blue Nile is not the true Nile. Here at the point of junction, his volume of water is greater, but he is fresh from the mountains and constantly fed by large, unfailing affluents, while the White Nile has rolled for more than a thousand miles on nearly dead levels, thro' a porous, alluvial soil, in which he loses more water than he brings with him.

The Blue Nile, whose source the honest long-slandered Bruce did actually discover, rises near lat. 11° N. in the mountains of Gudem, on the south-western frontier of Abyssinia. Thence it flows northward into the great lake of Dembea, or Tazaa, near its southern extremity. The lake is shallow, low and muddy, and the river carries his clear flood through it without mixing. He then flows to the south and south-east, under the name of Tazaa, along the borders of the kingdom of Shoa, to between lat. 8° and 9° N., and whence he curves again to the north and finds his way thro' the mountains of Tazoo to the plains of Sennar. His entire length cannot be less than eight hundred, and may perhaps reach a thousand miles. The stream is navigable as far as the mountains, about three hundred miles from the place where it is interrupted by rapids. The Arabic name El Bahr el Azek, means rather 'black' than 'blue'; the term azek being