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 VI. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY AUGUST 11, 1853. NUMBER 27.

THE HURON SIGNAL

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BY GEO. COX.

Office, Market Square, Goderich.

☞ Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

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CAN be consulted at all hours, at *the residence formerly occupied by Robert Moderwell, Esq., East Street, Market Square, Goderich.*
Goderich, April 29th, 1852. v5

IRA LEWIS,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c. West-street, Goderich.
June 1848. 2vn25

DANIEL GORDON,
CABINET MAKER, Three doors East o the Canada Company's office, West-street, Goderich.
August 27th, 1849. 2vn30

DANIEL HOME LIZARS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Conveyancer, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. has his office as formerly in Stratford.
Stratford, 2nd Jan. 1850. 2vn49

J. DENISON,
CIVIL ENGINEER, &c.
GODERICH, C. W.
Aug. 25th, 1852. v5n31

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

STRACHAN AND BROTHER.
Barrister and Attornies at Law, &c.,
GODERICH C. W.
JOHN STRACHAN Barrister and Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Conveyancer.
ALEXANDER WOOD STRACHAN, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer.
Goderich, 17th November, 1851.

WILLIAM HODGINS,
ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER
Office 27, Dundas Street,
LONDON, C. W.
August 16th, 1852. v5n30

A. J. MOORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE in the Post Office Buildings, Goderich.
June 7th, 1853. v6n19

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 Moulson's Old Rochester Nursery. July 1850. 22

A. NASMYTH.
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, one door West of W. E. Grace's Store, West Street Goderich.
Feb. 19, 1852. v5–n4

THOMAS NICHOLLS,
BROKER AND GENERAL AGENT.
Agent for Ontario Marine & Fire Insurance Co.
NOTARY PUBLIC, ACCOUNTANT AND CONVEYANCER
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. v5n26

E. H. MARLTON,
FORWARDER and Commission Merchant, Storehouse Keeper, general Agent, for the sale of Wild Lands Cleared Farms, Household Furniture and Produce of every description.
Office, next door, North of the Kincardine Arms, Goderich,
March 24th 1852. v5–n9

F. & C. H. BUHL,
MANUFACTURERS of Hats, Caps and Fancy Furs, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Furs, Buffalo Robes, Deer Skins, Gloves, Mittens, &c. &c.
Cash Paid for Furs.
The highest price paid, at all times in Cash, for all descriptions of Shipping Furs by F. & C. H. BUHL.
Detroit, Michigan, Aug. 1851. v3n28

WASHINGTON
Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co.,
CAPITAL $1,000,000.
EZRA HOPKINS, Hamilton, Agent for the Counties of Waterloo and Huron.
August 27, 1850. 3v15

MR. JOHN MACARA.
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c. &c. Office: Ontario Buildings, 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. v4n11

JAMES WOODS,
AUCTIONEER, is prepared to attend Public Sales in any part of the United Counties, on moderate terms.
Stratford, May 1850. v4–n14

Hurrah for Goderich!!

CLEAR THE TRACK!!

OLIVER & CO.
HAVE on hand an immense Stock of the very best Description of BOOTS and SHOES, on sale at the New Brick building, adjoining Mr. Hare, Watch-maker, which will be sold at the *Lowest Prices for Cash* or approved trade; call and see.
☞ The highest price paid in Cash for Hides and Sheepskins, &c. A general Stock of findings always on hand.
OLIVER & CO.
Goderich, June 11, 1853. v6n20–1y

Improved Farm for Sale.

BEING Lot No. 12, 2nd Concession, Township of Tuckersmith, Huron Road, the property of John P. Smith, Esq., containing 100 acres, adjoining the Building Lots in the rising and flourishing village of Egmondville, the land is of first rate quality, beautifully situated on the banks of the Bayfield river, and well adapted to agricultural purposes. For further particulars apply on the premises (if by letter pre paid) to the subscriber.
PETER RAMSAY.
McKillop Post Office,
Tuckersmith, June 13th, 1853. *n20–2m

ROBERT SNODGRASS.
FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER
(One door East of C. Crabb's Store.)
WOULD inform the inhabitants of Goderich and neighborhood that he is prepared to make to order or otherwise, any kind of Ladie's and Gentlemen's Fine or Fancy work, in the neatest and most fashionable style. And will also furnish heavy Boots and Shoes, to suit the necessities of those that may favor him with their custom. His prices will be moderate.
Goderich, July 29th, 1852. v5n29

R. W. CANA, MITCHELL,
AUCTIONEER, Accountant and General Agent. Books and accounts adjusted, and all kinds of Deeds drawn.—Sales attended in any part of the country.
Letters addressed to Mitchell or Harpurhey, will be attended to.
April 5th, 1853. v6n10–1y

W. & R. SIMPSON,
(LATE HOPE, BIRRELL & Co.,)
GROCERS, Wine Merchants, Fruiterers and Oilmen, No. 17 Dundas Street, London, C. W.
February 25th 1852. v5–n5

RICHARD MOORE,
HAVING during the past two years acted in the capacity of GENERAL AGENT for the collection of debts, desires it to be generally understoon that he will accept the Agency for the collection of dues in any part of the Upper Province, between Cobourg in the East and Lake Huron in the West. In making this announcement, he would beg to express his thanks to his friends for past favours, and now respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.
All communications on business, addressed (post paid) to Ayr P. O., North Dumfries, C. W., will be promptly attended to.
April 1, 1852. v5n10

FARM FOR SALE.
LOT No. 50, in the Maitland Concession of the Township of Goderich, containing 187 acres of the best land, of which 60 are cleared and well fenced, situated on the banks of the River Maitland, 8 miles from Goderich. There is an excellent House and Barn on the premises, with an Orchard of the choicest fruits, selected from the Nursery in Upsilante, United States. For terms apply to the Subscriber.
I RATTENBURY,
British Exchange Hotel,
Goderich.
26th January, 1853. v5n52–3m

NEW
BOOT AND SHOE STORE
IN GODERICH.
THE Subscriber respectfully announces to the inhabitants of Goderich and surrounding country, that he has purchased the Stock in Trade, &c., of Mr. E. Thornhill, in the above business, and opened the Store lately occupied by H. Barter, Tailor, next door to Dr. McDougall's new Brick building, Market Square, Goderich, where he intends to carry on the BOOT AND SHOE Business in all its branches. He is prepared to execute all orders for every variety of Work, on the most reasonable terms, and by strict attention to business hopes to merit a share of public patronage.
The highest market price paid for Hides and Bark.
R. HILL.
Goderich, May 20, 1853. v6n17

FOR SALE.
THOSE Premises consisting of Lot No. 4, fronting Light-house Point, Goderich, containing one-fourth of an acre of land, with the Cottage thereon, formerly the property of F. G. Palmer, and known as "Alabama Cottage." Price £200.—Farticulars of Terms, Title, &c., apply (by letter or otherwise) to
JOHN MACDONALD.
95 King-street, Toronto.
Toronto, 1st June, 1853. n19–6w

FANNING MILLS AND PUMPS.
THE subscriber will keep constantly on hand at the GODERICH FANNING MILL AND PUMP FACTORY, on Arthur Street, near the Market Square, and adjoining Mr. Seeg Miller's Tannery, a Stock of substantial, serviceable and very superior articles of the above description, which he will sell cheap for cash, merchantable Produce, or on approved credit. He wishes those parties in search of a good article at a reasonable price, to give him a call, and he flatters himself that his long experience in the business will ensure the satisfaction of all purchasers.
HENRY DODD.
Goderich, March 15th, 1853. v6n7yf

Poetry.

HOME OF THE HEART.

Kind shines the sun to all—
To rich and poor; on cottage, and on palace;
On mountain-pine, and lily of the valleys,
On fount and waterfall;
On creeping lichen, and on cedar tall.

But still there is a spot,
Whereon, to each, he brightlies is shining,
Or where we toil, or at our ease reclining,
On our garden plot,
And meadow green around our smiling cot.

Hence, on the flowers we rear—
Peace-loving moralist of spring and summer,
Rich honey-givers to the gold-winged hummer—
We deem he shines most clear,
Because the soothers in our heart are dear.

The flowers, that yesterday
Were yet green buds, now beautiful unfold
Their blooms of sapphire, white and golden
To the celestial ray;
Blest is their life though but a noon of May

Man! list they preach to thee:
The longest life is not the happiest;
But that which with the sun of truth is blest,
How short so'er it be—
Beauty in flowers, in man humanity.

The cheerer of all nature
Speaks brightly the impartial love of Heaven:
And yet—because to all and daily given—
We prize not that grand feature
Of the Creator's care for every creature.

There is a hallowed place,
Whereon, to each devoted feelings,
The sun shines brightest—for it hath revealings
Which minds delights to trace:
And with their spirits hold communings of grace.

A sacred time-writ page,
Dear Chronicle of many changeful years—
It smiles our joys, and weeps our sorrow's tears:
Wiser than ancient sage
Speak flower and tree, gay childhood and calm age.

May o'er her blossoms sighs—
They pass away like childhood; while majestic
Remain the trees, like patriarchs domestic,
Discoursing with the skies—
That he who loves God alone is wise.

Learn, then, life's wisest plan—
Its simplest virtue, and the best—to clear,
And make the mind a calm, pure atmosphere
Which heavenly breezes shall fan,
For God is always with the pious man.

Literature.

THE WIDOW'S AFFLICTIONS.

The following story is taken from *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.*

Those who have only read the fugitive pieces of FANNY FERN, can form no idea of the excellence of FERN LEAVES. As the able critic of the *N. Y. Tribune* says "*Her book reads better as a whole than any of her productions; which is a rare experience in authorship.*

The funeral was over, and Janie Gray came back to her desolate home. There were the useless drugs, the tempting fruit and flowers, which came all too late for the sinking sufferer. Wherever her eyes fell there were some sad reminiscence to torture her. They, whose life had been all sunshine, came in from Cheerful homes, whose threshold death had never darkened; to offer consolation. All the usual phrases of stereotyped condolence had fallen upon the ear; and now they had all gone, and the world would move on just the same that there was one broken heart in it. She must bear her weight of woe alone. She knew that her star had set. Earth, sea and sky had no beauty now, since the eye that worshipped them with her was closed and rayless.

'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' said Uncle John, joining the tips of his fingers of either hand, and setting himself in a vestry attitude to say his lessons. 'Affliction come not out of the ground. Man is cut down like a flower. God is the God of the widow and the fatherless. I suppose cou find it so?' said he, looking into the widow's face.

'I can scarcely tell,' said Janie. 'This was a lightning flash from a summer cloud. My eyes are blinded; I cannot see the bow of promise.'

'Wrong, all wrong,' said Uncle John.—'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. You ought to be resigned. I'm afraid you don't enjoy your religion. Afflictions are mercies in disguse. You must get submissive somehow, or you will have other troubles set upon you. Good morning.

Uncle John was a rigid sectarian, of the bluest school of divinity: enjoying an immense reputation for sancity, than which nothing was dearer to him, save the contents of his pocket-book. It was his glory to be the Alpha and Omego of parish gatherings and committees; to be consulted in the expediency of sending tracts to the Kangaroo Island; to be present at the lying of corner stones for embyro churches; to shine conspicuously at ordinations, donation visits, Sabbath School celebrations, colportur meetings,—in short, anything that smacked of a church steeple, or added one inch to the length and breadth of his pharisaical skirt. He pitied the poor as every good christian should; but he never allowed them to put their hand in his pocket;—that was a territory over which the church had no control, it belonged entirely to the other side of the fence.

Uncle John sat in his counting room looking very satisfactory at the proof sheet of the 'Morning Star,' of which he was editor. He had just glanced over his long list of subscribers, and (miser as he was) congratulated himself that matters were in such a prosperous condision. Then he tooo out a large roll of bank bills, fingered them affectionately, then he frowned ominously at the poor beggar child who peeped in at the door smoothed his chin, and settled himself comfortably in his rocking chair.

A rap at the door of the Counting room. 'May I come in, Uncle?' and Janie's long black veil was thrown back from her face.

'Y-e-s,' said Uncle John, rather frigidly. 'Pretty busy—'spose you won't stay long?' and he pushed his porte' monaie further down into his pocket.

'I come to ask,' said Janie timidly, 'if you would employ me to write for your paper. Matters are more desperate with me than I thought, and there is necessity for my doing something immediately. I believe I have talents that I might turn to account as a writer. I have literally, nothing Uncle John, to depend upon.'

'Your husband was an extravagant man; lived too fast,—that's the trouble, lived too fast. Ought to have been economical as I was, when I was a young man. Can't have your cake and eat it, too. Can't expect me to make up for other people's deficiciencies. You must take care of *yourself.*

'Certainly, that's just what I wish to do,' said Janie, struggling to restrain her her tears. 'I—I—' but she only finished the sentence with sobs; the contrast between the sunny past and the gloomy present was too strong for her troubled heart.

'Now, if there was anything Uncle John mortally hated, it was to see a woman cry. In all such cases he irritated the victim till she took a speedy and frenzied leave. So he remarked again that 'Mr. Grey was extravagant, else there would have been something left. He was sorry he was dead; but that was a thing *he* wasen't to blame for, and he didn't known any reason why he should be bothered about it. The world was full of widows,—they all went to work, he supposed, and took care of themselves.'

'If you will tell me whether you can employ me to write for you,' said the widow, 'I will not trouble you longer.'

'I have plenty who will write for nothing,' said the old man. 'Market is overstocked with that sort of thing. Can't afford to pay speculators, specially new beginners. Don't think you have any talents that way, either. Better take in sewing, or something, said he, taking out his watch by way of a reminder that she had better be going.

The young widow could scarcely see her way out through her fast falling tears. It was her first bitter lesson in the world's selfishness. She, whose tender feet had been so love-guided, to walk life's thorny path alone, she, for whom no gift was rich, or rare, or costly enough; she, who had leaned so trustingly on that dear arm now so powerless to shield her; she, to whom love was life, breath, being, to meet only careless glances,—nay, more, harsh and taunting words. O, where should that stricken heart find rest; this side of heaven?

Yet she might not yield to despair; there was a little, innocent, helpless one, for whom she must live on, and toil and struggle.—Was the world all darkness? Bent every knee at Mammon's shrine? Beat every human heart only for its own joys and sorrows?

Days and months rolled on. Uncle John said his prayers, and went to church, and counted over his dear bank bills; and the widow sat up until the stars grew pale, and bent wearily over long pages of manuscript; and little Rodolph lay with his rosy cheek nestled to the pillow, crushing his bright ringlets, all unconscious of the weary vigil the young mother was keeping. And now it was New Year's night; and, as she laid aside her pen, memory called her back to rich sunny days,—to a luxurious home.—Again was she leaning on that broad true breast. Troops of friends were about them. O, where were they now? Then she looked upon her small, plainly furnished room, so unattractive to the eye of taste and refinement;—then it fell upon her child; too young to remember that father whose last act was to kiss his baby brow.

Still the child slumbered on,—his red lips parted with a smile,—and for the first time, noted the little stocking, yet warm from the dimpled foot, hung close by the pillow, with childhoods- beautiful trust in angel hands to fill it; and covering her face with her hands, she wept aloud that this simple luxury must be denied a mother's heart. Then extinguishing her small lamp, she laid her tearful cheek against the rosy little sleeper's with that instinctive yearning for sympathy, which only the wretched know. In slumber there is, at least forgetfulness. Kind angels whisper hope in dreams.

The golden light of New Year's morning streamed through the partially opened shutters upon the curly head that already nestled uneasily upon its pillow. The blue eyes opened slowly, like violets kissed by the sun, and the little hand was outstretched to grasp the empty stocking. His lips quivered, and tears of disappointment forced themselves through his tiny fingers; while his mother rose, sad and unrefreshed, to meet another day of toil. And Uncle John oblivious of everything that might collapse his purse, sat comfortably in his rocking chair, 'too busy' to call on his neice.—Treading, not in his Lord's footsteps, where sorrow, and misery, and want, made foottracks, but where the well-warmed, well-clad, and well-filled, sat at Dives' table.

Time flew on. A brighter day dawned for Janie. She had triumphed over disappointments and discouragements before which stouter hearts than her's had quailed. Comfort and independence were again her's earned by her own untiring hand. Uncle John was not afraid of her now. He turned no more short corners to avoid her. She needed no assistance. Uncle John liked to notice that sort of people. He grew amiable, even facetious; and, one day, in the approariousness, actually sent a three-cent piece to his nephew, whom he had inquired for for three long years.

Janie's praises reached him from every quarter; and he took a great deal of pains to let people know that this new literary light was *his neice.* Had he known that she would have turned out such a star, he would have employed her. Now she was swelling other editor's subscription lis ts instead of his. That was a feature of the case he was fully prepared to understand!

'No talent that way?' said Janie to herself, as she saw him, at last, very cooly transfer, with his editorial hand, her articles to 'The Morning Star,' without credit, without remunerations to herself. Sanctimenious, avaricious Uncle John! Did you count the weary vigils they cost the writer. Did you count the tears that blistered their pages? Did you dream of the torturing process by which the bird was blinded, ere it could be taught to sing so sweetly? Knew you that those gushing notes reached you, through prison bars, from a weary captive's throat? No, no, Uncle John! how should you? For where your heart should have been, there was a decided vacum.

FANNY FERN.

SEWING BY MACHINERY.

A machine, of American invention, has been introduced into this country by Mr Darling, of Glasgow, (at whose manufactory numerous examples of it are now in operation,) which carries the mechanical principle into a fresh department of human labour—namely, that of common hand-sewing. The patent sewing machine promises to produce a revolution in the business of seamstresses as great as the power loom effected in that of the weaver. The machine is extremely simple in construction, but it is not very easy to give such an explanation of it as would be intelligible to the general reader, or even indeed to those familiar with the ordinary technical phrases of mechanics. To be understood it must be seen, and even then, so clever is its working, that it requires a sharp eye to follow its evidently simple, yet amazingly expert movements. Its framework is cast metal, but it must not be imagined to be a huge, clumsy affair like a hand loom; on the contrary, it occupies little more space than two cubic feet, and might stand on the top of a lady's work table. The right hand of the worker turns a small wheel, which puts in operation two needles, one an upright one, the other a sort of semi circular one; and on a strong tabular surface, at the left hand extremity of which these two needles work—the upright above, and the circular under—the cloth is laid with the left hand, and propelled between the needles as the machine proceeds with its stitching. This it does with amazing rapidity, running off, in something less than a minute, a line of stout sewing which an ordinary seamstress would scarcely overtake in the course of half an hour. Line after line in traces with unabating celerity and ease, till the two bobbins which supply the thread to the double needle machine may be wound off. Delicate in some respects as the machinery is, we are told, little liable to entanglements or derangement of any kind; and any breakage of thread that may occasionly occur is rectified with very trifling loss of time. Again the machine can be readily adapted to be driven by the foot of the worker, after the fashion of a turning lathe, and is sewing other than simple straight lines for the machine can stitch in circles, or zig zag, or any other way that may be desired; this is a great advantage, and it leaves both hands of the worker free to manage the cloth. This mode of working also secures a much higher rate of speed. By the hand the machine may be driven at the rate of 500 stitches per minute, by the foot at nearly twice that rate. Nor must it be supposed that the work executed at this extraordinary rapid rate, is loose, irregular, "slop" sort of work. On the contrary, it is strong, close sewing, beautiful regular, and altogether such as it would require a very firm and well practised hand to equal. We do not wish to exaggerate the far passed the period probation that it is in very extensive operation in America, that such trial as it has had in this country has been extremely successful and that already its investors are improving on it and adopting it still more carefully and completely to its end. Looking at it when at work, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that it is destined completely to superside all ordinary plain hand sewing, and that such sewing as an occupation for either men or women, tailors or seamstresses, is gone for ever.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

CONDITION OF THE HUMBLEST CLASS OF LABORERS.

As things now stand, it cannot be doubted that the daily corporeal labor which is the lot of this class of men supplies that kind of occupation which is consequently, more productive of happiness than any other would. I even question if the diminution of the period of daily labor, when excessive as in many cases it doubtless is, would add to their happiness. Unable for the most part to read books of instruction or amusement with understanding or profit; ignorant of all the sciences even in their very rudiments; uninstructed in any art that has relation to the higher faculties with the imagination and the fancy, and all the other ministers of taste unawakened from their sleep; unacquainted even with most of the little arts having relation to their domestic state; pay, unskilled in the very games which might innocently fill up a vacant hour—what could they do with more leisure? Alas, I fear we have answer in what we all see around us in the proceedings which too generally characterise the haunts most frequented by them in the intervals of their weekly labor by day; in the evenings; and even in their Sundays and other holidays! Is such a state of things as this to last for ever? Is it even to last long? I believe not; certainly not long, according to the measure by which we mete out the time in relation to momentous changes in man's condition on earth; once fairly assailed it must gradually vanish before that *progress* which has never yet ceased, in some degree or other, to animate and advance the race, and material bodies in motion, will gain force as it proceeds. When the period arrives, *labor* will then take its just place and degree among the acknowledged elements of happiness; and the business of the world will be carried on, even in the lowest forms, not by unthinking, unreasoning, unenjoying machines in human form, but by man worthy of the name, men with minds as capable of labor as their bodies, and having the means and opportunity of exercising the one as well as the other in that active, earnest, but *temperate* manner which seems to have been ordained as the best manner for man in all his relations. The means whereby this happy change is to be brought about, as far as our feeble power can foresee, seem to lie mainly in the general cultivation of men's minds—in other words, in the imparting of knowledge to all those capable of receiving it.—*From a Lecture on Happiness in its Relations to Work and Knowledge.—By John Forbes, M. D.*

HEALTH IN HOT WEATHER.

Few thing are easier than to lose one's health in hot weather. Yet nothing is so easy to maintain if the right course is followed. It is not even necessary to invent new panaceas, or to suggest novel modes of life, in order to keep disease at arm's length in July and August. The whole secret consists in adopting the advice so often given by physicians, to avoid excess. And by this is meant, not merely excess in drinking, but also excess in eating, in exercise, and all things. Every man of sense knows how fallacious is the idea that pouring down heating sherry cobblers and other pernicious drinks, will cool one's person.—But not every man is willing to admit that gorging himself with turtle soup, lobsters, or other delicacies that overtask the digestive organs, are dangerous to health still more. Many who will concede that excessive indulgence at table is injurous, would stare if told that their absorbing devotion to business is liable to protract them, at any moment, victims to the disorders of the season. Yet anything, which weakens the powers, leaves the body comparatively defenceless against the assaults of sickness. To exhaust, in this way, and especially in summer, one's capacity to resist disease, is to act like a General, who, at the approach of an enemy, should weary out his army in useless evolutions, so that when the battle came to be joined, the soldiers would be too fatigued to fight.

If one is forced even to remain in the city, health may generally be preserved by avoiding excess. Had the seventy who died of sudden death, in New York and Philadelphia, within the last fortnight, abstained from working so much in the sun, from drinking intoxicating liquors, or from swallowing large quantities of cold water, they might have been living to this day. But it is not alone those who remain in town, we should remember, who should avoid excess. The too common idea, that at a watering place one can eat, drink, and exercise without limit, has killed many a foolish victim.

To travel by land or water during summer may not injure persons accustomed to such exposure, but it can do no good, at least, to people used to a city life; and when the fishing is accompanied by copious draughts of brandy, or other inflammatory drink, as often the case, is pretty sure to do harm. So to sit up to late terrapin suppers, or to drink juleps all the morning, or to commit other excesses quite ordinary at watering places, is not the road to health. And if one sex should avoid excesses in one way, the other sex should in another. Ladies who dance all night cannot expect to return home with roses on their cheecks.—In a word people of proper habits can defy even the sultriest weather. But persons guilty of excesses, no matter of what description, dismantle the fortress of health, and, as it were, invite the enemy to enter.

HINTS AS TO MANURES.—Hoofs, hairs, feathers, skins, wool, contain more than fifty per cent, of carbon, and from thirteen to eighteen per cent, nitrogen, besides sulphur, salts of lime, of soda, and of magnesia. These substances hold, therefore, the first rank, as it were, among manures; and as a long time is required for their decomposition, their action may often last for seven or eight years. They yield excellent results, especially when made into a compost for potatoes, turnips, hops, hay, and, generally on meadow-land. Hairs spread upon meadows, are said to augment the crop three fold; and the Chinese, we are told, are so well aware of the very great value of that manure, that they carefully collect the hair every time they have their heads shaved—and the operation is performed every fortnight—and sell it to their farmers. Now, the crop of hair which every individual leaves at the hair cutter's yearly, amounts to about half a pound; reckoning, therefore, at thirteen millions, the number of individuals who in great Britain and Ireland, are undergoing the process of shaving and hair cutting, we have a production of about three thousand tons of hair—that is, of manure of the most valuable kind—since it represents, at least, one hundred and fifty thousand tons of ordinary farm yard manure—which might be collected almost without trouble, but which on the contrary, such is our carelessness or indolence in those matters, is, I believe, invariably swept away in our streets or sewers, and utterly wasted.—*Farmers Manual of agricultural Chemistry.*

GALLS FROM THE HARNESS OR SADDLE.—Maj. Long, in his valuable account of his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, says that his party found white lead moistened with milk to succeed better than anything else in preventing the bad effects of the galls on the horses' back, in their march over the plains that border the mountains. Its effect in smoothing or soothing the irritated and inflamed surface was admirable.—*American Farmer.*

CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS.—A simple poultice made of cranberries, pounded fine, and applied in a raw state, has proved in my case and a number also in the vicinity, a certain remeny. In my case the poultice was applied on going to bed, and the next morning I found the inflamation nearly gone; and in two days I was as well as ever.

WATERLOO YARNS.—The world has been listening for years to stories of Waterloo; but it would seem that like a certain other commodity, long since familiar to our readers, "there are a few more left of the same sort." We do not remember to have seen the following in print, though in these typographic times, were that really the case it would be the most curious point in it.—An individual who owned a small tavern near the eventful field, was frequently questioned by visitors as to whether he did not possess some relics of the battle and as invariably and honestly answered in the negative. But he was very poor, and one day, while lamenting to a neighbour, not only his poverty, but the annoyances to which travellers subjected him, his friend cut him short with, "Well, may the one help the other Make some relics! "But what can I do?" inquired the poor one.—"Tell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered your shop during the battle, and sat down on that chair." Not long after an English tourist entered, and, inquiring for relics, heard the chair story. The chair was at once bought at an incredible price. The next somer was informed that Wellington had taken a drink, and the "Wellington tumbler" was accordingly sold. The third arrival gazed with breathlete wonder at the nail on which Bonaparte had "hang up his hat." The fourth purchased the door posts between which he entered, and the fifth became the happy possessor of the floor on which he had trodden. At the last advices, the fortunate tavern keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was seen sitting on a bag of gold in the centre of a deep pit formed by selling the dirt on which the house had stood.

A STAGE STORM.—There was a terrific stage storm in one of the Easter pieces brought out by the illustrous Ellison, at Drury Lane. As machines for making artificial oceans had not been invented, the turbulent element was imitated by little boys, who kicked about on the stage under a cloth painted seagreen. Several youngsters were engaged for this purpose at one shilling per night; but when the run of the piece was slackening, this handsome independence was reduced one half. The waves immediately called a meeting, and resolved that the entire sea should strike. Accordingly, that night, altho' the peas and seives pattered away like hail, the powdered rosin flashed forth its direst lightening, and the sheet iron rolled out terrific thunder, the sea, to the horror of the prompter, was as calm as a new carpet. He roared louder than the hail, lifted a margin of the ocean, and enjoined the boys to toss about with energy. Upon this, an urchin popped out his head from the "briny deep," and inquired—"Sixpenny waves, or shilling ones?" The promptor had no alternative, and quickly replied—"Shilling ones."—Forthwith the sea was agitated as fiercely and suddenly as if a squall had sprung up.

STICKING TO THE TEXT.—The library of a clergyman lately deceased in England was valued at three pounds, while his wine was estimated to be worth $300. Some one observed that he must have thought as an apostile did, that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth light.

Dan Marble, speaking of a young gentleman with moustaches, said: "He is a critter that wears hair on his upper lip to keep the spiders from crawlin' into his Bullet squash.

When your wife begins to scold, let her have it out. Put your feet up easily over the fireplace, loll back in your chair, light one of your best cigars, and let the storm rage on. Say nothing—make no answer to anything.