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.

VOLME VI. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, JANUARY 26 1854. NUMBER 51.

THE HURON SIGNAL
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Office, Market Square, Goderich.

The Proprietor of the SIGNAL having enlarged his establishment by the purchase of a large additional variety of *Plain* and *Fancy* JOB TYPE, he is now prepared, upon the most reasonable terms, and with greater despatch than heretofore, to execute all orders with which he may be favored; such as Books, Pamphlets, Bank Checks, Handbills, of every size, Circulars, Cards, Notes of Hand, Bill Heads, Check Books, Bills of Lading, Order Books Division Court Blanks and every other description of Letter Press Printing *Also—Printing in Colours.*

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CARDS.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL, CAN be consulted at all hours, at *the residence formerly occupied by Robert Moderwell, Esq., East Street, Market Square, Goderich.*
Goderich, April 20th, 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, *BARRISTER-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. L. MARLTON, FORWARDING and Commission Merchant, Agent, for the sale of Wild Lands Cleared Farms, Household Furniture and Produce Office, next door North of the Kincardine Arms, Goderich.
March 24th 1853. v5–n9

WASHINGTON Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co., CAPITAL £10,000. EZRA HOPKINS, Esq., Agent for the Counties of Wellington and Huron.
August 27, 1850. 3v15

MR. JOHN HACKER, BARRISTER, Solicitor, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, Chancery, &c. Office; Ontario Buildings, Church-st. opposite the Gore Bank, King-St. British North America, Hamilton. Bank of British North America. v6n10

MR. T. N. MOLESWORTH, CIVIL ENGINEER and Practical Land Surveyor, Goderich.
April 24, 1851. v5n41

Buffalo Brantford and Goderich RAILWAY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that pursuant to a Resolution of the Board of Directors, payment of the NEW ISSUE OF SHARES of the increased Capital Stock of the Buffalo, Brantford and Goderich Railway Company is required to be made to the Treasurer of the Company, at the Bank of British North America, Brantford, in five equal Instalments, as follows:

20 per cent, on or before the 1st day of May next.
20 per cent on or before the 1st day of July next.
20 per cent on or before the 1st day of September next.
20 per cent on or before the 1st day of November next.
20 per cent on or before the 1st day of January, 1854.

By order,
ARCH'D GILKINSON, Secretary.
Office of B.B. & G. Railway Co., Brantford, March 15, 1853. v6-n9

NOTICE.

Mr. Atherton (Teacher of the Common School, Goderich), being anxious to raise a certain sum of money to pay off some just debts would be glad to attend at any private house, to teach two or three pupils, from seven o'clock to ten every evening, for moderate remuneration: or he would be happy to write or copy in a fair legible hand, for any one in business, or make out accounts, during the hours mentioned above, or from six to half past eight in the morning.
Goderich, Jan. 2nd, 1854. n48-4t.

LARGE AND CHEAP STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS!!

THE Subscriber grateful for the encouragement and support which has been extended to him for the last two years he has been in Business in this place, begs leave respectfully to solicit a continuance of public confidence and favour. My motto is "Small Profits and Quick Sales."

Having just received a Large and well selected assortment of Fancy and Staple

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Crockery and Hardware, Boots and Shoes, with an assortment of Joiners Tools, which will be found not to be surpassed by any other house in the west, either for variety or cheapness. A large assortment of plaid Shawls, Winter Caps, Furs and Boas of all kinds, Wholesale and Retail. Ready made Clothing in great variety.

GROCERIES.—Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Cigars, Green, Roasted and Ground Coffee, Molasses, Syrup, and Vinegar of the best qualities.

ALSO,

Lamp and Paint Oils, Olive Oils, Cold pressed Castor Oil, Varnish and Turpentine, White Paints, Yellow Ochre, Prussian Blue, Venetian Red. Chrome, and Brunswick Green-coarse and ground Emry.

As the Subscriber prefers the "Nimble Sixpence to the slow Shilling"—the public may rely upon getting GOODS at a small advance upon cost. Intending purchasers will do well to call and examine before buying elsewhere. No second price. All kinds of merchantable Produce taken in exchange at the highest cash price.

A. LEYS.
Goderich, Nov. 15th, 1853. n41

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the Estate of the late Mr. JAMES GENTLES, either by Note or Book account, are requested to call and settle the same forthwith: and those having claims against the said Estate are desired to present them for adjustment

☞ With reference to the above, parties indebted to the said estate will please take notice immediately and prevent further trouble and costs.

At the Office of GEO. M. TRUEMAN, Market Square.
Goderich, Aug 22nd, 1853. n29tf

JAMES CAMPBELL, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, *West Street, Goderich,*

HAS just received a Large Assortment of Ladies' Fancy Dress and Walking Boots and Shoes, superior to any of the kind ever offered for sale in Goderich.—Also, a large assortment of Lasts, Boot Trees, Crimping Blocks, Lining Skins, &c. &c., the above articles will be sold as cheap as they can be purchased in the London market.
Goderich, Sept. 6th, 1853. n31tf

WILLIAM SHARMAN, BRICKLAYER AND PLASTERER, [WEST STREET, GODERICH,

IS prepared to furnish DESIGNS and PLANS, on the most reasonable term.
Goderich, Nov. 18th, 1852. v5n43

W. & R. SIMPSON, (LATE HOPE, BIRRELL & Co.,) GROCERS, Wine Merchants, Fruiterers and Oilmen, No. 17 Dundas Street, London, C. W.
February 25th, 1853 v5–n5.

ALEXANDER LEYS, *GENERAL DEALER IN* DRY Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Stationery, &c., &c., &c.—Corner of Hamilton Street, Market Square, Goderich.
June 25th, 1853. n22

MRS. POLLOCK, Milliner and Straw Bonnet Maker.

BEGS leave to inform her friends and customers that she has removed to West Street, two doors east of the Canada Company's office, where she will continually keep on hand a good assortment of Tuscan, Straw and fancy Bonnets to suit the seasons. Also ribbons caps and fancy trimmings, &c., &c.

Straw and Tuscan Bonnets cleaned and altered.
Goderich, 6th October, 1853. v6-n35

C. R. BARKER, *Commission Agent, Kincardine,* FOR the Sale of Wild Lands, &c., a Registry kept of Town Lots, partially cleared Farms, &c., free of charge. All communications, post paid, answered immediately.

Deeds and Transfers drawn, Books and Accounts adjusted.

Agent for Moulson's Old Rochester Nursery. Cooking Stoves of first rate quality and superior fixing, and stove Piping for sale on easy terms. Office No. 2, North Durham Street, Penetangore, Township of Kincardine.
October 12th, 1853. v6n37

Poetry.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—AN ACROSTIC.

(This beautiful and ingenious composition, though it had a great run in the papers some years ago, will probably be new to many of our readers.)

*O*ur Lord and King who reign'st enthroned on high
*F*ather of Light! Mysterious Deity!
*W*ho art the great I AM—the last, the first—
*A*rt righteous, holy, merciful and just—
*I*n realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
*H*eaven is the dwelling place of God our King.
*H*allowed thy name, which doth all names transcend,
*B*e thou adored, our great Almighty Friend,
*T*hy glory shines beyond creation's space,
*N*amed in the book of justice and of grace!
*T*hy kingdom towers beyond the starry skies;
*K*ingdom Satanic falls, but thine shall rise,
*C*ome, let thine empire, O thou Holy One,
*T*hy great and everlasting will be done!
*W*ill God made known his will, his power display?
*B*e it the work of mortals to obey.
*D*one is the great, the wondrous work of love
*O*n Calvary's cross he died, but reigns above,
*E*arth bears the record in thy holy word.
*A*s heaven adoreathy love, let earth, O Lord;
*I*t shines transcendent in the eternal skies
*I*s praised in heaven—for man the Saviour dies.
*I*n songs immortal, angels laud his same.
*H*eaven shouts with joy, and saints his love proclaim.
*G*ive us, oh Lord, our food, nor cease to give
*U*s proper food, on which our souls may live.
*T*his be our boon to-day, and days to come,
*D*ay without end, in our eternal home;
*O*ur needy souls supply from day to day,
*D*aily assist, and aid us when we pray;
*B*read though we ask, yet, Lord, thy blessing lend,
*A*nd make us grateful when thy gifts descend.
*F*orgive our sins, which in destruction place
*U*s—the vile rebels of a rebel race
*O*ur follies, fruits and trespasses forgive—
*D*ebts which we ne'er can pay, or thou receive;
*A*s we, O Lord, our neighbours' faults o'erlook.
*W*e beg thou'lt blot *ours* from thy memory's book;
*F*orgive our enemies, extend thy grace
*O*ur souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race,
*D*ebtors to thee in gratitude and love,
*A*nd in that duty paid by saints above,
*L*ead us from sin, in thy mercy raise
*U*s from the tempter and his hellish ways;
*N*ot in our own, but in His name who bled,
*I*nto thine ear we pour our every need,
*T*emptation's fatal charms help us to shun,
*B*ut may we conquer through thy conquering Son.
*D*eliver us from all which can annoy
*U*s in this world, and may our souls destroy;—
*F*rom all calamities which men betide,
*E*vil and death, oh turn our feet aside,
*F*or we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay;
*T*hine 'tis so rule, and mortals to obey,
*I*s not thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
*T*he whole creation knows no God but thee.
*K*ingdom and empire in thy presence fall,
*T*he King Eternal reigns the King of all.
*P*ower is with thee—to thee be glory given,
*A*nd be thy name adored by earth and heaven,
*T*he praise of saints and angels is thy own.
*G*lory to thee, the everlasting one,
*F*orever be thy triune name adored.
*A*men! Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!

LITERATURE.

"IT'S ONLY A DROP!"

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger but by sorrow. The The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionally within his own, said, 'It isn't for my own sake, Ellen, though I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your [sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud by calling us her blossoms of beauty.'

'God and the blessed Virgin make her bed in heaven now and for evermore, amen!' said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads. 'Ah, Mike,' she added, 'that was the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness.'

"True for ye, Ellen; but that's not what I'm after now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my hearth-stone, with no one to keep me company but the ould black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur!'

'Now,' said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, 'lave off; ye're just like all the men, purtending to one thing whin they mane another; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the colour to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart than would be convarient, just by the mention of one Mary. Mary! what a purty name Mary it is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the ould rhyme?—

'Mary, Mary, quite contrary.'

'Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sure she's anything but that to you, anyway, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail; it isn't many there's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor ould Pusheen,' she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, 'never heed what he says to you; he has no notion to make you either head or tail to the house, not he; he wont let you be without a mistress to give you yer sup of milk or yer bit of sop; he wont let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a sacret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one.'

'Anything for your happiness,' replied the brother somewhat sulkily; 'but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen; you know he has.'

"How spiteful you said that!' replied Ellen; 'and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself.'

'You'll not let a word go against him,' said Michael.

"No," she said, "I will never let ill be spoken of an absent friend.—I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him.'

'After he's married,' observed Michael not very good-naturedly.

'No,' she answered, 'before. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to after-marriage reformation. I wont. Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin habit you had of putting everything off to the 'ast? and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than yours, Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by yer own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door-cheek, or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire; look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society.'

'That's yours, Ellen,' said the generous-hearted Mike; 'I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it.'

'You never shall,' she answered; 'I've laid it every penny out; so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table-cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch, everything good, and plenty of it.'

'My own dear generous sister,' exclaimed the young man.

'I shall ever be your sister,' she replied, and hers too. She's a good *colleen*, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to 'ere another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face.—And hush!—whisht! will ye? there's the sound of Larry's footstep in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike.' She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped. and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humoured face entered with the salutation of 'God save all here!' He 'popped' his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was; for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, and manly, and fearless-looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment' and exclaimed, 'Oh, Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night? Ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper after your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother will be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the county, the walk across that moor's the deariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you haven't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now.'

'Well,' interrupted Mike, 'it's the woman that bates the world for desaving.—Sure she heard yer step when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it, she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you, and twirl you, and turn about, so that you wont know whether its on your head or your heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straightforward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does.'

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed. And immediately after the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blithe, and well to do in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the least taste in life more., when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellat Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whiskey bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, the natural self-conceit of all [illegible] that he was perfectly secure [illegible]; but though Ellen loved, like all her country-woman, well, she loved, I am compelled to say, unlike the generality of my fair countrywoman, wisely, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

'Dear Ellen!' he exclaimed 'it was only a drop,' the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me [illegible] down, quite against my will.'

'Who poured it down yer throat, Larry?'

'Who poured it down my throat is it? why myself, to be sure; but [illegible] you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?'

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember the man that I may yet be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith in conversions after—'

'Oh, Ellen!' interrupted her lover.

'It's no use oh Ellen—ing me,' she answered quickly; 'I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it.

'She's as obstinate as ten women,' said her brother. There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has her own way.

'It's very cruel of you, Ellen, to listen to raison. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me.

'If you know that, Larry, why do you take the tablespoonful.

Larry could not reply to this question.—He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptation* and the *overcomingness* of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a drop.

"I can never think a thing a trifle,' she observed, 'that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one; and I *know* you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us by our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad, we've a right to think anything that *does* lead to it sin in the prospect, if not at the present."

'You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen,' said the young man, if he could not resist to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied archly, "if I were a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to confession."

"But, Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not a positive downright *earnest* you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, *the least taste in life* I took at the fair. You could not find in your heart. Speak for me, Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent 'll be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking—'

'Larry,' interrupted Ellen, do not yer talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother I will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because it is the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it.'

'I'll take an oath against the whiskey, if that will plase ye, till Christmas.'

'And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsey as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—no!'

'I'll swear anything you plase.'

'I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced.'

'My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced.'

'Prove it by abstaining from taking a drop, even *the least drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face.'

'I'll give it up altogether.'

'I hope you will from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you dare'n't trust yerself.'

'Ellen, I'm sure ye're some English blood in yer veins, ye've such a raisoner. Irish woman don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not many marriage-dues his reverence would have, winter and summer.'

'Listen to me, Larry, and believe that, though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind.'

'Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good,' observed her brother slyly.

'Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old entirely, withered and white-headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the strames and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at the first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, the'd call her anjill name o two; and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scraine, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-edged waters with her crooked [illegible] muttering words which none, [illegible] could understand. Stacy [illegible] well-rared woman, and knew [illegible] than any of us; when not tormented by children, she was mighty well-spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so too, if they'd call her anything but Lady Stacy, which the rale gentry of the place all honoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

One day Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the black boheen, who should I see moving along it, but Lady Stacy; and on she came, muttering and mumbling to herself, till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dogman*)'s hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened; but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him of her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart; but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy herself laid about with her staff; but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that; but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty.—Well, I bate the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman; for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor, † I thought a drop of whiskey would revive her, and accordingly I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

'Do you want to poison me,' she shouted, after saving my life! When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large gray eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature. 'Ellen,' she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young; but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink!—whiskey! My father was in debt: to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it: for, Ellen, mind my words—the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, can do so. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them; he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessaries of life, yet he found the means to keep the wiskey cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knock for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying round the bed-bed of a dying mother, where was her husband? had raised a ten-gallon cask of whiskey on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whiskey in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing "he had lived like a king, and would die like a king!"

* Tax-gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.
† In the House.

To be Continued.

CURIOUS STORY OF A RING.

In the summer of 1843 the family of McG, a tighly respectable citizen, residating a Helensburg, and it happened, that while one of his daughters, then a girl o ten years of age, was gathering shells on the banks of the Gareloch, she found a valuable gold signet ring, bring a crest, and a set of family initials. Our townsman, on his return to Glasgw, showed the ring to an engraver, who expressed his opinion that it belongs to a family of the name of R— Mr. G. accordingly spared no pains to apprize gentlemen of that name, that a ring had been found; and amongst other men, he consulted the London and Dublin Directories, and wrote to all unde the name indicated, but the replies fan each were to the effect that no rin had been lost by them or any member of their familiy. The ring was accilingly put past as a stray waif, of which was hopeless to discover the owner. Last summer, however, Mr. G. h a visit from a friend who is a member f the Jun or United Service Club ondon: *inter alia*, the story of the rit came overboard, and it was accidently rehearsed upon the visitors return the metropolis; it thus reached the earl one who remembered that his relain an eminent gentleman in Derbyshire, had lost a much valued family ring, many ars ago, on the banks of a Scottish lk. A correspondence ensued: the rg which had now lain more than five yes in our townsman's desk, was descend to a hair by the Derbyshire gentleman, and as undoubted ownership wathus established it was sent to him a fe days ago, and most gratefully acknowledged. The Englishman, in descving the ring says, "it was worn for many years by my father, who [illegible] 21 years, & subsequently g[illegible] to my mother, who has also en[illegible] rest. The initials of both (D. S.—P. S. R) together with another s (F. A. R) and my own were engraven on the setting of the ring short before it was lost." He adds—"I lost one day in September 1843, while thing under cover of a grassy knoll, wi a plantation upon it not quite half way otween Helensburg and Row, where I must have lain until discovered by yr daught r five years afterwards. Tis it should have escaped the various langers of either being buried or wash away is most remarkable. I happent to stand at the spot where I lost it only six months ago little thinking I shou so soon have the prospect of seeing itain!" The writer also states that on discovery the loss, he waited for low water, but in vain. Notwithstanding, it was found in the very spot on which the owner had bathed. It would appear, that it had not suffered anything by its long immersion. for Mr. R., in acknowledging receipt on Monday last (Nov. 28) says,—"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of my old friend the ring, looking, in truth, every whit as well as it did on the morning on which it was lost, just ten years and three months ago.—"[Glasgow Herald.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE. NOBLE CONDUCT OF A WOMAN.

On Saturday afternoon as one of the ferry canoes from the city reached the battures at Pont Levi a mass of sheet ice drifting drawn with the ebb tide, bore it away ere all the passengers were able to jum., ashore. Notwithstanding the hardest efforts of their companions to rescue them by hauling the boat ashore. they were forced to witness their three fellow passengers, a woman and two men, borne off rapidly by the ice, with every prospect of meeting a watery grave or freezing from the intense cold.

The force of the tide and current is so strong, more partiocularly with an ebb tide and west wind that no human power can stay the progress of any thing once in its grasp. as the writer can testify from a narrow escape two years since. The unfortunates in the canoe were therefore most reluctantly abandoned by their comrades, and left to their fate.

During the course of the night they were thus carried down the river till opposite St. Thomas. With the rising tide they were again brought up as far as Berthier, where at noon on Sunday, they were observed by the people going home from mass, and after great exertions were rescued from their perilous situation, having spent nearly 12 hours on the river, during one of the most severe nights that are ever experienced throughout our winter season.

Their escape is altogether due to the exertions of the woman, who from time to time encouraged the men to work to keep themselves warm; and this she had to do repeatedly, as the two men, believing all exertions vain, laid themselves down in the canoe frequently during the night, at the risk of being frozen in their slumbers. The name of the woman is Begin, a widow, and the mother of a young family, living at Pont Levi.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

At Udina, Austria, a poor man suffering under the tortures of hydrophobia, was cured by draughts of vinegar given him, by mistake, instead of another potion. A physician of Padua got intelligence of this event, and tried the same remedy upon a patient at the hospital, administering a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and the third at sunset, and the man was speedily and perfectly cured.

HINTS TO STOCK RAISERS.—Mix occasionally, one part of salt with four or five of wood ashes, and give it to your stock of all kinds during summer and winter.

It promotes health and growth materially.

Green and fermented food produces flatulency, and this mixture affords a remedy

GALT BRANCH.—A considerable number of men are now busy laying the rails on the Galt Branch. We understand that this number is soon to be greatly increased, and we think that the first train will enter Galt about the first of February. We are informed by a friend from the vicinity of St. George, that a locomotive was to start running on Monday last, to carry the rails from one part of the line to another.—*Reformer.*

PITTSBURG, Jan. 13.

Judge Irwin has denied the application of Ira Sherwine, of the Erie Rioters, to be discharged from Alleghany County Jail; the denial to stand good until the breach in the injunction has been repaired, and proper submission been made to the authorities of the Court—the same order to be applied to cases of the two Kilpatricks and John Jacks.

ERIE, Jan. 13, 1854.

A telegraphic despatch directed to the Mayor of this city, from the hon. James Thompson, now in Harrisburg, and who is Counsel for the people of Erie, has been received at this place to-day, ordering a suit to be brought against the United States Marshal and his aids in the name of each prisoner who has been arrested, for false imprisonment.

DUTIES OF EDUCATED WOMEN.—The education of woman, like that of man, should tend to prepare them for their duties; the difference of their employments will of course render their studies different. It is the duty of woman to educate her children, the boys until a certain age, and girls until they are married. How much wisdom is requisite to manage the mind and disposition of each child, so to guide their intellects and manage their humors, as to anticipate the effects of their growing passions, and to rectify their errors. How much prudence should a mother have in order to maintain her authority over them, without losing their friendship and their confidence. Surely the mother of a family ought to possess a religious, mature, firm mind, acquainted with the human heart. St. Paul attaches such importance to the education of children, that he says it is by "mothers the souls of children are saved." I shall not attempt to specify all that they ought to know, in order to educate their children well. To do this, it would be necessary to enter into an entire detail of their studies; but we must not omit the subject of economy. Woman in general are apt to neglect it, and think it proper only for the lower classes; those woman especially who are brought up in idleness and indolence, disdain the detail of domestic life. It is nevertheless, from ignorance that the science of economy is despised. The polished Greeks and Romans took care to instruct themselves in this art. The mind is of a low order which can only speak well, and cannot [illegible] ment [illegible] yet [illegible]