Huron Signal.

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VOLUME V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1852. NUMBER XXXIX.

THE HURON SIGNAL

Is Printed & Published every Thursday

BY GEO. & JOHN COX.

Office, Market Square, Goderich.

☞ Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

Terms of the Huron Signal.—TEN SHILLINGS per annum if paid strictly in advance, or Twelve and Six Pence with the expiration of the year.

No paper discontinued until arrears are paid up, unless the publishers think it their advantage to do so.

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June 1848. 2vn25

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Stratford, 2nd Jan. 1850. 2vn49

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August 27th, 1849. 2vn30

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October 25, 1849. 2vn38

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BY JAMES GENTLES, Goderich.—Attentive Hostlers always on hand.
Goderich, Sept. 12, 1850. v3-n30

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WHERE she intends to carry on the above business. Dresses made in the very latest fashions.
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(Near the Market Square,)
BY MESSRS. JOHN & ROBT. DONOGH.

GOOD Accommodations for Travellers, and an attentive Hostler at all times, to take charge of Teams
Goderich, Dec. 6, 1850. 43—tf

WASHINGTON
Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co.,
CAPITAL $1,000,000.

EZRA HOPKINS, Hamilton, Agent for the Counties of Waterloo and Huron.
August 27, 1850. 2v15

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MR. T. N. MOLESWORTH,

CIVIL ENGINEER and Provincial Land Surveyor, Goderich.
April 30, 1851. v4n11

DR. HYNDMAN;

QUICK'S TAVERN, London Road.
May 1851. v4n12

JAMES WOODS,

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

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(LATE HOPE, BIRRELL & Co.,)
GROCERS, Wine Merchants, Fruiterers and Oil [illegible] 17 Dundas Street, London, C. W.
February 25th 1852. v5-n5

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All kinds of Deeds correctly drawn, and Books and Accounts adjusted.
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July 22, 1852. v5n26

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

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

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

Poetry.

MY EARLY DREAMS.

BY STELLA.

O! give me back my early dreams,
My early dreams so purely bright;
Life like a dreary desert seems,
Without their inspiring light.
The summer brightness now is o'er,
That glowed around my steps before;—
No more I drink at joys bright streams,
As in my glad and early dreams.

When in my hours of deep unrest,
When sleep forsakes my heavy eyes—
By dark imaginings opprest,
Like spectral forms that round me rise—
Oft will a ray of joyous light,
Upon my spirit's gloomy night,
Break in with sweet and sudden gleams,
Remembrance of my early dreams.

My early dreams—a rosy hue
O'er every scene of life they cast:
But soon from my delighted view,
Like rainbow tints, they vanished fast;
I feel like one who sits alone,
Where dazzling forms once round him shone
And each fair scene unlovely seems,
Without my own, my early dreams.

Now like those birds that move between
Those eastern seas, with restless flight,
That never in their course were seen
To pause one moment, or alight—
So thoughts, that restless are as they,
Haunt my own spirit night and day;
And midst them, oh! how sacred seems
The memory of my early dreams.

GOD IS CONSOLATION.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Oh! Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee?

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathe sweetness out of woe.

Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly waiting from the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

When joy no longer soothe or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too.

Then sorrow touched by Thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray.
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Literature.

THE OLD DOCTORS STORY.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

There are times when the grave yard seems peculiarly beautiful. When hushed twilight wings her way from heaven to wrap the Temples of the dead in her soft transparent drapery, or the pleasant moon lights up the mossed gravas, making luminous the face of the beautiful cherubs that forever winged but never take their flight, it is sweet to wander up the shaded isles of the slumberous city and muse upon the holy memories of the departed.

The stars burned with a lustre peculiar to autumn skies; a clear mild atmosphere gave a most refreshing elasticity to my spirits; I wandered from home I sarcely knew why, and found myself, after a leisure walk, near the old fashioned burial ground of Dallston village. I was a happy man I had received my diploma that day; I was really and professedly an M. D. What directed my steps to the lovely, rural burial ground I cannot now tell, but as surely as I live I now believe that some mysterious companion shaped my course. The gate was open, the walks glittered in the strong light, the shadows leaned down from the trees and fresceed the smooth gravel with quaint tracery; the buds and flowers grouped in dark masses upon the gently curved mounds—I knew they were buds and flowers, for their fragrance betrayed them—seemed whispering in their silent language to the dead below. In my youth I was fond of symbolising; every thing inanimate had its type in some ideal or oriental fancy; this evening I felt like a poet; my imagination was as fertile—yes I thought as fertile as Milton's if my thoughts were not as sublime.

I sauntered carelessly along the side where a hawthord hedge twined its firm tendrils together, dragging my cane after me, musing in careless reverie. Suddenly I paused; Judge L's. beautiful lot was directly before me; its little fountain bubling up and breaking up into white globules that glistened like hoar frost. Here I leaned by a huge and hoary elm, and closed my eyes as the magic breathing of flute skilfully touched, floated through my dreaming brain. I think that was the most blessed hour of my existence, for, mingling with that plaintive melody, came a bright, gentle face, with sparkling eyes, and cheeks just crimsoned enough to resemble two pale rose leaves flushing the purest snow. O! how I loved that sweet May Kendail; love!—would I could think of some word that would express even more than adoration: forgeting God, I idolized her, agotist that I was, fancied that my unspoken passion was returned. But I will not linger; in those few moments I was pouring my very soul into the heart that I fondly fancied, as youth will sometimes, was in a kind of spiritual presence ever beside me.

My reverie was broken by the approach of a stranger, and a light silvery laugh shut out the music of the flute, for it was so like May's, so ringing so joyous. Presently, as the line manly form drew nearer, I recognised the features of one who was my college-mate two years ago; I would have sprung forward to meet him; his name was trembling on my lips, when a sight arrested my attention that chilled my blood and made my teeth chatter with a sudden freezing fear. The two had come almost beside me, and there stopped, charmed with the little sylvan spot; the lady held her hat by the strings; one arm passed confidingly through that of her companion, and when she turned her radiant face around towards me—who was concealed by the shadow—I recognised in the full flood of moonlight, May Kendall. I do not like, even at this day, to review the feelings that shook my frame when I heard them murmur *such* words of tenderness to each other in subdued and happy tones; a deadly faintness came over me as I gathered from their lips the knowledge that they were betrothed, and when that passed away, a fierce revenge sent the blood boiling through my veins;once I would have leaped upon him and demanded *my* May, *my* love, without whom life would be a curse, and the world a dread blank. But then by what right could I call her, mine? true she had been most kind to me, but never more than maiden modesty might well beseem her conduct. Now I knew—God forgive me for the rage that tugged at my heart strings as I thought it,—why she had talked of Frederick; oh! fool that I was, not to comprehend she smiled on me because I was his friend, because I had ever some sweet recollection to tell, some comley virtue to praise; and blinded by my own blindness, if I may so speak, I fancied she loved me.

How did I command myself enough, still to stand motionless, even till I learned the day the hour the wedding would take place? for every nerve in my body seemed changed into an instrument of torture. Fortunately they did not pass me; but retraced their steps; and I bending low, with almost breaking heart, slowly left the pleasant graveyard and walked towards home, too wretched to think or feel all the crushing weight of my disappointment. The next day before sunrise, I was on my way to the neighbouring city; I was in a strange tumult, that I knew not but would prove fatal to me; I was ready for almost any desperate deed, and had more than once—I shudder when I think of it—contemplated self destruction but I called philosophy, nay, something higher, holier, to my aid—religion, and in time became soothed if not comforted: that is after I knew May was irrevocably married.

Two months passed; I deemed myself sufficiently fortified with good resolution, to return home to my chosen place of residence it was high noon when I drove up the main street, a carriage dashed by me, a light vehicle; in another moment it turned, and Frederick was abreast. His [illegible] were on my reins; his face denoted suffering.

"Dr. Lane, my early friend, do not stop till you reach Mrs. Kendall's; my May lies there—sick, dying," he gasped; how ashy pale he was. My face blanched I felt a sudden kind of tremor; we dashed ahead, neither speaking, and in fifteen minutes I stood by the couch of the young bride.—That was an awful hour thus spent; at its close, I pressed down her white eye-lids over her dull, glazed eye—ah! thought I, how can such beauty be dead! And still, for all, there was triumph at my heart—until I beheld the awful grief of the husband, saw the big drops like blood bead his broad white forehead, almost forced him from the inanimate body, that he would hold clasped to his bosom, kissing the white lips, the white cheeks, even the golden locks that laid damp and uncurled over her shoulders.

And when I left the house of mourning, was it not strange the calmness I felt settling over my spirit? Could this thought, even in its faintest tracery, swell through my mind at such a time—she is not mine, and *neither is she his*; I am glad that she could not be mine only, none but death can claim her now! I fear bad conscience applied her torch, she would read those scathing words written on the crimson portals of my heart; but I must hasten.

The next day I went over to be present at the funeral services; and still I felt that sorrowful happiness. Poor Frederick was at times raving; then stupid with his great woe: the mourners assembled, the beautiful dead, laid robed in satin in her coffin, already filled with weeping friends. I took my station by the coffin; with unutterable tenderness I gazed upon that heavenly countenance it looked not like stern death but a soft, smiling slumber.

There was all her young companions around, village maidens, whose silvery voice wavered, and trembled, until tears and sobs choked down their music, and one mournful, heart rending wail sounded through the room.

The pastor arose and began his prayer; never heard I a more affectionate petition; how gently he spoke of her youth her beauty and goodness;—the circumstance under which God, was pleased to call her—just as it were standing on the threshold of happy life, and looking through the rose colored future. I still kept my place at the head of the coffin; my eyes full of tears never once moved from that holy face.

I fancied the features grew dim; I thought my sight failed, and I bent closer to the corpse. I drew back, wiped my eyes—looked again; God of mercy, what thrill sent a wild shock through my frame and smote my brain as with fire! I reeled! I fell almost over the coffin; there was moisture on the glass, moisture that came not off when I applied my hand; *moisture upon the inside.* My knees trembled, my heart beat against my side till I swayed like a pendulum; all my serenity was gone, the voice of the pastor whistled in my ear; each moment was an hour, and yet I knew not what to do. The conflict came again—it was awful, awful; if I kept my silence *she was still the bride of death, and as much mine as another's!* if I spoke, she was again the wife of my rival. I dare not think of my emotions now—I could not have been myself when that horrible temptation beset me, and whispered me to let the dark grave claim her, if I might not.—O! that was the great sin of life; I hope I am forgiven.

The perspiration welled out from every pore, but the agony was passed; I could have throttled the pastor that he did not cease—yet I trembled for the very life of the husband, should he know the truth too suddenly; there was a tingling from my head to my fingers' ends; I shook like an aspen leaf.

"Amen!" oh, how I thanked God for that sound; I still clung to the coffin; I wat weak, weak as a child.

It was the custom for the chief mourners to be called first, that they might be spared the shock of seeing the dear one borne out before their eyes. The poor husband tottered out, supported on each side; do you not think my fellings must have been singular, as he passed me!—Next the sobbing mother.. Now was my time; "friends, neighbours," I gasped, "call the sexton; take off the coffin lid, delay not a moment she is not dead." I rather shrieked than said the last words.

O! such a change as came over that assembly; many swooned—a crowd came rushing up to the coffin; I pressed them back; the hand of the undertaker trembled and as screw after screw fell rattling on the floor, my heart beat quicker with hope and fear.

The lid was thrown aside; in my arms was the fair creature borne to her coach; as I returned a moment, I saw her only sister standing as if rivetted to the floor; her cheeks ghastly, her eyes staring frightfully. I seized her by the arm; but she stirred not; I shook her rudely—"[illegible] Maria, she may perhaps really die; quick! come and cut off her grave clothes she must not see them—must not know of this!"

With a wild unnatural burst of laughter the girl aroused herself from her stupor; then as suddenly, a flood of tears came to her relief; all was right now; she followed me into the next chamber, and untied the white satin ribbon's from the delicate wrists, and unloosened the linnen bands upon the breast, so that by the time the young bride opened her eyes, she was lying as if she had sought her coach for pleasant slumber.

And now the terrible excitement over, I breathed freely; and yet another important task was to be accomplished; by my orders the poor husband had been briefly detained a moment; he was so distracted with his grief that all news was alike to him—they led him where they liked; he sat in a little room just accross the entry. I went in, closed the door and stood beside him; he glanced up once, then buried his face in his hands with a deep, unearthly groan, that went to my very soul; oh! I felt for the first time such exquisite joy in the performance of a good deed—I experience a new love for my profession.

"Frederick," said I passing my arm around his neck, "there is some good yet in store for you, do not mourn this way."

"I am a broken hearted man," he uttered in faltering accents: "do not strive to comfort me—you only increase my misery.

"But if I could give you comfort you little dream of; if—if—if I told—you—" I stammered, and knew not how to proceed for to proceed, for the husband's wild eyes were fastened to my face, while he half rose with a strange quick movement.

"If what—if what, Doctor Lane?—what *am* I to think?" his voice trembled; "there is something in my heart bids me look to you for hope! Yet why, why!" and the words sank mournfully into silence.

"Did you ever hear of people falling into trances, and then when robed for the burial—"

I could proceed no further; the excited man sprang from his seat, clenched both my hands, and with fire in his eyes, incoherently exclaimed—"What?—how?—dead?—in a trance?—laid out?—buried?—shut up?—whom I saw die—who gasped in my arms—on this bosom—bade me farewell—grew white and cold—no, no, you mock me!"

"Frederick," said I, while the tears rained down my cheeks, "your wife still lives—she was only in a trance."

Never shall I forget the ensuing scene; he threw his arms around me, and hugged me like one frantic.

"God bless you! Heaven bless you! Oh! Doctor, I shall die of this excess of joy, lead me to her; where is she, my friend, my *good* friend? May, May, my sweet bride—not dead—not dead! When these eyes looked upon her for the last time! Oh! but no, doctor, this is too beautiful, too good—let me see her, I will be calm; and, doctor, he exclaimed, grasping my arm with his shaking fingers, "I would almost give you my life for this, I would, I would; I could not have survived long you cannot tell how dearly I loved her. Dear Doctor, God bless you!"

He did not even dream poor fellow that he had been my rival.

The mother hung over her child—the husband bent over his bride—full of thanksgiving, she, with her large blue eyes moving fondly from one to the other, as she whispered, "I am better, stronger; I will soon be well again; I have been sick very long, have I not?"

Frederick kissed her pure brow in reply, and then hid his face in the pillow, to weep in silence; and then I left them, a happier being a better man; and happier and better I have been ever since.

May and her husband still live—a fond and beautiful pair, even now.

I am an old bachelor.

BASHFUL MEN.

We never saw a genuinely bashful man who was not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease, the thoughts that they would express, yet command them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their character that time will mellow and bring out; perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint in the unfolded rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated; that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects, will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attentions because he can fold a shawl gracefully and hands compliments with Parisian elegance while they will not condescend to look upon the worthier man who feels for them a [illegible] great that his every mute glance is worship.

The man who is bashful in the presence of ladies, is their defender when the loose tongue of the slanderer would defame them it is not he who boasts of conquest, or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist in his imagination alone; his cheek will flush with resentment, his eye flash with anger to hear the name of woman coupled with a coarse oath; and yet he would die to defend them, is least honored by the majority of our sex.

Who ever saw a bashful libertine? The anomaly was never seen. Ease and elegance are his requisites: upon his lips sits flattery, ready to play court alike to the blue eyes and black, he is never non plussed, he never blushes. For a glance he is in raptures; raptures; for a word he would professedly lay down his life. Yet it is he who fills our vile city dens, with wrecks of female purity; it is he who profanes the holy name of mother, desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is shroned ruins the heart that trusts in him: pollutes the very air he breathes, and all under the mask of a polished gentleman.

Ladies, a word in your ears, have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth leads him to stand aloof, while others crowd around you. If he blushes stammers even at your approach, consider them so many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex. If he was retiring and modest let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance, for depend upon it, with him your life will be happier in poverty, than with many another surrounded by the splendor of palaces.

LIVERPOOL AND QUEBEC CONNECTED BY TELEGRAPH.—He is a foolish man who in these days pronounces anything, within the posibiltiy of performance by the ingenuity of man to be impracticable. The following article from the New York *Courier & Inquirer*, will show that the long talked of communication by Telegraph of the New World with the Old, is perhaps, not so difficult as it has generally been supposed to be. The suggestion appears to be a feasible one, and if so it is quite certain that the means will not be wanting to give it a fair trial:

TRANS-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The complete success which has attended the effort to connect England with Ireland and with France, by submarine telegraphic communication has inspired new faith in the practicability of forming a similar connection with America. Many different projects have already been started for the accomplishment of this great object, but none that we have seen, has struck us so favorably as one set forth in an English pamphlet before us. It certainly goes far towards obviating a difficulty which has been regarded as the most formidable in the way of the undertaking—the immense distance for which the wire must be maintained unbroken, and the vast trouble which a fracture in any portion of it must consequently occasion. The route proposed is entirely new. It extends from the northern coast of Scotland to the Orkney, Shetland, and Ferroe Islands, thence to Iceland, Greenland and Labrador, and thence along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence to Quebec. The entire length of the line is about 2,500 miles, and its submarine portion will be shorter by nearly one-third than if carried directly across the Atlantic. The submarine distance to be overcome is across Davis' Strait between Greenland and Labrador, an extent of four or five hundred miles. The soundings in these straits are highly favorable averaging it is said nearly 200 miles in a direct line from Juliana's Hope, were is a prosperous settlement, to Baron's Bay, on the coast of Labrador.—Between Greenland and Iceland, which is about half the distance as between Greenland and Labrador, the soundings average more than 100 fathoms so that the line would lay perfectly secure beneath the floating Icebergs. Between Iceland and the Ferroe Islands a distance of some three hundred miles, and between the Ferroe and the Shetland Islands a distance somewhat less, there is no ice that would occasion any serious obstacle. This route is perfectly free from the immense beds of *fucus* or sea weed to which the wire in a more southern one would be exposed, and has also certain minor advantages consequent upon a less depth of water.

A movement has already been made in England towards forming a company with a capital of £500,000, with power to double it: for the purpose of carrying out this scheme. Negotiations have been opened with the Canadian Government for a grant of land and other facilities for constructing the line, and the Government, so far as relates to its dominion of Greenland & Iceland is expected to give its co operation. The French line since its opening last autumn has realized profits equal to 25 per cent, and there is very little doubt but that this line would prove highly profitable if it could be constructed for anything like the amount estimated. The elements, however, to be taken into consideration are so manifold and varied and at present too slightly investigated to admit of any reliable statement in regard to either its feasibility or its cost. But the scheme certainly deserves and will doubtless receive the attention of the commercial world.

COST OF THE COLONIES TO GREAT BRITAIN.

The London Times of the 6th inst., contains a most interesting article, founded upon the report obtained by Sir Wm. Molesworth of the cost of the army sustained by Great Britain in the colonies.

In 1850 which is the year which the Times has selected, the troops in the colonies cost the mother country £1,528,658. In this calculation, however, neither the artillery, nor the engineers are taken in, as they do not, according to the military technicalities belong to that class designated "troops," but are under the ordnance department. In addition, then, to the above sum, the artillery cost £122,970, the sappers and miners £19,602; and the engineers, who it will be known or merely the officers of the sappers, £51,959. This does not include the commissariat stores which for that year amounted to about half a million more, making in all as the entire cost of the army in the colonies, over two millions of pounds sterling. The total number of men, coming under the designation of "troops" was in that year 38,752 and the number of artilery was 5330. But a small proportion of these however, were in the American colonies, only about 8834 distributed as follows:—Canada, 5209 Nova Scotia, 1695; Bermuda, (which is attached to this division) 1124; New Brunswick, 528; Newfoundland, 326; and Prince Edward's Island, 82.—In the West Indies there are 5,622. In the Mediterranean, which contains by far the largest proportion, 9007. At the Cape of Good Hope, 4384; and in the rest of Africa something less than 1,600. Australia, (the immense tresures of this modern El Dorado were not then known) 3985; many of whom were continually skirmishing with the savages of New Zealand. There has been one regiment sent out to Australia since the discovery of the gold regions.—At Ceylon 3,985; Mauritius 1,737; and Hong Kong 947. The troops included in the above disposition; the artillary were distributed over seventeen stations, in about the same proportions. The Sappers and miners, and the Engineers are likewise distributed over the whole of the Colonies.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S WILL.—We are enabled to announce that the Duke of Wellington has left a will, though the contents of it, as yet remain undisclosed. It is dated as far back as 1818, and was found late on saturday night at Coutt's Bank. The existence of this document was, we believe, unknown even to those most nearly connected with the Duke, who though of late years he had ordered several wills to be prepared, yet never could make up his mind to execute them. The Duke appears to have always avoided the subject of his own death, and the arrangements connected with it. Those who knew him best hardly ever remember to have heard him talk of such matters; and, in illustration of this feature in his character a curious fact may be mentioned. Every one knows that he received, in the course of his long and distinguished life, many presents of immense value, and that Apsley House is filled with a great variety of objects, the interest attached to which can hardly be overrated. This collection, as personal property, was of course exposed to the risk of dispersion after the Duke's death; and, with a view to its preservation, an act of parliament was obtained, enabling his Grace within a space of two years, to make heirlooms of such objects as he wished to see inalienably attached to his title and estates. Singularly enough, it was not till the last day of the time thus granted that he signed the documents requisite to make the act available.—*London Times.*

MONSTER FIGURE HEAD.—Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the new figure head of the *Windsor Castle* 140 guns, now in Woolwich, when it is stated that it consists of a lion rampant 18 feet in height, the tail being nine feet in length and the circumference of each of the hind legs at the middle joint is 3 feet.

A lady, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the goods in the store, among which were a great number of stockings—objected that none were long enough I want the longest hoes that are made said she. 'Then, madam, you had better apply at the next engine house, replied the badgered clerk.

During the recent election in Great Britain one of candidates for Edindorough called upon a tradesman to solicit his vote.—'I would rather vote for the devil than for you,' said the surly elector. 'But, retorted the bland candidate,' in case *your friend* should not come forward, might I then count upon your support!"

LATEST FROM CUBA.

NEW YORK, 4th October.

We learn by the Empire City which has just arrived from Havana that her passengers were allowed to go ashore freely without molestation. Excitement at Havana was still very great and was increased by every fresh effort of the local Government to put down dissatisfaction, which is said everywhere to prevail. The most high handed outrages had been committed on three American vessels one of them the Barque Cornelia Ward, which, on leaving for New York, was ordered to anchor and was detained for one day; two of her passengers were also seized and imprisoned. The letterbags of the vessel were then taken and rifled of their contents. The Barque Elizabeth Jay Capt. Brooks, from Philadelphia, was subjected to the same stringent and unusual searching—extra officers placed on board her state rooms locked up by the police. The barque Childe Harold which arrived on the 21st ultimo, was likewise closely searched—all loose papers seized, and the vessel finally given in charge of the police at Havana. These outrages have been committed for no satisfactory cause whatever, but solely gratify the crying ambition of Government! The latter was daily losing many supporters. The British man of war "Rosamond," which left Havana on the 28th ultimo, refused to hoist her colours the Captain was utterly disgusted with the conduct of the authorities. Don Facciola, publisher of the revolutionary paper the voice of the people was garoted the 28th. Included in the letters signed from the barque Cornelia, were several addressed to citizens of New York. The writers of them have been cited to appear before the Mayor, that they might be opened in their presence and failing to present themselves, they were to be dealt with according to law.

LIQUOR LAW MOVEMENTS.—We learn from a Providence paper that three thousand dollars worth of liquor is in custody in Rhode Island, under the Maine law, and has been ordered to be destroyed; but Wm. H. Green, of New York, claims to own the liquor, and has commenced proceedings in the United States Court to get possession of it. This is the largest seizure ever made, and therefore makes it an object for the owner to test the law in the United States Courts. This is the first case so carried up.—*Buffalo Pat. & Jour.*

GOVERNOR LOWE AND THE PRINTERS.—In a letter addressed to the printers of Baltimore in a reply to an invitation to be present at a grand banquet, given to the members of the national convention of printers held recently in that city, Gov. Lowe, of Maryland, wrote the following:

"Without wishing to draw invidious distinctions, I may be permitted to say that if there is one class of men who claim my regard and admiration more than another it is that large, industrious, intelligent, and most valuable, but least appreciated class, the printers. Day and night, summer and winter, they toil quietly, patiently, incessantly; and for what? Not to make food and raiment for the body—not to add merely to the material comforts of our fellow-men, but to disseminate truth and knowledge—to enlighten the public mind of a nation, whose duty and destiny is self government; and, more than all, to sow the seed of liberty in foreign soil, where the blood of the patriots may germinate it into fruitfulness. Senates and cabinets have learned wisdom from the praiseworthy printers and nations are indebted to you for much of all they enjoy. Allow me to offer the following sentiment: "The Press; The Archimedean lever which can move the earth".