

THE HURON SIGNAL

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A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

CURDS.

Dr. P. A. McDougall. CAN be consulted at all hours at Mr. LeTours's Boarding House, Goderich, April 29th, 1852.

SRA LEWIS. BARRISTER AT LAW, &c. West-Street, June 18th, 1852.

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

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

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

WILLIAM REED. HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, &c. Light House-Street, Goderich, October 25th, 1849.

HURON HOTEL. BY JAMES GENTLES, Goderich. 400 Queen's Street, Goderich, Sept. 12, 1850.

STRACHAN AND BROTHER. Barrister and Attorney 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, &c. Goderich, 17th November, 1851.

MRS. E. SHARMAN. (née Macdonald, England.) MILLINER AND DRESS MAKER.

W. H. B. GREEN. (2nd door East of the Canada Co. Office.) WHERE he intends to carry on the above business. Dresses made in the very best fashion.

A. NASMYTH. FURNISHING TAILOR, one door West of W. E. Garcia's Office, West-Street, Goderich, Feb. 14, 1852.

WANTED. TWO good BOOT and SHOE Makers, who will find constant employment and good wages, by applying at the Shop of the undersigned, BURGARD GREEN, Sept. 28th, 1851.

VICTORIA HOTEL. WEST-STREET, GODERICH. BY MISS W. E. GARCIA, DONOUGH (GOOD Accommodations for Travellers, and a single or double room, to take charge of them.) Goderich, Dec. 6, 1850.

WASHINGTON FARMERS' Mutual Insurance Co., CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

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

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

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

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

JAMES WOODS. AUCTIONEER, is prepared to attend Public Sales in any part of the United Counties, on moderate terms. v4-14 Stratford, May 1850.

PETER BUCHANAN, TAILOR. NEXT door to H. B. O'Connor's Store, West-Street, Goderich. Clothes made and repaired, and cutting done on the shortest notice, and most correct terms. December 29th, 1851.

W. & R. SIMPSON. (LATE HOPE, BIRRELL & Co.) Grocers, Wine Merchants, Printers and Stationers, No. 17, Dundas Street, London, C. W., February 25th 1852.

ROWLAND WILLIAMS. AUCTIONEER, is prepared to attend Sales in any part of the United Counties, on the most liberal terms. Apply at the First Division Court office, or at his house, East Street, Goderich.

N. B.—Goods and other property will be received to sell either by private or public sale. January 6, 1852.

STOKES. CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, West-Street, Goderich, July 1850.

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. NUMBER XXXVI.

THOMAS NICHOLS, BROKER AND GENERAL AGENT. Agent for Ontario Marine & Fire Insurance Co. NOTARY PUBLIC, ACCOUNTANT AND CONVEYANCER. INSURANCE effected on Houses, Shipping and Goods. Houses & Lands Sold & Rented, Goods forwarded. All kinds of Deeds correctly drawn, and Books and Accounts adjusted. Office over the Treasury, Goderich, July 23, 1852.

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

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

HORACE HORTON, (Market Square, Goderich.) AGENT for the Provincial Mutual and General Insurance Office, Toronto. Also Agent for the St. Lawrence County Mutual, Ogdensburg, New York. Local Agent for Samuel Moulton's Old Rochester Brewery. July 15th, 1852.

Poetry.

TOIL. BY MRS. M. P. HUNT.

Mighty is the hand of labour, Mighty is the toiling thought, Earth is filled with deeds of wonder, By their strength and wisdom wrought.

What has won from desert sadness, Hither the wide earth's smiling fields, Of its darkest regions scattered, Summer blooms and harvest yields?

What has wrought the costly vestments, Rich with threads of woven gold, Brooder silk and fustian mingled, Whose worth Queens themselves unfold?

Ask of him whose wide has wandered, Gastrelia's forest o'er,— Sought the wild Columbia's source,— Tracked the Niagara's deadly shore,

Ask of him whose name is written, With the diamond pen of fame, From whose scrolls of earnest wisdom Nations catch the undying flame.

Ask him, while his accents weaken, Hall of State and classic power,— Who with more than faded genius Touched him with his wand of power?

Toil, and toil, and toil, the answer Comes from each and each comes from all.

THE WIDOW.

A widow is a dangerous thing, With black, black shining curls, And locks more bewitching, Than a host of rumping girls.

Her dress, though made of sables, Gives goodness to her form,— A touch of something thoughtful A witching, winning charm;

Her voice is soft—melodious— And like like in its tone; She sometimes sighs, "tis dreadful To pass through life alone."

Oh! listen, yet be careful, For well she plays her part— Her lips distil the nectar, That doth enslave the heart.

Be guarded, or she'll win you, And you will lose your soul; For faith, and love, and honesty, And love, will win you all.

Tragic Appar at Charlottetown.—On Saturday evening, an Irishman, James Mahony, in a fit of delirium tremens leaped from his bed and got a pruning knife, and with this rushed upon John Kilmer who he stabbed in the abdomen, inflicting a dangerous wound. He dashed out of the window with only a red flannel shirt on and the pruning knife in hand, ran down Mason street and along Front street, and thence to the Marshall's office, attacking and cutting in his way, nine persons were stabbed or cut, three of them severely though the wounds of only one are considered critical. Joseph Hunsweil, Esq., a much respected citizen of Charlottetown

was severely stabbed. Mahony went quietly to a cell. He had no knife when he entered the Marshall's office. Subsequently on handing him his clothes, Mahony made a severe attack on officer Sanderson.

Among the persons stabbed were Mr. McLaughlin, very severely. One pass was made at a lady, which cut only her dress. Jeremiah McCarthy was cut in the hand. Alad was stabbed in the thigh. The whole was done in about five minutes.

Mahony is a gardener and has generally been peaceable, though of intemperate habits.

AGRICULTURE.

BELL'S REAPING MACHINE.

The Public exhibition of Mr. Bell's reaping machine, for the inspection of agriculturists and others interested, took place on the farm at Inchmichael, on Thursday last, according to announcement. The day was all that could have been desired for the sun's rays being tempered by a fine breeze.

The machine has already been sufficiently described. It was like a cart, we may say that the cart goes before the horse but is quite true that the machine, does. When approaching the spectator all that is seen is a kind of fan whirling in front of the horse's head, while the corn falls and passes regularly out of the side of the machine. Examined more carefully it is observed that the horse urges the machine before him, and that the revolution of the wheels upon which it moves communicates the various actions by which operations are performed, including that of the sheaves by which the corn is cut, the fan wheels by which it is thrown on the canvas front of the machine, and the motion of the canvas from side to side by which the corn is deposited from the machine on to the ground.

The cutting on Thursday was remarkable close, regular, and clean. It might have been supposed from the appearance of the working that the fan would have shaken some of the corn out of the ears, but on examination such was not found to be the case. Only one man is required to attend the machine, assisted by a boy to remove any straw which may occasionally become entangled in it. Two strong men are required for stooking, four women for binding, and eight women for lifting.—With this number actively engaged, the time occupied in cutting, binding, and stooking an acre of barley was exactly forty minutes. It should be explained that the machine did not strike at all on the turn indeed being somewhat longer than usual; and the question was put to both the men and woman employed whether they could work at the same rate ten hours in the day through the harvest, and they severally stated that they could, and would willingly undertake to do it.

Mr. Bell's engine the woman at 25 each for the harvest, which he calculates is neither more nor less than two shillings a day (without victuals)—the men are paid half a crown per day. With these figures, our agricultural friends can readily compare for themselves the cost of reaping an acre with the machine. Some gentlemen on the field calculated it at 3s. which would give a saving of at least 7s. per acre, taking wheat, barley, and oats together, at the prices they are generally contracted for. Mr. Watson informed that, taking everything into consideration, it would be quite safe to state the saving as at least one-half. At present some inconvenience must be felt in the working of the machine on account of the furrows in which the land is generally cultivated; but it is obvious that, with so great a gain in the reaping, the problem will now be, how best to adapt cultivation to the working of the machine. Mr. Bell's plan is to re-arrange the machinery—and his past experience leads us to place every confidence in his opinion—all the crops on a farm being cut by a machine, but he believes that, in an average of seven years, only a very small portion will have to be cut by hand.

After the exhibition of the "Laws of Godwin" on three different crops—oats, barley, and wheat—in each instance pronounced by practical men to be most satisfactory, the reaping being performed in a very efficient and workmanlike manner, Mr. Bell invited the visitors to his neat and admirably situated residence, where, after partaking of his beautiful hospitality, the gentleman present engaged in an interesting conversation on the powers of the machine, the cost at which it is worked, and its merits in contrast with Hussey's. Mr. Watson then, during the morning, and Lord Kinaird and Sir P. M. Threlkeld joined in a brief discussion on the several points to which we have alluded. Towards the conclusion, Mr. Watson made the gratifying announcement of his intention to offer a week's trial, to be completed or by the different reaping machines, within a fortnight from the present time, he laying down a stake of £50 for Bell's reaper.—Dundas Advertiser.

Good.—A youth, who, it is charitably presumed, had never "seen the elephant," recently found himself in the company of three young ladies and generously divided an orange between them.

"You will rob yourself," exclaimed one of the damsels; "Not at all," replied our innocent, "I have three, or four in my pocket."

"I cannot, therefore, meet him as one who has a right to claim my hand!"

"I cannot receive Edward as anything but a stranger," replied Ellen. "It will not mend the error of my father for me to commit a still greater one?"

"Destroy the foundation of a true marriage—freedom of choice and consent. There would be no freedom of choice on his part, and no privilege of consent on mine. Happiness could not follow such a union, and to enter into it would be doing a great wrong. No aunt, I cannot receive Edward in any other way than as a stranger—for such he is."

"There is a clause in your father's will that you may have forgotten, Ellen," said her aunt.

"That which makes me penniless, if I do not marry Edward Hamond—I have not forgotten it, aunt."

"And do you mean to brave that consequence?"

"In a choice of evils we always take the least," said Mrs. Ravensworth.

"Mrs. Ravensworth did not reply for some moments. While she sat silent, the half-closed door near which Ellen stood, and towards which her aunt's back was turned, softly opened and a handsome youth, between whom and Ellen glances of intelligence instantly passed, presented the startled maiden with a beautiful white rose, and then noiselessly retired.

It was nearly a minute before Mrs. Ravensworth resumed the light employment in which she was engaged, and as she did so she said—"My foolish young girl gets her head turned by those gay gallants of our fashionable watering places, and imagines that she has won a heart, when the object of her vain regard never felt the throbs of a truly unselfish and noble impulse."

"The crimson deepened on Ellen's cheeks and brow, and as she lifted her eyes, she saw herself in a large mirror opposite, with her aunt's calm eyes steadily fixed upon her. To turn her face partly away, so that it could no longer be reflected from the mirror was the work of an instant. In a few moments she said—"Let young and foolish girls get their heads turned if they will, but I trust I am in no danger."

"I am not so sure of that!" Those who think themselves most secure, are generally in the greatest danger. "Who is so young and whom you danced last evening? I don't remember to have seen him before."

"His name is Evelyn." There was a slight tremor in Ellen's voice.

"I should have had, if similarly situated. Were this so I should now be free by his act, not my own."

"Seeing but all she urged but made the feelings of Ellen oppose themselves more strongly to the young man, Mrs. Ravensworth ceased to speak upon the subject, and the former was left to brood with a deeply disturbed heart over the approaching interview with one who had come to claim a hand that she resolutely determined not to yield.

About twelve o'clock Mrs. Ravensworth came into Ellen's room and announced the arrival of Edward Hamond. The maidens' face became pale, and her lips quivered.

"If I could but be spared an interview!" she murmured, "but that is more than I can say."

"How weak you are, Ellen," said her aunt in a tone of reproach.

"I will join you in the drawing room in half an hour," said Ellen speaking more calmly.

Mrs. Ravensworth retired and left Ellen again to her own thoughts. She sat for nearly the whole of the time she had mentioned. Then rising hurriedly she made a few changes in her attire; after which she descended to the drawing room with a step that was far from being firm.

"So soon? Well, I'll be there next week, and it will be strange if, with your consent, we don't meet often."

"Edward Hamond is expected in a few days," replied Ellen, her voice slightly faltering.

"Her companion looked at her searchingly for a few moments and then said, 'You have never met him?'—'Never!'"

"But when you do meet him, the repugnance you now feel may instantly vanish!"

"A shadow passed over Ellen's face, and she answered in a voice that showed the remembrance of the tone of which conveyed more than the words themselves—to have been felt as a question of her constancy.

"Can one whose heart is all unknown to me, one who must think of me with a feeling of dislike because of bonds and pledges, prove a nearer or dearer friend than—?"

Ellen did not finish the sentence. But that was not needed. The glance of rebuking tenderness cast upon her companion expressed all that her lips had failed to utter.

"But you do not know me, Ellen," said the young man.

"My heart says differently," was Ellen's lowly spoken reply.

Evelyn pressed the maiden's hand, and looked into her face with an earnest, loving expression.

Mrs. Ravensworth to whose care Ellen had been consigned on the death of her father, had never been pleased with the union of Edward Hamond. The latter had been for ten years in Paris and Italy, travelling and pursuing his studies. These being completed in obedience to the will of a deceased parent, he was about returning to England to meet his future wife. No correspondence had taken place between the parties to this unnatural contract; and from the time of Edward's letter when he announced to Mrs. Ravensworth his proposed visit it was plain that his feelings were as little interested in his future partner as were hers in him.

During the two or three days that Mrs. Ravensworth and her niece remained at the watering place, Ellen and young Evelyn met frequently; but, as far as possible, at times when they supposed the particular attention of the aunt would not be drawn towards them in such a manner as to penetrate their love secret. When, at length, they parted, it was with an understanding that they were to meet in London.

On arriving here the thoughts of Ellen reverted once directly to the fact of Edward Hamond's approaching visit, and, in spite of all her efforts to remain undisturbed in her feelings, the near approach of this event agitated her. Mrs. Ravensworth frequently pressed upon Ellen the consideration she should give to her parents, as well as of the consequence that must follow her disregard of the contract which had been made.—But the more she talked on this subject, the more firm was Ellen in expressing her determination not to do violence to her feelings in a matter so vital to her happiness.

"The day at length came upon which Edward Hamond was to arrive. Ellen appeared in the morning with a disturbed air. It was plain to the 'closely observing eyes' of her aunt, that she had not passed a night of refreshing sleep.

"I trust my dear niece she said, after they had retired from the breakfast table where both had been taken," that she was not unwell towards Edward, and meeting him any of the pre-arranged and unjust anticipations you entertain. Let your feelings at least, remain uncommitted for or against him."

"Aunt Hannah, it is useless to talk to me in such a way," Ellen replied with more than her usual warmth. "The simple fact of an obligation to love puts a gulf between us. My heart turns from him as from an enemy. I will meet him with politeness; but it must be cold and formal. To ask of me more is to ask what I cannot give. I only wish that he had possessed the manly-

ness I should have had, if similarly situated. Were this so I should now be free by his act, not my own."

"Do you find it so very pleasant here?" she said to her niece ironically.

"I have not complained of my being dull, aunt," replied Ellen; "but if you wish to return on Thursday, I will be ready to accompany you."

Soon after this Ellen Hamilton left her aunt's room, and went into one of the drawing rooms of the hotel at which they were staying, where she sat near the low window that overlooked a beautiful promenade. She had been here only a few minutes, when she was joined by a handsome youth to whom Ellen said—"How could you venture to the door of my aunt's parlour?—I'm half afraid she detected your presence; for she said immediately afterwards, that we should return to London the day after to-morrow."

"So soon? Well, I'll be there next week, and it will be strange if, with your consent, we don't meet often."

"Edward Hamond is expected in a few days," replied Ellen, her voice slightly faltering.

"Her companion looked at her searchingly for a few moments and then said, 'You have never met him?'—'Never!'"

"But when you do meet him, the repugnance you now feel may instantly vanish!"

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world, to arrive at a more exalted knowledge of his maker.

The atom of charcoal which floated in the corrupt atmosphere of the old volcanic ranges was absorbed into the lava of a lava when the valleys became green and luxuriant, and there, in its proper place, it recirculated in the sunlight and the dew, sitting to fling back to heaven's gold, and at the same time to build the tough fibre of the plant. The same atom was confined to the tomb when the waters submerged the plunged valleys. It had lain there thousands of years, and a month since was brought into life again, consumed to warm our dwelling, cook our food, and make us more ruddy and cheerful than earth, whereas our children play; it shall combine with a portion of the invisible atmosphere, ascend upwards as a circling wreath to revel in a maze dance up high in the blue ether—shall reach earth again and be entrapped in the embrace of a flower—shall live in the velvet beauty on the cheek of an apricot—shall press into the human body, giving enjoyment to the palate, and health to the blood—shall circulate in the delicate tissues in the brain, and aid, by entering into some new combination, in educating the thoughts which are now being uttered by the pen. It is but an atom of charcoal, it may dwell one moment in a stagnant ditch, and the next be flushed to the lips of beauty—it may now be a component of limestone rock, and the next moment an ingredient in a field of potatoes—it may slumber for a thousand years without undergoing a single change, and the next hour pass through a thousand; and after all, it is only an atom of charcoal and occupies its own place, wherever it may be.

Provincial Parliament.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

DEBATE ON THE CLERGY RESERVE.

MR. CAMERON said.—It is now about seven years since the first led the honor to address a Canadian Legislature on the subject of the Clergy Reserve, and then he had the honor to contend with the Attorney General, Sir J. A. Cartwright, and