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, APRIL 14, 1853. NUMBER 11.

THE HURON SIGNAL

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☞ Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

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Cards.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL,

CAN be consulted at all hours, at *Mr. Le Turge's Boarding House, (formerly the British Hotel.)*
Goderich, April 29th, 1852. v5

IRA LEWIS,

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

DANIEL GORDON,

CABINET MAKER, Three doors East of 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.

HURON HOTEL,

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

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

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. v5n28

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

EZRA HOPKINS, Hamilton, Agent for the Counties of Waterloo and Huron.
August 27, 1850. 3v15

DR. HYNDMAN,

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

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

MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT.

SOUTH SIDE DUNDAS ST.,
Opposite Messrs. Raymend & Rowland, Farriers.

WHERE may be had SHEET MUSIC of every description, Instruction Books for all kinds of Instruments, &c., as cheap as can be had in Toronto, Boston, or New York.

All kinds of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, from a Piano Forte down to a Fife.

String of all kinds, and of superior quality: in short, everything which can or may be found in a well and carefully selected Music Store.

The PIANOS are from the establishments of the following celebrated makers, viz: Chickering, Stoddart and Dunham, acknowledged to be the best on this part of the globe, as are the MELODIANS, manufactured by Prince & Co.

Pianos and Melodians sold as cheap, and on as favorable terms as they can be procured in Toronto, or from the makers themselves.

HERMAN KORDES.
London, January, 1852. v6n3 6.n.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

H. BARTER, Merchant Tailor, would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Goderich and surrounding country that he has just opened a new *Tailoring Establishment*, one door north of Dr. McDougall's new Brick House, Market Square Goderich, where he has on hand a splendid assortment of Broad Cloths, Cassimeres Tweeds, Satinetts, Whitney Cloths, of different colours, for Over Coats. A variety of Winter Vestings, &c. &c. He is also prepared to execute all Orders in the Tailoring Line, in the most Fashionable style, and at modarate charges.

Cutting Done on the Shortest Notice.

London, Paris and New York Fashions received quarterly.

HENRY BARTER
Goderich, Oct. 12th, 1852. v5n29

To the Settlers of the Huron Tract.

THE Undersigned begs leave to give notice to all those who may have any business to transact with the Canada Company that since the removal of their office from this town, he has determined to open an agency office here for the benefit of those who may not wish to travel to Toronto to transact their business in person. From his thorough knowledge of the Company's mode of transacting business (having been so long employed in their office) he feels confident that he can and and give satisfaction to all those who may require his service. Conveyancing, Land and General Agency Office, also a list of lands for sale kept, and a registry of those wishing to purchase without change except where a sale is effected, when a moderate per centage will be required.

ALEX. ROBERTSON,
Land Agent, &c.
Goderich, Jan. 25, 1853. v6–n 1

£25 Premium.

THE Municipal Council for the Township of Stanley is prepared to receive Plans, accompanied by Specifications and Estimate for the formation of a Harbour at or near the Mouth of the River Bayfield, and will pay for the approved plan, &c., £25, H. C. no other will be paid for, plans, &c., to be lodged with the Clerk at Bayfield, on or before the 2nd day of Appil, next ensuing.

W. W. CONNOR,
Township Clerk.
February 7th, 1853. v6n3-4

NOTICE.

THIS is to forbid any person or persons purchasing a Note drawn by the Subscriber in favour of Alexander Hodgins, bearing date 3rd December, 1852, and due the 1st of January, as I have received no value for the same.

DANIEL McDOUGALL.
Township of Bruce, Feb. 6th, 1853. v6n3

TO THE SETTLERS OF THE HURON TRACT.

THE Canada Company, let it be remembered, have provided the best possible facility to the said Settlers for the transaction of Business with their office in Toronto through the Agents of the Bank of Upper Canada, both at Goderich and Stratford, without charges to the said settlers.
Goderich, Feb. 6th, 1852. v6n2tf

FRUIT TREES!

THE subscriber in returning thanks to the inhabitants of the County of Huron generally for the very liberal encouragement he has met with in the Sale of Fruit Trees, begs to announce to the Farmers of these United Counties that he is prepared to introduce this Fall, a large and well selected stock, comprising every variety of Nursery Trees, upon his usual liberal terms.

It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the superior merits of this Nursery, and the qualities of Fruit brought from it—but the large quantity of Trees that have been distributed over nearly all of Upper Canada, for the last 18 years has gained for this Nursery a superiority over most others.

The subscriber would beg to introduce to the notice of all those who wish to get good Winter Fruit, the celebrated Northern Spy Apple, its qualities are superior to all others of its kind, keeping until July, and preserving all its freshness and flavor, which is a great desideratum until that period. The subscriber would als intimate that his Dwarf Pear is in great demand as a *Garden Fruit*, bearing in two years after planting. Every variety of Fruit Trees, Ornamental and Evergreen Trees and Shrubs, Hardy Herbaceous Flowering Plants, Dahlias, Bulbous Flowering Roots, &c. Catalogues can be had of any local or travelling agent, giving a full description. Terms, when 50 Trees are taken, $25 per hundred, or 1s 3d currency each, under 50 Trees. 1s 6d cy. two years credit, notes payable with interest. Orders will be received, and any information given by Mr. Horace Horton, Market Square, Goderich, and Mr. Peter Woods, Union Hotel, Stratford, local agents for this Nursery.

SAMUEL MOULSON,
Old Rochester Nursery, N. Y.
Goderich, 15th July, 1851. 22

Cards, &c.

DR. BURNHAM.

CLINTON,
Huron Road.
(West of Mr. Thwaits' Store.)
Dec. 15th, 1852. v6n46

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

JOHN RALPH,

TIN AND COPPER SMITH, next door to the Victoria Hotel, West Street, Goderich, has constantly on hand, a choice stock of Tinware, Cooking and Box Stoves, &c., which he will sell at considerably reduced prices.

The highest price paid in trade for old copper, brass, pewter, sheepskins, calf and beef hides, feathers and rags. All kinds of Merchantable produce taken in exchange at cash prices.
Goderich, Feb. 19, 1852. v5–n4

ROBERT SNODGRASS.

FASHIONABLE BOOT & 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 necessitics of those that may favor him with their custum. His prices will be moderate.
Goderich, July 29th, 1852. v5n29

ROBERT REID,

BOOK-SELLER & STATIONER, (opposite Balkwill's Hotel,) Corner of Dundas and Talbot-streets, London, C. W.—School Books, Common and Classical Book-Binding and Ruling of every description Executed on the Premises.

☞ Orders for Account Books, from the Trade or Country Merchants, punctually attended too and a liberal discount allowed.
London, March 1851. 4v4

E. THORNHILL,

WOULD return his thanks to the public for the liberal support he has met from them during his residence in Goderich, and hopes by strict attention to business, to still merit a share of their patronage

At his old stand, *one door East of the Canada Company's Office.*
Goderich, Sept. 6th, 1852. v5n33

W. & R. SIMPSON,

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

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. v4n47.

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 understood 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

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 liberal terms.
December 3rd, 1851. v4n42

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 50, in the Maitland Concession of the Township of Goderich, containing 137 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 Upstlante, United States. For terms apply to the Subscriber.

I RATTENBURY,
British Exchange Hotel,
Goderich.
26th January, 1853. v5n52–3m

New Grocery AND PROVISION STORE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the Inhabitants of Goderich and surrounding Country, that he has opened in the above line, two doors north of Doctor McDougall's new Brick House, Market Square, Goderich. His stock includes all kinds of GROCERIES, consisting in part of *Tea, Tobacco, Raisins, Currants, Spices, &c.*

Also:—Apples and Cider of the very best kind.

In the Provision Line will be found Flour, Oatmeal, Butter, Eggs, Ham, Beef, Pork, Potatoes, Oats, &c.

Being determined to keep none but articles of the best quality, and to sell cheap at the same time, he trusts to receive a share of public patronage.

Farmers and people from the country would do well to call, as he intends purchasing every description of Produce, for which he will pay the highest market price.

A choice assortment of Whips to be sold cheap.

JOHN ARTHUR.
Goderich, Nov. 30, 1852. v5n45

Poetry.

BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember sweet Alice Ben Bolt—
Sweet Allice whose hair was so brown—
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old Church yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so grey,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noon-day shade
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheal has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you geze,
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of loge, Ben Bolt
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the butter-ball tree with its motly limbs.
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you may seek in vein;
And where once the lords of the forest waved.
Grow grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt.
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim!
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys that were schoolmates then,
There is only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old and new,
But I felt in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends. Yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth—
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

Literature.

THE OLD MAN'S BEQUEST.

A STORY OF GOLD.

Concluded.

Ten years rolled over our world, sinking millions beneath the black waves of adverse fortune and fate, and raising the small number who, of the innumerable aspirants for earthly good, usually succeed. Henry Lawson was one of those whom time had lowered in fortune. His business speculations had, for a lengthened period been rather unsuccessful, while Mrs. Lawson's expensive habits increased every day. At length affairs came to such a crisis, that retrenchment or failure was inevitable. Henry had enough wisdom and spirit to insist on the first alternative, and Mrs. Lawson was compelled by the pressure of circumstances to yield in a certain degree; the country-house, therefore, was let, Mrs. Lawson assigning as a reason, that she had lost all relish for the country after the death of her dear children, both of whom had died leaving the parents childless.

It was the morning of a close sultry day in July, and Mrs. Lawson was seated in her drawing-room. She was dressed carefully and expensively as of old, but she had been dunned and threatened at least half-a-dozen times for the price of the satin dress she wore. Her face was thin and pale, and a look of much care on her countenance; her eyes were restless and sunken, and discontent spoke in their glances as she looked on the chairs, sofas, and window-draparies, which had once been bright-colored, but were now much faded. She had just come to the resolution of having new covers and hangings though their mercer's and upholsterer's bills were long unsettled, when a visitor was shown into the room. It was Mrs. Thompson, the wife of a very prosperous and wealthy shopkeeper.

Mrs. Lawson's thin lips wreathed themselves into bright smiles of welcome, whilst the foul demon took possession of her soul. Mrs. Thompson's dress was of the most costly French Satin, whilst herts was merely British manufacture. They had been school companions and rivals in their girlish days. During the first years of life in a married life of each, Mrs. Lawson had outshone Mrs. Thompson in every respect; but now the eclipsed star beamed brightly and scornfully beside the clouds which had rolled over her rival. Mrs. Thompson was, in face and figure, in dress and speech, the very impersonation of vulgar and ostentatious wealth.

'My goodness, it's so hot!' she said, loosening the fastening of her bonnet, the delicate French blond and white satin and plume, of which that fabric was composed, contrasted rather painfully at the same time with her flushed and mahogany-colored complexion, and ungracefully formed features. 'Bless me, I'm so glad that we get off to our country house to-morrow. It's so very delightful, Mrs. Lawson, to have a country residence to go to. Goodness me what a close room, and such a hot, dusty street. It does just look so queer to me after Fitzherbert square.

To this Mrs. Thompson made a response as composed as she could; she would have retorted violently and bitterly, but her husband had a connection with the Thompson establishment and for strong reasons she considered it prudent to refrain from quarrelling with Mrs. Thompson. She therefore spoke but very little, and Mrs. Thompson was left at full liberty to give a lengthened detail of Mr. Thompson of all the fine things she had purchased in the last month down to the latest box of pins. Next, her babies occupied her for half an hour—the quantity of chicken they consumed, and the number of frocks they consumed per diem were minutely chronicled. Then her house came under her consideration: she depicted the bright glory of the new *poneeau* furniture, as contrasted with shocking old faded things—and she glanced significantly towards Mrs. Lawson's sofas and chairs.—Next she made a discursive detour to the department, and gave a statement of the number of stones of lump sugar, she was getting boiled in preserves, and of the days of the week in which they had puddings, and the days they had pies at dinner.

'But Mrs. Lawson, dear, have you seen old Mr. Lawson since he came home?' she said, when rising to depart: 'but I suppose you haven't for they say he won't have anything to do with his relations now—he won't come near you I have heard. They say he brought such a lot of money with him from South America.'

At this intelligence every feature of Mrs. Lawson's face brightened with powerful interest. She inquired where Mr. Lawson stopped, and was informed that he had arrived at the best hotel in the Town about three days previously, and that every one talked of the large fortune he had made abroad, as he seemed to make no secret of the fact.

A burning eagerness to obtain possession of that money entered Mrs. Lawson's soul, and she thought every second of time drawn out to the painful duration of a long hour, while Mrs. Thompson slowly moved her ample skirts of satin accross the drawing-room, and took her departure. Mrs. Lawson dispatched a messenger immediately for her husband.

Henry Lawson came in, and listened with surprise to the intelligence of his father's return. He was taking up his hat to proceed to the hotel in quest of him, when a carriage drove to the door. Mrs. Lawson's heart palpitated with eagerness, if it should be her husband's father in his own carriage, how delightful!—that horrible Mrs. Thompson had not a carriage of her own yet, though she was always talking of it. They, Mrs. Lawson and her husband, had just been about setting up a carriage when business failed with them. She ran briskly down the stairs—for long years she had not flown with such alertness—rapid visions of gold, of splendor, and triumph seemed to bear her along, as if she had not been a being of earth.

She was not disappointed, for there, at the open door, stood John Lawson. He was enveloped in a cloak of fur, the costliness of which told Mrs. Lawson that it was the purchase of wealth; a servant in plain livery supported him, for he seemed a complete invalid.

Mrs. Lawson threw her arms around his neck, and embraced him with a warmth and eagerness which brought a cold and bitter smile over the thin, white lips of John Lawson. He replied briefly to the welcomings he had received. He threw aside his cloak and exhibited the figure of an exceedingly emaciated and feeble old man, who had all the appearance of ninety years, though he was little more than sixty; his face was worn and fleshless to a painful degree, his hair was of the whitest shade of great age, but his eyes had grown much more serene in their expression than in his earlier days, notwithstanding a cast of suffering which his whole countenance exhibited. He was plainly, but most carefully and respectfully dressed, a diamond ring of great value was on one of his fingers; the luster of the diamond caught Mrs. Lawson's glance on the first inspection of his person, and her heart danced with rapture.—Mrs. Thompson had no such ring, with all her blazing finery.

'I have come to see my child before I die,' said the old man gazing on his son with earnest eyes: 'you broke the ties of nature between us on your part, when, ten years ago, you refused your father a few shillings from your redundance, but—'

He was interrupted by Mrs. Lawson, who uttered many volubile protestations of deep grief at having, even though for the sake of economy, refused the money her dear father had solicited before he left them She vowed she had neither ate, nor slept, nor even dressed herself for weeks after his departure: and that, sleeping nor waking, she was perpetually wishing she had given him the money, even though she had known that he was going to throw it in the fire, or lose it in any way. Her poor, dear father—oh how she wept so after she heard that he had left the country. To be sure, Henry could tell how, for two or three nights, her pillow was soaked with tears.

A cold, bitter smile again flitted accross the old man's lips; he made no response to her words, but in the one look which his hollow eyes cast on her, he seemed to read the falsehood of her assertions.

'I was going to add,' he said, 'that though you forgot you were my son, and refused to act as my son, when you withheld the paltry sum for which I begged, yet I could not refrain from coming once more to look on my childs face—to look on the face of my departed wife in yours—for I know that a very brief period must finish my life now. I should not have come here, I feel—I know it is the weakness of my nature I should have died amongst strangers, for the strangers of other countries, the people of a different hue and a different language, I have found kind and pitiful, compared with those of my own house.'

'Oh, don't say so—don't say so—you are our own beloved father; ah, my heart clings to every feature of your poor, dear old face: there are the eyes all that I used to talk to Henry so much about. Don't talk of strangers—I shall nurse you and attend to you night and day.'

She made a movement, as if she would throw her arms around his neck again, but the old man drew back.

'Woman! your hypocritical words show me that your pitiless heart is still unchanged—that it is grown even worse. You forced me out to the world in my old age, when I should have no thoughts except of God and the world to come; you forced me to think of money making when my head was gray and my blood cold with years. Yes, I had to draw my thoughts from the future existence to waste them on the miserable toils of traffic, in order to make money; for it was better to do this than to drag out my life a pensioner on your bounty, receiving shillings and pence, which you gave me as if it was your own heart's blood, though I only asked my own. Woman! the black slavery of my dependence on you was frightful; but now I can look you thanklessly in the face, for I have the means of living without you. I spent sick and sleepless days and nights, but I gained an independence; the merciful God blessed the efforts of the old man, who strove to gain his livelihood—yes, I am independent of you both. I came to see my son before I die—that is all I want.'

Mrs. Lawson attempted a further justication of herself, but the words died on her lips. The stern looks of the old man silenced her.

After remaining for a short time, he rose to take his departure; but, at the earnest solicitation of his son, he consented to remain for a few days, only on condition that he should pay for his board and lodging. To this Mr. Lawson made a feint of resistance, but agreed in the end, as the terms offered by the old man were very advantageous.

'I shall soon have a lodging for which no mortal is called on to pay—the great mother earth," said the old man, "and I am glad, glad to escape from this money-governed world. Do dot smile so blandly on me both of you, and attend me with such false tenderness. There take, it away," he said as Mrs. Lawson was placing her most comfortable footstool under his feet; "there was no attendance no care, not a civil action or kind look for me when I was poor John Lawson, the silly, most silly old man, who had given up all to his son and his son's wife, for the love of them and expected, like a fool as he was, to live with them on terms of perfect equality, and to have the family purse open to him for any trifling sums he wished to take. Go for God's sake; try and look latterly on me now, as you did when you forced me out of your house. I detest your obsequious attention—I was as worthy of them ten years ago, before I dragged down my old age to the debasing efforts of money making. You know I am rich you would worship my money in me now. Not a smiling look, not a soft word you bestow on me, but is for my riches not for me. Do you think you have my wealth in your grasp, Thank God that my life is almost ended, and I hope my death will be a benefit to you, in softening your hard hearts."

Mrs. Lawson drew some hope from his last words, and she turned away her head to hide the joy which shone on her face.

In a few days the old man became seriously ill, and was altogether confined to his room. As death evidently approached, his mind became serene and calm, and he received the attention which Mrs. Lawson and his son lavished on him with a silent composure, which led them to hope that he had completely foregotten their previous conduct to him.

The night on which he died he turned to his son, and said a few words, a very few words, regarding worldly matters. He exhorted Henry to live in a somewhat less expensive style, and to cultivate a spirit of contentment without riches; then he bless ed God that he was entering on a world in which he could hear no more of money nor earthly possession. He remained in a calm sleep during the greater part of the night, they thought, but in the morning they found him dead.

The funeral was over, and the time was come in which the old man's will was to be opened. Mrs. Lawson had waited for that moment—she would have forcibly dragged time onward to that moment—she had execrated the long hours of night since the old man's death—she had still more anathemized the slowly passing days, when gazing furtively through a corner of the blended window, she saw fine equipages and finely-dressed ladies passing, and she planned how she would shine when the old man's wealth would be her own. She drew glorious mental pictures of how she would burst from behind the shaddowing cloud of poverty, and dazzle all her acquaintances. Her dress, her carriage, her style of living would be unequalled in her rank of life for taste and costliness. She would show them she had got money—money at last—more money than they all.

Now at last she sat and saw the will being opened; she felt that it was a mere formality, for the old man had none but them to whom he could leave his money; she never once doubted but that the money would be theirs; she had reason and fancied herself into the firm conviction, Her only fear was that the amount might not be so large as she had calculated on.

She saw the packet opened. Her eyes dilated, her lips became parched, her heart and brain burned with a fierce eagerness—money! money at last! uttered the griping spirit within her.

The will, after begining in the usual formal style, was as follows:—

'I bequeath to my son Henry's wife, Augusta Lawson, a high and noble gift'—Mrs. Lawson almost sprang from her seat with eagerness—'the greatest of all legacies, I bequeath to Augusta Lawson—Charity!—Augusta Lawson refused me a few shillings which I wish to bestow on a starving woman; but now I leave her joint executrix, with my son Henry, in the distribution of all my money, and all my effects without any reservation, in charity, to be applied to such charitable purposes as in this my last will and testament, I have directed.'

Then followed a statement of his effects and money, down to the most minute particular. The money amounted to a very considerable sum; his personal effects he directed to be sold, with the exception of a very valuable diamond ring which he bequeathed to the orphan daughter of a poor relation in whose house he had taken refuge, and remained for a short time, previous to his going abroad. All the proceeds of his other effects, together with the whole amount of his money, he bequeathed to different charitable purposes, and gave minute directions as to the manner in which various sums were to be expended. The largest amount he directed to be distributed in yearly donations among the most indigent old men and women within a circuit of ten miles, of his native place. Those who were residing with their sons and their sons' wives, were to receive by far the largest relief. He appointed as trustees two of the most respectable merchants of the town, to whom he gave authority to see the provisions of his will carried out, in case his son and Mrs. Lawson should decline the duty of executorship, which he had bequeathed to them. The trustees were to exercise a surveillance over Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, to see that the will should in every particular be carried into effect. The will was duly signed and duly signed in the town in South America where the old man had for some years resided. A codicil, containing the legacy of the ring, with some further particulars regarding the charitis, had been added a few days previous to the old man's death.

Mrs. Lawson was carried fainting from the room before the reading of the will was concluded. She was seized with a violent fever and her life was despared of. She recovered however, and from the verge of the eternal existance on which she had been, she returned to life with a less worldly and ostentatious nature, and a soul more alive to the impulse of kindness and charity.

MODE OF PRESERVING SEEDS.—The vitality of seed is often destroyed by being kept too dry. Too much moisture, on the other hand, develops the germ. How then shall these extremes be avoided? Hermbstadt proposes a remedy. He says chance led to the discovery. He received from a great distance, certain grains which are hard to procure in England, if imported in [illegible] with dried grapes, or raisins. He sowed them in pots, and they all came up. Since that time he has ordered his seeds, sent from foreign countries, to be put up in blotting paper, and wrapped up with raisens, or with moist coarse sugar. Thus far he has never had a failure with seeds thus put up; while those put up in the ordinary way, failed to germinate, although similar to the former.

Would it not be well to expose many of our garden seeds to the gentle moisture of raisins or sugar for some weeks before the earth is sufficiently warm for planting?—Time might be thus gained without any risk of too rapidly developing the grain.—*Ohio Farmer.*

The American Lady rejoicing in the title of the Rev. Antoinette Brown, has received two calls, one of them from a congregation in Troy.

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