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OMPLEXION,
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VOUS DEBILITY, NERVOUS
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back, limbs, joints and organs.
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AND PHŒNIX BITTERS
THE BLOOD,
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every patient.
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n," containing the directions, &c.
Broadway from Wall street to our
s visiting the city can very easily
and Samaritans are copyrighted,
are them with white wrappers can
genuine. Be careful, and do not
appers; but if you do, be satisfied
n us, or dont touch them.
pared and sold by
AM B. MOFFAT,
of Anthony street, New York.

NJ. PARSONS,
Sole Agent.
8 1848. 1

OOD FARMS
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D. McDONALD, Esq.
June, 1849. n19-tf

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JOHN McEWAN.
, 1849. 2v-7ntf.

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12th, 1849. 2v-n10tf

Rebellion Losses.
General's Office,
nal, 12th March, 1849.
CE is hereby given, that
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the first day of June
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S. M. VIGER,
H. M. R. G.
2—12

ron Signal,
BLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
AS MACQUEEN,
PROPRIETOR.
SQUARE, GODERICH.
Printing, executed with

ON SIGNAL.—TEN SHIL-
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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 II. GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT, (C. W.) THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1850. NUMBER XLVIII.

Card.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL,
CAN be consulted at all hours, at *Mrs. Wm. F. Gooding's, Front-St.*
Goderich, Sept. 13th, 1848. 33-

ALEXAKNDER WILINSON,
Provincial Land Surveyor,
OFFICE AT GODERICH,
HURON DISTRICT.
Nov. 24, 9. 43

J. K. GOODING,
AUCTIONEER,
WILL attend SALES in any part of the District, on reasonable Terms. Apply at the *British Hotel.*
Goderich, March 9th 1849. 2v-5n

I. LEWIS,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &C.,
June, 1848. GODERICH.

A. NASMYTH,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR:
WEST-STREET,
GODERICH.
Goderich, April 12, 1849. 2v-n10tf

ALFRED W. OTTER,
General Agent & Conveyancer,
COLLECTOR OF ACCOUNTS, &c. &c.
GODERICH.
Oct. 1, 1849. 2-n25

DANIEL GORDON,
CABINET MAKER:
Three doors East of the Canada Co's. Office,
WEST-STREET,
GODERICH.
August 27th, 1849. 2v-n30

Stokes,
CHEMIST and *DRUGGIST,*
WEST-STREET,
GODERICH.
March 8, 1849. 2v-5n

JOHN J. E. LINTON,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner Queen's Bench,
AND CONVEYANCER,
STRATFORD.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL,
AUCTIONEER,
BELL'S CORNERS,
SOUTH EASTHOPE.
March, 29, 1849. v2-n8

DR. JOHN HYDE,
(LATE FROM ENBRO,)
MEDICAL HALL,
STRATFORD.
July 31, 1849. 2v-n26

WM. REED,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, &c.,
LIGHT-HOUSE ST. GODERICH.
Oct. 25, 1849. 2vn38

EDWARD CASHELL,
PAINTER & GLAZIER,
Corner of Light-House Street,
GODERICH.
October, 25, 1849. 2vn38

WATSON & WILLIAMS,
DIXIE WATSON of Goderich,
BARRISTER AT LAW, &c. &c. and *GEORGE WILLIAMS, of Stratford,* late of the firm of Hector, Weller and Williams, Barristers, &c. Toronto, having this day entered into co-partnership, in the Practice, and Profession of LAW, CHANCERY and CONVEYANCING, will in future keep their Offices at Goderich and Stratford, respectively, under the name, style and firm of WATSON and WILLIAMS.
DIXIE WATSON, Goderich,
GEORGE WILLIAMS, Stratford,
24th December, 1849. 2v-n47tf

☞ SUMMONSES required by the New District Court Act, and all other *BLANK FORMS* used in the District and Division Courts, on Sale at the *Signal* Office. Also, all kinds of JOB PRINTING executed on the shortest notice, and on moderate terms.
Goderich, July 19, 1849.

Blank Deeds and Memorials,
AND all kinds of DIVISION COURT BLANKS, and BLANK PROMISSORY NOTES, for sale at the Signal Office. Every discription of BOOK and JOB Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

☞ NOTICE ☜
To the Clerks and Bailiff's of the Division Courts.
THE increased demand for SUMMONSES and other BLANK WRITS, in connection with the business of the several Division Courts in the District, has warranted us in printing them in much larger quantities than heretofore, and consequently enables us to sell them much cheaper—therefore we intimate to the several Officers requiring these Blank Forms, that from this date, Summonses and all other Writs belonging to the Division Court, will be Sold at the *Signal Office* at the reduced price of ☞ TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE PER HUNDRED. ☜
Signal Office, Goderich,
6th September 1849.

LOST,
ON or about the 15th August, a POCKET MAP of the District of Huron, bound in a Black Leather Cover, (Scobie & Balfour), belonging to the District Surveyor, H. D. Any one finding it and sending it to this Office, or to the owner, will be paid for their trouble.
Goderich, Oct. 25, 1849. 2vn38-tf

FARMER'S INN STRATFORD.
MRS. DOROTHY DOUGLAS, widow of the late Thomas Douglas, of the Farmer's Inn, Stratford, begs to return her thanks to the Inhabitants of Stratford, and the public generally, for the very liberal support which they received during the short time they have been in Stratford.
Mrs. Douglas begs to intimate that she intends carrying on the business as heretofore at the Old Stand, in her own name, and hopes by strict attention to the comfort of her guests, and moderate charges, to merit a share of the public patronage.
Stratford, 21st August, 1849. 2v-n29tf

TRAVELLER'S HOME,
STRASBURG, WATERLOO,
28th February, 1849.
THE Subscriber hereby intimates to his friends and the Travelling Public generally, that he has removed from New Aberdeen to the Village of Strasburgh, and will now be found in that well-known house formerly occupied by Mr. Jones,—where he will be ready and able to conduce to the comfort of those who may honor him with their patronage. And while he returns thanks for past favors, he hopes, by strict attention to the wants and wishes of his customers, still to merit a continuance of their patronage.
JOHN ABEL.
N. B.—Good STABLES and attentive Grooms. v2-n4tf

TO BE SOLD,
AN excellent Farm, being Lot No. 12. Maitland Concession, Township of Goderich, containing 100 acres—30 of which is cleared. The land is of a superior quality, and well watered. It is situated exactly nine miles from the town of Goderich on the Huron Road, and at the junction of six different roads; and as it is in the center of a populous and prosperous locality, it is excellently adapted for a Tavern stand or a Store. This farm is well entitled to the attention of persons desirous of an eligible situation for business, and will be sold on very reasonable terms. For particulars apply to Thomas Dark, Tavern-keeper, Goderich, or to the proprietor
JONAS COPP,
Village of Harpurhey.
June 15. 1849. v2n19tf

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the "CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO.," is prepared to receive proposals for Assurance, and will be happy to afford to any person the necessary information, as to the principles of the Institution.
JAMES WATSON.
Goderich, 13th June, 1849. v2n19tf

HURON HOTEL,
GODERICH.
JAMES GENTLES, would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Goderich, and its vicinity, that he will constantly
Keep Horses and Carriages
FOR HIRE, for which he respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.
JAMES GENTLES
18th Sept. 1849. v2n33-tf

TO LET,
THAT handsome two-story house, opposite the Steamboat Tavern, belonging to John Wilson 4th, and presently occupied by Mr. Beaman. It is large and well adapted to the use of a respectable family—having a large garden and orchard well stocked with excellent fruit trees of various descriptions. Its proximity to the harbour of Goderich enhances the value of the situation and as the proprietor is desirous that it should continue to be occupied, it will be let on reasonable terms, either for one or more years, as may be agreed upon. For further particulars apply to
JACOB WILSON.
Goderich, 2nd February, 1849. 52

CASH PAID ON DELIVERY,
FOR GOOD CLEAN BARLEY, at the *MAITLAND BREWERY,* by the Subscriber. J. F. BRITTAIN.
Goderich, Oct. 10, 1849 2v-n36tf

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for the PROVINCIAL MUTUAL AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY, hereby intimates, that he is prepared to receive Subscriptions for Stock in the Proprietary Branch, and applications for Insurances in the Mutual Branch, and to give such information on the subject as may be required.
JOHN CLARK.
Goderich, 25th Sept. 1849. 2v-n34tf

New Church in Stratford.
SEALED TENDERS will be received by the subscriber on behalf of the Presbyterian Church Building Committee, Stratford, till noon of the 31st December next, for providing materials, viz., Bricks, Lime, Stone, Sand, Seasoned Lumber, and Work, for the Erection of a BRICK CHURCH, proposed to be built at Stratford. Tenders may be made either for the whole or for any particular part of the materials, and according to Specifications as proposed by Mr. Peter Fergusson, Architect, Stratford.
J. J. E. LINTON, Act'ing. Sec'y.
Stratford, 30th July 1849. 2v-n26tf

LOST on Friday, the 30th November, between Goderich and Tuckersmith, a NOTE OF HAND, £17 10s., coming due on the 18th day of April next. I hereby caution any person or persons buying or selling the said note. The subscriber will give a reward of one pound to any one that will find and leave it at the Canada Company's Office, or with the subscriber.
JOHN HORNER.
Tuckersmith, 3 Con.,
Lot No. 5, Dec. 3, 1849. v2-n44-3t

STRAYED from the subscriber on or about the middle of September, Three STEERS, four years old, rising five—one freckled red and white, foreniped in the off ear,—one red muly, wants a part of the tail, and tapped in the off ear, and the other a dark red, tapped in the off ear, and when young got one horn broken. Any person giving information of the said Steers will be satisfied for their trouble.
DONALD McKAY, Mill Road, Tuckersmith.
December 4th, 1849. 2v-n45tf

Poetry.

From the Banner of Ulster.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

Young Genius walked out by the mountains and streams,
Entranced by the power of his own pleasant dreams,
'Till the silent, the wayward, the wandering thing,
Found a plume that had fall'n from a passing bird's wing.
Exulting and proud, like a boy at his play,
He bore the new prize to his dwelling away;
He gazed for a while on its beauties, and then
He cut it, and shaped it, and called it a PEN.

But its magical use he discovered not yet,
'Till he dipped its white lips in a fountain of jet:
And, oh! what a glorious thing it became,
For it spoke to the world in a language of flame:
While it's master wrote on, like a being inspired,
'Till the hearts of the millions were melted and fired.
It came as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Peaceful, the Pure, the Conquering Pen.

Young Genius went forth on his rambles once more,
The vast, sunless cavern of earth to explore:
He searched the rude rock, and with rapture he found
A substance unknown which he brought from the ground:
He fused it in fire, and rejoiced in the change,
As he moulded the ore into characters strange:
'Till his thoughts and his efforts were crowned with success,
For an Engine uprose, and he called it a PRESS.

The Pen and the Press, blest alliance, combined
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind:
For that, to the treasure of knowledge, gave birth,
And this sent them forth to the ends of the earth.
Their battles for truth were triumphant indeed,
For the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed:
They were made to exalt us, to teach and to bless,
Those invincible Brothers, the PEN and the PRESS.

AGRICULTURE.

AMERICAN FARMERS.—Many thousand farmers in New England rear large families, pay all their debts and taxes promptly, live independently, well clothed and comfortably housed, and provided for, on farms of fifty acres. The plea is, that these people labor severely. This is a great mistake.—They have much because they waste no time. With them there is "a place for every thing and every thing is in its place." Their horses, cattle, tools and implements, are attended to with clock-like regularity. Nothing is put off till to-morrow that can be done to-day. Economy is wealth, and system affords ease. These men are seldom in a hurry, except in harvest time.—And in long winter evenings, or severe, weather, which forbids employment out of doors, one makes corn brooms, another shoes, a third is a carpenter, cooper, or tailor, and one woman spins, another weaves, and a third plaits "Leghorn bonnets."—And the families thus occupied are among the most healthy and cheerful in the world. It is easy for them to reduce their wishes to their means, if convenient or prudent, and to extend their means, to their wishes.—*Maine Cult.*

FARMING CAPITAL.—From a communication by Mr. Durand, we make the following extracts:—

"I think it correct to say, that a liberal expenditure of capital in farming, will ultimately pay better than when laid out in other business. The difference between capital laid out in farming, and that laid out in manufacturing, is, that all which is expended in the latter beyond the actual profits of the goods manufactured, is dead loss, while that which is laid out on the farm, under good management, causes it to improve and increase from year to year.—In manufacturing, the interest on the capital may be received within six months or a year. In farming it may not be so, but it will be sure to give its return in a series of years. Another item which has been much neglected by farmers, is that of purchasing *good implements* to carry on their farming operations. In this country, where manual labor is high, a farmer should obtain as many labor-saving implements as can be used to advantage. Although these implements may cost more at first than common ones do, they will find their account in it at last. Get the best implements to be had, even if you have to go out of the State for them, and you will thus be able to perform more work in a better manner, besides saving much labor, and preventing a great deal of 'fretting' and ill temper.—Try it and see."—*Cultivator.*

PIGS PROFITABLY FATTENED ON GRAIN.—It is a mooted question, whether these devourers can be kept and fattened on grain for market, so as to leave a small profit to the producer.

The Rev. Mr. Watson, pastor of the Lutheran church at Cobleskill, has furnished us with an experiment to the point.—The Rev. gentleman is a shrewd economist, and does not think it beneath him to pay systematic attention to the small concerns of life.

He says, "I purchased two pigs, December 23d, for $6,50; they weighed 316 lbs.; they had been dropt some time in the preceding April; they were immediately put in a warm pen and fed on rye or corn meal, six quarts a day in three feeds, with regularity and precision, until October following; then they were fed nine quarts per day about one month, then raised to twelve until the 7th of December, when they were butchered; they then weighed 1128 pounds. They were fed on grain 349 days, they drank refuse milk of two cows, and had a few weeds from the garden. They thus gained in live weight three and a half pounds a day. The grain was ground fine, in cold weather it was scalded and fed warm, in warm weather fed dry and milk poured on it in the trough; none was ever made into a swill and fermented."

The rationale of his practice seems to be, firstly to give a sufficient quantity of the most nutritous food, to keep them in a growing, contented condition, that they may lie down and rest, and not work off their flesh, or lose what they already have. Secondly, to keep them at all times dry, clean and comfortable, never letting them to the ground to feed and wander about, or to wallow in dirt. This seems to cross the disposition of a hog, but these were quite content. He thinks such feed contracts the maw and makes it incapable of eating large quantities, like hogs that are summered on coarse food.—*Cultivator.*

RYE.—Rye ranks next to wheat as a bread corn; it is used for that purpose in the entire northern part of the continent of Europe, and very extensively in the northern States of America, particularly in New England, where it is generally combined with corn meal in the fabrication of bread. In Holland, and in some of the German states, rye bread is fed alike to horses and their drivers. It is considered wholesome, and the husk possesses an aromatic and slightly acidulous flavor, which renders it agreeable to the palate. The bran should not, therefore, be entirely separated from the flour.

Soil.—The soils designated by Von Thaer as suitable for rye, and because, perhaps, that they are illy adapted to other crops, contain from 18 to 23 per cent of clay, from 75 to 80 of sand, little or no carbonate of lime, and but one and a half per cent of humus or vegetable mould. They are considered the lowest rate of sandy lands, and in the comparative estimate of value, as worth only one-fifth of the first class of strong wheat lands. A large body of the lands in the northern and middle States are, therefore, proper lands for this grain. In truth, it is generally sown upon soil's that promise little return in better crops, and is too often left to shift for itself. Yet, it nevertheless, will repay good treatment, as well as more favored crops. It is the only grain that will grow upon soils containing more than 85 per cent of sand.

Cultivation.—Farms that will not produce good wheat, may be made to produce good rye; yet to render it profitable, it should not be made to follow in consecutive years, as it often is, in the same field.—Sown with wheat, in the proportion of one to thirty, rye is affirmed to be beneficial to the product of the wheat, affording shade and shelter, and, protecting the latter from mildew, much improving the sample of the grain, and, upon light soils often giving an increase of two bushels per acre in the product. This fact which we take from No. 6, vol. II., of British husbandry, may afford useful suggestions to those who raise wheat only, for their household consumption. Rye will not thrive upon a wet soil. Its general treatment nearly resembles that of wheat.

The soil is generally sown early in September, sometimes in August, and sometimes in an emergency, in November. It requires no covering than wheat.

When sown early, rye is often depastured in autumn, by calves, sheep, and even cows, without prejudicing the crop, and even to its advantage. It is often sown as a soiling crop, to be cut in spring and fed to stock. The quality of the flour is improved by the grain being cut before it has become perfectly hard.

From the New Orleans Delta.

THE WALTZ OF THE WOLVES.

Wolves abound in the waste and desolate woods along Leaf River, Louisiana. A year or two since, a wedding being about to "come off" there, it was necessary to send about twelve miles for an old nigger fiddler, who was indispensable at every frolic, quilting, or house-raising, for forty miles round. A wild, hilly, unsettled country lay between. In the meantime the company gathered, and the Squire performed the ceremony; the groom had taken half a dozen "horns" with his particular friends, and the jests at his expense had all been perpetrated and laughed at. The bride and the young ladies sat ranged round the room, like so many statues pinned to the wall.—The bashful gallants stood outside, about the doors and windows, anxious to be in, but reluctant to approach, and urging each other to 'break the ice.'

The Squire and a knot of old 'uns, were talking politics, and as the evening was warm, guzzling every ten minutes, from a huge hump-shouldered, short-necked, four-sided bottle, several of which might be seen on a stump before the door; while a score of matrons in white caps and aprons, by the blaze of light-wood torches, were bustling about the supper table in an adjoining house. At length the girls began to yawn. The pretty bride herself grew drowsy. A scraping of feet was heard in the gallery, and one or two impatient young bucks commenced 'shuffling,' cracking their heels together, and cutting the 'pigeon wing.'—Still *no fiddler came.* Hour after hour rolled by—supper was deferred—the drinks came faster and stronger, the yawning more frequent among the ladies: the talking became louder among the gentlemen around the stump—and yet 'Old John' was not forthcoming. As the night wore on, and the seven stars were high in the heavens, the impatience of the company became unbounded, and it was suggested that he should be sent for. A wedding without a fiddler was not considered lawful, and the old Squire swore that there should be no 'greasy doings or chicken fixens' till old John came. The idea flashed across them that perhaps he had been beset by the wolves. No sooner was this thought of, than half a dozen young fellows mounted, and galloped down the path that led to the forest. About four miles distant stood a waste house, and as they approached it an infernal howling was heard, and now and then, amid the din, the squeaking of a fiddle. The old place had long been reported to be 'haunted.' One moment the boys listened with surprise. The howl of a single wolf had no terrors for them; but the diabolical serenade of a dozen, and the twanging of the catgut in that dark house! Davy Crocket himself could'nt have stood it; so they 'turned tail' and 'cut dirt' for the place they came from, and reported that the Devil had nabbed old John, and was then at the haunted house dancing a breakdown, with a gang of she wolves for his partners. So wonderful a story, supported by sundry emphatic oaths, threw everything into confusion. The young ladies did'nt quite go into 'duck fits,' but they exchanged mysterious looks, and gathered round a withered old woman, whose voice sank into a whisper as she related strange tales of that deserted dwelling. The Squire, the oracle of the settlement, discredited the story.—He took a big drink, and insinuated that the boys had tipped the bottle once too often before they set out, and roundly swore that he would face all the wolves on Leaf River, and all the devils in h—, if the company would back him!'

A horn all round was then taken on the strength of this speech, and in a few minutes the men were all en route for the scene of action. They rode on in great glee for a mile or two, but gradually lapsed into silence, and at length the wolf chorus came floating on the breeze, and then the sharp notes of a fiddle were distinctly heard. The horsemen dismounted, and crept on cautiously, concealed by the bushes, toward the haunted cabin. At that moment the moon burst forth, and within the building might be seen the old fiddler, poised in the air, playing a Virginia reel, with a crowd of wolves or demons, who were leaping, bounding, and howling to the music! A council was called. The company, satisfied that it really was the devil, voted an immediate retreat, but the Squire jerked out his prayer book, and swore he 'would run his nose through the chinks, if every man scringed from him.' He started forward with book in hand, while two others, half afraid and half ashamed, dropped into line. The nearer he got, the louder and more devoutly he spoke. The howling became terrific; the fiddling grew sharper, and suddenly the din and yell rose to such a tremendous key, that human nature could not stand it. The line paused, then broke in every direction, and the Squire shouting 'Devil take the hindmost!' mounted his 'singe cat,' and was the first to carry the word to the ladies.—There was no sleeping that night. The rose-leaf on the bride's cheek paled away; the jessamine dropped on her raven locks, though nourished by the sigh that came ever and anon from her gentle bosom. The groom sat by, clasping her velvet hands, and gazing with long, fond looks into her lustrous eyes.

At length day came, and a more haggard, disappointed set was never seen. It was determined once more to repair to the fatal spot. There was a clear sky and a sparkling breeze. They rode boldly forward.—There stood the house. The tumult was as loud as ever. A dozen wolves leaped up and down panting for breath, their eyes red and fiery, their tails switching furiously;—and there, on the joist, was perched—not the devil—but old John himself!

The story is soon explained. He had set out rather late on the preceding evening for the wedding. Night overtook him among the hills, and he soon heard the ravenous creatures on his track. Nearer and nearer they came—faster and faster he fled, but still they gained on him. He dropped his hat—that detained them an instant. He threw down his coat—they stopped to scent it, but the next moment on they came, in full view. Almost desperate, he tore off his shirt—but they merely paused to toss it in the air. Their prey was just before them, and on they rushed. The fugitive dashed into the cabin, bounded convulsively to the joist, and at the instant that he swung himself from the floor, the whole troop plunged madly in, gnashing their teeth, and frantic for blood. Finding himself secure, and recovering his composure, he slid along the beam and closed the door, thus imprisoning the whole gang. He then braced himself up, unslung the fiddle, and began to play, in hopes of being heard, and to keep himself awake. John, like most of his drowsy race, was apt to sleep, and to avoid it, rattled off his jigs till daylight.—The effect of the music on the wolves was singular. They leaped up incessantly, foaming at the mouth, snapping at each other, howling hideously, and to all appearance raving mad. John was soon relieved—the monsters shot and scalped. The company repaired back to the ladies, converted the supper into a breakfast, had a roaring carouse, and the ruins of the 'haunted house' are still to be seen on the waters of Leaf River.

HOW UNCLE BILL "DID" A LANDLORD.—There lived some years since in a thriving Connecticut river village of New Hampseire, a lively little old man of sixty years, who was familiarly called "Uncle Bill."

He was poor, fond of drink, and when short of change, always ready with some cunning expedient to procure one.

One hot summer's day the old man came puffing and sweating into the porch of the village tavern, where sat Mr. B., the landlord whom he thus addressed:—

'Like to lost everything in your garden landlord; jest as I came along I see half a dozen cows in there, but I drove'em out before they done much damage.'

'Much obliged to you for your trouble,' said Mr. B., 'won't you take a drink?'

'Don't care if I do take a cooler; made me rather warm running after the tarnel critters.'

The old man took the liquor, and after loading his short pipe, sat down to take a smoke.

He puffed away in silence for a long time chuckling occasionally with a self satisfied air—probably at the funny forms assumed by his smoke wreaths.

Getting up at last to go, he said, 'didn't tell you landlord, *how* the cows got into the garden.'

'No,' said Mr. B., 'how was it?'

'Why, I took down the bars, and drove 'em in myself.'

And the old fellow stumped off, leaving the nettled Mr. B. to the laugh of the bystanders.

CONSOLATION FOR POVERTY.—The Home Journal gives utterance to some true philosophy when, speaking of riches, it says:

"Aggrandise as we may, the limits of our senses check miserably every moment.—You call yourself 'proprietor!' House and pictures outlive you, and after taking your will of them for a short time, you are carried out of your own door, feet foremost, never again to enter it. Proprietor you were, perhaps of estates and castles, of farms and mountains; but now you own nothing but a hole in the ground, six feet by two. The artist who visits your gallery while you live and own it enjoys it more than you. You are rich enough to dine twenty-four times a day, but you must eat sparingly to enjoy even eating once. Your celler is full of exquisite wines, but you can only drink one bottle yourself, and to help you use your store, you are obliged to call around your friends, relatives, parasites—a little world would live upon your substance, and who instead of gratitude, are likelier to make you a return in envy. You have thirty horses in your stable you can mount but one, or ride after two or four. To be truly rich, one should have stomachs in proportion to the number of dinners he can afford; senses extended, according to stock in the bank; sextuple vigor, and sensibility to consentrate and return all the love he could propitiate with gifts. At the close of his life the rich man has hardly spent more upon his own enjoyment than the poor man. He has eaten twice a day, slept in bed alone, or with one wife, and the poor man can do as much and the proprietor scarcely any more."

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—In the neighborhood of his father's residence, in the county Meath, the future Duke, then a lad, was one of a party which, which after the manner of the times, had indulged in free potations until a late period of the night. Mr. Wellesley, or, as the name then was, Wesley, managed to escape from his companions, and retiring to bed, fell fast asleep. His absence was observed, and his retreat detected. It was determined that he should return.—One of the party, more or less drunken than the rest, snapped up a loaded pistol, and carefully drawing the ball with which it was loaded, proceeded to the bedside to discharge the powder at the head of the sleeper. He fired. Mr. Wesley was of course awoke, and was forced to get up, dress himself, and was brought back in triumph to the party. In the morning, however, it was found that the ramrod of the pistol had passed through the pillow, close by where the head of the future conqueror of Napoleon must have been. With all the care that his assailant had taken to draw the ball, he had left, unconsciously, in its place the ramrod; and but that the same potations that confused his perceptions unsteadied his hand, when he pointed the pistol at the young sleeper's head, that might have ended the career of the Hon. Arthur Wesley.—[Dublin University Magazine.

'Cut my straps and let me to glory,' as Dow Jr. exclaimed when took his first favorite kiss.