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Huron Signal

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VOLUME V.

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NUMBER XXXII.

Poetry.

FOR THE HURON SIGNAL.

SONGS OF A LOITERER.

NO. I.—OAK HILL.

BY S. HERBERT DE LANCEY.

Old Hill, once more upon thy brow I stand,

And view the dark'ning shades of night expand.

The sun, the ruling monarch of the day,

Has shed o'er earth his last ling'ring ray,

And the pale moon, the solemn queen of night

With her host of stars, wheels her silvery light.

The smooth gentle stream glides gaily along,

And the gladness bird sings its evening song.

But my heart is sad, and will not rejoice,

I gaze on yon resting place of the dead,

And sigh for the loved one so lately laid.

By kind loving friends to rest in its tomb,

Where her form is warp in its solemn gloom.

I will not weep—she has passed away,

To a brighter home of eternal day.

BRANTFORD, AUG. 24TH, 1852.

THE MILL-WHEEL.

BY CHAMPION WHEEL.

Within the mill wheel's dripping eye,

How flows the white and gleaming spray,

In music falling on the wave.

That dances to the open day!

How could the eddies of the stream,

In lazy loops returning slow,

About the back and roughest beam,

Whose mossy feet are far below!

The mill above is ratched with noise,

And gray with clouds the e'er-lying sky,

And now I hear the miller's voice

As here and there the workmen ply.

I hear the wargons round the door,

The din of bargains in the hall;

The wheel beneath the raftered floor

Groans on the willing slave of all.

Unheeded of the summer wind,

That o'er the level water skims,

Unheeded of the frosts that bind

With icy blades its dripping rim;

Not ever checks its measured round,

To think of all it has to do,

But patient turns its endless round,

As if its will were endless, too.

By night the water-gate is drawn;

Within the wheel the wheel is still,

And, waiting for the longer dawn,

It rests beneath the lonely mill.

Sleep, busy wheel! a respite ask

When all thy daily work is done;

And would thy fixed and endless task

Were less the image of my own!

AGRICULTURE.

THE SWEET INFLUENCE OF A GARDENER.

The following beautiful passage, says the

Western Recorder, we copy from an Agricultural

address, recently delivered before the

Lewis County (N. Y.) Agricultural Society

by Caleb Lyon the poet. "Permit me,"

said the speaker, "to call your attention

to the subject intimately connected with

the comfort of your home. I would ask

in what manner an acre of ground in the

common course of cultivation can so well

be employed as in a garden, and who desires

to have life's path strewn with fruits and

flowers more than the farmer! All our

vegetables were originally acclimated here,

and Homer, who composed his great poem

the Iliad, five hundred years before Cadmus

brought letters into Greece, makes Laertes

describe, in glowing colours the bright

associations, that are clustered about this

truest cradle of agriculture. Here it was

that Plato discussed, Eve, sin, and Jesus

prayed. The Chinese have fluted gardens,

the Persians hanging gardens, the Arabians

fountain gardens, but ours are household

foliage so dry and crisp, that it crumbles in

being forcibly drawn through the slit of

rounds of the rack, occasioning a fine, al-

most impalpable dust, which, on being in-

haled, irritates the lungs and occasion

coughs, &c. Another and more economical

method is to cure clover hay in the proper

way. By curing it in the cock, its foliage

will wilt and dry without being deprived of

its sweetness or elasticity, and will not

crumble. This I hold to be the most eco-

nomical, as it not only enable us to save

much trouble in the busy season of haying

but obviates the serious loss from the break-

ing and falling of the most valuable parts.

—Germanian Telegraph.

FAIR.—A cultivator of fruit, whose

good examples is referred to in the New

England Farmer keeps a circle of several

feet around the roots of every tree clear

of grass, and enriches it with cheap manure

of bones, ashes, and several other kinds of

fertilizing substances. He has very large

crocks of most excellent fruit, which he

states, brings him more money than any of

the neighbouring farmers obtain for his

crop.

LITERATURE.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

There lived in a country not a thousand

miles from Edinburgh, a decent farmer,

who, by patient industry and frugality,

and without being avaricious, had made him-

self easy in circumstances. He enjoyed life

without being profuse; he tempered his

enjoyments with moderation. At the age

of sixty he still retained the bloom of health

on his cheek. He lived till that age a

bachelor; but his household affairs were

regulated by a young woman whose atten-

tion he had long since bestowed. His

zeal for his master's interest made it easy

for him to enjoy his home without a wife.

"She was only in the character of his house-

servant, but she was virtuous and prudent.

Betty allotted the tasks of the servants in

the house, performed the labour within

doors, during harvest, when all others were

engaged. She saw everything kept in or-

der, and regulated all with strict regard

to economy and cleanliness. She had the

singular good fortune, to be at once beloved

by her fellow-servants, as well as respected

and trusted by her master. Her master

even consulted her in matters where he

knew she could give advice, and found it

often his interest to do so. But her modesty

was such, that she never tendered her

advice gratuitously. She rendered the

most respectful distance from her master.—She

paid all attention to his wants and wishes,

nor could a wife or daughter have been

more attentive. When he happened to be

from home, it was her province to wait up-

on him when he returned, provide his re-

freshments and administer to all his wants.

Then she reported to him the occurrences

of the day, and the work which had been

done. It did not escape her masters ob-

servance, however, that, though she was

anxious to relate the truth, she still strove to

extenuate and hide the faults of those who

had committed misdemeanors. Her whole

conduct was such, that, for the period of

fifteen years, the breath of slander dared

not to hazard a whisper against her.

It happened, however that a certain

maid in the neighbourhood had cast an

eye upon the farmer. She was the

daughter of a bachelor minister, and lived at

the manse in character of housekeeper.—

but it would appear that she had formed a

design of conquering her master. If Betty

design. But her neighbour could not, it

would appear, believe that she had brought

the matter to a hearing without some strat-

agem; and she wished Betty to tell her

how she had gone about 'courting the old

man." There was, withal, so much native

simplicity about Betty, and the manner of

relating her own courtship and marriage is

so like herself, that it would leave its mark

unless told in her own homely Scotch

speech. Betty, into all, had a lip in her

speech, by which the s is sounded as th,

which added a still deeper shade of simpli-

cacy to her manner; but it would be trifling

to suit the orthography to that common de-

fect.—The reader can easily suppose that

he hears Betty saying, while she is relating

her story to her attentive friend.

"Weel Betty," says her acquaintance,

"come, g'ie me a sketch, an' tell me"

"about it; for I may ha'e a chance myself."

"We can ken what's afore us. We're no

"the wear o' ha'g'ns' somebody to tell us the

"road, when we'd ken'd an' the crucks and

"draws in't!" "Deed," said Betty, "there

"was little about it ava. Our minister was

"awaat the fair o' day selling the lambs, and

"it was gye late afore he cam' hame."

"Our minister verra seldom stays late, for he's

"a dounce man as can be. Weel, ye see, he

"was mair hery than I had seen him for a

"long time; but I opine he had a gude mer-

"ket for his lambs, and there's room for ex-

"ercise when one drives a gude bergien. In-

"deed, to tell eva on truth, he rather better

"than a wee day in his e'e. It was my mis-

"take to sit up till he cam' hame, when he

"was awa'." When he cam' in and gaed up

"stairs, he fand his sippie ready for him."

"Betty," says he, "very saft like." "Sir,"

"says I, "Betty," says he, "what's been gaun

"on the day—'s right, I houp!" "Oy, sir,"