Huron Signal.

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VOLUME V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1852. NUMBER XLVIII.

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Goderich, April 29th, 1852. v5

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June 1848. 2vn25

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August 27th, 1849. 2vn30

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Stratford, 2nd Jan. 1850. 2vn49

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

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WILLIAM REED,
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October 25, 1849. 2vn38

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

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ALEXANDER WOOD STRACHAN, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer.
Goderich, 17th November, 1851.

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LONDON, C. W.
August 16th, 1852. v5t30

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[*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.
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COMMISSIONER IN Q. B. &c.
INSURANCE effected on Houses, Shipping and Goods.
All kinds of Deeds correctly drawn, and Books and Accounts adjusted.
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July 23, 1852. v5n26

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WEST STREET, GODERICH,
(Near the Market Square,)
BY MESSRS. JOHN & ROBT. DONOGH.
GOOD Accommodations for Travellers, and an attentive Hostler at all times, to take charge of Teams.
Goderich, Dec. 6, 1850. 43—tf

WASHINGTON
Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co.,
CAPITAL $1,000,000.
EZRA HOPKINS, Hamilton, Agent for the Counties of Waterloo and Huron.
August 27, 1850. 3v15

MR. JOHN MACARA.
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MR. T. N. MOLESWORTH,
CIVIL ENGINEER and Provincial Land Surveyor, Goderich.
April 30, 1851. v4n11

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

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

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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

JOB PRINTING of every description, neatly and promptly executed at this office.
December 30.

Poetry.

OLD LETTERS.

Old letters! oh, then spare them—they are priceless for their age!
I love—oh, how I love to see such yellow time-stained page!
They tell of joys that are now no more, of hopes that long have fled!
Old letters! oh then spare them—they are sacred to the dead!

They tell of times, of happy times in years long, *long* gone by,
Of dear ones who have ceased to live but in the memory,
They picture many a bright, bright scene, in many days of yore.
Old letters! oh then spare them, for they are a priceless store!

Old am I too, and gray haired now—deserted and alone,
And all of those I once could call my friends alas! are gone!
Yet oft at midnights stilly hour, in solitude's retreat,
With each one in his silent tomb, I hold communion sweet.

Old letters! here is one—the hand is on its face;
Ah! that was from a brother young in some far foreign place;
Sailor boy, beloved by all, frank, open-hearted, brave—
Cold, cold and lonesome is his rest beneath the Atlantic wave.

Another, stained with dark red spots, as clasped by bloody hands,
Was found beneath a father's corse on dread Corunna's sands;
A stranger hand with kindly care conveyed the relic dear.
Old letters! ye are priceless! ye have cost a widow's tears!

Another—know I not that hand? Oh! she was bright and fair;
Too pure, too gentle, and too good, for angels long to spare
Her to this earth of grief and woe; well Death thou might'st be vain:
Thou hast not such another flower in all thy dark domain.

Oh! ye are now the only links that bind us to the past:
Sweet, sweet memorials of the days too happy for to last:
The tear-drop fills again the eye which tears had almost fled,
Old letters! ye are precious! ye are sacred to the dead!

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

BY J. H. R. BAILEY.

Beautiful flowers, your bloom is bright,
Wherever ye leaf in your own pure light;
Ye robe the forest ye deck the glade,
Ye smile in the sunbeam, and purple the shade;
Ye please the savage, attract the sage,
Shed your sweets o'er youth, and your charms o'er age;
Ye are loved by all, yet ye will not stay:
Wherefore so soon do ye perish away?

Beautiful flowers, oh, tell me now,
Under the leaves of the mulberry bow;
Or, if not there, let an answer come
With the plundering bee, as he hasteth home;
Or whisper a word to the fragrant gale,
As it kisses your lips for a balmy tale;
Hark! hark! I hear from the roscate bowers,
The honied voice of the "Queen of Flowers."

"Mine is the realms of the fair and free,
Fragrance and beauty were made for me;
But light-heeled nymphs have usurped my rights,
And busy themselves in my bowers of light;
And fairies rifle my sweetest flowers
Of their mellowest hues and their ripest powers;
And thus, through the wanton wreck they've made,
'Tis the brightest of blossoms that soonest fade!"

Literature.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Forty year ago my father settled in one of the countries of central New York.—All that was a wilderness, wild, grand, beautiful. We located 15 miles from the farthest pioneer. The woods were around us, the tall trees and the picturesque mountains.

We had opened a space in the forest, and a cabin of that good old time afforded us shelter. It looked new and comfortable, and its chimney smoke curled gracefully up and vanished with the shadows of the forest. The blackened heaps smoked and crackled, and deep in the wild woods solitudes the wilderness smiled in the presence of yellow harvests. A happy home was there. The birds sang at early morn, and the deep river near the door murmured sweetly at nightfall. There were gentle whisperings in the old trees as they bowed their heads in the wind, a holy anthem floated up from the vast temple where nature breathes fresh and pure from the hand of God. The wild flowers bloomed even to the very door sill, and the deer stepped into the fores to gaze upon the smoke of the chimney top.

'Twas a beautiful home in the wilderness. The Spring brought us neighbours. 'Twas a great day when a settler came in and purchased land accross the river. He received a warm welcome from pioneer hearts, and by ready agency of pioneer hands, a comfortable log cabin peeped out from the dense woodland of the opposite bank. I watched the smoke from the open roof as the sun went down and eagerly looked for the next morning. But it was not the smoke I cared so much about, I only knew that it curled upwards from the fireside where dwelt as beautiful a creature as ever bloomed away from the busy world. And so I watched the smoke, and dreamed as I watched the river, until the morn threw down its beautiful pathway of shining silver, and listened for the sound of familiar footsteps.

Across the river was the home of Carry Mason. Before the mellow haze of autumn had dropped his dreary hue on leaf and stream, I had learned to love her, and to tell her so in the still moonlight of that hidden home.

The leaves faded, and the winter wind swept through the forest. But we cared little for that. The snow fell thick and fast, but our cabins were bright, and our hearts were alive with happiness and hope. When the Spring opened, and the birds returned we were to be married.

A winter evening party in a new country. Did you ever attend one, reader?—There are hearts and open hearts there to be found.

Carry and I were invited to attend the party; a rude jumper had been built, and in this we statred. Ten miles were soon passed, and we found ourselves in as merry and happy a throng as ever gathered on a frontier. The huge fire crackled on the wide hearth, and old fashioned fun and frolic rang out until a late hour.

The moon had gone down when we started for home, and the snow began to fall; but we heeded it not for we talked fast as the horse sped on the forest path.

Carry grasped my arm and whispered, hist! The winds shrieked over the tops of the dark pines, and I laughed at her fears. But she nestled closer to my side and talked with less glee. In spite of all my efforts, a shadow would creep over my own spirits.

The road wound among a dense growth of pines, which shot upwards and veiled even the sky from our path. The old pines swayed and moaned in the increasing storm, and the snow fell fast and thickly. I touched the horse with the whip and he moved briskly through the woods. Again Carry grasped my arm. I heard nothing save the storm, and yet I was startled as the horse gave a quick snort and struck into a gallop. With a heart full of happiness, I had not yet dreamed of danger.

Again the horse snorted in alarm. There was a sound above the storm. I felt my cheek grow white and cold, and the blood ran quick back to my heart.

Clear, wild, terrible, it burst out in an unearthly howl, like a wail from the world of incarnate fiends. I heard it. Its dismal, heart chilling echoes had not died away on the storm when it was answered by a score of throats.

Merciful God! a pack of wolves were around us. In those dark woods at night, and the storm howling overhead, a score of hungry throats were yelling each other on to the feast.

For a moment my senses reeled. But I felt Carry leaning heavily on my shoulder and I aroused.

But what hope was there? I had no weapon, and the maddened devils were in the path before and behind us. There was but one chance, and that was to push ahead.

This was a slim chance, and I grew sick as I thought of Carry. The quiet cabin and the happy hearth of home flashed swiftly through my brain.

At that moment a dark shadow glided up by the side of our sleigh and so wild and devilish a yell I never heard. My flesh crept on my bones. A cold shudder ran to my heart and crept over my head as though the hairs were standing on end.—Two orbs glared out like demon lights, and I could hear the panting of the eager beast.

Finally grasping the reins and shouted sharply to the horse, we shot away.

The horse needed no urging. At the act that infernal chorus again burst out in earnest and their dark forms leaped into engthened strides on either side of us. They speed was fearful and yet the yelling devils kept pace. Turning to speak to Carry, I saw a dark form leap into the path, and as we sped ahead, his teeth shut with a vice like snap, missing Carry and stripping her shawl to her shoulders. With a shriek she clung to me, and with my arm I saved her from being dragged out of her seat.

I became maddened—reckless; I shouted to the horse, now reeking with foam.—We went on at a fearful rate. The stumps and roots and uneven places in the road threatened every instant to wreck our sleigh.

Home was three miles distant. Oh! for a world to give for home.

As the road struck the river bank, it turned shortly almost on the brink of a fearful precipice. Here was a new danger It was a difficult place, and there was not only danger of upsetting, but being hurled into the river.

There was a path across this angle of the land where logs had been drawn out. It was a mile nearer this way to the clearing than by the river. But I durst not attempt it with a sleigh.

On we speed! that fearful pack neck and neck with us, and every now and then their jaws shutting like steel traps close to our persons. Once around that angle, and I hoped.

How madly I shouted to the noble brute! We neared the turn in that race for life.

Heaven! the infernal devils had crossed ahead and hung in dark masses. A demon instinct seemed to possess them.

A few feet more! The wolves seemed to feel that we had a chance, for they howled more devilish than before.

With a sweep the horse turned in spite of me. The left runner struck high on the roots of a pine, and the sleigh swung over like a flash, burying us in the new snow.—Away sped the horse, and my heart sank as I heard his quick footsteps dying out towards home.

The maddened pack had followed the horse and shot by us as we were thrown ou upon the bank, for a number of rods.—A shriek from Carry arrested them in their career; in an instant they were upon us.—I gave one long desperate shout to arouse the folks in the cabins. I had no time to shout again. Their hot breath burned upon me, and their dark masses gathered around like shadows of doom. With a limb I wildly kept them at bay for a moment, but fiercer and closer surged the gnashing teeth. Carry lay insensible on the ground before me. There was no more chance. A stunted pine grew upon the outer edge of the bank, and shot out nearly horrizontally over the river below full a hundred feet from the surface.

Dashing madly in their teeth with my cudgel, I yelled with the winning energy of despair, grasped Carry with one arm, and dashed recklessly out upon the pine.—I thought not of the danger, I cared not. I braved one danger to escape a greater I reached the branches; I breathed freer as I heard the growl of the baffled party.

I turned my head, and God of mercy! a long shadow was gliding along on the trunk of our last refuge. Carry was helpless, and it required all the strength of intense despair to hold her and remain upon the slippery trunk. I turned to face the wolf—he was within reach of my arm—I struck with my fist and again those fearful jaws shut with a snap, as my hand brushed his head. With a demoniac growl he fastened upon the shoulder of Carry, Oh! for help—for a weapon—for a foothold on earth where I could have grappled the monster.

I heard the long fangs craunch into the flest, and the smothered breathing as th wolf continued to make sure of his hold! Oh it was horrible! I beat him over the head, but he only deigned a munching growl, I yelled, wept, cursed, prayed, but the hungry devil cared not for curses or prayers. His companioss were still whining and howling, adventuring out upon the pine. I almost wished the tree would give way.

The wolf still kept his hold on Carry. None can dream how the blood hissed and swept through my knotted veins. At last the brute, hungry for his prey, gave a wrench and nearly threw me from the pine. Carry was helpless and insensible. Even the crounching teeth of the monster did not awaken her from the death swoon into which she had fallen.

Another wrench was made by the wolf and Carry's waist slipped from my aching grasp, leaving me but the hold upon the skirt of her dress. The incarnate devil had not released his hold, but as if aware of the danger beneath, retained his hold on the shoulder of Carry. The end had come! Mr. brain reeled!—The long body of the wolf hung down like a dark shadow into the abyss, fast wearing out my remaining strength. The blood gushed warmly from my nostrills, and lights flashed across my eye balls. The over taxed muscles of the hand would relax, and as instantly close convulsion upon the eluding skirt. I heard a tearing of stitches. The black wolf writhed and wrenched as if to deepen the hold. A sharp crackling mingled with the humming noises in my head, and the dress parted at the waist. I shrieked as I heard the sweeping sound of the fall of the black devil and victim. As they shot down in the darkness I heard something like bay of the old house dog and the firing of guns—but heard no more.

Weeks and months passed away before the fearful delirium left me. I returned to consciousness in my father's cabin, an emaciated creature, as helpless as a child. My youth had passed away, and I was prematurely old. The raven black locks of twenty years had changed to the silvery ones of age. Look at this arm that clung to Carry! It is withered, I have never raised it since that night. In my dreams I feel again that fearful night, and awake covered with the cold clammy sweat that gathered upon me while on that pine.

The neighing of the horse as he dashed into the clearing had aroused the people at home. The empty and broken sleigh told a brief story. The howling of the wolves arose on the blast, and with guns and the old house dog they rushed to the scene.

They found me senseless upon the trunk covered with blood, and the wolf feeling his way on the icy branch towards me. In turning at the sound of their approach, he slipped down the ice.

Our people looked long for Carry Mason but did not find her until next morning. They then went down on the ice and found her corpse. The wolves had not picked her crushed bones. I thank God for that.

The fall had partially broken the ice, and the oozing water had frozen and fastened her long black hair as it had floated out. The wolf had not released his death grasp, and his teeeth were buried in her white shoulder.

The spring sunshine and birds, and green leaves had come again, as I tottered out. My sisters led me to a grave on the river's bank—the grave of all my youthful hopes and all that I loved. The wild flowers were already starting on the mould. I blessed them for they were blooming over the grave of Carry.

WHAT MRS. SMITH SAID.

"Saint Agatha! not been out of the city this summer?"

"No; Jones said he could'nt offord it."

"My *dear innocent Abigail*!! Mr. Jones smokes his forty-nine cigars a day as usual, don't he?"

"Yes."

"Well: he rides horseback every morning?"

"Yes."

"Well; he plays brilliards, and takes his sherry and hock, and all that sort o' thing down town, don't he?"

"Yes."

"Well; *put that and that together*! just so Smith told me—'couldn't afford it.' I didn't dispute one point. It was too much trouble. I smiled just as sweetly at him as if I did'nt know it was all a humbug; but I very quietly went to my boudoir and despatched a note to that jewel of a doctor.———, saying that I should be taken violently ill about the time Smith came home to dinner, and should'nt probably recovery till after a trip to Saratoga or Niagara or some of these *quiet* places.

Well, he is as keen as a Brier; and when Smith sent for him, he came in and found me in a state of *foreordained exhaustion* in the hands of my maid Libby. He felt my pulse, looked wild and oracular, and said I "must have instant change of air" Of course I objected; declared I never could bear to be moved; was quite entirely run down, &c. Doctor said "he wouldnt be answerable for the consequences."—and *finally to oblige Mr. Smith* I gave in! *Understand*! Nothing like a little diplomacy. Also *Always use the check rein*! my dear, if you want to star Jones off in a new direction. Men are *a little* contrary, that's all. They'd be *perfect treasures* every mother's son of them, if it wasn't for *that*.—*New York Dutchman.*

The *Scientific American* says:—"All the new houses which have been built in New York recently, have what are termed flat roofs. The roof is nearly level, and all sugpeaked roofs are fast disappearing, we wonder how they ever came into use. The inventor of them must have been a man full of comical ideas. The flat roofs are covered with tin, and well painted. If a fire takes place in a building it is easy to walk and work on the flat roof, so as to command the fire if it be in the adjacent building this cannot be done on peaked roofs. Flat roofs are cheaper, and more convenient in every respect. We advise all that intend to build new houses to have flat roofs upon them. It is far better to have a flush story at the top of the building than a peaked cramped up garret which is only comfortable for travelling on the hands and knees.

SEWING MACHINE.—The Scientific American states, that since its first notice of the sewing machine of E. B. Howe, of Mass., that paper has described seven different sewing machines. Among them is the machine of A. B. Wilson, which he has since brought to great perfection and has two American patents and has made arrangements to get it patented in the principle kingdoms of Europe. The Scientific American says, "Wilson's Machine is, in our opinion, a great triumph of American genius. It is no larger than a neat small work-box, very portable and convenient and we have seen fine shirt-bosoms and collars stitched by it, in a more perfect manner than we have ever seen done by hand-work. There are now we believe, about 500 machines in operation, and orders exceed the supply. * * * * * * * The sewing machine is but on the threshold of its career; it is but partially known and applied in this country. Private families know nothing about its use, and snoemakers and saddlers have not yet tested its benefits. Mr. Wilson informs us that he is about to make one that will sew boots and shoes with rapidity that will astonish the sons of St. Crispin. And invention that shall abridge these tedious labors, will ultimately prove of great benefit to all parties concerned—for whatever lessens the aggregate labor performed by a whole community, soon results in the advantage or every member of that community. One of Wilson's machines will enable a woman to make a fine shirt with all its seams, in one hour.

FINE TALK.—We are, indeed, says an American, a happy, elegant, moral transcendent people. We have no masters, they are all principals; no shopmen, they are all assistants; no servants, they are all "helps;" no jailers, they are all governors; nobody is flogged in bridewell, he merely receives the correction of the house; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts, he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry, he is only excited; nobody is cross, he is only nervous; lastly, nobody is drunk, the very utmost you can assert is that "he has taken his wine."

BAD MATCHES.—Mr. Bim was seized with a bad pain in his stomach the other night and got out of bed to look for his hart drops. From the usual place he took up what he supposed to be a row of matches, and, one after another, he snapped it off without effect, and as he thew down the last he gave vent to his vexation by exclaiming," Dang it, these matches won't go." His wife now came to his assistance, and upon the other end of the mantel piece found some matches, and having obtained a light, the first object that met the astonished eyes of both was the head of her best tortoise-shell comb, with every tooth broken out and thrown upon the floor. As Mr. Bim stood looking aghast at the destruction worked by his own misguided hands. Mr B. cast a reproachful glance at him and retired to her bed without uttering a syllable.—*Post.*

SILK MANUFACTURE.—The quantity of silk annually consumed by women and balloons is so great, that it is really astonishing how worms and mulberry trees keep up the supply. According to the *Paris Review* there are, in France, no less than 130,000 looms for silk, of which the products amount in value to three hundred millions per an. The fabrics of Lyons yield about or nearly two thirds of that sum moiety of the whole is exported, three-fifths of the exports from Lyons; the United States consume the greater part. Competition is formidable abroad, especially in Great Britain and Germany; but it was acknowledged at the Great Exhibition that Lyons retained permineence in designs and tissues. The seventy thousand looms of Lyons occupy 175 thousand individuals: and half of these are dispersed over a radius of from 20 to 25 leagues; the others are in the bosom of the city. There are three hundred manufacturing firms, embracing from four hundred and fifty to five hundred names. The average earning of the operative is thirty cents per day.—*Scientific American.*

OMITING TOO MUCH.—A green, good natured, money-making, up-country Jonathan who said everything drily, got things fixed, and struck up a bargain for matrimony.—Having no particular regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a green country justice to put up the tackling. He commenced the ceremony by remarking, that "twas customary, on such occasions, to commence with prayer, but he believed that he would omit that." After tieing the knot, he said "it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he believed he would omit that; it was customary to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that also." The ceremony being ended, Jonathan took the squire by the buttonhole, and clapping his finger to his nose, said:

"Squire, it's customary to give the magistrate five dollars—*but I believe I'll omit that.*

Some western villain has concocted the following "con:"

Why are certain young ladies of the present day like the forlorn hope of a besieging army?

Because they are about to throw themselves into the *breaches.*

BUTTER.—Irish Butter has been imported into New York, in consequence of the present excessive price of the article in that market; namely, from 31 to 34 cents per lb.—The Irish butter is said to be equal to the best American, and can be sold at 26 cents per lb. The citizens of New York will hardly butter both sides of their bread this winter.

LONGEVITY.—In 1497, a carp of prodigious size was caught in a fishpond of suabia with a ring of copper affixed to it, on which were engraved these words in Latin: I am the first fish that was put in this pond by the hands of Frederick, 2nd, Governor of the world, 5th Oct., 1230. The fish must have lived 267 years.

A runaway slave from a Georgia planter, recently returned to his master a wealthy man! The master was poverty stricken and felt very nice when the negro's unbounded gratitude presented him $10,000 for his freedom papers.

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.—Mr. Phillip Morrill states, in the Bangar (Maine) *Whig*, that a disease supposed to be allied to that which has infected the potato crop has attacted the thistle and the mullen (both serious pests to the farmer) to such an extent as to such an extent as to annihilate the farmer in that portion of the State. So far as he has observed, none has escaped this year.

DAMAGES FOR THE LOSS OF A HUSBAND.—At the Edinburgh Jury Court, second division, on Wednesday last Mrs Janet Donald of Eadie, obtained a verdict of £100 for herself and of £200 for her children, as compensation of the death of her husband who had been killed in a pit of the Barton's mill Coal Company, at Dykenhead, owing to the unsafe condition of such pit in which the deceased was engaged as a collier or miner or drawer.

On the motion of Sir W. Molesworth the House of Commons has ordered copies of correspondence between the Home and the Canadian Government, on the subject of the Clergy Reserves, and also returns of the payment from the Clergy Reserves fund, since the year 1840.—*Globe.*

SIGNIFICATION OF "ERIE."—The question is often asked, "Why so many storms and disaster upon Lake Erie? Why the difference between that and the other lakes composing the great chain between the United States and British America?" It is said to be caused by the extreme shallowness of its waters, which are more easily disturbed than the deep waters of its neighbors. Hence the name "Erie," an Indian name signifying "mad," "the mad lake." This name, like all Indian proper names is very significant of the boisterous character of Lake Erie.

FATTENING AS M. P.—By a notice in the *Sarnia Shield*—somewhat in the form of a Court circular—the public are informed that "Mr. Brown will arrive at John Waddel's House on the London Road; at 1 o'clock on Thursday." The notice is headed a "REFORM DINNER," and foreshadows good things at John Waddel's.—In the Galt *Reporter* it is announced that the inhabitants of Ayr at a public meeting, on Monday, "resolved unanimously to invite Mr. George Brown the member of Kent to a Public Dinner in that village." From Guelph we have advices of similar preparation for the M. P. and altogether there is a prospect that by the 14th February the hon member will be in *fair condition.*

A WHITE MAN AMONG THE INDIANS.

Some fourteen years since, a boy by the name of Chubb, then aged about [illegible] years was missed by his parents, who then resided at Blissfield in this county, and many of our citizens recollect the search that was made for him at the time, but which proved totally unavailing.

Within the past few days, this boy now grown to a man's estate has returned to this place. It appears from his statement that he was stolen from his home by a party of the Chippewa Indians, who were then hunting in this part of the State, and after some days concealment, placing him at night in hollow logs, took him West, and trading him off for a pony with some one of the Western Indians tribes. Subsequently he was again sold to the Blackfeet Indians among whom he has resided to the present time, and is now married to a daugter of one of the chiefs.

During the fourteen years that he has resided among the Indians he has been totally ignorant of the place of his nativity, and has only ascertained it during the last year. As soon as he did ascertain it, he came on here at once to see his parents one of whom—his mother—he finds to be deceased, and his father to be living near Detroit. He was through here, it seems, a year since, and stopped in our village, but was at that time wholly ignorant of the part of the country from which he was stolen. A white man, a physician among the Blackfeet, seems to have been possessed of the secret, and has but recently imparted it to him.

Chubb now resided near the source of the Missouri, and has become so attached to the Indian mode of life that he has no idea of remaining among his white kinsmen. He says there are now among the same tribe two white girls, and two or three other boys. He has repeatedly been engaged in the Indian fights, and in the course of his wandering has become what acquainted with the Mormons whom he described as a rascally set, who steal from other white men, and charge it to the Indians.

There is something remarkable in white persons becoming thus wedded to the customs of the Indians by living among them, but so it is always.—*Adrian Watchtower.*

CURING BACON.—As soon as the meat is salted for your taste which will generally be in about five weeks, take it out, and, if any of it has been covered with brine let it drain a little. Then take good black pepper finely ground, and dust on the flesh side and on the hock end, as much as will stick; then hang it up in a good, clean dry, airy place: if all this is done as it should be, you will have no farther trouble with it, for by the fly time in the spring your bacon is so well cured or dried on the outside, that flies or bugs will not disturb it.

The above is taken from the *Nashville Whig*, and we speak confidently of its merits both for bacon and beef hams. The process is not new, however, and if some ground cloves and cayenne pepper be added, so much the better.

GOVERNMENT EXPENSES.—According to the statement of a Washington letter writer, the estimates of the Treasury Department of the expenses of the next fiscal year were to have been sent to Congress on Monday, and the Annual Report of the Secretary is expected to be finished this week. The actual expense of carrying on the Government is about thirty-five millions annually, of which more than ten millions are required for the new acquisitions, Strike Oregon, California, and New Mexico from the Budget, and less than twenty-five millions per annum would cover the cost. Our opponents have rung the changes for the last four years, on the aggregate expenditures, taking care to conceal the notorious and indisputable facts, that their legacies of debt and deficiency swelled out the demands upon the Treasury annually. They will go into power after the fourth of March, and then the country will be better able to estimate the sincerity of professions which were made under a different condition of things. We shall see whether they will fall below or go beyond thirty-five millions a year.—*Patriot and Journal.*

TREMENDOUS LOSS.—The total loss of property by fires in California during the past three years, is estimated at sixty-six millions of dollars. This it should be observed, is the California estimate; and to arrive at the actual loss, a large deduction must be made. Probably thirty millions would cover the destruction of property. But this is more than has been destroyed by fire in all the rest of the United States during the last ten years.—*Patriot and Journal.*

A new and simple method of protecting sub-marine electrical conductors has just been invented by Mr. T. Allan, of Edinburgh. The exterior protecting iron wires are placed longitudinally, instead of spirally as is done in the Dover and Calais rope, and yet are quite flexible. By this means, about one half the quantity of protecting wires will give a greater security against a longitudinal strain upon the copper conductors than can be attained when the wires pass spirally around them. The process, too, is less costly than the former one.

THE "INSTITUTION."—A Georgia correspondent of the Janus, a German paper in New York, says that he was at Cedartown, lately, when a negress was hung, and thus relates the cause: The master of the negress told her that he had sold her four children to a man to whom they were to be delivered next day. The purchaser was known through the neighbourhood as a tyrant, and miser, who not only half starved his slaves but beat them brutally at every opportunity. The mother, who tenderly loved her children, was much overcome with grief at the thought of having them sold to such a monster. She begged her master on her knees to keep the children, or if they must be sold, to let them go to a more humane master. But all her efforts proved vain, and being driven to desperation, she on the following night murdered the children. This was the crime for which she was hung.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

The particulars of a dreadful earthquake in China, on the 26th May last, have just been received. The shocks commenced in the city of Chung-wei and its neighbourhood, and were repeated many times during a space of 15 days from that date. The devastation and loss of life was frightful. Upwards of 300 persons were killed, more than 400 seriously hurt, and seven thousand houses destroyed. The public offices, granaries, prisons, and also the ramparts of the city were thrown down.

The Picton *Gazette* states that a new kind of oil is manufactured in the western part of the country, from the offal of white fish caught on Weller's Beach. It burns with a clear flame, and is free from offensive smell. A tanner in the neighbourhood says it is fully equal to any imported oil he ever used for tanner.