Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W. T. COX, Editor and Proprietor.] "The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE] GODERICH, C. W., THURSDAY, NOV. 16, 1865. [VOL. XVIII.—NO 42

Business Directory.

British American Assurance Co.
FIRE & MARINE.
JOHN ESSON Agent.
Bayfield, C. W., April 16, 1865. w12

JOHN BRETT,
Tin, Sheet-Iron, and Copper Smith,
EGMONDVILLE, C. W.
Stoves, Cultivators, &c., for Sale.
Repairing Done at Short Notice.

MAITLAND HOTEL, GODERICH

E. HOSKER, PROPRIETOR. THE above is most pleasantly situated on an eminence 120 feet high, overlooking the Harbor and Lake Huron;—good Orchards, Gardens and Rural Walks attached. Board $1 per day, single Meals or Beds 25 cents. v15n10v1v

HOTEL NOTICE.

JOHN DONOGH takes this means of informing the public that he has entered into the Hotel business in the stand formerly known as the Fulton House, where he will be happy to receive old friends and customers.
Goderich, June 6th 1865. w19

CANADIAN HOTEL,
CLINTON, C. W.
W. TUDSBURY, Proprietor.

THE establishment is furnished with all the requirements essential to the comfort of guests. w34tf

DAYS' HOTEL
WROXETER

Is situated on the Gravel Road running from Seaforth to Southampton, one mile north of where it leads off to Wroxeter, and any one traveling to

Belmore, Walkerton, Southampton,

or any place in that direction, will find accommodation such as he only expects to find at first class city hotels, in all respects.

ICE ALWAYS ON HAND FOR HIS Trout-Fishing Friends!

THE BUILDINGS COVER A LENGTH OF A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET
CHARLES DAYS, Proprietor.
w46-1.

Commercial Hotel Mitchell C.W

JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Good stabling for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire, on the Shortest Notice. 14-7

J. & J. SEEGMILLER,
TANNERS!
DEALERS
IN
LEATHER FINDINGS!
&c., &c.
GODERICH, C. W.
February 12, 1864. w47w

GODERICH FANNING MILL
AND
Pump Factory!

THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO INFORM the inhabitants of the Counties of Huron and Bruce that he is still Manufacturing, and has on hand a number of his

SUPERIOR FANNING MILLS & PUMPS.

He would particularly draw attention to his Mills, as he will warrant them to free Wheat from oats, cockle, chess, &c. Pumps made to order and warranted.

Factory on Nelson st., between Victoria street and Cambria Road.

ALSO, agent for the sale of Morgan's premium and patent "ULTIVATOR" which has never yet failed to give general satisfaction to farmers who have used them.

HENRY DODD.
Goderich April 22nd. 1864. 39

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Capital, £2,000,000, Stg.; Accumulated Fund $5,671,728.

Brittania Life Assurance Co. of London.

THE undersigned having been appointed Agent for the above highly respectable Companies, is prepared to accept both Fire and Life risks, at moderate rates of premium.
A. M. ROSS Agent.
Goderich July 1st 1859. v12n21

ROYAL
Insurance Comp'ny
FIRE AND LIFE.
CAPITAL—TWO MILLION DOLLARS.
Accumulated Funds on hand, $5,000,000
Annual Income Exceeds $2,500,000

FIRE Insurances effected at the *LOWEST RATES* consistent with safety.

Life Insurance—Ample Security.
LARGE BONUS AND RATES LOWER THAN MOST ENGLISH OFFICES.

Losses Promptly Settled Without Reference to a Board of Directors.
CHARLES FLETCHER, Agent.
Goderich, May, 1864. w15

MARINE INSURANCE.
British American Insurance Co
OF TORONTO,
Marine Department.
GEORGE RUMBALL, Agent.
Goderich, April 25th, 1865. w13tf

IT IS NOT TRUE!

THAT STOCKS

Of Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.,

ARE LOW AND PRICES HIGHER THAN THEY HAVE BEEN AS YOU can prove for yourself by calling at the

EMPORIUM!

Where J. V. DETLOR & SON will be happy to show to their old friends and the public generally, a large and varied stock of

FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
&c., &c.,

Purchased in the Best and Cheapest Markets and which they are determined to sell at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES For CASH.

They deem it unnecessary to state the nature of their stock in detail, as they feel satisfied that their long experience in business in Goderich enables them to anticipate the wants of the community.

ALL THEY WISH IS A CALL,
AND AN INSPECTION OF THE GOODS.

CLOTHS IN GREAT VARIETY.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
DRESS GOODS.

AN UNUSUALLY LARGE ASSORTMENT OF EXCELLENT
READY-MADE CLOTHING!

a Large Stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES.

Tea from 50 Cents upwards.

J. V. DETLOR & SON.
September 19th, 1865. w12

ISAAC FREDRICK
REMOVED
TO F. NITSCHES' OLD STAND.
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER
WEST ST., GODERICH,
Next door West of Mr. Stotts' Saddlery
ALL KINDS OF
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY
REPAIRED ON SHORT NOTICE.
In the best Style & Warranted
ALSO, A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Gold & Plated Jewelry Watches, Clocks, &c., &c.
Constantly on hand and warranted to be as represented or money refunded.
Goderich July 27th 1864 #15n31

NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to Wm. E. GRACE, by note or book account, will please

CALL AND SETTLE

The same without delay
Office on Lighthouse St.
Next to Mr Andrew Donogh's.

For Sale
200 BARRELS SALT!
AT
$1.25 PER BBRL.
A QUANTITY OF
IRON!
Assorted, at
$2.50 PER 100 POUNDS!
WM. E. GRACE.
Goderich, December 22nd, 1864 sw32-tf

JUST RECEIVED THIS DAY
NEW CARPETS
AND
TWEEDS!
A
Choice Assortment,
AT
JOHN FAIR & CO'S.
Goderich, 19th Sept. 1865. w34 4w

WANTED

TO RENT, A CARDING MILL, or a good Second Hand Carding Machine to buy, with Steam Engine fit to drive the same.
Address - - J. T CARDER,
sw18-2t] Bayfield p.o. Co. Huron.

North British and Mercantile
Insurance Co.,
Office in Mr. Gordon's Law Chambers.
JOHN HALDAN, Jr., Agent.
Goderich, October 13, 1863. sw19-1yr

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!
ROCK & COAL OILS.
Burning Fluid, Lamp Oils.
For Sale by F. JORDAN.
Goderich, Jan. 17, 1859. 50

John Campbell,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT
Commissioner in Queen's Bench, for taking affidavits, Conveyancer, &c., &c. Office on Broadway, Village of Kincardine, C.W. 9:9

Peter M'Rae.
FORWARDER AND COMMISSION Merchant, INVERHURON, C. W. Notes and Accounts collected. Business of any kind entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.
w40-1y$osx

REMOVAL
Clinton Book Store.
School Books and School Stationery.
Wholesale.

THE undersigned begs to notify his friends and the public generally that he has removed his Book Store to the well known stand on Albert Street, Clinton, formerly occupied by J. S. Forrest & Co., where he will be happy to wait upon all who may favor him with a call.

Country Storekeepers,
Are particularly invited to inspect his large stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS & STATIONERY
Which will be found to be as low in price as those of the Toronto Wholesale Merchants.
Fancy Goods, Office Stationery, Musical Instruments, Toys, Wall Papers, Wrapping Papers, &c., &c., as usual very low.
GEO. LAYCOCK.
Clinton, 20th June, 1865 1w19

COLBORNE HOTEL.

THE subscriber having leased the above well-known hotel, would respectfully inform the Farmers' and Travellers that they will find excellent accommodation and every attention paid to their comfort, having

GOOD STABLING AND SHEDS,

And an attentive hostler. He desires also to notice that he has fitted up, in addition to the above,

An Excellent Oyster Saloon,

At considerable expense, and is prepared to furnish parties at the shortest notice.

FIRST-CLASS ALES AND LIQUORS
Always on hand.
CHARLES THOMPSON.
Goderich, 23rd Oct., 1865. sw16-1m

Poetry.

Written for the Signal.

A PSALM OF FUTURE LIFE.

There's a happy country far away beyond the waves of Time,
Beyond the flight of sun and stars—a pure and cloudless clime;
Its fields of never fading bloom are always warm and fair,
And no corrupt or noxious weed e'er shows its presence there.

Its fountains are of clearest sheen by earthly slime untinged,
In lambent glory rippling on, with deathless verdure fringed,
Thro' bowery beauty's chastest scenes forever on they stream,
Secure from Winter's gelid breath, and Summer's scorching beam.

Its groves are all of spicy trees with fruits of starry rays,
That glisten with inviting smiles from every scented spray;
The feather'd songsters 'midst their boughs are nestling free from dread,
For no marauding raven there its wing shall ever spread.

Its pathways lead thro' fragrant vales by fresh'ning zephyrs fann'd,
O'er flow'ry meads extending far, and mountain prospects grand;
No dangerous pitfalls hidden there—no craggy stone to wound,
Nor snake to bite the pilgrims heel, in ambush there is found.

On every summit's azure height there stands a beauteous shrine,
With dome of brighter gold than e'er was dug from earthly mine;
Where anthems of celestial love, and songs of grateful joy,
In rapturous peans ring, from tongues unstained by earth's alloy.

'Tis always spring in that pure clime—'tis always noontide fair,
No tempest ire can blight its bloom—no night cloud gather there;
Its dwellers' duties, all, are praise, no racking toils they prove,
Their high reward the precious meed of God's unbounded love!

Eternal youth illumes each face—each brow is smooth and fair,
No furrow'd cheek—no age dimm'd eye—no time-scathed form is there;
The fount of health with vigorous spring wells up in every heart,
And pours its salutary tides thro' every vital part.

No dwelling rear'd by mortal hand need they wherein to rest,
Nor care nor cold which mortals feel shall e'er their homes infest;
No galling stripe from tyrants' rod—nor hunger, pain nor fear,
Nor semblance of the slightest wo which mortals suffer here.

No spirit clogg'd by Mammon's rust—no conscience sear'd by sin,
No heart array'd in traitor's guise shall access have therein;
No base seducer's syren wile—nor dark detractor's lore
Shall triumph o'er a victim's heart or probe its bleedings more.

No self-debasing pander wretch who gloats a despot's will,
And plies the satrap's masked blade a brother's blood to spill;
Who heaps its burden on the weak, or mocks the stricken mind,
Nor he who lifts his iron heel the lowly poor to grind.

Who never shields from misery's storm the helpless outcast's head,
Who robs the widow of her mite—the orphan of its bread,
Who fattens on his neighbor's wreck or hoards the spoils of crime—
Shall never have inheritance in yonder sinless clime.

The soul relieved by penitence from Error's vicious sway,
By earnest vigils back restored to Virtue's sacred way;
Or they whom sublunary lust hath never yet defiled—
The faithful priests of Nature's law, the patriot and the child.

The salt of earth, the meek, the true, the generous and the wise,
Who never swerve from duty's call whatever lures entice:
Such only, in you realm of bliss, shall shout triumphantly,
"Where is thy sting, O Death, and where, O Grave, thy victory?"

Come spirit sick of earth's dark ways, its poignant cares and toils,
Its passions—venoms, that beset like adders from their coils!
Lay down thy martyr'd fleshly load with unreluctant faith,
And praise Thee for yon happy realm beyond the gates of death.

There kindred spirits on the shore, all jubilant shall throng,
To hail another child of light, with joyous shout and song;
Their forms in stainless vesture clothed, of radiant tissue wove,
The chosen and redeem'd of God, and foster'd on his love!

WILLIAM BANNATYNE.

Ashfield, Nov. 5th, 1865.

☞ A singular and elegant thought came into the head of two young men of Lille.—They agreed to run a race of considerable distance, the loser having to pay towards a general festivity as many yards of sausage as he was distanced by. The issue left the defeated nearly 50 yards behind the victor, and this terrific extent of sausages he had at once to procure, which he religiously did, and he broke all the shops of Lille of their supply in his efforts to make up the quantity required.

A Thrilling Narrative.

A GALLANT RESCUE FROM SHIPWRECK.

The New Bedford Mercury contains a thrilling account of the rescue of the crew of the schooner Evelyn Trent, of Frankfort, Me., recently wrecked on the South side of Nantucket. A wrecking gang on discovering the schooner proceeded to the shore, taking with them the gun of the Massachusetts Humane Society and its apparatus. Their proceedings are described as follows:—

"A large schooner was bilged and sunk, about two hundred yards from the shore, with the crew of five men lashed in the rigging. Her decks were under water, even in the hollow of the seas, which were making their roll above her submerged hull. No life boat could be launched, although one was at hand and the masts as they oscillated showed that there was no time to be lost. The gun was loaded and elevated by Capt. Hamlin, and so skilfully that the line attached to it fell upon the rigging of the ill-fated vessel, so that the men, who were all in the rigging, got the small line, the end of which was carried by the ball beyond the vessel. The men were evidently exhausted. They, however, after much delay by reason of their weakness, hauled on board the larger line attached, and read the order sent by it to fasten it to the mainmast head. When this was done, a chair made for the purpose was run off on a hanging block, and one of the crew got in to be hauled on shore. When his weight began to press on the small line from the mast head to the shore, it began to stretch and he to sink down towards the top of the raging billows beneath him. But everything was well rigged on shore, and the tackle on the shore end was gradually gathered in, which kept him from being drifted from his seat by the surges. When a little more than half way to land, the small line from the vessel used to veer him along the line and to pull the chair back, got foul, and for more than an hour there the poor fellow hung, the line stretching, and the waves ready to swallow him in case it parted. Everybody stood breathless and waiting for the feeble crew to clear the line, which was so long in doing that despair was on every countenance. At last enough was cleared to bring the man within a few yards of the nearest breaker, into which he was now dipping every time the vessel rolled towards the beach. Then was the time for fresh exertion. Capt. Charles Hussey, of the R. B. Barstow, with Charles Gardner and Alexander B Dunham by his side, up to their necks in the breakers, got nearly under him and threw him rope, with orders to lash it round him and drop into the breakers from the chair. This he did, and he was pulled through the surf and saved. The chair was hauled off again, and another of the crew with much delay landed in the same way. The third man that came was the Captain, Job Pilbrook, who had been hurt when the vessel struck at midnight. He had another son on board, who veered him out on the line, but unfortunately the line on board got more foul, and he hung for another hour suspended where he could not be reached from the shore. The hearts of many now sunk. The old man was dipping into the breakers as the vessel rolled, and seemed nearly exhausted. A council was set up under the line, which held him up some, when a young man, Frederick Ramsdell, offered to 'shin' along the line and cut the small one leading from the vessel. This he did amid the cheers of the multitude, and at the risk of his own life, and soon the old gentleman was landed and taken to town. The other two were soon after rescued, and the people came away with light hearts."

A Boy Shoots both his Parents and then Kills Himself.

(From the Milwaukee Sentinel.)

A shocking tragedy occurred in the town of Caledonia, Racine county, on Wednesday night. A boy named John Sittesky, the only son of a respectable Bohemian residing near the Chicago and Milwaukee railroad track, at the northern part of Caledonia, Racine county, committed one of the most atrocious and cold-blooded acts of combined parricide and homicide that has ever been recorded in the annals of crime. The circumstances are as follows:—The father, who was a farmer in excellent circumstances, had been laboring in the woods during the day, and had come in at nightfall for his supper. The meal was prepared and the mother called John, who is an only son, about 19 years old, to come in to tea. The aged couple sat down to their meal, thinking the boy would presently join them, when suddenly a shot was fired through a window pane of the room, and the father was struck by a ball in the left arm, completely shattering it at the elbow. The mother started up, and at the same instant another report resounded, and she was struck in the abdomen by a bullet which passed completely through her body! In another moment another discharge was heard in the yard, and the father, who, with parental instincts, divined the nature and effect of this third shot, summoned strength enough to get out of doors, where he found his son weltering in his blood, and already gasping his last. He had murdered both his aged parents with the two barrels of one gun, and had shot himself through the body with another weapon, dying his life almost instantly. We say murdered, for it is not probable that either will recover though both were living when our informant left. The mother has doubtless breathed her last ere now, and it is considered doubtful whether the father, who is over sixty years of age, can survive his injuries and the shock of his griefs. A surgeon was immediately summoned from Racine, the nearest town, and the wounds of the parents cared for as well as possible. A coroner's jury was also summoned yesterday, which sat on the body of the boy, and whose verdict was in accordance with the facts as we have given them. As the reader has already surmised, the boy, author of this terrible tragedy, was not sound in mind, though he has never been noticeably insane. We conversed with a neighbor who knows the family well, and who assured us that the boy had never been crazy. He has, however, labored under a mental aberration at intervals, though he has never been violent or been considered at all dangerous.

A REAL ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.—A story is just now circulating through the German newspapers which illustrates the continental idea of an English peer. Lord S—— is, we are told, an amateur boxer, who prides himself upon his strength and dexterity in pugilism. Dining one day with the great banker R——, Lord S—— heard some stories of the prowess of a farm laborer on the estate, and at once made a note of the man's name and address. Next morning his lordship mounted his horse, and rode off in search of the celebrated athlete. He found him digging in his garden. "My poor fellow," said the peer, dismounting, and pulling off his gloves, "I've heard a great deal of your strength and skill; let us have a fight." The laborer looked at his visitor for a moment without speaking; and then, suddenly grappling with him, flung him over the hedge. "I say, my good man," cried Lord S——, as soon as he recovered his senses; "would you do me a favor?" "What! haven't you had enough yet?" exclaimed the laborer, sulkily. "Oh, yes, as far as I am personally concerned; but please throw my horse over too."

☞ The bravest man is he who can apologize with dignity.

What Young People Should Know.

The best inheritance which parents can give to their children is the ability to help and take care of themselves. This is better than a hundred thousands dollars apeice. In any trouble or difficulty they have two servants in the shape of two hands. Those who can do nothing and have to be waited on are helpless and easily disheartened at the misfortunes of life. Those who are active and hardly meet troubles with a cheerful face can easily surmount them. Let young people, therefore, learn as many things as possible. Every boy should know how sooner or later—

1. To dress himself, black his own boots, cut his brother's hair, wind up a watch, sew a button, make up a bed and keep his clothes in order.
2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon and harness a team.
3. To carve and wait on table.
4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep, and dress a leg of veal or mutton.
5. To reckon money and keep accounts correctly, and according to good book-keeping rules.
6 To write a neat and appropriate business letter, in a good hand, fold and subscribe it correctly, and write contracts.
7. To plow, sow grain and grass, drive a mowing machine, build a neat stack and pitch hay.
8. To put up a package, build a fire, and mend broken tools, whitewash a wall and regulate a clock.

Every girl should know how—

1. To sew and knit.
2. To mend clothes neatly.
3. To make beds,
4. To dress her own hair.
5. To wash the dishes and sweep the carpets.
6. To make good bread and perform all plain cooking.
7. To keep her rooms drawers and closets in order.
8. To work a sewing machine.
9. To make good butter and cheese.
10. To make a dress and children's clothing.
11. To keep accounts and calculate interest.
12. To write, fold and subscribe letters properly.
13. To nurse the sick efficiently, and not faint at a drop of blood.
14. To be ready to render efficient comfort and aid to those in trouble, and in an unostentatious way.
15. To receive and entertain visitors, in the absence or sickness of her mother.

A young lady who can do all these things well, and who is always ready to render aid to the afflicted, and mitigate the perplexities around her, will bring more comfort to others and happiness to herself, and be more esteemed than if she knew how to dance, sing and play on the piano.

Don't Drive the Boys from home.

Mothers who are disturbed by the noise and untidiness of boys at home must be careful lest by their reproaches they drive their children from home, in search of pleasure elsewhere. The Port and Transcript gives a case in point:

"There are those balusters all finger marks again," said Mrs. Cary, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak again. "George," she said, with a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided wrench out of the basin of suds, "if you go up those stairs again before bedtime you shall be punished."

"I should like to know where I can go?" said George, angrily. "I can't stay in the kitchen, I am so in the way, and I can't go in the parlor, for fear I shall muss that up, and now you say I can't go up to my own room. I know a place where I can go," he added, to himself; "boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll go down to Nile's corner. I can smoke a cigar now as well as any boy, if it did make me awful sick the first time. They shall not laugh at me again about it."

And so the careful housekeeper virtually drove her son from her door, to hang about the steps, and sit under the broad inviting portico of the village grog shop. Do you think she gained or lost?

"I Cannot, Sir."

A young man—we will call him Honest Frank—who loved truth was a clerk in the office of some rich merchants. One day a letter came recalling an order for goods which had been received the day before. One of the merchants handed the letter to Honest Frank, and, with a most persuasive smile, said:—

"Frank, reply to this letter. Say the goods were shipped before the receipt of the letter countermanding the order."

Frank looked into his employer's face with a sad but firm glance, and replied:—

"I cannot, sir."

"Why not, sir?" asked the merchant very angrily.

"Because the goods are now in the yard, and it would be a lie on my part, sir."

"I hope you will always be so particular," remarked the merchant, turning upon his heel and going away.

Honest Frank did a bold as well as a right thing in refusing to answer that letter. What do you suppose happened to him? *He lost his place?* No, he didn't. The merchant was too shrewd to turn away a clerk who wouldn't write a lying letter. He knew the value of such a youth, and, instead of turning him away made him his confidential clerk.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

MOUSE POWER.—A gentleman in Scotland has trained a couple of mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin yarn. The work is done on the tread mill principle. It is so constructed that the common house mouse is enabled to make atonement to society for past offences by twisting and reeling from 100 to 200 threads per day. To complete this the little pedestrian has to run 10¼ miles per day. This journey it performs every day with ease. An ordinary mouse weighs only half an ounce. A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal at 1s 3d the peck serves one of these treadmill culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads per day, being an average 3,850 threads of 52 inches, which is nearly nine lengths of the reel. A penny is paid to women for every cut in the ordinary way.—At this rate a mouse earns 9d every 5 weeks, which is one farthing per day, or 7s 6d per annum. Take 6d off for board, and 1s for machinery, there will arise 6s clear profit from every mouse yearly. The mouse employer is going to make application for the lease of an old empty house, the dimensions of which are 100ft by 50ft and 50ft in height, which, at a moderate calculation, will hold 10,000 mouse mills, sufficient room being left for keepers and some hundreds of spectators. Allowing £200 for rent and taskmasters, £10,000 to erect machinery, and £500 for the interest, there will be left a balance of £2,300 per annum.

☞ On Friday last the residence occupied by Mr. John Johnstone, in the third concession of Trafalgar, was entirely consumed by fire, together with most of the household effects of the family.

Extraordinary Achievement.

One of the most extraordinary achievements in the hunting line has recently came within our knowledge, fairly eclipsing modern ideas of chase, and returning to the days of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, before gun powder, rifles, or projectiles became known. On Thursday last, Wm. B. Gordon, aged 17 years, son of Mr. Benjamin Gordon, late a citizen of Ottawa, and "one of the old 27's," now of the Queen's Road, Gloucester, was engaged quietly ploughing in a field on his father's farm, he spied a splendid buck about one hundred feet distant, on the edge of the woods. To throw down his reins and make for the deer was his first impulse, and the animal not relishing close acquaintance, made off at that pace for which deer are famous. In the neighborhood was a creek not large in size, nor containing much water, but into it as a harbor of refuge the poor buck sprung. Young Gordon fled on foot, fierce with the idea of capturing such a splendid specimen, and forgetting that he was without any weapon but his own vigorous arms, sprung upon the back of the deer, bore him down and yelled for help. A young brother hearing his cries rushed to the spot, and the deer was almost carried unharmed to a large barn, where his antics in the efforts to escape rather astonished the neighborhood. A sister of Master Gordon's having gone into the barn for the purpose of coaxing the animal to quietness, he made one spring and jumped clean over her head without injuring her in the least. The young men were obliged to remove the deer finally to a smaller house, but he became so uncontrollable that late at night they were obliged unwillingly to open a vein and reduce him to venison. This "owre true tale" is astonishing indeed, but it is nevertheless true to the letter.—Ottawa *Union.*

The Coming Inflation.

Never has so much money been poured into the Province as during the past six months. We have had a bountiful harvest of all kinds of crops, and have obtained high prices for our wheat, our barley, our wool, our lumber, and every article we have had so sell. The producers having had plenty of cash, the storekeepers have participated in their good fortune. Old debts have been paid, and new goods have been profusely ordered.—Manufacturers have shared in the general prosperity, home manufactured articles of all kinds having rapidly gone into consumption. Forwarders have been busy, too, as the railway traffic returns abundantly indicate. Now, as always happens, this will have its effect; indeed it is already having a very sensible influence on real estate, and we foresee an inflation like that from which we have been suffering so terribly ever since 1857. Farm lands in remote situations will again become the objects of speculation; and vacant town lots, which yield nothing but a plentiful crop of taxes, again be sold at fabulous prices per foot.

Now as in a panic a causeless fear seizes on bodies of men, so in a time of inflation an unreasonable thirst for speculation seizes on those who had no call to enter its giddy eddies. Our advice will therefore be for the most part wasted. Yet it may be read and taken to heart by some of our many readers, and we therefore warn them thus:

Let not the tradesman invest one shilling that he can profitably use in his business in farm lands or village lots. This has been in years gone by, and will be again, the ruin of hundreds, aye, of thousands, who were doing a safe, steady business, and who were surely, if somewhat slowly, advancing on the road to fortune. You buy for a small part cash and a large part credit. You hear of people refusing large sums for properties similarly situated to yours—you hold on for another rise—you think the tide is still advancing—when all at once the crash comes—you are left with an estate which brings you in no revenue, but which costs you more for interest on unpaid principal than you can spare.

Neither should the farmer be induced to pay too much for new land. Farming, after all, resembles other business—you invest capital expecting a reasonable interest for it, and as you can only expect to realize a certain average amount for the crops to be taken off hundred acres of land, it is sheer madness to give so much for those hundred acres, as to reduce your interest to ridiculously low figure. Farming land should be singularly stable in its price, bearing a constant and almost unvarying ratio to the average price of grain.

Nor should the manufacturer lose his wonted caution, and overstock the market. People cannot consume an unlimited quantity of any article. And a market overstocked in time of general prosperity leads to fearful loss when hard times check the general demand. Thus a virtue at all times, is especially valuable during a mania for speculation. It is harder to exercise it in prosperity than in adversity. It is therefore especially to be inculcated now.—[Trade Review.

Top Dressing for Land.

When I commenced farming on my own hook, about thirty five years ago, it was the practice of farmers to haul out all the manure in the spring of the year, spread and plow it under from six to eight inches deep, for as Poor Richard says: "Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and keep,"—which, by-the-by, is better rhyme than reason. I soon learned from practice and close attention to the subject of manures, that I was wasting my capital, although it was recommended by Judge Buell, of the Albany *Cultivator*, and other agricultural journals of that day. We abandoned the practice and immediately changed our base of operations, and adopted a new line of policy—let the manure lay over summer in the yards to ferment, rot, and ripen, and in the autumn, when or about the time the fall rains come on, draw it out and spread it evenly on the surface of pasture or meadow. And from that day, thirty years ago, to this, I have used the manure produced on the farm entirely for top-dressing on meadows, mostly with the most satisfactory results. And now at this distant day, it gives an old farmer delightful emotions to see his notions of farming adopted, although at that day, thirty years ago, thought to be altogether utopian. But to-day through the influence of the guarding spirits of agricultural progress, it is becoming popular with the best farmers of the State and nation.

Mr. Johnston, of "Near Geneva," of world wide usefulness, says in the *Genesee Farmer*, "I have used manure *only* as a top-dressing for the last twenty years, and I do think one load used in that way is worth far more than two plowed under." Friend Johnston, you are right, and we thank you for those words, for they are timely and fitly spoken. Mr. Dickinson and many others endorse the practice, which many meadows through the State begin to show. When I commenced farming before top-dressing my meadows, I mowed about the same number of acres that we did this year—made one small stack and filled the barn up to the collar-beam, all told about five tons. After the lapse of thirty years of top-dressing, we have cut on the same number of acres hay enough to fill three barns, build four large stacks, in all forty tons against five tons before manuring; and the aftermath now on the ground (September 5th) will make more hay than all the crop of those years before manuring. The time to top dress is in early autumn—the amount per acre as much as you please, if you have it. On land newly seeded, the first or second year is the best time according to my experience. And I think the agricultural papers are generally adopting the practice, which we are very glad to see. Gentlemen, you are right, "keep it before the people," as the politicians say.—"*L. P. L.*," in *Country Gentleman.*

European News.

Halifax, Nov. 7.—The steamship Cuba, Capt. Steve, which left Liverpool at noon of the 28th ult., and Queenstown 29th, arrived at this port at 9.30 this evening. She has thirty-seven passengers for Halifax and one hundred and forty for Boston. The great Briton, Palmerston, was buried at Westminster Abbey on the 27th. The Queen and Cabinet were present, and the Parliament and diplomatic bodies were largely represented. Large crowds thronged the streets through which the funeral procession passed. Business was supended in most parts of the country. The proceedings passed off satisfactorily. The Times accepts the reconstructed Cabinet as a necessity. It acknowledges Earl Russell has some genius and a deal of political experience, but regrets it should be given to a politician more than 50 years old. It would rather have another Premier, but is content to admit for the time that Russell is acceptable. The Premiership should be chosen from the Commons, especially when so many have been Peers. The Times cannot look upon the arrangement as long lived. The Star says we are about to have a Cabinet, the leading members of which are pledged by precedent, and the one great purpose of their whole lives, to reform. The Advertiser thinks the Russell Ministry may be suffered to exist, and that it will till the meeting of Parliament. The Daily News, in a friendly article, points out the difficulties of the positions, and says if the Ministry are once more to lay a claim to a definite policy, the Cabinet must speak of having the support of the country, and it is impossible to do this effectually unless a preponderence of ministerial influence lies in the representative chamber. Notwithstand the difficult and the delicate points in the position of the Government, in the House of Commons it is too unsatisfactory to afford their consideration being indefinitely postponed.

FRANCE.—The Patrie says the sanitary condition of Paris has much improved within the last few days. The Empress has addressed a private letter of condolence to Lady Palmerston.

Among the Cuba's passengers for Halifax was Sir Fenwick Williams, the new Governor of Nova Scotia.

London Money Market.—Money in fair demand. Bank rates remained at 7 per ct. The Daily News says the favorable bank returns had inspired more confidence in financial circles, although there was not business to test the extent of the improvement.

London Markets.—Breadstuffs firm; wheat firm and advanced 1s; sugar quiet and steady; coffee steady; tea active and firm; rice firmer; petroleum dull at 2s 11d a 3s refined.

Liverpool, Saturday evening, Oct. 20th. Cotton sales to day, 1000 bales; market dull and declined ½d ¼d; yesterday advance nearly lost; breadstuffs; market buoyant, with an advancing tendency; provisions firm but dull; produce firm for ashes, while other articles are quiet and steady.

Liverpool Breadstuffs Market.—Richardson, Spence & Co., and others report flour firm and advanced 1s per barrel; wheat firmer and advanced 2d a 3d per cental; old winter 9s 10d a 10s 4d; corn firmer, advanced 6d per quar.; mixed 29s a 29s 6d. The above advance in quotations have taken place since Tuesday's markets.

London, October 28th, p. m.—The news to-day is unimportant. The French frigates left to-day to bring home a portion of the French troops in the Roman States. The second brigade returns to France next spring. The Danes are said to have declared that they cannot sanction the record of the constitution as prepared by the committee of the Rigsraad.

American Stocks opened flat but closed rather better.

☞ In 1822, M. Labouchere, then a clerk in the banking house of Hope & Co., Amsterdam, was sent by his patrons to Mr. Baring, the London banker, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in the affair so much ability, as to entirely win the esteem and confidence of the great English financier. "Faith!" said Labouchere one day to Baring, "your daughter is a charming creature, I wish I could persuade you to give me her hand." "Young man, you are joking; for seriously you must allow that Miss Baring could never become the wife of a simple clerk." "But," said Labouchere, "if I were in partnership with Mr. Hope!" "Oh! that would be quite a different thing; that would make up for all other deficencies." Returned to Amsterdam, Labouchere said to his patron, "you must take me into partnership." "My young friend how can you think of such a thing? It is impossible.—You are without fortune, and"—"But if I became the son-in-law of Mr. Baring?" "In that case the affair would be soon settled, and so you have my word." Fortified with these two promises, Mr. Labouchere returned to England, and in two months afterwards married Miss Baring because Mr. Hope had promised to take him into partnership; and thus became allied to the house of Hope & Co. His was a magnificent career.

☞ The "local" of the Nashville, Tenn., *Despatch* gives the following as one day's record of crime in that ungodly city:—1. A spirited dog fight. 2. Robbery of an actress. 3. Highway robbery. 4. Sad case of death from destitution. 5. A whole family poisoned with arsenic. 6. A bloody street fight. 7. Horrible tragedy—a man kills his wife and is shot by his neighbors. 8. Another desperate bloody street fight. 9. Negro guard killed by a dray-driver. An exciting horse-race took place in the afternoon, and the day's entertainment closed with a destructive fire.

☞ A lady travelling in a railway carriage was much annoyed by a Cockney companion continually embellishing his converstion with "This 'ere" and "That 'air." A few moments afterwards she quietly requested him to close the window, remarking, "This ear is affected by that air."

☞ A very clever Scotchman recently mistook a lady bathing in Lochfoyne for a mermaid. He threw stones at her, and at last advanced with a knife, thinking she would be wholesome food in this rinderpest time, when the beauty spoke, and female words, as they have done before to others, proved too much for him; he fled, and the lady dressed herself after her swim. The Scotchman intends to read a paper about her at the next British Association meeting.

☞ A school master struck "ile" the other day (says one of the host of punsters) but it was only juvenile.