

HURON SIGNA

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE.

THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER.

TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME I.

GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT, (C. W.) FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1849.

NUMBER 49.



1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND FOR SALE IN CANADA WEST.

THE CANADA COMPANY have for disposal, about 1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND dispersed throughout most of the Townships in Upper Canada... THE LANDS are offered by way of SALE, CASH OR DOWN-the plan of one-fifth Cash, and the balance in instalments being done away with...

MARBLE FACTORY SOUTH WATER ST., GALT.

D. H. McCulloch continues to manufacture HEADSTONES, MONUMENTS, OBELISKS, TOMB TOPS, &c., in Marble and Freestone, as cheap as any in the Province...

REMOVAL.

A. H. HOPE has pleasure to inform his friends and the inhabitants of Goderich that he has removed his TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT from its former site to East street, next door to James Bissett's, Carriage and a few doors west of the Goderich Foundry...

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his Customers, and the inhabitants of Stratford and vicinity, that he intends carrying on business on a "READY PAY SYSTEM" and that after the first day of January, 1849, he will give no credit...

DR. GEORGE HARVEY, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

HAVING practiced his profession for several years in the Province of Nova Scotia, takes leave respectfully to offer his professional services to the inhabitants of Goderich and its vicinity.

VALUABLE LOT OF LAND FOR SALE.

LOT 8, Lake Shore, township of Ashford, containing ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO ACRES. Within two miles of the thriving Village of Port Albert, in which there is a Grist Mill, a Saw Mill, and an Out Mill...

DR. P. A. McDUGALL.

CAN be consulted at all hours, at the British Hotel, (LIVERPOOL).

Poetry.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL. Each warring with his brother, Each trampling down the crowd of life, In there no goal that can be won, Without a squeeze to gain it— No other way of getting on, But scrambling to obtain it? Oh, fellow men, hear wisdom, then, In friendly warning call,— 'Your claims divide—the world is wide— There's room enough for all!'

THE MODERN GYGES.

A TALE OF TRIALS. An animated discussion on the merits of the various models now on hand, but Walestein was incapable of participation, and stood in dreaming silence, until summoned by the sculptor to accompany him to the picture-gallery. Descending the great staircase, they entered a short lateral passage, at the end of which was a flight of spiral stairs. The young painter followed the ascending company, and suddenly found himself in the centre of a spacious hall, adorned with numerous pictures of female beauty, all the size of life, and enshrined in broad gilt frames of lavish magnificence...

OLD WINTER IS COME.

Old Winter is coming in earnest—alack! How icy and cold is he! He cares not a pin for a shivering back, He's a saucy old chap to white or to black, He whistles his chill with a wonderful knack, For a jolly old fellow is he.

OLD WINTER'S A WICKED OLD CHAP.

As wicked as ever with his brother, He whistles the flowers so fresh and so green, And he bites the pert nose of the men of sixteen, And he sippantly winks in maidenly sheen— A wicked old fellow is he!

FEMALE SOCIETY.

You know my opinion of female society, Without it, we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man, nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from pollution, which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for quality that "wear well." One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of an old age.—John Randolph.

THE CERTAIN ROSE AT THE SOUND OF A BELL.

A man at the summit of his glorious career, has frequently no more self-direction than the hands of his watch.

Tales at the extremity of a small stage.

labor and two mandolins sounded a simple but lively measure, and the nymphs advanced with a bounding and graceful movement towards the spectators. Their costumes were a Greek dress, and consisted of a single unworked drape of white silk edged with Etruscan borders, which reached a little below the knee, exposing the perfect symmetry of the leg and ankle. Their feet were shod in sandals, and their hands were adorned with bracelets of pearls and diamonds, and their wrists were encircled with bracelets of pearls and diamonds...

THE GREAT SUCCESS.

"What you, Walestein?" exclaimed the Earl with a sarcastic laugh; "you? who are too virtuous to look steadily at a living collection of humanizing appearance on the portrait of a statue?"

THE END.

"The end of the world is at hand," said Walestein, "and I am not a prophet, but a painter. I have painted the Venus, my lord, to convince you that the task did not exceed my ability, but never again will I debase myself by attempting a picture of this class. And now, my lord, with sincere gratitude for your kind and generous patronage, I take my leave of you, and probably for ever."

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Trains and my own excited imagination.

You have no title to it, nor can all your wealth purchase it. "That portrait," replied the Earl, coolly, "shall never leave this house, except for conveyance to England; and if you will not peacefully relinquish it at your own price, I shall retain it as a relic of my own."

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