

THE HURON SIGNAL

Is Printed & Published every Thursday

BY GEO. & JOHN COX.

Office, Market Square, Goderich.

Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

Terms of the Huron Signal.—TEN SHILLINGS per annum if paid strictly in advance, or Twelve and Six Pence with the expiration of the year.

No paper discontinued until arrears are paid up, unless the publishers think it their advantage to do so.

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St. Peter's Street, Goderich, 2nd

Floor, 1848. 2nd 25

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West-street, Goderich, 2nd 25

DANIEL HOME LIZARS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Conveyancer,

Office, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. has his

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2nd 49

DANIEL GORDON,

CABINET MAKER, Three doors East to

the Canada Company's office, West-

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JOHN J. E. LINTON,

NOTARY PUBLIC, Commissioner Q. B.

and Conveyancer, Stratford.

WILLIAM REED,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, &c.

Lighthouse-street, Goderich,

October 29, 1849. 2nd 58

HURON HOTEL,

BY JAMES GENTLES, Goderich.—

Attention! Hostelry always on hand.

Corner of the Canada C. Office,

Stratford, Sept. 12, 1850. 2nd 60

STRACHAN AND BROTHER,

Barrister and Attorneys at Law, &c.

Corner of the Canada C. Office,

Goderich, C. W. 2nd 61

JOHN STRACHAN, Barrister and Attorney

at Law, Notary Public and Conveyancer.

Corner of the Canada C. Office,

Goderich, 17th November, 1851.

ALEXANDER WOOD STRACHAN,

Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery,

and Conveyancer, Goderich, 17th

November, 1851. 2nd 62

MISS E. SHARMAN,

(From Manchester, England.)

MILLINER and DRESS MAKER.

West Street, Goderich.

(3 doors East of the Canada C. Office.)

WHERE she intends to carry on the

above business. Dresses made in the

very latest fashions. 2nd 63

A. NASMYTH,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR, One door West

Street, Goderich.

Feb. 19, 1852. 2nd 64

WANTED.—A SHOEMAKER,

who will find constant employment

and good wages, by applying at the Shop

of the subscriber, West-street, Goderich.

BUSTARD GREEN. 2nd 65

Sept. 9th, 1851.

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WEST STREET, GODERICH,

(Near the Market Square.)

BY MESSRS. JOHN & ROBT. DONOGH.

GOOD Accommodations for Travellers, and

an attentive and liberal attention to the

charge of Teams. 43—47

Goderich, Dec. 6, 1850.

WASHINGTON

Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co.,

CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

EZRA HOPKINS, Hamilton, Agent for

the Counties of Waterloo and Huron.

August 27, 1850. 2nd 15

MR. JOHN MACARA,

BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery,

Office—at Law, Conveyancer, &c.

Office: Ontario Buildings, King-St.

opposite the Gore Bank, and the Bank of

British North America, Hamilton. 4 10

Ms. T. N. MOLESWORTH,

CIVIL ENGINEER and Provincial Land

Surveyor, Goderich.

April 30, 1851. 2nd 11

DR. HYNDMAN,

QUICK'S TAVERN, London Road.

May 1851. 2nd 12

JAMES WOODS,

AUCTIONEER, is prepared to attend

Public Sales in any part of the United

Counties, on moderate terms.

St. Peter's Street, Goderich. 2nd 14

STARR BUCHANAN, TAILOR.

NEXT door to H. O'Connor's Store,

West Street, Goderich. Clothes made

and repaired, and cutting done on the

shortest notice, and most liberal terms.

December 2nd, 1851. 2nd 12

W. & R. SIMPSON,

(LATE HOPE, BIRRELL & Co.)

GROCERS, Wine Merchants, Fruiterers

and Oilmen, No. 17 Dundas Street,

London, C. W. February 25th 1852. 2nd 5

ROWLAND WILLIAMS,

Attorney, is prepared to attend Sales in

any part of the United Counties, on the

most liberal terms. Apply at the First

Division Court office, or at his house, East

Street, Goderich. 2nd 13

N. B.—Goods and other property will

be received to sell either by private or public

sale. January 6, 1852. 2nd 47.

JOB PRINTING of every description, neatly

and promptly executed at this office.

December 20.

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 V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1852. NUMBER XL.

THOMAS NICHOLLS, BROKER AND GENERAL AGENT, Agent for Ontario Marine & Fire Insurance Co. NOTARY PUBLIC, ACCOUNTANT AND CONVEYANCER. INSURANCE effected on Houses, Shipping and Goods. Houses & Lands Sold & Rented, Goods forwarded. All kinds of Deeds correctly drawn, and Books and Accounts adjusted. Office over the Treasury, Goderich, July 22, 1852. 2nd 26

J. DENISON, CIVIL ENGINEER, &c. GODERICH, C. W. Aug. 25th, 1852. 2nd 31

WILLIAM HODGINS, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER, Office 27, Dundas Street, LONDON, C. W. August 16th, 1852. 2nd 30

HORACE HORTON, [Market square, Goderich.] AGENT for the Provincial Mutual and General Insurance Co., Toronto. Also Agent for the St. Lawrence County Mutual, Ogdensburg, New York, Local Agent for Samuel Moulton's Old Rochester Nursery. July 1850. 22

Poetry. INFLUENCES. FROM THE ATHENÆUM. God's love is passing into ours; Its beauty, silent, ripe and sweet. Its truth which we are proud to greet. Fashion and strengthen all our powers.

The sun round whom the planets glide. The moon that gives the light she takes. The flowers in meadows and in brakes. The flowing and the ebbing tide,— The granite rock on which we tread. Level or slanted, slate or stone. With flowers and mosses overgrown. Sweet children of the sun and shade,— The bringing rainbow, the blue gloom That in romantic granges sleeps. The floating amber light that creeps Over the fields where cowslips bloom,— The pale green azure hue that gleams On the sky's rim when suns are low. Full of a sweet deep Long-Ago. Yet breathing hopes delicious dreams, God's love is passing into ours; Sun, moon, and sky, with clouds that dye. And trees that yearn to reach the sky. Fashion our minds and mould our powers.— Men whom we champion wrong or right. And women fond, with sweet warm breath. Flowing through lips that kiss till death. And eyelids trembling with delight.— The children that about us play. With golden hair and round soft cheeks. Smooth as magnolia flowers, and fresh. Full cheeks that blush like dawning day,— The songs the elder poets sung. The lily of Greece, the Hebrew's psalm. The thoughts of wise men grave and calm. That live, or died when Time was young. The soul is like a mirror fair. Reflecting every shade of hue. Yet as it changes, changing, too. All that we know, and all we are. God's love is passing into ours. This everlasting sea of life. Rolls its swift waves in calm and strife. O'er all our feelings, all our powers.

HOME. Home's not merely four square walls. Though with pictures hung and gilded; Home is where affection calls. Home is where the heart can bloom. Where there's some kind lip to cheer it. What is home with none to meet? None to welcome, none to greet? Home is sweet—only sweet.— Where there's one we love to meet.

AGRICULTURE. APPLYING LIME TO GRASS LAND.—When we consider the vast quantity of lime that is removed by a crop of grass, it seems reasonable to suppose that some means ought to be taken to restore that element to the soil, if it does not already contain a sufficient amount. Two tons of red clover will carry off 130 lbs of lime—two tons of rye grass 33 lbs. This is analysed by Professor Johnson, whose high authority cannot be doubted; and from analysis we find that grasses in general contain a large proportion, especially clover and lucerne. Although the quantity of lime appears a great deal carried off by these crops, yet very small when compared with the weight of the soil, as one cubic foot weighs about 70 lbs, and the presence of a much greater quantity of lime is necessary to be present in the soil than what is actually required by the various crops, as the roots of feeding organs do not come in contact with the hundredth part of the soil. The clear glass part of the stems of grass is composed of a silicate of soda; and in the absence of either of these substances lime in contact with sand or flint will render it sufficiently soluble to enter into the organization of plants, and will also set at liberty matters that have been taken up in the soil and quite unfit in that state for the food of the plants. If grass is not carried away in the shape of a crop of hay, but is used as a pasture for milk cows or growing stock till a great deal of lime is removed by those animals; 100 pounds of bones contain about 27 pounds of lime. Milk, too, carries off carbonate and phosphate of lime in great abundance. Yet it must be remembered that there is a marked difference between a full grown animal and a young or growing one; the former excretes carbonate and phosphate of lime in its liquid and

solid excrements, whereas nature has so organized the young animal that the greater part of the lime eaten in its food is assimilated for the growth and extension of its bones; if such were not the fact, how could bones possess the immense quantity of lime in their composition? So, even by this means, the soil becomes deficient in lime; if all the excrements of such young animals were returned to it; if such solid did not contain a sufficient quantity of lime, which there is much reason to doubt, as crop after crop removes lime, and lime is seldom applied as a dressing for grass land; and certain it is that we cannot arrive at anything like accuracy in the absence of analysis; and practical experimenters and farmers will do well to consider this.—Scientific American.

PASSIVE FAULT IN THE OWN JORDAN. This may be done by placing the bottles, filled with the fruit, in cold water, and raising the temperature to the boiling point as quick as possible; then cork and seal the bottles immediately. Some varieties of fruit will not fill the bottles with their own juice, these must be filled with boiling water and corked as before mentioned, after the surrounding water boils.

STARCH.—There is no better way ever tried for making nice starch for shirt bosoms, than to boil it thoroughly after mixing, adding a little fine salt and a few shavings of a spruce candle. Let the starch boil at least ten minutes, and it will give a glass, if neatly ironed, fully satisfactory to the exquisite taste of a dandy.

Literature. From the American Union. THE SECRET RIVALS. OR A FRIEND IN A MASK. BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

Just at the close of a warm summer day, two young men sat at the windows of a particular room in a College, engaged in conversation. They were classmates, and to appearances, the best of friends.

It was the last term of their collegiate course, and the brief summer vacation was to begin on the morrow, and continued until they were summoned back to the ceremonies of Commencement and the distribution of their diplomas.

Six weeks of most agreeable leisure lay before them, untouched and untrod. They had accomplished the aims and ambition of four years of close labor, and now sat silently contemplating the wondrous change that awaited them. They were just about to enter upon the great ocean of life, to them all trackless and unknown. The most eager efforts of their cold discover to them no leaden, jutting out into the waste; no lights, twinkling and gleaming along embracing shores; no path, save that already formed by their own imaginations.

"Well, Motley," said one of the two, in whose room both were at the same time sitting, "where have you concluded to spend your vacation?"

"Oh, I think I'll stay here—right here, under these broad-spreading trees," was young William Motley's reply.

"And not go away at all?" persisted Jordan, in a much surprised.

"No—not go away at all. I've worked pretty hard this summer in getting ready for Commencement, and I'll just lay off now. The fact is, Jordan, I need rest."

"Yes, and change, too," rejoined the latter.

"Well, perhaps so, said Motley, thoughtfully.

"Now I've a proposition to make to you. Will you accede to it?"

"That I can better tell you after I hear what it is."

"Well, I want you to make ready and go home with me to-morrow, and spend the vacation. I think I can find enough enjoyment for you there—"

"Oh, I don't doubt that; I don't doubt that, at all."

"And I furthermore believe it will do you much more good than to stay here during six hot weeks. All the class will be gone and I imagine you will feel lonely here. In the country, at our place, I can let you fish, and hunting, and sailing, and riding, and almost everything else.—You'll never be troubled with ennui, for you'll have one thing and another, I think time will pass away as rapidly as you could wish. Why don't you go, Motley?"

"I declare," replied his companion after a pause, "you have almost persuaded me already."

"Only say I have persuaded you quite," said Jordan, "and I shall be satisfied.—Come, say you'll go."

"Good-biting—good-biting—good-biting—eggs! I have more than half a mine to it."

"Yes, and my own constant company, too," added Jordan.

"Yes, yes; that's a great deal, I confess," replied the other.

"And I will show you some of our choice female friends, besides."

"Will you, though?" asked Motley, and he more than half rose out of his chair with great excitement.

"Yes, I will do it most cheerfully, if you'll only consent to go."

Motley sat down again and occupied himself for a minute or two with deep reflection.

"Come, say you will!" again urged Jordan.

"I will," promptly replied his friend.

The contract thus hastily entered upon, was at once put in a way of rapid fulfillment. Trunks were everted and packed full, that same evening, and books and papers were laid away locked up for the term of the vacation. Many things were hidden away where there could be but little chance of ever finding them again, and many more were jammed, and thrust, where they could never be but of little service again, even if found.

The next morning came. An early breakfast was just succeeded by an early start for the cars, and in a little while the two college friends were proceeding at a rickety-rackety pace on the iron road through the country. They were never in more towering spirits. They joked upon the many incidents of the term of study just ended, and laughed remorselessly upon the ludicrous peculiarities of some of their venerable teachers. So loud, so long, and so hearty was their laughter, half the passengers in the cars in which they rode turned round and surveyed them with a look of curiosity and wonder.

Not until evening were they rolling smoothly and delightfully along, over a road that was shadowed with maples and elms, and that conducted directly to the mansion of Mr. Jordan, senior. The air had been hot through the day, and the freshly stirred wind-breaths that had slept in the dark below until now, beat upon their uncovered temples with refreshing sensations.

They were not far from Jordan Jordan's home, lined on either side with lindens, his heart felt the strength of his old-home love return again, and he began to descend glowingly and fervently upon the charms of the home-spot. It was dear to him, and he made it dear to his friend with his feeling description.

Friends in plenty hurried to greet young Jordan, who seemed scarcely less glad to see his friend likewise. They ate their supper amid congratulations, joyful exclamations, narrations of innumerable home-histories, and the most varied and entangling interrogatories.

At length, tired and worn, they bade the rest good night, and laid down to their dreams.

It was but a little time after breakfast was over the next morning, while both the college friends were sitting upon the broad veranda before the house, when young Jordan remarked to his companion that he wished to know what might be his pleasure through the day.

"Just what yours is," was the prompt reply.

"Have you no choice, then?"

"None, whatever."

"Then I propose to get out the horses, have them saddled and brought round to the door."

"That suits me," interrupted Motley.

"And ride over to see—"

Jordan paused at this point.—How it happened he probably might not be able to explain himself. It was really most embarrassing, however, to him.

"To see whom?" asked Motley, turning and looking in his companion's face.

"Well—no matter, now," returned Jordan, carelessly.

"Yes, but tell me. You have excited my curiosity."

"And I will not fail to gratify it, either. Don't be too inquisitive just now, and you shall have no cause to find fault."

Jordan hastened away to order up the horses, and both then proceeded to equip themselves for their equestrian turn out; Mr. Motley additionally taking pains with his toilet for some yet dim and indistinct in his brain.

At length they put foot in the stirrup and rode gallantly away. Jordan intended that his friend should have a fair view of the country round about, and therefore took special pains to conduct him over the loftiest hills, and across the most beautiful plans and rolling lands, and down through the darkest and deepest dells, and along the verge of the most charming streams.—It was a delightful excursion.

The sun had been up but a few hours, and their horses feet in many places yet crushed and scattered the pearls of night from the grass. The air was still damp and fresh. The night-shadows seemed yet to linger in the deep recesses, into which the risen sun was beginning to throw his golden arrows.

From the brooks, the lawns, the cypresses, the deep woods and the river, came the most delicious influences. As they rode slowly on, their hearts acknowledged the blessedness of their power.

A sudden bend in the road brought them in full view of a sweet little spot, hedged about thickly with clumps of trees, and still again wallowed in dense shrubbery, now of a dark green. It seemed a chosen spot of genius.

"Where place is that?" instantly inquired Motley, rising in his stirrups for admiration.

"That's just what I was going to tell you," replied he.

"It's heavenly!" exclaimed Motley, with a deep enthusiastic expression in his kindled eye.

"So I think, too," said Jordan.

"Yes, but who lives there?"

"I am going to take you there that you may see for yourself."

"Ah, that pleases me."

"Then you like the place?" returned Jordan.

"Like it! Who would't fall in love with it?"

"Perhaps," thought Jordan, "there may be yet other things he will like just as well."

Presently the thought gave him no present uneasiness.

They wheeled and rode up the long and winding avenue, beset on both sides by a triple growth of various evergreens. Arriving near the door, they dismounted, and secured their horses. Jordan led the way in.

They were shown by a maid into the parlor, where presently a radiant and beautiful form made its appearance.

Motley could have maintained it was a wood nymph, just came out from one of her usual recesses. He was completely dazzled and bewildered with her.

Had she been a being of gay appearance, it might all have seemed perfectly natural. As it was, she was only attired in the simplest mode, and her attitudes, her speech, her smiles, and her expression, were all so simple and unadorned—so artless and so natural—that the impression she created was all the more deep and lasting on the mind of Motley. In a moment he admired her—she adored her. Unconsciously, he had set her up in his heart as a divinity. He knew not why, either; he hardly knew it was so.

Agnes Whiting—the person who had just entered the room—was a girl of rare qualities, both of heart and head. For a long time had Jordan paid her marked attention, betraying, not only to himself, but to others likewise, the decided preference he seemed to entertain.

By many, it was considered that a marriage was sure to grow out of this friendship. They themselves might have thought that—but no matter what they might have thought, or what they did think.

Jordan introduced his class mate to Agnes with not a little satisfaction. She, on her part, appeared glad to meet one of Mr. Jordan's college friends; while Mr. Motley on his part betrayed both in looks and speech, the most profound gratification at meeting her. It appeared to be a meeting of congenial minds, if one might determine by what was plainly visible.

The morning passed pleasantly indeed to all. Jordan was gratified, and of course Agnes was supposed to be. But Motley was intoxicated. He could scarcely keep his eyes off of Agnes, but was guilty of staring at her almost rudely.