Huron Signal.

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Cards.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL, CAN be consulted at all hours, at *the residence formerly occupied by Robert Moderwell, Esq., East Street, Market Square, Goderich.* Goderich, April 29th, 1852. v5

IRA LEWIS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c. West-street, Goderich. June 1848. 2vn25

DANIEL GORDON, CABINET MAKER, Three doors East of the Canada Company's office. West-street, Goderich. August 27th, 1849. 2v1 50

DANIEL HOME LIZARS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Conveyancer, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. has his office as formerly in Stratford. Stratford, 2nd Jan. 1850. 2vn49

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

JOHN J. E. LINTON, NOTARY PUBLIC, Commissioner Q.B., and Conveyancer, Stratford.

STRACHAN AND BROTHER. *Barrister and Attornies at Law, &c.,* GODERICH C. W. JOHN STRACHAN Barrister and Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Conveyancer. ALEXANDER WOOD STRACHAN, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer. Goderich, 17th November, 1851.

WILLIAM HODGINS, ARCHITECT & CIVIL ENGINEER *Office 27, Dundas Street, LONDON, C. W.* August 16th, 1852. v5n30

A. J. MOORE, *BARRISTER-AT-LAW.* OFFICE in the Post Office Buildings, Goderich. June 7th, 1853. v6n19

HORACE HORTON, *[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. *Agent for Ontario Marine & Fire Insurance Co.* NOTARY PUBLIC, ACCOUNTANT AND CONVEYANCER COMMISSIONER IN Q. B. &c. INSURANCE effected on Houses, Shipping and Goods. All kinds of Deeds correctly drawn, and Books and Accounts adjusted. Office over the Treasury, Goderich. July 23, 1852. v5n26

E. H. MARLTON, FORWARDER and Commission Merchant, Storehouse Keeper, general Agent, for the sale of Wild Lands Cleared Farms, Household Furniture and Produce every description. Office, next door, North of the Kincardine Arms, Goderich, March 24th 1852. v5—n9

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. BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c. Office Ontario Buildings, King-St. opposite the Gore Bank, and the Bank of British North America, HAMILTON. 4 10

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

CASH FOR BARLEY.

THE Subscriber will pay 3s. 3d. currency per bushel for good clean Barley, on delivery, at the Maitland Brewery. J. F. BRITTAIN. Goderich, Sept. 12th, 1853. n33tf

Buffalo, Brantford and Goderich RAILWAY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that pursuant to a Resolution of the Board of Directors, payment of the NEW ISSUE OF SHARES of the increased Capital Stock of the Buffalo, Brantford and Goderich Railway Company is required to be made to the Treasurer of the Company, at the Bank of British North America, Brantford, in five equal Instalments, as follows:

20 per cent, on or before the 1st day of May next.
20 per cent on or before the 1st day of July next.
20 per cent on or before the 1st day of September next.
20 per cent on or before the 1st day of November next,
20 per cent on or before the 1st day of January, 1854.

By order, ARCH'D GILKINSON, Secretary. Office of B. B. & G. Railway Co., Brantford, March 15, 1853. v6-n9

THE WAY TO SAVE MONEY!!

CALL at the New Boot and Shoe Store, Market Square Goderich, where you will find every description of Ladies', Gentlemens' and Children' BOOTS & SHOES, India Rubbers, &c., &c., all of which will be sold cheap for cash.

The undersigned begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Goderich, and surrounding country, that he has purchased from Mr. R. HILL his Stock and Business; and also leased the building occupied by R. H, with the intention of commencing the Boot and Shoe Business in all its branches. He has on hand at present a very large assortment of Gentlemens' Boots and Shoes of different sizes and quality, too numerous to mention.

He has also a large assortment of Coarse Boots, of different sizes—usually cheap.

Also a variety of Children's Boots and Shoes plain and fancy. Ladies' Ware of every description. Morocco of different shades, Silk and Satin, Handsfield, Patent, Morrocco, Sealskin of various sizes and styles, imported from New York. The above stock was selected by the subscriber himself, the long experience he has had in the business enabled him to select a superior article, and by paying the *cash*, he has purchased cheap, which will enable him to sell cheap. Small profit sand quick returns is his way of doing business. Please call and see the stock before buying elsewhere.

N. B.—D. M. has brought from the East an assortment of superior Leather, French and English Calf skins, enamelled Leather, Patent Leather, Spanish Sole Leather, &c., &c.

He is prepared to make to order every description of Work in his line of business; all orders will be punctually attended to, and by strict attention to business, he hopes to merit a share of public patronage, Terms reasonable and to suit the times. DAVID MORROW. Goderich, Sept. 8th, 1853. n32-3m

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the Estate of the late Mr. JAMES GENTLES, either by Note or Book account, are requested to call and settle the same forthwith: and those having claims against the said Estate are desired to present them for adjustment

☞ With reference to the above, parties indebted to the said estate will please take notice immediately and prevent further trouble and costs. At the Office of GEO. M. TRUEMAN, Market Square. Goderich, Aug 22nd, 1853. n29tf

JAMES CAMPBELL, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, *[West Street, Goderich,* HAS just received a Large Assortment of Ladies' Fancy Dress and Walking Boots and Shoes, superior to any of the kind ever offered for sale in Goderich.—Also, a large assortment of Lasts, Boot Trees, Crimping Blocks, Lining Skins, &c. &c., the above articles will be sold as cheap as they can be purchased in the London market. Goderich, Sept. 6th, 1853. n31tf

WILLIAM SHARMAN, BRICKLAYER AND PLASTERER, [WEST STREET, GODERICH, IS prepared to furnish DESIGNS and PLANS, on the most reasonable term. Goderich, Nov. 18th, 1852. v5n43

W. & R. SIMPSON, (LATE HOPE, BIRRELL & Co.,) GROCERS, Wine Merchants, Fruiterers and Oilmen, No. 17 Dundas Street, London, C. W. February 25th, 1853 v5—n5

ALEXANDER LEYS, *GENERAL DEALER IN* DRY Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Stationery, &c., &c., &c.—Corner of Hamilton Street, Market Square, Goderich, June 25th, 1853. n22

MRS. POLLOCK, Milliner and Straw Bonnet Maker. BEGS leave to inform her friends and customers that she has removed to West Street, two doors east of the Canada Company's office, where she will continually keep on hand a good assortment of Tuscan, Straw and fancy Bonnets to suit the seasons. Also ribbons caps and fancy trimmings, &c., &c. Straw and Tuscan Bonnets cleaned and altered. Goderich, 6th October, 1853. v6-n35

C. R. BARKER, *Commission Agent, Kincardine,* FOR the Sale of Wild Lands, &c., a Registry kept of Town Lots, partially cleared Farms, &c., free of charge. All communications, post paid, answered immediately. Deeds and Transfers drawn; Books and Accounts adjusted. Agent for Moulson's Old Rochester Nursery. Cooking Stoves of first rate quality and superior fixing; and store Piping for sale on easy terms. Office No. 2, North Durham Street, Penetangore, Township of Kincardine. October 19th, 1853. v6n37

Poetry.

There's Beauty in a Merry Laugh.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
What'er the world may say.
Philosophy may lift its head,
And find out many a flaw;
But give me the philosophy
That's happy with a straw!

There's beauty in a merry laugh,
A moral beauty too.
Is shows the heart s an honest heart,
That's paid each man his due;
And lent a share of what's to spare,
Despite of wisdom's fears;
And made the cheek less sorrow speak,
The eye weep fewer tears.

The sun may shrond itself in cloud.
The tempest-wrath begin;
It finds a spark to cheer the dark—
It's sunlight is within!
Then laugh away, let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast,
He's got the wealth of earth.

LITERATURE.

SISTER MARTHA.

ADAPTED AND ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

'Remember that if the hundred crowns arrears of rent on your farm are nor paid up before to-morrow evening, you must turn out; I have a solvent tenant ready to take possession." So saying, a stern looking man, dressed in Brown, walked quickly out of a cottage in the pretty village of Thorace, near Besancon.

'Oh, sir!' said a woman, following him and clasping her hands, "have pity on my poor husband, who has been ill all summer, and who is still—'

'I have no objection, madame Biget,' said the steward; 'but it does not rest with me. My lord is now absent, but he will be here to-day or to-morrow; my accounts must be all squared and ready for his inspection. I am not going to lose my situations for conveyance, madame Biget, so you must manage the best way you can.'

'Ah me!' exclaimed the poor woman, raising her eyes appealingly towards heaven; 'I have no hope then left me from man.'

Re-entering the cottage, she opened a cupboard and took out a piece of brown bread. 'Martha,' she said, addressing a child about ten years old, "there is your breakfast, my child; I have neither milk nor butter to give you to-day.'

"Oh, mamma! that does not signify; but why do you look so sad!'

'Don't ask me, child, but make haste to eat your bread. Your aunt at Besancom has sent you and your brothers and sisters a nice cake a piece; I wish you to take theirs to school.'

'Oh, thank you, mamma; and if you will allow me I will go at once, and keep my cake and my bread to eat with them when we are all together.'

Her mother gave her leave, and Martha with her little basket on her arm, was soon tripping gaily along the road.

It was a fine moning in October, 1757, and as little Martha went on in her way, she saw a vast cloud of dust advancing.—Presently a large party of dragoons appeared, followed by a number of men on foot dressed in uniform but unarmed. The child stopped on the road close to the hedge, and, as the party passed by her, she head a low sigh, and saw that one of the prisoners of war, for such they were had fallen on the ground. He looked as pale as death and his eyes were closed. Martha bent over him, and said, what is the matter, poor man?'

The fainting soldier did not answer, but one of his comrades, who knew a little French, replied, 'He's dying with hunger, like the rest of us, little girl.'

'Dying with hunger!' repeated she.—And her first impulse was to open her basket and give its contents to the prisoner; but a sudden thought checked her.—'These caskes don't belong to me,' she said to herself. However, she took her own cake and her piece of bread and gave them to the poor man, who was now somewhat revived, and began to devour the food with the utmost eagerness. At the same moment several other prisoners held out their suppliocating hands; they looked so pale and thin and wretched, that the child's eyes filled with tears.

'Oh!' she thought, 'if my brothers and sisters were here, I am certain they would not grudge their cakes to those poor people. I'm afraid mamma won't be pleased; but then hunger is such a dreadful thing, I must give them.' So the little girl, who had not herself tasted anything that day, divided her little store, as far as it would go, amongst the prisoners.

'I have no more,' she said at last, in so sad a tone that the French captain who commanded the detatchment, and had been silently watching her, approached.

'A pretty business this,' he said, in a serious tone, 'to give your basket to your enemies, sir!' exclaimed Martha, 'they are poor hungry people.'

'Yes, but they are English; and the English are the enemies of France.'

'Sir, I never thought whether they were enemies or not when I saw them suffering.'

The officer took her little hand. 'Have you eaten your own breakfast, my child?'

'No, sir.'

'Then you must be very hungry?'

'Oh, I don't much mind; I'm used to it.

'Does your mother allow you to want food?'

'Oh, no, sir, my mother always gives us children our meals before she takes a bit herself. When I am hungry, it is not her fault, but mine for giving my bread away.'

At that moment, an officer approached the captain to ask for orders, and Martha went away, retracing her steps homeward for, not having anything to carry to her brothers and sisters, it would have been useless to visit them at school. 'What will my mother say!' she thought. 'I will tell her the exact truth, and then I hope she will not be angry.'

When Martha entered the usually neat cottage, she was surprised to see the furniture in disorder, and her father, who during the last six months had never quitted his bed, seated, pale and faint, in an arm-chair. Her mother was counting some money in her lap, pausing now and then to brush away the big tears that filled her eyes.

'Oh, mamma, what is the matter?'

"We are ruined, replied her mother, "and will have in future to beg our bread."

The child threw her arm around the poor woman's neck, and exclaimed, 'Oh, no, mamma, I'll work for you!'

'Poor child!' said madame Biget, sorrowfully, looking at her daughters slight, delicate frame.

'But, mamma, how has all this happened?'

"We owe my lord de Varenne one hundred crowns for rent; all that we possess would not pay it, and his steward told us this morning that we must give up the farm.'

'Instead of talking to that child, Catherine,' said her husband, peevishly, 'you ought to cook the dinner.'

'The dinner is both cooked and eaten, my dear,' said the wife, gently; 'did not I give you your soup just now?'

'But your dinner and the children's?'

'Ah, they had some nice cakes which my sister sent them; and as for me, my heart is too full to eat.'

Poor little Martha turned so pale, and trembled so visibly, that her father remarked it, and said, 'I'll answer for it, she has as usual, given her breakfast away to some poor person.'

'Mamma—papa—don't be angry,' said the child, bursting into tears; 'but I met some poor prisoners on the road; they seemed to be dying with hunger, and you know that God commands us to feed the hungry, so I could not help giving them all the cakes.'

'Naughty child!' cried her mother, angry at the thought of what her children might suffer; 'how dare you give away all that you had?'

'God feeds the little birds, mother, and He will not let us want,' said Martha, in a tone of such gentle persuasion, that madame Biget was quite softneed, & said: 'Well well, I have enough for ye all to-day.'—And giving the child a bowl of vegetable soup, thickened with barley, she laid by equal portions for the others. As Martha was eating hers, she remarked that her mother had kept none for herself, and accordingly said: 'Mamma you don't eat."

'I can't child.'

'Mamma,' said Martha, after a pause,

'Will you permit me to go out for two hours?'

'Whither do you want to go?'

'Please don't ask me until I return.'

'Let her go if she wishes it,' said her father, 'I dare say there is some poor sick persons she wants to visit. Kiss me Martha; you are a kind child, and god will bless you.'

'Good morning, dame Simonne.' said Martha, as she approached a cottage door where an old woman was sitting.

'And good morning to you, Martha Biget; you look tired, little one. Come in and rest yourself. Have you far to go?'

'To the castle, dame.'

"Ah, you want to see the bonfires that are to be lighted in honor of my lord's return.'

'Then he is arrived?' said the child, clapping her hands; 'I am so glad, for I want to speak to him.

The old woman burst out laughing. 'It won't be very easy for a poor child like you get speech of him to-day.

'What shall I do?' said Martha, despondingly.

'Is your business very pressing?'

Oh, indeed it is, dame. But who are these two children coming towards us? how beautifully they are dressed?'

'They are my foster-children, Martha—the son and daughter of lord de Verenne. The moment they return from town, they run to see their old nurse. Darlings!' she exclaimed, extending her arms to receive a boy of ten and a girl of about a year older.

'Have you made a hot cake for us, nurse, asked the little boy, throwing his arm around her neck.

'Look at the beautiful scarf that papa has given me,' said the girl, spreading out on dame Simonne's knees a silken scarf, splendidly embroidered with silver and seed-pearls. 'Is it not lovely? Papa says it cost a hundred crowns.'

Martha, had hid herself bashfully behind nurse's chair, ventured to glance at the scarf.'

'A hundred crowns!' thought she; 'just what my father owes.' And she thought sadly how happy the sum which that piece of useless finery had cost would have made her parents.

'How melancholy that little girl looks!' said the young lady, remarking Matha's presence for the first time.

'She wants very much to speak to your father, Mademoiselle Maria,' said her nurse.

'To papa? That won't be difficult.—He is quite near, for he walked hither with us.

Papa! papa! Cyprien, do you call, for your voice is stronger than mine—papa!' she continued, addressing an officer, who advanced, talking to an elderly man, dressed in brown, 'here is a little girl who wants to speak to you.' And taking Martha kindly by the hand, Maria presenting her to her father.

Poor Martha! she had arranged a little speech in her head, which was to have commenced with, 'My lord have pity on us!' But when she found herself standing before him, she blushed and trembled, and could not utter a single word.

Meantime, lord de Varenne looked at her closely and exclaimed: 'Tis the little damsel of the cakes. What do you wish me to do for you, dear child?' he asked smiling kindly. 'Do you want some more cakes to give to the prisoners?'

'Ah, no, my lord! It is something quite different——'

Well, my child, speak, don't be afraid, I saw you this morning perform an action, which I would give the best farm in my possession to have seen done by Maria. I looked for you afterwards but you were gone. Come hold up your head and speak freely. If what you want be in my power to bestow, I promise now not to refuse it her who this morning went without her breakfast to feed the hungry prisoners.'

At these kind words Martha fell on her knees, and clasping her hands, exclaimed: 'Oh, my father and my mother! you will be saved! My lord,' she continued' my father owes you a hundred crowns—he cannot pay it, on account of the hail, and the rain, and——

'Stuff and nonsense!' interrupted the man in brown. 'My lord, if you listen to all that your tenants choose to tell you, you will find that the hail, or the rain, or the sun, will always prevent them paying their rent.'

'Silence! M. Dubois, said his master, sternly. 'If this little girl assures me that her father cannot pay, I fully believe her.

The parents who have brought her up, must be worthy people. Stand up, my child; go home, and tell your father and mother not to be uneasy. I will go to see them to morrow. Meantime, here is something to replenish your basket of cakes.' And lord de Varenne put into Martha's trembling hands a purse nearly filled with silver.

The child felt as if she were dreaming.—'It it all mine—all mine?' she said. And her friend having assured her that it was she scarcely waited to thank and bless him but darted off homewards at full speed.—Out of breath, she rushed into the cottage, threw the purse i to her mother's lap, and exclaiming: 'Take this; my lord will come himself to-morrow!'—fell nearly fainting on the ground. She soon, however, recovered; and in her parents' thanks and blessings found a sweet recompense for her conduct.

Such is one of the anedotes which a French writer has releted of the early life of Martha Biget, whose subsequent career of benevolence corresponds with the promise of her early childhood. During the bloody scenes of the French Revolution, she lived at Besancom, and her house was a place of refuge for old or sick people or children. She lived on brown bread and milk, in order to have more to give away. On the 23rd of March, 1805, a fire broke out in a small village near Besancom. Sister Martha (as she was commonly called) hastened to the spot, and did what she could, to bring aid to the sufferers. A cottage, inhabited by a woman and two orphan children of whom she had charge, burned so rapidly, that despite Martha's tears and entreaties, no one would venture to enter it. She offered everything she possessed as a bribe, but in vain: At length, feeble woman as she was, she rushed herself into the burning ruin, and, aided no doubt by the Divine assistance on which she relied, succeeded in rescuing the three helpless inmates. On another occasion in 1807, while occupied in gathering medicinal herbs on the bank of the river Doubs, she heard a loud splash near her; it was a child of nine years old, the son of a poor shephard, who had fallen into the water.—Martha, without knowing how to swim, jumped in after him, and succeeded in rescuing the drowning child. Prisoners of war excited her most active sympathy.—There was at Besancom a sort of *depot* of sick and wounded prisoners, belonging to almost every country in Europe. Martha worked for them, begged for them, and nursed them in their illness. Many a stout fellow was, through her kind offices restored to the friends who wept for him on the bank of the Tagus, the Oder, or the Volga.

During the year 1813 and 1814, France was desolated by the horrors of war.—Sister Martha braved all the dangers of the battle-field, to carry succour to the wounded; whether her friends or enemies. She has been seen to approach them under the very mouth of cannon, and after the bloodiest actions were ended, her place was in the hospitals. On one occasion, in 1814, the duke of Reggio met her, and said: "I have been long familiar with your name, madame; for whenever our soldiers are wounded, their first cry always is 'Where is our sister Martha!'".

Shortly after this period she received what, to a disposition like hers, was the sweetest reward: she succeeded in obtaining the pardon of a poor conscript who had deserted, and who had been led out to be shot. Sister Martha, however, was not left without worldly honors. In 1801, the Agricultural Society at Besancon presented her with a silver medal, on which was inscribed, "Homage to virtue." In 1815, the war minister sent her the decoration of a cross; and the same year the emperor of Russia sent her a gold medal. The king of Prussia caused one of his ministers, prince Hardenberg, to write her a letter of thanks for the care she had bestowed on the sick and wounded Prussian prisoners, and the letter was accompanied by an offering of one hundred pieces of gold. The emperor of Austria and the king of Spain sent her decorations. On his restoration to the throne, Louis XVIII desired to see her, and gave her a most gracious reception.

The famine of 1847 exhausted all the treasury of presents which Martha had received. She found means, however, to distribute gratuitously to the poor, two thousand portions of soup every day.—When return of abundance put an end to the sufferings of the people, and war had given place to peace, sister Martha retired to end her days in peaceful obscurity, and died on the 29th of March 1824, aged seventy-six years,

How sweet it is to contemplate a career of benevolence in contrast with a life of selfishness. Especially delightful is it to does when kindness flows from Christian principle, and is the fruit of love to favor by the great Searcher of hearts.

TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT AND ALL'S WELL.

False Phrophet!—Still and statue like at yonder hill stands the wife. The clock has struck the small hours; yet her face is pressed closely against the window pane striving in vain with straining eye, to pierce the darkness. She sees nothing, she hears nothing but the beating of her own heart. Now she takes her seat, opens a small Bible, and seeks from it what comfort she may, while tears blister the pages. Then she clasps her hands, and her lips are tremulous with mute supplication. Hist, there is an unsteady step in the hall; she knows it! Many a time and oft has trod her heart strings. She glides down gently to meet the wanderer. He falls heavily against her and in maudlin tones, pronounces a name he has long since forgotten "to honour" Oh! all enduring power of womans love! no reproach, no upbraiding!—the slight arm passed round that reeling figure, once erect in "God's own image!" With tender words of entreaty, which he is powerless to resist if he is powerless to resist it he would, she leads him in. It is but a repetition of a thousand such vigils! It is the performance of a vow, with a heroism and patient endurance too common to be chronicled on earth; too holy and heavenly to pass unnoticed by the registering angels above!

"ALL'S WELL."—False Phrophet! In luxurious reomisits one whose course it was to be fair as a dream of Eden. Time was when those clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's face when a grey-haired father laid his trembling hand; when brother's and sister's voices blended with her own, in heart music around that happy hearth! Oh! where are they now? Are there none to say to the repenting Magdalena—"Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more?" Must the gilded fetter continue to bind the soul that loathes it because [illegible] evil than God?

ALL'S WELL.—False Prophet! [illegible] lies the dead orphan! In [illegible] and breadth of the green earth [illegible] found no sheltering [illegible] dove could fold its [illegible] birds had flown. [illegible] that covered it from [illegible] neglect and unkindness [illegible] life; and so—it dropped [illegible]

"ALL'S WELL."—Ah! yes all is well! Sin wakes the earth in [illegible] honest poverty with the [illegible] hunger and slavery, and [illegible] to the crimsoned Judge for [illegible] unpunished of heaven the [illegible] crouches in his lair and springs [illegible] helpless prey!

"ALL'S WELL."—Ah! yes all is well! for He who "Seeth the end from the beginning" holds evenly the scale of justice [illegible] Dives shall yet beg of "Lazarus." Every human tear is counted. They shall yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient and enduring disciple. When the clear broad light of eternity shines upon life's crooked paths, [illegible] pitfalls from which [illegible] forced us; in the midnight of our [illegible] grow faith, we shall triumphantly say "Father, not as I will but as Thou wilt."—[Fan. Fern.]

COMMUNICATION OF IDEAS AMONG CATTLE.

There is a large shallow inlet on the Prussian shore known as this Frische Haff, crossed for the first time by steamers ten or twelve years ago. Upon their way the vessels paddled by a common near the Elbing river, upon which the townspeople turn cattle out to graze. When the first steamers passed this common they caused every flank of beef to quake: such fiends in dragon shape had never appeared before to try the nerves of any cow or to excite wrath in the bully bosom of the most experienced among the warriors of the herd. With tails erect, therefore, and heads bent down, the whole colony upon the common charged over dykes and ditches inland, roaring horribly. Every appearance of the steamer, to the great joy of the crew caused a panic and a scattering of oxen, until, after a few days, the animals had become hardened to the sight, and took it as a thing of course, which meant no harm to them. Now, all the horned beasts on the common during that first year were in the usual way placed there to be fatted.—In the following spring they had gone the way of beef, and their places was filled by a new generation altogether. So soon, therefore, as the Haff was clear of ice, and the steamers again began to ply daily upon the route between Elbing and Konsiberg the sailors were on the alert again to witness the old scene of uproar by the water side. But they were disappointed. Though there was the pasture ground well stocked with new recruits for the market, who had come from distant inland farms or out of stalls within the town, though scarcely one of them—if any one—had ever seen the apparation of a steamboat not a cow flinched. The members of the whole herd went on grazing, or stared imperturbably, at the phenomenon. It was a new thing no doubt for them to see—but they had already been told of it. Every spring the first passing of the steamers is in this way regarded by a fresh generation on the common with complete indifference. The exprience acquired by its forefathers ten or twelve years ago seems to be now added to the knowledge of every calf, born in any corner of our province. And yet, in what way have these calves been educated or if this fact has been taught to them at all, what else may they not know.—*Dicken's Household.*

THE FINEST OX IN THE WORLD.—An ox, acknowledged by all who have seen him to be the most extraordinary one they have ever heard of, is about to be forwarded to the Smithfied Cattle Show, from Sir H. Verney's, of Claydon House. He was bred and fed by the hon. barong, and is a pure short horne He is rather over five years old, and is supposed to be much heavier than the famous Durham ox, about which so much noise was made at the beginning of the present century or than the American ox, which some few years since attracted attention He stands nearly 18 hands high, and measures 6ft. from hip to shoulder, 3ft. across the hips, 9ft. 11in. in girth behind the shoulder, and 12ft. in length, tip of the nose to the ramp, while his depth from chin to brisket exceeds 4ft. 6 in. He is exceedingly well made up particularly along the whole length of his back; and notwithstanding his great size, presents none of those monstrous fatty excrescences which so generally distinguish the highly-fed beasts, and were so generaly condemned a few years since. He has been fed upon grass, cake, and corn; and is supposed by various judges, who have courteously been permitted by Mr. Fraser, Sir H. Verney's steward, to visit him, to weigh upwards of 300 stone. Notwithstanding his great weight, he is exceedingly active is very tractable, and is a capital feeder, indeed Mr. Fraser does not hesitate to express his firm beli f that the animal could stand feeding for twelve year.—In colour he is a light roan, with white predominating, and is altogether a very handsome quiet beast, with a kind head and a docile eye.—*Bucks Chronicle.*

ANECDOTE OF DOGS.

Dogs sometimes manifest a taste for the sweets of liberty in rather a whimsical way.

A friend of ours once owned a beautiful setter, who, unfortunately for [illegible] darkness to a garden, uprooted [illegible] and made home deposoto ies of straw-[illegible] beds. He was, of course put on the [illegible] On the first opportunity he [illegible] and for weeks nothing was heard of [illegible] whereabouts. At last they found [illegible] the street, with a collar round his [illegible] bearing the name and residence of [illegible] owner. An explanation ensued, [illegible] was discovered he had attached himself [illegible] the person in question, with whom [illegible] resided ever since his disappearance [illegible] in whose company he had repeatedly [illegible] sed his old master's residence, without [illegible] iesting the least signs of recognition. Indeed, from his apparent indifference [illegible] parts of the city, and his old haunts [illegible] dome treating in his new quarters [illegible] been supposed that he had strayed [illegible] from some strangers, carried [illegible] tant part of the country. He was [illegible] to his dog house, and, in the course of time [illegible] cured.

ALL'S WELL.—False Prophet! [illegible] lies the dead orphan! In [illegible] and breadth of the green earth [illegible]