

HURON SIGNAL

THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER. TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME III. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1850. NUMBER II.

AGRICULTURE.

OF THE BAND THAT TILL THE LAND.

BY JAMES STARKES.

Of the band that till the land,
And draw from the earth her store;
Right happy indeed the life we lead,
While our days are passing o'er.
Many there are, in riches far,
Surpassing the farmer's purse,
While other parents may yield more
fruits,
Yet often bring forth much worse.

We envy not the statesman's lot,
Still clamouring for his class;
Nor his that fights for glory's rights,
At some redoubted pass.
No risks have we on hoisterous seas,
Nor fears lest tempests whirl
All we possess, without redress,
While labouring at the helm.

The fruitful field its bounties yield
A rich reward for toil;
Be ours the trade to ply the spade,
And deeply plough the soil.

We walk abroad o'er carpet sod,
And breathe the air of heaven,
Whose odours rise to scent the skies—
A tribute pure and sweet.

To all we give the means to live,
As brother abhors with brother,
And thus fulfill the holy will
That bids us "love each other."

O! life secure from guile, and pure!
To thee my soul e'er clings,
With all its might, in fond delight,
To change from thee, no never.

INFLUENCE OF BREED, CONSTITUTION, FOOD, SOIL, &c., ON THE QUANTITY AND QUALITY OF THE MILK.

Both the quantity and quality of milk are affected by a great variety of circumstances. Every dairy farmer knows that his cows give more milk at one season of the year than at another, and that the quality of the milk also varies in richness in butter and cheese, depends among other conditions upon the kind of food with which his cows are fed. It will be proper to advert to these circumstances a little in detail.

1st. The quantity and quality of the milk are affected by the breed. Some breeds generally give less milk, but of a richer quality. Good ordinary cows in this country yield an average produce of from 8 to 12 quarts a day. Thus the dairy cows of Devonshire give 12 quarts a day. Lancahire and 7 to 9 qts., a day. Ayrshire 8 qts., a day.

During ten months of the year crossed breeds are in many districts, found more productive of milk than the pure stock of any of the native races. The influence of breed both on the quantity and on the quality of the milk appears from the following comparative produce of milk and butter for one row of each of four different breeds in the height of the season, and when fed on the same pasture. The

	Milk.	Butter.
Hollerness gives 23 qts., and 3 1/2 oz. Albany..... 12 " 25 "		
Devon..... 12 " 28 "		
Ayrshire..... 20 " 34 "		

Not only was the quantity of milk very different in the four cows, but the produce of butter also. The Hollerness, in the quantity both of milk and of butter, being greatly superior to all other breeds.

The milk of the Hollerness and of the Alderney breeds was equally rich in butter, as was the case with that of the Devon and the Ayrshire since 1 pound of the butter yielded by

12 qts of milk from the Hollerness cow 12 qts., " Albany cow 9 1/2 qts., " Devon cow 9 1/2 qts., " Ayrshire cow 9 1/2 qts.,

The butter of the milk is for the most part, derived directly from the fat of the food, these animals, therefore which lay the smallest proportion of this fat upon their own bodies, will be likely to give the largest proportion in their milk. Thus the Ayrshires and Alderneys, which are good milkers are narrow across the shoulders, and very and muscular across the flanks.

They give a rich milk but rarely fatten well. The short horns on the contrary, are celebrated for their fattening tendency; they deposit more of the fat under their skin and impart less of it to their milk.

2nd. But the individual form and constitution of the cow causes both the yield and the richness to vary much among animals of the same breed. Every dairy farmer knows that some Ayrshire or Hollerness, or Devon cows are better milkers than others. And even when they nearly the same quantity of milk, the richness or produce in butter may be very unlike. These four cows of the Ayrshire breed, fed on the same pasture, gave in the same week,

	Milk.	Butter.
First,..... 84 qts., which yielded..... 3 1/2 lbs.		
Second & third, each 86 qts., which yielded..... 3 1/2 lbs.		
Fourth,..... 88 qts., which yielded..... 3 1/2 lbs.		

so that the fourth, though it produced only four quarts more milk, gave twice as much butter as the first. Individual cases of extraordinary productiveness occur now and then. Thus a Durham cow belonging to Hower, of Charlton, Northampton, gave in the height of the season 8 imperial gallons of milk in a day, yielding 8 lbs. of butter. A cow upon ordinary keep has been known also to produce as much as 350 lbs. of butter in a year. The tendency to yield butter is no doubt constitutional, like the tendency to lay on fat.

Richard turned deathly pale, but soon recovered himself and answered calmly: "How—and when? I had not heard of it."

Ford described the spot, and added that the murderer had evidently tied some heavy object to the body and thrown it into the mill-race.

Richard's perturbation was visible. "I am sorry to say," replied Ford, "that some heavy object was visible."

"I echoed Richard, with a start. "The I would be sorry to hear of any circumstances against you, and it will be necessary for you to explain where you were last night, what has become of your hunting knife, and how those spots of blood came on your dress, considering you brot home no game."

"This is a dark piece of business," said Richard, turning pale. "I am innocent, but there may be some difficulty in explaining these things to the satisfaction of all. I believe you are my friend—what would you advise me to do?"

"I would say go at once with me to Moxon's house, and give what explanation you can on the subject. If you are innocent,—which I would not doubt, if you will be easy to prove yourself."

Decided by this appearance of friendship in his visitor, Richard resolved to follow his advice, and set out to accompany him to Moxon's house.

On arriving there, he was surprised to find some half dozen stout, resolute men, assembled apparently awaiting his arrival. The first man who spoke to Richard was a young man living close by, who could not think of deserting the neighborhood and leaving Mary Moxon behind. Accordingly he resolved to remain, and would have made the house of Moxon his home for the time, had he been on good terms with Mary's family. As it was, there having been a quarrel between him and George Moxon, the brother of her beloved, he chose rather to shut himself up in his own house, than to form any compact with the family.

Notwithstanding this difference between Richard Watts and George Moxon, Richard and Mary were betrothed; for their love and confidence in each other were unbounded.

After the first panic, occasioned by the depositions of the red men, had subsided, many who had left their homes in the neighborhood, learning that Stephen Moxon's family had not been molested, resolved to return and follow his example.

It was then that Richard Watts would have made Mary his wife, notwithstanding her brother's opposition; but she prevailed on him to delay his claims until George should be brought to give his consent. With regard to Stephen Moxon himself, he was neither for or against Richard, but left the two young men to adjust their own differences, and Mary to do as she chose.

Thus time passed on, until, one day, it chanced that George and Richard were hunting in the same piece of woods, and met near the banks of a stream, close to a large and deep millpond.

We will not describe the interview, nor how it ended, but suffice it to say that George did not return home that night, and that Richard, although he was soon by several of the inhabitants without gain of any description, was soiled with blood, and that he had received a knife wound in his shoulder.

On the following morning the neighborhood was alarmed, and search was made for George Moxon. It being in the autumn, there were many leaves upon the ground, which caused the young man's friends to discover, near the millpond, a spot where some dead body had evidently been dragged away, and thrown into the water.

Added to this, the hunting knife which Richard Watts was known to possess, was found near the spot crusted with blood.

"This," said Stephen Moxon, turning to the friends who accompanied him—and as he spoke his eyes flashed revengefully, his features were pale, and his firm lips compressed—"this, gentlemen, smelt of murder. My son has been killed!"

"And Richard Watts," added his friends with one accord, "is the murderer! Revenge!"

At the time of which we write, and in that portion of the country in which the scene of our story is laid, but little law existed, except the law of force; and individuals were but too apt to take upon themselves the revenge of their own private wrongs.

The Moxons had powerful friends there; and the settlement, many of whom were ready to consider the quarrel of that family as their own, and to act accordingly. In consequence of this, as soon as it was known that George Moxon had been killed, and that Richard Watts was the murderer, there was a consultation among the friends of the deceased, to decide upon the course which should be pursued.

An old hunter named Ford, a shrewd, rough, impetuous character, put himself at the head of George's friends, determined, as he said, to see that the right thing was done, and vengeance taken when due.

It was rightly deemed that it would be a difficult task to capture Richard in his own house; and Ford, accordingly, having given his accomplices all necessary instruction, proceeded to Richard's residence alone.

The young man met him at the door, and greeted Ford as he had always done. The latter, rough as he was, could play the hypocrite, and did so, not desiring that Richard should suspect the object of his visit.

"Have you heard the news, Dick?" asked Ford.

"What news? What news? It is hard to say, but I must confess I believe it."

"What?" interrupted Richard.

"That George Moxon has been murdered," said Ford, looking his companion full in the face.

Richard turned deathly pale, but soon recovered himself and answered calmly: "How—and when? I had not heard of it."

Ford described the spot, and added that the murderer had evidently tied some heavy object to the body and thrown it into the mill-race.

Richard's perturbation was visible. "I am sorry to say," replied Ford, "that some heavy object was visible."

"I echoed Richard, with a start. "The I would be sorry to hear of any circumstances against you, and it will be necessary for you to explain where you were last night, what has become of your hunting knife, and how those spots of blood came on your dress, considering you brot home no game."

"This is a dark piece of business," said Richard, turning pale. "I am innocent, but there may be some difficulty in explaining these things to the satisfaction of all. I believe you are my friend—what would you advise me to do?"

"I would say go at once with me to Moxon's house, and give what explanation you can on the subject. If you are innocent,—which I would not doubt, if you will be easy to prove yourself."

Decided by this appearance of friendship in his visitor, Richard resolved to follow his advice, and set out to accompany him to Moxon's house.

On arriving there, he was surprised to find some half dozen stout, resolute men, assembled apparently awaiting his arrival. The first man who spoke to Richard was a young man living close by, who could not think of deserting the neighborhood and leaving Mary Moxon behind. Accordingly he resolved to remain, and would have made the house of Moxon his home for the time, had he been on good terms with Mary's family. As it was, there having been a quarrel between him and George Moxon, the brother of her beloved, he chose rather to shut himself up in his own house, than to form any compact with the family.

Notwithstanding this difference between Richard Watts and George Moxon, Richard and Mary were betrothed; for their love and confidence in each other were unbounded.

After the first panic, occasioned by the depositions of the red men, had subsided, many who had left their homes in the neighborhood, learning that Stephen Moxon's family had not been molested, resolved to return and follow his example.

It was then that Richard Watts would have made Mary his wife, notwithstanding her brother's opposition; but she prevailed on him to delay his claims until George should be brought to give his consent. With regard to Stephen Moxon himself, he was neither for or against Richard, but left the two young men to adjust their own differences, and Mary to do as she chose.

Thus time passed on, until, one day, it chanced that George and Richard were hunting in the same piece of woods, and met near the banks of a stream, close to a large and deep millpond.

We will not describe the interview, nor how it ended, but suffice it to say that George did not return home that night, and that Richard, although he was soon by several of the inhabitants without gain of any description, was soiled with blood, and that he had received a knife wound in his shoulder.

On the following morning the neighborhood was alarmed, and search was made for George Moxon. It being in the autumn, there were many leaves upon the ground, which caused the young man's friends to discover, near the millpond, a spot where some dead body had evidently been dragged away, and thrown into the water.

Added to this, the hunting knife which Richard Watts was known to possess, was found near the spot crusted with blood.

"This," said Stephen Moxon, turning to the friends who accompanied him—and as he spoke his eyes flashed revengefully, his features were pale, and his firm lips compressed—"this, gentlemen, smelt of murder. My son has been killed!"

"And Richard Watts," added his friends with one accord, "is the murderer! Revenge!"

At the time of which we write, and in that portion of the country in which the scene of our story is laid, but little law existed, except the law of force; and individuals were but too apt to take upon themselves the revenge of their own private wrongs.

The Moxons had powerful friends there; and the settlement, many of whom were ready to consider the quarrel of that family as their own, and to act accordingly. In consequence of this, as soon as it was known that George Moxon had been killed, and that Richard Watts was the murderer, there was a consultation among the friends of the deceased, to decide upon the course which should be pursued.

An old hunter named Ford, a shrewd, rough, impetuous character, put himself at the head of George's friends, determined, as he said, to see that the right thing was done, and vengeance taken when due.

It was rightly deemed that it would be a difficult task to capture Richard in his own house; and Ford, accordingly, having given his accomplices all necessary instruction, proceeded to Richard's residence alone.

The young man met him at the door, and greeted Ford as he had always done. The latter, rough as he was, could play the hypocrite, and did so, not desiring that Richard should suspect the object of his visit.

"Have you heard the news, Dick?" asked Ford.

"What news? What news? It is hard to say, but I must confess I believe it."

"What?" interrupted Richard.

"That George Moxon has been murdered," said Ford, looking his companion full in the face.

Richard turned deathly pale, but soon recovered himself and answered calmly: "How—and when? I had not heard of it."

Ford described the spot, and added that the murderer had evidently tied some heavy object to the body and thrown it into the mill-race.

Richard's perturbation was visible. "I am sorry to say," replied Ford, "that some heavy object was visible."

"I echoed Richard, with a start. "The I would be sorry to hear of any circumstances against you, and it will be necessary for you to explain where you were last night, what has become of your hunting knife, and how those spots of blood came on your dress, considering you brot home no game."

"This is a dark piece of business," said Richard, turning pale. "I am innocent, but there may be some difficulty in explaining these things to the satisfaction of all. I believe you are my friend—what would you advise me to do?"

"I would say go at once with me to Moxon's house, and give what explanation you can on the subject. If you are innocent,—which I would not doubt, if you will be easy to prove yourself."

Decided by this appearance of friendship in his visitor, Richard resolved to follow his advice, and set out to accompany him to Moxon's house.

On arriving there, he was surprised to find some half dozen stout, resolute men, assembled apparently awaiting his arrival. The first man who spoke to Richard was a young man living close by, who could not think of deserting the neighborhood and leaving Mary Moxon behind. Accordingly he resolved to remain, and would have made the house of Moxon his home for the time, had he been on good terms with Mary's family. As it was, there having been a quarrel between him and George Moxon, the brother of her beloved, he chose rather to shut himself up in his own house, than to form any compact with the family.

Notwithstanding this difference between Richard Watts and George Moxon, Richard and Mary were betrothed; for their love and confidence in each other were unbounded.

After the first panic, occasioned by the depositions of the red men, had subsided, many who had left their homes in the neighborhood, learning that Stephen Moxon's family had not been molested, resolved to return and follow his example.

It was then that Richard Watts would have made Mary his wife, notwithstanding her brother's opposition; but she prevailed on him to delay his claims until George should be brought to give his consent. With regard to Stephen Moxon himself, he was neither for or against Richard, but left the two young men to adjust their own differences, and Mary to do as she chose.

Thus time passed on, until, one day, it chanced that George and Richard were hunting in the same piece of woods, and met near the banks of a stream, close to a large and deep millpond.

We will not describe the interview, nor how it ended, but suffice it to say that George did not return home that night, and that Richard, although he was soon by several of the inhabitants without gain of any description, was soiled with blood, and that he had received a knife wound in his shoulder.

On the following morning the neighborhood was alarmed, and search was made for George Moxon. It being in the autumn, there were many leaves upon the ground, which caused the young man's friends to discover, near the millpond, a spot where some dead body had evidently been dragged away, and thrown into the water.

Added to this, the hunting knife which Richard Watts was known to possess, was found near the spot crusted with blood.

"This," said Stephen Moxon, turning to the friends who accompanied him—and as he spoke his eyes flashed revengefully, his features were pale, and his firm lips compressed—"this, gentlemen, smelt of murder. My son has been killed!"

"And Richard Watts," added his friends with one accord, "is the murderer! Revenge!"

At the time of which we write, and in that portion of the country in which the scene of our story is laid, but little law existed, except the law of force; and individuals were but too apt to take upon themselves the revenge of their own private wrongs.

The Moxons had powerful friends there; and the settlement, many of whom were ready to consider the quarrel of that family as their own, and to act accordingly. In consequence of this, as soon as it was known that George Moxon had been killed, and that Richard Watts was the murderer, there was a consultation among the friends of the deceased, to decide upon the course which should be pursued.

An old hunter named Ford, a shrewd, rough, impetuous character, put himself at the head of George's friends, determined, as he said, to see that the right thing was done, and vengeance taken when due.

It was rightly deemed that it would be a difficult task to capture Richard in his own house; and Ford, accordingly, having given his accomplices all necessary instruction, proceeded to Richard's residence alone.

The young man met him at the door, and greeted Ford as he had always done. The latter, rough as he was, could play the hypocrite, and did so, not desiring that Richard should suspect the object of his visit.

"Have you heard the news, Dick?" asked Ford.

"What news? What news? It is hard to say, but I must confess I believe it."

"What?" interrupted Richard.

"That George Moxon has been murdered," said Ford, looking his companion full in the face.

Richard turned deathly pale, but soon recovered himself and answered calmly: "How—and when? I had not heard of it."

Ford described the spot, and added that the murderer had evidently tied some heavy object to the body and thrown it into the mill-race.

Richard's perturbation was visible. "I am sorry to say," replied Ford, "that some heavy object was visible."

"I echoed Richard, with a start. "The I would be sorry to hear of any circumstances against you, and it will be necessary for you to explain where you were last night, what has become of your hunting knife, and how those spots of blood came on your dress, considering you brot home no game."

"This is a dark piece of business," said Richard, turning pale. "I am innocent, but there may be some difficulty in explaining these things to the satisfaction of all. I believe you are my friend—what would you advise me to do?"

"I would say go at once with me to Moxon's house, and give what explanation you can on the subject. If you are innocent,—which I would not doubt, if you will be easy to prove yourself."

Decided by this appearance of friendship in his visitor, Richard resolved to follow his advice, and set out to accompany him to Moxon's house.

On arriving there, he was surprised to find some half dozen stout, resolute men, assembled apparently awaiting his arrival. The first man who spoke to Richard was a young man living close by, who could not think of deserting the neighborhood and leaving Mary Moxon behind. Accordingly he resolved to remain, and would have made the house of Moxon his home for the time, had he been on good terms with Mary's family. As it was, there having been a quarrel between him and George Moxon, the brother of her beloved, he chose rather to shut himself up in his own house, than to form any compact with the family.

Notwithstanding this difference between Richard Watts and George Moxon, Richard and Mary were betrothed; for their love and confidence in each other were unbounded.

After the first panic, occasioned by the depositions of the red men, had subsided, many who had left their homes in the neighborhood, learning that Stephen Moxon's family had not been molested, resolved to return and follow his example.

It was then that Richard Watts would have made Mary his wife, notwithstanding her brother's opposition; but she prevailed on him to delay his claims until George should be brought to give his consent. With regard to Stephen Moxon himself, he was neither for or against Richard, but left the two young men to adjust their own differences, and Mary to do as she chose.

Thus time passed on, until, one day, it chanced that George and Richard were hunting in the same piece of woods, and met near the banks of a stream, close to a large and deep millpond.

We will not describe the interview, nor how it ended, but suffice it to say that George did not return home that night, and that Richard, although he was soon by several of the inhabitants without gain of any description, was soiled with blood, and that he had received a knife wound in his shoulder.

On the following morning the neighborhood was alarmed, and search was made for George Moxon. It being in the autumn, there were many leaves upon the ground, which caused the young man's friends to discover, near the millpond, a spot where some dead body had evidently been dragged away, and thrown into the water.

Added to this, the hunting knife which Richard Watts was known to possess, was found near the spot crusted with blood.

"This," said Stephen Moxon, turning to the friends who accompanied him—and as he spoke his eyes flashed revengefully, his features were pale, and his firm lips compressed—"this, gentlemen, smelt of murder. My son has been killed!"

"And Richard Watts," added his friends with one accord, "is the murderer! Revenge!"

At the time of which we write, and in that portion of the country in which the scene of our story is laid, but little law existed, except the law of force; and individuals were but too apt to take upon themselves the revenge of their own private wrongs.

The Moxons had powerful friends there; and the settlement, many of whom were ready to consider the quarrel of that family as their own, and to act accordingly. In consequence of this, as soon as it was known that George Moxon had been killed, and that Richard Watts was the murderer, there was a consultation among the friends of the deceased, to decide upon the course which should be pursued.

An old hunter named Ford, a shrewd, rough, impetuous character, put himself at the head of George's friends, determined, as he said, to see that the right thing was done, and vengeance taken when due.

It was rightly deemed that it would be a difficult task to capture Richard in his own house; and Ford, accordingly, having given his accomplices all necessary instruction, proceeded to Richard's residence alone.

The young man met him at the door, and greeted Ford as he had always done. The latter, rough as he was, could play the hypocrite, and did so, not desiring that Richard should suspect the object of his visit.

"Have you heard the news, Dick?" asked Ford.

"What news? What news? It is hard to say, but I must confess I believe it."

"What?" interrupted Richard.

"That George Moxon has been murdered," said Ford, looking his companion full in the face.

Richard turned deathly pale, but soon recovered himself and answered calmly: "How—and when? I had not heard of it."

Ford described the spot, and added that the murderer had evidently tied some heavy object to the body and thrown it into the mill-race.

Richard's perturbation was visible. "I am sorry to say," replied Ford, "that some heavy object was visible."

"I echoed Richard, with a start. "The I would be sorry to hear of any circumstances against you, and it will be necessary for you to explain where you were last night, what has become of your hunting knife, and how those spots of blood came on your dress, considering you brot home no game."

"This is a dark piece of business," said Richard, turning pale. "I am innocent, but there may be some difficulty in explaining these things to the satisfaction of all. I believe you are my friend—what would you advise me to do?"

"I would say go at once with me to Moxon's house, and give what explanation you can on the subject. If you are innocent,—which I would not doubt, if you will be easy to prove yourself."

Decided by this appearance of friendship in his visitor, Richard resolved to follow his advice, and set out to accompany him to Moxon's house.

On arriving there, he was surprised to find some half dozen stout, resolute men, assembled apparently awaiting his arrival. The first man who spoke to Richard was a young man living close by, who could not think of deserting the neighborhood and leaving Mary Moxon behind. Accordingly he resolved to remain, and would have made the house of Moxon his home for the time, had he been on good terms with Mary's family. As it was, there having been a quarrel between him and George Moxon, the brother of her beloved, he chose rather to shut himself up in his own house, than to form any compact with the family.

Notwithstanding this difference between Richard Watts and George Moxon, Richard and Mary were betrothed; for their love and confidence in each other were unbounded.

After the first panic, occasioned by the depositions of the red men, had subsided, many who had left their homes in the neighborhood, learning that Stephen Moxon's family had not been molested, resolved to return and follow his example.

It was then that Richard Watts would have made Mary his wife, notwithstanding her brother's opposition; but she prevailed on him to delay his claims until George should be brought to give his consent. With regard to Stephen Moxon himself, he was neither for or against Richard, but left the two young men to adjust their own differences, and Mary to do as she chose.

Thus time passed on, until, one day, it chanced that George and Richard were hunting in the same piece of woods, and met near the banks of a stream, close to a large and deep millpond.

We will not describe the interview, nor how it ended, but suffice it to say that George did not return home that night, and that Richard, although he was soon by several of the inhabitants without gain of any description, was soiled with blood, and that he had received a knife wound in his shoulder.

On the following morning the neighborhood was alarmed, and search was made for George Moxon. It being in the autumn, there were many leaves upon the ground, which caused the young man's friends to discover, near the millpond, a spot where some dead body had evidently been dragged away, and thrown into the water.

Added to this, the hunting knife which Richard Watts was known to possess, was found near the spot crusted with blood.

"This," said Stephen Moxon, turning to the friends who accompanied him—and as he spoke his eyes flashed revengefully, his features were pale, and his firm lips compressed—"this, gentlemen, smelt of murder. My son has been killed!"

"And Richard Watts," added his friends with one accord, "is the murderer! Revenge!"

At the time of which we write, and in that portion of the country in which the scene of our story is laid, but little law existed, except the law of force; and individuals were but too apt to take upon themselves the revenge of their own private wrongs.

The Moxons had powerful friends there; and the settlement, many of whom were ready to consider the quarrel of that family as their own, and to act accordingly. In consequence of this, as soon as it was known that George Moxon had been killed, and that Richard Watts was the murderer, there was a consultation among the friends of the deceased, to decide upon the course which should be pursued.

An old hunter named Ford, a shrewd, rough, impetuous character, put himself at the head of George's friends, determined, as he said, to see that the right thing was done, and vengeance taken when due.

It was rightly deemed that it would be a difficult task to capture Richard in his own house; and Ford, accordingly, having given his accomplices all necessary instruction, proceeded to Richard's residence alone.

The young man met him at the door, and greeted Ford as he had always done. The latter, rough as he was, could play the hypocrite, and did so, not desiring that Richard should suspect the object of his visit.

"Have you heard the news, Dick?" asked Ford.

"What news? What news? It is hard to say, but I must confess I believe it."

"What?" interrupted Richard.

"That George Moxon has been murdered," said Ford, looking his companion full in the face.

COMPANIES.

POLITNESS REWARDED.—We copy from the New York Sun an amusing incident—

A spruce-looking girl of 19, tripping along at a moderate pace, with a small bundle under her arm, was accosted by a gentleman, who asked permission to accompany her.

"Certainly," said she, "just hold my bundle while I tie my stockings, and presenting it to him, she spoke instantly not of a full speed.

The gentleman felt a slight movement in the bundle, and in great indignation trotted after her, repeatedly bowing out "Here you woman, come back and take your baby."

"A woman gave me her baby to hold, and she ran off," she explained, "the man of burden. 'Take it to the ambulance,' shouted some half dozen voices.

"Let us see it first," cried one more vigorous than the rest; and as a large crowd fowed was unfolded, and presented a full-grown cat, which was the cause of the gentleman's indignation.

"I don't know," said the girl, "she's got a gun and a knife, and she's got a pocket handkerchief."

Never did an infant utter a better bull than did honest John, who being asked by a friend,

"Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" "Upon my soul I do not know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

Perceiving the Greek general, walking through some of the fields, several persons implored his charity.

"If you want to see to your land," said he, "I will lend you a pair of boots, but I will encourage you to do it."

By this conduct, in a short time, there was not a beggar to be seen in all the dominions.

THEY SCENE IN A RAILROAD OFFICE.—"Detective," I want to get pay for a pig, rat, and ferret I've turned over."

"Secretary," I've turned over a pig, rat, and ferret I've turned over."

WALL IMPORTATIONS FOR 1849.

JAMES PORTER & CO., MARKET SQUARE, GODERICH.

HAVE just received from the EUROPEAN and AMERICAN MARKETS, one of the Cheapest and MOST SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS. GREY COTTON SHIRTINGS. STEAM LOOMS. COTTON SHIRTINGS.

A Splendid Assortment of Shawls. BROAD CLOTHS, GINGHAM, & CLOTHS.

Table Linens, Towellings, Linen and Cotton Sheetings, Counterpanes, Marsailles Quilts, Damask Flannels and Blankets.

50 SPLENDID BUFFALO ROBENS!! Table Linens, Towellings, Linen and Cotton Sheetings, Counterpanes, Marsailles Quilts, Damask Flannels and Blankets.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT. HOPE, BIRRELL & CO. SILKS, COTTONS, LINENS.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT. HOPE, BIRRELL & CO. Grocers, Wine Merchants, Fruiterers, and OILMEN.

HARDWARE DEPARTMENT. HOPE, BIRRELL & CO. SHEFFIELD, BIRMINGHAM, WOLVERHAMPTON, and New England HARDWARE.

IRON MERCHANTS. SHEFFIELD, BIRMINGHAM, WOLVERHAMPTON, and New England HARDWARE.

DIVISION COURTS. THE next Division Courts for the United Counties of Huron, Perth and Bruce, will be held at the times and places following:

NOTICE. THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for the PROVINCIAL MUTUAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, has the honor to announce that he is prepared to receive Subscriptions for Stock in the Mutual Assurance Company, and to give such information on the subject as may be required.

FARMER'S INN STRATFORD. MRS. DOROTHY DOUGLAS, widow of the late Thomas Douglas, has the honor to announce that she has returned to her Inn, and is prepared to receive the public generally, for the very liberal support which they have shown during the short time they have been in Stratford.

New Tailoring Establishment IN GODERICH. THE Subscriber begs to announce to the inhabitants of Goderich, and its vicinity, that he has commenced business in the above line, in the Room adjoining H. HORTON'S Saddlery Shop, Market Square, where he will be prepared to execute all orders in his line on the shortest notice, and at moderate charges.

CASE PAID ON DELIVERY. FOR GOOD CLEAN BARLEY, at the MAILLAND BREWERY, by the Subscriber, JOHN ADAMS.

LOST!!

BEHOLDING to the subscriber, between his Store and the Division Court Office, on Friday last, 13th instant,

TWO PROMISSORY NOTES, Viz.: ONE JOINT NOTE against JOHN EDGAR and CHARLES DOUGHERTY, for £3 18s 9d., drawn payable to James Philson or bearer, endorsed by James Philson, past due.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the inhabitants of Goderich, that he has received a large supply of the LATEST IMPROVED PATTERNS of

COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOUR STOVES, REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH.

HEWLETT'S Antibilious Pills. An excellent remedy for Bilious Complaints and Constiveness.

HEWLETT'S Infant's Soothing Cordial. For easing Pains in the Bowels and Stomach, so general with Infants, expelling the Wind, and procuring refreshing sleep.

HEWLETT'S Dinner Pills. For removing Obstructions on the Chest, felt after eating, particularly after Dinner, caused by gross Weakness and Debility in the Digestive Organs.

PURIFY THE BLOOD. MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.

STRATFORD IRON FOUNDRY. HOME MANUFACTURE. THE Subscriber in returning thanks to their Customers for the liberal support they have received since commencing business, begs to intimate, that they have for sale at low rates,

THE Subscriber in returning thanks to their Customers for the liberal support they have received since commencing business, begs to intimate, that they have for sale at low rates,

THE Subscriber in returning thanks to their Customers for the liberal support they have received since commencing business, begs to intimate, that they have for sale at low rates,

THE Subscriber in returning thanks to their Customers for the liberal support they have received since commencing business, begs to intimate, that they have for sale at low rates,

THE Subscriber in returning thanks to their Customers for the liberal support they have received since commencing business, begs to intimate, that they have for sale at low rates,

THE Subscriber in returning thanks to their Customers for the liberal support they have received since commencing business, begs to intimate, that they have for sale at low rates,

THE Subscriber in returning thanks to their Customers for the liberal support they have received since commencing business, begs to intimate, that they have for sale at low rates,

THE FOLLOWING

ARE PREPARED & SOLD BY J. HEWLETT, 95, YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Hewlett's Restorative Balsam. Price 1s. 3d. per Bottle. This Medicine is a safe and efficacious cure for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Bloody Flux, Relaxation, and the disordered state of the Bowels, so prevalent during the hot weather, known as the Summer Complaint; also, for the Cholera Morbus.

Hewlett's Embrocation. Price 1s. 3d. per Bottle. For the Cure of Rheumatism, BURNS, Scalds, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings, Cramp, Chilblains, Cuts, Green Wounds, Stiffness in the Joints and Nck, Numbness, Piles, Eruptions in the Skin, &c. &c.

Hewlett's Stomachic Tincture; OR, STRENGTHENING BITTERS. Price 1s. 3d. per Bottle. For the Cure of Weak Digestion, Bilious Diseases, Pains in the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Consumption, &c. &c.

Hewlett's Universal Ointment. Price 1s. 3d. per Bottle. For Curing Corruptions of every description. Ulcers, Sores, Leggs, Boils, Scalds, Chilblains, &c.

Hewlett's Aperient Family Pills FOR BOTH SEXES. A remedy for Constiveness, Pains and Giddiness in the Head, Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels; also, Indigestion.

HEWLETT'S Aperient Family Powders. FOR BOTH SEXES. A remedy for Constiveness, Pains and Giddiness in the Head, Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels; also, Indigestion.

Hewlett's Antibilious Pills. Price 1s. 3d. per Bottle. An excellent remedy for Bilious Complaints and Constiveness.

Hewlett's Infant's Soothing Cordial. For easing Pains in the Bowels and Stomach, so general with Infants, expelling the Wind, and procuring refreshing sleep.

Hewlett's Dinner Pills. For removing Obstructions on the Chest, felt after eating, particularly after Dinner, caused by gross Weakness and Debility in the Digestive Organs.

HEWLETT'S Dinner Pills. For removing Obstructions on the Chest, felt after eating, particularly after Dinner, caused by gross Weakness and Debility in the Digestive Organs.

HEWLETT'S Dinner Pills. For removing Obstructions on the Chest, felt after eating, particularly after Dinner, caused by gross Weakness and Debility in the Digestive Organs.

HEWLETT'S Dinner Pills. For removing Obstructions on the Chest, felt after eating, particularly after Dinner, caused by gross Weakness and Debility in the Digestive Organs.

HEWLETT'S Dinner Pills. For removing Obstructions on the Chest, felt after eating, particularly after Dinner, caused by gross Weakness and Debility in the Digestive Organs.

HEWLETT'S Dinner Pills. For removing Obstructions on the Chest, felt after eating, particularly after Dinner, caused by gross Weakness and Debility in the Digestive Organs.

Card.

Dr. P. A. McDougall, CAN be consulted at all hours, at Mrs. Wm. F. Gooding's, Front-Street, Goderich, Sept. 13th, 1849.

I. LEWIS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, & CO., GODERICH.

ALFRED W. OTTER, General Agent & Conveyancer, COLLECTOR OF ACCOUNTS, &c. &c. GODERICH.

JOHN STRACHAN, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW. Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. &c. &c.

DANIEL HOME LIZARS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Conveyancer, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. &c. &c.

WATSON & WILLIAMS, DIXIE WATSON of Goderich, BARRISTER AT LAW, &c. &c. &c.

A. NASMYTH, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, GODERICH.

J. K. GOODING, AUCTIONEER, WILL attend SALES in any part of the District, on reasonable Terms.

DANIEL GORDON, CABINET MAKER, Three doors East of the Canada Co's Office, WEST-STREET, GODERICH.

Stokes, CHEMIST and DRUGGIST, WEST-STREET, GODERICH.

JOHN J. E. LINTON, NOTARY PUBLIC, Commissioner Queen's Bench, and CONVEYANCER, STRATFORD.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL, AUCTIONEER, BELL'S CORNERS, SOUTH EASTHOPE, GODERICH.

Dr. JOHN HYDE, [LATE FROM ENGLAND], MEDICAL HALL, STRATFORD.

WM. REED, HOUSE and SIGN PAINTER, &c., LIGHT-HOUSE ST. GODERICH.

EDWARD CAMPBELL, PRINTER & GLAZIER, Corner of Light-House Street, GODERICH.

ALEXANDER WILKINSON, PROXIMAL LAND SURVEYOR, and Civil Engineer, Office at Mr. Robert Ellis', GODERICH.

NOTICE. THE Subscriber having RENTED the WAREHOUSE and WHARF belonging to the Messrs. Davenport, of this place has established himself as a FORWARDER and COMMISSION MERCHANT.



TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME

THE FRIENDS

I sought my youth In some remote place, The silver stream I'd see, Or banks where I'd see, The banks where I'd see, Light would be I'd see, And yet I viewed I mourned the friend

I left that spot off To seek the claret They slept beneath I'd see, I'd see, I'd see, Yet, friendly, and that none amid it Had shared my hope Like these the friend

AGRIC

From AGRICULTURE

The month of J the character of a this date, and we have completed it in all directions, and we have for sale, in our last Report, produce in Monting to the farmer, beef, and pork, the quality this year, condition, as any th America, fattene Indian corn, and lent for making a very good pork, a hundred weight, not pay the farm we have been to, and we believe that price down farmers have not Montreal market not be very good in England late and pork, one we might be in portation, and pe excellent. We made into good as they do in E but are not there would not this plan. Liverpool is fr 60s to 62s; in fr 70s for hms and has been the British Isles are fatted here quality, than w those countries, tained for sale i without expe crows require winter feeding measure, and be exposed to ag sh, and d and from pas should be pro stances may no great imp ease. Every last coloured other butter i There can be more judic and the dairy ter than this classic trade, management, to market t of good qual ene. They ble item i do not cost they are a farm-yard, family, and a fair number of numbers of peats of agr kept, and s down, for t should have agure, s certainly be mer season articles of to the m their wives traveled it from the p